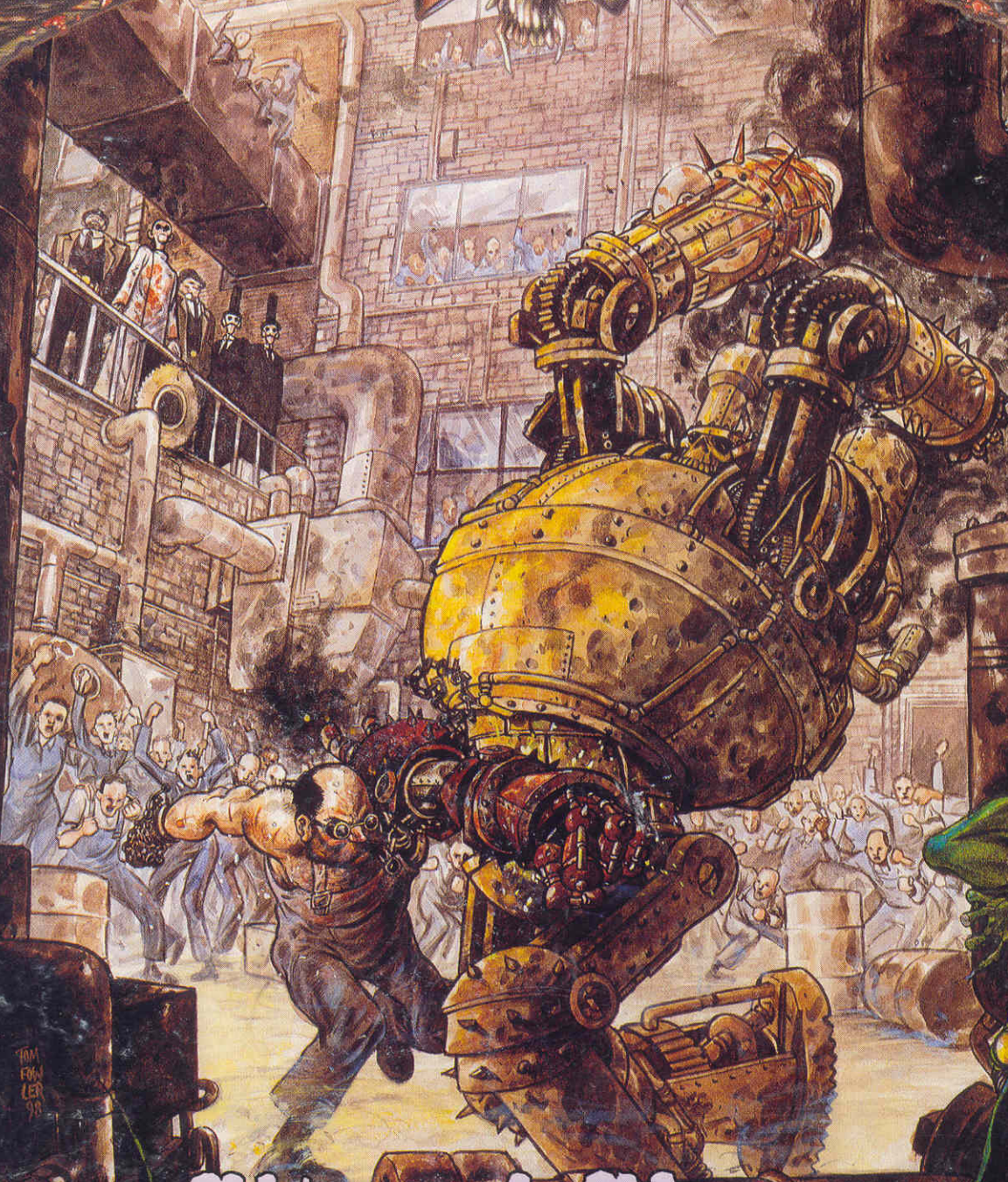


DEAD LANDS



City o' Gloom

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**The Bright Light
of Truth Shines on
Salt Lake City!**

Get the REAL story on...

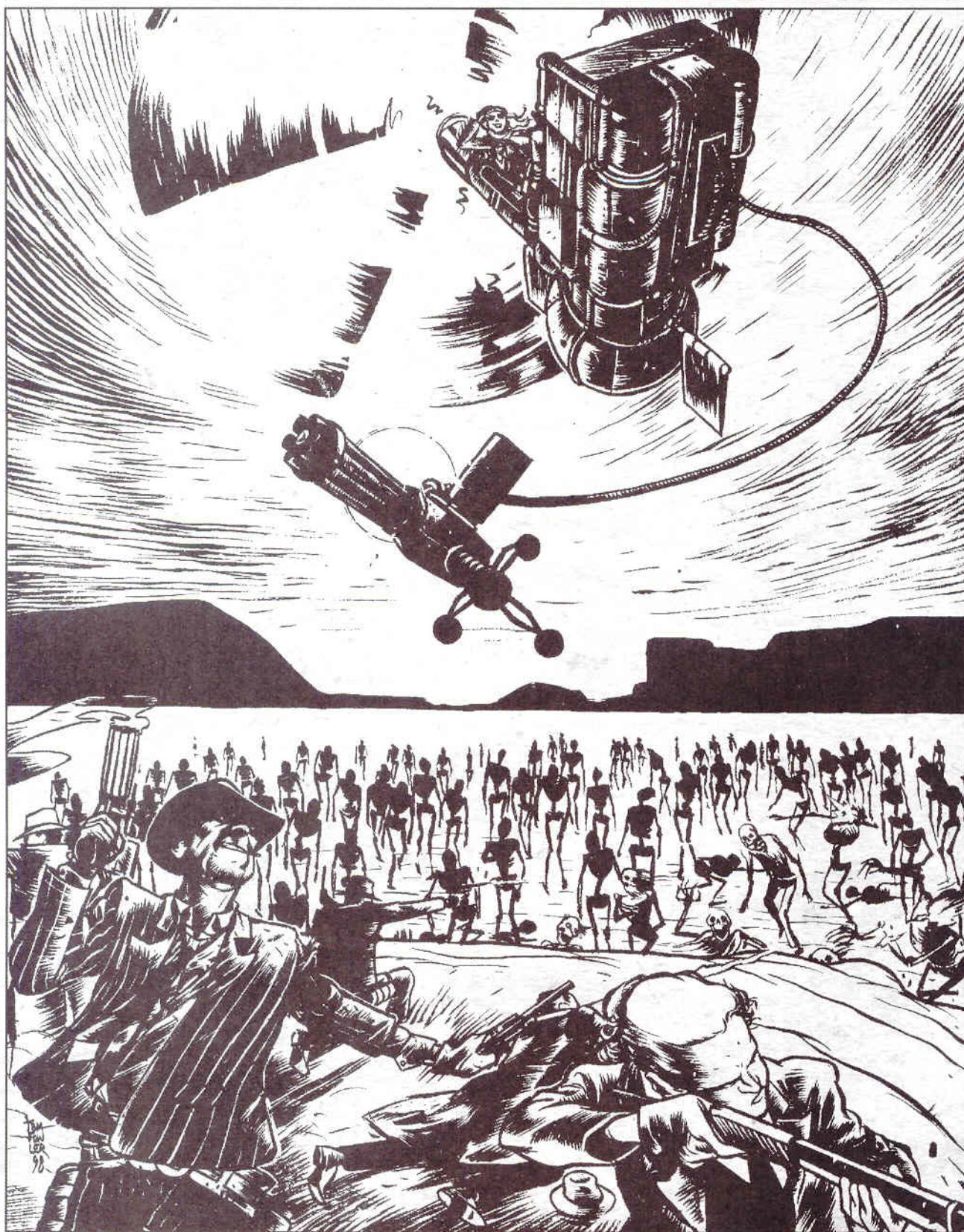
The Mormons ❖ Brigham Young ❖ Dr. Hellstromme
The State of Deseret ❖ Junkyard ❖ Worm Whaling
Mad Science ❖ The Steel Sky ❖ Skullchucker

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Nevada Smith and his men defend themselves against the servitors of Bayou Vermillion while Six-Hundred Pound Sally lowers a Gatling gun to them.

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Showdown at Black Mesa!

It was a warm night in Oklahoma. The night wind whipped over Black Mesa like the fetid zephyrs of Perdition.

Five weary spies checked their ammunition. Less than 10 rounds each. The agents nodded to each other grimly, vowing they would save the last rounds for themselves.

Below them, a horde of groaning undead scrambled up the rocky slope. They were the unholy foot soldiers of Bayou Vermillion.

The leader of the band, the famous Nevada Smith, took aim and fired the first shot. His heavy bullet smashed through the head of one walkin' dead and dropped it in its bloody tracks. Nine rounds left, and over 40 minions of Baron Simone LaCroix's most hideous, blasphemous, undead army.

There was only one hope for the weary agents of Union Blue. As each man and woman counted their last bullets, they heard a whooping sound from above.

Devil bats they conjectured? Some new horrible abomination created by LaCroix or his lackeys?

No, friends—salvation.

The whirligig bore a heavy crate. On its side were burned the words "Smith & Robards: Rush Delivery!" The airman Nevada Smith had wired yesterday had made it! And just in the nick of time.

The airman—who turned out to be a woman named Sally Manners—landed low and slow on the sloping mesa top.

Nevada and a female agent continued sniping into the approaching horde as the other three spies unhooked the crate from its harness and broke it open.

In minutes, the Gatling gun inside was up and raking the leering, slaving ranks of the damned. The gun reaped a harvest of walking corpses as the mindless abominations pressed forward.

Then tragedy struck. The undead horde's masters, watching coldly from their rear, cast some evil enchantment, causing the gun to jam.

Another wave of fresh dead pressed the hill. The brave agents were doomed. Smith turned to the pilot of the whirligig. "Can this contraption get us off this mesa?" he asked desperately.

Sally looked him straight in the eye. "The max load is 500 pounds. I load all you on board, and we'll crash into the desert floor faster'n a comet."

Smith looked at his tired, beaten agents. "Get on, the lot of you." The four climbed aboard, and Smith pointed to the ground a hundred feet below. "Land 'em safe, pilot," he said as he turned to fight the army of dead.

Sally sized up the stubborn Pinkerton and knew he wouldn't board even if she decided to push the limits of her whirligig. So she picked up the dangling cable that had carried the crate

in and quietly latched it to his belt.

"Hang on," she grunted as she quickly climbed into the whirligig, fired up the ghost-rock boiler to an unbelievable howl and pulled up on the stick.

LaCroix's gruesome soldiers closed the top of the mesa just as the whirligig plunged off the cliff. If Nevada protested Sally's suicidal maneuver, she didn't hear it over the roar of her ghost-rock engine, the whirl of the blades, and the rush of the wind as her amazing machine plunged to its doom.



The author. Six-Hundred Pound Sally, mugging for the camera.

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Introduction

That's how the *Epitaph* told the story of Black Mesa. Most folks didn't (and don't) believe it. Or even that LaCroix has figured out how to conscript dead men into his rail gang. You can believe it or not. Makes no difference to me.

What I do want you to remember is that this is the story that gave me my nickname—"Six-Hundred Pound Sally." I don't want you thinking I'm that big, see, so I thought I'd just let you read the story Mr. Lacy O'Malley published a few years ago. A gal's got to protect her image, you understand.

As you can probably, guess, I'm Sally Manners, and me and those crazy Pinkertons all made it to the ground in one piece. Mister Smith, my boss at Smith & Robards, chewed me out right good about risking the whirligig, but he wasn't about to fire me. I'm no showgirl, and I'm not a lightning-fast gunslinger like all those folks you read about in the dime novels—but I am one Hell of a pilot. Just comes naturally to me, I guess.

And being a pilot, Mr. O'Malley thought I might give the readers of the *Tombstone Epitaph* a "bird's eye view" of my home, Salt Lake City, Utah. I know a fair piece about it, though my writing might not be as eloquent as Mr. O'Malley's. He says he'll doctor it up, so any errors you see are my mistakes and his fault.

That's enough hovering over the landing pad, so to speak. It's time to land and do what Mr. O'Malley's paid me for. So without further gabbing, welcome, friends, to the *Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the City o' Gloom*, as written by me, Six-hundred Pound Sally.

The City o' Gloom

You're probably wondering why most folks call Salt Lake City the "City of Gloom." The answer is all the manufacturing.

See, there's so many factories and refineries burning ghost rock that there's a constant pall of smoke hanging over the city. The soot covers everything. It's so dark and, well, gloomy that the name just came kind of natural.

I think the *Epitaph* was the first to use it. If not, they were certainly the ones who popularized it. You know, it's strange how no one ever admits to reading the *Epitaph*, but everyone sure knows what was in it last week! I quote:

Salt Lake City, Utah. What began as a theological community has become arguably the most technologically advanced city in the world. And one of the fastest growing.

Over a thousand new citizens move here each month. Some are Mormons moving to the "City of the Saints" from Back East or Europe. Most are Gentile miners who have struck out in the Maze or the Rockies and come to Salt Lake City to recoup their stakes by working in the factories.

Other Gentiles come directly from Back East to see the marvels of Hellstromme and Smith & Robards' incredible genius. A few are inventors themselves, hoping that by being at the center of the maelstrom they will be inspired to create their own incredible gizmos.

The city they travel thousands of miles to see is a place shrouded in smoke and soot. The interior is elegant enough, with the Mormon Temple dominating the stone homes and businesses of the faithful who founded the place. But directly to the north, sprawling out of the City Creek Canyon is a maze of pipes, smokestacks, and frameworks that tumble down from the Wasatch Mountains like some mad, metallic octopus.

The smoke and soot from the endless manufacturing fall from the dark clouds above like dirty snow. Most folks in the city wear masks. Others rely in their faith to protect them from the fumes. The latter are generally more successful, but the sanitoriums are filled with those whose lungs finally gave up the fight.

The factory workers make their living in this steaming, fuming scrapyard. They work 18-hour days under atrocious conditions, toiling their lives away for masters such as Dr. Hellstromme and Smith & Robards, to name but a few.

The workers are damned individuals striving fruitlessly in this dark metropolis. They live in a city of dread, of hopelessness, a city of gloom.

Pretty heavy, huh? That was written by Lacy O'Malley's younger sister, Stacey. She's fairly active in the labor movement out here, so take everything she says with a grain of salt. Hell, with the Salt Lake so close, you can take everything with a grain of salt.

Oh, yeah. My language. Sorry about that. Things are a little rougher out here on the frontier than they are Back East, so I'll just write the way I talk and let Mr. O'Malley edit me the way he wants. (Editor's Note: Dear Constant Reader, please do not be offended, but we, the steadfast reporters of the truth at the Tombstone Epitaph, find it our duty to allow our correspondent to speak in the manner of those who live in this savage frontier.—Ed.)

You can bet the Mormons don't call this place the City o' Gloom, but most everyone else does. Oh yeah, and it is City "o" Gloom. Say "of" and everyone will know you're a tinhorn. It's a local thing. Try to understand.



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Chapter One:

The Story of the Mormons

To really understand Salt Lake City, you have to understand the Mormons. And to understand the Mormons, you have to know how they came to Deseret. The story begins in Palmyra, New York, around 1820. Like a lot of what I'll tell you, exactly how it begins depends on who you ask.

You see, Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, used to be a gold finder. He claimed there were buried treasures all over the northeastern United States and that he could find 'em.

I've been told he used something called a "peek stone." It was a white rock about the size and shape of a child's foot. This artifact has since been lost, but if you find it, the church would pay well to have one of the "Prophet's" relics back.

The Golden Plates

Joseph's life as a prophet began when he was 14 years old. He wasn't much of a churchgoer in those days, and one day, he remembered a passage from the Bible that said "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask God."

So Joseph went into the woods and prayed. While he was there, a divine light shone upon him and told him the rest of the world's religions were false. He passed out and spent the next three years sowing a few wild oats. I reckon he had an idea what was coming and figured he'd best get some sinning out of his system before he became a holy man. In his own words, he *"frequently fell into many foolish errors, and displayed the weakness of youth and the corruption of human nature, which, I am sorry to say, led me into diverse temptations, to the gratification of many appetites offensive to in the sight of God. In making this confession,*

no one need suppose me guilty of any great or malignant sins. A disposition to commit such was never in my nature."

Joseph went to pray for forgiveness for those three years of fun, and he received a visitation.

Smith says a person clothed in a pure white robe with *"a countenance truly like lightning,"* told him there was a book hidden nearby.

Again, Smith's own words: *"He said there was a book deposited, written upon golden plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent and the source from whence they sprang."*

"He also said the fullness of the Everlasting Gospel was contained in it, as delivered by the Savior to the ancient

inhabitants. Also, there were two stones in silver bowls (and these stones, fastened to a breastplate, constituted what is called the Urim and Thummim) deposited with the plates, and the possession and use of these stones was what constituted seers in ancient or former times, and that God had prepared them for the purpose of translating the book."

The messenger also told Smith that he would be shown the plates a year from that day, and that if Smith ever showed them to anyone else, both he and the viewer would be destroyed. The plates were secured on a hill near Manchester, New York.

Smith tried to dig the plates up right away, but evidently his timing was off, because the messenger *"informed (him) that the time for bringing them out had not yet arrived,*

neither would till four years from that time." Smith himself was to come back in a year to obtain the plates and begin the translation.

It was now 1827. Joe visited the hill for the final time and was given the plates, the Urim and Thummim, and a golden breastplate.

Joe spent the next 3 years translating the plates, in the middle of which he moved to Pennsylvania, where his wife Emma was from. Along with Emma, a local farmer and Joe's first follower, Martin Harris, assisted Joe in this tedious process.



The Prophet, Joseph Smith.

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A curious incident occurred at this time. Harris' wife didn't believe in what was going on, and after reading a portion of Smith's first translation, she hid it from her husband. The "lost record" has never been recovered.

The re-translation was a trying process, but eventually was completed, and the *Book of Mormon* was published in 1830. About 5,000 copies were printed and sold.

What's a Mormon?

Now I'm not going to tell you the whole story of the Mormon Bible—buy a copy and read it yourself. But it does help explain the mindset of the Mormons—and thus their city—if you understand a bit of their religious history.

"Mormon" was a descendant of Israelites forced to flee Jerusalem before the coming of Christ. He was the caretaker of the sacred plates, and he battled the "wicked Lamanites" for their safety. Indians—I don't know which tribe but I guess all of them—are the descendants of the Lamanites who defeated Mormon's armies "with great slaughter."

Shortly before Mormon was slain, he passed the plates on to his son Moroni. He completed the record and hid the plates in the hill where Smith would find them a thousand years later.

By the way, Mormons don't usually call themselves Mormons. They call themselves "Saints." In 1834, Reverend Sidney Rigdon, an early convert and friend of Smith, came up with the designation "The Church of Jesus Christ and Latter-Day Saints."

Revelations & Millenniums

Smith, Harris, and Smith's family spent the next few years proselytizing and growing the church. During this time, Joseph started having "revelations" directly from the Lord. By the time he passed on, they were collected in his *Doctrine and Covenants*.

One of Smith's revelations was that Judgment Day was coming soon. There was some confusion at first, and the date was variously given as 1847, then 1870 and 1890, but the Mormons today claim the day of reckoning will come around 2081. Critics claim they've just given themselves lots of room to be wrong again. The faithful claim the signs have never been more clear.

The Move to Ohio

Having reaped all the devout followers they could in New York and Pennsylvania, Smith and company moved to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1831. There they found a community far more

open to their new ideas and lifestyle. The Church doubled in size, then tripled, then whatever comes after three times something, and so on. They had about 1,000 members by the end of the year.

Some of the more charismatic converts were sent out around the country (and overseas) as "missionaries" to convert more Gentiles. It worked, and the Church grew even larger.

Such a huge congregation required a Temple. The cornerstone for the Kirtland Temple of Latter Day Saints was laid in 1833. Unfortunately, it was expensive, and neither Joe nor his friends had much luck with business while they were in Ohio. The worst of it was the Bank of Kirtland, which they established to assist their faithful. The owners never had enough money to fully capitalize the notes they issued, and things got so bad that the bank closed in 1837. A few of those notes are still around, by the way. If someone tries to give you one, you'd best pass. They're not worth a red cent regardless of what's printed on them.

While all this was going on, Smith had sent a party of Elders (prominent male followers) westward to setup a new colony. They established it in Independence, Missouri.

This is where things really got interesting.

The Missouri Years

Smith remained in Ohio from '33 to '37. During this time, the faithful in Missouri were having a hard time with their neighbors. Among the most violent issues was that of slavery. The Mormons, by and large New Englanders, were against it. Missourians were for it. Things got bad, and the Mormons found themselves forced from town after town. They were ejected by a mob in Independence, then fought an all-out civil war for the next few years. It's not hard to imagine how this started, since the mess was just a preview of what happened to us all in '60.

Both sides armed huge mobs to fight the war. Most important to those of us who now live with the Mormons was the birth of the Danites and the Army of Zion. The Army was essentially the militia, while the Danites were and still are a kind of "secret police." I'll tell you more about them later on.

Haun's Mill

In one of the many fights between the Mormons and the Missouri mobs, the Mormons, under the Danite Captain "Fear Not" Patton, routed a larger militia mob, though Fear Not himself was slain.



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A group of Mormons on the move toward an uncertain destiny. The only thing that waited for them in Illinois was trouble.

The mob's revenge occurred on October 30, 1838. A mounted force of Missourians cornered a band of between 18 and 30 Mormons in a log cabin. The Missourians fired their weapons in every door and window of the cabin and killed most everyone inside. Those that got out met worse fates.

This was the greatest single horror inflicted on the Mormons while in Missouri, and it would play an important role in their future over 20 years later. I'll leave it at that for now, but just remember that Mormons hate Missourians. If you're from the "Show Me" state and you come to Salt Lake City, I suggest you keep it to yourself.

The Extermination Order

The end of the fighting came when Governor Boggs issued a now-infamous order to General John B. Clark of the Missouri Militia on October 27, 1838. The part the Mormons quote most often is: "The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the State if necessary for the public peace—their outrages are beyond all description."

The Mormons hastily packed their things and fled Missouri, Boggs' mobs hot on their heels.

Nauvoo

The Prophet himself finally disentangled himself from the Kirtland Bank fiasco in Ohio and joined his flock. He had missed all the fighting in Missouri.

At this point in their history, most of the country was sympathetic to the Mormons' plight, if not their actual beliefs. Many felt that Governor Boggs was directly responsible for the violence and lawlessness of the mobs and that the Saints had no other recourse but to outfit armies to protect themselves.

The people of Illinois initially welcomed the Saints with open arms. In 1841, Smith and the Mormons purchased a huge tract of land along the Mississippi River. Smith himself named the place Nauvoo, which he said means "beautiful place" in Hebrew, though other Bible-thumpers claim it's a mistranslation.

The Church built up the town in no time at all. Foreign missionaries did an especially impressive job of proselytizing people from England, Scotland, and Wales. Almost 4,000 foreigners moved into Nauvoo between '40 and '46.

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Maybe the most impressive accomplishment was the creation of an autonomous government. I think they managed this because the politicians of the state needed the numerous Mormon votes. (*There were only 467,183 people in Illinois in 1840—Ed.*)

The City Council of Nauvoo was granted the ability to pass any ordinance necessary for the peace, enforce the law with civil or military force, and create a Municipal Court to interpret the laws they created. The only caveat was that they could not challenge any Illinois state laws.

The Council called their military the "Nauvoo Legion." It was real militia, complete with light artillery, infantry, and cavalry.

Smith for President

There was a movement at this time for Joe Smith to run for President. As I said, the rest of the country was sympathetic to the Mormons' experience in Missouri, and since the fighting had ended when Smith joined the Mormons, it looked like he was a peacemaker. Smith realized his position and sent out several agents, one of whom was Brigham Young, to canvas the nation and see what his chances were.

Nauvoo Troubles

The young town had no infrastructure and few resources. It didn't spring up because of a strike, a shipping point, or any other reason. It had few ways for the citizens to make a living.

A few bad apples resorted to thievery, and the Mormons' neighbors in the surrounding counties didn't appreciate it. What really fueled the fires was when the Mormon Municipal Court ruled in favor of Saints over Gentiles time and time again, even when the evidence of the accused's guilt was overwhelming.

This is about the time Smith had a new revelation concerning the taking of "spiritual wives." Yup, I'm talking about polygamy. Regardless of what you think of it, the people of Illinois saw it as a blasphemous practice that confirmed their suspicions about the Mormons.

Finally, a paper called the *Expositor* rose up at this time and decried polygamy as mere adultery licensed by "revelation." Smith ordered the paper confiscated and the printing press destroyed. The owners attempted to sue, but needless to say the Municipal Court was less than helpful.

The Gentiles in Illinois had had enough. They began to arm for a war with the Nauvoo Legion, importing hundreds of muskets and even a number of cannons.

Governor Ford wasn't about to let things get out of control in his state like they had

in Missouri. He asked Joe Smith to surrender himself to trial and thus avoid the impending bloodshed. Joe reluctantly agreed and was jailed along with his brother Hyrum and two other men in nearby Carthage.

Death of the Prophet

In jail, the Prophet was under the protection of the militia, specifically the Illinois Carthage Grays. This wasn't such a hot idea, as the Carthage company soldiers were a bunch of hotheads out for Joe's blood. They got it.

On June 27, 1844, the mob busted into the two-story stone jail. The prisoners were housed in a large bedroom and tried to hold the mob back. Just like at Haun's Mill, the mob fired through the door, this time killing Hyrum. One of the other two men was wounded and lay bleeding under a bed; the second was unharmed.

Joe tried desperately to hold the door, but it was a losing battle. He turned and ran for the window but was shot as he crashed through it. It's said the mob outside finished the mortally-wounded Prophet as he lay on the ground below.

The Evacuation of Nauvoo

Brigham Young returned shortly thereafter. One might think another war would have broken out after such a horrible incident, but it didn't.

Instead, the Mormons decided to sell what they could and move again, this time to a place so remote they could establish their own society without fear of fighting their neighbors.

It took the Mormons until '47 to completely evacuate Nauvoo. This they did only after the last families had to use makeshift artillery against the cannons of the state militia.

These last Mormons, forced to leave Illinois without proper provisions, wagons, or preparation, had as hard a time as most settlers who cross the not-so-fruited plains.

The Utah Years

On July 24, 1847, the Saints first gazed upon the glistening waters of the Great Salt Lake. Again, their settlement was based upon no resources. Worse than even Nauvoo, there was little natural timber, and what crops they planted had to be irrigated from the nearby Wasatch Mountains.

The first years were hard. Folks starved, some had no shelter, and only the luckiest had more than a board and tattered quilt for a bed. By the summer of '48, the Mormons had secured enough timber for homes, and a

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few meager crops were growing, but neither could support a city of 100, let alone thousands. Wagon trains from Nauvoo and other places arrived weekly. The immigrants were near-destitute themselves, and so only added more stress to the town's already strained resources.

The Crickets

Those first years, millions of crickets descended every fall to devour the Mormon's pitiful crops. Thousands of farmers stood guard with boards trying to beat them off, or dug shallow moats in hopes of diverting them, but all their efforts were in vain. The relentless black horde could not be stopped by man alone.

Then a miracle happened. Hundreds of thousands of gulls came to nest on the islands of the Great Salt Lake. Every morning as the sun broke, they rose from the island and began to feast on the plague of crickets. The Mormons cheered the birds and rejoiced in their salvation.

This cycle repeated itself every year until 1867. That year, the crickets got a little meaner. Ever since, though their numbers are nowhere near as great as in the past, the swarms that do venture from the mountains are filled with larger crickets with mean streaks as wide as the Bear River. The gulls still feed on them, but the

crickets have become dangerous. You'll see flocks of gulls hurl themselves into an approaching swarm and fight battles as bloody and furious as anything humanity's ever participated in.

The survivors fly off a short distance and crush the ones they've got in their beaks in sight of the swarm—almost like they're taunting them. Sometimes I wonder if Angels and Devils fight like that.

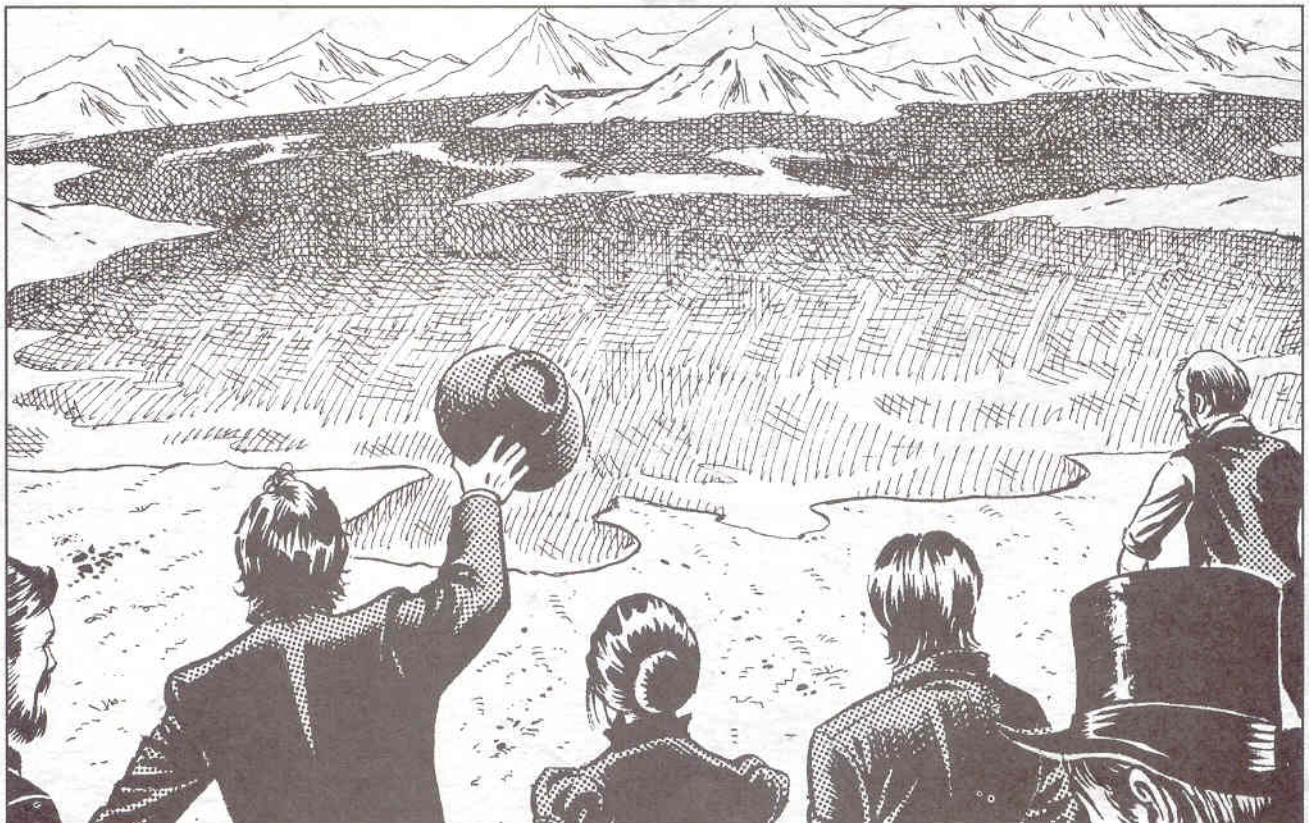
The Gold Rush

Maybe God smiled upon the Mormons, because '49 and the Gold Rush were just around the corner. This is what really made the city viable. All the prospectors heading for California found Utah a natural restocking point. They were eager to purchase certain types of supplies, and even more eager to sell off those they didn't think they'd need in California, cheap!

Eventually, Salt Lake City was ready for a whole new wave of immigrants.

The Handcart Tragedy

The Mormon missionaries, especially those overseas, described Salt Lake City as a paradise. That was a bit of an exaggeration, though I'm sure they believed it themselves.



Brother Brigham Young and his followers arrive on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. Here they established what would become Salt Lake City.

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Thousands of immigrants took the missionaries literally and converted to Mormonism. The Church booked them passage to Iowa in '55 by railroad, then organized wagon teams across the plains to Salt Lake City.

This was expensive, however, and eventually the Church was forced to substitute handcarts for wagons from '55 to 1860. If you're headed this way, this story should tell you what not to do.

Many of the immigrants couldn't travel quickly with the handcarts and got caught on the High Plains with no protection in winter. Some of the families didn't even have grown men to haul their carts, but had to rely on young women, children, or even grandmothers. Sand wore out the handcarts' axles and caused them to break. Snow buried the unsheltered travelers. Midway through most all of these trips, food ran out. I've heard tell the desperate souls resorted to eating buffalo-hide door mats, leather straps on their handcarts, and God knows what else.

Many immigrants made the trip with no more suffering than most, but far too many met with tragedy.

Governor Young

Utah wasn't even a territory when the Saints first arrived there. So Young established the State of Deseret until such time as the U.S. government stepped in. It eventually did, and by 1851, President Millard Fillmore had appointed Brigham Young as the governor of the Utah Territory.

As in Nauvoo, Young managed to get Salt Lake City a degree of autonomy. The laws of Deseret were preserved as long as they did not contradict the laws of the United States.

This is why it was a natural and easy step for Brigham to declare Deseret's independence in '66. More on that in a little bit, muchacho.

Brigham's Rule

It was in this period that Brigham Young made most of his enemies. There were and are tales that those who spoke out against him or the Church, or tried to leave the valley of the Saints without permission, were executed by the Danites.

I can't tell you whether or not there's any truth to this. I've seen Brigham give his last piece of bread to a starving neighbor. I've also seen a lot of "heretics" and unbelievers wind up in the bone orchard.

My advice is to keep your mouth shut and don't take any chances. Whether Young has anything to do with it or not, his opponents don't tend to live long.

The Mormon Alphabet

Brigham was a big proponent of the 32-character "Mormon Alphabet." A primer and two books of the Mormon Bible were printed in it, but they never caught on. I'm told the Danites still use the alphabet to pass coded messages, however.

The Mormon War

Word about Brigham's iron rule blazed across the prairie like wildfire. When his term as governor ran out, President Fillmore appointed a new governor, Lt. Colonel Steptoe. This didn't make Brigham happy, as he felt that he was the "governor of the people," and Steptoe was very quickly convinced to write a letter to President Fillmore asking that Young be reinstated.

Fillmore caved to Young's demands, but things got even worse from there. In 1857, President James Buchanan decided he would not be made a fool of like Millard Fillmore had. Buchanan sent 2,500 soldiers to Utah to replace Young and reinstate Federal authority. The Mormons armed themselves once again, set up barricades across the valley, and watched the approaching troops with eager eyes.

The Mormons, most likely the Danites, raided the troops' supply trains and set them to the torch on more than one occasion. The Army mismanaged its affairs horribly and, between its own incompetence and lack of supplies, felt it couldn't penetrate the blockaded canyons that were Salt Lake City's defenses.

The Mountain Meadows Massacre

This is a tough one for me to write about. I can't think of anything more horrible that's happened out here. It's also an open wound that no one in the City o' Gloom wants to talk about. They have no choice, however, because we just had the trial out here, and there's some weird stuff going on as a result. I'll tell you about that later on, but suffice it to say there's always some kind of justice in the Weird West—even if it's sometimes from beyond the grave.

To understand the recent events I'll tell you about later on, you need to know what the Mountain Meadows Massacre was all about. Brace yourself. This one's a tear-jerker.

It seems there were a number of settlers passing through the region in 1857. Most of them were from Arkansas, but a few were from Missouri. Remember I told you Mormons *hate* Missourians? It didn't help that rumors got out that a few of the Missourians had been



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part of the murderous mobs that had clashed so bloodily with the Saints 20 years earlier in Independence.

The Mormons still had the canyons blocked against the US Army and decided to close their settlements to outsiders until the situation was resolved. The Arkansans were refused supplies and so eventually made their way south. There they were attacked by Paiute Indians, in collusion with at least a few Mormons secretly watching from the hillsides.

The Indians found their match in the Arkansans, who chained their wagons together and fought them off for over three days. Finally, one of the Mormons came down from the hills waving a white flag.

This fellow claimed he was a Mormon and that his men were fighting the Indians off. He could lead the women and children to safety if the men would join the Mormons in fighting the Indians.

The settlers reluctantly agreed, and the men were escorted off by Mormons while the women and children were taken over a nearby hillside.

When the two groups were out of sight, a signal was given, and both parties were slain on September 11, 1857. The men were shot by the Mormon "escorts" walking by their sides. The women and children were butchered in their wagons. Tales of the carnage are sickening, so I won't repeat them here. Go to the library if you want the gory details.

The only survivors were the youngest children, who were taken and given to Mormon families to raise as their own. Some of these children remembered the murder of their parents all too well and just last year testified at the long-awaited trial. Their testimony was absolutely damning.

The Trial of John D. Lee

Unfortunately, the Mormon officials, who were never proved to be involved in the massacre, weren't exactly helpful in bringing the killers to justice. In fact, it took almost 20 years before the case came to trial.

A few months ago, the non-Mormons of Deseret put enough pressure on Young to hold an official investigation. I guess he figured it would give his government legitimacy if he did.

In 1876, John D. Lee, a Mormon who allegedly led the deceitful massacre, was found guilty by a mixed jury of Saints and Gentiles. He was sentenced to death and executed by firing squad at the site of the massacre a few days later.

While in jail, Lee claimed that not only did Brigham and the Church know about the massacre, but that they had actually



The Mountain Meadows Massacre. Did Brigham young know?

ordered it. You'll have to decide for yourself whether or not you believe him. I don't know what to think, myself.

End of the Mormon War

Right after Mountain Meadows, Brigham grew mysteriously quiet. He met with representatives of Buchanan's government and agreed to step down as governor and acknowledge the authority of the United States.

Few Gentiles moved through Salt Lake City for the next few years. Who can blame them? This is when Brigham, according to his critics, turned his heavy hands upon his own people. Those who seemed disloyal or tried to leave Deseret were publicly ruined and often murdered. Again, I'm not saying the Church had its dissenters murdered—I'm just saying a lot of them got murdered. The records are clear about that, and the Church doesn't deny it.

There are only three possibilities. There's a secret band of "enforcers" acting on their own to punish those they believe have betrayed the Church, Brother Brigham Young is a murderous tyrant who'll stop at nothing to build the settlement envisioned by the Prophet, or it's sheer coincidence.

Your call, partner.

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The Civil War

Things calmed down between the Mormons and the rest of the country when the War Between the States broke out. The Mormons stayed out of it, even when it came Westward.

This was both good and bad, depending on your view. You see, the Mormons have wanted their independence since the Missouri days—maybe before. Now that the nation looked like it may stay split, the Saints didn't feel obligated to join either side. Instead, they wanted to create their own nation. So they did.

The State of Deseret

In 1866, Brigham declared that the Mormon government would function as an autonomous entity until the war had been settled. To the papers, he claimed the "State of Deseret's" loyalties remained with the Union.

Locally, his sermons hint that the trespasses of the United States, the lack of action on the part of its leaders to protect them from "mob rule" (remember the Extermination Order?), and the accusations over Mountain Meadows are cause to consider Deseret's future allegiance.

For now, Young's playing it safe and declaring Deseret an "independent bastion of civilization in the desert, awaiting such time as the Great War shall end." The really crazy part is that Deseret at first encompassed all of Utah, some of Nevada, and even a strip of California out to the coast! You can bet that the USA and CSA didn't cotton to this idea. It was such a sticking point that the Church eventually "gifted" the lands outside Utah back to their respective owners. Deseret's borders are now those of the former Utah Territory.

As for Deseret's independence, both the North and the South oppose it. However, the government officials who visit Salt Lake City wisely keep their traps shut about it and hint that it will be resolved "after the war."

The Coming of Hellstromme

After the gold rush was over and the Civil War slowed down immigration to the West, Salt Lake City's phenomenal growth slowed down.

In 1868, a fellow by the name of Benjamin Strand found ghost rock in the Wasatch Mountains. At first, Young was reluctant to encourage mining. In fact, it was the start of a minor argument within the church. In 1870, however, Dr. Hellstromme came to Salt Lake

City in an amazing steam wagon. At first he was treated as a curiosity. Three weeks later, when he converted to Mormonism, he became a respected member of the community and an example of the "cream of the crop immigrating to the Saints' idyllic community."

When Hellstromme showed the Mormons how his steam wagon could outrun the local rattlers, his status became second only to Brigham Young and the late Prophet themselves!

Taming the Rattlers

It may not sound like such a big deal now when steam wagons are fairly common, but back in '70, the Mormons were having a difficult time evading the giant worms we have out here. The locals called them "salt rattlers" after hearing about similar critters in the Mojave. The ones here are smaller than elsewhere, but they're more numerous and a whole lot meaner.

The first rattler attacks came along about '64 or so. The rattlers proved a major problem because the Mormons needed timber from the surrounding mountains, and had to trade and travel to their other communities in Ogden, Bountiful, and elsewhere.

Around 1870, the worms were getting so bad that Salt Lake City was virtually cut off. Companies of the Nauvoo Legion hunted the things, but all too often they became the prey themselves. There was even one company that supposedly found a rattler "lair." They sent a runner back to tell Brigham they were going in after the monster, but they never returned. If you ever hear about the "Lost Company," it's these unfortunates. Most figure the worms got some and cave-ins trapped the rest. Losing that company just about broke the Mormons' backs. Then Dr. Darius Hellstromme came to town.

His steam wagons allowed the Saints to outrun the rattlers and reestablish stable communication with their other settlements. When some folks started hunting the worms a short time later, their population took a serious beating. They're still out there, but there are nowhere near as many as there used to be. Of course, the ones that are left are the sneakiest, most cunning predators you've ever seen.

Opening the Mines

It didn't take long for Dr. Hellstromme to persuade Brigham that mining ghost rock would make the city a fortune. Young agreed, but he discouraged Mormons from becoming miners.

It's not illegal, but it's ill-advised for the devout to handle ghost rock. Those who

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know Brigham says he won't touch it at all—that he finds it "repulsive." I wonder if he knows something we don't?

So who was going to mine all that ore? Gentiles, of course. There were already boatloads running around the Wasatch Mountains looking for gold and ghost rock anyway. The Mormon patrols ejected a score a day, but they just kept coming back. So Hellstromme suggested giving them gainful employment as miners. Brigham agreed. The Gentiles poured in by the thousands.

Junkyard

I don't think Hellstromme or Young had any idea what was going to happen next.

Within two years, no less than 15 different factories sprang up, all within the "Factory District" over City Creek Canyon. Thousands of Gentiles were needed to man the factories and mine ghost rock. Trouble is, real estate in downtown Salt Lake City is more than most folks can afford. Cheap houses and apartments were built between the factories and Salt Lake City proper. We call the mess "Junkyard."

Junkyard started near the old Empire Mill at the head of the City Creek Canyon and spread down toward the city, along the canyon walls. The creek running through the valley has

become thick and tarry from the ghost rock, but one of Hellstromme's amazing inventions, a "water-cleansing dam," makes it safe to irrigate with and drink once it spills out the other side.

The Power Plant

One of the nicest things about the City o' Gloom is that it has electric power! Everyone who can afford to pay his bill can get service.

How's this possible? Hellstromme, of course. He's got some kind of super-turbine that runs off ghost rock and produces electricity. No, I don't know how—it just does.

You'll find electric lights in every decent home, and hot-water heaters, and you can install "tap lines" if you have some other device that uses electricity. This is why the papers call Salt Lake City the "most technologically advanced city in the world."

The Present

Now you have a decent idea about who the Mormons are and where they came from. This isn't supposed to substitute for a good history book, but I can't really tell you about the City o' Gloom if you don't know about the Mormons. Consider yourself partially educated



A traveler's steam wagon easily outpaces a pack of hungry salt rattlers. Without these amazing devices, Salt Lake City might not exist today.

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Chapter Two: The State of Deseret

As you can guess, the Church of Latter Day Saints runs things out here. They control Deseret's hearts and minds through the Church, the law, the Nauvoo Legion, and most importantly—electricity!

You'd best know this before I get into the devilish details of Salt Lake City itself. Learn well, partner, because, as my old school marm said, there's a good chance you *will* be quizzed.

The Church

In 1866, Brigham and the Church declared that the state of Deseret was an independent territory awaiting the reunification of the United States. Brigham is the President, and prominent Saints occupy all the major governmental positions.

Officially, Deseret is a "theocracy." There is no separation of church and state. Mormon law is Deseret law, though there are some exceptions, as you'll see later on.

The top rung of the Church ladder is held by the President. He's watched over—at least in theory—by a 12-man Council of Apostles. They make all of Deseret's policies and laws.

Below them are two Quorums of Seventy and a Presiding Bishopric. These folks represent other Mormon settlements, as well as sit on special councils.

Geographically, the Church is organized into stakes and wards (increasingly smaller groups). A ward consists of some 200-800 members, a stake has 4-10 wards. These numbers are all variable, but they give you a rough idea.

The leader of each ward (think of it as a "congregation" or "parish") is a Bishop. He is a lay minister, as are all Mormon leaders until you get up to the highest echelons, where they work full-time for the Church. He has two counselors. The men are organized into the Melchizedek priesthood (higher priesthood) which is for men 19 and older. The younger men are "elders," and the older men are "high priests." Each group is called a quorum and has a president and two counselors. The boys 12-19 are in the Aaronic priesthood, and their quorums are "deacons" (12-13), "teachers" (14-15), and "priests" (16-19).

The women's organization is called the Relief Society. It was originally founded to help the men working on the Nauvoo temple. Now it does charity work, but has expanded to be a more general organization for women. Again you have a president and two counselors.

Teenage girls also have an organization to parallel the Aaronic priesthood, and the children have "Primary", which is like Sunday school.

Moving up to the stake level, you have a Stake President and his counselors, a Relief Society President and her counselors, and various leaders to help with running the Church.

The stake level is the first place you run into "Patriarchs." There is one patriarch per stake. The main function of a patriarch is to give "patriarchal blessings." These are blessings of comfort and prophecy given to members who request it. It's like the blessings Israel gave to his sons before his death, if you've ever read that story in the Bible.

Mormon men are often addressed as "elder" (even when they're high priests), and the president of the church and the stake president are addressed as "President so-and-so." "Brother" and "sister" are also common surnames. Bishops are an exception, and are called "bishops."

Got all that? Me neither. Just be polite, call all Mormons "Mr. So-and-so," and you'll do fine.

By and large, you won't hear much from the higher ups, such as the Apostles or the Bishop. They all do important work, I'm sure, but the most outspoken voice in the Church is far and away its President, Brigham Young.

Brother Brigham

Brigham Young joined the Mormons back in their Kirtland, Ohio, days. He was so quiet at first, many thought he was slow of mind. He even misspelled his own name on some documents he signed back then.

Eventually, Joseph Smith and the other early leaders in the Church realized that while Brigham wasn't educated, he wasn't ignorant, either. In fact, he was quiet because he pondered long and hard about matters he thought were important. And once he made up his mind, he rarely changed it. They say no man is an island. Brigham may be an exception to that rule.

President Young

There were many possible candidates for the new President of the Church after Joe Smith was martyred. To his credit, Brigham didn't manipulate his way to the top—he told the congregation he was the man for the job and then started doing it!

It was Brigham who organized the trek to Salt Lake City and picked the spot for their new home. Neither the migration nor the first years in Utah were perfect, but the Saints survived in a place that scouts of the area called "hospitable to neither man nor beast."



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Savior or Tyrant?

By Brigham's own admission, his rule is merciless. He considers the Saints "God's chosen," and it his is duty to protect them "in the manner of the Old Testament." In one of his sermons, he likened himself to a shepherd who has "discarded the cane for the shotgun." His flock appreciates his strong leadership—until they wander from the herd. He also says that true enemies of the Church perish if he "but crooks his little finger."

Whether Brigham and his Danites quietly practice "blood atonement" or not is a matter of great debate. Brigham's actions may be harsh because he lives in a harsh place. If he was back in the gentle woods of Ohio, he might not call for such fire and brimstone. But he's not. And right or wrong, Brigham and his followers are guarding the flock with a vengeance.

The Law

The basic laws of Deseret are pretty simple to remember, and they apply to both Mormons and Gentiles alike. Follow the Ten Commandments, and you'll get along just fine. Break one, and you'll face a punishment suited to the crime.

Capital offenses are murder and (like most everywhere else) horse thieving. Steam wagons fall under the "horse thieving" rule out here.

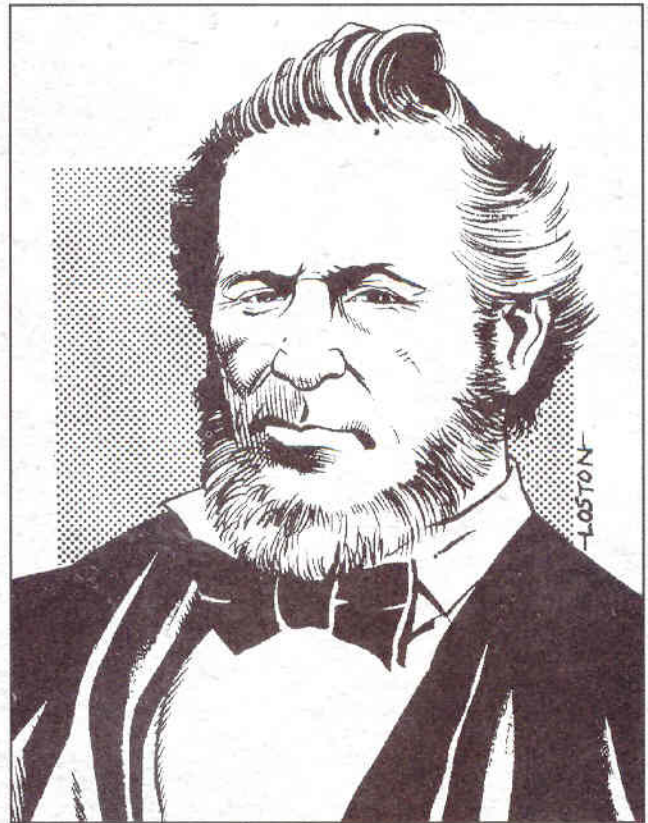
Here's where the law gets a little fuzzy. Minor offenses are generally ignored in areas filled with predominantly Gentiles, like Junkyard. Minor offenses are violations of simple laws, like carrying a hogleg in a no-firearms zone (all of Salt Lake City), lewd or lascivious behavior, or petty theft. Again, the punishment suits the crime, and Mormon judges can be pretty creative.

One last note. Mormons don't drink alcohol, tea, or coffee, and they don't smoke. It's not a law or commandment, just "advice" from the Church. Drinking or smoking among Mormons won't win you any friends. Keep that in mind.

The Court System

Every town has a number of judges appointed by the state. Salt Lake City has about 15, near as I can tell. Smaller settlements might have only one, and sometimes this is the sheriff himself. The Mormons don't mind tying all that power to one man because they appoint him anyway.

There are no "circuit" judges out here, since every settlement has their own. Lawyers can represent clients, but they must be careful. "False counsel" can get a fellow a rope party sure as stealing a steam wagon.



Brother Brigham Young, President of the State of Deseret

There are no appeals and no "loopholes." Every judge has the authority to hear a case on its own merits and decide the verdict and punishment he thinks best fit the situation.

Local judges can hold their trials in Salt Lake City if they feel they can't get an impartial jury in their settlement, but around here "impartial jury" is kind of a contradiction in terms anyway.

You've probably heard rumors that Mormon courts aren't exactly fair. There's some truth to that. If you're a Gentile and have a case against a Mormon, you will lose. I won't even say the Mormon judges are corrupt. They just usually see things the way their brethren do, and that makes some unknown Gentile generally the loser.

The Tithe

One of the Church's central tenets is the idea of the "tithe." Mormons contribute 10% of their income to the authorities. Since the creation of Deseret, so do the rest of the residents.

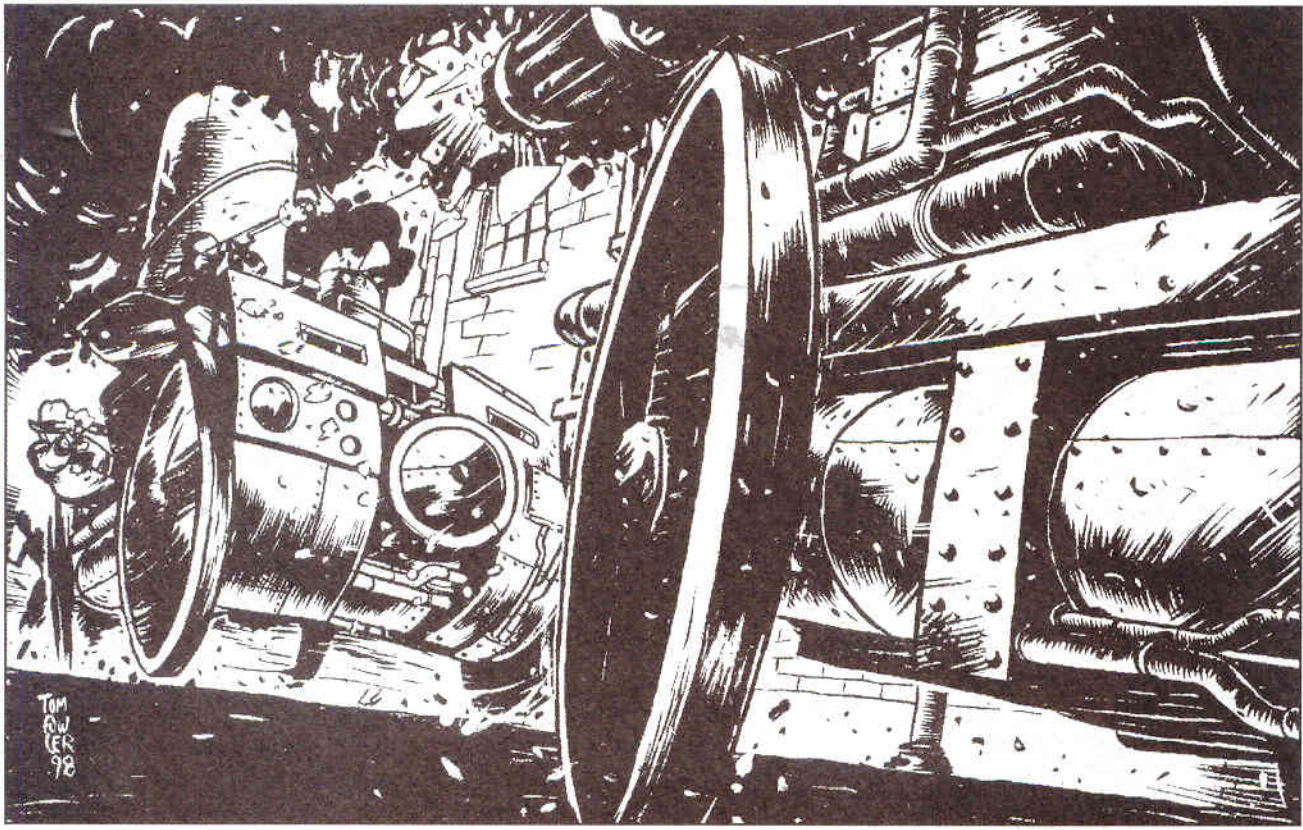
Yup. That includes every penny you make. Strike ghost rock? One out of 10 chunks is going to Brigham. Bring in a bandit? 10%. Write a guide book for the *Epitaph*? Yep. Ten percent of my fee goes to the government. That's a penny I'm sure they'll appreciate (wink).

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A steam wagon full of Sheriff Eli Water's deputies in hot pursuit of some rather heftily armed bank robbers.

Law Dogs

What good is the law without someone to enforce it? Not much, of course. The Saints are big on enforcement, so there's no shortage of armed law dogs running around Deseret.

Local Lawmen

In Deseret, sheriffs watch over "stakes" instead of counties, though they're about the same in concept. Only large towns like Ogden have their own town marshals. Smaller settlements rely on their stake's sheriff and his deputies to take care of them. The largest town of the bunch usually serves as his home.

Salt Lake City doesn't fit either of those categories. The City o' Gloom is so big, it's a stake all on its own. That means we have a sheriff instead of a town marshal.

Confused? I was too when I first came out here. But after a while I realized it doesn't really matter what you call the fellow wearing the badge. Just be polite to him, answer all his questions, and stay out of his way. Your life stays more quiet and peaceful that way.

The Nauvoo Legion

Local lawmen are great for breaking up a brawl or arresting drunks, but they're no match for bandit gangs or some of the critters loyal readers of the *Epitaph* know give the Weird West its name. That's where the Nauvoo Legion comes in.

Once Deseret was declared independent, the Mormons found themselves obligated to defend it. They reinstated the old "Nauvoo Legion" for this purpose, in honor of their old settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois.

The Legion consists of 400 men under command of General Alexander Young (one of Brigham's sons). There are four companies of 100 men each, commanded by a major. Each company is further broken down into five platoons of 20 led by a lieutenant, a master sergeant, two sergeants, and four corporals. The rest of the men are privates.

The Legion has an entire company in Salt Lake City (for reasons I'll discuss later), another down south at Cedar City, and the rest scattered in 20-man platoons at "Mormon forts" across the state of Deseret.



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Essentially, the Legion is the "army" of Deseret. All but the Salt Lake City company are mounted, and all have at least a few cannons and Gatling guns to round out their forces.

Armed forces from the USA or CSA cannot cross Deseret's borders without prior approval until the war is over. Until negotiations over Deseret's rights are concluded, that is.

You'd think President Grant would quietly acquiesce, given the state of the nation, but he can't. Admitting that Deseret even exists gives the CSA legitimacy.

Grant hasn't declared war or anything, but he's let Brigham know that once US forces are free, the issue will be settled on *his* terms.

The Black Chaplains

There are four chaplains that sometimes accompany the Nauvoo Legion on its expeditions. I know from personal experience that their job isn't to bless the men's meals and remind them that coffee profanes the body.

These four fellows are unofficially called the "Black Chaplains" by the Legionnaires, because it's their job to combat the "forces of Satan." If you read the *Epitaph* regularly, you know the horrors these grim preachers might face.

I met these dreaded servants of the Lord back in '72. They had me deliver a flamethrower out to a cave in Devil's Canyon late one stormy night. When I landed, there were six dead Legionnaires lying in a line near the cave, their heads neatly severed. The rest of the platoon hunkered down nearby and watched quietly. The men who took delivery were a lieutenant and four very bloody, very angry chaplains.

The chaplains emptied out the fuel in the flamethrower and filled it full of water from the Legionnaires' canteens. Then they started praying, and the lieutenant asked me to leave. I saw the rest from the air. One of the "Black Chaplains" strapped on the flamethrower and went into the cave. Even over the engine of my whirligig, I could hear what sounded like the screaming of the damned themselves coming out of that God-forsaken hole. Gives me goosebumps just thinking about it.

The Danites

The last way the Mormons enforce their laws is through the Danites. Count this as "touchy subject #3,000."

According to anti-Mormons, the purpose of the Danites is to carry out all the unsavory work of the Church. This includes murder, arson, robbery, or any other means necessary to enforce Brigham's tyranny.

The Church has a different point of view. They claim the Danites don't even exist. Evidently no one's told Brigham this, however, because he refers to them in his sermons all the time. In one of his discourses in the *Deseret News* he said *"If men come here and do not behave themselves, they will not only find the Danites, whom they talk so much about, biting the horses' heels, but the scoundrels will find something biting their heels. In my plain remarks I merely call things by their own names."*

If you believe they exist, then they were started back in Missouri in '38 as the "Daughters of Zion." Some of the men didn't care much for this, so the name was changed to "Flying Angels," then "Destroying Angels," then the "Big Fan," then "Brothers of Gideon," then finally "Sons of Dan." When the identity crisis was over, everyone called them Danites.

If you believe Young orders his enemies slain, then the Danites are the ones who do the dirty work.

Orrin Porter Rockwell

If the Danites do exist, then their leader must be Orrin Porter Rockwell. O.P. to his friends, if he actually has any.

O.P. is a local exception that proves no rule I can think of. He's a Mormon, I hear, but he smokes, drinks, and commits just about every other sin I can think of, yet he's never been blacklisted.

He's a gunfighter of sorts, though he's not particularly fast on the draw. Even stranger, everyone's afraid of him, but no one can tell you who he's killed. If you're buying the whole Danite story, it's because the Danites work in secret, so O.P.'s reputation is one of those things that's scary as Hell, though no one knows what for.

There are rumors, though, of who has met an untimely demise at O.P.'s hands. Governor Boggs, who issued the infamous "Extermination Order," was shot by an unknown assailant in '42 (though he lived). Lieutenant Worrel of the Carthage Grays who was in command of the jail where the Prophet was murdered, and members of the Aiken party in '57, a band of settlers passing through to California, are also alleged to have died by his hand.

O.P. serves as a deputy sheriff from time to time but otherwise has no official power of position with the Church. He hangs out in Junkyard a lot, gambling and "dancing." If you run across him, keep your mouth shut. He won't shoot you in public, but if you cross him, your next sleep might be your last.



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O.P. Rockwell, probable leader of the Church's secret enforcers, the Danites.

Bill Hickman

Back in '72, a fellow named Bill Hickman claimed he was the "Danite Captain." Who did he tell? The whole world. He even wrote a book, called *Brigham's Destroying Angel*. Hickman then fled to Washington, DC to tell everything he knew.

See, Hickman claims that he carried out murders for the Mormons since the Missouri days, and that they not only were aware of his heinous crimes, but actually ordered them.

Of course I don't know the truth, so you'll have to read his book and decide for yourself.

Relations

Deseret is publicly cordial to the United States, though it won't accept their rule until the war is over. It's a complex relationship. Imagine a son who lives in his father's house and is willing to live by most of his rules, but he won't let his father enter his room to see what he's doing.

The Mormons mostly ignore the Confederates, mainly because Missouri's on their side. Young receives ambassadors from the South, but he pays little attention to them.

The church has forbidden military troops of any nation from entering Deseret. Civilians are welcome as long as they don't trespass against any of the Mormon laws.

The Union's attitude toward the Mormons is a bit stronger. Grant is one of those who firmly believes Young is a despot. He's made it no secret that the US Army will pay Utah a call when the war is over.

The Confederacy courts the Mormons a little more civilly than the Union. For now, it seems the CSA is willing to let Deseret chart its own course. If the Mormons aren't friends of the Union, at least they aren't enemies of the South.

Relations with Gentiles

So how are Gentiles treated in Deseret? Well, there are better places to live. Tangle with a Mormon, whether with fists, guns, or in court, and you fight the whole state. If there's anything these people are it's unified. At least against outsiders. Even if Mormons are tearing into each other over some theological difference, they put all that aside when a Gentile starts trouble.

If you keep your nose clean, however, they're good people. They help the poor, feed the starving, and take care of orphans and widows.

In other words, if the Mormons don't have a reason to be against you, they're some of the best neighbors on the frontier.

Mormons like having Mormon neighbors. That means if you're thinking of settling here, you'll be living in an area with other Gentiles. That's good in a way, as it keeps you out of trouble. It's bad because the Mormons got here first and got most of the best land.

Real estate in Salt Lake City is especially expensive. Mormons often make deals with their brothers for lower prices, but Gentiles rarely get such offers. If you can afford to get in, however, you're treated as well here as anywhere.

Angry Gentiles claim Mormons live in Salt Lake City, where the water is clean, the streets are wide open, and crime is rare. Gentiles, they claim, are forced to live in Junkyard, where water flows like oil, they're surrounded by a maze of steam pipes, and crime is rampant.

The comparisons are true, but there's no rule that says the Gentiles can't live in the good part of town. They just usually can't afford it.

Can't We all Just Get Along?

Unsurprisingly, conversion is fairly frequent. Once you're in, you must live by the Mormon code, contribute to the Church, and proselytize. It usually takes an earnest soul a year to become a member of the Mormon family.

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Chapter Three: Salt Lake City



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In case you hadn't noticed, this chapter's about Salt Lake City. That's where you're going to live, right?

Wrong. Unless you're rich, you're living in Junkyard, which is physically part of Salt Lake City, but might as well be a whole 'nother world. If you manage to buy a plot of land in the city, you'll be told all you need to know by your neighbors. The rest of you poor sods have to rely on me.

Even "Junkers" have to go into the city on occasion, so I'm going to tell you everything I can. Bear with me if I don't know about the inner secrets of the Temple or what's kept in the armory—they just don't tell that kind of stuff to us heathens—but I can tell you where to register, get a marriage certificate, and so on.

Lay of the Land

The first thing you'll notice about Salt Lake City is how orderly the streets are. Take a gander at the map and you'll be amazed. That's the beauty of planning a city out before every sodbuster starts building a house willy-nilly.

When the Saints came here in '47, Brigham and his crew staked out equal sized plots and divvied them up among the faithful. New sections annexed by the city follow this pattern.

The streets on either side of the temple are called East and West Temple Street. The first street east of East Temple is First East, then Second East, and so on. The same is true in the opposite direction, as well as north and south. Finding an address is damned easy. That can be a bad thing for nosy Gentiles. If you stray from the "busy" areas it's hard to claim you were lost.

Compare the streets of Salt Lake City to the alleys of Junkyard. In the city, you can see from one end of the street to the other. In Junkyard, you're lucky to see the end of the block.

The orderly feel of the city also helps remind you who's in charge. It's almost like the Church officials are watching you.

Power

The whole city—including Junkyard—is about power in one form or another, whether it's electrical or the kind that makes one fellow give his life to another.

In practical terms, anyone who can pay for it gets power right in HIS home. If you live in Salt Lake City, you can afford power.

If you live in Junkyard, it's a luxury about half the homes and apartments can pay for.

The effects of available electricity are amazing. Even the gas lights at every corner have been hooked up to power, but we call them "street lights," since they don't use gas anymore.

Which brings me to my earlier cynicism. See, power is more than just a status symbol around here. When it gets cold at night or in the winter, there's not a lot of wood to burn. Those without power must travel to the Wasatch Mountains, cut wood, and then haul it back—and most of them don't have horses or mules anymore. If you ask me, this is the greatest weapon in the Mormon's "recruitment" arsenal. It seems Mormons are more wealthy and prosperous than Gentiles. It's an image they don't mind, because it insinuates that similar glad tidings befall anyone who joins their fold. Who knows, it might even be true.

One last note. It's amazing to look down on the city from up in the mountains and see all the lights. The big ones shining up the sides of the Tabernacle are really impressive. To Gentiles, the lights rub their faces in the Mormons' prosperity. To the Saints, the "jewel of Deseret" is a modern-day Canaan.

Soot

Junkers eat, breathe, and sleep in the grimy, oily smoke that seeps out of the factories. It gets in their hair, eyes, ears, and (most of all), lungs. You should see the spit. Junkers spit up so much gunk that factories have "spit pots." The really cheap owners sift the ghost-rock dust back out!

Wearing a mask might not save your life, but it can prolong it. The down side is that all those folks wearing masks makes Junkers even more impersonal than they already are. See, Junkers are little wary of each other. Their very nature makes them tough and independent, and it doesn't help that folks move in and out of the city like miners at a two-dollar brothel.

Things are a little different in Salt Lake City itself. The city gets just as much of the stuff as Junkyard, but it never quite seems to cling to the buildings and people like it does in Junkyard.

Devout Mormons claim God protects them from the soot. It's hard to believe God would let one man suffer while another lives on, just because they're of different faiths, but I've seen it even in the converts. Some poor sod works for a year in Junkyard sucking soot. The day he converts he shines up like a new penny. It's the damndest thing I ever saw. And it makes

Junkers mad. Watch your fellow worker's eyes narrow when a prim and proper Saint works beside him with no mask.

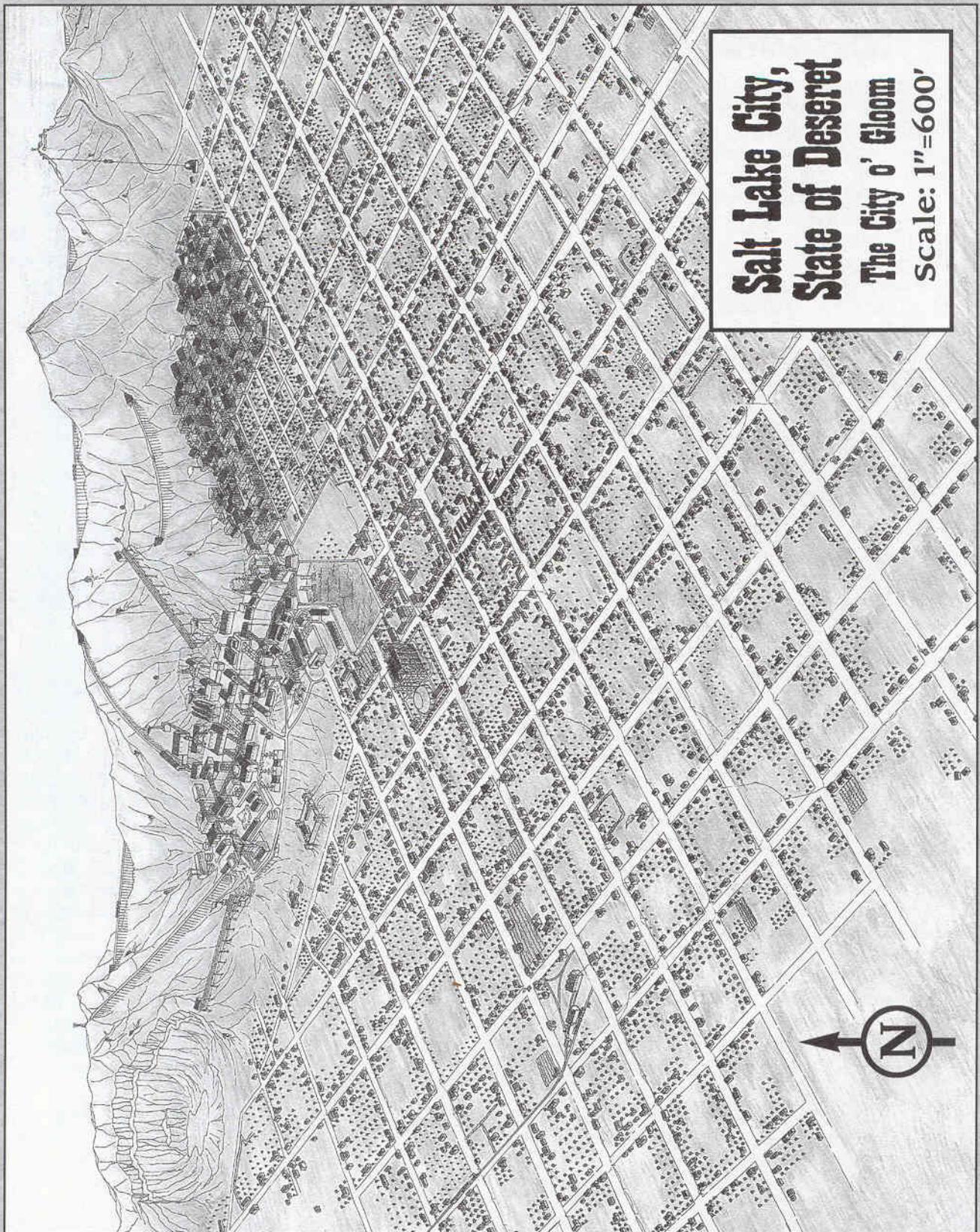


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Editor's Note: To make the map more useful, much of the Steel Sky and pipes and walkways over Sludge Creek have been omitted.

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Places of Note

Here are most of the important or at least interesting places to know about in Salt Lake City proper.



Aaron's Arms

91 The Saints have never shied away from picking up a six-shooter or scattergun in defense of their religion. Mr. Henry Aaron, a one-armed veteran of just about every battle the Mormons have fought, now makes sure his brothers are well-armed.

I'm friends with old Henry, and he told me he originally started his business by selling the guns he'd taken off his enemies. That's why he's a little wary of selling arms to Gentiles. He does, but his listed prices are 50% higher than most everywhere else. Saints in good standing (those who haven't been blacklisted by the *Deseret News* in a while) get a 25% discount. That still makes Henry's prices high, but you can hardly blame him for not wanting to "arm the natives."

Don't look for many arms made in the USA or CSA here. The big weapons factories are Back East in the US, and they've been forbidden to sell arms to the Mormons by President Grant. The Confederacy doesn't specifically embargo arms, but their small factories claim they can barely keep up with the army's demand. Truthfully, Davis has probably forbidden arms sales to the Saints but doesn't want to say anything publicly.

Harry has some secondhand "imports" for sale, but most of his weapons come from Jon Browning's factory in Ogden or Granny Smith's place over in Junkyard.

The Bank of Deseret

When Young declared Deseret's independence, the temporary government had no way of minting new currency. So a few Mormons who knew something about banking got together and chartered the new Bank of Deseret in 1867.

The Saints were leery of their own bank, since their first attempt back in Ohio had failed so miserably. This bank is run tighter than a Madam's corset to make sure they don't make the same mistakes. No one loans a buffalo nickel without the manager's say-so. Gentiles have a better chance of becoming president than they do of getting a loan, and even Mormons have to offer sufficient collateral to borrow money from the bank.

The real security of the bank lies out in the hills. Its notes are based on ghost-rock

reserves left unmined in the Wasatch Mountains. No one is permitted to extract the ore, and armed guards watch over the various claims. Only a team of bank-appointed assayers are allowed to enter the mines and evaluate the worth of the ghost-rock veins inside.

California Corral

They used to sell horses here, but these days there are no horses and not a darn thing from California as far as I can tell.

The owner, C.A. "California" Carrol (how's that for confusing?), now sells steam wagons. There are always at least three of the contraptions on the lot. The price is usually about 10% less than the ones we custom make here at Smith & Robards thanks to a special deal he's arranged with his Mormon brothers at Zion's Cooperative Carriage Factory.

Carrol doesn't sell weapons or armor with his steam wagons. He's not expressly forbidden by law, but the Mormons don't want to sell that kind of trouble to anyone, even their own.

"Upgrading" a steam wagon with Gatlings or other weapons requires a private contractor. You can order parts from a company such as Smith & Robards and have it installed by our factory technicians. You can also find private tinkers to do the work, but let the buyer beware—some can't tell their belts from a timing chain.

The Cemetery

If you're a regular reader of the *Epitaph*, you know to stay away from places of the dead. Ever read a story about a graveyard where something weird *wasn't* going on? Didn't think so.

The Mormon Cemetery must be the exception that proves the rule. There's absolutely no weirdness to report here. None. Really. It may have something to do with the fact that the Mormons consecrated the ground.

Only Saints are buried in this cemetery. Gentiles are shipped home if they have money, or buried in the Gentile Cemetery up in the hills if they don't.

City Hall

All the administrative work of the city is carried out here. There are courtrooms, offices full of bureaucrats, and everything else you don't really want to know about.

What you do want to know is that you must come here to get any kind of license or permit.

If you're a Mormon planning on settling in the city, this is a good place to go first.



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For those of you "mad scientists" heading our way, let me tell you a few things you need yearly licenses for. Flying anywhere in the state of Deseret (\$10), driving a steam wagon (\$10), building a weapon (\$15), or "tampering with the laws of God and man" (\$100-1,000).

Normal folks also need a "Statement of Citizenship" to settle (\$1), a marriage license (\$1), and birth certificates (50¢). There's a joke that says the Mormons would make you get a death certificate if so many folks wouldn't cheat.

City Jail

The Mormons aren't big on keeping lawbreakers locked up for long stretches. Their justice is usually swift and efficient. Steal from someone, and you wind up working off twice your debt to that person. Murder someone, and you face a firing squad, the preferred method of execution in these parts.

Even drunks don't stay long. The lawmen throw Gentiles back into their own districts, and they let errant Saints sleep it off before sending them to their minister. If the problem persists, the drunkard is excommunicated and thrown out of the city. There are many former Mormons in Junkyard who couldn't live up to this rule.

Sheriff Eli Waters keeps at least three deputies on duty at all times. Another two are always on patrol in the city. They ride steam wagons and carry quite an arsenal to deal with particularly dangerous troublemakers.

Sheriff Eli Waters

Salt Lake City's top law dog is Sheriff Eli Waters. He's a cross between Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp. He's got Masterson's style and savvy, with Earp's stubbornness and mien.

Waters and his deputies keep things very quiet in Salt Lake City. Drunken workers from Junkyard who stray into the city wake up the next day hurting from more than just hangovers.

Danwoody's Furniture Factory

Howard Danwoody's family was one of the first in the valley. He figured everyone needs something to sit on, so he started making furniture. What he makes is expensive, but high-quality. His cabinets, sideboards, and armoires are in great demand among the Mormon upper crust. Even Brigham owns a few choice pieces.

For cheaper furniture, try one of the many secondhand shops in Junkyard. The high turnover in residents means the used-goods stores always have plenty of merchandise to go around.

Danwoody's factory is one of only two that remain outside of Junkyard. The other is Zion's Cooperative Carriage Factory.

Fire Sale

Pardon the joke. Last year, several prominent families suffered terrible house fires. All had recently purchased furniture from Danwoody.

When the story hit the *Deseret News*, business at the furniture factory hit rock bottom. Howard asked Brother Brigham Young himself to come to his factory and purge it of whatever demons had beset him. Young did so, and business slowly returned. Since then, there have been no more strange fires. At least not enough all at once to attract anyone's attention. No one ever did figure out why it happened, though.

Denver-Pacific Depot

If there's a thorn in Hellstromme's side, this is it. I mean, here's this city Hellstromme's got bamboozled into thinking he's candy-on-a-stick, he owns his own railroad, and he can't get rid of the only competition in town.

Hellstromme's been granted a right-of-way for his own Wasatch Railroad, but it's a long way from reaching Salt Lake City. What he'd like to do is buy out the Denver-Pacific and link its line with his. This would give him a huge lead in the Great Rail Wars.

The only problem is, the owners of the DP are Smith & Robards—and they ain't selling. As a matter of fact, the DP is their trump card.

The depot services Black River, Wasatch, and Union Blue. On the surface, they're all friends or at least partners in business. The three are allowed to ship via the Denver Pacific, including transferring cargo and passengers at other depots further east. They're also allowed to use certain portions of the DP line. Only Union Blue, however, is allowed to run their own trains anywhere on the line without inspection. That's because the DP has an exclusive contract to supply some of their forts in Nevada.

Deseret Café

The Mormons don't drink coffee, tea, or whiskey, so don't get too excited. What they do serve is "Brigham tea," sarsaparilla, flavored waters, and other local "gee, I wish we were allowed to drink coffee" type drinks.

I mention the Deseret Café only because in I.M. Hymme's dime novels, Nevada Smith often meets his contacts here. If he ever did, he certainly doesn't now that Hymme writes about it, or he'd be a little more cautious.

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A series of mysterious fires plagued purchasers of furniture from Danwoody's Furniture Factory. Was it just a coincidence, or were sinister forces at work?

Deseret News

The official newspaper of Salt Lake City is the *Deseret News*. You won't find a more self-righteous, opinionated, vociferous rag in all the Weird West. That's not to say what's in there is wrong, just that the *News* has no claim to objectivity—it's purely an organ of the church and the state of Deseret.

The editor, Hymus Crum, is a stern Mormon from the old days of Joseph Smith. His editorials preach fire and brimstone to those who would dare trespass against his faith.

The source of Hymus' rage is the loss of his father, also a newspaperman, who was killed in the Haun's Mill massacre back in Missouri. After that, Crum picked up a rifle and tossed lead at the Gentiles every time they gave him an excuse—which admittedly, was often enough in the old days to keep Crum poor from buying lead.

The Blacklist

Besides being a fantastic tool for inducing the masses to follow the Mormon's collective wishes, the *Deseret News* is also used by the Elders to punish the wicked.

Every week, in the back right column of the last page, there is a large black box with a list of Mormon names printed in white. Next to each name is an offense of some kind. This is the Saints' version of the "scarlet letter." Those whose names appear in the "blacklist" are shunned by the rest of the community until the following edition. Get caught drunk and you'll see your name and your crime printed for all your neighbors to see. It works far better than you might think.

Deseret Tithing Office

10% of everything a citizen of Deseret makes is paid to the church as a tithe. That money is collected here, at the Deseret Tithing Office.

Bank robbers beware. The tithing office has all the usual safeguards—thick bars, armed guards, and a safe thick enough to stop a cannon round—but it's also got a good case of Holy protection.

Two years ago, a band of thieves staged a daring daylight robbery. They somehow got inside (the rumors on how they did it are hard to swallow even for a reader of the *Epitaph*), and as they were about to vamoose, their blood started boiling in their veins.

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Witnesses claim the Almighty "smote" them from above for trespassing against His people. It must be true because I saw the bodies lying in open coffins the next day. I guess the bank wanted folks to see so the next band of robbers would think twice about messing with them.

Deseret University

The university teaches all that smart stuff—mathematics, languages, engineering, and so forth. I was never much for book-learning, so I don't know exactly what all they do there, but you can bet there's a lot of talk about science, manufacturing, and a healthy dose of theology.

I can tell you that while anyone—Mormon or Gentile—is admitted to the school, the required courses to get a degree are set by the Church. So you can bet your last tuition dollar that history lessons have more to do with the Book of Mormon than when Napoleon lost at Waterloo.

Brother Young is a frequent lecturer at the college. I went once, and though I have no idea what Brigham was talking about, I can tell you I was damned convinced. I just don't know what of. He's a powerful orator with a voice that sounds like the wrath of God itself. It's no wonder he's got an entire nation wrapped around his little finger.

The College of Engineering

One course I know they teach at Deseret is Engineering. They got a whole program on working with mechanical devices, scientific theories on ghost rock and its uses, and all that. I haven't heard the students being particularly successful as yet, but the professors that head up the department are all respected scientists and inventors from around the world.

I think the students don't do so well because the professors mostly use their income to help fund their own experiments. They might hire a student assistant or two, but they can't let whole classes in on their work for fear their designs could be stolen and sold to a certain mail-order company in the nearby hills.

Hellstromme is the Dean of the College, but he only serves when the mood hits him, I'm told. He never teaches, but without his influence, I doubt that Brigham would permit the university to teach courses concerning ghost rock. Remember, the Saints don't like it.

The Council

In addition to teaching, these nutty professors head up something called the "Council." They serve as a "think tank" for the state of Deseret. Hellstromme is the chair.

The only reason anyone knows much about the Council is because a few years ago, one of the professors, Dr. Leonitus P. Gash, started messing around with sticking mechanical devices in flesh. The Council decided this was a blasphemous practice and booted him out.

Dr. Gash didn't go quietly, and it was quite a scandal at the time. He disappeared soon afterward. Many people assumed that he was dead, but Dr. Gash had just gone underground for a while. No one knows where he got the money to keep up his research.

A year later, his work showed up again. A factory worker had lost an arm in Hellstromme's automaton factory. After his recovery, he returned to work with a mechanical arm. He said he'd been "augmented" by the long-lost Dr. Gash. He and his kind became known as scrappers.

I'll tell you more about this fellow in **Chapter Seven: Mad Scientists**. It's interesting to note here because the Council essentially made Gash what he is today—an underground hero to some and the dark side of the new science to others.

Edna's Eats

Mrs. Edna Jacobs cooks the best pastries in all Deseret. I'll admit to a bit of sweet-tooth, so I go here a lot. If the gloom ever gets you down, I recommend stopping into Edna's bake shop and treating yourself to some of her goods.

You might also find the famous writer, I.M. Hymme hanging out here. He and Edna might be a little "sweet" on each other.

Unlike most of the folks who run businesses in the city, Edna is a Gentile. Even the austere Saints like a nice sweetroll once in a while.

Empire Mill

When the Saints first came to the area, one of their big tasks was finding timber. Their solution was to haul it down from the mountains and cut it into planks at the Empire Mill.

These days, the slow-moving sludge won't power the mill's saw, so it's closed down. The ruins are rat-infested and unstable, so stay clear.

A new Empire Mill was built south of the city along the Jordan River. That's where most all our usable lumber comes from these days.

Faust's Livery Stable

I may have given you the impression that everyone out here owns a steam wagon. That's certainly not the case. Most folks can't afford them. Those that can do, but the rest of us stick to the old four-legged transports; horses and mules. Even I have a horse—Mr.

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Robards doesn't let me take out the flying machines just to go buy groceries.

This is the only place in the city you can still buy horses. As you can guess, prices are a little higher than elsewhere. Expect to pay \$200 or more for a horse, \$75 for a mule.

The Faust family has gotten so rich off the sale of horses that some say they've made a deal with Old Scratch himself.

Fort Smith

Just on the outskirts of Salt Lake City lies Fort Smith, named after the Prophet himself. Military agents often wonder why the Nauvoo Legion company stationed inside even has a fort. The local Indians aren't numerous or aggressive enough to attack the city, and such a small fort couldn't withstand a siege by a real army.

What they don't understand is that the fort guards against the enemy within—ornery Gentiles. The Mormons have fought with their neighbors enough to know war can come quickly and over seemingly minor incidents. The fort provides the Legion ample protection against mobs of poorly-armed factory workers.

There are a little over 100 soldiers of the Legion stationed in Fort Smith. They have Gatling guns on the walls and even a couple of cannons.

Hostile Neighbors

Unfortunately, the very troops designed to protect against the Gentiles may be the very ones who start some kind of fight.

Most full-time Nauvoo Legionnaires were soldiers or frontiersmen before bearing arms for the Mormons. Their old habits of drinking, gambling, and visiting the local brothel die hard. Living so close to Junkyard often proves too great a temptation for the reformed converts.

The fort's officers, primarily Major Andrew McCarthy, is as by-the-book a soldier as you've even seen. He doesn't tolerate violations of the rules—military or Mormon. When he catches his soldiers drinking liquor or gambling their tithes away, he punishes them brutally.

The soldiers take out their frustrations on the Gentiles, usually while out on patrol away from Major McCarthy's prying eyes. I'm not saying the Legion hates non-Mormons—I'm just saying there are certain individuals within this company that drink, smoke, and gamble, and then beat up anyone who might get them blacklisted in the *Deseret News*.

The constant friction is going to start a fire one of these days. We'll see if McCarthy's got the spit to put it out.



A Nauvoo Legionnaire accosts a loiterer outside of Fort Smith

Golding's Tannery

Here's the place to buy furs. Mr. Harvey Golding has a very strict conservation policy. He maps out all the prime game locations and charts the number of pelts coming from each. Exceed what he thinks an area can handle, and he refuses to buy your catch.

His prices are higher than over at Jennings' Tannery, but if you've got a brain in your head, shop here instead. We've already seen what overhunting can do to the buffalo.

The Green Room

The most exclusive club in all Deseret, maybe even the West, is the Green Room. I don't know who owns it, though he or she must be a prominent and wealthy Mormon. Only the upper crust of the Saints are allowed inside—members of the Presidency, the Twelve, and a few special friends to whom they've given the golden nod. O.P. Rockwell is definitely one such friend.

I'd imagine the Green Room lets these high muckety-mucks relax in a place where they don't have to worry about who overhears their conversations. Nevada Smith's last

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dime novel claimed he broke into the Green Room and overheard a secret Mormon plot to... Well, I don't want to steal Hymme's thunder.

Jennings' Tannery

Walter Jennings runs this establishment. I don't like this man. He does a good business, but I don't like his policies. He buys pelts of any kind, no questions asked. It doesn't matter if everyone says the woods are almost empty of minks—Jennings still buys their furs. A little forethought might keep the critters around here plentiful, but Jennings' greed is going to kill off every muskrat, fox, and beaver in the territory.

Shop there if you want, sell there if you have to, but think a little. A few extra dollars in pelts today means no pelts for anyone next year.

Exotic Pelts

Jennings has more than just beaver and ermine coats for sale. He's got furs from creatures I've never heard of. He claims most of his "exotic pelts" are just "simple rabbit furs" he's dyed and dressed up, or cattle-hides he's tanned with his "special processes."

Maybe. I advise you to take a good long look at any of the more expensive furs and strange leathers he keeps in the back room. They give me a downright creepy feeling.

Orphanage

A lot of folks die in Salt Lake City. Whether they choke on soot, get mangled in some giant cog, or are murdered by something horrible, some of them leave behind little ones who can't take care of themselves.

That's where the orphanage comes in. It's run by Widow Grist, a German woman who came here in '58 with the handcars. Her own husband died during that journey, and when she arrived in Salt Lake City, she was given the job of watching after some of the other orphans. Her role grew, and eventually the Church moved her and her growing family into a new orphanage.

The children work for the Church, picking up trash from the streets of Salt Lake City (not Junkyard). It's actually a pathetic sight, and many Mormons donate a little money to the waifs.

If you have a little extra money in your pocket, the kids could sure use it. A lot of them are pale and anemic, as if they don't get enough to eat. You can imagine what feeding over 200 kids in the overcrowded orphanage must cost.

Grist's helpers are the first girls she raised for the Mormons. Now they're all in their early teens and work under her care.

Restful Arms

Like all prices in the city proper, the fees at the Restful Arms Inn are high: \$4 per night. Unless you're loaded, you'd best make your stay short or move on over to one of the "fine" establishments in Junkyard.

The Restful Arms is run by Mr. Jebediah Wilkinson, a recent convert to the Church of Latter Day Saints. He charges Mormons only \$2 per night, plus an extra dollar for meals. They're worth it, I'm told.

The Salt Lake City Hotel

The Restful Arms wants to be this place, but it isn't. The Salt Lake Hotel is the finest I've seen this side of the Mississippi. You won't find a place any nicer, even in Denver.

A group of Mormons owns the place, but the caretaker is Monsieur Louis Montague. He's a snooty Frenchman that lives up to everything you've ever heard about them. He's got more ways to insult you than Jesse James has notches on his pistol. What's worse is he expects you to tip him for it too.

Still, you won't find a rat or bedbug in the whole joint. The food is included in the hefty \$12 per night charge, and it's about the best thing that ever squirted past teeth. There's not much of it—the French are funny that way—but what you get is incredible.

A gambler friend of mine, Velvet Van Helter of New Orleans, stays here whenever he passes through. He claims that while he wouldn't stay anywhere else, he has the strangest nightmares at the Salt Lake Hotel. And he says a gunslinger friend of his had an even wilder experience. Another friend of mine, a traveling tinkerer who sometimes works for Smith & Robards, tells me the same story. Maybe it's the rich food.

The Tabernacle

The Tabernacle was the first assembly building constructed by the Saints. They laid the first stones in '51 and finished up just after Hellstromme arrived in '70.

Gentiles are allowed in here to witness the glory of the Latter Day Saints, but not during any kind of actual ceremony or sermon. Few can remain unaffected in the face of this impressive building built out here on the frontier.

The main hall is just that, a huge room with a broad elevated gallery circling the interior until it meets the organ loft and pulpit. Counting the gallery and pews in the center of the hall, it can seat about 9,000 believers.

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The Lost Elder

I guess every impressive building has to have an equally impressive history. I'm told over a hundred died putting up the Cathedral at Notre Dame. The Tabernacle's luck didn't run that bad, but there were enough accidents during the building to make even the faithful wonder if the Almighty wanted red curtains instead of blue.

The most famous of the tales is that of the "Lost Elder." At some point in the Tabernacle's design, one of the interior walls was built 12" closer than it was supposed to be. Tearing it down would have caused some structural weaknesses elsewhere, so the workers just put up a new wall, leaving a space between them.

Somehow, during the confusion, one fellow who was working inside the walls got sealed in. Don't ask me how—you'd think he'd notice the sudden lack of light and no space to water the lilies, if you catch my meaning.

The Elder wasn't missed for several days, and when he was, it was too late to tear the wall down. They took out a few stones, of course, and yelled for the man, but there was no answer.

A few years later, about '63 or so, late night visitors to the Tabernacle claimed they could hear him scratching on the walls, trying to get

out. Worse, every time someone reports hearing the scratching noise, some relatively important member of the church goes to the Great Beyond the very next day. Creepy, huh?

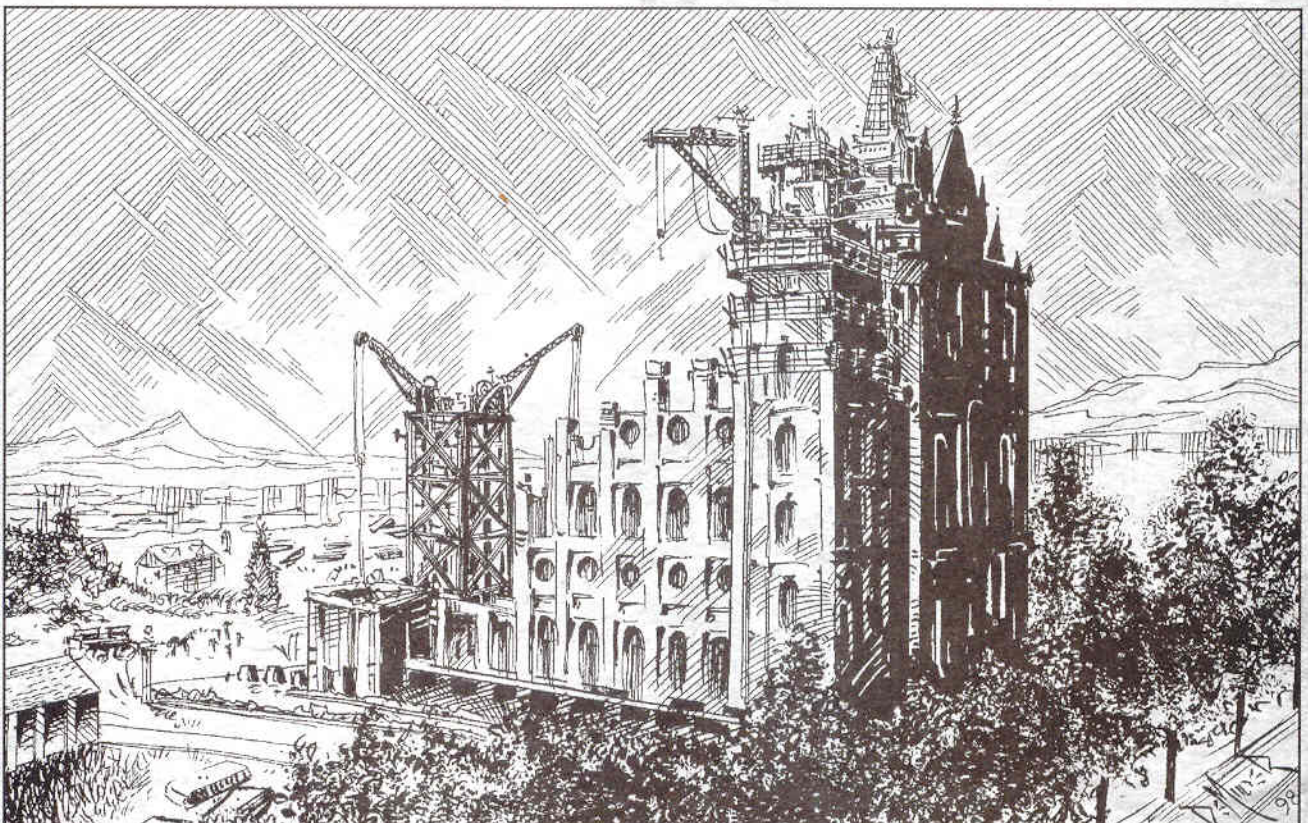
The Temple

Well, it's mighty big and impressive. That's all I can tell you, as Gentiles aren't allowed inside.

Maybe I can tell you a little more. Like it was begun in 1853 and hasn't been finished yet. The rock is granite mined out of the Wasatch. Crews drag it out of the mountains within sight of the Smith & Robards' Compound every day. Steam-powered vehicles can't bear the weight of the stone blocks when going downhill, so horses and buggies are used instead.

My Mormon friends tell me the purpose of the Temple is to shield the most holy rites from the eyes of the uncleaned. There are a number of rooms dedicated to secret ceremonies and other rituals—like the taking of spiritual wives.

If you want to know more, become a Mormon and get hitched or something. Then they might let you inside. You better be sincere in your beliefs, though, because the church doesn't take kindly to "spies." Believe me, some folks have tried, but the ministers always seem to ferret them out somehow.



The Mormon Temple, a work in progress. No Gentiles are allowed inside this most holy of buildings.

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The Missing Gargoyles

You're reading a book put out by the *Tombstone Epitaph*, so I'm assuming you want to hear about all the weird stuff out here too. So here's a ghost story for you.

Seems that when the Temple was first built, Brother Young commissioned a pair of imposing stone gargoyles to sit atop it. The gargoyles were carved, delivered, approved, then returned to the sculptor to await the completion of the Temple so they could be set high atop its foremost wall. There they would guard the Temple against evil forces, supposedly.

Problem is, someone stole the gargoyles and tore the sculptor to shreds. Young has offered a bounty of \$2,000 for the two statues, and an extra \$500 for the thieves who took them.

Seeing as the murdered sculptor's body had deep claw marks, gossip types claim the gargoyles came to life and slew their maker.

It makes for a good story. I won't tell you if it's true or not, but I will tell you that one time I was flying home from a delivery and saw a single, dark shape flying along behind me. I sped up—I've been chased by enough devil bats not to let anything get too close—but I'll be damned if I didn't see what looked like an ugly gargoyle face on the thing just before it dove over the Wasatch Mountains and out of sight.

Warwick's Books & Manuscripts

I'll just be blunt about this one. If you go anywhere else in town to buy books, then you haven't got the sense God gave a goose. I may not be a very bookish person, but even I was impressed the first time I walked into Warwick's.

Warwick's revenue comes mainly from selling books to the students at Deseret University, but the owner prides himself on the diversity of his stock, and his customers. Folks from every walk of Salt Lake City life, from Mormons to Junkers, shop here at Warwick's.

Need a text on Mormon theology? Warwick's has it. Looking for an obscure book on engineering? Warwick's got it. Want the newest Nevada Smith dime novel? Warwick's stocks it. Need the new issue of *New Science*? Warwick's gets it hot off the presses the day it's printed.

The store is run by Sidney Warwick, his wife, and their three young daughters. The Warwicks are originally from New York City, and it shows. They came to Salt Lake about 10 years ago and set up shop. Taken as a whole, the family members are probably the best educated folks in Deseret, and the daughters (all unmarried) are beautiful to boot.

The Warwicks are Gentiles, but maintain favorable relations with the Saints. They have to; remember, the university is the store's bread and butter, and the Saints run the university. Consequently, Mormons shopping here receive a 10% discount.

As a sideline to the main business, Sidney Warwick deals in rare and valuable books. You know, the kind that rich folks buy and put in display cases for their friends to ooh and ahh at. He has contacts Back East that help him get a hold of these items, and I've heard that he handles some books the Church would be less than happy to hear about. Personally, I think they're just rumors.

Warm Springs Sulphur Baths

If you ever want a truly relaxing experience, I recommend a visit to the sulphur baths. Built right on top of a natural spring, the water here is brimming with minerals. The caretaker, Ms. Cordelia Hawkins, claims the waters heal most any ailment. I'd take that with a grain of salt, but the hot spring is incredibly relaxing. The cost is high, \$5 a head, but it's worth it once in a while. Luxuries are hard to come by out here, and \$5 sometimes seems a small price.

A lot of the high muckety-mucks in the Church come here to discuss business, by the way. One of the famous tales of Nevada Smith has him hiding in the hot mud baths breathing through one reed while listening to a secret meeting of the Church Elders through another.

It's a neat tale, though I doubt it ever happened. Still, I hear Mormon officials have started probing the baths with a stick before conducting their business there now.

Zion's Cooperative Carriage Factory

The Saints are big on the idea of "co-ops," businesses owned by the community. The wagon factory is their most successful.

One of only two factories still outside of Junkyard, Zion's did fairly well even before Hellstromme and his steam wagons came along. These days it's the leading manufacturer of self-powered vehicles in Deseret. Smith & Robards outsells them tenfold nationwide, but here, Zion's Horseless Carriages are king.

Zion's doesn't sell directly to the public. Instead, they license dealers to maintain "lots" around the state. Customers buy steam wagons from one of these dealers and can drive their contraption home right off the lot. Only one lot is allowed in each Mormon settlement. In Salt Lake City it's the California Corral.



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Hazards of Salt Lake City

Any city of this size is going to have its fair share of trouble. Here's a handful of the most dangerous bits.

Black Hands

If anything has ever threatened to break the uneasy peace between the Saints and the Gentiles in Junkyard, it's our resident serial killer, Black Hands.

Black Hands kills only Mormons and, so far, only well-to-do Mormons at that. His victims are horribly mutilated and always missing some part of their body.

The killer has been called Black Hands because of a solitary witness. Mrs. Etna Gruber, a Danish immigrant, saw a man dressed in a long black coat standing over one of the victims. She could not see his face, but said his hands were stained black as ghost rock.

Black Hands showed up around September. He killed Mr. Jack Harding on September 17, Mr. Harmon Ellis on the 18th, and Mr. Gregory Board on the 19th. All were prominent Mormons.

The paper and the local law dogs caught on to the pattern after Board's death, but nothing else happened until October. About the middle of the month, three more Mormons were killed. In every case, pieces of the victims were missing from the crime scene.

Because of Mrs. Gruber's statement, the *Deseret News* is pointing the finger at a prospector or factory worker who works with ghost rock (which, for those of you from Back East, is known to stain a person's hands black) who bears a grudge against the Mormons.

The People of Nephi

According to the Book of Mormon, the people who fled Jerusalem and came to America were the Nephites. Most supposedly died in an epic battle with the Lamanites a thousand years ago.

Now it seems some of those fine folks are back and checking out their descendants' new city. Residents between Fourth South Street and Third West Street claim they've seen a ghostly mob of people late at night. The people are wearing ancient clothing and marveling at the modern buildings. One fellow attempted to talk to them, and another even tried to touch them, but each time they vanished.

Brigham Young postulates they are the spirits of the people of Nephi come home to Canaan.



Evil stalks the city streets in the form of the mysterious Black Hands.

Dissenters within the church have started uglier rumors. They claim that the spirits have come to show their disgust with the current direction of the Church and Brigham's rule.

The most cynical anti-Mormons say the ghosts are the shades of people slain by Young over the years, including the families of the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

Me? I think there's a still on Third Street.

Baby Rattlers

Big salt rattlers stay out on the Salt Flats. Their babies are a little more rambunctious.

Every spring, four-foot-long baby rattlers start popping up around the city. Their tactics are a little less sophisticated than their mommas'. Five or six of them pop up from underfoot or drop down from a height and take down lone travelers. A grown man can usually handle one of these suckers, but a passel of these 200-pound monsters with teeth is another story.

Pay particular attention after a spring rain. The ground is nice and soft, making it easy for the little suckers to get underneath you. Sheriff Waters usually has a few deputies in a steam wagon patrolling the city for the worms, but they can't be everywhere. Watch your step.

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The best (and only) existing photo of Nevada Smith, man of mystery.

Spies

All the major cities in the Disputed Lands are crawling with Union and Confederate spies. Salt Lake City is no exception. In fact, because of its value in ghost rock and technology, there are even more spies here than there are in Washington, DC. We've got a veritable melting pot of espionage with Union, Confederate, French, Prussian, and even railroad spies.

By and large, most agents are "industrial spies," interested only in stealing technology. Part of this is because neither the USA nor CSA have a significant presence in the area. It's no use them spying on each other when there's nothing to spy on.

On the other hand, Hellstromme's blueprints are priceless to any nation. I'm told Jeff Davis is particularly interested in the Dr. Gash's human augmentations. Smith & Robards is also sometimes the target of espionage, but the gizmos we make are a little less useful for fighting than Hellstromme Industries products. That doesn't bother us a bit, by the way.

Hellstromme deals with espionage in a pretty Draconian fashion. We'll talk about the Steam Pipe Incident later.

Union spies occasionally try to subvert Mormon rule as well. They agitate dissent, encourage "reformation" movements within the church, and generally try to make Young regret declaring Deseret's independence. The most famous spy around here is a Pinkerton agent named Nevada Smith.

Nevada Smith

Yep, there really is a Nevada Smith. I've actually worked with him (or at least someone who said he was Nevada Smith), and while he's not quite as lucky or as fast with his trademark Gatling pistol as the dime novels make him out to be, he's twice as heroic.

The author of the dime novels is a fellow by the name of Ignatious Martin Hymme, or I.M. to his friends and fans. I.M. lives in Junkyard and occasionally even figures into the famous Pinkerton's adventures. He's "documented" such thrilling tales as *Nevada Smith and the Locomotive o' Doom*, *Nevada Smith and the Lost Treasure of the Paiutes*, *Nevada Smith and the Automaton Enigma*, *Nevada Smith and the Secret of Factory #19*, and of course, *Nevada Smith and the Black Mesa Showdown* (I'm in that one).

According to I.M.'s tales, Nevada was sent here by President Grant to spy on Brigham. Before long, however, he was caught up in "plots both supernatural and devious," involving not only Brigham Young, but ghosts, vampires, werewolves, and salt rattlers.

Nevada's constant nemesis, however, is Dr. Hellstromme. According to I.M.'s tales, Nevada believes Hellstromme has set out to destroy the world, and it's his job to stop him. Smith isn't on friendly terms with the Danites despite their common goal. This is probably because he was sent here to stop folks from getting killed, not help out the Mormon's secret police.

Who is Nevada Smith?

Remember that all of this is purely conjecture. No one, except maybe I.M., knows who Nevada is or what he looks like. He's truly a man of a thousand faces. Many think it's even possible that there is no single Nevada Smith, but that many of the deeds done by Danites and other saboteurs are collectively attributed to this phantom of Hymme's overactive imagination.

Still, there are an awful lot of folks who claim they were about to fall prey to some nefarious creature or bandit late one night when a man with a Gatling pistol emerged from the shadows and saved them. The man is never described the same way twice, so if he exists, the rumors of his being a master of disguise are certainly true.

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Chapter Four: Junkyard

"It's a nice place to live." That's the speech you'll get from the companies hiring folks who haven't been here yet. Here's a piece of advice: don't believe them.

If you can land one of the better jobs around here, say that of a factory foreman, your home might not be so bad. The town itself is downright deadly no matter where you live though. You've got choking soot, desperate neighbors who'd kill you for your cash, and things I could only tell you about here in the *Epitaph*. There's so much to watch out for in Junkyard that I don't know where to begin. I guess I'll start by telling you what Junkyard looks like.

The Steel Sky

Junkyard was built among Hellstromme's maze of pipelines, conduits, and God knows what else. That's why the streets here are so screwy—especially compared to the orderly streets of Salt Lake City.

When workers started migrating in by the hundreds, a lot of people got rich quick building cheap apartments for them. The problem was all

these fast-built homes had to be constructed under and around all the hissing steam pipes, sparking electrical conduits, and spewing gaslines. We call this the "Steel Sky." Many spots in Junkyard you can't see the sun because of it.

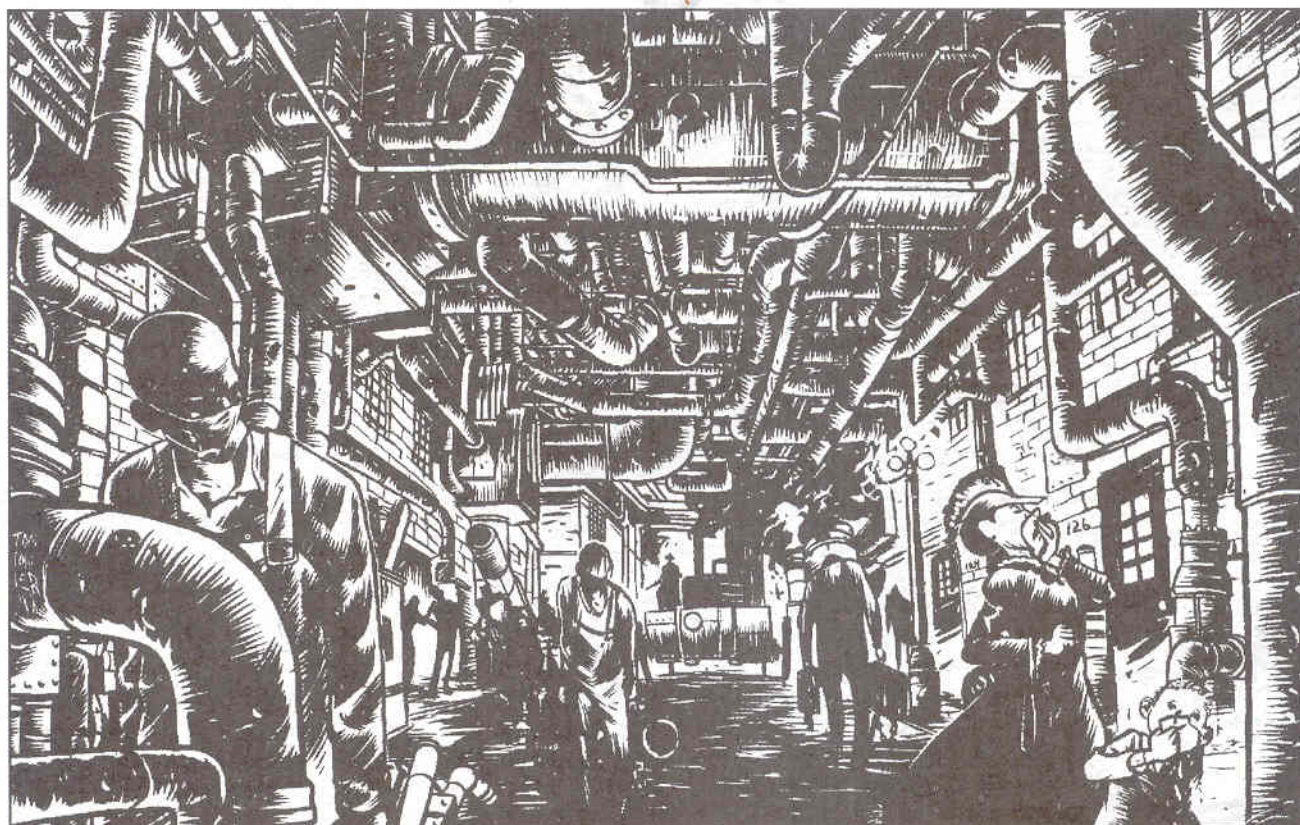
The Sewers

Over your head squats the Steel Sky and all the dangers it hides. Below you is worse, 'cause that's where the sewers are.

You see, most of the denizens of Junkyard were either cowhands or miners before they came here. Let's just say they did their personal business where they pleased. During the first boom in '70, it didn't take long for the streets of Junkyard to smell like—well, you can guess.

So city work crews dug sewer tunnels right under Junkyard. They're rough-cut like caverns, not paved halls like you see Back East, but they do the job. Every apartment and shack in Junkyard is connected to the sewer (in fact, the Mormons passed a law making the landlords connect!).

Don't think this makes Junkyard smell like a rose. There's nothing you can do about the fumes, the soot, and the sweat of several thousand factory workers—but at least it doesn't smell like the back door of a corpse's longjohns.



A typical street scene in Junkyard. Junkers go about their daily business under the oppressive weight of the Steel Sky.

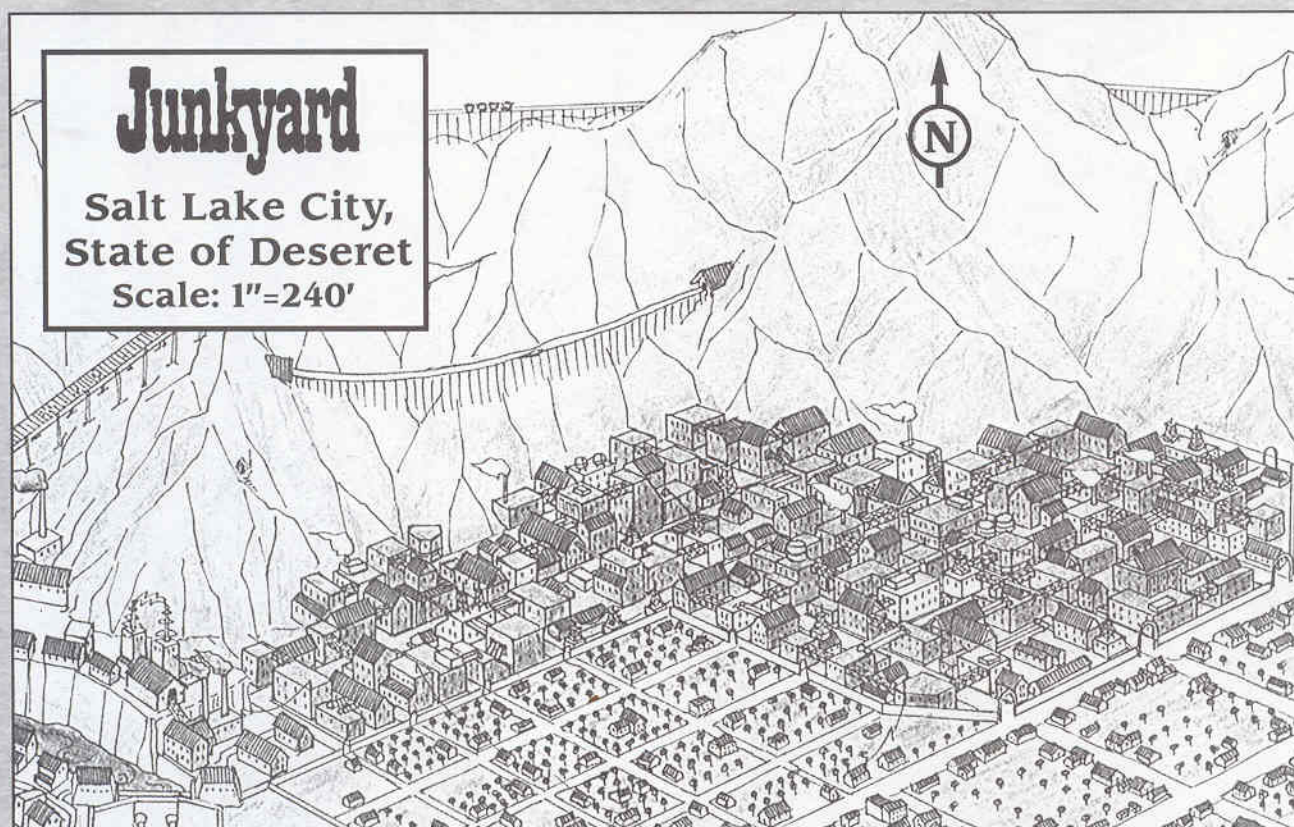


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Editors Note: As with the previous map, the majority of the steel sky has been omitted to make the map more useful.

Sludge Creek

The creek that runs down through City Creek Canyon used to be clean, but the runoff from the factories turned it into a thick sludge. It used to be called something pretty, though I can't for the life of me remember what. Everyone just calls it the Sludge now.

Workers have fallen into the Sludge and drowned. Some of them were even supposed to be good swimmers. A few times, "heroes" have jumped in after them and drowned too.

When this happens, volunteers are paid to dredge for the body. The river is fairly acidic, though. A body in there for more than a few hours is little more than bones.

Hellstromme's Water Purifier

Junkyard gets its water from small streams running down off the northern hills. In summer, there's usually a shortage. That's why most folks there can't afford baths and stay dirty 366 days out of the year (they're so dirty we had to add a day to the calendar).

Salt Lake City gets its water from Sludge Creek. Sound like the Junkers got a better deal for a change? Don't bet on it.

When the factories first started turning the creek black and some folks turned up sick, Hellstromme spent a few weeks cooking up a "water purifier." The sludge oozes into the interior and comes out the other side clean.

How does it work? Not a clue. Like most of Hellstromme's inventions, he doesn't share its secrets. Most of us probably couldn't understand it even if we had the blueprint.

I would tell you not to drink out of the Sludge, but there's really no danger in that. You'll know what I mean when you see it. Drinking out of it will be the last thing on your mind.

Sludgetown

They say that no matter how low you sink in life, you can always go lower. Sludgetown is proof of that axiom. Even poor Junkers say "at least we don't have to live in Sludgetown."

Sludgetown is a wretched little shantytown of about 30 tents and lean-tos pitched on the narrow banks of Sludge Creek. Only the most desperate and destitute live down here by the waters, scrounging up whatever they can.

Mormon missionaries occasionally bring food to the poor wretches here, but most people just try to ignore them

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Places of Note

The Asylum



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The first place on the list might be the last place you ever see. Working in an assembly line day after day, in a city perpetually covered in soot, for wages barely above your cost of living, can be a little less than mentally stimulating. Not everyone can hack it. Those that can't wind up in the insane asylum.

Dr. Emil Hibbert and a team of nurses—all widows—staff the Asylum. Dr. Hibbert is an odd, obsessive bird who believes he can cure his patients of their various maladies with what he calls "confrontational therapy." He has wild, white hair, a nose like a beak, and thick spectacles that make his eyes look big as saucers. You'll know him if you see him.

The widows are all women whose husbands were either killed in Junkyard or have been admitted as patients to the Asylum. Most of these women had nowhere else to go when their husbands died (or were no longer competent), so Hibbert lets them work at the sanitarium in exchange for room and board.

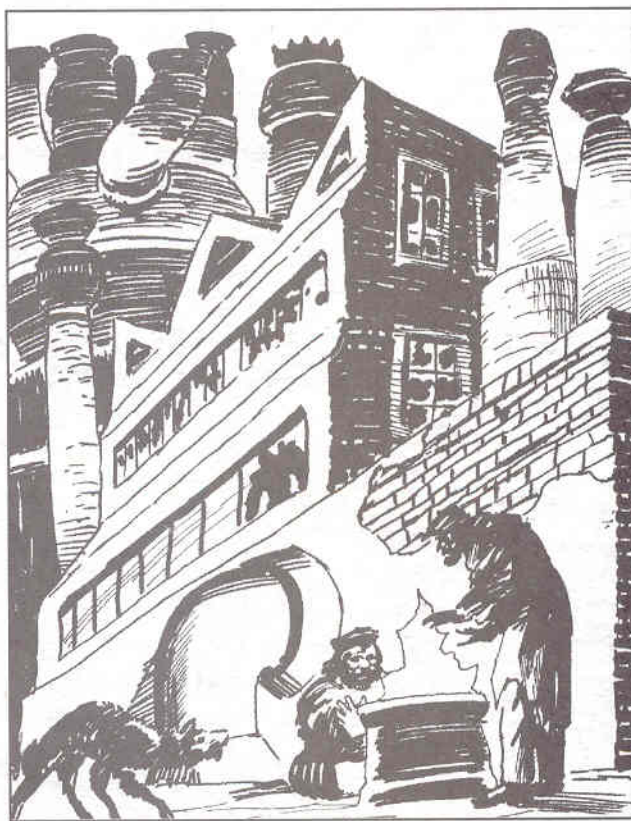
By the way, according to the laws of Deseret, a husband or wife found insane is legally "dead." They cannot vote, work, receive income, etc. Since this is a new Mormon law, anti-Mormons claim the Saints use it to confiscate the property or wife of someone they don't like by having them declared "insane." You can believe what you want.

If an insane person is ever cured, he is "reborn" as a new person. If he had a spouse, they are no longer married, though the two can remarry if they wish. Property, job, and most everything else is still forfeited, however.

Some Disturbing Tales

Some folks claim that while there are about 200 patients at the Asylum, there have been almost twice as many admitted in the last two years and nowhere near enough deaths to account for them. I've heard similar stories about every hospital or sanitarium mentioned in the *Epitaph*, so take such tales with a grain of salt.

Dr. Hibbert and the widow nurses are fine folks, so that rules out mass murder. So unless the insane are slipping down a drain somewhere, I think these stories are more wild exaggerations spread by folks who are scared of ending up there themselves.



Sludgetown residents warm themselves in the shadows of a factory.

Cat's Used Goods

I mentioned before that there's a high turnover rate in the factories. With all those folks coming and going, there's a huge market in used goods. Furniture, clothes, you name it, Cat's got it.

"Cat" is Katherine Washington, a black woman. There aren't too many black women out here, and I can't think of too many anywhere that actually run a business. I think she's great. If you don't like that idea, I suggest you steer clear. Cat's got a temper on her.

Cat is known in Junkyard as something of a heroine. She's saved folks' lives more times than I can count. Once a pack of young rattlers chased a man into a blind alley in Junkyard. He would have been wormfood if Cat hadn't happened to be strolling by. Fortunately for him, she carries a Gatling pistol for emergencies, and she blasted those critters to Kingdom Come.

She's also a bit of a humanitarian. Folks who need a few basic pieces of furniture have been able to buy from her on credit. Cat rarely gets her money back, but it doesn't seem to bother her.

Oh, and did I mention she's my best friend?

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Doc Yates

Doctor Victor Yates was a prominent Philadelphia doctor a decade ago. Then his son Cal decided to head West and stake a claim.

Cal panned for gold and later ghost rock, but he never quite made it. Poor and starving, he eventually headed for Salt Lake City and found work in the factories. Like most every other worker, he figured he'd work here just long enough to save some money, then buy some supplies and head back into the hills in search of ore. Also like most everyone out here, Cal found he could never really get ahead.

In '71, Cal went missing. By spring of '72, his father was out here looking for him. Victor even hired out a band of adventurers to find his son, but they went missing too. A second posse was sent after the first, and—you guessed it—they vanished without a trace as well.

Victor can't call on the Pinkertons or the Rangers since Deseret is "independent," so he remains out here, hiring good-hearted or money-hungry adventurers when he can to find his son. So far, at least two score of these have disappeared down whatever hole Cal vanished into.

Doc Yates' fortune is dwindling, but he keeps afloat by being the best sawbones out here. He's a little more expensive than most, but he also won't hack off your leg and sell it to the augmentors for no good reason.

Oh, and if you're interested in getting killed, the standing reward on Cal is \$2,500 alive, \$500 if you locate his remains.

Granny Smith's Arms Factory

Granny was one of the Prophet's last wives back in Nauvoo. The story goes that she was a crack shot and would even repair Joseph's guns for him when they got fouled. After Joe's death, Widow Smith moved on to Salt Lake City with the rest of the Mormon Pioneers.

Evidently, minding house wasn't enough for Granny Smith, so she started tinkering around with Joe's guns. By 1864 or so, she invented a rifle with a rotating barrel. Its rate of fire was much higher than the other guns of the times.

The "Mormon rifle" was an overnight success. Granny Smith became the first female Mormon to set up her own business. In her interviews, she claims she went from being a lonely old widow to the most desirable woman in Salt Lake—if the number of suitors who called on her was any indication. Brigham Young himself was one of these suitors.

Granny had a "revelation," however, which decreed she would be allowed to establish her own business. Young agreed after a long debate with the rest of the Twelve, and Granny was given land and a loan to build her factory.

Those Mormon rifles kept the United States army at bay until '68 or so. By then, most folks carried Winchesters, which could fire faster and were more reliable than Granny's Mormon rifle.

So Granny turned her attentions to more conventional arms. She used her fortune to move her shop to Junkyard and establish a real arms "factory." Now she continues to tinker with unusual weapons, but her workers crank out traditional repeaters, double-action pistols, and shotguns. She supplies the Nauvoo Legion with a good chunk of their weaponry.

I'm told you can see her "private" collection if you prove yourself a friend to the Mormon cause and have a good reason.

Hellstromme Industries, Limited

Dr. Hellstromme owns most of the factories in Junkyard. This is where he turns out the incredible machines he uses to fight the Great Rail Wars. Automaton, vehicles, and other gizmos are run through the assembly lines daily.

Plant #1

This is the one that started it all. Plant #1 was constructed in '70 to build steam wagons. By 1872, Young asked Hellstromme to stop production at his plant and join in as a partner at Zion's. Hellstromme agreed and started making rolling stock at his old factory, a task it continues today.

The trains he manufactures here are truly incredible. Some are faster than you would believe, others are heavily armed and armored, and some simply offer the most luxurious accommodations money can buy.

The Automaton Factory

The best-paying jobs are in Plant #3, the "automaton factory." They're also the toughest jobs to get. Only trusted employees who have proven themselves are "promoted" here.

How come? Because this is where Hellstromme's incredible "mechanical men" are assembled. From what I'm told, automaton heads are made at Hellstromme's compound and then brought here to be attached to their bodies and outfitted with various weapons.

Why all the secrecy? Because as of this writing, no one has been able to figure out the "secret of the automatons." I'll tell you more about this later on.



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Plant #9

Hellstromme's mechanical spiders, scorpions, and other clockwork minions are made at this large factory. The second-highest-paying jobs are found here, beat only by jobs in Plant #3, the automaton factory.

The creatures assembled here hold the same secrets as the automatons. Something in their heads gives them the ability to think and receive orders. And just like automatons, they blow up if you get too close.

Plant #13

Label this a "bad place" to work. Maybe it's the number 13, but this place is unlucky as Hell. Officially, Hellstromme manufactures "bullet-proof vests" and other wacky devices for his "experimental squads" here. Unofficially, he might as well manufacture body parts for all the corpses that come out Plant #13's doors.

I don't know why, but they have more fatalities and mangleings here than any other plant in Junkyard. And it's always different. One week, a fellow gets his hand caught in the industrial sewing machine. The next week, a worker falls into the smelter where they make the metal inserts. Another week, some poor sod in the testing department fires a gun at a vest only to have his weapon backfire and blow his hand off.

Don't work here. Really. No matter what they offer you.

Plant #22

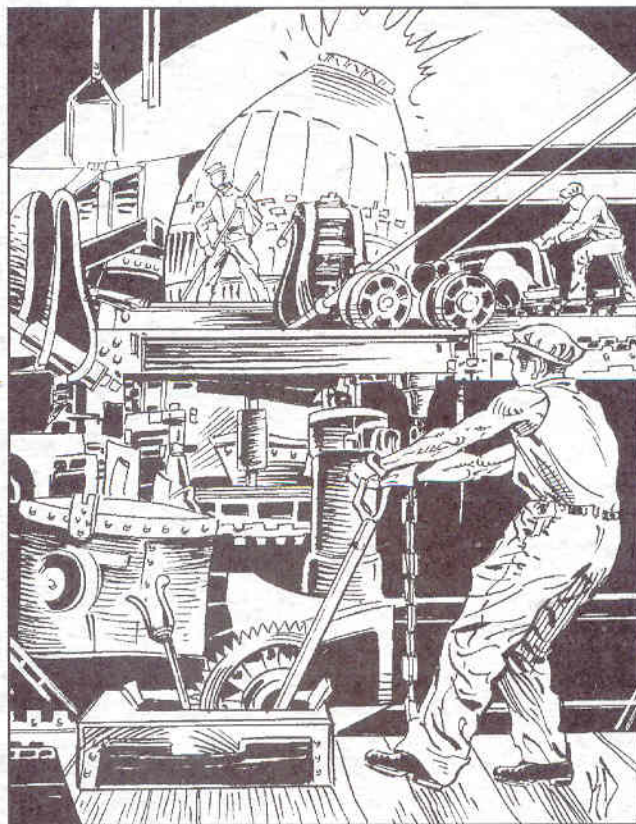
Hellstromme makes miscellaneous parts for his armored vehicles in this plant. Nuts, bolts, radiators, steam boilers, and the like are produced here, then shipped out to Plant #47 out on the Salt Flats.

This is a great place to work. There are few accidents, and nothing here's secret, so Danites or spies shouldn't be blowing anything up.

The Power Plant

Plant #24 is commonly called the "power plant," though its real name is the Salt Lake Valley Electrical Plant. This is where the City o' Gloom gets all that electricity from. It's never closed, and besides a couple of Hellstromme's automatons, it's patrolled by a full-time squad of his toughest X-Squad goons. No one wants their power cut by some shifty saboteur.

Every now and then, however, the plant gets a glitch. If you're here and the power goes out, don't bust your chaps. Hellstromme's work crews will get it back on in a few hours. As soon as they can chase the gremlins out.



Workers toil away in one of Hellstromme Industries' manufacturing plants.

Inns & Hotels

When you first get to Junkyard (and you don't have enough money to stay in the city), you're going to need a cheap place to bed down for the night. Here are a couple of the least offensive dives. There are others, but unless you want to share a bed, sleep on a roof, or shack up with a family trying to pay their power bill by renting out the floor, I suggest you stick with these.

Gonzalez's House

Manuel Gonzalez used to be a courier for the Mexican Army. He was an excellent horseman and a fast runner (his nickname is "Speedy") He was transferred from the garrison at Mexico City to Santa Anna's staff in the southern Maze, and he couldn't believe what he witnessed.

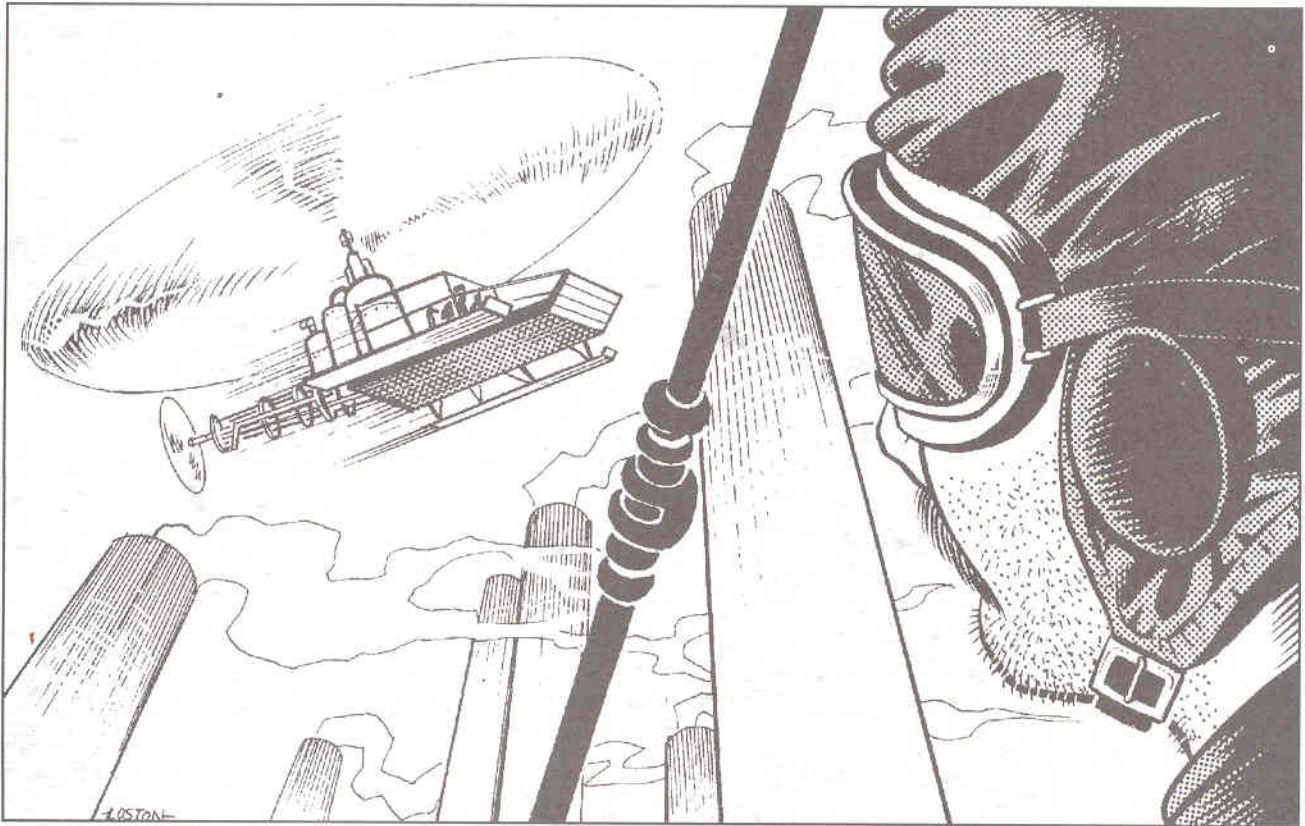
Speedy won't say what he saw there, but it was bad enough to convince this loyal and honest fellow to desert. Santa Anna gave him the chance. He sent him into Texas disguised as a peasant to buy a wagon load of whiskey—Speedy won't say what it was for. He took the money and just kept going. He stopped when he hit Salt Lake City, and soon after, he bought a crumbling apartment building.

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Auto-gyros weave their way through the smokestacks of the factories. The skies here see more air traffic than any other place in the world!

Speedy fixed up the place himself and now rents out the rooms at 50¢ a night with a 50% discount for a week's stay, paid up front. He doesn't serve food. There's nothing special about the rooms here, but they're clean and keep the soot off your head.

Salt Lake City Grand

Pure delusions of grandeur. Jim Willis sure knows how to name a place, but it's nowhere near as nice as it might sound. He charges 75¢ a night with a 66% discount per week (25¢ a night).

The Grand is solid enough, however. You won't fall through the floorboards like you might in lesser hotels, and the bugs won't eat you alive. Like Gonzalez, Willis doesn't serve food.

One nice feature is the Grand's piano. In the hotel saloon is a huge grand piano. Don't make the "Grand grand piano joke," it was old the day the place opened.

A woman named Mimi has a permanent room upstairs. She earns her keep by singing and playing the piano in the saloon most weekends. She's got a lot of fans—menfolk say she sings like a bird and is as beautiful as Venus. I don't mean to be cruel, but she didn't seem very pretty to me. And her singing made my ears ring. To each his own, I reckon.

Madam Marie's Dance Hall

If you've been to many dance halls on the frontier, you won't have much trouble figuring out that the dancers here often "fall down" on the job, and the "horizontal tango" is a popular jig. Dances are a nickel a song. "Dances" cost quite a bit more, I hear. I wouldn't know for sure.

The Mormons prohibit brothels in Deseret, but for some reason they leave Madam Marie alone. I don't know why. Everyone here knows what goes on inside the upstairs rooms. I figure she's got something on someone that keeps her safe.

Marie doesn't get off scot-free, however. The Salt Lake Valley Moral Society is a group of do-gooders led by Reverend Robert Hungate. Most of the group are Junker-converts hoping their actions might get them admitted to "Mormon society" a little earlier. It hasn't happened yet.

Hungate, on the other hand, is a Baptist, and fire and brimstone is his stock and trade. You can find him on Marie's street corner, tirelessly preaching morality to the masses. Sometimes he talks about other things as well—such as

Judgment Day (he calls it the "Reckoning") and the "persecution of free speech" by both the United States and Confederate

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governments. It seems Reverend Hungate is in Deseret because he's wanted. I don't know what for, and neither do the lawdogs, or they would have arrested and extradited him.

Lenore's House of Fine Arts

Miss Catherine Lenore collects "fine" art. While hers is a private home, she opens her doors to the public every Saturday from noon to sundown. She takes donations for the collection's upkeep, but she never seems that concerned that the Junkers don't contribute.

Most of the art was created by the lost souls of Junkyard, so it's not particularly artistic, and neither is it particularly fine. But it is interesting.

The paintings and sculptures are usually of flowers, fields, and things Junkers haven't seen in a long time. Kind of sad, really. But there's this one room of the house where Marie keeps Adelaide Picket's paintings.

Adelaide Picket is from, well, somewhere else. He hardly speaks a word of English, works 12-hour days at the power plant, and spends his evenings painting. His paintings are dark, brooding works of pipes, steam, and steel. Look carefully, though, and you can see other shapes in the paintings. Horned humanoids, glowing eyes, "scaly" serpentine cables and other weirdnesses hide in his eerie masterpieces.

Catherine is fascinated with Picket's work, though she doesn't seem to care much for Picket himself. I also don't think Cathy has lots of money—I mean, Junkers aren't known as "patrons of the arts." I wonder sometimes just how she pays Picket for his work.

Nichols' Ghost Rock Refinery

The "Nichol Plant" refines ghost rock. Inside, the workers take raw ore, crush it, sift out the impurities, melt it, then pour the molten rock into various size molds.

The ghost-rock "cylinders" that come out in the end are sold to folks who rely on ghost-rock "fuel cores" to power their vehicles. All of our ghost-rock powered inventions here at Smith & Robards can use fuel cores.

This is usually a great place to work. The owner, Jason Nichols, is a good Mormon who doesn't take any unnecessary chances with his investment. That means he's careful with his ghost rock. He only had three explosions in '76.

The only problem, of course, is the risk of catching "ghost-rock fever." Wear your patented Smith & Robards mask even if the rest of the tinhorns don't. This may sound like a plug for my company, but it could save your life.

Oreways

The oreways were created by—you guessed it—Dr. Hellstromme. Miners in the Wasatch Mountains dig ghost rock all day, then sell it to assayers at the top of the oreways. The ore then travels down several miles of conveyor belts to crushers at the bottom. There the rock is sold to various factories or individuals. Some factories have their share dropped from the crushers directly onto another conveyor that runs into their plants. Others buy it by the wagonload to power their own factories' needs.

From dawn to noon, Hellstromme makes a few extra bucks by running the conveyors in reverse. Miners can pay 10¢ to ride the belt up into the hills—a much-needed break for those who don't have their own mule. After noon, the conveyors only go downhill. It's easy to climb off before you get dumped in the crusher, but be careful. More than one miner has fallen asleep during the long ride down. I'm told their blood sizzles when it hits the ghost rock.

If you're thinking the oreways sound like easy targets for robbery, you're wrong. Besides being elevated 20 feet off the ground, they're patrolled by a squad of Hellstromme's mounted thugs.

The Rathole

Okay, the real name of this huge apartment complex is really something like "A. Warren's Apartments." If someone calls it that, you're probably talking to A. Warren himself.

The Rathole is the largest of the apartment buildings in Junkyard. There are 200 apartments, but probably three times as many tenants. Most tenants are single men, a few are women, and most all are factory workers. No families stay at the Rathole, for reasons I'll tell you about below.

If you get a job here, you can rent rooms at the Rathole for \$5 a month. There's always room—no one stays here long.

Rats in the Walls

As soon as someone started calling the apartments the "Rathole," real rats started showing up everywhere. It was almost like the local rat population heard the name and decided the building was built for them.

Most every place out here has rats, but the vermin here are big as cats. Some of the tenants claim they've seen rats as big as dogs.

That's why families with small children avoid this place. Though it's never happened to my knowledge, folks are afraid rats that big would make off with their little ones.

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Saloons

Zoning laws prohibit real saloons in Salt Lake City. That's okay, because Junkyard makes up for it in spades. Here are a few of the most notable.

The Ledge

Clarence "the Shark" Venturino was a popular Swing star for a bit until a nasty fall into the Sludge just about killed him. He's still horribly scarred, but in the City o' Gloom his wounds are badges of honor. Swing is one of our local blood sports that I'll tell you about a bit later.

Clarence retired from Swing and used the last of his winnings to open a saloon. Trouble was, there were no cheap places to buy or rent. So he hit on the idea of putting in the saloon high up on one of Junkyard's many buildings.

The one he settled on was once an apartment building, but something happened, and it started falling apart. The owner started using the bottom floor as a warehouse, but the top five floors stood unused until Clarence came along.

Now, the "Ledge" sits atop the sixth floor of the building. The front of the saloon is actually the sixth floor wall. It's called the "Ledge" because there's a wide catwalk all around the outside. Customers can drink inside or hang out

on the ledge for some not-so-fresh air. Still, it's better air up here than down below thanks to a stiff wind that can't get down to the streets.

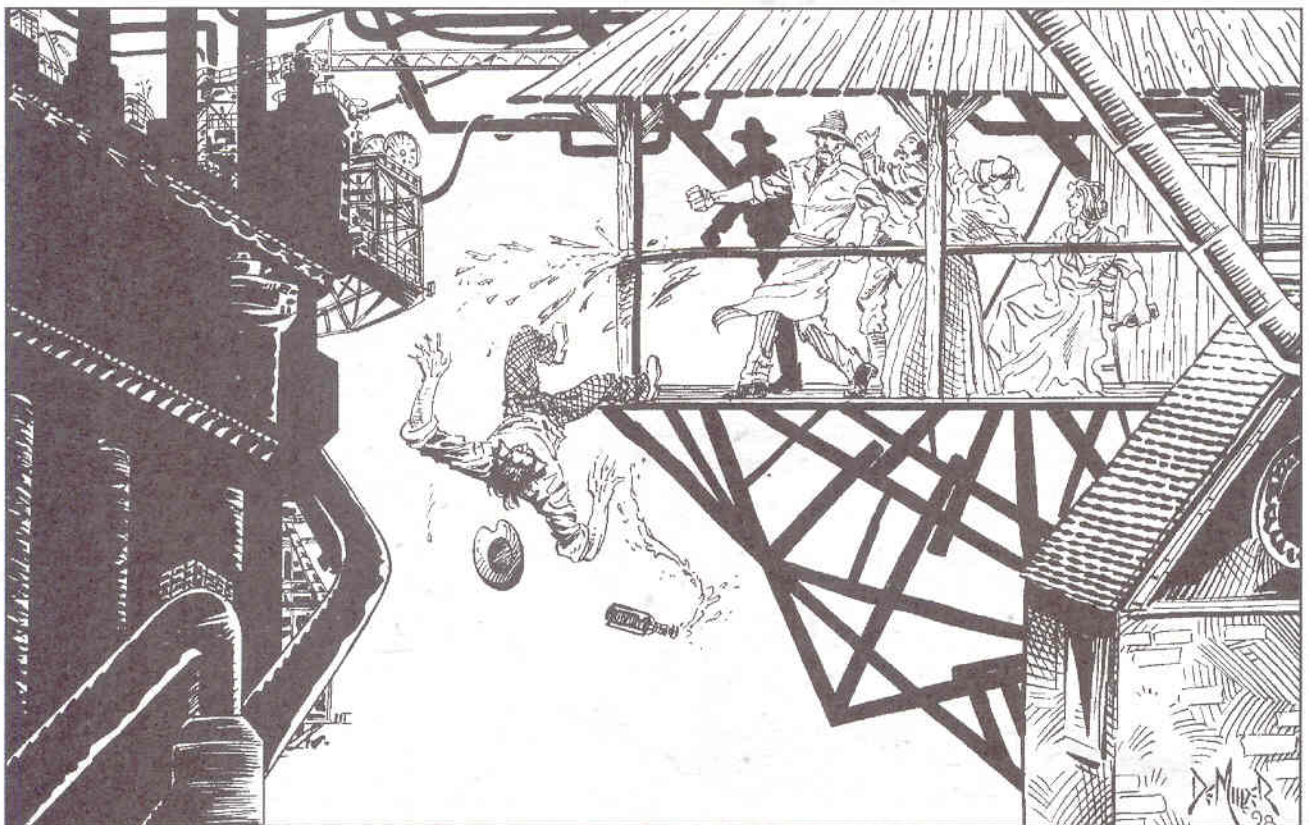
Patrons get in by climbing a metal staircase Clarence built outside. There's another entrance for staff and regulars inside the building.

The Ledge gets a little wild. The serious bloodsporters hang out there and sometimes challenge each other to wild stunts. I'm a regular myself, and I can't tell you how many times I've seen two crazy cowpokes jump off the catwalk or tightrope walk across a nearby steampipe.

Tinhorns take their chances when coming to the Ledge. They're the first ones to get goaded or bullied into performing some dangerous stunt. Don't visit here if you don't think you can handle yourself.

The Monkeywrench

Most people think that the scientists of Hellstromme Industries, Ltd., Deseret, University and Smith & Robards spend every waking moment in solitary contemplation of the mysteries of the universe. While it is true that most of the "mad" scientists I've known are obsessed with their particular field of study, they aren't always that antisocial. The Monkeywrench is proof of this.



A rough night at the Ledge. Watch what you say if you decide to hang out here. Swing players tend to be volatile sorts.

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Dr. Anthony Spunzo opened this saloon about three years ago after being ejected from Deseret University. It seems that Spunzo was a supporter of Dr. Gash, and the work environment got a little hostile after the good doctor disappeared. Spunzo, who had received an inheritance from a rich relative Back East, bought a tenement in Junkyard, rented out the above-ground floors and converted the basement into a hangout for Salt Lake City's "brilliant minds."

It caught on pretty quickly. Most scientists and inventors welcomed the chance to be around people that "understood" them and their work. The Monkeywrench is regarded as neutral ground by the scientific community of the City o' Gloom, with Smith & Robards researchers talking freely with Hellstromme's.

There is a gentlemen's agreement among the patrons that no one talks about their projects that they're working on for their employers. All scientists are much more interested in their own pet projects anyway.

Most normal folks don't go to the Monkeywrench, but I've been there many times baby-sitting one or more of our eggheads. On any given night you can find about 30 or 40 scientists lounging around the Wrench, along with about half that many baby-sitters.

The eggheads drink from Spunzo's excellent selection of beers, maniacally scrawl formulas and diagrams on the blackboards provided along the walls, and throw around enough scientific lingo to drive a body crazy. The customers could politely be described as "colorful." I'm not all that polite, so I call them "raving lunatics."

We chaperones usually stake out a corner of the room, nurse our drinks, talk skullchucker, read or play poker. It's actually relaxing once you learn to screen out all the talk in the room.

You might think this would be a pretty quiet place, and most nights it is. But mad scientists being the passionate creatures that they are (and trust me, they are) it's not unusual for an intellectual discussion to degenerate into fisticuffs. I had to drag one of our best engineers out the back entrance one night after he found a fault in some other scientist's pet design. Dr. Spunzo does have a couple of bouncers who keep things roughly in line, so most fights are brief events.

The Rustbucket

One of our seedier saloons is the Rustbucket. It might sound "quaint" to an Easterner, but once you realize they actually save leftover beer in rusty buckets to serve later, you might change your opinion.

The owner of the Rustbucket is "Dirty Matty" Meeker. She's a big woman who can outdrink, outfight, and outcuss any of her customers. Considering her usual clientele, that's saying something.

The Steamer

Edgar Maybrick turned the basement of this apartment building into a saloon. Business wasn't so great, but then the steam pipes running through the roof sprung a slow leak, turning the "Junkyard Saloon" into the "Steamer."

It's hotter than Hell in there, but for some reason, Junkers love it. Why? For one reason the steam keeps the soot down. It's hard to breathe, but at least it's relatively clean air. The biggest reason the Steamer became a hot spot, however, is because it's so danged hard to see in there. That makes it the perfect place for people to hold a quiet meeting away from prying eyes.

Worker's Hospital

You'll hear as many dark stories about the Worker's Hospital as the Asylum if you live in Junkyard. This time, you can believe them. It's not that the quacks that work here are some kind of sick butchers. They're just second-rate hacks who couldn't find decent work elsewhere.

Most all the good doctors in Salt Lake City live in the city where it's a thousand times cleaner, they make much better money, and treat colds instead of mutilated hands and arms. Who Unfortunately, that leaves us with all the quacks.

The Worker's Hospital was started by some of the major factory owners a few years ago. The workers were rumbling about some kind of mass strike, and this was one of their demands. The factory owners quickly agreed, but as you can guess, they didn't pony up the funds for good doctors. And a few months later, they started taking "medical dues" out of everyone's wages to cover the quacks they did hire. If you really need a decent sawbones, see Doc Yates.

If you have to go to the Worker's Hospital, don't eat first. In the recovery rooms, you'll see folks who lost their limbs in the factories, victims of "exploratory" surgery, and other horrors. The floor above that holds the Black Lungers. These poor folks have so much soot in their lungs that Death practically sits in the waiting room. Well, he would if there was one.

Stay away from the surgical rooms altogether, whether as a patient or a curious wanderer. The screams you hear from inside can curdle your blood. And if they're your screams, pray to the Almighty for forgiveness, 'cause you're going to meet Him real soon.



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Hazards of Junkyard

First off, friends, Junkyard is a hazard. Just living here under a constant rain of soot and ashes can kill you if stick around long enough. You might get mangled by some chunk of machinery in the factory you work in. Or you might catch ghost-rock fever and go out in a blaze of glory.

But unfortunately, there are worse things, such as bandits, ladies of the night, and strange critters that lurk in the Steel Sky.

A lot of what I'm going to tell you may sound fantastic. It is. There might be perfectly reasonable explanations for some of the stuff that goes on, or there might not. I'll just tell you what popular superstition is, and you can come up with your own half-baked answers.

Alleycats

Let's start with one of the really weird ones. You see, there was a craze here in '72. Everybody who was anybody had a "mechanical cat." Sounds silly, doesn't it? I guess you had to be here.

Anyway, an inventor named Dr. Erwin Gottlieb was trying (like many others) to discover the secret of Dr. Hellstromme's automatons. He didn't want to start with a full-blown automaton, so he made a mechanical cat. The damn things could walk, make clicking noises, and, well, that was about it. They were absolute failures as scientific advances. As toys, however, they were an overnight success.

At first, when Gottlieb just wanted them out of his sight, he sold them cheaply enough that workers' families could afford them. Later, when Mormon children decided they wanted them too, the price got higher.

Someone must not have liked Gottlieb's inflation, because he was found torn to shreds in '74. The superstitious claim his body was mutilated by his toy cats! More rational minds believe a jealous factory worker who couldn't afford the toys took out his frustrations on Dr. Gottlieb. Things like that happen in Junkyard.

At any rate, something weird happened afterward. Those damn mechanical cats are still around. And they're smart now. No more just walking in a straight line making clicking noises. Now they hide in trash piles and leap out for your throat!

The workers say the "alleycats" are haunted by Gottlieb's spirit, looking for vengeance on his killer. Maybe. I've seen stranger things.

Disappearances

We have lots of reported "disappearances" in Junkyard. A fellow will start a new job, work for a week, and then just disappear. Usually, it's their boss or neighbor who reports it to the officials.

But think about this. There are more than 30,000 lost souls living in Junkyard, with several hundred more coming in monthly. Another 50,000 or so live in or around Salt Lake City.

With that many people, there's going to be a lot of disappearances. Especially in Junkyard where transients come work for a while and then try their best to get out again. When they do, they don't always tell the boss they're leaving. I've heard of the same sort of "disappearances" going on out in the City of Lost Angels, in a place called Ghost Town.

So take all the weird stories you hear out here about missing persons with a grain of salt. There's plenty of real weirdness without concocting any more.

The East End Massacre

About two years ago, Junkyard played host to one of the bloodiest crimes in Salt Lake City's history: the East End Massacre.

One of the strangest things about the East End Massacre is that it happened in broad daylight out in public, but to this day, no one is really sure what happened or who did it.

It happened around five o'clock in the evening on Tuesday, July 15, 1874. That's shift-change time in the factory district, and the streets of Junkyard's eastern end were flooded with workers going to and from work. It was a clear day, but it's always dim under the Steel Sky, and the electric street lights had not yet been turned on for the evening.

This is where things gets fuzzy. According to various accounts, either one man, several men, a wild animal or animals, an automaton gone berserk, or some combination of the above, burst from a side alleyway into Iron Street. The only thing that witnesses could agree on was that it was shaped roughly like a man.

Reports say the being (known popularly as the East End Madman) emitted a hideous scream, but within a matter of seconds any noise that it was making was drowned out by the yells and screams of the victims. 15 innocent people died in five minutes of mayhem. Some had their skulls cracked in as if by a massive club, and other were literally torn limb from limb. The gutters literally ran red with the blood of the madman's victims.



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And then it was gone. No one saw it leave, but hysteria had taken over by then. It took the Salt Lake City constabulary over three hours to calm everyone down enough to start taking statements and figure out what happened.

I know what you're thinking: One of those strange, augmented men, a scrapper, went berserk on Iron Street. Simple.

Wrong. You have to realize that the first product of Dr. Gash's work didn't make an appearance until almost six months after the East End Massacre took place! So, who is the East End Madman? There's a passel of people in the City o' Gloom that would love to know.

Lurkers

There's a weird gang of masked bandits that operate out here. They hang out up in the Steel Sky somewhere and jump down on lone travelers late at night. They use tethers, much like the swing players (see below), so some folks think they're ex-swingers who have put their athletic ability to more profitable use.

The Lurkers usually just surround some slob and take his money, but lately they've become murderous. Several victims have been found hanging in the Steel Sky, horribly mutilated.

A lot of folks are trying to get "Slicer" Muldoon, the current swing champion, to get up there after them, but so far no one's offered Slicer enough money to make it worth his while. What's wrong Slicer? Ya chicken?

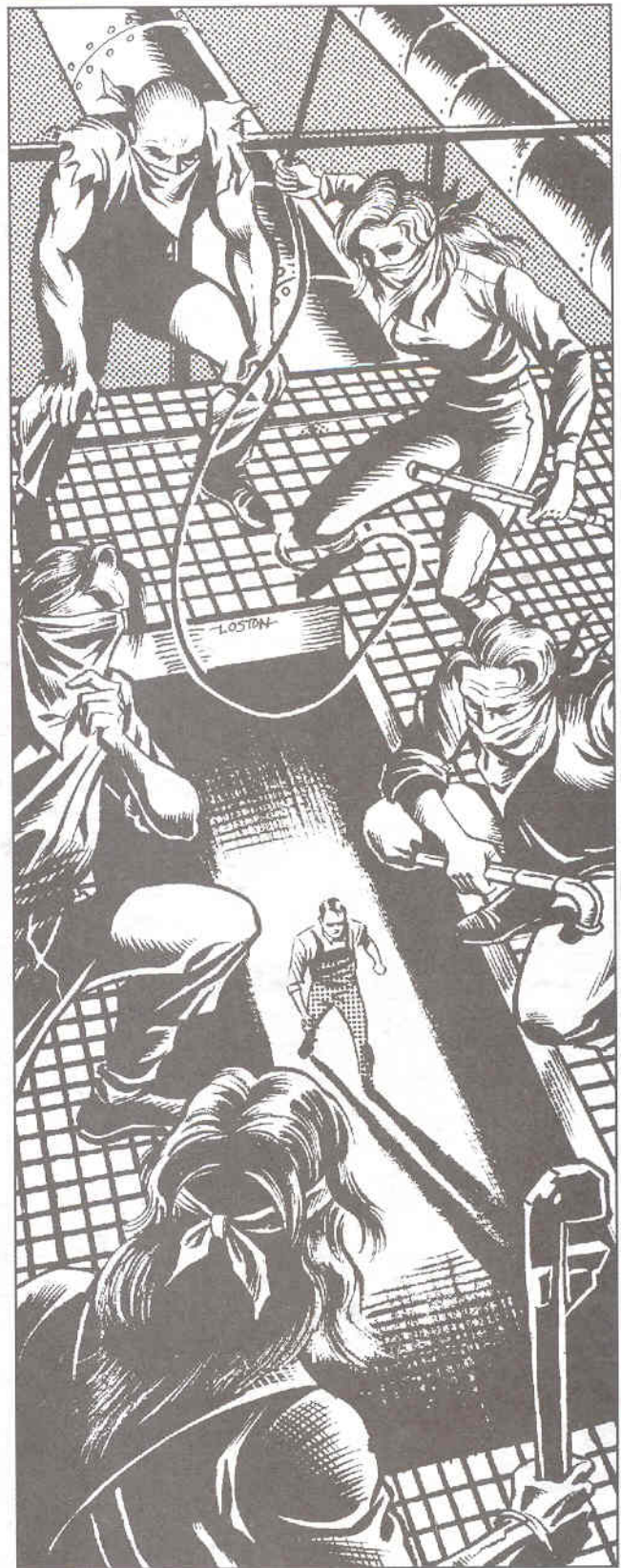
Roofers

Something lives on the rooftops of Junkyard. At first everyone thought maybe they were just cats or rats, then someone got killed and a witness saw a small creature scuttling up a steam pipe onto the Junkyard rooftops. Everyone assumed it was the alleycats.

Then some woman saw another murder—and she swears a human head with two long arms sewn onto it jumped off the corpse and bounded up onto the roof.

Since then, a few others have reported seeing the strange creature, but they described it as a head with two feet, a head with a leg and an arm, and so forth. Only the head is common to all descriptions.

Sheriff Waters claims the "roofers" are a form of mass hysteria. I'm inclined to believe him, as there's been no more murders and not a shred of proof. It's likely the first two murders were just another of Junkyard's tragedies and the unfortunates who stumbled upon the bodies suffered some kind of delusion. I hope.



Artist's conception of the junkyard bandits known only as the Lurkers!

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Chapter Five: Current Events

That's some of the people and places of our little city. Now let's talk about some of the things going on around here today.

Bloodsports

III You heard me: bloodsports. It's like the days of ancient Rome around here sometimes, what with the popularity of pit, skullchucker and swing. All three sports are potentially quite deadly, as you'll see in a moment.

Why Bloodsports?

Why have these brutal sports caught on? Think about it. Life can be pretty stale for a factory worker. She gets up at dawn, trudges toward the factory, works on a hot assembly line or some such all day, then goes home to a dirty apartment for a few hours sleep before doing it all over again. Watching someone put everything on the line for fame and glory is exciting. I guess it gives workers hope in some morbid way.

It also offers the chance to get rich quick, and that always appeals to the destitute. Wagering on the games is all part of the experience, and large sums of money change hands in the wake of a major pit fight or skullchucker game. A few lucky folks have actually made their fortunes through the bloodsports. Of course, even more have lost their already rather threadbare shirts.

The Mormons preach against bloodsports but haven't done anything about them yet. I think Brother Young sees these deadly games as a way of letting the Gentiles work out their violent tendencies on each other rather than on the Saints. Or maybe he's a fan. Who knows?

Pit

Two years ago, there was an huge explosion in west Junkyard that left a pit nine feet deep and about 50 feet across. No one knew what to do with it, until some fellows jumped in and started beating the living (*okay, we can't print everything Sally says!—Ed.*) out of each other.

Soon after, disorganized boxing matches sprang up in the pit, drawing hundreds of gamblers. It didn't take long for someone to realize there was money to be made. A large Scottish fellow named Bill King bought the pit and turned it into a boxing arena. It was profitable, but King wasn't getting rich.

Then, one day a boxer came in with an augmented arm. His name was Easton Purdue, a big bruiser who had lost his arm in the factories and had the infamous Dr.

Gash replace it with a mechanical one. Purdue beat the life out of his opponent—literally.

Though I'm ashamed to admit it, the crowd went wild, and the game of "pit" was born. Normal boxers didn't stand a chance anymore. Pit became a gladiatorial event in which the augmented fought each other, bears, mountain lions, and even poor imitations of Hellstromme's automatons made by some crackpot scientist with nothing better to do.

The most recent champion, Phineas Young (one of Brigham's children who doesn't embrace his father's religion), was slain by a particularly mean, ugly, and vicious bull. The bull has since vanished, though word has it President Young's been eating a lot of steak lately.

Skullchucker

King has a head for games. He likes watching an augmented wrestler fight a Kodiak as much as the next guy, but there just isn't enough strategy in it for him. So he devised a new game called "skullchucker."

He built the arena for this new game in a rectangle nearby the old pit. A four-foot-high platform stands at the center of either end. Each one has a barrel, and a third barrel sits in a six-foot-deep pit in the center of the arena.

Each team gets a skull painted up in their team colors. They try to get it in the central barrel (1 point) or the other team's barrel (3 points). They can also steal the other team's skull and place it in their own barrel (5 points).

Half the team gets to carry clubs or staves—they're called "skullcrackers." The rest wear only armor and are simply called skullchuckers because a common strategy is to throw the skull around and catch the other team where its defenses are weak.

The sport is growing so big that teams from other cities have formed. The Morgan Maulers are odds-on favorites of late, but the Bountiful Bashers are pretty good too.

The Tourney

King has proposed a major skullchucker tournament for August of '77. The eight best teams are to participate in a week-long "round-robin" event. The winner gets \$5,000!

Junkyard is all abuzz about this upcoming spectacle; it's the talk of nearly every saloon in town, even though the event is many months away. "Skullchucker fever" has even begun to spill over into the Mormon community. Of course, Brigham has suggested that all good and proper Mormons should steer clear of the event, and the *Deseret News* has run columns condemning it.

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"Killer" Carl Bivens and Lizzy "The Pendulum" Pitts engage in a heated game of Junkyard's newest bloodsport, swing.

Swing

Our newest sport is something called "swing." It started in Junkyard. See, hundreds of pipes and girders stretch high over the Sludge. Sometimes, repair crews use ropes and harnesses in their work to make sure they don't fall into the toxic water below. Some of these workers get pretty good at climbing and swinging around like pirates. One day, two workers decided to see who was best, and thus another bloodsport was born.

In swing, one to four swingers per side latch onto the girders at different points, and then swing out over the Sludge on 40-foot tethers. The object is to cut everyone else's cord and be the last player swinging—or alive.

Players use whatever kind of blade they want to accomplish this task—knives, sabers, even polearms. Needless to say, most folks wind up cutting up the other players before they even think about slicing their tethers. Since there's no "owner" here to keep things at least a little under control, murder and mayhem are allowed. The only rules are no guns and no gizmos. The crowd is the only referee. The winner of each game gets 25% of whatever the bookies bring in.

The current champion is "Slicer" Muldoon. His claim to fame happened just a few months ago. Instead of cutting the other player's tethers, he gutted all the other players and left them hanging unconscious in their harnesses without bothering to cut them loose. Two died. The other three were fixed up by Doc Yates and have sworn off swing for life as a result.

You can find "Slicer", along with a whole lot of other swingers and their admirers, at the Ledge bragging about his last fight every Saturday night. He's a cocky son-of-a (Again, we apologize for Ms. Manners' language, —Ed.) Last I heard, odds were 4-1 against anyone beating him.

King's Challenge

Swing's growing popularity has scared Bill King a bit. Skullchucker is big business, don't get me wrong, but I guess he worries the violence in swing will eventually gather bigger crowds than skullchucker.

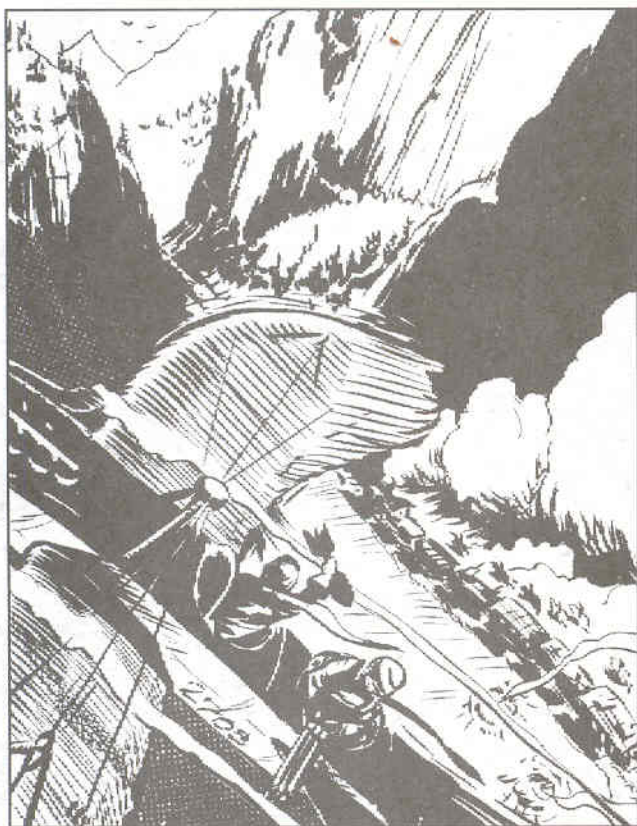
True or not, he's been talking about amending the rules to allow one player per side to become a "skullsplitter," letting him use a bladed weapon. He's also talked about letting scrappers play. I hope not. The last thing we need around here is more ways for more folks to get killed.

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A Union Blue ornithopter bombs a Wasatch war-train.

The Great Rail Wars

Hellstromme has the Mormons in his pocket, so there was little doubt he'd get an exclusive right-of-way to Salt Lake City. And then Brother Young was quoted differently in the *Deseret News*. Brigham said that the first railroad to reach Salt Lake City without linking up to the Denver Pacific would get the right-of-way.

Confused? So is everyone else, especially Hellstromme, I'd imagine. Young's explanation is that Smith & Robards' aren't reporting their entire income, and are thus cheating on their tithes, so the move was designed to punish them and ruin Robards' plans of selling to the highest bidder. The Church doesn't want to see the DP prosper until Smith & Robards pay the million dollars in back-tithes Brigham thinks they owe.

Sound fishy? It does to me too. Now all the Rail Barons are racing for Salt Lake City. Hellstromme must be fuming, but so far I haven't heard what his reaction is. We here at S&R think it's all some weird plan to get Hellstromme what he wants anyway. The anti-Mormons in our midst say it's nothing short of blackmail.

Time will tell, I suppose.

The Labor Movement

I showed you an excerpt from one of Stacey O'Malley's articles earlier, the one where she called this place the "City o' Gloom." She and a whole bunch of others have started to organize against the factory owners, claiming folks can't live in the polluted conditions that exist.

The movement started in '73 and has been gaining steam ever since. Like most movements, it was touched off by a single traumatic event: the death of Mary Catherine Gallagher.

Gallagher was the daughter of an Irish family who moved here in '64. They fell on hard times in '70 or so and eventually went to work in Junkyard. By '73, the father died in an accident, and the mother lay on her deathbed with Black Lung. Little Mary Catherine Gallagher, 12 years old, went to work at Nichols' Ghost Rock Refinery to pay for her mother's food and medicine. She contracted "ghost-rock fever" the best anyone can tell, and she perished in a spectacular and incredibly sad flash.

The *Deseret News* blasted Jason Nichols for hiring such a young child, but Stacey O'Malley of the *Epitaph* really laid into him. In his defense, Nichols said he was doing the girl a favor by giving her work to support her mother.

The result of the debate was that children 15 and younger can no longer work in the factories or do any other hard labor. The event also made older workers realize how bad things were. They didn't really want to work under such atrocious conditions either. They formed an unofficial alliance and started making demands on Nichols, Hellstromme, and all the other factory owners. The movement even spread up here to the Smith & Robards factory.

So far the "Worker's Alliance" has only managed to curb the worst of the factory owners' practices. Fumes and soot are pumped out of the factories instead of backflowing into work areas. Smelters and other dangers must have safety rails and other safeguards.

The factory owners didn't put up a fight on these issues. Now the Worker's Alliance is talking about striking for more pay. If they do, the factory owners may respond with hired thugs. I can't imagine what tactics Hellstromme would use to put his wage slaves back to work.

Stacey O'Malley is in town again and she says she plans to stay here a while and support the Worker's Alliance. No one has made any attempt to silence her—yet. She's cute and charismatic, and that means the workers love her. If she were to meet an untimely end, the workers might burn the factories to the ground.

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Chapter Six: Salt Lake Environs



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Browning Arms Factory

Jonathan Browning and his two sons operate the largest arms factory in Deseret, located up in Ogden. The Brownings focus on subcontracted Peacemakers and Winchester.

I understand both Colt and Winchester got in trouble for sharing their design with the Brownings and "arming the Mormons." Whatever their punishment by the governments Back East, it hasn't stopped them yet.

Copper Quarries

I know ghost rock is hot, but don't forget there's other ore in the hills. The Wasatch range is full of copper. There are several quarries employing a couple of hundred workers.

Gentile Cemetery

Folks stay buried at the Mormon Cemetery, but good luck getting a corpse to stay put here.

Gentiles with a few bucks in their pockets when they die usually get shipped to their families Back East. Those with no families get real headstones if they left their funds to a friend with some smattering of morals. The rest of the unfortunates get wooden crosses and two-foot graves. Which may be the reason they get dug up so easy.

You see, every couple of times they take a new corpse up to the cemetery, the last ones are dug up, cut up, and laid out in the sun. Sure, someone could stop it if they wanted, but it's not really worth the effort. No one's paying to find out what's going on, so no one does.

I imagine it would win points with the Lord if someone could fix things so the dead could rest in peace instead of in pieces.

The Canyons

All around Salt Lake City are dozens of canyons. The Mormons charge tolls of all those who pass through them, Mormons and Gentiles alike. The current toll is 25¢ a head, plus an additional dollar for every axle if you're driving (I guess they figure if you have a steam wagon you can afford more in tolls).

The toll canyons make a little money for the Saints who own them (and the Church through the tithe system), but they're also a great way of defending Salt Lake City. The US Army found out how narrow they were during the Mormon War. A couple of cannons or Gatlings and a few rifles can hold off an army in these narrow passes.

With that in mind, the owners of the canyons have invested heavily in their defense. All the canyons have some kind of thick wall or barricade across them now. Guns and guards are in towers or bunkers along the canyons' rim.

Most of Deseret is wide open and so must rely on the Nauvoo Legion to defend its borders. Salt Lake City, however, has little to fear from anything but a full-scale invasion.

These canyons are all passable, but there are also a number of box canyons hereabouts, and some of these hide strange secrets. Here's a little more information on some of the most infamous canyons you're likely to wander into.

Devil's Canyon

When the Mormons first got to Utah, they were told Devil's Canyon was home to lost Aztec gold. The story goes that the Aztecs fleeing Spanish conquistadors fled into this area and hid their treasures from them.

A cave somewhere in Devil's Canyon was one of these. When the Aztecs found it, according to Paiute legends, they sacrificed one of their own to serve as a guardian. That fellow turned into a hideous monster of some kind and supposedly still dwells there today. I'd discount this as just another wild tale except that my run-in with the Black Chaplains a few years ago was one of the creepiest things I've ever seen in my life—and I've been around. Give this place a wide berth.

Long Drop Canyon

Ever notice how most places are named "Devil's this" or "Skull that"? I think everyone who discovers some landmark wants his to sound creepier than the last one to make himself look more important.

Long Drop Canyon isn't quite so menacing to the ear, but it's definitely as deadly as most other "evil" ravines around here. See, the Long Drop is a deep, jagged crack in the earth, nearly 200 feet deep in the mountains east of the city.

There's gold in the bottom. Panners sift it from the stream that runs through it, and others dig it out of the side walls just like those crazy folks in the Maze. The trouble is the ledges leading down into Long Drop are so narrow and so prone to collapse that there are almost as many bones down there as there are gold nuggets.



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Skull Canyon

Skull Canyon gets its name from the skull-like wall at its end. Its eyes and nose are only deep, shadowy niches, but the mouth is a cave that leads far under the Wasatch Mountains.

A famous prospector, Coot Jenkins, ventured far down in the tunnels many years ago. He claims there are strange, rounded tunnels leading on seemingly forever, but no ore. Coot's word is taken as law, so few others have ventured into Skull Cave. Of those who have, some returned with no problems. Others vanished forever.

Corrine

Corrine is a wild Gentile town on the northern edge of the Great Salt Lake. It's everything you've ever read about in dime novels. There's nothing there but dancing, drinking, and carousing.

Both Mormons and Gentiles often sneak up to Corrine to join the fun. The Mormons have yet to crack down on this den of rowdies and troublemakers. I reckon they think it's better to keep all the trouble in one place where they can watch it than to force it "underground."

Fort Bridger

Jim Bridger is a near-legendary mountain man who explored more of the desert than any man known. When he first told folks of the geysers and other wonders at Yellowstone, they often called the wild tales "Bridger's Lies." Only after other explorers told of Yellowstone's wonders did folks start believing Bridger's incredible stories.

Jim eventually put up a fort in southern Wyoming, near enough to Salt Lake City to spit at with a strong wind. In fact, when Brigham and the rest of the Mormons first ventured here, he discouraged them from settling in the valley, saying that vegetables wouldn't grow there for lack of water. I guess he didn't count on persistent irrigation.

Over the years, "Fort Bridger" has become a famous waystation for settlers crossing the deserts. It has also served as a military outpost. During the Mormon War in '59, the Union force used the fort as their staging and supply point. Needless to say, this didn't endear Jim to the Mormons. He's had a love-hate relationship with the Saints ever since. He's harbored those who have opposed Brigham, then turned around and helped the Mormons out in times of need.

In short, Jim Bridger is an invaluable friend if you plan on exploring northern Deseret. You can obtain supplies, water, and even medical assistance at reasonable prices.

The Great Salt Lake

Picture a bowl full of salt. Now picture yourself pouring a canteen full of water into it. That's the Great Salt Lake. Except your bowl probably won't have lake Hellions and a giant sea monster.

There are a few weird fish swimming around Salt Lake, but none big enough to eat. There are plenty of tiny brine shrimp, though, and while they're hardly fit for humans, there's a few thousand birds and pelicans that eat them.

The water is about two-thirds salt—saltier than the oceans. Even folks who can't swim have an easy time dog-paddling because the water's so buoyant. The Mormons harvest salt from the lake and sell it to other towns out West or Back East.

The salt farmers use weird steam-powered trawlers to drag giant metal nets through the water. The metal nets are charged by an on-board generator, and the electricity makes salt particles stick to them. Then they haul the nets to shore and scrape off the salt to be refined.

Lake Hellions

About those brine shrimp I mentioned earlier. According to the locals, the pollution from the City o' Gloom has mutated some of them. There are brine shrimp in there as long as your hand. Worse, they bite. Worse than that, they're smart.

We call them lake Hellions. They feed mostly on the lake's birds, and the way they do is downright creepy. A few Hellions let themselves float to the top and look dead or wounded (or maybe they really are—which is *really* scary). When a bird swoops down to catch it, a couple hundred shrimp launch themselves from the depths and catch the bird in mid-flight. Each one has a mouth and scores of tiny but sharp little teeth. When the thrashing's over, there's nothing left but bird bones.

I've also heard that lake Hellions attack people. They can't jump high enough to get inside the salt trawlers, but any fool who on the lake in a rowboat is asking for trouble.

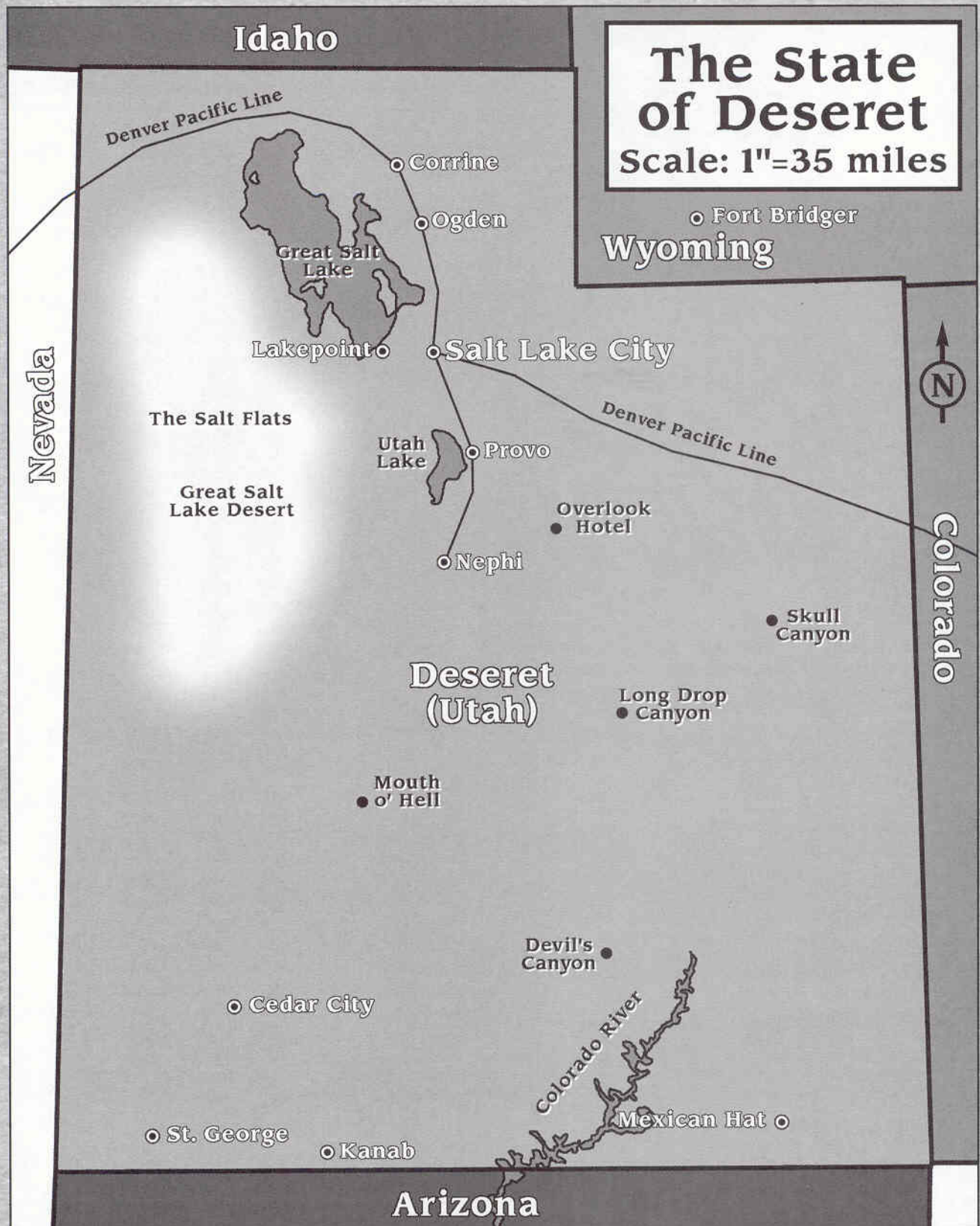
I read an article in the *Deseret News* once that makes me even more wary of these things. According to some scientist named Dr. Sheldon Lysinger, he came across the aftermath of a lake Hellion attack on people. The bodies were floating in the lake, and the doctor would have tried to retrieve them if his boatman hadn't stopped him. As they left the scene, the Hellions swarmed over the floating corpses and devoured them. Could these critters really be smart enough to use humans as bait?

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Paiute traders converse with a Mormon at a trading post in Ogden.

Briny

Regular readers of the *Epitaph* have no doubt heard of Nessie, Champ, and Jericho. We've got our own monster out here, and we call her Briny.

Whether or not she exists is of little debate. Lots of folks have seen her purplish tentacles rise from the depths and drag men from the decks of their boats to a salty doom. What no one's really sure about is whether Briny really wrecks entire ships or not.

See, the Great Salt Lake Salt Harvesting Company owns most of the salt-harvesting trawlers. Two well-funded companies and numerous independents have tried to start up their own salt-harvesting operations, but their crews inevitably turn up dead or missing. Several of the independents may have been killed by lake Hellions. The larger trawlers either blew up when their generators or steam boilers malfunctioned, or they were wrecked by "Briny."

Many folks wonder if the Great Salt Lake Harvesting Company doesn't cause some of these accidents. They've got several unsavory types working for them, and all their boats have at least one big gun on them (presumably to ward off Briny). Strangely, though the GSLHC has lost crewmen to Briny, they've

never lost a ship, while the other companies have lost at least four trawlers to her slimy tentacles. That's why everyone thinks there's something's a little fishy about the whole story.

Briny herself seems to be some kind of giant squid. She's got 10 tentacles, each one lined with razor-sharp ridges that can cut through a wooden boat. That's why the trawlers have metal bottoms.

Indians

There are several local tribes of Indians, but the ones you're most likely to run into if you go traipsing out of the city are Paiutes (sometimes just called Utes) and Shoshoni.

Both are friendly—most of the time—but about once a year it seems something happens to rile the Shoshoni. Then they raid outlying farms and settlements and scalp and torture every white man, woman, and child they catch. When this happens, the Mormons respond with overwhelming force. The Nauvoo Legion and bands of experienced scouts and Indian fighters ruthlessly tear into the Indian villages and retaliate in kind.

The Legion can get away with such heavy-handed revenge because theirs is a society based on ultimate authority. If Brother Brigham says the Lamanites must be slain, then it must be so.

Okay, that's the scary stuff. The good news is that the citizens of Deseret are almost always at peace with the Indians. They get along better than the Confederates and the Coyotes.

I don't have the space to tell you a whole lot about the local tribes in terms of their culture and history. For that sort of information, I recommend picking up a copy of *Indian Country: A History and Guide*. It's written by a fellow named Charley Bull and published by Infinity Press, a local operation run by an ex-Smith & Robards scientist. It's a fine book, and it tells you all you want to know about that stuff.

What I *can* tell you is how the Mormons deal with the local tribes. Here's a little more about both of them.

Paiutes

Pronounced "pie-yoots," these Indians roam throughout territory in northern Deseret and into Nevada. They are not a huge tribe by any means, but their development of the Ghost Dance spiritual movement has given them a bit more power than one might expect.

What is the Ghost Dance you ask? Well, for a full and complete explanation, see Charley Bull's book that I mentioned earlier, but here's the short version.

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The Ghost Dance is a spiritual movement that was started in 1870 by a Paiute prophet named Wodziwob, who had a vision of the natives' return to spiritual power, and the removal of the white man from their land if certain ceremonies were performed and practices followed.

Here's where the interpretations of the Ghost Dance get a little fuzzy. In some visions, the white man's presence is forcibly removed from the land, while in other visions, the white man and the Indians come to respect each other's territory.

Still, the majority of the Indians that follow the Ghost Dance seem to bring a message of peace and brotherhood between men—albeit with the white man elsewhere than on Indian land. Its not terribly unusual for trading parties of Paiutes to be seen visiting Salt Lake City. Of course, no one asks them to stay for the night.

The Nauvoo Legion is under orders to let the Paiutes move freely throughout Deseret. Part of this is because of the long-standing tie between the Saints and Paiutes, but Brigham also seems sympathetic to the Ghost Dance movement. Why? Maybe he sees elements of similarity between Christianity and the Ghost Dance. Or maybe he figures that any spiritual movement that preaches against needlessly raiding and killing folks is in the Saints' best interest.

All in all, I don't really understand it, since Brigham has no trouble characterizing the Indians as the "hideous Lamanites" whenever it suits his purposes. Chalk up yet another mystery to the inscrutable President Young.

Since the Ghost Dance began, the relationship between the Mormons and the Paiutes has faded a bit. The Paiutes' greatest shame is their participation in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. As a people, they feel ashamed of the whole incident and are a bit touchy about it. A Paiute brave won't kill you for mentioning it, but you might end up nursing a black eye.

Shoshoni

The Shoshoni are a bit more of a thorn in the Mormons' side. They are also a nomadic tribe, and their travels take them through Deseret.

While they are ardent subscribers to the Ghost Dance, this doesn't seem to keep groups of Shoshoni braves from raiding settlements every year. While the Nauvoo Legion deals with these raids with a heavy hand, its worth noting that Brigham hasn't dispatched troops to drive the Shoshoni out of Deseret.

The Shoshoni often act as protectors for their spiritual mentors, the Paiutes, especially for the travelling Ghost Dance missionaries.

Mouth o' Hell

A prospector named Pete Fenner found this huge cavern back in '71. He never explored it all, because he found millions of dollars worth of ghost rock in the central chamber!

He staked his claim and started mining it in secret, selling little chunks here and there, but eventually folks caught on. "Pete's Cave," as it was called, became known as the richest strike in all Utah.

About that time, Dr. Hellstromme perfected "ghost steel," steel smelted in fires fueled by ghost rock and tempered under other processes I don't understand. Hellstromme didn't invent the stuff—I'm not sure anyone knows who did—but he did streamline and refine the creation process. The professor makes use of it in his trains, wagons, weapons, and automatons, and we use it up here at Smith & Robards as well.

In '72, the professor struck a deal with Pete. Hellstromme built a giant smelter in the central chamber of Pete's Cave and signed a contract agreeing to buy every last ounce of ghost rock in the vein at only a little less than the market value. Things went well for almost a year. A crew of 50 men and women worked the smelter day and night, churning out ghost steel for Hellstromme's various inventions.

Then disaster struck. The gigantic "smelting pot" at the center of the cavern gave way! Molten metal filled the chamber and ran into the lower tunnels. Hellstromme had prepared for such an emergency. A giant water tower sat on wooden timbers. The metal incinerated the tower's legs and the water spilled out, cooling and hardening the molten metal minutes later.

But it was too late for the workers. Only a handful who had been off the cavern floor survived. Those that weren't instantly killed by the hot metal were swept into the lower caves by the deluge and drowned.

Now Pete's Cave is called the "Mouth o' Hell." It remains flooded to this day—the water can't seep through the metal floor and remains trapped. Grotesque corpses rise from the floor, forever encased in steel forged by the hottest fire known to humanity.

There were rumors that Pete's Cave was almost played out prior to the accident. If it wasn't, someone would have gone back in there by now. Most folks don't go looking for scraps either. A few have, but I've heard that tired old cliché, "they never return." Tired it may be, but it seems true this time. There's something down there in the Mouth o' Hell. Something in the water that lies in wait for the greedy.

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Does the Nauvoo Legion reserve a special fate for Texas Rangers?

Nauvoo Legion Patrols

I told you earlier that Deseret's borders are patrolled by the Nauvoo Legion. Staying out in the blasted deserts all year fighting bandits and such doesn't make them great company. They're hard-bitten veterans who don't fool around.

There's a joke out here that goes "How do you tell a Texas Ranger from a Nauvoo Legionnaire? The dead one is the Ranger." I didn't say it was a good joke, but it's fairly accurate.

Remember Deseret officially ignores the Confederacy and treats the Union like a redheaded stepchild. That's true among most of the Legion stationed in northern Utah or the cities. Down south, though, the Legion patrols hate Texas Rangers worse than Nevada Smith.

How come? Because a few years ago, a weird disease started spreading up from Texas. People were withering away to skin and bones, but not before they went blood-simple and started attacking their neighbors. The Rangers claimed there was no cure and ruthlessly hunted down anyone who showed the symptoms. Some of the afflicted must have fled to Deseret and spread it to the folks in Mexican Hat, a town in southeastern Utah.

The Rangers rode in and put the entire town to the torch. Every man, woman, and child who looked too thin for their own good caught a bullet. The Legion showed up when it was all over. Several of them had family among the corpses.

Since that day, the unofficial policy among the southern patrols is to shoot any Texas Rangers on sight. Young and the Church have yet to reprimand them for doing so.

The Hangin' Tree

There's a dirty rumor spreading around down south that the Legion doesn't shoot every Ranger they see. Those that survive get carted off to something called the Hangin' Tree.

But the Legionnaires don't hang the Rangers by their necks. They bind their hands and hang them from their chests, leaving them to dangle in the hot Utah sun until they bake.

Stories of the giant tree and its two score bodies, covered with buzzards plucking out eyeballs, has not endeared southern Mormons to the Rangers. It's said they sometimes turn a deaf ear to their pleas for help when things beyond the understanding of the Legion rear their heads.

Outcasts

As you might guess, there are plenty of folks who come to Deseret and become enemies of the state. Some are workers cast out of society for consistently violating Mormon law, some are bandits on the run from US Marshals or Texas Rangers, and some are self-proclaimed revolutionaries standing up to "Mormon tyranny."

Most outcasts head Back East or to the Maze. A few, however, have gathered together to form an outlaw band known as the "Outcasts." Their hideout is somewhere in the twisting caverns of *las escapedas*, or the "Staircase," a weird and beautiful canyon in southern Deseret.

The Outcasts are rarely here, however. They spend most of their time in the saddle or the seat of a steam wagon roaming the deserts of Deseret. They're raiders, pirates, and thieves. They don't have the strength to assault large settlements like Ogden, but they've been known to take over a town the size of Kanab until the Legion shows up.

The Outcasts don't commit murder as a rule, but they do shoot those who try to fight back, so it's about the same thing.

The most unusual thing about the outlaws is their love for speed. Most of the band have trademark red steam wagons they've stolen from Mormons traveling across Deseret. The rest have fast horses.

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What restraint they do show to their victims is thanks to the efforts of their leader, Bonita Rose (probably not her real name). She considers herself a "lady" of some sort and forbids her bandits to kill without cause. Mind you, I'm not defending the Outcasts. They've killed scores of folks. I'm just telling you, keep your pistol in your pants if you run across them, and you'll live through it. You'll be broke, but you'll live.

The Church has offered a bounty of \$500 on Rose's head. I have to think that's enough money to make some of the scalawags who run with her think about turning her in. So far it hasn't happened, but I just can't imagine her grubby thieves not scheming after that bounty.

There's already been some dissent among the Outcasts. A fellow known as "Utah" Starr broke off with the gang and formed another gang called the Scorpions. More about them later.

Overlook Hotel

High in the Wasatch Mountains, where it's said Brigham Young first looked out over the Valley of the Saints, is the Overlook Hotel. The owner, Samuel Whateley, is a strange man, and his family is even stranger. There were a whole bunch of them up there, but one group of the Whateleys headed to some place called Gomorra in the Maze. We got stuck with the rest.

The Whateleys' weirdness might not be so bad if their hotel wasn't such a nice place to stay. It's beautiful, the view is incredible, and the price is only a \$1 a night and half that for meals. The problem is it gets snowed in a lot, and then you're stuck with the Whateleys.

I've got to tell you about these folks. First, there's Samuel Whateley. He's always looking somewhere else when he talks to you, and he always looks frightened. It's like there's some monster that only he can see nearby, and if he doesn't keep his eye on it, it's going to eat him.

Then there's Edwina Whateley. I think she's a mute—no one I know has ever heard her speak. You'll see her carrying around an axe. She uses it to kill chickens and other game to cook the meals, so it's not that strange, except she's *always* got the axe in her hand. I once saw her come from the kitchen in her nightgown with that damn axe in hand. There aren't enough chickens in all of Deseret to keep her *that* busy.

Let's move on to Grandpa. He sits in a rocker on the front porch in the summer, and just inside the huge bay windows in the winter. That's all he does: rock. And cackle, he does a lot of that, too. Oh, and he must chew tobacco, because I've seen red juice dribbling out his jowls on occasion.

Lastly, there's the kids—little Wilhelm and Marguerite. Both of them have greasy black hair that hangs down over their eyes, and I've never seen them wear anything but black. Marguerite has a dolly with stitches all over it and the ugliest patches of ratty hair you ever saw.

Wilhelm likes to play with animals. Or at least their parts. The one time I stayed there, I found bits and pieces of small animals all over the maze of trails leading into the woods behind the hotel. There's a healthy hobby for a youngster.

These folks are just wrong. Stay away, and pray for a mudslide to carry them all down the mountain.

The Salt Flats

Flat and white. That's what you think when you see the Bonneville Salt Flats. Don't try to cross it on foot. Besides being hot and dry enough to cook a whale omelet, the Salt Flats are chock full of rattlers.

The starkness of the flats is really what makes them so dangerous. A traveler riding across them thinks he can see trouble a mile away. Then a pack of salt rattlers comes out of nowhere and takes him from behind.

That's right, I said "pack." The ones we got around here are different than most. For one thing, they're blood-red in color, with occasional dark black stripes. They're smaller than the ones I've read about in Montana or the Mojave, unless the folks there are just exaggerating.

Salt rattlers travel in packs of two to four. One really nasty trick they like to pull is to send one rattler up where its prey can see it, then the critter steers the victim right into the mouths of its buddies. If you're being chased by a single rattler, you can bet there's at least one more waiting for you somewhere ahead.

Salt Flats Worming Company

I've told you about how bad the rattlers can get out here. Lately the worms have been getting the bad end of it. A year ago, Harold Towers opened up the Salt Flats Worming Company. Like whalers, they hunt down rattlers in giant "landboats." Then they strip their hides and sell the fat as oil to the factories. The meat is greasy, but edible if cooked by someone who knows what he's doing.

The only part that goes to waste are the tentacles and the hides. The tentacles are just too disgusting to eat. You don't eat the hide because you just don't. You don't eat the skin off a beeve, do you? Besides, rattler hides make incredibly tough leather.

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Towers didn't start this business out of some ingenious entrepreneurial spirit. He started it out of hatred. He lost his daughter to a rattler in '74 and wanted to find a way to exterminate the things. He knew he wouldn't find many takers unless there was a profit involved, so he started the Salt Flats Worming Company. Six months later, he had his first "landship" out on the Salt Flats hunting them down. Now he has a fleet of four landships, each with a crew of 20.

The flagship is the *Esmeralda*, named after his lost daughter. The other three are named after local cities, the *Providence*, *Ogden*, and *Morgan*.

Towers' landships look just like those old pirate galleons, except they have steel hulls and mammoth wheels. They're powered by sails and steam. They use the sails to creep across the flats, then run the boilers once they've got a harpoon or two in a rattler.

They attract the rattlers by hoisting a steer or sheep overboard. Then when the worm pops up, they spear it with a harpoon gun. The harpoon itself is designed to expand in the worm's body to hold tighter than a normal whaling harpoon. This was another of Towers' inventions.

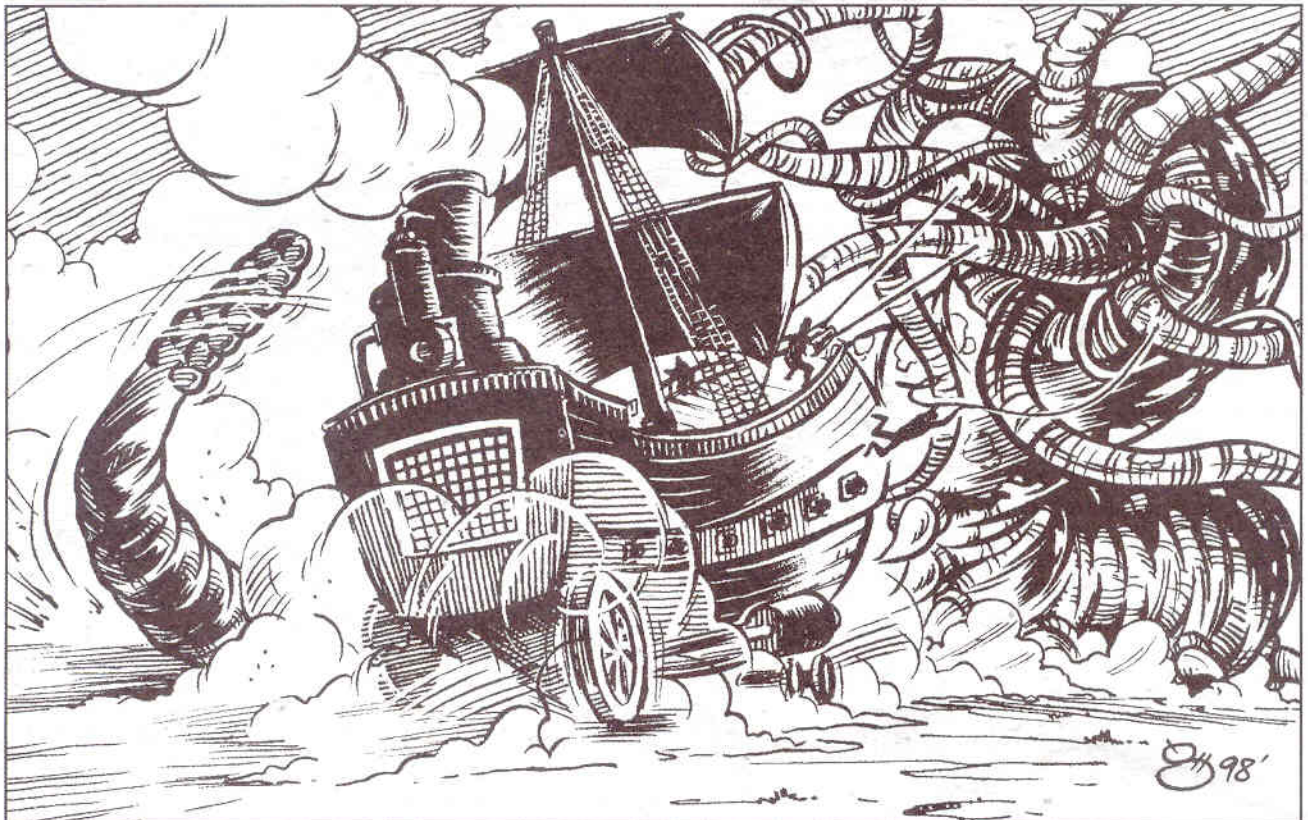
Once hooked, the worm inevitably runs underground and starts pulling the landship behind it. That's when the wormers throw the

steam boilers on and steer a different course. Eventually the worm gets tired, and they hoist it up out of the earth.

Here's the truly interesting part for *Epitaph* readers. If the worm dies underground, they can't get it up. It's just a big hunk of greasy meat buried hundreds of feet underground. They have to haul the critter up while it's still alive, but too tired to put up much of a fight. Speculation is that the worms secrete some kind of gunk that helps them dissolve and slide through the earth, so it's got to be alive or it stops secreting. Maybe that's why they stink.

Once the thing is close to the surface, the ship pulls it up, and the sailors finish it off with buffalo guns. Then the cutting crews jump down and start carving. The good parts are hoisted back up on the ship. As a quick plug for my employers, the *Esmeralda's* crews just ordered five chainsaws from Smith & Robards to help them in their work (stock number CS100). If it works out, they plan to order some for the rest of the ships as well.

The danger is that rattlers are clever. Sometimes they play dead to lure the cutters down off the landship. Other times, their buddies lurk nearby, sacrificing one of their number for an easy meal.



An artist's rather fanciful picture of the Salt Flats Mining Company at work. Note the rattle on the tail, a common misconception.

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Besides the worms, which I'm told seem to be getting smarter every day, Towers' crews have gotten into a war with the independent worm hunters. I'll tell you about them in a bit.

More interesting is that Towers has lately been chasing a great red salt rattler he calls the "blood worm." He swears this is the one that ate his daughter years ago. The similarity with Melville's *Moby Dick* isn't lost on me friends. I just report the facts to you as I see them.

Salt Stalkers

A party of trappers was sitting out in the Salt Flats one night. They were eating dinner, when suddenly they noticed another fellow sitting among them. The stranger was wearing bleached rags wrapped around his entire body. No one had seen him approach. It was like the stranger had just appeared out of the earth itself. A wind made the trappers' fire dim for a second, during which the creature vanished. A minute later, the trappers noticed one of their party wasn't moving. They nudged him and were shocked to see him fall over, a dried-out husk.

I heard this tale at the Ledge one night. I've heard similar tales from other folks as well. Taken together, it seems there's too much whiskey floating around the desert. The alternative is just too freaky—that there's some strange "race" of near-human creatures stalking the wastes. We've taken to calling them "salt stalkers" because the first stories took place in the Flats, but later tales place them elsewhere in the deserts and even the mountains.

The Scorpions

Unless you're skipping around this book like some kind of durned fool, you should already know who the Outcasts are. If not, go read about them and come back here.

The Scorpions were part of the Outcasts, but word has it they got tired of Bonita Rose's "no needless killing" rule. So the worst mounted up their steam wagons, rustled some horses, and shot their way out of the Outcast's hideout.

The Scorpions are a true bandit gang in every sense of the word. They'll kill you for your gold teeth and crack open your skull to get them.

Their leader is "Utah" Starr. He's a known hardened killer with 18 notches on his pistol and a \$400 dead-or-alive bounty. They say he's a handsome devil who always has some lovely senorita on his arm, but if that's true, his wanted posters don't do him justice because he looks like every other rat-bastard killer to me.

If you've ever heard about a gang of

outlaws who use steam wagons to rob trains, it's the Scorpions. They operate along the rail line from Salt Lake City to Virginia City, Nevada, where the flat desert gives their rigs an advantage.

If you happen to get caught on one of these trains during an attack, fight back with everything you've got. They don't kill every passenger on board, but they'll kill plenty. So stand up for yourself and everyone else on board by pulling your hogleg.

If you see a strange flying machine up in the sky dropping bombs, don't shoot at it. That'll be me or one of my friends from Smith & Robards. We escort trains whenever the company lets us.

Worm Hunters

I told you about Harold Towers and his Salt Flats Worming Company. His company brings in the most, but it wasn't the first. Worm hunters have been out here since the worms appeared.

At first, small groups hunted them like buffaloes. They'd stake down a beeve, wait for a worm, and then plug it full of lead. That never worked very well. Those worms are mighty tough. Then some genius had the idea of loading the cow up with dynamite. That worked real well against the worms, but the hunters gave up after a couple of unfortunate exploding cow incidents.

Then Smith & Robards invented the ornithopter. A fellow named Crazy Pete copied part of the design and created an ornithopter without the power. He calls it a "glider." It's really just a big wing fixed to Pete by a leather harness. To take off, Pete stands in a wheeled cart and his wife Edda tows him behind their steam wagon. He can sail around on nothing but air for up to an hour if the wind's strong.

Once in the air, Edda stakes a cow out on the flats. Pete circles overhead like a buzzard, then drops dynamite on the worm when it takes the bait. Then Edda returns, and they get to cutting.

That was back in '71. Since then, probably 30 or more others have copied Pete's design. They work in teams of five or six. Their gliders are less than reliable, and accidents are common.

Recently, the worm hunters have gotten into a kind of war with Harold Towers' worming fleet. Both groups claim there aren't as many worms out here as there used to be, and they blame the other side for "overhunting." The worm hunters made the first dumb mistake. One of them dropped dynamite on Towers' flagship, the *Esmeralda* and killed one of his crew. Now the landships mount Gatlings to pick the hunters out of the sky. In the meantime, the worm population seems to be recovering a bit.

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Chapter Seven: Mad Scientists



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There are a number of well-known inventors living in isolated homes around Salt Lake City. I know many of you are coming here to learn something of the new science yourselves, so I've separated these cantankerous geniuses into their own chapter. I'll tell you about Hellstromme first, then my bosses, Smith & Robards, and finally all the other "mad" scientists of interest.

Hellstromme



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Doctor Darius Hellstromme. What have you read about him? Depends on which rag you read, I reckon. The *Epitaph* paints him as some sort of scheming mastermind. The locals, Mormons and Gentiles alike, practically worship the ground he drives over, if they don't hate his iron guts. Smith & Robards, Union Blue, and several of the other railroads claim he's the anti-Christ. That's probably laying it on a little thick. I'd vote for the "scheming mastermind" bit myself, though it's anyone's guess what his intentions are.

The *Deseret News*, the local Mormon newspaper, did an interview with him a couple of years ago. Here's most of it.

Doctor Darius Hellstromme, sometimes misnamed as "Damien" by lesser newspapers, is one of the greatest men alive today. The people of Salt Lake City hold him in the utmost esteem.

Doctor Hellstromme moved to our fair city in 1870, long after Salt Lake had proven itself a shining oasis in a literal and figurative desert. At first, many of us were distrustful of this European inventor and his sometimes frightening machines, but after his conversion to Mormonism, both parties realized that our match had truly been made in Heaven.

This reporter recently had the distinct honor of interviewing the doctor at Hellstromme Manor, his compound outside of town. What follows is a direct, unedited transcript of that meeting.

DN: Good evening, Dr. Hellstromme. Nasty storm we're having, isn't it?

DH: Hmm? Yes. But I find the lightning useful for my... experiments. I'm conducting one even as we speak, in the attic laboratory. Should you hear anything... strange, you'll have to excuse me.

DN: Of course, Doctor. (The Doctor's mechanical servant brings me a cup of steaming tea. It spills only a few drops!) Thank you, Dr. Hellstromme, I'd like to begin with your early years. When and where were you born?

DH: I was born in London, England, in 1824. My parents were laborers. They were simple and uneducated people. My uncle, however, had risen to some wealth with textile mills. I eventually went to work for him and there discovered my "knack" for improving the performance of our machinery.

DN: Where did you receive your training?

DH: Sandhurst Military Academy. My uncle purchased for me a commission in Her Majesty's Royal Engineers. I quickly shot to the top of my class and, after graduation, was posted to various spots around the world to build a new bridge, dam, or road in the most inhospitable places imaginable.

In my spare time, I designed new weapons to employ against the many savages Her Majesty chose to trample in Her colonies. My ideas were far too advanced for the time, however, and it was 1863 before I experienced any real success.

Most of my inventions have been copied since then. The flamethrower was mine. As was the steam-powered attack vehicle, or "tank" as you Americans have labeled it. The Rebels took credit for both of those, though they really only added tracks to the tank—a wonderful improvement I might add. They claimed the misguided captives at Roswell, the "secret" base everyone knows about, discovered these devices on their own. Poppycock. They were both ideas I had created to deal with the numerous and bloodthirsty Sikhs of India.

DN: When and why did you come to America?

DH: When I heard of the discovery of great quantities of ghost rock in the Maze. I had already discovered a small supply of this miraculous substance in the Hindu Kush and had been experimenting with it for some time. That's why I had such a head start on you Colonials when I arrived in California.

DN: What brought you to Salt Lake City?

DH: My rivals claim many things. That I saw in the Mormons an easily-led flock to serve my whims. Or that I knew the Wasatch Mountains were brimming with priceless ghost rock.

The truth is, I simply couldn't establish the kind of manufacturing facilities I required in the Maze. Reverend Grimme and his fanatics, the shortage of food, and the fighting between the "covert" operatives to the North and South are far too destructive. Salt Lake City seemed a perfect location. The people were friendly, ghost rock had just been discovered, the government was stable, and there were great, open spaces where I could test my many devices without causing harm to the local populace. The nearby Bonneville Salt Flats were particularly useful in field-testing several new high-speed conveyances I am still tinkering with to this day.

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DN: Tell us about your conversion to Mormonism.

DH: I wasn't immediately accepted by my brothers and sisters here in Utah. But a single invention of mine helped cement our relationship. As you know, our brothers were cut off for a while due to the incredible creatures you Americans—for some unfathomable reason—call "rattlers." They are indigenous to the local desert and are quick to seize those who venture outside the city proper. I merely showed the locals how my own steam-powered wagon could outrun the worms, and afterwards showed them how to build their own. Shortly thereafter, President Young invited me to dinner. We ...struck up a relationship. I became a Mormon the next day.

DN: Some say you converted to subvert the Mormons to your own causes.

DH: Rubbish.

DN: There are also rumors that some of your most vocal critics have died horrible deaths.

DH: They're not rumors.

DN: Pardon me?

DH: The deaths occurred. But I had nothing to do with it. It's these damnable Danites.

DN: But the Danites don't exist. And even if they did, the Danites would be servants of the Mormon Church. Why would they oppose you?

DH: I've no idea. Why don't you ask them?

DN: Er, perhaps we should move on...

And that's really all the good stuff.

Hellstromme starts talking about his electrical doflotchits and steam thingamabobs after that.

I've heard some more since then, though. You see, my employer Sir Clifton Robards is also from England. It's a small country, and I reckon he knows more about Hellstromme than what appeared in the *Deseret News*.

According to Mr. Robards, while Hellstromme was an officer in India, his devices were too effective. The carnage he caused was so great the Afghans started to join the Sikhs. His commanding officer in India sent him to Africa to avoid a real war! All rumors, of course.

Hellstromme also didn't tell the *Deseret News* why he got out of the army. The rumor is he *didn't*. He's technically a deserter. I wouldn't put money on this. The limeys take desertion seriously, and I haven't seen any redcoats in Salt Lake City looking to bring him in.

One story I know for a fact is that Hellstromme was married before he left for India. While he was away, his wife was butchered by some deranged doctor. Maybe that's where Hellstromme gets his mean streak. Or maybe he's really just a big ol' misunderstood puppy dog. Whose enemies get stuffed into drain pipes.



Dr. Darius Hellstromme. Is he a genius, a madman, or a bit of both?

Hellstromme's Operations

Hellstromme's power comes from his incredible devices and the industry that has grown up around them. They provide him with wealth, but it is the services he provides which make him a man to be reckoned with in Deseret.

The first of these critical enterprises is the Salt Lake Valley Electrical Plant. Power is generated through contraptions called "turbines" that run off ghost rock. I hear this is his most profitable enterprise. The Danites don't sabotage it (they like hot water and electric lights too), the contract with the city is lucrative, and the amount of ghost rock burned decreases each year as Hellstromme improves the turbines.

Hellstromme's other source of influence comes from the water-purification device. It turns the black waters of the Sludge into something folks can drink or water their crops with. As you can imagine, there is very little water out here. And remember, Deseret is cut off from the USA and CSA, so the Saints must be self-sufficient.

The really funny part is that it's mostly Hellstromme's factories that dirty the Sludge up in the first place. Now there's a racket!

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Hellstromme's Compound

Dr. Hellstromme has a compound 10 miles west of the city on the edge of the Salt Flats. It's a big place with several buildings and hangars.

I've flown over the compound many times, and I'd love to see what all Hellstromme's got cooking in there, but he doesn't encourage visitors. Here's what I've seen from the air, or what folks who've been inside the place have told me.

Hellstromme Manor

The good doctor himself lives in this large Victorian manor. It looks almost like it could have been brought over from England, piece by piece.

There are no other *people* in the manor house, but Hellstromme is far from alone. Inside are creations similar to automatons, designed to serve Dr. Hellstromme's every need. The interview you just read mentioned them. They make his meals for him, clean his clothes, keep the house in order, and do anything else that a butler or maid does. I'd bet they're trained to defend the professor in an emergency as well, though they aren't visibly armed.

The Hangar

Inside the hangar are the various flying devices Hellstromme experiments with. He's got an auto-gyro in there he uses to get to the city sometimes. I've wagged my wings at him on occasion. He's something of a sky-hog.

There are other flying machines in the hangar. I'm fairly certain there's a deflated air carriage inside, as well as a black ornithopter. At least that's what I hope I saw late one night while whizzing over the Salt flats.

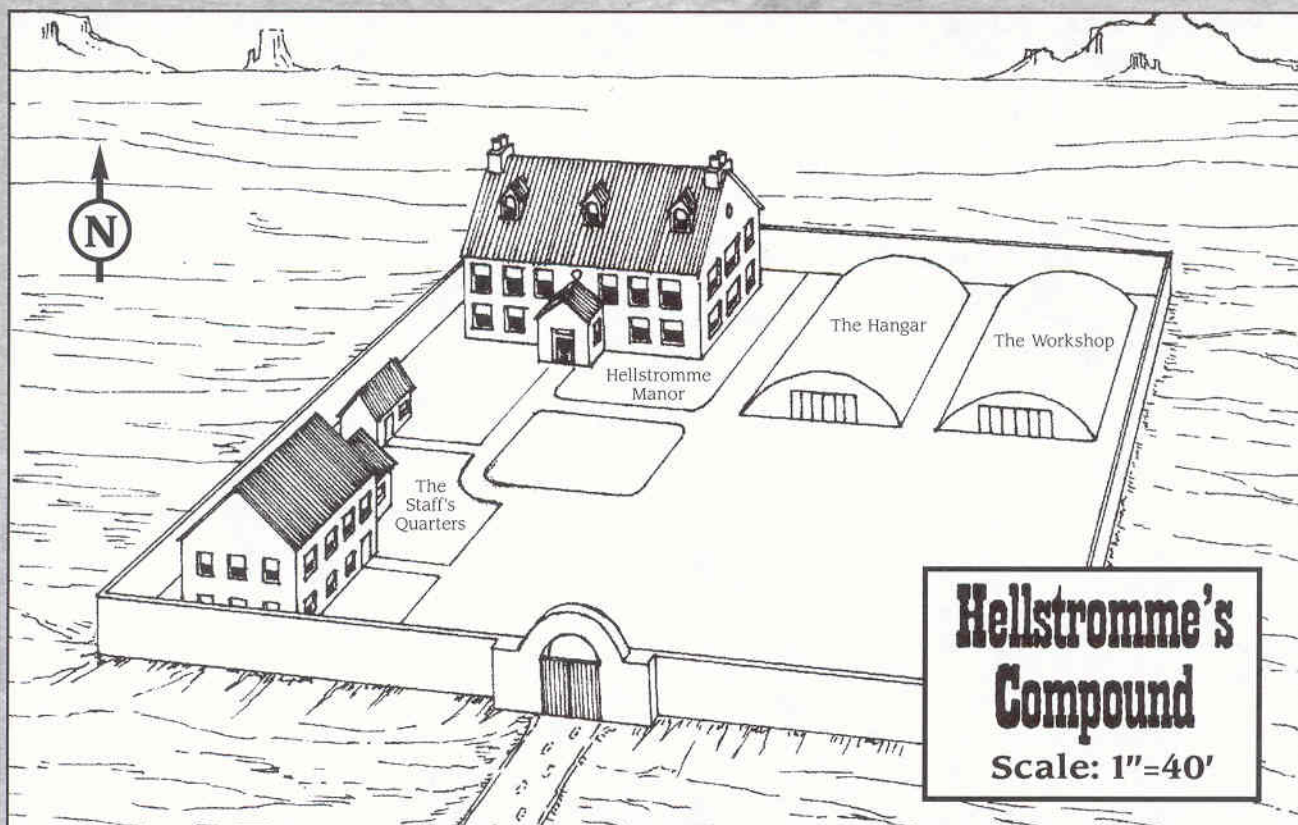
A staff of five or six men and women work in the hangar. Hellstromme doesn't usually construct vehicles himself. He blueprints them, then turns them over to his various crews.

The Workshop

Hellstromme keeps his ground-based vehicles in here. He has some kind of new velocipede he's been driving around the Salt Flats lately. It's at least twice as fast as the best steam wagons. The rattlers are going crazy trying to catch him.

The Missing Workshop

Most of Hellstromme's work goes on in his factories in Salt Lake City, so it makes sense his compound isn't that elaborate. But there's something missing.



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Those of us who are interested in automatons know their heads are manufactured here. But where? I haven't been in the hangar or the workshop, but plenty of other folks have, and there's nothing more secret in there than what I've already told you about.

So where does he create the heads? There has to be another workshop somewhere. My guess is that there's a false wall in the hangar or the workshop. But who makes them? Something like that must take a staff of at least a dozen people.

The folks who work in the hangars say every month or so there's a wagonload of automaton heads waiting on them when they get to work. Hellstromme doesn't say where they come from, and they don't ask. They just deliver them to the automaton factory in Junkyard and pray no one tries to steal them (they blow up, remember?)

The Staff's Quarters

Hellstromme's foreman and groundskeepers live on the estate in these nice apartments with their families.

The foreman is actually a forewoman: Ms. Mary Jones. She was shipped here from Boston as a "mail-order bride," but her groom got scalped by the local Paiutes before she got here. She wound up in the factories—usually a road to oblivion for an unmarried, penniless woman. Mary proved her worth though, and her hard work and head for construction landed her a job in the automaton factory. Eventually, Hellstromme gave her the position at his estate.

It's thought there's a growing romantic relationship between them. Probably just rumors.

Enemies of Hellstromme

A man as powerful as Hellstromme can't do his thing without making a few enemies along the way. There are lots of folks who think he's up to no good, and a ton more who think he's the greatest thing since ghost rock. I've told you why the Mormons love him. Now it's time to tell you why some other folks hate him.

The Danites

A popular subject of discussion about Hellstromme is why the Danites are always picking on him. If you believe the rumors, the Danites blow up Hellstromme's experiments, sabotage his businesses, and even assassinate his most capable assistants.

What doesn't make sense is that Hellstromme is a Mormon and a personal friend of Brigham Young. The Danites are supposedly Brigham's "hand of God." So why would they attack the President's most influential friend?

My opinion is that the Danites know Hellstromme has a secret agenda Young and the rest of the Mormons don't know about. If so, the Danites likely tell Young they have nothing to do with the acts they're accused of, but they secretly impede Hellstromme's progress until they can prove he's up to no good. Then they'll 'fess up to Brigham and let God decide if their end justified the means.

It's also possible Young and Hellstromme aren't as close as they'd like everyone to believe. If not and Brigham is really as tyrannical as a lot of Gentiles claim, maybe he's afraid to kill Hellstromme directly. Mountain Meadows and several other prominent assassinations have only just begun to fade from the public memory. Young doesn't need the death of an "enlightened martyr" on his hands.

Another option is that the Danites really aren't involved. Maybe Hellstromme's saboteurs are agents of rival powers in the Great Rail Wars, or perhaps even a local factory, and the Danites are convenient scapegoats.

One thing I can tell you for sure is that the saboteurs don't work for Smith & Robards. We don't do that kind of thing. And if we did, Hellstromme would be swimming back to London with his tail between his legs by now.

Denver Pacific

You probably know that the Denver Pacific is the only railroad in Salt Lake City. You might also know it's owned by Smith & Robards.

This causes Hellstromme no end of grief. He wants the DP so he can hook it up with his own Wasatch line and be the first to complete the transcontinental railroad. Unfortunately for him, Mr. Robards ain't selling. At least that's what he says. Dr. Smith could care less.

Officially, Wasatch and the DP are the best of friends. Goods and passengers are transported between them with no hassle. Unofficially, the two companies engage in a very quiet war whenever their interests collide.

Since I work for one of the parties involved, I'll just keep my trap shut.

Smith & Robards

Perhaps one of the reasons Hellstromme doesn't push the Denver Pacific issue too hard is that he orders from Smith & Robards too!

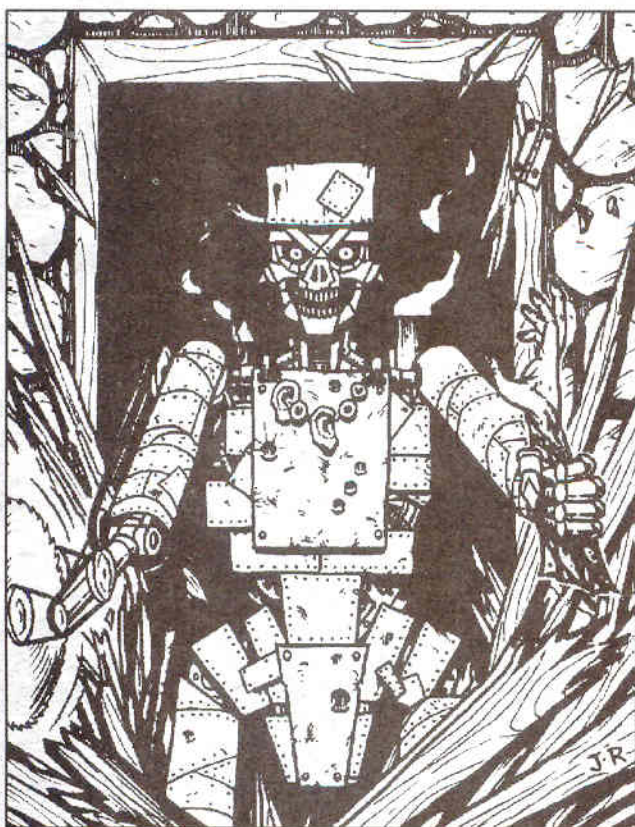
He doesn't order anything he can't easily build himself, but any time we come out with something new and he hasn't already thought it up, he puts in an order. I suppose he then dissects it and learns all our nifty secrets, but there's not much we can do about that.

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The popular view of the automaton. The reality is less sensational.

There's really no competition between us and Hellstromme. There's only a few items both companies sell anyway. Most of Hellstromme's production goes to fighting the Great Rail Wars or making more practical devices than we sell.

The Wrath of Hellstromme

So what does Hellstromme do to his enemies that's given him such a dangerous reputation? Whenever someone causes him grief, the doctor's goons work them over. Permanently.

Danites suffer the worst. Hellstromme has caught a few, according to sources I can't name, and submitted them to horrible tortures and strange alchemical truth serums. But the captive agents refused to reveal any more than their own involvement. That's amazing considering the methods Hellstromme likely used on them.

The Steampipe Incident

Back in '73, an Iron Dragon Railroad spy attempting to steal an automaton head off the assembly line triggered a particularly disastrous chain reaction. Hellstromme rounded up all the Chinese workers in the plant, subjected them to some kind of truth serum, and ferreted out three other spies. Hellstromme turned

them loose, and they all ran home, but during the night, something caught up with them. The next morning, all three spies were found stuffed into six-inch-diameter steam pipes. There have been other spies killed in different ways, but everyone always talks about that steam pipe incident.

The city government has yet to find any "proof" linking Hellstromme to the crime. Some Gentiles feel the Mormons are just protecting their own. Those who work in the factory don't care because the saboteurs often wind up killing lots of employees as well.

The Secret of the Automatons

There are plenty of folks in the city who can make a "clockwork man." They can even make it fire a gun or fetch tea. But no one can figure out how the automatons *think*!

Automatons are giant mechanical men Hellstromme uses to fight the Rail Wars, guard his property, or stuff people into steam pipes. Most have Gatlings, flamethrowers, or other massive weapons built into one arm and a claw for picking things up in the second. They also have armor thick enough to turn a rifle round.

That would be spectacular enough, but these things can think and take orders! No one knows how. There's a dark visor in the "head," so most folks believe there's some sort of "eyes" in there. You can't tell for sure, even when one of them is killed out in the Rail Wars or by a Danite here in the city, because the head blows to smithereens when the automaton goes down.

Once, the Danites managed to knock the Gatling off an automaton with a careful shot from a buffalo gun. They planned to dissect the thing to learn Hellstromme's secret. The moment the automaton realized it was beaten, it blew up.

See, lots of tinkerers can figure out how to make a mechanical man walk and even fire a weapon, but how on earth do you get it to "think?" How does it see? More amazing, how does it distinguish between friend and foe?

The secret lies in the head—that's for sure—but no one knows what's inside. They're rigged to explode if the automaton goes down or is captured. The heads come in lots of different shapes. Some are sculpted to look like scary faces, and all of them have that dark, quartz visor across where the eyes should be.

My bosses, Smith & Robards, have offered a reward for the secret of the automatons. Of course we're not encouraging you to steal from Dr. Hellstromme, but if you can duplicate the technology, we'll pay you \$1,500 on the spot. *(The Epitaph takes no responsibility for any thefts which result from this offer—Ed.)*

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Theories

What's the scuttlebutt on the secret? Most scientists think there's a complex array of clockwork gears inside the head. That doesn't really make sense because gears still can't think.

Dr. Gottlieb, the fellow that made those mechanical cats, claimed some sort of "electrical abacus" was responsible for the automatons' ability to think. He theorized the abacus could make thousands of calculations a second to determine things like how to walk up steps, lead a target, or when to blow itself up. Only problem was, Gottlieb said the abacus would be as big as a house, and the sensors would be bigger than a man. Still, if Hellstromme somehow had a way to miniaturize the components, I guess it makes some kind of weird sense. At least as much sense as the mechanical auto-gyro I fly around.

Here's another wild theory for you. Union Blue (former Col. Joshua Chamberlain's railroad) claims there are human operators inside the automatons, and that the whole "head" business is just a diversion. Hellstromme says this is just a ploy on Chamberlain's part to get the government to make Hellstromme reveal his secret. At any rate, there's some credibility to this theory, but it wouldn't explain how the "pilots" could fit inside clockwork spiders or other, smaller devices, unless they were dwarfs or children. And that's just too scary to consider.

The latest theory is that the automaton's "brain" is actually a human brain. The augmented have shown it's possible to make metal and flesh work together, but this seems a bit much to swallow. I mean, how would a living brain survive without blood and oxygen or whatever else it needs?

For a while, at least, the secret of the automatons will remain just that.

Smith & Robards

Those of us who work up on the mountain—for Smith & Robards—think our bosses have the rest of the town by the short and hairies. They just don't know it yet.

You see, the business is profitable enough that a worker who hangs around a year or so can make a good wage. Then he can afford to live in a good apartment in Junkyard, or maybe even a home outside the city limits. If he gets a management position, he can even move up on the mountain. In any case, he certainly has enough money to buy power and a horse, or maybe even a steam wagon, to get himself around.

The funny thing is, S&R goods don't sell well in Deseret. People in Junkyard can't afford the exotic items Smith & Robards sells, and the Mormons buy the equipment they need from Hellstromme or other enterprising Mormons.

The real money comes from around the West. You'd be surprised how many immigrant convoys think they need a Gatling gun. Or how many salvagers in the Maze need diving suits.

We get orders from Alaska to New York. Lately, we've started shipping to the Far East and Europe. That means we make a lot of money, which means the Church gets a lot in tithes.

Actually, most of the evil eyes cast at us are from the Gentiles who *don't* work for us. They know we've got it made. That means they're either your best friend—because they think you might be able to get them a job—or they hate you because they're jealous. Of course every individual you meet is different, but there's enough truth to what I say to make us "hilltoppers" wary.

The Compound

Our compound is pretty amazing. You can visit us if you want—most buildings are open to the public as long as you have an escort—but you have to leave your shooting iron at the gate. My bosses are wary of rowdy types.

A few basics. The mountain is called Mount Necessity because, in Mr. Robards' words, it is the "mother of invention." A single, wide spur leads up to the mountain and accommodates both a train track and a road. Each day, over 200 workers ride from Salt Lake City to the compound in very basic passenger cars hauled by an older locomotive for just this purpose. A very few workers own steam wagons or carts and occasionally drive those in to work.

Workers are checked by the wagon drivers when they pick them up. If they don't know you, they still take you up to the compound but they turn you over to the guards on arrival. The guards then accommodate you as best they can. Prospective employees are taken to the business offices, and sightseers are escorted around on a short tour. Buyers don't come to the mountain (the showroom is in Salt Lake City) unless they have a very special request cleared by one of our design foremen.

If you're thinking about sneaking up here and stealing our expensive goodies, don't. There are only a few places where the mountain can be climbed, and these are guarded. Trespassers aren't shot unless they seem dangerous, but our guards escort mountain climbers off the premises after they get all the way up here.



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A. Assembly Area & Factory

If you've ever bought anything besides a vehicle from us, it was assembled here. Everything our creative staff at the design studio cooks up and gets approved is built to order here. There are three floors where people do nothing but make the gizmos our inventors create and our customers order.

The top floor is divided into two areas. In one, clothing and leather are worked into things like diving suits or bulletproof vests. The other half of the floor is filled with balding men wearing jeweler's lenses (don't ask me why they're all balding men—they just are, every last one of them). They put together the tiny parts that go into things like electrostatic guns or small clockwork devices.

The second floor is the "finishing area." This is where tinkerers take all the parts for small or medium size devices and put them together. They're boxed up and shipped over to the depot.

The ground floor is a series of garages where the tinkerers can weld metal, cut glass, or perform other heavy work. The workers call this floor "Independence Hall" because all the sparks make it look like the Fourth of July.

This building is also where we make steel, ghost steel, and whatever other metals we need. I don't understand how it works—I'm just a pilot—but I know we refine ore, melt it down, and then recast it into slabs for our metalsmiths.

The metalsmiths take the slabs and mold it into whatever shapes they need. They can make things as big as a train car or as tiny as a pin.

Large gizmos, such as steam wagons and velocipedes, are assembled here as well. When they're done, they're driven right out the huge doors and onto a flatbed train car for delivery.

The Ghost

The basement floor of this building is home to the refinery and smelters. Ghost rock and other ore is dumped in from the oreway right into our bins, then shoveled as needed for fuel.

This is where our famous saboteur struck a few years ago. The chute used to lead directly to the central blast furnace (it doesn't anymore). You can still see the scorch marks on some of the beams. The workers claim the ghost of Dr. Dowdy, a close friend of Mr. Smith and a survivor of his Roswell days, hangs around here as well, but if he does, he's harmless. In fact, the workers claim he helps them.

Supposedly, a fellow was about to bake a brick of explosives in one of the kilns and he forgot to mix in some chemical that

kept it from exploding in the oven. As he picked up the brick, an invisible force closed the door before he could put it in. He thought it was the wind, set down the brick, and opened the oven door, but when he picked up the brick again, it slammed close once more. The baker realized his near-fatal mistake once he gathered his wits.

Whether we have a ghostly guardian or not, we certainly have the physical variety since the sabotage. The factory is guarded by a number of workers armed with some of our best inventions. You can only get in with a visitor's pass. We give them out to the public, but only small groups are allowed to enter at a time.

The Staff

The tinkerers themselves are the best and brightest the West has to offer. It's not easy to get work here, friend. It's easier to get on staff at the power plant or the depot and move here once you've earned a little trust and seniority.

Those who really shine might be given a job as an assistant in the design studio. Besides a raise (and occasional "danger pay"), an assistant can learn to be a full-fledged inventor.

B. Business Office

This is where all the business is handled. There are over 50 accountants, delivery managers, and catalog staff inside. All our personnel managers and other administrative types work here too. We've also got our own telegraph and a staff of three operators. They're on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week to take orders.

Mr. Robards keeps the top floor to himself. He's got an office that would make a rail baron jealous.

C. DP Depot

Smith & Robards ran a spur off the Denver Pacific smack into the compound. It comes up the mountain into the loading yard, then moves on through a long tunnel out a trestle on the other side. Heavy cargo is rolled up onto the cars or lifted by crane. Rolling stock is towed out of the factory's assembly area and hooked up right on the line.

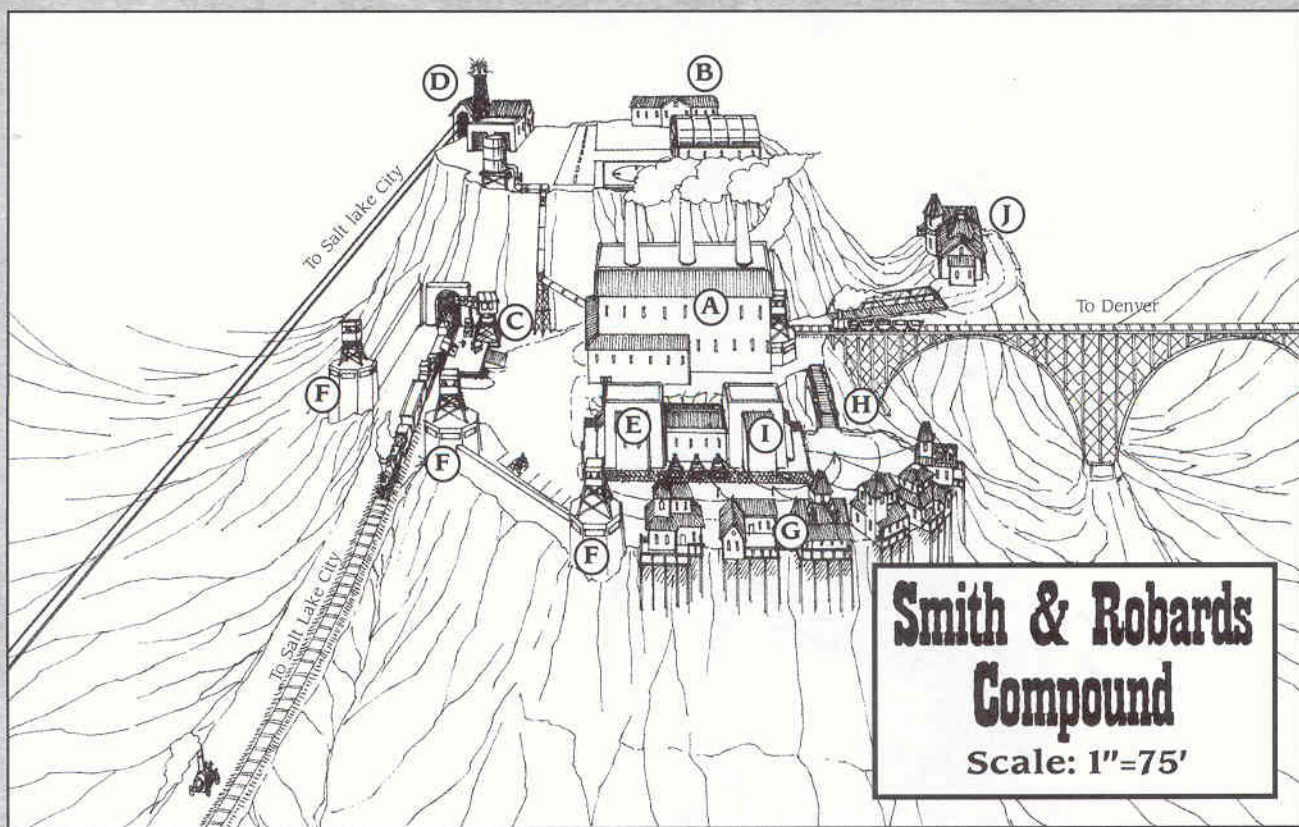
When they blasted the train tunnel through the mountain, they found it was riddled with holes, as if there had been hundreds of passages inside. Some of them are big enough for a man to crawl through. A few of the workers who have tried say the holes connect up and lead deeper into our mountain. That's made Mr. Robards a little nervous. One day he's vowed to send a team down into the tunnels to see what's down there.

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**Smith & Robards
Compound**
Scale: 1"=75'

D. The Tramway

When my bosses need to travel to and from Salt Lake City, they almost always do it by way of the tramway. A small but luxuriously appointed car travels along a set of ghost-steel cables from the station on very top of Mount Necessity to a similar one at Ninth East and South Temple Streets in Salt Lake. Visiting VIPs are usually conveyed up to the factory via this car as well.

I've ridden on the tram a couple of times and let me tell you, the view can't be beat.

E. Design House

There's a small museum of sorts in the lobby of this office. That's the only place the public is allowed. The rest of the space is divided into private laboratories and workshops where our top scientists can research and develop new ideas. It's connected to the Power Plant so the researchers can get all the power they need.

You wouldn't really want to visit these offices anyway. There's always some kind of explosion, gas leak, or worse going on. Those of us who work here call this the "asylum." You can imagine what a building loaded with 20+ "mad" scientists must be like. Got an image in your head? Okay, it's worse than that.

We've got a guy who wears dresses, one who snacks on live goldfish, and another who claims he's from the future. Mr. Robards keeps a close eye on them all, making sure their dementias don't create dangerous situations (yeah, right).

F. Guard Towers

There's only one road that leads up to the mountain, and it's guarded by three towers built atop an unassuming stone pilings. The entire compound is heavily defended. That's about all I can say on the matter, but just assume the Outcasts or the Scorpions would be in for a surprise if they ever rode up here to hurrah us.

The guard station below the center tower is home to our small security force. There are about 25 guards total, though only half are usually on duty at once. You'll see two of them on each tower, another couple stay at the guard station to help in emergencies, and the rest guard sensitive areas like Prosperity Manor and the power plant. They act as police and guards, but so far they haven't had to do more than help a few drunken foremen to their homes after a night carousing in Junkyard.

In case of real trouble, the workers are to be called out and armed with every weapons from our cache and any weird gizmos we've got in development.

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G. Homes

Our upper level foremen or managers and their families get their own houses up here on the mountain. These are the cleanliest, most modern houses in the West.

Probably the neatest thing is that the bottom floor of each three story home is a "garage." That's where folks keep their steam buggies. Every foreman has one, but don't ask them for a ride. They hate getting soot on their upholstery.

It hasn't been missed that living up here lets Mr. Robards keep a close eye on his most trusted employees. I don't want to read too much into this, but the guards that watch over the homes don't have to worry too much about people breaking in due to the cliffs on three sides of the homes. That means they're worried about who might come out. No one is forbidden to leave the compound, but a foreman who goes out in the middle of the night is likely to be followed. Industrial espionage is a growing problem here in the City o' Gloom.

All the people who work the Rush Delivery System also get a house, located a bit further down the mountain. So I get a few perks.

H. Junk Ravine

We throw all our scrap and garbage into this huge ravine. It's a nasty sight, what with the smelter runoff, scrap metal, and garbage. The rats are getting a little out of hand, and many of them seem to have some sort of skin disease.

Unfortunately, one of our resident "mad" scientists won't let us kill them. He claims they talk to him, and bring him spare parts from the junk piles when he needs them. Dr. Eberhardt's pleas won't last long. As soon as one of the foremen's children gets bitten by a rat, Robards will probably burn everything in the ravine.

I. Power Plant

We have our own power up on the mountain. My employers don't want to be dependent on Hellstromme's plant for obvious reasons.

A wire fence runs around the plant and the design house. Don't touch it, because it's full of juice. I once saw a worker who couldn't read the warning signs touch the fence. The current knocked him 30 feet. He lived, but he was a tough man. You might not be so lucky.

J. Prosperity Manor

Mr. Robards' manor sits on the back side of the mountain, overlooking the beautiful Rockies. He claims that when he goes home at night he wants to see the beauty of nature.

Maybe. It's also the most secure place on the mountain. Only an Apache could climb that cliff.

I've been inside a few times. It's amazing. You can tell Mr. Robards has money. He's also done a lot of traveling. In his "big game" room—which he doesn't show to many people—are some critters you won't find in an encyclopedia.

In contrast, Mr. Smith lives in a small cottage on the back side of Mount Necessity. It's a nice house, but Mr. Smith doesn't keep it up very well, and he rarely sleeps here. He keeps a cot in his office in the design studio.

I am happy to note that Mr. Robards recently announced his engagement to Miss Erma Pridemore, a Mormon of good family from Salt Lake City. The two are scheduled to be wed as soon as she turns 18, later this year. You can bet we'll have one wild celebration up on the mountain when that happens.

Other Mad Scientists

Leonitus P. Gash

Once, Leonitus P. Gash was a respected scientist. Now he's a wanted man. It was he who concocted the idea of "augmentation," melding flesh with working metal parts. After a few early experiments, he was eventually fired from his post at Deseret University for his "blasphemy," but went underground and continued his practices among the Junkers.

At first, Gash performed his augmentations on those who had lost their limbs in accidents, including himself; Dr. Gash has an augmented arm, reportedly. The experiments worked, and soon there were quite a few folks with mechanical arms, legs, and weirder stuff. Since most of those who got them were from Junkyard, folks started calling them scrappers.

Augmentation was tolerated by the authorities at first because Gash's patients were replacing something they had lost accidentally. After some of the scrappers started winning pit fights and making a bundle, folks were getting the doctor to replace good limbs with metal ones.

Deliberately lopping off arms and legs the Good Lord had given a fellow was too much for the Mormons. They haven't made augmentation illegal, but it is looked down on by the Saints.

Gash, on the other hand, was declared an outlaw, and a bounty of \$1,000 was offered for him alive, or \$100 dead. The trouble is, no one knows where to find him. Even those who get augmented must inhale ether before they're hauled in for surgery. When (if) they wake



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The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the City o' Gloom

1876 Edition

"Believe It or Else!"

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up, they're in their own home with their new limb. Those few scrappers who have seen it say there are no windows in Gash's hideout, so most folks figure it's underground somewhere.

Huntington Ruins

Professor Thomas Huntington was working on something he called a "trans-dimensional displacement device" when his lab exploded.

No one knows what happened, but his large ranch home was reduced to little more than charred floorboards and a single door frame. Dr. Huntington vanished, though I'm told there's a shadow of him burnt onto one of the floors.

Madam Rasmussen

Madam Gretchin Rasmussen was a German nurse. She married an inventor and followed him to Salt Lake City in '72. Her husband, Claus, was killed by the notorious Utah Starr, now leader of the Scorpions, the day they got to Deseret.

Afterward, Gretchin used Claus' money to build her ranch house and set up shop. She specializes in treating folks burned by fire, steam, or chemicals. She's a tough old lady who doesn't take any guff. If she says to stick your tongue out, it had better touch the wall.

R. Percy Sitgreaves

R. Percy Sitgreaves quit his job at Smith & Robards a while back under mysterious circumstances, but he still seems to be on friendly terms with the owners. He started up Infinity Press, and now he prints our catalog.

When he was here, Sitgreaves was always talking about something called "thaumaturgical diffusion." I think it has something to do with magic. Sound crazy to you? Maybe, but that's nothing compared to some of the things those who deal with the "new science" believe. They are called "mad" scientists, after all.

Dr. Manfred Stark

Dr. Manfred Stark earned his degree in Biology at Oxford, England. You'll know, because if you ever meet him, he'll tell you that himself.

Anyway, his home is up in the mountains near the Gentile Cemetery. He studies the effects of all the pollution on the trees, grass, animals, and people. Lots of folks call him a crackpot, but I'll admit to a certain admiration for him.

Like Harvey Golding, who runs a tannery in Salt Lake City, Stark seems a little more farsighted than the rest of us. You've already heard me whine about overhunting. Stark is



Professor Gregory Tremane, master of that strange force called electricity!

worried about the same problem but from a different source. Is all the soot and smoke from the City o' Gloom killing off all our game? I'd like to know before it's too late.

Professor Gregory Tremane

Dr. Gregory Tremane is a "mad scientist" who specializes in electricity. His home sits high atop an isolated peak in the Wasatch Mountains. You can see for miles from his front porch.

I wouldn't actually *stand* on his front porch though—Doc Tremane has let his home go to Hell. That's bad, because it's not on a ledge. It's built smack on the side of the mountain, supported by stilts. Walk carefully if you ever visit, or you'll drop right through a floorboard for a few hundred feet before landing hard enough to make your own grave. Evidently, Tremane knows where all the weak spots are.

As for his experiments, he's a whiz. My bosses often hire him to devise some electrical component for one of our own inventions. He invented the "electrostatic gun" we sell.

Tremane's own house has electricity, though it isn't connected to the Salt Lake City plant.

Instead, he stores lightning in giant batteries hidden in his labyrinthine home.



CHAPTER TWO: SKULLCHUCKER!



So you want to play skullchucker, huh? You sure? It's deadly, and the pay ain't all that great unless you work out something on the side. That's the way even the great Morgan Maulers do it, after all.

Okay. Here are the rules you need to know if your posse is desperate enough to get involved in this brutal bloodsport.

THE RULES

Here are the rules as the owner, Mr. Bill King, wrote them. His referee, Jim Hodges, enforces the rules and sounds the gun.

The playing field is a long rectangle. At each end is a 4' high platform called the "base." A sculpted goal sits in each player's home base. In the middle of the field is a 4' deep circular pit with another goal in the middle.

There are two teams of five players each. Teams can have more or less players if their opponents accept. Teams have to be even in the end, so the opponents must add members or sit a few aside as substitutes if they accept an odd-sized match.

Half the team (rounded down) becomes skullcrackers, the other half becomes skullchuckers. One of the skullchuckers is the team captain.

The captain starts at home base. The rest of the team members start within reach of their home.

POINTS

The object of the game is to be the first team to score 21 points. Points are scored by getting your team's skull into the middle goal or the other team's goal.

You can also get points by stealing the other team's skull and getting it into your own goal. No points are scored for putting the enemy team's skull in the middle goal, or for putting your own skull in your own goal. Here's a quick summary.



Scoring Move	Points
Your skull in middle goal	1
Your skull in enemy goal	3
Enemy skull in your goal	5

After each score, the game comes to a halt, and the players are sent back to their home base to start again. After one minute, the referee fires his pistol and the game starts again. It continues like this until someone scores 21 points.

THE GAME

A gunshot starts the game. The captain starts with his team's skull, and can run with it, attempt to score, or throw it to any other skullchucker.



SKULLCHUCKER

The most common strategy is for the captain to stay at home with the skull. The skullcrackers then move out and try to make an opening. The captain watches and barks commands until he decides to get involved himself. If another skullchucker has an opening, the captain throws her the skull so she can go for the score.

Skullcrackers can never pick up their team's skull (though they can bat it to a friendly player if it's dropped). They can pick up enemy skulls, however. This is the only way skullcrackers can score.

Skullchuckers can pick up either team's skull and score with them. The only catch is that no player may ever carry two skulls at once. If a skullchucker gets the enemy's skull and has his own in hand as well, he has to chuck one to a teammate.

FIGHTIN'

There's a reason they call this a bloodsport. Fighting is part of the game. Skullcrackers use any type of light, blunt weapon—hence the name. Most use poles or clubs. Skullchuckers can't use any weapons.

All players wear light armor made from rattler

skins. The outermost layer of the rattlers is peeled off and boiled to make flexible but tough armor. Most players wear helmets made of rattler hide, too. A good suit of skullchucker armor costs \$25.

Skullchucker is a brutal game, but it isn't usually deadly. Mr. King doesn't allow killing or excessive violence. Hitting an unconscious player results in ejection. Knocking someone unconscious when they're still on their feet is just fine—and usually draws big hurrahs from the crowd.

If an opponent is killed, the guard who killed him is instantly ejected from the game and cannot play in Junkyard for a month. Jim Hodges, the referee, has four other men under him who help enforce this rule when needed. Jim's "starting pistol" is a .45 Colt Peacemaker, and it's been known to enforce the rules a few times as well.

SCRAPPERS & SKULLCHUCKER

So far, few scrappers have ended up on skullchucker teams, maybe because Pit is so much more glamorous (yeah, right). Of course scrappers' enhanced attributes make them ideal skullcrackers, so there should be more coming soon. King likes to plan ahead, and to that end he's come up with the following simple rules:

1. No more than half of any skullchucker team may be augmented. Period.
2. As with normal skullcrackers, no blade or spikes. Scrappers with pointy or sharp things on their augmentations have to remove them.
3. Scrappers with more than two augmented limbs are not permitted to play.

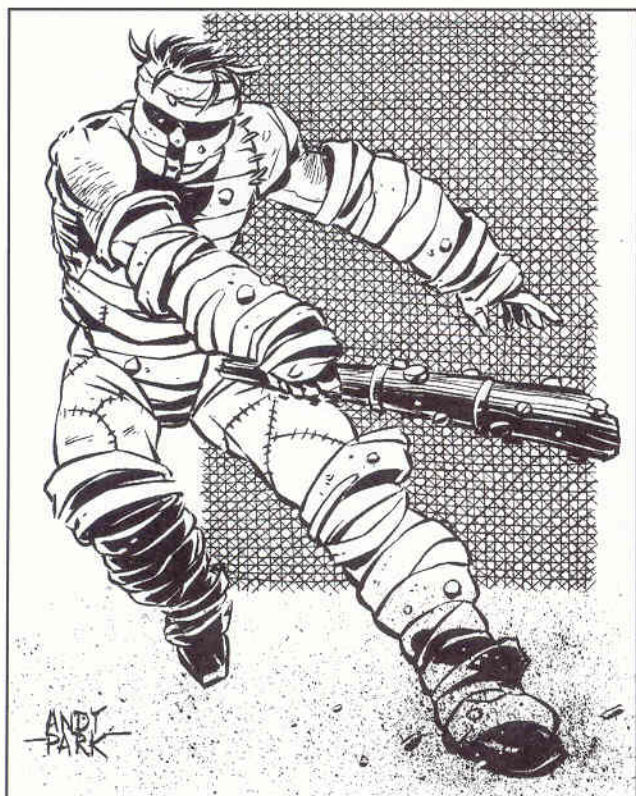
Other than those three stipulations, King has no problem with scrappers playing, and is in fact a bit anxious to see what an augmented player or two might do for attendance.

In the back of his head, King has dreams of an *all*-augmented skullchucker league, should Gash's work become widespread enough. His greedy little heart skips a beat every time he thinks about it.

FAME & FORTUNE

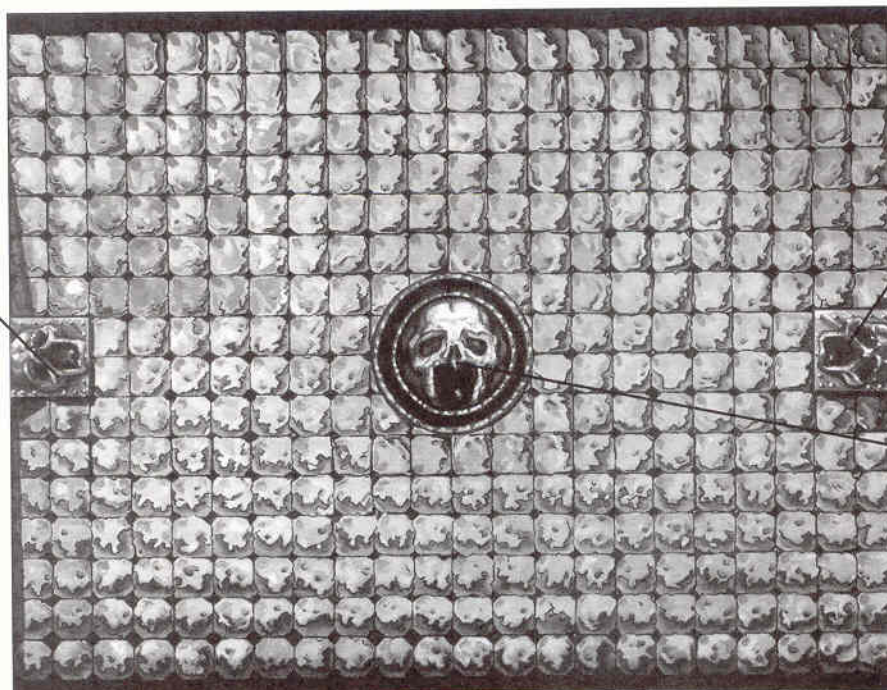
So what does your posse get for all this risk? Fame and fortune, friends.

To even *try* to get into a real match, a team has to pay a \$1,000 entry fee to Mr. Bill King—that makes sure every clown in Junkyard doesn't try to break in just hoping to get lucky. Once the fee is paid, the team is put into the "challenger's circle."



SKULLCHUCKER

Team A's
Goal



Team B's
Goal

The
Central Goal

THE SKULLCHUCKER ARENA

The challengers play a game a week for an entire month. After the fourth week, the five teams with the best records become the teams for the new "season." If there are more than five teams tied for first place, they play off over the next week until five remain.

These five now join the winner of the last season to form a six-team league. After a two-week break to recuperate from the challenges, two of the teams play each Saturday afternoon at 6 P.M. After every team has played every other team three times (15 weeks), King sponsors a "championship" match between the two teams with the best records. The winners get a \$2,000 bonus on top of anything else they manage to make on the sideline.

There are no "salaries" for skullchuckers. Players win as much as they can bet on the sidelines. Few people take bets on teams during the challenge period. Once the real season is started, however, there's no shortage of folks willing to risk their money on a wager.

Once the entire 16 weeks is over, King takes a month off and then starts the process all over again. The previous season's champion always gets a slot in the next season and does not have

to participate in the challenge stage. As mentioned in *The Tombstone Epitaph's Guide to the City o' Gloom*, King intends to hold a huge tournament in August of '77 with a \$5,000 purse up for grabs.

CURRENT TEAMS

The current champions from last season are the Morgan Maulers, led by Jesse "the Pummeler" Moran. The Maulers lost only twice all last season, and they look good for this next one as well. The team has just added a top notch skullcracker, a hulking Swede named Torvald Sigmundsson.

They won't have an easy time of it, though. The Junkyard Dawgs are looking good this season, as are some of the out of town teams like the Bountiful Bashers and the Ogden Outlaws. The tastelessly named East End Madmen made a name for them selves with their reckless tactics last challenge period, and the Iron Dukes, and the Factory #12 Falcons also seem to be in good shape for the tourney.

And these are just the best known teams. There will be host of others contending for King's \$5,000 next August.



PLAYING SKULLCHUCKER

That's how the game works as far as your hero is concerned. As a player, you need to know how to handle detailed maneuvers and such in the game. We're going to change the way the basic *Deadlands* combat mechanics work a bit to make skullchucker easier to handle.

SPEED

Once the pistol fire and the games starts, skullchucker is played out in rounds, just like combat. The *Deadlands* combat system is designed around shooting and fighting. For skullchucker, movement is much more important and must be simplified, so we suggest you use the following system.

Every player rolls *Quickness* as usual, and draws a card for every success. All players on a team (both heroes and any extras) use the same Action Deck, but each team uses its own deck.

Here's where things get different. Rather than keeping all the cards like normal, every player keeps his highest card and discards all the others. This is when your character acts. Faster characters don't get more actions, but they do have more chances of getting a high card. The Marshal does the same for all skullchuckers or splitters not controlled by a player.

The Marshal counts down from Ace to Deuce as usual, with the red Joker being the highest card and the black Joker the slowest. When your character's Action card is called, your character can act or he can put it up his sleeve.

Using a cheat card works just like in the main game. The character can go whenever he wants, but if he wants to interrupt an action, he has to beat whoever's going already in a *Quickness* contest.

MOVEMENT

Time moves a little faster when playing skullchucker. Your character can walk up to half his Pace (usually *Nimbleness*) in tiles, straight or diagonally. Anything over half Pace is running.

When running, a character can pick up his Pace to gain an extra d4 tiles of movement at a cost of 1 Wind.

ACTIONS

On a character's turn, he can move and perform any one other action. If he runs during his turn, he must subtract -4 from any physical action rolls (such as *throwin'*).

A player who wants to conduct an action that has a Speed higher than 1 must "save" his action each turn until it is time to act. See what we mean about time going faster?

As long as the skullchucker game is in rounds, characters acting outside of the arena use these rules as well. Say a sniper wants to fire a rifle into the pit (hey, it happens). Rifles have a Speed of 2, so the shooter must either fire from the hip (a -2 penalty) or prepare the gun on one action and fire on the second.

SKULLCHUCKIN'

Skulls weren't made for throwing, so they have a Range Increment of 2. Getting one inside a goal has a modifier of -6. Of course a character standing right beside a goal doesn't have to throw it. If she's adjacent to a goal, the skull automatically goes in unless someone opposes her.

If another character can get to the to the goal or the player with the skull and manage to interrupt his opponent, the two make opposed *Strength* rolls. If the character with the skull wins, it goes in. Otherwise the character is blocked and cannot try again until her next action.

DAMAGE IN SKULLCHUCKER

When you play skullchucker, someone is going to get hurt. It's part of the nature of the game. Most of the time, the skullcrackers choose to do nonlethal damage with their clubs, as beating someone to death in the arena is grounds for ejection. However, some 'crackers have been know to take a cheap shot from time to time, doing lethal damage. People don't die often in skullchucker games, but it can happen.

The worm-hide uniforms that the players wear aren't thick enough to provide any real Armor, but they can cushion a hit from a skullcracker's club. The worm-hide suit subtracts 1d6 from nonlethal damage only, while the helmet subtracts 2d6 from nonlethal damage, and 1d6 from lethal damage.

PROFILE (TYPICAL SKULLCHUCKER)

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:2d8
Fightin': brawlin' (skullchuckers) or club (skullcrackers) 3d8, throwin': skulls 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:2d8, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Junkyard 2d6, leadership (captain only) 2d8, overawe 2d8

Gear: Skullchucker armor, skullcrackers have wooden staves (STR+1d4, Defensive Bonus +2).



ARCHETYPES

SCRAPPER

TRAITS & APTITUDES

Deftness 3d6

Shootin': shotgun 1
Shootin': pistol 3

Nimbleness 4d10

Climbin' 1
Dodge 3
Fightin': brawlin' 5
Sneak 1

Quickness 3d8

Strength 4d12+4

Vigor 2d10

Cognition 2d6

Search 1

Knowledge 1d6

Area knowledge 2

Mien 1d8

Overawe 3

Smarts 2d6

Spirit 4d6

Faith 1
Guts 3

Wind: 16

Edges:

Brawny (Size 7) 3
Belongin's (piston arm) 3
Thick-skinned 3

Hindrances:

Big britches -3
Illiterate -3
Miser -3 (You're saving up for another augmentation.)
Ugly as sin -1

Gear: Piston arm, \$250.

PERSONALITY

I used to work on the railroads, but I got fired for gettin' in a fight. A pal o' mine—he's dead now—said I could make money in the factories here. That's a lie.

But I found my calling. I'm a skullcracker. I made a bundle in my first match before I got my own head split. That's when I realized what I needed was a little more strength. That Gash fellow—he's creepy, but his stuff works. Watch me crush this brick!

Quote: "It's clobberin' time!"



ARCHETYPES

METAL MAGE

TRAITS & ABILITIES

Deftness 1d8

Shootin': pistol 2
Sleight o' hand 3
Throwin' 3

Nimbleness 2d6

Climbin' 1
Sneak 2

Quickness 3d8

Strength 3d6

Vigor 4d6

Cognition 4d10

Scrutinize 2
Search 2

Knowledge 2d10

Academia: occult 4
Area knowledge 2
Science: engineering 2

Mien 1d6

Smarts 2d12

Bluff 3
Gamblin' 2
Scroungin' 2
Streetwise 2
Tinkerin' 3

Spirit 2d6

Guts 2

Wind: 12

Edges:

Arcane
background:
huckster 3
Arcane
background:
mad scientist 3
Belongin's (steam
wagon) 4

Hindrances:

Bad luck -5
Curious -3
Yearnin' -2 (To
combine science
and sorcery.)

Hexes:

Devil's workshop 2
Haywire 2
Infernal machine 2

Gear: Double-action Colt

Peacemaker, deck of cards,
box of bullets, steam wagon,
\$232

PERSONALITY

Science? P'shaw. What you call science is really a form of madness. I happen to know that your inspiration comes from dark sources.

Oh, certainly the seed of the idea began in your noggin, but it was demons that nurtured it. Mad? Of course I'm mad—I consort with the same devils as you. Who wouldn't go insane dealing with such horrors. The difference is that I understand the origin of my abilities—and I can tap into their incredible power in several ways.

Quote: "A hex or an infernal device? They both lead to madness."



ARCHETYPES

MORMON PREACHER

TRAITS & ABILITIES

Deftness 1d8

Shootin' pistol 3

Nimbleness 2d6

Climbin' 1

Sneak 1

Quickness 3d6

Strength 4d6

Vigor 1d6

Cognition 2d10

Scrutinize 3

Search 1

Knowledge 3d8

Academia: occult 1

Area knowledge 2

Medicine: general 3

Professional: theology 3

Mien 4d10

Overawe 3

Persuasion 2

Tale-tellin' 2

Smarts 2d6

Spirit 2d12

Faith:

Mormonism 5

Guts 3

Wind: 18

Edges:

Arcane

background:

blessed 3

Friends in high

places (the

Mormon

Church) 3

Hindrances:

All Thumbs -2

Loyal (to Church) -3

Poverty -3

Intolerance (Missourians) -2

Miracles:

Cloak, consecrate armament,

devil's plaything, protection.

Gifts: Hardy, refuge o' faith.

Gear: Double-action

Peacemaker, box of shells,

Book of Mormon, \$232.

PERSONALITY

I was with the Saints in Missouri, during the bad times. Had an uncle killed at Haun's Mill. I learned a devout man must sometimes become a vessel for the Lord's fury.

Now I protect my flock here in the Valley of the Saints. There's trouble enough for a legion of Elders. Salt rattlers, murders, mayhem, debauchery, and the pollution of Junkyard. It's enough to test anyone's faith.

Between this Peacemaker and the Book of Mormon, I don't reckon there's anything I can't handle.

Quote: "That reminds me of something that happened to the Prophet once in Nauvoo."



ARCHETYPES

RATTLER HUNTER

TRAITS & ATTITUDES

Deftness 2d12

Shootin': pistol 3
Throwin': harpoon 5

Nimbleness 4d10

Climbin' 1
Fightin': brawlin' 3
Sneak 1

Quickness 3d8

Strength 2d10

Vigor 1d8

Cognition

4d6
Artillery 3
Search 2

Knowledge

1d6
Area
knowledge 2
Trade: worm
whalin' 3

Mien 3d6

Smarts 2d6

Survival: desert 3

Spirit 2d6

Faith 1
Guts 3

Wind 14

Edges:

Eagle eyes 1
Light sleeper 1
Sense o' direction 1

Hindrances:

Death wish -5
Night terrors -5

Gear: Double-action
Peacemaker, box of
shells, harpoon
(STR+2d8), Bowie
knife, \$218.

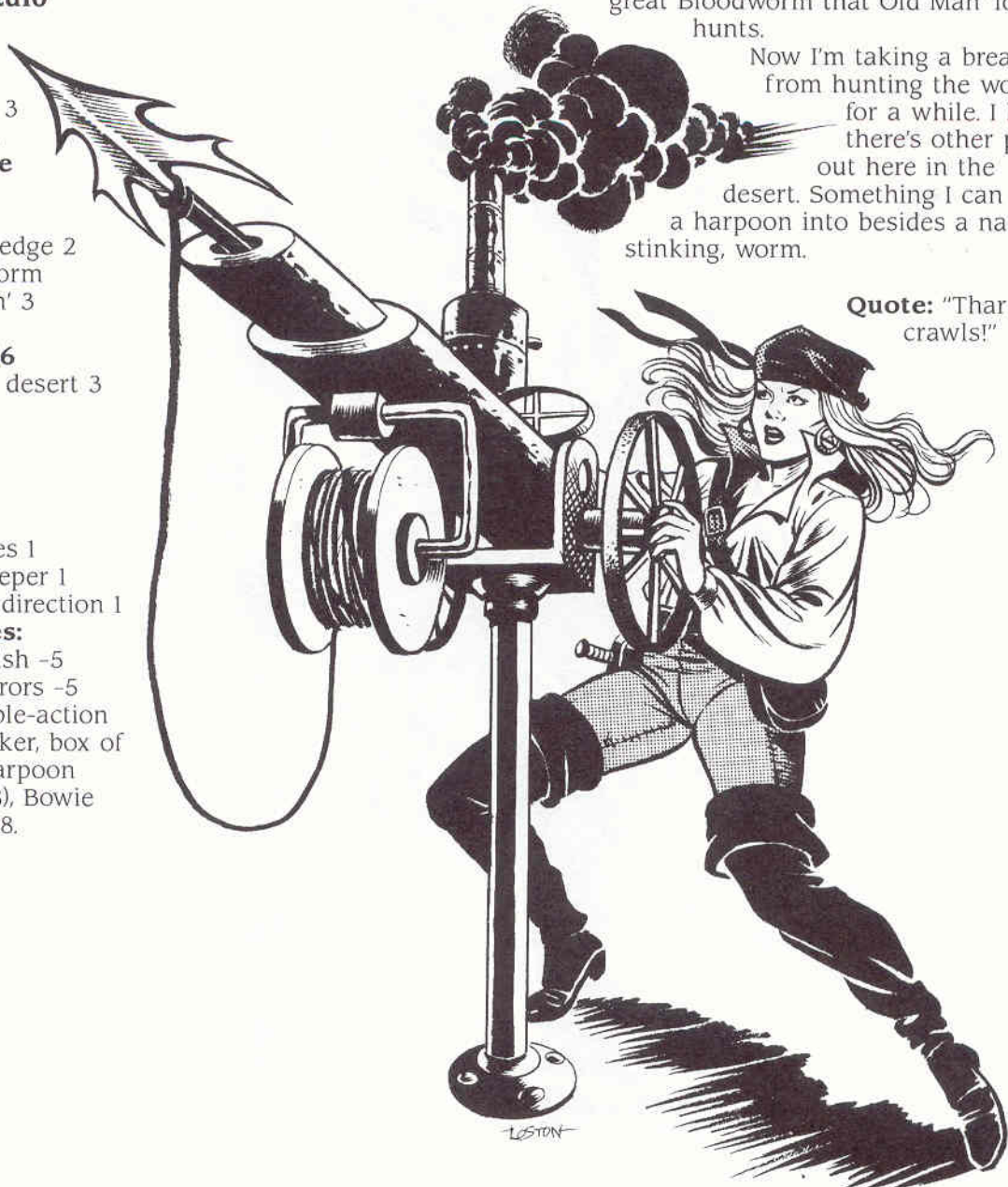
PERSONALITY

Worms. I hate 'em. They've killed so many of my mates I don't like to make friends anymore. I can't even sleep without dreamin' of the damnable things.

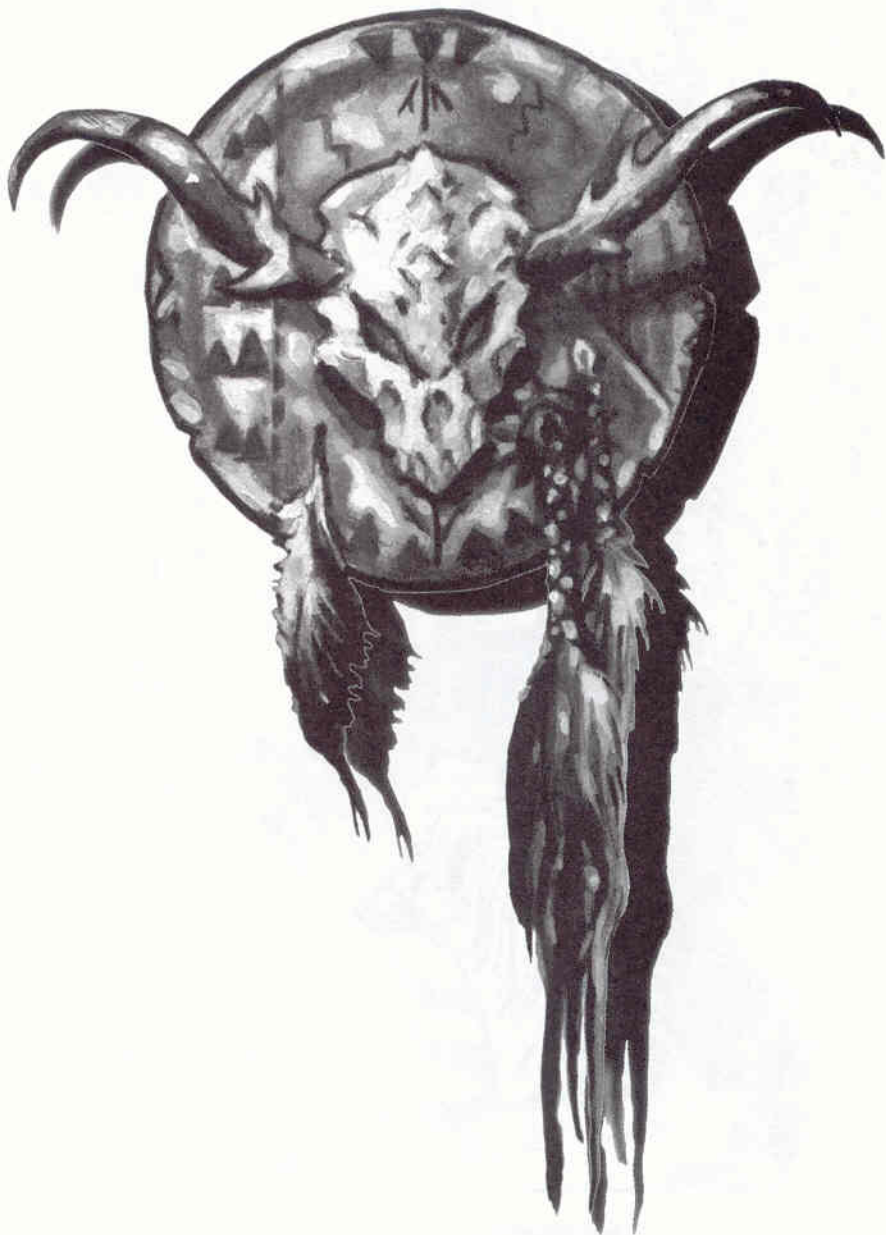
You think they're dumb brutes, heh? Aye, that's what they want you to think. I'm tellin' you, they're smarter'n we are. I've seen 'em lay traps. I've watched 'em play dead. I've even seen the great Bloodworm that Old Man Towers hunts.

Now I'm taking a break from hunting the worms for a while. I hear there's other prey out here in the desert. Something I can sink a harpoon into besides a nasty, stinking, worm.

Quote: "Thar she crawls!"



NO MAN'S LAND





CHAPTER THREE: RELICS OF DESERET



Joseph Smith left a number of artifacts in his wake. From his days as a gold-digger through the translation of the Mormon Bible and his days at Nauvoo, most every "holy" object he made use of is now a relic. When the mantle of leadership passed on to Brigham Young, he became a source for the creation of new relics. Between these two men, Hellstromme, and the often bloody history of the Mormons, many strange relics have emerged.

Though some of these relics were active before the Reckoning, they've become doubly powerful since. Maybe the Powers-that-be decided the Mormons—and the rest of the world—needed a little extra assistance these days.

The Marshal should let a player read only about a relic he's found, and then only after he's learned most of its powers the hard way. Afterward, he can read the fine print to help the Marshal handle the details.

THE BOOK OF MORMON, 1ST PRINTING

The first printing of the *Book of Mormon* is a hard read. It's full of grammatical mistakes and misspellings. The Prophet never claimed to be a great writer, only a translator of a holy scripture.

Five thousand of these were printed. Most have survived until 1876. A Mormon preacher with one of these is a force to be reckoned with.

Power: When on his person, a character may add +2 to his *faith: Mormonism* rolls.

Taint: None, except that there are a lot of Mormons out there who'd like to have such a valuable artifact.

THE EXPOSITOR

The *Expositor* was the first major internal opposition to the Mormon way. Smith responded with a heavy hand and had the papers confiscated and the presses burned.

Since the Reckoning, the surviving copies of this paper have been imbued with a power more sinister than it might at first seem.

Power: When a copy of the *Expositor* is read and then carried by a person, it makes him totally immune to any miracle cast by a Mormon. It is also the only proof against certain other artifacts, such as Joe's pistol.

In these cases, any "normal" function of an artifact works normally, but any magical effects are negated. Thus Joe's pistol would still hurt like the Dickens, but even a non-Mormon might live through being shot by it.

Taint: After reading the *Expositor*, a character instantly knows carrying it makes him immune to Mormon divine powers. If he was already a Mormon, he can do what he pleases with it. If he was not a Mormon, he can *never* become one, and gains a 3-point *intolerance* Hindrance of all Saints.





"FEAR NOT'S" SABER

Captain "Fear Not" Patton shone early in the history of the Danites. He was killed in Missouri while routing a more-numerous mob of "exterminators." The Missourians were so humiliated they, responded with the massacre at Haun's Mill.

Fear Not's saber was preserved by his men, and these days it's carried by the de facto leader of the Danites, Jeb Morgan.

Power: Patton's saber causes STR+2d10 damage.

Taint: Non-Mormons who see the saber in battle are enraged and always direct their attacks to its wielder.

THE HANDCARTS

The "handcart tragedy" described in Chapter One was one of the Mormons' most hard-learned lessons. Hundreds of trusting immigrants pushed these miserable barrows across the High Plains. Many starved or froze to death during the trek.

Most of the handcarts sat unused until the ghost rock mines were opened in '70. Afterward, they were sold to miners by survivors. They use them in the hills to haul ghost rock from the mines to the oreways, not suspecting that their very lives are being drained away.

Power: None. This is one of those "bad" relics.

Taint: Whoever uses one of these handcarts, even once, begins to slowly starve and freeze to death. Treat this as a fatal *ailin'* Hindrance.

Getting rid of the cart is easy. If a blessed makes a Fair (5) *exorcism* roll (there is no opposed spirit), or it is simply abandoned, the owner quickly recovers. The problem is there's no real way to tell the cart is the cause of the sickness. Most of the miners who use them mistakenly think they have ghost rock fever.

A character who makes a *theology* roll might realize a cart was of the old type used in the "handcart tragedy" of '55 through '60. The character might then realize the problem himself, or she can make a Fair (5) *academia: occult* roll to realize it is now cursed.

HELLSTROMME'S BLUEPRINTS

Professor Darius Hellstromme always looks to the future. His past designs are usually discarded and later burned to hide his often sinister experiments. A few, however, have been salvaged from the incinerator and sold on the black market of the City o' Gloom.

Power: Any mad scientist constructing a gizmo using one of the Hellstromme's blueprints may add +6 to his *tinkerin'* roll. All these blueprints have a base Reliability of 16. (Note that using a blueprint allows a mad scientist to skip the first two steps in the creation process.)

Taint: There is no actual *taint* to Hellstromme's blueprints, but the professor cares little for social mores when devising his gizmos. The components are often illegal if not downright disgusting. People parts figure into several of his devices, as well as human blood, a person's willpower, live jackalopes, and the like.

JOE'S PEEP STONE

Before the discovery of the Golden Plates, Joseph Smith used a "peep stone" to find buried treasure and locate water. It looks like a white rock about the size and shape of baby's foot.

Brigham got hold of the peep stone after Joe's death. He uses it to keep tabs on his enemies and find them when they must be dealt with. That's why so few escape his wrath.

Power: Once per day, if the user makes a Hard (9) *faith* roll, he receives a vision of any person, place, or thing he concentrates on. This doesn't give the wielder any special knowledge of the location unless he's familiar with the area seen in the vision.

Taint: None.

JOE'S PISTOL

When Governor Boggs issued his extermination order, Joe Smith purchased a brand new Colt Paterson Belt Model .31 revolver. He swore that his firearm would kill any Gentile who tried to hurt him or his flock. He would never miss, and his victims would never survive.

Power: Any character may use this weapon, but only a character with at least 1 point of *faith: Mormonism* can tap into its awesome power. When fired by a Mormon, the shooter and his target have a *faith* contest. If the shooter wins, his target is shot in the heart and dies instantly. Otherwise she takes normal damage.

The Belt Model's power does not work on objects, animals, creatures, or undead (or other creatures that don't have functioning hearts). It does work on "human" abominations (like Reverend Ezekiah Grimme). Curiously, it also works against other Mormons.

For complete statistics on the Colt Paterson Belt Model and a whole host of other new weapons, see the *Law Dogs* sourcebook.

Taint: None.



KIRTLAND BANK NOTES

For whatever reason, the Mormon's first attempt at business failed horribly. Their bank in Kirtland, Ohio, cost several men their fortunes, ruined the Saints' reputations, and generally proved the second greatest mess in their history (Mountain Meadows being the biggest mess).

Unfortunately, a few unscrupulous individuals are still trying to get rid of their Kirtland Bank notes. They're worth less than zero if that's possible, and every Mormon and most every Gentile knows that. A newcomer to the city might not. Unfortunately, the notes are worse than worthless. They're cursed as well.

Power: They're literally not worth the paper they're printed on.

Taint: Anyone who accepts a Kirtland Bank Note as payment gains the *poverty* Hindrance. Whatever they do is doomed to failure, and any money they get is squandered, lost, or stolen.

Like any good cursed relic, a character can't get rid of a Kirtland Bank Note. It can't burn, and if thrown or given away, it turns up in her wallet, pocket, or whatever the next time she goes to pay for something.

There are only two ways to get rid of the notes. The first is to "buy" something from someone else. Anyone who's been in Deseret knows better to take the note on a Foolproof (3) Smarts roll. Assuming a cursed note is accepted by some poor sodbuster, he isn't going to be happy when he finds out he's been swindled.

Alternately, an Incredible (11) *exorcism* roll (with no opposed *Spirit*) allows a body to get rid of the notes, but not destroy them. The hero can hide them, bury them, sink them in the Salt Lake, whatever they want to do, but the notes cannot be actually destroyed.

LEE'S KNIFE

John D. Lee was executed for his part in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. He claimed to the minute he died that many other Mormons were involved—including the President himself.

True or not, the knife he used to betray the settlers' trust at Mountain Meadows continues its dirty work to this day.

Power: When used on an unsuspecting opponent, the knife causes STR+3d6 damage.

Taint: Whoever wields the knife seems trustworthy enough to strangers, but not to those close to him. Whenever anything strange happens, they suspect him first. The knife can even create subtle illusions to make its owner



seem guilty. Its most common trick is to wait until its owner is found in some suspicious circumstance, such as with a dead companion. Then, though it hasn't been used in days, its blade is covered in fresh human blood.

THE LOST RECORD

Martin Harris, one of the first Mormon converts and the man who funded the first printing of the *Book of Mormon*, never got along with his wife. In fact, she was so disgusted with Joe Smith that she hid a portion of his first translation of the Golden Plates. These pages were never recovered, and have since become known as the "Lost Record."

What few know, including Martin Harris himself, is that Mrs. Harris hid the Lost Record under a panel in his traveling trunk. She left him before ever deciding what to do with it, and Harris wound up carrying it with him across the United States to Utah.

Last year, he sold his old trunk to Mr. Danwoody at the furniture factory. The almost empty trunk now sits waiting for someone to buy it and discover an incredibly valuable—and dangerous—find.

RELICS

Powers: A Mormon who reads the Lost Record instantly gains a point of *faith*. Once revealed, the Lost Record is worth a minimum of \$10,000 to the Church. Any more would be considered extortion, and Brigham wouldn't hesitate to turn the Danites loose.

Taint: What to do with this near-priceless artifact (to the Mormons) is taint enough.

MORMON TREES

Scattered throughout Deseret are trees with bell-shaped fruit. Mormons claim the fruits are sweet and have a healing power. Gentiles say they taste like guano and won't heal a fleabite.

Power: By eating a fruit from a Mormon tree and making a Fair (5) *faith: Mormonism* roll, a character can automatically heal 1 wound level and all Wind. The faithful can eat as many fruits as they want, but only one grants a healing effect in a day. If the first roll is failed, the Mormon does not gain any benefits that day other than a full stomach.

Non-Mormons get nothing from Mormon fruit. In fact, it tastes like buffalo chips.

Taint: None, except how they taste to Gentiles.

UMIM AND THUMMIM

The Uim and Thummim stones were what allowed Joseph to translate the "Golden Plates" into the Book of Mormon. They stayed in possession of his family for a long while after his death, but Brigham recently acquired them after learning how useful Joe's "peep stone" was.

The Uim and Thummim no longer allow translating. That function was already fulfilled. These days, the stones grant the faithful the ability to see through lies of any sort.

Powers: When holding the Uim and Thummim, the user can see through illusions and lies of any sort. Magical effects as well as natural disguises are all transparent to whoever wields the Uim and Thummim, and the holder automatically knows when someone is lying to him. No roll is required, but a character must have *faith: Mormonism* at level 3 or greater before the stones grant their power.

Taint: None.

THE WINDING KEY

This small rusted clockwork key is the master winding key that Dr. Erwin Gottlieb used to wind his clockwork cats. His horrific death has charged the key with a strange power.

Power: The holder of the key can control the actions of up to his their *Smarts* die type in clockwork cats simply by concentrating on what he wants the cats to do. The cats obey without question and carry out the key holder's commands to the best of their abilities. The cats refuse to venture more than about a mile from their Junkyard home. The holder also gets level 3 in the *tinkerin'* Aptitude as long as he holds the key, and cannot be directly attacked by the cats.

Taint: The taint of this item depends largely on how the key holder treats the clockwork cats. If he treats the cats as mere machines, repeatedly placing them in danger, the cats will eventually turn on their master. While they can't attack the key holder directly, the cats follow their master secretly, waiting for a chance to cause an accident or for him to drop the key.

If the key holder treats the cats nicely, they have problems of a different source. The cats have never really known any sort of affection before, and they become totally devoted to the hero. The key holder finds himself beset by attention-starved clockwork cats at the most inconvenient moments, emitting metallic mewing and purring noises. Of course, no matter how cute the cats seem, they continue to kill other folks just like normal.



THE MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK





CHAPTER FOUR: DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS



It's time for the good stuff. You know the drill, Marshal. The badges in Posse Territory point you to all the goodies tucked away back here.

THE POWERS THAT BE

Most of the major events in Deseret are influenced or directly caused by just a few powerful forces. Here's some of the dirt on the Mormon state's most powerful men, Brigham Young, Dr. Hellstromme, and Smith & Robards.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Brigham is very complex. He sincerely believes in all he does, and he does a lot of good. He can also be merciless towards his opponents.

The Danites are very real, and Brigham does use them frequently. He considers Mormons who lose their faith traitors, and in the most extreme cases (where Brigham feels there's some very real danger to his people), he's been known to turn the Danites loose on them.

Physically, Brigham is fit and trim, but the stress of leading the Church has taken its toll. Recently, he suffered a major heart attack. He lived, but he wondered if his time on earth was at an end. One of the Apostles, Orson Pratt, visited Brigham as he recovered and *laid on hands*, praying to the Lord to keep him alive. God must have listened, for Brigham's condition passed, and he has felt fine ever since.

Brigham's a pretty big player in the Weird West, and we're going to leave his profile a mystery for now. We don't want your posse killing the leader of a major religion now, do we?

We can tell you a little about Brigham, should the heroes ever encounter him personally. As the head of the Church of Latter Day saints, Brigham Young is of course, blessed. He has access to any miracle you feel necessary, but like any true believer, Brigham knows to call on Divine aid only in dire emergencies.

He carries a copy of the *Book of Mormon*, 1st printing (see **Chapter Three**), with him at all times, and has Joe's peep stone and the Uimim & Thummim in his possession. Brigham does not usually travel armed. He relies in his faith to ward off his enemies.

BRIGHAM & HELLSTROMME

Brother Brigham knows Hellstromme is reckless, dangerous, and murderous. He also knows Hellstromme converted only to live in peace in Salt Lake City. He has no true faith and, in fact, is an atheist.

So why does a holy man maintain such a close relationship with the devious doctor? For one thing, Young watched the Mormons founder at Nauvoo when they had no industry to support their society. Hellstromme provides Salt Lake City with the means to survive. He employs hundreds, and has caused thousands more to be employed by other inventors mimicking his



processes or manufacturing his inventions. It is also Hellstromme who provides the city with drinking water, power, and a reputation as the most technologically advanced city on earth.

But even all those things would not let Brigham turn a blind eye to Hellstromme's misguided evil if he didn't think a greater good was served. The real reason he continues his relationship with the Weird West's foremost mad scientist is because of the one revelation Brigham received in his life. Young foresaw that Dr. Darius Hellstromme would one day bring about a Hell on Earth. Young also foresaw that if he fought Hellstromme, he would lose, and there would be no one left to carry on the fight. His only chance to change the future is to bring Hellstromme into the fold.

Brigham has since learned that Hellstromme is not truly evil—he just has an incredible lust for knowledge and will do anything to acquire more. He does not kill his opponents out of hatred. The victims of the famous “drainpipe incident” were meant merely as an unmistakable warning not to interrupt his work.

Brigham believes he can change Hellstromme, but he cannot expect to make the mad scientist see the cost of his experiments overnight. It may

take a tragedy or two before Hellstromme slows down long enough to understand the forces he's unleashing.

Hellstromme is important enough to the Church that he knows positively of the existence of the Danites. He's been told that the Danites who operate against him have gone rogue, and that the rest of the group is trying to hunt them down. That's not exactly true, as you'll see below.

BRIGHAM & SMITH & ROBARDS

Brigham sees Smith & Robards as another check on Hellstromme. Should the Doctor ever come close to fulfilling Brigham's apocalyptic vision, he knows he may have to rely on weapons or machinery from these ingenious Gentiles. The wily Saint knows that it always pays to plan for the future.

Occasionally, Brigham causes Smith & Robards some minor inconvenience to prove to Hellstromme that “the Church is on his side.” If they're late with their tithes, for instance, Brigham sees that they're charged an exorbitant late fee, plus interest, plus reimbursement for making the tithe-collectors come out to the compound, and so forth. Other than financial harassment, he leaves them alone.

DARIUS HELLSTROMME

Right now, Dr. Darius Hellstromme is just as evil as the *Epitaph* paints him. His armies of automatons, clockwork spiders, and ruthless enforcers carry out his instructions with ruthless efficiency. Hellstromme never takes part in the violence himself. If he did, it might cause him to dwell on the destruction and misery he's causing—a subject he keeps carefully suppressed deep in his subconscious.

Hellstromme is a Freudian dream. His mind operates at a thousand miles an hour. He literally does not allow himself to dwell on emotions or think about the human consequences of his actions. He considers only causes and effects. It doesn't bother him that the destitute are sacrificed to make the zombie brains he uses in his automatons. He merely concentrates on the scientific process of creating the melding of flesh and metal.

His mania was triggered when his post in India was overrun by Sikhs and his wife Vanessa was slain. It's an old story, but that doesn't make it any less real for Hellstromme. That's why he keeps his mind racing, to escape the ever-approaching pain. It's a race he's destined to lose, for one day his actions will catch up with



him. Then perhaps he'll see the error of his ways. Brigham Young believes so. The real danger is what kind of tragedy Hellstromme must cause before he understands the consequences of his actions.

As for Hellstromme's profile, we're going to leave it blank. That way there's a little less chance your posse can kill him. Hellstromme has a big part to play in the future of the Weird West, so you don't want him getting planted in Boot Hill. Use Hellstromme as a plot device, not a monster with a bounty stamped on its head.

HELLSTROMME & BRIGHAM

Darius sees the Mormons as a convenient family. Mormonism itself he gives little thought. His rational mind finds it hard to believe there are such things as "golden plates" or even God, but he's seen Brigham's Umim and Thummim, so he knows there's at least some truth to the origin of this growing religion.

HELLSTROMME & SMITH & ROBARDS

Darius' relationship with S&R is an interesting one. Though they do fight on occasion, they are not true enemies. Neither are they allies, and it is doubtful they ever could be. Eventually, Hellstromme believes he may need to bomb their hilltop compound but for now, Hellstromme is content to study their gizmos and use their rails.

SMITH & ROBARDS

Smith & Robards' story was told in the book of the same name. What we didn't tell you much about was their relationship with Young and Hellstromme

SMITH & ROBARDS & YOUNG

Smith & Robards, both the company and the men, are rarely thought about by the Mormon public. They have very little impact on Salt Lake City, and they employ only a few hundred of the quietest and least troublesome folks in Junkyard.

Most Mormons don't have a lot of use for Smith & Robards' goods. Hellstromme Industries or any number of other factories can make their more utilitarian gizmos, and the Nauvoo Legion provides all the firepower the citizens need. Unless Young tells them otherwise, they see Smith & Robards as a strange but harmless fixture of the Gentile community.

Smith & Robards see the Mormons in the same light. They aren't great customers, but they provide a secure environment for their factory.



Neither Smith nor Robards are fans of Brigham Young, however. Smith sees him as a tyrannical, murderous cultist. Robards agrees, but also knows the security of their company rests in Brigham's hands, so he's publicly supportive of the President.

SMITH & ROBARDS & HELLSTROMME

The world pictures Hellstromme seething in his desert fortress, glaring balefully at Smith & Robards. That's true on occasion, but what few know is that he's one of their biggest customers. It's not exactly a secret—every employee at S&R knows it, but Hellstromme doesn't advertise the fact. He prefers to quietly dissect their "amateurish inventions" and steal the best ideas to use in his own infernal devices.

The real thorn in Hellstromme's side is the Denver Pacific Railroad. It's a tantalizing morsel dangling before him; if he could purchase it, he'd win the race to the City of Lost Angels for sure. But of course Robards isn't willing to sell, so Hellstromme has set his mind to ensuring their stubbornness can't affect his plans. See page III for more information on the doctor's secret rail line.



THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE

The ghosts of Mountain Meadows were "alive" before the Reckoning. Like most spooks during that time, they appeared only rarely and could affect the physical world only under certain conditions. Today, they have a little more power.

Unfortunately, the Reckoning twisted their justifiable vengeance into something far darker. On the anniversary of their deaths, September 11, they slay one of those who participated in their betrayal and massacre. If that was the extent of the ghosts' vengeance, it would likely be overlooked by even the most pious souls. But the ghosts' anger has spread from only those responsible for their murder to all Mormons. The ghosts now appear en masse each moonless night in the City o' Gloom to slay a Saint.

Their methods are particularly disturbing. Every night there's no moon visible in the sky, their leader, "Jack," materializes in the flesh. He wanders the streets of Salt Lake City and mingles among any group of the living he can find—bloodsport crowds are common prey. He speaks to a group of onlookers as if he is a friend, and he eventually finds one who proclaims himself a Mormon. Later, Jack pries the victim away from any others and leads him into the darkness. There the rest of the Mountain Meadows' ghosts materialize as bloody corpses with long, jagged nails. Jack also changes his form, and the group tears the poor soul to pieces with their bare hands.

When Jack first reveals himself, he has a Terror score of 13. The victim's *guts* check is usually bad enough to keep him from putting up much of a fight. The ghost is all immune to any sort of harm, sucking up even the worst damage without even blinking. As well as being their leader, Jack is the ghost's only weakness. See the profile below for details.

There is only one way to permanently stop the ghosts. Someone has to find all their bones and properly bury them in *sanctified* ground. If this isn't done, the ghosts continue on their murderous rampage until all the murderers who participated in their massacre are dead. About 20 remain, so many innocent Mormons will die in the meantime if the ghosts aren't laid to rest. Just a few of those who must die to satisfy the ghosts' lust for revenge are O.P. Rockwell, Jeb Morgan, and Bill Hickman (see **Danites**). As Hickman is currently in Washington, DC, the ghosts may be around a while.

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS GHOSTS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Fightin': brawl in' 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d10

Jack in human form: Persuasion 4d6, scrutinize 4d6, track in' 3d6

Size: 6

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Incorporeal: The ghosts are immune to most attacks, even though they're tangible once they materialize. Bullets go right through them, flames burn but don't actually hurt them, etc. Magical weapons and abilities are the only way to harm them, but seeing as there's over 140 of the ghosts, even a *soul blast* hardly makes a dent in the horde. The ghosts' weakness is Jack. If he is slain, the rest fade away for the night. Jack and the rest return the next moonless night to kill again, and this time they avoid any heroes who defeated them previously.

Grapple: Escaping the packed crowd is difficult. The victim can only break free by rolling a Fair (5) *Strength* check and beating the ghosts' roll by 2 raises. The ghosts' roll is their *Strength* plus an additional 1d20 (for all the extra hands attempting to hold the victim down). A blessed character may substitute *faith* for *Strength*, unless he is a Mormon. In that case, subtract his *faith* from the escape roll.

Rend: The ghosts attack as a frenzied group. Roll 1d4+3 *fightin'* attacks per round. Each hit does STR+2 damage.

Coup: All the ghosts must be laid to rest at once—they cannot be *exorcised*, and if they are "slain" singly they rise again the next moonless night as explained above. If the spirits are laid to rest and a Harrowed is near their bones, he gains the *ghost* power, or a free level in the *ghost* power if he has it already.

JOHN D. LEE'S GRAVE

A particularly creepy footnote to the Mountain Meadows incident is that John D. Lee, the only fellow who was convicted of the murder, was tried and executed on the site of the Mountain Meadows Massacre in 1876.

The entire area for about a mile around, centered on his grave, has become a deadland (Fear Level 6). Anyone kneeling by Lee's grave may be shocked to see that the earth there oozes blood.





THE CML WAR

Both the North and the South eye Deseret carefully. Grant considers it another state in rebellion—and filled with dangerous religious lunatics as well (his view, friends.) If he can get the South whipped, he plans to put the Army to use bringing Deseret back in line.

The doppelganger that is President Jefferson Davis sees Deseret as a pawn in its evil game. Davis has sent several agents to Deseret to stir up anti-Union sentiments. Some of these will simply foment rebellion, but others have been told to murder Mormons in outlying settlements while wearing stolen Union uniforms. When this happens, cooler heads aren't likely to prevail.

The agents are waiting to see who wins the November Offensives. Then they'll strike while the Union is too busy to pay attention.

THE NAUVOO LEGION

General Alexander Young is 35 years old and wise beyond his years. He does an excellent job of keeping his Legionnaires tough but fair, compassionate yet brutal when the time is right.

General Young is a "hands-on" commander. He remains in Salt Lake City but tours the scattered "Mormon Forts" at least twice a year. His subordinates are expected to follow his commands to the letter, and if complaints are lodged by the locals the Legion protects, he enforces the strictest military discipline.

The Legionnaires themselves are a hard lot. Most of them were soldiers in the Civil War before converting to Mormonism. Many found they had no useful skills in Deseret and didn't want to work in the factories, so they returned to their old trades as soldiers. The best of the lot are honorable and equal to any other soldiers on earth. The worst are liars, and thieves hiding behind the uniform of the Nauvoo Legion.

TYPICAL LEGIONNAIRE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:3d8, Q:2d8, V:4d8
Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': steam wagon
2d8, fightin' 3d8, horse ridin' 5d8, shootin':
pistol 3d8, shootin': rifle 3d8, sneak 3d8,
teamster 4d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: local area 4d6, faith:
Mormonism 3d6, guts 4d6, leadership (officers
only) 3d8, overawe 2d8, scrutinize 2d6, search
3d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Gear: Horse, double-action Colt .45 Peacemaker,
Winchester '73, Bowie knife.

THE BLACK CHAPLAINS

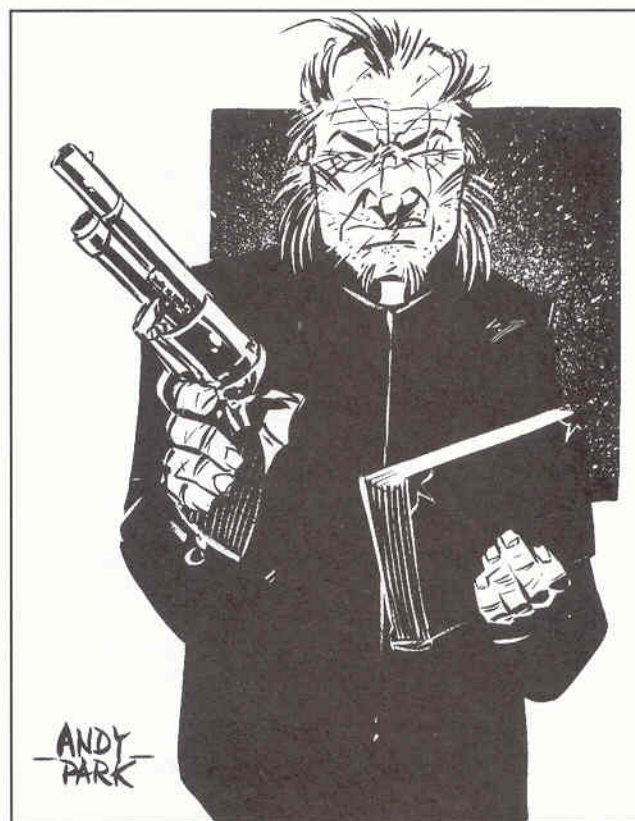
The Black Chaplains are very real. General Young or his father, Brigham, only call on them under the most dire of circumstances, usually when a supernatural evil has been discovered that the Legion is not equipped to deal with.

There are four Black Chaplains (and several other lay clergymen who are being watched and groomed to join their ranks). The four are known only by their first names. Their last names have been dropped as a symbol of their sacrifice.

The chaplains all carry Colt Walkers with blessed silver bullets. On their horses are Winchesters and shotguns with similar ammunition. They are authorized to purchase or appropriate any other equipment they need for their holy work.

PAUL

Paul is the oldest of the Black Chaplains. He worked under the Prophet in the old days, before the Reckoning. He is a no-nonsense fellow who is as merciless as the creatures he slays. He has black hair with a wide white streak along each side of his head—reminders of his encounters with the creatures of the night.





PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:3d8, Q:4d8, V:3d10
Dodge 3d8, drivin': steam wagon 4d8, fannin' 3d8,
fightin': brawlin' 5d8, horse ridin' 5d8, shootin':
pistol 7d8, shootin': rifle 7d8, shootin': shotgun
5d8, sneak 3d8, speed-load 3d8, teamster 4d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:4d10, Sm:4d6, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 6d8, academia: theology 4d8,
area knowledge: Deseret 4d8, artillery 4d10,
faith: Mormonism 6d8, guts 5d8, language:
Paiute 2d8, leadership 5d10, overawe 5d10,
scrutinize 4d10, search 3d10, survival: desert
4d6, trackin' 3d10

Grit: 4

Edges: Arcane background: blessed, brave,
friends in high places 5 (the Mormon Church),
kemosabe (Paul has friends among the local
Paiutes and Shoshoni tribes) 2, level-headed,
rank 5,

Hindrances: Cautious, grim servant o' death,
heroic, night terrors, obligation 5

Miracles: Benediction, censure, devil's plaything,
exorcism, lay on hands, protection, wrath

Gifts: Divine providence

Gear: As above.

JOHN

John is the biggest of the four. He prefers to whack things with his holy hickory stick. He's a burly soul, bald on top with brown hair clinging stubbornly to the sides of his pate.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, S:4d12, Q:3d6, V:3d10
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': steam wagon
2d8, fightin': club 5d8, horse ridin' 4d8,
shootin': pistol 4d6, shootin': rifle 4d6, shootin':
shotgun 4d6, sneak 3d8, speed-load 2d6,
teamster 5d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 6d6, academia: theology 3d6,
area knowledge: Deseret 3d6, faith:
Mormonism 4d8, guts 4d8, overawe 4d10,
scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, survival: desert 4d6,
trackin' 3d8

Grit: 2

Edges: Arcane background: blessed, brawny,
brave, friends in high places 5 (the Church),
rank 5

Hindrances: Curious, big 'un 1, obligation 5

Miracles: Battle hymn, endure, protection,
retribution, smite

Gifts: Spiritual giant

Gear: As above, plus a hickory stick (treat as a club)

LUKE

Luke is the joker, though even he is grim compared to most. His jokes are generally morbid and grotesque, something Paul does not appreciate but John and David find amusing.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:2d10, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:3d6
Dodge 5d10, drivin': steam wagon 3d10, fannin'
6d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, horse ridin' 4d10,
shootin': pistol 5d10, shootin': rifle 2d10,
shootin': shotgun 4d10, sneak 6d10, speed-load
3d10, teamster 2d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d8, M:3d8, Sm:2d12, Sp:2d8
Academia: occult 6d8, academia: theology 3d8,
area knowledge: Deseret 3d8, faith:
Mormonism 4d8, gamblin' 3d12, guts 4d8,
ridicule 5d12, scrutinize 5d10, streetwise 5d12,
survival: desert 4d12

Grit: 2

Edges: Arcane background : blessed, friends in
high places 5 (the Church), rank 5, sand 2

Hindrances: Curious, heroic, obligation 5

Miracles: Cloak, mercy, protection, sentinel

Gifts: Magic resistant, wisdom

Gear: As above.

DAVID

David is the most mysterious of the four. He was a famous gunslinger before joining the Chaplains, though only his three brother chaplains know what his name at that time was. He has sandy blond hair, chiseled features, and dark eyes that look as if they've seen far more horror than a normal man could handle.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:2d8, S:2d8, Q:5d12, V:3d6
Dodge 2d8, fannin' 8d10, fightin' 4d8, horse ridin'
3d8, quick draw 7d12, shootin': pistol 8d10,
shootin': rifle 4d10, shootin': shotgun 3d10,
sneak 3d8, speed-load 5d10,

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d8, M:3d6, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Academia: occult 7d8, academia: theology 5d8,
area knowledge: Deseret 3d8, faith:
Mormonism 4d6, guts 4d6, overawe 4d6,
scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, survival: desert 4d8,
trackin' 3d8

Grit: 2

Edges: Arcane background: blessed, friends in
high places 5 (the Church), rank 5, two-fisted

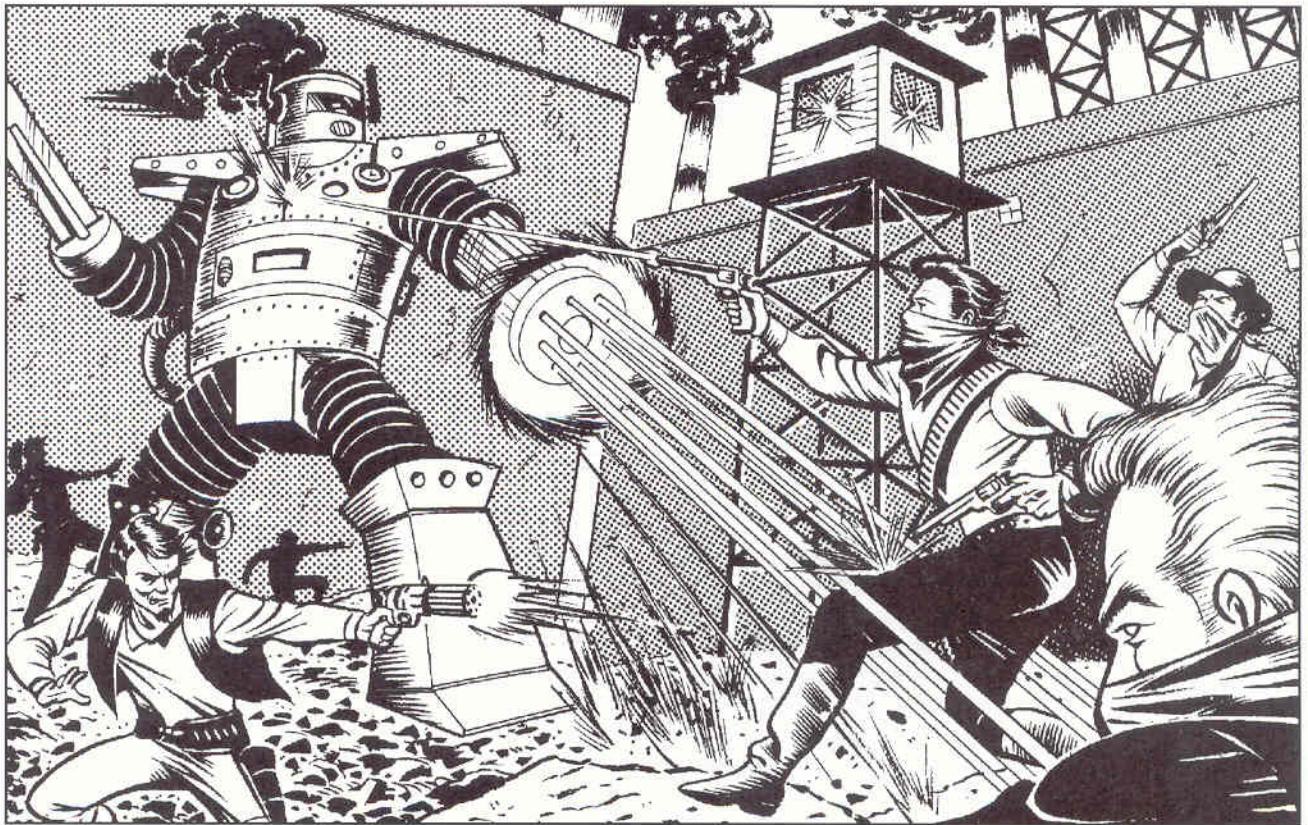
Hindrances: Grim servant o' death, obligation 5

Miracles: Dispel, hinder, lions den, protection

Gifts: Refuge o' faith, zeal

Gear: David carries 2 Colt Walkers.





THE DANITES

The Danites are indeed Brigham Young's "Destroying Angels," though Orrin Porter Rockwell is their leader in name only. O.P.'s second-in-command, Jeb Morgan, actually recruits Danites and plots out their missions.

The Danites number about 30 men and women. By day, they're normal folks. When they are called into duty, they don black suits and masks and leave their compassion at home.

Their missions are many. The first and foremost is to smash any opposition to the Mormons before it gets a head of steam. That may sound ruthless, and it is, but the West is a dangerous and lawless place filled with desperate souls. Remember, too, that the Mormons have already faced murderous mobs in Missouri and Illinois. They have no intention of being run out of Deseret. If that means preemptively striking at the worst of the troublemakers, so be it.

The Danites don't always take a direct hand in actions if they can avoid it. They are not above hiring thugs from Junkyard to take care of jobs that don't require finesse as much as force.

TYPICAL DANTE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Dodge 2d8, drivin': steam wagon 2d8, fightin' 3d8,
horse ridin' 4d8, quick draw 2d8, shootin':
pistol 4d6, shootin': rifle 4d6, shootin': shotgun
4d6, sneak 4d8, speed-load 2d6, teamster 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 1d6, area knowledge: Deseret
3d6, faith: Mormonism 3d8, guts 4d8, overawe
4d6, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8, streetwise 4d6,
trackin' 3d8

Gear: Sidearms and knives, black clothing and masks that add +2 to *sneak* attempts at night.

JEB MORGAN

Jeb Morgan is the second in command of the Danites, although more and more he's actually running the day-to-day operations of the group.

Morgan is frustrated of late because O.P. refuses to take charge and doesn't ever listen to Jeb. Even worse is the recent defection of Bill Hickman (see the next page).

Morgan runs a tight ship. If he suspects any of his men are betraying him, he puts them in the cold ground and attempts to find out the truth later.



PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:2d8, V:3d10
Dodge 3d6, drivin': steam wagon 4d6, fightin' 4d6,
horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol 5d8, shootin':
rifle 6d8, shootin': shotgun 3d8, sneak 4d6,
teamster 5d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:2d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d8
Area knowledge: Salt Lake Valley 4d6, faith:
Mormonism 3d8, guts 4d8, leadership 2d10,
overawe 4d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8,
survival: desert 4d6, trackin' 3d8

Grit: 3

Edges: Big ears, friends in high places 5 (the Church), rank 5 (Danites)

Hindrances: Loyal (to Danites), obligation 5

Gear: Colt Peacemaker, scattergun.

O.P. ROCKWELL

O.P. Rockwell is something of a loose cannon. He takes orders only when it suits him, and he often assassinates targets long before the Danites have even realized there was a problem to be dealt with. He never takes charge of the Danites, though he is their appointed leader. He prefers to do his dirty work himself.

Hellstromme hates Rockwell and believes he is part of the "rogue Danites" working against him. Brigham defends O.P. and has warned Hellstromme that killing him would result in the "Church's full retaliation." That doesn't mean Brigham approves of Rockwell. In fact, Brigham distances himself from this "dark angel," but he can't deny O.P.'s usefulness.

For his part, O.P. thinks Brigham's "circus act" is amusing. He doesn't understand why the President sends the Danites after Hellstromme with one hand and protects him with the other. But as long as he get enough money to keep him in rotgut whiskey and gets to kill folks on occasion, he's happy.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:2d6, S:2d10, Q:3d8, V:3d10
Fannin' 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 5d6, horse ridin'
5d6, shootin': pistol 6d12, shootin': rifle 4d12,
shootin': shotgun 4d12, sneak 5d6, speed-load
2d12, teamster 5d6, throwin': knife 4d12

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Deseret 8d6 (he wanders a lot),
gamblin' 7d6, guts 7d6, scrutinize 3d6, search
2d6, survival: desert 6d6, trackin' 5d6

Grit: 3

Edges: Keen, kemosabe (Paiutes), level-headed,
friends in high places 5 (the Church), rank 5
(Danites)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, ugly as sin (O.P. wears a huge, dirty beard—Brigham once told him it protected him like Sampson's hair.)

Gear: Two single-action Colt Walkers, Bowie knife, shotgun on his horse.

THE DANITES & HELLSTROMME

Young is trying to slowly bring Hellstromme out of his mania. He believes one day the mad scientist will realize his mistakes, truly convert to Mormonism, and use his incredible mind for good.

But there's no need taking any chances. He's told the Danites not to kill Hellstromme, but they should sabotage and disrupt his plans on occasion. Young believes that could lessen the chances that Hellstromme may bring about the end of the world by slowing him down and perhaps even destroying some particularly dangerous invention.

USING THE DANITES

Jeb Morgan is very careful about exposing his people to danger. It's easy enough to ignore a masked body should one of his soldiers be killed. Should one be captured alive, however, it could be devastating to the Danites and the entire nation of Deseret.

For that reason, Morgan often employs outsiders for raids against Hellstromme. His agents might think they're actually working for a rival factory, a railroad involved in the Great Rail Wars, or even Smith & Robards. The gunmen they sometimes hire could easily be your posse of heroes. As the Marshal, this is a great way to disrupt Hellstromme's plans and involve your group in a little Church intrigue.

BILL HICKMAN

Hickman was the secret leader of the Danites for many years. He started killing back in the Missouri days and has made murder his stock in trade ever since. He's been in on most every devious, underhanded murder in Mormon history—and a whole lot of killings that history knows nothing of.

It's never been proven the Church ordered, condoned, or even knew of Hickman's activities. Brigham says Hickman killed what *he* thought were foes of the Mormons, then tried to blame it on the Church when he was about to get caught.

In any case, Hickman fled Deseret in '72 to turn state's evidence. President Grant has welcomed the former Danite with open arms, giving credence to his otherwise wild claims.





SALT LAKE CITY

Fear Level 3

SOOT

There's a reason they call this place the City o' Gloom. The soot does more than just make the place dark and dirty—it kills.

The soot gets into a person's lungs and slowly chokes them to death. Every month a person lives in the City o' Gloom, he must make a Foolproof (3) *Vigor* check, or Fair (5) if he hasn't worn a soot mask most of the time he's out and about the city. If he fails, he loses 1 point of Wind forever. If Wind is ever reduced to half the character's starting total, the TN of the *Vigor* roll is increased to Fair (5). At this point, the poor fellow is hacking up black gunk and blood every now and then, much like a consumptive. When Wind hits 0, he dies in a long, slow, agonizing week.

The Mormon faithful use the better of their *faith* or *Vigor* to resist the effects of the soot. Those who make it avoid "black lung," and their clothes and homes stay clean as well!

PLACES OF NOTE

THE BANK OF DESERET

The bank is heavily guarded, but the rumor of the curse is nothing more than that—a rumor. The Bank President staged the incident a few years back to ward off real robbers.

The two men who supposedly robbed the bank allegedly got in by walking through the very walls. They also "died" afterward and were put on display for a few hours at the City Jail.

Truth is, both Buck McManus and Ralph Stiger are alive and well. They can be found running with the Scorpions these days (see page 120). They were each paid \$500 a piece to keep quiet. It takes twice that to get them to talk—they're as afraid of the Danites as the next man.

THE CEMETERY

As Sally said, there's nothing going on here, but it is *sanctified* ground.

CITY HALL

There's nothing particularly exciting to report here except that the clerk of City Hall is a Danite. That gives him a list of every citizen that

has an address, since they have to license here to live in Salt Lake City. That's why there are so many licenses.

As for the "tampering with the laws of God and man" license, that was cooked up when the late Dr. Tom Huntington built a "trans-dimensional displacement device." When he explained how it worked to some of his Mormon friends, they feared it might open up the doors of Hell itself. Check out Huntington's Ruins later in this chapter, and you'll find out that it did!

CITY JAIL

Sheriff Waters isn't a Danite, though one of his deputies is. They are told when the Danites will be striking, however, and are forbidden to intervene.

That's a bit of a problem for Waters. He was a lawman long before he became a Mormon. He believes in the Church, but he's one of those who believes Brigham uses force far more often than is called for.

He occasionally "makes a mistake" and intercepts the Danites activities (except when they have to do with Hellstromme—he's never told about those missions).





Young is furious with Waters, but the sheriff's loved by the Gentiles. That makes Young both very angry and reluctant to dismiss him for fear of causing a riot in Junkyard.

SHERIFF ELI WATERS

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:4d10, V:3d10

Dodge 3d6, drivin': steam wagon 5d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, horse ridin' 5d6, lockpickin' 2d8, shootin': pistol 6d8, shootin': rifle 3d8, sneak 5d6, teamster 4d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:2d12, Sm:3d8, Sp:3d6
Academia: law 3d8, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 5d8, faith: Mormonism 4d6, guts 4d6, leadership 4d12, overawe 6d12, professional: law 3d8, scrutinize 5d10, search 4d10, trackin' 3d10

Edges: Level-headed, law man 3

Hindrances: Cautious, heroic, law o' the West, loyal, obligation 5

Gear: Steam wagon, double-action Colt .45 Peacemaker, Winchester '73, Bowie knife, club.

TYPICAL DEPUTY

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:2d8, V:4d6

Dodge 2d6, drivin': steam wagon 3d6, fightin' 3d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin': pistol 4d8, shootin': rifle 3d8, shootin': shotgun 1d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 3d6, faith: Mormonism 3d6, overawe 2d8, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6

Gear: Double-action Colt .45 Peacemaker.

DESERET NEWS

A blacklisted character subtracts -6 from his *persuasion* rolls with Mormons for one week after the printing of the list. The shame of being blacklisted causes his *faith* to suffer a -2 modifier as well.

THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Whoever thought your heroes would go to school during their adventures? If a mad scientist attends a semester's worth of classes here, she gains a free level in any *science* Aptitude. While it would be tough to work this into a campaign, it is possible. The character need only spend one hour every morning at the college for three months (60 classes), and at the end of that time (finals week!) make a Hard (9) *Smarts* roll.

Attendance is important in higher education. Every missed class adds +1 to the TN. The school expels anyone who misses 10 classes.

THE COUNCIL

The Council is led by Hellstromme when he cares to get involved, which is rarely. Most of the time the Council Chairman is Dr. Ben Matheson. He's an old-fashioned nuts-and-bolts engineer who doesn't care for those who deviate from the "standard and proper path of science."

What's on the path is unclear even to Matheson, but it definitely doesn't include Leonitus Gash's so-called "augmentation." Matheson is the Dean of the University and thus controls the tenure of every other member of the Council. When he decided augmentation was blasphemy, the rest had little choice but to go along. Most agree anyway (especially in the wake of the East End Massacre), but only because they are jealous of Gash's genius.

Matheson speaks to Brigham every chance he gets, and he urges him to send the Danites after Gash. Brigham nods quietly in Matheson's company and publicly tells the Mormons augmentation is profanation of the body. In truth, however, Brigham is interested in seeing what becomes of this new technology. He won't send the Danites to find Gash—a task he's sure they can accomplish—until he's made up his mind for sure.

DANWOODY'S FURNITURE FACTORY

Howard Danwoody's men get their wood from the mountains. Once they ventured into an ancient and haunted grove. Living in the gnarled but sturdy trees were evil nature spirits. The Paiutes knew not to eat the fruit and nuts of these trees, nor to disturb them, but Danwoody's woodcutters did not.

They only cut one tree. The gray, crooked wood was only good as trim on larger pieces of furniture anyway. But that was enough. The spirit was present in each of its splintered pieces, and it was dying. The tree-thing decided it would wreak revenge on anyone who purchased a piece of furniture containing one of its pieces. The spirit caused its dying slivers to animate, light themselves with matches, and then run about the home to set it on fire as well.

What no one knows is that the last piece of the tree, its heart, became a mantle-piece in a young bachelor's home. Just before it died, the tree-thing emerged from the mantle as an animated, grotesque "tree-man." It attacked its owner in his own living room and left little but blood, bark, and twigs for the sheriff to find.





SECRETS



Danwoody never realized what had happened. It's only a matter of time before his woodcutters hack down another of the cursed trees.

EMUL TREE SPIRIT

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:3d12, Q:3d6, V:4d10

Fightin': brawlin' 5d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:2d12, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Overawe 5d12

Size: 7 (8' tall)

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Claws: STR+3d6

Armor: 1

Weakness: The tree spirit takes double damage from fire.

Splinters: The tree-thing can shake its great limbs to hurl wooden splinters at a target up to 10 feet away. Everyone within a cone starting at the spirit and ending 10 feet away and 10 feet wide is hit by 1d4 splinters causing 1d6 points of damage each.

SLIVERS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:1d4, Q:3d8, V:1d6

Fightin': brawlin' 3d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Guts 3d6, ridicule 3d6, sneak 6d10

Size: 1 (6" tall)

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Claws: STR

Weakness: The slivers take double damage from fire, but unlike the tree spirit they do not fear it.

EDNA'S EATS

There's nothing special about the store, except that the pastries truly are out of this world, and Edna is a Confederate spy. See **Spies**, page 98.

EMPIRE MILL

See **Sludge Creek** in the **Junkyard** section. Make sure you do. This secret's a doozy!

FAUST'S LIVERY STABLE

The Faustus made a deal with the local Paiutes. Where the Paiutes get them from they don't ask, but there are a lot of horses with USA and CSA brands on them. The Faustus burn over any brands with their own. That's why it's easy to see who has a "Faust horse" and who doesn't. This is a great place to buy exceptional horses. Some say the stock here is the Faustest around.

THE GREEN ROOM

The Mormon leaders discuss their private affairs here just as Sally imagined. What they don't know is the walls have ears.

Nevada Smith hasn't been able to find a way in here—yet. He wrote in his last dime novel that he broke in, but only to convince the "Greeners" to hold their private conversations elsewhere, maybe someplace that wasn't quite so hard for him to get into—like the sulfur baths.

JENNINGS' TANNERY

WALTER JENNINGS

Walter Jennings is a monster hunter. He once came across a rare *Ranger's Bible* and learned all they knew of the Reckoning and the many deadly denizens of the Weird West.

He shared a small part of that knowledge with his fellow hunters and sent them out after rattlers, wall crawlers, and worse. The "normal" pelts are his bread and butter, and he does encourage overhunting of these normal animals, but it's his exotic pelts that really bring in the dinero.





PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:4d8, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:4d8

Bow 3d8, climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, drivin': steam wagon 3d8, horse ridin' 4d8, shootin': rifle 4d8, speed load: rifle 4d8, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6

Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 4d8, demolition 2d6, guts 6d6, language: Paiute 2d6, overawe 4d8, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, survival: desert 4d8, trackin' 5d8, trade: tanning 5d6

Edges: Eagle eyes, keen

Hindrances: Greedy, mean as a rattler

Gear: Sharps Big 50, steam wagon, fast horse

"BUFFALO" TOM

Besides himself, Jennings' best hunter is "Buffalo" Tom McGee, a former slave and hardened veteran of the Weird West. Tom got to be enough of a problem that a los diablos eventually showed up. Tom killed it, then sold its pelt to Mr. Jennings on commission. If they can find someone to pony up \$6,000, Tom's ready to take his share (60%) and retire.

The los diablos' hide can be made into a thick and leather jacket that provides a point of Armor. Better still, wearing such a jacket makes the owner immune to the attack of a diablo—though it might still show up and give it a try until it learns otherwise.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:4d8, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:4d8

Bow 3d10, climbin' 3d8, dodge 5d8, drivin': steam velocipede 3d8, fightin': knife 5d8, horse ridin' 4d8, shootin': rifle 5d10, speed load: rifle 4d8, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 4d8, teamster 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:3d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Deseret 4d8, demolition 2d6, guts 8d8, language: Paiute 2d6, overawe 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, survival: desert 6d8, trackin' 5d8

Edges: Nerves o' steel, sand 5

Hindrances: Heroic, yearnin (to retire) 3

Knacks: Born under a blood red moon

Grit: 6

Gear: Sharps Big 50, Bowie knife, bow and arrows, steam velocipede, fast horse.

ORPHANAGE

Grist is a monster in the very human sense of the word. She's an alchemist who has learned to make use of other people's blood to make *philosopher's stone* (see the alchemy rules in the *Smith & Robards* sourcebook.)

Of course, the blood she uses is that of the children under her care. When she needs fresh blood, she simply puts a few drops of sleeping potion into a child's porridge and waits until night. Then she and a few of the older girls who Grist raised spirit the victim away in the middle of the night and drain him or her of blood.

Grist's older girls are feared throughout the school. Children who make enemies of them may find themselves anemic and pale in the near future.

WIDOW GRIST

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:3d10, Q:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 1d6, drivin': steam wagon 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:3d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 3d8, guts 4d6, language: English 3d8, language: German 4d8, leadership 3d10, medicine: general 3d8, overawe 3d10, science: alchemy 5d8, scrutinize 4d10, search 2d10.

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist

Hindrances: Geezer

Gear: Riding crop, selection of syringes.

GRIST'S GIRLS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:3d10, Q:2d6, V:3d8

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 1d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6

Academia: occult 1d6, guts 2d6, medicine: general 1d6, overawe 3d8, science: alchemy 1d6, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6.

Gear: None.

THE SALT LAKE CITY HOTEL

A wandering Shoshoni shaman once ventured into Salt Lake City. He politely asked where he might stay in this city, and a speechless Mormon pointed to the nearest hotel.

The caretaker, Louis Montague, could not believe a savage had entered the Salt Lake City Hotel! He threw the shaman out.

The shaman cursed the place, claiming that no one would ever sleep well here until he did. He had no real ability to enforce his curse, but the Reckoners did. They took notice, and now anyone who sleeps here is plagued with the *night terrors* Hindrance. It's not so bad for most folks. The TN of the *Spirit* roll is only Foolproof (3). Folks who already have *night terrors*, however, make their roll against an Incredible (11) TN.

Here's where it gets really interesting. When a Harrowed fails his roll, whether he goes bust or not, he gives birth to a night stalker. See *Book o' the Dead* for more information.





THE TABERNACLE

The Lost Elder is a real ghost. It's not harmful, but it does foretell of the death of a powerful Mormon. It can be freed by finding the corpse and burying it in consecrated ground (like the Mormon Cemetery). The spirit does no harm.

THE TEMPLE

Don't expect to find out what really goes on inside the Temple in a game book, friend! The Mormons aren't telling, and neither are we (plus, we don't know, so you can make it up yourself).

What we can tell you is all about the missing gargoyles. These creatures were carved by a Welsh immigrant whose name was forgotten, but everyone refers to as "the Welshman."

His gargoyles did indeed come to life and slay him. Then they flew off into the Wasatch Mountains where they lair in a high cave. They eat flesh, but the two of them together only need a man-sized amount once per month. The rest of their diet consists of various stones.

The gargoyles frequently come to the city and sit atop the highest part of the Temple, waiting for it to be completed. When it is, they plan to roost and become nothing but statues once again. In the meantime, they're invulnerable except to the miracles of the *blessed*. Other magic, even black magic, can't hurt them.

MISSING GARGOYLES

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:4d10, S:3d12, Q:3d10, V:4d8
Fightin' 5d10, flyin' 4d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Size: 7 (8' tall)

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Stone Claws: STR+1d6

Armor: 2

Flying: Pace 24

WARM SPRINGS SULPHUR BATHS

There are two nifty items about the sulphur baths. First, Nevada Smith used to hide in the baths. He hasn't done it in a while, because the Mormons started poking sabers in the mud before they got in.

The second and more serious event is the rattlers have discovered the baths as well. They occasionally wait below the springs and listen for lone bathers. Then they suck them down and carry them off to their lair to make worm-men. See page 113 for the whole revolting story.





HAZARDS OF SALT LAKE CITY

BLACK HANDS

The Butcher is back. Did you feel a shiver? We hope so.

If your group played the *Independence Day* Dime Novel adventure, you have to decide if and how the scalpel escaped their grip and wound up here.

If you didn't run this adventure (shame on you, and after all our hard work), then here's the story. Hank Ketchum was taking the hated thing back to Austin (Ranger Headquarters) when he came across a town plagued by tumblebleeds.

During the fight, Hank got tangled up, and the scalpel was lost. A fellow by the name of Dick Swink, a ghost-rock miner who had been run out of Utah for constantly disturbing the peace, picked it up and used it as a trail knife. That didn't last long. The knife took him over in a week. Dick's hatred of the Mormons burned in his soul, and the knife encouraged him to return to the City o' Gloom.

His life now goes something like this. He gets up each morning and hits the bottle to drown his misery. When night comes around, he returns to the Rathole. Once every couple of days, he loses his battle with the scalpel and starts killing again.

Here's the information on the scalpel again for those of you too cheap to buy our Dime Novels™ (just kidding, amigos). Those of you who do have *Independence Day* should check this over as well. There are a few clarifications to the relic's power.

THE BUTCHER'S SCALPEL

This is a cursed relic of terrible power. It transforms its wielder into a murderer capable of the most horrific deeds.

When the scalpel is in control, it demands midnight killings for three days in a row before letting the host resume control of his body. If possible, the user is to make off with the victim's head and extremities to be fashioned into walkin' heads. The Butcher usually leaves these creatures behind to cause all sorts of trauma in his wake and help to cover his tracks.

Once done with a killing spree, the scalpel often does not demand another for a month or more. It knows that it's not an invulnerable device. Its best protection is to keep moving and not attract too much attention in one place.

Powers: While transformed into the Butcher (which happens only at night), the user climbs even sheer surfaces at a Pace of 6, walks at 12, and runs at 24. He also gets 3 levels of *sneak*, *dodge*, and *fightin': knife* and adds +2 to each of his Trait die types. Plus, he can only be harmed by bladed weapons.

The scalpel can create and control up to 10 walkin' heads (see below) at a time. If the victim loses the scalpel, it can control them on its own.

Taint: Every time the user holds the blade's bare handle at night and the scalpel decides to have some fun, he must make an opposed *Spirit* roll against the scalpel's 4d10 *Spirit*. If he loses, he gains all the powers of the scalpel and falls under its control. If he wins, nothing happens.

If the scalpel is picked up by a Harrowed, it struggles for control with whoever is in control of the Harrowed's body at the time: the human soul or the manitou.

Each time the wielder loses the struggle with the scalpel, he's at -1 for any future attempts to fend off the relic's attempts at control, up to a maximum penalty of -6.

The scalpel is dormant in the daytime, but not powerless. Once picked up, it cannot be put down voluntarily. If the scalpel is taken from its owner, the former Butcher is free from its curse. The new owner has a major problem, however

THE BUTCHER

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:2d12+2, S:2d12, Q:3d10, V:2d10
Climbin' 1d12+2, dodge 3d12+2, fightin': knife 3d12+2, shootin': pistol 2d12, sneak 3d12+2, swimmin' 2d12+2

Mental: C:3d10, K:4d12, M:2d8, Sm:4d10, Sp:2d12
Language: English 4d12+2, language: Latin 2d12+2, medicine: surgery 4d12+2, search 1d10, streetwise 2d10, guts 3d12

Terror: 7

Gear: Scalpel

Special Abilities:

Scalpel: STR+1d8

Immunity: Harmed only by edged weapons.

Control: Can create and control walkin' heads.

Weakness: If the scalpel is lost, he transforms into a grateful Dick Swink.

THE WALKN' HEADS

These are a special kind of walkin' dead created by the Butcher. He harvests the heads and limbs from his victims and stitches them into strange configurations, each with a single, mostly intact cranium.



These things crawl along on their sewn on hands and feet, attacking their victims with tooth and nail. The best way to kill them is to place a bullet between their bloody eyes.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:3d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8
Climbin' 4d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4
Overawe 4d6

Size: 2

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Bite: 3d8

Scratch: 3d8

Undead

THE PEOPLE OF NEPHI

No, the Nephites aren't making a ghostly comeback. A Gentile huckster named Carson Wells is developing a new illusionary hex and testing it in the city. He's done some reading up on Mormon history and theology and has decided to play a little joke on the Saints. So far it's been working wonderfully.

What Wells doesn't realize is that if he keeps his little prank up, Brigham might send the Black Chaplains down to Third Street to investigate. They would no doubt discern the truth, and Wells wouldn't be happy with the results. Even Luke, the joker of the bunch, probably won't find Wells' ruse very funny.

Should a huckster figure out what's going on somehow and track Wells down (he has an apartment in the Rathole in Junkyard), Wells quickly shares his arcane knowledge in return for a little silence.

For those of you that don't have *Hucksters & Hexes*, here's the hex:

MIRAGE

Trait: Smarts

Hand: Pair

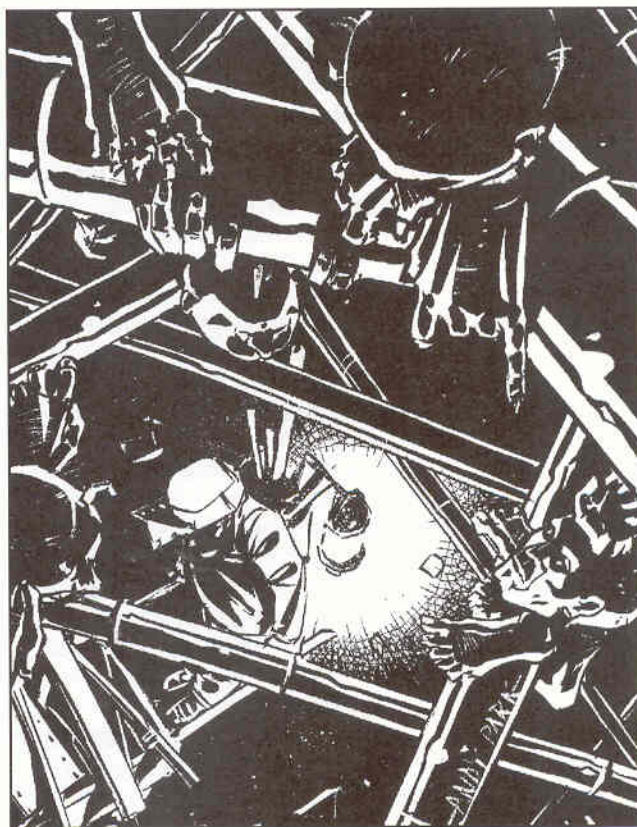
Speed: 2

Duration: Concentration or 1 Wind/round

Range: 5 yards/hex level

Many a cowpoke has been misled by a mirage. Not all of these are natural occurrences—some sprang from a hand of cards!

This hex allows a huckster to create an illusion of a place or inanimate object. For the purposes of this hex, normal plants such as grass and trees are considered inanimate.



The effects of the hex are limited to an area equal to 200 square feet per hex level. This is the equivalent of a 20' x 10' rectangle, although the huckster can modify this area into any shape, as long it does not exceed the limit. If needed, the huckster can move the illusion as appropriate within the range of the hex. Note, though, that any illusionary objects created with this hex must be three dimensional. Your huckster can't extend the size of his illusion by making a locomotive which appears normal from the side but which is only 1" wide.

The illusion produced by the hex is very realistic. So much so, in fact, that anyone viewing it must first have a reason to doubt its existence—and then make a Hard (9) *Cognition* roll—to recognize it for false.

Anyone attempting to touch an illusion realizes it to be false without having to roll. Also, since it is visual, it has absolutely no effect on the blind or creatures that do not use vision as their primary sense.

The precision of the hex is limited by the hand the huckster draws. Initially, only simple objects can be reproduced, but with higher hands he can produce very intricate illusions.

SECRETS

MIRAGE

Hand	Complexity
Ace	Single uniform object (blank wall or mound of dirt)
Pair	Single simple object or area (door, empty room, muddy pond)
Jacks	Single moderately diverse object (wagon, rifle, single dead tree)
Two Pairs	Single complex object or multiple simple objects (Gatling gun, sparsely furnished room, single live tree)
Three of a Kind	Multiple moderately diverse objects (furnished room, garden, complete meal with the trimmings)
Straight	Multiple complex objects (complete building or entire train)
Flush	Extremely complex objects (gizmo interior)



BABY RATTTLERS

Baby salt rattlers are simple, carefree creatures. All they really want to do is eat and play. It just so happens that their play usually results in someone dying.

These smaller rattlers usually attack in "packs" of three to five.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 7d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6
Overawe 5d8, **ridicule** 3d6

Pace: 20

Size: 4

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR

Burrowing: Underground Pace is 22. It cannot be doubled by "running"

Surprise: Travelers who don't recognize the rumblings of a rattler beneath them subtract -4 from their surprise checks.

SPIES

There are two important spies and scores of lesser-known agents in Salt Lake. The most famous spy, of course, is Nevada Smith. His rival is a CSA agent—Edna Jacobs of Edna's Eats.

NEVADA SMITH

Smith is actually *more* dashing and daring than his Dime Novels make him out to be. He's modest and doesn't want to brag too much since he *writes* his own Dime Novels under the pen name of I.M. Hymme. ("I am him," get it?)

The fellow that poses as I.M. isn't Nevada, however. He's actually a quiet little fellow named Michael Mullwood. Folks around Salt Lake City know Mike is his real name and think that I.M. is *his* pen name instead of Smith's. Got all that? Welcome to the world of espionage.

Nevada started out trying to get evidence against Brigham. He's under special orders not only from "the Ghost" but from General Grant as well. Since he got to Salt Lake City, however, Nevada has found himself inevitably pitted against Dr. Hellstromme.

The mad scientist has caused Union Blue more trouble than any other railroad (though Black River is close behind). Worse than that, the incredible armaments he devises may well wind up in Mormon hands if Grant decides to retake Utah.



On a personal level, Nevada has won only a few more battles with Hellstromme than he's lost, and that makes him mad. He's sworn to bring Hellstromme down, and steal the secret of the automatons for the North.

Unfortunately for the heroic spy, he winds up spending most of his time solving some deadly and impenetrable mystery for the common folks. It's hard for a hero to turn a blind eye when the horrors of the Reckoning rear their ugly heads.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:4d10, S:3d8, Q:4d8, V:3d8
Bow 1d10, climbin' 4d10, dodge 8d10, drivin': steam wagons 5d10, fannin' 1d10, fightin': brawlin' 6d10, filchin' 2d10, drivin': jet pack 2d10, drivin': ornithopter 2d10, lockpickin' 4d10, horse ridin' 5d10, quick draw 6d8, shootin': automatics 6d10, sleight o' hand 2d10, sneak 6d10, swimmin' 3d10, teamster 3d10, throwin' 3d10
Mental: C:4d10, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 4d8, area knowledge: Deseret 4d8, artillery 4d10, arts 2d10, bluff 8d10, demolition 4d8, disguise 10d8, faith: Christianity 3d8, gamblin' 7d10, guts 6d8, language: French 4d8, language: Indian sign language 4d8, language: Mormon alphabet (written only) 3d8, language: Spanish 5d8, leadership 3d8, medicine 3d8, professional: law 4d8, overawe 3d8, performin' 6d8, persuasion 4d8, ridicule 5d10, science: chemistry 2d8, science: engineering 2d8, scroungin' 5d10, scrutinize 6d10, search 4d10, streetwise 8d10, survival: desert 4d10, tale tellin' 3d8, tinkerin' 3d10, trackin' 3d10, trade: blacksmith 1d8

Edges: Friends in high places (Nevada can contact the Pinkertons for help on rare occasions. Usually he's on his own) 3, level-headed, luck o' the Irish, rank 3 (Pinkerton), Veteran o' the Weird West

Hindrances: Enemy 5 (Hellstromme), Heroic, Loyal

Gear: Excellent disguise kit (+4 to *disguise*), Gatling pistol, other weird gadgets.

EDNA JACOBS

Edna Jacobs (owner of Edna's Eats in Salt Lake City) is a Confederate spy. Due to her age (she's 64) and grandmother-like temperament, she isn't really a "field agent" like Nevada Smith. Edna is more of an intelligence gatherer. When she needs to take action, she disguises herself as a man and covertly hires unknown operatives (a great way to get your posse involved in an adventure, Marshal).

Secretly, Edna admires Nevada as if he were a son. She knows the two of them are really on the same side against the forces of darkness. The war between their nations is a distant side-effect. On a few occasions, Edna and Nevada have met at cross-purposes. Edna has won as many times as Nevada, but never when it might endanger his life.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:1d6, S:1d6, Q:1d8, V:2d6
Drivin': steam wagon 3d6, lockpickin' 2d8, quick draw 2d8, shootin': pistols 3d8, sneak 5d8
Mental: C:3d12, K:3d10, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d10
Academia: occult 5d10, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d10, bluff 6d8, guts 3d10, medicine: general 5d10, persuasion 3d8, ridicule 3d8, scrutinize 6d12, search 4d12, streetwise 5d8, trade: baking 5d10
Edges: Friends in high places (Texas Rangers) 3, gift of gab, nerves o' steel
Hindrances: Loyal
Gear: Derringer .44.

OTHER RAILROADS

All the railroads have a few spies in the City o' Gloom. Most of them are watching Smith & Robards and Hellstromme for gizmos that may help them win the Great Rail Wars. Few rail barons care about Brigham and the Saints, as long as they can lay tracks through Deseret.

IRON DRAGON

Kang would love to get his hands on the secret of the automatons, but he has had limited success for infiltrating Wasatch operations in Salt Lake. The Steam Pipe Incident took out three of his best agents, and he's been trying to rebuild ever since.

BAYOU VERMILION

The current bone of contention between Bayou Vermillion and Wasatch is Hellstromme's theft of a sizable quantity of LaCroix's zombie juice. LaCroix's operatives are trying to locate Hellstromme's secret labs so they can either steal the serum back or neutralize it. They haven't had any success yet.

BLACK RIVER

Mina Devlin keeps only a token covert presence in the City o' Gloom, just to keep up to date on Wasatch's movements. She prefers to rely on her black magic and pacts with hellish creatures rather than Hellstromme's machines.



JUNKYARD

Fear Level 4

THE STEEL SKY

Moving around the Steel Sky is dangerous. Characters can't just walk from point A to point B. They'll have to cross narrow pipes, jump from gantry to gantry, and maybe even swing hand-over-hand. Since we can't draw a map of the place, you can use the table below to help you figure out what obstacles your posse must cross.

Should a character suffer a wound in the Steel Sky, he must make a *Nimbleness* roll against a TN equal to the wound level (use the Healing Difficulties Table). Do this after the character rolls to see if he's stunned. Failure means he falls to the ground. When someone tumbles and you don't know the height, you can use the Height Table that follows.

THE STEEL SKY

1d20 Obstacle

- 1-2 **"Room:"** A cramped but safe "room" is formed by nearby walls or sheets of metal. There's no danger of falling from here. There's also a chance something else has already taken up residence.
- 3-8 **Catwalk:** The heroes can cross safely.
- 9-13 **Conduit:** Several pipes are banded together, making for a wide but clumsy walkway. A Foolproof (3) *Nimbleness* roll is required to get across.
- 14-15 **Cold Pipe:** The heroes must shimmy across, making a Fair (5) *climbin'* roll.
- 16 **Hot Pipe:** This one's full of steam. If it's punctured, it spews steam that causes 2d4 damage per round to anyone near it. Crossing it requires some ingenuity, since it's too hot to hold. Walking over it works if the character has boots on (an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll). A hero might also cross with a belt or rope (Onerous (7) *Strength/ climbin'* roll).
- 17 **Weak Pipe:** A brawny character or a big 'un can't cross this pipe. All others must make a Hard (9) *climbin'* roll to gently crawl across the pipe without snapping it.
- 18 **Tricky Pipe:** This is like a weak pipe but it's not readily apparent until a character gets half way across. At that

point, the pipe creaks and breaks! The character can hang on to one section, swinging down to the next level by making a Hard (9) *Strength* roll.

- 19 **Beam:** A Fair (5) *Nimbleness* roll to walk across.
- 20 **Swing:** A loose cable hangs down. The characters must swing to their next destination. This is an Onerous (7) *Strength* roll.

STEEL SKY HEIGHT

1d6	Height
1-2	1 story
3-4	2 stories
5	3 stories
6	4 stories

THE SEWERS

The sewers are filled with Sludge—the creature that lives in City Creek Canyon (see **Sludge Creek**, on the next page). It eats anyone foolish enough to venture down here. The only thing Sludge lets live down here are some giant rats mutated by ghost-rock runoff and other pollutants. Sludge sees the rats as its pets and reacts violently when they are killed.

The rats travel in packs of 2d10 creatures. They often swim beneath the surface of Sludge and bite at the ankles of their prey. When the prey tries to run, Sludge holds them in place and the rats swarm over their victims for the kill. The rats are covered in slime and sludge, with mangy patches of bubbling skin, so when first seen their Terror score is 9. Once the heroes know they're only rats (even though they're *really* mean and infectious mutated rats), the Terror score for future encounters drops to 3.

MUTATED RATS

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:1d6, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4
Overawe 5d6

Pace: 16

Size: 3

Terror: 9/3

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR+disease

Disease: If a rat causes a wound, the hero must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check. If he fails, he's contracted ghost-rock fever." See *Quick & the Dead* for the grisly details.

SLUDGE CREEK

Sludge Creek is filled with Sludge. That's right—"Sludge" is capitalized because it's alive. The contaminated goo is filled with ghost-rock dust and the screaming souls of those trapped within. It took on a life of its own on December 6, 1873—Sludge's birthday in its collective mind.

The monster can think, hear, and feel, but it cannot see or smell. Sludge hates people, but it knows if anyone ever discovers it's alive, it could be killed. It would take a large group of men with flamethrowers to do Sludge in, but the creature's theory is "better safe than barbecued." It tries to be subtle and take someone only when it won't be too obvious it's more than just an acidic river of goo—which is bad enough.

Sometimes Sludge oozes up through water pipes (most every place in Junkyard and Salt Lake City has indoor running water). There's nothing worse than yanking the shower chain and having flesh-eating goo pour on your head.

The monster is a smaller amount of the entire creek, sewer, and underground streams that it fills. It makes up about half the total volume of the water, but it leaves enough of itself throughout to know when something enters it.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6 (tendrils), N:1d6, S:3d10+4, Q:3d6, V:3d12

Fightin': brawlin' 5d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d6, Sp:3d8

Pace: 6

Size: Special

Terror: 13

Special Abilities:

Acidic Tendrils: Sludge can manifest and control two tendrils at once. These can reach slap someone for nonlethal damage. If Sludge hits with a raise, the tendril covers the target and causes an additional 1d20 points of acid damage. Apply brawling and acid damage totals separately. The tendril covers the victim in sticky goo, so Armor does not apply unless it covers the entire body. Breaking free of a tendril once it's latched on requires a victim to beat Sludge in an opposed contest of *Strength*. A single success allows Sludge to hold on and continue to inflict damage at the beginning of each round. A raise means the hero breaks free but continues to suffer acid damage until he immerses himself in





water. On two or more raises, the hero breaks free so quickly that Sludge's tendrils "snaps" back and pulls most of its deadly goo back with it—the hero suffers no further ill-effects. If other characters wish to help pull a friend free, they can roll *Strength* as well. Each helper who beats Sludge adds +1 to the victim's total for every success and raise. Cutting a tendril is useless—blades and bullets go right through. The only way to permanently kill Sludge is to find its heart (in the **Empire Mill**, see below) and destroy it.

Immunity: Sludge is completely immune to bullets, blades, and other physical attacks—they just pass right through its viscous body. Only fire, acid, energy or other "matter-destroying" attacks cause it harm. Magic works only if it produces a similar effect—thus *soul blast* would cause Sludge damage, but *grenade* would not. Even these kinds of attacks can only make Sludge withdraw from a fight. Once it has taken 300 points of accumulated damage, Sludge withdraws from any situation and leaves its "dead" goo behind. That means the heroes may not know Sludge has retreated until they realize it's no longer attacking them.

Oozers: Sludge can break off humanoid pieces of itself to explore the city and surrounding areas. See below for details.

Vulnerability to Fire: Being made partially of ghost rock, Sludge takes double damage from fire and fire-based attacks, but it can extinguish itself so as not to catch fire.

OOZERS

Sludge has recently learned to create humanoid blobs of itself. These can separate from the rest of Sludge for up to three hours before dissolving into a "dead" puddle.

The "oozers" can't truly change shape, but they are liquid and so can ooze under doors, through drainpipes, and so on. They aren't as smart as Sludge—they have only a portion of its vast and growing mind. They are a little braver and fiercer however, perhaps since they only have a short time to "live."

Sludge likes to explore the city when it's safe, so he often sends one to six oozers out to wander the area late at night. Oozers act a bit like young children, exploring, touching, even tasting everything they encounter. Of course, anyone who happens to spy an oozers must be killed and consumed, to preserve Sludge's secret.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d4 (no fingers), N:2d6, S:2d8, Q:2d4, V:3d8

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:1d10, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d6

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Terror: 13

Special Abilities:

Acidic Touch: Oozers do brawling damage with their soft, gooey arms. The acidic touch causes 1d20 damage on every hit. They do not "envelop" a character normally, but an oozers who is about to die sometimes "throws" itself onto a character. If it makes a *fightin': brawlin'* roll and gets a raise, it envelops the hero for 1d20 points of damage then and at the beginning of each round. The victim can break free as described in Sludge's tendril description, above.

Immunity: Oozers share the same immunity as Sludge. They can suffer only 30 points of "matter-destroying" damage before they dissolve into a puddle of steaming goo.

Vulnerability to Fire: Unlike Sludge, which can swap water and mud for burning ghost rock to extinguish fire, oozers can't. They take double damage from fire, and once hit, burn for 1d20 points of damage at the beginning of each round.

EMPIRE MILL

The "heart" of Sludge lies in the flooded basement of the Empire Mill. Below the rotting floorboards sits a dark chunk of ghost rock and the bones of those Sludge has consumed.

The heart must be destroyed to truly kill Sludge. Doing so takes 200 points of damage by any means. It is considered an animate object, so even *soul blast* can destroy the heart.

That might be easy enough if Sludge let it happen, but of course it won't. Anyone who enters the mill is an instant enemy. Sludge tries to pick off intruders one at a time. Usually, it uses oozers to lead characters away from the rest of the group and then yanks them through the floorboards into its dark depths. If it becomes obvious a group is there to destroy it, it smashes through the floor, spins off several oozers, and attacks with savage fury.

If Sludge is killed, the water in the creek clears to a black brine in a few weeks. It's never "clean" as long as the factories are here, but neither does it digest anyone who falls inside.



PLACES OF NOTE

THE ASYLUM

Dr. Hibbert is a good man, though his methods are a bit crude. The widow nurses are also good and helpful. Hibbert has created a few new and useful methods for treating the many manias that affect citizens of Salt Lake City. Depressed workers, demented inventors, and those driven mad by a brush with the unholy may find comfort in his drastic but effective techniques.

There are a few good things a posse can find here. If your group finds its way into the Asylum, you might let a mad scientist in your group notice an ingenious blueprint written in chalk on a cell wall. Or perhaps an inmate screams some ingenious alchemical formula.

Hibbert only accepts patients who are willing to remain as full-time inmates. Once in, they may only be released on his say-so. Willing patients who agree must pay a onetime \$50 fee. Truly insane patients can be committed by family members (or the state) without choice.

Once committed, he puts his patients through "confrontational therapy." Hibbert straps her into a chair and confronts her with stories and pictures of the things she hates or fears most.

At the end of each week, the patient makes a *Smarts* test. The TN depends on how deep the patient's fears or manias run. As a guideline, heroes with manias acquired through the Scart Table or from being a mad scientist should roll against a TN of Hard (9). Raise the TN by +2 for each occurrence of a particular phobia or mania the character has suffered. If the patient fails the roll, nothing happens. Treatment continues. If the patient goes bust, the TN increases by +4.

If the patient makes the roll, the TN drops by 2 for the following week. When it reaches 0 or less, the patient is cured. If the problem was a Hindrance, the hero must buy it off as normal.

DR. EML HIBBERT

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Drivin': steam wagon 3d6, shootin': pistol 2d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d10, M:2d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 3, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d10, guts 5d8, medicine: general 5d10, science: biology 3d10, science: psychology 5d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8

Edges: "The voice"

Hindrances: Geezer

Gear: Dr. Hibbert carries a Colt One-Shot for personal protection.



HIBBERT'S ASSISTANTS

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2, guts 3d8, medicine: general 2d8, science: psychology 3d8, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6

Gear: The women that assist Hibbert in his work are never armed.

BENEATH THE ASYLUM

Things would be great for Dr. Hibbert and his patients if it weren't for one thing—Dr. Leonitus P. Gash's secret lab lies beneath the Asylum.

As for the laboratory itself, Gash and his assistants found an abandoned mine in the hills above. They disguised themselves as miners and began to carve out an underground laboratory. Their caverns lead from the mines all the way to certain dwellings in town and the unused cellar of the asylum. This is where the mad doctors get their experimental patients from. Gash's assistants crawl through the hollow walls, ducts, dumbwaiters, and massive shower drains of the asylum to abduct their victims. Then they haul them through the tunnels and down into the deep laboratory for experimentation.



DR. LEONTIUS P. GASH

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:1d6, S:1d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Fightin': scalpel 2d6, sneak 2d6

Mental: C:3d12, K:3d12, M:2d8, Sm:3d12, Sp:4d10

Academia: occult 5d12, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d12, disguise 3d12, guts 4d10, medicine: surgery 10d12, overawe 3d8, persuasion 2d8, science: chemistry 4d12, science: biology 10d12, science: engineering 10d12, scrutinize 6d12, search 4d12, streetwise 1d12

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist, keen

Hindrances: Ailin' 5 (leprosy), curious, enemy 5 (the Church), geezer, intolerance ("unenlightened scientists"), scrawny, yearnin' (to be the father of augmentation)

Gear: Specially modified piston arm. Dr. Gash is rarely healed. He relies on his younger, more able assistants to defend him if needed.

GASH'S ASSISTANTS

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Drivin': steam wagon 3d6, shootin': shotgun 3d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:3d8, M:2d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d8

Academia: occult 3d8, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d8, guts 3d8, medicine: surgery 5d8, science: biology 5d8, science: engineering 4d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d8

Gear: When the assistants feel they're being followed or are in danger of some sort, they tuck scatterguns under their coats.

DOC YATES

Doc Yates is going to have a rough time locating his lost son. Like quite a few other unfortunates, Cal was killed by Hellstromme's men. His brain eventually wound up in an automaton. That automaton now patrols Hellstromme's estate. The body was incinerated.

The only way to discover Cal's whereabouts is through divination of some sort. If the Doc is told of Cal's fate, he snaps. He knows about Dr. Stark's work and attempts to get Cal's brain and take it to Stark's Manor in hopes of bringing his son back by putting his brain in a new body. Heck, it might even work.

Of course, Cal won't go peacefully, and his automaton head explodes unless the heroes come up with a really good way to zonk it before it can detonate itself.

And of course, Hellstromme would stop at nothing to retrieve a stolen automaton. That means Cal's head might become the hottest exploding metal potato in Utah.

GRANNY SMITH'S ARMS FACTORY

Granny's arms are nothing special, though they're invaluable to the embargoed Mormons. Only her and the Browning factory in Morgan produce a stable supply of guns for Deseret. Without them, the Nauvoo Legion would be throwing rocks at the Union and Confederates.

Granny's "private" collection contains weird gizmos and even famous guns used by the West's foremost gunslingers. Use this as a place to plant that new gizmo or magical relic you've come up with. Granny isn't too eager to part with any of her prized collection, but she can be persuaded with the right amount of money.

HELLSTROMME INDUSTRIES

See the section on Hellstromme's compound (page 121) for information on the "secret of the automatons." The rest of the factories here are more-or-less as Sally described them.

Outside, all are guarded by Hellstromme's famed "X-Squads," gunmen (guinea pigs) given experimental equipment. These men are paid well enough to be fairly loyal, and fear of Hellstromme tends to make up for what the money alone doesn't ensure.

Inside the more-valuable factories are the infamous automatons. They stomp about the floor and intimidate intruders and workers alike.

X-SQUADDER

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6

Dodge 2d6, fightin': any 3d6, horse ridin' 2d6, sneak 2d6, any skill necessary to use a device at 4.

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6

Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d6, gamblin' 2d6, guts 2d6, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6, streetwise 2d6, any other skill needed to use their gizmo at level 4

Gear: Any single weird gizmo, such as a flamethrower, Gatling weapon, or a rocket pack. If the gizmo isn't a weapon, the X-Squadder carries a pistol, rifle, or shotgun.

AUTOMATON

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d4, S:2d10, Q:2d6, V:2d12

Fightin': brawlin' 3d4, shootin': automatics 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4

Overawe 4d6, search 4d6

Size: 7

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

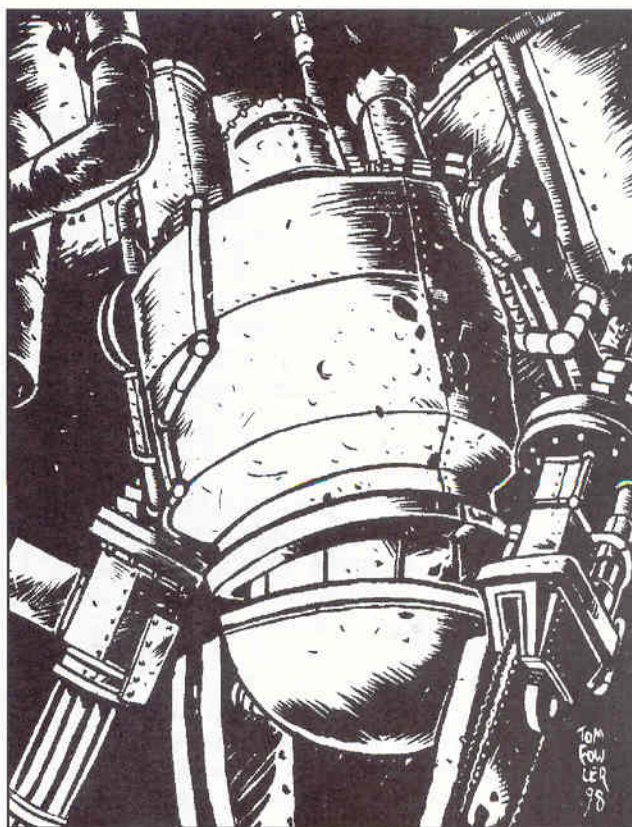


Immunities: Automatons are unaffected by Wind and physical stress, as well as emotional stress (fear and all social skills, like *overawe* or *persuasion*).

Mechanical Hands: Sentinels have a grasping claw in one hand and a Gatling in the other. If fully loaded, an automaton has 60 rounds for the Gatling.

Self-Destruct: If an automaton's armor is breached badly (a mortal wound to the guts or noggin), the thing explodes immediately with the force of a single stick of dynamite. This is a mental command from the zombie brain to a detonator in its head, backed up by a gyroscopic detonator that triggers the explosion if the automaton is knocked over (though the zombie can halt this command if it is conscious). The only way to stop the detonation is to somehow render the zombie brain "unconscious." Walkin' dead don't take Wind, so this is pretty difficult. Magical or weird-science effects might find a way to short-circuit the brain, however.

Vulnerability: Since *soul blast* and the like only work on animate objects, it affects an automaton only if it targets the noggin. In that case, ignore the armor. Only spells that affect objects can affect the body.



INNS & HOTELS

SALT LAKE CITY GRAND

Mimi is a siren, just like the ones in Greek mythology. Her songs drive men crazy with love. They do just about anything she asks. Mimi doesn't order her victims to go commit some blatant act of murder or mayhem. Instead, she whispers some mischievous command to her suitors, lesser crimes that drive them to greater crimes and, eventually, the gallows.

MIMI THE SIREN

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d8, S:3d10, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Filchin' 2d10, dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d12, K:2d6, M:4d12, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d6, arts: singin' 10d12, overawe 6d12, performin' 4d12, persuasion 5d12, scrutinize 4d12, search 2d12

Terror: —

Special Abilities:

Siren Song: Mimi uses her *arts: singin'* ability as *persuasion*. When she sings, every male in the room must make an opposed *Spirit* roll. Those that fail are under Mimi's spell,

though she usually only chooses one or two victims a week. After the show, Mimi mingles, eventually getting her victims alone. Then she whispers in their ear some minor favor she would appreciate. The afflicted cowpoke carries out her instructions when the time is right, and then returns for more of her attentions. The tasks always start out small, like filling someone's drying laundry with mud or uncinching his saddle. Then she moves up to poisoning someone's cat, plugging a gun barrel full of mud, and so forth. Eventually, her victims commit murder. If one of her paramours is ever caught, he instantly forgets why he did whatever he was caught doing and who asked him to do it. He doesn't lose his memories of Mimi, just anything she asked him to do. The poor cowpoke can't even consider Mimi as part of his dilemma. Mimi's power is completely wasted on women. They hear her singing as high-pitched wails and see her as a rather homely woman instead of a beautiful young lady. She's not hideous or anything—most gals just can't understand why their male friends are stricken with her.



LENORE'S HOUSE OF FINE ARTS

Lenore is no more than she seems—a patron of art. She sees it as her duty to preserve the honest if naive works of the Junkers.

Adelade Picket is another story. He gives Lenore the creeps, but she feels sorry for him and so can't refuse his paintings. She's also darkly fascinated by them, though she doesn't admit this even to herself. Those who listen to her describe them realize on a Fair (5) *scrutinize* roll that she's morbidly intrigued at the subtle horrors hidden in his works.

What about those horrors? You guessed it: They come to life on occasion. Every full moon, they climb out of their portraits and stalk the city. When one is killed, which is rare (Nevada got one once), it disappears from the painting.

Picket knows his paintings are alive. In fact, at the end of each night's revelry, each monster pays Picket a visit and silently urges him to paint another portrait. Picket knows if he fails to deliver, he may become their next victim.

The statistics for these monstrosities vary greatly, as do their abilities and weaknesses. Here are two you can start with, but you should add your own abominable creations as well.

A Harrowed counting coup on one of these monstrosities gains a free level of *arts: painting*, up to a maximum of 3 free levels.

THE PIPE MONSTER

This hideous creature is tall and skinny with rusting, metallic skin. Its face is a steam vent, and its arms, legs, and torso all look like steel pipes. These are hollow, and the creature makes eerie chiming sounds as it walks.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:2d8, S:3d10, Q:3d8, V:3d8
Filchin' 4d4, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8
Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Junkyard 5d6, disguise 6d6,
search 2d8

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Attack: The pipe monster attacks by bashing opponents with its long arms or stabbing them with its sharp-edged, tubular fingers. Either one does STR+2d6 damage.

Concealment: In Junkyard, the pipe monster can stand stock still and easily pass for yet another tangle of metal (hence the high

disguise skill). Those who aren't looking for the creature have no chance of detecting it. Those who know something's up roll normally. If the creature has already been spotted, a character rolls his *search* at +4.

THE STEAM DEMON

Another of Picket's creatures is a sentient cloud of scalding steam. It's a cloud of billowing, heavy steam with two sinister black eyes.

The steam demon only attacks a person once per night. Once it has, it wafts away to await another night's work. It attacks by simply wafting over some unfortunate individual. Roll 3d6 damage once and apply the number of wounds to *all* locations. Chips spent to negate wounds negate them to all locations as well.

MADAM MARIE'S DANCE HALL

Marie doesn't have any "dirt" on any of the Mormon leaders. They abhor the place, but realize its importance in keeping the Gentiles peaceful. Nothing quiets a cowboy down more than a "dance" with one of Madam Marie's girls.

REVEREND HUNGATE

Marie's real opposition, Reverend Robert Hungate, is another story. He knows a lot about the Reckoning and doesn't mind sharing it with anyone who will listen.

Both the Pinkertons and the Rangers have placed him on their wanted list (\$100, dead or alive). Edna Jacobs isn't "that kind" of agent; she's more of an intelligence-gatherer. Nevada Smith claims he can't find him but, in truth, is a friend and comrade-in-arms of Rev. Hungate. Smith has fought alongside the Rev on more than one heroic adventure.

He can be a powerful ally for your party as well. He can share as much information about the Reckoning as you wish—and he can even heal them if he's able—and they've proven themselves as allies in the fight against evil.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d8
Climbin' 2d6, dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 5d6,
horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak
2d6, swimmin' 2d6, teamster 4d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:3d8, M:4d8, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d10
Academia: occult 5d8, academia: theology 3d8,
area knowledge: Salt Lake City 4d8, faith:
Baptist 6d10, guts 5d10, language: Latin 2d8,
leadership 3d8, overawe 5d8, scrutinize 3d10,
search 3d10





Grit: 2

Edges: Arcane background (blessed)

Hindrances: Enemy (Pinkertons and Rangers) 5, heroic, poverty, self-righteous

Miracles: Battle hymn, martyrdom, protection, reassurance, spiritual backhand, temperance, unfetter

Gifts: None

Gear: Colt Walker with only three rounds, iron pipe (STR+1d6+1 damage).

THE OREWAYS

THE WESTERN OREWAY

Along the westernmost of the oreways, in the dark of night, the ghosts of miners killed in the ghost-rock crushers come to unholy life as physical undead. Like spiders, they crawl along the underside of the oreways and wait for trespassers.

When the skulkers find prey, they crawl out from beneath the conveyor belt and attempt to smash the victim's skull from behind with their massive fists. There are many oreway skulkers, though only one of them is ever called into being in a single night.

OREWAY SKULKERS

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d8, S:3d10, Q:3d6, V:3d8

Dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 5d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:1d4, M:1d8, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d6

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Climb: Oreway skulkers can climb underneath the oreways (upside down) at a Pace of 8 (a little faster than the oreway).

Club Fists: The skulkers' fists do STR+2d10 damage. If attacking a victim unaware, it can "aim" its attack for a +6 bonus, enough to negate the called-shot-to-the-head modifier.

Undead

THE NORTHERN OREWAY

The northern oreway provides an easy path for wall crawlers from the mountains. These nocturnal hunters are similar to those found on buttes and mesas in the deserts, but smaller and more prone to roam. Every few days, a Wasatch wall crawler scuttles down the oreway and hunts for prey in Junkyard. The Steel Sky, tall smokestacks, and other high obstacles make this a perfect hunting ground for the beasts.



WASATCH WALL CRAWLER

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d10, S:3d8, Q:2d12+2, V:2d8
Climbin' 8d10, fightin' brawlin' 5d10, sneak 4d10

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d10, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d6

Size: 10

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Bite: STR+2d8

Tail Strike: STR+3d10

Pace: 20 (when racing downhill, 10 otherwise)

THE RATHOLE

In addition to being a foul and disgusting slum tenement, the Rathole is actually full of rats, normal and giant. They're as big as feral cats and twice as mean. They don't venture up into the living areas of the Rathole, but they do lurk in the garbage outside of the building.

The things live in the basement and sometimes wander into the sewer system. Sludge usually adopts them, or eats them.

The rats don't attack singly, but they wait until they can ambush some lone traveler as a pack of 2d10 critters.

GIANT RATS

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:1d4, Q:3d8, V:3d6

Fightin' brawlin' 3d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4

Overawe 3d6

Pace: 16

Size: 3

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Bite: STR

Infection: If a rat causes a wound, the hero must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check. If he fails, he contracts a minor disease. Treat this as the *ailin'* Hindrance at level 1. It goes away in 2-3 weeks if treated by any kind of doctor.

WORKER'S HOSPITAL

The Worker's Hospital isn't as bad as Sally suggested; it's worse. A character who visits the quacks and charlatans here risks life and limb.

Assuming a hero goes to the worker's hospital for an untreated wound, roll a 3d6 *medicine* total for the quack on duty. If the roll beats the TN of the wound needing attention, it's healed 1 level, and all Wind is replenished as usual.

If the roll is failed, roll on the Surgical Mishap Table below (isn't this fun?)



1d6	Result
1	Death: Sorry, partner.
2	Maimed: The docs accidentally took off an arm (1-3) or a leg (4-6). Hey, everybody makes mistakes. There's always Dr. Gash.
3	Where's My Scalpel? One of the docs left a scalpel or other sharp object inside you. It causes slow internal bleeding. You lose -1 Wind per day until you die or someone cuts you open and makes an Incredible (11) <i>surgery</i> roll to remove it.
4	What's a "Spleen?" While poking around your innards, the docs found some strange organ they'd never seen before. You've got 1d6 days to live unless you find some magical healing that can regrow organs. A "Frankenstein"-type mad scientist might also be able to fix the damage, if you can find a new spleen, liver, kidney, or whatever.
5	"Ether" Here or There: The docs use too much ether and drive your character insane. He picks up a doozy of a delusion (5-pointer) and gets shipped over to the Asylum.
6	Hey, It Worked! You get off lucky. The docs don't kill you this time. Of course, they don't heal you either, but you can let them try again if you're feeling lucky.

OTHER AILMENTS

As the Marshal, you have to determine what happens to patients who enter the Worker's Hospital for other reasons, such as disease or to continue healing already-treated wounds. Keep in mind that bleedings, leechings, and trepanning (drilling holes in the head) are considered "state-of-the-art" in this throwback house of horrors. Long-term patients can expect the same care that crown heads of Europe got—in the 1600s, that is.

Feel free to make a 3d6 *medicine* roll to help you decide. On a good roll, maybe the poor fellow is actually aided in some way (but not too much). On a low roll, the quacks keep him around and tell him he's getting better, but he's not. On a bust, things go bad. Real bad. You have to decide what that means, based on the case.



HAZARDS OF JUNKYARD

ALLEYCATS

The alleycats came to life and murdered their inventor as the gossip suggests. Now they lurk in the alleys, waiting for unsuspecting victims.

Their supernatural energy comes from stealing breath. The cats attack in groups of 5 to 15. They pounce on a victim and rake him with their claws until he collapses (0 Wind). Then the cats stand about his head and draw out his breath. No matter how many cats there are, they steal 1 Wind per second. The victim remains conscious during this time, though he can do little more than twitch a few fingers. Under no circumstances can he speak, and he can't keep his mouth closed either.

Eventually, drawing off the victim's Wind kills him (see the bleeding rules in the *Deadlands* rulebook if you don't know how this works).

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:3d6, S:1d6, Q:3d8, V:3d4

Fightin': brawlin' 2d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d4

Search 2d8, trackin' 6d4

Size: 3

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Claw: STR+1d4

Teeth: STR+1d6

Armor: 2

Steal Breath: see above.

THE EAST END MASSACRE

The East End madman was none other than Dr. Leonitus P. Gash! To combat the leprosy that infects his body, Dr. Gash had his assistants perform the first ever human augmentation on the doctor himself. Maddened by the pain of his new piston arm, Gash burst from his secret lab into Iron Street and killed 15 in a psychotic rage. He then fled into the alleys of Junkyard.

Gash came to his senses in an alleyway about an hour later, covered in blood. Unable to accept what he had done, Gash quickly rationalized that it was his *own* blood that he was covered in. He has no memory of the events of that afternoon and refuses to even consider the possibility that he is the East End Madman.

His assistant Carl knows better but is too loyal to Gash to turn him in. Still, should Carl ever become disgruntled, he has much to tell.



LURKERS

The Lurkers are actually the Mullins kids, a family of five orphans. Their mother died giving birth to Little Janie. Their father was a factory worker until he found a brief but shining moment of fame playing swing. His tether was cut by "Slicer" Muldoon in early '76 during a match, and he plunged into the Sludge, never to be seen again.

The kids were put into the orphanage, but the oldest, James, figured out what Widow Grist was up to after she and her assistants drained his blood one night. When James recovered, he broke his brother and sisters out and escaped into Junkyard. They hid in the only place they were sure Sheriff Waters couldn't find them—the Steel Sky. James had learned something of swing from his father, so he began training the rest of his siblings how to maneuver through the vertical labyrinth over Junkyard.

Since then, the kids have learned the layout of Steel Sky like the backs of their hand, better than anyone else in Junkyard. They've survived by scrounging and common thievery, though they all aspire to become swing players like their father.



The oldest Lurker is James, 18. The next oldest is Billy, 16, Sarah, 15, Ferguson, 12, and Little Janie, 9. By day, they roam the town buying food with what little loot they manage to steal. They have built a hidden "treehouse" in a cramped section of the Steel Sky. This is where they eat, sleep, and hang out most of the time.

When funds run low, they rob Junkers by dropping a lasso around them from the Steel Sky. Then Sarah and Little Janie jump off a beam high above and hold the victim in place six feet off the ground. Billy and Ferguson, both wearing masks, swing down, relieve their prey of all his dinero, and retreat back into the steel overhead.

The kids wear masks when they attack, and the three who are actually seen are big enough to pass for small adults, so few victims realize they've been robbed by kids. Of those that have noticed the Lurkers' stature, all have so far been too embarrassed to say they were robbed by kids, but instead claim they were attacked by a dozen full-grown men. This can be quite misleading to a posse of heroes who overarm themselves to deal with the Lurkers.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, S:(2d8 for James, 2d6 for the other kids, 1d4 for Little Janie), Q:3d6, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 4d10, swing 4d10, throwin' 3d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6
Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 3d6 (Steel Sky 6d6), scroungin' 3d6, search 3d6

Gear: Metal pipes (STR+1d6), lassos and swing harnesses, masks.

THE "OTHER" LURKERS

Sally mentioned that the Lurkers' most recent victims have been murdered horribly. That's not strictly true. What's really going on is a keen insight into the nature of the Reckoning though.

The public's fear of the Lurkers has given life to horrible new creatures in the Steel Sky. The "other" lurkers are horrid, spider-like beings that drop down on a victim, draw him up into the Steel Sky, and fill him with their eggs. In a few days, the eggs hatch, and the larvae eat their way out. The victims dies in horrible agony.

Ironically enough, the only people who know about the lurkers is the Lurkers. They've been killing the small ones and running from the large ones for the last few months. They can't go to the authorities for help for fear of being arrested for murder.

Sooner or later, however, the lurkers' population will grow so large the Lurkers will have to ask for help. Sounds like a good adventure for a posse of do-gooders, doesn't it?

The lurkers are grotesque humanoids with four spider-like arms ending in cruel hooks. They also have gray-furred bodies, horrendous compound eyes, and the ability to shoot webs from their wide-fanged mouths.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d12, S:2d6, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 10d12, fightin': brawlin' 5d12, sneak 7d12, webcasting 5d4

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Steel Sky 4d4, overawe 3d6, trackin' 3d8

Pace: 8 on ground, 10 in Steel Sky

Size: 6

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Claws: STR+1d6 (lurkers can attack with each of their four arms once per round)

Web: A lurker can sacrifice its armed attack to fire its web instead. Roll the creature's *webcasting* with a Range Increment of 1. If it hits, a single man-sized target is entangled. Breaking free requires a Hard (9) *Strength* roll with 1 raise. With a success but no raise, a character can work a knife or other small blade free and start cutting himself loose. It takes 20 points of damage to cut enough webbing strands loose to get free.

Implantation: Once the survivors are entangled, the lurkers descend on them and inject their eggs into their bloodstreams. The victim falls into semiconsciousness at this point. Then 1d6 days later, the eggs hatch into six new lurkers, who eat their way out and kill the victim. The eggs can be removed up to the moment of death, whether by natural or magical means. Natural means requires an Incredible (11) *medicine: surgery* roll and 1d6 hours. Reduce the TN to Hard (9) if the surgeon has done this before. Failure means the victim sustains a wound, but the doctor can try again. Going bust means the victim dies instantly.

ROOFERS

The roofers are simply the "walkin' heads" of the Butcher. See **Hazards of Salt Lake City**, on page 96.





CURRENT EVENTS

THE GREAT RAIL WARS

You already know about the relationship between Brigham and Hellstromme. Sally also told you that Brigham plans on giving the right-of-way to the first railroad to reach Salt Lake City, *without* linking up to the Denver Pacific.

So why is he double-crossing Hellstromme? He's not. Hellstromme is in on this one. Both men want to see the other railroads kill themselves racing each other to Salt Lake City. This also makes the DP worthless, giving Hellstromme a chance to buy it at a cheap price. Then, when it's clear who's going to win, Brigham can find a reason to declare the contest invalid and forbid any railroad except Wasatch from crossing Deseret. If they pull this off, Wasatch should easily win the Great Rail Wars.

HELLSTROMME'S ACE-IN-THE-HOLE

Darius knows Brigham will do whatever is best for the Saints once the railroads reach Deseret, so he commissioned a secret line through the Rockies. Actually, *under* the Rockies.

Hellstromme created an incredible underground vehicle with a huge drill at the front. He calls it, creatively enough, the "digging machine." It's digging a tunnel through the Rockies north of Utah. If he can get the line completed soon enough, he shouldn't need to connect with the DP or lay line across Deseret.

LABOR MOVEMENT

Stacey O'Malley's as thick-headed as her brother, Lacy. She's several years younger, though, and hasn't learned when to back down and work a story from a more subtle angle yet.

Stacey has thrown her heart into the Worker's Alliance. Her "poison pen" reveals the horrors of working in the factories, and she paints the owners as greedy monsters sacrificing common folk for the "Almighty Dollar." There's some truth to that, but the factory owners are trying. They're slower than they should be in meeting the worker's demands, but that's just because they're cautious. Hellstromme just doesn't care.

So far, only Hellstromme has seriously considered putting an end to Stacey's crusade in the press. He's aware what her death would do, so he hasn't done anything yet, but if she persists and it looks like the workers will strike anyway, his automatons will pay her a visit.

SALT LAKE ENVIRONS

Fear Level 2

THE GENTILE CEMETERY

You might call this place "corpses are us." There are three mad scientists pilfering the graves for body parts. One is Dr. Gash. He uses the corpses to teach augmentation surgery to his disciples. The other two grave-robbers are Dr. Stark and Madam Rasmussen. You'll find more information on each of them later, but both are working on "Frankenstein"-type creatures.

Occasionally, two or three groups hit the cemetery at the same time. All of them want the freshest corpses, so when there's a major accident at the factories or some other source of multiple casualties, there's a quick scramble to see who can get there first.

All the scientists' minions are fairly timid and overarmed, which makes for comical but rarely deadly battles over the unearthed corpses.

None of these groups are foolish enough to steal from the Mormon Cemetery.

THE CANYONS

In general, anyone can pass through the "toll canyons" with no trouble. Even folks with no money are usually let through if they appeal to the owners' softheartedness.

Should a conflict come, however, these barricaded canyons should prove incredibly hard for an army to pass. In a war, Gatlings and cannons can be added to the walls. In the larger passes, 10-50 militia are set to guard them.

DEVIL'S CANYON

The legends about this cave are absolutely true. The Aztec high priest who led the expedition sealed a hideous nosferatu inside. It eventually found a way out and infected a tribe of local Indians. Eventually there were over 40 of the hideous fiends lairing in this cave.

A few years ago, the nosferatu attacked a band of Mormons explorers. One of them escaped and informed the Nauvoo Legion. The Legionnaires followed the trail and entered the cave. Of the 20 that went in, only three made it back out. The Legionnaire commander set up camp nearby and waited on the Black Chaplains.

They arrived shortly before Sally and her flamethrower, then entered the nosferatu cave and hosed the monsters down with their rush-order weapon. Unfortunately, they didn't get the





original, ancient nosferatu, who cravenly hid in the deeper caverns.

After the Black Chaplains left, the creature rampaged out of the cave and tore into a band of Paiutes. Now it's replenishing its undead ranks and preparing for another fight with the Mormons. It's smart, though, so it doesn't simply march on Salt Lake City. Instead, it spreads vampirism among the Indians, local farmers, and any other mortals it or its minions can catch alone. That way, the Black Chaplains have no trail to follow back to the nosferatu lair in Devil's Canyon.

Oh, and one more thing. If anyone ever did kill the ancient nosferatu and explore the caves, they'd likely find a treasure horde worth well over a million dollars

NOSFERATU

Looking rather like the unholy offspring of a nearsighted, bald ferret and a wingless, albino bat, nosferatu are unpleasant to behold, to say the least. Their eyes are solid black, with a small, red spark glowing at the center. Protruding from the mouth are two overgrown, chisel-like incisors, resembling those of a six-foot-long rat.

Nosferatu can speak, though most are so feral that they don't have very much to say.

Any person slain by a nosferatu's bite rises as a new vampire in 1d6 hours, or at sunset. Just being killed by a vampire is not enough—it must be the bite which does it. Nosferatu generally kill their victims before feasting, to prevent them from rising.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, S:3d12+2, Q:4d12, V:2d10
Dodge 2d10, climbin' 4d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10,
sneak 5d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:1d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d4
Overawe 4d8

Size: 6

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Claws: STR+1d4

Bite: STR. Once a vampire has successfully bitten a victim, it holds on and does STR damage each round. The only way to break free is to win an opposed test of *Strength*. The good news is that once the nosferatu's bitten someone, it has to use its hands to hold the hapless victim and can't attack with its claws any longer.

Immunity: Nosferatu are tough critters. They are immune to most forms of attack. It is

possible to immobilize one by severing its spinal column. Complete decapitation is the only wound that which can kill a vampire. Exposure to sunlight is also fatal to these undead. A stake through the heart can paralyze one as long as the stake remains in place. Attempting to stake a nosferatu in melee requires a called (or lucky) shot to the gizzards. Nosferatu can be momentarily stunned by physical attacks. A *protection* miracle protects against nosferatu normally.

THE ANCIENT ONE

This loathsome bloodsucker was old when white men first set foot on the North American continent, and despite the best efforts of both the Aztec priest that imprisoned it, and the Black Chaplains, it still lives. With the help of the nosferatu army that its creating, the Ancient One intends to have its revenge on the Mormons.

The regular nosferatu follow their "father's" orders without question, so great is both their respect for and fear of it.

With the shield of its "children," the Ancient One is a bold and fearsome predator, but it remains a craven and cowardly creature at heart. One of the reasons that its survived so long is that it has a keen sense of when it's time to cut and run. While it is a tough opponent if cornered, the creature will *always* chooses flight over fight if at all possible.

The Ancient One looks like a particularly fat and bloated member of its kind, dressed only in a loincloth. The creature moves with frightening agility and speed considering its great bulk, and the charnel smell that it exudes is sickening!

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d12, S:3d12+6, Q:4d12, V:2d12
Dodge 3d12, climbin' 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d12,
sneak 7d12

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d8, M:1d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d6
Leadership 3d10, Overawe 4d10

Size: 8

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Claws: STR+1d4

Bite: STR. See above.

Immunity: See above.

Odor: The Ancient One smells so bad that all in a 3-yard radius of the creature must make a Fair (5) *guts* check each round or lose their first Action Card of that round. The nosferatu are immune to this.



SKULL CANYON

This is the only way a human can get into the most dangerous place in all Deseret—the lair of the salt rattlers.

This is where the salt rattlers live. Over 50 of the creatures lair in the deep recesses of this labyrinth. At the center, in a tremendous cavern, lies the father of the salt rattlers, the king.

The rattlers are far smarter than people think. They're also far older. In fact, they were here when the dinosaurs were, and they had a little to do with hunting them to extinction.

But the worms are in part supernatural and could not live when the Reckoners turned their attentions from the Earth. Most died. A few of the strongest slumbered. Since the Reckoning, they've awakened. Some roam the surface, inspiring terror for their masters. Others, like the salt rattler king, are plotting a new and dire fate to ensure their destiny.

THE NEW BREED

The rattler king has ordered his younger worms to capture live humans and bring them back to the lairs of his many queens. The queens use their spiked tentacles to slowly draw

the juice out of their still-living victims. One day, the rattler King hopes the queens can use human essence to produce a "worm-man." So far, the queens have seen no change in their larvae. What the future holds is another matter entirely.

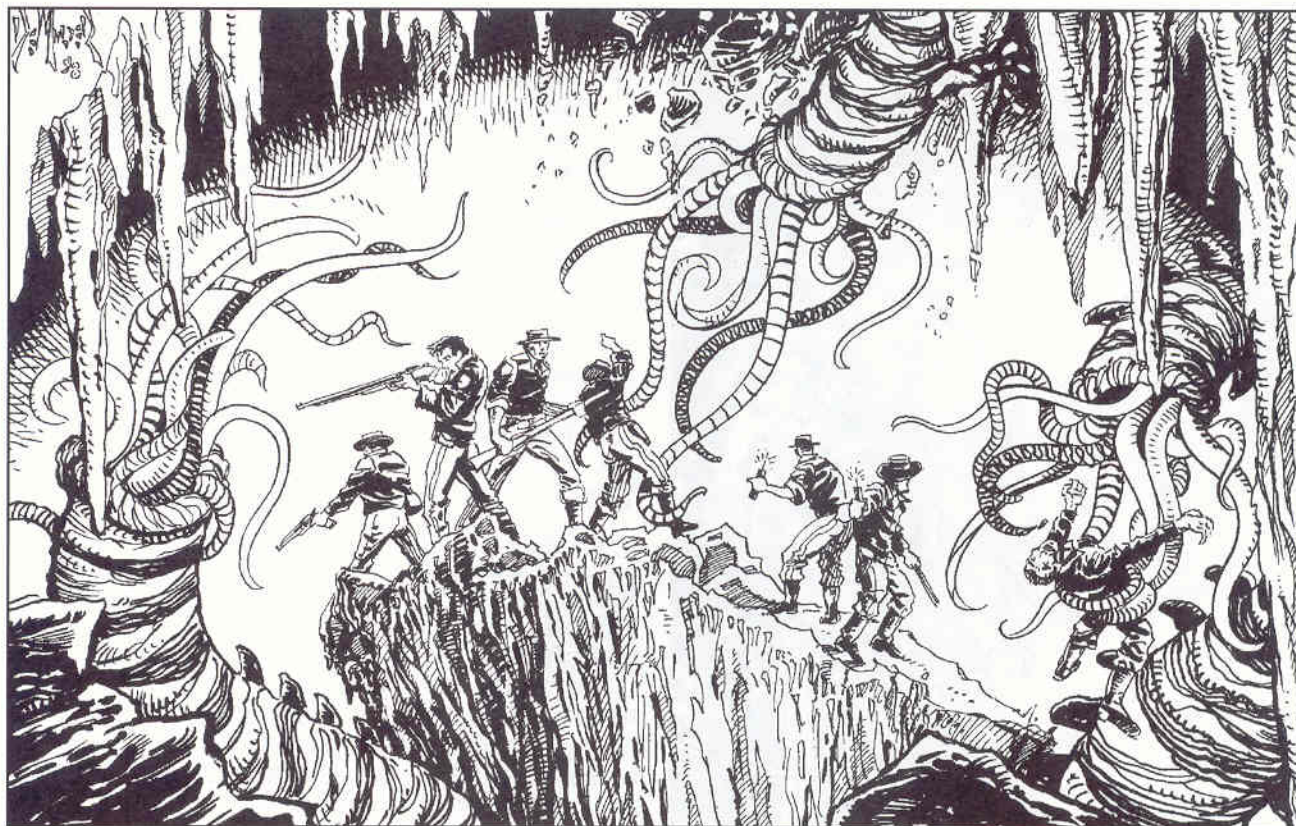
THE LOST LEGION

Skull Canyon is in fact the final resting place of that lost company of the Nauvoo Legion that Sally mentioned.

The Legionnaires stumbled upon this entrance to the rattlers' lair by accident. They drastically underestimated the strength of the creatures that lay inside and, rather than waiting for reinforcements, headed on in to their doom.

The salt rattlers dispatched the outnumbered Legionnaires, then dragged all their bodies and equipment down into the bowls of the earth to conceal their fate. The rattler king then had his minions collapse the tunnel leading to the inner chambers. By the time the Mormons returned to the canyon, there was no evidence of the soldiers' fate. The worms redug the tunnel later.

The Black Chaplains would love to learn the truth about this, but it would take solid evidence to get them to take the time to come and look.



GREAT SALT LAKE

The story of the Great Salt Lake is only beginning. As more and more people start working and dying there, the Fear Level of the lake continues to rise. Some new terror comes to life there once every few months. That's bad. The abominations in there now are bad enough.

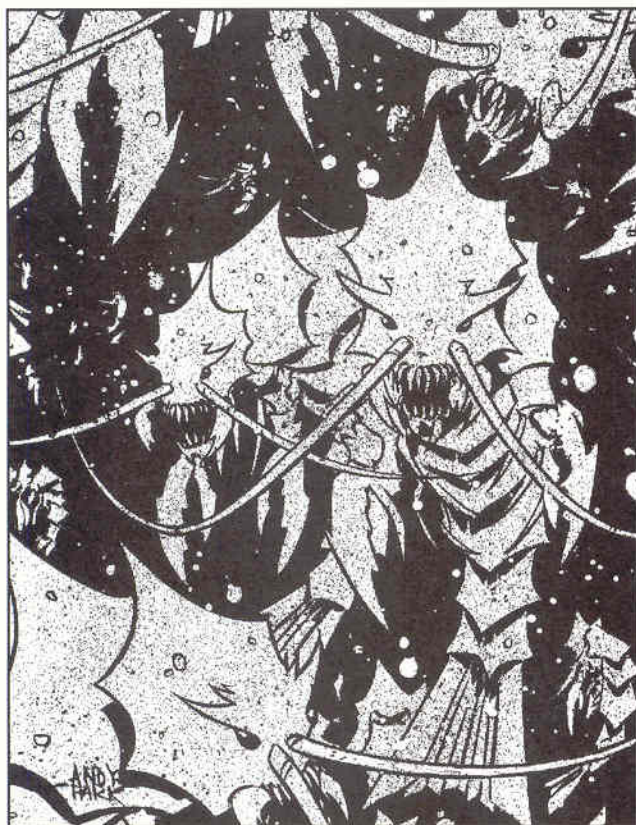
One nice thing about the lake is that anyone who falls in is more buoyant than normal. Characters add +2 to their *swimmin'* rolls.

The salt does burn like the dickens, though. Wound modifiers from untreated cuts or other "open" wounds are doubled in the Salt Lake.

LAKE HELLIONS

The soot and other pollutants from Salt Lake City has worked its way into the Salt Lake. The lake Hellion is a product of this carelessness. In addition to increased size, a thick carapace, and nasty mandibles, exposure to toxic residue has given this mutated brine shrimp the strange ability to suck life energy from other creatures.

Lake Hellions gather in schools of 50-100 animals and are usually found in the deeper areas of the Salt Lake, only occasionally venturing into shallower waters.



While the lake Hellions usually feed on the few fish that live in the lake, attacks upon humans are becoming more and more common. The creatures try to drive occupants of small boats into the water, where the entire swarm can make short work of them.

Incidentally, **Briny** (see below) eats these things up like candy.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:3d10, S:1d4, Q:2d10, V:1d4
Fightin': swarmin' 1d10, swimmin' 3d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4

Size: 1 (6" long)

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Bite: 1d4

Armor: 1

Swarm: Lake Hellions live in schools of 50-100 critters possessed of a primitive group mind. This allows them to coordinate their attacks on targets without any difficulty. Any prey actually in the water with the swarm is attacked by 1d20 of these nasty things each round. Targets in small boats are attacked by 1d10 Hellions per round, as they launch themselves out of the water with the hope of driving their prey overboard. On any one target, all attacks are resolved at the same initiative (eight Hellions would attack all at once as eight 1d10 attacks). Damage from these attacks are resisted separately.

Soul Sucker: No matter how much damage is inflicted, any successful hit from a lake Hellion drains 1 point of Wind in lieu of the normal 1d6 Wind loss from a wound. Since this Wind is actually life energy, it is recovered at a considerably slower rate than normal Wind damage: 1 per hour rather than 1 per minute. Nothing short of magic or weird science can speed up this process. Harrowed are totally immune to this power.

BRINY

Briny is a great, tentacled, kraken-like monster that attacks salt trawlers on the great Salt Lake. The Reckoners gave it life in early '64 after savoring the delicious tales of the sailors who worked on the salt trawlers.

The Size given below is for Briny's body. Each tentacle has a Size of 10 and takes wounds as if it were a separate entity. Briny pulls back any tentacles that take serious wounds before they can be severed (if possible).



PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:1d6, S:4d12+6, Q:2d6, V:4d12+10
Fightin': brawlin' 6d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4

Size: 16 (Tentacles are Size 10; each one is 25' long)

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Rake: Briny attacks with 10 tentacles. Each one attacks separately, causing STR+2d6 damage.

Wrap: If Briny hits with a raise, the victim is wrapped up in the tentacle. He has to win an opposed contest of *Strength* with a raise to break free. Each round he's wrapped up, Briny automatically hits the poor slob and causes her normal raking damage (see above).

INDIANS

For full details on the Paiutes and Shoshoni, as well as the Ghost Dance movement in general, be sure to pick up a copy of *Ghost Dancers*. For Marshals who haven't gotten their grubby little hands on that particular book (and why not, we might ask?), here are some statistics for some typical Indians that your posse might encounter in Deseret.

PAUTE TRADERS

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d8, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Fightin': knife 4d8, horse ridin' 4d6, shootin': rifle 2d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Disputed Territories 3d6, faith: Ghost Dance 3d8, guts 3d8, search 2d6, survival: desert 3d6, tale-tellin 4d8, trackin' 2d6

Gear: Winchester 73, knife, horse.

SHOSHONI RAIDERS

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d10, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Fightin': tomahawk 3d10, horse ridin' 3d10, shootin': rifle 3d8, sneak 3d10

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: Disputed Territories, faith: Ghost Dance 2d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d8, ridicule 2d6, search 2d6, survival: desert 3d6, trackin' 2d6

Gear: Remington Model 1871, tomahawk, horse.

MOUTH O' HELL

Find a way to get your posse out here, Marshal. It's loads of sadistic fun.

Sally described the place just right. There's a large, flooded chamber with a floor of metal. Grotesque "statues" of those who died in a flash of boiling steel rise from the salt water in horrible poses. The lower chambers are also flooded. Some are so flooded, spelunkers must swim underwater for a short distance to pass.

Of course the really fun part is what's moved in since the accident. The first group to return to the Mouth and try to claim its lost treasures was led by a young adventurer named Barry Whitescarver. Barry took one look at the statues and imagined the worst. The Reckoners plucked the image out of his mind and gave it life. The things killed the entire party.

So why would anyone want to go in here? Pete Fenner, who founded the mine, says a fortune in ghost rock was left in the lower passages. It was already mined and just waiting for someone to haul it up to the surface in the mine carts. The value of the rock is around \$10,000.

If you can get the posse inside, draw up a detailed map of the caves and come up with all sorts of climbing hazards, narrow squeezes, rail-cart rides, and so on to keep them busy until the creatures make their attack.

THE METAL MONSTERS

The monsters that haunt Pete's Cave are truly terrible. They are made of metal that can melt (when they wish) into different shapes. Sometimes they pose as statues. Other times they meld themselves into ore carts, metal beams, or simply metal slabs hidden beneath the water.

When they change form, they "melt," usually causing a hissing sound as they slide into the water and make steam. The creatures cool off in seconds and slither underneath the dark water to sneak up on their prey.

When the steel monsters are ready to attack, they form into huge demon-like creatures made of black steel and rusting joints. They have horrible spikes along their arms, heads, spines, and tails, and their fingers are long and sharp like picks.

There are currently five of these creatures in the Mouth o' Hell. They are solitary beings, spending most of their time dormant in the darkness, waiting for new playthings to arrive. When mortals do enter the caves, the hunters take their time with them, usually luring them deep into the caves with tricks and taunts before finishing them off.





PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d12, S:4d12, Q:4d10, V:4d12+2
Fightin': brawlin' 6d12

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Size: 8 (in "demon" form)

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 3

Immunity: These horrors are immune to Wind damage, bleeding, and the like. They do feel pain, however, so if harmed they suffer the normal wound modifiers.

Metal Morph: The steel monsters are made of living ghost steel. They can take on the form of any large metal object, including the disfigured statues of the original miners who died in the Mouth o' Hell. The volume of metal in their bodies cannot change, but they can look like smaller objects if the rest of their form lies hidden underwater.

Spiked Hands: The creatures can attack with both of their pick-like hands each action for STR+2d8 damage.

Vulnerability: The creatures are strangely vulnerable to ghost steel. Bullets or hand weapons made from it ignores their Armor.

NAWOO LEGION PATROLS

There's little more to be said about the patrols except that they're very distrustful. If they catch a band of cowboys traipsing across Deseret without a good reason, they're likely to haul them into the nearest town to see if they're wanted for anything. Settlers they leave alone, with a polite suggestion that they should resupply at the next Mormon town.

THE HANGIN' TREE

The platoon stationed around Mexican Hat is as vengeful as Sally hinted at, and for the reason she states. The third platoon of the fourth company hates Texas Rangers with a passion.

Unless there are witnesses about, the third platoon shoots Rangers on sight. They aren't fond of Pinkertons either, but they don't become violent unless given a good reason.

The business about the Hangin' Tree is also true, sort of. The Legionnaires aren't dumb enough to try and take a Ranger alive in perfect health. When they catch one, they shoot him. If he lives, they haul him out to the Hangin' Tree and leave him for dead.



FRANK McMEAN

At least one of these Rangers has become Harrowed. Ranger Frank McMean, once a good friend of the famous Hank Ketchum, returned from the dead only a few months before Sally's book was published. Frank had a tough time with his manitou—it has total Dominion. Now it's stalking the frontier murdering isolated Mormon families to draw the Legion into an eventual trap. It won't spring the trap until it's figured out a way to kill every last man in the company.

Frank is a brawny man with weathered features and a perpetual sunburn. Being dead doesn't really hurt his looks. He appears to be about 40 years old, with dark-black hair and a full beard.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d10, N:3d8, S:4d8, Q:4d8, V:3d8
Climbin' 2d8, dodge 4d8, fannin' 7d10, fightin':
knife 6d8, horse ridin' 6d8, shootin': pistol 5d10,
sneak 4d8, teamster 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d8, M:3d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 5d8, area knowledge: Southwest
5d8, artillery 3d8, bluff 5d6, gamblin' 5d6, guts
6d8, language: Paiute 4d8, language: English
4d8, language: Spanish 4d8, leadership 4d10,
overawe 4d10, scrutinize 4, search 4d8, survival:
desert 3d6, trackin' 2d8

Edges: Brawny, law man 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, mean as a rattler

Special Abilities:

Harrowed

Harrowed Powers: Eulogy 3, marked for
death 2

Gear: Single-action Colt Walker.

THE OUTCASTS

Bonita Rose considers herself a "freedom fighter" against the tyranny of Brigham Young and the Mormons. She feels no shame in riding into a Mormon town and stealing their food, rustling their livestock, and generally making a nuisance of herself. She isn't violent unless her life or her followers' lives are in danger. Of course, the only people getting hurt are the innocent Mormons outside the big cities, but Rose doesn't see it that way.

Most of her followers are Gentiles who were thrown out of town for some minor offense—at least to hear them tell it. They're really just saddletramps who've found a home and something to believe in by riding with Rose. While they're not particularly bloodthirsty, they tend to be more violent when Rose isn't around.

There are 42 members of the Outcasts. They have seven velocipedes stolen from a train back in '73. The rest ride in four steam wagons or horses they've rustled from the local settlers or Indians. All the steam wagons and one of the velocipedes mount Gatlings.

Rose's hideout is deep within the Escapetas, a natural landmark in southern Utah. The Outcasts winter there, then raid all over Deseret from spring through fall. See the **Scorpions** (page 120) for more information about Utah Starr and the band that broke off from her.

BONITA ROSE

Rose is a white woman trying her best to look like a cross between a gypsy and a Mexican flamenco dancer. She wears colorful dresses, and a scarf around her neck and the top of her head. Once she leaves a town, she leaves a single rose lying in the street.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d10, S:2d8, Q:4d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 2d10, dodge 4d10, drivin': steam wagon
4d10, drivin': steam velocipede 7d10, fannin'
2d10, filchin' 2d10, fightin': saber 3d10, horse
ridin' 4d10, lockpickin' 3d10, shootin': pistol
5d10, sneak 5d10, teamster 3d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d8
Area knowledge: southern Deseret 5d6, artillery
3d8, bluff 5d8, gamblin' 4d8, guts 4d8,
language: English 3d6, language: Paiute 3d6,
language: Spanish 3d6, leadership 4d10,
overawe 4d10, persuasion 3d10, ridicule 4d10,
scrutinize 3d8, search 4d8, survival: desert 3d8,
trackin' 2d8

Edges: Purty

Hindrances: Law o' the West, yearnin' (she loves Utah)

Gear: Rose usually carries a double-action Colt Peacemaker.

TYPICAL OUTCAST

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 2d6, drivin': any 4d6, filchin' 3d6, fightin':
knife 4d6, horse ridin' 4d6, lockpickin' 2d6,
shootin': pistol 4d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6
Area knowledge: southern Deseret 3d6, artillery
3d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 2d8,
ridicule 2d6, search 2d6, survival: desert 3d6,
trackin' 2d6

Gear: The Outcasts possess a variety of firearms, mostly standard ones like Winchester '76s and Colt Walkers.





SECRETS



OVERLOOK HOTEL

The Whateleys are fun—for the Marshal. They're creepy, weird, and just plain strange. The family members (at least of this branch) don't actually attack anyone that stays at their hotel, but their bizarre activities are guaranteed to weird out just about anyone.

As a side note, the majority of the Whateley clan left a few years back to set up shop in Gomorra, an isolated mining town somewhere in the Maze.

PLAYING THE WHATELEYS

Portraying the Whateleys' weirdness can be tough for you, Marshal. No matter how big a ham you are, you'll never come close to being as weird as these folks. Here's a few tips on playing them to creep your party out.

Play Samuel Whateley like Sally describes. Talk to one player, while you look at another. Then suddenly look up at the ceiling and jump like something's coming for you.

Edwina isn't a mute—she had her tongue ripped out by the last cult she joined. When you're playing her, smack a ruler in your hand, tell the players it's her axe, and grin at them wildly. She nods or shakes her head or points at things, but can't speak.

That juice dribbling out of Grandpa's mouth isn't tobacco—it's blood. He likes to chew on raw chicken necks. He's crazy as a loon, in case you hadn't guessed. Laugh and point a lot when you play him, but never answer a question.

Wilhelm is dumber than a rock, but he can at least answer simple questions. The disturbing thing is the kid might have a squirming, half-dead rabbit in his hands while he speaks to the posse. A stuffed animal you can sling around a little makes a good prop when playing him.

Marguerite is the really dangerous member of this family. Her heroine is Mina Devlin. If someone checks her room, they find a number of books and dime novels. A Fair (5) scrutinize roll realizes the common thread among these otherwise normal books is Mina. Marguerite wants to be a witch, and she's got a good head start. She can already cast the *puppet* and *spook* spells through her dolly.

PROFILES

The Whateley's have normal human profiles (2d6 in most statistics), but Samuel has a 2d8 *Strength*, Edwina has 3d8. Marguerite has the following black magic spells: *puppet* 3, *spook* 2.

SALT FLATS WORMING COMPANY

THE LANDSHIPS

Towers' incredible landships are truly amazing pieces of machinery. They were originally wooden-hulled ships built for the Confederate Navy in Texas. When the fight for the Maze heated up, the Navy switched over to ironclads and sold off as many wooden boats as they could. Towers bought four of their frigates and added light metal plates to the hull. The plates won't stop cannon rounds, but they're tough enough to keep rattlers from ripping through—at least long enough to plug them full of lead from the Gatlings mounted above.

Common Weapons: The landships mount a single steam-powered harpoon gun on the bow and a Gatling on either side. The *Esmeralda* has a Gatling on the rear as well.



Durability	Pass	Pace	Turn	Travel
40/8	32	20	3	10 mph

Fuel	Rel	Mod	Price
3	16	+6	\$25,000

1d20 Roll	Hit Location	Armor	Mod
1-7	Sails	0	+2
8-15	Hull	2	+5
16-17	Wheels	1	-4
18-19	Passengers	0	0
20	Boiler	2	*

* The boiler is housed inside and can't be targeted.

WORM WHALERS

Towers' crew are rough adventurer, both Mormons and Gentiles. They fear and respect the worms, but hate them as well.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, S:2d8, Q:4d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 4d8, drivin': landship 4d8, fightin': knife 3d8, shootin': automatics 4d8, sneak 3d8, teamster 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:3d10, Sm:3d8, Sp:4d8
Area knowledge: Salt Lake Valley 3d6, artillery 3d8, gamblin' 4d8, guts 4d8, overawe 2d10, ridicule 2d8, search 4d8, survival: desert 3d8

Gear: Some carry pistols; some rifles. At least five men on each ship carry Sharps Big 50s. All carry large knives.





THE BLOOD WORM

The story about the "blood worm" is true. Next to the king, it's the biggest, oldest, and most cunning of the salt rattlers. Think of it as the salt rattler king's "Galahad." It knows why Towers is after it and it uses that knowledge to torment him. Sometimes the blood worm teases Towers by almost falling into his traps. Once it sucked in a bait-cow, then it spat the bloody carcass back onto the deck of the *Esmeralda*.

The blood worm plans on tormenting Towers for as long as it can. It's in no hurry to kill the little humans when they're providing it with so much fun. It doesn't even care if the landships haul in its little brothers and sisters—that just means more food for this old monster.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:6d12+16, Q:2d10, V:4d12+16

Fightin': brawlin' 6d6, sneak 8d6 (underground)

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d6, M:4d12, Sm:4d10, Sp:3d8

Area knowledge: Salt Lake Valley 5d6, leadership (other worms) 5d12, overawe 6d12, ridicule 5d10, scrutinize (humans) 2d10

Size: 18 (80 yards long)

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Bite: 4d20

Burrowing: Underground Pace 24 (cannot be doubled by running).

Surprise: Travelers who don't recognize the rumblings of a rattler beneath them subtract -4 from their surprise checks.

SALT STALKERS

Salt stalkers are a race of near-humans drawn from the fears of those crossing the endless deserts. They are living creatures broken up into three tribes: salt stalkers, snow stalkers (found in the mountains), and sand stalkers (found in the desert).

They can maneuver only through loose earth like salt, snow, or sand (hence the names, amigo). Their tactic is to burrow beneath the earth and then quietly emerge within a few feet of their victim. There they begin to drain the prey of its water, dehydrating it to death.

Stalkers wear loose-fitting wraps, something like Arabian nomads. Beneath their rags is tough, brown skin cracked like the earth during a drought. Their eyes are black as coals, and their lips are peeled back from yellow teeth.



PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d10, S:2d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8

Dodge 5d10, fightin': brawlin' 6d10, filchin' 4d6, sneak 5d10 (and see below), throwin': spear 4d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:1d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6

Area knowledge: home desert 4d6

Gear: Spear STR+2d6

Size: 6

Terror: 5 (9 if unwrapped)

Special Abilities:

Burrowing: Stalkers can move beneath loose earth as if it were water. They have a Pace of 6 while doing so.

Dehydrate: A salt stalker dehydrates its victims by simply getting within a few feet and concentrating on the intended prey. Then it slowly drains 1 Wind per round from its victim. The stalker's power is very subtle. A character must win an opposed *Cognition* roll versus the stalker's *sneak* each round to figure out something's going on. This Wind can only be replaced by drinking water. Each canteen-full of water drank replaces 1d6 lost Wind. A character may only drink three canteens of water in an hour.





SECRETS



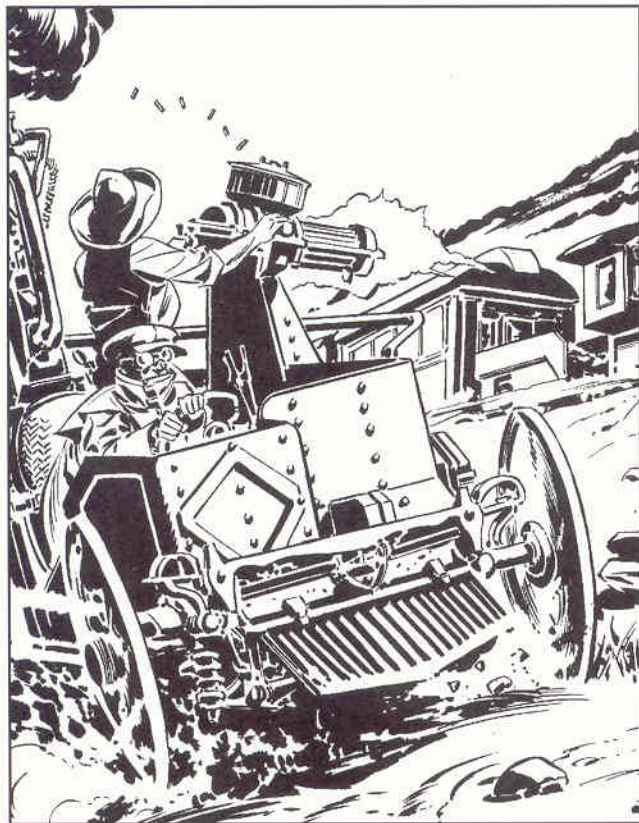
SCORPIONS

The Outcasts were bad enough, but the Scorpions are cold-blooded killers. There are only 18 of them (compared to the Outcasts' 42), but what they lack in numbers, they make up for in meanness.

The Scorpions chase Denver Pacific trains across the flat land between Utah and Nevada. They don't care who they kill to get hold of some gold. The Scorpions don't usually wreck the tracks or the trains—they know doing so will force the Nauvoo Legion or Smith & Robards to establish more forts along the tracks. They prefer to chase them down, jump aboard, rob the passengers or the cargo, and then let the train get on its way so the law doesn't actually come out to the desert where it might be able to track the outlaws back to their camp.

The Scorpions have two steam wagons, four velocipedes, and the rest ride horses. The steam wagons are loaded for bear—one of them has a flamethrower and the other a Gatling. Each of the velocipedes sports a Gatling as well.

The rank-and-file Scorpions are roughly as skilled and dangerous as the Outcasts. Use the typical Outcast's profile for average Scorpions.



UTAH STARR

Utah Starr is the band's leader. He's a lady's man and a cold-blooded killer. Even when a train's crew surrenders, anyone who gives him guff gets plugged.

He rides his own velocipede, outfitted with a sidecar and a steam Gatling. See *Smith & Robards* for statistics.

Utah is a blonde-haired, blue-eyed, rough-cut bandit. His skin is perpetually tan, and his eyes twinkle even after the sun goes down. He wears black leather clothes, a matching hat, and a Colt .45 double-action.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d8, S:2d10, Q:5d12, V:3d8
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 5d8, drivin': steam wagon 4d8, drivin': steam velocipede 8d8, fightin': brawlin' 5d8, horse ridin' 5d8, shootin': pistol 7d12, sneak 3d8, teamster 3d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:1d6, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: southern Deseret 5d6, artillery 5d6, gamblin' 3d8, guts 5d6, language: Spanish 3d6, leadership 4d10, overawe 5d10, scrutinize 3d6, search 3d6, survival: desert 4d8

Edges: The stare

Hindrances: Greedy

Gear: Double-action Colt Peacemaker, steam velocipede.

WORM HUNTERS

There are just over 20 worm hunters who use gliders to hunt rattlers in the salt flats. Towers' crews have brought down 10 in recent months.

As for the other hunters, they're out for Towers' blood. They might have given up hunting worms—it's dangerous work after all—but not after someone else *told* them to give it up.

The worm hunters now fly as a single group. Up to 20 get airborne on a good day. If they see a landship approaching, half of them fly high to drop dynamite down on the vessel while the rest circle around to draw fire.

PAUL SIBERT

The leader of the hunters is Paul Sibert, a young hothead. Sibert's abiding personal hatred for Harold Towers is in large part responsible for the escalating conflict with the worm whalers.

He's the best of the hunters and a hot-shot with his glider. He loves "buzzing" the landships, taunting their Gatling gunners. So far he hasn't been hit, but his admirers who tried the same stunt were turned into Swiss cheese.





PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d10, S:2d8, Q:3d8, V:3d8
Dodge 5d10, drivin': glider 7d10, shootin': rifle 5d6,
sneak 3d10, throwin': dynamite 5d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:2d8, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Salt Flats 5d6, gamblin' 3d4,
guts 4d8, search 3d6, survival: desert 4d4,
trackin' 4d6

Edges: Brave, Luck o' the Irish

Hindrances: Big britches, enemy (Harold Towers)

Gear: Glider, 10 sticks of dynamite or a Sharps
Big 50 as well and 5 rounds.

CRAZY PETE

Crazy Pete, the inventor who started it all, still hunts worms but doesn't get involved in the war. Like Towers, he just wants to get the "blood worm" and retire a legend.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:2d8, Q:3d8, V:3d8
Dodge 4d8, drivin': glider 5d8, shootin': rifle 3d8,
sneak 3d8, throwin': dynamite 5d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d10, M:2d8, Sm:1d10, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Salt Flats 5d10, gamblin' 3d10,
guts 4d8, science: engineering 3d10, search 3d8,
survival: desert 4d10, trackin' 4d6

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist,
mechanically inclined, eagle eyes

Hindrances: Geezer, yearnin' (the blood worm)

Gear: Glider, 10 sticks of dynamite.

GLIDERS

The gliders used by the worm hunters are all homemade affairs. Not even the crackpots at Smith & Robards are crazy enough to test and market these things. Gliders cannot get into the air on their own. The usual method of getting airborne is to be towed behind a speeding steam wagon. Once in the air, using the thing requires the *drivin': glider* Aptitude.

Common Weapons: Pilot's own.



Durability	Pass	Pace	Climb	Turn
16/4	1	20	2 to 1	5
Travel	Fuel	Rel	Mod	Hand
10 mph	0	18	+2	Flush
1d20 Roll	Hit Location	Armor	Mod	
1-16	Wings	0	+2	
17	Harness	1	-4	
19-20	Crew	0	0	

MAD SCIENTISTS

HELLSTROMME'S COMPOUND

We already told you some of Hellstromme's personal quirks, history, and secrets at the beginning of this chapter. This section talks about his compound.

HELLSTROMME MANOR

As you might guess, Salt Lake City's most famous mad scientist lives in the amazingly modern manor he named after himself. His servants are simply automatons without any weapons other than strong hands (*Strength*+2 damage) and flimsy armor (Armor 1). Their names are "Maid" and "Butler," though they don't look a bit different. Hellstromme isn't big on cute names.

There are two areas of interest in the manor: the study and the library.

The study contains a magnificent mahogany desk, with gold-gilded lamps and other such niceties. Hellstromme never uses them for one simple reason. A huge picture of his late wife, Vanessa, hangs above the fireplace staring down at the desk. Hellstromme sat here once and couldn't bear for her to look upon him. Now he avoids this room at all costs.

The library sees a little more use, though only by Hellstromme's trusted associates—he's already read all the books. Other characters who get their hands on these books can gain insightful knowledge into certain arcane matters. A number of books must be read, each one taking a week to complete. Once four of these have been read, the hero automatically gains a level in *academia: occult* and any one *science* concentration.

Finally, every good manor must have a secret door. Hellstromme's is located in a giant grandfather clock at the end of the upstairs hallway. When the glass door to the clock is opened, the pendulum stops swinging. Then Hellstromme can step inside and pull down upon it. This triggers a hydraulic elevator that lowers him down to the underground train that takes him to Level Two of his secret labs.

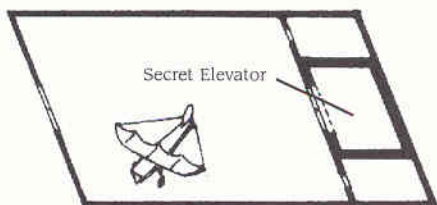
Other than the areas mentioned above, there is very little of interest in Hellstromme's home. The professor simply doesn't spend very much time there. Most of his waking hours are spent either in his secret laboratories or attending business in Salt Lake City.





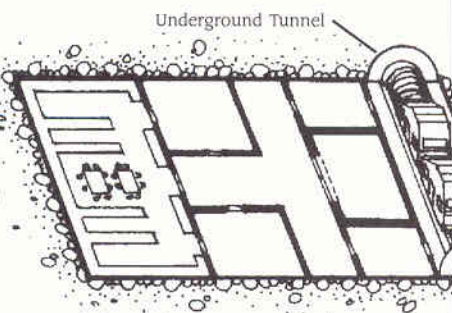
The Secret Labs

Level One
The Hangar

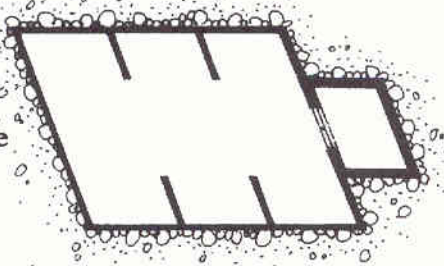


1 inch = 40 feet

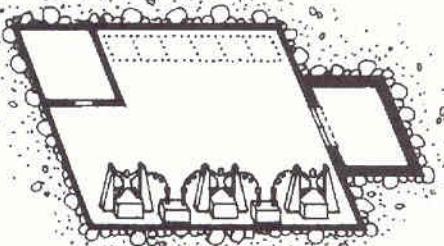
Level Two
Staff Area



Level Three
Garage

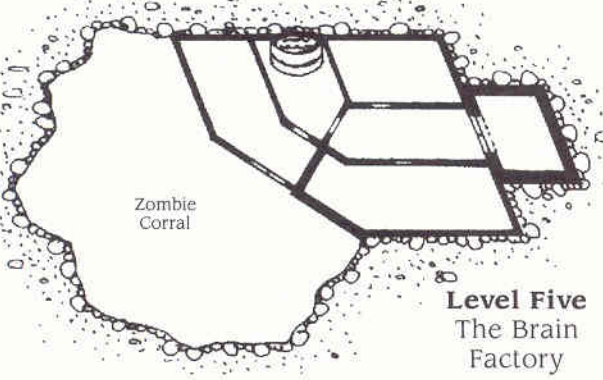


Level Four
Biological
Research



Zombie
Corral

Level Five
The Brain
Factory



THE STAFF'S QUARTERS

The gardener and Ms. Mary Jones live here. The other few tinkerers who work in the hangars commute from Salt Lake City.

The groundskeepers know nothing of the secret laboratories (see below). They think Hellstromme spends his time inside the manor.

Mary knows better. She knows he has a secret lab, and has even figured out where it is, but as yet hasn't gone down there. Hellstromme knows Mary wouldn't "understand" his more disturbing experiments.

Normally, he wouldn't keep someone like this around, but Mary has captured his heart, though Hellstromme has yet to realize it. It could be her beauty or her brilliant mind that captivates him, but most likely it is her striking resemblance to Vanessa, his lost wife. Hellstromme hasn't consciously noticed the resemblance yet, or he would have dismissed her. What might happen when he does is anyone's guess.

HELLSTROMME'S HANGARS

The smaller of the two hangars houses a few mundane vehicles such as steam wagons and velocipedes. Hellstromme and his staff use these to get around, but there's nothing particularly amazing about them.

The larger hangar is the real nerve center of Hellstromme's operations. The ground level holds a black ornithopter, an auto-gyro, barrels of oil, tools, and so forth.

In the rear of the hangar, under an empty barrel, is concealed a large red button seemingly set into the floor. When stepped on, it opens a secret door in the back wall of the hangar that leads to the secret laboratories below. Hellstromme and the lab staff do not use this entrance during the daytime when the "topside staff" is around, but large items can be moved through these large doors at night if needed.

THE SECRET LABORATORIES

This is where the doctor's really secret work goes on. There are 25 full-time staffers, 18 scientists, and seven veteran X-Squadders, three of which patrol the hallways in the daytime, and three at night. The last guard is rotated in and out of the bottom level—near the zombie corral.

No one knows the secret staff works here because they go in and out through a secret tunnel connected to the labs. An incredibly fast, two-car steam train takes them all the way from the laboratory to a steam tunnel in Junkyard.





All of the workers have been sworn to absolute secrecy over their work and the very existence of the lab. Hellstromme has promised those who break the oath that their deaths will be far less merciful than being slowly jammed into a 6" pipe.

As for what exactly goes on in the secret lab, it changes almost monthly. You can tailor the work there to whatever adventure seed has led your posse to discover its existence. Level Two is the staff break area, conference room, and library. Level Three is a large garage where new and experimental vehicles, weapons, and other "heavy gear" are worked on. Half the staff is involved in this work. Level Four contains cages, biological equipment, and chemistry supplies. Five of the researchers study monsters of the Reckoning here. They also have several human patients hooked to machines that record and even distill their fear.

THE BRAIN FACTORY

The lowest level has but one function—to manufacture zombie brains for Hellstromme's automatons and other "sentient" creations. The poor, the destitute, and those who cross Hellstromme are injected with a special serum stolen from Baron Simone LaCroix of the Bayou Vermillion railroad. The serum kills the victim and then brings him back as walkin' dead.

The walkin' dead are allowed to wander in the zombie corral until it's time to capture them. The crew gathers 10 a month—that's as fast as the automaton factory can crank out shells anyway. When they're ready to "cull the herd," all seven of Hellstromme's veteran X-Squadders don heavy body armor and capture the undead with nets, hooks, and shotguns. It doesn't matter if the bodies are damaged—only the heads are important. Once the zombies are down, the heads are sawed off and thrown in a giant vat filled with a glowing, green "preservative."

A week later, after the heads have pickled, the last four researchers, who do nothing but manufacture and train zombies, retrieve the heads. Finally, the heads are carefully "wired" into the metal shell of an automaton head.

Training occupies the researchers between batches. They train the walkin' dead by electric shock therapy. By the time they're done, the zombies can't even think about disobeying an order. Then the explosive charges are hooked to the brains, the heads are sealed up and filled with preservative, and the batch is sent to the automaton factory via the secret tunnel.

Mad science is far from perfect. On at least one occasion so far, a zombie has managed to go "rogue." It happened somewhere in Colorado during a battle of the Great Rail Wars. Wasatch forces were winning a fight for a right of way when one of the automatons spotted a woman running from the saloon. It was the dead man's mother. The automaton turned on its "brothers" and hosed them down with its Gatling gun. It destroyed three of them before it and one more were destroyed by the explosion of the third.

VETERAN X-SQUADDERS

Only the most loyal and competent members of Hellstromme Industries' security forces are stationed at the compound. The doctor runs any potential recruits through a vigorous series of loyalty test before they may work here. These men and women are well paid and sworn to complete secrecy. They are intimately familiar with the price of betraying Darius Hellstromme and are *extremely* loyal.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:2d8
Dodge 4d6, drivin': steam wagon 4d6, drivin': steam velocipede 4d6, fightin': brawlin' 5d6, fightin': knife 4d6, shootin': any 5d8, sneak 3d6, any skill necessary to use a device at level 7

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 2d6, scrutinize 4d8, search 4d8, any other skill needed to use a gizmo at level 5

Gear: Any single weird gizmo, such as a flamethrower, Gatling weapon, or a rocket pack. If the gizmo isn't a weapon, the X-Squadder carries a pistol, rifle, or shotgun.

RESEARCHERS

Hellstromme employs only the most brilliant and amoral researchers in the secret laboratories. It takes a special kind of scientist to turn folks into zombies, lop their heads off, pickle them, and wire them into a metal shell.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d6, S:3d4, Q:2d6, V:2d8
Dodge 4d6, drivin': steam wagon 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 2d6, sneak 3d6.

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d10, M:2d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d6
Academia: occult 3d10, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d6, guts 4d6, science: (their specialty) 3d10, scrutinize 4d8, tinkerin' 3d8

Gear: The researchers are rarely armed, relying on the X-Squadders to provide security.





THE SMITH & ROBARDS COMPOUND

Sally's description of the various areas is accurate. There are only a few that hide secrets we can reveal only to you, Marshal.

THE TUNNEL

The mountain below the Smith & Robards Compound is home to a strange society of gremlins. There are at least two types: green and black. Green gremlins are the kind described in the *Deadlands* rulebook. They occasionally venture forth from the caves to enter some new device as it passes through the tunnel bound for some unfortunate customer. These days, about one in ten devices comes with a gremlin.

The black gremlins are far more numerous. These are vicious rodent-like creatures that live for more general mischief. They delight in sneaking from the tunnels at night and causing distractions for the guards, stealing belongings from one worker and planting them in the locker of another, killing pets, and so forth.

The gremlin population is small for now—perhaps less than 100 creatures. The paranormal energy emanating from the Smith & Robards Compound is helping them grow. One day, they may become more dangerous, and perhaps even new, more lethal breeds will appear.

Both types of gremlins have the same statistics, but the black ones have no *jinx* ability.

THE DESIGN HOUSE

Sally knows this secret but isn't telling. Senior inventors and their assistants have offices in the upper levels of the design house, and this is where most of the "blueprinting" is initially done. Once a theory calls for testing, however, the senior inventor and a few assistants move down to the underground testing labs.

All the scientists and assistants are contractually obligated never to speak of the underground labs, but mad scientists being the lunatics they are, it's not the best-kept secret in the state. That's okay with Mr. Robards—he feels his security is tight enough—he simply doesn't want the staff telling any more people than is necessary about the underground facilities.

Unfortunately, the gremlins living in the tunnel have found their way into the ventilation ducts. They sneak into the underground labs most every night to sabotage the experiments or equipment left lying around there.

THE FACTORY GHOST

The ghost of Dr. Dowdy does indeed watch over the men and women who work in the factory. Whenever someone is about to make a serious mistake, the ghost warns her or otherwise alerts the person to the situation. If a gizmo is used in the factory and suffers a Catastrophic Malfunction, roll on the Malfunction Table a second time. Only treat the result as a Catastrophic Malfunction if it is rolled a second time. Otherwise use the second roll (either a Minor or Major Malfunction).

GUARDS

Smith & Robards' guards are all impeccably honest and loyal to the company. Robards' screening process, sees to that.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6
Dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, horse ridin' 2d6,
shootin': rifle 4d6, shootin': automatics 3d6,
sneak 3d6

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6
Area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d6, area
knowledge: S&R Compound 5d6, gamblin' 3d6,
guts 3d6, overawe 3d6, scrutinize 3d6,
search 3d6

Gear: Winchester '73, nightstick (STR+1d4).

JUNK RAINE

The junk thrown into this narrow but deep canyon radiates the supernatural energy of mad science. It's little wonder the rats who feed off the mundane garbage sometimes thrown in here have mutated into something far more horrible.

"Junk rats" are hideous rats that look as though they've been fitted with metallic jaws, then rolled around in a sharp bed of nails, jagged metal, or glass. The latter jut from their bloody fur painfully. Junk rats actually feed on supernaturally charged metal—such as scrapped gizmos. They absorb the energy, then painfully pass the "dead" metal out their back and guts. Their skin tears and bleeds, giving them a constant coat of torn flesh covered in oily blood.

JUNK RATS

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:1d6, Q:3d8, V:3d6
Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d4, M:2d6, Sm:2d4, Sp:1d4
Overawe 5d6

Pace: 16

Size: 3

Terror: 11



Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Bite: STR+1d4+infection

Infection: If a rat causes a wound, the character must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If he fails, he contracts a bizarre form of tetanus. Within five minutes, the victim develops severe "lockjaw" and cannot open his mouth. Ten minutes later his joints begin to seize up as if he were dead. The infected joints continue to swell until, one hour later, they burst. Then the poison drains out, and the victim is left alive but without a single working joint (that means knees, elbows, jaws, fingers, hips, back, feet, and neck). Unless the character has his joints healed by magic or augmented by Dr. Gash, he's permanently disabled.

POWER PLANT

There's nothing unusual about the power plant, but there are always two watchmen on duty. Touching the fence is a bad idea. It causes 3d20 damage. A fellow who grabs the fence finds his muscles seize up so that he can't let go. He continues to take damage until someone shuts down the fence and peels him off.

SMITH'S FIANCEE

Unfortunately, Miss Erma Pridemore is neither a Mormon nor of a good family. In fact, she isn't even 18—she's 24.

Erma is the daughter of General Pridemore, the commander at Roswell since it was moved underground. The General knew he'd never get Smith to return to Roswell, so he convinced his daughter to spy on him for a few years by marrying him. Fortunately, one of Pridemore's in-laws had become a Mormon, so he sent Erma to live with them. Erma's uncle knows only that her father is stationed somewhere down south, that it is no place for a lady, and that he is happy to care for Erma until her father's duties are done.

OTHER MAD SCIENTISTS

LEONTUS P. GASH

Gash is going places—underground places. His laboratory is located in a cavern entered through the basement of the Asylum (page 103).

Gash's creations and how they work are detailed in his *Journal*, included in this set. Gash's statistics and those of his assistants are discussed earlier in this chapter (page 104).



Hellstromme talked Brigham into making Gash's "dead" bounty so low because he wants to learn his secrets. The low "dead" price makes bounty hunters more likely to bring him in alive.

HUNTINGTON'S RUNS

Dr. Tom Huntington was attempting to open a doorway into another dimension when his lab exploded. It worked, though the Huntington was nothing more than a shadow afterwards. The only remaining door frame in the house is a portal to the Hunting Grounds. See *Ghost Dancers* for more on that terrifying realm.

If the door frame is ever destroyed, so is the portal. One good storm is likely to do the job, so this portal is temporary at best.

MADAM RASMUSSEN

Madam Gretchin Rasmussen is all that Sally said, and a little more. Few know that Utah Starr didn't just kill her husband; he torched him with the flamethrower of his steam wagon.

Claus lived for days in agony, while Gretchin tried her best to save him. One day, while flipping through an old book in Claus' collection,



she found an alchemical formula for restoring life to the dead!

She read the book voraciously, and sometime in that night, Gretchin became a mad scientist—actually, an alchemist.

Claus died that very night. Gretchin “pickled” his body in formaldehyde and began to concoct a new serum. She knew that even if she managed to return her husband from death, his horrible burns would only kill him again. So she must discover a formula to heal his burns before she can even attempt the resurrection serum.

In the meantime, she experiments with her concoctions on burn victims from the City o’ Gloom. She is making progress in this area and now must begin to study the resurrection serum.

To do this, she’s hired two local goons, Cletus Red and Willy Banks, to “procure” bodies from the Gentile Cemetery. The grave-robbers have run into Dr. Manfred Stark’s boys on several occasions, and each time they’ve wound up in a brawl over the freshest corpses.

What might eventually happen when grave-robbers fight in a cemetery where the Fear Level is already high is best left to you, Marshal. At the very least, a few of the corpses they want to rob ought to come to unlife and put up a fight.

MADAM RASMUSSEN

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, S:1d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin’ 1d6, drivin’: steam wagon 3d6, horse ridin’ 2d6, teamster 2d6

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d12, M:2d6, Sm:4d10, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 5d12, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d12, guts 4d8, medicine: general 4d12, persuasion 4d6, science: alchemy 7d12, science: chemistry 5d12, scrutinize 4d10, search 4d10

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist, purty (in a motherly sort of way)

Hindrances: Oath (resurrect her dead husband)

Gear: Madam Rasmussen keeps a loaded double-barreled shotgun behind the door to her office, and another in her steam wagon.

CLETUS & WILLY

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:2d8, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin’ 1d6, fightin’: brawl’n’ 2d6, horse ridin’ 2d6, shootin’: pistol 3d6, teamster 2d6

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Academia: occult 1d4, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 3d4, guts 2d4, search 2d6

Gear: Cletus and Willy carry clubs and double-action Peacemakers and keep a Winchester ’73 and a shotgun on their horses.





R. PERCY SITGREAVES

R. Percy Sitgreaves was onto something with his theories of "thaumaturgical diffusion." You'll find out just how much when you read the *Journal of Thaumaturgical Diffusion* included in this set.

As for *Infinity Press*, it's a two-man operation—Percy and Reggie Hughes, a nine-year-old Mormon. Percy doesn't really need the boy around, but he's taken to him and hopes to one day teach him the ways of a huckster. If Percy ever gets caught teaching such "black arts," however, the next S&R catalog might be printed in blood.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, drivin': steam wagon

3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, horse ridin' 2d6,

sleight o' hand 2d6, sneak 2d6, teamster 2d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:4d12, M:2d6, Sm:4d12, Sp:3d8

Academia: occult 5d12, area knowledge: Salt Lake

City 2d12, guts 3d8, persuasion 3d12, science:

alchemy 4d12, science: engineering 4d12,

science: chemistry 2d12, scrutinize 4d10,

search 4d10

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist, arcane background: huckster, fleet-footed

Hindrances: Curious, geezer

Tricks:

Hexes: Being the developer of the spells in his journal, Sitgreaves knows all the spells at level 1, and a few at higher levels: Blast furnace 2, caltrops 3, devil's workshop 3, grenade 4, haywire 4, infernal machine 3, razor coils 2, shard 3

Gear: Single-action Colt Peacemaker

FINDING THE HEXES

Percy Sitgreaves was fairly creative in hiding his newly invented hexes in Smith & Robards' catalog. The formulae are concealed in technical data, seemingly random order numbers, descriptive paragraphs, and even a few of the hand-drawn illustrations.

Any huckster studying the catalog with the intent to find a specific hex has to make a Hard (9) *academia: occult* roll to find the complete formula. See the accompanying *Journal* for more details. Of course, to look for the hexes, a huckster has to know they're there in the first place. There are two ways for this to happen. The first is to have someone in the know pass the information along. The second is for the

hexslinger to stumble across the formulae herself. Any character with the Edge *arcane background: huckster* simply perusing a copy of catalog may notice snippets of the formulae on a successful Hard (9) *academia: occult* roll—based on *Cognition* instead of *Knowledge*. After that, she must spend a number of days equal to 15-her *Smarts* die type deciphering the codes and reading the text. After that, she may find individual hexes as described above.

DR. MANFRED STARK

Stark is the resident "Dr. Frankenstein." He's attempting to create a "new" being from the parts of dead corpses. He doesn't murder anyone, but his hirelings do rob the Gentile Cemetery (page III).

Stark's "monsters" have yet to animate. He feels he's lacking some key ingredient in his theory. His distant neighbor, Dr. Tremane, has been doing incredible things with electricity. Stark has been calling on Tremane lately to learn more about electricity and see if it might provide the "spark" that can bring his creation to life. We've given you statistics for the "monster" below, should Stark complete his research in your campaign.

Stark also has the dubious distinction of being the only Harrowed mad scientist in the area. The worst part is that his manitou doesn't cause much trouble—it lets him continue his work. How scary is that?

Stark has three servants: Pete, Ed, and Ed. Each one's dumber than a prairie tick and half as charming. They're not particularly dangerous, though they'd bully a single opponent if she didn't look too tough. When not robbing graves, they work around the house or go take a ride out to Corrine for whiskey.

DR. MANFRED STARK

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d6, S:2d8, Q:1d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 1d6, drivin': steam wagon 3d6, fightin':

brawlin' 2d6, horse ridin' 2d6, teamster 2d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:4d12+4, M:2d10, Sm:3d12, Sp:3d8

Academia: occult 7d12+4, area knowledge: Salt

Lake City 2d12+4, guts 6d8, medicine: surgery

6d12+4, science: alchemy 3d12+4, science:

biology 8d12+4, science: chemistry 4d12+4,

scrutinize 2d8, search 6d8

Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist

Hindrances: Oath (create artificial life)

Harrowed Powers: Supernatural Aptitude

(*Knowledge*+2 levels), evil eye 2

Gear: Dr. Stark is never armed.



STARK'S FLUNKIES

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:2d8, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin' 1d6, drivin' steam wagon 2d6, fightin' brawlin' 2d6, horse ridin' 2d6, shootin' pistol 3d6, teamster 2d6

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Academia: occult 1d4, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 3d4, guts 2d4, search 2d6

Gear: Stark's flunkies carry clubs and cheap double-action pistols (Reliability 19).

THE MONSTER

The monster looks like what it is—a crude amalgamation of arms, legs, torso, and a head stitched together. When Stark finally figures out electricity is the final piece in the animation puzzle, he inserts two large metal bolts into the monster's cranium. The electricity travels into these bolts and brings the brain back to unlife.

The monster isn't a damned and evil soul like walkin' dead, and it isn't "cohabited" by a manitou like the Harrowed. Instead, the body is an empty shell with only faint traces of its individual pieces' many souls. In short, it is an abomination created by the Reckoners and made to believe it's "alive." The confusion in its addled

mind causes it great pain, so its mood can change from that of an innocent child to that of an angry Kodiak with the slightest trigger.

Treat the monster just like you've seen Frankenstein's monster portrayed in the movies, but remember, it's really just a trick played by the Reckoners. There's nothing they like better than to watch some hero attempt to save the "pitiful" monster when it turns feral and attacks.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, S:4d10, Q:2d6, V:4d10
Climbin' 3d6, fightin' brawlin' 4d6

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:2d6, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Undead.

Coup: A Harrowed who absorbs the monster's essence gains a level in *stitchin'*.

DR. GREGORY TREMANE

Tremane is indeed the wizard of electricity that Sally mentioned. Anyone who grabs his house's front doorknob on his own finds that out—it delivers a shock that causes 3d10 Wind.

Moving around his mountaintop home is also dangerous. Every time a character moves around the house, roll a d20. On a 20, a floorboard snaps. The hero must make an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* or *Strength* roll (her choice) to avoid tumbling down the mountain to her doom. Tremane had an assistant once, but he mysteriously disappeared. His fate might be easily guessed once a character almost falls through the floor. Tremane seems to have no trouble navigating about. Don't roll for loose floorboards if the posse follows in his footsteps.

Dr. Tremane isn't up to anything particularly insidious, but Dr. Stark speaks with him every week, as he believes a strong electrical current may be just the thing to give his creation life.

PROFILE

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:1d6, Q:2d8, V:2d8
Climbin' 4d6, horse ridin' 3d6, teamster 2d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d12, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:3d6
Academia: occult 2d12, area knowledge: Salt Lake City 2d12, guts 2d6, science: electrical engineering 6d12, science: engineering 3d12

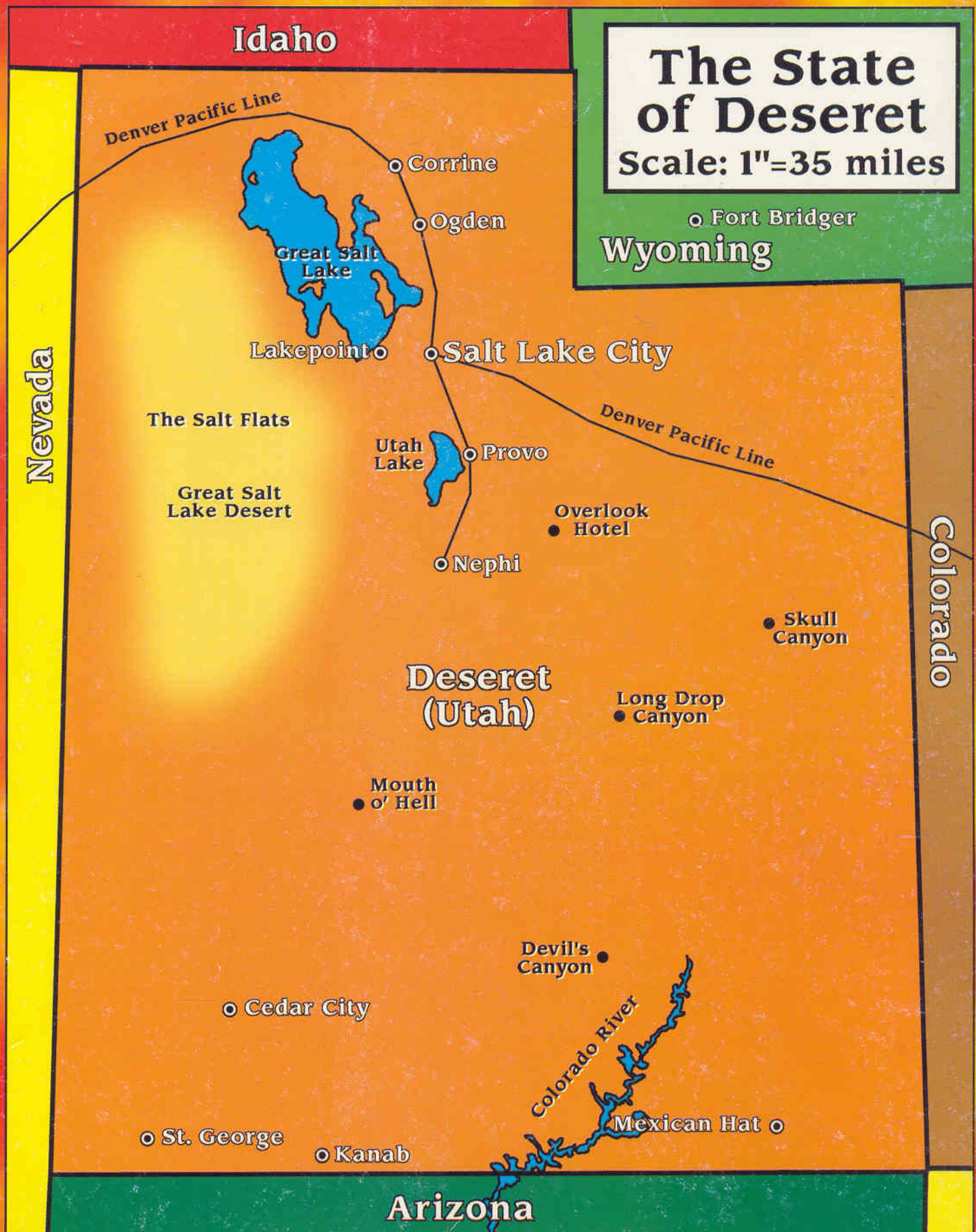
Edges: Arcane background: mad scientist

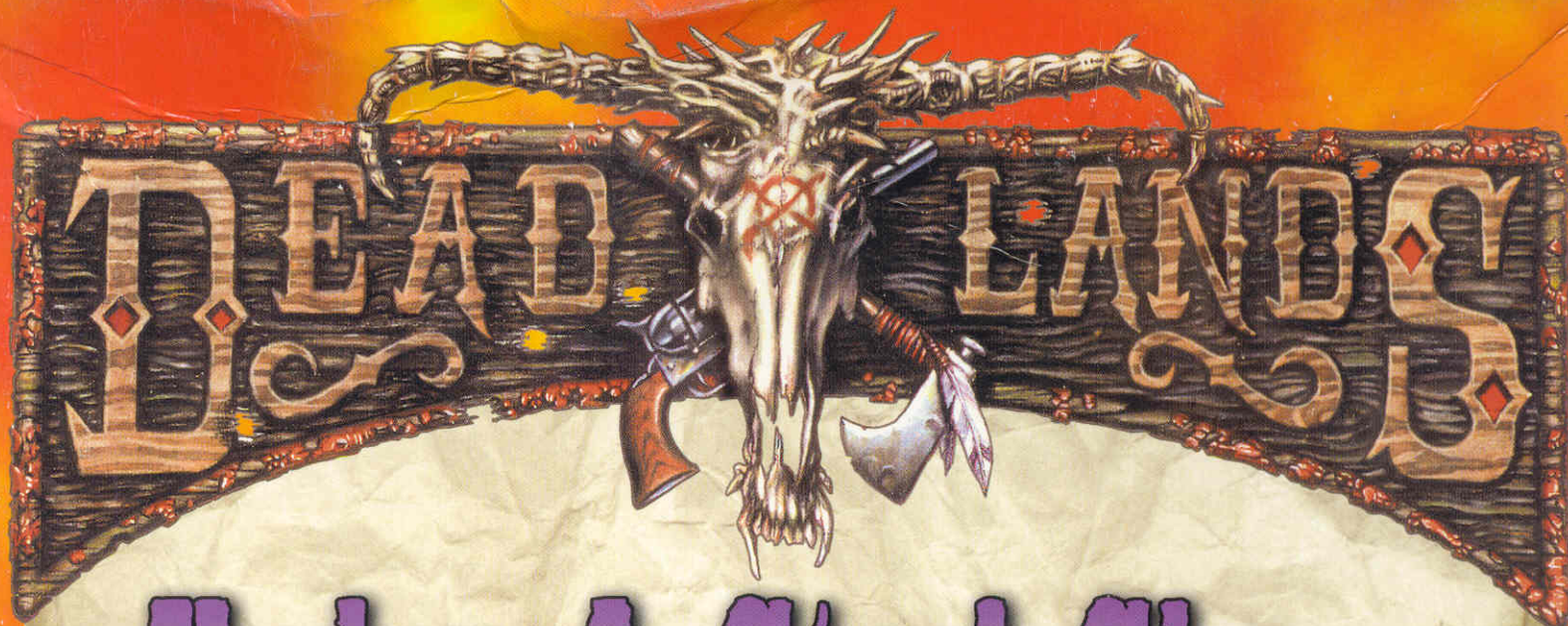
Hindrances: Loco (absent minded)

Gear: Dr. Tremane carries an electrostatic gun. He doesn't know how to use it properly (thus no *shootin' Aptitude*), but he gives it a try anyway in an emergency.



City o' Gloom





Under A Steel Sky...



Life in the Weird West's™ never really easy, but some places are worse than others. If you're fond of things like clean water, fresh air, and wide-open spaces, then the City o' Gloom's just about the worst place around.

Sure, Salt Lake City's the only place in the West with electric lights and indoor plumbing, and it's the center of the most incredible scientific advances anywhere in the world, but progress always has its price.

The *City o' Gloom* boxed set comes packed with everything you need to know about this city on the cutting edge of the Weird West's tomorrow. It includes a 128-page sourcebook (which covers the history and current state of affairs of Salt Lake City, plus full rules for *skullchucker*™, the most popular bloodsport in the City o' Gloom), a 32-page digest on the mechanical augmentations of the human body performed by the outlawed Dr. Gash, another 32-page digest featuring new hexes for huckster mad scientists, three full-color cards (featuring a salt rattler, a landship, and counters for use with the *skullchucker* game), plus a full-color poster map featuring Salt Lake City on one side and a *skullchucker* gameboard on the other!

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ISBN 1-889546-24-0



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Printed in USA. Components printed in

6750.00

\$30.00 USA
1014