



DOG HOUSE RULES

FRONTIER TOWNS

FORT GRIFFIN

DOG HOUSE RULES
SAVAGED

CENTRAL STATES

AND

OF THE
SOUTHERN STATES

DHR1020SW



DOG HOUSE RULES FRONTIER TOWNS FORT GRIFFIN



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INTRODUCTION

The Old West can be a dangerous place. Life on the trail can bring hardship, peril and death. Frontier towns offer much needed refuge, where adventurers can slake their thirst, satisfy their vices, load up on provisions and maybe, just maybe, get a bath and a clean shave. Even a brief visit to civilization holds the promise of clean skivvies, a night's sleep in a real bed and a chance to get patched up by the local sawbones.

Welcome to the Frontier pardner. Depending on the place and time, visiting a Frontier Town can be either a wild and woolly experience, or a staid and downright boring affair. Now if you're looking for the latter, you might as well close this book and go on down to the library, or maybe the soda shop. With this Savaged version of *Frontier Towns: Fort Griffin*, we here at Dog House Rules are aiming for the former, hoping to bring alive an interesting locale for a vibrant, fast and furious Old West roleplaying experience. Shucks, we figure you can be bored any old time, so this sourcebook is designed to help you spice up the flavor of the Old West, or Weird West, in your game.

A wise old hombre once said "No man is an island" and it's just as true that no building stands alone. So, to provide a cohesive setting that you can implement immediately, we've located all of the establishments in this supplement in a little place called Fort Griffin, Texas—or The Flat iffin' you're a local. The buildings and their inhabitants can be used right off the shelf, so to speak, making it easy to create various roleplaying opportunities and spawn adventures with Fort Griffin as the primary setting. (See the section that follows for the background and a brief description of Fort Griffin and The Flat.)

Keeping flexibility in mind, this *Frontier Towns* collection of people and places is presented in a way that allows you to use the content as you see fit. It should be quite viable for a GM (we prefer the title of Judge) to uproot any of these establishments and drop one or more into a frontier town of your own creation. We reckon that a number of these establishments could serve in a non-Western game, with a few adjustments.

Need a saloon, a stable or a jail but don't have the time or energy to draw one up? Or maybe the heroes suddenly develop an itch to visit a drug store, a blacksmith or a barbershop. Or perhaps a feller requires the services of a doctor, or worse, an undertaker. Feel free to filch an establishment from here and transport it to any ol' place of your choosing, so you can get your very own frontier burg in apple pie order.

Anyhow, thanks for paying a visit to our town. We hope you'll stay for a spell and enjoy this Savaged version of *Frontier Towns: Fort Griffin*. It's an honor to have you here.

FRONTIER TOWNS BASICS

For consistency, each establishment contains the same basic elements. A quick review is in order.

Background: This includes a brief overall description of the establishment, its history and overt physical characteristics.

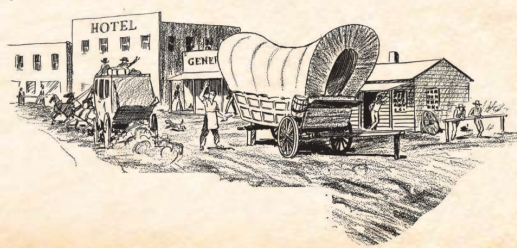
Map: A floor plan of the building in standard 1 inch = 5 feet square scale is provided, complete with graphic presentation of major furnishings, interior structures and points of egress. We shouldn't forget to mention that we included two area maps – noted in a section later in this Introduction – although we reckon they would be hard to miss.

In addition to the maps found within these pages, the Dog House Gang has provided three separate files containing all of the maps for the Judge's use.

The two map files are:

- fgsmapsgrid.pdf and fgsmapswithoutgrid.pdf – with grid and without grid, respectively, the full set of maps, one map per page and tiled to enable lift-size printing for tabletop miniatures game play.
- fgsvttmaps.zip – a collection of individual .JPEG files, with two versions of each map per file (with and without a grid) for our pards that prefer a newfangled virtual tabletop experience.

Building Key: Detailed descriptions of each area depicted on the floor plan are provided. These descriptions contain everything needed to use the establishment without further work, but are by no means comprehensive. GMs (again we prefer Judges, so we might as well use that the rest of the way) may wish to add or subtract details as necessary, tailoring the place to fit the style and substance of their campaign. While specifications are given to help facilitate game play, these can be altered or embellished, as a Judge desires. All rooms and specific areas are numbered for easy reference.



Personalities: Without folks around to make things happen, an establishment would be nothing more than a hunk of wood and stone. Thus, each building includes a few personalities to help populate your town and create potential roleplaying situations. Use the characters provided in these sections in whatever way fits your chosen environment. Change the names, adjust the stats—well, you know there are many ways to ricochet a shot and make it hit the target.

While some of the personalities listed within each establishment are based upon real history, some are just plumb made up. Heck, we've even taken some "cinematic" liberties with the historical figures if we figured they needed spicing up (or when the real details proved elusive). Those based on the available historical record, whether fact, fiction or somewhere in-between, are noted with a "historical person" icon as shown below.



This is the Wild Card icon for the personalities in The Flat.

Adventure Hooks: Finally, a few possible scenarios are offered with each establishment (along with a full set in the Just Passing Through and Tying it All Together section) to help spark a Judge's creativity, and perhaps engender some bona fide adventures for the players in your game. Take 'em at face value, or use 'em as the seeds of the players' destruction . . . er, that is, ideas that make for interesting gaming incidents. In some cases, manifold optional scenarios are presented, where a Judge can take the same basic premise and run with it in different directions. These hooks also include ideas for introducing Arcane elements of the *Savage Worlds* system into Fort Griffin, although the Dog House Gang presumes that these elements would be used with the specific intent to add an unexpected twist to a Wild West era game, or to mesh with a Weird West setting such as *Deadlands*. We figure this approach will help to keep players from gaining the proverbial keys to the kingdom—that is, those players who purchase this supplement and read all the goodies in order to have an ace up their sleeve. Not that that would ever happen (naw, couldn't possibly).

Notes on Game Mechanics

Building Construction Specifications: Within each building description, specifications are provided for the structure and any furnishings or other select items found on the premises. For any rulings pertaining to the structures (such as a character trying to break down a door, bust a lock or fire through a glass window), the Judge should consult *SWD* "Breaking Things" on pages 71, as well as "Obstacles" on pages 75.

SPECIAL RULES AND OTHER SYSTEMS

It ain't no high-falutin' secret that *Frontier Towns: Fort Griffin* was originally designed with another game system in mind. Nonetheless, as the Dog House Gang prefers an honest game of faro in most cases, we figure it makes good horse sense to be forthcoming on the subject.

We have adapted the content of this here setting to the spirit and mechanics of *Savage Worlds*. We have suggested a few Setting Rules, entirely herein, so a cowpoke with a hankerin' to serve as a Judge in a Western setting wouldn't need anything more than this book, a set of dice and a trusty copy of *Savage Worlds Deluxe* (*SWD*).

Now, having said that, we have no inclination towards taking offense iffin' a Judge and players want to incorporate rules from other *Savage Worlds* settings, or other game systems. This ain't our first rodeo, mind you. We know there are other good settings out there that ought to mix well with Fort Griffin and The Flat. You like it, you use it, we reckon. But we couldn't expect you to rely on external resources seein' as you handed over a handful of silver dollars for this here game setting.

To sum up, this missive is simply our way of tipping our hat to what's out there, while also ensuring this here town can be used with nothing more than the basic *SWD* rulebook iffin' that's what a Judge has a mind to do.

Most objects will have the standard Toughness value as listed on the "Object Toughness" table on page 71 of *SWD*, and the standard Armor modifier as shown in the "Obstacle Toughness" table on page 75. In some instances, such as at the Picket Jail, doors and windows may be sturdier than normal; when any characteristics differ from the norm or merit special consideration, those differences will be noted within the building description. The Judge may decide in any given location and circumstance what modifiers might be appropriate.

Locks and Safes: Security devices found in establishments throughout The Flat vary widely in strength and efficacy, as noted in each establishment's descriptive

text. If a Judge prefers to apply relative toughness values depending on the quality of a given lock or safe, rather than using the standard Toughness of 8 for locks, the following tables provide suggested optional scales. Also, the Dog House Gang suggests using a relative modifier based on lock quality for attempts at Lockpicking.

Table 1.1: Lock Properties

Lock	Toughness	Lockpicking Modifier
Cheap	6	+2
Average	8	0
Quality	10	-1
Security	12	-2

Table 1.2: Safe Properties

Safe	Toughness	Lockpicking Modifier	Obstacle Armor
Strongbox	6	0	+1
Safe, small	10	-1	+2
Safe, large	14	-2	+4

The rules for picking a lock or cracking a safe are covered by the usual Trait Test rules and the Lockpicking skill in *SWD*.

A Brief Description of “The Flat”

It’s a little-known fact that throughout the 1870s, Fort Griffin and the nearby town, known as The Flat, came alive with the frontier spirit. Although not as well known as places such as Deadwood, Dodge City, and Tombstone, Fort Griffin during its heyday was just as rambunctious and rough-and-tumble. Both the famous and infamous passed through these parts of North Central Texas, from Wyatt Earp to John Wesley Hardin and Lottie “The Poker Queen” Deno.

Starting as a “camp-follower” community adjacent to the Fort, The Flat became a thriving town in the mid-1870s. Sometimes described interchangeably, the town of Fort Griffin and The Flat offered travelers, buffalo hunters and soldiers a place to blow off steam, get a decent meal and otherwise enjoy a respite from the dusty trail. As settlers moved west, The Flat drew the likes of gamblers, homesteaders, outlaws, merchants, and cattle drivers headed north to the railheads in Kansas. Some came to stay while others came and went like the floods that struck without warning.

While Fort Griffin proper was situated high on a hill, The Flat lay on the level plain just beneath the steep hillside on the banks of the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. The area was typical of the prairie plains terrain of North Texas. At the time, as the buffalo roamed free, the Comanche, Tonkawa and Kiowa that followed the herds were being forced onto reservations. All the while, settlers came to hunt

WEAPON FLUFF AND CRUNCH

To enhance the flavor of a Western game, the personalities in The Flat carry a variety of weapons not listed specifically in *SWD*. These trappings are intended to spice up the narrative role-playing: all the statistics presented for these firearms and hand weapons match those for existing, similar weapons as listed in *SWD*.

Additionally, *SWD* Gear tables list the number of loaded rounds that any firearm holds. Because re-loading a weapon was a real factor in any gun battle in the Old West, we recommend that the Judge require time to re-load once a weapon has spent all its ammunition, as per *SWD* page 49. To keep the *Savaged* fast and furious feel, we suggest a single round to fully re-load any weapon. ‘Course, some Judges might prefer a rule that amounts to re-loading at a mite different pace, such as one round per bullet, or might prefer to use the existing Reloading rules in *Deadlands: Reloaded Players Guide (DLRPG)* (page 61).

Finally, when it comes to revolvers in the Old West, the differences between single action and double action hoglegs are worth a Judge’s consideration. The Dog House Gang recommends that Judges ruminate over the Double Tap rule in *SWD* (page 72) and the Fanning the Hammer rules in *DLRPG* (page 61).

the buffalo, round-up cattle and farm the land as best they could, growing staple crops such as corn, cotton and sorghum.

Along the dirt roads of town, buildings sprung up left and right—from businesses catering specifically to the hunters and passers-through to establishments serving the needs of the growing “permanent” populace. While most of the early buildings were constructed of the scrub wood found in the area (such as live oak) a few stone buildings arose as well.

All the seasons were felt in this region—from the extremes of a January winter freeze to the dreary high heat of an August summer. Harsh weather posed an ongoing challenge for settlers and travelers alike—potentially as deadly as any outlaw’s buckshot. Flash floods plagued the residents and business owners in The Flat, washing out

INTRODUCTION

homes, ruining inventory and sometimes carrying livestock down the river. Apple-sized hailstones periodically pelted roofs and the heads of poor souls unfortunate enough to be caught outdoors. Wicked tornadoes ripped through the plains without warning, indiscriminately demolishing homesteads or taking objects that were never meant to fly (including people and animals) for a brief ride in the sky. And rarely did an otherwise pleasant autumn pass without a Blue Norther blowing through and leaving an icy spell in its wake.

In the early days, The Flat attracted outlaws, gamblers and other scofflaws resulting in lawlessness for some time. But as the community grew, businesses became established and settlers stuck around, the rule of law evolved. Still, the place was as wild and woolly as the Frontier ever got, and adventure awaited any cowpoke with a hankering for action.

Area Maps

Two maps are provided to help the Judge provide some context for the local area.

The Fort Griffin area shows the four-county area of North Central Texas, circa 1875.

The map of The Flat itself shows the town streets, local establishments and the immediate surroundings. The key for this map includes all of the establishments in this product, as well as other historical (or pseudo-historical, or just plain made-up) homes and establishments in the town. Any noted building on the map that doesn't have its own special entry in this here document is left to the Judge's imagination.

TIMING SCHMIMING, PART I

Some of the establishments and personalities herein are based in some historical tidbit; however, most didn't exist in The Flat at the same time. Places and people came and went during the period spanning the early 1870s to the early 1880s.

The recommended year for game play is 1877, but as noted in the Introduction, the Judge should populate the town as desired, whether picking a few people and places or using the whole kit and caboodle, or changing the timeline altogether. Regardless, the Dog House Gang never aims to let a few inconvenient facts get in the way of a good story, so we figure a Judge can just say "timing schmiming" and mosey along.

SAVAGED SETTING RULES

The Dog House Gang adapted, or resurrected or invented, some rules to put an extra kick into a *Savage Worlds* Western game. These Edges, Hindrances, and other nuggets are intended for this here Frontier Town, but there's no reason they couldn't apply elsewhere.

And again, we ain't ignorant of other settings where similar rules have been established, we just figure it makes sense to call-out certain rules herein, with either a simon pure citation or a general reference, so it's all in one place for a busy Judge to reference. Iffin' you prefer to substitute a similar rule from another book, we won't be sending any Pinkertons on your trail.

All of the Setting Rule sidebars throughout Fort Griffin look just like this one.

Edges

Entertainer, page 36

Sportsman, page 23

Hindrances

One Eye (Minor), page 68

Speech Impediment, page 138

Skills

Guts, page 13

Weapons

Dynamite, page 68

Lasso, page 85

Reid's Knuckleduster, page 30

Slingshot, page 75

Shuriken, page 79

Other Sundries

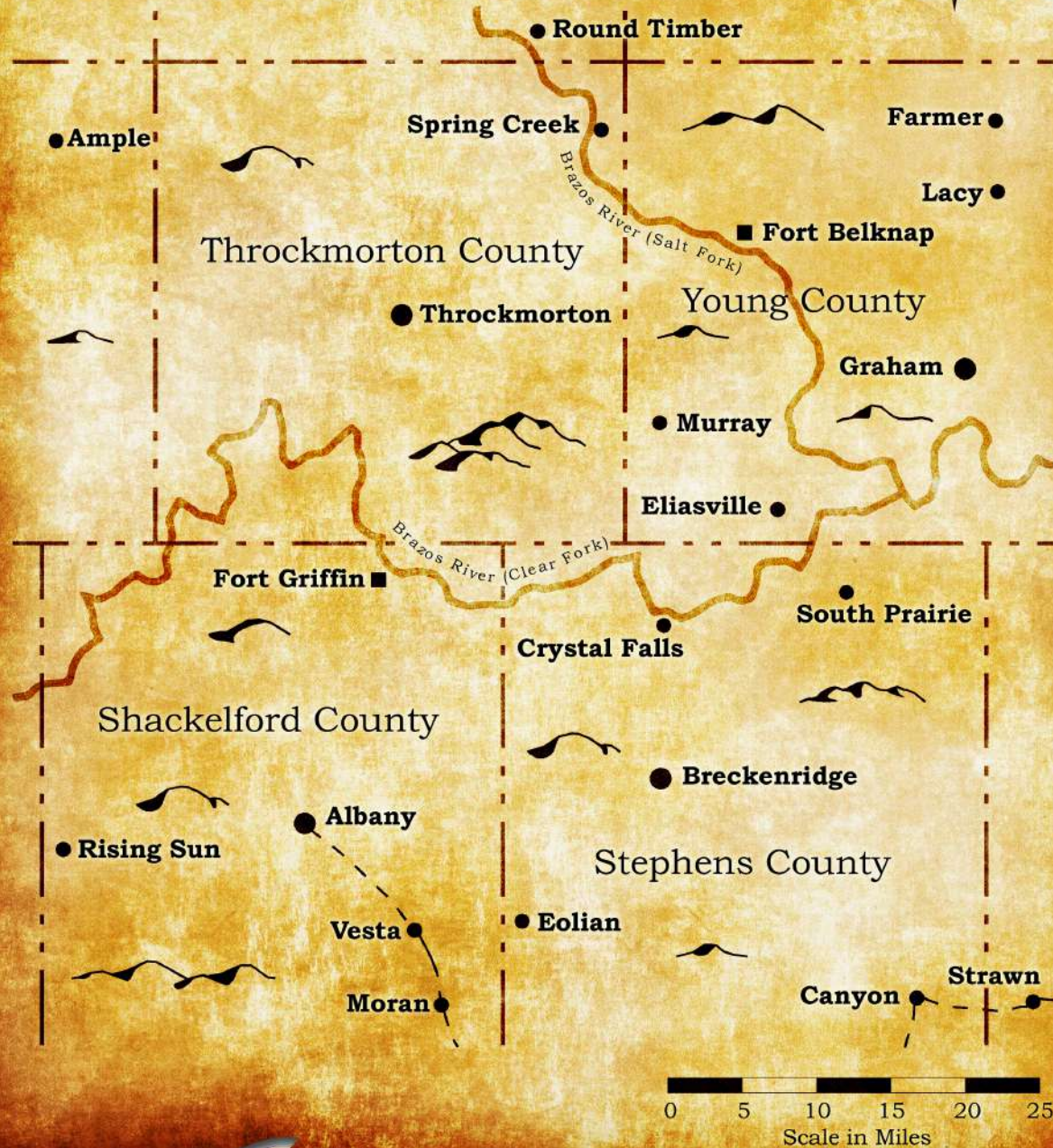
The Barroom Brawl, page 12

Grit, page 14

Monstrous Ability: Tricks, page 54

NORTH CENTRAL TEXAS

Fort Griffin and the surrounding area



INTRODUCTION



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Note: Unnumbered buildings are free to use for the Judge's development.

SHANNSEY'S SALOON

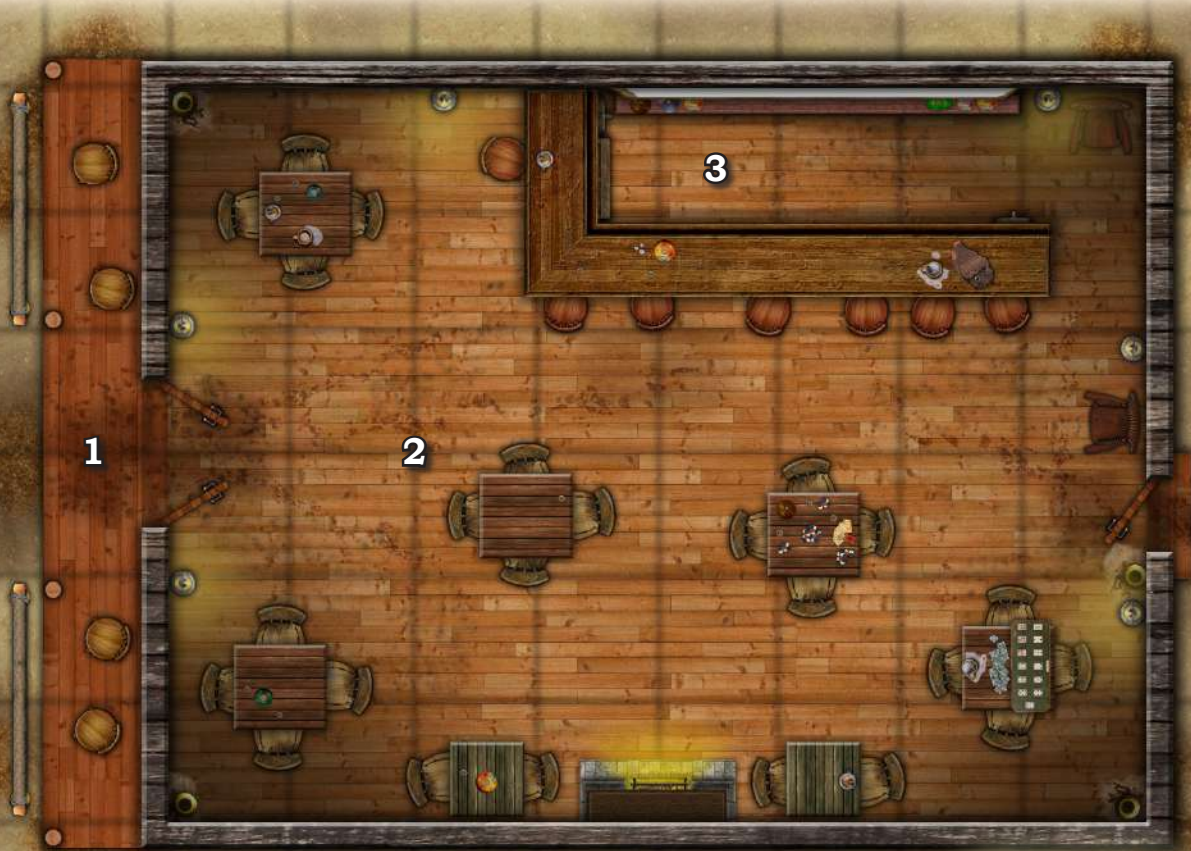
Whether your game is faro, poker or just straight up drinkin', you'll definitely want to stop by Shannsey's place and waste, er, spend some of your double-eagles and greenbacks. No tellin' whom you might run into in here.

After a fleeting (and painful) prize-fighting career, John Shannsey decided it just might be easier to make a living in the saloon and gambling business in Fort Griffin. His establishment has become a magnet over the years, attracting some of the biggest names on the Frontier. In fact, Shannsey introduced his friend Wyatt Earp to Doc Holliday right here in this saloon. And this is one of the places where Lottie Deno has been known to deal a mean hand of faro from time to time (and occasionally Doc will sit in to deal a few, too). Anyone passing through Fort Griffin and The Flat without stopping for a gander at Shannsey's place might just as well ride through the Grand Canyon with his eyes closed.

Built completely out of wood, from the warped and whitewashed exterior planks to the slightly uneven floors, Shannsey's place has a great deal of charm—even if it ain't

pretty. Shannsey puts just enough effort and funds into repairs to keep the exterior of the building in passable shape, but won't spring for nothing fancy. While he might cut a corner here and there, the one thing Shannsey insists on is a sturdy roof, and his Saloon has a better one than most buildings in town, with overlapping planks coated with lacquer to help keep the rain out. The roof is higher than some single-story buildings, with the exterior walls measuring about 12 feet high. Anyone taking a close look at the walls is sure to spot a number of patched-over bullet holes.

The place has two points of ingress: a main set of double doors opening off the front porch and a smaller service door in the back. It also has a stone chimney on one side. (*Ed. Note: Which I suppose just might count as an ingress iff in' Ol' St. Nick were to drop by.*)



1 Square=5 Feet

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

Most of the time, you can find a number of folks loitering on the saloon's front porch—spittin', jawin' and sippin' brews or malts. Four weather-beaten stools always remain out here, usually occupied. As noted before, the porch roof hangs about 12 feet overhead. A long, thin wooden sign dangles from the front of the porch. Its engraved letters proudly, and simply, state "Shannsey's" along with a pair of balled-up fists bracketing the name.

Directly in the middle of the front wall are full-sized double entry doors. Normally propped open to allow ventilation and entice visitors to check out the action inside, these doors have a quality latch-bolt that can be secured from the inside if desired. Opening inward, these solid doors are normal in every respect.

2) Saloon

Past the double entry doors lies the entirety of the saloon. Shannsey decided to keep the place simple and functional—just one big room and the bar itself. The place reeks of the constantly lingering cigar and pipe smoke haze that drifts from wall to wall, but no one seems to mind (except Lottie, who doesn't allow tobacco—or cursing—at her table when she's dealing).

The ornate bar takes up more than a quarter of the interior, competing with the gaming tables (see #3) for a visitor's attention. Seven tables (5 large and 2 smaller ones) fill out the rest of the room, situated between the front double doors and the single back door directly opposite the main entrance. In the middle of the right-hand wall is a fireplace and hearth. Five oil lanterns hang from the 12-foot high ceilings, strategically placed to keep the gaming tables well-lit.

The five large tables are suitable for card playing; Shannsey and his employees usually reserve the two tables in the middle of the room for this activity, with the one closest to the back door being the main Faro table. Each large table has 4-6 armless wooden chairs shoved in around it (although it can get a little crowded when a full six are in use). The two smaller tables flank the fireplace—these are intended for patrons who just want to sit while having a drink. Placed here and there against the walls are a few more chairs (these tend to be moved around every day).

The fireplace and hearth are made of superb fitted stone. The staff makes an effort to keep the fireplace clean, even when in regular use during the winter months. During the fall and winter months, a stand with a poker, shovel and brush rests on the right side of the hearth. In the spring and summer, when a fire isn't needed (*Ed. Note: A fire inside in the summer? In Texas? You gotta be kiddin' me.*), Big Mose

SPELLING DOESN'T COUNT

While substantial evidence exists that John Shannsey owned and operated a saloon in Fort Griffin, the details remain sketchy. The exact name of the saloon, when it opened for business and what it looked like are facts that have faded with the passing of time. Moreover, it doesn't help that various reported spellings of the man's name muddy the issue. Shannsey? Shanssey? Shannessey? Shaugnessy? Ah, to heck with it, an Old West legend by any other spelling would smell just as pungent. The Dog House Gang decided to use "Shannsey" because . . . well, just because, dang it.

Regardless of its exact name and spelling, there's no doubt that Shannsey's Saloon played an important role in the story of Fort Griffin and other legends of the West. It's generally agreed that Shannsey opened the place sometime after he quit prize-fighting. (His loss to Prof. Mike Donovan, in a match refereed by Wyatt Earp, occurred in 1868 by most accounts.) There's also little debate that Shannsey was indeed the man who first introduced Mr. Earp and Doc Holliday. And, according to a variety of accounts, it was at Shannsey's that Doc first met Big Nose Kate. These meetings helped set the stage for the events surrounding the Gunfight at the OK Corral in Tombstone years later.

While it's unclear just when Shannsey left Fort Griffin, he did depart before the town died its natural death. He spent many of his later years in Yuma, Arizona, serving first as a city council member before being elected Mayor in 1899. Shannsey served in that post until at least 1914, when he presided over the official incorporation of the city. He reportedly died in Los Angeles in 1917.

McCain removes all the fireplace tools and stores them behind the bar.

In the three corners outside of the bar area, beer-glass rails have been nailed to the walls. While designed for setting a glass, many patrons end up leaning on them, thus they have become weakened and can easily detach if more pressure than a few regular beer glasses comes to bear on them (a person leaning on the rail must make an Agility trait test to avoid dislodging the rail; if the character rolls snake eyes—or just a 1 on the Trait die iffin' the Judge has

a mean streak—he suffers the further embarrassment of slipping and falling). Brass spittoons rest in each corner, with another placed near the back door.

Shannsey's doesn't open until noon, and there's always a few folks waiting for him to start serving at that time; 2d6 patrons will be found in the saloon in the early afternoon. Late in the day, before sunset, 3d6+4 customers will be milling about, with at least some of them playing cards. By the evening, and well into the night, 6d6+6 people fill the place, scattered about the various tables, hanging around the bar, moving between the porch and the interior and hovering over the card games. At night, at least 1/3 of the patrons will be involved in card games, with the two main tables, and possibly others, seeing heavy action. There will always be a few soldiers counted amongst the patrons.

3) Bar

Occupying the greater part of one side of the saloon, the 20-foot long wooden bar catches every newcomer's eye. About 4 feet high with fine-crafted woodwork, including intricate spiral designs along the routed lip, the bar beckons visitors to belly up and order something. Seven stools line the L-shaped structure, and all of them are usually propping up patrons by sundown (a couple of the stools have seen better days—while still functional they could break under undue stress). An iron foot-rail runs along the bottom of the bar, making it a relatively comfortable place to hang around while having a drink. Often, patrons lean back against the bar, watching the action at the card tables.

Affixed to the wall behind the bar is a large mirror with etched edges. It stretches almost the full length of the bar and hangs above two wooden shelves filled with many beer mugs, shot glasses, bottles of whiskey and other liquors.

While Mose McCain usually tends the bar, Shannsey himself might be found filling orders on Big Mose's day off or during particularly busy nights. Shannsey's stocks two kinds of beer: a pale brew and a thick, syrupy stout. In addition, several varieties of spirits (including some fine Kentucky bourbon, local potato mash and the most vicious snakehead found in these parts) are kept on hand for those looking for something with a little more kick. Shannsey also stocks a small quantity of absinthe and fruit schnapps as well as mixers. While no meals are served here, Shannsey knows his trade and the value of barroom snacks, so he keeps a small supply of jerky, crackers, dried fruits and salted nuts for those who ask. He also stocks a number of both cheap and fine cigars.

Supplies are stored beneath the bar. The short part of the "L" has a nice cubby system, which holds towels, matches, candles, lantern oil and sundry items (such as the limited foodstuffs and cigars). In a lower cubby is a small safe, where funds are deposited throughout the night when the regular cashbox (stored under the long section of the bar) gets full.

THE BARROOM BRAWL

The classic barroom brawl is the perfect occasion for a cowpoke to grab whatever might be handy and take a whack at his foe—or try some Tricks and special actions. Shannsey's Saloon presents a natural segue to discuss some rules for when just such a ruckus breaks out.

The standard SWD rules for Improvised Weapons on page 73 give a Judge the starting point to handle such a fracas. Howsomer, the Dog House Gang also has a few additional ideas borne from first-hand experience, er, that is, from our collective imaginations.

Consider the variety of uses that mundane objects might possess, from a bar stool to a spittoon to a kerosene lantern. Not to mention the additional effects from their usage, such as spreading fire.

And remember that improvised weapons can be used as a melee weapon or be thrown a short distance as per the SWD rules. All manner of handy bar paraphernalia can inflict lethal or non-lethal damage as per the usual rules.

Additionally, the use of various and sundry barroom objects as Obstacles could prove more than a mite interesting, too. A spittoon or a chair might become a make-shift shield (mayhaps a messy one in the case of the former).

The Dog House Gang encourages the use of various special maneuvers in a ballroom brawl, such as Called Shots, Disarms, and Tricks. Ain't nuthin' like smashing your enemy's head on the bar top rail, or tossin' the contents of a beer mug into a man's eyes, or vaulting over the bar with the greatest of ease. Those are just a few examples, pard, we figure you can go hog wild, executin' some special moves such as ones we like to call the Bar Top Slide, the Cigar Brand or the Spit in Your Eye.

The long section is divided into two; the part nearest the back wall is an open space, storing crates of liquor and an extra keg of beer (the exact kind depending on recent demand). The part between the "L" and the open space has special shelves to hold the tapped kegs and extra glasses. No weapons are kept here, unless the fireplace set counts (see #2). Shannsey and McCain wear their hoglegs at all times.

PERSONALITIES

The people one might meet at Shannsey's range from nameless sodbusters to legendary gunfighters. Truly, the possibilities are as wide open as the West Texas plains and it would be impractical to even attempt to list and provide statistics for everyone that comes to mind. But the Judge should always feel free to insert a favorite anytime it strikes his or her fancy. Meanwhile, the principal characters that make their living here do merit complete descriptions.



John Shannsey

Before settling down in The Flat, Shannsey gained some small notoriety as a prizefighter. By skillfully relating tales of his bare-fisted battles—and encouraging their propagation among the locals—he has managed to fashion an aura that far exceeds the reality of his past career. Thus, when he's in the saloon things tend to stay relatively calm and orderly (even more so when both he and Big Mose preside). While Shannsey can still hold his own against most any local (and few dare to test the 6 foot, 200 pound fighter), he won't accept any offer for a real prizefight because he knows that his reputation is more bark than bite.

Known as "Honest John," Shannsey's powerful, stocky frame belies his ability as a quick thinker. Smart enough to know that it was time to get out of the brawling business after being pulverized by the legendary Professor Mike

SKILL: GUTS

Although the Guts skill has been removed from *SWD*, it remains an integral element of a Wild West game, at least in the hearts and minds of the Dog House Gang. *SWD* notes that Guts is a Setting Rule in *Deadlands* ... here at DHR we ain't fixin' to argue with such profound wisdom. Whether facing a bad man at high noon, or a boogeyman in the dead of night, a cowpoke needs Guts to survive on the Frontier.

Therefore, Guts remains a skill assigned to various NPCs in this setting. DHR recommends that Trait tests against Fear use the Guts skill, while anybody that lacks the skill will make the test using the Unskilled Attempts rules as per *SWD*, page 62. Of course, any Judge may elect to use Spirit instead; in such a circumstance, the Dog House Gang recommends swappin' out the NPC's Guts dice for a related Edge, such as Brave.

Donovan, Shanssey has developed into a successful businessman. He understands the needs and desires of his patrons and seems to have a knack for promoting his place and drawing the biggest names from across the Frontier.

Unless he's at home sleeping or out haggling for new supplies with traders, Shannsey will almost always be found in or near his saloon. He likes to drum up business from his porch, as well as working the crowd inside the bar. He enjoys going from table to table, shaking hands and making sure that his mundane customers know about any famous personalities in the place.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6, Swimming d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Tough:** 7; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Block, Brawny

Gear: Colt Thunderer (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1; ROF 1; AP1), 20 bullets, fancy holster, brass knuckles (Damage Str+d4), custom boots, trousers, quality white shirt, Stetson hat



Lottie "The Poker Queen" Deno

Also known as "Lotta Dinero," this spunky woman has it all—charm, beauty, education and a healthy dose of luck. While she dresses, talks and acts like a high class lady (and truly, she is), she'll just as soon clean out a man's pockets at the poker table as accept his help stepping over a mud puddle.

On any given evening there's a 25% chance that the red-headed "Poker Queen" will be holding court in Shannsey's place. Although she's a regular faro dealer—for a portion of the take Shannsey lets her deal faro at his tables whenever she wants—she comes and goes as she pleases. In fact, one might say she rules the table like royalty and Shannsey has been known to kick another dealer out of his seat anytime Lottie wants the chair. A cowpoke wanting to play at her table will have to put out any tobacco product and refrain from cursing. While Lottie also disdains alcohol at the table, she has agreed to overlook that after Shannsey's repeated pleas. But she does draw a firm line against drunken boors, so it's best if a cowpoke keeps his consumption to a minimum.

If she's not dealing faro here at Shannsey's, Lottie might be found doing the same across town at the Beehive. Or it's equally possible to catch her playing a hand of poker in either establishment—sometimes against top-notch players for high stakes, and at others against a bunch of rubes just for her own amusement. It's said that it's best to steer clear when she's wearing her favorite blue silk dress.

GRIT

Deadlands introduced a secondary statistic called Grit, which is calculated by adding one point for each rank a Wild Card character has achieved. The resulting Grit score affects Guts trait tests.

In Fort Griffin, it's in the Judge's honorable purview as to whether Grit should be a factor. *Deadlands* has Edges and Hindrances that also affect Guts. Iffin' the Judge has a hankerin' to include the whole kit and caboodle, or to ignore Grit altogether, the Dog House Gang won't fret . . . we remain on the fence for this one, pard.

Regardless, to reduce the need for arithmetic, we have included the base Grit in the statistics for any Wild Cards herein.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

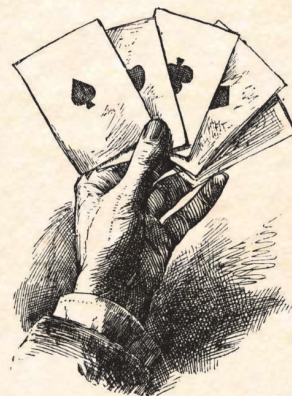
Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d8 (+2), Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Knowledge (Mathematics) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Quirk (Minor—Gaming-Table Etiquette), Phobia (Minor—Cacti)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Connections (Sheriff), Sportsman, Strong Willed

Gear: Colt Lightning (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1; ROF 1; AP1), 6 bullets, Remington Double-Derringer (concealed) (Range 5/10/20; Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 2 bullets, various silk dresses, fancy shoes; fancy hat, parasol



THE POKER QUEEN RULES

No one knows for sure all of the facts about Lottie Deno, but that never stopped anyone from spreading legends and rumors. Here are a few generally accepted tidbits:

Born in Kentucky in 1844 as Carlotta J. Thompkins, Lottie lived a privileged life during her childhood years. She learned about gambling while traveling with her father and later learned even more from an early love affair with a man named Johnny Golden. By the time she arrived in Fort Griffin sometime in the mid-1870s, Lottie had become an accomplished card player and dealer. She was known by several nicknames, including Mystic Maud and the Angel of San Antonio. She earned her most famous nicknames—Lottie Deno or Lotta Dinero—right in Fort Griffin. After years of winning, she became known as The Poker Queen. She departed for other parts in the late 1870s, finally settling down in Deming, New Mexico and marrying Frank Thurmond. She died in 1934.

"Big" Mose McCain

A leather-brown-skinned African-American man, Mose McCain was a slave in Georgia before the war. Soon thereafter, as a free man, this proud feller tussled his way west as a prizefighter—which is how he met Shannsey. As the story goes, Mose took a dive in a fight against his current employer, but not before getting in a few good licks. The two men became friendly after that bout but parted ways in Louisiana. A year later, Shannsey happened to spot Big Mose strolling into The Flat and offered him a job. Often, townsfolk try to bait the two ex-fighters into a rematch to put to rest the stories about the so-called fixed fight, but they ain't bitin'.

McCain's presence behind the bar tends to be both a boon and a hindrance, as some folks don't take well to a black man in a respectable position. Most of the time his physical presence (6'3" and 220 pounds) wards off trouble, especially when both he and Shannsey are around. Nevertheless, there's nothing Big Mose loves better than a good bar fight and, while reluctant to start one, he'll jump into the fray in a heartbeat when any trouble starts. He's more likely to try to knock the lights out of as many brawlers as he can than to attempt to stop the fight otherwise.

Oh, just a friendly warning: Don't confuse his nickname with Big Nose Kate, at least not out loud, unless you want to end up with a big bloody snoot of your own.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Illiterate (Minor), Outsider (Minor)

Edges: Ambidextrous, Berserk, Brawny

Gear: Brass knuckles (Damage Str+4), nightstick (Damage Str+d4), buckskin shirt, trousers, cowboy boots, Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, plain holster

Clara Ollson

An attractive barmaid, Clara Ollson is the daughter of Swedish immigrants, born in Spring Creek, Texas. She grew up in nearby Throckmorton County and came to Fort Griffin to experience a faster pace of life than her parents' farm could offer. Shannsey convinced her to become a barmaid, and she quickly grew to enjoy it.



Clara arrives for work before sunset and stays deep into the night. Her only day off is Sunday. The blond-haired, green-eyed 19-year-old has honed a talent for bringing in big tips; she excels at handling greenhorns but also does well with the big spenders and famous folk. Clara has a steady boyfriend who works in the fields—a fellow Swede who rarely comes to the saloon. Interestingly, she is completely indifferent to Shannsey, thinking of him only as a boss, but Clara and Mose have become close friends. You can bet, if anyone gives her a hard time while he's behind the bar, there will be hell to pay.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Knowledge (Arts) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d4, Streetwise d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive

Gear: Women's dress, women's shoes

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Star Struck

While the characters are in the saloon on a packed day/night, they learn about the presence of a famous personality. They might notice on their own, be told by Shannsey or overhear something that clues them in. In any case a variety of scenarios could ensue:

- Lottie Deno is playing poker and is accused of cheating by some fool/braggart/clueless cowpoke who can't accept the fact that a woman just skinned him. One or more characters could be playing at the same table, or watching nearby, thus becoming involved in the altercation in some fashion.
- One of the characters is foolhardy enough to insult, assault, bother or otherwise become entangled with the likes of Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, John Henry Selman, John Wesley Hardin or any other of a number of notorious and dangerous men who pass through Fort Griffin (Judge's discretion as to the appropriate timing and likely visitor). Anything from a fist fight to a pistol-whipping or gun fight could be in order.
- A famous gal or fella might become interested in one of the characters for some reason. The Judge should be able to find a character trait, hometown link, mistaken identity or other hook that provides an opportunity to have the tables turned, so to speak, with the famous folk seeking out the characters. This could be all in fun or serious business, as the Judge sees fit.

Fork in the Road:

A Judge hankering for a savaged twist to spring on those player characters staking a wager in The Flat need look no further than Lottie Deno. Perhaps she has an Arcane Background with powers that give her an advantage at the gaming tables. Perhaps, in addition to her powers, she has chosen the Mentalist edge instead of her Connection. Obviously, a few adjustments to her statistics will be needed, but it should be easy to adapt. With Lottie as the main attraction in this Star Struck hook, there's no tellin' what trouble may ensue. The Dog House Gang suggests the following statistical changes to make Lottie even more enigmatic:

- Add Arcane Background (Psionics) and the arcane skill Psionics; Remove the Connection edge and add the Mentalist edge
- OR
- Add Arcane Background (Magic) and Spellcasting skill
- Add New Power: Boost/Lower Trait (used to increase her gambling skill, or decrease an opponent's, appropriate for Magic or Psionics)
- Reduce Persuasion to d6 and remove Investigation.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BAR STOOLS AND BARMAIDS

The truth is, bar stools and barmaids weren't something a feller would find in most saloons of the Old West.

Women didn't enter drinking establishments, for the most part, either as customers or employees (Lottie Deno notwithstanding). Even the women who worked the oldest profession usually did so in a nearby location, such as the back room or a loft across the alley. Yes, there were notable exceptions where women worked as "drink hustlers" or entertainers in famous saloon-theatre operations (including the Beehive Saloon), but these were indeed exceptions—and women who worked there often suffered the disdain of regular townsfolk.

Men didn't expect to sit down at the bar. They stepped up for a drink, perhaps leaning on the bar or putting a foot up on the lower rail. Not to mention the fact that saloons that didn't feature any games of chance often didn't have tables or chairs of any kind.

The Dog House Gang figures any Western game should take a dose of poetic license when it comes to saloons and that's what we've done here in The Flat.

The Big Brawl

Someone bumps into someone else, spilling a drink in an inhospitable place . . . a drunk cowpoke perceives an insult by one of the characters . . . a belligerent player character or Judge character just can't help stirring up trouble . . . someone calls McCain "Big Nose" (or worse) . . . a cutpurse gets nabbed and a beatin' starts—and spreads . . . scheming cowpokes start a fight to cause a diversion for some even more dastardly plan . . . some bigot takes exception to another patron (or employee): these and many other reasons could prompt a good-old-fashioned free-for-all. Break out your Knuckledusters and wade on in.

Of course, if Shannsey and Mose are around, they'll get involved in any fight. Shannsey will do his best to restore order and keep his place from too much damage—definitely pulling a piece if he needs to. But Mose, well, he'll just go about bustin' heads (preferring his nightstick)—and then he'll tackle the cleaning up.

High Stakes

The characters get involved in a high stakes faro or poker game that ends up bleeding them dry. Somehow, they learn or suspect that the dealer or one of the players was cheating. This could happen during the game, or come to light at some later time. Tracking down the culprit, challenging him or her to a showdown, or starting something right in the saloon can all become seeds for a down and dirty adventure, or even an ongoing conflict.

Some ways that the characters might learn of the suspects cheating:

- They overhear another townie talking about the suspected culprit's cheating ways.
- They witness the person plying his or her tricks at a subsequent time and/or place. This could occur as a result of a PC using the Gambling skill during the game, or just 'cause the Judge has taken a liking to the idea.

- Another Judge character that loses big (or has lost big before) makes the accusation during the game and the characters must react.
- One of the player characters has a Power that enables him to detect a feller's motives.

Forks in the Road:

1. Naturally, the Judge has the option of the cheating being real or imagined, putting the desired spin on the adventure.
2. Along the same lines as Star Struck, giving the cheater an Arcane Background could turn an ordinary confrontation into something exceptional. Perhaps the culprit is a Weird Scientist who uses a variety of gizmos to support his or her gambling addiction. Or a discreet spellcaster who uses minor powers to distract opponents, boost or lower traits, or manipulate the tools of the game (cards, chips, dice, etc.).



BEEHIVE SALOON

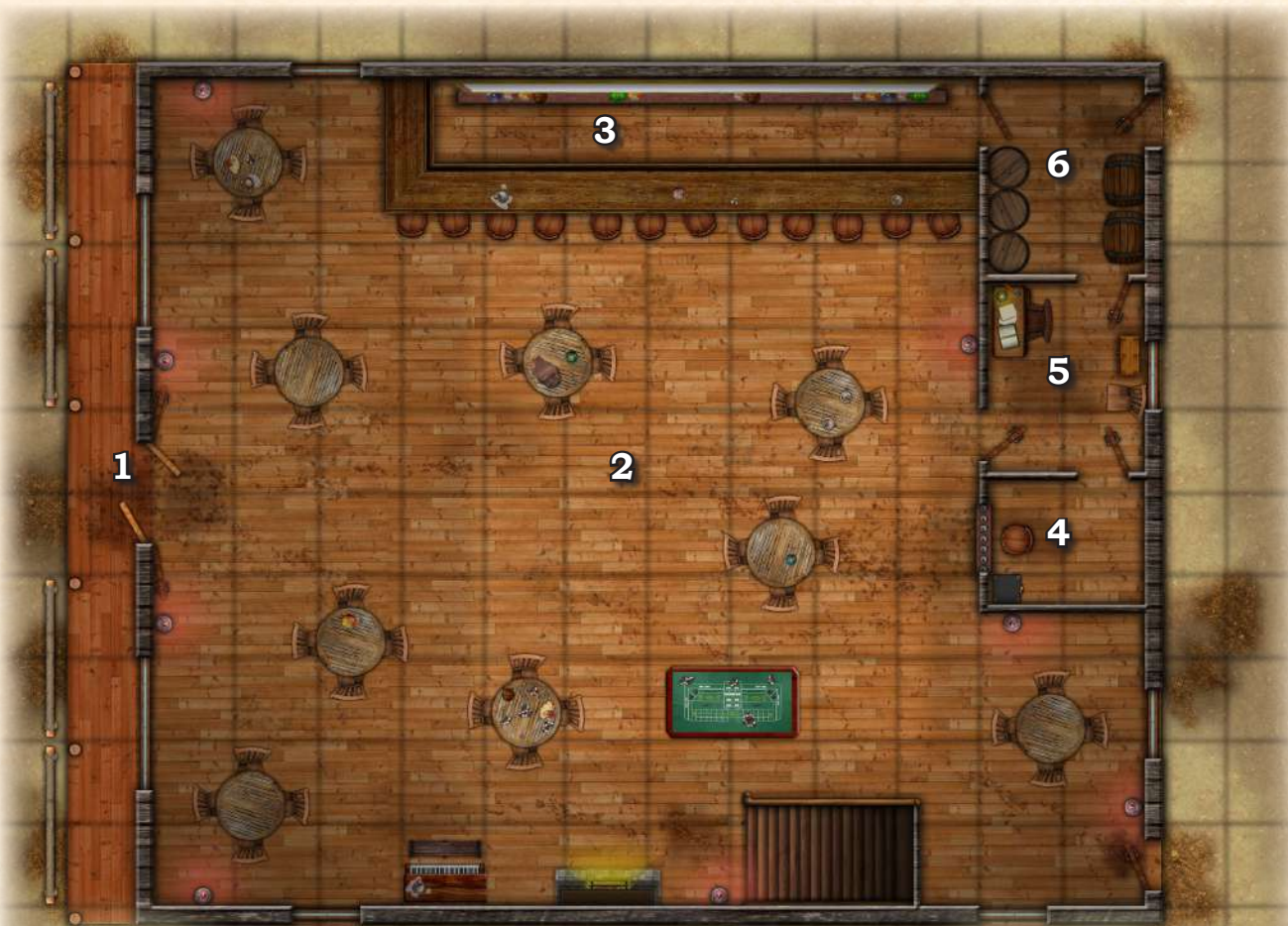
Day or night, the Beehive Saloon is always abuzz with activity. Stop in for a drink, a laugh, or a hand of faro, but don't bother if the shiniest coin in your pocket is a two-cent piece.

"Within the hive, we are alive; Good whiskey makes us funny. Get your horse tied, come inside and taste the flavor of our honey."

– sign over the entrance.

Aptly named, the Beehive Saloon serves as a gathering place for gamblers, soldiers, travelers and all others looking for a place where any vice can be experienced and nothing seems out of bounds. Pleasures such as drinkin', gamblin' and whorin' go on all day and all night, although the most raucous activity tends to occur after sundown. While things remain civil on most days, fist fights, shouting matches and even gunfights flare up with noteworthy and disturbing regularity.

Built shortly after the Fort itself, the two-story Beehive remains one of the most interesting buildings in The Flat—not only because of all of the boisterous goings-on, but also because of its unique appearance. Fairly sturdy and constructed mostly of wood, this square, tall structure sports some rather distinctive features. From the second story balcony overlooking the street—where “soiled doves” do their utmost to entice cowpokes inside for any number of unspeakable activities or perhaps an honest fling on the dance floor—to its peaked tin roof, the building is painted a striking vermilion, boasts two sets of front doors and has a weathered back staircase to the second floor entry (normal door, quality lock).



First Floor

1 Square=5 Feet

BEEHIVE SALOON

The brainchild of Elias Bennington, who knows the value of “location, location, location,” the Beehive sits at the corner of Griffin and Second Street. Bennington claimed this spot before much else had been constructed in The Flat. Because of the sordid reputation and constant activity of the place, most other entrepreneurs and settlers were discouraged from building too close by. Instead, only a few shacks and tents populate the north portion of this block—most owned or rented at bargain rates by the doves plying their trade in the saloon. Other harlots have shacks and tents near the river at the north edge of town.

While the saloon does have boarding rooms on the second floor, Bennington prefers to rent them for temporary activities rather than a full night. But, if the price is right, Bennington will certainly rent the rooms to anyone for any purpose. In general, the Beehive is so popular that Bennington gets his price for just about everything, from liquor to cigars or room rental. The Judge should increase prices by 10% (possibly more) over book value.

WHAT'S THE BUZZ?

Details about the real Beehive Saloon remain sketchy. There's no doubt that this place existed and that it was indeed a busy gathering place in The Flat. The actual activities, architecture and clientele are anyone's guess.

According to records unearthed by the crack research team at DHR, the owners of the Beehive are listed simply as “Owen Donnelly and Mr. Carrol.” Since that ain't much to go on, we decided to spin a yarn intended to spur your imagination, open the door for some outlandish role-playing and engender a few saucy adventures.



Second Floor

1 Square=5 Feet

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

The Beehive's front porch lies under the eave of the balcony, which draws most of the attention of passersby. Thus, the porch itself seems plain and un-noteworthy. Although patrons and doves often linger here, the traffic in and out the front doors continues at a steady pace most of the time.

When the saloon is open (nearly all the time), the full-sized double entry doors are propped open with doorstops made of a stack of welded horseshoes. These doors have a quality lock on them for securing the saloon on the rare occasions when the place is closed. In front of those main doors is a set of swinging "bat-wing" doors, ornately carved with a small beehive as the top-post on each door. Two double-width windows—usually open to allow ventilation—are set into the Beehive's front wall. Now and again, wafts of cheap perfume compete with the tobacco smoke drifting out through the open doors and windows.

Two oil lanterns hang on either side of the porch's doorway, covered with a mesh wire painted red like the walls. During the day, these fixtures blend in with the outer walls; at night, they issue a soft glow that adds to the sultry atmosphere of the saloon entrance.

2) Saloon

The "bat-wing" doors provide entry into the main area of the ground floor, where the party never seems to end. If it's not exceedingly busy, chances are a harlot of some ilk will accost any male visitor before he takes more than two steps in. But even before that can happen, an olfactory assault overwhelms even the stuffiest of noses—a raunchy dissonance of cheap perfume, stale smoke and salty sweat.

Six round tables are scattered around the center of the wooden floor, providing ample space for the various card games that are certain to be underway most times of the day. Meanwhile, a rectangular table devoted to dice games rests near the side of the staircase leading to the second floor (on the right-hand wall near the plain fireplace). Just past that is the backdoor, which has a quality lock, but is often open to allow a cross breeze. The small windows on each wall are usually open as well. A clear space between the tables allows for dancing, stand-up entertainment or impromptu throw-downs.

A 5-foot diameter candle-filled chandelier—suspended from long chains hanging from the roof and extending just below the railing of the upper floor—provides moderate lighting for the saloon floor. It offers enough light to see one's playing cards for all but the three tables in the corners of the room. These remain shadowed, lit by single tabletop candles (if at all, depending on the whim of occupants). A rope (used

to haul in the device when candles need replacing) extends from the chandelier to the upstairs railing on the side with most of the rooms.

Against the fireplace wall sits an upright piano. Bennington pays local and itinerant musicians to play by the hour—he doesn't care what they play, as long as the crowd likes it. There is one regular performer (Three-finger Sam), while others come and go. Someone will be playing 35% of the time.

The far left corner of the saloon houses the bar (#3), storeroom (#6), office (#5) and cash pit (#4).

Unless the place is closed up tight (only 5% of the time, typically for a few hours around sun-up), there's always somebody at the Beehive, including soldiers, gamblers, travelers, gunslicks and soiled doves (respectable women tend to avoid the place). During daylight hours, 3d6+2 people can be found in the saloon area. Around sunset, 5d6+4 customers and working girls are just getting warmed up here, with at least half playing cards or dice. At night, 8d6+6 people fill the place, seated at the various tables, hanging around the bar or piano, stepping out onto the porch or back inside, or just loitering against the second floor railing and looking down onto the ground floor action. Most of them, however, will be gambling. In the wee hours, 3d6+6 assorted revelers will still be at it. Day or night, several of the patrons will be soldiers, as this is a favorite place to unwind and relieve the humdrum routine of army life. Additionally, at night, Junior Burns will be lurking amongst the customers (sitting at the bar, watching from the upstairs railing or leaning on the piano) keeping an eye on things.

3) Bar

A long, cedar bar dominates the left wall of the saloon, joining with the ground floor rooms on the back wall. Completely enclosed, this 4 1/2-foot high structure offers a permanent barrier between the clientele and the liquor stocks. Subtle woodworking gives the bar an inviting feel; rounded edges and smooth grain make it attractive yet unobtrusive. The only way behind the bar (besides leaping over it) is the door to the storage area, which has no lock.

A number of stools line the front of the bar, usually warmed by the backsides of happy (and sometimes, not so happy) customers. Not many folks stand at the bar area. Those that aren't sitting here, or at one of the tables, flit about, trying to find the action they desire. While the bar doesn't have a foot-rail, the sturdy stools have two sets of rungs suitable to the task.

A long, plain mirror hangs on the wall behind the bar, with four glass shelves affixed directly to it. These shelves hold various beer glasses, tumblers and shot glasses, as well as a display of liquor bottles. The mirror has been replaced a time or two.

The Beehive boasts a wide variety of alcoholic beverages. In addition to local whiskey and beer, Bennington imports mescal from Mexico, wine from France, bourbon from Kentucky and other specialty spirits. The availability of any given liquor varies—the Judge should use discretion as to the presence and cost of any desired drink. One thing that Bennington absolutely refuses to serve is snakehead. He does serve a low-grade whiskey, but not what he considers vile rotgut; not because he's a snob, but rather, he likes to push the expensive spirits to bolster the Beehive's image and discourage customers from getting loaded on the cheap stuff. An unintended side effect of this policy is for soldiers and those lacking funds to slug back a few shots elsewhere before visiting here.

Either Ruby Easterling or Elias Bennington himself will be tending bar 75% of the time, although Big Nose Kate has been known to fill in from time to time. Bennington hires a local to cover most morning shifts. Because the Beehive has a storeroom, the bar area doesn't have much besides liquor bottles, wine casks and beer kegs. The underside does have a few shelves holding miscellaneous supplies, including rags, extra candles, matches and so forth. Tucked neatly under the bar top is a fully loaded Henry repeating rifle. Ruby and Elias know how to use it and aren't afraid to pull it out when needed. The wood floor behind the bar is 1 foot higher than the saloon floor, giving the bartenders a good view of the place as well as an advantage over those seated at the bar.

4) Cash Pit

Bennington has added a twist to his establishment: the use of chips for the gaming tables. Players must buy and redeem chips from the cash pit in order to play cards or dice. Everything's on the up-and-up; Bennington instructs the tellers to pay meticulous attention to all transactions (various locals hold these positions—they must be able to read and write and do basic arithmetic).

The only door to this room, from the Office (see #5), remains closed and locked at all times. Only the teller on duty, Easterling and Bennington possess keys to the quality-grade lock—with each teller passing the keys to his or her successor on the changing of shifts. Aside from the small mesh grate, the slot above the transaction ledge—allowing for passing money and chips—and the teller's stool, the only other things of interest in this narrow room are the cash box used by the tellers for normal transactions, a large ledger for the chip transactions, and the safe used to store the large amounts of cash (and chips) that flow through here daily (under the ledge). The tellers move monies from the cash box to the safe every hour, or anytime the cash box exceeds \$100. They must log every transaction. Tellers always carry sidearms, although most have no intention of ever using them.

Bennington deposits the previous day's take at the bank around noon each day. He hires two armed guards for this purpose.

5) Office

Because Bennington's office leads to the rest of the rooms on the ground floor, the door has a security lock as well as metal reinforcement. Only Bennington and Easterling possess keys to the lock. The office window has normal bars. Two internal doors lead to the Cash Pit (South wall, see #4) and the storage room (North wall, see #6); each door has a quality lock.

In contrast to the rest of the saloon, the office is drab and sparse. A simple flat-top desk with an armless chair rest against the wall leading into the saloon area (see #2), while another armless chair and storage cabinet are lined up against the wall opposite that door (under the window).

Mounds of paperwork and the last few months' worth of the Beehive's massive ledgers cover the desktop, along with worn out pen quills, a bottle of ink, a candle holder and the pen currently in use. The desk contains two side drawers: the top drawer contains more writing supplies, candles and matches. The bottom drawer holds a bottle of Bennington's favorite cognac, along with a snifter, a bag of jerky and some salted nuts.

The cabinet holds several years' worth of the Beehive's ledgers and nothing else.

6) Bar Storage

Largely unremarkable, this storage room has three doors: two on the interior and one leading directly outside. The outer door is strong and reinforced with metal bands, possessing a security-grade lock. The door to the bar is normal with no lock; the door to the Office is equipped with a quality lock.

For the most part, this room contains mundane supplies such as candles for the chandelier, extra bed linens for the upstairs rooms, more bar rags and the like. Of course, crates of liquor, kegs of beer and other potables are stored here too.

7) Rooms

The upper floor has 7 small guestrooms. Known as "cribs," these are predominately used for short periods of time by the soiled doves using the saloon as a place to entertain their prey . . . er, clients . . . oh . . . never mind! Bennington rents the rooms by the hour or by the day. The doves settle-up with the owner discreetly—Ruby and Bennington keep careful track of the traffic up and down the stairs. If other patrons wish to rent a room, they can make arrangements directly with either of these two. Because Bennington makes more money renting by the hour, the daily rates are always at a premium.

The cribs are all virtually identical. The doors have an interior latch, but are not lockable from the outside. Each chamber contains a bed, a chair and an end table with a mirror affixed to the back. The end table supports a wash basin and has a candlestick (sometimes holding a usable candle, sometimes not). Guests can request a fresh pitcher of water and a replacement tallow candle, but they must fetch the items themselves. The beds are fairly comfortable; the mattresses being re-stuffed about once per month and the linens changed daily. Bennington pays local women for that service.

8) Bennington's Room

The largest room on the second floor belongs to Bennington. He literally lives in the saloon. The door has a security lock; Bennington is the only person possessing the key.

While only four pieces of furniture fill the room, it is relatively luxurious. Bennington burns a soothing vanilla-scented lamp; the odor lingers even when the lamp is off. The large brass double bed has a fluffy down-filled mattress

and four pillows. A nightstand next to the bed holds a wash basin, pitcher of water and a chamber pot. A padded leather chair sits at the foot of the bed. The solid-oak armoire in the corner houses several sets of Bennington's custom-tailored clothing, two boxes of ammunition for each of his pistols and other personal effects, along with a small safe bolted into the bottom shelf. The safe contains \$500, a diamond necklace worth \$900 and the deed to the saloon.

9) Balcony

As previously noted, this wooden balcony faces Griffin Street and is really the showpiece of the saloon front. Some of the soiled doves hang around up here from time to time, usually in the evenings, enticing cowboys to come into the saloon and pay them a visit. Occasionally, a customer or two will be up here too, typically drunk or darn near it. Other than the show the ladies put on, there's nothing remarkable about the balcony; however, if more than 15 people move about out here at the same time, there's a 25% chance the entire structure will collapse under the stress.

PERSONALITIES



Elias Bennington, Proprietor

Originally from Pennsylvania, Bennington made the sojourn to Texas after hearing about the opportunity and spirit of freedom and friendship embodied by the Lone Star State. Too young to fight in the War, he decided to leave his family and head southwest after the conflict ended. Along the way he worked odd jobs, mostly in saloons and gambling halls. Spending some time in Mississippi and Louisiana, Elias learned how to gamble by observing professional players whenever he wasn't working.

Finally testing his own luck, Elias fared well. By the age of 20 the black-haired, blue-eyed gambler had found his way into a few high stakes games and, after building up a sizable poke, he moved on to his original destination. Having heard of Fort Griffin, Bennington knew it was the place to open his own gambling house. When he arrived and saw all the soldiers, the idea for the Beehive came to him like a gift from above, or perhaps that other place.

While Elias still plays cards, it's mostly for fun. These days he abstains from the high stakes games, preferring to run his business and maintain a comfortable life. He's always nattily attired in fancy suits—not foppish, but in a style befitting a high-rolling saloon owner.

MIXOLOGY IN THE OLD WEST

We ain't jawin' about the study of that moving pictures actor. We're talkin' about the likes of Rocky Mountain Punch, the Stone Fence and an Egg Flip.

Among the many myths about the Old West is that a feller had three options when entering a frontier town saloon—straight whiskey, beer or rotgut. In fact, mixology was well-established across the states and territories by the time The Flat made its mark. Published in 1862, *Jerry Thomas' Bartenders Guide* documented a variety of mixed drinks already in circulation by the start of the War. And mixologists in saloons from Fort Worth to San Francisco knew how to set up many of the concoctions that Mr. Thomas put in his guide.

The Dog House Gang encourages Judges to pour a little something extra into the saloons in town, by having the bartenders offer speciality drinks—especially in a place like Shannseys or the Beehive. While Mr. Doney might offer a limited selection, there's no reason that Big Mose or Ruby Easterling should balk at mixing a Gin Sling, an Apple Toddy or an Orange Effervescing Draught (any of which may have a weird twist).



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d8 (+2), Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Business) d8, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (North Central Texas) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic, Sportsman

Gear: Colt Peacemaker with custom grip (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 6 bullets, Fancy Holster, Remington Double Derringer (hidden in vest pocket) (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 2 bullets, fancy suit with vest, custom boots, gold pocket watch and chain



Mike Fogerty (Frank Thurmond)

Biding his time in Fort Griffin under the alias Mike Fogerty, Frank Thurmond is the man who finally married Lottie Deno. The stereotypical southern gentleman, Thurmond served as a private in the Confederate Army before coming to Texas and opening The University Club, the hottest gambling hall in San Antonio. (Lottie dealt there too, while known as the “Angel of San Antonio.”)

Fogerty is a wiry, quiet man who remains somewhat mysterious during his stay in The Flat. Essentially hiding out while he decides what he’s going to do next, he spends a lot of time at the Beehive. He has a small shack in the same block as the saloon. He keeps himself in cash by playing cards regularly, but refrains from drawing attention to himself in high stakes games, preferring to skin a few rubes now and then. All business, all the time, Fogerty is a dangerous man when cornered—he knows how to throw a hogleg and won’t hesitate to drop a man if needed. He is known to have killed at least two men with his Bowie knife.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Texas) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Enemy (Minor), Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Dodge, Luck, No Mercy, Quick

Gear: Smith and Wesson Schofield (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 40 bullets, trousers, buckskin shirt, cowboy hat, cowboy boots, Bowie knife, coin pouch (in pocket)

PROFESSIONAL EDGE: SPORTSMAN

Requirements: Seasoned, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Gambling d6

The Sportsman takes sleight of hand and gambling instincts to a new level. A character with this Edge knows how to cheat at games of chance, and more importantly, when to cheat. Combining legerdemain with a keen eye for spotting easy marks, the Sportsman can ply the trade, make a profit and still walk away from the table without a dust-up—well, most days. The Sportsman adds +2 to all trait tests involving games of chance.

The Dog House Gang encourages the use of Card Sharp from *DLRPG* page 33, as well as this Fort Griffin Setting Rule.



Ruby Easterling

Ruby Easterling has become Bennington’s right hand. She loves to tend bar and delights in giving the customers a piece of her mind: including the regulars, and especially the soldiers. She’s sassy and possesses a wicked sarcastic streak, but somehow manages to stay on the good side of most locals—they think she’s funny even when she intends to be mean.

Rather plain looking, Ruby hates being mistaken for one of the “girls.” A customer who propositions her will likely find himself looking for a towel to dry his face.

Rumors abound that Ruby and Elias have an ongoing affair. These stories are partly true; the two get together now and then, but they both know it’s nothing more than a physical arrangement and they both like it that way.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Intimidate d4, Knowledge (Human Behavior) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Notice d6 (+2), Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: Quirk (Minor—Sarcasm)

Edges: Alertness, Danger Sense

Gear: Remington Pocket Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 6 bullets, cotton skirt, blouse, women’s shoes, bandana

Jebediah “Junior” Burns

A giant of a man, Junior Burns is an ex-soldier who now provides security during the busy hours at the Beehive. His sandy brown hair, boyish face and easy-going grin belie his toughness. Despite his six-and-a-half-foot frame, most newcomers won't realize he works as a security guard because of the ease in which he mingles with the customers; however, an astute cowpoke might notice he drinks only water and closely observes all strangers. The locals know him well and chat with him often.

Junior owns a shack in The Flat where he, his wife Laura and two young girls live.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Survival d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: None

Edges: Brawny, Combat Reflexes, Sweep

Gear: Brass knuckles (Damage Str+d4), nightstick (Damage Str+d4), buckskin shirt, trousers, cowboy boots, Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, plain holster



“Big Nose” Kate (Kate Elder, Mary Katherine Haroney)

Perhaps the most famous prostitute of the Old West, Big Nose Kate spends a good deal of her time at the Beehive, dancing, flirting and taking men upstairs. A smallish woman of Hungarian descent (5'4" and only 100 pounds), Kate is no great looker but she knows how to appeal to a man. She can be wild and woolly, fun and flirty, or sultry and smooth. Her nickname acknowledges her most distinguishing feature (although in truth, it ain't that big). Some folks say the nickname has more to do with her gossiping ways.

Kate's father was a renowned surgeon and she lived a life of privilege while growing up in the States, after her parents emigrated from Hungary. Both her parents passed away while she was just a teenager and after a few stints in foster homes in Iowa, Kate ran away and headed for St. Louis, where her adventurous life began.

Kate met Doc Holliday here in The Flat, supposedly down at Shannsey's place. They apparently had an on-and-off again relationship that began here and continued on to other parts, including Tombstone.



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Gambling d6, Guts d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Notice d8 (+2), Persuasion d8, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d8

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: None

Edges: Alertness, Charismatic, Luck

Gear: Remington Pocket Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 10 bullets, fancy cotton skirt, fancy blouse, broach, women's dress boots



Indian Kate (Kate Gamel)

Indian Kate is a notorious prostitute who does almost all of her business in her small shack near the river. She won't turn away a fella who insists on a room upstairs, but she'll charge extra. She tends to cater to the men who want a cheap date and she's durn good at figuring out exactly who that might be. At a relatively tall 5'7", she is attractive and wily enough to capture the attention of just about any man she sets her sights on. Kate is rumored to be half-Kiowa, but she's good at evading the truth about that.

Most of the time, she's on the up-and-up. But every now and then she falls into cahoots with some unsavory types looking to rob or even kill a man who has something worth taking. She'll lure a man out to her place and double-cross him by providing her service and then letting the criminals ply their trade afterwards. Sometimes, it's easy because the man might just pass out after, well, vigorous exercise. Other times, her acquaintances lay in wait for the unsuspecting victim to exit the shack. She's been known to double-cross a criminal hiding out at her place, cooperating with the law when it suits her.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Intimidate d6, Knowledge (Human Behavior), d4, Lockpicking d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Dodge

Gear: Sharps Pepperbox (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), plain dress, women's dress boots, costume-jewel necklace, hair ribbons



Anna Leigh

One of the high-class ladies of the evening, Anna Leigh is a voluptuous redhead (yep, it's for real) catering to the big spenders. She operates exclusively here at the Beehive, even having a favorite room (the one in the far corner across from the balcony). While this tall and gorgeous gal is one smart cookie, she's an expert at playing dumb. Her hobbies include playing the piano and reading. Anna Leigh speaks French and German as well as English. Sometimes, she can be found taking a break in her favorite room, curled up with Emerson or Keats, or downstairs pounding out a tune on the ivories. She's comfortable with herself and her way of life, but deep in her heart, she believes she'll meet a real man and someday give up her present business.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d4, Healing d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Arts) d4, Knowledge (History) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d4, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive, Connections (Sheriff)

Gear: Remington Double Derringer (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 10 bullets, fancy dress, women's dress boots, gold necklace



ADVENTURE HOOKS

A Woman Scorned

Inevitably, some fool will try to have his time with one of the doves without paying his due. Whether that's one of the player characters or some other customer, this scenario presents a number of possible incidents that the Judge can use to set up a quick fight, an ongoing conflict or just a fun role-playing moment.

Additionally, it's conceivable that one of the characters propositions Ruby, or says something close enough that she takes offense. A beer in the face could spur any number of incidents.

Trouble with Indian Kate

If one of the player characters decides to solicit a night of pleasure on the cheap, the Judge can steer him toward Indian Kate. She can set up the character (or characters) to be robbed, beaten, captured and held for ransom, or whatever else might seem appropriate, by some of her nefarious friends.

In fact, this scenario could occur whether a character goes off with Kate to her shack, or not. If the characters stay on the straight and narrow, the Judge can fix it so Kate observes them in the Beehive and finds them to be a tasty mark. She informs her acquaintances about the characters and they can take it from there.



Lottie "The Poker Queen" Deno

Lottie spends about 30% of her time here at the Beehive. She deals faro and plays poker. When she's running a table at the Beehive, there's no smoking, drinking or cursing allowed. Bennington doesn't like it, but Lottie is none too fond of the other activities here, and she won't deal unless he agrees with her terms so he goes along with it—even though he knows that Lottie allows a casual drink while dealing at Shannsey's place. Typically, the other players sit out a hand to throw down a whiskey at the bar, or step outside to puff a cigar if they can't do without.

See Shannsey's Saloon for more about Lottie, including her game statistics.



Forks in the Road:

1. Turns out that Indian Kate is much more than she seems. She descends from a long line of Indian medicine-people. Most of the time, she keeps her powers to herself. When in danger or when the opportunity presents itself to use her powers undetected, she won't hesitate. This could certainly spice up the encounter with one or more of the player characters. This fork upgrades Kate a mite; the following statistical changes are suggested:

- Remove the Dodge Edge and add Arcane Background (Miracles) and arcane skill of Faith.
- Change Vengeful (Minor) to Vengeful (Major)
- Add New Power: Fear
- Add New Power: Obscure
- Change Rank to Veteran
- Change to Wildcard

2. Again, Indian Kate is more than she might appear, but NOT because of supernatural powers. Rather, she commands a gang of outlaws that operate in the four-county area. Kate can be ruthless with rubes who pass through town without adequate protection. Now, whether the rubes are the heroes themselves or a family heading west to settle—and found dead later by the heroes—is left to the Judge's druthers. The outlaws follow Indian Kate because so far the results of her schemes have backed up her powers of persuasion. The scofflaws could easily turn against her if things go awry. Suggested changes include:

- Add Command Edge
- Change Vengeful (Minor) to Vengeful (Major)
- Change Streetwise skill to d6
- Change to Wildcard

A Jealous Lover

One of the doves has a suitor who can't stand the thought of his gal being handled by other men. Doesn't matter whether it's all in his imagination or if one of the characters really is involved with the suitor's intended. 'Nuff said.

Forks in the Road:

One of the Beehive's soiled doves has an Arcane Background with the Puppet power. She attempts to control one of the heroes. Or, after she is wronged by one of the heroes, she sends an out-of-his-gourd jealous suitor to collect a measure of revenge.

Learn from Lottie

The characters are in the saloon when Lottie Deno is dealing. She skins them, or perhaps someone else playing at the table. Things just don't sit right with the folks on the losing end so these and other possibilities surface.

As suggested in Shannsey's, some reckless Judge



character accuses Lottie of cheating after he gets skinned fair and square. One or more player characters could be playing at the same table, or watching nearby, thus becoming involved in the altercation in some fashion. Junior Burns and Mike Fogerty could quickly get involved.

Lottie simply cleans out an individual or group of player characters. What they do is anybody's guess. If Fogerty is around, you can bet he'll be paying close attention.

Somebody who objects to the terms of playing at Lottie's table (e.g., no smokes, no cursing, and no liquor) raises a ruckus. If it's someone other than the player characters, it should be easy for the Judge to get the players caught between the perpetrator and Lottie, or Bennington, or Easterling. If the PCs have extras under their control, those cowpokes could be ripe for this hook.

High Stakes

As described more fully in Shannsey's Saloon, the characters could get involved in a high stakes faro, dice or poker game that ends up bad because someone is a low-down dirty cheater. See Shannsey's for more information, about how the characters might learn about or experience cheating and how this could develop into some manner of adventure.

The Big Brawl

Again, as noted in Shannsey's, there's a million and one ways to start a good old-fashioned brawl. The two-story construction, chandelier, staircase, large windows and other elements of the Beehive make for a peachy setting for such a happenstance.

Ruby will likely pull out the Henry in the event of a brouhaha, while Bennington prefers to let the morons do their worst while sending one of the doves to fetch the law. He knows how to collect recompense for any damage done to the place.

DONEY'S SALOON

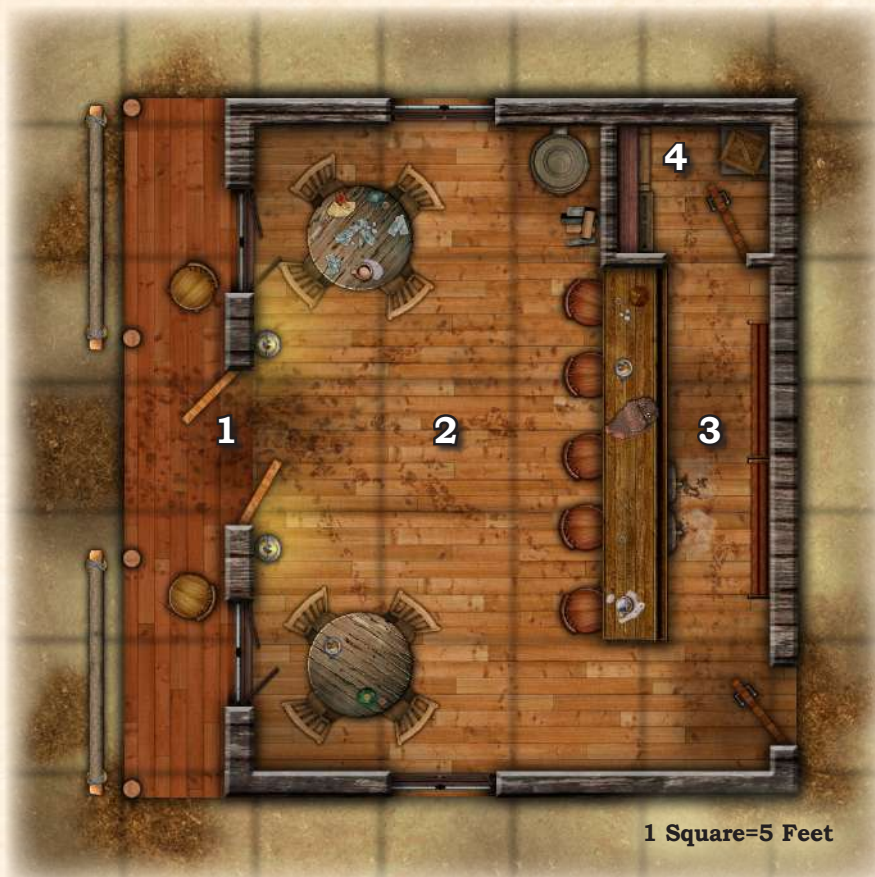
When your throat's drier than a West Texas sandstorm and you don't need nuthin' fancy—just straight up whiskey and maybe a place to put up your sore feet for a spell—it's right likely that this old shack is calling your name.

Doney's place ain't much to look at, but it has that certain quiet charm that attracts drifters (and regular folk) looking for a cheap drink without a bunch of folderol—or attention of any kind for that matter.

William Doney, an immigrant from England, built this nearly square, all-wood structure in late 1875. Wanting to capitalize early on the growing commerce and traffic moving through Fort Griffin and The Flat—and not having much to spend on construction—Doney simply put up four walls and a roof as quickly and cheaply as possible. Frankly, it shows. The place appears to be much older than it really is, with warped boards, grubby rotting planks and a few crudely patched holes in the rusted tin roof (especially over the small porch). The wooden walls are relatively weak (-1 toughness) with the roof being even less sturdy (-2 toughness). Climbing on this roof is certainly not a task for the faint-hearted.

In some ways, the saloon's broken-down appearance serves it well, drawing a crowd that prefers a no-frills, even solemn, place to get a stiff drink. Moreover, it caters to those penny-pinching travelers that can't afford more than a plain shot of whiskey, as well as those who don't want—or can't resist the temptation of—gaming tables and sweet-smelling women. Not to mention anybody needing a place for a clandestine meeting.

While the place is mostly somber and austere, that doesn't mean things don't get rowdy now and again. Some hard hombres pass through here, and it isn't uncommon for a fracas to break out—night or day—sometimes with Doney himself instigating the disturbances.



BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

This thin strip of a porch leads up to the saloon's only remarkable feature—the classic “bat-wing” style swinging doors. The doors are certainly the best-maintained part of the whole place, being oiled and cleaned regularly. Heck, they might be the only things maintained and cleaned regularly. While two beat-up stools can be found out here, rarely do they serve as seats. One of them has a short leg; while bird droppings and other unsavory stains cover the other. The tin roof over the porch is peppered with numerous holes, letting in annoying streams of sunlight or rivulets of rainwater, making the porch less-than-hospitable most of the time. The two windows, although equipped with shutters, are usually open.

2) Saloon

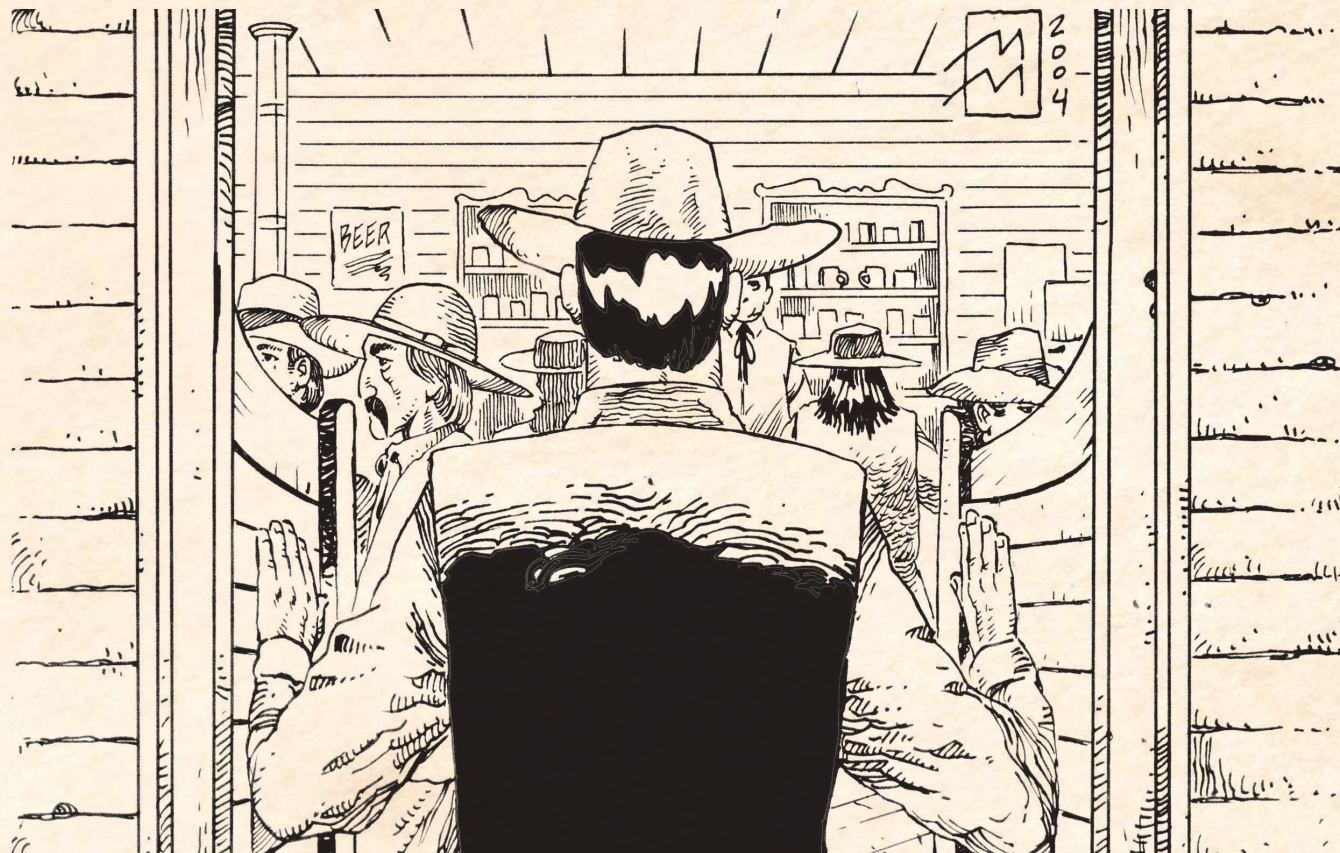
The “bat-wing” doors lead directly into the main area of the saloon. The bar and five stools stand directly ahead, welcoming patrons who can't wait to order up a drink. The stools in here are in much better condition than the ones out on the porch—that is, all of their legs are relatively even and they aren't covered with crap. From this side, the bar appears as plain as a pine box.

DO HE OR DONEY?

A number of small saloons popped up in The Flat; some surely lasted, while others came and went like a summer hailstorm (never amounting to more than a room—maybe just a tent—where a feller could get a shot of whiskey). The map of The Flat lists a number of saloons, from Charley Meyer's to the Busy Bee to Doney's and a slew of others, (including the famous Shannsey's and Beehive described earlier).

The Dog House Gang chose Doney's (for no particular reason) as a representative for all those small “dive” kind of places where a cowpoke could get a cheap drink in plain company.

Immediately to the right and left of the entrance are the only two tables in the place. Showing signs of numerous repairs, each table has four straight-back armless chairs (obviously patched together after participation in numerous brawls, making them more easily broken if further abused,



effectively -1 toughness). The four shuttered window openings around the tables allow decent ventilation. Kerosene lamps flank the windows, providing dim light in the nighttime hours.

Tucked into the corner, behind the left-hand table (when facing the bar), is an aged wood-burning stove. Doney usually keeps a small fire burning in order to brew the pot of chicory coffee that he keeps on hand (coffee is always free of charge). During the winter months, the stove is loaded up in an attempt to keep the drafty place warm. Despite the constant drafts and the four windows, there always seems to be a haze of smoke lingering up towards the ceiling.

In the other corner, alongside the bar, is the backdoor—a strong wooden door with a latch bolt on the inside, but no lock.

In the morning, 1d4-1 patrons may be in here. By noon, the place harbors 1d6 patrons. By the early evening, and well into the night, 3d6 folks are usually packed in, some standing along the walls and setting their glasses on the windowsills if the seats are all taken. It's not uncommon for revelers intending to visit the fancier (and higher priced) places in town to stop by Doney's first for a cheap drink, or two.

3) Bar

As noted previously, the 15' long bar is quite plain. Between the numerous cigarette burns, scorches and gouges, the bar top's thinning layer of shellac is in desperate need of re-coating. On the wall directly behind the bar are two long, warped shelves, supporting only a few glasses and mugs on the more level spots. The upper shelf is about one-third shorter than the lower. Closer examination reveals that one end has been busted clean off. More glasses are usually stored at the far right end of the bar (facing the entry), next to an oil lantern.

All of the liquor is kept underneath the bar, on recently replaced shelving. Aside from the free *jamoka*, Doney serves only three things: average whiskey, snakehead and draft lager. Sometimes though, he runs out of beer, as he keeps only a couple of small kegs on hand, both under the bar and operated by a simple gravity tap. Regardless, there are always three or four bottles of each type of whiskey under the bar.

A small cubby unit beneath the left side of the bar holds a supply of rags, a box of matches, and eight .44 paper rifle cartridges. Leaning against the cubby is a Sharps rifle, and, although it has seen better days, it is fully functional—and loaded.



Doney and his barkeep (Whit Hubbard) wear waist aprons with pockets, where they keep the day's profits. One of the two men will always be here—the barkeep 60% of the time, Doney 25%, and both 15% (on fully packed nights it's 50% likely for both to be here). Doney pays a local girl, Sue Ann Summers, to sweep out the place now and then—there's a 25% chance she'll be around on any given morning.

In the far-left corner behind the bar is the door to the storage room. A simple wooden door, this one has an average grade lock, which is usually unlocked during business hours.

4) Storage Room

This small storage room has shelving on the back wall, and a few crates on the floor. The crates contain whiskey bottles (clearly marked in order to keep the good stuff separate from the snakehead). An extra coffee pot, a sack of coffee beans mixed with chicory root and a grinder rest on the shelves, along with another box of matches, some more rags, a box of candles, a tin of kerosene, a few aprons and a strong box with a quality lock (into which Doney and Hubbard transfer funds after their aprons get a might jangly). Doney empties the box every night—sometimes twice a day if business is brisk. Additionally, a teakettle and a few tins of imported tea are kept in here—Doney breaks these out when any of his countrymen come through town.

PERSONALITIES

Doney's clientele tends toward the rough-and-tumble and plain folk, including a number of soldiers looking for a cheap drink. This section offers descriptions of the owner and the employees frequently found here.

William Doney

A strapping, hot-tempered man of English descent, William arrived in Virginia with his parents when he was fourteen years old. Despite his almost twenty years of living in the U.S., Doney still carries a bit of an accent. The Doney family moved often during those first few years, always a little further west, until finally settling near Fort Belknap, where William found work as a teamster. Against his father's wishes ("It's not OUR war, after all, my boy!"), Doney enlisted in the Texas Frontier Regiment under Capt. James B. "Buck" Barry in 1862. Doney met his wife—Mary, the daughter of Irish immigrants—during his enlistment. They married soon thereafter and the first of their five children (four girls and a boy, the eldest daughter is now 8) was born a year later, just before he mustered out of the Regiment.

The Doney's scrimped and saved while William resumed

his work as a teamster and Mary earned extra cash as a seamstress. The family moved to Fort Griffin, where William built the saloon at night, after spending all day loading and unloading the supply wagons passing through The Flat. Other than the saloon, the Doney's own what amounts to nothing more than a large shack down near the river.

Although the years of backbreaking work and long hours have taken their toll on his visage, Doney's powerful physique hasn't withered with age. He has the weathered, wrinkled face of an older man but the muscles of a younger man.

REID'S KNUCKLEDUSTER

No sir, Knuckleduster isn't another word for brass knuckles. Rather this firearm, named after its inventor James Reid, is a small concealable revolver with the equivalent of a brass knuckle for the grip. Usually, this weapon had no barrel and would fit in the palm of a person's hand. It can be used either as brass knuckles or a ranged weapon (not at the same time, pard); however, the lack of a barrel reduces accuracy resulting in a meager range.

Reid's Knuckleduster

Damage Str+d4

Range 3/6/12, **Damage** 2d6, **ROF** 1,

Cost 40, **Weight** 1, **Shots** 5, **Min Str** d4,

Notes AP1



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Enemy (Minor). Mean (Minor)

Edges: Berserk, Brawny, Combat Reflexes

Gear: Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, Reid's Knuckleduster (Range 3/6/12, Damage 2d6, ROF 1, AP1), 7 bullets, plain holster, trousers, plain shirt, bowler hat, cowboy boots, pocketknife

Whit Hubbard (The Barkeep)

Quick with a joke or to light up your smoke, Whit Hubbard loves his job at Doney's. Although a completely average Joe (or Whit in this case), with his sense of humor and uncanny ability to read a man's disposition from only a word or a nod, Hubbard can get along with just about anybody.

Whit made a living as a clerk in a variety of businesses while making his trek from Ohio down to Texas. He's good with money and Doney trusts him implicitly. The saloon owner pays him fairly well and they've become good friends over the two years that Hubbard has been in Doney's employ. Hubbard is one of the few men who can joke around with Doney without raising the Brit's ire. Unknown to Hubbard or Doney's wife, Doney's will bequeaths 40% of the bar to Hubbard.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Knowledge (Business) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, vest, plain men's shoes; Sharps Rifle (at the saloon; Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2)

Sue Ann "Button" Summers

Cute as a button (hence the nickname), Sue Ann Summers is a diminutive thirteen-year old girl Doney pays to sweep the floors and dust the furniture four times a week. She arrives in the mornings and spends an hour or two doing her job.

Sue Ann is just starting to grow out of that gawky pre-teen stage, and shows promise of becoming a real beauty. Nearing marrying age, with green eyes and strawberry blond hair, she's beginning to attract the attention of some of the older boys in town. Nevertheless, her focus is on her work and her family. Her parents and five siblings live in a shack outside of town—her parents both work as farm hands. Sue Ann puts all of her earnings into the family fund.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Guts d4, Healing d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Streetwise d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Plain dress, women's boots, small sun bonnet

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Overheard

While the characters are enjoying a quiet drink in Doney's, they overhear part of a conversation at one of the tables. That conversation could be about many different things, such as:

- A robbery plan
- Vengeance on another towns person
- A person of some notoriety comin' to town
- Gossip about philanderin', stealin', or lyin'
- A cheatin' dealer/player at a saloon or gambler's hall
- A clue for one of the other adventures in town

It's up to the Judge whether the characters hear the real story, or if their eavesdropping ends up in a misconstrued version of the whisper game. But it should be fun to plant the seeds of dissension and adventure and see what comes of it.

Whiskey Courage

Inevitably, some bonehead's gonna drink too much or take exception to someone else's comments, no matter how innocuous. A hole in the wall place like this sees plenty of brawls. Ironically, the bonehead who starts many of them is the ill-tempered owner himself!

The Judge is encouraged to find a way for Doney to pick a fight with either the player characters or other patrons. Thus, an ordinary bar fight becomes a tale for the trail. It shouldn't be hard for the player characters to irritate the Englishman. Any comment about his accent, the taste of the coffee or spirits, the condition of the bar or the Queen and Country could easily set him off. In fact, it doesn't even have to be an insult; Doney is quite capable of misconstruing the most well intended conversation.

Of course, the Judge may elect to have another party start a fight, completely unconnected to the player cowpokes or Doney. Or, the Judge could take advantage of a rowdy player character's behavior and have another patron take exception instead of Doney.

If Whit's there, he'll just take cover and let the morons fight it out, no matter how it starts. He figures you can fix a busted chair and sweep broken glass much easier than recovering from a broken snoot.

The Wrath of Doney

Doney has earned a reputation around town as a hardheaded, strong-willed man. While he's kind to his family and friends, he doesn't like insults or innuendo, even in jest, and sometimes reacts too harshly for the circumstances. He refuses to serve drinks without cash up-front and takes great offense at beggars—whether in his saloon or in the street. Doney has been known to physically remove a troublemaker or beggar, without the least hint of civility.

The Brit's disposition could lead to confrontations with the player characters in ways other than a bar fight. They might witness something that they consider out-of-bounds (such as mistreatment of a harmless beggar or someone trying to filch a drink) and voluntarily get involved in a disagreement with Doney. The Judge should take advantage of any opportunity for Doney to react negatively to a player cowpoke's comments, earning his immediate or eventual wrath.

A Threat to Doney's Family

Because of Doney's natural inclination to react badly to certain comments or incidents, he's made more than a few enemies in town and among travelers. As it happens, he beat up and turned out a drunk one night not long ago—an outlaw who then swore vengeance on Doney.

The Judge could easily turn that incident into a brief encounter or extended adventure.



Forks in the Road:

1. The drunk is part of a band of outlaws (Indian Kate's or otherwise) who return to The Flat to terrorize Doney's family. They invade his shack while he's at the saloon, taking Mary and some (or all) of the children hostage. Word spreads through town and Doney tries to enlist help to either negotiate with or kill the invaders. While he might call the Sheriff or his deputies, they have had their share of disagreements lately, so Doney figures an impartial party might be a better choice to save his family. The player characters are prime candidates for either possibility.
2. The outlaw and his cohorts come to Doney's Saloon with guns drawn, intent on ransacking the place, taking Doney down or possibly capturing him if he's there. They don't really care whether he's present, they just want to teach him a lesson, and destroying his place will be good enough (so the Judge can play it with Doney there, or ensure that he's away for a follow-up encounter). Of course the raid happens when the characters are in the saloon, or nearby.
3. The drunk is a loner, who returns to town after sobering up. He tries to kidnap one of the young Doney children. The characters could witness the act, or see him fleeing with the child, or be recruited by Doney or the Sheriff to track him down and retrieve the child.
4. The drunk doesn't sober up, but that doesn't stop him from returning for revenge. He comes to town with guns loaded, looking for Doney. He doesn't care if he shoots or kills anyone else in his pursuit of vengeance. He's drunk—but not to the passing-out stage, just to the mean stage—and his presence spells danger.

"Button, Button . . . Who's got the Button?"

Early one morning, a couple of no-account scalawags have decided to continue their previous night's drinking at Doney's. When Sue Ann arrives to do her sweeping and cleaning, they decide that she's fair game. She ignores their lurid remarks and constant pawing, but despite her disdain (or perhaps because of it) the men become increasingly rude and suggestive. Although Whit is around, he is busy getting ready for the day's business and has been in and out of the back door—every time he appears the men tone down their behavior. It's up to any player characters to step up and defend the young lady before things get out of hand. Or, alternatively, to help rescue her if things are already out of hand.

FRONTIER HOUSE

Tired of gamblin' and carousin', but still lookin' for some for fun? Got a hankerin' for songs and jokes to lift your spirit, outlandish skits to bring a smile to your lips, or perhaps a sophisticated drama to make you wonder 'bout the meanin' of life? Get your tickets for the floor or the balcony and come ready to be enthralled by performers from around the world.

From the road, the Frontier House looks like nothing more than a large converted barn or dry goods warehouse—which is exactly what it is. Located on the southeast corner of Parson and Second Street, the Frontier House is a place where people come to unwind, have a laugh and forget about their daily hardships or ennui.

"Uncle" Billy Wilson has operated the Frontier House since 1874. Originally from Arkansas, this colorful character worked his way to the Fort Griffin area as a rambling entertainer. It was something about the feel of this burgeoning town that made him stick around a while longer than usual. Perhaps it was the fact that Uncle Billy loves to bet on the horses and a flurry of races were underway when he arrived. As it so happened, in one of the first bets he made he won the deed to a fledgling warehouse. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, he and his business partner, Soledad Sanchez, decided to turn the warehouse into a theatre. Beginning with just a rough stage and some bench seating, they have continued to improve the place over the last couple of years (adding the balcony booths, the new cherry wood bar and stage curtains).

Every evening save Sunday, the Frontier House offers a full slate of skits, songs and special performances designed to appeal to the regular folks in town, as well as soldiers

from the Fort. Tuesdays through Saturdays feature the talents of Jules Albert Hervey and his sister "Marvelous" Muriel, who have become a near-permanent house act and enjoy fame across North-Central Texas. On Monday nights, the Frontier House offers a more refined fare—including productions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *A Comedy of Errors*, which appeal to both "groundlings" and "the cultured." Soledad is the driving force behind this effort to expand the repertoire beyond fireside songs and sophomoric humor, convincing Billy it's a good way to compete with the drinking, gambling and unmentionable forms of entertainment available in the local saloons. No matter what night or performance a cowpoke attends, the Frontier House promises a night of revelry sure to complete any visitor's stay in The Flat.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

This long wooden porch has no accoutrements or roof. Rather, it shows off the enormous double-doors leading into the Frontier House theatre, flanked by two large single-paned glass windows on each side. Above the doors is a



First Floor

1 Square=5 Feet

large painted wooden sign, spanning nearly the entire face of the building, reading, in blue paint, "Frontier House."

The reinforced wooden doors swing outward and are usually propped open at least one hour before show time. In front of the doors sits a large stiff bristle doormat, Soledad wanting to make sure folks wipe their feet before entering the plush Grand Entry hall (#2). Because the building was formerly a warehouse, the doorframe was constructed to allow supplies, carts, and even wagons through, thus the doors are quite tall (almost 10 feet high). One of the first things Uncle Billy did was to replace the original simple doors with an ornately carved set, complete with large wooden handles and two quality locks. From noon until the performances, the doors are usually closed but unlocked. After the night's program is complete, Uncle Billy locks the doors on his way out, and they stay locked until the next high noon.

2) Grand Entry & Bar

The front doors provide entry into the grand hall, where patrons gather before performances (and during intermissions) to mingle and drink. The ceiling is 20 feet above, giving this chamber an airy, expansive feeling. A huge kerosene lamp chandelier hangs high overhead, providing dim mood lighting for the hall. Meanwhile, a deep-red carpet covers the entire floor and velvet-flocked wallpaper covers the walls, adding to the grandiose effect that Uncle Billy wants all his guests to soak in as soon as they set foot in the place. Velvet-upholstered, thickly padded, comfy chairs sit in each of the front corners, near the windows.

Twin staircases, one along the left wall and one along the right wall (from the perspective of a guest facing the bar), rise 10 feet to the balcony seating area. Red velvet

ropes cordon off the stairs; Uncle Billy removes them with a flourish when escorting folks that purchase box seats upstairs (see #5). Adorning the walls along the staircases are various tapestries and paintings. The balcony itself extends out 5 feet from the back wall, and is surrounded by a 3-foot high railing, where the "quality" folks can hang around and view those on the ground floor.

Directly across from the entryway is an impressive, horseshoe shaped bar. The bar is relatively new and made from beautiful cherry wood, with highly polished brass fittings. The last 3 feet of the bar top on the left side is hinged so that it can be flipped-up to allow access for the bartender. It is cleaned daily, so the beautiful red wood and shining brass never fail to impress. Four vintage muskets and a large buffalo-head line the wall space above the bar and beneath the balcony.

Among the regular stocks are whiskey, hard cider, beer, champagne and mescal. Although everything is in bottles (which Billy tries to recycle), he and his waitresses (ordinary local girls hired to dispense and deliver drinks) normally pour all drinks into metal mugs or wooden flagons. Most folks don't mind—it's a change of pace, and seems to lend to the atmosphere of the place. Billy won't let anyone take a bottle onto the floor seating area (having learned from experience what it's like to get one's head busted from a glass missile during a sketch gone wrong). However, Billy will allow bottles into the balcony, unless he has good reason to doubt a customer's intentions. Uncle Billy always keeps salty nuts and pretzels in wooden bowls on top of the bar, free for the taking.

Mounted on the wall behind the bar (beneath the buffalo head) are matching cherry-wood cabinets holding a variety of bottles (mostly empty or filled with water), brick-a-brack



and mugs. Billy stores the actual liquor bottles on two solid shelves underneath the bar. In addition to the spirits (and extra mugs and flagons), the bar shelves hold large sacks of the salty snacks and more bowls for distribution to the tables and balcony areas during shows. Miscellaneous items such as rags, candles, matches and trays for carrying drinks around the House are also stored down under the bar. A small safe is bolted into the floor at the right end of the bar—and a metal strongbox is on top of the safe. Billy collects the fees for the show and distributes “tickets” from the box (actually, they are wooden tokens that he reuses), putting the night’s take into the safe as soon as the show starts.

Before a performance, lots of folks gather around the bar, ordering drinks and then moving off to mix among the other patrons—although a few barflies always seem to linger close by. To each side of the bar are curtain-covered entryways, providing access to the floor seating and stage area. The curtains are pulled open shortly before performances begin, with waitresses taking “tickets” (purchased at the bar).

Three different levels of seating can be purchased: the benches (the cheapest), ground floor tables (a little more expensive) and the balcony (where the high falutin’ folks tend to sit).

THE REAL FRONTIER HOUSE

According to documents unearthed by the overworked DHR research team, a place called the Frontier House truly existed in The Flat back in the 1870s. Run by “Uncle” Billy Wilson, it was known as a freewheeling place for entertainment: a dance hall, beer house, variety theatre and restaurant all rolled up into one.

Undoubtedly, a number of itinerant musicians, nomad entertainers and vagabond thespians passed through The Flat, giving residents and travelers alike a respite from the dreary routine of the frontier. A few such characters are included here, inspired by both historical and fictional references.

To simplify and provide a slightly more grandeur atmosphere, the Dog House Gang offers this version of the Frontier House—retaining the quirkiness and mirth of “Uncle” Billy’s place while also adding an element of high-brow entertainment now and then.

3) Floor Seating

Just beyond the curtained entryways are rows of wooden benches where most of the common folk sit during a performance. The benches are all general admission and it’s not unusual for squabbles to break out when people try to hold seats for friends and family.

To the left and right of the benches are four wooden tables (two to each side). These seats are reserved—either ahead of time or the night of the performance. Waitresses serve the patrons that purchase seats at the tables, bringing extra snacks (gratis) and drinks (you drink, you pay) during the show. If it’s a light crowd, Uncle Billy might invite a few bench riders to grab a table.

4) Stage

The stage is raised three feet above the floor, spanning the entire end of the building, with two short sets of stairs providing easy access on either side. Footlights line the edge of the stage, providing decent lighting on the performers. Two curtains, front stage and backstage, section off this platform, creating two distinct performance areas. Often, the front curtain is closed while performers sing or enact a brief sketch, while a more involved scene is set up between the curtains. The back curtain is always closed, partitioning the backstage area, which contains a variety of props, a dressing screen and any actors that aren’t onstage. An upright piano on wheels is rolled out to front stage right when needed, accompanied by a fiddle player who sits on a stool next to the piano player. Normal double back doors provide entrance backstage; they have average locks and a bar on the inside.

5) Balcony Seating

Four balcony booths occupy the upper floor of the Frontier House. Although farther away from the stage, these are still the most expensive tickets in the House, mainly because the seats are plush, the view is outstanding and the service here is nothing short of doting. During the show, Uncle Billy assigns one of his waitresses to exclusive duty on the balcony, bringing snacks and drinks for the patrons anytime they ask. Of course, the drinks still require payment, although Billy will often provide a complimentary bottle of champagne or whiskey for special guests.

Each enclosed booth contains four seats—wooden walls separating them from neighboring booths. The two booths directly facing the stage have two rows of two seats each, while the two flanking the stage have four seats in one long row. Additionally, open areas surround the booths—so folks can mill about during intermission or before the performance—including the area by the railing overlooking the Grand Entry. The Grand Entry chandelier has a rope tied to it that extends to this railing, so the lamps can be refilled, lit or snuffed as needed.

PERSONALITIES

All sorts of entertainers pass through The Flat and, in order to keep his shows fresh for the town regulars, Uncle Billy does his best to engage their services at the Frontier House. He has a couple of performers who work here regularly, except for when they occasionally travel to nearby towns for special engagements, but he's always looking for new talent (including player characters). Uncle Billy, his core employees and main performers are described here.



"Uncle" Billy Wilson

Known for his jocular and amiability, Billy Wilson has a knack for making everyone treat him like a favorite uncle. He's been called Uncle Billy since he enlisted in the 10th Cavalry of the CSA, in the same month his brother enlisted in the 13th Regiment of the Illinois Cavalry. He immediately made friends with his fellow soldiers and helped to comfort some of the younger boys. He received a field promotion quickly (Sergeant), before suffering a serious wound to his right leg, which made it almost impossible to ride and difficult to walk. He served the rest of his enlistment behind the lines, entertaining the troops with his wit and legerdemain.

Saddled with a permanent limp and a cane, Wilson moved to Kansas—then Texas—after the war, performing a magic act and comedy routine with a female partner (who

was later killed by stray gunfire in a Kansas dust-up). He met Soledad in Dallas, Texas and they continued his act, adding her singing and more variety. Finally, Uncle Billy and Soledad arrived in Fort Griffin in the mid 1870s, intent on cashing in on the boom crowd. Uncle Billy, known by his heavily waxed handle-bar moustache, remains a friend to almost everyone in town, even though he is known as a practical joker that spares no one from his hi-jinks. While he spends most of his time at the Frontier House, he does have a shack in town where he sleeps.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Business) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d4, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Streetwise d4, Stealth d6

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Quirk (Minor—Practical Jokes), One Leg (Major)

Edges: Alertness, Charismatic, Command, Entertainer (Storyteller)

Gear: Remington Single Barrel (sawed off) (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1, AP1), 10 cartridges, knife (Damage Str+d4), cane (Damage Str+d4), Sharps Pepperbox (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 6 bullets, plain suit, cowboy boots, string tie, Stetson hat



PROFESSIONAL EDGE: ENTERTAINER

Requirements: Novice, Spirit d6, Persuasion d6

Professional entertainers strive to win the hearts and minds of their friends and adversaries alike. Some use their talents to achieve wealth and fame; others use their charms to advance agendas beyond such ephemera.

Entertainers usually specialize in a particular musical instrument or entertainment discipline — such as storytelling, piano playing, or acting — therefore, this Edge can be taken multiple times to establish a variety of talents. Entertainers receive a +2 to Charisma whenever they are able to leverage an entertainment specialty.

Soledad “Sol” Sanchez

The sultry Soledad Sanchez has a brilliant mind and siren-like voice. She is the official barker for the Frontier House, summoning guests each and every night there’s a performance. Sol is particularly adept at enticing new visitors to attend, singing a ditty in a fusion of English and Spanish while picking people out of the crowd for personal persuasion. Recently, she has been directing shows (not each individual act, but the ensemble performance and certain skits) and has truly become the driving force behind efforts to raise the level of the Frontier House performances. After much convincing, Billy agreed to allow Sol to produce more serious plays—with performances one day per week. She hopes to increase the frequency of such fare and has been training performers in the tenets of Shakespearean drama.

Soledad is a fiery Mexican woman who crossed the border into Texas shortly after the Civil War. Formerly an actress and songstress, she connected with Uncle Billy in Dallas and toured with him until they decided to stay in The Flat. Their relationship is entirely platonic and businesslike; they are loyal to each other in that regard, although Sol has a jealous streak and doesn’t like Muriel very much. She lives in one of the town boarding houses.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Streetwise d4, Throwing d4

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Attractive, Entertainer (Singing)

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), Remington Double Derringer (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 4 bullets, fancy skirt, women’s blouse, sombrero, cowboy boots



“Marvelous” Muriel Hervey

Known as Marvelous Muriel in the four-county area of North-Central Texas, Muriel Hervey has an air of mystery about her. A gifted, though untrained, actress, singer and musician, Muriel is the sister of Jules Albert, although some folks don’t realize that. On stage, Muriel is vibrant and intoxicating; off-stage, she retreats into shyness, enjoying nothing more than a quiet bath and a good book. This adds to her mysterious reputation, because she tends to disappear between performances.

The Hervey siblings are of Moravian descent, having moved west from North Carolina after the war took their father from them and left much of their hometown in

disarray. An older brother originally accompanied Jules and Muriel, but he succumbed to tetanus after only a year on the trail. Muriel and Albert, still teenagers, gutted it out as itinerant entertainers until reaching Texas, where they found more stable work in the frontier towns and forts. Their family (and hometown community in general) had a long history of support for the arts and music, which greatly influenced their early years.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Throwing d6

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive, Entertainer (Acting)

Gear: Remington Pocket Pistol (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 5 bullets, fancy dress (or fancy skirt and blouse), women’s shoes, fancy sun hat



Jules Albert Hervey

While his sister seems naturally gifted, Jules Albert Hervey has had to work harder to achieve success in the arts, even though, unlike his sister, he received formal training in acting and music, studying under a professional tutor in the Salem Moravian community. He learned fast, playing the fiddle and the piano and playing children’s parts (male and female) in local productions before the war changed so many things in the Herveys’ lives.

Jules remains very protective of his sister, even now that she is an adult. He has never married, preferring the life of a playboy and gladly exploiting his fame to cavort with as many ladies as possible. Dashing and debonair (especially when speaking French), but often overshadowed by his sister’s raw talent, the clean-shaven Jules is well-known throughout North Central Texas. He frequents the saloons and gambling halls in The Flat and may be seen about town during the day or after performances. Jules thinks up most of their acts and plans everything in detail and in advance of their performances. He and his sister can be found rehearsing each afternoon at the theatre. They share a room at a local boarding house.



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d4, Notice d6 (+2), Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Throwing d6

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: None

Edges: Alertness, Charismatic, Entertainer (Piano, Fiddle)

Gear: Remington Pocket Pistol (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 10 bullets, fancy suit, custom boots, pocket watch, Stetson hat

Avery Lamb

Poor Avery Lamb isn't the smartest cowpoke on the plains, but he always gives his best, and nothing seems to faze him. "Uncle" Billy hired him because he's tall (just over 6 feet), has a downright intimidating visage, and is known around town as a man who can take a punch or two (or twelve) without even wincing. He also knows how to handle a smokewagon. Avery's job is to look stern and frighten folks into good behavior, which generally works. His natural mean look is in powerful contrast to the revelry and smiling faces of most of the visitors and other workers. Avery stands out like a sore thumb—just how Billy wants it. Avery lives in one of the town boarding houses.



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Colt Lightning (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, plain holster (Lightning), shoulder holster (Peacemaker), trousers, buckskin shirt, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, bandana

Cordelia, the cat

A beautifully plump calico, Cordelia is a champion mouser and has become the mascot of the Frontier House. She roams the theatre and is usually found lounging somewhere around the bar before and during performances.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 3; **Tough:** 3

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Acrobat, Bite/Claws (Damage Str), Low-Light Vision, Size -2, Small

ADVENTURE HOOKS

A Cutpurse in the Crowd

When the players go to the theatre for a night of entertainment, they cross paths with an accomplished female cutpurse on the prowl. She knows how to work a crowd, finding ripe marks, filching valuable items and moving on quickly. If successful, she will hang around in The Flat briefly before moving on, but she probably won't do any more thieving. The Judge has a few options for involving the characters:

1. An obvious possibility is that the cutpurse chooses to rob one of the characters. It's likely that she will have observed them earlier (in a saloon or elsewhere in town). This would work best if the players buy seats on the ground floor. The Judge should adjudicate her success or failure normally; if she succeeds, the question will be how quickly the characters realize the theft and whether they find any clues to track her down. If she fails and the characters realize what's happening, all hell breaks loose.
2. Another possibility is that the player characters notice the cutpurse's activity while she is attempting a theft from another theatre-goer (with a successful Trait contest of the PC Notice versus the cutpurse's Stealth, which we reckon would be fine as cream gravy) during an intermission or after the show. How the characters react will determine the rest.
3. A third option is that the cutpurse succeeds without the players having any inkling, whereupon she tries to gain an alibi by hooking up with one of the male player characters. Using her good looks and charm, she will cozy up to someone and enjoy the show, then attempt to leave with that person. The Judge can reveal the theft at some later time (during an

intermission or perhaps as all of the theatre-goers are leaving, or even later that night elsewhere in town). The cutpurse will do her best to get the characters to vouch for her if she is accused, or simply to leave with them and avoid any accusations. The characters' actions will determine how long she tries to stick with them—and whether she eventually tries to steal from them as well.

The Show Must Go On

An act needs a last-minute fill-in for a comedy skit. A player character is pressed into service. Have fun with this one, complete with a pie in the face or seltzer down the trousers!

Romance with a Starlet or Star

Either Muriel or Jules (or both if the group consists of males and females) takes an interest in one of the player characters. If the interest is reciprocated a whirlwind romance begins, continuing or ending as the Judge and player sees fit. If the interest is rejected, the actor or actress takes great offense and begins a rumor campaign to damage the character's reputation.

The rumor mill could churn out many possibilities, but it will certainly cause problems for the characters at some time or other in town. Depending on the way the character rejects the advances (nicely or rudely) and the Judge's whim, the severity of the rumors could produce effects ranging from embarrassment, to the ruin of a business deal, or a showdown in the street. For example, a vengeful starlet could spread rumors about a male character frolicking with the wife of an important (and powerful) man in town. That man could challenge the character to duel or he could simply distrust the characters enough to squelch any business deals they might be involved in, or call in markers to make sure the characters have no chance of any successful endeavors in The Flat. Or, perhaps the starlet spreads rumors about the character's, uh, shall we say "inadequacies."

Mysterious Indeed

Muriel or Jules (or both) have an arcane background or other supernatural element. With a more powerful and truly strange pair of Herveys, the other hooks can become even more exciting and dangerous. Here are a few ideas:

1. Muriel really can become Invisible. She literally disappears

when she wants to. Usually she does this to avoid unwanted encounters, escaping town unnoticed to enjoy a day of reading by the river or simply disappearing around a corner to dodge sycophants and admirers. From time to time, she scratches a mischievous itch and uses her ability in less predictable ways. Possible changes:

- Add Arcane Background (Magic) or (Psionics), along with the appropriate arcane skill
- Add New Power: Invisibility
- Add Power Points (5 extra, or 10 ifin' the Judge wants to make it more interesting)

2. Passed down through generations in the old country, Jules possesses arcane talents known to few outside of his Moravian family. He guards his abilities well, using them only when a Hervey's life or livelihood is threatened.

- Add Arcane Background (Magic) and Spellcasting
- Add New Power: Entangle
- Add New Power: Barrier
- Remove Alertness Edge and reduce Shooting to d4

3. Muriel and her brother are actually Young Vampires (SWD page 142). It's no wonder they are never seen out in the light of day, making their Frontier House appearances only in the evenings (and certainly not performing any matinees!). Typically, they don't spend too much time in any one place—rather, they schedule a limited engagement that gives them enough time to claim a victim or two (or several) and then they move on to a new feeding ground. Their stay in The Flat has already been longer than most.



PLANTERS HOTEL

After many a night sleeping under the stars out on the range, there's nothing better than a nice, hot bath, a comfortable bed and a decent meal. If you have cash on hand, plant yourself at Planters Hotel and experience The Flat in style.

When Jack and Estelle Swartz arrived in The Flat in the early 1870s, they knew they had finally found the perfect place to build the hotel of their dreams. A successful trader, salesman and entrepreneur, Jack had amassed sizeable capital and he and Estelle had a plan for running a hotel where ordinary folks could find a decent place to get a good night's rest without emptying their pockets. Jack had a hunch that The Flat would continue to grow. Estelle, a native Texan, fell in love with the town and its people.

So they put down their money and hired local folks to help build the Planters Hotel on the southeast corner of Parson and Fourth Street. They called it Planters because their earliest guests were regular folks coming to town looking for jobs in the fields and needing a place to stay until they found work. Back then all of the rooms in the hotel were simple and inexpensive.

As the area settled-up and the town saw more travelers and traders coming through, the clientele began to change. While Jack wanted to attract and serve more sophisticated (and better paying) customers, Estelle refused to abandon the folks that helped establish the hotel. So the couple compromised, re-modeling some of the rooms while preserving a number of simple, low-cost billets.

Now, this two-story wood building has a reputation for being the best hotel in town—whether you have a lot of cash

or just enough for a place to lay your head. The exterior is well kept and inviting, but not fancy; the rooms are comfortable, but not extravagant (with two exceptions). You can get a bath and a decent meal with your stay—and Estelle makes sure you feel like a welcome houseguest. Typically, the hotel always has a room available, but it's up to the Judge to determine which ones are occupied and what the current demand may be.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

As noted previously, the Planters' exterior is clean, down-to-earth and inviting. This long porch has a wooden roof in decent repair, with a sign bearing the image of a bed, and reading (in big bold, black letters), "Planters Hotel," attached to the second-floor balcony. The porch is partially enclosed by a waist-high wood railing with evenly spaced spindles. The railing extends across the front of the porch, from the roof post on each end to the posts near the front doors. Both ends of the porch have been left open. Opening outward and usually propped open in the daytime, the wood reinforced double doors have glass windows on the upper half. Several glass paned windows line the front wall



PLANTERS HOTEL

of the hotel. On the porch are eight armless wooden chairs, placed in four sets of two with small tables with oil lamps between them. Guests are encouraged to use these for sittin' and sippin' and watchin' the town go by. Day or night, it's likely that some folks will be found relaxing out here.

2) Lobby and Sitting Area

The first thing a cowpoke sauntering through the front doors notices is the grand staircase dominating the lobby. Almost 20 feet away from the entry doors, the 8' wide stairway leads up to the second floor. The hotel's front desk lies immediately to the right of the entrance with a sitting area beyond the desk and to the right of the stairs. A knee-wall on the left separates the lobby from the eatery (with a gap in the middle providing passage). On the lobby side of the knee-wall, just inside the Hotel entrance, sits an upholstered chair with an accompanying end table and spittoon. Oil lamps are mounted on the walls to either side of the front doors and are usually lit during the nighttime hours.

The lobby walls have stained wood wainscoting from the floor to a height of three feet, with wallpaper continuing to the ceiling. The off-white wallpaper has a bright, cheery pattern of yellow roses with green accents. The wood floor is stained light brown with a shellac finish, as are the stairs and the second-floor hallways. The staircase also has a highly polished wooden balustrade, nicely carved, but not ornate. Looking up, visitors see an opening in the ceiling surrounding the stairs, with a continuation of the balustrade around the second-floor aperture.

During the re-modeling, Estelle insisted on having a cozy sitting area in the lobby. Visitors are often found lounging in the two padded chairs at the far end of the

NOT A NUT HOUSE

It seems clear that the Planters Hotel was a prominent place of temporary lodging in The Flat. The precise spelling of the name, the likely clientele, and the hotel's true origins remain debatable, but it seems reasonable to extrapolate and embellish as we have here. The contents and design are fictional but, we think, logical—for instance, whether the place had an eatery is unknown, but it stands to reason.

Records indicate that the owners of the hotel were Jack Swartz and his "estimable" wife, but we don't know much more about them. Another noteworthy inn also existed, called the Occidental Hotel and run by Elizabeth "Aunt Hank" Smith. See the map of the The Flat for the location of the Occidental.

lobby: reading, talking with other guests or enjoying a fine cigar under the light from the window (the curtains remain open most of the time). Between the two chairs sits a small table with an oil lamp, an ashtray with a box of matches and a couple of recent issues of the *Fort Griffin Echo*. When available, an out-of-town newspaper or two will be here as well (Estelle will pay a good price for any such publication if it's less than a month old). A long sitting-bench is situated across from the chairs and a spittoon sits under the window frame. A framed landscape of Texas cotton fields hangs on the wall next to the window.



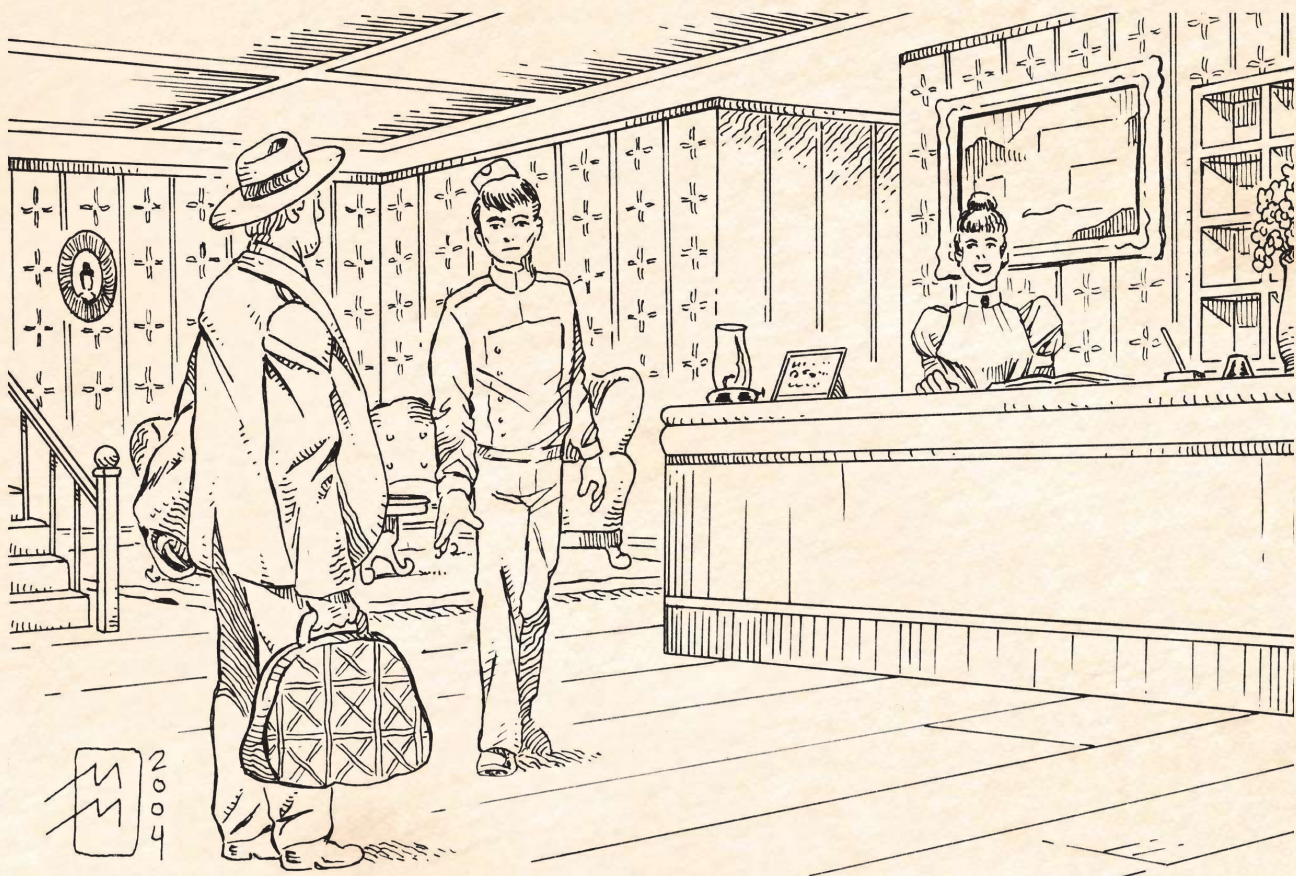
3) Front Desk

A long, reverse L-shaped front desk made of pine and oak beckons visitors to step up for information or check-in. The base of the desk is fashioned from pine and stained a deep brown, while the overlapping top is of high quality lacquered oak. A guest sign-in book always rests in the middle of the long section of the desktop, along with a quill pen in a holder affixed to the desk next to a small ink well. The employee on duty ensures that all guests sign the book, including anyone visiting another guest renting a room. A small wooden-handled brass bell sits next to the guest book. Estelle has placed a ceramic cobalt vase, usually containing fresh cut flowers, near the wall end of the desk while an oil lamp and a small, framed sign warning guests about safekeeping goods occupy the other end (in the crook of the "L").

Mounted in the middle of the wall behind the desk is a large set of wooden cubbies, holding keys and messages for the various guestrooms. A large pendulum clock hangs to the right of the cubbies, just over the shoulder of a wooden chair angled in the corner, while an oil painting of the Fort hangs to left, near the desk opening. A glass-paned window provides daylight and ventilation for the desk area. An ornate, abstract iron sculpture hangs next to the window.

Usually, visitors receive a sincere "howdy" from the employee behind the desk (anyone but Estelle might be caught snoozing in the wooden chair during slow hours). However, iffin' old Jack is minding the place, there's no tellin' what kind of greeting a guest might receive (see Personalities).

Estelle works the desk most of the hours from sunrise to sundown and she'll be at the desk itself or durned close by 60% of the time. Jack takes erratic shifts to give his wife a spell, about 25% of the daylight hours, while Teddy Fargas or Allen Baker fill in the other 15% of the time (Judge's prerogative, really, at any given time). After sundown, Allen or one of the part-time bellhops can be found either at the desk, in the sitting area or in the eatery. Of course, ringing the bell will summon someone faster than a Texas twister. It's likely that Teddy will be nearby most of the daylight hours even when he isn't minding the desk, unless he's already helping other guests with bags, errands or what-have-you. If Allen isn't behind the desk, there's a 35% chance he's lingering in the lobby, or on the front porch or in the eatery (or perhaps walking around upstairs). He works random hours, some in the day and some at night, so he may or may not be around at any given time.



Under the desk, near the front Hotel wall, are two built-in shelves and a pull out drawer. The most prominent item on the shelves is the master room ledger containing guest names and room numbers, advance reservations and special notes (including payments made or owed and general information about the guests). After guests sign the registration book on top of the desk, the desk monitor will log the official hotel information in this ledger. As a guideline for the Judge, a four-tier scheme of room rates follows: Bunk Guest Rooms are considered poor lodging for each of two occupants (as noted earlier, each occupant charged separately); Average Guest Rooms are, well, average; Deluxe Guest Rooms are considered of good quality; and Guest Suites are the stuff of luxury.

In addition, the shelves hold a variety of basic office supplies, from an ink bottle, an extra pen, a few pencils, sheets of paper and envelopes to lamp oil, cleaning rags, and a feather duster. In the drawer is a strong box where the Swartzes temporarily keep guest payments, as well as a medical kit, a box of cigars (sold or given complimentary, as needed—especially when Estelle needs to smooth over an irate customer fresh off a run-in with Jack), and a box of ammunition for the Henry rifle leaning against the shelf-and-drawer unit. Either Jack or Estelle empties the strongbox several times a day, taking funds in excess of \$10 to the office safe (see #7). A final exchange is made at sundown.

Underneath the middle of the desk, all the way to the “L” side is an open space. This is used to temporarily place luggage, large deliveries or other items that need to be out of view but not necessarily stowed in a more secure location.

4) Eatery

This large open space is sectioned off from the lobby by the knee-wall described earlier, and the Swartzes insist that it be kept spick-and-span at all times. A waitress (an ordinary local) is permanently stationed here to serve guests and clean up during eatery hours. Each of the four circular tables have four armless wooden chairs, all of which are in decent condition (except for two of the chairs at the table nearest the kitchen, which wobble like a cowpoke drunk on snakehead—no one is seated here unless the place is full-up). The two long tables have benches instead of chairs, often shared by various customers during busy mornings and evenings. Three unadorned windows on the north wall, two on the south wall and one on the east wall, allow plenty of air and light into the room, along with the side door entrance near the kitchen.

The eatery opens for breakfast at sunrise and stops serving around 9 a.m., commencing again at 6 p.m. for an evening meal, and shutting down for the day about an hour after sundown. Every meal has a planned menu—customers

may choose a plate from a few pre-selected items. While intended for hotel guests, the meals aren’t included in the room fee. A reasonable amount is charged per plate and no one is turned away if they have cash in hand, so locals sometimes stop here for breakfast or dinner. Persistent and polite customers willing to part with extra silver or gold coins may be able to persuade the waitress into convincing the cook to make something special, assuming of course that the ingredients are on-hand and handsomely paid for, or provided by the requestor (Teddy Fargas may lend a hand in any necessary procurement of such special provisions). A normal back door with an average lock provides a direct exit from the eatery—it is locked immediately after dinner and opened just before breakfast.

5) Kitchen

Estelle Swartz has always insisted that the Planters provide decent meals for its guests and this well-equipped kitchen is a testament to her commitment. Two normal doors provide ingress and egress—both opening inward and equipped with average locks. The room is dominated by the butcher’s block center table, used by the cook to prepare the ingredients for each day’s meals. Pots and pans and such hang above the table. The cabinet near the north door contains more cooking utensils, cups, plates and tableware, as well as cleaning supplies for the hotel (from mops to disinfectant). In the southeast corner is a wood-burning range with four stovetop burners and a small oven. Three windows provide more than ample light and ventilation—the escaping cooking aromas acting as an enticement for folks passing by in the street to stop in for a bite.

The northwest corner is packed with shelves and hooks -- where a variety of fresh meat, poultry, fish, fruits, vegetables and grain are stored each day. Some of these foodstuffs are quite perishable, while others remain here for some time. The items found here vary from day-to-day; the Judge should determine what might be here depending on the season and other mitigating factors.

6) The Swartz’ Suite

Jack and Estelle live on the premises, relaxing and sleeping in their two-room suite. Situated at the end of the first-floor hallway of the west wing, the entry door is metal reinforced wood with a security lock and an iron number 6 firmly screwed to the door at eye level (all rooms with a door have such a number). Just outside the suite’s entry door is a wood-reinforced side door to the hotel, equipped with a quality lock and a bell that jingles whenever the door is opened. Either Jack or Estelle will unlock the side door when they begin their day, securing it again after sundown.

Door number 6 opens into the sitting room which is painted a light shade of green and furnished with two upholstered padded chairs and an exquisite circular rug

imported from the Far East. A small bookstand rests between the chairs, stocked with a few dime novels and leather-bound books. An oil lamp sits on top of the stand. The doorless corner walls have windows with dark-green draperies and average locks, while the east wall has a normal wooden door (no lock) leading to the bedroom.

The bedroom has natural wood walls, stained in an orange hue. A queen-sized bed rests in the corner opposite the door, under a window (average locks) with beige drapes. Three layers of fluffy pillows adorn the bed, along with a beautifully hand-stitched patchwork quilt. A plain wooden chair sits next to the bed and a full-length mirror hangs on the same wall as the door. Next to the door is a small stand with a basin, pitcher of water and chamber pot. Estelle forbids Jack to smoke in here, so he takes refuge on the porch or in the sitting area when he gets a hankering.

Against the hallway wall stands a large armoire. The upper half contains hangers with clean clothes (mostly Estelle's dresses, skirts and blouses, but also Jack's extra suit). The drawers contain a variety of garments and personal items, from a gun cleaning kit to a shaving razor, beauty supplies and costume jewelry (Estelle keeps her valuable jewels in the office safe).

7) Office

Across from the Swartz' Suite, the Office is entered via a wood-reinforced door bearing an iron number 7 and equipped with a security lock. The simple office has an unfinished wood floor and walls. Opposite the door underneath one of the room's two windows, is a modest desk and chair. A sagging, overburdened bookshelf sits under the west wall window, housing many old ledgers and a few office supplies. Covered by plain, blue canvas curtains (often drawn to keep any snooping eyes blind), both windows are equipped with quality locks.

The desk has only one thin drawer, just above the knee-hole, containing general office supplies, including pens, paper, metal fasteners and so forth. A detailed ledger for the Hotel's earnings and expenditures is usually on the desktop, along with Jack's personal account ledger and a bottle of ink. Calling Jack "meticulous" about finances is akin to calling the Brazos River "wet." He logs everything, down to the last cigar and bar of soap.

Tucked in the corner next to the bookshelf, sits a small safe, holding about \$1,000 in jewelry (all belonging to Estelle) and somewhere between \$100 - \$300 in coins and paper. It's also possible that the safe will contain guest valuables, but only if a visitor requests temporary safe-keeping (although, if such a service is needed for more than a few hours, guests are usually advised to take such items to the bank, conveniently located next door). Jack, accompanied by Allen Baker, makes a daily deposit at York's Bank, usually just after breakfast.

8, 9) Average Guest Room

These two rooms are the only first-floor guest accommodations, each entered through a normal wood door equipped with an average lock (as well as a corresponding iron room number). Each room also has a single window fastened with a cheap lock and covered by plain, cream-colored curtains.

All of the Average Guest Rooms in the hotel are furnished with the following: a single, wood framed bed with a decent, straw-stuffed mattress; a wooden chair next to the bed; and a plain bureau with empty drawers, a short mirror (affixed to the back), with a wash basin, towel, a cake of soap, a pitcher of water and a chamber pot on the top surface. A filled kerosene lamp and matches rest on top of every bureau. Lastly, a small metal spittoon rests just behind the door of each room, and a wooden hook on the back of each door holds a single wire clothes hanger. The layout of the furnishings may differ from one room to the next, depending on each room's location in the hotel and the positioning of the doorway.

10, 14) Guest Suites

Situated in the northwest and northeast corners of the Planters, rooms #10 and #14 are mirror images of each other. Like the Swartz' living quarters (#6), these chambers are suites composed of two rooms—a sitting area and bedroom—and like the Swartz' Suite, the entry doors are metal reinforced and contain security locks. Just outside both suites' entry doors are normal wooden side doors to the Hotel's second floor, granting access to the outside staircases. These side doors have no locks and can be opened at any time in case of fire.

Each suite's sitting room has light blue crosshatch-patterned wallpaper with nearly matching drapes over the quality lock equipped corner windows. Furnished identically, every sitting room includes one blue upholstered padded chair, a small desk with a wooden chair and a clean, dark blue circular rug. An oil lamp sits on top of each desk, along with a few sheets of paper, two postcards and two pencils. Each desk has a single drawer containing one extra sheet of paper and a dime paperback novel. Each sitting room has two small oil paintings of farmhouses—one hanging near the comfy chair and the other on the hallway wall. A metal spittoon sits near the comfy chair. An interior normal wood door (no lock) leads to the bedroom.

The bedroom has natural wood walls, stained in an orange hue. A queen-sized bed, with a cotton-stuffed mattress, rests in the corner opposite each room's door, under a window (quality lock) with the same blue drapes as the sitting rooms. Two fluffy, down-filled pillows rest atop each bed, along with a blanket of obvious Indian manufacture and two painted buffalo robes draped across the foot. A plain wooden chair sits next to each bed.

Against the hallway wall of each bedroom is a plain bureau with mostly empty drawers (there are two extra blankets in the bottom drawer), a short mirror (affixed to the back), with a wash basin, towel, a cake of soap, a pitcher of water and a chamber pot on the top surface. A filled kerosene lamp and matches also rest on the bureau. Lastly, a small metal spittoon rests next to each bureau and two metal hooks hang on the wall space between the bedroom doors and bureaus, with two padded wire clothes hangers on each hook.

11, 12) Deluxe Guest Rooms

Larger than the Average Guest Rooms, the deluxe accommodations feature a queen-sized, cotton-stuffed bed, just like the beds in the Guest Suites. Otherwise, each room's furnishings are much the same as the Average rooms, with the same bureau (with wash basin, mirror, etc.) and wooden chair in the corner. The entry doors are reinforced wood equipped with a quality lock, while metal spittoons sit just behind the doors. The walls have the same wallpaper as the lobby, each window has an average lock and cream-colored curtains, and a large framed painting of flowers in a field hangs above each room's bed. Two wooden hooks hang on the wall between the chairs and the doors, with one padded wire hanger on each hook.

Between these two rooms, but inaccessible from either (without climbing over the railing from the window), is a balcony looking out over Fourth Street. Double doors lead out to the balcony from the hallway that surrounds the interior opening over the first floor (these normal wooden doors have glass panes set into their upper half). A metal railing is bolted into the wooden balcony.

Room #12 holds a months-long-held secret—which may remain so for years to come, since the no-account scoundrel who left it here died in a gunfight before he could retrieve it. Under the bureau, wedged in a gap near the mortise connecting the legs to the bottom, is a folded scrap of parchment. This could be discovered by a thorough search of the room or by roughly moving the bureau and thus dislodging it. On the Judge's whim, this could contain:

1. The combination for the Hotel safe.
2. A map of the local environs, with a spot in the hills marked for some unknown purpose.
3. The confession of a towns person that committed a crime, intended for future blackmail.
4. The floor plan of York's Bank (or other establishment).
5. Whatever your ornery, devious, schemin' mind can think up, pardner.

15, 16, 21, 22) Bunk Guest Rooms

Similar in most details to the Average Guest Rooms, each of these billets has a bunk bed instead of a single bed, with thinly stuffed straw mattresses. The same wooden chairs, bureaus and accoutrements are found in each bunkroom. The doors are normal with cheap locks; the walls are plain, unfinished wood. A metal spittoon rests behind every room's door, which has a single wooden hook (no hangers). These rooms are double occupancy, as noted earlier, with each bed rented separately and each occupant given a key.

Two people who know each other can share a room, or two strangers might be housed together (thus the low cost as a "poor" room). If Estelle is renting the rooms and an individual wants these "poor" accommodations, she will allow folks to rent these without a roommate when business is slow. If Jack is renting the room—well, flip a buffalo nickel and adjudicate based on his current mood. He might force two strangers to stay together even if he has another bunkroom open. Other bunkmates that know each other, in excess of the first two, can pay the normal "poor" rate to sleep in the same room with their pards, if desired, but they won't get a bed or a key.

17, 18, 20) Average Guest Rooms

Designed and furnished exactly like the Average Guest Rooms on the first floor (#8 and #9), these rooms are identical in every respect, save these notables for room #20:

Because #20 is right next to the Bath Room, the resident of this billet is often subjected to the noises from bathers—including splashing, singing and the occasional frolicking of occupants sharing a bath, or engaging in, er, other activities. In many cases, these effects have no consequence, but in the early morning or late evening, someone trying to sleep in #20 may encounter some major or minor disturbances. In addition, a close inspection of the east wall will reveal a small, patched hole just next to the chair. The hole can be dug out without too much trouble using a small knife or awl.

19) Bath Room

From the outside, Room #19 appears to be a guestroom; however, this chamber houses the hotel's only bathtub, a roomy, interestingly shaped brass model with ornately wrought feet. A wooden chair sits next to the tub, while several clothing and gun hooks hang on the east and west walls, either laden with a few towels or empty until used by a patron. A small shelf with a cake of soap and rags is mounted on the west wall over the tub. The normal wooden door has an average lock. Patrons must rent the bath; it isn't included in the room fee, except for the Guest Suites.

PERSONALITIES

Guests at the Planters Hotel come and go (it's up to the Judge to determine who might be residing here at any given time, including any famous folk), but the staff has been in place for quite a while. In addition to the folks listed here, there are a couple of chambermaids, a cook, a waitress, and a part-time bellboy (who takes the odd shift in place of Teddy Fargas).



Jack Swartz

Jack Swartz might just be the moodiest man in town (heck, maybe all of North Texas). He can wear a sour-puss all morning, bordering on rudeness to his guests, while by afternoon he's as polite as a relative looking for a loan—and then just the opposite the next day. Regardless of his mood, he's quite competent in taking care of business around the hotel. Jack manages the books, the restaurant and the staff, while his wife, Estelle, usually runs the front desk and takes care of the guests.

A burly man with a ruddy complexion, Jack is almost comical when he's in one of his moods (whether foul or fair). The contrast between Jack's mood swings and Estelle's steady affability can make for an interesting visit for hotel guests. With a knack for finances, Jack has, through a variety of entrepreneurial activities, accumulated a decent nest egg over the years. Jack's parents headed west when he was a boy and found a home in Texas just about the time he was ready to strike out on his own. Although he left home, he decided to stay in Texas, hoping to make a name for himself. He enjoys running a hotel (although you wouldn't know it sometimes) and he's planning for this to be his last business endeavor.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Healing d4, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Riding d4, Repair d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Quirk (Minor—Moody)

Edges: Connection (Shackelford County Sheriff)

Gear: Pocket Deringer (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 2 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), plain suit, cowboy boots, derby hat, bolo tie

Estelle Swartz

Seven years her husband's junior, Estelle Swartz is an attractive and educated woman. She met Jack in Austin when she was 17 years old—some 20 years ago—and just finishing her studies, as both of them were attending a play at a local theatre. Jack was in town on business (selling something or other) and happened to be in one of his best moods when his colleague introduced him to Estelle. The two hit it off quickly and Jack decided to stick around and court her. After landing a huge and lucrative contract, Jack asked her parents for her hand.

Estelle loves to stay busy and has tremendous grace and social elan. Anyone who stays at the Planters soon becomes her friend, and she remembers most people who stay more than one night. Most importantly, if Jack is in a boorish mood and irritates someone, she always finds a way to smooth things over. Estelle also tries to help those less fortunate than herself—for example, she hires local help to run the kitchen and eatery, and then, each night she distributes leftover food to any poor folk that call at the back door (those in the know show up on time).

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Healing d4, Knowledge (The Arts) d4, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Knowledge (Theology) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Repair d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Plain or fancy dress (varies), women's boots, fancy hat (sometimes), gold necklace

Allen Baker (Joshua Allen Morgan)

Joshua Allen Morgan landed in The Flat after eluding the law in Kansas, where he is still wanted for armed robbery. Born in Tennessee, Joshua left the Cumberland area while still a teenager, seeking adventure out west—and finding it on the Kansas frontier. By the time he arrived in The Flat he had adopted a new name, Allen Baker, and had worked odd jobs, mostly as a teamster, while safe-guarding his ill-gotten gains.

Jack Swartz hired Baker as a security guard after the young man helped foil a thief trying to steal some of the eatery's silverware. Baker, sporting a new moustache, had taken a room at the Planters and, while eating dinner one night, his own thieving experience tipped him off to the burglar's intent. Looking to establish a new reputation, Allen followed the thief, knocked him out and turned the man in. Grateful for the help, Jack offered Baker a job. While Jack likes and trusts Baker, Estelle has her doubts. She watches him carefully. So far (several months), he's



been on good behavior, but his wild side tends to surface now and then, getting him into a fight or two at the local saloons. He owns a shack in town.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Lockpicking d4, Notice d4 (+2), Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: Wanted (Minor, Kansas robbery)

Edges: Alertness

Gear: Sharps Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 10 bullets, S&W Schofield (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, plain holster, knife (Damage Str+d4), buckskin trousers, plain shirt, vest, cowboy hat, cowboy boots, bandana

Theodore “Teddy” Fargas

Teddy Fargas has dreams, BIG dreams. He isn’t content to be a bellhop, but strives to be the best bellhop who ever lugged a footlocker up a flight of steps. He’s eager to please—sometimes too eager, doing whatever it takes to help a guest (and collect a generous tip). But his enthusiasm is never phony, it’s just the way he is.

A clean-cut, handsome feller, Teddy’s lanky frame is a contrast to his easy smile and quick wit. He’s both funny and strong—but his greatest asset seems to be his natural ability to make friends quickly. He sees every person he meets as the person that might help him realize his dream of making a mark on the world. He’s not quite sure what that mark will be, but he’s convinced that he’s destined to become famous. He’ll jump at the chance to help a guest if he can get a piece of the action, figuring sometime, somewhere along the way, it will launch him closer to his destiny.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Human Behavior) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: Curious (Major)

Edges: Brawny, Connection (The Swartzes)

Gear: Reid’s Knuckleduster (Range 3/6/12, Damage 2d6, ROF 1, AP1), 10 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), plain suit, men’s shoes, bowler hat

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Robbery

Despite the fact that both Estelle and Jack suggest keeping valuables at the bank, some fool characters or other guests keep things in their rooms and the items are stolen. Or, perhaps, the characters could be the ones doing the thieving, making for a whole different scenario.

Food Poisoning

Through no fault of the Swartzes, someone is poisoned at the restaurant. This could be the result of vengeance against the player characters. Or they could be falsely accused of the act, after a run-in with the person poisoned. Or perhaps the cook has something against a character or another guest. The characters could be involved directly (being poisoned, being accused), or indirectly (hired by Jack to investigate, questioned by the law as witnesses, deciding to take up their own snooping based on a previous encounter with the cook, or the victim, etc.).

Room Mix-Up

In a particularly coarse mood one day, Jack gives the same room to two different parties (one party, of course, consists of some player characters). All sorts of situations could arise—catching a guest undressed or in an intimate situation; getting items stolen by an unscrupulous person opening the characters’ room when they’re not around; causing a fight about who gets to keep the room, etc.

Fork in the Road:

The person renting the same room as a player character turns out to be some sort of a monster that takes human form, such as a werewolf or a vampire (or maybe a human who can Shape Change, or whatever the Judge cottons to ... the Dog House Gang figures there are numerous possibilities here). When the PC enters the room unannounced, he may find this creature in its true form, or find evidence that something is amiss with this room, beyond a simple misunderstanding about whose room is whose (blood stains, shredded clothing, tufts of canine hair, etc.)

A Piece of the Action

Teddy gives a tip to the characters about some impending action as long as he gets to do something exciting, or if he believes this will lead to something big. Or Teddy agrees to dig up some information that the characters are seeking, or otherwise help in some way, as long as he gets a piece of the action. For example, maybe he recognizes a famous gunfighter or bounty hunter in town and offers to keep tabs on the character for the player cowpokes, even though it’s probably dangerous. Or perhaps the player characters are

looking for “special” supplies (illicit or dangerous) and they ask Teddy for help finding them—which he will do if promised a future favor in return.

Looking for Josh Morgan

A private investigator (or bounty hunter) from Kansas comes looking for Josh Morgan (a.k.a. Allen Baker), on a tip that he has been seen in The Flat. His description of the man will eventually lead him to Planters Hotel. The Judge can involve the characters in a number of ways:

1. The investigator/bounty hunter pesters the characters for information regarding the whereabouts of Morgan, who happens to be away at the time, or manages to slip out a side door just in time. If the characters don't cooperate, the investigator might tail them or otherwise keep tabs on them, suspecting that they know something they aren't willing to divulge.
2. The player characters decide to rat on Morgan, leading the investigator to him at the hotel, or helping track him down elsewhere in town. All hell breaks loose, as Morgan would rather die than be captured.
3. The characters happen upon a confrontation between Morgan and the investigator. Hold on to your hat!
4. If any of the player characters are Bounty Hunters, they could be sent to Fort Griffin to find Morgan.

Forks in the Road:

All of these forks can be combined with basic scenarios for this hook.

1. As it happens, one of the player cowpokes looks a lot like Josh Morgan, and if he is staying at the hotel, the investigator tries to bring in the wrong man. Feel free to alter Morgan's characteristics to make this work.
2. The private investigator is just that—an accomplished wildcard with the Investigator edge. He has tracked down ruthless villains, hunted supernatural beasts and solved mysteries from Kansas to Mexico. He won't be fooled by any attempts to withhold information. This Investigator himself has some Arcane Background that aids him in his work—maybe he is the shape changer that a player character encounters in the Fork for the earlier hook named “Room Mix-Up” or maybe he has a power such as Invisibility that gives him a leg-up in attempts to trail the characters in town.
3. The word incompetent is nothing less than a compliment to this particular investigator. This bumbling, irritating fool couldn't investigate his way out of a cornfield. The Dog House Gang suspects that a creative Judge could have a hog-killing time with the blundering idiot as he trails the party around town and makes a spectacle of himself.

Beggars at the Back Door

In the no-good-deed-goes-unpunished category, some bad men pose as beggars in an attempt to kidnap Estelle. While she's handing out food to the poor, they're fixin' to knock her out and take her to some undisclosed location. It should be easy for the Judge to involve the characters:

1. The player characters witness the abduction attempt and intervene, leading to a shootout or longer adventure.
2. The characters are hired by Jack Swartz to rescue his wife.
3. The sheriff rounds up a posse and the player characters volunteer or are invited to join.
4. The no-account characters are somehow involved in the abduction.

Fire!

Either while the characters are sleeping in the hotel, or out in the town, a fire starts in the hotel. This provides an interesting scenario to define the player cowpokes' standing in town—how they react to a town emergency will make a big difference in their status in The Flat. The Judge can play this in a variety of ways. Here are a few possibilities:

1. Characters wake up in the middle of the night with the smell of smoke from a nearby room, the kitchen, or the sitting area (from a cigar left burning too close to some newspapers). The characters have to choose whether to get themselves safe (e.g., jump out the window), try to rescue other guests, or aid the effort to put out the fire.
2. Like #1, but during the day, a fire starts in the kitchen, sitting room or one of the guest rooms, while the characters are somewhere in the hotel. If the characters are not in their rooms and they've left any valuables or desired items in there, the added decisions about whether to try to fetch belongings complicates matters.
3. The characters are elsewhere in town, day or night, when the fire breaks out. Again, they'll have to decide what to do—whether to fend for themselves, try to save belongings still in the hotel, or help the townspeople put out the fire and save lives.



YORK & MEYERS OUTFITTERS

To secure your vital provisions, you could hire a team of horses and a sturdy wagon and spend weeks-on-end traveling from town to town. Or, if you have a lick of horse-sense at all, you'll just mosey on over to York & Meyers to find everything you need.

One of the few stone buildings in town, York & Meyers Outfitters fills an essential need in The Flat. Like all frontier towns, Fort Griffin requires adequate supplies to keep both the populace and passers-through healthy and somewhat comfortable. But, lines of supply from "civilization" to the frontier can be fragile, painfully slow and frequently interrupted by desperados, Indian raids or inclement weather. The presence of a venture capitalist willing to purchase, trade and store significant quantities of equipment, provisions and everyday goods makes the difference between a one-horse town and a thriving community.

Fortunately for the residents and visitors of The Flat, Frank B. York and his partner Charley Meyers came down from Dodge City with visions of making another mark on the expanding frontier. With a sizable enterprise already built in Kansas, the opportunity offered by the rapidly expanding Fort Griffin community proved too tempting to pass up. Several friends and business contacts that had passed through The Flat told Frank and Charley about the thriving environment they found here, with plenty of room for an establishment catering to the needs of buffalo hunters, travelers and settlers. So the two men headed south, hired a business manager named H.E. Chapin, and joined the bustling activity in and around Fort Griffin.

The partners directed the construction of the existing structure in the late 1870s, but not without travail. Having nearly completed building an all wooden establishment, a fire destroyed everything, even consuming the remaining raw materials. Undaunted, they started over, but switched to stone and mortar. Thus, the Outfitters strikes an imposing presence in town, particularly when compared with the many rickety wooden buildings. While all of the exterior walls are one-foot thick stone, the roof (including the extensions over both porches) is made of gnarly wooden planks. The juxtaposition between the solid rock walls and the cheap, shoddy roof gives the place a strange contrast. Besides the roof, the only other wooden construction in the building is the wall separating the Merchandise Area from the Office/Storeroom.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

A huge wooden sign fixed to the roof of the porch outside the main entrance welcomes all visitors, proclaiming in big, bold red letters the full name of the store, with the word "Outfitters" twice the size of the proprietors' names. Once a customer steps up off the street, the unique nature of the



1 Square=5 Feet

porch becomes noticeable: instead of wood planks, the porch floor is an interesting pattern of grey and tan flagstone. As noted previously, the quality and appearance of the roof pales in comparison; nevertheless, the wooden support poles and overhead planks remain relatively sturdy (the manager makes sure that they are repaired and patched regularly), protecting visitors from the sun and rain as they approach or linger about the entrance of the Outfitters.

Large wooden double doors, spanning a full six-feet across, open inward to provide entry to York & Meyers. Reinforced with metal bands, the wood in these doors is obviously different from that of the roof. When the Outfitters is open for business, bronze horse-shaped doorstops hold the doors open. When closed for the evening, or the occasional holiday, these strong doors are locked with a quality key lock (Chapin, Winston and Naranjo each have a key). To enter, visitors must take a small step up from the porch. This has been known to cause missteps by the unobservant, despite the fact that Epitacio Naranjo has affixed an elaborately engraved placard to the left of the door at eye level, reading "Watch Your Step."

Flanking the doors are two windows, complete with windowsill flower boxes, giving the storefront that "extra-friendly" feeling. Angelina lovingly tends to these planters—one of her favorite chores. The windows have wood frames and glass panes, with relatively secure interior latches.

2) Merchandise Area ("The Floor")

Upon entering the place, a curious melange of spices, buffalo hide and coffee beans assaults the nose. Actually, this is but a sampling of the dozens of odors emanating from the abundance of goods either stacked, shelved or piled in rows and clusters all around this large space. Because York & Meyers has made a commitment to having things on hand whenever possible, the place remains regularly well-stocked. Of course, at any given time certain supplies may be sold-out, thus requiring a special order through Chapin or Naranjo. Nevertheless, customers can generally get what they want right on the spot (between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.).

Because of the plentiful inventory, it's likely that one of the employees will need to help a customer find a specific item amidst the varied merchandise. One of the four employees will always be at the counter and 50% of the time a second can be found somewhere out on the floor (Judge's discretion for who is where). When customers enter, the counter-person greets them and offers help, but won't leave the counter unless the offer is accepted. Typically, when customers ask for help out on the main floor, the employee on duty will call to one of the others to mind the counter if someone isn't already there. While the staff is especially careful when newcomers enter, they tend to be more relaxed when regular customers stop by.

TIMING SCHMIMING, PART 2

According to available resources, York and Meyers did own some kind of general store in Fort Griffin, although it seems that the place probably didn't exist until 1881. Fortunately, the Dog House Gang ain't too good at telling time.

As with many other establishments, the exact nature of this store—from its material construction to the specific goods provided—remains uncertain. We reckon this representation fits the mood and character of a booming frontier town like Fort Griffin as well as any other.

Stuff fills nearly the entire floor, leaving barely more than three-foot wide pathways between the shelving units, crates, boxes, and various displays. It's possible that a new customer taking in the profuse merchandise won't even notice that the interior floor is also made of stone—the same as that found in the walls, rather than the more extravagant flagstone of the porch.

Shelves line all the walls, holding smaller items such as foodstuffs, hand tools or pocket items (from a compass to cheap cigars or pens). The only places where shelves aren't found are behind the clerk's counter and around the windows on each side of the room—which have the same construction as the front windows.

The left side of the room contains stacks of crates, bags, and barrels holding bulk commodities such as grain, liquor and oil. Beyond these bulk items, near the storeroom door, are stand-up shelves containing a variety of apparel and related supplies such as hides, blankets and bolts of cloth. The door to the storeroom is of normal quality—it opens outward into the merchandise area and is equipped with an average key lock.

Two rectangular tables lie just to the right of the center of the room, effectively dividing the place in two and marking a pathway from the front to the clerk's counter. These tables display larger items such as saddles, harnesses and other horse tack. The shelves just to the right of the tables have more equestrian items, from horseshoes to saddlebags.

Candles, lamps, shovels, cookware and other miscellaneous items will be found on the shelves (or just leaning against the walls) in the front right corner of the building. The more specialized (and expensive) equipment, large or small, is stored either near or on the clerk's counter in the far right corner (including a sewing machine, binoculars, medicines and firearms). See #3, the Clerk's Counter, for more information.

3) Clerk's Counter

This three-foot high, L-shaped counter divides the work and sales area from the general merchandise and contains a number of wares for sale. As noted previously, a shiny new sewing machine rests on a small round table just in front of the shorter section of counter where it meets the wall. Specialty (i.e., more expensive) items are also displayed on top of this section of the counter, including binoculars, a few pairs of eyeglasses, pocket watches, harmonicas and other similar items.

Next to those specialties are some "impulse-buy" foodstuffs, such as baskets of hard candy, chocolates, licorice sticks, chewing gum, and jerky. The longer section of the L functions as a workspace and place to converse and haggle with the customers or evaluate trade goods. The employees keep it clear except for a ledger and other paperwork. In addition to selling, the Outfitters will also buy and trade items with trappers, hunters and regular folk. Both Chapin and Naranjo know how to drive a hard bargain.

The walls behind the counter are fitted with wooden racks for displaying guns and other weapons. And there are a number of pieces to choose from at any given time, from the largest shotguns and rifles to the smallest pistols. Both vintage and late model firearms fill the racks, as well as Bowie knives, arrows and sabers.

Out of sight from the general observer, a variety of medicines, ammunition, special tool kits and other similarly valuable or dangerous items are stored underneath the counter. While there is no physical barrier between the end of the counter and this space, the employees are careful about keeping someone behind the counter at all times, preventing the devious or simply curious from reaching the weapons or hidden items. Anyone asking for ammunition or medical supplies will be permitted to see the products—under proper supervision. To repeat, management insists that employees leaving the counter to help customers on the main floor call for another employee to mind the counter. A small steel safe is bolted to the floor below the counter, holding the day's earnings. Only Chapin and Naranjo know the combination—and each afternoon one or the other will package up the funds for deposit at F.B. York's Bank, just before the bank's close of business. By special arrangement (after all, York does own both establishments), an armed guard from the bank always escorts the manager or clerk from the store to the bank.

Any given item's availability for sale or trade is completely at the discretion of the Judge, whether it's a certain model of gun, favorite flavor of candy or a particular kind of shovel.

The guard dog, Queenie, rests in the corner behind the counter. During the day, she remains calm, even sleeping, unless ordered to action. At night she prowls The Floor, checking out any strange smell or sound.

4) Office/Storeroom

As noted above, the door to this room from the main floor of the Outfitters usually stays closed, though unlocked. It can be locked anytime one of the employees desires, as it has a built in lock of average quality. Meanwhile, the large double doors at the back of the room are usually closed and barred from the inside and only opened for deliveries of goods or when ventilation is needed on a hot summer day.

The office and storeroom beyond the door live up to what one would expect after seeing the Merchandise Area of the Outfitters. Stacks of crates, barrels and bags line the walls and fill the floor of the place. The managers and Jacob keep the inventory fairly well organized in here.

In addition to the stores of goods, this room contains an oak roll-top desk next to the door leading to the Merchandise Area. Fitted with a quality lock, the desk is in excellent condition. When not on The Floor, either Chapin or Naranjo will be working here, pouring over inventory numbers, logging sales or preparing correspondence for future orders. Both men remain diligent in locking the desk when they leave for any length of time (and only they have the keys).

The desk's cubby holes are filled with various and sundry slips of paper, used dip pens, candles, matches and other mundane office supplies, but nothing of great interest. A candleholder sits on the desktop and is always filled, even if the candle is but a nub after an evening's use. The desk has two side drawers. The top drawer contains more office supplies, a bottle of ink, extra pen nibs and a blank ledger book, as well as a loaded Starr Army Revolver. The bottom drawer holds a cashbox containing additional monies—usually in the amount of roughly \$50 in various currency—as well as a gun cleaning kit.

In the back corner, next to the outer double doors, sits a cot. Jacob Winston lives here, sleeping on the cot and guarding the place at night. A duffel bag under the cot contains his extra clothes and personal effects—including a small pouch with his savings (\$13 in coins). Jacob stays here much of the time at night, sometimes sneaking in a friend for a game of cards (or a girl for . . . ahem . . . anyway . . .), although he goes out now and then for a drink or a walk about town. When he's low on spending cash, he pilfers a sip or two from the Outfitters stock, refilling his randomly chosen bottle with water. When Queenie isn't out on The Floor, she likes to lie underneath the cot.

5) Back Porch

Much like the front porch, the floor here consists of neatly arranged flagstones while the roof is gnarled wood; however, the roof here isn't as well maintained as that over the front porch. Additionally, a couple of noteworthy differences bear description.

The double doors, while of the same general construction as the front doors, have no key lock and are much larger (more like barn doors) with large handles on both sides. The doors allow for easy delivery of new goods directly into the storeroom. Unlike the front step, a sloped ramp of flagstone rises from the ground level to the doors. As noted in the storeroom description, the doors can be barred from the inside.

PERSONALITIES

Because Mssrs. York and Meyers rarely set foot on the premises, they aren't detailed here. Meanwhile, their employees (including a family member volunteer) stick around most of the time, along with a top-notch guard dog named Queenie. At any given time when the Outfitters is open, the Judge should assume that 1d4-1 customers are in the place, looking at the wares, sayin' a friendly "howdy" or haggling with management over a sale or trade.



H.E. Chapin

Before they even built the place, York & Meyers hired H.E. Chapin as the full-time manager of the Outfitters. The owners, preferring to spend most of their time back in Kansas or traveling to their various establishments and ranches across the frontier, needed someone they could trust, someone with business acumen and a tough hide; otherwise they feared their efforts in Fort Griffin would prove fruitless.

Chapin fit that bill. The son of a traveling merchant, he was born in Kansas and spent much of his youth on the road with his parents, learning practical matters from his father's endeavors and getting a well-rounded education

from his bookish mother. He garnered the principles of good trade as well as how to survive in the street, rarely having the time to make long-lasting friends. A slight but wiry man, Chapin learned to defend himself with his wits. While he carries a gun for protection and as a show of security, he's none too good with it and prefers its use for pistol whipping. He speaks Spanish and Tonkawa as well as his native English.

Although Chapin spends a lot of time managing the Outfitters, nowadays he is also courting a young lady, deciding that he likes it in Fort Griffin and hoping to settle down here and start a family. He might be seen walking around The Flat with his girl Rosalie, or taking in a show at the town theatre.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Guts d4, Investigation d6, Knowledge (The Bible) d4, Knowledge (Business) d8, Knowledge (Civics) d6, Knowledge (History) d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Taunt d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), baton (Damage Str+d4), 10 bullets, plain suit, men's shoes, silver pocketwatch, string tie

Epitacio "Eppie" Naranjo

When Epitacio Naranjo presented himself to H.E. Chapin that first dusty morning after arriving in The Flat, he made a bargain that only desperation could invoke. He told the manager that he was the best clerk in all of Texas, and that he would *pay* one week's worth of wages if he didn't prove it in that same period. Chapin just smiled, shook Epitacio's hand and showed him the whole works.

It wasn't until later that Chapin learned that the squat Mexican-American was a widower who had lost both his job and his beloved wife in Bolivar, Texas. Desperados robbed the bank where Naranjo worked as a bookkeeper, killing three people, including Epitacio's wife Christina, who had stopped by on a whim to bring her husband some lunch. After escorting his two youngest children back to San Patricio to live with their grandparents, Epitacio traveled with his adolescent daughter Angelina to find work in Fort Griffin, where he staked his last funds on that bargain with Chapin.

Naranjo is an exceptionally smart, bilingual hombre who has learned how to play dumb when it behooves him, especially when dealing with *gringos*. His skills as a



bookkeeper and store clerk are nearly matched by his ability to read a customer's intent after just a few words. A decent guitar player, he likes to play during the slow hours at the Outfitters. He carries a new Peacemaker but has no desire to draw it.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Healing d4, Knowledge (Catholicism) d6, Knowledge (Music) d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (Texas History) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Pacifist (Minor)

Edges: Charismatic, Danger Sense

Gear: Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, plain suit, men's shoes, bowler hat, guitar

Angelina Sarracino Naranjo

Epitacio's teenage daughter Angelina has blossomed into a beautiful young woman. With her long, raven black hair and buxom figure, "Angel" has begun to attract the interest of some of the local boys, who are often found loitering around the Outfitters hoping to catch her eye. Her father watches his bilingual Angel like a hawk, which occasionally distracts him from his duties on the floor (though not for long, as he immediately chases away any non-customers, or dotes on the bona fide customers, making sure they focus their attention on the appropriate goods).

Angelina works at the store part-time without pay, to help her father and stay busy. One of her tasks is to tend the front porch flower boxes, a chore which she relishes. She is also growing a small vegetable garden outside of the Naranjos' simple shack on the outskirts of town. She takes Queenie for a walk around town twice a day.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Knowledge (Catholicism) d4, Knowledge (Music) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Taunt d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Curious (Major)

Edges: Attractive

Gear: Plain dress, plain shoes, silver necklace

Jacob Winston

This surly stock-boy—actually a young man—yearns to be a buffalo hunter, but has always been too scared to make such a life for himself. The Texan is a fast worker, if not very strong, loading and unloading goods at a rapid pace, as well as organizing stock on the floor. He likes to read dime novels, which he buys (or sometimes borrows) from the Outfitters and then sells back.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d4, Riding d4, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Stealth d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: None

Edges: Quick

Gear: Starr Army Revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 8 bullets, trousers, plain shirt, bandana, cap, pocketknife

Queenie, guard dog

Purchased from a German immigrant as a 6-month-old puppy, Queenie the German Pinscher has lived most of her life at the Outfitters. Trained by a dog handler hired by Chapin, she obeys orders from all of the employees (although, for some reason, she will sometimes ignore Jacob). She can be sweet as pecan pie during the day when things are proceeding normally on The Floor; however, at night, or anytime when ordered, she could scare the stuffing out of a teddy bear. Queenie currently knows a few canine tricks, which she will obey when given commands: Attack, Protect, Heel and Quiet. (NOTE: the Judge is encouraged to add other relevant tricks as applicable to any scenario in which the dog becomes involved).

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 4

Hindrances: Loyal (Minor—Outfitters' Staff)

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Bite (Damage Str+4), Fleet-Footed (d10 running), Go for the Throat, Size -1, Tricks



MONSTROUS ABILITY: TRICKS

Most critters can learn tricks from their humans, given time, incentive and perseverance. Tricks should be relevant to the animal's nature (for example, teaching a cat to fetch seems more than a little unnatural).

The Dog House Gang encourages the Judge to find ways to weave in tricks for any of the animals in The Flat. Make it a part of the roleplaying in town. We figure tricks could range widely ... and weirdly iffin' a Judge is so inclined. Ideas:

Attack, Beg, Come, Count, Dance, Down, Find, Fetch, Heel, Jump, Kiss, Protect, Pull, Quiet, Run, Speak, Stay, and Track.

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Trouble with Angelina

Because of Epitacio Naranjo's over-protectiveness, it could prove easy for characters to get mixed up in a quarrel over actions involving Angelina (real or circumstantial). While it's unlikely that the widower would resort to violence without provocation, he will certainly give them an earful and perhaps publicly embarrass them, or he might hire someone to follow the characters or otherwise make their stay in Fort Griffin uncomfortable. Now, if he actually caught a young man in, shall we say, the process of any untoward act with Angelina, there's no telling just what he might do.

If any character does indeed flirt with the young lady (at the store or elsewhere) and Naranjo gets wind of it, it should be easy for the Judge to start such a scenario—and don't forget about Queenie's likely reaction if Angelina is truly threatened.

Even if the characters are innocent and any disrespect is purely in Epitacio's imagination, the Judge may still find a way to introduce this conflict (e.g., the father misreads a casual glance in Angelina's direction, overhears a harmless comment and turns it into a Federal case, etc.)

Fork in the Road:

See the Angelina Rebels section for ideas that might combine with this one.

Five-Finger Discount

Naturally, the well-stocked Outfitters is ripe for thieves, despite the efforts of the staff and Queenie. This presents a plethora of possible adventures, whether the characters themselves are caught stealing, falsely accused or the witnesses to someone else's pilfering ways.

A Heist

Again the wide range of valuable goods, as well as the daily cash flow, could make even a church-going man consider the possibilities if times were tough enough. Depending on the nature of the player characters, they might instigate some manner of a heist without any prompting. Otherwise, the Judge could find other ways to incorporate such a scenario.

Forks in the Road:

1. The characters are in the street when bandits attempt to take the day's cash deposit during the armed escort's run to the bank. They could become involved in a shoot-out, witness a murder and theft, see the robbers getting away after the fact, and so on and so forth.
2. The characters could be approached by a nefarious scoundrel who has a plan for robbing the Outfitters, but needs some hired guns to make it work. This scenario could go in various directions—from participation in a heist to a double-cross or simply reporting the scoundrel to the local law.
3. Characters could overhear someone talking about some element of a heist. Or they could think that's what they heard even though that wasn't even close to the truth. As in #2, this idea could take different directions depending on the Judge's whim and the characters actions when presented with such a stimulus.

Kidnapped Angel

Some bad men kidnap Angel from the shack early one morning, after Epitacio leaves for work. When she doesn't show up at the Outfitters as expected, he goes looking for her and finds a ransom note, or sees evidence of a scuffle, or talks to someone who saw the deed take place.

Forks in the Road:

1. Thinking he saw the player characters ogling his daughter, Epitacio accuses them of the kidnapping and gets the law involved. This scenario could work if the characters have gotten into any trouble in town, or even if they have been known for carousing.
2. Eppie goes to the local law and a posse is formed to track down the varmints who took his Angel. Obviously, the characters can get involved in the posse. Maybe Jacob goes.
3. The ransom note says that Angel will die if Eppie goes

to the law. Eppie doesn't want to take any chances, so he begs and pleads with the player characters to help him rescue his daughter without making any noise about it. He doesn't have much to offer, but he tells them he can help outfit them with whatever they need (with or without Chapin's blessing, as the Judge sees fit)—from weapons to ammunition and supplies. Jacob wants to be part of the posse.

Angelina Rebels

Growing tired of spending every waking minute under her father's watchful eye, Angelina begins to rebel. She starts to take longer walks with (or without) Queenie, doesn't show up at the Outfitters when Eppie expects her, or finds reasons to stay away altogether ("not feeling well, veggies need tending, gotta wash my hair"). Her rebellion could be mild, such as general teenage moodiness, or extreme, such as . . .

Forks in the Road:

1. Angelina deliberately flirts with boys out on the porch and elsewhere in town, including Jacob and maybe a young male player character. It's mostly innocent, but she makes sure that Eppie sees, overhears or gets wind of her escapades. One night she stays out late with a boy (or a young man), hiding from her father. While it's just an innocent puppy love and Angel's in no real danger, Eppie nearly goes mad searching high and low for his Angel. He might accuse player characters of knowing or hiding something. Maybe he asks for their help in tracking the girl down. Or the heroes encounter him during his rampage, when anything can happen.
2. Despite her father's beliefs, the girl ain't no angel. She's taken to sneakin' around town and headin' down to the river to spend a little time with her latest beau. If a young male player character comes to town,

Angelina makes advances. If her flirting is reciprocated, she invites the character to join her down by the river, or out into the fields one night. Somehow, Eppie finds out . . .

3. Angelina has started stealing from the Outfitters. Chapin and Naranjo have noticed an increase in thefts and they are on the lookout. When the player characters come for the first time, Angelina takes advantage of the newcomers and steals some stuff, blaming it on them. She has been hiding her ill-gotten-gains in an abandoned shack not too far from the Naranjo's place.
4. Angelina has inherited arcane powers from her dead mother. She uses her abilities to control men—or circumstances. Often, the result is a poor cowpoke put out to pasture, blamed for her ill deeds. Combine this notion with any of the other forks in this hook, or combine with the Trouble With Angelina hook.

The Judge should modify her stats for such a fork—here are a couple of suggestions.

- Add Arcane Background (Magic) and Spellcasting
- Add New Power: Boost/Lower Trait (uses to enhance her Persuasion)
- Remove Knowledge (The Flat Area) and reduce Stealth to d4

"What's that stinkin', dirty little Mexican doin' here?"

Some fool bigot objects to the hard-working Naranjo's employment at the Outfitters, or presence at a local saloon one evening, or even his right to walk down the street. Of course, this happens when the player characters are in the store, loitering nearby, or within earshot of the insults. Eppie might be outmatched, outnumbered or just plain scared. When punches are thrown, insults hurled or gunshots fired, the Judge can sit back and wait for the character's reactions.

The Angel and the Badman

Angel falls in love with a bad man. He could be a player character or a Judge character, depending on where allegiances lie. But the fact is, no good comes from it.

This scenario could take many forms. Angel could have an affair in town, leave town with the man because he's fleeing the law, or be taken away by force when he decides it's time to move on. She could be implicated in a crime the man committed (accomplice, witness, accessory). Or maybe she tries to defend her man against accusations (true or false). Or she tries to break him out of jail. Eppie or Angel could seek the aid of the player characters if they aren't already involved. Or Eppie could hire other guns that take up the matter with the player characters.



POST OFFICE AND DRUG STORE

Got an ache that won't quit? Need to replenish your first aid kit? Waitin' for a package from back East, or fixin' to send a letter to your sweetheart? Looking for the next stagecoach out of town? Jet Keenan's your man.

Jet Keenan's place has been around as long as most folks in town can remember. In 1872, when The Flat was but a fledgling burg, Jet arrived with orders from the Postmaster General to establish a Post Office. Keenan and his friend, Daniel Rudd, built the place with little more than scrub wood, two-penny nails and an abundance of frontier spirit. Although they did a decent job with slapdash materials, the place is starting to show its age after a half decade weathering the Texas elements.

The partners soon began acquiring odds and ends (including vital supplies like laudanum, salt and quinine) to sell or trade to the settlers, travelers and soldiers at the Fort. About a year after they finished, Rudd suddenly took off for greener pastures. That suited Jet just fine; it would seem Rudd had developed an unhealthy zeal regarding certain medicinal supplies, leading the two men into frequent arguments. After it came to fisticuffs one sorry night, the two agreed the time had come to part ways. Keenan bought out his partner and hired part-time help.

Despite the growth of his drug store business and the demands of running the Post Office (now under the direction

of Postmaster Frank E. Conrad), Keenan has joined forces with the local stagecoach drivers to organize traffic in and out of The Flat. And if all that ain't enough to keep a cowpoke busier than a one-legged man in a butt-kickin' contest, Jet still finds the time to dabble in *his* favorite vice—chemistry. Even going so far as to concoct some of the very medicinal supplies he sells. Keenan still lives in the cramped quarters in the rear of the building, preferring to work and sleep in his lean-to on the back porch in all but the coldest weather.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

A simple, long wooden sign hanging from the roof greets customers to the "Post Office and Drug Store," with those very words painted in bold, black letters. A couple of chairs rest to the north side of the windowed door (average lock). Mounted just above the doorframe is a large brass bell. People like hanging around waiting for the mail; especially



POSTMASTERS: FACT AND FICTION

In the 19th Century, Postmasters were nominated through a political process and appointed by the Postmaster General. Sometimes the outgoing local Postmaster would recommend his replacement; other times candidates were selected by important members of the local community or by congressmen. After 1836, the President appointed Postmasters in the largest communities while the Postmaster General continued to choose his representatives in the smaller burgs after receiving nominations from the locals.

In small frontier communities, the folks who ran the Post Offices often did so as a sideline to their primary source of income—such as storekeepers or craftsmen or even lawmen. Typically, the men serving as Postmaster held great respect in their communities. From 1876–1881 the successful and influential Frank E. Conrad served as the Postmaster in The Flat.

Now whether Conrad actually did the work at the Post Office is unclear. He and his partner Charles Rath owned and operated several businesses, not only in Fort Griffin but also in towns as far away as Dodge City, Kansas. So they were known to travel frequently, keeping tabs on their other business interests. Thus, it's durn likely the daily operation fell to others—and the Dog House Gang chose Jet Keenan to fill that role.

children, who take great delight in standing on a chair and ringing the bell to alert everyone the day's missives have arrived. The bell is also rung to alert townsfolk to an emergency, such as a fire. Additionally, a small table (complete with checkerboard) and two stools sit on the other side of the porch, usually occupied by locals passin' the time, or visitors waiting for a stage arrival. Sometimes folks move the checkerboard and chairs about the porch.

2) Main Shop

Taking up most of the building space, this room boasts four windows, allowing for good ventilation. In addition, it contains a 20' long counter with goods for sale, two large bins (for holding out-going and in-coming mail), a display

case with more goods for sale, and a large wall-mounted cubby shelf (behind the counter) for sorting the mail.

Keenan doesn't stock much in the way of provisions, tools, or clothing, leaving those to the outfitters in town. Jet prefers to focus on medicines, specialty goods, and smaller, impulse-buy items.

The display case under the window on the east wall holds most of the medicinal supplies, including bottles and jars of laudanum, quinine, and ether. Additionally, more mundane but useful items are found in here, including lye soap and other detergents, castor oil and sacks of salt. This wooden framed case has a single, glass-paned front door, which remains unlocked at all times. The hinges on the case groan and squeak every time it's opened—it would be difficult for someone to open it and filch something without drawing the attention of Keenan or his assistant, George Jones (a normal TN4 Listen roll will suffice to hear the case being opened).

Several small items cover the counter top, such as cheroots, boxes of snuff, a small selection of hard candies and chewing gum. Built about a foot below the edge of the front of the counter is a shelf stocked with a variety of everyday objects—from pencils, paper and envelopes to lamp oil, sacks of sugar, tins of coffee or tobacco and toiletries such as straight razors, shaving mirrors and perfumes. More of the same is stored on the other side of the counter, as well as large or dangerous items such as nitrous oxide, dynamite and raw chemicals.

Either Keenan or Jones (pick one) will be here 90% of the time the store is open (sunrise to sunset, and then some). Both will be here about 20% of the time. In the off chance no one is around, Keenan will be out on the back porch and will come if someone calls out, or he hears any noise. Additionally, it's quite likely young Arnie Foster or another child will announce the arrival of any newcomers.

3) Lab Area

Clearly visible from the Main Shop, a workbench fills the area underneath the rear-wall window. This is where Keenan dabbles in his chemistry when indoors. A chaotic jumble of flasks, beakers, jars, test tubes, metal instruments and containers of raw ingredients are literally stacked one atop another across the top of the bench. A few books are stored here as well, mostly about chemistry, but one might find a few about natural sciences and history as well as a dime novel or two.

4) Sleeping Quarters

This small, cluttered room is furnished with a bunk bed, a bureau and a round wooden table and chair. Keenan doesn't bother to tidy up very often—typically his nightclothes are strewn across the bed, remnants of previous meals are piled up on the table and various items lay about the floor

(including clothes, empty sacks, empty tins and other containers, stacks of paper, a stray book, etc.). Makeshift grain-sack curtains and a thick layer of grime cover both windows.

The truth is, Jet doesn't spend that much time in here, preferring to sleep on the back porch in all but the harshest of weather. And what Jet considers harsh weather would make a buffalo stand up and take notice.

Although miserly, Keenan is quite friendly and will often let visitors grab a night's sleep right here in his quarters. He always offers guests the lower bunk—in fact, he insists they take that bunk. That's because Jet has stashed a significant cache of paper money and coins in the mattress of the upper bunk. All told, he has about \$3,000 in there. When Keenan does sleep in here, he usually takes the lower bunk, using the top bunk only if he has guests.

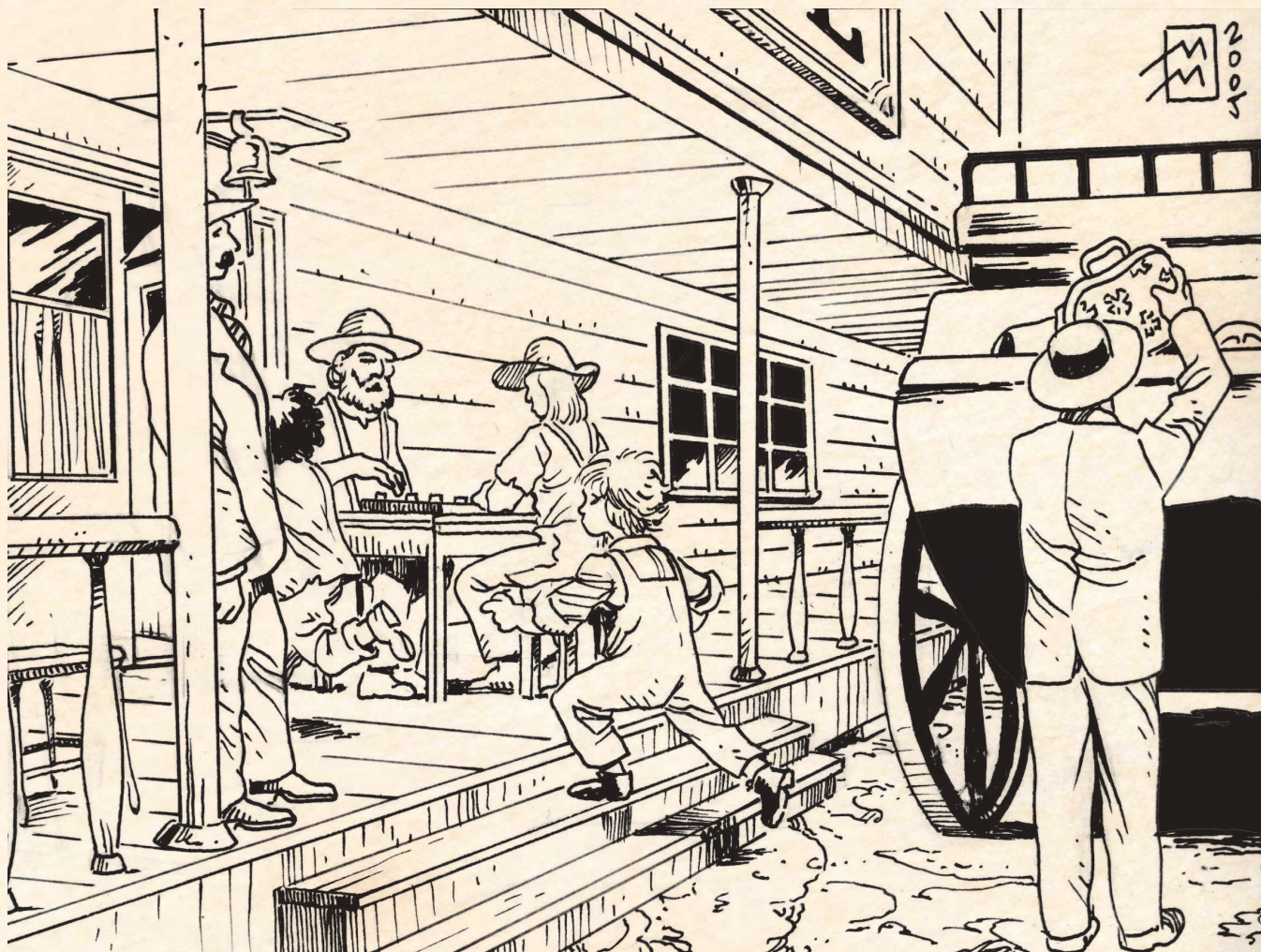
5) Back Porch/Lab

The Post Office sports a back porch larger than most in town, spanning the entire width of the building and

extending about 10 ft. away from the rear wall. A permanent wood-slat roof extends over the entire porch. The wood flooring, while old and weathered with a few warped boards, is still quite sturdy. The door has an average lock. Two small cots reside under the lean-to cover providing additional shelter on the north side of the porch. Also out here is Keenan's rickety old rocking chair, sitting wherever he last left it.

An outdoor workbench stands on the south side, covered with more of Keenan's chemistry equipment, such as an iron cook pot, various mixing bowls, metal tongs and a hammer, in addition to a pair of caged rats (or on occasion, a 'possum or armadillo). Just off the far edge of the porch (away from the building) is a sizeable fire pit surrounded by a ring of stones, with an iron bar frame for hanging a cook pot.

Jet spends a lot of time out here sitting in his rocking chair or experimenting at the workbench. It's not unusual for him to invite guests to also spend the evening out here, offering the extra cot to someone in need of a place to flop.



POST OFFICE AND DRUG STORE



PERSONALITIES

Keenan has a part-time assistant to help him handle the mail and run the store. Additionally, a number of townies, especially children, like to hang around the place—playing checkers, shooting the breeze or just idling away the day. And Keenan is known to extend hospitality to visitors (male and female) with some regularity, so there's no tellin' who might be around.



Jet Keenan

A wiry, homely man with thick mutton chop sideburns and a pointy chin, Jet Keenan makes up for his physical shortcomings with an abundance of book smarts and street savvy. While family connections landed him the Post Office job, Keenan has achieved wealth and respect on his own merits. A miserly sort, he hoards money and lives a simple existence. In general, Keenan is just a bit of an odd stick.

While he does a passable job taking care of The Flat's mail service, chemistry is Keenan's real passion. A voracious reader, Jet tends to immerse himself completely into anything he undertakes, sometimes to the point of obsession. Having established himself as an impartial man, he is often called upon to referee boxing matches, judge horse races or preside over a kangaroo court. One of his best friends is Elijah Earl (see *Earl's Shave and Bathe*).

Born and raised in Texas, Keenan knows quite a bit about the state's geography and history—especially concerning the four-county area around The Flat. Although he likes to talk while sorting the mail and tending the store, he's likely to make a fuss if bothered while working in his "lab" or on the back porch. Thus Jet Keenan can be a wealth of information about the surrounding area, if approached at the right time. Even more so when engaged in one of the foreign languages he speaks, including German, Latin and Mandarin Chinese.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Guts d6, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Chemistry) d10 +2, Knowledge (Civics) d6, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Knowledge (History) d4, Knowledge (Science) d6 +2, Knowledge (Technology) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Repair d6, Shooting d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 3; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Habit (Minor), Small

Edges: Jack-of-All-Trades, Scholar (Chemistry, Science)

Gear: Trousers, belt, average quality shirt, vest, pocket watch and chain, cowboy hat, men's shoes, Colt Old Model Navy (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets (usually 6 on person), pocketknife

George Jones

A budding entrepreneur, George Jones works part-time for Jet Keenan. A young black man whose parents work one of the farms along Clear Creek, George isn't paid much, but Keenan does give him free medicines and raw supplies, which he then sells to other black folks in town. Because George provides a valuable service to the local African-American community—making a profit without fleecing anyone—he has gained a decent amount of respect from leaders such as James Romey and the Reverend Middleton. George plans to leave The Flat when he's raised an ample enough stake to open his own business. He speaks a smattering of Spanish.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Knowledge (The Bible) d4, Knowledge (Business) d4, Notice d6, Streetwise d6, Stealth d4, Survival d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, work boots, cap, suspenders, knife (Damage Str+d4), sheath

Arnie Foster

Among the children who loiter around Keenan's place Arnie Foster stands apart. Only 10 years of age, he's built like a bear cub—almost 5 feet tall, stumpy legs, barrel chest—and he has a snarl that intimidates his peers (and makes adults cautious). Arnie's physical strength is equally matched by his will power; he rarely hesitates or backs down. Sometimes he bullies the other children, but mostly he just relishes attention. He pesters Keenan for odd jobs and won't let anyone else ring the bell when he's on the front porch. Because Arnie will do whatever Jet asks of him, including fetching supplies or hauling bags of mail, Keenan allows the boy from Galveston to roam around the place—as long as he doesn't touch anything on either workbench.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Streetwise d4, Taunt d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, pocketknife

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Dr. Jet and Mr. Hyde

Keenan has concocted a special syrup he claims can cure the gripe and other stomach disorders. He's been testing it on the rats and swears it works. How does he know? After all, some folks ask, do rats get the runs? Well, a steady diet of greasy pork usually does the trick. Shockingly, no one in town seems willing to try his potion. So, putting himself on a strict diet (use your imagination pardner) until falling ill one evening, he quaffs a healthy dose of syrup. And then, he *really* gets weird.

So creepy, in fact, that he wanders around town during the night scarin' folks left and right; calling people names, accusing them of unspeakable acts and getting downright violent when anyone tries to talk to or touch him. Of course, he has a run-in with the heroes, and he's packin' iron; his strength is increased to d8 and his speed by 1d6" during this episode. It's up to the heroes to subdue him before he hurts himself or someone else, at least until the law steps in (or perhaps after Keenan has rendered the law helpless). Or, maybe they need to get him subdued and off the streets BEFORE the law shows up—no tellin' what Mangy Mansfield (see Picket Jail) might do to the poor man.

Fork in the Road:

Perhaps this doesn't take place in one night. Maybe the episodes start out small and build. Maybe strange things happen over a few nights and nobody knows it's Jet until the final "Big Episode." Maybe he disappears completely, leaving folks wonderin' what happened. Perhaps he goes mad and doesn't come out of it, and it's up to the heroes to discover exactly WHAT was in the concoction and what it has done to the poor man. This could be a good hook for a character with some interest in science (or weird science) to analyze the formula and discover that Jet's been using a certain type of mushroom in the brew.

The Purloined Letter

An important letter arrives in the Post Office. Keenan asks Arnie to inform the recipient to come fetch it as soon as possible. (This could be one of a variety of townies, such as Sheriff Cruger from Picket Jail; Elias Bennington, the owner of the Beehive; Mr. Clampitt, Doc Culver; Arthur J. Hamilton, the banker; or Jack Swartz, proprietor of the Planters Hotel.) When the person comes to claim the missive Jet can't lay his hands on it to save his life. Did he lose it? Did some low-down-rip steal it? Lordy, that wasn't the piece of paper he used to dust off that sulfur powder, was it?

Keenan pert' near drives himself loco trying to find it; until he remembers some out-of-town cowpokes (the player characters, naturally) were in the store when he last saw it. Keenan goes off like a firecracker, assuming the characters took the letter. In an effort to get it back, he drags the law into the mix, or hires a local or some other gunman to get the letter back. The heroes must defend themselves against the accusations, and may need to solve the mystery to clear their names.

Forks in the Road:

1. Like the name of the Poe story from which this hook was stolen, er, borrowed, the letter is in "plain view." Some ideas include: in Keenan's breast or vest pocket (maybe in the pocket of a garment hanging in the store); tucked away safely in Keenan's mail ledger, behind yesterday's page, with only the tip peeking out; pinned to the edge of Keenan's lab table; in a mail cubby hole.
2. The letter was indeed stolen—by young Arnie. The boy craves attention and excitement; he just couldn't resist. He wanted to give it back, but when the chemist went loco Arnie got a little scared.
3. The letter has damning information in it about the recipient, and someone else has stolen it to use as blackmail—someone named George Jones.
4. The letter has damning information in it about someone else in town—the person who stole it! Possibilities include Louis Woolform, B.F. Clampitt or the Widow Chen.



The Package

Young Arnie just can't help himself—he got wind of an important package on its way to The Flat and lets the secret slip to a number of folks around town. Of course, the player characters are among the folks with whom he shares this clandestine knowledge. Mystery abounds, intrigue builds, scuttlebutt rules—before long everybody seems to be talking about the package, usually in whispers. Of course, some people get a hankerin' for layin' their hands on what must certainly be a very valuable package.

Forks in the Road:

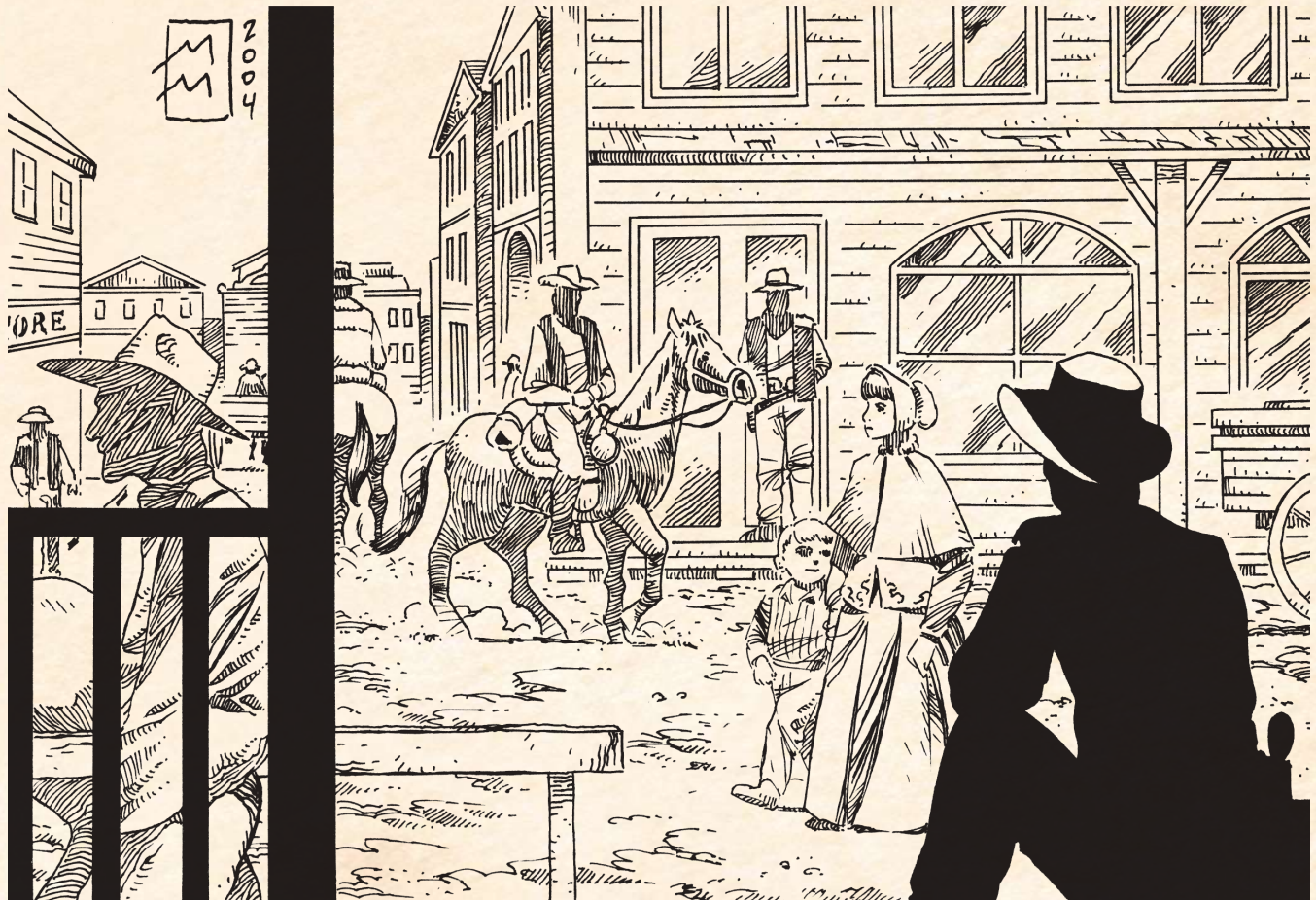
1. It's much ado about nothing: just a routine delivery of chemical supplies. Important to Keenan of course, but of little value to most anyone else. Technically, Arnie heard right, but he let his imagination get the best of him.
2. The package is truly something of a wondrous nature: a shipment of gold bars, a speaking machine, powerful magnets, fancy wines or imported spirits, or some such.
3. There's no special package at all. Arnie made the whole thing up on a dare from a friend (probably one

of those darned Thorp boys), or because he wanted to brag about his important job at the Post Office.

4. The "package" is actually a person, arriving by stage. It's a VIP of some stature, such as the Postmaster General, Vice-President Wheeler or Sojourner Truth coming to visit the AME in The Flat.

Ka-BOOM!

One of Keenan's experiments goes off with a bang. The results could range from the deadly serious (an explosion and fire) to the comically benign (a noxious cloud enveloping the entire Post Office and spreading throughout The Flat). (*Ed. Note: "Damn, Mangy! Take a bath already!"*) Any nearby heroes could respond by rushing in to help save Keenan, George and Arnie (and perhaps a few townies on the porch), risking their own lives. As a plausible follow-up, Keenan asks the player cowpokes to run the place for him for a few days while he recovers. Even if Jones isn't affected by the blast, a lot of folks wouldn't trust a young black man to run the Drug Store and Post Office—and he's probably not interested in doing so anyhow.



Forks in the Road:

1. A twist on this scenario could involve a robbery of the Post Office—where the real danger ain't the bandits, but the fact that Keenan was whippin' up some serious explosives just as the no-account thieves barged in. The player characters are at the Post Office when the robbery starts, either inside or out on the porch.

When guns are drawn (by the bandits, the heroes or both) Jet holds up a beaker discharging wisps of smoke, warning everyone that any gun play could blow them all to kingdom come. Looks like a stalemate, as the heroes and the bandits face each other down, with no one willing to squeeze the trigger and risk oblivion. The result could be a good old-fashioned brawl instead of a gunfight, or perhaps the bandits take Jet as a hostage in order to secure their escape, threatening to trigger the explosion if anyone tries to stop them. The latter could result in a follow-up scenario, as the heroes try to track down the bandits and rescue Jet without blowing themselves up.

2. The Judge may decide to combine elements of Dr. Jet and Mr. Hyde with this hook, resulting in something we like to call "Midnight Madness." For example, what happens if some of that "cure-all" potion was involved in the explosion and became part of the noxious cloud? Maybe several madmen roam the town, including a couple of the player cowpokes. Maybe half the party has to help quell the madness while the other half is causing it!
3. Another possible follow-up: After the explosion (and who knows what consequences), the townsfolk have finally had enough of Jet's shenanigans and gather together to force him out of his job—and town. The heroes could help Jet fend off the locals, or help them drive the man out of The Flat.

Gold!

Someone brings some rocks to Jet for him to assay (since he's the closest thing to an assayer The Flat has). Is it really gold? Where did it come from? Word flows through town like a Texas flood—and thieves, busybodies and greedy folks can't help themselves as gold fever takes hold of The Flat.

The heroes could get involved in a variety of ways. Perhaps the owner of the rocks asks for protection in town or on a subsequent journey. Or Jet asks the heroes to help guard the Post Office while he inspects the rocks. Or the owner of the rocks tries to get the heroes to buy the gold. Or maybe the player characters try to learn more about the gold and its owner, for themselves or on behalf of someone such as the Beehive owner, Elias Bennington; or the banker,

J.F. Wiggins. Maybe it's all a scam and the player cowpokes get mixed up in a disagreement or deal gone bad. However the Judge plays it, the mere mention of gold should make for some interesting roleplaying with Jet and other townsfolk.

Weird Science

The townsfolk have good reason to marvel at the strange behavior of Mr. Keenan. Much more than a dilettante, Jet has trained himself in the arcane practices of Weird Science.

Jet remains secretive about the true nature of his work; he is content to have the citizens of The Flat believe that his experiments amount to nothing more than the indulgences of a hobbyist. Although he makes no efforts to hide his obsession for technology and chemistry, he keeps the gadgets he creates close to the vest.

The fact of the postman's arcane powers may be combined with other hooks in this section—Mr. Hyde or Ka-BOOM! come to mind. The Dog House Gang figures it won't take a genius to hatch several plot lines that involve Jet's unusual abilities.

The Judge may decide to make Jet more powerful by adding arcane powers without removing or reducing any other skills, attributes or edges. As Keenan keeps the true extent of his proficiencies to himself, and has no desire to abuse his talents, this shouldn't pose any problems in normal play. However, if the Judge prefers, trades can be made to balance the arcane additions. Example modifications include:

- Add Arcane Background (Weird Science) and Weird Science skill: d6
- Add New Power (Fear) in the form of a Fear Spray, which is a chemical concoction of Keenan's invention—a noxious cloud pumped out by compressed air device (such as a perfume bottle or bellows)
- Add New Power (Light) in the form of a Light Stick, which is a device that when activated produces a chemical reaction that generates light as contained in a baton-shaped cylinder of glass.
- Add Power Points (5)
- Remove or reduce one or all of the following skills: Persuasion, Investigation, Knowledge (Civics)
- Remove the Jack-of-All-Trades Edge



LOUIS WOOLFORM'S BAKERY

After a long stretch out on the plains there's nothin' that reinvigorates a traveler like the heavenly smell of fresh bread, pecan pie and blueberry pastry fillin' the nostrils. Iffin' your mouth don't water when you approach Griffin Avenue and Third Street, check your pulse pardner, you might be dead.

"A town without a bakery ain't civilized." That's one of Louis Woolform's favorite quips whenever a new customer wanders into his sizable shop and marvels at the selection of breads, cakes and pies. To prove his point and whet the appetite, Woolform usually gives a free sample from one of his pecan pies or fresh-baked loaves. With a knowing wink and a smile, Woolform watches his customer relish the free morsel and awaits an order—which he reckons is as sure as the next sunrise.

That first impression goes a long way for Louis Woolform. Folks fancy his baked goods and they keep comin' back for more. If they only knew how he really established himself in The Flat, things would certainly be a might different.

As it stands, the bakery is a major attraction in town. Situated on the corner of Griffin Avenue and Third Street—a

stone's throw from Thorp's Blacksmith and the famous pecan tree—the bakery's enticing early morning aromas could make a dead man's mouth water. Of course, if the wind is blowin' the wrong way, the co-mingling of baked goods and smelted iron from next door might just as easily put a feller off his appetite.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

The bakery's front porch has one feature that sets it apart from most of the other covered entryways in town. Bolted to the post nearest the front door is a special wooden sign, about 3' x 3', with a hinge separating two halves. The



1 Square=5 Feet

lower half folds up onto the top half, meeting at a hasp that closes them together. In addition, a large iron triangle hangs close to the same pole. Just after each sunrise (and random times throughout the day) Godenot or Woolform clang the triangle to announce the arrival of fresh goods or special treats. When they've finished ringing the triangle as if warning the town of an approaching twister, they'll also flip down the hinged sign, which reads "Fresh Bread Now" in fancy whitewash letters. A few wooden stools are also scattered on the porch.

2) The Storefront

The first thing a customer sees upon entering the bakery's storefront is a glass-fronted display counter showing off the appealing variety of available baked goods. The 10' x 3' x 2' counter faces the entryway, situated perpendicular to the north wall. The freshest items are displayed on the top shelf while the bottom shelf has a random selection of day-old (or older) items for half-price or less. A bell with handle rests alongside a shiny cash register (which is emptied after the morning rush and serves more for prestige than function) on top of the display case.

Woolform and Godenot, the head baker, spend most of the morning here, serving customers and talking to townsfolk. After the morning rush there's a 20% chance that one of them will still be out here, and a 20% chance that the handyman, Harland Lee, will be found tidying the display case or sweeping up. Even if no one is out front there will always be someone in the building to respond to the bell (Judge's choice on who will respond).

A table and three chairs sit in the southeast corner, across from the entryway to the kitchen, for folks wanting to sit a spell and enjoy something hot from the oven. Woolform encourages his customers to use the table, counting on a follow-up order to go. The southern wall behind the table has dark wood paneling, unlike the rest of the room's lighter-colored wood construction. A few old utensils, pie pans, artistic wrought-metal designs and other knick-knacks hang on the walls.

3) Office

Woolform uses this room for business both legitimate and shady. Of course, he keeps the bakery books here, but he also meets with his operatives and keeps most of the information on his nefarious dealings here (under lock and key, naturally).

The office can be entered only from the kitchen (well, iffin' you ain't countin' the windows). This wasn't always the case—another doorway once connected the storefront and the office, but Woolform had that closed off. While it's obvious from this side, the wood paneling in the storefront disguises the fact to unknowing customers. The wood-reinforced door has a security lock.

PAT A CAKE, PAT A CAKE, BAKER'S SCAM . . .

Some accounts declare that Thorp's Blacksmith is next to "Mrs. Beard's Bakery." As it happens, this establishment used to belong to the Beard family—until Louis Fasset (a.k.a. Woolform) took over. The family matriarch, Mrs. Nettie Beard, and her son's family had settled in The Flat in 1873, building the bakery and working hard to make it successful. She was a stout, jolly sort who made fast friends and helped pioneer the town's growth.

That's why many folks still call the place "Mrs. Beard's," a fact which grates on Fasset's nerves and leads to a mess o' confusion when visitors try to find a bakery by that name.

While Fasset claims to have bought out the Beards, in truth he forced them out with his intimidation and extortion. Fasset's operatives kidnapped Nettie's granddaughter, Charlotte, threatening to kill her if the Beards didn't sell the bakery. They believed the threats (with good reason after Fasset delivered Charlotte's severed pinky finger in a small gift box). And they couldn't trust John Larn, the Sheriff at the time, because of his connections to the vigilante group that terrorized local citizens. After signing a contract for \$100, Mrs. Beard and her son's family left town early one morning. They ain't been seen since.

The walls are decorated with two paintings (horses grazing and a young girl sitting among flowers) and a few photographs (including one of a fancifully dressed Woolform), as well as knick-knacks such as old horseshoes, a saber, and some interesting wrought-metal designs. Both windows have shutters, which Woolform closes for additional privacy.

A solid, unadorned two-drawer desk with a large upholstered chair behind it faces the door. Woolform keeps all his bakery records in the desk drawers—the top drawer has the most recent ledger and notes about shipments and marketing plans. The bottom drawer has the previous ledger, along with a full bottle of whiskey, a loaded Colt Peacemaker, a gun cleaning kit and a box of ammunition for the Colt. (This hogleg is in addition to the one he wears). A couple of ceramic mugs rest on top of the desk, filled with

LOUIS WOOLFORM'S BAKERY



pencils and pens, along with a stack of paper, an ink well and bottle of ink, a box of cigars, a half-full bottle of whiskey with four tumblers, a box of matches and a kerosene lamp.

Situated in front of the desk are two wooden armchairs for visitors. A waist-high bookcase filled with more office supplies, old ledgers, and a few dime novels sits against the south wall. A water basin and jug sit on top of the bookshelf, along with a couple of towels and few extra ceramic mugs.

A locked metal filing cabinet and small safe line the north wall. The cabinet has a quality lock with two drawers. Woolform keeps his more secretive documents in here—with notes about his operatives' activities, his future plans for his crime racket, and ledgers for all the secret dealings he's involved in. The safe has a security lock but doesn't contain much: just \$250, as well as the deed to the bakery and a Harper's Ferry Pistol in pristine condition.

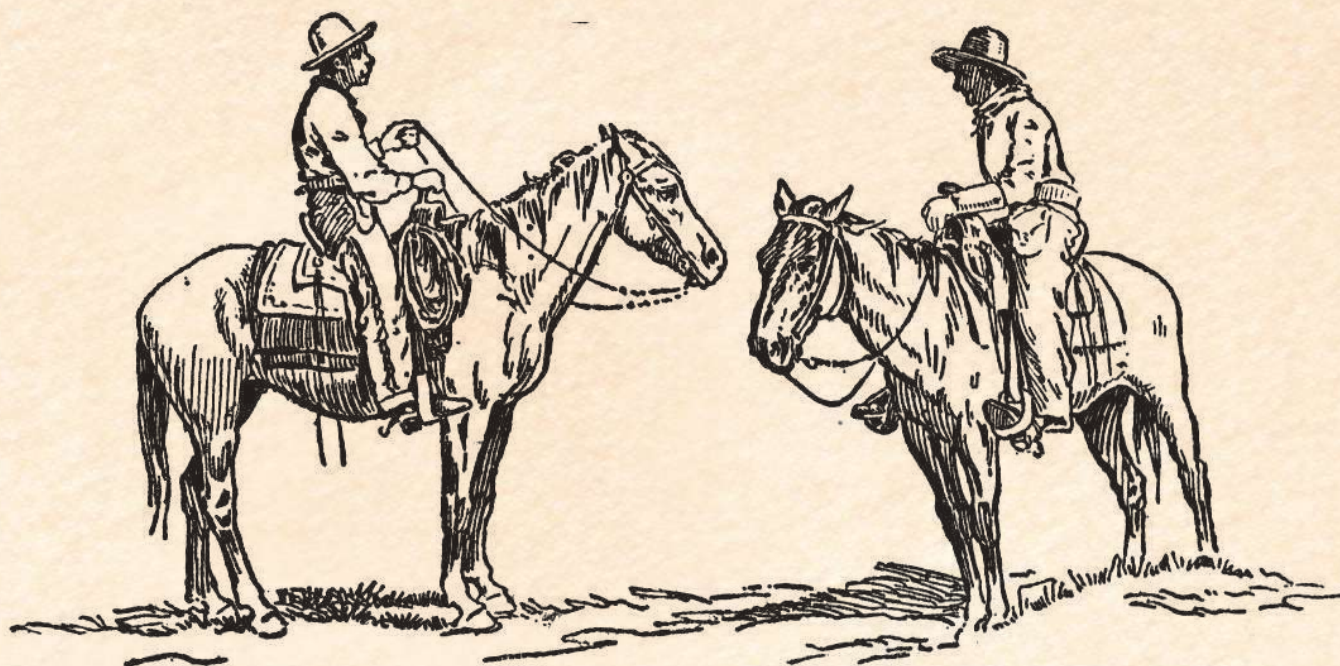
4) Kitchen

Two substantial, wood-fired brick ovens dominate this long kitchen space. The ovens reside in the north part of the room, while several countertop workspaces, bakers' racks

and water barrels take up most of the southern part of the room. A potbellied stove sits in the southeast corner of the room, used primarily for making coffee and heating simple meals for the residents. Godenot, Lee, and sometimes Woolform can be found rolling and kneading dough, tending to the items in the stove or cleaning up from a morning full of baking.

The kitchen is usually quite warm. The inhabitants have become used to it, but newcomers are sure to break a sweat faster than a greenhorn in his first showdown. Although a number of small windows and vents line the upper part of the north and south walls, allowing some of the heat to escape, these do no more than ensure the bakers don't suffocate. A chimney extends from each oven, meeting in one outflow near the ceiling.

In addition to the open entryway to the storefront, there are three more doors in the kitchen. Flanked by two regular, uncovered windows (open most of the time), the door in the south wall leads directly outside—and is often open while baking is going on. In the west wall, the single door leads into the sleeping quarters, while the double doors closer to the ovens provide access to the storeroom.



5) Storeroom

Unlike the rest of the building, the Storeroom has a hard packed-dirt floor. This room has two sets of double doors—one set leads outside, the other to the kitchen. The outer doors are metal-reinforced with a quality lock, as well as a bar that can be set from the inside. The inner doors to the kitchen are wood-reinforced with a quality lock.

While a number of barrels, crates and sacks occupy the Storeroom, the amount varies depending on Woolform's current activities. Many of the supplies directly serve the legitimate business of the bakery, including bags of grain; barrels of milk, water, churned butter or lard; crates of preserves; and sacks of sugar, spices and pecans. Some of these supplies rest on the single long shelving unit on the south wall, while others rest atop pallets or sit directly on the floor in various locations. A couple of army-issue cots are also set up in the room for use by Woolform's operatives when they pass through town and wish to remain unseen, or just don't want to cough up their silver for a hotel or boarding room.

A casual search through the goods isn't likely to turn up much. However, any cowpoke doing a more thorough search may find some items of definite interest, such as: a crate of guns, grenades or dynamite, barrels full of liquor or oil, and various containers of other goods that have absolutely nothing to do with baking (Notice -2). Furthermore, Woolform has a secret stash in the southwest corner of the room (Notice -4). The four barrels there are actually nailed to a platform. The platform can be pushed aside to reveal a hole in the ground (requires a Strength test -2). In this hole

sit four metal-bound chests. Three of them contain coins, gold bars and paper money (about \$10,000 each). The fourth one has a cache of fine jewelry worth about \$15,000. All of the chests have security locks.

The middle of the room is used as a staging area where new supplies are unloaded (or loaded, in some cases). There's a 15% chance that something of interest other than baking goods is in the staging area at any given time.

6) Sleeping quarters

The three men living at the bakery share this single room. The front section has two bunk beds—Godenot and Lee have each claimed a bottom bunk (north and south, respectively). Identical waist-height bureaus sit near each bunk; water basins and pitchers sit atop both. The top drawer of Godenot's bureau contains clothes, while the bottom drawer is filled with personal effects, including a box of ammunition, a journal (with daily entries), and a strong box with about \$300 in paper and coins. Lee's bureau also has clothes, as well as a small sack with about \$30 in coins and a packet of letters he wrote to a young woman but never sent.

Woolform sleeps in the curtained-off area at the rear of the room. Woolform's bed is well built, with a comfortable mattress and numerous quilts. An end table with an oil lamp sits next to the bed. A tall wardrobe occupies the southwest corner, and contains two suits, several shirts, undergarments, an extra pair of boots, an old hat and an overcoat. All three windows in the room have shutters.

LOUIS WOOLFORM'S BAKERY



PERSONALITIES

While a variety of disreputable cowpokes may be found at the bakery, reporting their activities or receiving new assignments in Woolform's crime racket, only the bakery owner and his hand-picked cronies are described in this section—along with a template for an operative to help the Judge fill in the gaps.



Louis Woolform (Louis Fasset)

Maintaining the alias of Louis Woolform (pronounced with the ending 's') since he arrived in The Flat, the bakery owner's real name is Louis (no 's') Fasset. Hailing from Cajun country in Louisiana, he cut his teeth (and a few throats) as an entrepreneur and businessman around the Louisiana bayous. Therefore, he has a command of English, French and Spanish. Not to mention a bit of the Comanche tongue.

RESPECT DUE TO MR. WOOLFORM

Now, if you didn't skip right over the Introduction, you should be well aware that not everything we say here is the gospel truth, even if we based a character on a historical personage. While we dug up a few crumbs about a baker in the The Flat who went by the name of Wolfrom (yep, we spelled it Woolform on the original Flat map and we're stickin' to it!), the extent of our knowledge wouldn't fill up a teaspoon. Besides, we wouldn't want to paint someone's great grandpappy as a real SOB, so making up stuff with a mangled name seems fittin'.

A ruthless, power-hungry man, Fasset has made a fortune over the years by exploiting and stealing from honest and reputable folks—poor and wealthy alike. He relies on his formidable organizational skills and ability to coerce others to achieve his ends—in other words, he excels at getting others to do the dirty work. He is also adept at charming people into his confidence and putting folks at ease in general. And iffin' good looks and a silver tongue fail, Fasset can back up his words with raw power.

While Fasset orchestrates all manner of illicit activities, from stagecoach robberies and pure rustling to kidnapping for ransom, his preferred mode of operation is simple extortion. He revels in a well-laid plan to deprive someone of their property by forcing them to make a deal.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8, Survival d6, Swimming d4, Taunt d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 7; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Vengeful, Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Brawny, Charismatic, Connections (Comancheros)

Gear: Plain men's suit, average quality shirt, cowboy boots, derby hat, knife (Damage Str+d4), Colt Peacemaker with Custom Grip (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, holster, Reid's Knuckleduster (Range 3/6/12, Damage 2d6, ROF 1, AP1), 5 bullets, pocket watch with gold chain, stick of dynamite (Range 4/8/16, Damage 2d6, ROF 1)

DYNAMITE

Thanks to Alfred Nobel, any Western game set after 1866 is bound to have a stick or two of dynamite tossed in for a bit of fun.

Sticks of dynamite can be thrown like other grenades. They have fuses that last 1d4 rounds. The Judge should allow for the use of Repair or Knowledge (Demolitions) to cut a fuse for a more precise burn time.

Deadlands has expanded rules for the use of dynamite (page 45); we figure there ain't a good reason to re-invent rules for Mr. Nobel's invention.

Range 4/8/16, **Damage** 2d6, **RoF** 1, **Cost** \$3, **Wt** .5, **Shots** 1, **Min Str** -, **Notes** SBT

Ambroise Godenot

A short, dumpy fellow with a thick French accent, Ambroise Godenot does most of the actual baking. His father owned a bakery back in France, so he learned the craft at a young age and continues to excel at it (and enjoy it). That skill made him a natural to help Fasset execute his plan to take over the bakery. In addition to his role as the chief baker, Godenot also plays an important part in coordinating the crime ring run from this establishment. And while he isn't the main enforcer, he's a lot tougher than he looks. Ambroise plays up the "plump-and-jolly" baker routine, sometimes twirling his handlebar moustache for effect, but he's a strong, skilled fighter. His camouflage gives him quite an edge—nobody expects him to fight with the proficiency or ferocity of which he is truly capable.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Baking) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 7; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Obese

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Connections (Fort Griffin Troops)

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, work boots, chef's hat, bandana, knife, Colt New Model Police Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, straight razor (Damage Str+d4), cleaver (Damage Str+d4), brass knuckles (Damage Str+d4), sap (Damage Str+d4)

Harland Lee

Harland Lee makes his living as a handyman and gofer at the bakery—at least that's what most of the folks in The Flat reckon. Those folks are only partially correct. Although the quiet, but somewhat gruff, Lee does serve as the bakery's caretaker—cleaning up, chopping and hauling wood for the fires and making repairs—he also has a more important job as Fasset's bodyguard and primary thug. He accompanies Fasset to important meetings and is usually nearby when the boss is at the bakery. While not a tall man, he is built like the brick ovens he maintains—solid and sturdy. Lee's most distinguishing feature is one lame eye, which always seems to be looking at the person to his left.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d4

Cha: -1; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 7; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: One Eye (Minor)

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, cowboy hat, work boots, Starr Army revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, holster, pocketknife, gloves, sap (Damage Str+d4)

HINDRANCE: ONE EYE (MINOR)

Rather than a grotesque wound to the character's eye, the minor version of this hindrance indicates a noticeable problem with one eyeball, such as a lame or wandering eye, a persistent or recurring stye, or a chalazion. The character receives the same -1 to Charisma as for the Major version (SWD page 30), but no other adverse effects.

Rent-a-Thug

Fasset regularly employs a few tough hombres to help him carry out his misdeeds. He goes through 'em like young'uns through cookies.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d4, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Buckskin trousers, plain shirt, duster, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, bandana, Colt New Model Army (2) (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, double holster, knife (Damage Str+4)

ADVENTURE HOOKS

That's a Lotta Pie Crust

A large wagon comes to the bakery to deliver some supplies. It's not terribly unusual, as Woolform brings in bags of milled grain and other supplies with some regularity. But this time, it's a BIG shipment.

Depending on the time of day and how the Judge wants to set this up, the event might be witnessed by a few or many. There could be a throng of townspeople hanging around, marveling at the number of large bags, boxes and crates being unloaded. Or, because it happens late at night or just before sunrise, perhaps the player characters are the only ones who take notice.

What becomes extra curious, at least to observant heroes, is that some large bags and crates are also leaving the bakery. Whether the goods are going in or coming out, that's a lotta pie crust for such a small bakery out here on the frontier. This should stir up some questions and prompt the heroes to start paying a little more attention to Fasset and his place. The Judge may elect to do this more than once if necessary, to pique the PCs' interest.

This could lead to the PCs learning the truth about Fasset and the Beards, or just lead to a small adventure related to the shipment. The possibilities abound: the containers going out might be holding dead bodies, the containers coming in might hold valuables such as gold and silver, or gunpowder, or dynamite.

For example, suppose Fasset is smuggling guns to sell to outlaw Comanche. A huge crate arrives at the bakery; the player cowpokes witness the delivery and then hear a ruckus as the contents are unpacked and set-up. After a little pokin' around the heroes get a glimpse of a Gatling gun inside the bakery—all set up for a demonstration! The

bullets start flyin' and the player characters might start to wish they had minded their own business!

Let Them Eat Cake

The player characters have occasion to share a drink or six with Louis Fasset in one of the local watering holes. While he's usually on his game, he gets a bit roostered and can't resist a little boasting. Now he doesn't reveal any of his nefarious activities or the details about his takeover of the bakery, but under his breath he does begin to express his true opinions of the locals. That is, he talks about how they're all a bunch of bumpkins, or he degrades someone (or some group of folks) he doesn't like, or talks about how easy it is to make a buck around here ("I could bake dirt into my cakes and they'd still wag their tails like dogs when I ring the triangle.").

Because Woolform is fairly well respected and puts on the air of the friendly shopkeeper, this encounter should raise some suspicions among the heroes. The Judge can give them reasons to learn more about the man and his activities, which could lead to various adventure paths. Sooner or later, Louis would notice their attention and instruct his own cronies to put tails on the heroes (could be Harland or Ambroise or some other extra). If Fasset suspects that the PCs are suspicious, he'll sic his hard cases on them, trying to drive them out of town or even kill them.

The Judge may elect to plant some seeds before the drunken encounter—such as a string of ambushes, rustling, or rumors of an attempted takeover of another establishment (whispers of threats against the Laundry or other business). Once Louis lets his true feelings slip, the heroes may begin to make some connections.

Flour Power

Louis gets tired of working behind the scenes on his various schemes and decides to flex his muscles more overtly in town. The heroes could become involved because he threatens them directly, or because other townies request their help, or just to set things straight after they see the fear and oppression Fasset inflicts on the townspeople. This could take many forms, such as:

1. The baker brings in a mess o' bad men who shake down some of the other shopkeepers. They rough up the owners and their families, steal their goods or destroy some property. Fasset plans the events carefully, making sure the local law is occupied with other distractions, which leads many folks to conclude that the law can't protect them from these folks. Then Fasset's men start demanding protection money. Either the townsfolk pay or their places (and persons) suffer.
2. Picking an establishment he wants to own, Fasset uses his favorite extortion techniques (kidnapping,

blackmail, rumor-mongering) to bully the folks into selling the place to him and clearing out. Could be the Wagon Yard or the Laundry, a Judge's made-up business, or a number of other places described in this here town.

3. Fasset decides he wants to be the Sheriff. He makes the local law look like greenhorns by setting up some hard-hitting crimes. He begins to spread the word that the Sheriff and deputies are incompetent and that the town should do something about it. Fasset then pays off or otherwise convinces a few folks to suggest he should take over, to which he humbly and reluctantly agrees.
4. In a further twist, Fasset is caught doing something illegal, but not heinous. Perhaps he shot a man in the street or in the alley or down by the river. He claims it was self-defense, but the heroes are witnesses and they step up to testify. Unfortunately, the judge has been bought, so Fasset gets off easy. He decides to clean up any remaining problems, taking on the player cowpokes and any other enemies in town. This could be combined with another scenario, such as The Ambush.

The Ambush

Fasset sets up the characters after learning about their wealth (real or not), or because they're crampin' his style. He brings in some bad hombres to ambush the characters in town at night—or outside of town if he learns they are about to travel anywhere. Fasset will do his best to make sure it ain't a fair fight—he'll size up the heroes and their abilities and make sure they are outgunned and outmaneuvered.

Of course the Judge can determine whether to make this something the player characters can handle, or something they'll have to flee from and return later. For example, the ambush could leave the heroes destitute but still alive with some clues as to Fasset's involvement, leading to a showdown or follow-up adventure. Or, the bad men could simply drive them off, with promises of death if they return to this area—without revealing Fasset's involvement.

Gramma Beard's Ghost

Mrs. Beard's oldest grandson, Obadiah, comes back to The Flat for a measure of revenge. He left as a teen and is now a young man (albeit still fresh-faced and a might naive). Adept at acting and gymnastics, Obadiah plays tricks on the baker's men, trying to convince Fasset that his grandmother haunts the place. (*Rooby-doo-by-do!*)

Mostly, he sneaks around in the late night/early morning hours, moving things around, making noises, and speaking like his grandmother used to do in the kitchen—

and moaning about her broken heart and untimely death. Obie relies on quickness and well-planned escape routes to elude the men when they try to figure out what's going on—and usually gets in and out through the kitchen door or windows. The player characters may get involved in a couple of ways.

Perhaps they accidentally witness the young man's efforts one night, seeing him sneaking around the bakery, so they decide to grab him to find out what's going on. He spills his guts, revealing all he knows about Fasset. The heroes may decide to help Obie with his plan. With a number of people involved the haunting could become quite convincing. In this scenario it's likely that Fasset would bring in more men one night and be ready for a confrontation, turning the farce into a bloodbath. Alternatively, the player cowpokes decide to help Obie in a different way—challenging Fasset, trailing him or trying to trap him somehow.

Or, perhaps Fasset or one of his men truly is spooked by Obie's tricks. They might start talkin' in town about how the bakery is haunted by the ghost of Gramma Beard. That could prompt the heroes to get involved out of curiosity. Maybe they stake out the place and ultimately help Fasset snare Obie. Or Fasset offers money for help guarding his place. Or the characters witness Fasset catching the boy—but he doesn't involve the law, which makes the characters suspicious—later finding him chained and beaten (or floating in the river).

If the heroes have learned anything about Fasset before this scenario, they might be more or less willing to help Obie or Fasset, depending on their natures.

Fork in the Road:

Everything above remains as is, but what Obie doesn't know is that the ghost of Gramma Beard in fact does haunt the bakery! The Judge may introduce the real ghost at an opportune time, using the statistics in SWD page 137.



PETE HAVERTY'S LIVERY

Many a cowpoke would sooner spend two-bits to board his horse than buy a decent meal. Ain't no big mystery; a well-rested mount can mean the difference between life and death on the trail.

Call it a barn, a stable, or a livery; Pete Haverty doesn't really care. To him, it's just a building. A place where he can earn an honest living taking care of horses—or buying, trading and selling them for that matter.

Truly, there's nothing special about the livery. Made entirely of wood and built before Haverty arrived in The Flat, this two-story structure, although weathered, remains sturdy because of the diligence of its current owner and his employees. They make sure the place is in good shape—painting and repairing aging planks and keeping it tidy. Haverty has gradually improved the building, adding the custom stalls shortly after purchasing the business and remodeling the office and storage area in the last two years.

The first floor has an outdoor corral, indoor stalls and an office, while the second floor serves as a hayloft—with all of the sights and smells that you'd expect in any barn designed to board horses. Pete frowns on boarding anything other than a horse, but he can be persuaded to let a man flop in a stall or the loft for a night, or to board some other livestock if the price is right and the request is honest. When it comes to horses, Pete will swap, trade or rent a horse with any man, any time. He guarantees that someone will be at the livery at all times, keeping an eye on all four-legged guests. Furthermore, if asked, he guarantees to track down anyone who harms or steals any horse boarded at his place.

BUILDING KEY

1) Corral

Enclosed on three sides by a split-rail fence, this large 30' by 30' open area provides ample space for horses to mill about in the fresh air. A double-swinging wooden gate allows access from the main road, secured from the inside with a sturdy bar.

The corral has a hard-packed earth surface, with a water trough on each side of the front gate. Benny Sanders, the stable boy, keeps the water fresh and free of debris. During the day, there's a 50% chance that Max the dog will be out here and it's 30% likely that either Benny or Pete can be found in the corral or nearby outside.

The rail fence runs right up to the front of the barn structure, adjoining at the corners—where fresh and clean piles of hay are kept. The barn entrance, two ten-foot tall wooden doors, lies between the haystacks. Typically, the reinforced doors remain open during the day and closed at night; the reinforcement consists of extra wood supports (no metal).

2) Stables

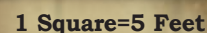
Beyond the large front doors lies the main stable area, flanked by an open storage area on the right and the door to Pete's office on the left. Directly across from the front



Just outside of the back doors is another drinking trough, identical to those in the corral.

This small alcove contains the ladder leading up to the loft area, as well as most of the livery's tools. Pete and Henry often toss miscellaneous items in here and two shelves hold small items such as a hammer, nails, a wrench, wood saw,

The desk is topped by a few piles of paperwork, a quill and a bottle of ink, and a beat-up oil lantern. The top drawer contains even more paperwork, as well as a set of spurs, a half-filled box of ammunition (for Pete's pistol), and



old cigar, a box of matches, two candles and some pemmican. The bottom drawer holds a strongbox with the day's profits (Pete empties it before heading home), a nearly empty flask of oil, and two whiskey bottles, one empty and one full. Although Pete rarely drinks during the day, he tends to take a swig or two in the evening before he leaves for the night and after Henry takes watch. If Max isn't outside, he'll probably be found curled up between the edge of the desk and the door frame.

5) Hayloft

The ladder from the ground floor storage area leads to the hayloft, which extends in a semi-circle (or U-shape) above the stalls with an open space over the rest of the stables below. The loft floor is constructed from normal pine planks. Many bales of hay are stored up here, most of them in nice orderly stacks. In the rear wall are two large swinging doors opening out over the back end of the livery. These doors, equipped with a bar lock like those on the ground floor, have only one use: hauling hay bales up from the ground for storage. A block and tackle assembly hangs from the roof and sidewall to facilitate this task.

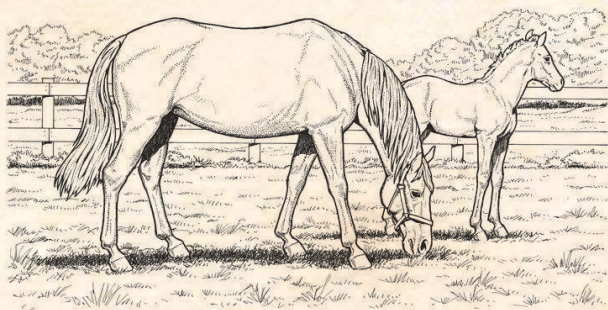
6) Loft Bunk

Opposite the ladder and directly above Pete's office is a small bunk area.

This is where Henry Sixkiller lives—taking this small residence as part of his salary. He might be asleep here during the day (60%). At night though, he's usually in the office or wandering around the livery and corral.

The bunk area's sparse contents consist of a shabby cot next to a nightstand against the back wall and a small, waist-high cabinet that sits at the foot of the bed. The nightstand has a candleholder with a small nub and a few matches.

The cabinet holds an extra set of clothes (vest, buckskin pants and a regular shirt), as well as a number of miscellaneous items on a shelf, including a bundle of candles tied with twine, a box of ammunition for Sixkiller's hogleg and a gun cleaning kit. Additionally, a small strongbox with an average lock rests on the bottom of the cabinet. It contains \$18 in various coins, two fine cigars, a small bag of cornmeal and a beautiful Zuni stone fetish—a white alabaster horse.



PERSONALITIES

Aside from the proprietor, the only people found at the livery on a regular basis will be the stable boy and a hired hand (see following descriptions). There's a small chance that any folks who have horses here might come calling. Of course, there's bound to be horses around—and don't overlook the trusty dog.



Pete Haverty

Known for his keen ability to buy, swap and rent horses, Pete Haverty makes a comfortable living by boarding and caring for the creatures he loves. Pete lived a tough life before settling in The Flat; he served as a cavalryman for the Confederacy during the war, returning home to Alabama only to find his hometown in ruins and his young wife gone. He searched for her for years before he finally came to grips with the fact that he would never see her again.

Thus, Haverty is a grizzled soul that tends to find more solace with horses than with humans. While he's an amiable businessman, he has few friends outside of Henry Sixkiller, who Pete hired shortly after coming to The Flat. Although he pretends to remain aloof with young Benny Sanders, Pete has taken a strong liking to the boy in recent months and would do anything to make sure Benny stays out of harm's way.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d6, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Horses) d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: None

Edges: Marksman

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), Starr Army Revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 40 bullets, plain holster, Spencer Carbine (used while on horseback; Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 16 bullets, pocket watch, cowboy boots, trousers, leather chaps, cowboy hat, plain shirt, pocketknife



Graymare, war horse

Haverty keeps his own horse, Graymare, at the livery. Stately and strong, standing 13 hands tall with a shimmering gray-white coat, Graymare has been trained in combat and knows the following tricks: Attack (can attack with front or back hooves), Jump, Stay and Pull. Her stall is the one next to the office.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Tough:** 10; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Loyal (Major - Pete Haverty)

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Fleet-Footed (d8 running), Kick (Damage Str+d4), Size +3, Tricks

Henry Sixkiller

A half-Cherokee hailing from the Indian Territory, Henry Sixkiller is a reclusive man who spends most of his time at the livery. He works the night shift for Haverty, guarding the place like it belongs to him. During the day, if he's not sleeping, he might be found at one of the local saloons or making some repairs on the building. A fearless man, Sixkiller would give his life to save the horses in his charge, but he also possesses great kindness for those who take the time to know him. Recently, he has been teaching Benny Sanders how to shoot a pistol.

Although Sixkiller always wears a cowboy hat, his long, graying braids betray his age (45). He is actually a grandfather, but has no idea where his several children are and has never seen any of his grandchildren. Often, he passes for a white-man, although he never bothers to try.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d6, Knowledge (Construction) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Heroic

Edges: Nerves of Steel

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 25 bullets, plain holster, cowboy boots, buckskin trousers, plain shirt, vest, cowboy hat

Agateno, riding horse

Like Pete, Henry also keeps his horse, Agateno, at the livery, usually in the stall next to the tool storage area. A rather plain looking brown steed, Agateno is a swift and loyal mount. He knows three tricks: Come, Protect, and Stay.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 8

Hindrances: Loyal (Major - Henry Sixkiller)

Edges: None

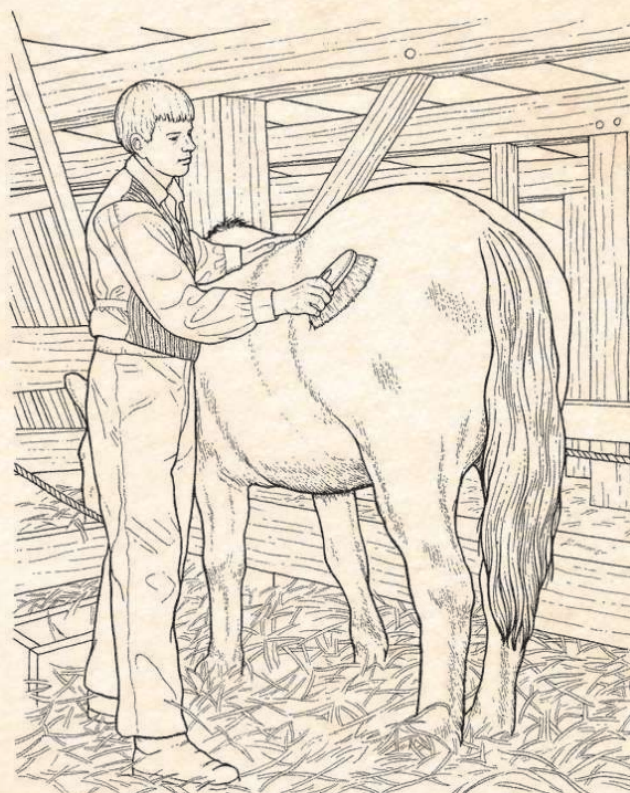
Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Fleet-Footed (d8 running), Kick (Damage Str), Size +2, Tricks

Benny Sanders

Benny is a 12-year-old boy whose parents work as farmers just outside of The Flat. While he doesn't care much for farming, he does have a strong liking for animals, having a pet mouse that he keeps in his vest pocket. After begging Pete for a job for nearly a year, he finally got his wish not too long ago—working as a part-time groom and stable boy.

He's so happy being here that he doesn't even mind shoveling the stalls. He dreams about riding the horses he tends, and Pete has begun to teach him to ride.



Benny also has a keen sense of humor and has become known as “that funny kid” around town. He can be seen performing jokes and telling funny stories at Shannsey’s from time to time, passing the hat for a few coins. Sometimes though, his sarcastic bent gets him in trouble with people who don’t know he’s joking around.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), slingshot (Range 4/8/16, Damage Str+d4, ROF 1), assorted rocks for slingshot, trousers, plain shirt, cap, plain shoes

Max, the stable dog

Max is a mutt with a good bit of Landrace Collie in him, as evidenced by his sharp eyes and black and white coat. He’s about 5 years old and has grown up at the livery. Fiercely loyal to Pete, Max also obeys Sixkiller and loves to play with Benny. Typically, he’s found either in the corral or under the edge of the desk in Pete’s office. Max rarely barks unless something is wrong. Max knows five tricks: Down, Fetch, Stay, Heel and Roll-Over.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 4

Hindrances: Loyal (Minor - Pete Haverty)

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Bite (Damage Str+4), Fleet-Footed (d10 running), Go for the Throat, Size -1, Tricks

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Low-Down Horse Thieves

A might obvious but a surefire adventure nonetheless. So, imagine the possibilities when a character’s horse is stolen from the livery. Imagine further what might happen if a number of horses are taken in the dead of night, with Henry and Max (my goodness son, did they have to kill the dog!?) left for dead in puddles of blood—whether the characters have boarded a horse or not.

Haverty is a man of his word, and he’ll attempt to hunt

SLINGSHOT

A favorite toy that no red-blooded boy or-girl on the frontier should be without, the slingshot has been around for ages in one form or another. (The Judge may consider awarding a bennie to the first character who reminds his pards, or Benny himself, that “you could put an eye out with one of these things.”)

Slingshot (Medieval)

Range 4/8/16, **Damage** Str+d4, **ROF** 1, **Cost** 1, **Weight** 1, **Shots** -, **Min Str** -, **Notes** none

down any thieves that take a character’s horse. The player characters can accompany him on the trail if they so desire. Moreover, even if the characters don’t lose a horse, they could get wind of a theft at the livery and become involved in Haverty’s hunt as hired guns.

Now, if the characters themselves are the despicable horse thieves, it could be a hoot to have Haverty or Sixkiller hound them from The Flat to who-knows-where.

Whatever You Do, Don’t Mess with Benny

The characters meet Benny, who like any 12-year-old can be a smart-alec, and conflict erupts between the boy and one or more of the player characters, or perhaps some other townspeople.

Forks in the Road:

1. Benny instigates the quarrel, dragging the characters into a situation that ends up involving Sixkiller or Haverty. It could simply mean words being exchanged, or it could come to blows or worse.
2. The characters cause the conflict, mistreating Benny in some way and drawing the ire of Haverty and Sixkiller, who take action themselves (threats; call-out, fist-fight).
3. The characters cause the conflict, but Haverty or Sixkiller decide to get the law involved.

Max Smells a Rat

In the case of, shall we say, shady player characters, Max the dog sniffs out their bad intentions and starts a ruckus soon after they set foot in the corral or inside the livery. This draws the attention of Haverty or Sixkiller, who know that Max doesn’t react that way unless something is wrong. Take it from there, pard.

CHEN'S LAUNDRY

The frontier is a dusty realm, and sooner or later a cowpoke's garments need a thorough scrub-down. The Widow Chen understands that most folks own only what they have on—she'll wash your clothes while you wait, or while you get yourself a hot bath.

Several years ago, Zhou Shuan Tao, her husband Chen Gee Hee and their extended family set out from San Diego, California, seeking to re-unite with relatives who had re-located to Texas after the War. While several members of the Chen clan began the journey, only two survived—Shuan Tao and her husband's youngest sister, Chen Fen Hua. Chen Gee Hee and the rest of the family fell prey to smallpox, but the two women found their way to The Flat, only to learn that the rest of the family has never been heard of in these parts.

At least that's the story the two Chinese women tell. There are a number of townspeople who think it's a lot of bunk. After all, how did a couple of young women manage to complete such a trek by themselves without succumbing to disease like their kinfolk, not to mention avoiding the Comanche and desperados on the plains? And how did they get all the cash they used to buy the building next to the Jones' home?

Whatever the truth of the matter, the Widow Chen arrived with a sizable sack of coin and bought the unused wooden building next to the Jones House. Originally built as a small home for J.A. Jones' sister and her husband, who was then stationed at the Fort, the house remained vacant after only a couple of months, the newlyweds having left for Colorado. Shuan Tao hired locals to help remodel the place, quelling some of the local gossip as she spread some of her wealth around before opening her laundry. That was nearly two years ago—now the Laundry serves The Flat's wealthier folks as well as the commoners.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

Swept and dusted daily, the Laundry's porch is always immaculate—no cobwebs, no accumulated grime, no clutter, and no furniture. Several large potted plants rest on the wood floor, while other smaller plants hang from the roof, the porch posts and the storefront wall. Most remarkably, two small, stylized lion statues—one male with a ball beneath his paw and one female with a cub huddled under her forepaw—flank the entrance. The statues are vandalized from time to time, but Lok Long always repairs them. The wood-reinforced front door (quality lock) remains open during the day. The smell of soap permeates the air.

2) Reception Counter

A plain wooden counter dominates this nearly square room. Customers, and their bundles of laundry, are received at the desk with a gentle bow from one of the four residents. A small gong sits atop the counter, along with a logbook and a few pencils. A small wooden rack on the wall behind the counter holds freshly laundered clothes awaiting pick-up. While there is a decent amount of space underneath the counter not much is kept here, except for another logbook, a few towels, and a small strongbox. Shuan Tao or Fen Hua empty the strongbox at least twice a day.

There's a 10% chance one of the women will be present when someone enters the Laundry (serving another



1 Square=5 Feet

customer, doing paperwork or cleaning). Striking the gong will summon one of the four inhabitants from beyond the sliding paper doors leading into the Living Quarters (equal chance for any given resident).

An elaborately decorated lacquered wooden screen stands in the southwest corner of the room (for those cowpokes needing to change out of their clothes). On the south wall near the screen another wall rack holds embroidered Chinese robes for customers to wear while waiting for their clothes to be washed and dried.

3) Living Quarters

The four residents share this room for sleeping and relaxing. A potbelly stove sits in the northwest corner. Various pots, pans, and other cooking utensils fill a shelf above the stove, while others hang on hooks in the walls and ceiling around it. Four futons are arranged into two separate sleeping areas, sectioned off by framed paper partitions. The two women sleep in the northeast corner, the men against the south wall. A bureau with drawers—containing clothes and various personal items ranging from combs and brushes to books (in Chinese), small amounts of cash and private mementos—rests between each set of futons. A number of wall hooks in each sleeping area hold robes, lamps and other household items.

Additionally, the Widow has hidden a small, locked strongbox with more valuables under her futon. She has \$270 dollars in coins and bills; an ornate, gem-inlaid knife (worth about \$100); a small wooden figurine of a dragon; and 6 rounds for her Colt. She carries the strongbox key (which also unlocks the padlocks noted below) around her neck and under her garments.

The center of the room features a large red circle painted on the floor with a golden dragon image in the center. This mural helps to hide a small trap door, with a small pull-ring disguised as a ring through the dragon's nose. A successful Notice test (-4) will reveal the trap door and ring. Beneath the door lie five small chests with security grade padlocks (treat the chests as strongboxes). Each contains \$5,000 in various valuables, including gold and silver coins, nuggets and bars; gems and jewelry; and paper bills.

4) Storage Room

Located in the backyard, this 5' x 10' room is well stocked with cleaning supplies and other goods. Entry is gained through a metal-reinforced door with a quality lock. Additionally, hanging from the doorframe is a set of wind chimes that jangle about quite a bit when the door is opened.

Stacked neatly on shelves to the left side of the room are bars of soap, buckets of lye, scrub brushes, towels, washcloths, washboards, and empty scrub buckets. Foodstuffs, such as bags of rice, grain, and other meal;

NO STEREOTYPES INTENDED

According to a historical tidbit unearthed by the industrious DHR research team, "one unnamed Chinese launderer" existed in The Flat. That ain't much to go on, but that never stopped the Dog House Gang from doing our durndest. While it's largely our own invention, we hope Chen's Laundry represents the entrepreneurial spirit of the Chinese on the frontier.

Bigotry was no stranger in the West—and Chinese immigrants often found themselves barred from a variety of occupations. Determined to succeed on the frontier, many Chinese filled the void of low-paid labor created as industries expanded while those seeking fortunes in gold mining left for the hills. These jobs included washing clothes and making shoes or garments. Sometimes stereotypes have a real historical basis, even if they sometimes end up twisted and trite.

cans, jars and bottles of preserves; as well as salted meats and further goodies fill the right-hand shelves. Meanwhile, other items rest on the hard-packed ground, including brooms, extra buckets and a washtub.

5) Back Yard

Enclosed by a five-foot wooden fence, this area is used primarily as the washing and drying area (about three-quarters of the space), but it also features a small garden, occupying the far left quadrant opposite the Laundry's back door. The door is wood-reinforced with a quality lock.

A fire pit with a rig for hanging a large pot is set up in the washing area, used for heating water for the Laundry as well as cooking. Three large brass tubs take up the majority of the rest of the wash area, along with a few washboards and two water barrels.

While compact, the garden has a variety of plants as well as a small, well-kept pond in the corner against the fence, with a neatly arranged river-rock rim and floating plants.

The four residents spend a lot of time out here. During the day, they can be found washing clothes, hanging them to dry or preparing them for pickup. The evenings will usually find them relaxing in the garden, sitting near the pond, or cooking over the open fire.



PERSONALITIES

The four people who live and work in Chen's Laundry are described in this section. Most of the townsfolk believe that they are all family members, although none are blood relatives.

Zhou Shuan Tao (The Widow Chen)

Born shortly after her parents emigrated from Shandong Province, China, Shuan Tao met Chen Gee Hee when they were children playing in the garment-manufacturing factory where their parents worked. Their parents arranged their marriage and both Shuan Tao and Gee Hee worked in the factory before the Chen clan set off for Texas. She claims to have had two children who also died en route.

The Widow Chen is an attractive, slim woman; but her stern, no-nonsense visage speaks volumes. Typically, she intimidates men with her brusque behavior, although she does have a knack for diplomacy when she believes it will benefit her goals. Shuan Tao is a capable businesswoman, having learned by observing her father operate a small garment business in San Diego (he was the business manager not the owner). Her Spanish is actually better than her English, although she speaks passably in both in addition to her native Mandarin. While the source of her wealth is still unknown in the town, the Widow Chen's business acumen has made the Laundry a success.



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Knowledge (Art) d4, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d4, Repair d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d8, Survival d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Command

Gear: Blue Chinese tunic, blue Chinese trousers, canvas shoes, straw hat (or hair clip), Colt New Model Pocket Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 5 bullets

Chen Fen Hua

Fen Hua is the Widow Chen's sister-in-law. The two women stayed together after her brother's death (Fen Hua was the youngest sister in the family). While more demure, and slightly taller, than Shuan Tao, she possesses a tremendous amount of perseverance and inner strength. Some of the crueler folks in town whisper that she has the face of a mule but the curves of a showgirl. Fen Hua is reluctant to discuss any of her family's history, a fact that tends to spur more rumors about the two women. She speaks a halting, heavily accented English, but she understands much of what she hears.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Repair d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Ugly

Edges: None

Gear: Blue Chinese tunic, blue Chinese trousers, canvas shoes, silver necklace (under jacket), small knife in sheath (Damage Str+4)

Tang Lok Long (Loco)

A little older than the Widow, Tang Lok Long is no relation. He was working in the fields near The Flat when the Widow hired him shortly after she opened her shop. Lok Long is the one person who can make the Widow laugh. They have a strange, sibling-like relationship—sometimes at odds with each other, sometimes sharing with and caring for each other. Lok speaks the best English of anyone at the Laundry. Although he works hard, he does like to laugh and drink a little in the evenings. Often seen at local bars and entertainment establishments, Lok has several friends in town and has built a reputation as a likable, funny guy. Most folks call him "Loco," a perversion of his Chinese name, because of his whimsical nature.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Gambling d4, Guts d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d6, Notice d6, Repair d8, Riding d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, vest, canvas shoes, straw hat, pocketknife

Luan Li Shen

A young, quiet man, Luan Li Shen isn't what he seems. Most of the townsfolk believe he's the Widow's cousin, but the two met less than a year ago when Li arrived in The Flat as a vagabond. Finding the laundry, he respectfully asked for work, and his timing was perfect. The Widow had gained a degree of trust in the town and business was picking up. She needed the help; a strong young Chinese man presenting himself on her doorstep seemed fortuitous—balancing the Laundry with two men and two women.

Li Shen was born in California to immigrant parents. He learned martial arts as a boy and has since honed his skills. He was falsely accused of murder when he was 17 and he fled, working short stints in various burghs before finding his way to The Flat. He speaks English better than he usually lets on.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Knowledge (Martial Arts) d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Wanted (Major)

Edges: First Strike, Quick

Gear: Black Chinese tunic and trousers, canvas shoes, shuriken (5) (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+1, ROF 1, AP1) sewn into tunic pouches, butterfly knife (Damage Str+d4)

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Wrong Trousers

One of the player characters, or someone they know well in town, receives the wrong trousers after getting them washed. Found inside a pocket is a map drawn on a folded piece of Confederate money. Fen Hua removed it before washing and put it back dutifully, never even looking at it.

Sooner or later, the owner comes looking for the map, assuming the player characters don't go looking for the

SHURIKEN (THROWING STAR)

An ancient Japanese weapon, the throwing star has more than a single usage. Naturally, shurikens can be thrown, but they can also be used as hand weapons in close combat, or embedded in the ground or other surface to inflict damage on those who step on or otherwise come into contact with the exposed spikes (possibly coated with poison). Although throwing stars originated in Japanese martial arts, the Dog House Gang figures it's no great stretch to apply it here.

Shuriken (Special Weapon)

Range 3/6/12, **Damage** Str+1, **ROF** 1, **Cost** 3, **Weight** .5, **Shots** -, **Min Str** -, **Notes** none

owner first. The heroes may decide to follow the map, with or without the owner.

Forks in the Road:

1. The map has instructions for locating a stash of gold. It's real, but the stash is in Comanche or Kiowa or Apache territory.
2. The map has instructions for locating a stash of gold. It's a fake, leading the characters into Comanche or Kiowa or Apache territory to no avail.
3. The map has instructions for locating a significant cache of Confederate gold buried beneath the Fort itself.
4. The map leads to a hoard of Civil War era munitions out in the wilds of southwest Texas (or some similar locale).

Mistaken Identity

Loco is identified by a woman as the man who raped her. While it's hard to believe, she insists, creating a stir in town. Alternatively, the woman accuses Loco of stealing something valuable, such as her wedding ring, an heirloom of her husband's family, which begs the question of why her ring wasn't on her finger in the first place.

Some folk stand up for Lok Long, as they have come to know him as a peaceful, law-abiding friend. Others try to convince the local law to lock up Loco and prepare for a quick trial and punishment. He begs the characters for help; or perhaps they volunteer after becoming friendly with



the man in the local taverns (he bought them drinks or shared an evening of friendly gambling, or whatever the Judge decides to arrange before the woman makes her accusation).

In either case, the woman is the worst sort of liar. In the primary scenario she wasn't actually raped; she was having an affair with a local ranch hand and she made up the story to put her husband off the trail. In the alternate scenario, the woman actually hocked the ring to get herself out of a debt she was hiding from her husband. The characters must track down clues to help expose the woman, or otherwise extricate Lok Long from the false accusation and impending imprisonment, flogging or worse.

A Matter of Honor

Some suspicious townies decide they've had enough with the Chinese imposters. They claim to have evidence that the women's story is pure malarkey—the women are scofflaws who stole or killed for their money. Likely accusers are Louis Woolform, Mangy Mansfield or William Doney (see the Bakery, Picket Jail and Doney's Saloon, respectively). First, they try to convince the Law and important members of the community that the Chens are frauds and that they need to go.

After initially being rebuked, either by the Law or the heroes, a number of townies intent on taking the laundry from the women by force form a vigilante group. A conflict between the heroes and the mob becomes the focal point of this adventure.

Forks in the Road:

1. Everything about the Widow Chen's story is true—the family did travel from California and only the Widow and Fen Hua survived the pox. They prefer not to talk about it, because it opens old wounds—especially in regard to the children Shuan Tao lost. And every penny they have came from a bizarre stroke of luck: the women discovered a cache of Maximilian's Mexican gold in a canyon in West Texas.

Thus, the attempted persecution by the townies amounts to a terrible injustice. If the player cowpokes are honorable they should stand up for the Widow, either because they believe her story or want to ensure a fair investigation, rather than let a mob rule. Or perhaps Shuan Tao (or Li Shen, Loco, or Fen Hua) has made the issue personal for the stalwart player characters by demonstrating her honorable ways and friendly demeanor.

2. Again, the Widow's story is true, but in this scenario the Widow hires the players to help defend her honor (and her wealth). She seeks them out and offers to pay handsomely for immediate protection and the eventual clearing of her name.
3. It's possible that the player cowpokes decide to take sides with the townies trying to take down the Widow's business. This changes the whole scenario. Shuan Tao hires another group of heroes to defend Chen's Laundry—and the player characters end up in a gun battle, brawl or other encounter with the rival heroes.
4. In a different twist, the townies are spurred on by a group of men who come to town to reclaim what's theirs—that is, to take back the money that they say Zhou Shuan Tao stole from them. The heroes hear their side of the story and must decide whom to believe, and whether to get involved. In this case the Judge could decide that the Widow and her sister-in-law are indeed thieves, or that the men are liars and opportunists.

If the heroes side with the townies and the strangers, the Widow hires another set of hired guns, meaning that the player characters end up in a fight with Li Shen and the gunfighters. If they side with the Widow, the heroes (and Li Shen) face a battle with a gang of desperate men and some town folk.

5. Possible Complication: Li Shen is harassed by a couple of the townies. In the past, he has shrugged this off and kept his secret skills hidden. But this time it gets serious and he ends up kicking their butts. This fuels the fire, because it shows that some of the Chens aren't what they seem. The boy is a warrior and he has hidden it for months.

EARL'S SHAVE AND BATHE

Ramblin' into The Flat with seven layers of grime, pardner? Why not head directly to Elijah Earl's place for a clean shave and a hot bath? And if you need a tooth yanked, he can do that too, just don't come sober.

Perhaps no other establishment in Fort Griffin represents the frontier spirit of entrepreneurship more than Elijah Earl's Shave and Bathe. Although this two-story building is rather plain, and the name a bit odd, Earl's dedication to his business, and the local community, is unsurpassed.

A former Buffalo Soldier, Earl decided to settle down in The Flat in 1875, bringing with him a decent savings and his new bride, Dawena, a full-blooded Tonkawa woman. Already known about town, where he frequently traded buffalo hides and meat after leaving the 9th Cavalry, Elijah found temporary work on a nearby ranch while keeping an eye open for any opportunity to start his own business in The Flat. Before long, a rundown barbershop went up for sale. In shambles as a result of its previous owner's alcohol-induced negligence, the shop needed a lot of work; but it was a bargain. Earl jumped at the chance to buy the place. While he met some resistance, his cold hard cash in hand spoke louder than any local bias.

Elijah and Dawena toiled for over a month, using every spare moment rebuilding the place, sleeping in the sparse upstairs while scraping together the funds for improvements. Setting up one chair in the barbershop before the rest of the place was complete, they began serving the residents and travelers, and earning enough money to continue renovation. A passing comment by a trader, who asked about a bath along with his shave, inspired Earl to begin converting the old, back storage room into a bathhouse. Before long the Earls had one serviceable tub—and a brisk business. Over time, they have upgraded and refined the barbershop and the bath, as well as remodeling the upstairs into a decent and comfortable living space.

The finished two-story, whitewashed wood structure now presents a respectable presence on the northwest corner of Parson and Third Street. The Earls keep the place clean and inviting for potential customers arriving in The Flat.



BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

Facing Third Street, the front porch of the building provides a quaint entryway to the barbershop section of the premises. Like the rest of the building, the wood in this area is whitewashed, from the porch floor itself to the posts that hold up the fabric awning—except for one pole painted with swirling red and blue stripes over the whitewash. The somewhat sun-bleached red canvas awning distinguishes this porch from the others in town with their tin or wooden roofs.

Two large, glazed glass windows flank the front door. Both windows have signs painted right on the glass. The one to the right of the door (as viewed from the street) says simply, in blue paint, “Barbershop.” The left window reads, in red, “Earl’s Shave and Bathe.” The normal wooden front door opens outward onto the porch, and is equipped with an average lock.

2) Barbershop

The front door leads directly into the barbershop. This room contains everything needed to conduct daily business. Lined up against the wall to the left of the door, underneath

a coat and gun rack, are a round table, two wooden chairs for waiting customers and a potbellied wood stove. On the opposite wall (visible through the “Barbershop” window described in #1), hang two large mirrors in front of a pair of barber chairs, with a storage cabinet built into the wall beneath the mirrors. A broom usually rests in the far-right corner.

Because Elijah is the only barber, typically only one chair is in service at any given time (the chair closest to the window). This favored chair, with its swivel seat, is the nicer of the two, the other being in a fixed position. Dawena does give shaves in the second chair if the place is busy and there are customers needing only a shave. This happens frequently on Saturdays, the busiest day of the week, but rarely on the other days. The cabinet holds general cleaning supplies (a bucket and some rags, scrub brush, disinfectant, etc.), while the Earls’ keep their utensils on top (couple of scissors, straight razors, pliers, combs and brushes, talc and hair oils).

The Earls’ dog, Moon, can usually be found resting in the corner by the second chair. At night, she guards the upstairs living area.

Although Earl knows how to pull a tooth, it’s not exactly his favorite thing to do. He isn’t a dentist, and doesn’t pretend to be, but if a person’s tooth is bad enough, he’ll



EARL'S SHAVE AND BATHE

yank it out. But before he does, he'll strongly recommend the patient go to a saloon and drink a few shots, because he doesn't keep anything on hand.

Heavy, blue canvas curtains hang in the middle of the wall opposite the entryway, providing access into the bathhouse. These curtains completely cover the opening, overlapping the wall on each side by a few inches.

3) Bathhouse

The windowless bathhouse has two points of entry—through the curtains from the barbershop or via a normal wooden back door (opening outward and equipped with a relatively new average-grade lock).

Customers usually come through the curtains, while Dawena and Milly use the backdoor for hauling water in and out and cleaning the place. Typically, the door remains unlocked during business hours. A small sign hanging on the outside of the door reads:

Bathhouse

Inquire round front at Barbershop

Two short stools, and the wood stove between them, take up one side of the room. Clothing hooks and gun racks hang on the walls. Dawena uses the stove to heat water for customers and to keep the place warm and comfortable during cold weather. When it's busy (again, Saturday tends

to be their best day), the stove may be fired up a good portion of the day, turning this room into a near sauna. The canvas curtains keeps most of the heat from escaping into the barbershop.

A pair of steel tubs fills the other side of the room. Although both are in decent shape, one is clearly much older than the other. A small, round table sits between the tubs, here for customers to place their small personal belongings on, or perhaps to set a drink. The table has two shelves, holding cakes of soap and scrub brushes. Hanging on the wall above this table, a small, framed notice reads:

"Management ain't responsible for lost or stolen items.

Keep an eye on your belongings."

While Dawena or Milly will provide a large towel for each customer, the bath service doesn't come with any special amenities. Still, Dawena, Milly or Elijah will certainly accommodate almost any special request if the customer is willing to shell out extra coins or paper money (such as fetching whiskey or beer or cigars, or delivering a message in town, or putting valuables in temporary safe-keeping).

4) Living Area

The stairs on the outside of the building provide access to the second-floor living quarters. The Earls' rebuilt the stairs about a year ago—they're sturdy and painted white





like the rest of the building, with a red trim railing. The door (made of reinforced wood with a quality lock), opens outward, allowing entry directly into the main living area.

There's nothing fancy about this room. Dawena keeps it clean and orderly. The Earls cook, eat and relax here when the shop's closed (which is usually well after sundown until just after sunrise).

Sharing the wall with the door is a three-door cabinet containing most of their possessions, including the business books, a variety of household items (from candles to cookware) and a strongbox with a quality lock (used to store the daily take until Elijah is ready for a trip to the bank, as well as keeping some butter and egg money handy). Additionally, Elijah has two boxes of ammunition stored here: one for his Spencer Carbine, which rests in the corner next to the cabinet, and one for his Schofield.

Against the right-hand wall is a rectangular table for food preparation, not far from the wood-stove resting in the corner of the room. The stove serves double duty, used for both the daily cooking and heat in winter.

In the corner is a plain wooden table with four chairs

AFRICAN-AMERICANS IN THE FLAT

There is ample evidence that a significant African-American community existed in The Flat and that Elijah Earl was one of its leaders. Records indicate that Earl, an ex-Buffalo Soldier and probably a mulatto, did serve as a barber in town. Evidently, he was well respected by town citizens of all colors. Whether he owned a full-fledged barbershop is uncertain, but every frontier town needs a place to get a haircut, a shave, a bath or a tooth pulled, so Elijah fit the bill.

Other prominent African-American personalities included James Romey, founder of a school for black children; the Reverend Shepherd Middleton of the American Methodist Episcopal Church; and Milton Sutton, a carpenter who also operated an eatery.

and an oil lantern. Of course, the Earls use the table for their meals and often relax here, but Elijah also does his books on this surface. As noted above, he stores his books and writing supplies in the cabinet, hauling everything out to the table and putting it all back when he's done.

Between the cabinet and the table are heavy blue canvas curtains just like the one downstairs, covering the opening into the bedroom.

5) Bedroom

The Earls keep a modest bedroom. To the right of the entrance rests their double-width bed with the hay-stuffed mattress that Dawena re-stuffs regularly. The bed is covered by two large bison hides and has two down pillows. A few small pieces of art hang on the walls, including a few images of wolves.

Just to the left of the doorway is a two-drawer dresser with a mirror affixed to the back. There's nothing of value in the drawers, other than Elijah and Dawena's clothing.

PERSONALITIES

While this family business has only a few personalities warranting full descriptions, don't forget that customers come and go regularly, including notable gunfighters, entertainers and traders passing through town. It's possible to meet just about anyone here, maybe even getting a glimpse of a famous cowpoke fresh out of the tub (or still in it!).

EARL'S SHAVE AND BATHE



Elijah Earl

Elijah Earl grew up a slave on a cotton plantation near Shreveport, Louisiana. After the war, Earl welcomed his freedom, but like so many new freemen, had few prospects. Hearing about the formation of the 9th Cavalry in Louisiana under Colonel Edward Hatch in 1866, and having some experience with horses on the plantation, Earl signed-up.

Earl served with the 9th in Texas, protecting mail routes, building forts, and hunting buffalo. He learned how to read and write while in the Army. When the 9th arrived in Fort Griffin, the soldier quickly developed a fondness for the area and, after completing his 5-year enlistment in 1871, found work as a ranch hand and buffalo hunter in the surrounding plains. An excellent hunter, Earl became known as a man of integrity and skill, returning to The Flat regularly to trade. He lived among the Tonkawa for a short time, learning their language and taking one of their women as a bride before deciding to settle down in The Flat.

Although he doesn't own a horse, Elijah still enjoys riding. He occasionally rents a horse from Pete Haverty's Livery and even does a little hunting from time to time. He is also active in the community, spending time teaching children to read (usually blacks and mulattos who visit his shop on Monday and Wednesday mornings—the slowest days).

LASSO (LARIAT)

No self-respecting wrangler—or rustler for that matter—rides the plain without a lasso handy. Useful for rounding up beeves and horses as well as entangling two-legged opponents the lasso, or lariat, offers a weapon that doesn't do any damage itself, but has special qualities that make it a valuable tool.

In Fort Griffin, the Dog House Gang recommends treating the lariat as a melee weapon (in mounted or un-mounted combat), using the Fighting skill. A successful opposed test against the opponent's Fighting achieves the same effect as a Grapple (*SWD* page 73), including the entangled opponent's attempts to break free and the attacker's ability to inflict damage after the grapple.

Now, we won't kick up a row iffin' a Judge prefers to use the Lariat rules as presented in other *Savage Worlds* products.

Lasso (Special Weapon)

Damage Special, **Cost** 3, **Weight** 3, **Min Str** -, **Notes** Grapple

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (Business) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Vow (Major—Tolerate No Disrespect)

Edges: Steady Hands

Gear: Spencer Carbine (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 16 bullets, S&W Schofield (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, plain holster, lasso (Damage Special), trousers, plain shirt, vest, cowboy boots

Dawena Earl

Earl's wife of nearly two years, Dawena is a full-blooded Tonkawa. Pregnant with the couple's first child (just past the first trimester), she still continues to put in a full day's work at the barbershop and bathhouse. She met Elijah, who is nearly a foot taller than the 5 foot Dawena, while he was living among the few remaining Tonkawa, hunting buffalo and acting as an interpreter. With the tribe dying out and being forced onto restricted reservations, Earl convinced Dawena's family to let her go with him.

Dawena is still learning English; although she understands what she hears it's a struggle for her to respond. When it behooves her, she pretends not to understand. Nevertheless, she likes go about town, usually to purchase household goods and foodstuffs or simply to walk on the edge of the river. She sometimes goes out while Elijah is cutting hair and no customers are around for the baths, or she convinces him to go with her (occasionally closing the shop). She loves community gatherings and drags Elijah to as many of them as she can. Keeping with Tonkawa custom, Dawena sometimes paints black stripes on her nose for special occasions and enjoys making special leather dolls for the children that Elijah teaches. She always carries a knife and is still wary around white men. Dawena quickly accepted Milly and they are often found working together.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d6, Healing d6, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d6, Knowledge (Visual Art) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Outsider

Edges: None

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), wraparound deerskin skirt (Tonkawa), plain shirt with no sleeves (wears bright colored calico poncho in winter), beaded Tonkawa moccasins

Milly White

Earl has recently hired Milly White to help with the business while his wife is pregnant. Milly is a shy thirteen-year-old black girl whose mother works as a sharecropper outside of The Flat. Milly's mother left Alabama as a freed slave just after the war, with her infant daughter and not much else. Because Milly has never known her real father, she has come to look up to Elijah Earl as a father figure. She works hard (part-time right now) helping Dawena with the bathhouse chores and sweeping and cleaning the barbershop while she learns more about the business. Milly

has a beautiful singing voice. She is in the throes of adolescent gawkiness, already a few inches taller than the Tonkawa woman.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Guts d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Knowledge (Singing) d4, Notice d4, Riding d6, Swimming d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Plain skirt, plain shirt, women's boots

Moon, the dog

Dawena insisted on having a dog around the place and so Elijah took in a mixed breed puppy from a nearby ranch. Moon is a sweetheart of a mutt, still a puppy at two years old but nearing adulthood. She is quite loyal to the Earls and makes a lot of noise when she smells trouble.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 4

Hindrances: Loyal (Major - Elijah and Dawena Earl)

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Bite (Damage Str+d4), Fleet-Footed (d10 running), Go for the Throat (raise hits weak spot), Size -1



EARL'S SHAVE AND BATHE



ADVENTURE HOOKS

Don't Call Me "Boy"

Elijah Earl is generally well-respected around town. His years of buffalo hunting, service as a local ranch hand and now a reputable businessman have given him a good standing. He treats everyone with the same level of respect he expects to receive. Thus, he doesn't take kindly to insults about his heritage, skin color or any ad hominem remarks. Problem is: it's bound to happen. When it does, Earl won't turn the other cheek.

If anyone disrespects him, Earl will demand an apology (in a civil, measured and serious tone). If he doesn't get it, he'll demand satisfaction. The Judge shouldn't find it hard to set up a situation involving the player characters. It could happen in a number of ways, such as:

1. The player characters themselves make some kind of slur. Earl reacts. This could end up with anything from a simple apology to a fist fight or a showdown on Parson Street. Of course, depending on the outcome and any witness accounts, it could end up with jail time, a whipping, a posse or future revenge . . . for someone.

2. Some Judge characters give Earl a hard time in the presence of the player characters (in the barbershop or in town somewhere). The player characters decide to take his side and end up making some new enemies (and a new friend in Earl). Again, this could go anywhere from a simple encounter with roleplaying to a fist fight, or an extended conflict against the newly acquired enemies.
3. Judge characters insult Earl but the player cowpokes don't do anything to help him (either staying out of it or joining in with those who make the remarks). What happens next depends entirely on the player characters' actions. If they do nothing, the Judge could draw them in whether they like it or not, with Earl or the bigots or bystanding locals pestering them (e.g., "you heard what he called me, didn't you?" or "you cowpokes gotta help Elijah, he's a good man"). If the characters side with the bigots, they could make other enemies in town, earn the wrath of Earl, or be questioned by the law if things go really wrong (even if they don't commit any unlawful acts). If they finally side with Earl, the possibilities from #2 apply.

She's My Wife

Another thing Earl doesn't tolerate is rudeness to his wife. If anyone makes a slur about Dawena, including insinuations about her status as his lawfully wedded wife, he'll react with an even greater level of offense than described in "Don't Call Me 'Boy'." The Judge can use the ideas described there to set up an interesting encounter.

Dawena and the Hooligans

One day while Dawena is doing her shopping around town, some hooligans decide to have fun at her expense. Depending on the Judge's whim, the level of their assaults can vary. It might be non-physical acts of harassment, such as calling her names or asking her to come over and show them what she's learned from her husband. Or such hooligans might try to physically accost her, stealing or destroying her goods and taking any money she has. Or worse, the aggressors might try to abduct her for ransom or other unspeakable reasons.

The Judge can set up a situation where the characters witness this activity and wait for them to react. Of course, if they see something but do nothing, Earl could come looking for them to find out what they know or why they didn't defend her. Or they could hear about the assault later, with Earl asking for their help in rescuing his wife or getting revenge on the perpetrators. Or the law could recruit them for a posse to hunt down the bad men. Finally, depending on the nature of the player characters, they could be the ones doing the woman wrong in the first place.

Fork in the Road:

Dawena, the normally reserved full-blooded Tonkawa, must reveal her true nature as a powerful medicine woman. Possibilities abound as to what her powers entail, but suffice it to say that when the bad men attempt to do something unspeakably wrong to her, she uses her arcane skills to put them in their place.

Unfortunately, townsfolk witness the events and now Dawena has a new challenge. Even though the Tonkawa are considered a peacable tribe, lessons learned from Salem have been forgotten in The Flat. Dawena's life, and by extension her husband's life, are on the line. Do the heroes step in to help the pair, or do they themselves lead the mob?

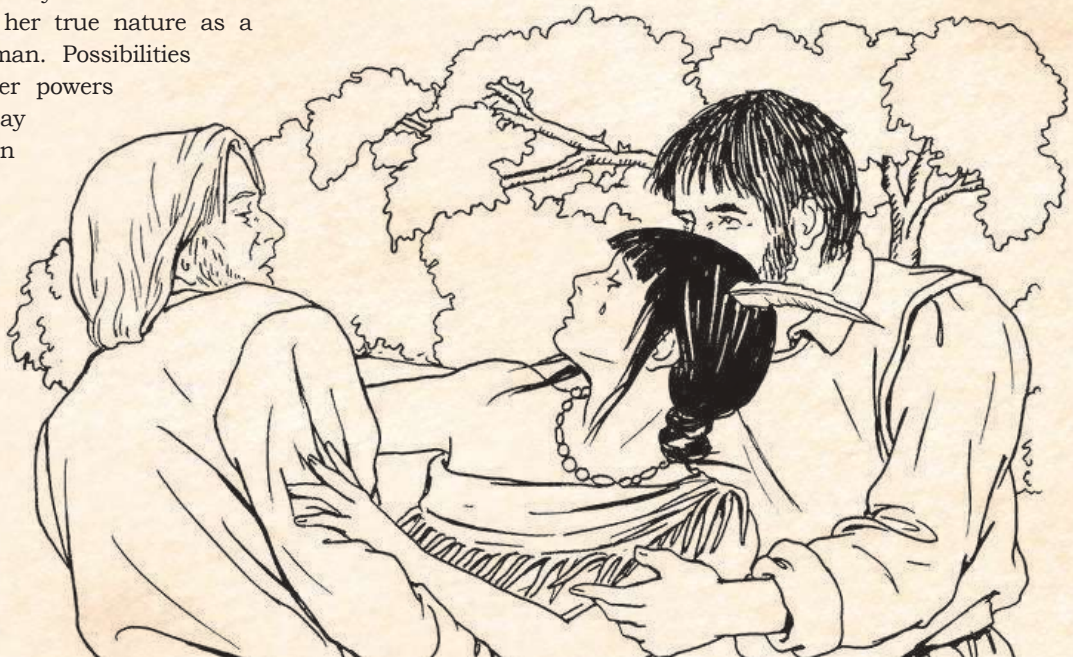
Robbed In Your Birthday Suit

It happens, you know—you're enjoying a warm and relaxin' bath and you doze off. Next thing you know, you wake up and find your clothes, your gun and all your cash are gone. Or, you catch a glimpse of some low-down sneaky varmint dashin' off with your stuff and you got no choice but to chase him, drippin' wet in all your glory.

The Judge can set this up as he or she sees fit, waiting for the characters to react. Maybe they demand recompense from Earl for their losses and he refuses (citing the rules on the wall about belongings). Maybe the characters don't like that answer. Maybe they wake up in time to see the culprits in the act or exiting the back door of the bathhouse—thus setting up a chase sure to thrill, or horrify, the locals.

Fork in the Road:

Poor Milly has been coerced (or merely persuaded) into helping some thieves with this racket. The Judge can leave some clues to this effect, from blatant ones like seeing a young black girl fleeing the scene to more subtle ones like seeing some questionable characters talking to the girl in an alleyway or down by the river. If the player cowpokes can prove this, or present a compelling case, Earl will help them to retrieve their goods to the best of his ability.



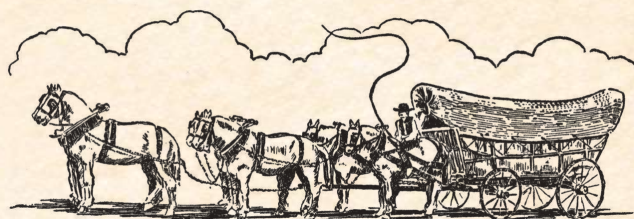
CLAMPITT WAGON YARD

Got a bad wheel? A rickety cart? In the market for a reliable wagon to haul your belongings across the plains? You can rely on B.F. Clampitt to help you make it to your destination, even if it's your final one.

Living and working on the corner of Griffin and Second, directly across from the famous Beehive Saloon, proves mighty convenient for B.F. Clampitt (sometimes spelled Clampett). For one thing, there's no place in The Flat busier than the Beehive and the traffic brings plenty of customers to the Wagon Yard. For another, B.F. has a regular itch for gambling and women; scratchin' that itch is as easy as walkin' across the street.

Despite his vices, Clampitt has a reputation as an excellent craftsman. He built his small home by himself shortly after arriving in The Flat some four years ago. Now covered with grunge, mold and cobwebs, the house ain't much to look at, but it's as sturdy as they come. Most anyone in town will say B.F. does a bang-up job making anything out of wood, but they'll just as likely add "once he gets 'round to it." He simply likes to take his time and tends toward perfectionism when it comes to conveyances. Add to that his impulsive yen for drink and it's easy to see why it could take a while to see a finished product.

Clampitt, originally an apprentice wheelwright, focuses primarily on wagons and carts, although he will make other items upon request. There is one thing that Clampitt makes regularly enough—coffins. Considering it his civic duty, he serves as the local undertaker, interring remains and arranging funerals. As such, he always has a spare casket on hand and will make whatever is needed without delay, in sharp contrast to his approach to wagon building. Moreover, he earns next to nothing on this part of his business, asking only for reimbursement for materials.



1 Square=5 Feet

BUILDING KEY

1) Wagon Yard

A split-rail fence encloses the large yard, with a 15' long swinging gate bordering Griffin Street (usually open during the day and closed at night). It's the rare day when at least one wagon wheel, if not the whole wagon, isn't in the yard in some state of construction or repair. Clampitt's draft horse, Maribelle, wanders the grounds during clear days. Additionally, travelers can, for a reasonable price, park their conveyances here while stopping in town; so it's likely that more wagons will be lined up along the south rail (alongside Second Street).

During daylight hours there is a 60% chance of finding Clampitt out here: hammering nails, sawing planks or shaping wood. If he isn't here, he'll be in the Beehive. Regardless of Clampitt's daytime whereabouts, at least one of his hired hands (Fernando or Zed) will be in the yard doing chores or working on customer projects. At night Clampitt splits his time between the house and the Beehive. B.F.'s faithful hound, Lucius, is usually on the porch or under the covered area during the day; he will bark incessantly at any stranger that enters the yard. Only Clampitt or Fernando can make him quiet down.

2) Front Porch

Clampitt's front porch is typical of those in town. As noted in #3, the roof connects to the covered work area and tool shed. While the porch desperately needs cleaning and

perhaps a new coat of paint (as does the house exterior in general), it's darn solid. Two rocking chairs rest to one side of the front door to the house. B.F. and his hired hands occasionally relax in the rocking chairs or on the edge of the porch in the evening after a long day's work (30% one of them; 20% two of them; 10% all three). The average door is equipped with an average lock.

3) Tool Shed and Covered Work Area

Attached to the north side of the house is the tool shed. This narrow, long structure has wood-reinforced double doors equipped with a solid hasp and quality padlock. Clampitt stores his tools and valuable supplies inside here—everything large and small, including hammers, mallets, awls, planes, sawhorses, nails, lumber, clamps, saws, glue and more. While shelves line the back wall, the space is devoid of any kind of organization. Things are piled everywhere: one atop another, leaning against the walls, sitting on the hard ground or scattered haphazardly on the shelves.

The roof of the shed connects to the roof of the house (and the porch), extending out to the yard's fence, defining a small covered area where Clampitt can work when the Texas sun is particularly cruel or when rain threatens to interrupt his day. Maribelle is tied up under the shelter every night. A fire pit lies at the edge of the covered area, just barely protected by the roof. Clampitt uses the fire to heat the water needed to bend wood for his wheel making. He never uses it for cooking or other purposes.



4) Living Area

Taking up nearly half of the building, this room's cleanliness would surprise most visitors considering the condition of the outside of Clampitt's home. The wood floors are clean and lacquered, with a large red oval rug covering most of the southern part of the room (between the door to the bedroom and the opening leading into the kitchen). An oak dining table and four chairs sit atop the rug. Against the front wall and the wall shared by the bedroom are an upholstered couch and chair, with a well-crafted end table between them (the table sits underneath the front window).

Two wooden rocking chairs flank a shelving unit and window on the north wall. The shelves hold a variety of knick-knacks, a few books, a large clock, a few daguerreotypes and tintypes (one of Clampitt and his wife, Ruth) and several tiny woodcarvings. Another shelving unit occupies the space on the west wall, next to another window. The top shelf contains a row of battered old books (including the business ledgers); the next shelf supports a jumbled collection of dishes, glasses and silverware; the third shelf holds an oil lantern, paper supplies, a ceramic mug full of pencils and other office supplies; the bottom shelf has a strongbox (quality lock) where Clampitt stores funds from the sale of goods (usually \$20-\$30 all told—Clampitt deposits larger sums at the local bank), a Colt New Model Navy and a box of ammunition. Lastly, a custom wooden rack above the window on the west wall holds a Sharps Big Fifty.

5) Kitchen

The opening in the south wall of the living area leads into this small, but functional, kitchen. A wood-burning stove takes up most of the south wall and floor space. Two windows allow decent ventilation; one behind the stove and one on the west wall. Both windows have plain, tan curtains (usually tied back with twine secured by hooks on the wall). Under the west window is a 5' long counter. The top of the counter holds a wash basin, a ceramic crock containing a variety of utensils, a large jug of water and a rack where dishes are left to dry; while a few pots and pans hang from hooks underneath. Two bowls for Lucius rest near the entryway.

A shelving unit much like those in the living area stands against the east wall. It holds a sparse supply of foodstuffs, including a few sacks of grain, salt, sugar, rice or other staples (not necessarily all at the same time), as well as cans of preserved fruits, beans and such. Other household items are also scattered among the shelves, including towels, scrub brushes, soap and a bucket. While not disorderly, the items on the shelves aren't grouped logically—a bar of soap might be right next to a tin of vegetables.

NOW LISTEN TO A STORY . . .

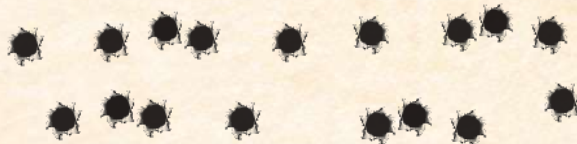
Now, the Dog House Gang ain't sure, but call it a genealogist's hunch. Our prime researcher is bettin' that the B.F. Clampitt known to reside in The Flat in the 1870s is right likely the grandson of an original Texas settler.

That would be Susannah Graves Clampitt, born in 1781 in Essex County, Virginia. Susannah married Nathan Arnette Clampitt in 1803 and the couple spent a number of years farming in Tennessee, during which time she bore seven children. Sadly, Nathan died in 1823 and Susannah, along with her son Ezekiel's family, moved to Stephen F. Austin's Texas colony in 1825 after receiving a Spanish land grant—a rarity for women at that time. Susannah later remarried, settling in Brazos County, and gave two of her sons a split of her original land grant. She died in 1868.

Meanwhile, records exist to name at least one of Susannah's grandsons, George Washington Clampitt. And a man named Benjamin Franklin Clampitt was known to float around the Texas settlements. Now, addin' one founding father's name and one founding father's name to the Clampitt surname, we figger that equals two Clampitt grandchildren—and that one of them is good ole B.F., right here in The Flat.

6) Bedroom

Clampitt built himself a decent sized bedroom. He keeps it clean, but doesn't go for any frills. A large, pine-framed bed with over-stuffed mattress and mahogany headboard takes up most of the space against the south wall under the window. Lucius' doggie bed sits in the corner next to Clampitt's bed. In the northeast corner, alongside a slim table with a kerosene lamp, is another rocking chair—by far the nicest of the bunch. A bureau containing clothes and undergarments is pushed up against the west wall and a coat/hat rack hangs on the wall between the bureau and the door. The door is normal quality and has no lock.



PERSONALITIES

Clampitt and his family are described in this section—that is, Clampitt himself, his trusty draft horse and Lucius the hound dog. Additionally, the wagon yard's hired hands are found here.



Benjamin Franklin (B.F.) Clampitt

As mentioned earlier, B.F. Clampitt has earned a reputation as a skilled craftsman. Meanwhile, he has also become known for his regular whorin' and drinkin' (although he rarely seems to be soaked). Folks around town have begun to speculate about his life before arriving in The Flat. Typically, a man can start over on the frontier and nobody questions his past. Nevertheless, Clampitt's behavior invites gossip, because he claims to have a wife, Ruth, back in Corsicana that he plans to fetch when the time is right ("four years ain't enough?"). Some tongue-waggers have started referring to poor Ruth as "that mysterious California Widow."

Clampitt, a native Texan born in Corsicana, claims to be the grandson of Susannah Graves Clampitt, one of the first 300 settlers in Stephen F. Austin's original colony. Striking out on his own at 16, the brawny lad learned the wheelwright and carpentry trades as an apprentice in Galveston. B.F. returned to Corsicana to wed Ruth, his teenage sweetheart (or so he says), but he couldn't stay put. Telling Ruth he'd come back for her after he made his fortune on the frontier, the bearded and prematurely graying Clampitt wandered around Texas for a few years until he found his niche in The Flat.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (Construction) d6, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d6, Knowledge (Woodworking) d6, Notice d4, Repair d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Swimming d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Habit (Major, Carousing)

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, suspenders, Henry Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 15 bullets, bandana, cap, work boots, knife (Damage Str+d4), hammer



CALIFORNIA WIDOW

You might be scratchin' your head and wonderin' "why would folks call Ruth Clampitt a California Widow when she's from Texas?" Well, that's a morsel of Old West slang. In the early days of the Great California Gold Rush so many married men set out alone for the gold fields that any wife left behind became known as a "California Widow." It wasn't long before this term came into generic use to describe a woman left behind when a man headed West to find fame and adventure.

Fernando Ibarra Montoya

A strapping young man, Fernando Ibarra Montoya works as a hired hand in the wagon yard. He came to The Flat about a year ago from El Paso, looking for any kind of employment. His timing proved perfect, as Clampitt needed another strong pair of hands to work on a few orders that had piled up. Trustworthy and hardworking, this Tejano (a native Texan of Mexican heritage) has become Clampitt's right hand man in matters relating to any wagon or casket construction. Lucius really likes Fernando; at the end of the day it's not uncommon to see the lad and the hound rough-housing out in the yard.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge (Horses) d4, Knowledge (Woodworking) d4, Riding d6, Shooting d4, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

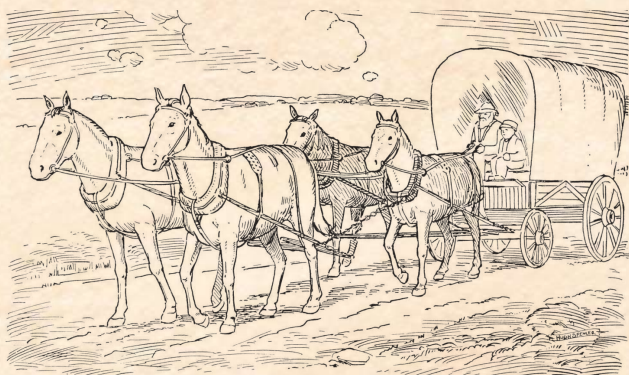
Hindrances: None

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Buckskin trousers, plain shirt, vest, suspenders, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, bolo tie, tobacco pouch, pocketknife, knife (Damage Str+d4), Colt Walker Dragoon (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, spare cylinder (loaded)



CLAMPITT WAGON YARD



Zedediah (Zed) Harper

A decent young man with a zest for whittling, Zed Harper just can't seem to get along with his boss. While it wouldn't be fair to call him a slacker, Zed doesn't work nearly as hard as Fernando, and maybe the comparison hurts him in Clampitt's eyes. The wagon yard owner is fixin' to fire Zed, but he's in no hurry. Still, when it happens it won't sit well with Harper's new wife, Constance, who wants the fair-haired Zed to make something of himself to support the children she expects to have. Right now the young couple lives in one of the shacks at the north end of town.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Buckskin trousers, plain shirt, suspenders, work boots, cowboy hat, knife (Damage Str+d4), Starr Army Revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets

Constance Harper

An attractive, headstrong woman, Constance Harper has grown accustomed to getting her way. Growing up in Galveston as the daughter of a dock supervisor, the black-haired girl discovered a knack for persuasion and guile. Constance learned to use her charm, good looks, and sense of humor to influence everyone around her; her parents, her peers and, especially, young men. Convincing her father to invest every spare penny on her schooling and voice lessons, she sharpened her talents as she grew into womanhood.

Constance met Zed Harper less than a year ago while the young man was working in Galveston. His blue eyes and virility captured her attention and a whirlwind romance led to an engagement and trek to The Flat to start a family. Constance has high hopes for molding Zed into a successful businessman.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Knowledge (Singing) d6, Knowledge (Theology) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Streetwise d4, Taunt d4

Cha: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Greedy (Minor)

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic

Gear: Women's dress, women's boots, silver necklace, parasol, women's hat

Lucius, the dog

When B.F. headed west (*Ed.: Actually it was more like north-northwest*) to set up shop in The Flat, he took his favorite member of the family with him—his hound dog Lucius. Clampitt has taught the dog a few tricks (Fetch, Stay and Track). Fernando has taught Lucius one additional trick (Roll-Over).

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 4

Hindrances: Loyal (Minor—Clampitt, Montoya)

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Bite (Damage Str+d4), Fleet-Footed (d10 running), Go for the Throat (raise hits weak spot), Size -1, Tricks

Maribelle, the draft horse

Clampitt keeps a draft horse in the yard for testing horse-drawn wagons and doing some labor. He rides Maribelle only occasionally. She is getting old (about 11 years now), but is still strong. A couple of years ago Clampitt taught the mare a couple of tricks (Stay and Pull), which she still knows, but he lost interest and never taught her anything else.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Notice d6

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 8

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Kick (Str); Fleet-Footed (d8 running); Size +2, Tricks



ADVENTURE HOOKS

Help Wanted

Clampitt finally decides to fire Zed Harper. And it happens a might unceremoniously—right out in the yard where onlookers get an eyeful (or earful). Clampitt quickly spreads the news that he's lookin' for a new hand. The Judge should find a way to make sure the PCs hear this. They could overhear gossip at the Beehive, get it straight from Clampitt during a business transaction or over a drink, or they could simply see the posting of a prominent sign at the yard's gate.

Zed doesn't take the news well; neither does his wife. A variety of scenarios could ensue:

1. A player cowpoke decides to take the job, incurring the wrath of the Harpers, especially Constance. While Zed would prefer to just move on, his wife wants someone to pay for the loss of her husband's job (and more importantly, her loss of pride) and she makes sure she gets involved. Anyone taking the job—or even mentioned as a candidate—would incur her enmity. She and Zed hound the hero, trying to pick a fight, casting aspersions around town or pestering the cowpoke until something gives.
2. Even if none of the player characters are interested, rumors somehow circulate that Clampitt fired Zed in

order to hire one of the heroes. All that's needed is for someone in town to see a conversation between Clampitt and someone in the hero's group. Again, this would earn the wrath of the Harpers, or just their constant harassment (they don't call her Constance for nothin'!). If the character convinces Constance he or she isn't even remotely interested, she will then lobby the character to help Zed get his job back, continuing the scenario in a new way—she now lavishes attention on the cowpoke, begging, pleading, offering favors, etc. until the character agrees to help or forcefully makes her back off. And then again, this scenario could take another turn with a jealous Zed, depending on whether the cowpoke accepts any particular favors . . .

3. Clampitt hires someone else entirely, without involving the heroes in any way. The player cowpokes enter the fray because Constance hires them to hassle or intimidate the new hire (or perhaps Fernando). She figures if she can force either of the current employees to leave town (or otherwise be disposed of) Zed can get his job back.
4. Constance, in her campaign to blame someone, focuses on Fernando. Obviously, she thinks, the hard-working employee has schemed to get rid of Zed. So, Constance pushes her husband to call the man out, beat him up or otherwise terrorize him into leaving town. Iffin' the heroes have the mettle, they'll decide to intervene to stop the injustice, or at least spare the town bloodshed. In the worst case they might have to take out Zed, landing themselves in a situation where they have to defend their actions before a judge.

A Funeral

Someone in town heads off to the final rendezvous. Clampitt needs to organize the funeral, but he has several orders to take care of (possibly one from the heroes, which would help facilitate this scenario). He needs help with the arrangements, asking the characters. Trouble is, the dead man had nefarious enemies who come looking for payment on a long-standing debt. The characters end up between the deceased's family and his enemies, who won't take no for an answer. The family begs for the heroes' help—and Clampitt is nowhere to be seen when trouble starts.

Another alternative is that Clampitt needs extra time to complete the funeral arrangements or other orders and asks the characters to wait longer for their job to be finished. This could create conflict between Clampitt, the characters and the family of the deceased—if the characters insist on getting their job done quickly. Such a scenario would work if the characters have an important timeline to meet, needing Clampitt's quick turnaround.



Dead Wife Rumor Mill

Someone with a grudge against B.F. spreads a rumor that he actually killed his wife and buried her in the wagon yard (under the tool shed or covered area perhaps). His yen for drinkin' and whorin' fuel the rumor.

The Judge could wrangle a few different ways for the characters to get mixed up in this scenario. Straightforward ways include: the heroes like Clampitt and want to defend him once he assures them it ain't true; or Clampitt asks them to help him dispel the rumors, offering payment or bartering for services to secure their help.

A more convoluted set-up could include getting Constance involved after Zed is fired—she uses this as ammunition in her campaign, or she sees this as a way to take over the wagon yard by exposing Clampitt and she offers the heroes a take. Now, the heroes could choose to help her or aid Clampitt. Or perhaps it's Constance who starts the rumors in the first place, to exact her revenge after Zed gets the axe.

Forks in the Road:

1. It's true! And Clampitt will stop at nothing to make sure no one learns the truth about Ruth.
2. Nothing could be further from the truth. Clampitt's wife is indeed back in Corsicana. He sends her money regularly and she awaits the time when he sends for her to join him (even though he likes it the way it is and may never send for her).
3. The rumor is based in truth. Clampitt did bury something, but it wasn't Ruth. In a casket buried in the covered area B.F. has stashed away something of great

value! Perhaps a load of Confederate gold, or a Mexican artifact or something truly weird—like a mummified Aztec King, or an arcane object of supernatural power like none have seen before in these parts.

4. Actually, Ruth left B.F. years ago and he still isn't ready to admit it. One day during the height of the rumors she rides into The Flat on the local stagecoach with a new, obnoxious sweetheart in tow, not knowing that her husband is in town. B.F.'s blood starts to boil and rumors run rampant. The characters must save him from himself—or save Ruth and her beau from B.F.'s impending vengeance.
5. Having waited far too long, Ruth decides to find her husband. She shows up at the wagon yard out-of-the-blue—again at the height of the rumors. B.F. is anything but pleased and he tells her to go home. Ruth is determined to take her rightful place at his side or to make him pay for his ways. She starts to flirt with one of the PCs, hoping to get her husband's attention or maybe just to annoy him. Or perhaps she even takes a real shine to one of the player cowpokes. In any case, a confrontation is sure to follow.
6. It's true that B.F. killed Ruth, but there's more. Ruth returns as a shade of some ilk, with a vengeful mission to haunt her godforsaken husband. Whether Clampitt turns to the heroes for help against the ghostly remains of his wife, or the characters end up involved by happenstance, it should be easy for the Judge to wrangle a challenging encounter.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Faith and gospel help keep frontier folk on the straight and narrow. The Reverend Shepherd Middleton does his best to save the lost and serve the needy in The Flat. 'Course, you'll fit in easier if you're of African descent, but anyone wishin' to partake in honest fellowship and the upliftin' of African-Americans won't be turned away.

An austere, well-kept building, the African Methodist Episcopal Church stands out as one of the cleanest and brightest structures in town. It always appears as if a fresh coat of whitewash has just been lovingly applied to the outer walls, even if many months have actually passed since the real event. And the side yard is an oasis of flowering plants and shrubs amidst the rest of The Flat's largely dusty and lackluster landscape. All thanks to the generous contributions of the congregation—both in-kind and monetary.

Constructed in early 1874 by the Reverend Shepherd Middleton and his friend Caretaker Jefferson (along with a number of sharecroppers from the surrounding area and a few Buffalo Soldiers from the 9th Cavalry), the church is a regular gatherin' place for the African-American community of both the Fort and The Flat. One of the fundamental tenets of the church is the promotion of freedom and self-reliance for people of African descent—and all activities stem from that ideal. Aside from the twice-a-week worship services (Wednesday evenings and all day Sunday), the Church hosts near daily events; meetings, celebrations, even schooling for both young and old.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front and Side Yard

People gather out here before services or for a little quiet reflection. Additionally, all of the church's outdoor activities take place here.

In front of the church, adjoining Fifth Street, the yard is hard-packed earth; while the eastside has a nice lawn with tended bushes, flowers and other low-lying foliage. Although there's no fence, the cut grass and some carefully placed stones define the boundaries to about 90' east of the building and all the way to the back wall. A large, plain (yet well-polished) wooden cross adorns the front wall. Two benches sit on either side of the entryway, with several more scattered strategically throughout the eastern yard.

2) Vestibule

A wooden double-door, opening inwards, greets churchgoers. While the doors have no locks, they can be barred from the inside by a heavy, wooden plank. Typically, the doors are propped open by large polished stones, except



AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

once services have begun. This small vestibule allows visitors to pause and chat before they enter the nave. During scheduled events either Romey (the church's teacher) or Caretaker will be here greeting folks. The sitting area south of the entrance (to the left as one enters) has a single, continuous wooden bench built into the walls. The eastern wall also has a window and a 10' wide opening in the southern wall leads into the nave.

3) Nave

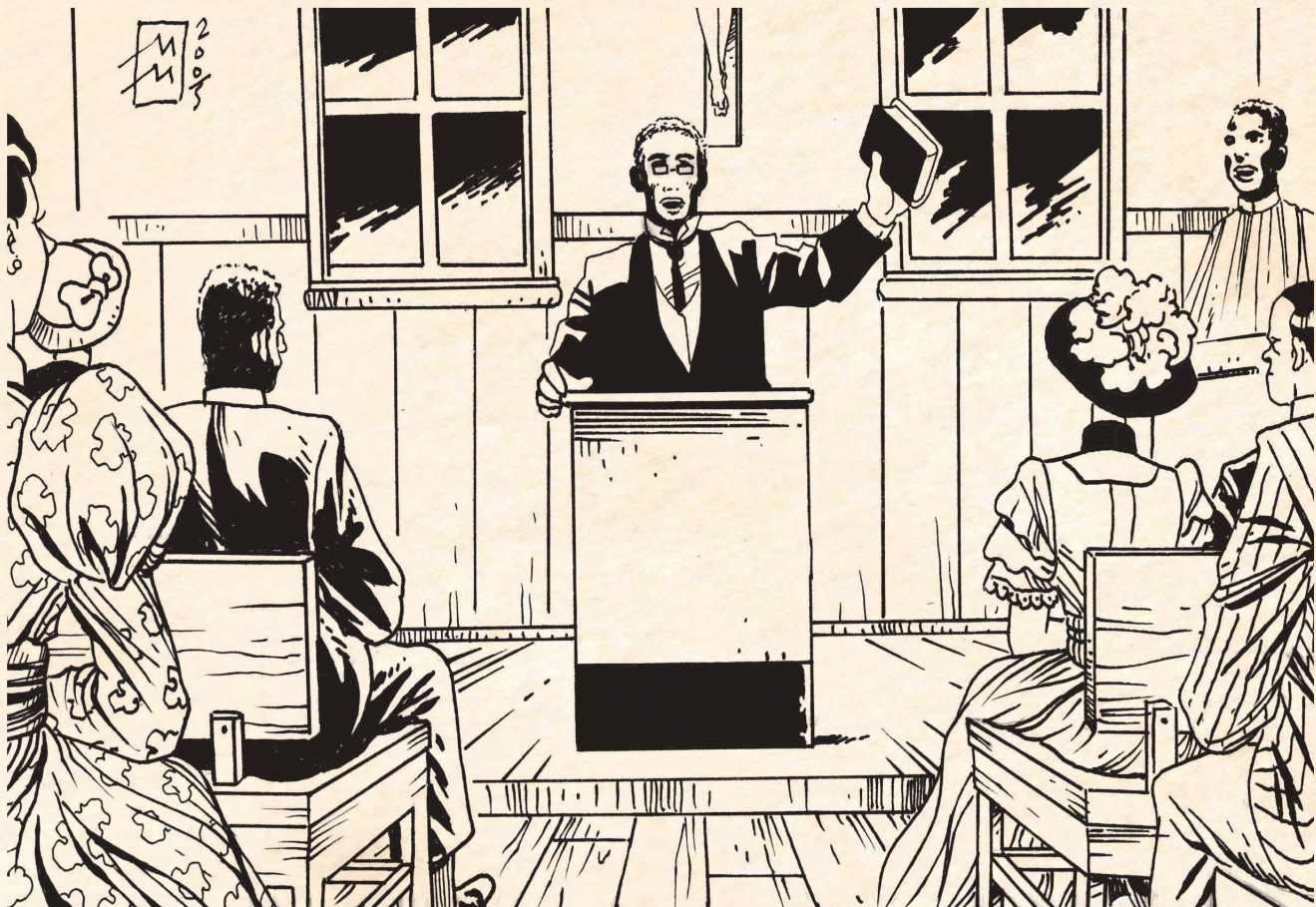
The congregation gathers in the nave, by far the largest area of the church, for services and other events including Romey's school. There are a number of freestanding pine benches, most of them with a single-plank back. These are moved about as needed, depending on the nature of the day's activities. For church services and the school, the benches are lined up in two neat columns, with an aisle between the columns and alongside the north and south walls. For meetings, celebrations and other special events, the benches are often rearranged, or even pushed against the walls to open a large space.

Kerosene lamps and windows line both east and west walls. In the dog days of summer the windows will be open,

with the heavy fabric curtains tied back most of the time, to allow ventilation and light. In winter, the windows will be shut tight with the draperies covering them, while the lamps will typically be burning for both warmth and light. Caretaker checks the lamps regularly, making sure they remain filled and free of spills or other problems. Here and there a few pieces of folk art adorn the walls—mostly images from the bible such as Daniel in the lion's den, the Last Supper and Jesus on the Mount. A small cupboard, filled with a number of dog-eared bibles and hymnals for those in need, rests against the back wall. A sturdy wooden collection box with a small slot is nailed to the top of the cupboard—it has no lock.

4) Pulpit and Stage

Sometimes called the Sanctuary in this AME Church, this area at the southern end of the building is relatively unadorned. It has a slightly raised platform with a portable lecturn, as well as a booth where a small chorus gathers to lead the congregation in song. A sculpture of a russet-skinned Jesus on the cross hangs between two undraped, stain-glassed windows on the back wall.



5) Office/Storeroom

Sharing a wall with the vestibule, this room extends into the nave and serves a number of mundane purposes. Middleton uses it to plan sermons and manage the schedule of activities; Caretaker does the bookkeeping here; and any of the folks noted in the Personalities section may use this room to hold small, private meetings with townspeople. The only door is on the southern-most wall, actually inside the nave.

Pushed up against the west wall and near the window is a roll-top desk with two side drawers, along with two armless wooden chairs (one usually under the desk and the other next to it). The desktop cubbyholes contain sheets of paper, scissors, a box of pencils and other general office supplies. The top drawer holds a strongbox for tithes collected during services, typically \$3—\$4. Caretaker empties it every Monday morning and deposits the funds at the local bank. The bottom drawer holds the church ledgers (two fat volumes).

Across the room from the desk sits an old, large wardrobe cabinet converted into storage space. Some foodstuffs are kept in here—emergency supplies such as preserves, canned vegetables and salted meats—as well as a few books for the school and additional bibles and hymnals (mostly old ones). Leaning against the inside wall is the only firearm in the church—a Colt Sporting Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2)—and two boxes of ammunition. Caretaker Jefferson is the most likely member of the church leadership to fetch the Colt in an emergency.

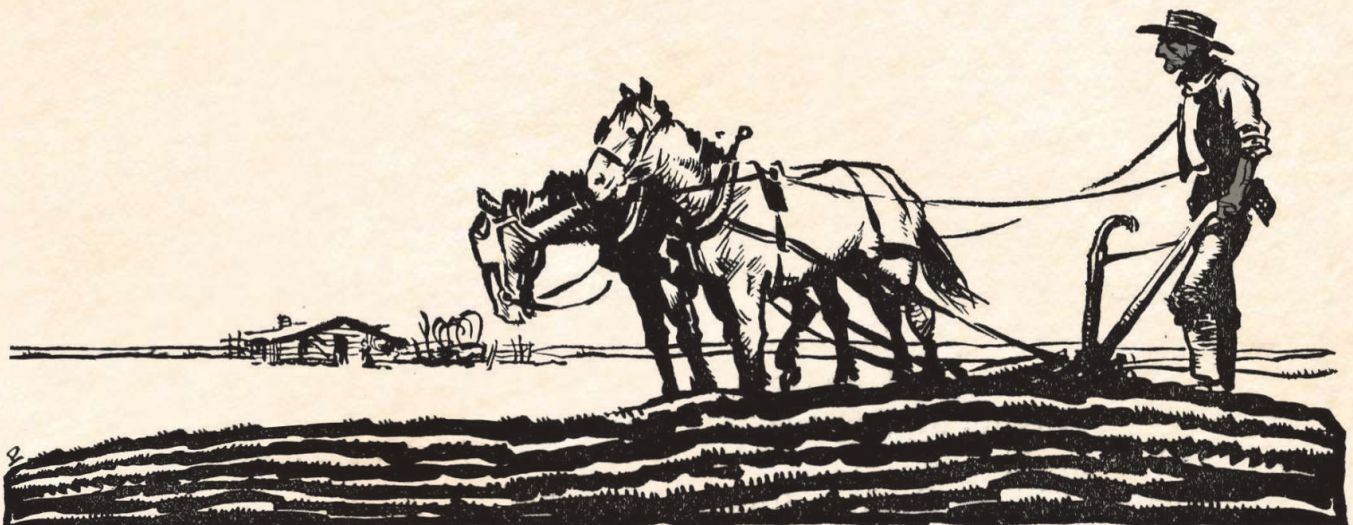
A curtained-off section at the north end of the room holds a variety of cleaning supplies (from brooms to dust mops and a wash bucket), more emergency food stores (bags of grain, rice and other staples) and tools used to keep the church and garden in good repair (hammer, nails, paint, brushes, rake, shovel, etc.).

THE AME AND AFRICAN-AMERICANS IN THE FLAT

Evidence indicates that a significant African-American community existed in The Flat. While it's unclear when this congregation started, records indicate the presence of an AME Church led by the Reverend Middleton.

Richard Allen founded the AME in 1794 in Philadelphia. Before the Civil War congregations sprouted up mostly in the Northeast and Midwest. During Reconstruction the Church gained footholds in southern states, including Alabama, Georgia and Texas. By 1880 congregations evangelized blacks all the way to the Pacific, boasting a total membership of more than 400,000.

Details about The Flat's congregation are hard to come by, as are facts about the historical characters presented herein. Still, it stands to reason that important African-Americans such as James Romey, known to have founded a school for black children, and Elijah Earl (see *Earl's Shave and Bathe*) had leadership roles in the church along with Middleton. And housing Romey's school in the Church seems like a natural, we reckon.



PERSONALITIES

All manner of African-American folks visit the church, but this section is devoted to those who keep the place running and provide leadership to the flock.



Reverend Shepherd Middleton

Born to preach, the Reverend Middleton learned to read by studying The Bible while a young slave in Alabama. Upon emancipation, Shepherd (his given name) went west, finding opportunities in Texas. While working in various sharecropper fields teaching folks to read from the "Good Book" he met Richard Jefferson, and the two soon became like brothers. Jefferson told him about the African Methodist Episcopal churches that were springing up in the North.

In the early 1870s Middleton began hearing about the Buffalo Soldiers of the 9th Cavalry stationed at Fort Griffin. A confluence of signs, including a horse carrying a wounded soldier into his cotton field on the same day he met an evangelist representing the AME, convinced Shepherd that God was calling him to The Flat. Middleton, in turn, convinced Jefferson, and the two made the pilgrimage to build a new church while the evangelist arranged to have Middleton appointed, and later ordained, as its preacher.

The Reverend loves nothing more than to minister to the needs of African-Americans—whether spiritual or physical. He can be found in the fields as often as the church; smiling, doing good deeds, and encouraging freedom. His baritone voice can be heard from the pulpit and in the streets as he meets and greets members of the flock every day.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d8, Healing d4, Knowledge (The Bible) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Charismatic, Command

Gear: Plain men's suit, string tie, average quality shirt, bowler hat, men's shoes, spectacles

Richard "Caretaker" Jefferson

As an escaped slave, Caretaker Jefferson traveled via the Underground Railroad from Tennessee to Pennsylvania with little more than the dream of freedom to sustain him along the way. Just a teenager, he assumed his current name after surfacing in Philadelphia shortly before the War.



Finding work on the docks, Jefferson became a valuable hand when many white workers went to war. He learned to brawl during his time on the docks—partly in order to defend himself and partly because he enjoyed a good fight. From time to time he participated in bare-fisted prizefights, which he sometimes won despite his slight frame.

Jefferson returned south in 1870, looking for the brothers and sisters that he left behind in his escape to freedom. He followed some trails into Texas, but never found his kin. Fortunately, he met Shepherd Middleton in the fields outside of Nacogdoches—a meeting that influenced his life. Jefferson gave up his penchant for fighting and now lives up to his nickname (given by Middleton) with a zeal for keeping the church clean and inviting. He always works hard and, although he enjoys it, tends to bear a dour countenance—often lost in his work and oblivious to anything else.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Construction) d4, Knowledge (The Bible) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d4, Repair d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, vest, suspenders, work boots, cap, knife, tool belt (hammer, screwdriver, pliers, pocketknife), cowboy hat



James Romey

What James Romey lacks in diplomacy he makes up in intelligence. While intuitive as well as book smart, Romey does have a tendency to speak his mind without considering the consequences. Needless to say, this lands him in trouble with some regularity and is likely the reason he has yet to marry. Romey's mother and father, children of freed black servants from Boston, moved to Minnesota's early black settlements in late 1840s. They stressed the importance of education and striving to improve oneself. As a by-product of this philosophy, James can converse in several foreign languages, including Latin, Mandarin, Spanish and Tonkawa. After the war, Romey went south to help educate children. He made his way to Texas and ultimately to The Flat, hearing of the growing African-American community there.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d4, Investigation d6, Knowledge (The Bible) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (Grammar) d4, Knowledge (History) d6, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Notice d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Plain men's suit, men's shoes, string tie, straw hat, pocket watch, handkerchief, haversack (books, pencils, paper, pocketknife, bag of raisins, Colt Improved Pocket Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 5 bullets



Grandma Martha "Mahalia" Dedmon

The AME Church just wouldn't be the same without Martha Dedmon. She is a natural matriarch with a knack for getting people to fall into line. Most folks don't know her given name; she insists on being called Grandma, even by her peers. Although the Reverend and some others call her Mahalia when the children aren't around.

Grandma is sweet as pie to all children, but she doesn't let adults get away with anything. Folks that miss services, don't tithe, or stray in any way will hear about it from Grandma. She disdains any discussion of her past (especially her age), although it's known that she was a house slave in Georgia until the end of the War when she moved to Clear Creek and eventually The Flat. Among her many joys are coordinating the church choir and teaching Sunday school.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d4, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (The Bible) d8, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d4, Knowledge (Visual Arts) d4, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: None

Edges: Charismatic, Command

Gear: Plain women's dress, women's shoes, fancy hat, purse (handkerchief, tin of chocolate, comb, mirror, Remington Double Derringer (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 2 bullets)

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Book Burnin'

Some low-down bigots decide to raid the school one fateful afternoon. This would likely occur after a disagreement with Romey, who seems to have a knack for landing himself and his church in a pickle by saying the wrong thing to the wrong person.

The varmints chase out the children (perhaps while inflicting physical harm), beat up Romey (or shoot him, or take him prisoner) and commandeer the church. Then, these bad men decide to start a bonfire in the front yard, burning all the children's books and takin' out anyone who tries to stop them. It's possible that this scenario escalates to include destruction of the church itself.

If true heroes they be, the player characters should need little convincing to come to the rescue.

Forks in the Road:

1. The player cowpokes get wind of this plot before it happens (overheard in a bar, approached to participate, just plain observing some nefarious rogues). They could lay an ambush for the outlaws at the church or otherwise attempt to intervene before anyone can get hurt.
2. Mangy Mansfield (see Picket Jail) gets mixed up with the bigots, making this a real mess. Perhaps he tries to find a way to justify the raid, or the characters must testify against him at a trial, or maybe he gets shot by one of the heroes during the action, which would require some explaining to the Sheriff.
3. Iffin' the players are more anti-heroes than heroes, the Judge may try to recruit one or more of them for this dastardly deed. The resulting scenario could be one in which the player cowpokes are fightin' off the Law and local citizenry who have come to save the church and the children.

A Miracle

Caretaker gets a bad batch of cleaning solution and when he uses it on the outer eastern side of the church a large oily residue remains—which looks, in the eyes of quite a few folks, like an image of the Virgin Mary.

The townsfolk are all twitterpated about the image. People come to view it, especially the Mexican Catholic community, and the Reverend and the congregation realize they'll have to take special precautions to handle the number of people coming to see the image. In fact, word spreads to the Fort and neighboring towns and it becomes quite a spectacle. Some of the church members (e.g., Romey) think the church should charge admission to fill the coffers. Others disagree, either because they don't really perceive this as a miracle or because they don't like the idea of capitalizing on what might be a sign from God. This difference of opinion extends to the townies in general, as Protestant views and Catholic views tend to collide on the subject. Perhaps shouting matches and even fisticuffs arise from the disagreements.

The heroes could be hired by the church to stand guard and make sure no one tries to deface the image, or to provide security for any money-making attempts or to defend the church against outside influences trying to capitalize on the event (including people who think this image should belong to the town or other authority and confiscated from the black church). Or, the heroes could be deputized or otherwise hired by the local law to keep order in town when many visitors and feuding townspeople threaten stability (the more people in town, the more likely trouble starts somewhere).

Truly, there are many scenarios that could develop. Perhaps hawkers set up nearby to sell foodstuffs, holy relics, or whatnot to the visitors (Ned Carter could be one of them, see "Tying it All Together"). Some are rather seedy and Middleton would like to see them leave.

Or maybe someone whitewashes the image in the middle of the night. Who did it? Someone tired of the constant traffic? A local atheist? A rival preacher? Caretaker himself (a no-nonsense Methodist who just doesn't see it as a miracle)? The characters are either hired to find out or, liking a good mystery, decide to figure out what transpired.

Desecration

Right in the middle of the Reverend's Sunday morning sermon, a band of low down reprobates barge into the church with guns drawn. A few come through the double doors and a few more smash the glass windows, leveling their rifles at members of the congregation. They demand all the cash in the church coffers and shake down all the churchgoers.

If any of the heroes happen to be present, they may

decide to try to stop the thieves. Or perhaps they're nearby and hear the ruckus—perhaps even hearing gunshots fired by the outlaws, Caretaker (shooting the church's Colt Rifle), or even another parishioner. Or maybe they arrive too late to stop the robbery, but not too late to see the outlaws riding off—and then the chase is on. One way or another, the Judge should make sure the heroes have a chance to thwart the robbery or track down the thieves.

Vengeance or Forgiveness (or Old Testament vs. New Testament)

Most folks don't realize that there were quite a few free black slaveholders in the South. But the African-American folks in The Flat darn sure haven't forgotten. In this scenario, a former black slaveholder, Edward H. Hobbs, comes to town—an event that stirs up emotions and memories. His reasons for visiting The Flat could include a business venture (selling goods or looking for investment opportunities), starting over on the frontier after losing his business to carpetbaggers, or just passing through on his way to Arizona.

Hobbs could participate in services at the Church, try to arrange a meeting with Middleton or Romey to establish business contacts or even ask for help from the congregation iffin' he's down on his luck. Regardless of what the Judge decides, someone from the Church recognizes him for who he was, either during some event at the Church or by chance in the street or one of the other establishments. How will the community respond?

Forks in the Road:

1. James Romey or one of his friends recognizes Hobbs and the teacher decides to take matters into his own hands. So the fiery Romey hires the heroes to eject the former slaveholder from town—or kill him. Romey doesn't tell Middleton or any of the other Church leaders. In fact, he makes sure the player cowpokes know that this job is strictly hush-hush.
2. As it happens, Hobbs happens to know where some of Caretaker's family went after the War. He knows because he owned them. Caretaker recognizes Hobbs and decides to pursue the matter quietly and civil-like, by seeking out the man and asking him for any information he might have. But the former slaveholder ain't talkin'. So the handyman hires the heroes to help him learn whatever they can. He tells them he doesn't want violence, but he hopes they can "persuade" the man to reveal information about his family. Caretaker can't pay much, but just enough to interest the heroes.
3. Hobbs recognizes some of his former slaves as soon as he gets to town, so he hires the heroes to protect him while he completes his business in The Flat. He pays well and tells them he doesn't really want to hurt

FRONTIER TOWNS: FORT GRIFFIN

anyone if it can be avoided. Alternatively, some of the former slaves recognize Hobbs first and confront him, telling him he's not welcome in town and giving him one day to get out. He has no intention of leaving before he's done his business, so he hires the heroes to guard him until he's ready to skedaddle. In either case, he's truly not interested in stirring up trouble or involving the law; he simply wants to stay safe during his stay in town.

4. In addition to being a former slave owner, Hobbs has a knack for running afoul of the law. His real reason for coming to The Flat was to lie low for a spell, but one of his former associates shows up, threatening to expose him. The two men start a loud argument in a local saloon when the heroes are present (most conveniently when there aren't many other folks around). Hobbs' associate threatens to draw and fire, but Hobbs beats him to it. He claims self-defense when the local law arrives—and says the heroes are witnesses.

Regardless of whether the player cowpokes back up Hobbs' story, the lawmen arrest the former slave owner. A trial is soon ordered and the heroes are summoned to testify. Meanwhile, a few members of the congregation recognize Hobbs and the flock becomes split—some folks happy to see the former slave owner getting his just desserts, others (perhaps Romey) seeing the whole affair as just another way to keep a successful black man down. The heroes have folks from both sides bending their ears and pressuring them to testify one way or the other. This fork could provide a variety of interesting roleplaying opportunities and could end up in anything from a jailbreak to long-standing animosity against the heroes from some of the congregation.



DOC CULVER'S

Doesn't matter what ails you—from a piece of lead that needs extractin' to a broken limb or a lungful of somethin' ominous, Doc Culver can ease your pain and put you on the mend.

Painted in a pleasing yellow with white shutters and trim, this two-story building serves Doc Culver both as home and medical office. Doc's lovely assistant, Annette Fisher, lives here as well. While Culver will pay a house call when someone is bed-ridden or otherwise unable to visit his office he prefers to do his doctorin' here.

The Doc hired an architect from Austin to design and build this residence in 1873. He also employed a number of local laborers to help construct the place, a fact that helped Culver to establish good relations with the folks in The Flat

(despite his Yankee heritage). Moreover, Doc insisted that they take their time, using proper tools and supplies to do things right. Lumber was imported from Colorado when the scrub trees native to the region proved less than ideal. And Doc let the workers keep some of the tools he purchased for them, even while paying a decent wage. To this day he continues to employ local folks to keep the place in decent repair. Thus, this home is held in high regard in town even though it isn't the largest or most opulent.



BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch/Front Yard

The front yard welcomes visitors with a wide, brick path meandering between two fruit and vegetable patches and up to the front porch.

The porch wraps around the south side of the house, running alongside the Parlor and the Examination Room. Four well-crafted rocking chairs, painted yellow, occupy the porch. Several potted plants dot the porch railing and hang from the wooden roof. Visitors are sure to see a few felines sleeping or skulking around the porch.

Mounted next to the front door is a small bell with a rope ringer in case folks need to rouse the doctor during the nighttime hours. Otherwise, the front door remains unlocked most of the time (see the Parlor). Three four-paned glass windows are set in the wall to the north of the door. All the windows in the house have shutters.

2) Parlor

Annette greets patients and guests in this homey parlor—which serves as both a waiting room and the primary gathering place for social visits—with equal aplomb and charm. As with the other rooms in the house, a cat or two can usually be found lounging somewhere in here.

The wooden-reinforced front door has both a quality lock and a sliding bolt. During the day (that is, after Annette finishes breakfast and until just before sundown) Doc and Annette leave the door unlocked so visitors can let themselves in. Most days Annette sits here doing paperwork for the Doc or drawing sketches; however, if things are quiet and the weather's right (20%), she will sit out on the porch to do her sketches. That being the case, there's a 20% chance the Doc will join her.

An attractive, cherry-stained flattop desk, with matching wooden armchair (complete with frilly seat-cushion) faces the front door. Two wooden chairs are arranged along the south wall between Annette's desk and the front door. The



Second Floor

1 Square=5 Feet

desk has only a slim top drawer, with pens, pencils, scissors and ink. While Annette may have the account ledger or some patient files on the desktop when working here, they are usually stored in the hutch in the Examination Room. A kerosene lamp and a vase of fresh flowers rest on top of the desk.

A plush, upholstered sofa (long enough for three people) is pushed against the north wall between the door and the front window, with a low coffee table in front of it. There are a few newspapers on the table, along with some books on gardening. The wall spaces have framed charcoal sketches and watercolor paintings (mostly of locales in town or nearby landscapes, though there are a few of cats) as well as several photographs of various manufacture and a kerosene lamp on each wall.

Both interior exits lead into the downstairs hallway. Both doors possess quality locks, secured only at night. The east door opens just across from the Examination Room—Annette ushers patients through when the Doc is ready. It is usually left open a crack (for the cats, of course). The other door opens into the hall near the entryway to the Dining Room and is usually kept closed.

3) Downstairs Hall

This plain hallway connects the rooms on the lower level and contains the stairs leading to the second floor. The hallway has an 8' wide entryway into the Dining Room, a 4' wide opening into the Kitchen, two doors into the Parlor and one door into the Examination Room. Kerosene lamps are evenly spaced along the hall, about every ten feet (and alternating sides). Several pieces of art (like those in the Parlor) and other carefully placed knick-knacks adorn the walls, without the appearance of clutter. Under the windows at each dead-end is a small table with green covers. The table at the west end holds a daguerreotype of a young, dark-haired woman, a candle and a flower in a vase, while the other table has a 50% chance of being occupied by a cat.

4) Examination Room

It probably goes without saying: this is where Doc does most of his doctorin'. But it is also where he stores all of his supplies, including all patient records.

A sturdy, iron examination table with a thickly padded top rests near the middle of the room, a few feet from the west wall. A sizable medicine cabinet shares the west wall with the hallway door. The cabinet consists of a glass-doored upper shelf section sitting on a four-drawer base. A variety of medicine bottles, jars of essential oils and powders line the shelves behind the glass. General supplies such as towels, gauze, extra soap, rubbing alcohol and leather straps are stored in the upper two drawers, while larger tools such as saws, pliers, and chamber pots are stored in

TIMING SCHMIMING, PART 3

The story told herein about Doc and Annette can become more than a little tangled iffin' a Judge decides to change the time period for this here Frontier Towns setting, assuming the War still happened as we now know it.

For the third and final time, the Dog House Gang will simply shrug its collective shoulders and say what's a few years between friends?

the lower drawers. There is a quality lock on the glass doors. Several hooks for holding clothes are set in the wall between the cabinet and the door.

A hexagonal wooden table sits along the north wall, with a washbasin, a water jug (which Annette refills regularly), a cake of soap in a small dish, and several hand towels. A wicker basket for storing used towels and such rests under the table. Next to the table stands a tall hutch with a number of medical journals and other tomes, as well as mundane items including a clock, some small carvings and other bric-a-brac. The bottom half has two doors which open to reveal a set of files and ledgers on one side and a small steel safe on the other. The doors have a quality lock, as does the safe, which contains some of the Doc's stronger narcotic medicines.

A low, wrought-iron table on wheels usually sits under the porch-side window, but Doc rolls it around the room as needed. It contains a variety of medical instruments that the Doc uses regularly.

In the far corner sits Doc's desk, along with three chairs (one behind, two in front—all with armrests). Rather plain, the desk has just two side drawers. The top drawer holds one of the Doc's S&W Schofields (perhaps both, as he often takes his hogleg off and stores it here when doctorin'). The bottom drawer has extra paper, pens, pencils, rulers, and so forth. Cluttering the top of the desk are various pens, pencils, ink, paperwork, and a kerosene lamp.

The interior door to this room is reinforced wood with a quality lock. The outer door is metal-reinforced with a security lock. With the various medicines, instruments and patient records stored in here, Doc and Annette make sure this room is secured anytime they aren't doing business, including when they're just relaxin' on the porch.

5) Dining Room

Well-furnished and used regularly, this room gives the visitor an indication of Culver's true wealth. He entertains some of the more well-to-do families in town, as well as

CULVER'S PASTURE

Ira Culver served as the family physician for the Matthews family, one of the largest ranchers in the area. Doc owned a number of acres where "he and his associates" raised sheep. This land (later known as Culver's Pasture) was purchased in 1885 by the Matthews family and incorporated into their ranch known as Lambshead (after another parcel of land previously owned by an Englishman named Thomas Lambshead).

While we can't be certain of Ira J. Culver's history before reaching Texas, it's likely he hailed from Ohio or somewhere in New England. Most sheepmen in Texas at this time period raised "wool" sheep rather than "mutton" sheep, driven by the demand for wool by the New England factories. And, since many of the original pre-War settlers of the area came from those parts (including Thomas Lambshead), it seems a good bet that Culver did, too.

regular folks like the Sheriff, Lottie Deno and Reverend Middleton.

A sizable mahogany table and six chairs dominate the center of the room. Two extra chairs rest under the west wall window. The large hutch between the north wall windows contains an impressive display of blue-patterned ceramic dishes, as well as numerous glasses of differing hues, shapes and sizes. An extensive silverware set resides inside the hutch drawers, including a butter dish, gravy boat, two large serving platters and utensils. Double swinging-doors provide easy access to the kitchen, with two small tables sitting in the corners to hold platters of food before serving.

Two narrow, waist-high mahogany tables line the entryway wall. Several vases, decanters, drinking glasses, and small sculptures are displayed here, some of them from Europe and the Orient. The decanters hold a variety of fine liquors, from Cognac to Russian Vodka and Kentucky Bourbon. Kerosene lamps and candle sconces are mounted on the walls.

6) Kitchen

The well-stocked kitchen can be entered either through the swinging doors from the dining room or by the entryway from the hall. A large counter sits in the center of room where all food preparation is performed—most often by Annette but occasionally by the Doc. A potbellied stove

occupies the northeast corner while a small wood-fired oven is nestled in the southeast corner.

Built into the northwest corner is a wooden counter with a ceramic kitchen sink. An indoor pump feeds the faucet, while copper plumbing allows the sink to drain through the outer wall. The counter has a door leading to a storage space stocked with soap, towels and rags. Attached to the wall above the sink is a small shelf that has a cake of soap, a scrub brush and a small vase with fresh flowers.

A large pantry stocked with a variety of supplies (including canned preserves, sacks of grain and sugar, salted meats, fresh cuts of meat, coffee, teas, and fresh fruits and vegetables) takes up most of the southern wall. The pantry also holds a variety of kitchen tools from pots and pans to utensils and towels, cleaning buckets, soap, detergents and scrub brushes. All the items are neatly organized—that is, the cans are all in one section, jars in another, cleaning supplies on the bottom shelf, etc.

7) Upstairs Hall

The stairs lead to a straight hallway dividing the second floor into two sides. Decorated much the same as the downstairs hall, it provides access to four of the five upstairs rooms.

8) Doc's Bedroom

This sizable room doesn't have many furnishings, but they are all of top-notch quality. A large, four-posted, canopied oak bed dominates the eastern portion of the room. It is covered with buffalo robes and down-filled pillows. A matching table sits in the southeast corner, with a kerosene lamp, Doc's latest book and a pair of reading glasses. A footlocker sits at the foot of bed, containing extra bed sheets and pillowcases.

A large oak wardrobe stands against the north wall. It contains two average suits and shirts and two high quality suits and shirts, as well as several regular trousers, well-worn shirts and vests. A Stetson beaver hat and two cowboy hats hang on the left inside wall, while two pairs of shoes and two pairs of cowboy boots sit on the wardrobe floor.

A low bureau is angled in the southwest corner. It contains undergarments and socks, as well as kerchiefs and personal items such as a hair brush, cologne, mirror and shaving gear. A washbasin, water jug, soap and towels sit on top of the bureau.

The normal door into the bedroom has an average lock, which Doc almost never locks. The normal interior door leading into the study has no lock at all.

9) Doc's Study

Doc Culver spends a lot of his leisure time in his study. If he's not working in the Examination Room, or sitting on the porch with Annette, he's right likely to be settled into his

oversized leather sitting chair near the window with a good book, a fine cigar and a glass of cognac or sipping whiskey.

Two oak bookshelves face each other from the east and west walls. They hold about 100 books on a variety of subjects—including novels, textbooks and philosophical treatises. Interspersed with the books are a variety of small sculptures, carved bookends, small wooden boxes and old medical instruments. A small steel safe (security lock) sits on the lowest eastern shelf. The Doc keeps about \$1000 in paper and coins in here for emergencies, as well as a diamond and gold ring, a gold locket (containing two photos, one of an obviously younger Doc, the other of a blond-haired woman) and an opal necklace and deeds to both the house and some pasturage a few miles outside of town.

Along the north wall is a small daybed (rarely used), underneath a 2-foot by 3-foot colored pencil drawing of a blond-haired woman. Close examination of the picture will reveal that she is wearing a gold locket. Just inside the door is a small writing desk. Piles of paper with the Doc's rambling notes clutter the surface, with a few pencils, a pair of reading glasses and a small pocketknife. A Persian rug takes up the center of the room.

10) Bath Room

This room has one entrance—a normal door with a sliding bolt on the inside. It contains only a few furnishings: a large brass bathtub; a table with a large wash basin, water jug, soap and hand towels; a clothing rack with several pegs nailed to the wall; and three small landscape paintings. A potbellied stove rests in the southwest corner for heating bath water. Two large floor vases usually have fresh flowers or cattails.

11) Annette's Bedroom

Slightly larger than Doc's bedroom and equally well furnished, Annette's bedroom is all frills and sweet scents. A canopy bed is angled in the northeast corner, with a light blue fabric cascading over the entire length of the frame. A whitewashed bench with two small pillows on each end sits at the foot of the bed. Next to the bed, under the east window, is an end table with a kerosene lamp. The windows have shutters like the rest of the house, but these also have light blue sheer fabric draperies, usually tied back.

On the west side of the room two blue wooden chairs flank a small table covered by the same blue fabric used for the draperies, with a small vase of dried flowers on top. Between the windows on the north wall is a small bookcase holding a variety of personal affects including art textbooks, sketchbooks and art supplies.

A whitewashed wardrobe stands in the southeast corner. A robe and several nice dresses, wraps, and bustles hang inside, while three pairs of women's shoes and two



pairs of women's boots rest on the floor. Three drawers on the right side contain undergarments. One of the drawers contains a small strongbox (average lock) with \$550 in coins and paper, and two gold necklaces, as well as a packet of letters from her mother in Austin.

Finally, a small vanity table and stool rests next to the wardrobe, in front of a long, mounted mirror. A modest variety of perfumes and make-up supplies are on top of the vanity.

The normal door has an average lock, which Annette secures before going to sleep.

12) Guest Room

This room does double duty as an infirmary when needed. As such it is sparsely furnished, but still capable of putting up a guest in relative comfort. A double bed is pushed up against the east wall next to an end table topped with a small kerosene lamp. A bureau rests between the two windows (with a washbasin, water jug and a second, larger kerosene lamp on top); a standing coat rack rests near the doorway, against the south wall while a wooden chair takes up the southwest corner. The normal door has an average lock that remains unlocked when the room is unoccupied.

PERSONALITIES

Just good ol' Doc Culver and Annette Fisher—oh yeah, and a veritable pride of cats—are detailed in this section.



Ira J. "Doc" Culver

Doc Culver cares about his patients, often going above and beyond the call of duty to help them. Because many of the bilingual doctor's patients just can't pay in cash he tends to take payment in the time-honored tradition of goods in kind. Fortunately, old Doc is quite prosperous; although, because he's quite secretive about

his past and personal matters, most folks don't know the true extent of his wealth. His father, an English immigrant, owned a shipping business in New England, which Ira inherited and sold for a tidy sum a year before the War. Aside from his relatively luxurious home and nearby sheep pasture he doesn't display his wealth—although he does have a significant account at F.B. York's Bank.

It was while attending Dartmouth College that Doc met and fell in love with a blond-haired beauty, his late wife Jessamine. The couple was married a year before Doc graduated with a degree in theology. Shortly after graduation the couple moved to eastern Ohio, where Culver became a partner in a sheep-herding business. For two years Doc's

life was one of blissful happiness. Then, while

Doc was in Kentucky on a business trip, tragedy struck. A cholera epidemic back home took the life of Jessamine and their unborn child. Beside himself with grief Ira sold his share of the business and spent the next three years (and a lot of money) staying perpetually drunk. But he finally found the strength to move on, returned to New Hampshire and enrolled in Dartmouth Medical School, dedicating himself completely to his studies. Graduating a few years before the War, Culver served as a doctor in the Union Army and headed for Texas afterwards.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Healing d10, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (Life Science) d10+2, Knowledge (Pharmaceuticals) d8, Knowledge (Theology) d8+2, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Elderly

Edges: Charismatic, Scholar

Gear: Plain men's suit, average quality shirt, cowboy boots, Stetson hat, pocket watch with gold chain, doctor's kit, holster, S&W Schofield (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, pocketknife



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2005

Annette Fisher

With those flashing blue-green eyes and that round, freckled face with the turned-up nose, Annette Fisher could have any man she chooses, but so far she hasn't done any choosing. And although her pleasant disposition and angelic smile could turn a mean man to acts of charity, her most prized attribute is a silky smooth voice that can calm anyone, no matter what level their anger, pain or distress. It helps her to fend off or charm the men who are attracted by her good looks but might otherwise be intimidated by her superior intellect. And it's a positive boon when dealing with Doc's patients.

Annette has lived and worked for Doc Culver almost as long as he's been in The Flat. She met him through an acquaintance in Austin, before Culver settled in The Flat. Many folks think they have more than an employer/employee relationship—and they're right, but for the wrong reasons. Like the Doc, Annette speaks Spanish and studied Latin.

For his part, Doc treats Annette like the daughter he never had, and, while most days she enjoys that role, lately Annette has found herself becoming conflicted in her emotions towards Doc.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

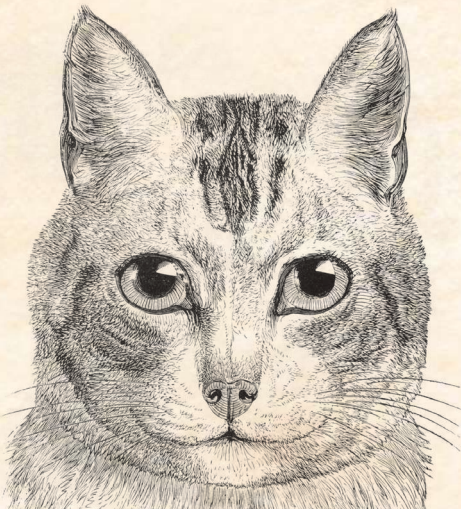
Skills: Guts d6, Healing d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Art) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Knowledge (History); d6, Knowledge (Theology) d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive

Gear: Silk dress, women's shoes, gloves, gold necklace, feathered hat, parasol, haversack (books, paper, pencil, charcoal, pouch w/assorted coins (\$20), comb, mirror)



Culver's Cats

A number of cats live in and around the house. Doc Culver seems incapable of turning away a stray and thus the number of cats threatens to overwhelm the house someday. Annette swears she has no idea just how many felines actually share their abode, even though she is usually the person who feeds them.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 3; **Tough:** 3

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Arcane Powers: None

Special Abilities: Acrobat, Bite/Claw (Damage Str), Low Light Vision, Size -2, Small

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The Outlaws

Several townspeople notice a dozen or more domesticated cats roaming about the homes and businesses between Fourth and Fifth streets, meowin' and gettin' underfoot. Folks quickly deduce that these are Doc and Annette's cats. "Now why do you suppose that is?" they wonder aloud.

If someone (preferably one of the heroes, but it could be a townie to get things started) goes to investigate they see that all the drapes are pulled and the shutters closed—darned peculiar. Doc answers the door (usually it's Annette) but won't let anybody inside. If that ain't odd enough, Doc acts a might tetchy, giving vague answers to any inquiries.

As it happens, some bad hombres have taken over Doc's residence. They forced their way in during the still of the night, after pleading for emergency medical help. Truth is, one of the bad men was hurt something awful and he really needed care. But these outlaws wanted to avoid drawing the attention of the local lawmen and thus the clandestine approach. Now, while Doc tends to the wounded man, some of the outlaws are holding Annette hostage upstairs.

Forks in the Road:

1. Doc and Annette are in no danger of harm; while the men forced their way in, they don't intend to hurt either of the residents, planning to release Annette soon after they clear out. They have even paid Doc for his services and are holding Annette merely for insurance. Nevertheless, it's a terrifying experience for both Doc and Annette. If nothing happens to upset the outlaws' plans they will leave in two nights, when the wounded man is able to travel. Otherwise they'll use Annette as a hostage to ensure their escape, taking her as far from The Flat as possible before deciding what to do next.

2. Doc and Annette are indeed in grave danger; these men couldn't be trusted to feed their own ailing mothers a bowl of oatmeal. The men have threatened to have their way with Annette if ol' Ira doesn't cooperate, and they have roughed him up a little already to show they mean business. The outlaws plan to kill the Doc as soon as their wounded friend is assured of recovery—and Annette's fate is likely unspeakable—unless the heroes intervene before the second night.

Quarantine

A nasty plague sweeps through town. The Doc needs help to administer treatments so he asks the heroes to lend a hand with his rounds, or to help the local law to enforce the quarantine. Or the Doc insists that the player characters stay put in their hotel room/boarding room, even though they have other pressing business (again, with the possibility of the law becoming involved to enforce their temporary confinement). Of course, at the Judge's discretion, one or more of the heroes could come down with the plague, necessitating a stay in town and some participation in the work at hand.

Poisoning

An important townie—such as the Sheriff, Frank Conrad or any number of folks from this volume—is poisoned. Who dunnit? The Doc has the patient under his care and on the road to recovery, but he asks the heroes to help him figure out who did the rotten deed. Their investigation is sure to ruffle some feathers, and perhaps put them in mortal danger.

Forks in the Road:

1. An outlaw with an old grudge has arrived in town and managed to poison the victim's food at one of the local saloons or restaurants. Several people testify that they saw the victim eating dinner in the establishment the night before falling sick. Two different newcomers are identified as being in the same eatery, while the other townies all have alibis. Thus, the heroes have to figure out which visitor did it. Trouble is, both of the suspects are bad men with plausible ties to the victim—and neither of them takes kindly to the heroes' investigation. The one who dunnit will stop at nothing to get away or otherwise squelch the inquiry; the one who didn't will take great offense to any snooping, vowing revenge for any accusation or even shooting first and asking questions later.
2. Perhaps this isn't the first time someone has been poisoned. During the heroes' investigation they learn from various townspeople, as well as Doc, that quite a few people have suddenly fallen sick with similar symptoms.

This could link to the local druggist, as he is a logical source for the poison. Perhaps he is involved, or perhaps he only sold the goods to someone else in town. Or perhaps the poison went missing or it was given to George Jones as payment. Either of these trails leads to someone that bought the poison from either Jet Keenan or George Jones. It could be another townie, or an outsider who has recently taken up residence. The Judge should determine where to take this scenario, but possible suspects could include Louis Woolform, James Romey or Billy Thompson.

The Truth about Doc and Annette

The truth is that Annette is Doc's illegitimate daughter. During one of Doc's "whiskey benders," he had an affair with a woman in Lexington, Kentucky that resulted in the birth of Annette. Of course, Doc didn't know it at the time; by the time that he did hear of it the woman had passed away and Annette was near grown and living on her own. Doc hasn't told Annette the truth, and she doesn't have a clue.

Think of all the love triangles this could engender:

Someone comes a-courtin' but she turns 'em away, 'cause she thinks Doc will come around and ask her to marry him. Or she takes an interest, but Doc doesn't like the gent and she can't understand why he can't "let her live her own life. Who does he think he is, her father?"

The Judge shouldn't have much trouble involving the heroes. Perhaps one of them takes interest in Annette, or she takes a shine to one of them. Doc becomes quite protective either way. Or, the Doc hires the heroes to keep an eye on (or chase away) someone courtin' Annette. Or the heroes find Annette crying in Shannsey's saloon one night, unable to cope with her feelings about Doc and her beau. When one of the male heroes comforts her, one thing leads to another. Or . . . well, we reckon you get the gist, pardner.



F.B. YORK'S BANK

Stuffing your mattress with fresh hay or goose down (if you can get it) is a good idea. But if you want to keep your paper money, family heirlooms and double-eagles safe from thieves and the Texas elements, make a deposit at F.B. York's Bank.

The entrepreneur Frank B. York had a keen eye for the potential of Fort Griffin. At about the same time he and partner Charley Meyers built their Outfitters store, York set his sights on opening a bank. Witnessing the increasing pace of commerce, York realized that the growing town needed a place where the regular folks could store their savings, other entrepreneurs could secure a loan and local

merchants could transfer their profits for safekeeping, or hire help to manage their accounts.

York immediately re-deployed the construction crew from the Outfitters and set them to the task of building his bank. Having learned something about the sometimes fierce elements on the Texas plains—and wanting his potential customers to feel completely safe about the



YOU CAN'T BANK ON IT

While there's evidence that the entrepreneur Frank B. York owned a bank in The Flat, not much is really known about the details, including whether it was built before or after York & Meyers Outfitters (see Timing Schmiming, Part 2 in that establishment's section). Banks in the Old West were sometimes nothing more than a marginally fortified building with a strong safe. They were often individually owned, poorly insured (if at all) and prone to robbery.

To make things interesting, the Dog House Gang has made this bank relatively strong and secure. Cowpokes with a hankerin' to rob a bank should find this a challenge worth a few gaming sessions, we reckon.

security of their hard-earned funds—York commissioned this stone exterior structure, complete with a slate roof. He insisted on a methodical process for fitting the quarried granite blocks, including building a stone vault within the stone walls. Nevertheless, York kept his eye on costs, and in an effort to save some expenses he instructed his architect to specify a height of 7' for the building's walls, thus reducing the amount of stone needed for the entire project.

Between the short, squat architectural construction plan and its location on Fourth Street between the two-story Planters Hotel and a large dry goods warehouse, F.B. York's Bank looks more like a wide, above-ground bunker (or armory) than a place of business. Nonetheless, the townsfolk and merchants seem rather comforted by that appearance, happily depositing their valuables inside the mottled gray bunker, er, bank. The fact that the bank has never been successfully robbed (not that there haven't been attempts, mind you) reinforces the confidence in the bank's ability to protect the citizenry's assets.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

The bank's long strip of a front porch faces Fourth Street. Unlike the rest of the building the porch, and the roof above it, are made of wood. Rarely is anyone found loitering out here: the lack of furniture of any kind and the low roof makes it a less than hospitable place for hanging around. An unobtrusive and simply engraved wooden sign rests on top of the roof, reading "F.B. York's Bank."

Two 4'-wide window openings flank the heavily secured front door. Each opening has four bars, spaced a little less than 10" apart (and the same distance from the window frame itself, which, like the rest of the building, is solid stone). The bars extend two feet into the stone both above and below the opening, making them quite resistant to any attempts to pull them from their settings. The metal-reinforced door opens into the bank. In addition to the security lock, there is a bar on the inside of the door. During the daylight business hours, the door is left unlocked and is often propped open with a lead paperweight.

2) Bank Lobby

Entry from the porch takes customers directly into the Lobby. Unless a private meeting is being held with the bank officers, or a customer is depositing or retrieving valuables from the vault, all business is conducted right here.

Directly across from the front door are two tellers, seated behind a fixed, iron gate stretching almost 15 feet from the vault-side wall (#5) to the internal door near the opposite wall. The gate rests on top of a half-height wooden wall and extends all the way to the ceiling. In fact, all of the internal walls and floors (except for the vault) are made of wood. The door leading past the gate is equipped with a security grade mechanism and opens into the lobby. It is always locked.

Next to the internal door is one of the two hardback chairs in the lobby. Most of the time, an armed guard (one of two who alternate on two-hour shifts) is leaning against this chair, or propping himself up with one knee or boot on the seat. The guard isn't allowed to sit down and doesn't have a key to the internal door. Infrequently, the guard will be elsewhere in the room (near the window, or leaning against the vault-side wall talking to a teller). When anyone enters, the guard will take stock of the visitor. If it's someone he knows, he'll usually relax; otherwise, he'll remain alert. The other chair is placed cater-cornered from the guard's chair, near the front window opening.

Against the left-hand wall is a small thin table that customers can use to make notes, prepare deposit slips, or whatever. In the corner next to the table sits a potbellied stove for burning firewood during the fall and winter months.

3) Teller Area

The two tellers sit here, performing transactions for customers. The bars that form the iron gate separating them from the lobby are spaced about 6" apart, large enough to let objects as large as a strongbox (turned sideways) pass through. The tellers sit on tall straight-back wooden chairs.

A shelf beneath the gate holds a strongbox for each teller; used to temporarily hold deposits by customers, or to

disperse small amounts of funds as needed. Once the drawer amasses more than \$100, the teller will leave his seat and take the excess to one of the clerks for placement in the vault. If a customer requires a large withdrawal, the teller will leave his seat to confer with a clerk and then secure the funds from the vault. The tellers also have slips of paper, pen and ink, a small lantern, and a stamp to record and validate transactions. For exceptionally large withdrawals or deposits, the clerk will fetch one of the bank's officers to oversee the transaction.

Other bank workers occasionally move back and forth behind the tellers, in the open area. The guard not on duty in the lobby is usually resting on the chair outside the President's office (#8). Neither of the tellers holds a key to the internal door, but the guard here has the key—when the guards change shifts they pass the key to each other.

4) Clerk Desks

In addition to the tellers, there are usually two bank clerks working at the roll-top desks against the side wall, in front of the vault (#5).

The roll-top desks hold a variety of office supplies in their cubby holes, from paper, ink and stamps to candles, matches, note holders, paperweights and envelopes. Small stacks of recent letters and transaction slips are usually on

the desktops during the day, or stored in the top drawers at night. Aside from these ledgers and other records, there is nothing in the drawers.

One desk also has a typewriter—which is fairly new—and an oil lantern.

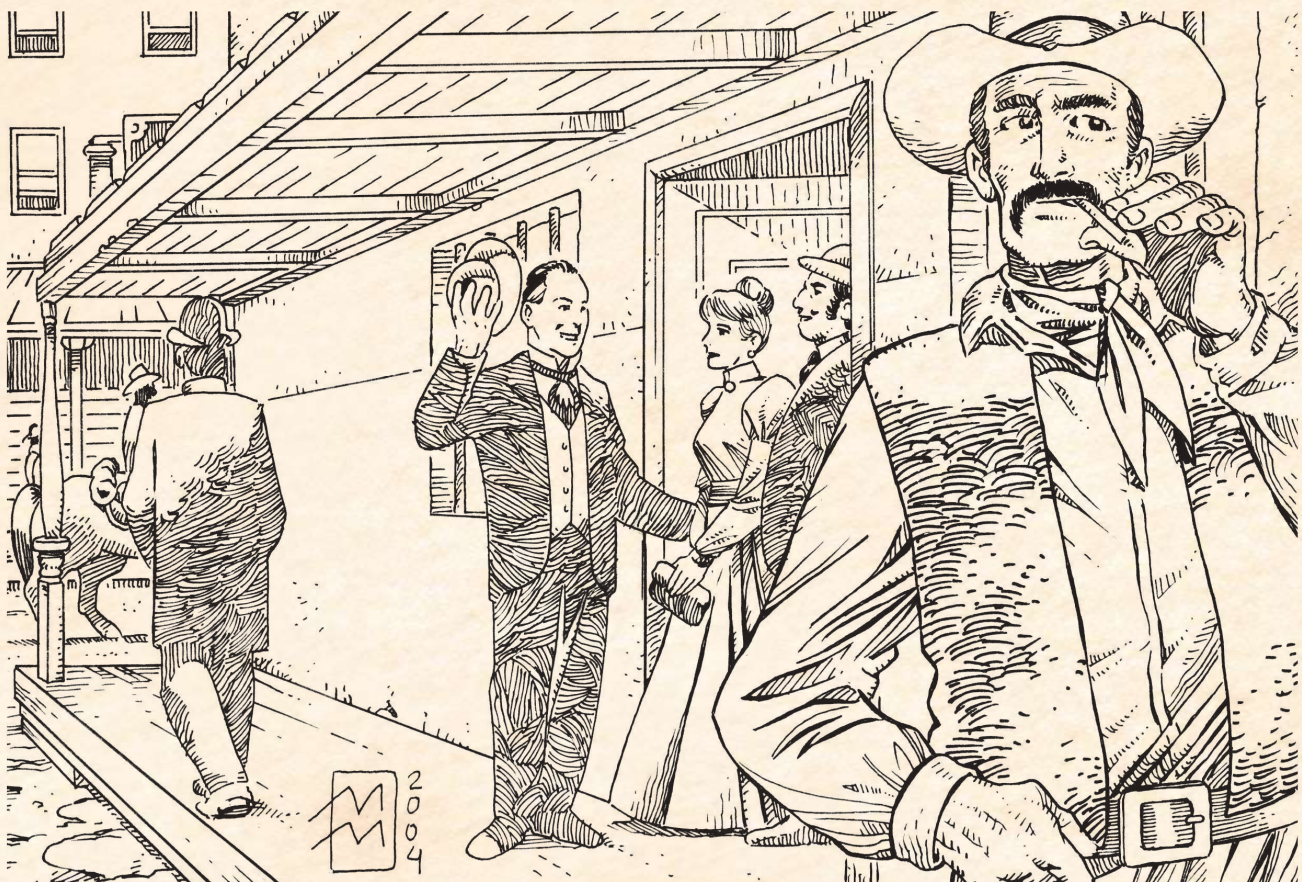
As noted in #3, the clerks work with the tellers, helping to log and verify significant transactions or to deposit funds into, or retrieve funds from, the vault.

Situated near the clerks' area is a small fireplace. The clerks or the guard tend a fire only during the coldest months of the year. A small fireplace set (poker, brush and shovel) rests on the small stone hearth.

5) Vault

The highlight of the bank is the vault, built entirely from stone including the floor and the ceiling (except for the metal door, which is equivalent to a large safe). The vault walls are separate from the exterior walls, providing an extra layer of protection.

Inside the vault are several metal cabinets and wooden shelves. Two of the metal cabinets have individual drawers with locks (mostly average grade, although a few are quality or security grade—these being the most expensive to rent). For the most part, the monies and other valuables are simply stored on the shelves and in the unlocked cabinets.



The bank's vice-president insists that the clerks and tellers keep the vault contents cataloged and orderly, storing everything at least 2 feet above the floor whenever possible, to protect against flooding.

During the day, the vault door is left open in order to facilitate business transactions. In the event of an attempted robbery, the nearest clerk will try to close and secure the vault door, which is equipped with a tumbler combination lock (security grade).

Just outside the door is a small table for customers who are making deposits to, or retrieving items from, one of the cabinet drawers. The guard on duty behind the interior door always escorts any customers given access to this area.

6) Vice President's Office

The bank's Vice-President, J.F. Wiggins, spends most of his time in here. Only about 50% of the time does he actually work—reviewing the ledgers kept by the clerks, evaluating the risk on new investments and outstanding loans, or meeting with new and existing clients. About 25% of the time he can be found sleeping (and the clerks hate that). The remainder of the time, he walks around the clerk and teller area, checking up on them (he often claims that he needs fresh air because his office has no window), or makes some excuse to visit with the President, or cleans and dusts his office.

In fact, Wiggins takes great care to maintain a modest but immaculate office. The place is nearly spotless; he never leaves any paperwork on the surface of his flat-top desk when he's done working. His routine is to place in-progress items in the desk drawers, replace files and ledgers in the cabinets outside his office as soon as he is finished with them, and return borrowed items to the clerks working with them—interrupting whatever they are doing to make sure they handle the items. The only things that remain on the desk are a lantern, a fancy quill pen with holder, an ink well, a brass nameplate, and a daguerreotype of his family (now about 4 years old and taken before the birth of his youngest daughter).

His desk has three drawers (two on the right side and one shallow drawer over the chair opening). The shallow drawer has a few items: an extra pen quill and a bottle of ink, blank sheets of paper, a bank stamp like those used by the tellers, a special stamp with his mark, a ruler and a pair of scissors (all neatly arranged and none touching each other). The top side-drawer is empty, unless he has placed any in-progress items in there. The bottom drawer has his own personal ledgers (currently two), with his notes about clients.

Wiggins has a plain wooden chair with armrests. Two other plain chairs, without armrests, are carefully positioned in front of the desk, for visitors or employees. Wiggins always puts them back exactly where they were, should

anyone move them while visiting (the employees enjoy shifting them slightly and then listening to him mumble as he returns the chair to its proper spot).

7) File Cabinets Alcove

The clerks have stuffed two filing cabinets into this small alcove between the two offices. Older general ledgers and other regular documents are stored here for posterity. Anything of a truly sensitive or more valuable nature is stored in the vault.

8) President's Office

While many new and potential customers assume that F.B. York is the President, in fact, he is the owner and has hired a President to run the day-to-day operation. While York comes to town from time to time to check on his businesses, he depends on Arthur J. Hamilton to manage the bank's employees, loans and investments.

Hamilton is devoted to the bank. He arrives promptly at 9 a.m. six days per week, meeting the guards and opening the place for business. (The bank is open Monday – Saturday, with only morning hours on Saturday.) He constantly reviews the bank's books and has a genial relationship with all of the employees.

The President's office is much more cluttered than that of Wiggins (heck, an empty room is more cluttered than Wiggins' office). Stacks of ledgers, and Hamilton's personal scribbles, calculations and reminders, cover his flat-top desk (and the filing cabinet in the corner beside the desk). Often, the other employees have to come to him to find a file or ledger that they need for the day's work.

Behind Hamilton's desk is a padded chair; in front of the desk are two plain wooden chairs (with a third in the corner to the left of the door). A large oil-painting portrait of F.B. York hangs on the interior wall across from the file cabinet. A fireplace takes up part of the back wall of the bank—like the one in the clerks' area; it is used only in the coldest months. The room has one barred window, identical to those on the front wall of the bank.

Like the top of the desk, the three desk drawers are in a state of perpetual clutter. The shallow drawer over the chair opening is stuffed with aging scraps of paper and office supplies, from scissors, to quill pens and pencils, dried up ink bottles and paper fasteners—well, you name it. The two right side drawers contain old ledgers, crumpled yellowing files, balled-up pieces of paper and other miscellaneous items. In addition, the top drawer contains a loaded Sharps Pepperbox, but it is usually underneath papers and not readily accessible.

9) Rear Entry

The back wall of the bank has a back door which is always locked (security grade) and barred at night. During

the day, the door is unlocked, but still barred. All of the bank employees leave through the front door at the close of the business day, re-locking this back door and checking the bar (there aren't any guards here at night). If the bank is ever held up during business hours, one of the clerks or the guard will attempt to slip out the back door and fetch the law.

PERSONALITIES

Aside from the characters described in this section, there are several regular bank employees who are locals of no particular interest. The Judge may decide to flesh out a few extras for a particular adventure—otherwise, the personalities offered here should be plenty to bring the bank to life (well, as alive as a financial institution can be).

Arthur J. Hamilton

A widower, Hamilton has no family in The Flat. His wife died some years ago, of double-pneumonia, and his four children are all grown and scattered across the land, pursuing their own endeavors and raising their own families.

Portly, with thinning gray hair and moustache, Hamilton always bears a friendly countenance. He greets his clients with a wave or a handshake and maintains cordial relations with the townspeople in general. He goes about town unarmed, preferring to present an image of assurance which he believes will bolster confidence in the security of the bank (besides, he has always been a bit soft and clumsy). Arthur's employees like and respect him; he is also a regular churchgoer. He owns a small house in The Flat.

Educated at the University of Virginia, Hamilton has held several positions in banking and finance over the



years. He moved west with his family well before the war, avoiding service because of his relatively important positions with the firms he worked for. He was working for York in Kansas before accepting his promotion and relocating to Fort Griffin.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Investigation d8, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) d6, Knowledge (The Bible) d6, Knowledge (Business) d10, Knowledge (Civics) d6, Knowledge (Forgery) d4, Knowledge (History) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Elderly

Edges: Charismatic, Connection (F.B. York)

Gear: Plain suit, good quality shirt, bowler hat, men's shoes, gold pocket watch, string tie

J.F. Wiggins

Despite his foppish, clean-as-a-whistle appearance, J.F. Wiggins shouldn't be underestimated. Having kept fit all of his life, Wiggins knows how to defend himself with a firearm or his dukes, if necessary. Although he carries a pocket pistol, he would definitely prefer not to get dirty, feigning cowardice and looking for an opportunity to throw a sucker punch when seriously threatened.

Wiggins achieved his current position through skill with numbers, an acute deal-making ability and general business sense. During the War, he served as a quartermaster in the Missouri State Guard, managing to stay clear of any combat, even while receiving training with firearms. He married shortly after the war and moved his family to North Texas in the early 1870s. He and his wife Candice have three children (two girls, ages 3 & 8 and one boy, age 6). They live in a nice house on a spread just outside of The Flat—a place that is barely within their means.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Remington Pocket Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 8 bullets, pocketknife, fancy suit, fancy shirt, men's shoes, silver and onyx bolo tie

Jay Middleton

Jay has served as a guard at the bank for a little less than a year. He is a loyal, hard-working employee—in fact; he works hard and plays hard. He frequents the saloons in town for his drinking, gambling and whoring, often in the company of one of his friends, a soldier at the Fort. While a little wild and reckless after a few drinks, he rarely gets in serious trouble and has no intention of harming anyone.

He doesn't like to talk about his past, saying only that he comes from San Antonio. In fact, Jay Middleton isn't his real name—he abandoned his father's surname when the man left him and his mother years ago. His father was a half-white/half-Kiowa ranch-hand with an incurable wanderlust; his mother is of Mexican descent (she still lives in San Antone). Jay easily passes for white; he picked out this name to aid his chosen identity. He speaks Spanish fluently, although he rarely makes that fact known.

Recently, Jay has gained some renown for his speed and accuracy with a hogleg, having won an impromptu target shooting contest.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge (San Antonio) d4, Notice d4, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: None

Edges: Quick

Gear: Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, regular holster, buckskin trousers, plain shirt, vest, cowboy hat, cowboy boots



Harvey "The Owl" Parker

Parker's nickname was bestowed by the folks in town, because of his penchant for late night carousing at the local saloons. Youth and a strong constitution enable him to get by on less sleep than most folks, making these late-night exploits possible. Harvey finds his guard duties quite boring, and coupled with his evening escapades, tends to nod off for brief naps when not on lobby-duty, snoozing quietly in the chair in the clerks' area, but always waking quickly when anyone calls his name or any commotion starts. The Owl has worked for the bank for almost two years; about one year ago he and another guard successfully foiled a robbery (unfortunately, the other guard lost a leg in the ensuing gun battle and has since left town).

A handsome green-eyed man, The Owl draws the admiration of a number of marrying-age young ladies, although rarely of their parents. However, he hardly ever becomes involved with the young girls who flirt with him, preferring um, professional women, instead. Harvey lives in one of the town's boarding houses.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d4, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive

Gear: Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), fancy holster, trousers, plain shirt, bandana, cowboy hat, cowboy boots

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Desperate Client

A desperate man or woman comes to the bank looking for a loan. The player characters are present when the person arrives, or they encounter the client outside the bank. Maybe the person has asked for such a loan before and been refused, maybe this is the first time he or she has come to the bank with such a request. Either way, Wiggins considers the person a bad risk and won't do business. So the client begs to see Hamilton, but is told the President is with another client or at lunch (or something like that). The desperate person then asks the characters for help, explaining the situation and begging them for aid (might offer collateral, or swear an oath, or offer to take them to someone who can vouch, etc.). The characters' actions will determine the rest.

Forks in the Road:

1. All is not as it seems. The person is a drunk, a felon, a habitual liar, a young vampire, a werewolf, or a lunatic—whatever suits the Judge's druthers—who has dubious plans for the money, or doesn't really even need it.
2. The person is decent and truly in distress, needing the money to help save the family farm, get a family member out of jail, pay a ransom on a kidnapped child, or what-have-you.

The Sting

While the player characters are in or near the bank, a pair of accomplished grifters (a man and woman posing as wealthy eastern folks traveling to visit relatives in Arizona) enter the bank, trying to set up a short con. It's possible that the characters realize what's going on and try to expose the pair, or decide to inform the bank's officers. Or, perhaps they simply become suspicious and decide to tail the couple. If they don't pick up any clues that the Judge lets slip, thus missing the whole thing altogether, it's possible that the bank officers could hire the characters to track down the grifters after the deception is discovered.

The exact nature of the con might not be important, but the following ideas should help flesh out that part of the adventure if necessary.

1. The grifters want to store some valuables at the bank while in town, items that are really worthless (or some worthless ones mixed in with the real valuables). They palm one or more of the items during the deposit, claiming they were stolen when they come to retrieve them, and then demanding recompense.
2. They ask to store fake valuables, spending some money around town to establish their apparent wealth, and later ask for a cash loan, using the valuables as collateral (until they conclude their business in town, or the rest of their belongings arrive by subsequent stage, etc.). Then they take off.
3. They come to the bank pretending to be big-time investors looking to buy the bank, or looking for tips on how to build a secure bank which they plan to open in Arizona. They case the joint and plan an after-hours break-in. In this case, it's likely that the bank officers would be suspicious and might ask the characters to help them keep an eye on the couple, or the bank itself.
4. They are counterfeiters, trying to pass bad paper for good.

Bank Robbery

Well, you didn't think we had plumb forgotten about this oldie but goodie, did you? Depending on whether the player characters are good guys or outlaws, this scenario could be introduced in various ways.

The player cowpokes are in the bank making a deposit, seeking a loan, or just getting information when an outlaw gang attempts a brazen daytime robbery. Alternatively, the characters are nearby when they hear about a robbery in progress.

The characters get wind of a planned robbery while hanging around one of the saloons, overhearing something in an alleyway or in an adjacent hotel/boardinghouse room. Or, they think they get wind of something, but it turns out they've got it all wrong. How the characters follow-up on their eavesdropping will determine the course of the adventure.

The characters witness someone trying to break into the bank during the night (probably through the back door). Could be the characters observe some real dangerous men trying to rob the place; could be it's just kids playing a prank; could be just a desperate man trying to retrieve the deed to his foreclosed property.

The player characters themselves are the ornery scoundrels trying to rob the bank.



THORP BLACKSMITH

Whether you need new custom shoes for your mount, a properly sawed-off shotgun barrel or a potbellied stove for your kitchen, J.L. Thorp is your man. Just don't come around complainin' 'bout his boys.

Located on Griffin Street (right between the Picket Jail and Mrs. Beard's bakery according to long-residing locals), J.L. Thorp's smithy fulfills many of Fort Griffin's vital needs. Thorp and his assistant, Timothy O'Lochlann, can fashion just about anything out of metal. Unlike most of the businesses in town, no sign proclaims the blacksmith's trade—that fact can be discerned easily enough by any passersby.

Thorp's two-story house, adjoining work area and surrounding environs serve as both a home for his family and a place of business. The smithy and the house stand practically side-by-side facing the street, with only a large, lonely pecan tree separating them. Usually busy during daylight hours, the smithy is an open-faced building (just three walls and a roof) on the right of the property with a small corral in front of it near the street. The corral isn't intended for long-term stabling; rather, Thorp keeps customers' horses here while he or Lochlann are fitting new shoes. The co-mingling of the odors of smelted iron, horses, and the pleasant bakery aromas from next door make for a strange olfactory effect in this part of town.

The Thorp family home sits on the left side of the property, abutting the edge of the street. J.L. lives here with his wife, Emily, two adolescent sons and a young daughter. They keep a simple residence. The exterior is somewhat shabby, Emily being the only one taking care of most of the building's maintenance—both inside and out. While she works hard, it's just too much for one woman, what with her husband spending most of his time working in the smithy, her boys barely lifting a finger to help around the place and her daughter too young to do more than simple chores. The two-story home is constructed mostly of wood—except for the roof, which is a combination of wooden slats, tar and thatch that leaks during heavy rainstorms.

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

While structurally sound, the dusty, rundown front porch of the Thorp's home is indicative of the state of repairs about the entire place. The thinning paint, uneven dirt-caked floorboards, and grimy windowpanes are evident even from the street. Cobwebs in the window corners and above the front door, as well as the rusty chains on the rarely used porch swing, are easily spotted upon closer

inspection. The swing appears functional but neglected, hanging from the wooden slats in the roof above. With a little oil and a good scrubbing, the swing would probably spruce up the porch right nice.

The front door, in the center of the wall between two glass-paned windows, is obviously in better condition than the rest of the building. This normal wooden door, which is equipped with an average lock and opens inward, has received a new coat of red paint within the last few months. Hanging above an iron knocker in the center of the door is a small wrought-iron sign stating "Thorp."

2) Main Room

This large, undivided room constitutes most of the Thorp's home. The family cooks and eats here; Thorp does his books here (sort of) and the children sleep on the bunk beds stationed directly to the left of the entrance. Susan sleeps on the top bunk, while the boys share the slightly wider lower bunk.

While from the outside the building appears to have two floors, in reality it consists of a loft over the back half of the ground floor, with a high ceiling over the front half. This makes the main room seem even larger. A wooden ladder, on the right side of the room, provides access to the loft. Several interesting iron designs of varying sizes are hung randomly about the walls, along with a few average needlework pieces.

In the center of the wooden floor lies a tattered, but colorful, rug. Emily keeps the rug and the floor relatively clean, sweeping daily and beating the rug every week or two. Situated directly across from the front door is a back door leading out to the small back porch. Like the front door, it too has an average lock and opens inward.

In addition to the two glass-paned windows on the front wall, each side wall also has two windows. While all of them need cleaning, most open and close easily, providing excellent cross-breeze ventilation for those hot summer days. The wooden frame of the far-left window is a bit warped and often sticks—thus 50% of the time it will be stuck in either the open or closed position (Judge's choice) because Emily doesn't feel like battling with it. Next to this sticking window sits the family dinner table and four accompanying chairs, all made from wrought iron frames inset with rough-cut wooden planks.

A small stone fireplace lies between the table and the bunk bed, with a retractable cooking pot assembly affixed

THORP BLACKSMITH

to the stone and an ornate set of iron tools resting on the hearth (all of which were fashioned by J.L.). The fireplace is usually kept clean and orderly, as when it's cool enough (and sometimes even when it ain't), Thorp likes to keep a raging fire going, and he is apt to sit in one of the chairs, staring into the fire all night, sometimes falling asleep here. An oil lamp rests on the mantel, along with a few small, iron knick-knacks.

On the other side of the room are a large armoire, a potbellied stove, and a desk and chair. The armoire has shelves and drawers, containing a variety of household items—from rags, candles, matches, lamp oil and kitchen utensils to dry foodstuffs, ceramic plates, mugs and glasses—as well as one drawer with the children's clothing. The commonplace stove was made by Thorp but has no distinguishing characteristics.

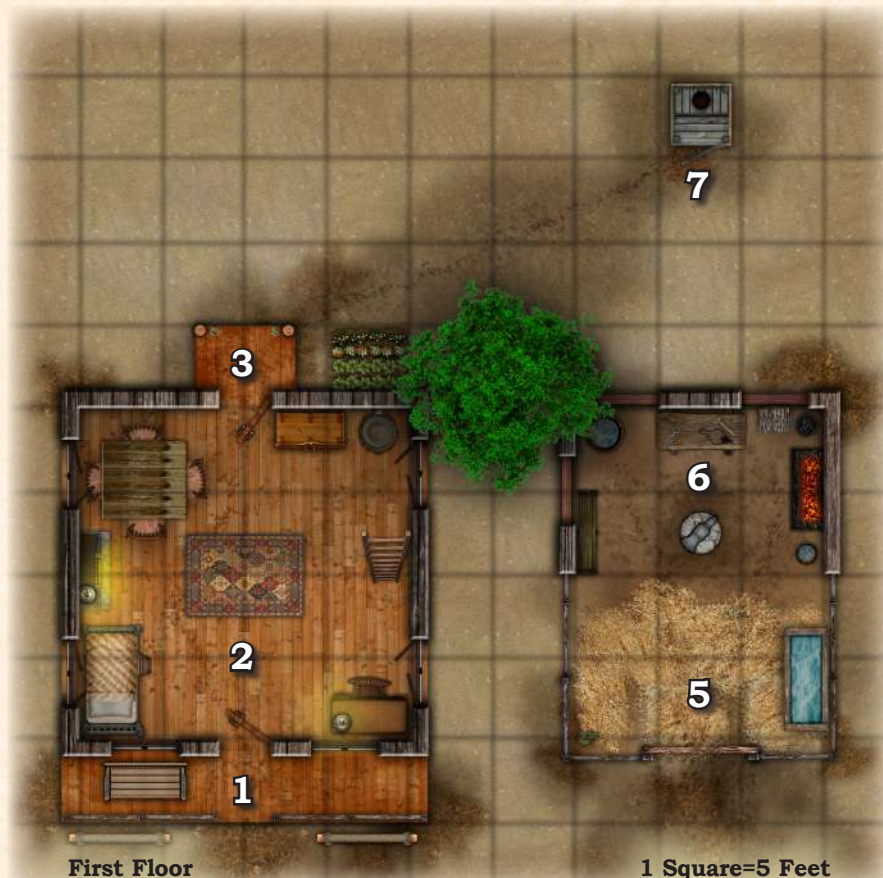
The desk and chair are old, second-hand items, which serve their purpose without flare. An oil lamp, a couple of matches and a grease pencil are usually the only things on top of the desk. The desk has two side drawers. The top drawer has a paltry few bookkeeping items ranging from a few sheets of parchment to a feather quill and nearly empty bottle of ink. J.L. can read and write but he isn't so great with numbers, keeping a simple log and trusting the folks

at York's Bank to handle his account fairly. The bottom drawer has a box of ammunition for the Loomis Side-by-Side resting in the corner next to the desk, a dirty shot glass, and two bottles of cheap mescal (one near-empty and the other unopened). The near-empty bottle has several grease pencil marks, including one at the current level.

3) Back Porch

In contrast to the front porch and most of the rest of the building, this small wooden platform is kept quite tidy and hospitable. Emily has made this porch her refuge, sitting out here and looking out to the river, or tending a small garden plot between the porch and the pecan tree. Resting to either side of the back door (which Emily has painted yellow) are two potted, scented geraniums. The flowers release a soothing scent when anyone passes by. A canvas awning is stretched above the porch. Emily likes to sit on the edge of the porch, with her feet up on the single step. Occasionally, Susan sits quietly here with her mother.

The garden plot has more flowers (varying from bluebonnets to marigolds and asters depending on the season), as well as some pole beans, onions and peppers during the growing season. Emily plans to plant all beans next season, turning them over to enrich the soil.





Second Floor

1 Square=5 Feet

4) Loft

From the ground floor, a sturdy ladder leads up to the loft area. The ladder is probably the best-maintained piece of furniture in the place, because neither Emily nor J.L. wants to struggle to get up to bed or worry about descending. The long, but narrow, loft area is sparsely furnished, holding only a plain queen-sized bed and a bureau. The bureau contains J.L. and Emily's clothing, and a few personal items (including some costume jewelry that Emily rarely wears, and a small pouch with \$23 in assorted coins and rolled up paper money). On top of the bureau is a small hand held mirror, a brush and comb, oil lamp, and a chamber pot.

5) Corral

Intended as a holding pen for horses left here temporarily while being shod, this corral has a wooden split-rail fence that meets up with the side walls of the smithy and extends around to the front gate. Rather than a swinging hinge gate, this is a simple "lift-out" piece of wood, which is usually removed and resting against the fence, unless a horse is actually in the corral. A water trough is placed near one fence rail. Like the smithy, the corral has hard-packed earth underfoot.

6) Smithy

Connected to the corral is the three-sided wooden structure where Thorp and his assistant spend much of the day, and often nights, fashioning metal goods. It is a well-equipped if not large smithy, with a forge and firepit dominating the right-hand wall, a compact workbench and

cabinet on the back wall and shelving near the entrance on the left wall.

Right in the center of the open area in front of the workbench is a sizable anvil mounted on a block of stone and positioned for 360-degree access. A coal and wood storage bin sits to the left of the forge, while a small tub of water used to cool heated metal sits to the right of the forge. A larger tub of water, used for many purposes, rests in the corner to the left of the work bench. Two wide window openings, about 4 feet off the ground, flank either side of the bench, while another exists between the large tub of water and the shelving unit (the latter actually covering part of the window). The wood-slat roof is almost 10 feet overhead.

Typically, the smithy is in a constant state of functional disarray. That is, tools are seemingly strewn haphazardly across the benchtop (some resting freely, others in a row of bins at the back edge), leaning against the anvil or the bins, or scattered on the shelves or even on the hard-packed earth floor. Thorp and O'Lochlann don't bother to clean up anything most of the time, although they do secure the most valuable tools before retiring for the evening.

The cabinet beneath the workbench has a thick iron hasp with a quality lock, to which both men have a key. All manner of items can be found either in the cabinet or lying around, from special tongs and other apparatus for holding and fashioning smelted metal, to several sizes and types of hammers, files and pliers and other regular household tools. A strongbox with some coins can be found here, which Thorp uses to store any funds gained from sales during the business day. He takes the money to the bank every other day or so (or sends Timothy with this errand). The Judge should decide what might be lying around versus what is secured in the locked cabinet at any given time. Hanging on a rack above the bench—when either of the men is working—is a sawed-off Remington-Whitmore, both barrels loaded. Extra shells are always found in a cubby on the bench top and a full box is in the cabinet. This gun is always stowed in the cabinet when the men finish working or the smithy is left unattended.

The shelves hold a variety of mundane items in small bins or resting flat on shelf space, including oil lanterns and refill containers, shop rags, cakes of soap, locks, hasps, gun barrels, firing pins, horseshoes, knives, chains, small blocks of wood and so forth. Some of these items are whole, others are in pieces or broken, or what-have-you. A heap of various metal ingots rests in front of the shelves, mostly iron but also tin or copper.

7) Outhouse

Just behind the smithy is a one-person outhouse. Iffin' you need a description of that . . . well, follow your nose, pardner.

THORP BLACKSMITH



PERSONALITIES

J.L. Thorp and his family are an interesting lot. This section provides descriptions for all of the Thorps, as well as J.L.'s assistant. At any given time, there may be other visitors and customers in the corral or nearby.



James Luther "J.L." Thorp

A powerful, single-minded man, J.L. Thorp loses himself in his work. He loves the heat of the forge, the feel of iron and the aroma of smelted metal. He isn't mean or abusive to his wife and family—in fact he can be quite generous—but he is often aloof and inattentive. Anything unrelated to smithing won't keep his interest for long. As a result, his boys have become wayward and his wife lonely, especially since the boom started in The Flat. Despite the fact that he hired an assistant, Thorp spends many hours in the smithy, toiling on commissioned objects or just experimenting.

Thorp was born on the frontier of the Republic of Texas. At the age of 10 his family moved to nearby Picketville, in Stephens County. His father was also a smith, a quiet man who died in an accident in the family workshop when J.L. was eleven. He and his two older brothers, having learned much from their father, continued operating the family business until, as a group, they enlisted in Capt. R.M.

Whiteside's company of J. E. McCord's Frontier Regiment in 1862. Thorp met Emily while on a brief leave when stationed at Camp Breckenridge near Crystal Falls, Texas. He visited her again near the end of his service and they conceived their first son, marrying shortly thereafter. After his discharge, Thorp learned that his mother had sold the family smithy. J.L. and Emily went to Fort Belknap where he flourished as a smith's apprentice and later as a full partner. They saved his earnings for years and finally moved to The Flat and built their own place.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Blacksmithing) d6, Knowledge (Construction) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Habit (Minor)

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Trousers, plain shirt, leather apron, heavy gloves, work boots, knife (Damage Str+d4), Remington Whitmore, Sawed-Off (in the Smithy; Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1-2, AP2)

Timothy "Timmy" O'Lochlann

Timothy O'Lochlann only recently emigrated from the Emerald Isle. He found work quickly because of the many years he spent blacksmithing back in his hometown of Kilkee. While just a hired hand at Thorp's smithy now, he diligently saves his wages in the hopes of moving to a new town and setting up his own shop.

A big, handsome blue-eyed man, O'Lochlann lost his young wife to tuberculosis back in Ireland. Defying stereotypes, he shuns alcohol and doesn't take too kindly to comments about his heritage when it comes to whiskey or other spirits. His strong opinions and thin skin have landed him in a number of fisticuffs since his arrival. Fortunately, he's pretty good in a brawl and one might even say it's his favorite hobby.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Blacksmithing) d6, Knowledge (Construction) d4, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Taunt d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Sharps Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2) 10 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), sheath, boots, trousers, shirt, derby hat, cloth overcoat, leather apron

RECENTLY IS A RELATIVE TERM

Timothy O'Lochlann first appeared in DHR's free pdf titled *Fort Griffin Echo*, Vol. 1 No. 1, as part of Sheriff Gustafsen's posse. That time frame is slightly in the future in relation to the Frontier Towns setting of the mid-1870s—and after the time of Sheriff Billy Cruger (see *Picket Jail*).

Shucks, we just like Timmy and so he's included here with stats for SWD, even more recently emigrated from Ireland and a little more green (pardon the pun).

Emily F. Thorp

J.L.'s wife of twelve years, Emily looks a might older than she really is. Years of running the household and raising her children, without much help from her husband, have taken their toll on her health and looks. In recent years, she has all but abandoned efforts to keep up her appearance—letting her hair grow long and frizzy and eschewing any kind of adornments—but she remains an attractive woman, with shiny blue eyes, beneath the rough work clothes and straw bonnet she usually wears.

Some folks gossip that Emily has ideas about leaving Thorp (or that she should if she doesn't already). But the truth is, she doesn't think about such things, or much of anything besides her daily routine for that matter. When she was a girl she knew women who had nothing, and she remains grateful for a home and regular meals—and she loves her children, even if the boys are getting more and more mischievous.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Guts d6, Knowledge (The Bible) d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Swimming d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive (once she cleans up)

Gear: Plain skirt, plain blouse, straw bonnet, women's boots

Matthew "Mattie" Thorp

The eldest of the Thorp boys, Matthew (12) inherited his father's size and his mother's eyes. He doesn't like hanging around the house or the smithy—his father has tried to teach him the trade but he's more interested in fishing and hunting. Unbeknownst to either of his parents, Mattie has acquired on old Sharps rifle (which he hides under the front porch) and he has been teaching himself and his brother how to shoot. They usually don't have much ammunition, but they are always on the lookout for a way to get their hands on more. Mattie has also served as a lookout for bootleggers once or twice.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Shooting d4, Stealth d4, Streetwise d4, Survival d4, Swimming d6, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 1

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Sharps Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2) 5 bullets, slingshot (Range 4/8/16, Damage Str+d4, ROF 1), several round stones, knife (Damage Str+d4), cowboy boots, trousers, plain shirt, bandana, cap, fishing rod

Lucas "Luke" Thorp

Unlike his older brother, Lucas' features are the spitting image of his brown-eyed father. While still a slim boy, the 10-year-old's big feet portend a tall man in a few years. He looks up to Mattie, doing whatever the older boy says, as long as he gets to tag along. The trials that Mattie has put him through have toughened him up right quick.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice d4, Repair d4, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Throwing d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), cowboy boots, trousers, plain shirt, vest, bowler hat, fishing rod





Susan Thorp

J.L. and Emily's youngest child, Susan (8) is a quiet, withdrawn girl. She avoids trouble with just as much effort as her brothers expend getting into it. She helps her mother with some of the indoor chores, but hasn't taken much of an interest in the garden, despite her mother's encouragement. She usually hangs around the house and smithy, tucked away in a corner somewhere, when not in school.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Knowledge (The Bible) d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: None

Gear: Simple dress, small bonnet

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Those Durned Thorp Boys

Mattie and Luke tend to seek out trouble on a daily basis. Sometimes it's just harmless adolescent fun—nothing that Mark Twain didn't tell us about already. Other times . . . well . . . other times their high jinks are pert near criminal. The Judge can use these brothers as a catalyst for a number of adventures, such as:

1. The boys are seen stealing food, cigars, liquor or what-have-you, from a local establishment. The player characters must decide what, if anything, they're going to do about it. If they go directly to Thorp, he will likely shrug it off, allowing the behavior to continue and perhaps escalate—or prompting the boys to get revenge for being ratted-out (such as playing pranks or stealing from the characters). If the player cowpokes go to the law, Thorp will likely object to their interference with his family and might choose to make the cowpokes' stay uncomfortable (calling in favors from other merchants and tradesmen to deny service to the characters; refusing to serve them with blacksmithing needs; or in an extreme case, violence).
2. The boys participate in some kind of prank or theft involving the player cowpokes. This could be a petty incident (a slingshot stone knocking off a hat) or something more serious (stealing something valuable). Obviously, how the characters react determines the rest—and the possibilities in #1 will apply.
3. The player characters see the Thorp boys bullying some other children (or appearing to). Again, the characters will determine what happens next. They

RESPECT DUE TO THE THORPS

Now, if you were paying attention while reading the Introduction to this tome, you should be well aware that although some of these folks are based on historical records, not everything we say here is the gospel truth. Although the historical record indicates that a man named James Luther ("J.L." or "Jim") Thorp owned a smithy in The Flat, and the Thorps were among the earliest settlers in the area (being here even before Fort Griffin) not much more is known about Thorp and his family. As with all the personalities in this Frontier Towns product, we took liberties to spice things up for your gaming fun. Beyond some of the names and the setting, the rest of this establishment is fictional.

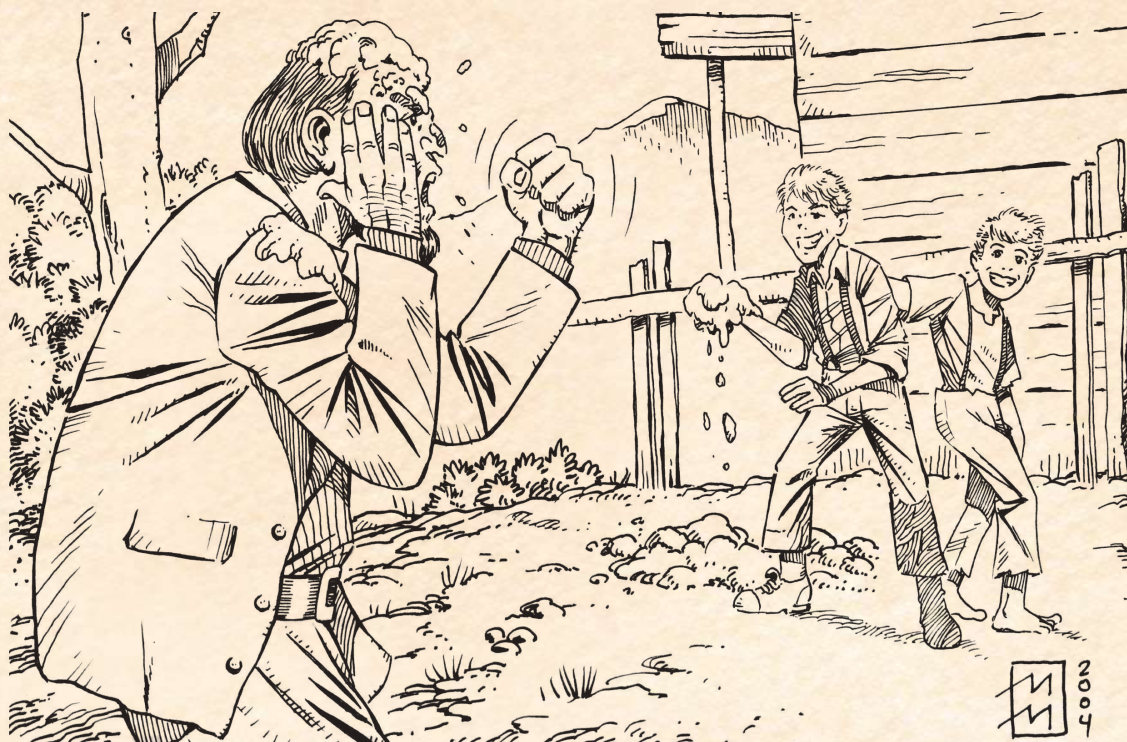
That said, the crack DHR research team dug up this tidbit, which inspired the flavor of Thorp Blacksmith and the Adventure Hooks:

"W.B. Champlin fondly recalled hunting rabbits along Collins Creek with 'the Thorp boys' and venturing to Mill Creek after catfish, perch, and bass. He also remembered walking to school with a gang of boys who begged for a sip of 'blackberry cordial' that two brothers had somehow acquired."

It's also worth noting that Susan died in 1887 at the tender age of 18, and her marker is one of the few remaining in the Fort Griffin cemetery.

might choose to intervene, making friends and enemies in the process. If they do nothing, the Judge could turn this in a new direction—the parents of the victim(s) might seek them out to berate them for not defending their poor child, which could give them a bad reputation in town.

4. For characters who dabble in high jinks themselves, it's possible that the boys hook up with the cowpokes for some kind of scheme. This could range from using the boys as lookouts for a crime, to employing them as spies for gathering information, or getting them to cause a diversion to facilitate some caper. Problem is: the boys will almost certainly brag about their activities to their friends, spreading the word and probably reaching the law or the ears of the victims of the characters' escapades.



Fork in the Road:

Unbeknownst to anyone, including his parents, Matthew Thorp has special qualities that explain some of his behavior. In the last six months, he has begun to realize that he possesses a strange power. Perhaps connected to the onset of puberty, Mattie's power is still new to him but it makes his already mischievous nature even more volatile. Like others in this tome who might have supernatural abilities, Mattie would prefer to keep his secret, at least for now.

The Judge may decide to give Matthew Thorp an Arcane Background for Psionics (or perhaps Magic). If so the Dog House Gang recommends simply adding the edge and a power or two without removing or reducing any other skills, abilities or edges. For example:

- Add Arcane Background (Psionics) Edge
- Add Psionics skill: d4
- Add one New Power such as: Fear, Entangle, Elemental Manipulation (Earth), or Stun
- For extra special sauce, add a second power from the suggested list above

An Irishman's Ire

One day while O'Lochlann is working in the smithy, he gets in a fight with one of the heroes who says something about his heritage, especially if it involves something about drinking or any other stereotype he hates. His skin is paper thin, so the Judge can make sure this happens even if the character didn't intend offense—essentially, O'Lochlann can turn any comment into a perceived insult.

If at the smithy, Timmy might brandish a searing iron, his face turning the color of hot coals, or perhaps he throws down his tools, gloves, whatever, and puts up his dukes, calling out the person to a fight right then, right there in the corral. Timmy might try to bull rush or overrun his adversary, preferring a wrestling match to a fistfight or gunfight. Of course, he might decide to skin his smokewagon or fetch the Remington-Whitmore in extreme cases.

In general, this scenario works best when Thorp isn't around, but there's no reason it couldn't occur when the boss is nearby. Thorp's presence might change the severity of Timmy's reaction, or it's quite possible that Thorp takes offense to the insult and backs his apprentice no matter what the outcome.

Another Mule

Something shakes up Emily and she decides that food and shelter just aren't enough anymore. She starts to look for a man who will give her something extra—on the side. She starts to clean up and flirt with men who come to the smithy to commission items or pick up finished goods. If anyone responds, she will be game for almost anything. The Judge can involve the player cowpokes by having Emily come on to them, or by having them observe her behavior with other men. Either way, one of the Thorps (J.L. or the boys) pick up on this activity and confront the characters—wanting to know what they know or wanting to exact a pound of flesh for any transgressions, as appropriate. While J.L. is aloof, he isn't uncaring and he won't be happy with any shenanigans involving Emily.

FORT GRIFFIN JAIL (PICKET JAIL)

It's not uncommon for a cowpoke's stay in town to last a night longer than expected—topped off with a visit to the local jail. All of the carousing and blowing off steam doesn't always end without consequences.

Built in 1868, the original Fort Griffin Jail was one of earliest structures in the Fort, residing right in the heart of the Fort itself. Constructed with vertical wood logs like many of the early buildings, the jail quickly earned the nickname “Picket Jail” among the soldiers and early settlers.

About two years later the Army razed the log building and replaced it with the current stone jail down in The Flat. The project was spearheaded by Judge W.H. Ledbetter who grew tired of hearing sodbusters and soldiers alike scoffing at the prospect of being locked up in a “hut” after a good drunk, a questionable shootout or saloon brawl. The Judge, in a fit of hubris and largess, ponied up a healthy sack of seed money and pressured the other well-to-do town citizens to match his contribution to create “a jail fitting the high standards of our growing community.” Nevertheless, the town still came up short on funds, so the Judge pulled a few strings and secured a government grant for the completion of the project.

Judge Ledbetter recruited architect Willard Smiley to prepare the plans and direct the construction of the new

stone jail. Despite his offbeat behavior and penchant for fancy clothes, Smiley had a reputation for erecting solid facilities, having built jails in Kentucky and Arkansas. The troops performing most of the labor had more than a few disagreements with the slight, foppish man, but Smiley's project kept them from boredom, and he always seemed to know just when to buy a round of drinks to improve morale. Although he did a fine job in Fort Griffin, the eccentric Smiley couldn't resist the urge to leave behind a small secret that no one has yet figured out.

The resulting single-story structure has stood up well against the elements over the years, including the occasional flash floods from the Brazos River. Despite Judge Ledbetter's desire to erase the memory of the original town jail, many folks still call it Picket Jail (not in the Judge's presence, mind you). The masonry walls have a Toughness of 12.

Typically, either the Sheriff or one of his two deputies can be found at the jail most times of the day. If a prisoner is locked up, one of the three of them will always be here, except under the most extraordinary circumstances.



1 Square=5 Feet

BUILDING KEY

1) Front Porch

This four-foot wide by twenty-foot long wooden porch offers a place for the Sheriff and his deputies to get a breath of fresh air without straying far from the premises—or their watch over any prisoners. Covered by a thin wooden overhang, the porch offers shade and shelter from the elements. At times, one or more of the wooden chairs from inside can be found out here on the porch, but typically, the boys will haul the chairs in and out as needed.

The two shuttered and barred front windows are clearly visible from the street, measuring two-feet high by four-feet wide. The 1-inch diameter iron bars are spaced about 8 inches apart and firmly anchored in the stone walls, plenty wide enough to see through (or even aim a firearm through). Most of the time, the wooden shutters are open to allow for a cross breeze. During the winter months, the shutters are usually closed. The window bars and shutters are standard quality.

Opening inward, the front door is made of 3-inch thick wood with iron reinforcements and sturdy handles on both sides—slightly better than a strong wooden door even when it isn't barred from the inside (see the Entry and Office for details when the door is barred). There is a sliding bolt lock with a slot for a padlock (usually kept inside the jail) on the outside of the door. If everyone is forced to leave while a prisoner is being held, the last person out will typically secure the bolt with the padlock (the lock is of quality manufacture, but a little old and has an effective lockpick modifier of -1 instead of -2).

During daylight hours, there is a 20% chance that one of the two deputies will be here, keeping watch (even odds as to whether it will be B.A. or Mangy). If B.A. is here, there is a 30% chance that Chubby Wilson will be hanging around, too. Otherwise, there is a 15% chance that the Sheriff himself will be on the porch.

2) Entry and Office

The jail's interior consists of one large room, divided only by a few pieces of furniture and the cell bars. Although Sheriff Cruger and his deputies keep the place clutter-free, they don't do much dusting or cleaning, so a thin layer of grit and grime tends to cover most of the furnishings. Chubby Wilson handles most of regular tidying up chores—including sweeping the floor and oiling the cell gates—which is the main reason the lawmen keep him around (see Personalities).

The entire jail floor is constructed of weathered wooden slats that creak a little. A chalky coat of yellowing whitewash covers the stone walls—which are generally bare. The roof is made from strong timber planks and beams and should be

considered equal to a strong wooden door for Toughness.

Just beyond the front door is the office area for the Sheriff and his deputies. On the interior side of the front door (described in the Porch section) are two separate two-piece racks (one high and one low) for holding wooden bars against entry. The bars (five-foot long pieces of loose wood) can usually be found leaning against the front wall on the north side of the office (behind the door). When the door is barred, both the toughness of the door and bar must be considered.

One step inside the door lies a nearly unavoidable spot in the creaky wood floor—a board that issues a veritable groan when trod upon. The Sheriff has forbidden anyone to fix it; considering it a providential security measure. When someone takes a step in this area, they suffer a -2 modifier for any Stealth test. If the intruder is not attempting to move stealthily, anyone inside the jail who succeeds on a normal Notice test will hear the noise.

On the south side of the office is the Sheriff's roll-top desk—a two drawer hunk of pine. Like most of the furniture in the jail, it's a bit old and none too clean. Truly, a layer of dust and grime covers most of the desktop because the roll-top doesn't work anymore (it's stuck in the rolled-up position); only the very center of the desktop stays clean, where the Sheriff and his men log the bare facts about their charges. The left corner consists of a few cubby holes and even fewer items, including the only things in the cubbies: the front door padlock, a key ring with two keys (one for the cells and one for the padlock), and pair of handcuffs. A rusty old oil lantern rests just in front of the cubby holes.

The latest logbook is kept in the top right-hand drawer along with a bottle of ink and a couple of worn ink pens, with the previous log at the very bottom of the drawer. In the lower drawer, an evidence kit and a bottle of whiskey with two smudged glasses can be found; the Sheriff doesn't make a practice of drinking on the job—rather, this is for emergency or celebratory purposes only and the bottle tends to gather dust.

On the north side of the office is an old bed frame and straw mattress, with a footlocker at the end. A cabinet stands in the corner near the front window. The bed is weathered but still sturdy and the mattress is cleaned and re-stuffed regularly (usually by Chubby). A colorful woven blanket covers the bed—obviously of Indian manufacture (probably Kiowa). The Sheriff and the deputies use the bed for short naps when prisoners require an around the clock guard. Occasionally, Mangy Mansfield sleeps off a bender in here when the Sheriff is out of town.

The footlocker contains a variety of supplies, including some ammunition for the jail's Loomis, 20 feet of coiled rope, a half-full box of candles, a beaten-up holster, a couple of musty shirts (one with blood stains and a tear in the shoulder), two empty sacks and an old fraying blanket. Additionally, when prisoners are held, their weapons and

FORT GRIFFIN JAIL (PICKET JAIL)

belongings are stuffed into the sacks and left in the locker. The locker should be considered a small piece of furniture. There is a cheap lock on a hasp, but it is almost never used.

Clearly, the most rickety piece of furniture is the cabinet. One door is completely missing and the other hangs askew from rusted non-functional hinges—there's nothing inside or on top most of the time.

Above the cabinet is a gun rack holding a single longarm, an old Loomis Side-by-Side (a double-barreled scattergun). The Loomis is out of arm's reach of the front window.

If no one is outside on the porch during the day, there is a 50% chance that at least one of the inhabitants is in the office or at the card table, even when prisoners aren't present. If one person is here, then another inhabitant is 25% likely to be around as well. (Judge's discretion for who is here, although Chubby is the most likely candidate in such a case.) During the night, there is a 70% chance that someone is at the jail. Of course, anytime there are prisoners, there is a 95% chance that someone is around—on the rare occasion when no one stays "home" with prisoners, the front door will be padlocked as noted in the Porch section.

3) Card Table

In the northwest corner of the room is a durable, if not attractive, wooden table where the Sheriff, deputies and guests sit to discuss business, play cards or wolf down some grub. A candleholder and a box of matches can usually be found here, as well as a well-worn deck of cards.

The window over the table is positioned to allow for a cross breeze with the window in the cell. It has the same bars and shutters as the front windows and is often open during the day but is regularly closed at night.

4) Cells

Of course, the whole purpose of the jail revolves around the two cells that occupy the southwest corner of the building.

The cells are defined by the 1 and 1/4-inch diameter iron bars anchored in the floor and rising to just six-inches shy of the ten-foot-high roof. The bars are connected by welded iron bands—at floor level, three-feet from the floor, and at the top height of the bars. The doors to the cells are actually swinging gates made from the same bars as the walls. The cell doors open inward on solid pivots, and contain security locks built into the gates and adjoining bars. The iron bars, being a little thicker than average, have improved toughness specifications (Object 12, Obstacle +2).

The westernmost cell has a window much like the others in the jail, but much smaller (only 1-foot high and 3-feet wide and 5-feet above the floor) and without shutters; the bars are of the same improved type as the cell bars. They are deeply set into the stone wall and completely secure (one would

have to destroy the wall to remove the bars). Sheriff Cruger has made it a practice to check them at least once a week for any signs of wear and tear or tampering.

A crude bunk bed resides in each cell, similar to the single bed in the office but of lower quality wood and construction. Both bunk beds are old, but still sturdy enough to support the average man's weight. Neither is particularly comfortable, as the straw mattresses on each bunk haven't been re-stuffed or cleaned in quite some time and they reek of urine, grunge and sweat. The bed in the cell with the window is a little more rickety—the upper bunk can hold the weight of an average size man, but if a large man were to shift about on it, it would certainly creak and possibly even break (Judge's discretion).

While the cells appear ordinary and secure, the windowless one holds "Smiley's secret." The odd little man left a special treasure underneath a floorboard that just happens to be beneath one of the legs of the bed. The board has a small, distinctive crude mark (Notice test -4)—the initials WS scratched into the grain. It has gone largely unnoticed because of the bed's placement, a happy coincidence that would most certainly make the architect smile even more strangely than ever.

Removing the floorboard (which requires a Strength test -2 to succeed without any tools) reveals a small compartment that could hold an assortment of objects at the Judge's discretion. Some possible objects could be:

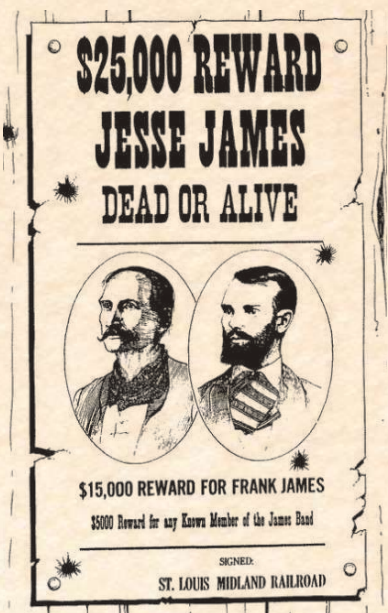
A key that opens the original cell locks, which have never been changed. The key is old and a little rusty from the floods that have inundated the town from time to time, but still useable.

A file, which may assist a cowpoke in a jail break . . . if he has the patience.

A key to the back door of a local house of ill repute (or some other building of the Judge's desire).

An arcane artifact, technology from the future (or a parallel dimension), or some other MacGuffin that launches an irresistible adventure.

A small metal box containing a desiccated frog wearing a tiny top hat and clutching a cane. (*Just be thankful it isn't singing.*)





PERSONALITIES

As noted earlier, Picket Jail has a few people regularly hanging around the place. Of course, Sheriff Billy Cruger makes his living here along with his two deputy sheriffs, who tend to split time at the jail. Rarely are both deputies here, unless something serious is brewing, such as the formation of a posse or visits by notorious “guests.” Additionally, Chubby Wilson hangs around quite often—sometimes being the only one here. At any given time ordinary townspeople may be found here on official business, visiting prisoners, or just stopping by to chew the fat with the local law.



William R. “Billy” Cruger

Previously Deputy Sheriff under John Larn, Cruger became Sheriff after Larn’s resignation. Cruger arrived in Shackelford County in 1874 and played an important role in the organization of the town of Fort Griffin and the county, even lending the name of his birthplace to the newly formed county seat. His leadership helped to foster and protect the town’s thriving environment in the early days.

Known as a fearless and resolute lawman, Cruger takes his work seriously. He earns the respect of the townspeople everyday, working to protect their homes, businesses and possessions—in fact, their very lives sometimes—from the thieves and other no-good varmints that pass through a

WHO’S THE SHERIFF NOW?

While the Picket Jail is a fictional creation, there’s little doubt that Fort Griffin had a jail, and we know it had its share of Sheriffs. We chose the tenure of Billy Cruger, which began in 1877, for this setting. Previously, Cruger had served as deputy under the leadership of John Larn, who was named Sheriff in 1876.

Cruger remained the Sheriff for roughly three years, resigning in 1880. Although he left Fort Griffin shortly thereafter, he stayed in the law business, becoming a city marshal in Princeton, Tennessee. He died the same way he lived, as a loyal servant of the people—shot by a drunken prisoner who had managed to conceal his gun while being locked up.

frontier town such as Fort Griffin. While not a humorless man, Cruger tends toward the stern, unwavering demeanor that casts fear in any cowardly criminal.

A devoted family man, the green-eyed, bilingual Cruger lives with his wife and only child on the outskirts of town; he spends regular business hours at Picket Jail, leaving the night shifts to his deputies. Of course, his dedication to the well-being of the town brings him to the jail often during the evening hours, and he takes to the trail in pursuit of criminals and fugitives whenever necessary.

Cruger has a reputation as a deadly shot in a gunfight, having been involved in a shootout in the Beehive Saloon with Billy Bland and Charlie Reed in 1877, among other incidents.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Civics) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Charismatic, Hard to Kill

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), holster (plain), Colt Peacemaker (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 40 bullets, Loomis Side-by-Side (usually kept at jail unless trouble is brewing; Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1-2, AP2), 10 shells, cowboy boots, plain spurs, Stetson hat, plain suit, badge

F O R T G R I F F I N J A I L (P I C K E T J A I L)

Maynard “Mangy” Mansfield

A cur if there ever was one, Maynard Mansfield gets his nickname because of his stubborn refusal to bathe regularly or even comb his straggly black hair more than once in a blue-moon. Many of the townies wonder why a good man like Sheriff Cruger keeps Mangy on his deputized staff, but the Sheriff has come to value Mansfield despite his flaws.

When left to his own devices, Mangy has a tendency to abuse his power in small, mean ways. He wouldn't haul in innocent folks for a night in the *juzgado*, steal candy from a baby or take advantage of a lady, but he might bully a drifter, mouth-off in front of the ladies, or fail to discourage a brewing brouhaha in a local drinking establishment.

Nevertheless, he remains fiercely loyal to the Sheriff, never questioning a direct order and always pursuing the orders he receives to the very last letter. Whether it's taking the point for a posse, staying up late to guard a prisoner or taking a bullet to protect his charge, Mansfield fulfills his duty whenever explicitly directed by the Sheriff. While he is often a biased so-and-so, his suspicious nature tends to be a boon in his law work.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Tracking d4

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Mean

Edges: Quick Draw

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), Holster (plain), Starr Army Revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, Henry Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 15 bullets, buckskin trousers, plain shirt, cowboy hat, bandana, vest, cowboy boots, badge

Benjamin “B.A.” Adamson

Most folks wouldn't guess that this unassuming hulk of a young man made his living as a part-time lawman. But the 22-year-old Deputy B.A. Adamson has proven his mettle in Sheriff Cruger's eyes, despite his mild-mannered and introverted disposition.

Just as loyal as Mangy Mansfield, but without a mean bone in his body, Adamson is one smart cookie and a darn good shot. Although he prefers his Henry rifle (carrying it even on horseback), he can handle a hogleg too. His shyness around the ladies notwithstanding, B.A. has a knack for handling the locals, making a good first impression when he does speak and finding ways to solve disputes peaceably.

B.A. also works part time repairing watches and other small mechanical devices in his small boarding-house

room. An artisan by trade, he likes to fiddle with mechanical gadgets and is sometimes found at the jail tinkering when things are slow. If the Sheriff ever finds any evidence of tampering with the cell locks, he puts B.A. on the case.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Knowledge (Technology) d6, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Streetwise d4, Swimming d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 7; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Heroic

Edges: Attractive, Brawny

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), Holster (plain), Colt Lightning (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, Spencer Carbine (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 30 bullets, trousers, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, plain shirt, badge

William “Chubby” Wilson

Chubby Wilson fancies himself a lawman, despite his complete lack of qualifications. He makes a paltry living as a sodbuster outside The Flat, along with his wife, Wilomena. Because Chubby is a friend of Deputy Adamson, the Sheriff lets him hang around on the porch or inside playing cards, provided he does some chores now and then (sweeping the floor, oiling the cell gates, fetching grub, etc.). A decent card player, Chubby can frequently be found at the various gaming tables in town, but he never seems to retain his winnings.

Occasionally, Chubby minds the jail when the others are out by necessity, such as when a posse demands all of the real lawmen. He often begs for such an opportunity, getting his wish often enough to keep him happy and feeling important. He can understand and speak Spanish, providin' it's spoken slowly enough.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d4, Investigation d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d4, Streetwise d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Poverty

Edges: Connection (Sheriff)

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4), Remington-Whitmore M1873 (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1-2, AP2), 10 shells, trousers, plain shirt, military boots, cowboy hat

ADVENTURE HOOKS

Hassled by Mangy

New visitors to the town might easily rub Mangy the wrong way, intentionally or otherwise. If that happens when the Sheriff happens to be out of town, look out pardner!

Mangy also tends to harbor plenty of bias against folks that “just don’t look right” and if any of the characters fall into this broad category, Mangy could easily give them a hard time when the Sheriff isn’t on hand. He might follow them around, pry into their business, or just be a general nuisance while the characters are in town. If the characters are truly up to no-good, you can bet Mangy will sniff it out if they have attracted his attention in any way.

In general, Judges should consider the variety of ways that Mangy could act as a catalyst for incidents in town.

Recruited for a Posse

Sheriff Cruger and either of the two deputies are rounding up a sizable posse to track down some dangerous desperados who killed two of the local townspeople. Anyone with a gun, a horse and the hint of bravery in his or her eye will be recruited.

This wouldn’t necessarily involve pay, but Cruger never forgets a favor that helps him bring in bad men. Anyone volunteering directly to the Sheriff and doing a good job can count on the Sheriff’s reciprocation someday. The Judge should use discretion in any tangible reward given to posse members, because Cruger’s budget ain’t exactly overflowing.

Forks in the Road:

1. Mangy is involved in the recruitment—or in the posse itself—and if any of the characters “don’t look right,” sidebar incidents could arise between Mangy and the person or persons in question. He may still accept them as part of the posse, but he’ll be suspicious the entire time.
2. The quarry turns out to be more monstrous than just a group of bad men. Perhaps the desperados are shapeshifters, or undead, or even a pair of ancient trolls, who strayed too far into the lands controlled by mankind.

Duped by Chubby

Folks new to town might meet Chubby at the card tables, the front porch of the jail, or wherever. Of course, he makes a big deal about his role at the jail. This could lead to a number of false leads for adventurers—promises of a job in a posse that never materializes, guaranteeing a chance to bend the Sheriff’s ear for whatever purpose the characters might have (in exchange for a drink or two-cent piece), or just plain time-wasting as Chubby gets them to go

to the jail and wait around for no reason other than to make himself feel important (e.g., “we’ll wait until the Sheriff comes ‘round and I’ll put in a good word fer yer”).

In general, any encounter with Chubby will likely result in a waste of time and energy, but if characters get on his good side, he could potentially provide important information about the town or the locals.

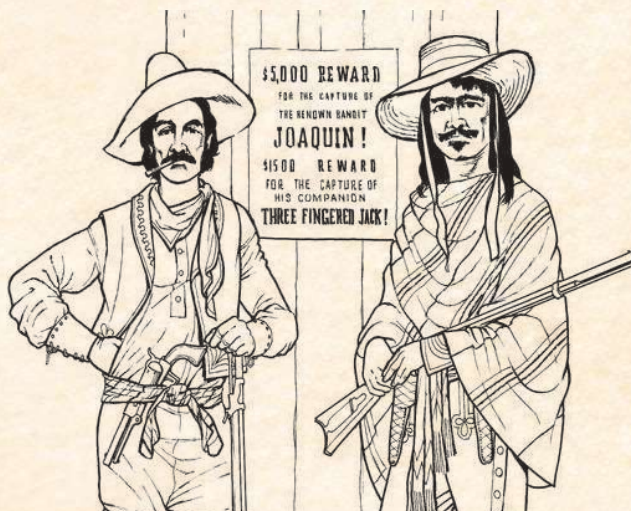
Hired for a Breakout

Gus and Jimmy Bender have landed in a heap of trouble in Fort Griffin—Gus tells the characters—through no fault of their own. Jimmy ended up with an indefinite stay at Picket Jail, thanks to that cur of a lawman Mangy Mansfield’s crookedness. Gus knows that Jimmy didn’t steal that laudanum from York & Myers. He would never touch the stuff, not in a million years. And he definitely didn’t shoot that laborer at the Wagon Yard. Mangy’s got it out for ‘em, just ‘cause Jimmy is half Cherokee, Gus says.

Gus pleads with the characters to help him break his half-brother out of the jail. He makes a compelling case against Mangy (especially if the characters have had any bad interaction with the deputy). He will even promise twenty dollars—which Jimmy has.

Forks in the Road:

1. All is not as it seems. Gus is a liar. He and his brother stole the medicine and shot the laborer. They are dangerous men. If the characters get involved with them, they will become outlaws in this area, if they aren’t already. And if Jimmy actually has twenty dollars, the characters will have to pry it from his cold, dead hand.
2. Poor Gus is on the up-and-up. Mangy hauled in Jimmy on flimsy circumstantial evidence and has convinced the Sheriff he’s right. There are two witnesses who saw the brothers drunk and shootin’ their pistols by the river near the Wagon Yard, but the Benders didn’t kill anyone.



JUST PASSING THROUGH AND TYING IT ALL TOGETHER

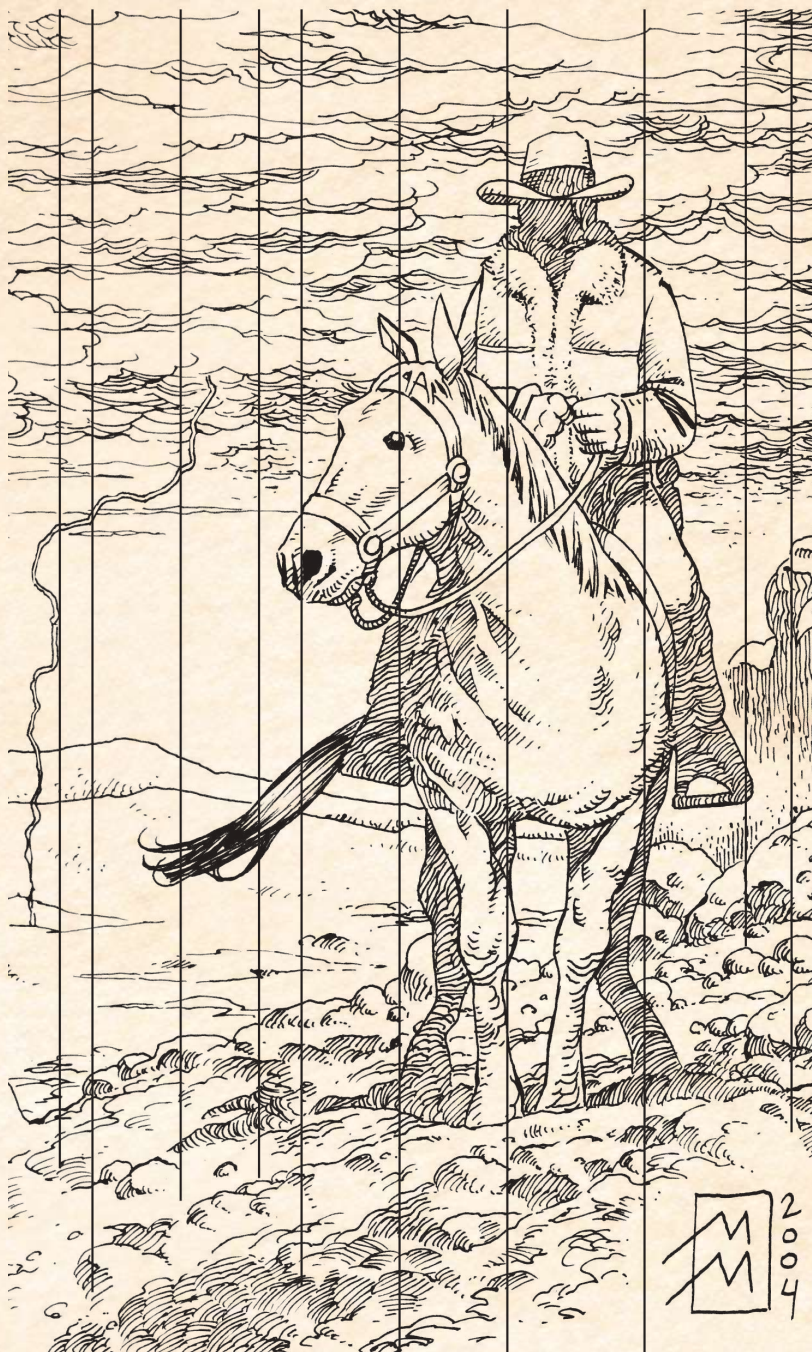
Iffin' you decide to use some or all of the buildings in this Frontier Towns product as part of one locale, these ideas should kindle some downright agreeable and possibly long-term adventures.

As noted in the Introduction, this supplement can be used piece by piece or as a complete unit. The Judge may assemble a full, robust town—whether using the default setting of Fort Griffin and The Flat, or changing all the names and places to fit into a home-brewed campaign. The following additional personalities and adventure hooks are provided to help Judges make connections between the various buildings and personalities presented in this volume.

PERSONALITIES

Gunfighters, gamblers and hopeful settlers pass through The Flat on a regular basis, from famous gunfighters such as Doc Holliday and John Selman to itinerant gamblers such as Emmet Calhoun or the Thompson brothers. While these folks aren't likely to have particular ties to a single establishment, they could show up anywhere or be included in some of the adventure hooks that follow. Additionally, any number of townsfolk, even if they don't have a storefront to boast about, are bound to have an occasional encounter with player characters that spend some time in The Flat.

For example, when word of a high stakes poker tournament tumbles across the plains, some interesting folks are likely to pay a visit to The Flat, including gamblers, entertainers and greenhorns. The festivities surrounding a horse race or prizefight are sure to draw local opportunists such as Killer Kirbee, Willis Townsend and Ned Carter. Traveling entertainers might pop up at the Frontier House, put on an impromptu show in the street, or arrive for a special engagement at the Beehive. Doney's Saloon seems a right likely place to find an outlaw such as John Selman having a drink in the corner, with his hat pulled down low to avoid attention.





John Henry "Doc" Holliday, D.D.S.

The legendary dentist turned gambler spent some time in Fort Griffin after heading west. Born and raised in Georgia, Holliday graduated from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia. During his attendance there, he spent many hours in gambling halls in the red light district. Returning to Georgia, he set up a practice but it was short-lived, as Doc had contracted consumption. In 1873 he left Georgia and started his career as a gunfighter and gambler, initially in Texas. While he occasionally pulled teeth, he made his real living at the card tables.

Holliday has several connections to other personalities in Fort Griffin, from his on-again off-again lover Big Nose Kate to saloonkeeper John Shannsey. Doc might be found dealing faro at Shannsey's or playing poker at any of the saloons in The Flat. Reminded of his death sentence with every cough, Holliday is an inconsolable and fearless man. He sips whiskey almost continuously, one of the few things that helps ease his pain and discomfort. But he's a dangerous man regardless of how much he might have imbibed at any given time. The learned gunfighter speaks Spanish and can read Latin.

DOC HOLLIDAY IN THE 1870S

Most accounts agree that Doc Holliday arrived in Texas in 1873. Details about exactly when he spent time in Fort Griffin are unclear, but there is little doubt that he did visit The Flat from time to time.

Based on the premise that Doc's visits occurred in the mid-to-late 1870s, the Dog House Gang has decided to provide statistics reflecting an experienced and deadly Holliday, circa 1877; he's formidable but not yet at the height of his gunfighting and gambling career.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d10 (+2), Guts d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Business) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (Dentistry) d6, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d4, Knowledge (Pharmaceuticals) d6, Knowledge (Theology) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 4; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Anemic, Vengeful (Minor)

Edges: Dead Shot, Quick, Quick Draw, Sportsman

Gear: Remington Whitmore M1873, sawed-off barrel (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1-2, AP2), 10 shells, Colt Lightning (2) (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 24 bullets, fancy shirt, fancy trousers, custom boots, vest, bolo tie, Stetson hat, metal flask with whiskey, silver pocketwatch with chain, double holster, shoulder holster, 3 fine cigars, surgeon's kit, pocketknife





John Henry Selman

There's no way around it: John Selman was a dangerous troublemaker and deadly outlaw during the heyday of Fort Griffin and The Flat. Known as a murderer, rustler and possibly a rapist, Selman left a trail of bad news from Texas to New Mexico and back to Texas again.

Two years after enlisting in the 22nd Texas Cavalry in 1861, Selman deserted from his post at Fort Washita in Choctaw Territory. He later married and fathered two boys (John Jr. and William), taking his family to the Fort Griffin area, while regularly leaving them to pursue his own adventures (we reckon that's a polite way to put it). Selman was often on the run from the law, although he is said to have ridden with Sheriff John Larn from time to time in The Flat area (until Larn himself was locked up) even serving briefly as Larn's Deputy. Sheriff Billy Cruger (see Picket Jail), who succeeded Larn, was said to despise Selman.

Whether coming home to his wife and children on the outskirts of town, or joining up with other outlaws for some illicit activities, Selman makes frequent stops in The Flat, for both short and extended stays.

JOHN SELMAN IN THE 1870S

Some accounts indicate that John Selman, with his wife and children, lived in the Fort Griffin area in the mid-1870s. Other accounts seem less certain, placing the Selmans somewhere in Shackelford County, but not necessarily in The Flat. Most agree that Selman spent time with John Larn as part of an anti-vigilante group that terrorized the locals in North-Central Texas just as much as protecting them. Later, he formed a band of ruthless outlaws called "Selman's Scouts" that operated in Lincoln County, New Mexico, in the late 1870s.

Regardless, it seems fitting to have Selman as a personality found in The Flat from time to time (or perhaps as a full-time resident). The stats provided here are a best estimate of his status circa 1877. The Judge can decide whether he's a resident or a traveler or a fugitive, and just what his business in town might be. Chances are, it won't be without menace and strife.

Selman killed the gunfighter John Wesley Hardin in 1895, not long before being mortally wounded by U.S. Deputy Marshal Charles Scarborough in 1896.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d4, Notice d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Mean, Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Dodge, Quick, Quick Draw, Nerves of Steel

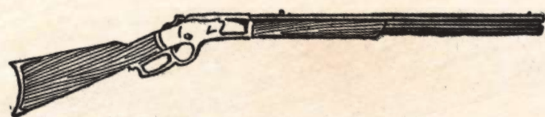
Gear: Spencer Carbine (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 16 bullets, Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, Reid's Knuckleduster (Range 3/6/12, Damage 2d6, ROF 1, AP1), 5 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), fancy holster, trousers, chaps, plain shirt, cowboy boots, spurs, cowboy hat



Circling Hawk

A steadfast and resilient Tonkawa warrior, Circling Hawk comes to The Flat regularly to trade with the locals. Well-known and respected, Circling Hawk joined forces with early settlers in the area to help drive off Comanche raiders. He led a group of braves who fought valiantly, saving many lives—and earning the trust of the settlers. Circling Hawk frequently works as a guide for travelers, scouts for the Army and the Texas Rangers, and even serves as a posse member for the local sheriff (he speaks English well, although idiom and slang often confuse him). He will often trade gathered goods such as berries, herbs and other foodstuffs—while less frequently trading buffalo meat or fish—in exchange for bullets, liquor, or the white man's tools and sundries.

Circling Hawk still lives in the nearby plains with a small band of Tonkawa and their pack of dogs. They remain nomadic, moving frequently to avoid trouble and locate food to feed themselves or trade with the white settlers.



THE TONKAWA AND COMANCHE

These two tribes became enemies after the Comanche drove the Tonkawa from their native hills (in the latter half of the 1700s) in what would later become Texas. Generally, the Tonkawa were friendly people, preferring to live in peace with others. Known to share lands with the Karankawa and the Coahuiltecan, the Tonkawa also made alliances with white settlers, especially when it helped them to battle the hated Comanche and other enemy tribes.

Interestingly, the Tonkawa believed they were descended from a mythical wolf. Certainly, wolves and dogs were important parts of their culture. Excellent hunters, fisherman and gatherers, they refused to farm but they often traded with settlers, and after being removed from the North Texas area around 1850 some of the Tonkawa returned to settle near Fort Griffin in the early 1870s.

Iffin' a Judge decides to include Circling Hawk or other Tonkawa in an adventure, the tribe's connection with wolves could be leveraged for a weird and wonderful story-line.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

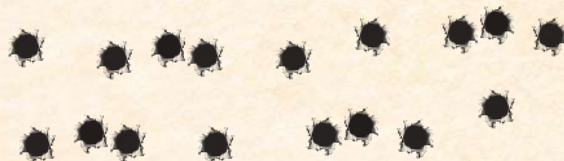
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Canine Behavior) d4, Knowledge (North-Central Texas) d6, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Notice d6 (+2), Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Tracking d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal

Edges: Alertness, Command, Fast Healer, Steady Hands

Gear: Henry Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 60 bullets, bandolier, Bowie knife (DamageStr+d4), bow (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, ROF 1, AP0), arrows (12), quiver, buckskin trousers, buckskin vest, moccasins, cowboy hat





Benjamin (Ben) Thompson

From his enlistment in a Ranger battalion at the age of 17, to his death in 1882, Ben Thompson lived one heckuva frontier life. Like other famous men, Thompson tried his hand at a variety of professions, from house gambler to Confederate Cavalryman to respected lawman. He excelled at all of them and was known (sometimes feared) as a deadly gunfighter to boot, all the while earning a reputation as courageous, honest and honorable, even though he and his brother Billy ended up in a number of scrapes during their travels—usually a result of heavy drinking.

Ben's family emigrated from England when he was seven years old, landing in Texas. In 1861, he joined the Second Regiment Texas Mounted Rifles and served the Confederacy until the end of the War. He and Billy later spent time in Ellsworth, Kansas as house gamblers, while sometimes traveling together to other frontier towns—from San Antonio to Dodge City and Leadville, Colorado—earning a living as professional gamblers and picking up a passable competence in the Spanish language. In 1880, Ben was elected as Austin's City Marshall and served with distinction. Known for never shooting a man in the back, the thick-moustached Ben Thompson died an ironical death—shot from behind in an 1884 gunfight in San Antonio.

THE TRAVELING THOMPSON BROTHERS

While the Thompson brothers journeyed together and separately across the frontier, there's no direct evidence of any visits to the Fort Griffin area. Still, it seems likely enough for a pair of adventurous gamblers, who spent a good deal of time in Texas, to spend an occasional fortnight in a thriving town like The Flat.

And, if pure speculation ain't enough for a Judge to point this duo toward Shackelford County in the late 1870s, it's worth mentioning that the timing is right convenient. Billy Thompson was acquitted of murder in 1876 and then laid low for a few years. Ben Thompson spent a lot of time in Galveston and Austin before joining up with Bat Masterson and Doc Holliday in 1879 to protect a stretch of property on the Santa Fe Railroad. And Ben was known to make excursions to San Antonio and other destinations to gamble or visit old friends.

So it seems durned natural for the brothers to make some kind of appearance in The Flat. Whether it's a random encounter or part of an adventure hook (such as the Poker Tournament), that's in the purview of the Judge we reckon.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Civics) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Tracking d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 3

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Charismatic, Quick, Quick Draw, Level Headed

Gear: Plain men's suit, cowboy hat, cowboy boots, spurs, cloth overcoat, gloves, double holster, Colt Peacemaker (2) (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 24 bullets, Winchester '73 (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 50 bullets, pocketknife



"Texas" Billy Thompson

Billy Thompson didn't enjoy quite the same reputation as his older brother. While both men displayed a reckless streak as they traveled together as professional gamblers, Billy lacked the charm and social graces that kept Ben in good favor with the local citizenry. To the contrary, Billy preferred to hang around with less reputable characters and, unlike his brother, would seize any opportunity to get an advantage on a man in a gunfight or other quarrel.

Billy also liked alcohol too much and it landed him in trouble all too often. After killing Sheriff Chauncey Whitney (a friend of the Thompson brothers) in Ellsworth, Kansas, Billy went on the lamb in the mid-1870s. The Texas Rangers eventually caught him and he was tried but acquitted with help from Ben and some fancy talkin' lawyers. Disappearing and reappearing in the years to come, Billy's troubles didn't end there. He landed himself in other fixes, but had a knack for surviving even the worst predicaments. He wound up dying of natural causes in 1897; fifteen years after his older brother died in a gunfight.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Civics) d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 7; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Overconfident, Wanted (Minor)

Edges: Improved Nerves of Steel, Nerves of Steel, No Mercy

Gear: Plain men's suit, vest, cowboy hat, cowboy boots, string tie, cartridge belt, double holster, Starr Army Revolver (2) (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 60 bullets, Colt Improved Pocket Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), boot knife (Damage Str+d4)



"Copperhead" (Elise Hebert)

Feared and respected from the southeast states to the frontier, the gunslinger known as Copperhead lives for only one reason. Laughter has no meaning to her; love is as alien as the face of the moon. Every fiber of her being drives her toward revenge. As a young girl of 11, Elise Hebert hid behind the barn and witnessed the murder of her mother and father at the hands of Louis Fasset during a quarrel over a business deal gone bad. After Fasset stole their valuables and burned down their home, Elise grew up in various parishes in Louisiana, bouncing around to various aunts, uncles and cousins until she could strike out on her own.

Elise learned to hunt, track and handle a gun on her



uncle's farmland while proving herself every day against the local boys in foot races, wrestling matches and swimming. At the age of 15, she joined a sideshow as a sharpshooter (gun and bow), learning about the frontier and earning her nickname—both for the color of her hair and her deadly demeanor. By 18, she rode with many a posse or worked as a hired gun for whomever paid her well. All the while, Copperhead honed her skills (and proficiency in Spanish) and patiently gathered clues about the activities and whereabouts of Louis Fasset.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d4, Swimming d4, Tracking d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Vengeful (Major), Vow (Major)

Edges: Attractive, Dodge, Quick, Quick Draw, Trademark Weapon (S&W Schofield)

Gear: Buckskin trousers, Plain shirt, leather vest, poncho, sombrero, cowboy boots, S&W Schofield (2) (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), double holster, 24 bullets, Colt Improved Pocket Pistol (in poncho pocket, Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 5 bullets, Colt New Model Navy Pistol (in belt, Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 6 bullets, straight razor (Damage Str+d4), bow (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, ROF 1, AP0), quiver w/10 arrows; haversack (rations, one additional box of S&W 20 bullets)

JUST PASSING THROUGH AND TYING IT ALL TOGETHER

Emmet Calhoun

Originally from Palo Alto, Texas, Calhoun has wandered around The Lone Star State making a living and earning some renown as an accomplished gambler. Orphaned at a young age, he has grown into a rugged individualist, preferring to ride alone and camp alone, although he has been known to join up with a caravan that happens to be going his way. Calhoun almost never sleeps in town, choosing to make camp on the outskirts of any town he visits. And he's not too keen on bathing, so his presence is usually offensive, not to mention forewarned.

Calhoun is quick, powerful and steadfast. He worked hard as a youth on his adopted family's farm, learning how to handle livestock and hoe a row. At 16, he joined the Confederate Army, serving until the end of the War. While seeming like a hard hombre, Calhoun has a soft spot for orphaned children and he will give away significant amounts of his winnings anytime he comes across a mission, orphanage or other institution that helps children.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d8 (+2), Guts d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d6, Knowledge (Farming) d4, Notice d8, Persuasion d4, Repair d4, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Outsider

Edges: Alertness, Sportsman

Gear: Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, holster, cowboy boots, spurs, cowboy hat, buckskin shirt, trousers, chaps, gloves, canteen, haversack, knife (Damage Str+d4), bed roll, compass, rations (1 week)

Willard "The Weasel" Vickers

One of Indian Kate's no-account friends, Willard Vickers lives with his buddy Lewis Kirbee in a shack near the Brazos River. He got his nickname for two reasons: his hair turned white nearly overnight even though he was but a young man, and he loves to swim and catch fish with his bare hands.

When he's not fishing, the blue-eyed Weasel is probably up to no good. He's been accused of petty thievery several times, but he always seems to get out of trouble somehow. For a few months, Weasel and Kirbee have been plotting with Indian Kate to ambush some of her clients. They've been pretty careful about it, picking a mark now and then and avoiding undue attention, but lately they've been getting bolder.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d6, Fighting d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d4, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Survival d4, Swimming d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Combat Reflexes, First Strike

Gear: Knife (Damage Str+d4, Starr Army Revolver (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, plain holster, trousers, plain shirt, vest, derby hat, pocket knife (Damage Str+d4), military boots, chewing gum

Lewis "Killer" Kirbee

Another one of Indian Kate's friends, Lewis Kirbee's nickname is about as misleading as it gets. He's never killed anyone, although he has seen his share of trouble and he can be downright mean when a mood strikes him. A remarkably handsome black-haired young man, Kirbee was given his nickname by Kate, because she told him he could be a lady-killer with his good looks. He does have a knack for charming the young ladies, but he really wants to be a famous (or infamous) outlaw and he has plans to establish his nickname for real during an upcoming caper. He has been trying to convince Indian Kate to lure some wealthier clientele to her shack, or alternatively, to kidnap the child of a wealthy merchant that regularly stops in The Flat to trade.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

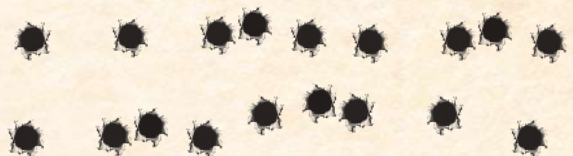
Skills: Gambling d4, Fighting d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge (The Bible) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Knowledge (Tactics) d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6

Cha: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: None

Edges: Attractive, Dodge

Gear: Colt Thunderer (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 18 bullets, plain holster, knife (Damage Str+d4), cowboy boots, cowboy hat, trousers, fancy shirt, cheroot cigars (3), gun cleaning kit



Willis Townsend

Born and bred a Texan, Willis Townsend makes a decent living as a stagecoach operator, serving towns in a triangle from Austin to Dallas and Fort Griffin. A self-made man, he now owns and drives a private coach, running regular routes between these three towns and taking special commissions when the price is right.

Townsend is a tall, lanky feller with a boyish face belying his fierce business acumen. While his size and strength make him appear intimidating out on the trail, his street smarts might be his greatest asset (he also speaks fluent Spanish). Willis has a way of reassuring his passengers of their safety despite the dangers involved. Nevertheless, he has a mean streak that surfaces under pressure—out on the road it serves him well when would-be robbers try to hold up the stage, but in more civilized elements he walks a fine line between a respected businessman and ruthless opportunist.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Guts d4, Fighting d4, Knowledge (Animal Behavior) d4, Knowledge (Business) d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Texas Stagecoach Triangle) d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d4

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Mean, Greedy (Minor)

Edges: Attractive, Brawny

Gear: Buckskin trousers, vest, plain shirt, duster, cowboy boots, spurs, cowboy hat, Colt New Model Army (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 12 bullets, holster, Henry Rifle (Range 20/40/80, Damage 2d8, ROF 1, AP2), 30 bullets, knife (Damage Str+d4), cheroots (10)

Forest Sedwick

First impressions are rarely kind to Forest Sedwick. Dumb as an adobe brick and mean as a cornered badger—that's how most folks estimate him. Both are unfair, but unfortunately for Forest the former does hold some water and his hard, angular facial features give him a nasty countenance. In truth, the blond-haired Forest has a kind heart, a good deal of horse-sense and a buffalo-tough hide that shields him from the hurtful things some people say about him.

Tired of working in the fields, Sedwick signed on with Willis Townsend about a year ago when the stagecoach operator wanted a tough-looking hombre who could handle a rifle. Sedwick quietly guards the stage in town and on the road. He stutters when he talks and thus avoids conversation. Forest can take care of himself—he's no moron—but his speech impediment is the main reason people *think* he's a pane short of a full window.



HINDRANCE: SPEECH IMPEDIMENT (MINOR OR MAJOR)

Often misunderstood, people who stutter, lisp or otherwise struggle to articulate will face daily life challenges, as much of civilization requires verbal communication. Characters with a minor speech impediment (i.e., a lisp or stutter) suffer -1 Charisma. Individuals who are completely mute suffer the same Charisma modifier, but this major hindrance renders them incapable of discourse without the aid of technology (including reading and writing), arcane powers, or special skills, such as Knowledge (Sign Language).

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Texas Stagecoach Triangle) d4, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Survival d6

Cha: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Speech Impediment

Edges: Brawny

Gear: Buckskin trousers, plain shirt, cowboy hat, cowboy boots, Colt Revolving Cylinder Shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1, AP2), 10 shells, Colt Dragoon (2) (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 24 bullets, double holster, Bowie knife (Damage Str+d4)

Ned Carter

Ned Carter believes he can sell anything, and he does his best to prove it every day. He scratches out a living as a street vendor in The Flat, pushing around a rickety cart and selling second-rate foodstuffs, bric-a-brac and other mostly useless curios. Some of his wares are filched; others are discarded or second-hand; and still others are purchases Ned makes from traders. From time to time he lays his mitts on something of significant value, but typically he deals in roasted peanuts, old clothes, rusting tools and the like.

The rigors of life on the fringes have taken a toll on Ned; he looks older than he is and hygiene isn't in his vocabulary. Additionally, he is deaf in his left ear. Yet his sparkling blue eyes shine through the grime and unkempt hair and scruffy beard; this along with his enticing rhetoric (in English or Spanish, as needed) often make people stop and listen to his pitch despite themselves. Carter squats in one of the shacks near the river.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Knowledge (Current Events) d4, Knowledge (The Flat Area) d4, Notice d6 (+2 non-auditory; +0 auditory), Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 0

Hindrances: Hard of Hearing (Minor)

Edges: Alertness

Gear: Trousers, second-hand men's suit jacket, plain shirt, leather tunic (underneath jacket), work boots, straw hat, hand-cart (contains miscellaneous items, covered by ripped up burlap sacks, and a Sawed-off Loomis Side-by-Side (Range 5/10/20, Damage 1-3d6, ROF 1-2, AP2)), 3 shells, knife (Damage Str+d4)

Xu Jing Han

Han arrived in California with his family in 1864, when he was only 10 years old. His parents worked on the Transcontinental Railroad, starting in Sacramento and going all the way to Promontory Summit. Han, the name he prefers, was an athletic and independent child, entertaining himself by doing back flips and handstands in the labor camps. Another worker, previously a traveling acrobat in China but pressed into emigration, saw Han and became friendly with his parents, convincing them to let him mentor their boy in acrobatics and martial arts. Before long, Han was entertaining the rail workers and earning food and favors (even money sometimes).

By the time the tracks reached Elko, Nevada in 1869, the 5'3" Han was performing regularly for townspeople and rail workers alike. Although Han wanted to strike out on his



own, hearing about bustling frontier towns in Colorado, Kansas and Texas, his new found love for the young Sun Mei Ling, whose family were newly arrived to the camp, gave him pause. He stuck around until the two families agreed to have them wed. Then, the newlyweds snuck away, with Han teaching Mei Ling all he had learned. They have been traveling through North-Central Texas, scraping by with the pass of a hat, for a few years now. Han speaks a heavily accented English in addition to Mandarin.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Knowledge (Martial Arts) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d4, Notice d6, Repair d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Tough:** 6; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Outsider

Edges: Acrobat, Quick

Gear: Remington Double-Derringer (Range 5/10/20, Damage 2d6+1, ROF 1, AP1), 20 bullets, shuriken (3) (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+1, ROF 1, AP1), silk shirt, fitted trousers, acrobat shoes, haversack, sombrero

Sun Mei Ling

While Mei Ling isn't as naturally athletic as her husband, her grace, beauty and intelligence make up for her pedestrian acrobatic skills. She is a quick study, and has suggested most of their current routines.

Mei Ling's parents emigrated to Canada while she was still a baby, moving south to California for the gold rush, only to find that the mines were closed to the Chinese. They ended up working menial jobs for years before they set out east to join the railroad. Mei Ling had older brothers and sisters who worked alongside her parents, but as the baby of the family she wasn't allowed to work. While wandering around the camp in Wadsworth, Nevada, she saw Xu Jing Han performing and became infatuated with the older boy and his acrobatics.

A year after their marriage, Han and Mei Ling looked forward to the birth of their first child. But complications during childbirth left the baby stillborn and Mei Ling barren. This tragic event brought the couple even closer together. Rather than settling down, they decided to travel their adopted land, living off what they could earn as entertainers. Mei Ling enjoys the outdoor life. She is a mere inch shorter than her husband and she understands English but speaks it haltingly.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Healing d4, Knowledge (Dancing) d4, Knowledge (Martial Arts) d4, Knowledge (Performing Arts) d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Stealth d6, Streetwise d4, Throwing d6

Cha: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Tough:** 5; **Grit:** 2

Hindrances: Outsider

Edges: Entertainer, Quick

Gear: Silk shirt, fitted trousers, acrobat shoes, haversack, straw hat

ADVENTURE HOOKS

So many possibilities, so little time. Although all of the buildings and locations in Frontier Towns are provided in a stand-alone format, the real fun begins when a Judge links them together in bigger adventures. To help those Judges wishing to create on-the-fly one-session incidents, or even more involved long-term scenarios stretching over multiple gaming sessions, we offer the following plot seeds.



Whose Deal Is It?

No one draws a crowd quite like Lottie Deno. Shannsey and Bennington both know it. They have maintained a friendly rivalry for some time, each man grateful to have Lottie's services as a dealer in his establishment. But both men would prefer to have an exclusive contract, a fact that has engendered unending posturing, scheming and deal-making.

So far, Lottie has maintained the advantage, gently calling each man's hand when it suits her. Nevertheless, sooner or later the bluffs and counter-bluffs are bound to lead to hard feelings or just plain cheating.

There are numerous ways that player characters can become involved in such an enduring conflict.

They could become friendly with either man, helping him to convince Lottie that she should favor one establishment over the other.

They might become friends with Lottie, helping her to continue pitting the two men against each other.

Whether intentional or not, they make an enemy of Lottie, who won't deal faro when they're present in either saloon (drawing the wrath of that particular owner and creating tensions that could manifest in the saloon or elsewhere).

They could become enemies of one of the men, a fact which Lottie uses to her advantage when cutting deals for her services (e.g., she pretends to like them so she can "give up" something in return for what she wants).

One (or more) of the characters could be an innocent bystander who chooses to become involved after witnessing a yelling match between the two men, perceiving some injustice on the part of the owners or Lottie.

The PCs learn about Lottie's special powers (see the Fork in the Road in Shannsey's **Star Struck** hook). That knowledge either endears the Poker Queen to the heroes or becomes a tool the heroes can use against her, as Lottie would prefer to keep her strange abilities a secret.

It's all up to the Judge—it shouldn't be difficult to steer the characters in one direction or another via role-playing situations, hints (subtle or otherwise), as well as small incidents (e.g., they think Lottie is cheating while playing at her table; for some reason Shannsey or Bennington kick them out—temporarily or permanently; they hear some gossip at the faro table; someone familiar with Magic notices her trappings; etc.).

The Race

The rivalry between Shannsey and Bennington seems to have no bounds. Shrewd businessmen both, they are always looking for subtle ways to outdo each other and gain prestige for their respective saloons. In this case, each man has decided to back a different racehorse being boarded at Haverty's Livery.

Aside from an eventual race on the outskirts of The Flat, (with all the usual trappings of betting and raw excitement) other scenarios could stem from this circumstance.

Forks in the Road:

1. Spies: Either man (or both) becomes convinced that the other has plans to do harm to his favored racehorse. The player characters are hired as spies to keep an eye on the other man and his employees, or as guards to keep watch over the horse. Obviously, the latter causes a great deal of frustration for Haverty and Sixkiller and can lead to a variety of roleplaying situations.
2. Treachery: Indeed, one of the men is planning some underhanded treachery to ensure victory. This could involve stealing the rival's horse, poisoning the steed or its rider, or simply loosening a horseshoe just enough for the horse to throw it during the race. The player characters could witness or otherwise get wind of these plans.
3. Triangle: A third party has a stake in this race—perhaps someone from out of town or one of the player characters. The possibilities from #1 and #2 apply in this scenario, with the introduction of a third horse and its patron complicating matters and providing more options for the Judge to involve player characters.
4. Personal: One of the player characters is hired to ride one of the horses, perhaps filling in for another rider who falls to a mysterious illness, or riding his or her own special steed. The risk potential for that character increases immediately.

Angelina at the Beehive

As part of her rebellion, Angelina Sarracino Naranjo starts hanging around the Beehive (usually during the day, while Eppie is working). It's possible that she decides to take up the world's oldest profession (*Ed. Note: Say it isn't so. Not our sweet little Angel.*), or maybe she's just looking to have some innocent fun. Either way, she tries to involve herself with one of the player characters.

This could be combined with **The Raid**, or kept as a separate encounter resulting in a town adventure involving Epitacio and others. As noted in the Outfitters, anyone getting too close to Angelina will draw Eppie's unwanted attention. This could also be a way to draw Jacob into the action, as he begins to become aware of his feelings for Angelina—from jealousy to protectiveness and anger—when he learns about her antics at the Beehive.

Keep Anna Leigh Company

B.A. Adamson has a secret crush on Anna Leigh but he doesn't know how to approach her. Normally mild-mannered, he gets a might nervous and more than a little strange when

she comes around, or when he sees her with other men. Of course, these facts mean nothing unless the player characters become involved in this budding romance (or is that unfolding disaster?).

Forks in the Road:

1. Desperate for something to happen between him and the object of his desire, B.A. asks a charismatic player character for help in wooing Anna. Can you say Cyrano?
2. B.A. encounters a player character that is with, or has been with, Anna (rumors or fact, doesn't matter). He's not a violent man, so he's not likely to start anything unless he perceives some mistreatment toward Anna, in which case he could rush to her rescue. But even if B.A. doesn't do anything right on the spot, he will likely begin following the character and keeping close tabs on him just in case. He might decide to have a quiet word with the cowpoke, making sure the man understood his thoughts about Anna Leigh. He might even mention something to Mangy, planting a seed about the character (and his friends) that puts the suspicious deputy on their tails.
3. The characters witness a run-in between B.A. and Mangy. The latter likes to tease B.A. about Anna Leigh. Mostly, it's in good fun, but it could appear otherwise to an outside observer.

As a result of any of the above, or perhaps occurring independently, B.A.'s protectiveness over Anna starts to drive customers away from her. Understandably, possible patrons wouldn't want to have the eyes of the law following them everywhere, so they start to avoid her. She's smart enough to figure out what's going on, probably sooner rather than later. The player characters could get caught between the deputy and the dove, setting the stage for possible conflicts—verbal or otherwise.

Max Meets Queenie

"Hey, keep that mangy cur away from my dog!"

One or more of the player characters hear such an exclamation while out in the street one day. Max and Queenie are bound to come into contact at some point, sniffing each other with friendly (maybe too friendly!) intentions or snarling at each other for despoiling the other's territory.

The player characters might have to intervene to help Angelina or Chapin restrain Queenie from hurting the collie, or stop Max from having his way with the female pinscher, or to help Haverty, Benny or Sixkiller to corral Max, who could likely run rings around the bigger dog. Maybe it seems like trouble, but the dogs are really friends and it's just the owners overreacting. In any case, the players somehow get caught between parties, regardless of

the dogs' intentions. The Judge can play this as innocently or viciously as desired.

Prizefight

There's nothing like good, old-fashioned fisticuffs to get the blood pumping. With Big Mose McCain in town, this is a scenario just begging to come to fruition. Mose could challenge a trouble-making player character, or accept a challenge from one (or a player's cowpoke could be asked to fill in for someone in a regularly scheduled bout against McCain). To get everyone involved in the events surrounding the fight, the Judge should focus on advance promotion and groundwork, gradually introducing incidents that build toward a sensational to-do. For example, Elias Bennington or John Shannsey could start giving odds and creating a betting whirlwind, while the need for security, fight trainers and financial backers crop up in the prelude to the fight. Tie in as many town folk as you can: Jet Keenan or Henry Sixkiller as the referee; Benny the stable boy as warm-up comedian, and Uncle Billy Wilson as the bookie—and other player characters wherever they fit in.

Forks in the Road:

1. The fight is fixed: Mose is going to take a fall (remember, that's what he did against Shannsey back in the day). Of course, the player characters could either perceive the cheat right away, or learn about it later—and the adventure turns to one of revenge for those that lost money.
2. The fight is nearly fixed: Mose fights dirty, with the referee turning a blind eye, or the player's cowpoke is drugged/poisoned the night or morning before the fight.
3. The fight is on the level: no tellin' what happens.
4. The fight is fixed, redux: the player character is coerced into throwing the fight by some nefarious bettors or decides to throw the fight for personal gain. In this scenario, people on the losing end of the deal learn about the player characters' ruse and they'll chase them until they get satisfaction.

Regardless of the outcome, someone who had money on the losing fighter (doesn't matter which one) threatens the characters and wants compensation, blaming them for either winning or losing and thus costing them serious cash (Indian Kate and Killer Kirbee; Mangy Mansfield; Billy Thompson or some other Judge character).

Big Mose and Big Nose

Big Nose Kate has taken a shine to Big Mose McCain. They have started to hang around together, not caring what anyone thinks about it. They can be found at the Beehive when McCain's off-duty, at Shannsey's bar when Kate drops in to sit a spell and chat with the big man, or in the environs of The Flat just taking a stroll. Now, some narrow-

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minded folks have a hard time swallowin' McCain's prestigious position in the first place—and those same folks might go plumb loco if they see him and Kate walking around town shoulder-to-shoulder or heading upstairs at the Beehive.

A Judge can take this scenario and create a small incident, such as harsh words and a fistfight in the streets, or turn it into something much more: like a killing, a trial or an attempted lynchin' (see the hook titled **A Lynchin'**). The player characters might end up on either side of any encounter, depending on their notions about what's proper. Seems like 'nuff said on that account.

Poker Tournament

Shannsey and Bennington put aside their rivalry to co-sponsor and promote a big poker tournament. They send word by stagecoach and Western Union to towns across the West, hoping that new visitors with money in their pockets will come to Fort Griffin and that the locals will get stirred up and spend more time and money at their saloons. It works like a brand new cotton gin, bringing in all manner of visitors, from the curious, to the adventurous and the notorious.

The tournament could be the highlight of this scenario, or just one part of a larger adventure. With all the famous and infamous names in town, just about anything could happen. Among the poker players, be sure to include: Doc Holliday, Mike Fogerty, Lottie Deno, Chubby Wilson, Emmet Calhoun, Ben Thompson, Copperhead and Elias Bennington himself. Or a character introduced by Judge, perhaps someone with arcane powers. And don't forget about all the rubes, onlookers, snack vendors, game dealers, side-bettors, and cutpurses lurking on the fringes (any of whom could be player cowpokes). Of course, it's best if at least one of the player characters enters the tournament, serves as table dealer/judge, takes a job as a security guard (maybe even deputized), or whatever else comes to mind.

It's probably best to keep the tournament itself a simple affair, but depending on the size of your gaming group and how much you like poker, you could go a little further.

Simple approach: each player buys in with a set entry fee, say, \$500 or \$1000. Multiple tables are set up for the gaming, some in Bennington's and some in Shannsey's. A straight up winner takes all at each table and then all the winners meet for grand finale. The co-sponsors make sure that all the cardsharps don't end up at the same initial table. A common game is played at each table. In game terms, opposed Gambling trait tests are made to resolve the winners and losers. First player to win 5 tests wins the table.

Real-time approach: get out your playing cards and simulate the action. Stick to a simple game (5-card draw, 5-card brag, or whatever strikes your fancy). The tournament set-up is the same as the simple approach, but you actually play the hands. Each player represents one of the

tournament's players. You could use the "same five hands wins the table" as above, or go hog wild with actual betting until everyone is cleaned out. To simulate character prowess in the Gambling skill, allow for drawing extra cards to achieve an improved hand as per Table 1.3: Poker Handicaps.

Table 1.3: Poker Handicaps

Gambling Skill: Real Poker Hand Effect

d4	Draw one extra card every other hand
d6	Draw one extra card every hand
d8	Draw one extra card every hand; two extra cards every other hand
d10 or higher	Draw two extra cards every hand

The Raid

Every now and then, Sheriff Cruger feels obliged to crack down on illicit goings-on. After hearing about underage girls plying their skills at the Beehive or getting news of suspected outlaws gathering there, the Sheriff decides to execute a raid on the saloon. Late one night when the characters are present, Cruger comes calling with B.A. and Mangy, aiming to shut the place down (temporarily, of course) and haul suspicious or law-breaking men and women back to Picket Jail for questioning and possibly incarceration.

Forks in the Road:

1. There really is an underage girl in the bar who is either drinking or otherwise visiting with the male player characters. They might not realize how young she is, or maybe they just don't care. Either way, they have now attracted Cruger's attention. Maybe the young girl has been forced into this lifestyle by bad men or even no-account family members. The characters could end up on a mission to help Sheriff Cruger deliver some justice.
2. During the raid, Mangy spots a player character that has had some previous run-in with the deputy (the Judge may decide to plant that seed earlier). Regardless of what the person is doing at the time, Mangy finds a reason to make an arrest. Will the character go with hands on head or on the trigger of a gun? A female character could be accused of some kind of wrongdoing during the raid, getting mixed up with the other girls because of real or circumstantial evidence (including an anonymous tip from someone with a grudge against her).
3. A few outlaws (together or separate) happen to be at the Beehive. They figure Cruger has come for them (maybe true, maybe not). Rather than let themselves

THE REAL DEAL: DENO, THURMOND AND HOLLIDAY

As the story goes, Doc Holliday did visit The Flat during Frank Thurmond's incognito stay. They ended up at the same poker table, probably at the Beehive, and Holliday commenced to skinnin' Thurmond.

When Lottie Deno heard about the game and her lover's bad fortune, she stepped right in and joined the contest. Must've been a bit embarrassing to Thurmond, who couldn't really do much without dispensing with his cover. As a number of townspeople looked on, Lottie was said to have "beat the little dentist out of everything but his southern accent."

be taken to the pokey, they clear leather, throw punches or grab whatever's handy to start some good old fashioned chaos and try to make an escape. How the players react should prove entertaining for everyone.

Now, iffing the player characters are indeed doing something illegal, the Judge can play that for all it's worth. A gun battle, brawl, jail and trial . . . well, you get the idea.

Framed

While in town, the player cowpokes are framed by unknown crooks or existing enemies. Any number of possible frame-ups could work here, from killing a prostitute in the shacks by the river, to stealing a horse from Haverty's, or thieving from the Outfitters. Or perhaps a supernatural trickster has made it her aim to mess with the PCs. Cruger and/or his deputies come to investigate, arrest and jail the player characters. The Judge characters from the affected establishment could become involved, perhaps trying to exact justice outside of Cruger's efforts. This becomes a very open-ended adventure, because the cowpokes' reaction to an investigation, threats and violence will determine much of what transpires.

This is a Game for Grown-ups

Doc Holliday comes to town and ends up in a poker game with Mike Fogerty. Doc begins cleaning out Fogerty and that just doesn't sit well with Lottie Deno, who takes a spot at the table, fixin' to set things right. Things get ugly, as Lottie sets her mind to skinnin' anyone stupid enough to get in the game. Doc vows revenge, one way or the other. At least one player character gets in the game—or is observing close enough to become part of any subsequent action.

Forks in the Road:

1. During the poker game, tempers flare, bottle-necks are grabbed, and guns are drawn. Before you can say "Lone Star State," bullets fly, or a brawl is started, or someone tries to be a peacemaker—well, something's gotta give and it's up to the Judge to make it all happen.
2. Doc calls out Fogerty, or a player cowpoke involved in the game, looking to vent his frustration. A classic opportunity for a showdown in the streets of The Flat.
3. A player character draws the ire of Fogerty or Doc or Lottie (anyone present will do). Whoever it might be, that person stalks the character in the days and nights that follow making life miserable until the cowpoke decides to do something about it.
4. If the Judge decides to give Lottie an Arcane Background, this hook could engender yet another. The heroes may be able to pick up clues about the Poker Queen's true power during the game, as she is intent to exact revenge on Holliday and fails to hide her acumen as well as she would under normal circumstances. The player characters would have something on Lottie—something she holds dear—if they chose to use it.

Fogerty, Unmasked

Somehow, the player characters learn about Fogerty's true identity. Perhaps the players hear a rumor, or see Fogerty spending time with Lottie Deno and they get enough clues to piece together the truth. Maybe a lawman, a full posse, or an old-time rival comes looking for him and the player cowpokes are around when his identity is revealed. He might be spotted in the street, the Beehive, the Outfitters, or wherever the Judge desires. Depending on the circumstances, and what has happened between Fogerty and the player characters previously, they might decide to turn on him—extorting him with threats of going to the law or exposing him publicly if that hasn't happened already—or they might decide to defend him from his accusers, lying on his behalf or physically helping him escape capture. As with other scenarios, the players' actions will determine the course of this possible adventure.

Jay Has a Few Too Many

It's Saturday night, and Jay Middleton decides to tie one on. After getting right roostered, he challenges various people to fights, insults citizens and travelers, makes passes at women, etc. The Judge should strive to make sure the characters get involved somewhere along the way and keep them involved if at all possible. It could be accidental (he spills an entire beer on them or bumps into them in the street and gives them an earful for not watching where

JUST PASSING THROUGH AND TYING IT ALL TOGETHER

they're going) or on purpose (he hits on a female member of the group, or challenges someone to a shooting contest, or steals something from them). Alternatively, perhaps someone Jay has wronged asks for the characters help to track down the drunkard. Or maybe the player characters join Jay's spree voluntarily, leading to confrontations with other townspeople, such as John Selman, J.L. Thorp and his boys, William Doney, Allen Baker, The Owl or members of the local law.

Jay's escapades could cover the entire town, from Doney's (where a bar fight could erupt) to the theatre (where Jay ruins a performance), and Earl's (where he demands a midnight bath and pounds on the upstairs door, or tries to break in the back entrance). The sheriff and his deputies might get involved as Jay makes appearances at several locales. Ideally, a whirlwind affair is in order, with Jay somehow slipping away from each scene he causes and then turning up somewhere else later. The characters could aid this wild trek, or be chasing after him from midnight to sunrise—always just a few steps behind his latest escapade.

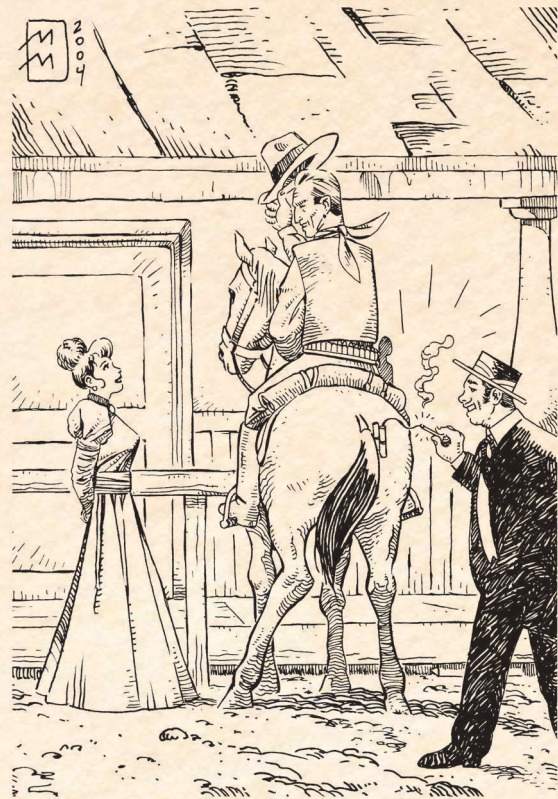
The Mouse Hunts The Owl

The eccentric daughter of an upper-class homeowner (maybe the Newcombs or McGonigals, prominent families in The Flat) takes a shine to Harvey Parker. The townies call her The Mouse because of her squeaky voice, stealthy ways and skittish mannerisms. She begins to follow him around town during his late-night excursions. Maybe he notices and decides to do something about it (from forcibly taking her back home to taking her down to the river for a whirl). Maybe he doesn't notice and she stalks him all night, scurrying to the shadows anytime he turns around.

Whatever happens, the characters cross paths with either The Mouse or The Owl, or perhaps both. Maybe The Mouse's father finds her missing from her bed and asks the characters to find her, for a tidy reward. Or the player characters might witness her sneaking around and think she is spying on them for some reason. Maybe they follow her to see what she's up to, only to have The Owl suspect them of stalking him. Maybe she has a boyfriend or admirer (one of the Thorp boys; Teddy Fargas?) who thinks The Owl or the characters are doing The Mouse wrong. The more layers the Judge can add the more interesting and unpredictable this scenario becomes. Because The Mouse is an Extra, with little impact outside of this hook, we leave her stats and particulars to you, the Judge.

The Uncle of All Practical Jokes

One of the player characters becomes the object of Uncle Billy's pathological need to play practical jokes. This could arise after the character causes trouble, or gives one of Billy's employees or entertainers a hard time, or even if Billy



and the cowpoke become friends and he thinks he can have fun without making an enemy. He becomes determined to launch an intricate—or fast and furious—practical joke on such a cowpoke. Soledad will enthusiastically help her boss, especially if the character has given her any lip or flirted after being asked not to. Because Uncle Billy has lots of friends in town, other townies can be counted on to help the the jape (or japes) along. Some ideas:

1. Fast and Furious: During a performance, the show is interrupted to announce that a horse (or whatever works) belonging to the character has been (is being) stolen. Soledad makes the announcement and Uncle Billy rushes to the character's side when he or she identifies himself/herself. A lawman might be involved to add verisimilitude. Billy and his accomplices convince the character that quick action can foil the thievery. When the character rushes out of the place to see for himself, all the additional performers (or kids in town) are waiting to pelt the character with rotten fruit (or eggs, or something like that).
2. Fast and Furious: Uncle Billy manages to place a tack on a cowpoke's saddle, or he arranges to substitute apple juice for a beer (or vinegar for a shot of whiskey), or he wrangles some other harmless prank for a quick laugh. Depending on the character's mood, this could turn sour fast, or be good for grins.
3. Intricate: Uncle Billy arranges for a soiled dove to become friendly with a male player character. After a

night of drinking or what-have-you (this works best if the character has been completely distracted by liquor or other vices), the dove's "boyfriend" comes-a-lookin' for the character. Meanwhile, the bullets have been emptied from the poor cowpoke's guns (or replaced by gumdrops, or something) and the boyfriend challenges the man to a duel in the streets.

The entire town is in on the gag and no one will sell the man any bullets or repair his gun. If possible, Billy will also get the character's friends involved (they disappear so they can't loan him a gun; they have turned theirs in for repairs; they are locked up in jail, etc.). The Judge can take this as far as desired, watching the character become frantic for a way to resolve the situation, before revealing the ruse. In the end, Billy will pay for any damages to placate an irate character.

4. Intricate: After making friends with one or more of the characters, Uncle Billy sets his mind to a double-crossing extravaganza. Over beer and whiskey with his new pals, he hatches a plan to play a practical joke on the Herveys during a performance the next night. He enlists the characters to stage a gunfight at the Frontier House, right in the middle of one of Muriel's songs. Billy tells the characters to start a shouting match, with one character pulling a gun and another character running onto the stage, trying to escape behind the curtain while the gunman shoots. Billy gives them a prop gun that shoots blanks so no one gets hurt. He also convinces them, if necessary, that the audience will think it's all part of the act, if they play it over the top, while Muriel and Jules will know it's not in the act and think it's real—thus the joke.

Meanwhile, Billy has set up the real joke, with Jules and Muriel in cahoots. Muriel will scream bloody murder while Jules runs out on stage from the wings during the shooting, to save his sister from stray bullets. He will pretend to be hit by one of the blanks, spewing stage blood as he collapses with Muriel kneeling over him crying. Uncle Billy will wait a few moments, to see the characters' reactions before revealing the joke to the characters and the audience.

This will take some serious roleplaying and set-up by the Judge—and he or she might decide to enlist some of the players in the ruse, to help it along the way at the expense of another player or players. This hook isn't for the faint of heart and should be used only in a group of gamers who know each other well enough to pull it off without hard feelings.

Fork in the Road:

There's no reason this couldn't be turned around so a female character is the object of Billy's scheme. Instead of a soiled dove, it's a handsome fella (such as Harvey "The Owl" Parker, Teddy Fargas or Allen Baker). And then the man's girlfriend seeks retribution. If it's The Owl, perhaps The Mouse isn't in on the joke, and really comes lookin' for trouble.

Sold Out to Selman

Selman comes to town looking for the bastards who ambushed him outside of The Flat (or stole his livestock or said something nasty to his wife, or whatever). In Doney's Saloon, Selman overhears something about the player characters and their description is close enough to the people he seeks that he becomes convinced of their guilt. This can take a number of directions as per the Judge's whim, but it's one fun way to get Selman involved—the mere mention of his name could be enough to make this a heart-pounding adventure.

The Bank's Been Robbed!

As a twist on the possibility of the time-honored bank robbery, the crime is committed successfully while the town sleeps. The characters are brought into the action by the sheriff or by Hamilton, as they need someone to track down the robbers and bring them in. This will work best when the characters have left something valuable at the bank and it is among the stolen items.

Circling Hawk will be recruited to help track the culprits and aid the characters. The Judge can string together a few different encounters along the way, from a battle with the Comanche, an ambush by the culprits, or a run-in with an entirely different band of outlaws.

Forks in the Road:

1. It's the characters who rob the bank, and Circling Hawk and lawmen come to track them down. Again, a number of encounters can occur.
2. The robbers have deviously planted evidence to make it look like at least one of the characters is guilty of the robbery. The sheriff tries to arrest the character or characters (do they go peacefully?). The Judge should ensure that not all of them are implicated, to set up the possibility of a jailbreak or bringing in the real thieves.
3. The breaking and entering itself is mighty strange. The Sheriff found no evidence whatsoever of a forced entry. It's as if someone walked right in, opened the safe, took the goods and locked up on the way out. Now, that might indicate an inside job, but everyone who might have the ability to get in unfettered has a solid alibi. So it's either a grand conspiracy, or something downright unnatural. The Dog House Gang leans toward the latter, but leaves the truth up to the Judge.

Bigotry Knows No Bounds

Some bigots come to town and decide to make Elijah Earl, Circling Hawk, Dawena Earl, Xu Jing Han, Sun Mei Ling, Mose McCain, James Romey, Forest Sedwick or Soledad Sanchez the focus of their attention while in town. Unfortunately, that attention is anything but complimentary—it could range from bullying to beatings to murder. The Judge can easily involve the characters by having them witness the encounter, having Uncle Billy or someone else enlist their aid to take retribution against the perpetrators, or having the sheriff ask for help in a posse. John Selman could be among the bigots.

Circling Hawk Accused

A man is killed while buffalo hunting out in the plains and someone claims that it was “Injuns.” In town, that same person fingers Circling Hawk as the culprit. (He might be innocent, or perhaps he did kill the man, accidentally or with good reason, such as self-defense.)

Hawk will likely flee to the hills, aware of the white man’s unpredictability in such situations—regardless of his innocence or guilt.

If the characters have met Circling Hawk and learned of his valor and integrity, they might decide to defend him from the law, a lynch mob or other vigilantes. Likewise, other townies might pitch in to help. The Judge can aid this set up by previously getting Hawk and the characters together somehow.

In order to help him, the characters will have to follow or chase Circling Hawk into the hills. They might have a run-in with those pursuing the Tonkawa warrior, or they might fight a battle with him and his braves.

Otherwise, depending on the characters’ attitudes, they might join the vigilantes or the law to try to bring in Hawk, or they might decide to stay out of it. A reward or some other impetus could cause the player cowpokes to take sides if they opt to pass, initially, on this adventure.

The Thorp Boys Get Bold

The Thorp boys rape, harass or otherwise physically endanger Milly White, Sue Ann Summers, Constance Harper, The Mouse, or some other nameless town girl. Or they get involved with one of the prostitutes at the Beehive and something goes terribly wrong.

The characters might witness the act, or become alerted by screams while in progress, or hear about it afterward from Elijah Earl or William Doney or whomever—asking them to help seek justice or revenge.

Iffin’ the Judge has decided to awaken Mattie’s latent powers, the strain on the adolescent could help to explain his extreme behavior—and make for an interesting twist on this scenario.

A Murder Mystery

Mei Ling is killed and found in a room in the Planters Hotel one dreary morning. Who dunnit? The characters are hired by Estelle Swartz to find out, because the sheriff says there’s nothing to go on (Note: the sheriff isn’t aloof, he just has very little evidence and few resources, but Estelle can’t let it rest, even after the sheriff does his best). Alternatively, the player characters just like a mystery and volunteer to get involved after being treated well by the likable Estelle, or accept the sheriff’s offer to aid the investigation. Ideas for who committed the crime:

1. Allen Baker did it. Mei Ling somehow learned of his identity (e.g., she saw him in Kansas one time) and he felt threatened enough to get rid of her. This could be an interesting linked adventure with the “Looking for Josh Morgan” scenario in Planters Hotel.
2. Han is in denial and shock from his wife’s death and his behavior is so odd it looks like he might have done it. Any of the other suggested murderers could have truly committed the crime.
3. Mangy Mansfield did it. He didn’t like the looks of the Chinese pair and followed them until they arrived at the Hotel. Things went bad and although he didn’t mean to do it, he panicked and tried to cover things up.
4. Soledad Sanchez did it. She became insanely jealous because the acrobats were a hit in town, they were taking business from Frontier House and Mei Ling was drawing a lot of attention around The Flat. Possibly, but unlikely, Uncle Billy was involved.
5. Jules Albert Hervey did it. Similar to Soledad’s scenario, Jules comes to hate the Chinese performers for stealing his and Muriel’s stardom in town (and in the four-county area). Alternatively, if either of the Hervey’s have an Arcane Background or other supernatural back story as posited in the hooks for Frontier House, this adventure could spiral into something much more than just a murder, especially if there are bite marks on Mei Ling’s neck!
6. One of the Thorp boys did it. Whether accidentally because things got out of hand (or Mattie’s powers are taking him down a dark path) or on purpose because they don’t like the Chinese, they kill her.
7. William Doney did it. Han and Mei Ling had a previous run-in with Doney and earned enough of his wrath to push the temperamental Brit over the edge.
8. Jet Keenan did it. At least, his Mr. Hyde side did.

Of course, all of these ideas could be combined to make the mystery and investigation more interesting. While one of the suspects is the killer, the others could provide suitable red herrings along the way.

The Greatest Show on Parson Street

Han and Mei Ling put on a show in the street, drawing a decent sized crowd (have fun with this part, before jumping into the real adventure). A thief who is passing through town takes advantage and filches a few items (could be the same thief from **A Cutpurse in the Crowd** as suggested in *Frontier House*). The performers are accused of engineering the thefts because one item is found in their belongings (planted by the thief), while the culprit escapes scot-free. The poor Chinese couple are thrown in jail or possibly taken to the whipping post (Mangy Mansfield could figure prominently). They beg for help from the characters on the way to the post or the pokey—or during the characters visit to the jail if they have made friends with either of Han or Mei Ling (the Judge could plant that seed earlier).

The player characters must pick up clues to the theft, such as: the performers weren't found with any other stolen items, they were busy the entire time performing, some other townie saw a suspicious character amidst the onlookers, etc. The Judge should make sure the characters get a whiff of the thief's trail so they can try to track her down. Other personalities could become involved—Uncle Billy if the Chinese couple has performed for him, the Widow Chen (who knows what her motives might be, beyond altruism), or Circling Hawk to help them track or search for clues.

Forks in the Road:

John Selman or a nameless bounty hunter also decides to investigate this occurrence. One or both take offense to the characters' involvement, for whatever reason. Or one of them believes the characters are involved in the crime and intends to shake them down or blackmail them.

The French Connection

With the nefarious activities of Louis Fasset (Woolform), many things become possible. It should prove easy for the Judge to involve the characters in some element of a scam, a deal gone bad or the cause of a victim's payback. Here are some ideas for how to connect Woolform, other townies and the heroes in scenarios:

1. Fasset and Billy Thompson are working together on some kind of illegal business. The characters witness Thompson performing something criminal or suspicious (stage robbery, helping unload goods at the bakery, or shaking down a local shop owner). They could confront him, talk to the law or advise Ben (who might or might not believe them). Alternatively, Ben learns of this and wants Billy to stop, but can't convince him. He won't turn in his brother to the law, so he hires the characters to capture him and chase him out of town.
2. Fasset and the Thompsons have a long running

enmity. Ben and Billy have come to town without realizing that Fasset has set up shop in The Flat. When they find out, things get more than a might dangerous. The heroes end up caught between the rivals by sheer coincidence (a gunfight, a brawl, a fire, etc.).

3. Ned Carter is more than he seems—an agent of Fasset on the streets. He is spying on the heroes, because Fasset has taken an interest in them, or because they have begun poking around the bakery and appear to be a threat to his endeavors. Ned could pass along information that helps the bakery owner ambush, embarrass, or otherwise discredit the heroes and damage their prospects. Or, the characters figure out what Ned is doing, providing a link to different adventures involving the baker.
4. Fasset and Townsend have joined forces to set up ambushes of wealthy stagecoach passengers. The heroes could be the passengers by choice, or could be hired by a victim who wants recompense, thus posing as passengers to catch the robbers in the act.
5. Fasset has accumulated embarrassing evidence about various townspeople, blackmailing them. Perhaps he has information about Jet Keenan's occasional visitors. Or he has learned that the Reverend Middleton isn't truly an ordained minister. Or he has learned Luan Li Shen's secret and threatened to expose him. Or he knows about someone's arcane powers. Finally, whoever it is turns to the heroes for help.
6. B.F. Clampitt has been helping Fasset to move goods out of town in caskets. Maybe he's doing it for extra cash and the characters learn about it when a mix up lands a casket full of grenades at a viewing in the AME Church. Or perhaps B.F. is under duress, because the real story of Ruth's absence is that Fasset has kidnapped her and is forcing B.F. to participate in order to save her life.

Guarding the Stage

Townsend needs extra guns to guard a particularly wealthy passenger and/or valuable cargo. He hires the heroes to provide security. Of course, the journey couldn't possibly pass uneventfully—or could it? We suggest two ways to approach this:

1. Fasset has arranged to have the coach robbed by his operatives. He has set his mind on cornering the stagecoach market and wants to drive the independent Townsend out of business. A successful attack will cripple Townsend's short-term endeavors, giving Fasset the ability to take over. If the heroes fend off the attack, Townsend will be grateful and the wealthy passengers will reward the heroes. A further twist:

JUST PASSING THROUGH AND TYING IT ALL TOGETHER

Fasset actually hired the “wealthy” passengers to play roles in this charade. If the heroes fail to protect them, the wealthy survivors will add insult to injury by spreading scuttlebutt around all the nearby towns about the heroes’ incompetence.

2. Nothing happens! This could be good for a guffaw, because the heroes will almost certainly expect something. The Judge can provide false foreshadowing—Indians riding near, noises in the night, a broken wheel that puts them at risk in the middle of nowhere—but any attacks or danger are only figments of the players’ imaginations.

Alternatively, the heroes get an idea to rob the stage, iffin’ they’re made from that sort of cloth. The Judge should have a comparable set of guards to make it interesting if that’s the case.

The Mysterious Visitor

The stage comes into town bearing a mysterious visitor, shrouded in a veil, secluded by guards, or what-have-you. Curiosity gets the best of the heroes—they have to find out what’s going on. The Judge, prodding the characters to look into the visitor’s identity, introduces subtle and not-so-subtle clues and bait.

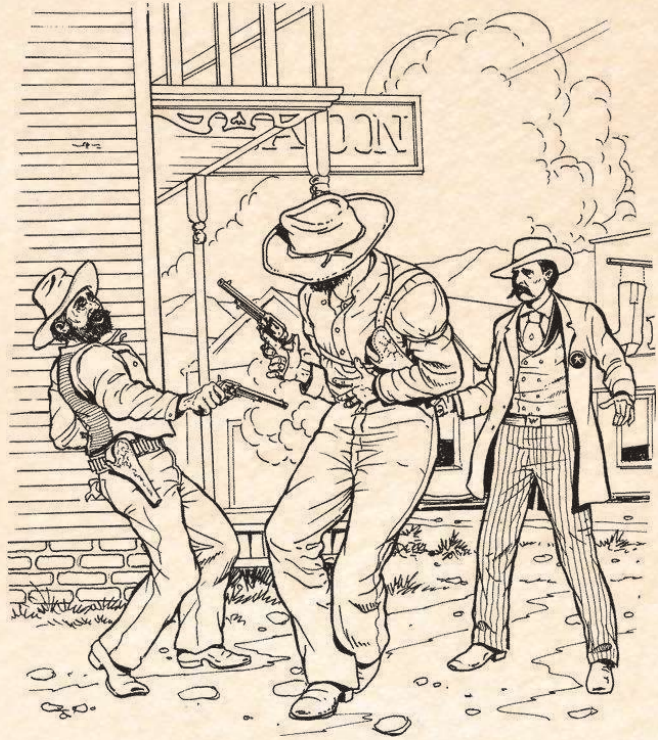
This could go in various directions; here are a few ideas to work with:

1. It’s a famous actress visiting Soledad Sanchez. She’s a knockout—and a big tease.
2. It’s a bounty hunter hoping to get the drop on his prey. Could be one of the heroes, could be a townie, or perhaps Billy Thompson. If the prey isn’t a hero, the bounty hunter won’t appreciate any interference, including the heroes sniffing around trying to blow his cover.
3. It’s Ruth Clampitt, come to spy on her husband.
4. It’s a psychopathic killer under heavy guard, en route to Mexico after extradition. He is known for eating his victims’ ears and tongues. Any distraction caused by the heroes may enable him to escape . . .

A Commission

A pair of highfalutin visitors needs a stagecoach to Austin. Jet Keenan has promised to arrange the trip with the next stage comin’ into town. But the arrangements fall through (the stage is late or was ambushed before it arrived, the driver is ill, it’s already booked, etc.). So Jet scrambles to make some other arrangements. He offers a healthy commission to the heroes if they can provide transport from Fort Griffin to Austin.

If the players agree, the Judge has options for how to provide the vehicle (assuming the heroes don’t already have one!). They could borrow the stage from an ill driver. They could get a wagon from Clampitt, perhaps with a cover or



quick modifications to house passengers in stagecoach fashion. Maybe Clampitt has an old stage in the yard that he could make road-worthy in short order. Or for a more grand adventure, maybe the player cowpokes have to go out on the road and retrieve an ambushed stage, bring it back and get it fixed for the journey. In which case, they have an encounter with the lowlifes who ambushed the vehicle the first time.

What happens along the road is up the Judge, we reckon, but suffice to say that it shouldn’t be an uneventful trip.

Fork in the Road:

Actually, this hook could be called “An Omission.” Keenan forgets to tell the heroes a key piece of information about the passengers (they’re wanted in 12 counties and the law is on their trail, or one of them is a Marshal taking an escaped convict back to jail and the outlaw’s cohorts are planning to attack the stage, or they are desperate men who plan to turn on the heroes and steal the stage). Thus, it’s the passengers who are dangerous . . .

Trouble Follows the Thompsons

The Thompsons, especially Billy, seem to attract trouble no matter where they go. A likely scenario is for Billy to get completely soaked and end up in a gunfight with the boyfriend of some young girl, a gambler who won Billy’s money, or a poor soul who happens to bump into him in the street. Of course, any of these could involve one of the player characters.



The Judge can devise any number of incidents involving the Thompsons, including a showdown in the street with one or both of the brothers, defending a helpless townie from Billy's drunken aggression, or hunting down the brothers after they flee the town to avoid prosecution after a gunfight.

Bake Sale

Grandma Dedmon organizes a monthly bake sale—one of her favorite activities. She started it three months ago and it has become quite an event. Members of the congregation whip up their best creations and the church holds this outdoor fundraiser on the first Saturday of each month.

Trouble is, Louis Fasset sees this as a threat to his business. Well, not really, since his business isn't actually baking. But he can't stand the thought of anyone horning in on any of his rackets and he decides to do something about it. To cover his tracks he has actually donated some of his goods for the sale and makes a great to do about his support for the church. Meanwhile, he has hired a band of lowlifes to break up the party, destroy as much property as possible and generally discourage the continuation of these bake sales.

LYNCHINGS IN TEXAS

According to data from the Tuskegee University archives, between 1882 and 1968 Texas ranked 3rd amongst all states in the number of reported lynchings (with 493 reported incidents). Although not specific to Texas, a study of those same archives indicates that four out of every five victims were black.

As the Dog House Gang has noted earlier, plenty of evidence exists for the presence of a notable African-American community in The Flat. A mix of cultures on the frontier was common and it seems reasonable to assume that people maintained a relatively peaceful co-existence. But it also seems likely that lynchings occurred from time to time—and thus the brutal reality of this practice presents an adventure scenario full of conflict and opportunity for heroism.

Members of the congregation will defend the church and the bake sale, trying also to apprehend the raiders. Other townies will also help, not liking the idea of outsiders messin' with their town in any way—and just in general likin' the bake sale. The characters can get involved by helping the townsfolk fight off the bad men or hunting them down later.

A Lynchin'

Despite the relatively peaceful relations between whites and blacks in The Flat, every now and again someone kicks up a row and the next thing you know there's a mob with a noose ready for some unfortunate soul. In this case, young George Jones is accused of inappropriate behavior with one of the teenage white girls in town. (Or, a twist, the girl's father is covering up a different incident, such as Jones selling her some laudanum). To some folks it doesn't matter whether the accusation is true. The girl's father rounds up a number of fellers to take George from the Drug Store and haul him down by the river.

A large crowd gathers (sadly, lynchings routinely became public spectacles), to watch poor George strung up. Townies such as Louis Fasset could be among the mob, and maybe even members of the local law (see Pickett Jail). Members of the AME, especially Rev. Middleton, would voice strong protests and do their best to persuade the mob to abandon this course of action. They would probably stop short of armed conflict, knowing that would likely lead to catastrophic reprisal even if they won the first battle.

JUST PASSING THROUGH AND TYING IT ALL TOGETHER

The heroes could object to the hanging and intervene on George's behalf, making for a heart-poundin' rescue or bloody gunfight. It's possible that Romey, the Reverend or Grandma Dedmon would beg them to help in this regard. Or, depending on the nature of the heroes, they could choose to participate, helping the mob carry out its deed. Now, the player characters just might choose to sit back and watch the proceedings, staying neutral, which could earn them enemies on either side and make things difficult later on.

Forks in the Road:

1. Instead of Jones, it could be James Romey who ends up on the wrong end of the rope. As noted, he tends to stir things up with his strong opinions. The same options for the course of this scenario would apply, but the tensions would be different, resulting from whatever Romey said (telling folks they'll suffer damnation unless they acknowledge that Jesus was a black man, shooting a white man after an argument, declaring that he laid with numerous men's wives, etc.).
2. If one of the player cowpokes is of African descent, he or she could be the subject of a lynching. The Judge may need to change some facts or the actual accusation, but the AME would still be involved and it stands to reason that in this case the other heroes would attempt to rescue their companion.
3. A lynching could be carried out on someone other than an African-American. Could be someone of Mexican or other immigrant descent, or even a white citizen. As long as the Judge can provide some impetus for the player characters to get involved, this hook can be an interesting stimulus for a town adventure.
4. The personality that ends up on the receiving end of the noose is actually a Werewolf (*SWD* page 142). And wouldn't you know it, the event occurs on the full moon. Damnation!

Ned Nets a Nugget

Ned Carter stumbles across something of great value—stolen (not by him) from a traveler and stashed until the real thieves could fetch it without drawing attention to themselves. He finds it hidden in one of the rickety shacks near the river and he tries to find a buyer. While usually discreet, Ned sees this as his big strike and he solicits a few too many people, including the heroes.

Meanwhile, the thieves and the original owners are trying to track down the item. They will eventually hear that Ned found it. If the characters decided to buy the item they will become the targets (Ned will squeal on them faster than a pig headed to the trough). Even if the heroes had no interest in the item, word will spread that Ned was trying to

sell it to them, and when he can't be found the outlaws and the original owners will come lookin' for the heroes. Another possibility is that Ned has helped the heroes (gathering information or some such) and they feel compelled to help him fend off the outlaws (or rescue him if it comes to that). Another possibility is that the original owners hire the heroes to retrieve the item.

And the item could be almost anything, from an Aztec relic to a diamond necklace or Davy Crockett's cap.

Kangaroo Court

Some of B.F. Clampitt's most valuable tools are stolen one evening while he's cavortin' over at the Beehive Saloon. Young Arnie Foster claims to have witnessed the perpetrators and he runs to get Jet Keenan. The Sheriff and one of his deputies are gone, leaving only the dubious Mangy Mansfield to administer justice. Mansfield arrests the perpetrators, while Clampitt arrives on the scene lubricated enough to demand immediate retribution. He wants Keenan to hold court immediately and Mansfield agrees. The Judge can involve the heroes in several ways, including these possibilities:

1. The heroes (one or more) could be the accused. Previous encounters with Arnie could give him a reason to finger them (he pesters them and they do something as simple as telling him to get lost). It doesn't help when someone (Fasset, Carter, Zed Harper) finds one of the tools in a character's possession (or with their horses). The hero or heroes are sentenced to 25 lashes and a \$50 fine. Do they fight back or accept the judgment of the kangaroo court?
2. Luan Li Shen could be the accused. The Judge can ensure the heroes become involved by having previous encounters with Shen or others at the Laundry, so the young man or his employer can ask the characters to act in his defense. Whether the player characters agree to help or stand by, the kangaroo court finds Shen guilty and passes a sentence of 39 lashes and a \$100 fine. Shen puts up a fight and all hell breaks loose. Do the heroes help him, try to duck the melee or help apprehend him?
3. James Romey is the accused. Keenan knows that Romey is a friend of his friend Elijah Earl. The druggist listens to the evidence and weighs in favor of Romey. Clampitt and some of the other townsfolk, including Deputy Mansfield, take exception to the ruling. Sides are quickly taken; someone throws a punch, fires a shot, or spits a load of tobacco juice in someone's face. A brawl erupts. Mansfield and Keenan both ask for the heroes' help; do the player characters get involved (picking a side or trying to play peacemakers) or do they stay clear of the town's mess?

Money Launderin’

Taking up the possible alternative threads for the Chens’ story, the Judge can develop conflict that would demand the attention of the heroes. Here are some ideas:

1. The Widow and her employees are actually in league with Fasset, helping him move money or goods through the Laundry. The heroes notice regular communication and deliveries to and from the Laundry and Bakery and they decide to snoop around and then end up dealing with two dangerous foes.
2. Lok Long stumbles onto one of Fasset’s schemes (such as learning of his extortion of another shop owner) and asks the heroes to help expose the man. Shen joins up with the heroes to help clean up the town.
3. The Widow Chen is really a criminal mastermind, having stolen her wealth to begin with and now running her own crime ring in town. Perhaps she is managing soiled doves in competition with the Beehive Saloon, or selling opium, or shaking down other businesses. Someone convinces the heroes to investigate and expose the Widow.

Vengeance

In the spirit of films such as *Kill Bill* and *The Quick and the Dead*, a female gunslinger—Copperhead—returns to exact vengeance on Louis Fasset. Ten arduous years after her parents’ murder, she comes to The Flat to claim her pound of flesh. But killing Fasset ain’t Copperhead’s goal; she has no intentions of such a merciful fate. Rather, she wants to expose and destroy the scoundrel’s racket, publicly humiliate him and drag his beaten body through the streets like a sack of filth. Of course, it might not end up that way—it could just as easily end with a wild gunfight, a showdown on Griffin Avenue or a daring rescue by the heroes if Fasset manages to capture Copperhead.

The Judge can introduce this scenario in a few basic ways, such as having Copperhead enter town inconspicuously, or with quick recognition by locals or travelers. Regardless, Fasset won’t make an immediate connection between Copperhead and the daughter of a long-forgotten victim. Thus, the heroes can meet her directly, or observe her movement around town, or bump into her during the execution of her plan well before she interacts with Fasset. They might see her sizing-up the bakery and its inhabitants, learn of her efforts to capture and interrogate Fasset’s operatives, or finally see her confront him even if they have been oblivious to her plans the whole time.

How and when the player characters get embroiled is up to the Judge and the players themselves as Copperhead’s machinations unfold. But it shouldn’t be hard to have one or more incidents for roleplaying or action involving the heroes during the gunslinger’s quest for revenge.



Forks in the Road:

1. Copperhead decides to leak information about Fasset’s illicit dealings, hoping to drum up support for her efforts. Remember, she wants to humiliate the man and one way would be to turn the whole town against him. She may ask for the characters’ help, convincing them of Fasset’s history, or she might accept their aid if they come to her after hearing the scuttlebutt. This could work well if the heroes have already learned any of Fasset’s secrets (proven or otherwise).
2. Deciding to maintain a low profile, Copperhead slowly builds her plan of action. The characters notice this mysterious woman sneaking about town and decide to observe her more closely, picking up bona fide clues and red herrings alike. The Judge can have several mini-encounters (such as trailing her and seeing her single-handedly dispatch a few of Fasset’s operatives; or having her get the drop on them and telling them to either mind their own business or do what she says; or gathering supplies in town, whether related to her plan or totally non-sequitur).
3. Perhaps Copperhead comes to town in disguise (combining this with the Mysterious Visitor), but is eventually identified by a townie such as Keenan. He mentions his suspicions to the heroes, who then take an interest in her activities. The possibilities mentioned above, still apply, but they will begin in a different fashion.
4. If the heroes have somehow allied themselves with Fasset, they will face Copperhead and her allies at some point during her plan. In such a case, the Judge should add other townsfolk to Copperhead’s cause, such as Luan Li Shen, the Reverend Middleton, or the Thompson brothers, or John Shannsey, Henry Sixkiller, Elijah Earl, or anyone who could be convinced of Fasset’s guilt.

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