

Dr. Angela Bailey

“To be ignorant of what occurred before you were born is to always remain a child. For what is the worth of human life, unless it is woven into the life of our ancestors by the records of history?”

-Cicero

For as long as you can remember, you have been fascinated by the past and the mysteries of lost civilizations. Growing up in Arlington, Virginia, meant that you spent nearly every weekend of your childhood going to the Smithsonian museums and marveling at the skeletons of creatures who died millions of years before the first homo sapien was born; treasures and artifacts of civilizations who had passed from this mortal coil generations before the Roman Empire was founded; the modern technological marvels that someday would be accepted as commonplace.

Therefore, when you attended college, it was inevitable that you would choose to study archaeology. Your parents were somewhat dismayed by your bold choice of careers; they had hoped you would study poetry and eventually find some nice finance major to settle down with. But the thought of being able to uncover the mysteries of the past by yourself appealed to you too much to simply let it wither away as a docile wife tethered to her home. You needed to explore, to travel, to see the mysteries of life for yourself.

After you gained your doctorate in archaeology, you ventured forth to see what excavation sites would have you. None of them would. You were young and without any real experience in the field; everyone you talked to suggested that you find a place at a desk job for a while, eventually working your way up to supporting a dig. Perhaps they simply weren't willing to deal with a head-strong woman as a companion. In any case, it seemed that no group would take you on.

So you decided to strike out for yourself. It was risky, to be sure, but you were confident enough in your own abilities to take the chance. You borrowed money from your friends and from your parents, who had resigned themselves to accepting the thought of their daughter as an adventurer into the past.

You used the money to gather supplies and passage to India. You had written your doctoral thesis on the primitive religions of the northern regions of India, and you had read about several ancient temples that still lay hidden underneath the dense jungles. You traveled from village to village for a year, talking to mystics and seers who told you the fables of their religions, and slowly began to get an understanding for the area and its peoples.

Finally, running short on supplies and money, you decided to make a try for it. You had heard from several villages that there was an ancient temple devoted to the deathgod Angevud located in the mountains to the north. Angevud, the Decimator, was a precursor to the modern Hindu Kali; those that worshipped her were the assassins and

thugees of their times, devoted to death and destruction. Tales of Angevud had been well documented by other researchers, but no one had ever seen a temple to her before; it is believed that all of her followers were killed in the war occurring here in the last part of the first millennia.

You trekked through the mountains, buffeted by the snow and cold, working your way slowly to the place where the temple was most likely to be. It only was a few day's journey, but the arduousness of it made the trip feel like weeks. Finally, you came upon the cave that would house the temple, assuming that there actually *was* still a temple around here.

Inside was... inside was breathtaking. Beautifully carved stonework tables and pillars, giant pits blackened with age-old fires, and the idol. The idol was breathtaking. It was a twenty foot tall vision of Angevud in all of her anger. Her eyes, replaced by the jewels of Theravoost in the ancient legends, still shone with a fire all their own. Upon closer inspection, you realized that her eyes shone because they were giant rubies.

Ecstatic, the only thing you could do for the first few hours was to wander around in mystic awe at the sights you were seeing, sights unseen by western man, and probably not seen by any man within the last eight hundred years. The artwork and carvings were incredibly detailed and showing direct influence from the prevailing themes of the time period. You had done it. You had found a lost treasure, a King's ransom in fame and fortune.

You immediately set about gathering whatever could be carried back to the village. This included prying the rubies out of the statue of Angevud. You hated to disturb the temple, but you had no choice. Your friends and family were worried about you and their investment, and you needed to bring proof back to the U.S. that such a place really did exist. The various stone bowls and tablets that were small enough to carry were sent to various museums across the states, and the two Stones of Theravoost were sold; one to the U.S. government, and one to Harold Sturvin, a collector of antiques. You hated to do it, but you needed money to repay your debts, pay off Indian officials to keep from making an incident of your explorations, and to finance your next expedition.

You have just started that next expedition. You have always been fascinated by Native American lore and rituals, and you found out about an ancient Cherawanee sacred burial ground located in Arizona, just south of the town of San Inguon. It was while you were in San Inguon, examining the site, that you met Harold Sturvin. An exceedingly rich man and a collector of ancient artifacts, he expressed a great interest in buying one of the Theravoost Stones from you. The other was deposited at Fort Lucas Rita, where it will soon be on its way to the Smithsonian, you assume.

Your crew (for now you have enough funding to have a crew, albeit not a very competent one) has begun digging into the southernmost mesa around San Inguon, looking for any clues to the ancient beliefs of the Cherawanee, most of whose legends and

beliefs have been lost to the mist of time (or more likely, assimilated with other Indian beliefs when forced onto the reservations). You have already gathered a slight measure of fame for your exploits in India; perhaps what you uncover here will seal your reputation as one of the greatest archaeologists ever.

Stock quote: “Hmm. This artifact seems to be from the late Phoenitian era. I’ve always been fascinated by their culture...”

Mannerisms: Dr. Bailey is a young, headstrong woman plowing her way through the world. Ruthless when she needs to be, she is obsessed with the idea of understanding history (and securing her own place in it), and is more than likely to unleash something that she cannot control.

People You Know:

Mayor Cunningham: The mayor of San Inguon. He’s only interested in doing whatever benefits the town, and is looking to you for ideas on how your dig can help increase tourism. Needless to say, you dislike dealing with him, but his permission is essential to your being able to perform the dig.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: The standard countryside sheriff. Laid-back and unimposing. You wish that most of the authorities you had to deal with were like him.

C.J. Nickels: The oldest resident of San Inguon, and people claim he came here with the original settlers back in 1859. This is nonsense, of course, for if he did, he would be well over a hundred and ten years old. Still, he may be a good source of information regarding the Indians and the original settlers of the town.

Goals:

1. Find out what you can about San Inguon and the local area. Interviewing C.J. Nickels would be a good place to start. You need to find out what this town was like in the past, where its people came from, how they reacted to the Indians in the area, and what happened to the Indians. Without this kind of information, you’ll have a much harder time understanding what you find in the mesas.

2. Find ancient treasures. Your dig team will take care of most of this, but when they find something, it’ll be up to you to figure out what it is. In addition, there are rumors of old caves throughout the mesas; you may have to find a few sturdy people from town to help you explore some of them.

3. Achieve fame and glory. Make yourself known. Find out about hidden secrets of the town and the local Indians. In general, self-aggrandize shamelessly.

Adeline Siegheil aka Adele Siegelski

“Everyone is as God made him, and often a great deal worse.”
-Miguel de Cervantes

Ach, but things were so much better for you back in Germany. With the flowers in bloom, the birds singing in the trees, and the inferior races carted off somewhere where you didn't have to see them. But now, you are stuck here in America where there are no flowers, no trees, and plenty of inferior races getting in your face. But one day, one day soon, you shall help do to this country what you did for Germany.

You first began your upwards climb in Germany when you joined the Nazi party. Normally, women were unheard of as members, and as female high officials were simply unthinkable. But you had connections to those who practiced the mystic arts, those people who had been around for centuries weaving the fabric of reality to suit their needs. You could gather them behind Hitler, making them weave that reality in Hitler's image, where he would rule triumphant over Europe.

For many years, it worked quite well. The Nazi Party grew in strength and stature, slowly amassing power in Germany. You were the party's official Mystic Liaison, and you spent your time tracking down myths and legends, seeing if they could lead to some sort of new power for Hitler. It was an idyllic time for you. And when the armies of Germany thundered across Europe, subjugating and destroying all around it, you reveled in it. Especially the conquest of France. Their culture should be eradicated, their peoples slaughtered, and the ground sown with salt. That would have taught them what it meant to defy Germany.

But all good things must come to an end. Allied armies, mongrel units of all races, slowly pushed the borders back until there was no point in fighting any longer. Hitler hid himself and his top advisors in the Bunker, hoping that some miracle would save him.

No miracles came. The mages you had assembled had long since either fled, disappeared, or had been executed for one treason or another. There was but one person who stood by you when the end came; Greta Hundesbarr was one of the first you recruited and the last to leave. She had been fighting for Germany for centuries; she was not about to let it down now.

In a secret conference between yourself, Hitler, and Goebbels, the end was discussed. Everyone admitted that it was inevitable. But Goebbels had an idea for how this end would not mean the true end. If Hitler could survive, then he could perhaps come back to Germany to lead it back into greatness.

So the operation was scheduled for the next day. The top surviving German scientists and doctors were summoned to the Bunker, while a look-alike shot himself and Eva inside. The operation was a great success, and as the last great honor bestowed upon you by the Third Reich, you were given the task of carrying out the rest of the mission. You have Hitler's brain in a jar now, and must find a way to put it into a new body, allowing Hitler to rise again.

Of course, first you had to survive. That was not easy, but with Greta at your side, you managed to pass yourself off as a Polish refugee named Adele Sigelski, and soon you were on a ship to America. You despised yourself. It was bad enough to have to pretend to be someone of such inferior lineage, but now to go to the country where these lineages mongrelized themselves into a giant melting pot of inferiority? Disgusting. But you knew that America had some of the best scientists in the world, and if anyone could find a way to revive Hitler's brain, they could. Besides, America was a lot easier to live in than Russia would have been.

So you came to New York. Greta left you then, claiming that she needed to find her own way through America. You were alone. Jobless and broke, you drifted across the country, teaching German and Latin in various schools, where you were always given a great deal of respect for the way you kept your students in line.

Eventually, you read in the paper about the latest biological breakthroughs at the Research Labs in San Inguon. Realizing that this might be the place where you could find a way to bring Hitler back, you came to San Inguon, Arizona, looking for a job. Luckily, the principal of Edwood High had just retired (been hounded into submission was your assessment), and the school board accepted you as principal with open arms.

To your detriment, you have not yet broken the students and forced them to accept your discipline. To your credit, they have not yet broken you, although they have been trying for two years now. J.D. Koln is especially troublesome. It's so horrible- it's obvious from the name that this family was once of pure German extract, but it must have married some inferior population- Italians or Slovaks, or maybe even (horrors) French. In any case, J.D. is a troublemaker, a rude, violent youth bent on not following any rules set for him. One day, you will break him. You will teach him the meaning of punishment, what happens to children who do not follow the rules. But right now, you have more important things to do.

It was two weeks ago when a breakthrough occurred. Darla Hotchkins, the school nurse, had always come across as a little strange to you. However, on this day several teachers reported that she was acting even more unusual than ever. You went to her office to have a chat with her. She assured you that everything was fine, just fine, and that things simply couldn't be better for her. You hate it when she gives you that look. It frightens you. But that is not important. What is important is that while she was looking through some reports about some students, you noticed that she had written several strange words

down on her prescription pad. After you left the office, you wondered what those words might mean.

It was only while driving home that you realized it. They were the passwords for the Research Labs. You had no idea how she got them; but that is irrelevant. What is relevant is that with those words, you would be able to break into the Biology Labs and see how far they had progressed in the possibility of resurrecting life.

The next night, you grabbed Hitler's brain from your refrigerator and snuck off to infiltrate the Labs. The passwords worked just fine. And inside the Biology Labs were all of your dreams come true.

From what you read in Dr. Forbes' notes, he was almost at a breakthrough point in bringing humans back to life. All he needed was to figure out what a dehydrated mononuclear hydro-oxium chain was, and his operation would be workable. You rejoiced; you were so close to your goals! And then you heard the guards coming to check on the Lab. Quickly, you hid behind one of the stretchers, trying to blend in with the array of body parts strung upon it.

The guards did not notice you, but you overheard them talking about a CIA agent coming to town to investigate a fugitive. You realized that that fugitive was you. The CIA have been tracking you for years, certain that you are not who you seem but unable to say who you really are. And now they were closer than ever.

You realized that if they found you with Hitler's brain in your refrigerator, you would be arrested for certain. So you hid the jar in amongst all of the other jars of brains, writing A.H. on the side in marker to keep you from later picking the wrong one up by accident. You snuck back out of the Labs, and have bided your time, waiting for Dr. Forbes to make his final breakthrough.

And then, the Fourth Reich will conquer the world.

Stock Quote: "Perhaps you would be needing a little lesson in manners und discipline, zen?"

Mannerisms: Adele is the stereotypical Nazi, sure of herself and superiority. She hates having to pretend she's Polish, but better that than trying to explain what she did during the war.

People You Know:

J.D. Kohn: Young juvenile delinquent. Back in Germany, you would have been able to teach him a very serious lesson, involving red hot poker. Here, however, all you can do is try to catch him in the act and send him off to reform school. It won't help him any, but at least he won't be bothering you.

Robert Sherman: Seemed like such a nice boy at the beginning of last year. But now he's hanging around J.D., acting like a thug. You'd like to teach him the error of his ways.

Nick Kerensky: Big and dumb, but what do you expect of Russian stock? A worthless good-for-nothing who hangs around J.D.

James Daniels: Now, here is an exemplary student. Valedictorian, Class President, and captain of the football team. Blond and blue-eyed. The perfect Aryan.

Timmy Carroll: Young student devoted entirely to science. Very shy, but certainly a good worker and nice young man.

Tony Turrelli: A young smart-ass of Italian descent who seems to take everything in life funny. You'll teach him what a joke life is. Oh, yes, you will.

Mark Sturvin: Son of the richest man in town. A very shy, quiet student.

Mary Jenkins: Worthless and weak. Lets herself be used and abused by her "boyfriend," J.D. Any woman allowing herself to be pushed around like that deserves it.

Teresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. A woman of very loose morals, although you expected that from a Russian.

Catherine Thomas: A very nice and pleasant young girl. Sometimes, though, she gives you this knowing look. You have no idea what that means.

Margaret Smith: A complete airhead and waste of space. Obviously, she has some sort of French lineage.

Laura Fetner: Head of the cheerleading squad, and all-around wonderful girl. She's what you wish all of your female students were. You don't know that Fetner is a German name, but it must be, for she is of perfect Aryan stock.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter. An incredible snoop. Definitely one of your least favorite students. Keep an eye on her before she uncovers something dangerous to you.

General Hiram Cork: The old man who commands Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. You're amazed that Germany lost to the likes of this ruffian.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: The Head of the Biology Department at the Labs, and the one working upon the secret of resurrection. You haven't met him personally, yet.

Ivan Kerensky: Big, dumb Russian who runs the corner gas station. He runs a group called LSD (the League of Social Decency), which you are a part of. Every couple of weeks, he, you, and several others get together and put on your red, white and blue domino masks and harass suspected Communists. Because he runs this organization, he seems to think that he has the right to walk into your office, put his feet on your desk, drink all of your coffee, and spout his theories about how Communists are taking over everything. One day, you'll teach him a very serious lesson.

Goals:

1. Keep your cover hidden. Whatever else, don't jeopardize your cover. Make sure everyone stays convinced that you're Adele Siegelski, who would never be involved in some sort of Nazi plot, oh no, not you. As long as you and Hitler's brain can make it out of today unnoticed, you'll at least be able to do the experiment later.

2. Bring back Hitler. You really don't know how Dr. Forbes' experiment will work, and he hasn't even finished it yet. Keep an eye on him and see if you can get him to make it Hitler that he brings back first.

3. Ride the students hard. Keep at them. Constantly criticize posture, attitude, etc. Even though school's over for the summer, remind them that they'll see you next year. Besides, if they're bad enough, you can get them sent to reform school. Definitely try to get J.D., Nick, and Robert sent to reform school. That would make your life a great deal easier.

Bess Smith

“A woman, if she has the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can.”
-Jane Austen

There you go. Everything's vacuumed in the house, spic and span. You even got the windows shined without streaking after reading about adding ammonia to the cleanser in Hints From Heloise. The cookies are in the oven, slowly browning, and you should have a wonderful dinner all prepared for Harold and Margaret tonight. You probably should drop by Mrs. Stutter's house; she has that wonderful angel food cake recipe and she's promised to let you copy it.

By Bethwik, you hate this planet. Not just this planet. All of the people on it, with the men's slimy, manipulative ways and the women's docile acceptance of a role of servitude. Disgusting to the core. Sometimes you just want to take Harold and pop his head off for getting you stuck for *five years* on this horrible, insignificant, repulsively inferior planet.

Sigh. But it's not really his fault. Being a member of the Thwarkian Diplomatic Command means that one has to have experience in espionage, and Harold took this job in the fear that no new one would come up until he was behind everyone else on the promotion track. And when he took it, you were happy for him. You've risen through the ranks like a titanium rocketship, leading troops into battle to conquer inferior worlds and generally giving a fearsome reputation to the 32nd Lighting Strike Marine Corps you led. Harold was stuck pushing paperwork until he got some field espionage experience.

So when the time came to come to Earth, you were happy. Sure, it would mean leaving your command for two years, and your daughter Margaret would be out of the prestigious Berkin Academy for a while. But it meant a lot to Harold, so you and Margaret went along with him. He told you that the entire mission would be over in two years.

That was five years ago. Everything that could go wrong went wrong. Supply missions that were supposed to give Harold the funding he needed were disrupted by Commonwealth patrols. These humans turned out to be a secretive and suspicious lot, making Harold's job of assessing how far their research has progressed a near impossibility. Margaret nearly blew your cover by showing her teachers exactly how smart she was; Harold convinced the teachers that Margaret had merely learned a lot from watching science-fiction movies, but you still had to move before word got out too far.

All the while, you had to play the nice housewife. Your idea of subtlety is only using one fusion grenade to blow down a door, so you simply couldn't help Harold out with his job. All you could do was study Earth culture and figure out what was expected

from you so that you could fit into society. So you spent your time watching television. *I Love Lucy, The Burns And Allen Show, Leave It To Beaver*, and other such fare. And you learned what humans expected of their wives.

Complete and utter docility. A woman who would spend her days slaving over a hot stove, cleaning the house until it looked like a museum, and never once complaining. It has been an extremely hard job to keep the act up. Luckily, when no one else is around, you can drop your act and let Harold know exactly how fun you find cleaning the house and cooking all of his meals. He apologizes profusely, but says that you have to keep it up until the mission's over. You began to wonder whether he was ever going to finish the mission, or maybe he was just dragging it out because he liked the thought of you waiting on him hand and foot.

But two nights ago, he finally broke the joyous news. He had contacted High Command, explained that this planet holds no threat to the Thwarkians, and recommended its destruction. At 6:00 pm tonight, a Thwarkian Battle Cruiser should show up and pick you, Harold, and Margaret up and speed you back to Thwark, where you can finally get back to crushing inferior races who try to defy the will of the Thwarkians; Harold can get a promotion to Senior Consul, and Margaret can finally get back onto the higher education track. That will be bliss.

You've even been getting back in practice with your Sondran (the tri-bladed weapon that all Marines are trained with). Of course, merely trying it out on the shrubbery behind the house doesn't present much of a challenge, so you waylaid a few humans late at night and took them on. Each time, you cut them to shreds without even getting a scratch. It's nice to know you still have the touch. Harold would throw a fit if he knew you had done that, but the planet's going to be destroyed soon anyways, so who cares? Although you are upset by one thing. Last night, coming home after the latest kill, you saw a huge creature, something that looked like a wolf but was as big as a bear. It was running through the streets, and by the time you saw it, it was too far away to catch. Pity. It looked like it would have been a tough opponent. If only you had known that such things existed on Earth.

You'll also need to have a talk with Margaret before you go. She's been hanging around these humans for too long. She seems to think of them as actual real beings, with feelings and intelligent thoughts. It disturbs you to see her associate freely with an inferior race. Maybe she has forgotten the superiority of Thwarkians. Perhaps she is starting to assimilate. Well, pretty soon there won't be anyone left to assimilate with, and you don't want any sort of scene when you're gathering the family together to go back to Thwark. She'll sulk and she'll pout, and she'll claim that she doesn't want the planet destroyed and that she wants to stay here with her friends. Well, best to get those ideas out of her head before you're on a tight schedule.

You'd better keep an eye on Harold, too. Oh, sure, he hasn't tried to assimilate with these humans. But he's promised you things before that didn't quite work out the

way he said they would. And you wouldn't be too surprised if he had told you that everything was fine when things were actually falling apart. So you'd better keep a watch and make sure that everything's as nice as he says it is.

Or else he'll be sleeping on the couch for the next three months.

Stock quote: "Oh, I just *have* to get that recipe from you."

Mannerisms: Bess is the combination of every '50's sit-com wife. Cheery, perky, always full of good advice, and always correcting her husband's mistakes. Underneath, she is a fierce warrior, ready to rip someone's tongue out for the slightest perceived insult. She has that under control. But she also has a list of people to get personal revenge upon just before the planet is destroyed.

People You Know:

Margaret Smith: Your daughter. You love her, and will do anything to protect her. She acts like a bit of an airhead in public to keep people from suspecting her true genius. You worry that she's assimilating too well into human culture.

Harold Smith: Your husband. You love him, but sometimes you want to beat some serious sense into him.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: You used to spend time with his wife, talking about recipes and the various foibles of your husbands. She was the only human you met with even a half-way decent brain. It's too bad that she died in a car accident two weeks ago. Not that it matters; she would have died soon enough when her planet gets destroyed.

Goals:

1. Keep up pretenses. Pretend to be the loving little housewife for as long as possible. After all, something may delay the cruiser, or Harold may have done something really bone-headed. The last thing you need is to reveal your true identity and then end up stuck here for another several months. That would be very bad.

2. Prepare for leaving. Have a long, serious talk with Margaret and make sure she's ready to leave. Practice with your sondran a few times (but not on anyone whose death would cause waves). Get what recipes you can from Pops Turrelli down at the Malt Shop. You like cooking occasionally, after all; it's just this every night, night after night thing that wears you down.

Robert Sherman Jr. aka Charles Glass

“Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future
And time future contained in time past.”
-T.S. Eliot

Oh, boy. Oh, boy. This is most definitely not what you expected today to be like. Not that it's today anymore. More like a lot of yesterdays ago. Still, it's today, isn't it? I mean, you're here, when you're here, it's today. If it's you *were there*, it's yesterday. Still, today won't happen for another thirty years, and if you're lucky, today won't happen at all, so...

Oh, boy, this is confusing. Okay, let's take it nice and slow. It all started yesterday. Except yesterday today isn't the yesterday of this morning, except it's actually earlier than it was this morning, because it's... oh, boy. This is really not good.

Let's try this using fixed times. None of this today, tomorrow, yesterday stuff. On July 23rd, 1989 you were (will be?- no, let's not get into that. Let's just use the tenses as the happened... or will happen... oh, boy) you *were* working with Dr. Lawrence Bates on one of his inventions. You *had* gotten a job with him a few years prior to then; you had always been interested in science, especially physics, and Dr. Bates was always puttering around with some toy he had created. He used to work for the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs, but they closed down in 1986, and had saved enough money to retire and work on whatever projects caught his fancy. Like this one, the wreckage of which you're sitting in now.

He never told you what this one was. Every other project he was bouncing all over, talking about everything that went into it, all of the theory and equations. You had a lot of trouble following it, but you usually could keep up. But with this project, he never said a word about what it was. He was always grinning like the cat that had caught the canary, looking like he was about to tell you what it was all about, and then he'd stop and tell you which parts he needed you to find. It was hard to be patient about it.

Then, on July 23rd, 1989, he told you to come to his lab/warehouse an hour early. When you got there, you saw that he had cleared out half the warehouse to hold... a 1987 Ford Grand National. Big deal. You asked him what this was all about.

“Time travel!” he yelled, grinning wildly. He then spilled out all of the formulas and theories and work he had devised to make this car into a time machine. You lost him after the second sentence, he was going so fast and it was all so new to you. You just stared at him in disbelief. When he finally finished explaining how it all worked (and he might as well have been talking to the wall for all that you understood), he got into the driver's side and told you to get into the passenger side. He was going to take it for a spin.

You tooled around on the side roads until you hit I-42. As soon as you were on it, Dr. Bates hit the gas as hard as he could and the two of you flew down the road. You were passing regular traffic like it was standing still. Two police cars jumped out from behind a billboard and started chasing you. You were trying to point out to Dr. Bates as politely as possible that you two were either going to end up in jail or in the morgue when he hit the big red button on the dashboard.

A huge white light surrounded the car from all directions. When you opened your eyes, you were still on I-42, and Dr. Bates was hitting the brakes as hard as he could. "You see, Bobby, one must hit ninety miles an hour before the interphase connection can really grab hold." You just nodded quietly. Nothing seemed different. Except the police cars were no longer behind you.

Dr. Bates drove back to the warehouse while you watched everything outside. Nothing seemed different. Everything was just as it should be. Except for the police cars. Where had they gone? And then Dr. Bates passed the warehouse and parked in the alley next to it. You were surprised- why were you parking here? He then jumped out of the car and climbed up a ladder leaning against the warehouse, jumped down, and beckoned you to climb it. You climbed the ladder, and looked through the window into the warehouse.

There was Dr. Bates explaining to you exactly how his time machine worked. And there you were, confused, exasperated and bored expressions traveling across your face. You had traveled an hour back in time. You watched the early Dr. Bates and the earlier you get into the car. Jumping off the ladder, you ran to the corner of the warehouse and peeked around it- and caught a glimpse of the car, with you and Dr. Bates in it, driving off towards I-42.

Dr. Bates drove the car back into the warehouse and began explaining all of the various technical problems he had surmounted, all of the people he had notified, all of the agencies that would be down in the morning to look at it, that sort of thing. You were still sitting there, non-plussed. You had traveled through time. Dr. Bates had invented a time machine. This was real. You just sat there, ignoring Dr. Bates, amazed that you had done just what you had done. Oh, boy, was it a thrill.

You and Dr. Bates went over the car once to fine tune it (make sure traveling through time doesn't drain the oil or spoil the camshaft, that sort of thing), and you went home that night still in sort of a daze. You went up to your room, fell on the bed, and slept, dreaming of times future and times past.

You woke up July 24th, 1989, on the floor. You probably should have stopped to consider this a little longer, but your watch said it was nine o'clock and that meant you were already late for school. So you jumped up, decided the clothes you were in were neither too wrinkled nor too smelly to make that much of a difference, and ran out of the house.

You ran down Mulberry Street and took a left onto Goldwater Drive. You would have kept running, except you started noticing... differences. You couldn't really put a finger on it. Things just seemed wrong. Then you realized part of the problem.

All of the cars were Yugos.

Oh, boy, this is not good, you were thinking to yourself, and you realized that the streets were not going the same direction that they always did before. You looked at the nearest sign to see where you had ended up. It said that you were at the corner of Lenin Lane and Castro Court. Oh, boy. Oh, boy oh boy. Not good at all.

You started running again, running towards where the school should be if everything were right in its place. It's kind of amusing how relieved you would have been to see Edwood High. Instead, you came across The Leonid Breshnev Memorial Student Collective. That's when you panicked.

You ran wildly, any direction in which you could, hoping that you had just made a wrong turn somewhere and wandered into a movie set for a sequel to *Red Dawn* or some such, but there were still Yugos everywhere and signs advertising Coca-Commie and posters for Air Yeltsin shoes and finally you fell into an alley, your heart going a mile a minute, your lungs feeling like they were about to burst.

You had run, instinctively, to the alley next to Dr. Bates' lab/warehouse.

You reached into your pocket and pulled out your keys. By luck, or maybe this was just normality rearing its head, they fit. You slid into the warehouse. Everything was dark. But there, hidden behind the broken instruments and the gadgets that never worked, was the Grand National of Time. And then a hand grabbed your shoulder.

You yelled and turned around, looking for something big to use as a bat, when you realized that it was Dr. Bates in front of you. He looked haggard and worn, still wearing the same clothes he had the day before. Admittedly, you probably didn't look much better.

He explained what he thought had happened. From the little research he could do at the Iguanski Book Collective before he felt he would arouse suspicion, he found that Russia had begun World War III in 1979. The war had been an utter disaster for America; it seemed that the Russians knew exactly what the Americans were going to do even before it was thought of. Dr. Bates surmised that the Russians had a time machine as well, and had used it to take over the world. He said that there were rumors of a Communist spy at the Research Labs, but everyone dismissed them as rumors and no one was ever discovered selling secrets. It was obvious to him that the Communist spy had found his original sketches for the interphase mechanical drive and sent it off to Russia, and that they had finished their time machine only hours after he had finished his. He surmised that he and you remembered the normal time stream (with no World War III) because the two

of you had traveled through time on your own, thus detaching you somehow from your own time stream and allowing you to pass through different time streams without losing your memory of your original time stream. He was pretty technical upon this matter, so you really didn't understand. What you did understand was that something had to be done.

He agreed. He had only left the sketch in the Labs for a single day, the day he thought of it. It was... he paused and gave you a horrified look. June 11th, 1959. *You've got to go back and find out who the spy was, Bobby.* he said. Oh, boy. You protested. Why you? Or, at least, why you alone? Shouldn't he come back with you? He knew how this stuff worked. *No,* he said, *I'd be recognized. But no one would recognize you! Besides, it would be too tempting to change things.*

You were going to ask him what he meant by that when the doors broke down. Twelve men in Kevlar armor ran in screaming, "Freeze! Arizona Socialist Republic State Troopers! Throw down your weapons!" Dr. Bates looked at you, and bolted for the back door. The troopers all turned and began firing at him. While he was running, you jumped and slid across the hood of the car, threw open the door, and jumped in. The keys were in the ignition, thank God. You set the timer on the dashboard clock for 9:00 a.m, June 11th, 1959. You didn't look at Dr. Bates; you couldn't. You knew he was getting himself cut down so that you could make an escape. But you knew that if you succeeded, these troopers would never exist, and Dr. Bates would be alive. So you turned the key, hit the gas pedal as hard as you could, and tore out of the warehouse, troopers diving left and right to get out of the way. You were doing 40 when you hit the road in front of the warehouse. You were at 65 when you hit what used to be Tompkins Road. You hit 90 when you hit Cunningham Road. And as soon as you hit 90, you hit that big red button on the dashboard.

In retrospect, that was not an intelligent choice. Thinking back, you realize that you should have drove to I-42 before hitting the button. After all, had you been thinking rationally, I-42 had been around in 1959. Certainly, there would be a chance of hitting another car (or phasing into one), but at least you would have been on a major road. However, you were fueled on adrenaline and wondering whether the Arizona Socialist State Troopers had tanks or road blocks. So you hit the button on Cunningham Road. In 1959, Cunningham Road did not exist. What was there was a small dirt path leading through an area where they were constructing new homes, which would be torn down in the early Eighties. Therefore, you found yourself going 90 down a road ill-suited for anything but construction vehicles with large holes that would eventually become basements on either side of you. Thank God for airbags. So now you are sitting at the top of one of these holes, looking down upon the wreckage of the car below. Oh, boy. This is *not* going to be a fun day.

So let's take stock. Here it is, 9:40 a.m., June 11th, 1959. Nearly thirteen years before you are born. The car is an absolute wreck. Luckily, the time machine inside is actually safe; it is only peripherally attached, and Dr. Bates installed an airbag for it as well. He probably counted on doing a wipe-out at 90 one or two time himself. So, in order

to actually get home, you need to find a car that no one will miss, one that will actually do 90, so it'll have to be something souped up, attach the time machine to it, and then you can go home. You'll have to leave the time machine here temporarily; no better place to hide it than in the wreckage below, and it's far too big to carry.

So now you're going to have to go into San Inguon. Why did Dr. Bates look so horrified when he remember what day he... oh, boy. Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy.

June 11th, 1959. Known in San Inguon as The Day Of Terror.

You don't really know what happened on that, or this, day. You heard something about an earthquake starting it all off, and nobody wants to talk about the rest of it. Something about the lizards. You're not real sure. All you know is that real bad things are going to be happening today. Really bad things. In fact, people said the only good thing to come out of today was...

Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy.

Your parents finally fell in love today. After the Sock Hop. They realized that they loved each other. Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy.

All right, keep calm. So you're about to meet your parents when they were seventeen. No big deal. Just say, "Hi! I'm Bobby Sherman, Jr. and..." Oh, boy. Got find a new name. Well, let's get up and walk to I-42 and see if you can hitchhike into town.

Okay. You need to find a car. One that can do 90. One that no one will miss... oh, boy. That Simpsons episode. The one where Homer fixes his toaster and accidentally goes back in time, steps on a bug and the future changes. You read the Bradbury story that was based on. Well, there's no way you can get through this with affecting something. After all, you have to find the Communist spy and expose him, which never happened, and you've already left a wreckage of twisted metal with electronics that won't be invented for twenty years lying in a new basement. You just need to keep out of a paradox. Make sure that the changes here don't result in an untimely death to Dr. Bates, Dad, or Mom (you're going to have to call her Mary. And him Robert. Oh, boy, will that be creepy). And make sure that after or during the Sock Hop, Mom and Dad realize their true love for one another. If they don't, you might end up not existing.

There's I-42. Okay, so everything's planned. Of course, today's the Day of Terror, so perhaps just surviving will be a challenge. But you have to survive. Not just for your sake, but for the sake of the future generations of America, who deserve to live in a free land. Oh, boy, does that sound dorky. Still, it's probably true. You'll try not to think about that too much.

Cool, a truck's stopping. Just hitch a lift into town and think up a new name. What's that say on the truck? *Charles Glass Company- makers of fine glassware since 1912.* Hmm... Charles Glass....

Stock Quote: "Oh, boy."

Mannerisms: You're a late Eighties guy stuck in the late Fifties. Be a little slow to pick up the current lingo and manner. Other than that, Charles/Bobby is a nice, average guy given to a bit too much anxiety.

People You Know:

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Your mentor. You need to find him and have him remove the plans from the Labs.

Robert Sherman (Sr.): He doesn't know the Sr. part yet. Dad. Has a nice real-estate business. Mr. Middle-class. Probably a boring white-bread kid.

Marigold Jenkins: Mom. Mrs. Prim and Proper. Has a nice little writing career on the side, but doesn't make much money off of it. You think she was going out with Dad as this point in time.

People You Will Know:

Nick Kerensky: Runs "Nick's World of Parts," the largest car-parts company in the SouthWest. Comes over to reminisce with Dad every once in a while. You never paid much attention then. Oh, boy, you wish you had.

Mark Sturvin: Senator Sturvin? Went to High School with Mom and Dad? Wow!

Wendy Mitchell: Hey! She's the anchorwoman for NewsTeam 6! Mom and Dad never told you they went to high school with her!

Dr. Randall Rourke: Oh, boy, he looks young. He still runs a private practice in medicine in San Inguon. Acts the same. Just looks so much younger.

Adele Sigelski: You've heard from older cousins that you were lucky to go to Edwood High after she retired. A strict taskmaster.

Goals:

1. Prevent the wrong future from happening. To prevent the Communist future, you need to convince Dr. Bates to remove the plans for his drive from the Labs. Of course, even that may not be enough. The spy may have already found them by the time you get to town. So you should do your best to unmask the spy. Also, don't let really bad things happen to Mom, Dad or Dr. Bates, or you'll find out the fun effects of paradox, and that's something you really don't need to experience first-hand.

2. Get out of the past. You'll have to find a souped-up car (capable of doing 90) and attach the time machine device to it. Attaching the device shouldn't be a problem. Then just get out onto I-42 and zoom to 90 without killing yourself, and you should end up back home at the right time.

Conrad Jost Nickels

“Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”
-Robert Frost

Bursitis is acting up. Means there's a storm on the way. But you've been feeling a different storm coming. A *big* one. A *dangerous* one. Best to be getting prepared.

You've seen bad things come down before. Burnings at Salem. Plagues. More wars than you could shake a stick at, assuming you had a stick and wanted to shake it. But this is bigger. Bigger than anything you've felt in a long time. Big trouble on the horizon. Bigger than any you've seen in your four hundred years.

'Course, people don't know you've been around for that long. They know you've been around since the town was formed back in the 1860's, and people think you might be- at most- pushing a hundred and ten. They don't know the half of it.

You see, everyone has a power in them. A power to change the world simply by thinking about what they would want to change, and willing it into being. Some call it magic, some call it miracles. Whatever it is, anyone can do it. You just have to be trained in it. Learn how to focus your will. Learn to bring things through. When you were fourteen, you served as an apprentice for Ostlander Bern, who taught you everything you needed to know to pull that force from inside you and change the way things were.

He also explained to you that everyone who masters their ability must make a choice between order and chaos. That choice determines the course of your life. Those who choose order fight for justice and peace, for a strong people well led. Those who choose chaos fight for treachery and cowardice, for a weak people constantly bickering with each other. You wondered that anyone would choose the path of chaos. Bern explained to you that the will you imposed upon the world was impacted by the state of the world itself. In times of peace and prosperity, the mages of Order find their tasks easier and will more powerful, while mages of Chaos found it harder to impose their wills in any great way. Bern then asked you whether you thought Chaos or Order was stronger in the world today. He then pointed out that the mages of Order were bound by the rules of society, and did what was necessary to foster' the greatest common good, while Chaos mages were bound by no rules and often acted in no interest but their own. The choice was up to you- the path of Order, a hard road to travel but leading to a better world for yourself and all, or the path of Chaos, an easy road to travel but leading nowhere. You chose Order, and from that was your life determined.

You spent three hundred years gallivanting across the globe. You fought for the Catholics in the Hundred's Year War, traveled to the East with a spice caravel, came to

the Caribbean as a pirate hunter, fought for the British Crown in the American War of Independence. Of course, you lost most of the battles you fought in, and most of wars you served in were lost causes, but you were fighting for order. For the continued state of things, rather than the fratricidal anarchy that followed these events.

And while you were aging, you never passed on. It is a simple matter for any mages to simply will themselves into immortality (at least for natural causes- had you taken a bullet to the head, all your will would have been for naught). The problem is that the body still continues to age. Luckily, Bern had taught to you a way to force your will upon your own body- the Spell of Reformation. This would allow you to reforge your body into any form you wished; usually that of a much younger version of yourself. The problem with it is that it takes a *lot* of will to do it; it's not the sort of thing you can do very often. In addition, if the moral climate of the area (or your actions) is not especially favorable, it can be ages before you can amass the power to cast it.

Which brings us to your current state of affairs. After the Revolution, you were nearly powerless. America, by its democratic nature, is a font of chaos. But given the situation in Europe, with the French Revolution followed by constant warfare, you could see no place to settle where there was any semblance of Order. So you wandered around America for the next seventy years, making your last Reformation into that of a sixteen-year old version of yourself in 1858.

You were living in Missouri, working as a farmhand. One day in 1860, while on a trip to St. Louis for supplies, you met Joseph Edwood. Edwood was the leader of a Mormon Church, and was looking to settle out west in the unclaimed territories, where he hoped he could escape persecution for his beliefs. You talked to his band of followers, and you could feel the Order excluding from them. They believed in a strict regimen of life, and followed a strong code of laws. Realizing this as your chance to find a haven from Chaos, you offered to join them. They gladly accepted, baptized you as a Mormon, and soon you were journeying off to the West.

Traveling through the West at times made you think that Moses had it easy. After all, God gave him a pillar of flame to guide him. Edwood's band, on the other hand, had nothing to guide them. You constantly found yourselves attacked by hostile Indians or hostile whites (being a Mormon apparently caused people to want to kill you as quickly as they could), and spent many months traveling through the frigid snows of the mountains or the incredible heats of the desert.

Finally, on May 3rd, 1861, one of Edwood's scouts reported that he had found a place to set up their township. It was a patch of land that was buffeted from the desert by a series of mesas, and a river ran underground. It was a place where you could set up a thriving town, completely self supplied, with no one to harass you within a hundred miles. It was perfect. Everyone quickly set up their camps, and Edwood christened it San Inguon Mormon Township, naming it after the river that was to be the town's lifeblood.

For the first few days, things were wonderful. Everyone worked together to set up houses and farms, and the Order from it wrapped around you like sweet bliss. But after a while, you started to feel that something was wrong. There was a taint to the land. Not one so strong that you could always feel it, but the sort of taint you only now and again caught glimpses of. Something was wrong here. Very wrong.

You were still puzzling over what it was that was unnerving you when the delegation of Indians arrived. Edwood came up to talk to them, and found that they did not speak English, and gestured for them to go away. You realized that they might know something about the taint, so you willed yourself to know their language. You introduced yourself, and they explained the problem that Edwood's people were going to be in.

It seems that the land you had settled on was the ancient resting ground of the Ceraphim. The Ceraphim, according to their lore, were imps devoted to causing havoc and mischief. Usually they would find a person and put suggestions into their mind, slowly turning that person into a caricature of themselves. By setting up town upon their resting ground, you were going to aggravate them and cause them to curse you.

You tried to explain the situation to Edwood. He laughed at you, claiming the Indians were just heathens, and that God would protect his children from the evils of pagans. Everyone else in town agreed with him, and people began to wonder if you were truly a devoted follower of God.

Well, when the frost killed off most of the crops, people started to worry that maybe you had been right. When the rain of frogs came, most people realized they were in trouble. When the plague hit town, everyone ran to you, begging you to do something to stop the catastrophes.

You talked to the Indian shaman and came to an impasse. By setting up town here, you had aroused the ceraphim. Leaving the area would simply cause the ceraphim to follow you. There was no way to remove the curse. But after long discussions of lore and magic theory, you came to a realization. The curse could not be lifted, but it could be moved. You could lift the curse from the entire town by focusing in upon a single family. You explained your plan to Edwood, and he agreed that it was the right thing to do. He called for volunteers to save the town. One man, Jebediah Sturvin, volunteered.

Jeb didn't volunteer purely out of the kindness of his heart. By offering to take the curse off the town and suffer it himself, he was able to convince most of the town to give him parts of their land and goods in return. He was going to suffer the curse, but he was going to suffer it as the richest man in San Inguon.

The ceremony to remove the curse was long and arduous. You and the Indian shaman worked all night and all day planning the ritual. Finally, devoting all the will you could, you cast the spell. And the plague ended. The frost receded. And there was no obvious effect to Jeb Sturvin. Everyone celebrated. Until the next full moon. At that point,

Jeb turned into a half-man half-wolf creature and began rampaging through town. Many people died that night, but still people were happy that it wasn't a plague or some such, and Jeb agreed to let himself be locked into a shed every full moon, thus averting most of the disasters.

But now you were tied to the town. No one else knew enough of magic to keep the wards in place (the shaman having left to join his people shortly after the ritual was complete). And you really didn't want to try and teach people the art. After all, you knew what God-fearing Christians had done to magic users back in Salem, and you were right in the middle of the most God-fearing Christians you had ever met.

So you stayed in town, setting up a little general store, which has prospered some. And you've seen San Inguon grow from a little Mormon settlement into a thriving little town. You've kept the curse from affecting anyone but the Sturvins (the lycanthropism apparently passes down to the next eldest male of the first line when the werewolf dies; sort of like the monarchy). All in all, you lead a very peaceful and quiet century.

And that's part of the problem. You see, you do gain a lot of will from a town in the throes of Order, much like San Inguon is. But America is still too chaotic a country for you to gain as much as you'd like. In addition, you know there is chaos out there that you can fight. You need to get out of San Inguon. You need to travel the world, see how things have changed, fight the encroaching chaos and bring order to this planet.

But first, you have to deal with this storm. You felt the first winds of it a couple of years ago. You woke up and felt that something was just *not right*. Chaos had snuck in during the night. You searched in vain for it, but found nothing out of the ordinary. Maybe it was just a change in the country. Maybe an anarchist had moved into town. But things still seemed normal on the surface, so you just let it slide, hoping it would go away.

But Saturday before last, you woke up in the middle of the night in terror. You could feel the waves of Chaos passing through you. You felt like the air around you had turned to water, and you were drowning in the Chaos that suffused through the town. Slowly, it dissipated, but you knew *something had changed*. Something is out there. Some force of Chaos, larger than any you have ever dealt with, has come to San Inguon. And you could feel the ripples behind it, of other forms of Chaos converging upon the town, riding in its wake. And while you have never felt the wave again, you can hear the Chaos in the air. A low, timorous buzz that drones in your ears. And every day since the wave, the sound has gotten louder. And you can feel that today will be the breaking point.

Today will be the day that Chaos tries to grab hold of San Inguon.

Stock Quote: "You know, back in my day, they would have caned you for doing something like that."

Mannerisms: You're the crotchety old man who runs the General Store. Complain about aches and pains a lot. Treat everyone like a kid. Make a real pain of yourself. But when Chaos rears its ugly head, take charge of the situation and beat it down.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln, Robert Sherman & Nick Kerensky: Little whippersnappers. Constantly causing trouble around town. They like to make you the butt of their pranks. Little snots.

Tony Turelli, Margaret Smith & Catherine Thomas: Something strange about those kids. You feel something is not right with them. They seem all right on the surface, through.

Mark Sturvin: Poor kid. When his father passes on, he'll get the full effects of the curse. When he's older, you'll have to explain it to him.

Mayor Cunningham: Town mayor. Greasy little slimeball. He'll do anything to get elected. He knows that Harold Sturvin is the werewolf; every mayor is told that. Luckily, since the Sturvin family is one of the biggest campaign backers in the state, no mayor has ever done anything about it.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: A nice enough man, but he has no idea of what forces are really at work trying to destroy this town. He knows about Sturvin's curse as well.

Dr. Randall Rourke: Town doctor. Almost a kid. It's insulting to take advice from someone that young.

Ivan Kerensky: Runs the gas station in town. Emanates a great deal of Order.

Dr. Angela Bailey: An archeologist here to investigate the burial grounds outside of town. You'd better make sure she doesn't disturb anything that could unleash the ceraphim. Keep a stern eye on her.

Goals:

1. Prevent Chaos, cause Order. Keep things running smoothly. Derail any attempts to destroy the natural Order of San Inguon. Play guardian angel to the town.

2. Cast the Spell of Reformation. Christ, your body feels old. As well it should; you're one hundred and sixteen. Save up as much willpower as you can so that you can cast the spell. See Magic Bluesheet for details.

3. Get out of town. You want to see the world, find wrongs and right them, keep order, that sort of thing. Staying here in San Inguon makes it hard to go out and crusade. In order to leave town, you'll need to cast the Spell of Reformation (see goal #2), and find an apprentice. The apprentice needs to be someone who will stay here for a long time so they can keep the ritual going. Needless to say, you'll have to be circumspect in finding someone to train with you- most people would consider you loopy, and some might know enough of magic to consider you an enemy. After all, the Chaos building up is unlikely to be by accident. The last thing you need is to take someone into your complete confidences, only to find out that they have already chosen the path of Chaos. That happened with Aaron Burr during the war. It was a bad thing, and you almost didn't get out alive. (See the Magic Bluesheet for rules upon training apprentices.)

Mana: 9923. You've been saving up for a *long* time. We're not going to give you the 9900. I think you'd appreciate that as well. But should ever you run out and need more, feel free to ask a GM. He'll give you some of your reserve. Just remember that it'll take 10000 to cast the Spell of Reformation.

Catherine Thomas

“Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer
Things fall apart... the centre cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.”
-William Butler Yeats

You’ve done it this time. You’ve really done it. Now, if you can just figure out how to control it....

To start with, you are not Catherine Thomas, seventeen-year old resident of Reverend Hines’ Home For Orphans. Your real name is Greta Hundesbarr, and you are over four hundred years old.

Back in Germany, when you were really a teenager, you studied the arts of the arcane with Ostlander Bern. He was one of the leading lights of thaumaturgical study, and he showed you how to cast magical spells merely through the force of your own will. When you had completed your training, he explained to you that you had a choice. You could take the tough road of Order, fighting for truth, justice, and the common good; or you could take the easy path of Chaos, fighting for personal gain and power, fostering ill will within humanity. The choice was obvious. Personal gain and power have always been two of your favorite things.

Life was good to you for the next three hundred and fifty years. Germany was constantly at war, whether it be the Hundred’s Year War, the Napoleonic Wars, or just general aggression. Governments were constantly forming and collapsing. It was a wonderful place to be, especially from someone who gained power from the chaos around them. The best part about knowing mystical arts is that immortality is a very easy thing to achieve; it takes next to no effort to live forever. The problem is that immortality does not mean eternal youth; your body continues to age. Luckily, there is a spell to counteract that. The Spell of Reformation. It takes a great deal of power to cast, but with the amount of power you were getting, it was never any problem.

But, unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. In the Thirties, you made a very bad mistake. The Weimar Republic was the most chaotic government you had ever seen; anarchist and communist uprisings were everywhere, looting and hyper-inflation, oh the glory days. You were approached by an Adeline Siegheil. She was working for the National Socialist Party, looking for mystics and oracles who could help the party maneuver into power. You thought they had no chance for success, and felt that assisting them would only add more chaos into the mix. So, gladly, you joined the Nazi party.

Unfortunately, they succeeded. Beyond your wildest dreams. Soon they controlled Germany. Then they moved into other countries; Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, France,

etc. Imposing Order wherever they went. You were trapped in a no-win situation. Stay, and the Order imposed upon Europe would sap your powers into nothingness. Leave, and you would probably be shot or worse. While immortality means you cannot die from natural causes, it doesn't stop bullets. So you stayed, watching your powers drain away from you.

When everything collapsed in 1945, you fled as quickly as you could. Luckily, the war and liberation meant that Chaos had found a new foothold within Europe. You had enough power left to finagle your way into the United States. As a democracy, America was a font of Chaos. It would be a perfect place to live.

However, things did not get better. Firstly, Chaos was prevalent in America. But due to the new Cold War, Order was observed more than it ever had been before, making your powers weaker than they ever had been before Hitler's rise. Secondly, you made a mistake. A very big mistake.

When you arrived in America, you cast the Spell of Reformation. Everyone was looking for Greta Hundesbar as a Nazi war criminal. They were looking for a woman in her late forties. So you changed yourself into a four-year old girl. You knew that your powers were weak enough that it would take you decades to gain what you needed to reform yourself again. By making yourself extremely young, you expected to both ignore your pursuers and live a while untroubled by the press of age.

The first thing you did not expect was that Americans are far too nice to simply let children try to survive on the streets. In Germany, you could have done as you pleased. Here, you were almost immediately grabbed from the streets and sent into orphanages, foster homes, adoptive homes, etc. Places that reeked of kindness, giving, and love. Strongholds of Order. In addition, it was hard to do the research and practice you needed when you were sharing a room with several other girls.

The second thing was something that you should have expected, but that three hundred years without made you forget. Puberty. The amount of hormones running through your system. There is nothing more annoying than working on a major incantation, one that will tremendously increase your power, and just as you are in the middle of willing it to be, you hear someone playing Elvis' "Love Me Tender," and you lose all concentration, ruining the spell.

You resolved to do whatever it would take to increase your power enough that you could cast the Spell of Reformation and become an age where such feelings would be diminished. You didn't have enough power simply to force Chaos upon the town, but you could feel something about San Inguon. There is a force within it, waiting to be unleashed. You studied the past of the town, looking for a clue as to what it was.

Three weeks ago, you found it. Apparently, the ancient Indian Burial grounds nearby are considered the resting place of the Ceraphim, Indian spirits given to mischief.

Perfect. All you needed to do was to roust them up and foist them upon the innocent citizens of San Inguon. The Chaos resulting would be marvelous, and hopefully enough to allow you to cast the Spell of Reformation.

You knew the spell you needed to roust them, but there was a hitch. It was too powerful and too complicated to be cast by a single person. You needed to find a stooge, someone you could dupe into helping you cast the spell. You found it in Tony Turelli.

You ran into Tony at his father's Malt Shop two weeks ago today. It's a wonderful place to hang out; you can just feed off the energy from teen-age angst. Tony was sitting in a corner booth, looking down in the dumps. You went over and asked him what the matter was, and cast a little spell to force him to tell you.

He explained that James Daniels really irked him sometimes. You had always thought James and Tony were the closest of friends, but apparently Tony is very jealous of James. It's to be expected. James is the class valedictorian, captain of the football team and first string quarterback, is dating the head of the cheerleading squad, and always conscientious and polite. If you cared any about the affairs of mere mortals, you'd be jealous of him, too. After Tony regaled you with stories of how James constantly and unintentionally one-upped him, you decided to sound him out on casting the spell. You said that you might have a way to make James look a little foolish while making Tony out to be a hero. Tony perked up and asked you what it was.

You led Tony to the little alcove in a mesa where you do your major spell-casting. You told him that when your grandmother had passed away, she left you a book of spells. Tony got really edgy at that point, and it took a lot of pushing (magically and physically) to get him to join you. You calmed him down by saying that if it didn't work, who would know? What could it hurt? And so he agreed to help you cast the spell.

The two of you sat down and began doing the incantations, chanting the sacred names of the ceraphim and luring them out from their sleep. Your chanting grew louder, and Tony began making the gestures that would pull the ceraphim out and send them into the world. Faster and faster the chanting went, raising itself into a cacophony of sounds, an almost unintelligible wail of power.

And then you felt it. A wave of Chaos came upon you, a wave larger and harder than anything you had felt before. You were floating in the absolute *power* of it all. And when it subsided, you opened your eyes. Tony was gone. You looked out the opening of the cave and saw him running back to town. You know that he felt it, too. You don't think that he'll tell anyone. After all, nobody will believe him. And if someone does, well, it'll make him look bad. And James might end up being the hero again. You'll have to remind him of this, just in case. But you think he'll keep the secret safe.

Since then, you have felt the levels of Chaos increasing every day. The power is there and yours, and you draw it up as quickly as you can. Sometimes it scares you, how

much Chaos has been unleashed. In the first place, the amount around is far too large for just you and an untrained boy to have unleashed. The amount of Chaos is wonderful, but it's far too high. It's not right. Even Chaos has laws of nature it must follow. The gate you opened was not large enough to let all of this in. Is there someone else out there letting Chaos in? The second problem is that Chaos is, well, chaotic, and there is no guarantee that it will not strike out at you by accident. Perhaps things are getting too dangerous. Perhaps you should try to quell it.

But not now. Not until you are sure you have enough power to cast the Spell of Reformation afterwards. You wish to be done with this form, done with this quiet little town. And you will have the world to conquer.

Standard quote: "Oh, come on. Cheer up. Things will get better!"

Mannerisms: Catherine comes across as just a nice, average, perky teenager with no real goals or desires. Of course, if someone gets in her way, they'll probably see a completely different side of her...

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Rebel without a cause. Leader of the local juvenile delinquents. A very chaotic person by nature, so you like him a lot. He's been even more violent recently. You think the ceraphim have gotten into him.

Robert Sherman: Another of the juvenile delinquents. Actually a pretty boring middle-class kid, but he's got a big thing for danger.

Nick Kerensky: The biggest guy in class. Big and dumb. An easy person to manipulate.

James Daniels: An upright, all-American kid. Perfect in every way. Absolutely reeks of order. You despise him, but don't show it.

Timmy Carroll: Class geek. Incredibly intelligent and devoted to science. Needless to say, you really don't care much about science, so Timmy really just bores you.

Tony Turelli: Your partner in crime. You'd better keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't try to spoil your plans.

Mark Sturvin: The rich kid in class. Kind of cute. Urk. You'll be so glad when you cast that spell and get those kind of thoughts out of your head.

Mary Jenkins: Another of the girls at Hines' Orphanage. Caring, nurturing and kind. She really gets on your nerves. Even worse, she's going out with J.D. She might end up calming him down. Maybe you can do something to break them up...

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's young sister. A nice person, but she's been acting very weird lately. You think the ceraphim have gotten into her, but she's so bland that it doesn't really show.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. Perky and cute. You think the airhead bit is all just an act- you've seen her act intelligent when she doesn't think anyone's around.

Laura Fetner: Head of the cheerleading squad, most popular girl at Edwood High, etc. The female version of James Daniels. Needless to say, they're going out with each other.

Wendy Mitchell: A not-too-annoying girl. She's a reporter for the Edwood High Sentinell, and takes it far too seriously.

Adele Sigelski: Principal of Edwood High. Needless to say, you recognized her as Adeline Siegheil right away. You haven't done anything about it, yet. After all, who would believe you? And how would you explain that you knew? Still, it's nice to know that there's something you can use on someone.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Runs the Orphanage. He just reeks Order. The whole place reeks Order. You'll be so happy when you can get the hell out of there.

Darla Hotchkins: School nurse. She reeks of Chaos. You'll have to get to know her better.

Dr. Angela Nailey: Archaeologist. She's doing an investigation of the Indian Burial Ground near town. You'd better keep an eye on her; she might do something by accident that could upset the ceraphim. Or discover that they've been unleashed.

Goals:

1. Cause Chaos. Prevent Order. Basically, do whatever you can to keep things falling apart. Wreak havoc. Forment disaster. Make sure people trying to impose Order upon things are brought down.

2. Gather enough power to cast the Spell of Reformation. So long as there's enough Chaos in the air, that shouldn't be a problem.

3. Find a date to the Sock Hop. NO! No! You don't care about such things! You don't care if no one asks you to the Sock Hop! Especially J.D. Koln, who's really kind of cute and dangerous. No! No! God, you can't wait until you can cast that spell....

Mana: 7324. You'll get loads more as the game goes on from the spell you've cast. Needless to say, we're not actually going to give you seven thousand tokens. You'll only get twenty-four. But if you need more, you can always go up to a gamemaster and get some from your reserve.

Darla Hotchkins

“There is pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know!”
-John Dryden

It's his own fault, of course. Anything that you do to him will be because of his own inability to see. You *loved* him, you *wanted* him, you *needed* him, but all he could think about was himself. All he cared about was ruling the world. Well, you'll show him. You'll rule the world first. And when he comes to you, begging and pleading for you to take him in, to let him rule the world with you, perhaps you'll let him. If he's willing to show you the kind of love you have for him.

You remember the first time you saw him. It was Organic Chemistry 503- Using Chemistry as a Tool of Destruction. As he stood up there, lecturing the class on the possibilities of explosives and mind-altering drugs, you swooned. Here was a man for whom you had waited your entire life. A man of brilliance, a man of suave determination, a man of sociopathic tendencies. When he talked about the possibilities of man-made nuclear holocaust, it was like a dream come true. You had found the man you wished to share your life, your ideas, your need to occasionally engage in destructive violent acts with. Dr. Marshall Fields. It was love at first sight.

But he didn't hold the same views for you. No, for him the only important thing was ruling the world. You tried flowers, long poetry, letter bombs, even - as an extreme-chocolates. Once you even snuck into his office, removed all of your clothes, and lay down upon his desk, waiting for him to come into his office and see you, too finally see you. The only thing you got was a circular burn on your stomach where he set his coffee down.

Then came the ultimate blow. He left the school in order to work at some research lab. The only consolation you had gotten from him was being able to hear his voice in lecture every day. Now, even that would be stripped away from you. Desperately, you broke into the offices of the school every night, searching feverishly through records in order to find some sort of clue as to where he was going.

Finally, just before you graduated, you found the answer you were looking for. A letter of recommendation for him had been sent to Fort Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. You jeopardized your degree, all of the money your parents had put into a large insurance policy just before driving their car off a cliff in an accident that the police never traced back to you, everything you had ever worked for in a vain attempt to try and win his love. You drove to San Inguon, everything you owned in your little '48 Ford with the dead poli-sci major in the trunk (you had stuffed him in there during finals week of freshman year when he made a rude pass at you, and one of these days, you'll have to

remember to take him out, he's smelling up the entire car) and climbed the gates of Fort Rita.

For which you were shot at by three guards carrying machine guns. It was obvious that you needed to sneak in there, rather than brazenly breaking in. So you picked up the local newspaper and looked for a job at the Labs. None. Then you looked for a job in town. There was only one- acting as a nurse at Edwood High. It would be tedious, degrading, and a waste of your degree. But it would get you closer to... him.

So you drove back to school and finished your degree in Biology, then applied for the job. As the only applicant, you were immediately accepted, despite the School Board's worry about your fascination with needles. You came to San Inguon, found a small house to rent, looked to the needs of the little bastards running around the school (that's your job, after all) and began plotting your revenge.

For it had finally gotten to revenge in your mind. He had spurned you for the last time. Now you were going to make him suffer, you were going to make him beg you to take him, you were going to force him to notice you. If he was obsessed with ruling the world, then fine. You would find a way to rule the world first.

The first thing you needed to do was to find a way into the Research Labs. A little bit of feminine wiles took care of that. General Hiram Cork, the man who commands Ft. Rita, is a widower. A few choice words, a little bit of the right perfume, a hand placed upon a certain part of the anatomy, and he was all yours. He took you back to his place, and you only managed to get through the evening without retching by imagining that he was Marshall. That nearly gave you away; once, in the heat of passion, you cried out "Marsh!" Luckily, you don't think that Cork noticed. He's old, and probably doesn't hear too well. Either that, or he didn't care who you were thinking of, just so long as you were with him.

After a while, he was out of energy and fell asleep. You took the opportunity to root through his papers and find the passwords at the base. You copied them down onto your little prescription pad, hid the pad in your purse, and blissfully slept, dreaming of Marshall.

The next day was one of constant anticipation, waiting for the night to come. Principal Siegelski even came by to make sure that you were all right. You assured her that you were fine, just fine. She left, looking at you strangely. You don't care. Once you have Marshall, let them look at you any way they want!

That night you went to Ft. Rita. You gave the guards the right passwords and snuck into the Labs. There, you went straight to the Chemistry Department, looking for any clue as to what Marshall was working upon. Just when you were about to give up all hope, you saw his notebook lying underneath his desk. Rifling through it, you found that he was working with some strange chemical called Serum X. He had noted that when

given in certain doses to iguanas, it caused them to grow to massive sizes. You copied down all that you could, and then found his test tubes of Serum X. You stole two tubes, which would be enough to experiment with, but hopefully not enough for him to notice missing.

For the next week, you wasted half of one of the test tubes trying to recreate his experiments on the iguanas. Perhaps you copied the notes down wrong, or perhaps he was merely attempting to create a diversion from his real goals. In either case, the results were disappointing. One iguana turned brown. Another hopped around like a rabbit. Another barked like a dog. But none of them grew to the humongous size that Marshall's notes said they would.

You knew you had to up the ante. If Marshall was experimenting with iguanas, you would have to experiment with humans. Two weeks ago was the annual vaccination for students, designed to keep children from gathering nasty diseases during the summer vacation. You happily gave the injections, never letting on that you had secretly replaced the polio vaccine with Serum X. You even poured some into Principal Siegelski's coffee to see if it affected adults.

To your disappointment, you have seen no real effects yet. Perhaps it doesn't work upon humans. Maybe it's effects are so subtle as to be unnoticeable except by those who are close to the students. In any case, you must continue to watch them and see if any sort of effect pop up. And from that, perhaps you will find a way to thwart Marshall's plans of ruling the world.

Then he will finally be yours.

Standard quote: "Now, this might hurt a little bit, but I wouldn't do it if it weren't absolutely necessary."

Mannerisms: Darla is *way* off the deep end. Bright, sociable, and psychopathic. To everyone else, she seems a nice, normal, caring person. But if you see her when she gets that unhealthy gleam in her eye, well, it's the kind of thing that sends a shudder down your spine....

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: The biggest brat of them all. He's into some sort of rebel kick and runs around in a leather jacket, bucking authority. He's constantly pulling pranks. He's never pulled a prank on you, possibly because you have a lot of sharp instruments and would very much get him back. Oh, yes.

Robert Sherman: One of J.D.'s buddies. He at least shows some shine of intelligence, unlike most of the cattle going to Edwood High.

Nick Kerensky: The biggest kid in his class, and also one of the dumbest. He might be useful as muscle if you need it. You'll keep him in mind.

James Daniels: The class president, valedictorian, and football captain. Stands for everything good and decent in America. Needless to say, he might try to stop Marshall if he found out about Marshall's plans. Hmm...

Timmy Carroll: The class science geek. He might be able to help you, if he didn't have the attitude that science was a good and natural thing that should be used only to help others. You'd like to show the little twit the truth about what science can do, possibly by showing him the effects of vivisection first-hand. But first, take care of Marshall. There'll be time enough for random, deadly, painful experiments on teenagers later.

Tony Turrelli: The class clown. Always ready with a joke or an insult. One day, he'll insult you, and you'll burn his tongue in hydrochloric acid. But first, win over Marshall.

Mark Sturvin: The class rich kid. Son of Harold Sturvin, the richest man in San Inguon. Mark's a shy, quiet, and dreadfully boring boy.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. You've seen her occasionally when she's had a bruise or black eye. She denies it, but you're sure that J.D.'s been beating her up. Hmm. Maybe J.D. isn't as bad as you think.

Teresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's a bit of a tomboy.

Catherine Thomas: Now *this* girl, you've seen something in her eyes, something evil and scary. You like her. You like her a lot.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. Completely clueless. One day you'll do a dissection of her brain to see if it really is as underdeveloped as you think.

Laura Fetner: Class cheerleader and James' squeeze. Everything a kid looks for in a girl: perky, cute, and sexy. You wouldn't mind seeing her in a horrible car wreck. But then again, you wouldn't mind seeing any of the kids in a horrible car wreck.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter. She's always poking her nose into things, trying to find some sort of story to write up. One day, if she's not careful, that nose will be cut off.

Adele Siegelski: The principal of Edwood High. She's a real pain, but because she's your boss, you have to play nice to her. But when you and Marshall rule the world together, she'll pay. In a big way.

General Hiram Cork: The old lech that runs Ft. Rita. You haven't talked to him since the tryst, despite his sending you flowers and chocolates and calling incessantly. Why should you care about him? You got what you needed from him, and you really don't care about anyone but Marshall.

Dr. Randall Rourke: The town doctor. Young and idealistic. You have to deal with him quite a bit; after all, you're not really a qualified physician. His constant idealism annoys the hell out of you.

Dr. Marshall Fields: The love of your life. The man you would give anything to be with. The one you wish to spend your entire life with. Anything he wants, you'll do. Anything he needs, you'll get. But first, he has to notice you.

Goals:

1. Win the love of Dr. Marshall Fields. First, you have to get him to notice you. He's completely wrapped up in his quest to rule the world. So you'll either have to:

a) rule the world first, forcing him to come to you begging you to let him rule the world; or b) find out what his plans are to rule the world, then find a way to put a monkey wrench in them so that he has to come to you begging you to let him continue with his plans to rule the world. This is the only thing you care about. Once he finally declares his love for you, you'll join him in ruling the world and forcing your psychotic tendencies upon the planet. But for now, keep your destructive desires to yourself, lest you get into trouble and people stop you on your quest to win the heart of Marshall.

Of course, if he hasn't fallen in love with you by the time game wraps, and you decide to go on a tri-state killing spree, we'll understand.

Mayor Edward Cunningham

“Self respect: the secure feeling that no one, as yet, is suspicious.”
-H.L. Mencken

You’ve been Mayor of San Inguon since 1932. For twenty-seven years, you’ve given this town everything you had. You’ve built it up from a little truck stop on the edge of I-42 to a town that is the major stop between Phoenix and San Diego. You’ve brought Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs here, kept Sturvin Mining Inc. here, and done more to make this town a great place to live than anyone since it was founded in 1861 by Joseph Edwood. *This town is beautiful, my friend. Definitely the best town in the Southwest. The people here owe you big time.*

Right now, you’re working on one of your most brilliant ideas. The Iguanafest. A week-long celebration of iguanas and San Inguon. Sure, it’s a bit corny, but that’s half the fun of it. Besides, it ensures that the major newspapers come by to cover it, and that means your name in the paper. As well as San Inguon, of course. *That’s right, Eddie. It’s a great idea. And nothing’s going to get in the way of your Iguanafest. Nothing at all.*

Today’s the last day of the Iguanafest. There’ll be a Sock Hop just before sundown for all of the kids in town. And then at six pm will be your coup de grace- the lead scientists of the Research Labs will all come to Town Square to give a presentation to the town on the projects they’re working on. It took a little pressure on General Cork, and an explanation that if the Labs didn’t cooperate, you’d have to talk to some Senators, who would look very poorly on any possibility of the General’s promotion after that. Needless to say, he agreed to help out. *Attaboy, Eddie. You’re the best politician in the state. Maybe even the country. You know how to get people to move, and can do it without breaking a sweat.*

Yes, sir, San Inguon will soon be one of the best-known towns in Arizona if you have anything to say about it. Perhaps you could get Harold Sturvin to start up a new business in town, bringing in lots of workers. That would certainly help. And you’ve got the ultimate trump over Harold. You see, when Edwood brought his Mormon followers here to San Inguon to settle down and start a town, he didn’t know or didn’t care about the fact that they were settling on ancient Indian burial grounds. Needless to say, the ancient Indian powers were disturbed by this, and they unleashed a curse designed to destroy the town. Well, C.J. Nickels, one of the settlers, knew enough about mystic ways to divert the curse from the entire town and focus it upon a single family. That family was the Sturvins. And so, on every full moon, the eldest male Sturvin becomes a werewolf.

You first learned about the Sturvin curse when you upset Mayor Hanks in the ‘32 election. Luke Sturvin (Harold’s father) came up to you and explained that he would give you all of the support and financial help you needed in office, so long as you kept his

secret quiet. Now, Luke, like Harold after him, was the richest man in town; maybe even the richest man in all of Arizona. So you were happy to make the deal. In return, you helped lock Luke in his warehouse on every full moon (to insure that no innocents were harmed), and he provided all of the finances you needed to get yourself re-elected. When he passed on and his son took over the business and the curse, he made the same arrangements with you. Sheriff Barnes is also in on the deal, which is why he's been the town sheriff for over twenty years. C.J. Nickels knows about the curse (he was there from the beginning), but you don't know what he gets out of it.

And even if Sturvin controls nearly every pocketbook in town, it's still your town. You run it. It's in your pocket. And you'll show them that Mayor Edward Cunningham will make this into the best darn town that they've ever seen. *That's right, Eddie. You'll make sure that this town is on the map. You're the most important man in town, and you're going to make this the most important city in all of Arizona.*

Of course, you'll have to keep an eye on things. You know some of the people in town would like nothing more than to show you up, to try and convince people that you're some insignificant bureaucrat who doesn't have much authority. Someone, probably that juvenile delinquent J.D. Koln and his little gang of trouble-makers, will probably try to pull some prank to convince people that you don't control this town. But you'll show them. You'll make this the best damned Iguanafest this town has ever seen. Nothing will stop you. *Of course not. You're too important, too big, too respected. Everyone will fall behind you and lend you their support. They know who's the most powerful man in town. You.*

Maybe you should see Dr. Rourke. He's a bit young and inexperienced at medicine for your taste, but he's the only doctor in town. You've been getting these headaches over the last few weeks, these headaches that make your head throb so much that you feel like your brain is trying to push its way out of your skull. And there's this voice in the back of your head that starts up when the headache begins, telling you exactly how important you are and how much power you have and how you'll make everything alright. And sometimes you act like a tin-pot dictator, forcing things down the town's throat instead of trying to build a consensus like you usually *that's enough, Eddie. You don't have to build consensus anymore. You own this town. It's your playpen. You don't need to listen to the citizens. You know what's best for them, and if they whine, who cares? You're too important to care about such little things. Focus on the Iguanafest, Eddie. It'll be the best shindig this burg has every seen.*

Yeah. What were you thinking? You're too important around here. You're too powerful. You know what this town needs, and you're going to give it to them.

Good and hard.

Stock quote: "My fellow citizens of San Inguon...."

Mannerisms: Mayor Cunningham is a likable guy, always ready with a joke and a handshake, who has done a fairly good job running San Inguon. Recently, however, he's been getting very dictatorial and egotistical.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Juvenile delinquent. Troublemaker. If anyone causes any problems today, it's going to be him. You should make sure that the Sheriff keeps a good eye on him. Nothing will interfere with your Iguanafest.

Robert Sherman: Another troublemaker. He hangs around J.D. a lot.

Nick Kerensky: Yet another troublemaker. He hangs around J.D. as well. You've tried to talk to his father, Ivan, about Nick, but Ivan keeps believing that Nick's a good kid who would never cause that kind of trouble.

Wendy Mitchell: Student reporter for the Edwood High Newspaper, which is the only paper in town. A bit nosy, but a good writer. Make sure she gets at least a couple of good quotes from you in every story she writes.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Fort Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. A good man, strong of will and of courage. You worry that if something serious happens, he'll try to take command of the situation. You'll have to make sure that he keeps in mind who really runs this town.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander at Ft. Rita. A good, upstanding young man. Of course, he's military, which means he'll do anything that General Cork says. So you'll definitely have to make sure that Cork understands who the real orders come from.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. A bit of a recluse.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department at the Labs. Absent-minded, but extremely intelligent.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Sheriff of San Inguon. He does a good job of keeping the streets clean and stopping trouble, even if he hasn't caught J.D. and his gang red-handed yet. He's been hitting the bottle lately, though, and you're starting to wonder how stable he is.

C.J. Nickels: One of the original settlers of San Inguon. He runs the local 5 & Dime here in town. He knows a great deal more about mystical matters than he talks about. Maybe he's plotting something to try and take over the town for himself! You'll definitely have to keep an eye on him.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. One of your best campaigners, he could sell iceboxes to Eskimos. Maybe he's planning on running against you in the next election. You should keep an eye on him.

Dr. Randall Rourke: Young town doctor. You've heard that he's been investigating lax safety procedures at Sturvin Mining. If things come up that embarrass Harold, you'll be out the biggest backer any politician could have. Definitely keep an eye on Dr. Rourke and make sure he doesn't cause you or Harold any trouble.

"Pops" Turrelli: Runs the Malt Shop in town. A nice guy, gregarious to a fault.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. A very stern disciplinarian, and a fellow member of the League of Social Decency.

Ivan Kerensky: Runs the gas station downtown. Head of LSD, the League of Social Decency, an organization devoted to rooting out Communists in America. You joined it as a way to gather more support. You agree with most of its philosophy, if not most of its methods. Still, leaving it would cost you a great deal of support. Sometimes you wonder if Ivan might be using it to propel himself into the mayoral race. You should keep a close eye on him.

Reverend Samuel Hines: A very devout and pious man. He runs the local orphanage.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. People say he's become a lot more distant since his wife passed on in a car accident two weeks ago.

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in all of San Inguon, and your major backer in politics. A good man who hides a very nasty secret.

Irving Thorton: The town drunk. You keep pushing Sheriff Barnes to kick Thorton out of town once and for all, but Barnes keeps just giving him warnings and letting him sleep it off in a cell.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. A good woman from what you've heard.

Bess Smith: Harold Smith's wife. A good woman, devoted to Harold, who always seems to be baking something or cleaning up the house just a bit more.

Darla Hotchkins: The school nurse. A very attractive young woman.

Michelle Thorn: Reporter for the Phoenix *Sun*, here to cover the events of the Iguanafest. Maybe you should talk to her some more to ensure that you get quoted at least twice in her article.

Dr. Angela Bailey: Famous archaeologist, here to investigate the Indian burial grounds just south of town. Do whatever you can to help her out, and she might just mention your name in her articles.

Goals:

1. Keep the order in town, and keep yourself on the top of that order. Make sure nothing ruins the festival. Keep things running smoothly, and if a crisis occurs, take charge immediately.

2. Make sure your name gets in the press a great deal. Feed the reporters a lot of quotes, and help them out with whatever stories you can, just to keep in their good graces.

Colonel Fred Daniels

“O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.”
-Shakespeare

Damn it, nothing's going right today. Not a single thing. And you can feel another of those headaches coming on.

You don't know why you've been getting them. They've been on and off for the last two weeks. But every couple of hours, you get this pounding in your head, a horrible throbbing that makes you feel as if your brain were pushing at your skull, trying to break out of it, and this voice comes and tells you things. Evil things.

You remember the first one. It was a Monday morning, and you were running late for work. That would have been bad enough, but you were supposed to be doing a review of the troops, and it would have looked really bad for you to be late to one of those. So you grabbed a toothbrush and one of James' pocket combs (he has at least ten to twelve of those things) and combed your hair and brushed your teeth on the way. You shouldn't have rushed; the review was awful, with troops constantly out of place, marching out of step, or sometimes marching in the wrong direction. Then came the headache. It was then that it finally sunk in. You were in command of the worst group of soldiers every to be in the Army.

Ever since you graduated from West Point, you had been commanding troops, from a platoon in World War II up to a battalion in Korea. When they finally gave you a promotion to Colonel and told you that you'd have your own command, you were thrilled. No more Generals telling you what to do and how to do it. Troops you could mold into your own ideal of fighting men. Then they sent you here.

Oh, certainly, you have your own command. That is, your troops aren't merely part of a larger division, and you don't have to work with other Colonels. But Brigadier General Hiram Cork is in charge of Fort Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs, and he gets bored with the paper-pushing and takes over command of the troops from you on occasion. Frequent occasions. It drives you crazy. You're supposed to be running this outfit, but he's constantly jumping in and trying to take control. *It would be so much easier if you had his job, now wouldn't it? Being a General would mean you could do the same thing to your own Colonels. And think of the prestige, Fred. Think of the power. If only you had his position.*

God, your head hurts. The headache's coming back. And the more you think about your place here at the Fort, the more you have to agree with that voice. You're stuck out in the middle of nowhere. No one will be able to see how good a job you're doing getting

these troops into order. They'll just see what kind of order they're in and assume that you aren't that competent. If only you could have Cork's job. No troops to command, but it would mean more prestige. An ability to do just what you wanted in a place you run. Respect for the things the Labs produce. A higher grade of pay. No, Cork's got it made. *But that doesn't mean it's over, Fred. You can make things happen for you; if you make things bad for the General.*

And you knew the voice was right. Your only chance of getting out of here is to make the General look bad, and then ride in to the rescue in a way that will make you look like John Wayne. And you can't stay here, pattering around unnoticed, ignored by the Pentagon, and letting James go to some inferior school.

Ah, James. The poor kid. Your father was in the service as well, and you know what it's like to move around from place to place, never sure where you'll be living in two years. Your wife Sandy couldn't take it, and left you a couple years ago. James decided to stay with you, though, and he's been making the best of it. He's a good kid. Smart, strong, and personable. He'll make it. But he deserves better than this little outpost on the edge of nowhere. You need to make General for his sake.

So you started working. You called up Gerald, a friend of your from Korea, who was now working in Intelligence. You knew that he knew friends of General Cork. So you told Gerald that you were sure that there was a Communist spy working within the Labs. Two days later, Cork called you in for a private conference, explaining that he knew there was a Communist spy working within the Labs, and he had sent for a CIA agent by the name of Tom Madden to come and investigate. It was perfect. As far as you know, the Labs are as secure as the Pentagon, and Madden will spend him time chasing shadows. Then, when he writes up his report, Cork looks like the little boy who cried wolf.

It's a good plan, but you'll need something else. You'll need to prove to Madden that you're much more competent than Cork. But how? Maybe if you framed someone as the Communist spy, and proved it to Madden, he'd realize how much more competent you were. *Attaboy, Fred. Why does Cork deserve to be General while you're stuck at Colonel? Sure, he's older and has been in the service longer, but does that mean he's smarter? Or better? Nope. You deserve the job more than he does. You want the job more than he does. And you'll get it from him.*

Meanwhile, you'd better keep the troops in top shape. There's going to be a presentation of some of the top projects being worked on in the Labs, and you'll want your men ready just in case something goes wrong. Hmm... there's an idea. What if one of the projects were to go seriously haywire, and you had to lead your troops in to the rescue? That just might work....

Standard Quote: "Just stand back and leave it to my men, we'll have everything cleaned up in just a minute."

Mannerisms: Col. Daniels is a quintessential military man, devoted to the U.S., freedom, and getting himself promoted. He's been working very hard on that last one, trying his best to make General Cork look like a fool in front of everyone.

People You Know:

James Daniels: Your son. A good, all-American kid. You've definitely raised him well.

Timmy Carroll: One of your son's friends. He works part-time at the Labs. Perhaps you could ask him about some of the projects being worked upon tonight...

General Hiram Cork: An old, washed-out incompetent who has the job that you so deserve. He still outranks you, so you'll have to jump when he gives the word. But you'll make sure that he doesn't outrank you for very long.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: Cork complains that Cunningham would have complained to some Senators if he didn't go along with the idea for a presentation tonight. Maybe you could get Cunningham to tell those Senators exactly how much more competent you are than Cork.

Tom Madden: Secret agent for the CIA. You'll need to find him and make sure he sees exactly how much more deserving you are of a generalship than Cork is.

Goals:

1. Make Cork look like a fool, and make yourself look brilliant. Set up situations that Cork can't handle or tries to handle and fails miserably, and then step in to the rescue. Make sure that people who could pull strings are watching.

Dr. Gerald Forbes

“Prove something? Oh, no, I’m not trying to prove anything.
It’s just that there are certain things I’m not sane about.”
- Harry (Leslie Nielsen) in *Creepshow*

Good. Life had been good. So good. So well. You never thought that these days would descend upon you, like vultures after carrion. Days where getting up and facing that horrible, horrible entity called *life* seemed far, far, too much to take.

Things had been better before. So much better. You felt so *young*, then. So young. So ready to change the world. A twinkle in your eye. A bounce in your step. A desire to make the world a better place. But, then, what did you expect? She was by your side. And since she left, you feel so much *older*. Before, you expected that when you felt this much older, you’d feel wiser, too. Sometimes, thinking back upon that, you laugh. A small, pathetic laugh that comes out like a death rattle; not yours, but hers.

Sheriff Barnes said it was an accident. The sort of thing that could happen to anyone, at any time. The hand of God, choosing a victim from the prime of life. An accident. But it happened to her, and that makes all of the difference.

You were so much happier then. You had your Ph.D. in Biology from CalTech, the product of eight years of dissection and analysis. It was while you were working upon your dissertation that you met her. Rachel Winters. She was working as a secretary for one of the deans, and when you saw her, you knew that she was the woman you wanted by your side. For the rest of your life. How ironic.

After a few months of romance (and oh, the bliss of those times, when the love hung in the air heavily betwixt you, as opposed to the death that so solemnly separates you now), she agreed to marry you. Never was there a happier man on the face of the planet.

And so you were wed. You had your doctorate now, and you set out into the real world, comforted and buffered by the fact that she was always by your side.

You found a job at the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. A far distance to move, but she was willing, and that was all that mattered. Soon you were a drudge in the Labs, doing drudge work for your drudge bosses. It would have been a horrible existence, if not leavened by her presence when you came home from work every night. You found peace and laughter together, and never an unhappy thought came when the two of you were by each other’s side.

After a few years, your excellence at the drudgery was noticed by Dr. Peters, the head of the Biology department at the Labs. When he retired, he recommended that you replace him. It was unusual, someone so young and unestablished coming to the forefront

so quickly, but a word from Dr. Peters went a long way, and he had a great deal of words to say about you. And so, less than a year ago, you became Dr. Gerald Forbes, Head Scientist, Biology Division, Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs. Quite an honor. And she was so happy about it. Now, perhaps, you could start a family. That was a thought you cherished. But it was not fated to be.

You enjoyed your job as Head Scientist. Now you could assign the drudge work to others, while you experimented with the projects that had always fascinated you. You worked on several projects, but the one that consumed most of your time was the Prometheus project.

You had begun experimenting with certain types of formaldehyde combined with hemoglobin, and found that they had the ability, when properly mixed, to revitalize dead tissue strains for a short period of time. If you could figure out how to make the effect more permanent, you could actually bring the dead back to life! And so you put long hours in at the labs, trying desperately to figure out a combination of chemicals that would allow your Prometheus Formula to work permanently.

Three weeks ago, you had a breakthrough. You had been working the problem frontwards; that is, taking various chemicals, mixing them together, and recording the results. You decided to leave off the experiments and work the problem backwards; that is, deciding what the optimal result would be, and working the process backwards from the result to determine what the elements were. It was a tough job, but you finally made the ingenious breakthrough needed to solve the problem. What you need to add to your formula is a dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain and a large jolt of electricity. Electricity is easy enough to come by in the Labs, but you have no idea where you could find a dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain. Your attempts to manufacture one all failed, and even Dr. Fields, Head Scientist, Chemistry Department, had no idea what you were talking about.

It was while you were rejoicing this breakthrough that it happened. You were rejoicing with Rachel; rejoicing a bit too hard, as the hangover the next morning proved. You felt too bad to go into work, so Rachel called the Labs and said you were sick, and drove off to the grocery store to buy some more orange juice. She was such a saint. You were so happy when she was with you. So happy.

A few hours later, the phone rang. Sheriff Barnes gave you the news. There had been an accident. Rachel had slipped across the lanes on I-42 and been hit by an oncoming truck. Killed instantly. An accident. So sorry. So sorry.

The sheriff picked you up an hour later to go and identify the body. And you looked down upon your poor, sweet Rachel. Dead. You had been so happy together. So happy. You loved her so much. You needed her. You began crying. The sheriff, considering the situation awkward, decided to leave you alone with her. You told him to go on back without you. You needed the walk to think. You needed time to think.

But you didn't need time to think. You had thought of it already. The Prometheus Formula. You had gotten to her just in time. She was dead, but not embalmed. Seeing that no one was in the room with you, you picked her up (the same way you held her when you crossed the threshold of your honeymoon suite) and lay her down on a gurney. Calmly, deliberately, you wheeled her out of the morgue. You had your Labs credentials on, so no one stopped you. Not even when you wheeled her out the side door and out through the desert. You were quite the sight, walking through the hot desert, wheeling a dead body on a gurney. If you could laugh, you would. But you can't laugh. Not about this.

The guards at Ft. Rita were used to you wheeling in the latest subjects for your experiments, so no one raised an eyebrow when you wheeled Rachel into the Labs. Of course, no one knew it was Rachel; she still had a sheet covering her. Once you reached the Biology Lab, you went to your Research room. The other scientists gave you a surprised look, asked you if you were feeling all right. You almost thought that you had been discovered, that the crazed, determined look in your eyes had given it all away. But then you remembered that you had called in sick that morning. Your hangover was gone now, your head cleared by the incredible presence of What You Needed To Do. So you smiled, a crazed half-smile that would have scared them had they been paying attention, and said that it had just been a four-hour flu. And you strolled into your lab, Rachel still unnoticed on the gurney before you.

Once the door to your lab was locked, you went immediately to work. Rigor mortis would set in soon, so time was of the essence. All organs were removed and jarred in chloro-formaldehyde to prevent rot and so you could examine them at leisure to determine damage. The remaining body parts were dismembered, catalogued, and stored within the cryogenic freezer, for storing remains without damage. Your wife, cut apart like a frog upon an eighth-grader's mat in biology class. If you were not fully, oh so fully, so completely aware of what end she was going to come to, men might think you a lunatic. A deranged man. But you are not insane. When one is insane, one loses control. One loses his facilities. And you have complete control. Absolute and complete control. Utter control. And your facilities are sharper now than they ever have been. You are aware of *everything*.

Over the last two weeks, you have begun preparing Rachel for the Prometheus Formula. Most of her body parts were serviceable, easily repaired by minor surgery (which would have been a major undertaking had her body parts not already been separated from each other). There were just three problems. Her right leg had been mangled beyond repair. Her left lung had been ripped open upon one side beyond easy repair. And her heart (which one felt so much for you, which once STOP IT) her heart was punctured. All three needed to be replaced.

You had brazenly passed the hospital before. You decided to try it again. Wearing your best lab coat and an assortment of credentials, you drove up to the hospital (the

insurance company had sent you a check a week before, and you bought the first car you could afford with it) and walked in. Past the guards. Past the orderlies. Past the nurses.

Into the morgue.

You must have spent hours there, cataloguing. Looking for women of Rachel's build, her height, her skin color. Finally, you came upon a subject. Quickly you unpacked your bag, and took out the scalpel and the bone saw. The leg went first; soon the left lung and the heart were carefully residing within your bag. Neatly sewing her up, you placed the subject back in her cubicle, and left. No one the wiser.

The leg fit perfectly. Almost indiscernible, except for the mole on the ankle which Rachel never had. The lung was workable. But the heart- the heart would not work. Too old. The heart deteriorates quickly if not pumping blood. It only takes an hour for a perfectly normal heart to become one immune to the workings of the Prometheus Formula. So you stored it, just in case, and began to work upon your other problems.

You now only have a few hurdles to go. And then Rachel will be back by your side. Forever.

Stock quote: "Huh? Oh, yes. I suppose so."

Mannerisms: Find it hard to pay attention to things. Look off into space, ruminating, until people ask you if you're all right. Occasionally snap into a much more sane, lucid version of yourself, so forcefully sane that it should scare the dickens out of everyone.

People You Know:

Timmy Carroll: The young all-around assistant at the Labs. A nice young boy. Full of energy and life. You were like that. Before she left.

General Hiram Cork: In charge of the Research Labs. You must at least nominally pay attention to him, or else you could lose your job. And you can't afford to lose your job until you bring her back. And even then, you can't lose your job. Not if you want to start a family.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head Scientist, Chemistry Division. A nice man, full of ideas. He keeps to himself in his lab most of the time. You shouldn't disturb him. If he doesn't know what a dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain is, then he can't be too good at what he does. Maybe you should keep an eye upon him. Maybe he knows what you're up to. Maybe he's trying to do the same thing and steal your glory. Maybe he'll try to stop you, claiming it's something man was Not Meant To Do. Watch him. Watch him carefully. He probably does know what a dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain is.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: A nice man, if thoroughly confused. Seminally in charge of the Physics Division, but if he were really in charge, he would have misplaced

the labs years ago. Still, a nice, caring man. He's also theoretically the Head Scientist, in charge of all of the Labs. Luckily, he doesn't really bother anyone with that.

Sheriff Barnes: Kind. Decent. Would arrest you if he knew you had stolen body parts from the morgue. Keep quiet around him.

Dr. Randall Rourke: The town's doctor. As a man your age and someone interested in anatomy, you and he had forged a friendship over the years. He wants you to help him out with some strange deaths he's investigating. You'll have to help; otherwise, he'll wonder what's up. Pretend to care about your friendship with him. You don't. All you care about is Rachel.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: A nice woman, but compares in no way to Rachel. Sarah is in charge of the Astronomy Division of the Labs, and it took Dr. Bates constantly pressuring General Cork before Cork agreed to make a woman in charge of any part of the Labs. You used to care about people's rights and equalities. But that was before Rachel left. Now all you care about is bringing Rachel back.

Col. Fred Daniels: General Cork's assistant. He runs the military end of things, so you don't see him much.

Goals:

1. Bring Rachel back. To do this, you must:
 - a). Find a dehydrated mononuclear hydro-oxium chain.
 - b). Find a female heart, only recently deceased [**Metanote:** This means a female character must die. Innocent bystanders do not count.] You are not yet at the point of killing someone else just to bring Rachel back. Yet.

2. Maintain appearances. Deny that anything is wrong. If people found out about stealing Rachel's body, or extra body parts, or trying to bring her back to life, well, they might not approve. They might go for the torches and pitchforks, in fact. Therefore, make sure this stays secret, and make sure that no one tries to uncover the truth. At least, not until you've done it. Then it becomes a scientific breakthrough, and you should tell everyone about it.

Brigadier General Hiram Talbott Cork

“Old soldiers never die. They just fade away.”
-Douglas MacArthur

God damn this place. This is the last place in the world you want to be. Nothing here but pointy-headed scientists, idiotic civilians, and sand. Even worse, Darla won't talk to you any more.

And things had seemed so promising for you once. Your father had been a cavalry officer in the Spanish American War, and his tales of riding into battle, swinging his saber, left such an impression on you that there was never any doubt that you would join the military. You graduated from West Point in 1929, fourteenth in a class of a hundred, and settled into life as a young officer at Fort Dix in Louisiana. The pay was terrible, but after the Depression hit everyone was thankful just to have a job. You slowly rose through the ranks, and married a local girl named Loretta Thomas. The two of you lived happily and raised three kids: Nathan, James, and Maureen.

In 1941 the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, and all hell broke loose in the ranks. Everyone knew that it was going to be a long war, and the small regular army just wouldn't cut it. Draftees started pouring in, and you were bucked up from Captain to Major and given a battalion to get into shape for the coming fights. You led that brigade through the deserts of North Africa, the mud and rains of Italy (taking a bullet in the leg at Anzio) and prided yourself on being one of the first Infantry groups to hit the beach at Normandy. After pushing through to the Rhine, HQ made you a Lieutenant Colonel and gave you the job of helping clean up the stragglng Nazi armies in western Germany.

At the beginning of the war, you had been worried about what your career would be like afterwards; sure, you were getting a quick promotion then, but everyone expected the army to pare back down to a small size after the war, and suddenly half the COs wouldn't have troops to command. Luckily, the gnashing of teeth between America and the Russkies made sure that no one wanted to be unprepared for the fight everyone expect to see next. You kept your rank and were stationed in West Germany, one of the first groups of infantry that would see combat when the Commies finally decided to make their move.

Well, the Commies made their move all right, but it wasn't in Europe. Hordes of them swung down from North Korea into the South, and MacArthur did a grand old dance of pulling back until he could pull back no more, then doing a sea invasion of the North, forcing the lines back beyond the 38th parallel. The U.S. and U.N. forces would have blown straight through to the China border if it hadn't been for tens of thousands of Chinese streaming in to help the North Koreans fight. When Washington realized what trouble MacArthur was in (not that MacArthur ever would have admitted it), you got

mobilized and sent to help out. That was a damned fight, too, hills everywhere prepped with mines and barbed wire, troops dug in so deep that it took a day of carpet bombing to advance a single hill, a mess everywhere you looked at it.

And you loved it. Nothing is as invigorating, as wonderful as the smell of gunpowder, the sound of falling bombs and the sight of Commie hordes laying down and dying. Once you've seen that, my friend, nothing will ever be the same. Ah, to be back at Hamburger Hill, Hill 426, or any of those other places where you *know* you're alive; where every sense is on fire, and every essence of your being is hooked into just staying alive.

But, that wasn't the way things worked out. They made you a Colonel during the fights, and after Eisenhower came over and settled out a peace, you were sent back to the states to run the new conscripts in at Fort Bragg. It wasn't much of a job, but without any hot war going on, being able to lead troops through exercises was about as close as you could get. Life outside of the barracks went on as well; the kids were all off at school, and Loretta passed on in '56 after a year of fighting off cancer.

Then, two years ago they gave you a star. Brigadier General. You were ecstatic. You were in the big time now, able to give orders to a whole mess of troops with only a couple of people above you to keep tabs on you. Yes, sir, you were on your way up. Rare is the brig at fifty who doesn't make four-star by sixty-five. And then you got your assignment. Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs.

Well, looks like you're going to be one of those rare brigs who doesn't make four-star. Hell, you'll be lucky to see two-star with this dirt job. The only brigs who get promoted are those commanding troops and maneuvers out in the front lines of Europe or Japan. Running some dinky little base out in the middle of Arizona is a guaranteed ride into oblivion.

That was your original opinion when you got your orders. You hate to say it, but you were being mighty optimistic. You didn't realize how much of a pain in the ass it would be to try and run a research institute. The pointy-heads all look down on you because you don't know what a tri-dilithum regulated monitor is. And even though you're supposed to be in charge, getting them to stop toying with weird ideas and start working on real projects for Uncle Sam is like trying to shoot a bird out of a tree two miles away. You're sure there are people out there who can do it; but you aren't one of them. Then there are the locals, all of whom seem to think you're doing something big and dangerous in here, and wondering when something big is going to explode in the middle of town. It seems like every month you have to stand up and reassure everyone that this isn't going to be Alamagordo or Bikini Atoll. Tonight, for example, you and the heads of the various departments are supposed to give some sort of presentation to the town about the kind of things you're working on.

So here you are, stuck in the middle of nowhere, trying to make a competent crew out of a group of doctors who don't respect you, civilians who want you to be in someone else's back yard, and you don't even want to think about the quality of the troops you have on base. It's not Colonel Daniels' fault. Hell, Fred's a good guy, a young up-and-coming like you were before they sent you off to pasture here. He's smart, and you don't doubt he'll get a star pretty soon. But you'll be damned if you don't think that everyone who only barely based their physicals or showed incredible incompetence in the line of duty got sent here to torment you.

And just a few months ago, things had started to look up. There's this girl in town, Darla Hotchkins. She's the school nurse at Edwood High. You met her in one of the little pits they call a bar around here, and she told you that she had always been intrigued by military men. Well, you naturally took the opportunity to explain to her all about military men, and show her a few things about military men that you don't think she knew before. Now, a gentleman never truly describes exactly what goes on in his love life, but let's just say that she cooks a mean breakfast.

Unfortunately, the bloom was off that rose nearly as soon as it started. She doesn't return your phone calls, has not once acknowledged the flowers you sent, and she seems to ignore you as if she had no idea about who you are. Damn it, if it was just going to be a fling, you wish she'd have told you before hand. You'd still have done it, but you wouldn't have gotten so caught up in it and made yourself look like a fool. You should have known something was up when she called you "March" in the middle of the act.

So that all went to hell, and then Dr. Berry, head of the Astronomy Department, just up and quits. Says he got a better offer from a university out in California, and he's using his vacation time for his last two weeks. Damned shame, since he was one of the only people who would listen to you. And to make matters worse, the only qualified replacement for him was Dr. Sarah Carroll. Now, she might be just fine and dandy at home in the kitchen, but running a big operation like this is no job for a woman. But Dr. Bates, the Lead Scientist and theoretical head of the Labs, pushed you hard to choose her, and it's not like you had anyone else to take the job. So you gave her the nod.

And then you get a call from Col. Harry Eider, back at the Pentagon. He was your main aide back in the Big One, and he works military intelligence now. Well, he let you know that he had picked up on some embassy taps that the Commies were getting information about some new weapons- top-secret weapons that were being developed in your base. He wanted to give you a heads up so that you could stop the problem before it became something big and unstoppable. Well, that's just what you needed. Stuck in a hell-hole like San Inguon, the last thing you need is to be caught with your pants down. So you called another friend in Washington, who relayed a message to the CIA division in California, who sent out one of their best agents. Tom Madden should be showing up anytime now; for all you know, he's already in town. Hopefully, he'll be able to find out who's been leaking secrets to the Ruskies, and you can clear your name.

In fact, you might be able to do more than clear your name. If you and Tom can break down most of this spy ring, you might get noticed by the big boys at the Pentagon, and you might just yet get a second star. At the very least, if you do well enough here, you might be able to finagle your way into a position in Europe, where you'll be back on the upwards path. So look sharp, dress your lines, and make sure those intellectuals don't do anything really stupid.

Stock quote: "We seem to have a situation here that calls for massive firepower."

Mannerisms: Combine the roles of George C. Scott from "Patton" and George C. Scott in "Dr. Strangelove." Bombastic, over-bearing, intolerant, and in love with destructive power.

People You Know:

Colonel Fred Daniels: Commander of the military troops at Ft. Rita. A strong, capable, and intelligent man, he is one of the best subordinates that you have ever had.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department at the Labs. As Head Scientist, he is responsible for most of the day to day activities, as well as translating most of what is being done into terms you can understand. At least theoretically. Unfortunately, he is the epitome of the absent-minded professor, and you doubt that he can run his own office, let alone the Labs. Unfortunately, he has seniority over the other Department Heads, so you have no choice but to continue him at his job.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. A very vain and secretive man, but he has done wonders for new chemical weapons. Very into the destructive powers of Chemistry, and therefore a fine scientist in your opinion.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. A fine, upstanding young man. At, least, he was until his wife died in a car accident two weeks ago. He's been mostly solitary and quiet since then. You understand; he needs time to deal with the situation. Still, he does have a job to do, and grieving needs to be done on his own time, not the government's.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department. A head-strong, pushy person who is the symbol of every feature you dislike in a woman. You wish she'd give up on playing with a man's job and go back to keeping a clean house, where she belongs.

Mayor Cunningham: Epitome of a slimy politician. Says one thing to you, one thing to his constituents, and it's anyone's guess what he'll really do. You dislike dealing with him, but usually you have no choice. After all, if you piss him off, he can get a couple of Senators and Congressmen pissed off, and then you'll have no chance of seeing two stars.

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in all of San Inguon, if not Arizona. He made his money off of some uranium mines, so much of his wealth is tied into government contracts. For this, he toadies up to you sometimes. You don't mind this; it's nice to have *someone* toadying up to you.

Darla Hotchkins: An extremely attractive young woman whom you had an affair with recently. You'd like to confront her and find out what her intentions towards you are;

you'd like to know whether she'd still like to get together every once in a while or whether the entire deal is off. Strange woman; her emotions are like hot and cold.

Goals:

1. Preserve the integrity of Ft. Rita. Find out who's been spying, and deal with them. The last thing you need on your record is a serious security breach of a base you were in charge of.

2. Keep the base out of trouble. Keep an eye on the scientists and make sure they're not up to something dangerous or illegal. Make sure that the town continues to tolerate the base being around, and quell any rumors about dangerous projects being worked upon.

3. Make yourself look good. Take charge of every situation, and if it works well, take all the credit. If it doesn't, find a scapegoat. No matter what else, come out of this smelling like a rose. Even if you have to destroy the careers of everyone around you, you're not going to end up holding the bag if Washington decides that someone here really screwed up.

Harold Smith

“To betray, you must first belong.”
-Harold Philby

This planet simply disgusts you. All of the squabbling between its peoples, the complete and utter backwardness of its sciences, its provincial attitudes towards racial superiority. You hate your job. Unfortunately, you really had no choice.

Six years ago you were a Consulate Director in the grand galactic Thwarkian empire. Your job was a simple one- either put enough pressure on a planet to force it to submit to Thwarkian wishes, or lull it into a sense of false security before a Thwarkian invasion. It was a simple enough job, for most planets were perfectly willing to join the Thwarkian empire rather than be exterminated outright, and the Commonwealth ambassadors were usually incompetent buffoons from inferior races picked solely out of nepotism.

Unfortunately, the Military Diplomatic Corps combines both diplomacy and espionage. You had no background in espionage, and in order to get any sort of promotion it was necessary to take an espionage mission. You fell to an unfortunate play of office politics. Your supervisor, Arthwat Bandrai, convinced you that the perfect assignment would be upon a small, dirty little planet called Earth. You would be there and back within two years; three at most, he said. You should have realized that he was smiling far too much. You have been here five years, now; and while you are close to completing your assignment, you are positive that Tomas Bandrai, Arthwat's slimy little nephew, has taken the promotion that you so rightly deserve.

Things went bad right from the beginning on this mission. In order to provide a cover, your family was assigned to accompany you, no ifs, ands or buts. Your wife, Bess, hero of the 32nd Lighting Strike Marine Corps, was less than thrilled with having to abandon combat and wanton destruction in order to play a docile wife. Your daughter, Margaret, was irritated at being removed from the prestigious Berkin Academy and enrolled in an Earth junior high school where they taught matters she had learned within the first grade. You convinced them both that it would only be a short trip. You were wrong.

Things only got worse from there. First, your daughter rebelled against learning subjects she already knew by proving to the teacher how her knowledge of science outweighed anything the teacher knew. You were almost sunk before you began; if anyone found out how much science she really knew, questions would be asked, and people would begin to investigate. Luckily, you managed to convince the teacher that Margaret had merely quoted some gibberish she learned from a science fiction story. You then had Bess explain to Margaret exactly how important your job was and to teach Margaret how to pretend to be as boring and docile as most Earth women.

Then the supply shipments stopped. You were supposed to receive regular drops of gold, which humans apparently value. This would allow you to have the funds you needed to spy on the humans full-time. Unfortunately, a Commonwealth fighter attacked the cargo ship on one of the drops, and Military Diplomatic Corps High Command deemed it “wasteful and dangerous” to send more cargo ships. So you spent the first year on this stupid planet looking desperately for a job. Eventually, you found a place in Phoenix that would hire you as an insurance salesman. The advantages were twofold: first, as a diplomat you are a natural salesman, so the job is relatively simple; secondly, the area you were to manage included San Inguon, home of Ft. Lucas Rita and its Research Labs.

Your job here on Earth was threefold. First, you were to determine whether or not Earth would be a viable ally to the Thwarkian Empire. Secondly, you were to determine if the other two powers had sent emissaries to Earth. Lastly, you were to determine the latest technology weapons that Earth has and decide how much force would be necessary to eradicate it, if necessary.

The first part was relatively simple. Every day the newspaper tell stories of fighting between the “Soviet Union” and “America.” No country seems able to agree with any other on any subject. The Thwarkian Empire has no interest in planets involved in such civil strife. In addition, the technologies being worked upon are fifty to sixty years behind that of the Empire. There is no point to an alliance with Earth; therefore, it must be destroyed.

The second part was tougher. You spent three full years tracking down rumors of a “Roswell Project” and “Area 51” and other such things to see if they led to anything. “Area 51” led to what you needed to know: the American military had found a spaceship, and it belonged to the Commonwealth. From what you were able to gather, the Commonwealth does have an agent or agents here on Earth, but they have not approached the government. This means that it is highly unlikely that the Commonwealth will spare ships from the defense of its own planets in order to defend an unallied planet.

The third part took you a year. And you may have made a gross error. You focused upon making yourself known in San Inguon. Helping the mayor run for re-election, meeting your neighbors, becoming a community activist, and other boring, pointless activities that reinforced the idea that you were a regular guy who posed no danger to Earth. After a while, it was neither tough nor deemed unusual for you to buy a few drinks for some of the scientists. Of course, once they were safely sedated by the alcohol, you pried them for whatever information you could. From what they told you, the main projects the Labs were working on were analyzing chemicals from the ship in Area 51 and working upon new missile propulsion technologies. The chemicals might eventually take the Earthlings to space flight, but that will be years from now. Should they live that long.

Unfortunately secure in the knowledge that the Earthlings could pose no threat to the Empire, you radioed High Command three days ago to tell them to destroy this planet. They told you that they could only spare a single cruiser, and asked if that would be enough. You replied that it would be no problem; it would take longer to decimate the population, but the Earthlings had shown no possibility of being able to damage a Thwarkian cruiser. The cruiser was dispatched immediately and at top speed to avoid possible Commonwealth interference. It should arrive above San Inguon to pick you and your family up at 6:00 p.m. tonight. After that, it will begin to destroy Earth.

You and your wife celebrated that night. Bess was ecstatic at the thought of being able to go back into battle again, and began practicing with her sondran (a tri-bladed dagger that is the favorite of Thwarkian Marines) right away. You have not told Margaret yet. You worry about how she would react. She has anthropomorphized these vile humans, treating them with the kind of decency and respect that one should only show to another of the true Thwarkian race. You thought at first that she was merely acting civil so as not to cause you any problems; you now worry that she might have feelings for this insipid little race. Why, only two months ago you found a record filled with the disgusting music she calls “rock and roll!” She is assimilating into this miserable culture, and you worry that she may do something rash when she finds out that this planet is to be destroyed.

Assuming that it is. For you ran into one of your scientist “friends” this morning, and he gave you an early copy of the “Technology Report” to be given tonight at five. You glanced over it while chit-chatting with him, only to see to your horror that the third item to be shown was the “Titanium Alloy Tipped Nuclear Warhead (TATNW).” You asked him about it and your worst nightmares were confirmed. Apparently, the humans had come up with this idea many years ago, but not until Dr. Bates made a stunning breakthrough a week ago was any project made. This type of warhead is about to go into production, and has the power to blow through twenty-three feet of steel.

Unfortunately, Thwarkian battle cruiser armor is only eighteen feet of steel.

Now you are upon the horns of a dilemma. You have two options. First, you could call High Command and have them recall the cruiser. But this means waiting until a large force can be assembled to assault the planet, risking Commonwealth interference as well as your wife’s wrath for delaying her trip home. In addition, making such a mistake will not look good upon your record, and you may end up as a Consul at a Betazoid colony, which will assure that you are never taken seriously again.

Your other option is to let the cruiser come and hope that you can find a way to neutralize this technology. You’d have to find a way to break into the Research Labs, and from there either break the prototype so that it fails miserably, modify the plans so that new ones manufactured are defective, or something of that ilk. Otherwise, in the forty-eight hours it will take to destroy all life on this planet, it is possible that someone will be

able to manufacture some and use them to destroy the cruiser. With you and your family on board.

And even if you survive that, it'll be a Betazoid assignment for you.

Stock Quote: "Hey, how ya doing?"

Mannerisms: Harold comes across as the standard '50's guy- always dressed in a suit, smoking a pipe, and talking business with a smile. A salesman from the get-go. In fact, he is a Thwarkian spy who despises everything he sees around him.

People You Know:

Margaret Smith: Your daughter. You worry that she is too involved with these humans.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita. Wouldn't last five minutes in the Thwarkian Army; he's soft, fat, and old.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Commander of the troops stationed at Ft. Rita. Might last five minutes, but certainly not fifteen.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Eccentric head of the Chemistry Department at the Research Labs. He's been researching the rocket fuel found at Area 51. You'd better check to see how far he's gotten with it; if he's learned to attach it to the rocket carrying the TATNW, Earth might be able to become a player in the Galactic War.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department at the Research Labs. He's responsible for the breakthrough on the TATNW. You'll need to find out how far he's actually gotten; if it's still mostly theory, you might be safe. You better also see what other projects he's working upon; you don't need any other nasty surprises.

Mayor Cunningham: The greasy, slimy politician who tries to run this town. People like him are the main reason the Thwarkian Republic was so pathetic. You pretend to be a good friend of his so that he won't trouble you.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Research Labs. You doubt that he is doing anything of interest to you. But you'd better check, just in case.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Research Labs. You'll need to keep an especially close eye upon her; if her department notices the cruiser flying towards Earth, they might have a chance to prepare the TATNW.

Bess Smith: Your loving, devoted wife who would rip your head off if she found out exactly how you had bungled this chance to get off this stupid planet. You can't let her know that anything's wrong.

Goals:

1. Stop the TATNW from being producable. Destroy the prototype. Modify the plans. Convince Dr. Bates that it's unworkable. Do something so that Earth has no defenses when the cruiser shows up tonight.

2. Remind your daughter what she really is. Make sure she understands exactly how pathetic, backwards, and anarchistic these humans are. Make sure she understands the destiny of the Thwarkian race. Get her to agree that these people have no purpose

other than to be ground underfoot as a warning to all that would oppose your race. Then try to break the news to her that this planet will soon be destroyed. It's so hard raising teenagers.

3. Keep your problems a secret from Bess as long as possible. If she finds out that there are problems, she'll be furious. And nothing is worse than a furious Space Marine Commander. And after she gets over the anger, she won't speak to you for a week. You'll just get that glare. That look that says, I know I should have married that fighter pilot, but no, I had to be swept off my feet by a smooth-talking diplomat and look where it's gotten me, stuck here on this backwards planet with nothing to do but pretend to be docile. That sort of look. And don't even think about sleeping anywhere but the couch for the next two months. Definitely keep Bess thinking that everything is going just grand.

Harold Sturvin

“Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.”

-Tennyson

It's an important thing, being a Sturvin in this town. Sturvins have lived in San Inguon since its founding nearly one hundred years ago. And Sturvins have always been the richest people in town, making money as quickly as they could and using it to rule the town with an iron fist. But with that power comes a curse.

You carry that curse, and you were unfortunate enough not to have learned of it before it came down upon you. Perhaps you should have known something was strange from the beginning. Your father, Luke Sturvin, was always spending a weekend out of town every couple of weeks. Your mother, Sarah, was convinced that he was having an affair, but enjoyed a life of splendor despite the raging Depression around you. You wish that his secret was so simple.

You grew up amidst great luxury, and there never was a time when you were made to feel that the wealth of the Sturvins was undeserved, or that luck had anything to do with your birthright. Your father constantly talked about his father and grandfather, about their struggles for success that resulted in your immense wealth.

When you graduated from high school, you went east to Harvard to learn business from the hands of old masters. Good grades and your father's wealth assured you a seat. While you were gone, your father kept in close contact with you, constantly sending letters asking about your grades and your health, while talking about the businesses you were soon to run, and about his own health. While the missives were usually heart-warming and caring, there was an undercurrent of fear. You didn't really pick up upon it at the time; you were immersed in study and worrying about the trend of affairs in Europe. In addition, you were tending to your emotional state of health- writing love letters to Emma, your high school sweetheart.

When you came back to San Inguon in 1940, you and she married amidst great celebration. You never saw your father prouder. You began work as a vice-president in Sturvin Inc., overseeing the real estate deals and mining contracts the company did. Your father kept alluding to something he needed to talk to you about, but every time you were ready to listen, he was unavailable to talk, and whenever he was available to talk, you couldn't make the time to listen.

In 1942, you scored two coups. The first was only natural; your son Mark was born. Your father was overjoyed about that. The second was a result of your studies at Harvard. You had taken a physics class as part of your geology studies, and learned about

the possibilities of splitting the atom. After cajoling and bribing several graduate physics students into telling you the possibilities, you realizing that many countries were on the verge of making a powerful new weapon. One that required uranium. And after two years of sending men to excavate the desert, you had finally found a place that could mine great quantities. Since no one really knew the power of uranium, you bought what seemed to be worthless land for a minuscule amount. Extremely minuscule when compared to the government contract you received in 1944 to provide them with all the uranium they needed. It was wonderful.

All good things must come to an end, however. Emma left you in 1950 to live with her tennis coach. You flew off to Philadelphia to arrange matters with her lawyers. While in Philadelphia you received a telegram telling you that your father had passed on that morning. You were devastated. Mother had died only a few years prior, and with Emma demanding to be out of your life, Mark was the only thing you had. The rest of the telegram stated in no uncertain terms that you needed to come home immediately, with no delay. You knew you had to take care of your father's estate, but you were only a single step away from coming to an acceptable divide of goods with Emma. So, unfortunately, you waited.

You don't remember what happened the rest of the night. Looking back after learning of the truth of the situation, you know exactly what happened, and not remembering any of it is standard. Still, waking up the next morning with your nightshirt in tatters and blood all over your hands was a shock, to put it mildly. Dr. Ferngreen's missive to return immediately was suddenly a great deal more pointed now, and you flew back to Phoenix as soon as you could wash the blood from your hands.

Dr. Ferngreen, the family doctor, and C.J. Nickels, who was one of the few surviving people of the original San Inguon settlers, were waiting for you when you arrived. He saw the look of fear and confusion in your eyes, and began to try to calm you, explaining that what had happened the previous night was only to be expected. He and C.J. then traded off telling about the Curse of the Sturvins.

It seems that the original settlers, led by Joe Edwood, had chosen an unfortunate place to stay- an ancient Indian burial ground. The first month of the town's life was a string of disasters, plagues, and general misery. C.J. knew something of Indian lore, and felt he could allay the curse, but not stop it. The best he could do was to focus the curse upon a single family instead of the entire town. Your grandfather, Jedediah Sturvin, offered to take the curse upon himself. But being a true Sturvin, he used the offer of taking the curse as a reason to cajole many people of the town into giving him parts of their land, some of their goods, etc. From this, the Sturvin fortune began. In return, the eldest male of the first line of Sturvins (passing along sort of like the British monarchy) is cursed. And the curse is that upon every full moon, he turns into a werewolf.

It would have been laughable prior to that night in Philadelphia. That night had been a full moon. And waking up with the blood upon your hands... you now realize why

your father had never brought it up. You would have thought him crazy. But now you knew. You couldn't deny the evidence before you. You were a werewolf.

Dr. Ferngreen explained to you that only he, C.J., the sheriff, and the mayor were privilege to this information. The plan would remain as it had for your father; on the night of every full moon, you would go to an abandoned warehouse that Sturvin Inc. owned. You would be locked in, and there would be raw meat inside to sate your hunger. C.J. would keep quiet about the matter as long as you kept quiet about his original participation; Dr. Ferngreen would keep quiet as long as you continued to support his medical practice (for which he bilked you nicely, but what can you expect); Sheriff Barnes and Mayor Cunningham would keep quiet so long as you helped to insure their re-elections.

Now, the curse is not nearly as bad as it was made out to be. Perhaps the time since the event has lessen the effects. Or perhaps you're just getting used to it. Nonetheless, you have learned to control the curse. You have mastered the ability the force the change when you wish it, as well as to keep from changing upon the full moon. You need now change only once a month, any time during the month, for an eight hour session to keep the beast from raging out on full moons. In addition, you have been able to keep calm and rational while in werewolf form. In essence, being a werewolf now means merely being a much uglier, hairier version of yourself with a hunger for raw meat. You amused yourself highly once by managing to pick the lock on the warehouse, wandering over to the sheriff's house, and jumping out and yelling "Boo!" It did not occur to you at the time that he would still be wearing his revolver. Luckily, the old maxim about silver bullets seems to hold, and you and he had a nice laugh about it several days and several beers afterwards.

And with control of that, you've been able to focus your time upon Sturvin Inc. Unfortunately, things are not boding very well for the company. While outwardly, everything seems fine, and you still pull a salary high enough to have bought one of the two Theravost Stones from Dr. Angela Bailey, inwardly the company is nearing trouble. Things are still profitable, but not nearly as profitable as they once were, and trends seem to indicate that within five years the company will have problems keeping its head above water. Other companies have moved into the uranium market, meaning your virtual monopoly has fallen apart; the government set up Ft. Lucas Rita and its adjuncting Research Labs upon prime property that they only paid minimal value for (and if you had fought that, you could kiss your uranium contract good-bye), and the development of vaccinations and cures for TB means that Arizona as a recovery spot is losing more and more luster.

And it's not that you're greedy. You used to be, but the curse has put things it line. Without the money that makes up the Sturvin fortune, you can't afford to support the people who know the truth, nor could you afford the luxury of a private place for the rages. And while you might not need it any more, what happens when you pass on and the curse falls to Mark? Eventually he'll learn to control it, but not without years of rages, and

he'll need a private place to do that. It's not for yourself that you've been lowering safety standards on the mines. It's for the family.

And that may cause you problems. Dr. Ferngreen retired and left his practice to Dr. Randall Rourke, an idealistic crusader. Dr. Rourke knows nothing of the curse, and you worry that were you to tell him about it, he would demand the same exorbitant payments that Dr. Ferngreen required. Unfortunately, his lack of knowledge means that you have no control over him, and he has been pressuring Sheriff Barnes to investigate the lack of firm controls over the mines. It seems that too many workers have died of cancer for his liking. And while the Sheriff is in your pocket, it won't be long until Dr. Rourke goes to a higher authority in the government.

And if Dr. Rourke can close down the mines, you can say good-bye to Sturvin Inc.

Stock Quote: "We Sturvins have a long tradition in this town."

Mannerisms: A nice, jovial guy who becomes extremely ruthless whenever money or the family is concerned. Overly ostentatious and ambitious.

People You Know:

Robert Sherman: A friend of your son's. He seems a bit too low-class for Mark; maybe you should talk to Mark about his class of friends.

Mark Sturvin: Your son. When it all comes down to it, he's the only thing of true importance to you. The main reason you're out to make so much money is to provide for him whatever you can. You'd like to see him get a little more interested in the family business, too. He'll need it to protect his secret when the curse hits him. He's too young to know about the curse, now, though; he'd think you were getting old and crazy.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita. Stubborn old coot who's probably hoping for a war within the next five years. Unfortunately, if you want the government to do anything, you'll have to go through him.

Mayor Cunningham: Slimy little politician. Luckily, he's four-square in your pocket so long as you keep financing his re-election bids. You can always call the tune, and he'll always do the dance.

Sheriff Barnes: The law in San Inguon. Like the mayor, he's firmly imbedded in your pocket. Unfortunately, he's a little more independent than you'd like. Plus, he's a bit of a drinker, and you worry that he might say something about you when he's tanked.

C.J. Nickels: Runs the local 5 and Dime. There's much more to him than meets the eye. He knows about mystical things like the curse. You haven't really asked him what he's all about because he's responsible for saving the town. But you definitely wonder about him....

Harold Smith: A likable guy and a very good salesman. Maybe he could help you with Sturvin Inc.

Dr. Randall Rourke: Crusading young doctor and all-around pain in the ass. You've got to find a way to keep him quiet.

Dr. Angela Bailey: Archaeologist. She just came back from India, where she found the two Theravoost Stones, one of which you bought from her. She's staying in town to excavate the local Indian burial grounds. You might wish to keep an eye on her; she might find something profitable.

Goals:

1. Get Sturvin Inc. back on its feet. Talk to the scientists at the Research Labs to see if you can figure out some new market the government will get into. Watch to see what Dr. Bailey finds at the Burial Grounds to see if any of it is worth investing in. Keep Dr. Rourke from causing Sturvin Inc. too much trouble.

2. Protect your secret. Never let on that you're a werewolf. It would not do your business any good.

3. Protect Mark. Keep him out of trouble. Make sure things are going well. You just got back from a business trip this morning and this is really the first Saturday you've been able to spend in town in a long time. Spend time with him. See what he wants to do with his life. See if you can steer him towards business.

[Note on the entire werewolf thing: You did the change last Saturday, so you have no pressing need to become one again tonight. If you *want* to, go right ahead. But if you change, you're stuck as the werewolf for at least four hours.]

Ivan Kerensky

“Sometimes I find it’s easy to be myself... other times, I find it’s better to be somebody else.”
-Dave Matthews Band

It’s all the Communists’ fault. You know it. They’re probably fluoridating the water supply right now. Damn Commies. Every day they seem to come up with some new plan, some amazingly cunning idea that will foster resentment and upheaval amongst the good, honest citizens of San Inguon. And they’re smart, too, posing as regular citizens, talking about baseball and politics with the best of them, always keeping their evil plans of despotism hidden until they can strike that death blow to capitalism.

Well, that’s why it’s your job to stop them. Your parents knew what evils they could perpetrate firsthand, and left Russia just before Stalin took over and started killing every Russian he could get his greasy little hands on. They (with you in tow) came down to Arizona to try and set up a life for themselves out of what little they had left. They did a pretty good job for themselves. You were never rich or anything, but you never went a day without food in your stomach, clothes on your back or a shelter over your head. You’ve done your best with your gas station to provide the same things for your children, Nick and Teresa.

Of course, your parents were sure that when they left Russia, they had left all of the Communists behind them. But you know differently. They’re everywhere, trying their best to fit into American life, hoping to gnaw at it from the inside, weakening it until American life is so full of dissent and destruction that it crumbles, making it an easy job for the Commies in Russia to conquer the world and force everyone under their yoke of dictatorship. But so few people believe you. So many people think that the idea of Communist spies trying to infiltrate the U.S. is silly, an almost impossibility. Well, you know better than that. You knew that the Communists were out to destroy everything that was good and decent about the U.S. And they will stop at nothing to reach their goals.

You tried joining the John Birch Society, but even they seemed a bit too limp-wristed in fighting off the Communist menace. They were more interested in fighting the spies in Washington who were posing as government employees. You knew that the Commie agents were hitting closer to home. So you formed your own society. The League of Social Decency (LSD for short). You only let other people join after you had done an exhaustive background check upon them (usually asking them who had won the World Series for the last five years; no Commie saboteur knows that). Together, you and your league have been working to drive out suspected Communists, eliminate beat poetry, and make America strong again.

Every couple of weeks, you’ll drop by Principal Adele Siegelski’s office to discuss strategy with her (she’s one of the best anti-communists you’ve got) and figure out who

your next target is going to be. Then you gather all the LSDers, and after putting on your red, white, and blue domino masks, you go out to the house of the suspected Communist and begin loudly reading the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. Of course, no real Communist can stand listening to these documents of freedom being read off for too long, and eventually they move out. You've forced twelve suspected Commies out of San Inguon this way.

But your work is never done. Not so long as Commie agents continue to prowl throughout San Inguon. You heard from one of the guards at Ft. Rita who is a member of LSD that General Cork suspects one of the scientists there of being a Communist spy. This is definitely a call to arms, something that the LSD must take care of. Bad enough that these Commies try to destroy your home life; now they're trying to steal military secrets from the Research Labs! Well, you'll put an end to that.

Of course, life isn't all chasing Communists. The gas station does pretty well, but only because Teresa drops by to help take care of the books, and Nick spends each afternoon helping you fix the cars that have been brought in for repair. Teresa's a smart young thing, and she'll be a good wife someday. At least, she will once she grows out of this tomboy phase she's in. You can't be too surprised at that; her mother passed on when she was three, and you and Nick have pretty much raised her. You worry sometimes that she doesn't really know how to be a lady. But, she seems to do pretty well for herself, and she can fight better than most of the boys in town, and that makes you pretty proud. Nick's a good kid too, solid through and through. Not exactly the brightest kid in the world, but brains aren't everything. You never managed to finish high school, and look at how far you've gotten. Well, alright, so you want more for Nick than simply running a gas station in a small town in Southwestern Arizona for the rest of his life. Well, Nick's not smart, but he is strong of body and strong of spirit. Besides, he's got good friends, and good friends mean a lot in life. Still, maybe you should have a long talk with him and see what he wants to do with his life. Whatever it is, you'll help him out.

And maybe you should talk to Dr. Rourke. Yeah, he's a bit of a left-winger, but he's also the town's only doctor, which is the main reason LSD hasn't taken a closer look at him, and probably won't unless he reveals himself to be much farther to the left than you had believed. In any case, you've been getting these dizzy spells recently. Every once in a while, you just sort of get dizzy and then black out. You wake up a couple of hours later, and you're usually in an alley about three blocks away from where you passed out. You don't know what's going on, but it scares you. You're pretty sure that you've been drugged by Commie sympathizers, and they must have been doing some sort of brain washing upon you, because every once in a while you wake up holding a book by Burroughs or Ginsberg. And you know those guys are Communists. Yeah, you should definitely have a talk with Dr. Rourke to see why you're getting these blackouts. You know the Communists are trying to get rid of you. You know they're scared of you.

But this brainwashing thing is going just a bit too far.

Stock quote: “No real American would every say something like that!”

Mannerisms: Ivan is your stereotypical small-towner; small of mind, small of pocket, and small of opinion. He’s so far right that he’d frighten Joe McCarthy. Every once in a while (you contingency envelopes will tell you when), he blacks out. During his blackouts, he becomes Ivan Kerensky, liberal intellectual and beat poet. This lasts for about an hour, and probably frightens the bejesus out of his friends and kids. When he comes to afterwards, he remembers nothing of what he had been doing during the black-out.

People You Know:

Nick Kerensky: Your son. He’s a good kid. A bit slow, but a good kid.

Teresa Kerensky: Your daughter. A bit of a tomboy, but very smart. She’ll make a very good wife for someone one day.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. A good, upstanding, all-around American guy. Maybe you should get him to join LSD.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander at Ft. Lucas Rita. Another upstanding American citizen. He might make another good LSD member.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. Quiet and secretive. Spends all of his time at the Labs or at home. What’s he hiding? Perhaps his communist sympathies! Better keep an eye on him.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department at the Labs. Eccentric and absent-minded. But perhaps that’s just a ploy to keep people from suspecting him as the Communist spy. Definitely something to look into.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: Mayor of San Inguon, and LSD member. A good, conservative man who believes in America. Needless to say, LSD helps to insure his re-election every couple of years.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Ward looks the other way when LSD operates. He’s a good man who just chooses to stay out of politics. Still, when the Commies invade, he’ll realize his mistake in staying out of politics.

C.J. Nickels: One of the original settlers of San Inguon. He runs the 5 & Dime in town. A good and decent man.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. A long-winded, could-sell-iceboxes-to-Eskimos kind of guy. You like him, but you try not to let him talk you into buying things.

Dr. Randall Rourke: Town doctor. A bit too much of a left-winger for your tastes, but unless another doctor comes to San Inguon, you’re not really going to do anything about it. Seems competent enough as doctors go.

“Pops” Turrelli: They say he fought with the Italian Resistance. Some people say a lot of the Italian Resistance fighters were Communists. You should definitely look into that.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. She’s a fervent anti-communist, and is usually the person who comes up with the plans that LSD follows. She’s a good woman, strong of heart and clear of mind.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Runs the local orphanage. A good guy, but you’ve never really gotten much of a chance to talk politics with him.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. He seemed like such a nice guy before his wife passed on in that car accident a few weeks ago. Terrible situation. You lost your wife years ago, and maybe you should talk to Gerald and try to comfort him.

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in town. You'd love to get him to join LSD; that way you'd have a big enough bankroll to do some of your more grandiose plans.

Irving Thorton: Town drunk. An obvious failure of a man. Pretty pathetic.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. A good woman who has fought to hold down a job and bring up her son rather than depend upon the government for assistance after her husband disappeared. Now, you think that a woman's place is in the home, but Dr. Carroll's didn't have that choice, so it's alright.

Bess Smith: Harold's wife. A good, all-American woman if ever you saw one. Absolutely devoted to Harold and keeping their house clean.

Darla Hotchkins: The school nurse. Extremely attractive. Maybe you could get her to join LSD. The more attractive women in it, the merrier.

Goals:

1. Drive out all Communists. Find every Communist agent and left-thinking sympathizer and show them the true might of American pride. Pester them, report on them to their superiors, and generally do what it take to get them to leave San Inguon.

2. Find out why you're blacking out. It's kind of scary to lose control like that. Find out what's wrong with you and why it's been happening. You're sure that Communist agents are behind it.

Ivan Sonavitch aka Irving Thorton

“As with the Christian religion, the worst argument for Socialism is its adherents.”
-George Orwell

TO: Colonel Ivan Sonavitch, KGB
FROM: Colonel General Vladimir Dykovsky, KGB Command

It is vital that you infiltrate the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. We believe they are working upon new weapons which could destroy the revolutionary spirit in the world and force their capitalist imperialism upon the workers yearning to be free. We still have confidence in you despite your failures over the recent years. However, be forewarned that one more mistake and we will be glad to set you up in a nice dacha in Siberia.

Oh, boyski. Things are not looking very well for you, comrade. If you had known exactly how problematic being a KGB agent in the United States would have been, you never would have joined up. Better to be an unknown tractor repairman in Smolensk than a famous spy known for his failures.

But when they came up to you after the Great Patriotic War and asked you join the KGB in furthering the goals of world-wide revolution, how could you refuse? You were young, idealistic, and scared to death of what they would do to you if you refused. So you said yes, and were sent off to learn of America.

For five years you studied decadent American culture, learning of weaknesses that could be exploited to bring the entire imperialist system down. You learned to speak English with an American accent, and how to walk and act American. You learned the tricks of cryptography, gunplay, breaking and entering, and all of the other skills that makes one a good spy. At the end of it all, you were indistinguishable from an American except for the burning fires of Communism in your heart.

You remember your first mission well. It was in 1951. You were sent to California to coordinate the activities of the local Communist Parties and undercover agents. You did a fine job of getting them to work together, and had nearly united them into an unstoppable bloc when you received word in March from High Command that the CIA had stumbled onto some of your letters and were sending two agents to Fresno to decipher them. You rushed to the warehouse in Fresno where they were to meet, and startled one of them as he was deciphering your messages. A single bullet eliminated him from the picture, and you hastened to gather all of the messages. Just as you had finished, another agent came in. While he fumbled for his gun, you jumped out the back door and ran down the alley to the car that was waiting for you. He broke down the back door and

pointed his gun at you. Inexplicably, he did not shoot. You got to the car and drove off, studying the face of the man who could have killed you. You would get to know him very well over the next eight years.

When you tried to find blackmailable secrets about then-Senator Nixon, he caught up to you and forced you to flee. When you were trying to change the music of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to include subliminal anti-capitalist messages, he cornered you in a cathedral, and it took all of your wits to flee. Every major plan you have directed to cause chaos and ferment rebellion, Tom Madden has shown up and thwarted you. One of these days, you will get your revenge upon him.

But for now, you must concentrate upon your latest project. You moved to San Inguon a year ago, posing as Irving Thorton, alcoholic vagabond. In Russia, such people would be assured homes and treated for their problems, but luckily, capitalistic America cares not for those who have been exploited beyond the breaking point; you were considered a harmless drunk and were a source of amusement.

While your afternoons and evenings were spent roaming the town, playing up the role, you spent your mornings observing the Labs, making careful notes of the people who entered and left. You also overheard many a conversation between scientist who assumed you were either too drunk to care or would soon be too drunk to remember what they said.

From this, you determined that the Labs were divided into several departments, each specializing in a particular science. For your work to be effective, you would need to turn someone high up in the chain of command, someone who could spend late hours collecting secrets and wandering the various departments without anyone worrying about it. You sent the names of the Head Scientists to your agents throughout the Southwest, hoping that someone would come up with a workable idea.

You struck gold. Dr. Kyle Berry, Head of the Astronomy Department, had been a member of the Southern California Communist Party in the early thirties. You were sent a mimeograph of his party card, and a photograph showing him at a rally. You mailed these to Dr. Berry, pointing out that the government would like very much to know that one of its top scientists was a former Communist, and that he should meet you outside the Labs at midnight.

When midnight rolled around, Dr. Berry showed up. He was a nervous wreck. When you explained that in order to keep his secret from the government, he needed to give you the secrets of the Labs, he readily agreed. Every week thereafter, you met with him and received information about what the Labs were currently working upon.

At least, you did until two weeks ago. In that meeting, he explained that he was leaving the Labs to go work for Berkeley, who cared little for such credentials, and who might even have supported them. In exchange for being left alone, however, he had found

someone else who was willing to give you secrets. Dr. Sarah Carroll, whom he was grooming to take his place as Head of Astronomy.

You were extremely perturbed, and refused to make a deal until you had met her. But after meeting her, you felt it was a wonderful arrangement. The problem with blackmailing someone for secrets is that they usually do as little spying as necessary; after all, coming up with more than the minimum does not help them, so they keep extra secrets under their hats until they need them. Dr. Carroll, however, wished to sell secrets to you. In exchange for cash, she would deliver everything she could find, and the more she found, the more cash she would expect. This meant that you would get all the information you needed and more. This was a wonderful thing, in your opinion. After all, you are betraying the capitalists through someone who is being capitalist to the extreme! Irony looks good on your record.

In any case, High Command agreed to the deal. You have been sent \$50000, which you are carrying in the paper bag that holds your “liquor” bottle. The liquor bottle actually only holds strong tea, but it looks like whiskey and the paper bag adds to the general ambiance of your hoboness. You must meet with Dr. Carroll surreptitiously and gather whatever information you can from her. In return for the information, you will give her cash. You must be careful not to underprice her, or she may turn against you. Overpricing, however, would be bad as this cash is all you have until next week, and you need to keep a constant stream of information going. You will have to be very careful in this. But, hopefully, this system will work out and you will soon have all of the secrets of the Labs. And you will not get any more telegrams threatening you with Siberia.

Stock quote: “How dry I am.... (hic)...”

Mannerisms: As Irving Thorton, play up the town drunk. Act friendly towards everyone, exaggerate your actions, tell people that you saw aliens in the mesas last night, and generally convince everyone that you are harmless. As Ivan Sonavitch, talk with a thick Russian accent, be sober and serious, and generally look like you could kill people without thinking about it.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Little bastard who occasionally plays practical jokes upon you. When the revolution comes, you’ll make sure he suffers.

General Hiram Cork: Standard imperialist war-monger who wishes to destroy the people’s will. He is the Commander of all of Ft. Lucas Rita. Finding out blackmail material upon him would be quite a coup.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander at Ft. Rita. Standard military type. Because his job is merely commanding troops, he is probably not worth dealing with.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. According to Dr. Berry, he was working on some sort of experimental rocket fuel.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department at the Labs and Lead Scientist for the Labs. Dr. Berry told you he was working upon some sort of new aerodynamics model.

Mayor Cunningham: The standard American politician who seeks nothing more than lining his own pocket. Still, offending him would be bad as he might get Sheriff Barnes to kick you out of town.

Sheriff Barnes: Standard American Law-enforcement official who seeks to enforce the will of the capitalists upon the workers. Still, don't cross him, or your place here will be in jeopardy.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. Typifies everything that is disgusting about Americans.

Dr. Randall Rourke: Town doctor. Somewhat idealistic. Perhaps you could use this against him.

Ivan Kerensky: Son of Russian émigrés. A distinct and avowed anti-Communist. Step lightly around him.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Runs the local orphanage, indoctrinating children in non-atheistic and capitalistic drivel.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. Dr. Berry could not find much information about his projects.

Harold Sturvin: Typical capitalist who flaunts his wealth and exploits the masses. If you could find a way to expose him and show the town the innate evilness of the capitalist landlords, it would be quite a feather in your cap.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. Your secret spy.

Bess Smith: Harold Smith's wife and the typical exploited American woman suffering due to the innate capitalist sexism.

Darla Hotchkins: School Nurse at Edwood High. You saw her go into the Labs three weeks ago; you wonder how she got in and what she did there. You should investigate further.

Adele Siegel: Principal of Edwood High. You saw her go into the Labs two weeks ago. Why are all the staff members of Edwood High going into the Labs late at night? This definitely needs to be looked into.

Goals:

1. Get as many secrets as possible from the Labs. The more information you can send off to Moscow, the safer your future is. Get anything you can, no matter how insignificant it seems. After all, it might fit into a larger plan that you know nothing about.

2. Keep your identity safe. Make sure everyone thinks of you as a safe and harmless drunk. Do not let anyone find out you are really a spy. If it seems that Dr. Carroll may turn you in, remove her. It will be easier to find a new spy in the Labs than it will be to establish a new identity in town.

3. Cause havoc. If you come upon an opportunity to help tear down the capitalist idolatry in town, go for it. Just be sure not to blow your cover.

James Daniels

“Always do right. It will gratify some and astonish the rest.”
-Mark Twain

You never really meant to become the hero of Edwood High. It just sort of happened that way. Not that you don't like the role of being sort of a frontier Sheriff amidst the outlaws around. It's just that you worry that people assume that you think you're better than anyone else. And you're not, really. I mean, sure, you're captain of the football team and the star quarterback. And you're the class president. And valedictorian. But you just work hard to achieve what you want. That's all there is to it.

As for being the self-made hero of Edwood High, well *someone* had to do it. So why not you? You first came to San Inguon two years ago. Your father is a Colonel in the Army, so you've learned to adjust to moving from one place to another every couple of years. Mom never learned to adjust, which is why she's living in New York now. But you've always sort of enjoyed being able to wipe the slate clean and start over.

In any case, when you first arrived in San Inguon, you knew there were going to be problems. Edwood High was being terrorized by a gang calling itself “The Killers,” any while they weren't killing anybody, they certainly were giving a lot of people grief. It seemed like not a day went by without someone getting stuffed into a locker, or someone's car getting soaped, or some sort of vindictive prank. The members of The Killers were J.D. Koln, Nick Kerensky, and Robert Sherman, all of them bullies.

But you had an advantage over them. Nick was the biggest of The Killers, but you're a little bigger than he is. Combine this with the fact that you've learned how to fight from growing up on various military bases, and you could probably take any of them in a fight. They know this, and they're scared to death of you. Because you're the only person who could stop them.

But you couldn't stop them alone. If there's one thing you've learned in life, it's that you can't win by trying to do everything yourself. No one is perfect at everything; the key to success is finding people to help you who are good at the things you aren't. You were good at intimidating The Killers, and they'd stop doing whatever prank they were pulling when you were around. But what you needed were people to help you figure out what The Killers would do next.

So you got together with Timmy Carroll, who is the brightest kid in school, and Tony Turrelli, who has been the object of their pranks for so long that he knows what they'll do sometimes before they even do it. These two had been hanging around you anyway, partially because when you were around, The Killers were too afraid to do

anything. So you decided to form your own gang. The Good Guys. Your job was to stop The Killers from pulling their pranks on the undefended students of Edwood High.

Admittedly, so far it hasn't worked real well. The Killers have been up to a lot of pranks, including stealing The Ceremonial Throw Pillow (a pillow stitched with the names of all of the graduates of Edwood High who died in World War I and which was kept in a glass case in Edwood High). The Good Guys have always shown up just after everything happened, or even worse, never found out about the prank until it was too late. Still, you're doing some good. From what you've heard, J.D. is really angry at the thought of anyone upsetting his plans to terrorize the town, and wants nothing more than to show you up. That's why he's challenged you to a drag race today at two pm.

You're pretty sure that you'll handily beat him at the race. Your car handles really well, and you've got Timmy working on ways to soup it up even more. Still, it's only a show of power. It's not like if you win, J.D. will decide to give up and turn over a new leaf. And you're sure he'll be up to no good today. Well, that just means that today's your chance. You've got to show The Killers and the town that good will ultimately prevail over evil, that goodness will win over darkness, and that The Good Guys will ultimately stop The Killers.

And if you don't, good luck getting elected as class president next year.

Stock Quote: "We can't let them get away with this!"

Mannerisms: James is the ultimate Boy Scout. Good to a fault, he is a hyper-achiever who, once he gets a goal in his sights, does whatever he can to attain it. At least, whatever he can that seems fair, within the rules, and doesn't offend everyone.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Leader of The Killers. The quintessential juvenile delinquent. Mean, vindictive, and violent. Definitely someone to watch like a hawk, just in case he does something.

Robert Sherman: The brains of The Killers. A really smart kid, which makes it all the more painful to see him turn to such a life of... well, not really crime, but you know what you mean.

Nick Kerensky: The muscle of The Killers. Big and strong, and the only member of The Killers who might take you out in a fair fight. Not that you think he'd fight very fair.

Timmy Carroll: The class science geek. He never goes anywhere without at least a few books on chemistry or physics or such. He's incredibly brilliant, although a little lacking in common sense. Still, he makes a great member of The Good Guys.

Tony "Scooter" Turrelli: A nice guy, once you get past his big mouth. Tony's constantly wisecracking, insulting people, or making really awful puns. Still, he's a nice guy at heart, and he knows The Killers better than anyone else (as the usual butt of their pranks). He's a member of The Good Guys.

Mark Sturvin: The richest kid at Edwood High. He's the son of Harold Sturvin, one of the richest men in San Inguon. You really don't know Mark too well; he hangs around Robert a lot.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. You don't understand how she could possibly go out with someone like that.

Teresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She used to be a bit of a tomboy, but now she's gotten interested in boys in a big way. You don't think there's a guy in all of Edwood High that she hasn't made a pass at in the last two weeks.

Catherine Thomas: A loner. She usually keeps to herself. You don't really know her that well.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. Still, she's incredibly cute, and that's good enough for most people.

Laura Fetner: Your girlfriend. She's the head Cheerleader at Edwood High, and one of the most desirable girls in school. You're going out with her because you were the only guy in class who actually got up the courage to ask her out. She's been acting weird lately. On the last day of school, she looked like she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown all day. When classes were finally over, you never saw anyone run home that fast. Worried, you went to her place to check on her. She was in her room, resting, and you asked her if she was feeling up to going to a movie. And she got this look on her face, this really strange look, like asking her to a movie was the last thing in the world she expected, and it horrified her. You were about to ask her what the deal was when she suddenly snapped back into her old self and said she'd love to. She seemed pretty normal for the rest of the night. Still, she really looks a lot paler and seems nervous to the point of jumpiness. You'd better make sure she's alright.

Wendy Mitchell: Reporter for the school newspaper. She knows all of the gossip in town and is pretty fun to hang around, just so long as you realize that anything you say could end up in the school paper. She's going out with Tony.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Your father. He's a great guy, a lot of fun to hang around and a really devoted and caring dad.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. Tony calls her Miss Siegheilski, which you think is pretty unfair. Sure, she's strict, but when you try to run a school where The Killers roam around at will and disrupt things, you have to be strict.

Darla Hotchkins: School nurse. She is incredibly attractive. If she wasn't eight years older than you, you'd love to go out with her.

Goals:

1. Stop The Killers. Find out what they're planning, and try to keep them from doing it. Try to make the town see how terrible they are, and try to convince them to change their ways. Most of all, don't let them hurt any innocents. If they want to hurt each other, fine, you won't get in the way. Dad says never kill an enemy who is slowly committing suicide.

2. Check out Wendy. Something's wrong, but you have no idea what. Try to help her through whatever it is she's going through.

3. Right every wrong, help out the weak, that sort of thing. Remember, you're the ultimate Boy Scout. Never let any evil occur that you could help prevent.

Jacob Deuteronomy (J.D.) Koln

“Anger’s my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.”
-Shakespeare

It’s happening again. The headache. When the headache comes, something inside of you comes out. Something you don’t like, but something so forceful and so dominant that you can’t do anything but get the hell out of the way and let the rage take over. *Just stand back. It’ll be done soon. And it’ll make everything better.*

Calm down. Calm. Think happy thoughts. Think about Mary. You love Mary. She loves you. She’s probably thinking about you right now *unless she’s out screwing James Daniels, out at Lover’s Lane in the backseat feeling each other up.* Jesus, your head hurts. Maybe you should go lie down. *Or talk to her. Yeah, just talk. Say the sweet things she likes to hear and just when she thinks everything’s all right just give her a backhand across the side of the face to let her know that YOU’RE the one in charge. YOU control her, and if she wants to fuck James Daniels then she’s got a problem ‘cause she’s YOURS and don’t you ever let her forget that.*

Better. Your head feels much better now. Much calmer.

Things have never gone right for you. You were born to Ezekial and Harriet Koln, two of the poorest people in all of San Inguon, Arizona, aside from the redskins down on the reservation. Dad could never hold a job, something about always either being too drunk to work or being too righteous about religion to get anyone to want to bother with him. When you would come home, you never knew whether you’d get beat because dad was drunk and felt it was right, or because he’d read “spare the rod and spoil the child” again and felt you were too much of a sinner to be worth anything but pain. Mom kept him away from you, until that time when you were five and Dad tried to take a frying pan to you. She tried to stop him, but all that happened was that she got the pan in the face and was knocked back into the stove head-first. She lived, but she doesn’t talk much any more. Just sort of sits in her chair and drools. When Dad gets drunk, you have to change her clothes and bedpan. Dad decided it was your fault that she ended up like that; if you’d just taken your beating like a man, then she’d have been all right, wouldn’t she? He beat you extra hard for doing that to your mother. *That’s why you got him back. Got him back real good. Took that knife and got him back right in the* just a dream, it never happened it was all just a dream.

School was miserable. When you had problems with classes, your father wouldn’t help (any damned kid knows that shit, Jacob. If you can’t figure that out, you don’t deserve to be in school) and your mother couldn’t help (yes J I can brown, so brown your hair nice). The other kids were cruel, too. You’d come to school in the latest hand-me-downs your father scrounged from Goodwill or stole from a moving truck, and at recess, everyone would be all over you, teasing, taunting, letting you know exactly how much of

a little shit you were in their eyes. You got them back, though. You bloodied a few noses and kicked a few crotches, and pretty soon everyone left you alone. They got scared of you. And they've been scared of you for eleven years. *And pretty soon you'll give them more reason to be scared of you, won't you? You shut them up, but you never got them back. But you'll get them back. You're ready now. You'll get them back just like you got your father back. In spades.*

You only really had two friends throughout school. Nick Kerensky had sort of the same problem you did. His father runs the gas station, so Nick never had good clothes. And Nick is, to put it bluntly, dumb as a post. But he's big. Real big. And good at sports. And being good at sports was enough to get the kids from going after him the way they went after you. You and Nick became friends pretty easy. He didn't judge you by what you wore (because he wore only slightly better clothes) and you needed a big guy on your side just in case somebody learned how to fight.

Bobby Sherman is your other good friend. You don't know why he treats you so good; he's the same middle-class shmuck the rest of the school is. But you guess he's got a dangerous streak, and hanging out with you lets him get his danger fix. *Ain't that the truth? Bobby doesn't know how dangerous it's gonna get. He'd better hold onto his ass, cause it's gonna be one fuck of a bumpy ride from now on.*

The three of you formed a gang. You named yourselves The Killers, not that you had ever killed anybody *except your father* just a goddamned dream, lay OFF OF IT! You hung around empty parking lots, skipped school, slit tires, and roughed up the assholes that had teased you to make pocket cash, which you usually blew at the movies. At least until you got old enough to blow it at the pool hall. You, Nick, and Bobby were peas in a pod. You'd come up with a crazy idea, some sort of shit that would let the town know who was in charge (which wasn't really you, but you were the outlaws, the bandits, and you wanted everybody to know that). Bobby would some how figure out a way to do it without getting hurt or getting caught, and Nick such a good athlete that he could do anything that Bobby came up with. It was great. The Sheriff hates your guts. The Principal of Edwood High would expel you if he could prove anything. And the kids at school got so scared they formed a gang of their own. The Good Guys.

What a bunch of morons those guys are. Three guys decided to form a gang to try and protect everybody else from the things you do. Their leader, James Daniels, is the only guy who scares you. He's a military kid, so he probably could handle himself in a fight. He's quarterback of the football team, so you know he's got to be a pretty good athlete. Luckily, he's not a violent type, so you haven't had to get into a fight with him yet. Then there's Tony "Scooter" Turelli. A little wiseass. His father owns the Malt Shop, so of course he's one of the most popular kids in town. You'd like to corner him in an alley. Punch *stab* him a few times and see how popular he feels then. And the kicker to this snot-nosed gang is Timmy Carroll. Coke-bottle glasses, slide rule, the whole nine-geek yards. You're pretty sure that if you hit him just once, he'd dry up and blow away.

The Good Guys haven't wanted to rumble you yet, probably because James is the only kid who could make it out of one alive. You haven't wanted to rumble them either, mostly because James is a little more than you really want to handle in a fight. It would be just your luck to have Nick beat up Tony and Bobby beating up Timmy, leaving you to take on James.

You have to admit, your luck is getting a little better. Take Mary. You met her at the pool hall a couple months ago. Nice smile, pretty laugh, and she fills out her sweater quite nicely. So you went up to her and started turning on the charm. Did your best James Dean from Rebel Without A Cause. Did a little Brando. She ate it up, and pretty soon you two were going steady.

You wonder about her some times. You wonder a lot. She's bright, caring, and pretty. She could probably have any guy in the school. So what's she doing with you? *Leading you on. She's having a little fun at your expense. Bet she talks to her friends all night long after your two date. Laughing. Smirking. Joking.* No, that can't be true. It really can't. *But you've seen the look she gives James. And Bobby. Your best friend. They're all laughing at you. Ha, ha. Look at J.D. Thinks he's got a good thing. She's just making fun of you. She won't even let you past second base. I bet James hits a home run with her every time. Every time. Every single time.*

Calm. Calm. Slow down. Fuck, your head hurts. It's like your brain is getting bigger and pushing against your skull with so much force that you wish your head would fucking explode! You just need to sit down. Keep calm. It'll pass. It usually does.

It's when it doesn't that problems start. Last week you were out with Mary, and the headache started. You sat down and started rubbing your temples, trying to stay calm and hoping it would just pass like it usually does. And then Mary *started looking at the guy across the street from you, sizing him up, and you could tell that she was wondering what it would be like to have him fucking her, fucking her good and you calm. calm down. slow. slow.*

And you couldn't control it. You felt like something was trying to take over your body, and you couldn't fight it any more. You just stepped back and let the rage take over. And suddenly you were standing, screaming, yelling obscenities at her, calling her a slut. And you hit her. A prime left jab, right in her face. Gave her a black eye something awful. And you were back. The headache had been gone from the minute you lost control. And now you were in control again. With Mary sobbing hysterically in front of you. A guy behind you rushing to call the cops. Two other guys on the street lookin at you in shock. So you ran. Ran back home. Where your father gave you a roundhouse for being late for dinner.

And you keep losing control around her. You keep getting that headache, and pow! you do something you regret. And each time you say you're sorry. You tell her you didn't want to do it. You beg for forgiveness. And each time she forgives you. And a few

days later, you do it again. You can't stop yourself. You wish you understood why it was happening. The first headache came only two weeks ago. Before that, everything was okay. But things are getting so much worse. Everytime the headache comes, you're scared that you'll do something horrible to a friend. Or to Mary. And she's so good to you. *And you're so good to her. A good joke, that is. She's laughing at you right now. She and James are sitting in the back of his car right now, putting their clothes back on, sharing a cigarette, and laughing at you. At pathetic little you. You're such a good joke to her.*

She deserves it. They all deserve it. They've always hated you. They've always laughed at you. You're a joke, J.D. Nobody takes you seriously. Bobby laughs at you behind your back. Nick thinks you're a dork. Mary keeps coming back after you hit her because it makes such a good joke when she's lying in the afterglow with James. But they're wrong. You're not a joke. You're dangerous. You'll show them. You'll show them that laughing at you will get them hurt. Hurt real bad. Like your father. Going up to him while he was sleeping and sticking your switchblade against his throat. His eyes opened real wide, wider than you've ever seen them before. Wider than dinnerplates. And you leaned down and said to him, "If thy right eye offends thee, cut it out." as you drew the blade across his neck. And you smiled at him as he struggled to breathe through the hole in his neck. You laughed at him. Just like you'll laugh at them. At all of them.

No. That was just a dream. Your father's off on another bender. He's just in a gutter somewhere, drunk. He'll be home at some point. And the blood on the bed is just from when he hurt himself a couple days ago. Yeah, he hurt himself getting into bed. He must have been so drunk that he didn't even know he was bleeding. That's what happened. You're sure of it.

I see. Then what's buried out there in the back yard? That's an awfully big piece of ground that's been turned over. Big enough to bury your father six feet deep.

You don't know. Your father must have buried something back there. Probably a load of his empty bottles. But you won't dig it up. I mean, if you do, and he comes back, you'll get the whipping of your life. So you'll stay away from it. And stay away from the house, too. Just in case.

Uh-huh. Whole lotta shakin' going on.

Stock quote: "Oh, yeah? You and what army?"

Mannerisms: J.D. is just on this side of turning into a complete psychotic. Headaches should come and go. Every once in a while (especially if Mary is present), just let loose into a frenzy. Then calm down immediately, look in shock at what you've done, and run off.

People You Know:

Bobby Sherman: Your right hand man in The Killers. Has a great head on his shoulders, and likes to hang around with you because you're so dangerous. *We'll see how much he likes it when you start to get really dangerous.*

Nick Kerensky: "Enforcer" for The Killers. Big and dumb, but with a heart of gold.

James Daniels: Leader of The Good Guys. The only person in town who you have any fear of.

Timmy Carroll: Science geek. One of The Good Guys. You'd catch him alone and beat the snot out of him if you didn't think James would come after you.

Tony Turrelli: Last of The Good Guys. One of these days, he's going to make a smartass comment, and you're going to stick your fist *knife* right down his throat.

Mark Sturvin: A little geek. Son of the richest man in San Inguon. Has everything you've every wanted. He's high on your list of people to terrorize.

Mary Jenkins: Your girl. And you'll break anybody who tries to move in on her. *Kill 'em. Kill 'em. Kill 'em.*

Terry Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. Nick is constantly worried about what Terry is up to. You can understand why- you'd go to Lover's Lane with her in a heartbeat. *She might even let you score a home run. Just like Mary never does with you. Just like James always does with Mary.*

Catherine Thomas: Miss Sweet And Innocent. She sickens you.

Margaret Smith: Edwood High's resident airhead. A complete and utter bimbo.

Laura Fetner: Head of the cheerleading squad. All-around perky and cute and bubbly. Needless to say, she's going out with James.

Wendy Mitchell: Tony's current squeeze. You don't pay that much attention to her.

Sheriff Barnes: The Law of San Inguon. He'd love to catch you doing something illegal so that he could send you to reform school.

C.J. Nickels: The old fart who runs the 5 & Dime in town. Easy to shoplift from, and a great butt for most of your pranks.

Adele Sigelski: Principal of Edwood High. Real Hitler-wannabe. She'd love to transfer you to reform school, too.

Darla Hotchkins: School Nurse. A real wacko- you're sure she's been using some of her own medicine. Say, now that you think about it, she gave all of Edwood High a vaccination about two weeks ago. Maybe you're having an allergic reaction... No, wait. You started getting the headaches the Saturday before the vaccination. Screws that theory...

Goals:

1. Make The Good Guys look like the fools that they are. You've started on this by goading James into drag racing you down I-42 at 2:00. His car handles a little better, but yours is a lot faster. Well, not yours, but the gang's. It's actually Robert's. You don't think he'll mind. *And if he does, who cares?* Besides, you've got Nick working on

ways to spruce it up a bit. Since his father owns the gas station, you should be able to leave James in the dust. [See **Racing Bluesheet for specifics.**] Beyond that, just keep an eye on them and do anything you can to make them look like fools.

2. Terrorize the town. Play pranks, annoy the Sheriff, see if you can give C.J. Nickels a heart attack, that sort of thing.

3. Clear your gang's name. O.K., this is slightly at odds with your other goals, but here's the scoop. Edwood High has what they call "the Ceremonial Throw Pillow." It's this ancient throw pillow. Stitched upon it are all of the names of the graduates of Edwood High who died in World War I. Pretty dorky, right? Well, Sunday night somebody broke into the glass case it's stored in and made off with it. Needless to say, everybody is blaming The Killers. You wouldn't mind, but you guys didn't actually do it. And you know the Sheriff is going to try and pin this one on you so that he can get you sent off to reform school. You have to figure out who framed you.

Goals:

1. Get back at them. Show them who's boss. They're all laughing at you. Laughing at tiny, insignificant you. They think you're the funniest thing on the face of this planet. Show them they're wrong. Get back at them. Hurt them. Show them who's laughing now.

2. Keep an eye on Mary. You know the way she looks at other guys. You know she wants them. You know she doesn't care about you. She just going out with you because it's part of the joke. She's laughing at you too. Keep her out of trouble. Remind her who's the boss. Show her that you're not a joke any more.

Dr. Lawrence Bates

“Those who dream by night in the dusty recesses of their minds wake to find that it was vanity: but the dreamers of the day are dangerous men, for they may act their dreams with open eyes, to make it possible.”

-T.E. Lawrence

Alright, now where did you put that photium concentrator? It should have been in the third desk drawer, but all that was in there was a spare pair of shoes. Well, nothing to do but to search the office and see if you can find it. You'll need it to test the radiation emittance of the third phase of transencion.

You have a system for keeping things straight in your office. No one believes you, and only Timmy Carroll, your lab assistant, was able to understand the way that it works. That's what makes it so annoying not to be able to find things. Everyone who leaves something in your office always just leaves it in some place where it doesn't belong, but because they can't figure out *where* it belongs, they just plop it down someplace. It aggravates you to no end. Why, you think you might just complain to the Lead Scientist at the Labs.

No, wait. You *are* the Lead Scientist at the Labs. Oh, well. No point in complaining to yourself, then. Besides, you might not have the time to deal with the complaint, even if it is your own. After all, you're supposed to be overseeing the scientific production of the entire Labs, not to mention being in charge of the Physics Department. It's a hard thing to juggle. What makes it even worse is that you're supposed to report to General Hiram Cork, the ostensible head of the Research Labs, and he knows nothing of science. You can't count the number of times that you started discussing particle physics and the relationship between amino acids and molecular integrity on to receive a blank look from him.

Alright, it's not in your desk. Maybe it's hidden among the papers on the floor. Alright, let's see. Plans for a Marcissian hydro-powered motor, working model of a hydrogen recombinant annihilator, report on the Titanium Alloy Tipped Nuclear Warhead (T.A.T.N.W.)... better hold on to that. Cork's scheduled a presentation on the projects of the Research Labs for five pm tonight, and you're going to have to explain what the T.A.T.N.W. is. If there's anything you hate more than Cork's blank look, it's forty blank looks.

The T.A.T.N.W. was quite a breakthrough, in your humble opinion. You had first come up with the idea for such a warhead five years ago, while toying with the idea of radial symmetry within a spiral arc, which allows the warhead to penetrate over twenty-three feet of steel before exploding. Unfortunately, the creation of such a warhead needed a laser of third variational quantities, which was impossible back then. Even today, you would need an extremely intricately carved ruby of exactly the right dimension in order to

manufacture one. By an incredible stroke of luck, such a ruby was found in India recently, and you pressured General Cork to purchase it in order to allow you to proceed on the T.A.T.N.W. He agreed after you told him the possible destructive powers of it.

Alright, not in your papers. Maybe it was set down by the chalkboard. Better check over there. One of these days, when you've saved up enough money, you'll retire from government science work and start your own laboratory, where no one can interfere with your plans, mess up your system of order, or generally become a nuisance.

Hmm. Bessiwick fragile comprehension meter, Hartford convergence device, missile trajectory amplifier... it has to be around here somewhere. Ah, there it is... no, that isn't it. That's the plans for a Brownian motion compensation device. A quite neat project of yours. Amplifies radio waves in the vicinity of the device, causing a rupture of the reality around it. Intriguing, but you still haven't figured out what it could be used for.

Maybe Dr. Fields borrowed it. The photium concentrator, that is. He's been working on a new rocket fuel based upon a derivative of a compound the Army found in Roswell, New Mexico. A photium concentrator could allow him to re-polarize the activities of the mixture. And if anyone would borrow something without telling you, he would. He's a strange one, hiding out in his Lab all of the time, playing that classical music incessantly. Still, he does good work, so it's best just to leave him alone. Besides, if he wanted to re-polarize the mixture, all he'd have to do is inverse the heat wave sines, which could be accomplished by undoing the macro. He should know how to do that.

Hmm. Not on your desk, not in your papers, not hiding under the chalkboard. Where could it possibly...

Ah. In your pocket. You didn't think that that was your wallet. Well, there you go then.

Now, why were you looking for it?

Stock quote: "Yes, but if we re-calculate the injunction so as to merge with the diffraction, it would result in a hyper-warp hole which fell back upon itself! That's what we want, isn't it?"

Mannerisms: Dr. Bates is the kindly, good-natured man who runs the Physics Department of the Research Labs and is at least in theory in charge of coordinating the efforts of all of the scientist. He is kind, gregarious, extremely brilliant, absent-minded, and given to long tangents of thinking that lead him to a wonderful theory that has nothing to do with what he was thinking about in the first place.

People You Know:

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. Your boss. The standard gruff, doesn't care how it works so long as it blows up type of man. He's not that bad a guy to work for, although you really need to push him in the right direction at times.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Labs. One of the most brilliant scientists at the Labs, although extremely secretive about his work. Maybe you should talk to him about his progress with the rocket fuel. Who knows? Maybe it could do wonders when working with the T.A.T.N.W.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. The poor guy. His wife died in a car accident two weeks ago, and he really hasn't been the same since. Maybe you could find some way to cheer him up.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. When Dr. Berry, the former Head of Astronomy, retired last week, it took a lot of work to convince General Cork that Dr. Carroll would be the perfect replacement. After all, she's a hard-worker, incredibly intelligent, and devoted to Astronomy. Unfortunately, she's also female, which is why it took so much convincing to get her promoted. You'd better make sure she does a good job; if she messes up in a big way, Cork probably will never listen to you again.

Timmy Carroll: General Lab assistant at the Research Labs. A brilliant young man; he takes after his mother in many ways. Timmy helps out on nearly all of the projects at the Labs, and is invaluable as someone to bounce ideas off of. Usually, he doesn't bounce the idea back in the right direction, but the direction it goes off in usually means a breakthrough on some other project you really hadn't been thinking about.

Goals:

- 1. Keep the Labs running well.** Make sure all of the scientists are working on projects, that their projects are running smoothly, and that everyone is ready for the presentation tonight. After all, you're responsible for the Labs. In addition, if something comes up that the Labs need to work on right away, help organize the effort.

Laura Fetner

“He cannot choose but hear.”
-Coleridge

I don't really understand why *stop* must get that recipe *listening* and then they'll all understand *must* just a simple removal of the hypotenuse *stop* really feel that he loves *listening* need another drink *to* understand that when the full moon comes *it* finally get what she deserves *all*

Oh, God. Oh, God. Just sit down. Calmly put it out of your head. Ignore the cacophony of voices swirling around your ears, just focus on being here. Being Laura Fetner. Being who you are.

What in God's name is going on here? This can't be happening to you. You're too popular for something like this to happen to you. You're too pretty. You're going places.

You don't understand it. You don't understand anything that has happened in the last three days. All of the voices press in, all of the sounds you shouldn't be hearing, that you can't be hearing, all of them pressing at your ears and filling your brain don't want Wendy to know about *no* obviously getting the worst recruits this side *must* he really loves me I'm sure of *shut* suffering from a inferiority complex that *it* then she'll be back and everything *all* find someone to keep the wards *out*

Everything was fine then. Perfect. You couldn't have wanted more out of life. You were the captain of the Cheerleading Squad at Edwood High, a great student who was looking forward to getting into any college she wanted to, and with James Daniels, the most desirable guy in school, as your boyfriend. Life was wonderful. Sure, you had to put up with some problems, like James feeling a need to crusade against J.D. and his gang of juvenile delinquents, or trying to make a competent cheerleading squad out of a class of fifty students. Still, things were going great for you.

And then Wendy asked a favor of you. Wendy's your best friend, and has been your best friend since elementary school. She has always been a bit of a gossip, and when she got to high school, she turned those efforts into running the school newspaper. You helped her out occasionally. And she wanted you to go check out something for one of her stories.

This guy who calls himself Mr. Memorum had driven a bus into San Inguon and set up a little magic and hypnotism act. Wendy was sure that Mr. Memorum was some sort of hoax, and wanted to expose him. She figured that if her paper showed what a con man Mr. Memorum was, it would be a great story, one that might even get her noticed by the Phoenix *Sun*. Wendy wants nothing more than to write for a big-city newspaper.

So you went off after sunset three days ago to investigate Mr. Memorum's little show. Wendy thought that if you poked around his set a little bit, you might find some of his props and be able to show everyone how he "mesmerizes" his assistants. You thought it would be really cool, sort of a secret agent kind of thing.

While you were looking over his props, you heard voices from a nearby window. You peeked through the window, hoping to see if Mr. Memorum was instructing his assistants on how to perform the tricks. What you saw was Mr. Memorum running through his routine, and hypnotizing a guy you had never seen before. Mr. Memorum was holding out a huge watch, and letting it swing slowly by its chain. He was saying something softly, in an extremely deep voice that you really couldn't understand, but you weren't listening too hard because all of your attention was focused upon watching the watch swing slowly back and forth.

That was the last thing you remember about that night. When you woke up, it was nearly dawn, and you were huddled behind some of the crates outside the window you had been looking through. You realized that your parents were going to be furious, and so you ran home. Luckily, your parents had assumed you were out late with Wendy or James or both, and they hadn't gotten up yet, so you avoided any sort of confrontation or punishment. You ran into your room, changed clothes as quickly as you could, and ran off to school so as not to miss the first bell.

And then the voices started. All of these voices, all of these words, pouring into your head, banging away at your skull in a never-ending torrent that feels like it will drive you insane, making it impossible to have a clear thought unless you concentrate on it enough. It took all of your energy to make it through classes without screaming or crying in pain. When school was over, you ignored James asking you something (you couldn't even hear what he was asking) and ran home. You ducked into your room, turned off the lights, and put your head under the pillow to try and stop the voices. It worked; all you heard was beautiful silence.

Then James dropped by. He came into your room, and sat down on the foot of your bed. He looked extremely concerned for you, and you told him that you were feeling better. And then he started talking. Talking about you, about how he cared for you, but not as much as he really said, it was more of just a closer-than-friends relationship but he didn't really want to tell you that because it would break your heart, so now he was going to ask you if you were feeling up for a movie because you looked horrible, absolutely terrible, and why are you looking at me with such a horrified expression?

At you were looking at him with a horrified expression. Not for what he had said about the relationship; you feel pretty much the same way. But because he hadn't said it. As best as you could tell, all he had said was that he wanted to go to a movie with you that night. You had heard him say everything else; but he never spoke it.

You were reading his mind.

You did go to the movies with him that night. But you never watched the movie. You were more interested in listening to the voices. And every time you were around other people, their voices, what they were thinking, rang out clear to you. Of course, standing in the middle of five people meant that the voices you were hearing all crashed together into unintelligible garbage even if no one was actually speaking. But you began to work on blocking the voices out. You would envision a wall, surrounding your head and blocking out all of the voices. It usually works, and you've learned to get through the day acting normally while keeping that wall up constantly. Of course, sometimes the wall crashes down, and you're assaulted by the voices until you can gather enough concentration to stop them. But if you take things nice and slowly, you can keep the voices out.

Once, while feeling extremely daring, you tried to open a chink in that wall, letting only a single other voice in. For a minute or two, you could hear James thinking about how bad the movie you had seen was, but how pretty you had looked afterwards, with that strange smile on your face. Then the break in the wall split open, and all of the voices spilled in again. It took you a couple of minutes to fight the onslaught of babble and get the wall placed back up again. You might be able to do it again, but it's not something you want to work too hard on. You have enough trouble keeping the wall up as it is.

Somehow, you don't think this is the story that Wendy was looking for.

Stock quote: "Oh, like, that is so cool!"

Mannerisms: Wendy is the basic All-American girl; a happy, perky, sunny, and exceedingly shallow cheerleader who sees the good side of everything and everyone. She is slowly learning to deal with her new "ability," but certainly doesn't have the hang of it yet.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Class trouble-maker. He runs this gang called The Killers who try to cause as much mischief as they possibly can. He's been getting really violent lately, and you worry that he might try to hurt someone.

Robert Sherman: One of The Killers. He's the brains in the outfit. You don't know why he hangs around J.D. so much; he seemed like such a nice guy back in junior high.

Nick Kerensky: Another of The Killers. He's the muscle of the outfit. Big, strong, and dumb.

James Daniels: Your boyfriend. The All-American boy: captain of the football team, class president, and valedictorian. Every girl in the school would love to be dating him.

Timmy Carroll: The class geek. Always has his head buried in some science textbook. A grade-A bore.

Tony Turrelli: The class clown. He's going out with Wendy, which you think is her loss, personally. Sure, he's fun to hang around at times, but it's not like he's achieving things with his life like James is.

Mark Sturvin: The richest kid in class. Son of Harold Sturvin, the richest man in San Inguon. He seems really obnoxious and stuck up.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girl friend. You don't know how anyone could put up with him. Some people just have no taste.

Teresa Kerensky: One of Wendy's friends. She used to be a big tomboy, but now she's gotten interested in boys in a big way. Still, with Nick threatening to beat up any guy who so much as looks at her the wrong way, you doubt she'll get very far.

Catherine Thomas: A complete and utter loser. Absolutely out of current styles, and doesn't really seem to care.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. You'd feel smug and superior about her if it weren't for the fact that some people (who must have no taste) think she's more attractive than you.

Wendy Mitchell: Your best friend. She's a bit nosy and a bit of a gossip, and she did get you into this mess that you're in, but she's still your best friend.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. A really strict disciplinarian. She's such a drag.

Darla Hotchkins: School nurse. A lot of guys at school really lust for her. You personally think she's kind of spooky. Especially given the glow in her eyes when she was doing class vaccinations last week.

Goals:

1. Keep your new-found "ability" a secret. Lord knows you don't want to become some sort of social outcast or pariah because of this. And you don't want anything spoiling your chance of being elected Queen of San Inguon at the sock hop tonight. So make sure no one finds out about what's going on. Especially not James. That might mean he'd want to break up with you, and that would just wreck your social standings.

2. Find out what's going on with this "ability." It couldn't have been just the hypnotism; you were hypnotized by a magician on your thirteenth birthday, and if it was just the hypnotism, then it would have kicked in then.

3. Find out what the deal is with Mr. Memorum. Okay, so he's obviously a real hypnotist. What's the deal with him coming to San Inguon? This is such a small town with such a dead social life that he couldn't possibly be here to make money. Wendy's still counting on you to figure this out.

Doctor Marshall Fields

“Same thing we do every night, Pinky. Try and take over the world!”
-The Brain

They laughed at you at the university. They said such power could never be harnessed. They said nothing would come of your experiments. But you will prove them wrong, and toss aside their banal ideas of the universe aside like a used tissue. For you now have the power in your hands to- dare you say it?- rule the world!

As a chemistry professor in a small college in California, you knew that someday you would rule the world. You knew that someday you would unleash the kind of power that would allow you to rule mankind with an iron fist, lording over those people who are weak and worthless, and especially having a wonderful revenge against all of those bullies who beat you up for your lunch money in elementary school. You were obsessed with finding out the secrets that would allow you such power. Every day, after tossing off a lecture or two, you would rush back to your office and feverishly study as hard as you could, expanding your knowledge of the sciences in the hope, the faint glimmer of hope that somehow you would come across a secret that would give you the power to- dare you say it?- rule the world!

Nothing could dissuade you from your quest. Even when a rash of letter bombs killed off a number of graduate students, you ignored it, knowing that taking any time from your studies would make it that much harder to conquer all. Every night, late into the night, you would pore over old texts, sometimes chemistry, sometimes biology, sometimes physics, and sometimes (when you were really desperate) alchemy. Every iota of your being was focused upon the single goal of- dare you say it?- ruling the world!

Four years ago, a break finally landed your way. The government had established a Research Lab in Fort Lucas Rita, located in San Inguon, Arizona. The former head of the Chemistry department had passed on after an unfortunate accident involving formic acid and a milk truck, and the person in charge was desperate for new help. You came highly recommended, and were asked to take over the helm of the Chemistry Department. You jumped at the chance; it would allow you to attempt to test some of your theories rather than simply working them out on paper. And as much as you loved working at the college, the students of which had voted you “Most Likely To Be Devoured By One Of His Own Creations” three years running, you knew that you would never have another opportunity like this. An opportunity that would allow you to - dare you, oh okay, it’s getting repetitious.

Anyways, following your path towards destiny, you moved to San Inguon and took the Chemistry Department to extremes it had never seen before. You pushed the boundaries of chemistry (and sometimes good taste) with new and exciting experiments,

all designed for destructive power. Needless to say, the military loved it, and you are well respected. But still, the breakthrough never came. You would work all day at the Labs, then come home to study through the night, hoping for something that would show you what needed to be done. You haven't slept in over four years, and will never sleep until you finally have in your hands the means of ruling the world! Thank God for coffee.

Now, however, it seems that things will all work out for you. A month ago, a top secret package arrived for you from some friends in Washington. It contained a high-grade rocket fuel, which you have dubbed "Serum X." Its properties are absolutely astounding. As far as you can tell, it is a non-toxic, bio-degradable, dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain that has the faint taste of chocolate syrup. But even more astounding are its effects. The number of stimuli that activate it seem to be unlimited, and each stimulant evokes a different reaction! It took you two weeks just to narrow down a single, applicable stimuli. Apparently, when mixed with a certain percentage of a certain quality meat, if fed to iguanas, it causes them to grow to immense sizes! Why, with a giant army of iguanas, you could terrorize the town, destroy the military base, create wide-spread panic and chaos, and force the government to submit to your will before you unleash a stream of giant iguanas across California! Perfect!

You quickly moved your tests from the Labs to a large cave in the southern mesas. After all, if you continued the experiment at the Labs, it was feasible that someone might notice and try to stop you. It took a while to move the larger iguanas, hook up a sound system (you can't truly concentrate without Beethoven or Brahms at high volumes in the background; you've got a sound system at the Labs as well), and continue your experiments. Everything is now all set for your reign of terror. The iguanas are all housed in protective cages so strong it would take an earthquake to break them. You have implanted a small electronic device in the base of each of their spines, allowing you to control them from a distance via electric shocks. You have spent every night for the last week walking them to the top of the mesa, from where the town will get one good look at them before being crushed like the ants they are. At five o'clock tonight, at the beginning of the "presentation" where the other mealy-mouthed scientists will be preparing to explain how their new projects work, you will show the town your true power! Bwa-hah-hah-hah-hah!

It's a good thing that you've moved your experiments to the mesas. It seems as if everyone is closing in upon you at the Labs. When you first received the vials of Serum X, there were twenty test tubes. You used four for the first set of experiments, and another six have been used to grow the giant iguanas. But in looking over your lab this morning, you only counted seven! Someone is stealing Serum X from you!

You're sure that it's Dr. Forbes. Two weeks ago he asked you for your help in trying to find a dehydrated mono-nuclear hydro-oxium chain to help with his experiments. You told him that you knew of no such things. You were lying, of course. He was talking about Serum X. And you know that it was not a friendly question. No! Dr. Forbes is obviously on the same track as you, and has started to uncover the mysteries of Serum X!

It was obvious to you that he was mocking you, laughing at your attempt to rule the world when he was going to rule it first. He needed to be taken care of. So late that night, you snuck over to his house and cut the brake lines on his car. Unfortunately, he came down with the flu and it was his wife who first drove their car that morning. A pity; Rachael wasn't a bad person. But nonetheless, Dr. Forbes still lives, and you are sure that your attempt to kill him has only strengthened his will to take over the world before you can do so first! You'll have to do something about him; distract him, detain him, something. Killing is the obvious choice, but it's messy and not a guaranteed thing; and this close to achieving your dream, it is far too dangerous.

And there are others to watch as well. Someone has been stealing Serum X. Is it Dr. Forbes? Perhaps. But maybe it's Timmy, your lab assistant. He seems far too knowledgeable about science for the average high-schooler. And he's so nice and sweet. It must be an act; perhaps he's a trained Communist spy, disguised as a seventeen-year old boy, trying to steal your secrets so that the Soviets can rule the world before you do! Or maybe it's Dr. Bates. Certainly, he acts like a doddering old fool, but that act covers a keen, insightful intelligence, you know it. And Dr. Carroll? The fact that her superior left the Labs to go teach at college, opening up the position for her to fill, seems just a bit too convenient. And General Cork? Maybe the military knows exactly what you're doing. Maybe the military has its own secret arsenal of giant killer iguanas, and will eliminate you to keep the secret safe! Maybe they're all in it together! You must keep your eyes open and your senses acute; if people knew about your project, they'd try to stop you. And you can't let anything stop you. Not when you're this close.

Stock Quote: "With something like this, I could- dare I say it?- rule the world!"

Mannerisms: Dr. Fields is the standard evil scientist, paranoid, irascible, and absolutely obsessive. This is important- ignore everything around you unless it pertains in some way to your grand plan to take over the world. Unless it impacts your plans, it's unimportant.

People You Know:

Timmy Carroll: A local high-school student who helps out at the Labs. You think he's up to something, but you're not sure what.

General Hiram Cork: The commander of Ft Lucas Rita and the Research Labs. Does he know exactly what you're up to? Maybe he does. If so, you'd better take care of him.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department, and Lead Scientist for the Labs. He plays the part of the absent-minded scientist well; too well, in your opinion. He must be up to something.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department. He knows of your plans. You're sure of it. You'll have to find out exactly how much he knows, and take actions accordingly. He seems to be a dangerous opponent- be careful around him.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department. Her rise to power seems too unlikely. She must be up to something.

Goals:

1. Rule the world. Your giant iguanas should be more than enough to take on the town, but just in case, keep your eyes open. If anything new comes up that might help you to rule the world, jump on it. Above all, don't let on that you're up to something until you're ready to deliver the death blow to this town. If anyone knew what was going on, they'd try to stop you, and you can't have that, now can you?

2. What else is there? Nothing! Rule the world! If it doesn't help you to rule the world, ignore it! Romance, office politics, newspaper reporters, it doesn't matter. If it doesn't obviously help you to rule the world, ignore it. Sure, you're a one-trick pony, but by God, what a trick it'll be!

Marigold “Mary” Jenkins

“It is impossible to love and be wise.”
-Francis Bacon

He doesn't mean it. You know he doesn't. It's just that sometimes he loses control. And when he loses control, he accuses you of all of the things that would destroy his love for you; infidelity, deception, jealousy. And so many times he's right, isn't he? You know he loves you, and you love him. But still you find yourself attracted to others. And while you love him, you care about him, you need him, you worry about him, sometimes your worry comes not from what he's doing to himself but from fear of what he will do to you. But he loves you, and would never hurt you. Sometimes he hits you. But only when you deserve it.

You remember the first time you met him. Your father had died in World War II, one of the first men to lay his blood upon the beaches of Normandy. Your mother passed away when you were six, killed by the man she had sworn she would marry. Sometimes you remember the blood running down the stairs from where she fell; only you and he knew she was pushed. But to tell would bring his anger upon you, so you told the police that she had been drinking, and she slipped. They believed you. They always do.

With no family to care for you, you were sent off to one orphanage after another. Four years ago, you arrived at San Inguon to live at Reverend Hines' orphanage. Hines took care of the girls who had passed the age of regular adoption; those for whom the orphanages would bring to adulthood. It did not bother you much; being unchosen had become a fact of life that you had learned to accept.

School had never really mattered much to you. Edwood High was filled with the kind of people who were full of purpose, simply idling until they could break out into the fields they had chosen. You never had purpose. You saw what kind of life you could expect when your mother was pushed down the stairs. But you played the game well, pretending to be part of the team, showing yourself as a bright young girl filled with spunk, never letting on that you knew how little life would give you.

It was at a pool hall a couple months ago when you first met J.D. You were skipping school, something you did when the futility of it all came crashing down upon you, when you needed to experience fun because of how little enjoyment you expected from the future. The pool hall is a popular place to hang out when skipping class; many of the drop-outs who hang out there could take on the Sheriff in a fair fight, not that any of them ever fought fair. Needless to say, the Sheriff never really came in to check for truants. All of the other girls thought going there was dangerous, but you never really cared. How deadly can danger be to someone like you?

J.D. was there with his pals Robert and Nick. You were nursing a Coke in the corner and just looking around when he came up to you. He looked like Marlon Brando in his T-shirt, blue jeans and leather jacket. He started doing the worst impression of James Dean that you had ever heard. You had to laugh, you couldn't help it, and he smiled at you and asked if he could buy you a Coke. You showed him the one in your hand. He blushed a little, then Robert shouted out that maybe he should ask you to buy J.D. one. J.D. turned around and raised his pool stick above his head like a batter at the plate, as Robert cowered in mock fear. He then turned back to you, smiled, and asked if you'd like to go to a movie.

And you realized then that these people knew their lives were going to turn out like yours, but they just didn't care. Instead of quietly accepting their fates and letting life ram them six feet under, they were out looking for danger, reveling in the fear they caused. It was exciting, and it was bold. Everyone was running from their past. Nick's father is a tyrant who runs the local gas station, Robert simply doesn't talk about his family, and J.D. refuses to even have you come near where he lives. They gave you a reason to live, a hope that things don't work out as planned, and even if they do, you can still have a blast along the way.

You started going steady with J.D. after going to the movies with him that night. He's really a different person from what everyone else thinks. Before you had met him, everyone talked about him like he was some sort of hoodlum. He's not. He's a bit of a prankster, given to jokes, but he's not a hoodlum. He's bright, he's caring, and he's the sweetest person you've known. Until Robert. No, no, don't think about Robert, think about J.D. You love J.D. He loves you. That's why he gets so mad at you.

You remember when it started. It was two weeks ago. You and J.D. had gone out to see a movie and were sitting around outside the theater afterwards. You saw someone across the street who you vaguely recognized, and you were remembering that Theresa, Nick's younger sister, had been telling you about the time this guy and her had gone up to Lover's Lane, and you were trying to focus on his name when J.D. stood up at started yelling at you that you were a lying little slut who was leading him on and while he loved you, while he was devoted to you, you were giving other boys the eye and wondering how good they were in the back seat of a car and laughing at J.D. behind his back and *wham* he punched you in the eye. And you started to cry, partly because what he did hurt, partly because what he said had hurt, and partly because, well, it was true, wasn't it? Didn't you laugh at J.D. when you first met him? Didn't you simply keep quiet when the other girls joked about what it must be like to go out with him? And weren't you looking at this guy across the street, thinking about what Theresa had said about him, and wondering if it was true? And what it might be like? I mean, you and J.D. have done some things at Lover's Lane, but nothing too serious, nothing below the waist, because you're not sure that it would be right, it might turn the love you two have into lust, which is something you could get with anyone, but here you have something special, right? So wasn't he right?

Enough makeup covered the bruise, and it's gone now. But still, J.D. gets these... these headaches that make him explode and scream at you about what he thinks you're doing behind his back and how you don't really love him and how you're just using him and sleeping around, laughing at him the entire time. And then finally he'll slap you or hit you and then his anger will be gone and he'll be so sorry for what he's done or he'll look at you in horror, the horror of realizing that he's going steady with someone he despises so much, and he'll run off. Leaving you to rub your bruises and cry.

And Robert... Robert does not love you. Remember that. You are the girlfriend of his best friend, so he cares about you only so long as you're going out with J.D. and if, God forbid, the two of you were ever to break up, he would go back to completely ignoring you. He does not love you. J.D. loves you. You love J.D.

But Robert... Robert has helped you out when J.D. has run off. Putting ice on your bruises, driving you home on the nights that J.D. left you stranded, and talking to you. And he can be so sweet and caring, it's almost as if he can see into your soul and find the best way to care for you. Sometimes, sometimes you think that...

You love J.D. He loves you. Now do you see why he has to hit you? God, you're thinking about going off with his best friend! How can you do that to him? After all he's done for you, after all he's been to you, how can you do that?

How?

Stock quote: "Whatever you want, J.D."

Mannerisms: Mary is depressed, confused, and in an abusive relationship that she doesn't want out of. Only Robert and J.D. know this though; everyone else sees her as the cute, perky and spunky kind of girl she pretends to be when people are watching.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: The love of your life. The person who matters most to you. You really believe that. Honestly.

Robert Sherman: Maybe if you just try not to think about him, things will work out.

Nick Kerensky: A big, lovable sweetheart. A bit slow, but a really nice guy. He's the muscle in J.D.'s gang.

James Daniels: Captain of the football team, star quarterback, valedictorian. Someone who is going to bend life to his own will. Unlike you. He dislikes J.D. and his gang, so you try to avoid him.

Timmy Carroll: Class science geek. Incredibly intelligent. A frequent butt of J.D.'s pranks.

Tony Turrelli: Class clown. Quick with quips and great with jokes. J.D. really dislikes him.

Mark Sturvin: Richest kid at Edwood High. Someone else who will have no problem sailing through life. He's probably as obnoxious as all of the other rich kids you've met.

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's a bit adventurous, and she's been going up to Lover's Lane with a lot of guys recently.

Catherine Thomas: The other girl at Hines' Orphanage. She stays to herself, but then again, so do you.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. No brains at all. What makes it even worse is that her figure will let her sail through life without needing any. Sometimes you wish you were all looks and no brains; it would be easier to deal with your situation if you didn't have to think about it.

Laura Fetner: Class cheerleader. Bright, perky, attractive, and all-around the kind of girl you wish you really were instead of pretending to be. She's going out with James, which is all the more reason to avoid her.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter. Writes for the Edwood High paper. Not a bad person, although she's a bit nosy.

Reverend Hines: Fair and kind. You're surprised to see someone this competent and honest in charge of an orphanage, given some of the ones you've been through. Like that one in Philadelphia where.... best just not to think about that.

Goals:

1. Stand by your man. Stand by J.D. through thick and thin. Let him know how much you love him. Protect him from those who would like to get him in trouble. Keep him out of harm's way. Stay by him.

2. Avoid your feelings for Robert. He doesn't love you. He doesn't love you. Just keep reminding yourself of that.

Atheruj Vishamij aka “Mr. Memorum”

“Fanaticism consists of redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim.”
-George Santayana

In the beginning, there were the Two. Teravmish, the Creator; and Angevud, the Destroyer. From Teravmish came the light that opened this universe, from him came the Earth and the Sun and the Stars; from Angevud came the darkness that swallowed, from her came the blackness between the stars, the night, the demons.

But the Children of the Two fought amongst themselves, coveting the domains and powers of the others; and so, the Two realized that the only way to keep the Gods from destroying themselves was to create a race of men, men who would believe and worship the Gods, who would give the Gods power, and whom the Gods could direct their fights through.

And so men worshipped the Gods. Many worshipped Teravmish; only a handful worshipped Angevud. And when the Hindus came from the south, bringing with them war and destruction and gods such as Shiva, Kali, and others, the worshippers of Angevud were thought to be extinct.

They were not. They were merely in hiding, praying to Angevud for revenge. Unfortunately, revenge never came. The Hindus settled here, claiming the land as their own, and Angevud looked down upon the destruction and refused to intervene, even for her worshippers. Sometimes, you have to admit, she can be awfully shortsighted.

You are Atheruj Vishamij, the current High Priest of the Cult of Angevud. Admittedly, with only a couple dozen worshippers remaining in all of Northern India, it's not a hard job to get. But still, with that job comes a responsibility to Angevud. A responsibility to worship her, to destroy for her, and to avenge her. And while there's not much your little cult can do, it's the thought that counts, right?

To be quite honest, things have not been going well for the cult of Angevud. There were many who still worshipped her in secret after the invasion, but when no divine retribution appeared, many of the faithful simply lost their faith and joined the Hindus. And it's hard to go out recruiting for a religion that emphasizes death and destruction, especially a religion that has been outlawed for over six hundred years.

Still, you've tried to do your best. You even organized a bake sale last year, in order to raise money to help repair some minor damage taken to the ancient shrine after a small earthquake. Unfortunately, those who did not know the cult felt no reason to purchase anything, and those who did worried that you had poisoned the cookies. Which

was utter nonsense. Why poison someone willing to help out Angevud? Besides, given how destitute the cult is, you couldn't even afford to poison the cookies.

Then, six months ago, came the intruder. You had received word from friends in the local villages that a Caucasian woman was coming through, asking a lot of questions about your cult. Fearing that the authorities had stumbled onto your presence, you and your followers fled deep into the mountains until she had left.

That was a tactical mistake. For she was not looking for the temple in order to destroy it, or to exorcise it. She was looking to loot it. Back when the Cult of Angevud had been stronger and richer, the great High Priest Gisadijav had made a great idol of Angevud, complete with two giant rubies set into her eyes to represent the stones of Theravoost, God of the Earth, who gave them to Angevud to see through after Mishavij, The Prankster, had ripped them out. They were the pride of the cult. And she stole them, along with several pieces of furniture. The stones, you understand. They're worth a lot. Stone furniture, on the other hand, confuses you. Why would anyone steal that? These Caucasians are inscrutable.

In any case, the temple was defiled. You learned that the defiler was Dr. Angela Bailey, who fancied herself an archaeologist, whatever that means. You knew what had to be done. You called upon the Secret Ancient Death Cult of Angevud to track her down and kill her.

Unfortunately, the Secret Ancient Death Cult of Angevud had only three remaining members, two of whom were over sixty-five, and the third of whom broke his leg on the trip to the temple to get the assignment. One of the two elderly ones had a heart attack trying to bring the young one to town, so your Death Cult turned out to be a single guy, well into his seventies, whose knowledge of death techniques were limited to "hitting them over the head again and again with a rock."

If you want anything done, you've got to do it yourself.

So you sent the lone Death Cultist back home and resolved to personally catch this Dr. Bailey and make her pay. Unfortunately, that was easier said than done. First, you had to get yourself into shape with your Kuvish knives; then you practiced the ancient art of blowgunning. Finally, you were ready to catch up with her.

At least, you would have been if there had been any money in the Cult coffers. All that was there was a few rupees from the latest membership drive. Pathetic. It wouldn't even take you to New Dehli.

So, you used your mystical powers of hypnosis and mental control in the incredible degrading experience of being a traveling magician. As "Mr. Memorum," you traveled the countryside, showing off your powers in exchange for enough rupees to get you closer to Dr. Bailey. Mile by mile, you traveled in a dilapidated old bus that you had found being

“unused” in a village. Sure, the driver had only stepped out to get lunch, but he wasn’t using it then, now was he? Finder’s keepers.

Finally, you reached Bombay, cursing your fate and counting the ways you would kill Dr. Bailey. Only to find that she had returned to America to begin an expedition there. So you went on tour again, desperately trying to raise the money you needed to get yourself and your bus transported to America.

You wanted the bus with you because you needed a cover. In addition, the way things had been working out so far, you wouldn’t have been surprised if some disaster hit you in America and you would need to do your act for another couple of months to get the money you needed to find Dr. Bailey. You were right; passage cost a great deal more than your thought, and trying to explain your custom blowdart guns to the custom officials was not a pleasant experience.

But in any case, here you are in San Inguon, Arizona, the site of Dr. Bailey’s latest dig. You have set up your bus in town and promised to do a show or two. You probably should; you’ll need money to get back home. But in any case, what is most important right now is that you kill Dr. Angela Bailey. Then you can recover the stones, and go back to...

Wait. What if she’s hidden the stones? Or sold them? Hmm. Alright, so first, you’ll need to talk to her and find out where the stones are. Then you’ll have to get them back. Then you’ll kill Dr. Bailey. And then, you should probably kill whomever owns the stones right now, if that isn’t Dr. Bailey.

Then, you can return the stones safely to the shrine and bask in the glory of your service to Angevud. And maybe you’ll even pick up a few new cultists.

Standard quote: “You are getting sleepy... very sleepy...”

Mannerisms: Mr. Memorum acts like the quintessential English gentleman (he did receive his masters in Ancient Religions at Oxford, after all), but with an extremely determined stare. Seemingly aloof and uncaring, he is devoted to Angevud and will stop at nothing to recover the jewels.

People You Know:

Dr. Angela Bailey: Desecrator of the temple of Angevud. Filthy American pig-dog Christian jewel-stealing thug. Destroy her. Slowly. Painfully.

Goals:

1. Recover the jewels. Even if you kill Dr. Bailey, it means nothing if you have to return home empty-handed. Find out where the two Stones of Theravoost are, and steal them back.

2. Kill Dr. Bailey. After you get the stones, that is. Make sure she knows exactly why she is going to be killed as well.

3. Kill whoever owned the jewels. If someone stole them or bought them from Dr. Bailey, they need to be killed as well.

Margaret Smith

“Since it is seldom clear whether intellectual activity denotes a superior mode of being or a vital deficiency, opinion swings between considering intellect a privilege and seeing it as a handicap.”

-Barzun

Thank Bethwik¹ that school is over for the year. Nothing bores you more than sitting around in physics class, learning about the “mysteries” of the atom. I mean, the exact photo-ecstatic principle behind electro-magnetism indicates the exact structure of the atom to within a degree of probability. Quantum mechanics then illustrates that the physical structure of an atom is rendered mostly indefinable except at specific points within the time stream. But all the teacher wants to talk about are neutrons, protons, and electrons. You learned all these things when you were four.

If it were just that you had to rehash old material before going on to new concepts, it would be at least somewhat bearable. But that’s not the case. In fact, most of the scientists on Earth know less about the sciences than the average high-schooler back home on Thwark. So you’re stuck here, re-learning all of the concepts you needed to know to pass your fourth grade general exam. To add insult to injury, you can’t even let on about how remedial these subjects are to you. When you and your family first arrived upon this planet, you made no effort to hide your disdain for your classes, and you astounded your teachers with your knowledge. You felt great about being able to show supposed figures of authority exactly how much more intelligent you were than they. But your father was furious. His reason for bringing everyone to Earth in the first place (which meant having to spend three weeks learning English and undergoing cosmetic surgery to make you look human) was to infiltrate Earth’s research labs and politics. He was supposed to be a spy for the Thwarkian Empire determining whether Earth was worth the effort of trying to ally with, or whether it should simply be destroyed. And here you were, blowing his cover by showing off. You were grounded for three months, and every day your mother would come to your room and help you practice acting docile and unintelligent, like most Earth women.

So now your life is pretty much a humiliation. You have worked hard to build up a reputation as an airhead, completely misinterpreting and misunderstanding everything that goes on around you. Most people think that if they shone a flashlight in your ear, light would come out the other one. Your father is proud of you for this. You despise it. You want nothing more than to be yourself, to show everyone what you’re really like.

Besides, it’s so hard to meet guys when you’re playing the space cadet. Oh, sure, lots of guys come up to you and ask you out. But they only want to go up to Lover’s

¹ Beth’.wik, *n.* Thwarkian God of the Sun and prime deity in the original Thwarkian pantheon. Known for protecting the great warriors of the Thwarkian race. When used in this context, it is the relative equivalent of the English, “Thank God.”

Lane and fool around for a while, which isn't really what you're looking for. You want someone who will care about you, who will let you do what you want to do and stand by you as you do it, someone you can be yourself around. But no one wants to get involved with an airhead. I mean, nothing would bore you more than having to sit around listening to someone who couldn't use a sentence with polysyllabic words. Why should human guys be any different? And even worse, what would happen if you showed yourself as so intelligent to someone who expected you to be so dumb? All of the guys you think could handle you as you are, are turned off by how you pretend to be. Except one.

Mark Sturvin. He's always been kind of quiet and shy, but you've noticed that the closer you stand to him, the quieter and shyer he gets. Finally, last week, he finally broke the ice and asked you if you'd like to go with him to the sock hop. You immediately said yes. After all, he's kind of cute and kind of smart. And you think he could handle it if you showed how smart you were. You think. Actually, maybe you just hope that. You're not sure. Maybe he'd be scared off by that and would never talk to you again, and everyone would give you weird looks because of things he said about you. Kriverbs², it's hard being here on Earth.

Although, you have to admit that if you had never come to Earth, you'd never have heard of rock and roll. Back on Thwark, the Supreme Leader has declared all music other than those of the great Thwarkian classical composers to be heretical and unclean, so you grew up listening to the "greats" like Spengler³ and Ferdwitz⁴, whose music was droning, long, and without any sort of backbeat.

You heard rock and roll for the first time in Pop's Malt Shop. You were sitting there after class one afternoon, trying to do your homework for English class (okay, okay, so the incredible intelligence doesn't really mean much when faced with literature, we've all got our handicaps), when someone dropped a dime into the jukebox and Bill Haley and The Comets started playing. It was like a revelation to you. You could feel the music moving through you, the drums pounding out the beat in your heart, your body swaying in time to the rhythm. And then people got up and started to dance. And you joined them, and you were free, beautifully and wonderfully free, letting yourself be taken in by the music, letting yourself go and simply dance in whatever way you wanted to the beat that shook your body and your soul, joined by a dozen other kids, all united by the simple power of rock and roll. It was breathtaking.

Needless to say, your father does not approve of any of this. Being a trained musician in the Militarism school⁵, he despises rock and roll with a passion. You

² Kri.verbs', *n.* Feces.

³ Carpathian Spengler (16236-16353), founder of the Atonal school of classical Thwarkian music. He was the first musician to use a five-tone system based upon the fourth sharps within the minor chord layout, which many musicians have cited as the main influence for the following twelve centuries.

⁴ Verdarian Ferdwitz (18234-18411), composer for the Thwarkian Alliance Military from 18311-18411, and considered the most typical of the Militarism school of composers.

⁵ Militarism school: Type of music standardized by Verdarian Ferdwitz, usually set to a strong, unrelenting martial beat which emphasizes the stiffness and strength of the music.

remember how furious he was when he found an Elvis record hidden under your bed. He grounded you for two weeks, and insisted that you listen to Ferdwitez albums every day in your room. And if he even thought that you were going to go out with some Earthling boy, he'd be all over you regarding the innate superiority of the Thwarkian Race and how no mere Earthling could ever offer you what a true Thwarkian male could.

But you think they can. In fact, you think they can offer you more than any Thwarkian boy could. Earthlings are so free. So free with ideas, free with their music, free with themselves. Thwark is a wonderful place, but it's so full of rules and strict punishments for those who do not follow. Here, you can do what you want when you want to. There are rules, but there's a wonderful, melodic anarchy surrounding every part of life here.

You really hope Dad doesn't have to destroy Earth. If he did, there would be no Chuck Berry, no Buddy Holly, no Elvis, no rock and roll. You'd better make sure Dad isn't about to do something that you're going to regret for the rest of your life.

Stock quote: "Oh. Like, wow."

Mannerisms: Margaret does a really good job of pretending to be an utter bimbo. Inside, she's full of ideas and theory and knows more than probably most of the scientist put together. Admittedly, she knows very little about Earth history or culture, and some of her bimboity probably comes from that as well.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: He runs a gang called The Killers who pull pranks all over town. He's obviously responding to a deprived and abusive childhood, letting out his anger in the form of jokes on people he blames for his own inadequacies. And he's really cute in that leather jacket.

Robert Sherman: A member of The Killers. Given his middle-class background, he's obviously in a rebellious stage of his life and acting out the standard teenage immortality fixation.

Nick Kerensky: One of the biggest kids in school, and a member of The Killers. He's acting out the stereotype of the dumb jock, which obviously hides a deep personal pain that he wishes to keep secret. He is probably more intelligent than he acts, but childhood abuse regarding his size probably caused him to adopt the standard "big oaf" personality in order to shield himself from criticism.

James Daniels: Captain of the football team, class president, and valedictorian. He's started up his own gang, The Good Guys, to counteract the shenanigans of The Killers. A classic over-achiever who comes from an unstable home life, thus causing him to seek approval from others through his own achievements, not realizing that the rebellious phase of teenage life probably is causing his peers to resent him.

Timmy Carroll: School science "geek." He's actually very intelligent, and rational to the point of ignoring most of the "style" of today's teenagers, thus earning him enmity amongst those who resent his intelligence, and causing them to attack him based upon his

lack of adoption of the latest clothing types. You tend to stay away from him, because if he found out about how intelligent you are, you would devalue the only thing of importance he feels he has- his own intelligence.

Tony Turrelli: Class clown. He's of above average intelligence (for humans), but focuses his intelligence upon making plays on words and jokes rather than focusing it upon a scientific subject. His use of jokes indicates someone lacking in self-esteem who feels it necessary to laugh at the world in order to keep from thinking about how scary it is.

Mark Sturvin: The richest kid in class. He asked you out to tonight's dance. You really hope you've found someone who can accept you for who you really are.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. You think he abuses her somewhat, and it is obvious from her mannerisms that she comes from an abusive and solitary childhood, and expects nothing but abuse from those around her. She isn't a bad person, but you don't think it is your job to break the circle of violence for her; without her willing to be out of that circle, all you would do would be to move her on to a new abusive relationship.

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She normally acts like quite the tomboy, but she has evinced a great interest recently in going up with boys to Lover's Lane. It confuses you; it's not the way she normally acts.

Catherine Thomas: She keeps to herself mostly, but her solitude is one of choice by someone who feels herself superior to those around her. From talking to her occasionally, you feel she has some meglomaniacal tendencies, and refuses to associate with most of those her own age unless she can use them to her advantage.

Laura Fetner: Probably the only well-adjusted student in all of Edwood High. She's the class cheerleader, and sometimes she acts like the person you pretend to be. This scares you.

Wendy Mitchell: School reporter. She's obviously rebelling against the anti-female social hierarchy by attempting to succeed in an industry usually given to anti-female biases. Be *very* careful around her; anything you say could end up in the school paper.

Harold Smith: Your father. He's an expert spy for the Thwarkian empire. You wish he just understood you more.

Bess Smith: Your mother. She used to be one of the premier Space Marine commanders until she had to come with you and Dad to infiltrate this planet. She sometimes resents having to give up a job she loved in order to help your father with his career, and sometimes you stayed up at nights listening to them argue. Still, she is devoted to your father and to you, although she'll always take your father's side in arguments.

Adele Sigelski: Principal of Edwood High. She's extremely strict, which reminds you far too much of Thwarkian Schools. Some of the students call her Principal "Siegheil"ski. You have no idea what that means.

Goals:

- 1. Deal with this entire date thing.** Find out about Mark, and try to figure out whether he could deal with it if you told him the real truth about yourself. In addition, try to find out exactly what's involved in going out on a date. You've never been on one before, and you really don't want to scare Mark away simply because you did something that wasn't considered right by Earth standards. Maybe you should talk to one of the other girls and try to get advice.

2. Stay out of trouble. The last thing you need is for Dad to ground you, especially if it keeps you from going to the dance. Make sure Dad doesn't know about your date with Mark, and try to pretend to be the good Thwarkian girl who hates rock and roll.

3. Keep tabs on Dad. If he does decide to destroy the planet, you'll have to find some way to stop him. You don't know what or how, but you'll have to do something to keep rock and roll alive. Not to mention cute guys like Mark.

Mark Sturvin

“Man is no man, but a wolf.”

-Plautus

When you think about things, you have to admit that you’ve got it pretty good. I mean, you’re kind of popular, an attractive girl is going to the Sock Hop with you, and you’re the richest kid in town. Things are going real well.

If only you could remember what happened last night.

It was a pretty normal night, by all standards. You had been hanging out at Pop’s Malt Shop, talking with friends, laughing about the movie you had seen the night before, reveling in the fact that the school year had just ended. You were having a lot of fun. But Robert was going off to meet J.D. for some sort of mischief, and you knew you weren’t invited. Robert’s part of this gang called “the Killers.” Not that they’ve killed anyone. That you know of. I mean, Robert’s not the kind of guy to kill someone. J.D.; well, you never really thought of him as the violent type. But Robert was talking about some of the things J.D. had been up to recently, and he sounded really scared. And Robert’s the last guy in the world who would be afraid of anything. But still, they seem to have a lot of fun hanging out together. And you’d like to hang out with them.

In any case, Robert had to go, so you went on home. You went up to your room and started working on one of your model airplanes. It’s a B-17 bomber, a beautiful model of the kind you’d like to fly someday. Dad wants you to take over the family businesses when you get out of college, but you’re seriously thinking about joining the Air Force. You’ve been in planes before, and there’s a freedom there; a beauty in knowing that you’re doing something that mankind had always dreamed of doing. Nothing makes you feel more free, so unfettered by troubles. It’s a peace, a serenity. You’d love to spend your whole life working with airplanes.

So you were working on one of your models. Dad had gone out on a business meeting out in Phoenix, so you were alone in the house (Mom having left him years ago). And something happened. You don’t know what. But something big happened. All you remember is the sudden pain throughout your body; it felt like a million volts of electricity surging throughout your veins. And then a feeling like your body was growing, and your skin was ripping apart from the pressure. Then you blacked out.

You woke up the next morning in the construction area where they’re building those new homes. Your clothes were ripped to tatters and barely hanging on to you. And there was blood all over them. And after a quick check of body parts, you came to the chilling conclusion that it wasn’t your blood.

Somehow you managed to get home without anyone seeing you. You climbed the trestle next to your window and snuck into your room (you’ve been using the trestle to get in and out of the house without Dad noticing you for years). You took a shower, put

on new, clean clothes, and stuffed the rags under your bed. You'll have to find a better place to hide them later; the maid might find them when she shows up to clean the house on Monday.

If you knew what had happened, you could deal with it. If you had been overtaken with fumes from the model glue, or just snapped and went into a psychotic frenzy, you could handle it, you could try to fix things, you could try to get on with your life. But you don't know what happened. Not a single clue.

Maybe you could talk to someone about it. Nah, that's pretty unlikely. I mean, who could you talk to? So many of the kids are uncomfortable around you because your father is so rich. They expect you to be sort of stuck-up and concerned about money. And some of them decide to use you as a meal ticket, getting you to pay for things that they can't afford in the name of friendship. Robert's your only real friend in town, the only person who really thinks of you as a real person. That's why you want to join the gang he's in.

Unfortunately, that's easier said than done. J.D. is into pranks and mischief on a serious order. You'd have to convince him that you could do good things for the gang. Sure, you could pay for things. But you don't want to be let into the gang simply because your father is rich. You want to be respected. You want to be part of them.

You came up with a plan to show them that you could pull pranks with the best of them. Edwood High, the only high school in San Inguon, has a Ceremonial Throw Pillow. It's a pillow that the Daughters of the American Revolution made that has the names of all the Edwood High graduates who died in World War I stitched onto it. It's the silliest thing you've ever seen, but a lot of people consider it an item of great respect. You figured that swiping it would gain you immense respect in J.D.'s eyes. So Tuesday before last, you snuck into Edwood High and pried the case open with a steak knife. Unfortunately, in your haste to escape (you were sure that you heard the janitor coming down the hall), you dropped the knife. Still, you had the pillow, and you were sure that J.D. would respect you.

Boy, were you wrong. The next day at school, you were standing behind him and Robert while everyone was in line for annual vaccinations. He was royally pissed. Apparently, everyone assumed that he had stolen it, and people were getting on his case in a serious way. He talked about what he would do to the shmuck who had stolen the pillow if he ever found out who it was. Not good. Not good at all.

So, after school, you went out to the part of the mesas where you had stashed the pillow. You figured that if you surreptitiously returned it, no one would be the wiser. Unfortunately, it wasn't there. You searched for two hours to no avail. Someone must have found it and stolen it for themselves. You've been waiting for nearly two weeks, but still no one has returned the pillow. So much for that plan.

You've got a new plan, though. You were talking to Timmy Carroll about what kind of projects you could do for physics class. Timmy's a bit of a geek, but he knows more about everything than anyone else. He started talking about oscillating wires, and went into depth about radio wave transmissions. It almost put you to sleep. But just before you nodded off, it sparked an idea in your head. There are air-raid sirens all over town. They're all hooked up through wires to a single outpost in Ft. Lucas Rita, the military base / research lab outside of town. If you could patch into those wires, you could send a message through those sirens. With a little work, you found a place just outside of the base where all of the wires connect. You've hooked a record player to them, and have a copy of "The Flying Saucer" ready to play. It should scare everybody silly- until they realize it's just a joke. J.D. should love it. And if he doesn't find out that you stole the pillow, it should get you into the gang.

And if you can get into the gang today, it'll make today the best day of your life. Because not only will you have gotten into the Killers, but you'll go out on a date with one of the most attractive girls in all of Edwood High. Margaret Smith. You've had a crush on her for the last two years. She's incredibly attractive, she was a wonderful personality, and she's incredibly intelligent. Oh, sure, she acts like a bubblehead at times. But that's just an act. And you understand why she does it. Intelligence is sort of like money; it puts a barrier between people. People feel insecure and jealous around you because you have so much money. People probably felt the same way around her because she was so much smarter than them. She can hide her intelligence, though. You can't hide your money.

Anyway, for two years you had a crush on her. You used to dream about her getting to know you, falling in love with you, running off to California where no one knew who you were so that you could just be yourselves, that sort of thing. But you never really acted on it. I mean, she was so wonderful. She could have gone out with anyone in the school. Why would she bother with you? Actually, she never really bothered with anyone. You think you're the first person that she's gone out with. You hope so, at least, because you've never been on a date before and have no clue what you should do. You're supposed to meet her just before the Sock Hop and go to the Sock Hop together; then probably go down to Pop's Malt Shop for burgers and ice cream floats. But you're not real sure. You probably should have set things down a little firmer, or maybe talked to friends who have been dating to get a feel for what you're supposed to do. But after Mayor Cunningham announced the Sock Hop, you just knew that it was now or never. If you didn't ask her right away, someone else would. And you'd never get a chance to find out whether your fantasies would come true.

Stock quote: "Hey, that sounds like fun. Count me in."

Mannerisms: Mark is your typical teenager, balancing a life of hedonism and angst. At least, he's trying to be a normal teenager, but it's hard when your father is the richest man in all of Arizona.

Special Note: What Mark does not know is that he is a teenage werewolf. Tonight is a full moon, so at some point during the game he will undergo a.. uh... sudden change in temperament, if you get my drift. If you bring a costume for his... er... new look, feel free to leave it with the GMs, who will bring it back to you when sundown arrives.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: A real daredevil. Full of pranks and mischief. You want nothing more than to be part of his gang.

Nick Kerensky: One of the members of The Killers. Really big and really strong. Not the kind of guy you want to cross.

Robert Sherman: Your best friend. He's the other member of The Killers. He's the only person who really doesn't care that you're wealthy.

James Daniels: Class valedictorian, quarterback, and captain of the football team. The all-around perfect kid. He looks down on J.D. and Robert, and has started his own gang to prevent mischief. Making him look bad would make J.D. respect you more.

Timmy Carroll: Class geek. Not a bad guy at heart, but he'll talk you to sleep if you ask him anything about science.

Tony Turelli: Class clown. A lot of fun to hang around, but he hangs around James Daniels a bit too much.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. Shy and quiet. Robert has a major crush on her. Needless to say, it would be bad if J.D. found that out.

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's really cute and fun to hang around. Nick, however, distrusts any guys he sees around her. When Nick distrusts you, he shows it by beating you up. Therefore, hanging around Theresa would be hazardous to your health.

Catherine Thomas: She keeps to herself a lot. You really don't know her that well.

Margaret Smith: The love of your life. You're still amazed that you actually managed to ask her out, and that she agreed. Wow.

Laura Fetner: Head cheerleader at Edwood. She's going out with James Daniels.

Wendy Mitchell: A bit of a gossip, she seems to have found her niche writing for the class newspaper. She's a wonderful source of information. You worry sometimes about what she might know about you.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: A good friend of your father. He's not really a bad guy, but he's a bit too preoccupied with election for your taste. If you ever ran for anything, you'd be open and honest.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Another friend of your father. He's actually a fun guy to listen too; he has a lot of great stories about some of the criminals (competent and incompetent) that have crossed his path. Of course, he doesn't really look too kindly upon some of the stunts that J.D. pulls.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. Some of the kids call her "Siegheilski" for how strict she runs the school. Not a person to cross if you can possibly avoid it. After all, you've got to go back to Edwood in the fall.

Harold Sturvin: Your father. One of the richest men in Arizona. You really don't know him that well; he's always off on one business trip or another. He's got a lot of plans

for you, things he wants you to do when you get out of school. What you really want to do is try and get away from him. It's not that you don't like him. I mean, he is your father. It's just that he's supported you for so long with so much money that sometimes you worry that you won't be able to make it on your own. And sometimes you think that he wants you to do things not because you'll like to do them, but because he would have liked to do them when he was a kid.

Darla Hotchkins: School nurse. She's a bit of a flake, but she always helped you out when you had a cold.

Goals:

1. Find out what the heck happened last night. You really can't tell people that something's wrong; Dad would just get worried sick, Robert might distance himself from you, Wendy would write it up in the school paper, and Margaret... you definitely don't want to let Margaret know that something's wrong. Just keep your eyes and ears open and see if anyone saw you last night. **[GM to Player note:** Yes, last night was a full moon. We know what happened. But poor Mark doesn't.]

2. Get into The Killers. You've got a neat prank all set up. Just make sure that it works and doesn't backfire like the pillow incident. Meanwhile, try to get into J.D.'s good graces. **[GM to Player note:** (last one, I promise) Just let the GMs know when you want to do this. We've got everything ready.]

3. Try to find the pillow and return it. Otherwise, the Sheriff will look into the matter, and it'll only be a matter of time before you're discovered. If you can return the pillow, though, hopefully the Sheriff will just close the case.

4. Make your date with Margaret a success. Find out what you're supposed to do on a date, then do it.

Michelle Thorn

“Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought half as good.
Lucky, this is not difficult.”

-Charlotte Whitton

San Inguon, Arizona. Home to the Fort Lucas Rita Research Labs. This is where they produce the huge projects that will turn into huge weapons over the next decade. This is where the future of the country will be shaped. This is where the news will happen.

And you're stuck covering the Inguanafest.

Michelle Thorn, journalist extraordinaire for the Phoenix *Sun*, here to watch people celebrate their town's history by making fools of themselves. It disgusts you. You're so much better than that. You should be out there finding out about the *real* news in this town, the seamy undercurrent of events, the way reality truly stands for those people who call this place home. You should be exposing dangerous business practices, horrible military experiments, the pathos of everyday life in this all-but-left-by-the-wayside town. You should be cataloguing the dreams and aspirations of these people, their hopes and wishes.

Instead, you're writing a fluff piece about how nice the Iguanafest is. Something nice and frilly that gives a look at some real common people having fun, something that lends itself to a catchy headline and a silly picture, preferably one that well-educated people will snicker at before breakfast.

It's because you're female that you get stuck with this sort of thing. Abigail Frapp went on a three county killing spree, leaving a trail of mutilated corpses behind her. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the newsroom got sent off to try and find her, talk to the police, make a huge national headline out of it. You were sent to interview her mother and find out what she had been like as a child. Oh, joy. Investigative journalism at its finest.

And all because you're a woman. Your editor, Dane Smilley, feels that sending a woman out to cover major issues would be just too uncomfortable. “Come on, Micky,” he said to you once, “what politician is gonna treat you seriously? They'll think you're writing for Women's Home Quarterly or some such fluff, and you'll never get the information you need.” You despise him. It's not just that he doesn't think women are up to the job; he knows that most men think women aren't up to the job, and therefore wouldn't be allowed to do the job even if they tried.

Well, you'll show them. You've got most of that fluff piece on the Iguanafest written already. After all, it's the same thing as countless other little town fairs, so you wrote a story on the drive here of what you knew it would be like, and as it turned out,

you were perfectly correct. You just need to talk with the mayor a bit, get a few interesting quotes from the townspeople, and send it off to Phoenix.

But until the fest ends tonight, you're still supposed to be covering it. Which is fine; it gives you a reason to stay on in town. And you know that you can come up with some sort of scoop on a big story here in town. That's what you need to do. Find something big, something dangerous, and write it up before any other reporters turn in a story on it. And if Smilley won't take it, you'll have to scout around for another paper that will. You're sure that some paper in this state would be willing to work with a female lead journalist. All you need is the breakthrough story, the one that shows your investigative skills, the one that shows everyone that Michelle Thorn knows news when she sees it, and that she can write a damn fine piece about it.

So far, you haven't really gotten any breakthroughs. Dr. Angela Bailey is here to do an archaeological dig on the Indian ruins down near the south of town. If she finds something important, that could be a great story. But so far, all you've gotten is a couple of interviews with Indian workers who don't know what she might find, and Harvey (the photographer that Smilley sent to take a few pictures of the Iguanafest) has gotten a few nice shots of the area. But you still have to talk to Dr. Bailey and find out what she's looking for here, what she'll do when she finds it, and what makes her tick. If she finds something big, something important, you'll have the scoop.

And there are other things going on here in town, you just know it. Ivan Kerensky, the gas station owner, was railing about the impending Communist uprising in town, ranting about how the mayor and the governor and the President are all ignoring the incredible threat to national security that he is sure will start here in San Inguon. He might be just a crackpot, another John Bircher railing against an unseen enemy, but maybe he has something. Even a blind dog finds a bone once in a while.

And then there are the Research Labs. Military technology is being created here even as we speak. They're constantly working upon the latest ways for kids to kill each other. They're giving a presentation tonight about what they've been working on, but you're sure the information in that is worthless, candy-apple terms for dangerous weapons, and probably has been sent to every paper in the state, if not the nation. But what they're talking about is certainly not all that they've been working on. There has to be some project in there that no one knows about except a few important scientists. There has to be a huge secret that the Labs are trying to keep a lid on. You're sure of it. And if anyone's going to blow the lid off of it, it's you.

You'll show Smiley what journalism is really all about.

Stock quote: "Strictly off the record, what do you think about...."

Mannerisms: Michelle is the standard cynical reporter, doing her best to compete in a male-dominated industry. Brusque and harsh when she needs to be, she'll let nothing stand in the way of a good story.

People You Know:

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. You've got to find a way to get him to spill some information your way.

Mayor Cunningham: Mayor of San Inguon. The standard boring small-time politician. You've had to interview him a couple of times for information about the Iguanafest. He seems overly concerned with his own image- while you expect that of politicians, he's a little overboard on this count.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Standard country sheriff. Patronizing and provincial. Still, if something big does happen, you'll need him on your side to get the information you need. Maybe you should interview him and find out what kind of things you could do to get on his good side.

Dr. Angela Bailey: Archaeologist. Another woman trying to get by in a field that women "shouldn't" be in. You should definitely talk to her and see what she's working on. A story about her exploits here in San Inguon would definitely help both you and her.

Harvey Patrick: Photographer for the Phoenix *Sun*. He's supposed to be out in the field, taking pictures of the town and the Labs to help you with your stories. You have no idea where he is, though. He was supposed to meet you this morning, but never showed up. Well, you'll get the story you need without him.

Goals:

1. Find the big stories. You're sure that something big is happening, whether it be at the dig site or at the Research Labs. Somewhere out there is the story of a lifetime, just waiting for you to pick up on it.

Nicholas Kerensky

“I have seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked.”
-Allen Ginsburg

It's not like it's your fault that you're big. I mean, nobody ever gave you the choice of being average height and average build. You're tall, and working at your father's garage, lifting car parts and tools, meant that you ended up being pretty strong.

And sure, you're not real good with numbers. It's hard to keep numbers straight in your head, and when you write things out in math, you forget where things are supposed to go and end up with the wrong answer. You did so badly in math in the fourth grade that the teacher suggested you stay back a year. Your father wasn't real thrilled about that, but what could he do? He couldn't afford a tutor, and keeping you with the rest of the class would mean that you'd never really understand the basics of math and would never really do well in high school. Not that you've done real well anyways, but you can only imagine how bad things would have been.

It's words that have always inspired you. Math has no metaphors, no similies. A five is a five is a five. But being able to write your feelings in a way that transcends the shape of the letters, being able to construct a portrait of emotions in a single sentence—that's what moves you. You've felt that way ever since you found that copy of *The Naked Lunch* on the street when you were thirteen; the way that Burroughs managed to evoke images and feelings using words in ways you had never thought possible. To be able to write like he or Ginsberg or Kerouac can; that is what inspires you.

Unfortunately, you know the inherent absurdity of that. You're the big dope in class. The kid who doesn't pick up on the concepts quite as quickly, but looks strong enough to tear anyone apart who might joke about it. And you do have a temper. But who wouldn't, being subjected to the taunts about your size, about your smarts, about the fact that your father can't afford to put expensive clothes in your closet? Sometimes the needling, the incessant buzz of laughter at you would finally push you beyond the breaking point, and you would erupt in a fury of flying fists until you could fight no longer, by which time the bullies and taunters would be fleeing with their bloodied noses and black eyes.

That's why you became friends with J.D. Koln. He's smarter than you, and kind of small. But he makes up for it in speed and menace. He's really not that bad of a guy. But he never did well in school, either, and his father is even poorer than yours, so he was the butt end of the class jokes even more than you ever were. And the two of you forged a friendship out of your common enemies, bolstered by the fact that you were the only two who looked beyond grades and clothes and saw what kind of person each other was. And

with the two of you working together, J.D. could have the courage to taunt people back, knowing that if it came down to a fight, you could take on anybody.

So you two started a club. It started out when you were young as the sort of club every kid makes up; but as the two of you got older and saw more and more Brando and Dean movies, it became more of a gang. You remember how cool you felt when J.D. gave you a leather jacket with the gang name on it. The Killers. A third guy joined your exploits, then; Robert Sherman is a bright kid who never had the money problem you or J.D. did, but he has a lust for danger that outpaces you and almost approaches J.D.'s. Things worked out perfectly. J.D. would come up with some sort of prank to pull, Robert would sit down and think about how to do it, and you were the muscle that could get it done. Together, the three of you used to keep the town up late in fear.

But things aren't going as well as they used to. First of all, there's a new gang in town. The Good Guys. Three guys who decided that someone has to put an end to The Killers' havoc. It's amazing how upset everyone gets when the odds change. When everybody picked on you and J.D., nobody really cared. Now that you, J.D. and Robert are big enough to pick on everybody else, they're all full of indignation about the things you three do. Hypocrites. In any case, The Good Guys have three members: Tony Turrelli, the class clown who tends to make you and J.D. the butt of his jokes; Timmy Carroll, the science geek who wets his pants every time you pass by him; and James Daniels. James is the guy who organized The Good Guys. He's the only reason The Killers haven't really directly taken on The Good Guys, yet; James is about your size, and he's a military kid, which means he probably knows more about fighting than you and J.D. put together. You worry that if The Killers and The Good Guys ever got into a fight, J.D. and Robert would leave you to handle James, which you're pretty sure you couldn't do. So all that's really happened so far is that The Killers have pulled pranks, and The Good Guys have tried to stop you, or at least show everyone that you're responsible.

The second problem with the Killers is J.D. I mean, it's not that *he's* a problem; it's that... well, it's sort of... aw, shit. The truth is that J.D.'s been acting strange lately. He's been a lot more intense and violent than he ever was before. Hell, you've even seen him hit Mary, the love of his life. And that's not a good sign. You worry about J.D. these days. You worry that something's going on that he's not telling you about. You worry that one day he's going to explode into a rage that leaves you in the dust, a rage that won't stop until he hurts everyone around him. Including Mary, you, and Robert. But how do you deal with something like that? How do you tell your best friend, the only guy who ever stood by you constantly, who ever helped you fight for your honor, that he's been getting a bit wacko lately? You could never do anything to hurt him. He's the only friend you really have. What's a guy to do?

You usually go up to your room above the garage and write poetry. It's not really good stuff, but you're getting better. You don't think you'll ever be a superstar, but you don't care about fame or success. Just knowing that you could use words with the best of them, that you could evoke a thousand images from a single sentence, knowing that you

could convey everything you've ever felt from a simple paragraph. You want to be a great poet, not a famous one.

In fact, it's probably best that you never get found out as a poet. J.D. would stand by you, but Robert would probably laugh his ass off. And it would be just one more reason for all of the kids in school to make fun of you. "The Beat-Nick" you can just hear them say. And it would just kill your father. He's positive that Ginsberg and Burroughs are Communists, which is the worst thing anyone could ever be in your father's eyes. He'd tan your hide up on end and down the other if he thought you were reading stuff like that, let alone trying to write it. And, of course, Teresa would taunt you mercilessly.

Teresa is your younger sister by two years. She's a good kid, pretty and witty and smart. So smart that she skipped fifth grade. Needless to say, it's kind of ironic being in the same grade as your little sister. It's kind of frustrating, too. I mean, hanging out in the locker room after football practice and talking with the guys and hearing the latest details of who's been up to Lover's Lane with whom and what happened used to be kind of fun. Then your sister started dating guys who, unthinkingly, would tell you what they had gotten from her. Perhaps you are a bit overprotective of her, but nothing gets you madder than hearing some guy talk about what base he got to with your little sister. Even worse is the fact that she seems to have a taste for the kind of creeps who don't want any kind of relationship other than what you can get in the back seat of a Chevy. You seem to have acquired quite a reputation for kicking the shit out of anyone who dares to go out with Teresa. And given the kind of guys she's interested in, you're pretty sure you'll keep building up that reputation. I mean, she's your little sister. You can't look at her without seeing her in overalls and pigtails on her seventh birthday, looking like the perfect tomboy. And the thought of some guy using her, *her* of all people, promising her love and then abandoning her because they got far enough with her to brag to all the other guys about another conquest, it just makes you angry. Very angry. You're pretty sure that she doesn't like you making it hard for her to get a date, but until she starts finding guys who like her rather than who lust for her, you're going to keep an eye on her and everyone who wants to go up to Lover's Lane with her.

Stock Quote: "You're making me angry. You don't want to see me angry."

Mannerisms: Nick has the soul of a poet, but he hides it because he's afraid people will make fun of him. He pretends to be the dumb jock everyone thinks he is just so they'll leave him alone.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Your best friend. He's been acting real wierd lately, and you're getting worried about him. Still, he has stood by you through thick and thin, and you'll never abandon him.

Robert Sherman: A good friend, and the third member of The Killers. You worry sometimes that he's not as into it as you or J.D., and that he might skip out because of J.D.'s recent violence. If he ends up betraying J.D., he'll have to go through you. You've

seen him looking longingly at Mary Jenkins. That is not a good sign. Not good for him, not good for Mary, and not good for J.D.

James Daniels: Leader of The Good Guys. Quarterback, captain of the football team, class president, and valedictorian. You really wish you were him, sometimes. If he ever decided to write his feelings out, you're sure everyone in class would ooh and aah over it rather than laugh about it.

Timmy Carroll: The class geek. He tends to be the butt of J.D.'s jokes simply because it's so easy to do. You used to stuff him into his locker so regularly you could set you watch by it. Now he's part of The Good Guys, and J.D. doesn't mess with him for fear of aggravating James.

Tony Turrelli: The class clown. You and J.D. are usually the butt of his jokes, and he used to be at the top of your hit list. Unfortunately, since he joined The Good Guys, he's been untouchable. Which means he's redoubled efforts to make jokes about you and J.D.

Mark Sturvin: Stuck-up little rich kid. Doesn't really talk to many people; he probably thinks they're not as good as he is.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girl. She's nice, and she's really good for J.D. J.D. has hit her occasionally; that really worries you. Still, Mary stands by him. You'll help her be with him no matter what it takes.

Teresa Kerensky: Your younger sister. She's still a bit of a tomboy and a daredevil, but she's dating guys now. You worry about this a lot.

Catherine Thomas: One of the more quiet girls at school. You think she's quite cute.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. A lot of people give her guff for that; they say that if she and you ever got together, you might be able to come up with a single thought between you. You'd like to get to know her better and commiserate with her, but since she's really attractive you think she'd assume you were trying to get her up to Lover's Lane. Not that you'd mind that, but it's not the only reason you'd like to talk to her.

Laura Fetner: Class cheerleader and all-around Miss Popular. She's going out with James, of course. You really envy James.

Wendy Mitchell: You've talked with her occasionally about football stuff. She's the reporter for the school paper, so she comes down and interviews you and James after games. She's pretty fun to hang around, but she's going out with Tony now, and meeting her means meeting Tony, and you don't want to have to hang around Tony.

Ivan Kerensky: Your father. He runs the garage in town. He's harsh but fair, and has really done his best to raise you and your sister right ever since your mother passed away. He's really conservative, though, and sometimes you worry about what he'd think if you told him about your poetry.

Goals:

1. Help out The Killers. Try to show up The Good Guys. Cause trouble without getting caught. Have fun wreaking havoc. There's a drag race at two o'clock; do what you can to soup up Robert's car so that you can beat the pants off James.

2. Keep an eye on Teresa. You've helped Dad raise her ever since Mom passed on, and you're not about to let some jerk break her heart just so he can get into her pants. Keep an eye on her, examine her boyfriends carefully, and use selective violence to get your message across.

3. Help out Dad with the garage. That shouldn't mean much with today being Saturday, but check in every once in a while to make sure things are running okay.

Giovanni “Pops” Turrelli

“Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.”
-George Eliot

It’s a good life you’ve got. Peaceful, tranquil, full of everyday dreams and hopes. Of course, if someone had told you thirty years ago that you would eventually end up running a hamburger shop on a planet you never heard of before, you would have thought them crazy.

But you were young then, and filled with idealism. The Betazoid Monarchy had fallen when you were seventeen, and you agreed whole-heartedly that its fall was a good thing. The Monarchy had been extremely inefficient, wasteful, and cheated generations of Betazoids out of dreams of galactic greatness. You felt that whatever followed would have to be better. And for a time, you were right. Until you found out the truth.

You joined the Space Naval Academy as soon as you were old enough. The thought of flying a spaceship, charting the stars and fighting the enemies of the new Betazoid Empire was the kind of life you wanted. Adventure, daring, mystery, everything that a young man holds dear. You studied hard, knowing that only through devotion and hard work could you realize your dreams of being an ace pilot. For your work, you graduated first in your class of fifteen hundred.

You were immediately sent off to the front lines to fight. The Empire had allied itself with the Thwarkian Empire, and both were in a titanic struggle against the Commonwealth. At the Academy, you had been instructed time and time again that the Commonwealth’s claims of the Thwarkian and Betazoid’s “barbarism” was merely a cover for its fear that it would lose its outlying colonies to the new might of the two empires.

For two years you piloted a fighter, joining in nearly every major battle along the Kwithian front, rising through the ranks like mercury. Soon, you were a fleet commander, watching the battles from a cruiser as wings of fighters under your command threw themselves against the Commonwealth and their minor allies.

And if you had not been curious, things would have remained like that. You were one of the youngest and brightest commanders the Betazoids had, and it was considered likely that you would become a fleet admiral soon enough. But your curiosity got the better of you. Your wing had been sent to escort several carriers from the newly conquered Betazoid colony Gromitz to a major Thwarkian outpost. Along the way, you went through the classified documents pertaining to the carriers’ cargo.

They were carrying the former residents of Gromitz. Apparently, the Betazoid troops that had conquered Gromitz had rounded everyone up and loaded them with their

bare possessions onto these carriers. And they were on their way to camps in Thwarkian space where they would be... disposed of.

You had often heard brash Thwarkian pilots talk about their racial destiny and superiority. It never occurred to you that they might believe it, and believe it to a degree where they would wipe out entire races simply to make the universe a cleaner place. And even if you had believed that, you never would have believed that the Betazoid leaders would be helping out. But the documents in front of you told you that it was all true.

You really had no choice at that point. Well, perhaps you simply could have ignored it, and pretended that things were in the right. But you knew too much. And you couldn't ignore the horror that the Thwarkians were perpetrating. You had to stop it.

And so, secretly, you approached the Commonwealth. You told them what you had found. They did not react surprised; they had heard of the camps that "lesser races" found themselves in. Their major problem was that they did not know where the camps were located, and therefore could not do anything about it. You offered to help. They accepted gladly.

So you became a Commonwealth spy. You continued doing whatever Betazoid Command told you to, but every time you received news of where a major Thwarkian camp was located, or of certain ships carrying races to be "removed," you informed the Commonwealth, and they would make a major attack, capturing and freeing those who only hours before had assumed themselves doomed.

Of course, eventually you were found out. No spy every operates in secret for too long, and it only took a few years for Betazoid High Command to put the pieces together. Luckily, the Commonwealth informed you of the danger in time, and you were able to steal a fighter and prove to your pursuers that you were still the best damned pilot in all of the empire.

You were tempted to fly to the nearest Commonwealth outpost and defect, but you simply couldn't do it. You were (and are) still too proud to be a Betazoid to turn traitor and help decimate your people and destroy everything they had worked so long for. So you decided to take a different way out- you would fly to a planet that you could survive upon, one backwards enough in technology that no news of the Great War would reach them, a place where you could serenely live out the rest of your days without having to choose between destroying your people or condemning many other races to that fate. So you flew to a little planet just off the maps, a planet only talked about as a myth. A little planet called Hanshak.

Unfortunately, Hanshak was in the midst of a nuclear war, and you felt it really wouldn't be an option to try and land there and set up a life for yourself. So, fuel running low, you flew to the next available life-supporting planet. Earth.

Out of fuel, it was all you could do to keep from killing yourself in the crash-landing. Somehow, you made it through alive, in one piece, and without causing any sort of uproar. You snuck out of the craft and towards a small village, hoping to see what kind of people these humans were, and what kind of language they spoke.

The humans, amazingly, looked exactly like Betazoids. And even better, the language they spoke was roughly similar to ancient Betaspeak in form, and you were able to pick up most of it within a couple of weeks. You found that the humans were a relatively peaceful and accepting people, and you found yourself delighted by their company. You met a young woman in the town who stole your heart totally, and after a wonderful courtship, you and she were married. You settled down in the town and began working at a restaurant as a cook, where you were constantly complemented on your incredible desserts. It was peaceful then, in pre-war Italy.

Unfortunately, only a year later World War II erupted. You were lucky enough to avoid the draft by virtue of Glurk. Glurk is the power that all Betazoids have to subtly change the universe around them, manipulating moods and changing the situation to make a benefit from it. Most of the beings you had met in your travels were relatively resistant to Glurk, but these humans seemed to show no resistance to it whatsoever. You try to make sure that you don't accidentally change things or force them to do things they wouldn't otherwise do. That would simply be rude, in your opinion. But you had a wife, and your youthful fantasies of war had all been dispelled. So you "convinced" the government to give you the exemption you needed.

Unfortunately, in an amazing case of *deja vu*, it turned out that a race of peoples called "Jews" were being rounded up and sent to Germany for extermination, just as you had seen in the Galactic War. Needless to say, you knew you could not stand back and let it occur. You joined the Italian Resistance, and fought valiantly to bring down Mussolini.

When the war was over, your life was a shambles. You had fought hard and won for the right cause, but Italy had been nearly destroyed. And your wife, Maria, had died while giving birth to your son Antonio. You were despondent. All around you were ruins, and you were supposed to raise a child amidst the rubble.

Luckily, you were saved from that. As a show of appreciation for your fight with the rebellion, the local commander of the American armed forces offered to give you a free and clear passage to America. You had often heard people talking about America as a wonderful place, and you leapt at the chance to bring your son up somewhere far away from this destruction.

So you came to America. You came to Arizona, where the climate roughly matches where you grew up in Betazoid. You used what little money you had saved to open a malt shop/hamburger stand/ice cream parlor in a little town called San Inguon. The teenagers seem to like you and they definitely like hanging out at your place, called "Pops." You prepare the food, make the floats, and dispense advice and words of wisdom

to the kids. It's a good job. You're happy, you're secure, and America is a wonderful place for Tony to grow up. He's a good kid. A little of a wiseass, but a good kid nonetheless.

Stock quote: "Hey, kid, whamsamatta? Maybe a chocolate float do you some good, eh?"

Mannerisms: Pops is the standard archetype of the guy who runs the malt shop. Big, friendly, cheerful, and always ready with good advice. Speak with an moderate Italian accent, and generally try to help everybody in any way you can.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: The local troublemaker. Runs around with his gang, pulling pranks and making mischief. Still, you know that deep down, he's really a good kid who just needs a helping hand.

Robert Sherman: One of J.D.'s fellow troublemakers. He's just going through a rebellious phase. Eventually, he'll grow out of it and settle down.

Nick Kerensky: Another of J.D.'s fellow troublemakers. Big and strong, but not nearly as dumb as everyone thinks he is.

James Daniels: Young, idealistic, and determined to right every wrong. You see a lot of your younger self in him. He's a good kid.

Timmy Carroll: Always has his nose in a book. While it's good to learn things, he really should spend some time out *doing* things, living life instead of trying to read about it.

Tony Turrelli: Your son. He's got a big mouth, but you have to expect that, growing up with a father everyone made fun of for his accent, and never having known his mother. He's a good kid at heart, though, and you'll do anything for him.

Mark Sturvin: Son of the richest man in town. Very shy. You think he's afraid people will see him for his wallet rather than himself.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. She puts on a good act of being happy-go-lucky, but you've seen her sitting alone in a booth when she thinks no one's watching. She's hiding how bad she really feels.

Teresa Kerensky: A bit of a tomboy, but you have to expect that from someone who grew up around a gas station. She'll grow out of it and turn into a fine young woman.

Catherine Thomas: Her, you're not so sure about. You get kind of a prickling sensation on the back of your neck when she's around. She's trouble.

Margaret Smith: She's not really too bright, but she's got a great personality. She reminds you of your wife, Maria, at times.

Laura Fetner: Class cheerleader and all-around perky girl. You get a strange feeling around her as well; not strange-bad like with Catherine, but strange.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter. A good kid, if a bit of a snoop. Still, a woman trying to make her way in a man's world needs a lot of fight in her, and she's got it. She'll do pretty well for herself.

Goals:

1. Keep the Shop running well. Serve food, make sure everyone's doing alright, that sort of thing. Basically, do your standard con suite job.

2. Help out the kids. If someone looks down or scared, talk to them and try to help them out. Dispense words of wisdom. Suggest things they can do to fix their problems. And if all else fails, give them a free ice cream float. That always works.

3. Keep your secrets secret. You seriously doubt that anyone is going to ask you if you're an alien from outer space, but don't make silly slips that'll get people to wonder about you. Even Tony doesn't know. You probably won't tell him, either; what possible good could it do?

Dr. Randall Rourke

“Medicine, the only profession that labors incessantly to destroy the reason for its own existence.”

-James Bryce

This really isn't... I mean, it's just not... well, things just aren't working out the way you thought they would. Everything's so much more.. more complicated than you had expected.

I mean, you came back to San Inguon so that you could *relax*. After two years in residency at St. Jude's Hospital in Phoenix, you had seen enough of the... well, the hecticness. Everyone running around, trying to.. to do everything that could be done for a patient that was one of the twelve who came in within the last half-hour. You had always wanted to.. to... well, to help people. To be a healer, a curer of the sick. But with all of the... all of the *pressure*, the constant stream of patients, it was so hard to... to just *know* them, to understand them. It was too easy to see the guy in room 5B as a case of appendicitis, rather than a real person, full of... of wit and charm, with a life of his own. Certainly, you were healing people, but you felt no... no real comfort from it. It was all so hectic and rushed, you felt you knew about as much about these people as a T.V. repairman did about the T.V.s he fixed. He knew how the parts worked, but never really saw how the T.V... the T.V... hmmm. That analogy seems to have painted itself into a corner.

In any case, you felt a void inside of you. You wanted to go back to the kind of town where you had grown up, where everybody knew each other and cared for one another. Where when a man came in with a pain in his chest, you didn't need a chart to know his medical history, because... well, because he was someone you knew, darnit. You scouted out a couple of towns near Phoenix on your occasional day off. As luck would have it, though, Dr. Ferngreen, who had run a small practice in San Inguon for thirty years, decided to retire about the time you received your certification. And so you went back to the town you grew up in, and hung your shingle.

But things just... well, things just don't seem the same any more. Maybe it's because you're older. When you were a kid, there were always the mesas to explore, caves to spelunk, and teachers to annoy. Now... now you're seeing a different side of the town. A scarier side, sometimes. It first hit you when Ezekiel Koln brought his wife Harriet in for her annual check-up. When you were a kid, Zeke Koln was the town scalawag, making a life out of making trouble. You had remembered him as a big, strapping man who wouldn't take any guff from anyone. Now he's gone pretty gray, and has gotten out of shape and overweight. He still doesn't take any guff, but that's because he spends most of his time hiding in a bottle. It was pathetic, and at the same time a little scary. Your memories of this town were crashing up against the real world. It's just... well, it's just not right. And his wife, the poor woman. It's obvious she took some sort of sharp blow to the head years ago. You've never seen a more classic case of untreated brain damage. Unfortunately, it must have happened years ago, and there was little that you could do for her.

And some of the projects you've been working on... well, they show a side of the town that you never thought existed when you were a kid. You see, Sheriff Ward Barnes doesn't really have much of a force here in town, and the closet medical examiner is about sixty miles away. So occasionally you help him out with analyzing evidence, performing autopsies, etcetera. You're no pathologist, certainly, but Ward wants to have a rough sketch of what's going on right away and get the full story later, rather than simply waiting around for the full story all at once. So when he asked you to help him out occasionally, you gladly agreed. But had no clue... no idea at all of what you were going to see.

The mangled bodies were the worst. The absolute worst. Ten bodies in the last two weeks. Ten bodies! You never thought something like this could *ever* happen in a sleepy little town like San Inguon. When you were a kid, you never felt scared being out after dark in San Inguon. Now that you've seen those bodies, though... it's just... well, it makes you wonder about what else this town is hiding. You haven't even really touched the bodies yet. Just seeing them depresses you. Luckily, the Sheriff hasn't really brought up the matter with you. Still, you should probably get around to seeing what tore those people apart. It's just that... well, it's just hard to deal with such a violent crime happening in the town you grew up in.

Besides, there's another something that has taken your attention. You were going over files in your office when you realized something. You spent the rest of the day going over the charts and doing the math, and then doing a little research. And it all added up. Too many people in San Inguon have been dying of cancer, nearly twice as many as there should be. And three-quarters of the people who passed away from cancer in the last year were employed by Sturvin Mining Corporation. Sturvin Mining runs the uranium mines just outside of town. It's obvious to you that Harold Sturvin, president and owner of Sturvin Mining Corporation, is running a slipshod organization, ignoring health and safety standards. If he were running an upright corporation, so many people could have lived an extra five, maybe ten years! But for just a little extra profit, Sturvin condemned them to an early demise. And... and worst of all is the stranglehold he has on this town. As the richest man in the county, Sturvin's support almost guarantees who will be elected mayor or sheriff. So Mayor Cunningham won't even hear you out, and Sheriff Barnes says he agrees that something's wrong, but without more than circumstantial proof, there's nothing he can do. You never thought of this town as being in the pocket of the Sturvin family. Well, there must be something you can do. There must be some way to prove that Harold Sturvin has been running his company below standards. There has to be a way, and gosh darnit, you'll find it. It's your duty as a doctor.

Stock Quote: "Well, it's just... it's just not right."

Mannerisms: Dr. Rourke is a young, idealistic doctor who sees his job as righting every wrong, and making everything better for everyone. Gesture dramatically and pause every once in a while, as if searching for the right word.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Son of Zeke and Harriet Koln. You worry about the poor kid. His father's an alcoholic and his mother's an invalid. Maybe you should keep an eye upon him. You know, sort of as a guardian angel. After all, you doubt that his parents will.

Robert Sherman: A nice young man. He'd be doing better in school if he just applied himself a little bit more, but he's still young and a little bit restless. He's a bit of a daredevil and hangs around with J.D. and Nick Kerensky a lot, but they really don't do a lot more than the occasional prank.

Nick Kerensky: The Kerensky family moved here from Russia in the late teens, and have made a decent, if not luxurious, existence for themselves. Nick is a pretty standard example of all of the male Kerenskys. Large, strong, and a little on the slow side. Still, he's got a good heart, and probably will do very well for himself some day.

James Daniels: The Daniels moved in to help oversee the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs. That's another thing that's changed so much since you went off to college. This new base is nice, plenty of good jobs for people, but there are so many new families moving here, so much important and secret work being done, that it's changed the atmosphere of the town a lot. It used to be that you could ask someone what they did and you'd get a half-hour report on how the tavern was doing, or a story of the latest plumbing disaster that Mrs. Johnson had, or some such. Now, half of the time they either can't tell you because it's secret, or they can't tell you because you just don't understand it. Well, in any case, James seems like a nice enough kid.

Timmy Carroll: A young man absolutely devoted to science. He works at the Research Labs part-time. If you actually had much of a work load, you'd talk to him and see if he's interested enough in medicine to help you out. But you can pretty much handle your job now.

Anthony Turrelli: The Turelli family moved here just after World War II. They're nice, decent people, although Giovanni Turelli's accent is a little hard to break on occasion.

Mark Sturvin: Harold Sturvin's son. The Sturvin family has been the richest family in San Inguon for as long as there has been a San Inguon... it's only been recently that you've found out how shady their dealings have been. Still, that's nothing to hold against Mark, who seems like a nice kid, albeit a little bit shy.

Mary Jenkins: One of the girls at Reverend Hines' orphanage. She's a very shy and quiet one.

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's quite the attractive one, and if you were sixteen again you'd probably fall for her. She must be quite the handful for her family.

Catherine Thomas: Another of the girls at Reverend Hines' orphanage. She seems pretty average.

Margaret Smith: She's quite an intriguing one. The Smith family moved here about ten years ago, and Margaret was the most precocious six-year old you had ever met. It always amazed you how much she knew. But now that you've moved back, she seems to have hidden her intelligence in order to become more popular. Sigh. You'll never understand some of the things people do because of peer pressure.

General Hiram Cork: Runs Ft. Rita. You haven't really met him; he hasn't been in for a checkup. You suppose he doesn't trust small-town doctors.

Colonel Fred Daniels: James' father. A nice man, if a bit on the egotistical side. Still, he's in amazingly good health for a man of his age.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Runs the Chemistry Department of the Research Labs. A very, very secretive man. You don't trust him at all. He's probably trying working upon some chemical weapon to help the Army win World War III. You shudder at the thought of someone devoting their life to making things kill people more efficiently.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Runs the Physics Department of the Research Labs. You'd hold the same grudge against him that you do against Dr. Fields if he didn't seem so harmless. He's a very genial man, if a bit... well, more than a bit absent-minded.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: A politician through and through. You've learned never to expect any sort of action from him, especially actions that would make him less popular. He stands for nothing other than being re-elected.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: A nice, kind guy. He's doing the best he can to help keep the peace in San Inguon. You just wish he could help you prove Sturvin's wrongdoing.

C.J. Nickels: Self-proclaimed oldest man in San Inguon. He's always been coy with you about how old he really is, which makes it damned hard to tell him whether he's in great health for a man his age or in terrible health. A bit of a curmudgeon, he. In any case, he's in somewhat poor health if he's in his nineties (as you believe) and in incredibly good health if he's in his one hundred and fifties (as some people claim).

Harold & Bess Smith: Mr. & Mrs. Apple Pie. Harold is as All-American as anyone you know, and he's a nice guy (if you can weather him trying to sell you life insurance for half an hour every time you see him). Bess is a wonderful woman, a caring mother and a devoted wife. You hope you can find someone like her some day.

Giovanni "Pops" Turreli: Tony's father. "Pops" runs the malt shop in downtown San Inguon. Thankfully, the wonderful taste of his chocolate malts is one thing that hasn't changed since you left.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High School. From what you hear, you were very lucky to graduate before she took over. She runs a very tight ship.

Ivan Kerensky: Nick and Theresa's father. Ivan runs the gas station in town. He's a whiz with mechanics, and takes the same attitude towards cars that you do towards people.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Came into town after you went off to college. He's done a very nice job with his orphanage. He seems a very caring, responsible man.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology department at the Research Labs. His wife died in a car accident just a few weeks ago, and people are saying he's been not quite the same since. Maybe you should talk to him. You're not a psychologist, of course, but maybe, in some small way, you could help. Besides, he's supposed to be helping you out in figuring out these murders.

Harold Sturvin: Patriarch of the Sturvin family. He's a greedy son of a gun, and you'd like nothing more than to expose his greed to the world.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Research Labs. You think it's a great thing that a woman has gotten as far as she has. She must be a very

determined and driven person. You don't really know her that well, but maybe you should get to know her better.

Darla Hotchkins: She's the School Nurse at Edwood High. You've really only met her in passing, but you're completely taken by her. She's obviously interested in medicine, in caring for the young, she's your age, and she's incredibly attractive, too. You've really got to make the time to get to know her better. Who knows? Maybe she's the woman you've been waiting your whole life for...

Goals:

1. Right every wrong and heal all the sick. Okay, it's unlikely you'll be able to accomplish all of that, but you can try your hardest, right?
2. Do whatever you can to gather proof that Harold Sturvin is running his mines below standards. Prove to the world just how greedy he is.
3. Investigate the bodies that Sheriff Barnes has asked you to look at. Help him figure out who- or what- has been on a killing spree in San Inguon recently.
4. Find the time to get to know Darla Hotchkins. See if she'd be willing to go out with you.

Robert Sherman

“Hold it the greatest sin to prefer existence to honor,
and for the sake of life to lose the reasons for living.”

-Juvenal

You were born on a planet far, far away. Your father knew of the impending disaster on the planet, and shuttled you off to Earth when the council elders ignored his please. Landing in a small field in northern Arizona, the yellow sun of Earth gave you new, incredible powers....

Yeah, right. You wish. Your father is an accountant who would only find out about impending planetary disaster if the Wall Street Journal wrote about it. As for super-powers, you can touch your tongue to your nose. Big deal.

God, life around San Inguon can be so damned boring. It's a small town where everybody seems to know everybody else. Nobody new, nothing exciting, nothing interesting. Sometimes you think you'll die from boredom.

That's why you joined The Killers. That's the name of J.D. Koln's gang. You, J.D. and Nick Kerensky all go around causing mischief, starting trouble, terrorizing kids and the geekier high school students, and generally making a nuisance of yourself. It's all in fun, and nobody gets hurt. At least, so far. You're starting to get worried about J.D.

I mean, when you were first part of his gang, it was all in fun. Evil fun, to be sure, but there's not much other fun in a town where a major pastime is watching trucks go down the highway and guessing where they're headed. The gang would do things like put bubblegum in the lock of C.J. Nickel's 5 & Dime, so after he closed at night he couldn't get it open the next morning; stuffing Timmy Carroll in a locker and letting him out just late enough that he'd be tardy for class (and he's such the good student that that gets to him more than anything else); letting air out of Principal Siegelski's tires; that sort of thing.

Of course, it isn't as easy as it sounds. Everybody knows that The Killers are behind the mischief; you don't really make any secret of that. So Sheriff Barnes is always trying to keep an eye on you, and threatens to throw you in jail “to teach you a lesson.” And Principal Siegelski always talks about suspending you. So you need to keep a watchful eye to keep from getting caught. And then, of course, there are The Good Guys.

The Good Guys. Isn't that the most pathetic name for a gang you've ever heard? I mean, Justice League of America- *that's* a cool name. But “The Good Guys”? Pretty pathetic. Anyways, it's a gang made up of two of the butts of The Killers' jokes, and one crusader that wants to stop The Killers from having any fun. The two butts are Timmy Carroll and Tony Turrelli. Timmy's the class geek. Great at science, pitiful at sports, you

know the type. He's not a bad guy, but everything about him screams, "Pick on me!" I mean, some of the times he saw you coming, he put himself in his locker, just to get it over with. You've got to admire that, in a pathetic sort of way. Tony, on the other hand, is the class clown. Always there with a joke or a cutting insult. Unfortunately for him, sometimes he makes J.D. the butt of his jokes. J.D.'s not a bad guy, but he *really* doesn't like people making fun of him. So Tony is on the terrorize list as well.

The crusader and leader of The Good Guys is James Daniels. He moved here a couple of years ago, and he's taken the town by storm. Straight A student, politest guy you ever met, quarterback and captain of the football team, dating the head cheerleader; if a guy could have more going for him, you don't how. Even worse is that he's not arrogant about it. If he were arrogant, you could stand it. But he's so damn humble, it drives you crazy. Anyways, he decided that he should put a stop to the pranks you've been doing, so he formed his little gang with the idea of keeping The Killers out of trouble. Normally, J.D. and Nick would get together and teach someone like that a lesson, but James is a big, scary guy. Nobody in his right mind wants to take him on. So for now, the gang has been sort of avoiding him.

But things are getting weird. J.D.'s been getting... more intense, you guess you'd say. He gets these headaches, and when he feels them coming on, you and Nick have learned to stand back, because J.D.'ll suddenly explode in anger, talking about the kind of things he'll do to James and the others. Sometimes he'll even come up with some sort of idea, and get you to help him out. That's your job in The Killers. J.D. comes up with the plans, and it's your idea to figure out how to make them work. Nick's job is then to do whatever is needed to get the plan to work.

And even when J.D. doesn't have one of his headaches, he's still a lot more strident and intense than he used to be. There's a fire in his eyes. You've seen it, and you really don't like it. He's a lot more violent, more willing to beat someone up rather than scare them, more willing to break things. Christ, you've even seen him hit Mary once.

Oh, boy. Mary. Mary is J.D.'s girl. Just keep telling yourself that. Mary loves J.D., J.D. loves Mary, they're happy together. What you feel for Mary doesn't matter. Sure, she's kind, caring, supportive, and you feel like you could do anything when she's around. It doesn't matter. She's going out with J.D. She loves J.D. Besides, what could she every see in you? I mean, she's into the James Dean Rebel Without A Cause sort of thing that J.D. does. You're a rebel, sure, but you're planning to get out of the rebel thing in a couple of years, go off to college, get a degree in business, and set up a nice middle class existence for yourself like your father. J.D. doesn't care about that sort of thing. He's wild, impulsive, that sort of thing. Christ, she probably just sees you as some sort of hanger-on who's not really into the rebellion thing. And she's right.

Why are you even kidding yourself? She probably doesn't even think about you. She probably only knows your name because you're always by J.D.'s side. Sure, you've driven her back to Hines' Orphanage when J.D. needed to be somewhere else. And you

two have talked, which is why you know how kind and caring she can be. But she loves J.D. You can fantasize about saving her from villain's clutches all you want, about dressing up in your super outfit and using your secret powers to stop the horrible fiends from having their way with her, then the two of you going off and getting married and living the rest of your days happily ever after. But it's all just fantasy. The reality is that she'll be with J.D. for the rest of her life. So get over it.

Focus instead on the gang. Keep your mind off her by trying to get ready for the drag race today. Yeah, a drag race. You're kind of annoyed at J.D. for that. He goes off and challenges James to this big drag race down I-42 to show The Good Guys who's really in charge. Except that J.D. doesn't have a car, so guess who's car he going to borrow? Yours. So you'd better get her in top shape for this afternoon. Nick's father runs a gas station, so you and Nick are going to put your heads together and see if you can figure out how to soup her up enough so that she can leave whatever James is driving in the dust. You're pretty sure that J.D. will want to drive her, so you'd better make sure that J.D. can drive, too. The last thing you need is the car you saved two summers for to end up smashed beyond repair.

Stock quote: "Oh, boy. This is gonna be good."

Mannerisms: Robert is the typical teenager who has read far too many comic books. He lives for danger, and has a mildly soiled reputation for hanging around J.D. so much. When it comes down to the crunch, however, he'll do his best to act heroic.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Leader of The Killers.

Nick Kerensky: Third member of The Killers. A really nice, big-hearted guy who gets teased a lot because he's big and a little slow. He's cool to hang out with, though, and he understands cars in a way that you probably never will.

James Daniels: Leader of The Good Guys.

Timmy Carroll: Science geek. Member of The Good Guys.

Tony Turrelli: Class clown. Member of The Good Guys.

Mark Sturvin: One of your best friends outside The Killers. He's the son of Harold Sturvin, the richest man in town, so everyone assumes Mark is a stuck-up little rich boy. In fact, he's a pretty cool guy to hang out with, and he's never flashy about his money. Mark really wants to be part of The Killers, and you think he'd be a great member. You'll have to see what J.D. thinks.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. The most beautiful woman you've ever known. You're hopelessly in love with her. She loves J.D.

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She's cute, but Nick's incredibly over-protective of her. You hear the last guy she went out with ended up in a cast after Nick found out. Be very careful what you say or do with her, or Nick might get angry. You don't want to see Nick angry. Not at you, anyways.

Catherine Thomas: One of the girls at Edwood High.

Margaret Smith: Class airhead. Mark is overjoyed ever since he finally got her to go out with him. You're not too sure her intentions are good; Mark reeks of money, and she may be taking him for a ride. Keep an eye on her.

Laura Fetner: Head Cheerleader. All-around perky girl. Needless to say, she's going out with James Daniels.

Wendy Mitchell: She's going out with Tony. Wants to be a star reporter, and is writing for the Edwood High paper.

C.J. Nickels: The old geezer who runs the 5 and Dime in town. He's the frequent butt of The Killers' jokes.

Sheriff Barnes: A pretty decent sheriff. Luckily, he hasn't caught you red-handed, so he hasn't done anything to you other than give a stern warning. Make sure he doesn't catch you doing anything wrong.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. One of the strictest people you've ever had the displeasure of knowing. Some of the students call her "Siegheil"ski behind her back. That's pretty cool; you wish you'd thought of that.

Goals:

1. Help out The Killers. Try to come up with ways to implement J.D.'s ideas into action. Help make sure that you win the drag race this afternoon. Make sure that the Sheriff and the Principal don't catch you in the middle of some mischief. Try to show everybody how pathetic The Good Guys are. Generally, cause havoc.

2. Keep and eye on Mark. Mark's a cool kid, and he seems to look up to you. He's sort of a sidekick to you. You'd like to see him as part of The Killers, so help him get in. And make sure that Margaret Smith isn't just looking to freeload off of him.

3. Get Mary to fall in love with you. Well, this isn't a goal you're going to do anything to help implement. I mean, she loves J.D., J.D. loves her, and you'd really have to be a bastard to try to break them up. Still, it would be nice if she were to fall in love with you. Really nice.

Dr. Sarah Carroll

“Nothing is sufficient for the person who finds sufficiency too little.”
-Epicurus

God damn that Dave. If he hadn't left you, everything would be fine. Things would be so much easier, and you wouldn't have to worry so much. But he's gone, and Timmy's growing up, and you worry so much....

Things were so much better then. Your family had scrimped and saved to send you, their only child, through college. It was tough being female and trying to earn a degree in the hard sciences; everyone said you should stop the foolishness and go off and be a secretary or whatnot. But you knew you could do so much more. You were the valedictorian of your high school, and you knew you had the brains and the drive to get where ever you wanted to be. And your parents were always behind you, helping you to achieve your ambitions.

You had always wanted to be an astronomer. Growing up in New Mexico, you could lay on your back at night near the mesas and look out into the vast expanse of space, the countless stars and galaxies, swirling together in the dance of the cosmos. You could feel yourself being pulled there, being drawn to explore them for yourself. The heavens were beautiful and clear, but still held mysteries undreamed of. You knew that out there, somewhere, were the answers to the questions that had plagued man from the beginning. And you wanted to be out there, exploring. That was your dream.

So you went to CalTech to learn astronomy. You had the occasional problem with the older teachers or chauvinistic students, but nothing you couldn't handle. Nothing you couldn't ignore and put behind you in your drive to learn about the stars. But it was while you were working on your bachelor's degree that you met someone you couldn't ignore. David Carroll.

He was a mathematics student, and the two programs intersected enough that you saw each other in several classes over the years. He was your exact opposite. You were driven by a need to achieve, a desire to achieve what you felt you deserved. Sometimes, in your desire, you lost your view of the real world. Your sense of humor (well developed, if you do say so yourself) would submerge, for example. Dave, on the other hand, never seemed to care about much. He seemed to be drifting through life, taking the path of least resistance, but never letting his lack of achievement damper his personality. He was wild, you were conventional. He was apathetic, you were driven to succeed. He was down to earth and clownish, you were high-minded and serious.

Needless to say, the two of you fell in love. He saw in you someone that could be his Rock of Gibraltar, someone who would always be there to help him when life made too many wave for him. For you, he was the man who could wash your cares away with a

smile. Someone who would remind you that life was something to sit back and enjoy, not simply rush through on your way to greater and greater things.

The two of you went steady for four years, and got married a few weeks after you received your master's degree. Timmy was born a year later ('43), and the next few years were picture perfect. You took care of Timmy while working on your doctorate in Astronomy, while Dave worked in cryptology for the OSS in order to support the two of you. By the time you got your doctorate, you were sure that life was going to be wonderful. Sure, Dave and you had fights every once in a while, but every couple did. But you knew that you loved each other.

On March 15th, 1951 (you remember that day; you remember every little thing about it from what was playing on the radio to little Timmy's new haircut and the clothes he was wearing to how much you had just paid for groceries to how quiet in was when you went into the house, as if the entire building was waiting in breathless anticipation for you to find the note, the note that would destroy everything) you came home from shopping to find a note on the kitchen table. "I have to leave. I'm sorry. -Dave." You never saw him again.

With that, your life imploded. You could get a job as an astronomer with too much of a problem, but no one was willing to pay a woman with no experience enough to support a child and a house. Every night you could see the money drifting away. It felt like your lifeblood slowly leaking out of you, draining you of everything you held dear.

You finally realized that you had to live within your means, and your means no longer meant a nice Southern California house with a nice new car. You sold the car and bought a clunker, and then drove back to your parents' house in New Mexico. You lived there for two years, letting Mom take care of Timmy while you made the three hour commute to the Ft. Lucas Rita Research Labs in San Inguon, Arizona. They needed people to work in the astronomy department, and the money enough to keep you going. It was hardest on Timmy. He had to move to a new neighborhood, and you only saw him for a little while each day. You worried about him. Would he ever make friends? Would he be able to adjust to living with less money that he had when Dave (*the bastard*) had been around? Would he ever forgive you for not being around as much as you should have been? You worried about him a lot.

But things sort of worked out. Timmy grew up into a kind and caring young man, seriously interested in the sciences. He made friends, and seemed to be happy. You were soon promoted to Assistant Head Researcher, Astronomy Division, and had a large enough paycheck to move to a small house in San Inguon. You managed to get Timmy a job working as a general assistant for the Labs. It would get him some experience, help him learn about the sciences, and add a little extra money into a household that was always just a step away from bankruptcy. Your divorce from Dave on grounds of abandonment went through. Things seemed like they would go on just fine.

But then everything changed. It started two weeks ago Friday. Timmy had saved enough money to buy a small, ready-to-fall apart car so that he could get where he wanted without any problems. But that Friday he somehow lost control of the car and managed to hit a telephone pole. He was fine, not a scratch on him, but the car was totaled. You were furious. You couldn't afford to buy a new car for him, you were so worried about him driving now, he gave you such a scare, why wasn't he paying attention to the road? You grounded him for two weeks and took away his wallet and driver's license to make sure that he didn't drive again until he was ready.

You lay in bed that night, worrying yourself into a serious frenzy and ending up with a serious headache. Timmy had been able to work more hours at the Labs because he had a car. Now he was going to have to depend upon friends or you to get him to work, and that meant he would have to cut down on hours which meant less money. *Money. That's what it always comes down to, isn't it? If only you had enough, you could move out of this crappy little house that barely fits two people and into a house like the one you left in California... no, an even bigger house. A better house. With two nice cars, one for you and one for Timmy. And Timmy could go to any college he wanted, not whichever one will give him enough of a scholarship to get him through six years. And if Dave ever shows his God Damned face back here, you'd show him that he didn't matter to you, that you got on just fine without him. If only you had the money.*

You didn't sleep until very late night. Tossing and turning, alternately wishing that you had the money you needed and that the headache would just go away, you couldn't just let go of it all and fall asleep until five o'clock in the morning. You woke up around noon, the headache gone but the worries still there. You spent most of the afternoon just puttering around, watching T.V., anything to get your mind away from the financial wreck that is your life. Timmy had gone off to hang out with friends. You worry about him and his friends. He hangs out with James Daniels, the son of Col. Fred Daniels (chief of military ops at Ft. Rita), and if James is half the egotistical bastard that his father is, well, Timmy deserves better people than that. And his other pal, Tony Turrelli. I mean, you're not prejudiced or anything, but why should Timmy hang out with a greasy little Italian boy who will only lead him to trouble? *Timmy should get to know Mark Sturvin. There's a nice kid. His father's the richest man in town. Timmy should get to know Mark. Maybe a little of that money will rub off on him. That would help. That would help a lot.*

It was after ten o'clock at night when you realized you needed to drop by the Labs. You had left early on Friday after you heard about Timmy's accident, and you still had a little work to do. General Cork, who oversees the entire base, has this strange idea about doing some sort of presentation to the town (oh, Jesus, that's going to be tonight) about what sort of things the Labs are doing. A Science Fair for the clueless. As stupid as it is, General Cork is the guy in charge, and you need to make a good impression if you're going to get a raise. So you went in to the Labs to work on your presentation. And you found Dr. Kyle Berry looking through your files.

You were absolutely shocked to see that. Dr. Berry may have been the head of the Astronomy Department, but that gave him no right to snoop through your projects. He looked at you and just froze, an expression of utter terror across his face. He stuttered a little, gave a pathetic smile and tried to explain, then stopped. He then started a different explanation, then stopped. Finally, he gave up and told you the truth.

His father had been an ardent Communist. When Dr. Berry went through the security checks for his current position, he lied about not having any contacts with any Communists. His father had passed on, so who was to know the difference? But a few months ago, someone sent him a carbon copy of his father's Party membership card with clear instructions. Either bring secrets to us or we'll let General Cork know where your real affiliations lie. So Dr. Berry began coming to the Labs late every Saturday, snooping through records and files, looking for information to send them. He had become a spy.

Your heart told you that you should turn him in. You knew that he was committing treason, that he was compromising the projects that everyone was working upon. But something in the back of your head said *money. This can be your E-ticket. This can be what you really need.*

So you told Dr. Berry that you would keep mum on two conditions. First, he would have to find somewhere else to work. Secondly, he would have to get his blackmailer in contact with you. He agreed happily, painfully aware that you could have sent him to the electric chair if you told the FBI or CIA.

The next few days were like a dream. On Sunday, you met the blackmailer. Irving Thorton, town drunk. You could have been knocked over with a feather- harmless, loopy old Irving, who wanders the town talking about aliens and looking for handouts is actually Ivan Sonavich, KGB. The two of you talked for the day about what you could offer him and what he could offer you. He agreed to pay you in cash for any information you could provide on any subject. The more interesting, detailed, and pertinent the information, the more you would be paid. In return, you were a willing traitor, eager to serve, as opposed to Dr. Berry, who sent Irving as little information as he could to keep out of trouble. *And you would have the money rolling in. So you're selling secrets? Who cares? You'll be making money. You'll be making the kind of money you need to be making in order to have the life you deserve. You'll be rolling in the riches soon, my dear. Everything you ever wanted.*

On Monday, the Labs were shocked by Dr. Berry's sudden resignation. General Cork was nearly apoplectic. Immediately, you started jockeying for the post of Head Scientist, Astronomy Division. You had help in Dr. Bates, head of the Physics Department. He saw you as a bright and determined person, and the fact that you were a woman didn't change anything in his mind. General Cork tried to resist; he's an absolute chauvinist and probably wouldn't have hired you in the first place if he hadn't been desperate for qualified scientists. But Dr. Bates is Lead Scientist at the Labs, and Dr. Forbes (head of Biology) and Dr. Fields (head of Chemistry) were too wrapped up in their

projects to suggest anyone else, so General Cork begrudgingly gave you the position. *All the better to make more money with. Now your paycheck will go up, and as head of a department, few people will question you if you appear at the Labs at strange hours, or go to other people's offices. Easy money. Easy money. From here on out, you'll be living like a queen.*

Your only problem right now is getting some secrets to sell off. You broke into Dr. Fields' office Tuesday night and found some of his notes about- of all things- a growth formula. He had written that, when mixed with a certain kind of feed, caused his subject iguanas to grow to tremendous size. You stole some of his formula and copied word for word his experiment. Over the next few nights you tried it out upon your own test iguanas, but nothing happened. You followed the experiment rigorously and even broke into his lab a second time to double check your notes. Still nothing. And here it is, the day you need to give something to Irving/Ivan, and you've got nothing. Not an auspicious start.

Stock Quote: "It's nothing that can't be solved by hard work and good thinking."

Mannerisms: Sarah comes across as a nice and kind woman. Of course, if you're in her way, she can become ruthless and mean in a heartbeat.

People You Know:

James Daniels: One of Timmy's friends. You worry that he's just using Timmy. You don't know how or why, but he certainly seems the type. At least if he's anything like his father.

Timmy Carroll: Your son. You worry about him a lot. He's not hanging out with the right crowd, in your opinion. Still, he's a wonderful son, hard-working and conscientious. You hope he grows up to be a famous scientist some day.

Tony Turrelli: One of your son's other friends. Honestly, you don't know why he chooses such low-class friends.

Mark Sturvin: Now there's a good boy. That's the kind of person who Timmy should hang out with.

General Hiram Cork: The old bastard in charge of Ft. Rita. If he wasn't your boss, you'd tell him off about his mean, chauvinistic ways. But he is your boss, so you'd better stay quiet about it.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander for Ft. Rita. Egotistical and overbearing. On the other hand, that's better than chauvinism. You could at least deal with Col. Daniels running Ft. Rita because you wouldn't be singled out for criticism.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department for the Labs. You don't really know much about him. He's extremely quiet and spends most of his time in the labs.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department, and Head Scientist for the Labs. A nice old man, albeit a bit absent-minded. Still, he helped you get the position you're in today, and you owe him one. *Wonder what sort of projects he's working on- and how much Ivan would pay for them?*

Dr. Gerald Forbes: A bit of a loner. His wife died just before you met him a few weeks ago, and everyone says he was much more outgoing and happy then. *Better check on his projects, too.*

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in town. *Maybe you should get to know him better.*

Irving Thorton: Actually Ivan Sonavich, top KGB agent, and your contact for selling secrets. Stay away from him until you're ready to act.

Harold & Bess Smith: Your next-door neighbors. They make you sick. Harold's the perfect father, decent, caring, and makes more than enough to support his family. Bess is the perfect housewife, never anywhere without an apron on, always smiling. She makes you sick.

Dr. Angela Bailey: Esteemed archaeologist, in town to examine some artifacts found near the mesas outside of town. Maybe you could get together with her and commiserate about being strong women in a male-dominated world.

Goals:

1. Make lots of money. Any way you can. Right now, you're selling secrets to the Communists. To do this, you must search the Labs (preferably when no one is around), find things of interest, take them, and deliver them to Irving Thorton. He'll pay you based on how important and complete it is. Feel free to haggle with him. It might help to talk to the other scientists and see if they'll talk about their own projects.

2. Keep an eye on Timmy. Make sure he doesn't get into any trouble, and try to make sure he doesn't hang out with a bad crowd, like that James and Tony.

3. Keep your job secure. Not much of a big deal, actually. The only project the Astronomy staff is working upon is following a comet that just entered the solar system. They'll keep you informed about any changes. Meanwhile, act nice to General Cork and try to find information that makes him or any of the other scientists look bad.

Thomas Madden aka Steven Gilliam

“I’ll change their names in case some reconstructed quote or poetic exaggeration of mine is misconstrued to mean that one of these Soviets might be “turned” by the CIA. No one deserves to be pestered by surreptitious Yalies who couldn’t get into law school.”

-P.J. O’Rourke

You are Tom Madden, champion of justice, fighter for truth, and domestic operative for the CIA. It’s an exciting life of danger, mystery, and espionage, and you wouldn’t trade it for the world. Besides, you couldn’t get into law school.

You remember your first mission well. It was late March, 1951. You were to meet David Carroll, cryptographer, in Fresno. He had been sent some classified communications sent from Sacramento to a known KGB operative in San Diego. You were an up-and-coming young spy, and were thrilled by the chance to track down an unknown agent and break a massive spy ring. You arrived at the meeting point only a few minutes too late however; Dave was lying in a pool of his own blood, and you saw a shadowy figure running out the back door. You ran across the room, drawing your gun, and broke through the door into the alley behind. The mystery man was dashing to a car in the street outside, but you had the drop on him. Carefully, slowly, you lowered you gun and snapped off three shots just like they had taught you to do. Click. Click. Click.

Next time, load the gun before firing. you said to yourself. It was too late; the enemy agent jumped into the waiting car and sped off into the distance, leaving you to call HQ and get this mess sorted out.

Dave’s body was cleaned up and disposed of; his ties to the CIA were secret, and so he was categorized as a “missing person” for whom the revelation of how he died would be too dangerous to the agency. The codes were lost, but from the description of the car and the agent, HQ quickly determined that you had been ambushed by Ivan Sonavitch, the aforementioned KGB agent in San Diego. It would not be the first time your path was to cross his.

Over the years you have been the man on duty in the South West; you have investigated Anarchists in Arizona, Communists in California, Unionists in Utah, and Socialists in Nevada (they can’t all be alliterative). All the while you were tracking down the Big Kahuna of the KGB, the man who was behind every plot to overthrow the government- Ivan Sonavitch. Each time, you missed him only because of his extreme cunning. You nearly had him in Burbank when he tried to get several famous actors and actresses to join the Communists; he cleverly evaded you by scheduling his meeting for the day after daylight savings time; you had set your watch forwards instead of backwards, and by the time you arrived to bust up his meeting, he was two hours gone. You nearly got him in San Francisco when he was spying upon Senator Nixon; somehow, though, he

managed to disconnect the parking brake on your car (you *know* you had set it before you got out), and before you could grab him, your car began rolling down Telegraph Road, forcing you to chase it down to keep his dastardly scheme from killing innocent bystanders. You managed to stop the car before it did anything other than dent a few cars parked on the street, but the diversion allowed him to escape. And you almost had him when he tried to put subliminal Communist songs in the repertoire of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but he escaped by yelling “Look behind you!” and when you turned to see what he was pointing at, he slipped away. Still, one day you’ll catch him and he won’t have any of his little tricks up his sleeve.

Your current assignment is in San Inguon, Arizona. San Inguon is a sleepy little town which is home to Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. General Cork, commander of Ft. Rita, suspects that someone within the Labs is a Communist spy and has been sending information to the KGB. You are sure Sonavitch is behind this, somehow. Unfortunately, your superiors point out that you’ve seen Sonavitch behind every plot for the last ten years (which he has been) and have yet to bring any proof of him in (which is true- he’s a sneaky little devil). Cork has requested that the CIA send someone to investigate these matters; you jumped at the chance to foil another of Sonavitch’s plots.

So you are pretending to be Steven Gilliam, a cousin of Sheriff Ward Barnes. Your story is that you’re coming in to town to see Ward while on your way to San Diego. You will stop over in San Inguon for a single day and gather as much evidence as possible regarding possible Communist spies. If necessary, you can pretend to have some scientific background and look for a job at the Labs, thus allowing you to extend your stay if necessary. Only General Cork and Sheriff Barnes know your true identity.

If General Cork is correct about a spy, then there must be two operatives within San Inguon. The first must be someone of importance within the Labs, someone who could be in the Labs at all hours and go to various departments without arousing too much suspicion. The second contact must be someone outside the Labs; someone whom the inner spy could pass information to and who would pass that information on to the KGB without being obvious about it. And somewhere in all of this mess lies Ivan Sonavitch.

Your first priority upon arriving in town is to make contact with the Sheriff, and establishing your cover. Once you have done that, you should meet with General Cork and go over the list of possible spies. Each of these people must be investigated to the fullest extent. Once you have determined the interior spy, you must then keep a close eye upon them to see if you can determine their outside contact. And once you have both of them pegged, you can move in for the arrest.

No Communist can stand for very long when Tom Madden is on their trail!

Stock quote: “Cease and desist, you ugly Communist swine!”

Mannerisms: Cross Maxwell Smart with Dudley Dought. The more incompetent and obviously not what you seem you are, the better it is.

People You Know:

Ivan Sonavitch: You're sure he's hiding somewhere in town. It's obvious that he's behind all the problems in this town. Perhaps he's fluoridating the water.

General Hiram Cork: A great and bold man, devoted to the American ideals. Obviously, he knows that when a problem comes up he can't handle, calling in a CIA expert is the thing to do.

People You Have Been Briefed Upon:

Timmy Carroll: A high-school student who assists at the Labs. Hmm. As a general assistant, he has access to every department within the Labs. He is also known as a bit of a bumbler; a perfect cover for someone actually possessed of incredible skills and cunning (you should know; you've used that cover yourself). Admittedly, he's only seventeen, but he still may be a tool of some higher power. Look into him.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department. Known as a loner, he often keeps extremely late and strange office hours. Hmm. Perhaps he keeps to himself to keep others from finding out about his strange and heretical Communist viewpoint. And keeping strange hours would facilitate searching other Departments for new secrets. Look into him.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department and Lead Scientist. As Lead Scientist, he would obviously have complete access to all of the Departments with no questions asked. And perhaps his eccentric and absent-minded demeanor is merely a cover for a brilliant criminal mastermind. Look into him.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department. Underwent a complete change in personality two weeks ago after his wife died in a car accident. Has become withdrawn, antisocial, and spends a great deal of time locked in his lab. Perhaps his wife's death was not accidental, but instead a threat against Dr. Forbes to continue his spying services. That would make sense. Yes, and the great deal of time locked in his lab could be spent copying and encoding the secret of the Labs! Look into him.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Recently promoted Head of the Astronomy Department. A good, conscientious worker who spends a great deal of time working in her department. Mother of Timmy Carroll. Unfortunately, General Cork believes that the spying began several months ago, and Dr. Carroll has only been in a position of power for a few weeks. Still, best not to take chances. Look into her.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander on Ft. Rita. A good, honest and upright man. Definitely not a suspect in any way.

Goals:

1. Find out who is involved in the Communist Spy Ring. Find the inside contact and the outside contact. Make sure you have enough evidence to prosecute them for treason.

2. Find Ivan Sonavitch. He has to be here somewhere. Find him and watch him. Be careful, though. If you spook him off (no pun intended), he might warn the spy ring, and you'll never be able to catch the dirty crooks who are selling secrets to the Soviet Union!

3. Preserve peace, order, and the American Way. If anything comes up that you feel is a threat to the country, do whatever you can to stop it.

Reverend Samuel Hines

“Victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory no matter how long and hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival.”

-Winston Churchill

Things simply are not going as planned. It was supposed to be just a simple mission. Commonwealth high command had received reports of Thwarkian supply ships sending resources to this quadrant. As the only habitable planet in the quadrant, Earth was seen as the prime target for the next Thwarkian takeover. So you, ace spy for the Commonwealth, were sent here to investigate.

That's when the problems started. HQ was sure that the perfect place to land was a small desert in the western portion of the area called “the United States.” Nothing was out there. It was a perfect place to hide the ship. Unfortunately, they hadn't counted on the fact that the desert was a wonderful source of uranium, and that the United States would be looking for new uranium mine sites. So less than a year after you landed, your ship was found, confiscated, and sent off to a place called Roswell.

Leaving you up the nebula stream without a retro-blaster.

So you've been wandering around the country for the last four years, looking for clues about the Thwarkians. And quite honestly, you haven't found much. Not that you've been looking that hard. HQ said that the perfect way to establish a cover would be to set yourself up as a priest. Sure. People would trust you implicitly. No one would suspect you of anything.

They didn't tell you about two years of seminary school.

So, here you are, stuck on this planet, two years behind in your work, desperately searching for spies. Five billion people on this planet, and you're looking for one of them. And you don't even know which one.

Well, HQ had determined that there was a radio wave emission from San Inguon, Arizona, so whatever intergalactic spies there were had to be there. So you came to San Inguon, narrowing your field of five billion down to five thousand. It's a step in the right direction, at least.

So you've lived in San Inguon for the last two years. You set up a small orphanage, which ostensibly was your *raison d'être* for showing up in San Inguon in the first place. And you've been waiting, watching to see what happens.

And the answer is, a lot. Or at least, a lot has been happening within San Inguon. As far as the thought of alien spies being here, you really haven't found much. Oh, you know that there's at least one Thwarkian spy here, maybe even a Betazoid as well. But they haven't really shown themselves. Besides, you've really sort of been too busy to investigate too much.

The problem is that your cover is simply too good. You're one of the more respected people in town. People come to you with their problems. People ask you advice. People want you to help them. So you spend all of your time trying to help them out, and that doesn't leave much time for finding out what's going on, espionage wise.

And the orphanage itself isn't an easy job, either. Right now, you've only got a few charges, but two of them are lifetime jobs in and of themselves. Mary Jenkins is the first. She came from a broken home, punctuated by the violent death of her mother. She's bounced around orphanages for nearly ten years now. And while she acts like a normal girl, filled with vim and vigor, you can tell that she's not as happy about things as she lets on. And the kid she's dating- J.D. Koln- now there's a problem child. He's the town rebel, given to pulling dangerous pranks against the other kids, and has no interest in getting through school and preparing himself for the real world. He'll probably end up an alcoholic like his father. And while Mary covers it well with makeup, you've seen the bruises he's laid on her these last few weeks. She's headed for disaster, and you've got to do something to save her.

Your other headache is Catherine Thomas. Oh, sure, she puts up a good act of being quiet and soft, fading into the background whenever something's going on. But you've passed by her room and heard things, weird things, voices and chants, things that simply don't make sense. And she keeps getting picked up by Sheriff Barnes for being out after dark, running around the mesas. She's up to something, but you have no idea what.

And then there's the rest of the town. Ivan Kerensky keeps wanting you to lend moral support to the Legion of Social Decency, his anti-Communist organization whose tactics make Joe McCarthy look like a saint. Every time he tries to talk to you about it, you end up having an hour long shouting match, getting neither of you anywhere. Gerald Forbes' wife died in a car accident two weeks ago, and you're trying to get him to unload some of the grief he's been burdened by. Mayor Cunningham's having this town festival he's calling the Iguanafest, and he'd like you to help him out with it. Top this off by being the only priest to all of the men serving at Ft. Lucas Rita. Is it any wonder you haven't been able to track down the Thwarkian spy?

However, news from HQ indicates that you'd better start moving, fast. A huge new offensive was just opened up by the Commonwealth across the Bidrigan system, and most of the Thwarkian fleet is engaged. However, at least one Thwarkian cruiser was seen to leave the area of the battle and head off towards this quadrant. That doesn't bode well for Earth. Nor for you, as the only way you'll get off this planet is to call for the Commonwealth to pick you up.

So someone in town is the Thwarkian agent. And whomever he or she is, they've contact their HQ and gotten a cruiser sent here. Which means you'll have to find out who the spy is, why they called for a cruiser, and whether it's anything you can stop. If you can't stop it here on Earth, the Commonwealth can send part of its fleet to hunt down the rogue cruiser. Of course, doing that jeopardizes victory in Bidriga, so that's an option of last resort, only.

In any case, you'd better find out what the deal is with that cruiser, or taking care of the orphans might just end up being a moot point.

Standard Quote: "Is there something I can help you with, my child?"

Mannerisms: Reverend Hines is calm, quiet, friendly, and always willing to lend an ear or a hand to anyone who needs it. He hasn't really been doing his job as a Commonwealth spy, so he has to make up for lost time really quickly.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Young juvenile delinquent. Raised by Zeke Koln, an alcoholic. You used to think that his rebellion was just a harmless phase; but given what he's done to Mary, you're not so sure anymore. Actually, you may just be jumping to conclusions. You don't know that J.D. caused those bruises. But it wouldn't surprise you.

Mary Jenkins: One of your charges. She puts on a good act of being cheery and happy, but you know that deep down she's extremely depressed and scared of what her life is going to be like.

Catherine Thomas: Another of your charges. She's very quiet and non-committal. She's hiding something, but you have no clue what it may be.

Mayor Cunnigham: Mayor of San Inguon. He's normally a very nice, outgoing man. However, recently he's been much more strict and overbearing. Perhaps it's the stress from trying to put on this Iguanafest.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of Ft. Lucas Rita and the adjoining Research Labs. A very gruff and businesslike man, but you expect that from a soldier.

Sheriff Ward Barnes: Sheriff of San Inguon. A good man, decent and caring. You've heard rumors that he's been hitting the bottle occasionally. That really doesn't seem like him.

C.J. Nickels: Runs the 5 and Dime in town. A good man, if a little bad-tempered. Still, when one lives to be a hundred or so, one expects to be able to be bad-tempered.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. The consummate salesman; he could sell Ginwak to the Hafmurs. You probably shouldn't use that expression in public. People might wonder.

Ivan Kerensky: Rabid anti-Communist who runs the local gas station. He's in charge of the Legion of Social Decency, which you think is going far too far in its tactics for hounding Communists out of town.

Harold Sturvin: Richest man in town, if not all of Arizona. You keep trying to get him to donate money to help build a new wing onto the orphanage. You haven't succeeded, yet. Maybe if you asked Harold Smith to talk to him...

Irving Thorton: A poor man in the throes of alcoholism who sometimes sleeps it off behind the church. You bring out soup to him whenever he drops by.

Goals:

1. Help out the town. Care for the sick, help heal the spiritual wounds of the townspeople, and make everyone feel better about their place in the cosmos.

2. Help save the world. Speaking of places in the cosmos, you should definitely try to find out who the Thwarkian spy is. Whoever it is, it has to be someone who hangs around the Research Labs and talks to the scientists a lot. That way, they could find out information about what new projects are being worked on. Since the cruiser is on its way, they'll probably work less at keeping up the facade of being human. Therefore, look for people acting strangely; they might be Thwarkian spies expecting to be picked up by the cruiser soon.

Timothy Carroll

“That is the essence of science: ask an impertinent question, and you are well on the way to a pertinent answer.” -Jacob Brownoski

Geez, you hate having to come into the Research Labs real early in the morning. But there's a big presentation tonight, and everybody's got work left to do, so you have to come in at the crack of dawn to help out. Getting up early isn't your strong point, but the extra money you make goes a long way towards buying a burger at Pop's Malt Shop or gas for your car.

Assuming you *had* a car. Well, you did have one. Unfortunately, on the way home from hanging out with James Daniels and Tony Turelli, who are your two best friends in all of Edwood High School, and together you guys have formed a gang, calling yourselves “The Good Guys” and you do all sorts of helpful stuff around town and do your best to stop whatever trouble J.D. and his gang is starting up, and... where were you?

Oh, yeah, on the way home. Anyway, you were driving home when you started thinking about one of the things Dr. Forbes had been talking about. He's been working on some sort of project and he hit a stumbling block, namely that he needed to find some sort of mononuclear hydro-oxy dehydrated chain or such in order to get his project to work. And the thing is about a mononuclear hydro-oxy dehydrated chain (or a MHODC, as you like to call it because calling it a mononuclear hydro-oxy dehydrated chain for very long tends to make it easy for your brain to wander off onto another subject while your mouth is trying to push out these huge names of chemical compounds, and pretty soon you've lost track of exactly where it was you were trying to go, which is why James is really cool to hang around because he sort of understands most of what you're talking about (he is the class valedictorian, after all, which you would have been if they didn't grade gym classes, but you're not really angry about that, because James is a really cool guy, after all. Now what were you talking about?

Oh, yeah. You were driving home and not really paying attention to where you were going because you were trying to figure out some of the properties of a MHODC, when suddenly some idiot driving an Edsel pulled out in front of you, and you turned the wheel so hard to avoid him that you accidentally drove off the road and hit a telephone pole. The car your mother had put aside most of her savings for, that you had saved up from all of your summer jobs for, was a wreck.

Mom was hysterical. She kept jumping back and forth from being really angry at you for having wrecked a car that the two of you had saved up so long for to being really happy that you were all right, especially after Dr. Forbes' wife had died a few days before in a car accident. Finally she calmed down and the two of you worked out a way for either her or James to drive you to work, and she is keeping your license (and your wallet,

because the license is sort of stuck in one of the pockets because when you were younger and kept losing your library card, which was really a major inconvenience because you were at the library so often, and so you took a needle and thread and sewed the pocket just a little bit smaller so that the library card would stay in, which it did, but unfortunately, you stuck your driver's license in that pocket too, and so now it's stuck there and won't come out, so Mom had to take the entire wallet.)

Okay, back to work. Let's see... first project, deliver those missile reports to Dr. Bates. You like working here at the Labs a lot. Dr. Bates, the Lead Scientist, which means he pretty much oversees all of the departments in addition to supervising the Physics Department of the Labs, is a really cool guy to work with. Sure, he's a little absent-minded, but he's one of the most brilliant men you've ever met. And he lets you work at all of the departments, so you're getting to learn more about physics, biology, chemistry and astronomy than you ever would just reading a textbook in class. Sometimes he'll even bounce a problem off of you, to see if you can figure it out! Usually, you can't, but it's still a lot of fun to work with him and try to puzzle it out.

Okay, here are those reports. Now we'll just... oops. Okay, the pages are numbered, so you should be able to put them back in the right order after you pick them up. Oh, dear. The charts aren't numbered. Well, we'll just put them all on the bottom. Dr. Bates is smart enough to put it all together, right? Sure. Now let's just go put them on Dr. Bates' desk. When you first started working here, you had absolutely no idea how he could find anything in his office. Papers were everywhere, little widgets and gadgets that had a part missing were strewn across the desk and the floor, writing on the blackboard occasionally continued onto the wall, stuff like that. But he had a system, and he showed you how it worked. You think you understand it, although you doubt you'd be able to explain it to anyone else. It's pretty complex. Let's see, important information for a current project should go under the third stack of papers from the left underneath the blackboard. Cool. That's one job down.

Okay, next is copying the late-night astronomer's reports into the main log. That's in Dr. Carroll's (known to you as Mom) office. It's really neat sometimes having your mother working for a major research lab. I mean, knowing your mother is doing important stuff and trying to answer the mysteries of the cosmos. On the other hand, working at the same place your mother does can be a bit of a drag, because she's always asking you what sort of work you've been doing, and if you do something wrong in her office, you'll hear about it over and over again for the next two weeks. And this last week, she's been all over you, constantly asking you what sort of things you've been doing for the other departments, seeing how the projects have been going, that sort of thing. I mean, she's only been in charge of the Astronomy department for a week and a half, and it seems like she's already working on becoming Lead Scientist. Still, you know she has it rough. When Dad left ten years ago she had to work constantly just to keep you housed and fed. And the two of you have been moving around a lot, as she tried to find a good, steady job that would support the two of you and let you go off to a good college. Things are pretty calm now, and now that Mom's in charge of a department you two shouldn't have to worry

about money for a while. Of course, you did wreck your car, and you'll be going off to college in a couple of years, so maybe things will still be sort of... whoops.

Okay, didn't break it. Just set it back up on the tripod, and it was watching... check the log... third quadrant. No problem. Just adjust the dial a little... good as new. You really need to watch where you're going more often. Okay, copy over the logs, and you're good to go. Just two jobs left to do. So let's go over to the Biology Department and see what Dr. Forbes wants you to do.

You've only lived in San Inguon for a couple of years. Before that, you lived in various place in New Mexico and California. You were pretty scared when you first came here that you really wouldn't fit in. You had changed schools before, and knew how hard it was for a new kid, especially a shy, brainy new kid to get along. Your fears were confirmed when you met "The Killers."

"The Killers" is J.D. Koln's little gang. J.D. scares the dickens out of you. He's not real tough or real strong, not like Nick Kerensky, another of the Killers who *really* scares you, but J.D. has this attitude, a sort of "I don't care if I live past today, so get out of my way" attitude that makes you get out of his way, because you *definitely* want to live past today. The third member of the Killers is Robert Sherman. He seems like a nice guy, and everybody tells you he's not that bad a person by himself, but he's always hanging around J.D. or Nick, so you've never really met Robert. Anyway, those three saw you at school like you had a sign over you saying "Beat Me Up!" J.D. started harassing you while Robert snickered and Nick cracked his knuckles. You were doing your best to hide in your locker, when James Daniels walked by. As soon as they saw James, Nick pointed him out to J.D. and the three of them walked away as quick as they could. Needless to say, you introduced yourself to him, thanked him for saving you, and hung around him as much as possible.

It turned out that James was kind of new to school as well; his father was just reassigned to Ft. Lucas Rita (which the Research Labs are attached to) a few months before. He's pretty big and athletic (he's nickelback for the football team or something like that) and seems to scare J.D., so you did your best to become friends with him and keep him around you. It wasn't that hard. James is really a nice guy, and he likes listening to you talk about science and explain the mysteries of life in neat little chemical formulas. You two also hang around with Tony "Scooter" Turelli, who is one of the biggest clowns you've ever met. He's always making a joke or a wisecrack, which gets him into trouble. Especially when J.D. is the butt of his joke. That probably explains why he likes to hang around James, too. In any case, you three decided that you should work together to stop J.D. from really doing any damage to anybody, and it's worked. Sort of. Well, actually, it really hasn't. You see, some one stole the Ceremonial Throw Pillow from Edwood High. It's this throw pillow that has embroidered in it the names of all the Edwood High graduates who died in World War I. It was kept in a glass case in the middle of Edwood High, and someone pried the case open and stole the pillow two weeks ago Sunday. You're positive that the Killers are behind it, but nobody has any evidence. If you're going

to prove to J.D. that the Good Guys will stop his mischief, then you'd better find the pillow and prove he stole it.

The other problem is... really a big problem. You see, J.D. has a car. James has a car. You don't, but we've already talked about that. J.D. and Nick like to work on their car. James likes to work on his car. J.D. challenged James to a drag race. Today at two p.m. James agreed. And asked you to help him "soup up" his car. Unfortunately, cars are things you know nothing about. You tried to change your own oil once, and you were sitting in the place where you were supposed to put the pan, because you couldn't really see under the car to the place you were supposed to pull the plug out, and you slid under the car to find the plug, and you found it, oh boy did you find it, and you must have turned it while searching around for it, because when you pull your hand out, the plug came right off the bottom of the oil pan, and you were washing oil out of your hair and brushing it out of your teeth for the next week. Yuck. Where were you? Oh, yeah. So you're supposed to help James "soup up" his car. Great. Well, you'll see what he wants to do, and see if you can do it. I mean, it never hurts to try, right? Well, I mean with most things. Actually, with cars, it might hurt to try. You don't really want to do something that'll ruin the engine, because you *know* how much cars cost, and you really don't want to do something that will completely destroy James' car. And there are other things that it hurts to try. Asking girls out, for example. I mean, you're not a great looking guy, sort of average in a bland kind of way, and you're sure that you can't dance without causing some sort of injury- if not to you, then to whoever you're dancing with. So you're not what the girls in town would really call "a catch." Besides, most of the girls are already going out with someone else. Mary is going out with J.D., Theresa is Nick's younger sister, so no one asks her out unless they want to end up with a few less teeth and a black eye, word about school is that Margaret's going to go to the dance with Mark Sturvin, who's a nice guy if a little quiet, Laura, class cheerleader, is going out with James (of course he gets the most attractive girl in all of Edwood High, just goes to figure), and Wendy is going out with Tony. The only girl left, really, is Catherine Thomas. And you know she hates science, so she'd never go out with you.

Okay, Dr. Forbes' office. Hmm. He's not in. Not real surprising. Ever since his wife, Rachael, died in that car accident, he's been acting kind of weird. I mean, you expect someone who's going through that much grief to act kind of weird, but he's gone beyond that. I mean, when Sparky, your gerbil, passed away you felt like it was the end of the world. You were crying, pleading to God to bring him back, wishing that he were with you, holding your breath until he came back to life, that sort of thing. Of course, you were only seven, so it's sort of the thing that you'd expect. Dr. Forbes is... well, he's just not all there any more. Still, if there were any way you could help him, you would. Before the accident he was a really cool guy. He'd show you life forms growing in test tubes, talk to you about his project, all sorts of things.

Okay, nothing to do in Biology. Now off to... <shudder>... Chemistry.

You really don't like the Chemistry labs. I mean, Dr. Fields (Head of the Chemistry Labs) is imposing enough. He looks at you as if his eyes were lasers and he was trying to burn a hole in your skull, he talks in a bombastic, booming voice, and he treats everyone around him (especially you) as if they were little insects running around and dirtying his house. He's just plain creepy. And the way he blasts that classical music whenever he's working on an experiment- well, it's just plain eerie. Okay, he doesn't seem to be here. Interesting... most of his equipment is gone too. Oh, well. Nothing to do, here eit... <crash>

Whoops. Okay, find a rag... should be a rag here somewhere... clean that up. Luckily the test tube didn't break, it just spilled. So we'll just... Oh dear. Spilled onto the petri dish. Well, we'll just hope that wasn't a real important experiment. Wipe up everything you can, wash out the rag, and pretend that this never happened. Very good.

All in a day's work.

Stock Quote: "Yes, but if you take the hypotenuse of the radical and apply that to Newton's Eighth Law, you get a... <crash> whoops."

Mannerisms: You are the geeky science kid. Ham it up. Talk about things that make no sense. Create Laws of science. Occasionally run off into a tangent so far that no one remembers where you started from. Have fun.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Leader of the Killers. A really scary guy. Really dangerous, too. Try to keep him from doing too much mischief, but don't get directly in his way. Not without James by your side.

Robert Sherman: One of the Killers. You don't know him too well.

Nick Kerensky: Biggest guy in all of Edwood high. Not real bright, but he could probably pound you into the dust. Stay out of his way, too.

James Daniels: Leader of the Good Guys. One of your best friends. All-around American kid, smart, brave, and athletic. He protects you from J.D. and Nick.

Tony Turelli: The third Good Guy. Always there with a joke or a wisecrack. A lot of fun to hang around with.

Mark Sturvin: Richest kid in town. Kind of quiet, stays to himself.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend.

Theresa Kerensky: She's really attractive. You'd love to go out with her. Unfortunately, she's Nick's sister, so going out with her means you might have Nick looking to kill you. He doesn't like people dating his sister. He's a bit overprotective. He's also twice your size.

Catherine Thomas: One of the girls at Edwood High.

Margaret Smith: Another of the girls at Edwood High. She comes off as a bit of an airhead.

Laura Fetner: Head of the Cheerleading squad. She's going out with James.

Wendy Mitchell: Another of the girls at Edwood High. She's going out with Tony.

Dr. Marshall Fields: The tyrant who runs the Chemistry Department. Avoid him.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: He runs the Physics Department. He's a really cool guy.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: He runs the Biology Department. He used to be a really cool guy. Now he's kind of scary.

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Mom. She runs the Astronomy Department.

Adele Sigelski: Principal of Edwood High. She runs the place like it were a concentration camp or something. Well, she's strict and has a German accent. That's about as close to a concentration camp as it really is.

Goals:

1. Help out all of the scientists. Do their odd jobs, get stuff for them, occasionally let them bounce ideas off of you. Remember, you're getting paid for that sort of thing.

2. Help out The Good Guys. Try to keep J.D. from causing too much trouble, find out who stole the Ceremonial Throw Pillow, try and win the drag race, that sort of thing.

Teresa Kerensky

“Too much of a good thing is wonderful.”
-Mae West

Tonight's the Sock Hop. This will be great. All you have to do is find a guy to go out dancing with you, let yourself dance to some great rock and roll, and have a wonderful time *possibly followed by getting him to go up to Lover's Lane for a little bit of sight-seeing and nature exploration.*

Oh, God, not another headache. You don't know why you've been getting them lately. But every once in a while your head starts to pound, and your brain feels like it's trying to push its way out of your skull, and it's impossible to think. Then that little voice comes in and starts telling you what to do and suddenly you start turning on the charm, making passes at guys left and right, occasionally getting them to go up with you to Lover's Lane for a bit of hanky-panky. And it's like you have no control over it. You're just a passenger; someone else has her hands on the controls and is driving you to do it.

You have to admit, it's not always a bad thing. I mean, until it first happened, you really didn't give too much thought to going out with guys. Your Mom passed away when you were three, so you were raised by Dad and your older brother Ivan. And you never really thought about the opposite sex in a sex sort of way. They were just different, that was all. And not really that different. You liked nothing more than spending a Saturday helping your father with his garage, and then spending Sunday watching baseball or football on the T.V.

But when that voice first came, you realized that you were missing something. There was something out there, a part of your life that you were just ignoring. And that voice helped you find that part. And it's a really fun part. *That's right, my girl. It's wonderful. I can't believe you went so long without it. Well, now you're going to make up for lost time, my friend. Lots of lost time.*

So you've been going out with a lot of different guys lately. It's kind of strange to think about how many men you've dated since the voice came to you two weeks ago. Still, it's kind of understandable. You're certainly cute, maybe even attractive; and you've certainly got an element of danger on your side. That element of danger being Nick.

Nick, your older brother, is really a sweetheart. He's kind and caring to you, and he doesn't hold any grudges for the fact that he's a year behind because he failed fourth grade math, while you skipped fifth grade. It's sort of cute, you two being in the same class. But one thing that Nick doesn't seem to find cute is the thought of you going out with someone. You can't count the number of guys who you dated once and then saw being beaten to a pulp by Nick, or the number of guys who give you a lot of space because

they're afraid Nick will do the Joe Louis tango with them. It's annoying, honestly. I mean, you're sixteen. Why can't you do the things you want to do? And going out with guys is what you want to do. It's not like you're still a little girl. *Not at all, my dear. You're a very big girl now. And big girls have big needs.*

Of course, Dad would blow his lid if he knew you were going out. I mean, he still thinks of you as kind of a tomboy who has no interest in guys. If he knew what you were up to late some nights, he'd have a heart attack.

And none of the girls at school seem to like your change of heart very much, either. They're probably just jealous because you've added a little competition to their dating games. Take Wendy. Wendy's one of your good friends, and she lets you write the gossip column for the school newspaper (which she is the editor and lead reporter for). She's been threatening to take that away from you because she says you've been causing more gossip than you've been reporting. She's just jealous. After all, she's stuck with Tony Turrelli, who's really cute, but you don't think you could put up with his constant wisecracking for very long without wanting to hit him over the head with a monkeywrench.

Besides, there are so many more handsome guys around. Take Robert Sherman. He's tall and muscular, and he's really charming. He hangs around Nick and Nick's friend J.D. a lot. You'd love to get to know Robert better. I mean, he's so suave. He's definitely one of the top guys in your hit parade.

And then there's Dr. Rourke. Oh, sure, he's not your age, but that doesn't mean you can't dream about him. He is such a hunk. And he's so kind, so conscientious, so dedicated to helping people out. *Wouldn't you love him dedicated to you? Oh, the thought of needing a full-body examination...* Hey, wait. That's not all there is to it. I mean, he's so kind and caring. Wouldn't it be great to spend your life with him, caring for each other, living out your lives together in love? *Bah! There's no such thing as love. Ignore it. It's just a decoy. Now, lust is another matter. You know it's there; you've felt it before. Don't bother with love. It's just an illusion.*

Well, it looks like someone doesn't think it's an illusion. Yesterday evening, while doing the receipts for Dad's gas station, you noticed something scribbled on the back of one of them. You picked it up and read some of the most beautiful love poetry that you had ever seen. It's obvious that someone out there really wants you to know how they feel for you. The receipt was from a lube job done for some out-of-towner, though, so you've got no clue as to who it is. But you'll find them. Maybe even in time for the Sock Hop.

And after the Sock Hop, who knows what will happen?

Stock Quote: "Hi there. Could you help me with this?"

Mannerisms: Teresa used to be quite the tomboy, but now she's gotten into dating in a serious way. Of course, she's still sort of new at it, and she's not exactly really subtle or suave at trying to get guys to ask her out. Normally, this wouldn't be a problem, but with Nick hanging around, it makes it a lot harder to find dates. She's looking for love, but that voice in her head keeps making her go for sex.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: One of your brother's friends, and leader of the gang The Killers. He looks really cute in the leather jacket he wears, but he's going out with Mary Jenkins, and she'd probably kill you if you made a pass at him. Besides, he's a bit violent at times. *Though that may be fun.*

Robert Sherman: J.D.'s right-hand man in The Killers. He's extremely cute and really, really cool. You'd love for a chance to go out with him.

Nick Kerensky: Your older brother. He's far too over-protective. You're going to have to convince him that you're a big girl now.

James Daniels: Hunk extraordinaire of Edwood High. Class president, quarterback, captain of the football team, and valedictorian. The biggest catch in all of Edwood High. But he's going out with Laura Fetner, who is considered the same thing by most of the guys in school, so you'd have to put up a big fight to win him from her. Still, something to think about.

Timmy Carroll: Class science geek. Doesn't go anywhere without at least three textbooks on science. You bet he still wears rocketship pajamas, too. Definitely a last resort as someone to go out with.

Tony Turrelli: Class clown. Really irritating at times. Ranks only slightly above Timmy Carroll in guys you'd like to date. Besides, Wendy would kill you.

Mark Sturvin: Quiet and shy, as well as the son of the richest man in town. You really never noticed him much until the voice started. He's a definite maybe.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. Comes across as a sweet girl, but you know there's a tough as nails interior to her that you don't want to fool with.

Catherine Thomas: A really non-descript girl. She seems to have no interest in dating, although you saw her and Tony going up to the mesas late one night a couple weeks ago. That's a piece of gossip you're not going to talk to Wendy about. She'd kill Tony, then Catherine, and then maybe you for giving her the news.

Margaret Smith: You really envy her. She's always had all of the boys drooling over her. You wish you were as attractive as she was. Although, if you had to be as stupid as she is in order to be as attractive, you don't think you'd do it.

Laura Fetner: Cheerleader captain, and generally the most popular girl in the school. Needless to say, she's going out with James. You'd like to take her down a few notches.

Wendy Mitchell: Your best friend at Edwood High, apart from your brother. You help her out with the school paper occasionally. She's a bit nosy, but that's only because she's always searching for a good story.

Ivan Kerensky: Your Dad. You love him more than anything else in the world, and would do anything for him. *Except stop dating.*

Dr. Randall Rourke: An incredible hunk. Your dream god. The man you want nothing more than to go up to Lover's Lane for an eternity with.

Goals:

1. Go out with any guy you can. *Make passes at everyone, unless it would result in certain death (such as Tony) or boredom (such as Timmy). Try to get up to Lover's Lane with someone as often as you can.*

2. Find out who wrote you the love poem. I mean, love is more important than sex, right? I mean, sex is fun, sure, but shouldn't you be looking for a lasting commitment? Something that means more than a hot night? Isn't that more important? *No, no, no! Not at all! Sex is all there is! Don't worry about love! It's just a hassle, designed to keep you from having fun!*

Tony “Scooter” Turrelli

“The secret source of Humor itself is not joy but sorrow. There is no humor in heaven.”
-Mark Twain

You’ve always had strange luck; either really, really good or really, really bad. Take J.D. and his gang. Take them as far from here as you possibly can... but seriously folks, look at the way things have worked out. When you were young, J.D. was the class scapegoat, always easy to pick on whether it was because he wore hand-me-downs that looked like they had been handed down from the local garbage dump, or whether it was because he was always a little behind in class, which is like saying San Inguon is a little south of Canada.

So the social rule of the school (hey, that rhymed, in two beat time, you’re a poet and didn’t know it) was to pick on him, and the more deftly you picked on him, the less you got picked on by everybody else. You found you had a natural talent for jokes and barbs, and you were pretty well respected. Until J.D. got together with Nick Kerensky, who, due to his size and the fact that he was behind a grade, also was a prime target for the “in” crowd. J.D. and Nick might not have been good with insults, but they were darn good with their fists, and cross-country running became the sport of choice for those who had previously taunted him. Of course, your sublime and cutting wit made you number one with a bullet, and thank God J.D. didn’t have a gun to put that bullet in, or your father wouldn’t have anyone to lift all the heavy objects in his shop.

So that was your bad luck shining through. You hadn’t been the main “hey, let’s get J.D. and pour salt in his wounds” guy, but you were good enough at it that J.D. always had a special place in his heart for you. And a special place in his knuckles, which several times he revealed to you in warm intimate moments just before you lost consciousness.

Then James Daniels moved into town. James is as big as Nick is, and James knows how to fight, being a military brat and all. He saw how Nick was terrorizing the kids, and decided to form his own gang, protecting the students, righting J.D.’s wrongs, and generally upholding truth, justice, and the American Way. Oh, say, can you see...

Well, anyways, James was a God-send, and you joined his gang as quick as you could, because as long as James is standing next to you, J.D. and Nick avoid you like the plague. Besides, with Timmy Carroll as part of the group, there’s always someone who falls like a ton of lead to your jokes. With James as Captain Goodness, you as The Comedian, and a special appearance by Timmy Carroll as The Gullible Geek, hanging out with “The Good Guys” (the gang’s name, and you really wish you could convince James to change it to something not nearly so stupid) is a lot of fun.

Still, every silver lining has its dark cloud. J.D. and Nick and Robert Sherman have their own gang called “The Killers,” and they still do whatever they can to corner you or Timmy alone or do what they can to make you look foolish. This afternoon, for example, J.D. and James are going to drag down I-42 in some sort of macho ritual that’s likely to get them both killed. You and Timmy are supposed to be working on James’ car, souping it up for this little escapade. As if you knew anything about cars other than which pedal means gas and which pedal means brakes. Still, James is the guy that protects you, so you should help him out, right?

You’re really starting to wonder about that. Oh, sure, James is the wonder guy, big, strong, handsome and honorable, class president, valedictorian, captain of the football team and starting quarterback. And that really gets to you. You have to settle with being class vice-president, which is a job nobody cares about, vice-captain of the football team, and place kicker. You’re sure that someday, all the students of Edwood High will rush onto the field after a game to carry you off on their shoulders because of that great punt. Sure. Let’s face it, whatever you try to do, James does so much better with half the effort. And to make matters worse, he never really lords it over you. I mean, if he rubbed your face in it, you’d know he was just a hyper-achieving asshole, which you could deal with. But he’s so damned humble about all of his achievements, it makes you want to puke. You put all your effort into doing something, and James walks by, gives a half-hearted try and succeeds so obviously that it puts you to shame. Then he tries to cheer you up. Sometimes you just really want to strangle him.

Now here’s where the strange luck comes in. You were sitting in Pop’s Malt Shop, which is a very appropriate name because your father owns and runs the place, brooding over James recent show at the last football game of the season, where he led the team to a 14-0 victory. Catherine Thomas walked in, saw you sulking, came over to your booth, and asked you what was wrong. Now, normally you don’t think too much about Catherine; she’s a quiet girl who keeps to herself, and nobody knows much about her. But for some reason, you opened your heart to her, spewing out all of the bile and ichor you’ve kept hidden and making no effort to hide your envy of James.

Catherine sat down and told you that she had a perfect way to help you get even with James. She told you about a spellbook her Grandmother had left her that had all sorts of spells that could help make James look like a fool in front of everyone. In retrospect (all new, coming to you in retrospectravisision!), you should have smiled nicely, ran like hell, and laughed about it with everyone at school the next day. But you were still seething from James being the hero at the football game while you were in your perennial role as the sidekick, and you said it was worth a try.

You and she went up to the mesas outside of town. All the while you were starting to sort of regret going up with her because Wendy, your girlfriend, might find out and suspect something was going on between you and Catherine, and that’s a fight you really don’t want to get into, because you never win a fight with Wendy. She’s always full of facts and evidence and you just give her a flippant comment, and she seethes until you

apologize, and it's never much fun. But there wasn't much you could do with Catherine holding your arm tight and pulling you up to one of the little caves.

Inside, there was a little star drawn on the ground with a *huge* book inside of it. That thing made dictionaries look like pamphlets. Catherine sat down, told you where to sit, and began leafing through it for the right "incantation." Well, she found it before the general spookiness of it all made you bolt, and she showed you the part you were supposed to read. It was in Latin, but you had taken three years of it, so you were able to fumble your way through it while she began reading her side of the page.

And as you were reading, you began to feel this *power* within you, this strange and awful force rising out of your stomach sort of like that beer you tried back in junior high school, but this tasted even fouler, if you can imagine that. And you looked at Catherine, but she was completely taken by what she was doing and swaying to the rhythm of the words and there was nothing you wanted more than to run, run like the wind down the hill and get as far away from this as you possibly could, but that force was still in your chest, pushing its way out, and you had no idea what it might do to you if you tried to push it back in so you just kept reading until like a forty-thousand watt blast of Little Richard it blew itself out of you, and you knew that something really, really bad was about to happen, and so you ran, down the hill and back to town, legs going faster than J.D. had ever gotten them to go, running until you got home and could dive under the bed and hide until the something you had unleashed had gone away.

After the adrenaline wore off, you realized that if something that powerful was going to kill you, it would certainly look under the bed. So you got up and undressed and collapsed into bed, the pure exhaustion of it all overwhelming your fears.

The next morning, you woke up alive and in a single piece. But things were different. Not different in a way you could put your finger on. But different. And you're not sure whether you caused it, it caused itself, or it's all just happenstance. But you've been jumpy over the last few weeks, worrying about what you might have done. J.D.'s been acting more violent lately. Darla Hotchkins, the school nurse, had a very weird look in her eyes when she gave you your annual vaccination. Teresa Kerensky, Nick's younger sister, asked you if you'd like to go up to Lover's Lane sometime, and you didn't even know Teresa knew what Lover's Lane was, let alone want to go there. C.J. Nickels, who runs the Five And Dime in town has been grouchier than ever. Someone stole the Cermonial Throw Pillow from Edwood High. Timmy was in a car accident. Is any of this your fault? Some of it? Or are you just imagining it all?

Lord knows you don't want to deal with Catherine again. She spooks you now, spooks you in a big way. And if she told everybody what you and she did, well, you'd get into some serious trouble. And guess who would come riding in on his white horse to save the day? James. He seems to be the only person unaffected by what you did. Of course. Just your luck.

Stock quote: “Hey, did you hear the one about...”

Mannerisms: Tony is the class clown, the guy always ready with a joke or an insult. Letting your big mouth get you into trouble is highly suggested. Tony has the problem of always being the sidekick to James’ heroics, and would like to be the hero himself once in a while.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Leader of The Killers and all-around local rebel. He’s been acting more violent than ever recently, which scares the dickens out of you, whom he’s always been sort of violent to. Make sure you don’t meet him alone in a dark alley.

Nick Kerensky: One of The Killers. Big, brawny, and ready to pound anyone who gets in his way. He’s especially over-protective of his sister; anyone going with Teresa is likely to end up hamburger.

Robert Sherman: One of The Killers. A pretty decent guy, if a little on the daredevil side. You have no idea why he hangs out with J.D. and Nick.

James Daniels: Leader of The Good Guys and all-around all-American boy. He drives you crazy sometimes, but he also keeps you from getting torn to pieces by The Killers.

Timmy Carroll: Class Science Whiz. The standard “head so full of theories it knows nothing about how the world really works” kind of kid. You once told him that Thursdays were Inside Out days, and everyone was required to wear their underwear outside of their pants. Boy, did he fall for that one. You can still get him to turn red by asking him if he still wears boxers with little rocketships on them. He’s one of The Good Guys.

Mark Sturvin: Son of the richest guy in San Inguon, if not Arizona. You once broke into his locker and filled it with “Richie Rich” comic books poised to fall on him when he opened it. That was hysterical.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.’s current squeeze. You have no idea what they see in each other.

Teresa Kerensky: Nick’s younger sister, although they’re both in the same grade. She’s pretty cute, although a bit of a tomboy. Still, no one in his right mind would date her with Nick watching. You’d have better luck dancing on railroad tracks and tangoing with the Phoenix Express.

Catherine Thomas: You used to think she was just a regular girl. You’re really not so sure about her now. Not at all.

Margaret Smith: Class airhead. Wonderful for stumping with regular questions. Only person you know who has to think for a while before she remembers what color her shirt is.

Laura Fetner: Class cheerleader, sexiest girl in the 11th grade, and all-around dreamgirl. Guess who she’s dating? James, of course. You end up with girls like Wendy.

Wendy Mitchell: Class reporter for the school newspaper. Really straightlaced and serious, which is occasionally a serious source of tension. Still, she’s pretty cute and full of all the gossip in class, which gives you plenty of ammo when taking someone down a couple of notches.

Giovanni “Pops” Turrelli: Your father. You and he came to America from Italy after your mother died in the war. You don’t remember her or Italy very much. Pops has done the best job he can to raise you, and you have to admit he’s done a good job.

Adele Siegelski: Ah, good old Principal Siegheilski. Runs the finest jail... er, high school in all of Arizona. One day she’ll take that broomstick out from up her butt and give you a serious thrashing.

Goals:

1. Keep J.D. from stringing you up. Hang around James, torture the Killers with insults until they can’t stand being around you anymore, and keep from being caught alone with no protection.

2. Live it up. Make all the jokes you can, clown, mug, and generally show everyone you really don’t take anything too seriously at all.

3. Show up James. Admittedly, you don’t want to do anything so obvious that he’ll stay out of the way when J.D. and Nick come after you. But still, try to prove to the town that James isn’t as great as everyone thinks, and that you’re better than him in some way. If you’re successful enough, you might even get Laura to go out with you.

4. Keep what you and Catherine did a secret. If you actually did unleash something, you’ll end up in serious trouble, which is the last thing you need. If you didn’t do anything substantial (which you doubt), you’ll just look like a chowderhead. And if Wendy finds out you went to a dark and secluded place with Catherine, you can kiss your ass good-bye.

Sheriff Ward Barnes

“First you take a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes you.”
-F. Scott Fitzgerald

You know, most people seem to think that being the sheriff of a little town like San Inguon, Arizona is a simple job. Occasionally catch a few juvenile delinquents, throw a couple drunken bums out of town, and write a few speeding tickets to annoy out-of-towners. If only they knew. Things happen here. Bad things. These last two weeks... oh, God, they've been tough. The stress just piles up on you, feeding on you, gnawing at your brain. You start getting headaches, headaches that feel like your brain was trying to push itself through your skull, a pain that throbs and doesn't go away and a voice in your head says *just have a drink, Ward, just a little nightcap to ease the pain, it can't hurt, now can it?* and you grab a bottle of whiskey from your bottom desk drawer and drink until the headache goes away, until you feel loose and happy and nothing will bring you down.

You've been through eight bottles these past two weeks.

Things have.. well, things haven't always been *this* strange, but things have always been a little strange. Take Harold Sturvin, for example. When you first ran for Sheriff, you had been deputy under Sheriff Otis Needlemyer for three years. Otis retired, and you threw your hat in the ring. A couple of others put their hats in, too, and Mayor Cunningham told you that he wanted to see you elected. And in order to get elected, you had to see Luke Sturvin.

Now, Luke was Harold's father, and Luke was the richest man in San Inguon; possibly one of the richest men in Arizona. And Luke had a playboy reputation, so you were a bit surprised when, in your meeting with him, he seemed totally knowledgeable about how the town worked and what sort of things a Sheriff needed to do. He told you he'd give you his support, on a single condition to be named later. And if you accepted his support and didn't uphold that condition, he'd run you out of town. Now, Luke had lots of money, so you knew his support guaranteed the election. And you knew he had the power to run someone out of town. You had no idea what his condition was, and he was awfully coy on the issue. But you realized that whoever became Sheriff was going to have to agree with Luke; and if you dropped out of the race, you'd know that the new Sheriff had made a deal but wouldn't know what that deal was. So you shook Luke's hand, promised him you'd uphold whatever condition it was, and left with a bag full of campaign funds. Needless to say, you won the election in a big way. Now you were the Sheriff of the town your family had called home since your grandfather moved here in '78 to work at the Sturvin Mining Corporation.

A week later, you got a call from Harold. He told you to come by the warehouse on Market Street, and wait there. Well, you got there at about sunset, and Mayor

Cunningham, Dr. Ferngreen (the town doctor), and C.J. Nickels (who runs the 5 & Dime) were waiting there for you. You wondered what they were doing there. The mayor pointed at the window of the warehouse, and you saw Luke sitting in the middle of the warehouse, eyes closed like he was meditating. You were about to ask what the deal was, when the full moon started to rise.

You had never seen anyone turn into a wolf before. You hope to God you never see it again. Luke writhed in pain, hair growing all over his body, until he became a half-man, half-wolf beast that threw itself with relish on the raw meat hanging inside the warehouse. C.J. explained that this was Luke's "condition." You were to know about it, help him hide it, and make sure he didn't get loose and hurt someone. In return, you'd be re-elected for as long as you liked.

You really didn't have much of a choice. Besides, what were you going to do? Let him loose? Sure, that'd be heroic. And if you tried to tell anyone, they'd have written you off as a loon. Nowadays, they'd probably write you off as a souse. *But it's not that bad, Ward. It helps to take the pain away. It's good for you. Keeps you loose. Keeps you happy.*

In any case, things worked out fine for Luke. And when he passed away, his son Harold became the werewolf. You're not sure why, but C.J. explains that it's the way of things. He knows a hell of a lot more about this than he lets on. But you don't ask him; you'd prefer not to know. In any case, Harold has shown a lot more discipline and will than his father; Luke would always turn on the full moon, and always rage uncontrollably. Harold, on the other hand, has been able to control when he changes, and remains calm and in control after he's changed. You remember the first time he found this out. He let himself out of the warehouse while still in werewolf form, snuck into your bushes, and when you drove up the driveway and walked to your front door, he jumped out and yelled "Boo!"

Well, it proved that it'd take a silver bullet to hurt him that night, because by the time you realized it was Harold playing a prank, you had emptied four shots from your revolver into him. You helped him up, bandaged him a little, and he apologized by buying you a beer the next time you two got together. He's not that bad a guy, really.

And if it were just this werewolf thing, you probably wouldn't get these headaches. But it's been more than that. So much more. Sometimes, you just want to crawl into bed *and have a couple more beers and just lie there, hoping it'll all go away, hoping that everything will work out if you just sit in bed and drink a little bit more.*

Take the pillow, for example. Edwood High has, or used to have, a glass case holding what people called The Ceremonial Throw Pillow. It was this cheesy little throw pillow that the D.A.R. had stitched the names of all the Edwood High Alumnis who had perished in World War I into. Sure, it was silly, but it was a heartfelt gesture, and a lot of people think the town wouldn't be the same without it. So, of course, it got stolen two

Sundays ago. You're sure J.D.'s behind it. J.D.'s the leader of this teenage gang that calls itself "The Killers." J.D. Koln and Nick Kerensky are the two big delinquents in it, and they're helped out by Robert Sherman, a good kid who should know better. It seems like every week they play a new prank, some sort of little joke like breaking a storefront window, or letting the air out of your tires, or something like that. One of these days, you're going to catch those boys in the act. Until then, you don't have really enough evidence to put them in reform school like you'd like to. Take the stealing of the pillow. When you came in the next morning, the only thing they had left behind was a silver steak knife with a stylized "S" in the hilt. You're sure Robert stole it from his parents, but they insist they've never seen it before. They're probably just covering for him. You called the Charles Glass Company to replace the case and held onto the knife as evidence. Meanwhile, the mayor and the D.A.R. are breathing down your neck to find it fast. And you're sure the LSD is going to call you a communist.

Yeah, the LSD. What a joke. The "Legion of Social Decency" shows up wearing red, white, and blue domino masks in front of the house of a suspected communist, and starts hurling curses and generally threatening violence. They have yet to do more than scare a few reds out of the neighborhood, so you really haven't bothered to investigate them, and besides, you're pretty sure that some of the more influential citizens in San Inguon are members of it.

And then there are the murders. Well, you're not really sure they're murders; there are a lot of wild animals out in the mesas, pumas and the like, and they could mess someone up as bad as some of the bodies you've found. You remember the first time you came across one of the bodies, its stomach ripped open like a side of beef, blood flowing out everywhere, it made you just want to drive home and open that cabinet *and pour every drink you've got into one huge barrel and just stick your head in and drink, drink, drink until the image got out of your head and you could relax and this damned headache would go away.*

Another beer will help. Yeah, that'll do the trick.

So, anyways, there've been ten suspicious deaths in the last week. Ten. That's more than you've seen in your twenty-one years as Sheriff here in San Inguon. It's damned scary. You've asked Dr. Rourke, who took over Dr. Ferngreen's practice when Dr. Ferngreen decided he had enough money to go to Florida and golf full-time, to look into these things. Thank God he agreed; otherwise, you'd have to send them off to the hospital to be examined, and it'd take days for you to get anything out of them. They're still swamped from the Abigail Frapp case, that crazy girl who axed twenty-four people at least in Phoenix alone. Thank God she never showed up in your jurisdiction. You've got enough to worry about. And thank God Dr. Rourke has those bodies. The last thing you need is to have them stored down in the cooler in the basement, where you would always know they were there, always think about them while you do your paperwork, always think about the flesh, mutilated and torn, ripped to pieces and *another drink. Just have another beer. That's all you need.*

And even if those ten aren't murder victims, you do have one definite murder to solve. Two Thursdays ago, Rachael Forbes was driving to the grocery store, and she swerved out of her lane and hit a Mack truck head-on at sixty. After they cleaned it up, you spent some time looking over the wreck (this was before the bodies started showing up, back when you had free time to look into things and weren't spending your evenings getting soused). And you found that the brake lines had been cut. Well, brake lines snap, they twist, and they break all by themselves from wear. But they don't cut themselves cleanly, like they were on the Forbes' car. Someone wanted to do her in. Or her husband, Gerald. Gerald's a big researcher over at the Research Labs. He took the news of his wife's death pretty badly. You still haven't told him that it was definitely murder; he's in bad shape enough. Unfortunately, you'll never get anywhere on the case unless you can get information from him about who would want to kill her. Or maybe him.

Unless it's the Communist spy at the Labs. Yep, General Cork confirmed to you the age-old rumor that someone in the Labs is a Communist spy, and explained that he was having someone from the CIA show up to investigate. The CIA arranged it all with you later. The agent's name is Tom Madden; he'll be coming into town disguised as Steven Gilliam, and will claim to be your cousin, dropping by town on his way to San Diego. You're supposed to help him out with his investigations.

As if you didn't have enough to do already. Christ, you know you're going to be hitting the bottle early tonight.

Stock Quote: "Well, seems what we have here is a failure to communicate."

Mannerisms: Ward is the typical Andy Griffith small-town sheriff type. Happy-go-lucky with an aw-shucks demeanor, he is being eaten alive by the pressures of his job and is crawling into a bottle for solace.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Leader of The Killers. The main juvenile delinquent in San Inguon. Definitely a kid to keep your eye upon.

Nick Kerensky: A member of The Killers. Big, strong, and possibly dangerous.

Robert Sherman: A nice kid from a solid middle-class family who has joined up with The Killers. You don't know why he'd be so stupid.

James Daniels: Class President at Edwood High. A nice kid, devoted to be kind and caring. He occasionally helps you out with picking up trash from the park and other little jobs. A good kid.

Timmy Carroll: A student at Edwood High who is absolutely devoted to science. He keeps his nose clean, and is a good guy.

Tony Turrelli: Another student at Edwood High. A bit of a loud-mouth, but at least he's not destructive like The Killers.

Mark Sturvin: Harold's son. A good kid. He doesn't know about the family curse. You won't tell him; it's Harold's call on whether to tell him or not.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. She seems like a nice girl; why does she hang around with a good-for-nothing like J.D.?

Teresa Kerensky: Nick's younger sister. She seems the exact opposite of Nick. She hasn't caused any trouble yet.

Catherine Thomas: One of the students at Edwood High. You've occasionally come across her sneaking around the mesas after dark, and sent her home to the Hines Orphanage for being out in a dangerous area without supervision.

Margaret Smith: A nice girl, if a bit empty-headed.

Laura Fetner: Cheerleader at Edwood High. Boy, if you were thirty years younger...

Wendy Mitchell: Reporter for the school newspaper. She's always getting in your way, asking you embarrassing questions about cases you're working on, which is kind of silly given most of the cases you work on involve finding lost dogs. You hope she doesn't find out about some of the things that have been going on recently; she'll only make your headaches worse.

General Hiram Cork: Commander of the Fort Lucas Rita base and the adjoining Research Labs. A pretty good guy, you occasionally have a beer with him while he talks about things he did in the wars.

Colonel Fred Daniels: Military commander at Fort Lucas Rita. Pretty non-descript. Your standard army lifer.

Dr. Marshall Fields: Head of the Chemistry Department at the Research Labs. A very secretive man. You're pretty sure he's hiding something, but you haven't been able to figure out what.

Dr. Lawrence Bates: Head of the Physics Department and Lead Scientist at the Research Labs. The standard absent-minded professor.

Mayor Edward Cunningham: Mayor of San Inguon for nearly thirty years now. Not a bad guy, although he's a bit slimy and hypocritical for your tastes. Still, he runs the town pretty well. You think this entire "Iguanafest" is a tad bit overdone, thought.

C.J. Nickels: Proprietor of the local 5 & Dime. Some say he came here with the original settlers back in 1859. You know there's a hell of a lot more to him than meets the eye. And you're not sure how much of that you really want to know.

Harold Smith: Insurance salesman. A nice guy, unless he's trying to sell you something. Then he becomes unbearable. You've learned that if he starts to do his routine on you, just agree with what he says and buy what he wants you to.

Dr. Randall Rourke: The young idealistic town doctor. You wonder how idealistic he'll stay after looking over those bodies. Who knows? Maybe he'll become a drinking partner.

Giovanni "Pops" Turrelli: Came here from Italy after surviving the war to start his own Malt Shop. Well, everybody has their dream. Some are just a lot stranger than others.

Adele Siegelski: Principal of Edwood High. She'd like to see J.D. and his friends sent off to reform school as much as you would.

Ivan Kerensky: Runs the gas station in town. A rabid anti-communist. You're pretty sure he's in charge of the LSD, but until he does something outright illegal with it, you won't really do anything about it.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Runs the local orphanage. A nicer, kinder man you can't imagine.

Dr. Gerald Forbes: Head of the Biology Department at the Labs. You sometimes worry that whoever killed his wife might be after him, too.

Harold Sturvin: The richest man in town, your benefactor, and the werewolf.

Irving Thorton: The town drunk. Some people want you to throw him out of town. You can't do that- he completely harmless. Besides, you might end up like that soon enough. *Nah, it'd never happen. You've got too much self-control, Ward. You'll be fine. It'll all work out fine. Have another drink.*

Dr. Sarah Carroll: Head of the Astronomy Department at the Labs. A nice woman, if a bit head-strong. Still, she's kind of attractive. And while you might be a bachelor, you're not necessarily a confirmed one, right?

Bess Smith: Harold's wife. The ultimate homemaker. Always wears an apron, is always full of good advice, and is always cooking something. Sometimes, you catch yourself about to call her Mom.

Darla Hotchkins: Now, if this town truly has any fine looking women, Darla is one of them. You'd do nearly anything to get her back to your place for a few drinks. Of course, she being the school nurse, she's probably head over heels for Dr. Rourke.

Goals:

1. Preserve Law and Order. Keep things from getting too messy. Arrest law-breakers, stop criminals, and keep an eye on the kids. Yes, we realize that you're basically standing on the beach, trying to tell the ocean to stop throwing waves at you. You have our sympathies.

Wendy Mitchell

“The only qualities for real success in journalism are ratlike cunning, a plausible manner, and a little literary ability. The capacity to steal other people’s ideas and phrases... is also invaluable.”

-Nicholas Tomalin

You are Wendy Mitchell, ace reporter for the Edwood High School Newspaper. Well, alright, you’re the only reporter for the school paper. But that doesn’t mean you’re not good. It’s just a small school.

You’re pretty well known around town for your journalism. San Inguon is a small town, though, and so pretty much everyone knows everyone else for something or another. But still, people talk about what a great job you do with the school paper (and the town is so small that it’s pretty much the town newspaper, too), and everyone thinks you’ll make it big in the press in a couple of years. Once you’ve finished high school and gotten a degree from some journalism college.

But you can’t wait for that. That’s too far away, five to six years at least. You want to hit the big time *now*, get your name on the by-line in a big paper like the Phoenix *Sun*. All you have to do is break a big story and send it off to them. Heck, if you get it to them fast enough, they’ll have no choice but to print your article in order to get the scoop. That’s what you need. And once they’ve gotten one scoop from you, they’ll be after you for more and more. And then you’ll be in the big time.

Of course, that’s assuming that something interesting happens here in San Inguon. That’s not really that likely. Oh, sure, there are the Research Labs, and they’re probably cooking up something dangerous (at least, Dad’s pretty sure that they’re doing something dangerous there); but General Cork keeps a tight lid on everything, so it’s unlikely you’ll be able to get your nose in their and find out what’s really going on.

And there are lots of things the other kids are doing. Of course, “J.D. Koln Wins Drag Race on I-42” is not exactly the gripping headline that the Phoenix *Sun* would want. They want something big, something that hits a lot of towns in Arizona, something with possible world repercussions.

So, realistically, at this point getting such a scoop is a pipe dream. Still, that doesn’t mean you don’t keep your eyes open. Besides, you’ve got a paper to put out.

And there are things going on, even if they don’t have international attraction. Take Mr. Memorium, for instance. He set up his little side-show or whatever it is just outside of town, and is putting on a show featuring magic and hypnotism. Now, you think he’s probably just a huckster looking to make a few bucks off some rubes (you learned to talk like that from reading a lot of Damon Runyan). So you sent Laura Fetner, your best

friend, off after dark to see what the deal was with that. It's been three days since she spied on them, and she still hasn't told you anything. She gets this weird look in her eyes when you ask her about it. You have no idea what she saw, but it must have been something really creepy.

And then there was that... thing you saw last night. You have no idea what it was; it looked like a coyote but was as big as a panther, and it ran through the construction on the new developments (which is a shortcut you always take to get home from the school paper faster). It was moving like hell on wheels, and by the time you realized that you should be scared out of your wits by such a thing, it was gone. Really weird. Maybe there's a wild creature hiding out in the mesas. Or maybe something escaped from the Phoenix Zoo. Or maybe something escaped from the Research Labs. Now, *that* would be a great story. You'll have to check and see if anyone else saw something like that last night.

And you'll have to see what Teresa's up to. Teresa Kerensky's your gossip columnist, which used to work out fine when she was just a wallflower who could overhear nearly anything because no one cared whether she was listening or not. But recently, Teresa's been making a huge mess of herself, making a pass at every boy in town, and she's causing more gossip than she's writing. You have no idea why she's gone so boy-crazy all of a sudden, but there's one thing for sure. If she makes a pass at Tony, she's dead meat.

Tony being Tony Turrelli, your boyfriend. He's cute and he has his own car, but what's most important to you is his sense of humor. He can make a joke at any time, and always sees the lighter side of everything. It's great hanging out with him. I mean, you end up taking everything so seriously, looking at everything that happens from a journalist's perspective, trying to figure out what's going on and what caused it and what it means. Tony'll just laugh at it. It really helps you to keep a perspective.

Of course, it's not like you love him or anything. You just like hanging around each other, giving each other a different spin on what's going on, and occasionally going up to Lover's Lane to fool around. But if there's anyone you think you could love, it's Dr. Randall Rourke. He is *such* a hunk. He came to town to take over Dr. Ferngreen's practice a couple of years ago, and he is absolutely gorgeous. Not to mention intelligent, witty, and devoted to caring for other people. He is absolutely incredible. You're tempted sometimes to make up news just to get a chance to interview him.

Today should be an interesting day, anyways. Dr. Angela Bailey is supposed to start working on the archaeological dig just to the south of town; you'll have to contact her and find out what's going on. Then there's the Sock Hop tonight, which will be a great source for the gossip column. And then at six, the Research Labs are giving a presentation on some of the projects they've been working on for the last year. That should be interesting. And, of course, there's the drag race between J.D. and James Daniels at two. Not that you'll put that in the paper; dragging's illegal, and you don't want

to get any of your friends in trouble. But you never know; there might be a huge accident that you'll be the first reporter on the scene for. That would be great.

But you think this entire gang thing is getting a little out of hand. J.D., who has been the school bully for years, has this gang called The Killers. Well, James, being the upstanding young citizen-type he is, had to start his own gang called The Good Guys to try and stop J.D. from causing too much mischief. But the two gangs have been going at each other almost constantly. Not fighting as in physical stuff (although it looks like it might come to that), but constant insults, pranks, and now this drag race. Someone might get hurt. And while that would be great for the paper, it would be really bad if it were one of your friends. Or Tony.

Stock Quote: "Can I quote you on that?"

Mannerisms: Wendy is a very driven, determined person who wants nothing more than to be a famous reporter. There are very few things she'll stop at in order to gain her chance for fame.

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: School troublemaker and leader of the Killers. He's a bully and a ne'er-do-well. Needless to say, he causes a lot of news in town.

Robert Sherman: One of the Killers. He seems too normal to hang out with J.D. and Nick. Still, everyone thinks he's the brains behind The Killers.

Nick Kernesky: The third of the Killers. He's the muscle for the organization. Not real bright, but really big and strong. He's extremely overprotective of his sister Teresa, and has beaten up quite a few of the guys who took her passes seriously.

James Daniels: Class president, valedictorian, and captain of the football team. There has to be something he's hiding... no one's that perfect. If he wasn't going out with Laura, your best friend, you'd look a little deeper into his past. But doing that now would just upset Laura. He's the leader of the Good Guys.

Timmy Carroll: Class geek. Really into science and all sorts of boring stuff. He's one of the Good Guys, too, not that he could hold his own in a fight against any one of the Killers.

Tony Turrelli: Your boyfriend, the class clown. Always making a joke or pulling a prank. He's one of the Good Guys.

Mark Sturvin: Son of Harold Sturvin, the richest man in town. You know Mark is up to something- no rich kid is ever sane. Look at the Rockefellers. You're sure there's a good story in him somewhere.

Mary Jenkins: J.D.'s girlfriend. She's nice, cheerful, and full of life. You can't understand what she sees in someone like J.D.

Teresa Kerensky: Your gossip columnist. She's normally a bit of a tomboy, but she's gotten into boys in a major way recently. It's very strange.

Catherine Thomas: A very non-descript girl.

Margaret Smith: The class bubblehead. You have no idea how someone so clueless has gotten through high school without having to repeat a grade. She's a major

lust object for most of the boys, though, so you wouldn't doubt that she gets them to tutor her and help her cheat on tests.

Laura Fetner: Head Cheerleader at Edwood High. She's normally perky, funny, and a bit of a daredevil. But she's been awfully quiet lately. And she still hasn't told you what she saw at Mr. Memorum's.

Dr. Randall Rourke: The town doctor. An incredible hunk. You're in love. You just know it.

Goals:

1. Find out interesting things to write about for the school newspaper. Investigate everything. Find out who's behind what, who's up to what, and what everything means. Show no mercy. Get to the bottom of everything, and find out before anyone else.

2. Learn about what journalism is really like. Rumor has it that a reporter from the Phoenix *Sun* is here to get information about the town Iguanafest. Find out what she's doing, and get as much information from her as you can about being a real journalist. Pester him or her constantly in your attempts to both learn about how journalism really works, and then scoop them with your stories.