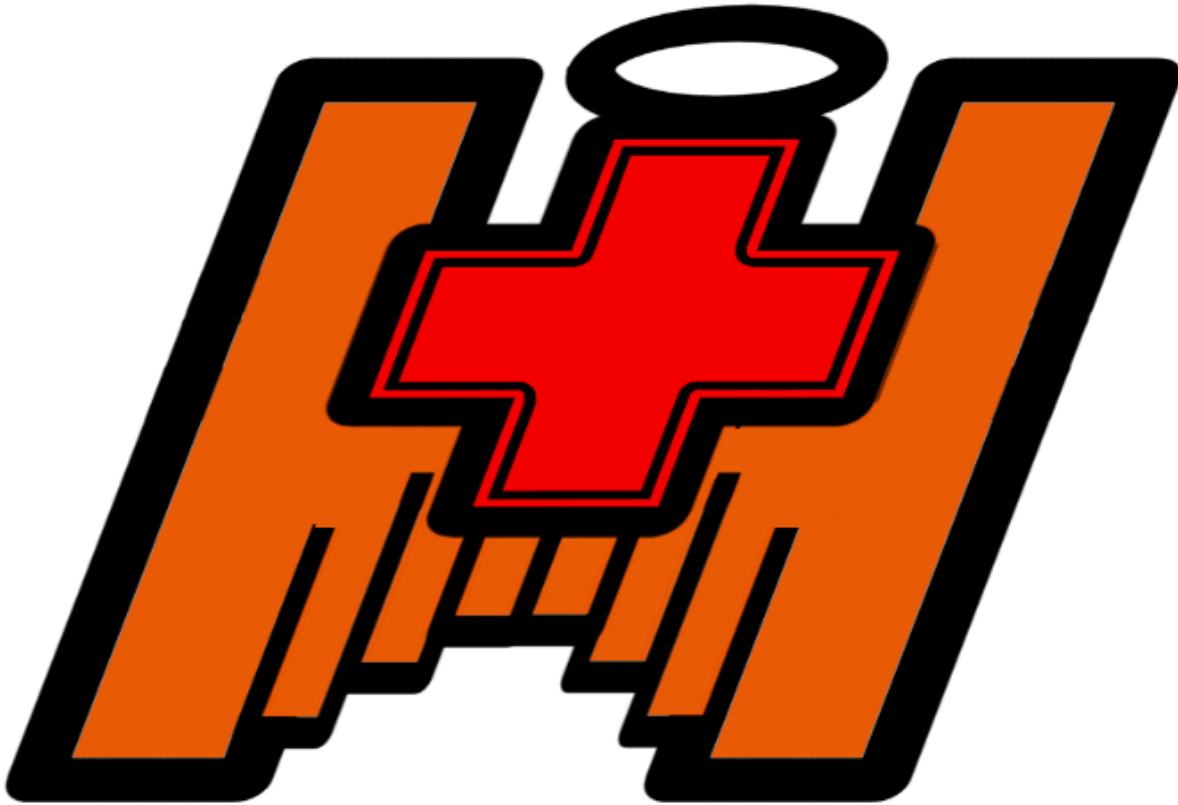


# Jay's: Angels CRT

GURPS Cyberpunk: Shaddowrun



2031: In ancient times there were gods and magic. Magic is returning. We live in Atlanta. We've been hired by Angel Ambulance: Critical Response Team.

What follows are the mission reports of Nicolas "Hammer" Smith.

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## PCs

- **Dante “Hellboy” Dembe** (Russell W.): Jamaican, but doesn’t like to talk about his past.
- **Ismail Alvarez** (NPC)
- **Jean “Wings” Femar** (Dawn D.)
- **Nicolas “Hammer” Smith** (Captain Joy): He used to carry a hose; now he carries a gun.
- **Teo Arnal** (Rob W.)
- **Bryan “Torch” Monsh** (Bob)

## NPCs

- **The Surgeon**: A German elf obsessed with Cowboys. To mess with him his friends told him Cajun was the food of choice for Cowboys. He always wears a cowboy hat
- **Susan “Menace” Bannock**: Susan, the Pilot, provides an authority figure to lead the team. She is ideal to feed information to the players.
- **Joaquin “Wrench” Gabriel Pena**: The Dwarf Copilot. Joaquin escaped from the Cartel War in Columbia. An extraordinary mechanic, Tilt rotor gunner, and drone operator. A devout Catholic.

# Danalovich Duplicity

Our orientation is on the second floor. **Devon Flalsstaff** is our new boss. Priorities:

1. You & your teams lives
2. The lives of your clients
3. Company property
4. Minimize collateral damage

Great medical and death benefits, so pick a beneficiary.

“Hellboy”:

“Hammer”:

“Wings”:

Devon takes us to a freight elevator for a tour. I nice fully-equipped small hospital. I nice break room. Upstairs, 3rd floor, a motorized roof can open; there are two Osprey tilt-rotor aircraft. Downstairs there are wheeled ambulances—it’s not as nice down here. There is also the armory. Devon let’s us load up.

## Alarm!

A dwarf informs us — **Medvetakav Danalovich**: recover dead or alive, deadly force authorized. Bio-feedback indicates an impact followed by additional trauma. He's in an Orc shanty town; not a nice place. Hellboy said he was told that wealthy/corporate types will go into these places looking for talent.

“Spotters up!”. We hang outside the Osprey as we look down at the scene. There are a bunch of brownstones. A sedan with its front smashed (nothing obvious caused this) is in the center of a crowd of orcs; one is trying to pry the roof open. Wings says to watch out for a cat on a ledge nearby. Hellboy wants dropped off on a nearby roof; I drop a flash-bang into the crowd as we fly over before we sit down. That disperses most of the crowd; about a half dozen are still around trying to pry doors open.

We set down, issue a warning over the PA and begin our approach. “Hey, mahn. I got some good shit here”, Hellboy says, holding up four dubies. I look in the window, “Mr. Danalovich, we're with Angels. Can you open the door?” He doesn't seem to be conscious. Wings approaches from the other side and uses magic to get the door open.

Mr. Danalovich looks okay to carry, so I start carrying him to the Osprey. Wings scoops up the driver and follows. Hellboy continues to keep things with the orcs from escalating.

## Debrief

During our debrief there is an intruder alert. The infirmary informs us that what we brought back was not Danalovich, and then the message abruptly ends. We rush to infirmary. The unconscious driver and two bleeding nurses are accounted for, but no Mr. Danalovich; instead, there is an empty bed with knocked over medical equipment and a leaking bag of plasma. Some minor spirit orb is making a mess in the next room. “CLAUDIA” is written in blood on the door.

Turns out, we never had **Medvetakav Danalovich**; it was actually a guy that stole Danalovich's medical bracelet. His wife's name was “Claudia”. She was a client that called for Angel's services when her husband beat her. She died from her injuries; our villain was imprisoned. Apparently, he blamed our boss for this and all this nonsense was pay back.

+3 cp (Hellboy [Russell] MVP)

# Noris the Newsman

25 Jul 2020

## Characters

“Hellboy”: Jamaican, but doesn’t like to talk about his past.

“Hammer”: was a fire-fighter

“Wings”: from streets of Atlanta, dresses casual, scouted for magical talents, with pigeons

## Down Time

Lunch over and still no calls.

I tag the side of the tilt rotor: “Angles Rule”.

## The Mission

Max Noris, platinum member, he’s a local newsman. Bracelet panic button pressed, he was in violent motion, then nothing. Something must have happened to his bracelet.

We arrive. Hellboy sees a man-made lake—water treatment plant; a pick-up truck with a boat trailer is backed up to the lake.

They drop four of us off at the south end of the lake; it the only place with room. The scrub to the south looks beaten down. Wings and the Troll run to the east side of the lake where the truck is. Wings says it’s Max’s truck.

A huge 3-eyed 30’ gator erupts out of the lake and lands on the Troll! The lack of animal sounds put me on alert, so I already had my machine pistol out and put three rounds into the beast’s softer (DR 4) underbelly. It retreats back into the lake.

We check out a concrete structure at the north shore.

The Troll: “I’m getting a slight ping from Max’s bracelet. It’s not much, and I can’t get a location...”

“Help” we hear from the distance. The Troll points to a man-hole cover nearby. He pulls it up. Yep, there is somebody down there. We can’t see him, he sounds like he’s down a tunnel a bit. There are three 6’ gators that seem very interested in something down that tunnel. The tunnels are about 4’ deep in water, so I shoot and kill them from the ladder. (The 30’ gator is plenty upset but too big to enter these tunnels at all.)

The gator situation being taken care of, Wings and the Troll enter the water and bring Max to the ladder. They also bring one of the 6’ gators as a trophy.

Max is delighted. He’s got a great story. We make sure he gets the Angel logo and some nice video of our satisfied semi-famous client with his Angel CRT saviors. And we’ve a cool magically enhance gator to study.

3 cp (MVP Hammer)

**Quirk:** Likes Cheeseburgers, mustache, practical joker

1 cp (GM Profession Skill (Firefighter))

# Church of the Prepared

Saturday, January 2, 2021

## Characters

- **Dante “Hellboy” Dembe** (Russell W.)
- **Ismail Alvarez** (NPC)
- **Jean Femar** (Dawn D.)
- **Nicolas “Hammer” Smith** (Captain Joy)
- **Teo Arnal** (Rob W.)
- **Bryan Monsh** (Bob)

Our team is called into action.

## The Mission

**Rose Delivery Company:** bracelet alert. In the data burst we hear our client call for help. We don't know who he is, beyond being on the Rose account. But, multiple events triggered his bracelet.

The **Osprey** drops us off near an **abandoned(?) warehouse**.

Inside, there is an **abandoned armored truck**. Trail of blood leads from the drivers side (with a hole in the door) to our clients freshly dead body. **Dante** begins prepping the body for possible revival.

**Ignatious** plus two other armed men (**Simon** and **Aldo**) arrive in an **unmarked black SUV**. He's suspicious of us. They are from the **Church of the Prepared**. They believe magic is a sign Armageddon is here; they are magical Christian preppers. One of them checks out our **Osprey**.

The **Church of the Prepared** don't stop us from doing our job. **Bryan** and **I** drive the **Rose armored car** back to **Angels CRT**.

## The Mystery Item

While our client is getting worked on, someone from **Rose Delivery**, **Thomas Porter**, shows up asking about our client. **Devon**, our boss, says he got a message from the **Church of the Prepared**. They want our help looking into the theft. There is a large reward being offered for the return of this shipment.

The **missing item of interest** is associated with a reputable maker of arms and armaments—magical stuff.

**JEAN:** Can you give us the size and weight of the package:

**THOMAS:** Two feet, cubed. Tactical black high-impact plastic box/case. Weighs about 30 lbs.

**JEAN:** Was your delivery man found on route, or was he off route?

**THOMAS:** He was on route. The warehouse is not where the exchange was to take place, but it was on the way.

**Katie**, Angel CRT receptionist, escorts **Thomas** out.

**Hellboy** checks the **Rose armored car**'s route and dash cams. We get help from **Katie**. Our client was hit very near where he pulled off.

**KATIE:** Oh shit. [A **black SUV** has pulled up outside—**Church of the Prepared**?)

**Maribel:** **The Watchers** have arrived.

Our mages see a glowing white feathered winged entity—some kind of angel.

**Cherubs**. A **second van** shows up, it's also with **Church of the Prepared**.

**Hellboy** and a few others take the **Osprey** to find the **sniper's nest**. They find a 50mm shell.

**Teo** knows a fence, **Albert**, so **Teo** and **Jean** go see what he might know. **Two teens** are hanging out outside the door and ask **Teo** about his friends. **Toe** says they're interested in something. The door unlocks (I guess friends of **Teo** are okay enough for **Albert**) and they go inside **Albert's place**. He's pretty sleazy, but not given to violence. He points them to **Elias**, who works out of a **junkyard at Bankhead**.



**Jaen** hears some drilling and **Teo** starts feeling numbs. Before **Teo** can make a break for it, a hole opens up in the side of the building and a **Cherub** flies in. Discretion being the better part of valor, they don't stick around.

**Jean** asks around and hears about an "auction" coming up. **Elias** and **some other guy** is apparently involved.

No bio-markers on the **50 mm shell casing**, so that a dead end.

**Joaquin, Katie,** and **Maribel** encourage us to attend the auction. **Devon** gets a phone call and is getting chewed out by the **Church of the Prepared**. They think we went to **Albert** to sell what we stole.

I go out and tell **Simon** that we went to the fence to find a lead. I tell him about the auction and encourage him to be less suspicious about us.

## The Auction

**Aldo** says they got an invite. We request backup. **Teo** and **Bryan** will enter the auction as part of the **Church of the Prepared** entourage.

**Simon**, representing **the church**, is speaking to **Elais** outside the building just before the auction. (**Elais** comes out, presumably to see why the **Church of the Prepared** is loitering outside.).

**ELIAS:** You are welcome to bid.

**SIMON:** Why should we bid on what it is our property? "Thou shalt not steal."

**TEO:** Maybe we should wait and see what they have?

An **auction guard** brings out a **box**: two feet, cubic. There is a cross on it. The **guard** opens it. Inside: foam with little compartments cut out of it. There are several boxes with shield emblems on them. **Teo** can see that they are magical. Slam! The **guard** shuts the **case**.

**SIMON:** This is our property. We're going to take it now.

There is chanting and a **Cherubim** materializes.

**SIMON:** Thou shalt not steal!

The **Cherubim** fires a lightning bolt at **Elias**! It didn't do much damage: probably a warning shot. **Elias** is angry and shoots at the **cherubim**. **Bryan** shoots at one of **Elias's bodyguards!!!** And now bullets are flying; and pigeons.

**Elias** takes several hits; a lightning bolt from the **cherubim** eventually takes **Elias** down.

The **Church of the Prepared** grabs "**their property**". **Elias's guards**, carrying **Elias**, retreat. **Aldo** gets in **Bryan's SUV** with us, with the **box**.

**Maribel** is very curious about the **box**. She says there are **24 magical shields**. There is one that is +5, the 24 are +3. They are self powering. Very valuable.

**Rose Delivery** gives us **\$20,000** each. **Jean** negotiate for one of the **magical shields** for having their back; we don't hold out much hope. The next day, the **Church of the Prepared** sends us **two +3 shields amulets** and an **Austin Armory drone**. And, they bought an **Angel's contract!**

The **Rose Delivery Company** discovers that the leak was on their end. **Lincoln Baldwin** was the leak.

2 cp (MVP Teo Arnal (Rob W.))  
1 cp (GM Profession Skill (Firefighter))

# Mr. Farragut vs an Illusioninst

Saturday, March 27, 2021

## Characters

- **Dante "Hellboy" Dembe** (Russell W.)
- **Ismail Alvarez** (NPC)
- **Jean Femar** (Dawn D.)
  - and **Pidgey**
- **Nicolas "Hammer" Smith** (Captain Joy)
- **Teo Arnal** (Rob W.)
- **Bryan Monsh** (Bob)

# NPCs

**Devon**



**Jesse Wynns**



**Jesse Wynns!** A friendly human woman, an EMT, and a mage. She was given the callsign "**Liberace**" after someone learned she was a celebrity singer (celebrity with a lower case 'c', not an upper case "CELEBRITY").

## Responding to a Call: Mr. Farragut a Farragut Tower

We hear the standard double-tone alert; then: "Team Two". We spring into action.

The **tilt rotor** takes us to a nice part of town. Our VERTOL settles on a big "H" of the roof of a **high-rise**. Are trackers tell us **Farragut** is alive, but just went unconscious.

**MARIBEL:** There is a **ward** on the door

**JEAN:** That's why you're here.

**MARIBEL:** It's only to keep people out that intend harm

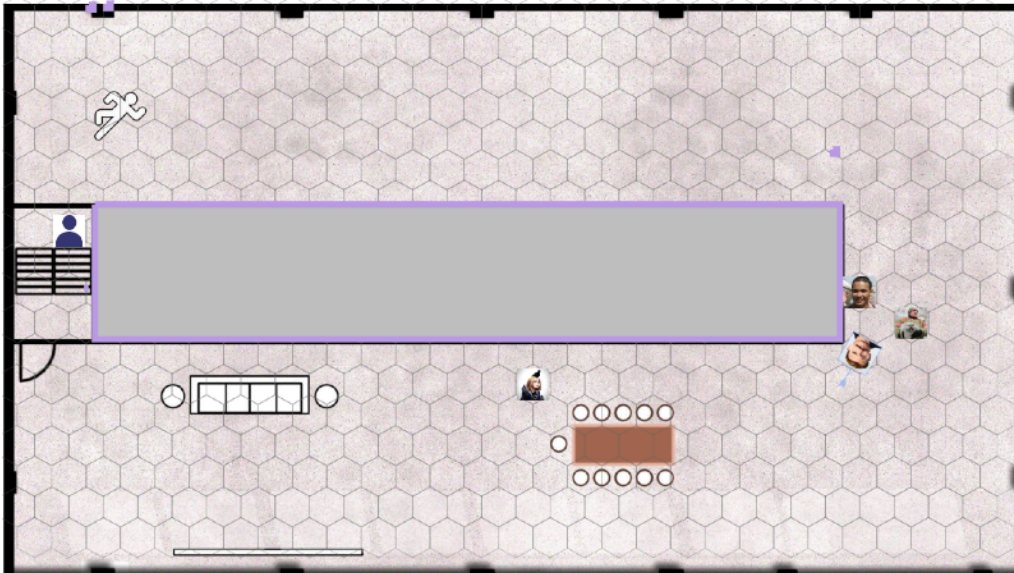
It is locked however. **Teo** whips out some **lock picks** and gets it open.

We make a bee-line to **Farragut**. As in **Farragut Tower**—where we're at now. We race down some concrete stairs into the **22 floor** if the hi-rise.

Two floors down, another **steel security door**. This one has an electronic and mechanical lock. **Teo** gets us through this door as well.

The inside is empty, but somebody was here: the TV is showing a screen savers, there's a cup of tea out—still warm, there is a candy bowl that's been knocked over.

## Farragut's Apartment



As we round the corner: bullets! There is a boy, about 10 years old; he's blasting away at us with a pistol.

**HELLBOY:** We're Angel's CRT. We're here to save **Farragut**.

**BOY:** I need to see some I.D.

We show him ID, get him calmed down, and question him.

**BOY:** The panic alarm went off while we were watching TV.

**HAMMER:** What happened to **Farragut**?

**BOY:** He got a message, then he grabbed his chest.

**Hellboy** gets to work on the unconscious **Farragut**. Based on his advanced age and condition, **Hellboy** decides on an injection **heparin**.

**HAMMER:** **Mrs. Farragut**, **Hellboy** has stabilized your husband. That's good news. Can you tell us — when we arrived, we encountered no security — why was that?

**MRS. FARRAGUT:** Yes, there was an alarm and the building locked down. My husband got his firearm to protect us. I guess the excitement...

**HAMMER:** So the building security alarm went off *before* **Mr. Farragut**'s cardiac event?

**MRS. FARRAGUT:** That's right.

**MARIBEL:** [looking out a window] Oh no

**JEAN:** What?

**MARIBEL:** I think that's our **osprey** down there.

We hear explosions over comms from the security station on the first floor.

Our mages sense that the **ward** on that **outer door** is being triggered. **Teo**, using clairsentience, says **birds** are slamming into the door. The high-rises's **elevators** are locked out, so we gather everyone and start heading down the **stair well**. **Jean** confirms that kamikaze **birds** are wearing down the **ward**.

Two flights of stairs per story, 22 stories. At **floor 18**, the **ward** fails and the doors fly open. **Jean** stops and casts darkness in the **stairwell** above us.

At **floor 16**, we hear a deep voice from all around us. Floor 15...

**SLENDER MAN:** I guess you feel lucky. You're helping them; you can die too.

Floor 13: a **slender-man** black figure with glowing red eyes with a **hand cannon** appears above us.

**Bryan** fires and the wall behind the being gets shredded.

**Teo:** Ah, that thing ... isn't real.

**Jean:** Shoot to the left of what you see.

**Bryan** fires again, to the left...

**Jean:** You hit!

**Hammer:** I can't see it!

The rear guard teams moves down the stairs. A few of us wait to create some space between the **slender man** and **Mr. Farragut**. **Maribel** casts something on a landing within the stair well. I keep her covered. We continue on down.

We get to the 6th floor. Boom! Pieces of concrete rain down on us from above.  
**Maribel** smiles.

At the 5th floor, **Jean** suggest we duck into the building. **Bryan** can't get the **locked door** open, **Teo** shames him by opening it effortlessly. We hide ourselves in a **corner office**.

**HAMMER**: How about we disguise **Mr. Farragut** as one of us...

**Hellboy**: No, he's not stable enough.

**Hammer**: We've got to get a signal out.

**Jean**: Like a pigeon?

[We all perk up.]

**Jean**: [to the **boy**] Can you blast a hole in that window.

The **boy** obliges.

**Jean** speaks with her pigeon and sends it out.

I stay near the door; anything that wants to get to **Mr. Farragut** will have to come through me. **Teo** is looking out the window for anything that might help us.

**TEO**: You guys, there is something off about our **Osprey**.

**Hammer**: So that's an illusion too?! Well we can't believe anything we see.

**Jean**: Shh! Something is at the door.

Boom! The door blows open.

Boom! **Bryan** send three rounds around the **slender man**. The **slender man** vanishes. A **man** appears next to where the **slender man** was; he collapses. **Teo** rushes up to him with his **knife** drawn.

**Teo**: Can I kill him.

**Maribel**: No. I want to talk to him.

**Dante** sedates and first aids **Mr. Farragut's** enemy.

I look outside. Things are a bit different.

**HAMMER**: [into comms] **Juaquin**, you there?

**JUAQUIN:** Yea! Where have you guys been?

**TEO:** It's along story. We'll tell you over a beer.

**HAMMER:** We're on the **fifth floor**. Can you land ground level?

**Jauquin:** Sure. I'll avoid the fires.

There is a **door** welded shut between us and the **lobby**. We forced our way through and were met by a ready **SWAT team**. They check our credentials, and allow us to take **Mr. Farragut** and his family to safety.

## The Farragut's Are Grateful

**Mrs. Farragut** states that after his recovery that he was "appreciative of the level of service you've shown to himself, and his family."

The Illusionist was a man names **Ollie**. **Teo** is appreciative of the **.50 Calibre Desert Eagle pistol** that he recovered after **Bryan** dropped him. **Maribel** visits **Ollie** in **prison**.  
3 cp (GM to Bryan and Jean, MVP Teo Arnal)

# The Milk Run for Fabian Nash

Year: 2060 Place: Atlanta, Georgia

Saturday, July 30, 2022

## Characters

- **Dante "Hellboy" Dembe** (Russell W.)
- **Jean Femar** (Dawn D.)
  - and **Pidgey**
- **Nicolas "Hammer" Smith** (Captain Joy): Cyber-Combat
- **Teo Arnal** (Rob W.)
- **Bryan Monsh** (Bob): Tech
- **Tiana "Keebler" Beck** (Michelle): Elf Mage

## NPCs

- **Devon Falstead** (NPC): boss
- **Kati Quirot** (NPC): assistant

## The Mission

KATI: I need you all to make a delivery. [She unlocks the dispensary, opens it, and brings out a sealed Styrofoam box, about 1.5' sides.] The boss would



like you to deliver this to the Greensboro office. Fabian Nash is the contact there—he runs the place. Just waltz in, ask for him, you should be fine.

Oh, and the tilt-rotor is out, so you'll have to take the ambulance.

Bryan makes a move like he's curious about what's inside, so Jean takes it, puts it in an organ container—we can hook that up to the ambulance cooler. The package only weighs a few pounds. Bryan drives, Jean rides shotgun.

## **We Have a Tail**

Greensboro is a 1h 16m away. About 15m in...

JEAN: Does that motorcycle look familiar to you?

BRYAN: [adjusting his rear view mirror, sees who's following]

JEAN: [climbs to the back and looks out the window] They're hot (i.e. magical).

No corporate markings. The bike and gear is not particularly high or low end.

BRYAN: Way don't we stop for some cheeseburgers. [Bryan pulls off into the last exit of Lithonia.] There is a a Burger & Shake Shack.

Our tail seemed to have slowed down a bit, but continues on down the highway. Jean releases a pidgin to follow him/her. Everyone gets a different kind of meat/meat substitute for their cheeseburger.

KEEBLER: [Concerned a bug has been planted on our vehicle does a surface check. She finds none.] We're still being watched.

JEAN: We'll just take surface roads and enter the highway past where our tail stopped.

KEEBLER: I don't think that's going to make any difference.

HAMMER: I agree with Jean. Stick to well travelled highways.

Bryan drives away from the highway onto surface roads.

## **We Catch Our Tail**

We eventually get back on the highway. Our motorcyclist shadow returns. We hatch a plan to capture him/her.

KEEBLER: [chants a bit]

BRYAN: Now!

HAMMER: [throws the back doors open]

CYCLIST: [lays his bike down which slides under our ambulance]

HAMMER: [grabs the cyclist] We got him!

BRYAN: [the ambulance is jostling wildly and is off the road a bit, but control is maintained and we manage to lose the motorcycle.]

As I help this cyclist into the ambulance, he kicks me hard, knocking me on my butt. Jean slams the back doors and Bryan locks them.

CYCLIST: [woman's voice, Japanese accent] Let me out. [draws some kind of sword]

HAMMER: [getting to a kneel] Sheath your weapon. Nobody here is going to hurt you.

KEEBLER: [draws her rapier]

JEAN: What's the matter with you? Don't you know who you're messing with?  
[everyone notices her sword is fancy]

CYCLIST: My master is one of your clients.

The cyclist calms down. Weapons are put away.

HAMMER: We'll if you're a client, everything is fine. Who is your client.

CYCLIST: I can't say.

KEEBLER: Look, make a call. Have you're people call ours...

CYCLIST: [puts on her helmet and starts talking] This is Onna...

CAR PHONE: Ring!

BRYAN: Hello. Where should we drop her off? [pause] Well her bike is destroyed. [pause] Okay.

CAR PHONE: [clicks off]

BRYAN: Treat her well.

## Orcs

We drop Onna off as soon as we get to Greensboro.

HAMMER: Be well. [opens the back door for Onna]

JEAN: We've got trouble!

Four Orcs pile out of a vehicle and draw SMGs. Onna joins us in the gun fight. We drop two Orcs. All three crazy girls break cover and run towards the Orcs! Jean jumps in the driver's seat of their car. We all drive away.

## Package Delivered

The girls drop Onna off someplace safe. Then they meet up with me and Bryan at Fabian Nash's Greensboro office. Fabian open the package right in front of us. It's an anti inflammatory and anti venom for the Dire Coppermouth.

There is a Bill Nate in a bed in an infirmary. I suspect Bill, an celebrity adventurer, got in a tangle with a Dire Coppermouth.

STAFF: Dumb ass. Somebody was paying Bill to collect them. They can be milked and their venom makes a great anti cancer drug. The daughter of some big-wig has cancer.

Mission accomplished. Most mysteries solved. Time to each cheeseburgers!

3 cp; MVP Keebler; Jean is keeping the armored sports car.

# Ghost Riders

Time: summer 2060

Place: highway near Atlanta, Georgia

## Characters

- **Dante “Hellboy” Dembe** (Russell W.)
- **Jean Femar** (Dawn D.): 2nd story girl
  - with **Pidgey**
- **Nicolas “Hammer” Smith** (Captain Joy): Cyborg Combat
- **Teo Arnal** (Rob W.)
- **Bryan Monsh** (Bob): Tech Specialist
- **Tiana “Keebler” Beck** (Michelle): Elf Mage. Don't like being called “Keebler”.

## NPCs

- **Devon Falstead** (NPC): boss
- **Jesse “Liberachi”** (NPC): used to sing, folk music

- **Joaquin “Wrench” Gabriel Pena:** The Dwarf Copilot. Joaquin escaped from the Cartel War in Columbia. An extraordinary mechanic, Tilt rotor gunner, and drone operator. A devout Catholic.
- **Kati Quirot** (NPC): assistant

## The Mission

We’re hanging at the office. Double-tone alert!

**KATI:** Team 2.

We head upstairs to the roof where the vertol is already powering up.

**JOAQUIN:** Headsets! [He spares no g’s and we take off at a 45° angle.] We’ve got a platinum high visibility client. As you know we’ve have that new tech that monitors the wearer. The client went through annoyance, fright, surprise, pleasure — then the tech was removed from the client.

**HAMMER:**”Removed”? Is such removal harmful to the client?

**JAUQUIN:** Maybe. It could be a necklace or bracelet. The monitor is still sending, so that’s where we’re heading. The client is a famous performer: Mary M.

**HAMMER:** [looks perplexed]

**BRYAN:** She a popular rock singer: catchy love song. Current hit: “Robot Lover”.

**KATI, DEVON, JESSE:** [personal comms group video chat] I’m not going to hover over your shoulders, but this is an important client. Even if she’s not wounded, rescue her if she needs it.

**BRYAN:** This will be in the news?

**DEVON:** Yes, so let’s make sure Angels CRT is seen in a positive light.

The tilt rotor heads south, past the stadium, and hones in on highway 6, about a mile form the Merc Rd exit, there is a Greyhound tour bus parked in the breakdown lane.

**JOAQUIN:** I’m going to put us down in the highway, so I can’t stay.

The bus is painted with “Mary M.” in big neon; lights would make it even more impressive at night.

**HAMMER:** [checking out the bus as **Joaquin** lands tilt rotor] No evidence of accident, no bullet holes or anything.

We approach the bus.

**JEAN:** Does she travel with an entourage?

**JESSE “LIBERATCHI”:** I know her. Yes, she should.

**KEEBLE:** I don't sense any foes.

**BRYAN:** [tries to open the door: it opens]

The well appointed bus is empty.

**KEEBLER:** No blood, no signs of a struggle. But, it does look like they left in a hurry. [She picks the monitor bracelet, it's been cut.] All the gear, which is usually locked up, is missing.

**KEEBLER:** [looking outside for any indication of where everyone went] Here: [pointing] two sets of motorcycle tracks.

**HAMMER:** No highway surveillance out here—it's worn out, vandalized, FUBAR.

**JEAN:** [talking to **Pidgy**] There is only one exit nearby: **Merc Rd. Exit**.

**BRYAN:** [from the driver's seat] **The Pistons** are the local gang around here.

Surprisingly little police record on them. All of the business around **Merc Rd.** are registered to an Orc—a known associate of **The Pistons**.

**KEEBLER:** They probably do this all the time: kidnap rich people for ransom.

**HAMMER:** So, we have a good idea where she is: on **Merc Rd.** The question is do we take the tilt rotor there and be obvious, or walk—it'll take longer but they won't see us coming.

**BRYAN:** I can drive us! [off he and I go; the girls walk]

**HAMMER:** It would be nice to know if there are any dead roadies between here and there.

**JEAN:** I'll send **Pidgy**. [No dead roadies]

The girls get to the exit before us. It took us a while to find a good place to turn around on the highway.

**JEAN:** **Pidgy** says there are many in the large garage/wear house; there is a nearby out building. There is one in the gas station. No one in the repair shop.

The buildings are old, but they're being kept up. The building are absent of any corporate logo. Two Orcs are in front of the gas station, one is an old guy in a rocking chair.

**Jean** sneaks up to the gas station and looks in a window.

**JEAN:** There is one guy sitting out in front of the gas station. Across the street, there are two guys sitting out in front of the large garage/warehouse.

**Jean** sends **Pidgy** over to check out the big building across the street.

**JEAN:** No holes in the roof or anywhere, but there are some skylights. There are lost of cars in the back.

They sneak across to the other side of the street. The small building looks to be a tool lockup. Those cars in the back: there are 40-50 of them, it's like car lot. They're parked in too tight, you couldn't get the cars inside the perimeter out. They're all ground vehicles. **Keebler** checks out the closest car.

**KEEBLER:** This car looks nice. Ready for sale, if you know what I mean.

**JEAN:** **Bryant**, check out this VIN number: [bla bla bal]

**BRYAN:** Sorry, **Jean**, I'm not getting into police records right now.

**Jean** sends **Pidgy** into the big warehouse. No human female in there; just Orcs playing with metal.

**JEAN:** I don't think they have **Mary M**. We're going to ask the **old Orc** if he knows anything. Go ahead and bring the bus in. **Tiana** and I are going to act like we ran out of gas.

**HAMMER:** "**Tianna**? Oh, you mean "**Keebler**".

**KEEBLER:** When I get back...

**OLD ORC:** Ya'll look like you're in the wrong place. This is a gas station.

**KEEBLER:** [batting her elvin eyes] Oh, there were motorcyclists...

**OLD ORC:** Well, it just so happens, we had some **ghost riders** come through here. A van, and car, motorcycles....

**JEAN:** And they went that way?

**OLD ORC:** Well, ya. But if you want to follow them, you'll have to pay the toll. And we have some nice rental cars for you.

**KEEBLER:** Of course, that's only fair.

**JEAN:** [into our ear-piece] Hey, you're just a couple miles away.

**KEEBLER:** Do you have a car for next time I'm through here?

**JEAN:** [into **Keebler's** ear-piece] And I have a car that needs some body work done. And, I need the registration renewed. [pause] Ask him!

**KEEBLER:** And I have a car that needs some body work done. And, I need the registration renewed?

**OLD ORC:** Just ask for me...

We're all in the bus heading down the only road. We pass what used to be a Quickie Mart. It looks like we're in an **Orcs-only community**. We paid the "toll" and they called ahead, so we should be okay. About a mile after the obvious **Orc territory** ends, there is a barrier of car springs and barbed wire. There are a few Orcs guarding.

**KEEBLER:** Again?

**HAMMER:** Think of the client!

The Orc informs **Keebler** there were at least **30 motorcyclist**. They have a town up that way a couple miles. There are steel I-beams made up into crosses with people crucified on them. Signs above them say "drug dealer".

**BRYAN:** The **Ghost Riders** are a mostly human motorcycle gang. **Leandro** is their charismatic leader. He rails about the downtrodden.

**JESSE:** [on comms] **Leandro** is there? **Leandro** was **Mary's** old boyfriend before she got famous.

**JEAN:** She is here of her own free will. We'll let you guys take the bus in and we'll follow on foot.

**HAMMER:** [**Bryan** looking at me] Fine by me

As **Bryan** drives up. Everyone scatters. Some of the men take up somewhat tactical positions.

**KEEBLER:** [as we approach a main structure] There is a big gun in the second story.

**Two choppers** land in the road. Men with guns approach the bus. **Bryan** stops the bus. We get out with our hands up.

**HAMMER:** [subvocalizing into comms] Get up here **Keebler**.

**KEEBLER:** [showing her charming self] Is there problem here?

**LEANDRO:** [bows, courtly. **Keebler** inclines her head slightly] We don't put up with any lawlessness here, no drug dealing. So why are you here? Are you on any mission?

**KEEBLER:** Well, one is always on a mission.

**LEANDRO:** I think I know what this is about. [**Leandro** looks towards a nearby shop. **Mary M.** walks out of a shop and links arms with **Leandro**.

**MARY M.:** Oh, did my bracelet go off?

**KEEBLER:** It did.

**MARY M.:** Can you get me another one?

**KEEBLER:** Of course. Should we have it sent here.

**MARY M.:** Have it sent...

**Mary** talks to **Jesse** via comms. We're invited to stay for a concert. **Bryan** gets an autograph from **Mary M.** The tilt rotor takes us back to the base.

**DEVON:** I'm sorry about that.

**KEEBLER:** Do we get a bonus?

We all get a little extra in our payment.

3 cp; Keebler MVP; Jean formed a plan to get her armored car fixed up.

# Where Has Charles Talbenburger Gotten To?

Time: Fall 2060    Place: [Red River Gorge](#)



## Characters

- **Dante “Hellboy” Dembe** (Russell W.)
- **Jean “Wings” Femar** (Dawn D.): 2nd story girl
  - with Pidgey a real live pigeon
- **Nicolas “Hammer” Smith** (Captain Joy): Cyborg Combat
- ~~**Teo Arnal** (Rob W.)~~
- **Bryan “Torch” Monsh** (Bob): Tech Specialist
- ~~**Tiana “Keebler” Beck** (Michelle): Elf Mage. Doesn’t like being called “Keebler”.~~

## NPCs

- **Devon Falstead** (NPC): boss
- **Jesse “Liberachi”** (NPC): used to sing, folk music
- **Joaquin “Wrench” Gabriel Pena**: The Dwarf Copilot. Joaquin escaped from the Cartel War in Columbia. An extraordinary mechanic, Tilt rotor gunner, and drone operator. A devout Catholic.
- **Kati Quirot** (NPC): office manager
- **Maribel** (NPC): quite
- **Susan Mennis** (NPC): pilot
- **Charles Talbenburger** (NPC): client — university biologist

## The Mission

Quiet shift so far. **Kati** orders a taco truck.

**KATI**: CRT! Full load out.

We all double time it, except **Wings**, who takes the time to prep a taco to go. **Mari** and **Devon** join us: unusual. **Devon** is wearing a cross-draw holster with a **Glock**.

**DEVON**: The **Louisville office** has gone silent. We’ll be there in 90m.

**WINGS**: How many people in that office?

**DEVON**: 6. They’re a new office.

**WINGS**: Who runs the place?

**DEVON**: **Caroline**.

**WINGS**: How long ago did they go dark?

**DEVON**: This morning. The office has a dead-man switch, which went off about 30 minutes ago.

**HAMMER**: Is there any local surveillance of the area?

**DEVON:** No, for security / privacy concerns

**WINGS:** How's the weather there?

**DEVON:** Fine. There should be no meteorological issues.

**WINGS:** What kind of neighborhood is their office in?

**DEVON:** It's in the secure area of the **Louisville airport perimeter**.

**WINGS:** Have we contacted the **airport**?

**DEVON:** We're doing that now.

**JOAQUIN:** Airport security says there are no issues.

**AIRPORT MANAGER:** No security incidents have occurred. They filed a flight plan, due East, early this morning.

About half way through the trip, **Torch** starts needling **Devon** about his next song. **Torch** threatens to sing himself.

**EVERYONE:** No!

## The Louisville Office

Both **helicopter pads** are empty; they only have one **vertol**. Other vehicles and building are unmanaged.

**WINGS:** [using Second Sight] There's no a big black evil cloud hovering over: the magic aura looks normal. [She beings giving orders to **Pidgey**.]

**SUSAN:** Sending access code. [pause] Says it's disarmed. Hopefully the security guns got the message.

**Devon** jumps out before the **tilt-rotor** even touches the ground and takes lead.

Red rotating lights inside. **Devon** charges ahead. There is a half eaten sandwich in the **break room**. No signs of any violence. Beds are made.

I check the **armory**, weapons are missing consistent with the team leaving with their usual load out.

**Torch** has to ask **Devon** to allow him to access the **computer**. **Devon** gives him the security code.

**TORCH:** They were called out to the **Red River Gorge**. It's due east of **Louisville**.

**Devon** [joining Hammer in the **armory**, he unlocks the weapons] Everyone, take what you need; I'm assuming this is going to be a combat situation.

We load up for bear and we hightail it back to our **tilt rotor**. We race to **Red River Gorge**.

**DEVON:** The **health monitor** for a silver client went off in the **Red River Gorge**. At 7:02am the pilot reported they landed. At 7:08am the pilot activated an emergency beacon.

[**Devon** and **Torch** access some security video] The pilot, in standard CRT uniform/body armor, is standing at the doorway of the tilt rotor firing full auto. A blur knocks the man down. Moments later the man is dragged away.

**TORCH:** [scrubbing through the security video] It looks like a four legged something—about half the size of a human.

**HAMMER:** That thing is fast. Let's set the grenades for proximity trigger.

**DEVON:** [to **Torch**] I'm sending you access to the **client's health monitor** and their **tilt-rotor's transponder**.

**TORCH:** The **client's monitor** is offline, but the client was alive right up to the end. The client, **Charles Talbenburger** (biologist at the university), was near the **tilt-rotor**.

## Red River Gorge

We arrive at the site in 90 minutes. The **Louisvilles virtol** has been set down at the edge of a **canyon**. There aren't many good flat areas around here; it's a tight fit, but **Susan** manages to land us next to **Louisvilles virtol**. **Wings** jumps out before our **virtol** even lands and starts chatting up some animals. The animals are disturbed by something. And it's all a little too quiet. And I hear something, very quiet, that I've never heard before.

**WINGS:** It's too quiet.

**Torch** checks out the other **Louisvilles virtol**. Its **repelling ropes** and **first aid basket** have been deployed and are hanging down the canyon. There is plenty of **spent ammo**

and blood; there is also some blue goo—blood? There are three-toed (two front, one back) tracks, with claws on all toes. Following the tracks, **Torch** believes they worked together as a pack. They captured something—no blood. There is something like **spiderwebs** about. It looks like they went down the **canyon**.

**Wings** helps me down with the rope. **Torch** notices more that sticky white **web stuff** on the **cliff** as we climb down—**Torch's** fingers go numb because he touched it.

At the bottom of the **gorge**, there is a lot of broken rock. The accumulation of mud and silt makes it easier to walk along the river. **Upstream**, beyond a curve, there is some splashing.

**WINGS**: Guys, it's coming towards us. Get in this **crevasse**, I'm going to cast darkness.

We hear the growl of a **gator**. Another **creature**, 8-legged centipede, is dragging a **dire gator** towards us. The **creature** stops; something, some mass on the end of the creature's back, seems to perk up. **Wing's** notices it is strongly magical. The **creature** has three-toed feet; the **gator** is tied up in white **webbing**. **Wing's** thinks it looked at us, but it's not reacting—it's just pulling its meal.

**Susan**, from the top of the gorge, takes her shot with a **sniper rifle**. The 8-legged **creature** separates in parts: four 2-legged **creatures** spewing out white **goo**. **Torch** starts unloading. His round basically goes through it, not doing as much damage as we would like. They spit their white **goo** into our darkened hex. **Devon** shreds one with a **shotgun**; that's the first of four down. I holster my **Magnum**, **Torch** gets his **axe** ready. My **electrolaser**, **Torch's axe**, and **Wing's sword** manage to drop three of them; the fourth runs and jumps into another nearby **crevasse**.

**Maribel** begins checking out one of the dead ones with a **scalpel**. She checks out the one that separated into parts.

I kill the **dire gator** before it can escape its **web**-bonds. **Wings** protests.

**DEVON**: [to **Maribel**] What are these things?

**MARIBEL:** [poking around the weird three legged magical things] There aren't from around here. Not even from this planet. They look like there is some kind of symbiosis of more than one species going on.

**WINGS:** **Pidgy** says it was these things that have the local fauna spooked.

**DEVON:** [in comms] Send some **body bags** down here.

**HAMMER:** Given our client might have moments to live, I suggest we make our way to that other **crevasse** post haste.

The **crevasse** turns out to be a magical **portal**. **Wing's** sends **Pidgy** through. It doesn't come back. **Joaquin** reaches into the portal, and pulls back **Pidgy**. **Pidgy** is in bad shape. No obvious trauma, but its breathing is labored.

**JOAQUIN:** I'll get the NBC suits.

We all get suited up.

**DEVON:** Thanks everyone. When we get back, drinks are on me.

### **That's No Crevasse.**

We jump through the **portal**. We are slammed sideways. Our ears pop (low atmospheric pressure) and we realize that sideways is down. The grey dust of the ground extremely cold. This location is pretty flat and featureless, kind of like the surface of the moon.

It's night. Many stars are in the sky. A large **nebula** fills the sky. Some of the stars are large enough to be resolved as disks. There is a **purple ring** around the planet—there are symbols visible in the ring. The **portal** is still there, a few feet above us.

**WINGS:** The magic level is really high here.

**MARI:** [whispers in Cherokee] **Hashtolli** (aka Sun god)

I see one of the **creatures** floating away. Floating! **Wings** senses a **lay line**. She hears the voices, musical. There are no tracks in the regolith.

**WINGS:** I hear voices, music, along this line.

**HAMMER:** I can see ½ our little friend floating that way as well.

**DEVON:** I've got the **client's tracker** now. Vitals signs are very low. And, all the **Louisville crew** as well.

**HAMMER:** So all our people are accounted for. *They* haven't *killed* any of them.  
[I give **Torch** the side-eye.]

We start following.

**TORCH:** [pointing off the path] I see someone, a **woman** struggling over there.  
[He starts heading over there.]

**HAMMER:** No way anyone survived out here without an **EV suit**.

**WINGS:** She's magical.

**MARIBEL:** It's an illusion

**Torch**, noticing there are no footprints near her, turns around and starts heading back.

We continue and eventual encounter the first **artificial structure**. It's maybe a carved rock, about 5' tall, with sharp edges and runes that match some on the spell circle in the sky.

**WINGS:** [nodding toward the **structure**] That's nice but we're here to get our client and return home.

**TORCH:** I'm curious. [Maribel and Torch start walking toward the object.]

**HAMMER:** You've got to be kidding.

When **Maribel** gets a few yards away from the **object**, she disappears. **Torch** follows.

**HAMMER:** Fantastic.

**WINGS:** Where did they go?

**TORCH:** What are you talking about; we're right here.

**HAMMER:** You disappeared. We can't see you.

They return and we move on.

Six 4-legged **creatures** are now floating toward us.

**HAMMER:** [to **Wings**] You think you could communicate with them.

**WINGS:** I can try.

As they move in, they spread out and start shooting webs out of their thorax. One grabs me, and I let it, hoping it will take me to its nest. But when it tries to start webbing me, I plug it's webby-hole with my **Magnum**. The others are dispatched as well.

Over a rise we see a truncated **pyramid** at the bottom of a depression (**crater?**). It's the same color as the rest of the world. There is some kind of red gas boiling off the top of the **pyramid**. Our **ley-line** path leads to the **pyramid**. There are multiple **ley-line** paths that lead to this pyramid. Along the path are **void wasps** (we have to call them something) carrying burdens into the **pyramid**.

There are **vertical rocks** stood up within the crater, no discernible pattern, no more or less magic than anything else around here, no obvious runes or anything. Our people's vital signs are still low, and slowly decreasing. We continue descending down into the center of crater where the **pyramid** is..

One of those **rock markers** is pretty close to our path. It's a bit rougher than what they seemed from a distance. It looks like an aggregate of local **rocks** held together by **webbing**. Even I can hear the music that the mages have been talking about.

**WINGS:** It's some kind of language. They're all repeating the same thing. It's not complex enough to be words.

We get to the **door**. This 4-sided **pyramid** is about a mile on a side. It's made out of bug spit(?). There doesn't seem to be any security.

**DEVON:** [looking at his **tracker**] This way.

## The Pyramid

**Devon** leads into the pyramid, through passageways, and eventually climbs inside an opening into a **spherical chamber**, lit with the glow of magic. The wall is covered with hexagonal cells. The walls are a mix of colors, white to dark. Some contain familiar **animals**: deer. Wisps of red are coming out of some of imprisoned creatures; the wisps all flow to a **hole** in the bottom of the sphere.

**WINGS:** They're draining them for magic.

We find the **Louisville team** and **Charles Talbenburger**, our client. We don't have any trouble getting them out of their chambers. Their webbing seems to have dried out. They start to regain consciousness; they're very weak.

Our **NBC suits** have a 2nd breather, we share our oxygen with them. **Devon** is obviously interested in **Caroline Freeman**. **Torch** starts adjusting the settings on several **grenades** and tosses five **grenades** (three from **Wings**) the hole in the center of the **spherical chamber**. We make our way back out of the **spherical chamber**.

A **void wasp** blocks our way. **Wings** slices it.

**WINGS:** They're getting nervous. I think they know something is up.

**DEVON:** [to **Caroline**] What happened.

**CAROLINE:** We got a call from the client. We assumed it was a climbing accident. I remember getting webbed, then I passed out. I feel there is something below us. It's big and hungry. It wants something.

## **Our Escape**

We get outside the **pyramid** complex and **Torch** sets the bombs off. Two **void wasps** attack. One of them claws at me and breaches my suit, but it doesn't effect my oxygen supply.

We get to the top of the **crater**. The **Louisville team** and **Charles Talbenburger** are huffing and puffing.

**CAROLINE:** [to **Charles**] How are you doing?

**TORCH:** [looking at his display] He's going into cardiac arrest.

**Wings** give him a shot of adrenaline.

As we pass that **square monolith**, **Torch** tosses a grenades. The grenades explodes and the monolith's runes glow blue.

**MARIBEL:** I think its magic shield protected it.

We see a cloud of **void wasps** coming after us. It's going to be a race to the portal. We get to the **illusion woman**. **Maribel** tells us to go on. She positions herself such



that the **illusion** is between her and the **void wasps**. A **void wasp** heads her way, then something from the **illusion** snatches the **void wasp**. **Maribel** rushes to join us.

Next **Maribel** starts monkeying around with her **med kit**. She draws some runes in the dust.

**WINGS**: What was that?

**MARIBEL**: Wait for it.

When one of the lead void wasps gets close to it, there is a bright yellow flame.

**DEVON**: What was that?

**MARIBEL**: Napalm.

A big black blob lands on the lay line behind us.

**WINGS**: Everyone get 10' off the path, to the left.

We all comply. Some of the **Louisville team** are shooting back, but it's not very effective. The big black **gelatinous mass** is coming closer. **Maribel** sets a **bottle** in their path. A **void wasp** tentatively approaches, pokes at it. Nothing happens so the **void wasp** army approaches. **Maribel** works on another circle; **Torch** adds a **grenade** to it. This time it blows and the other circle does as well. **Maribel** laughs.

**DEVON**: [to **Jessie**] Just go, we'll hold them off.

**MARIBEL**: No! Just go, I'll take care of them.

**Caroline** and **Devon** bring up the rear. **Maribel** empties her weapon, then holds her hands out and chants something in a language I've never heard. I see corpses.

**MARIBEL**: Idiots, run!

**Joaquin's** is waiting for us with a pill and water.

**Susan** and a **deputy sheriff** are here outside the **portal** with **SMGs**. **Joaquin** detonates a box of **C5** and rubble comes down, covering the **portal**. **Jesse** and **Susan** take care of **Charles**, who is going in and out of cardiac arrhythmia.

**Joaquin** flies us back, so I sit in the copilot seat.

**Devon**: [to our team] I won't forget what you've done.

Nobody was infected with anything; but the **Louisville team** and the **client** were drained. The mages less so, and **Caroline** says it wanted something from her.

**Devon** and **Caroline** argue about who will pick up our bar tab. **Maribel** keeps to herself; **Wings** tries to cozy up to her, but she doesn't open up much.

7 cp; We all get the Louisville office as a Contact Favor.

# That Portal Has Got to Go

Time: Fall 2060    Place: [Red River Gorge](#)

## Characters

- **Dante “Hellboy” Dembe** (Russell W.)
- **Jean “Wings” Femar** (Dawn D.): 2nd story girl
  - with Pidgey a real live pigeon
- **Nicolas “Hammer” Smith** (Captain Joy): Cyborg Combat
- ~~**Teo Arnal**~~ (Rob W.)
- **Bryan “Torch” Monsh** (Bob): Tech Specialist
- **Tiana “Keebler” Beck** (Michelle): Elf Mage. Doesn't like being called “Keebler”.

## NPCs

- **Devon Falstead** (NPC): boss
- **Jesse “Liberachi”** (NPC): used to sing, folk music
- **Joaquin “Wrench” Gabriel Pena**: The Dwarf Copilot. Joaquin escaped from the Cartel War in Columbia. An extraordinary mechanic, tilt rotor gunner, and drone operator. A devout Catholic.
- **Kati Quirot** (NPC): office manager
- **Maribel** (NPC): quite
- **Susan Mennis**: (NPC): pilot
- **Caroline**: (NPC) Louisville office franchise owner
- **Jean Paul Bommer**: with the Vatican

## The Mission

The after-party for the Louisville Office/Pyramid Planet Portal mission was nice. The emergency room gives our team a clean bill of health, but those that had their life-force drained were stumbling around like octogenarians.

After about a month of the same-old same old. A 30 year old Mediterranean gentleman, in cleric's garb, comes in and meets with **Kati** in her office. We speculate who he might be. The consensus is that he's probably interviewing us to make sure we're good enough for his client.

Then **Kati** calls us in: the cleric, **Devon**, and **Maribel** are already there.

**KATI:** I'd like to introduce to **Jean Paul Bommer** from the **Vatican**. He's already interviewed the staff at **Louisville**. Please cooperate with him. Any questions?

**WINGS:** What does the **Pope** want to know about us?

**JEAN PAUL:** The **Pope** is concerned about what's happened. He feels it's his duty to protect the people of Earth.

**WINGS:** I hope he's not trying to convert them. I don't think he'll get very far.

**JEAN PAUL:** Ah, no, I suspect not.

Wow, this guy came from the **Vatican** — travel across the Atlantic only has about a 10% survival rate.

**KEEBLER:** That's a very long way for you to be traveling.

**JEAN PAUL:** Yes. The remnants of the old U.S. Navy do occasionally make stealth crossings. Well, I don't want to be in anybody's way. I'll make appointments with each of you. Of course, any work you may be engaged in takes precedence.

**Jean Paul** goes back into the office. **Wings** overhears something: **Maribel** wants something from the **Vatican**. **Jean Paul** is unreadable. **Maribel** leaves.

**Kati** shows up with breakfast for the office. **Torch** shows up, reading news stories. He shows us a flying creature shooting webs in the woods videos. Apparently they're kidnapping people. He waves **Devon** over; his face goes white.

**HAMMER:** Where is that video from?

**TORCH:** **Louisville.**

**DEVON:** [unlocking the armory] Load up. We're going back to **Louisville** to make sure that **portal** is closed.

**Shotguns** seem to work better against these things, so I attach an **Under-barrel Shotgun, 18.5mmPC**, to my **Anti-Materiel Rifle, 15mmCL**.

## The Ride

While in the **vertol**...

**DEVON:** There are only 3 in the **Louisville office** now—they'll need our help.

**TORCH:** Hey **Jessi**, how's the song coming; am I in it?

**JESSI:** No, but I could write you in it.

**TORCH:** No, that's okay.

**TORCH:** [to **Jean Paul**] So, how's **Italy**?

**KEEBLER:** [to **Jean Paul**] So what's your interest in these things?

**JEAN PAUL:** They are dangerous invaders. I'm here to determine if we need to mobilize multiple armies against it.

**HAMMER:** [to **Devon**] Who did you tell about the portal?

**DEVON:** I told corporate. The **CEO** is Catholic

We arrive at **Red River Gorge** at the same time as the **Louisville vertol**. The rubble around the **portal** has been cleared. There are two **military vehicles** nearby. About 30' from the **portal** there is a guy blasting away with a **tripod mounted heavy 50 caliber**.

**SUSAN:** Do you want a hot drop.

**HAMMER:** [after witnessing the guy with the **50 caliber** dropping anything that comes through to **portal**] Na. Just set us down.

## The Portal

The military guy seems to be enjoying himself.

**KEEBLER:** Just because they have military stuff doesn't mean they're military.

**HAMMER:** The two guys that quit from the **Louisville** office: who were they?

**DEVON:** Douglas Koehler and Stanley Patel.

As we — **Caroline** and **Vasant Suhail Treacy** from the **Louisville** office are with us — get closer, we can see tracks, indicating it was our end that uncovered the portal.

There is a pause in the flow of creatures coming out of the portal.

**MILITARY(?) MAN:** [holding his hands up] I'm sorry, by order of the military, the **park** is closed. It's too dangerous.

**KEEBLER:** Given we found the **portal**, I think we have some right to be here. And we're professional and quite capable of handling ourselves.

The **Military(?) Man** is incensed at **Keebler's** rebuttal. Before he can speak we hear what sounds like a reverse explosion.

A 12' **centipede**-esque flops out of the portal — the 90° change in the gravity vector throwing it onto it's side as it emerges. **Keebler** blasts it back through the portal with a **force ball**. The **military(?) man** moves towards his **tripod-mount gun**. He points it at us! I fire at him: miss. **Keebler** casts another **force ball** and knocks him on his butt.

Then the centipede comes back through the portal. I take aim on its eye. It takes some hits from the others then comes at me! I dodge, then blast its head off with the **Anti-Materiel Rifle, 15mmCL**.

**Torch** has the **military(?) man** under control. His credentials identify him as **Fort Knox** military.

"Don't shoot!" A voice comes from one of the military vehicles. **Stanley Patel** emerges.

**STANLEY:** I'm sorry. I didn't think they would take it this far?

**CAROLINE:** [punches **Stanley**, hurting her hand]

**KEEBLER:** [to **Caroline**] Let me see that. [heals her]

**CAROLINE:** Is **Douglas** in one of these vehicles?

**Douglas** and **Stanley** were in the military together. **Stanley** had his suspicions about their other military “friends”, but the potential for a big score was enough to keep him around.

**Jean Paul** confesses that they were informed about the portal and that **The Church** believes there may be more coming. The **Church’s** position is that the most prudent course of action is to eliminate the threat posed by the portal.

**STANLEY:** We found a whole **alien city** over there, off the **ley-lines**. There are **artifacts** and we think a **library**.

**WINGS:** Have you brought any **artifacts** back?

**STANLEY:** Would you like to see one?

We follow **Stanley** to the back of one of the **military vehicles**. He opens a box and pulls out one of many **fist-sized quartz(?) crystals**.

**STANLEY:** These were all over the place in the **alien city**, like street lights here. They’re worth \$3000. [He hands one to **Keebler**.] Just will it to light up and it will.

**KEEBLER:** This is a **power stone**. (6 points)

**STANLEY:** I’ll show you where the place is.

**KEEBLER:** Oh, your people didn’t leave any footprints?

**STANLEY:** Well, my people are over there; I’ll help you deal them. I just want may share.

**HAMMER:** If we go over there, it will be to deal with the **portal**. I’m aware this may be our only chance to check out the **alien city**, and I know some of you will insist on this, but let’s remember our goal is to deal with this **portal** problem.

We pass through the **portal**. I anticipate the 90° gravity vector shift and manage to stay on my feet.

**STANLEY:** There was supposed to be a **guard** here. I bet he went to grab some **loot** for himself.

We walk a bit.

**STANLEY:** There is it. [points to a **pyramid**]

**WINGS:** [takes a picture]

We walk about 15 minutes. There are **ruins**. Their layout reminds us of a Roman villa. Any decorations are long since eroded away.

**KEEBLER:** [Noticing the large doorways] I wonder who these were made for?

As we proceed further into the **city**, the roads become more significant, including street markers. Most **buildings** are rubble, but some have at least their first floor mostly intact. **Maribel** enters one such building, some of us follow. **Maribel** picks up a **rock** and hands it to **Keebler**. **Keebler** shows it to **Wings**.

**WINGS:** It's emitting ultraviolet light.

**KEEBLER:** Maybe they saw in uv spectrum. [She returns the **quartz rock** to **Maribel**.]

**MARIBEL:** [pockets the **rock**]

**Wings** finds some 16"x24"x2" **black glass slabs**. They're dusty, but in pristine condition. They're textured on one side. **Keebler** examines one closely.

**KEEBLER:** [to **Hammer**] Can you get your eyes on this?

**HAMMER:** There are tiny runes. One rune is a little bigger than the others.

**MARIBEL:** We should all take one. [There are enough people that nobody has to carry two.]

**WINGS:** [Running her hands in the space above hers—she seems to have figured out how they work.]

We move closer to the **city center**. Four 50' pillars resolve into huge stylized **statues** of humanoids: longer legs, shorter arms — attractive but for their odd proportions. The mages note that each entire **statue** is a power stone.

**WINGS:** Mana from this **statue** is flowing underground into the **pyramid**.

As we get close to the **pyramid**, we realize just how large it is: each of the four sides of its base is 1 mile. We hear a gun shot. **Torch** and **Keebler** point in the same direction.

## The Combat

**DOUG:** [over our military **NBC suit**'s comm] Ha! Take that.

We find **Doug** with his **rifle** supported on a wall taking aim. **Caroline** draws her **pistol** and sneaks up on **Doug** from behind. I draw my **Electrolaser pistol** and follow 10 yards back; **Stan** stays back with me.

**CAROLINE:** Hello, **Doug**.

**DOUG:** Hey! Hunting's good.

**CAROLINE:** I never understood why you joined CRT.

**DOUG:** It was a good opportunity to shoot people.

**Doug** fires off a shot in my direction! I turn and there are about 5 **void wasps** coming. The **slugs** in my **underbarrel shotgun** prove to be most effective, but their nasty scythe-like claws do some damage, which **Kebbler** heals most of. The standard **patch kit** takes care of my **NBC suit** breach.

During the fight, **Doug** took off. **Caroline** took a shot at him; **Wings** shadows him. We're waiting for her to report; we're hoping he'll lead us to something good.

Nice, one of those **centipede** things is coming at us. I set up my **Anti-Material Rifle** with the bipod. Rats, the thing dodges it ... and there are two more. We take care of them.

**HAMMER:** **Jean Paul**, this is **Nicolas Smith**. I have the **bug spray** that you asked for. What do you want me to do with it?

**JEAN PAUL:** Stay with the package 'till I come to get it.

I glare at the girls. They decide discretion is in order. **Torch** hacks into our boss's private channel.

**JEAN PAUL:** The navy agreed to provide us with a **tactical nuclear weapon**.

We make our way to the giant **pyramid**. The mages notice all four **statues** are powering something in the **pyramid**.



The entrance is 40' wide, and about as tall. The entire **pyramid** is copied in microscopic **runes**. We walk down a wide grand corridor, into the **pyramid**. At least a thousand feet up there is some kind of giant, magic, **pyramid** with tons of magic being directed into it. The interior walls look like they have balconies, elevators. **Doug** is nowhere to be seen.

We start walking down corridors. A handprint appears on a **black glass plate** beside a door. **Torch** puts his hand on it. He takes off his glove and puts his hand on it.

**TORCH:** I hear gibberish in my head.

**WINGS:** [puts her hand on the **plate** and coos in pidgeon] It's not responding.

**KEEBLER:** [takes off her **NBC glove** and touches it. Her pate is twittered.]

**JEAN PAUL:** It's speaking liturgical Latin. It's saying to me: Will you allow me to speak to you mind-to-mind. Well, I'm gonna say "yes". ... Well, I can speak to it now. It says its name is "**Porta**". It says it needs our help.

**PORTA:** I have a problem that I'm not allow to solve. One of your race has been killing the **dreamers**. There is also an **infestation** that is a danger to both our worlds. The **dreamers** are the people that sleep here. I was created to protect them.

**TORCH:** So they are the native people.

**JEAN PAUL:** I think so.

**KEEBLER:** What was damaging them?

**PORTA:** They were using **explosives** to get to power stones.

**KEEBLER:** Why are they dreaming?

**PORTA:** The real world no longer interests them.

**WINGS:** Can we visit them?

**PORTA:** Will you assist us?

**KEEBLER:** Yes, I'm sure we can help. We have to bring these guys to face justice anyway. Can you direct us to them?

**PORTA:** Yes. If you help us, we will offer you objects of power, history of your planet, and a warning. I'll give you the history now; so you will trust us. [a door opens] There are things out in space much bigger than us. That's why we hide and dream.

Inside the room there is a very large **coffin shaped object** leaning against the wall at about 60° angle, but it's connected to the wall. Holographic lettering appears above a

**black glass slab**. “Historia”. There is a list that goes back to 1600AD. Torch starts downloading.

**JEAN PAUL**: You can take that pad.

**TORCH**: Oh. [adds the pad to his pack]

**Torch** and **Jean Paul** work out how to deal with using the **tactical nuke** to blow up the **infestation**. The mages tell us to start on back; they are going to look for power stones; they’ll catch up. (It should only take a couple minutes.) When they join us, they have a nice tripod mount, military-issue, **sentry gun**!

**HAMMER**: So, we do all this for them, and they shut down the portal.

**TORCH**: Ya.

## The Escape

**Wings** and I jump through the **portal**. There is somebody new manning the **tripod mounted 50mm** and **Joaquin** is getting first aid!

**Torch** talks with some people and a **drone** is sent through the **portal**. **Jean Paul** and some new dude go through the **portal** as well. As the **drone** is not living and not magical, the expectation is that it will reach its target without opposition.

**JEAN PAUL**: I’m going through to make sure it makes it.

**TORCH**: I’m going too.

**Jean Paul** has a video link with the **drone**. **Torch** cuts in on it. They see the **queen**! Everyone jump back through the **portal**. The **portal** vanishes.

**Jean Paul** opens one of the **black-slab computers**: they seem to still work fine.

We gather up our **kit** and head back **home**.

A couple weeks later, **Jean Paul** pays us another visit. As far as he’s concerned, it’s all finished. He give **Mari** a few very old **books**. He shares some of the historical info, translations and video. He leaves us his phone number. [friendly contact]

7 cp; MVP Keebler and Torch.

