

M I N D O F A *mad man*



The Serial Killers of Haven Sourcebook



Sometimes, I feel like a Vampire
- Ted Bundy -

IN THE MIND OF A MADMAN

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This product contains information explained in the Haven: City of Violence D20 Modern Core Rulebook.

Dedicated to:

No one. I think it is a little odd to dedicate a book about killers.

INTRODUCTION

Characters

Safir Badii (The Killer Cabbie)
Eddie Blue
Todd Brody
Carrie Bunuel
Dorothea Camenera
R Carlucci
C. Clayton Clarke
Officer Steve "Bulls-eye" Corner
Eliot Dehck
Elias Gauer
Billy Guinness (Zebraman)
David Allen Herzog & Sam Shermantine
Duke Jarvis
Jimmy Jasper
Bai Jiang
Carl Lunce
Terry Ozuna
Rade Tukhachevsky
Raymond & Karen Lee Twigg
DFI Agent Douglas Gammil

Introduction

Serial killers aren't extraordinarily smart. They aren't privy to special insight into human nature or the realities of life. They don't see through things, and they don't do things because they're above us.

Serial killers kill because they are evil.

They kill because they enjoy it, they kill because it thrills them, and they kill because they want to. Some of them might have reasons; some reasons might stem from a childhood of horrific abuse. But the fact remains they kill because some part of their mind wants to kill.

Some of them are smart. Some of them are unbelievably intricate. Some of them weave complex plots around what they are doing. Serial killers might evade police for years, or, as in the case of The Green River Killer in Seattle, forever. Sometimes they kill themselves, and sometimes they turn themselves in. The latter occurred in the case of Edmund Kemper, who called the police after killing his mother.

This book is not attempting to glorify anything, and it is not attempting to make the lives of serial killers seem neat or interesting or exciting. This book is here because serial killers are a reality and would exist in a place like Haven.

There are no rules in this book for playing serial killers. This book is designed for a responsible, adult audience.

mind of a madman

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A Note on Statistics

Astute players will quickly notice that, with one exception, the killers presented in this book are given “ordinary,” rather than heroic levels. This was a deliberate design decision; the horror of a serial killer does not lie in his (or her) incredible statistics, passel of bonus feats and special features, or special advanced and prestige classes, but from the sickness in their minds and the evil they inflict on the world around them. Eddie Blue doesn’t need Soldier levels to feed unsuspecting drunks to his alligators, and levels of Personality don’t make Duke Jarvis’ sadistic “art” any more horrifying. The very thing that makes serial killers so alien and frightening is that they are just like everyone else until the mask falls away and their urges take over, driving them to commit unspeakable acts of depravity—and lest players look down their noses at these human monsters, feeling superior because of their “heroic” levels, remember this: you’re no less dead for being shot in the head by a deranged cab driver than for being shot by the world’s greatest assassin.

Many of the killers in this book also have an allegiance to “killing” listed in their statistics. While this isn’t normally the sort of thing a person would have an allegiance to, it is notated to give players an idea of where, in the twisted priorities of the killer’s mind, their urges fall. A character who places his family above his urge to kill, for example, will usually refrain from committing murders that would endanger his family, or jeopardize his ability to protect and provide for them. Most of the characters presented in this book have “Self” as one of their allegiances as well; most serial killers are sociopathic and extremely self-centered, usually putting their own needs and desires above any other concerns.

SAFIR BADI

Safir Badi is someone who has changed the public perception of a typical victim in Haven. The victimization rate for taxi drivers in Haven has reached stratospheric levels, and the homicide rate for gypsy cab drivers (those who do not go through an official taxi company) is astronomical. Only the most desperate or naïve are willing to become cab drivers in Haven. Cab drivers are a target for everyone, from hoods looking for some extra cash, to drunks who don’t want to pay the fare, to maniacs with knives.

Some fancy writers at the Haven Chronicles like to explain that Safir Badi is a karmic force in action. According to the writers, the streets gave rise to him to get revenge. Badi’s murder streak has given rise to a number of urban legends in Haven. Some citizens are now afraid to get into taxicabs. Some people say the Killer Cabbie is an urban Charon, there to ferry off the guilty of the city into the underworld.

In reality, of course, the real story is much simpler and meaner. Badi likes what he does. He likes driving around the city through all hours of the night. He likes taking money from people. And he likes hurting people. He has found a near perfect lifestyle for himself and his family. This life is so

far away from his enemies and the other lives he has led that this one is that much more pleasing.

Safir Badi’s trail of carnage has spanned two continents. He began his career in Pakistan where he killed as an enforcer for a group of opium smugglers. Badi was feared amongst the criminals in the Middle East as a torturous and particularly violent man. He earned a living beating information out of people, chopping up bodies, and dumping remains in drums of acid. Badi was rising through the ranks of criminal enterprise when a rival in the organization sold him out to save his own life. Facing almost certain jail time and a public execution,



Badii exhausted his contacts and favors to secure passage to Haven.

Badii had not expected his life to be uprooted so dramatically. He knew of few other ways to make a living outside of torture and violence. Rather than become involved with the gang activity in Haven, Badii decided to run his life in his own simple way. Having spent many hours rushing away from hit squads and opium deals gone wrong, Badii is an accomplished driver, so he chose to drive a cab.

One night, when it had been a while between customers, Badii discovered that shooting drug dealers in alleyways is a fine way to come into cash. After that night the pattern was set. Badii usually just points a gun at a victim and asks for cash. If victims struggle, Badii shoots them in the face and steals their money. Badii prefers victims who struggle because he enjoys his kills, but he is capable of letting targets go.

Safir Badii is a dedicated family man who is determined to let his loved ones prosper and thrive in this new country. He refuses to discuss his job with his family. He views his victims as a means of keeping his family secure, but Badii is far from regretting his activities. He relishes the thought of shooting passengers and then watching them die as he drives them to the fields outside Haven. He is Muslim, but his unusual mindset has given him a warped view of his faith. For example, he doesn't view killing or crime that benefits him as working against the will of Allah.

Badii's taxi smells of cherry, and Badii is nearly addicted to the taste of cherry. He consumes at least one jar of cherries daily while driving. Badii is a ruddy-skinned, pleasant-voiced older man. He has a moustache of truly impressive dimensions; it flows well below his chin line and nearly touches his chest. Badii demands that all of his sons grow similar beards. If any of his sons disagreed with him or attempted a major rebellion, Badii would not consider it unthinkable to see that they were killed and deposited on the streets. Such is the harsh mind of Safir Badii.

SAFIR BADI

Dedicated Ordinary 3/Tough Ordinary 2 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 3d6+6 plus 2d10+4; **HP** 32; **Mas** 14; **Init** +1; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 15, **touch** 15, **flatfooted** 14 (+0 *size*, +1 *Dex*, +4 *class*); **BAB** +3; **Grap** +5; **Atk** +5 *melee* (1d4+2, *Deer Knife*), or +4 *ranged* (2d6, *Colt M1911*); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Family, Self, The Hunt; **SV** Fort +6, Ref +2, Will +2; **AP** 2; **Rep** +1; **Str** 15, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 12, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Blue Collar (**Drive**, **Intimidate**, **Repair**)

Skills: **Drive** +11, **Intimidate** +7, **Knowledge** (*Current Events*) +5, **Knowledge** (*Streetwise*) +8, **Knowledge** (*Tactics*) +5, **Knowledge** (*Theology and Philosophy*) +3, **Pilot** +3, **Profession** +6 (*Cabbie*), **Read/Write Language** (*English*, *Arabic*), **Speak Language** (*English*, *Arabic*), **Spot** +3, **Survival** +2

Feats: Personal Firearms Proficiency, Vehicle Dodge, Vehicle Expert

Possessions: Colt M1911, Deer Knife; Wealth +7, Gypsy Cab, Jar of Cherries, Tapes of awful, awful music

Quote: This ride is free. Don't worry, I trust you will find a way to pay me.

Hooks

- The characters are hired by old enemies of Safir Badii who want him dead after all these years. The hirers give the characters a physical description of Badii, the name he used as an alias in Pakistan, and assurance that he lives in Haven. The characters must find him with this extremely limited information. Alternatively, the characters might have to carry out the execution themselves in addition to finding Badii.
- Safir's old enemies come into town looking for him. Badii appeals for help to the characters, who are neighborhood friends of his. What will they do when they learn of his murderous past?

EDDIE BLUE

When you've arrived at Blues, there's no way out. The only people who come to Blue's Honky Tonk are those totally at the end of their rope or those tied up and dragged there for entertainment. The joint sits on the very edge of Haven, beyond the rushing highways and burning lights. Nothing surrounds it for a few miles except abandoned shacks and weed-choked fields.

Blues is the kind of place where the barstools haven't been replaced since Nixon was in office, where the floor is still covered in footprints on top of sawdust on top of vomit that no one ever bothered to hose down. The air stinks of stale sweat, stinging tobacco fumes, piss, puke, and blood. The customers don't frequent Blues; they come here waiting to die. Customers of Blues are a mass of wrinkled, blue jeans-wearing, grease- and dirt-covered drunks. They are the embodiment of the loss of the American Dream.

Eddie Blue, the person who runs the place, isn't much better off. He's barely kept the place alive by fending off the ratings inspectors and excise police. Eddie inherited Blues from his father, Gary, when he was seventeen. Eddie dropped out of high school to manage the bar after his father put a shotgun between his teeth and pulled the trigger. Eddie tried selling the place after it closed down. After five years of watching the bar rot, Eddie decided to open it back up again. Blues has never really been a popular place. Eddie managed to keep it going by watering down the beer and stiffing the waitresses and hired entertainment out of tips.

Eddie got the idea to fill a concrete pond with alligators mostly out of boredom. Eventually that boredom became filled with malice. Eddie and a select few customers gather just before dawn Sunday morning to watch the alligators eat.

Eddie has had several enemies meet their end in the greasy waters of Blue's Gator Pit. He clubs the human victims and waits until they're groggy enough to not know what's going on before he lowers them on a winch into the pond. A few of the staff have been tossed in, too; Eddie has serious problems with employees who steal from him. Whenever he has a special feeding, he charges his special customers ten bucks or so each to watch.

Eddie himself is a pathetic man. He's had a string of failed relationships through his life. He has daughter somewhere whom he could not care less about. He is vile and temperamental, full of racist jokes and loud, honking laughter. He's always unshaven and stinking of sweat. Eddie has been a



full-blown alcoholic since his father's suicide. He's wildly suspicious of anyone he meets, and he is always sure people are talking about him behind his back.

Every now and then, Eddie meets people he's just sure need to meet his gators. Snobby out-of-towners, rich folks slumming for kicks and making fun of his bar, women who tell him they don't want to see him again: on a bad night, such people might end up in pieces at the bottom of the pit.

The pit itself, a 40' by 40' concrete pond, is behind the bar. Eddie has surrounded it with hurricane fences, wooden benches, and plants. The pool is half-covered by a thin plywood roof with white bulbs strung from it at random. The alligators float ominously in the water, lounge around the edges, or root in the mud that Eddie's employees cart in. Eddie encourages his customers to feed the alligators meat scraps from sixty-gallon drums that line the pit. For a few bucks, they can toss some bloody chunks of meat in and watch the alligators fight and thrash over their meal.

Eddie's few friends and steady employees are terrified of Eddie's temper. Despite the fact that they are too scared to ever go to the cops, they know that nothing is too extreme for Eddie's beer and whisky-fueled paranoia.

EDDIE BLUE

Strong Ordinary 4/Tough Ordinary 4 CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 4d8+8 plus 4d10+8; **HP** 56; **Mas** 14; **Init** +1; **Spd** 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 17, flatfooted 16 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +6 class); **BAB** +7/+2; **Grap** +10/+5; **Atk** +10/+5 melee (1d6+3, Fists), or +8/+3 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self; **SV** Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +2; **AP** 4; **Rep** +1; **Str** 16, **Dex** 13, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Blue Collar (*Craft [structural], Handle Animal, Intimidate*)

Skills: *Craft (structural)* +5, *Gamble* +1, *Handle Animal* +12, *Intimidate* +10, *Knowledge (Current Events)* +5, *Knowledge (Streetwise)* +9, *Profession (bartender)* +4, *Read/Write Language (English, Spanish)*, *Ride* +3, *Speak Language (English, Spanish)*

Feats: Animal Affinity, Brawl, Great Fortitude, Two-Weapon Fighting

Possessions: Bottle of Cheap Whiskey, Cheap Cigars, Worn Denim Clothes; **Wealth** +2

Quote: Hey, why don't you help me clean out the pond tonight? I'll pay you overtime. Does that sound good?

Hooks

- Animal Control officers get a call about some strange happenings at a honky-tonk dive on the edge of town. When they show up, Eddie realizes that they can't be up to any good. He attempts to lure them into the pond

to get rid of them if his attempts to bribe them off don't work first. The characters can be the Animal Control officers themselves or investigators looking into the officers' disappearance.

- One of Eddie Blues's alligators escapes and makes its way into a neighborhood where it chomps down a few dogs and a cat. Then it bites the legs off an unlucky eight-year-old girl. When police officers open the gator up, they find much more than what's been in the neighborhood. The rings and glasses inside the gator's stomach certainly didn't get there by accident. The characters are reporters, police officers, or just concerned parents trying to figure out where the gator came from.

TODD BRODY

Dozens of college kids get summer jobs working Haven's beaches. From Freeman Hill's Pendoza Beach to Golden Heights's Diamond Bay Shores, the beaches are oases of relaxation for Haven's population. Getting a job as a lifeguard on the better beaches is difficult, something that you can't just send in an application for.

The lifeguards, all sons and daughters of community leaders and business owners, form a tight community of yellow-suited and tanned examples of physical perfection. They take themselves very seriously, even the kids who work only when they're not in school. Todd Brody has been a lifeguard since he was a teenager. He loves the water. He practically learned how to swim before he could walk, in part because Brody's father was an Olympic Silver Medalist swimmer. Brody himself was a star swimmer during high school. He got into college on a swimming scholarship, only to be sidelined with a knee injury that prevented him from becoming as good as his father.

Brody works all the beaches around Haven. He is always willing to help and always ready to cover someone's shift. Everyone gets along with Brody. He's funny, smart, and handsome enough that people think it must be their own fault if they don't get along with him right away.

Brody first became attracted to death when he saw a childhood friend drown in the ocean. They were playing on some rocks near Brody's house when his friend slipped and fell into the water. Perched on the rocks, Brody watched from above. He wondered at what point his friend stopped actually seeing him or stopped wondering why Brody was not trying to save him. He kept wondering what dying was like, what kind of thoughts you had as your life leaked out of you. The question nearly paralyzed Brody the next few days. The doctors told his parents it was just the shock of seeing a friend's death.

Brody wanted to see death again. Years later Brody sought death out with a girl he barely knew, one of the dozens of girls who stay at Haven during the summer by working a few hours a week and relaxing on the beach the rest of the time. Brody feigned interest in one of them and took her swimming one night. They swam out past the breakers. She was afraid that they were too far out, but she didn't want to let Brody down.

She was sure he was going to kiss her. She wanted to kiss him back.

They did kiss in the black water. After kissing her, Brody held her under the waves. She thought the action was a game at first, just something that Brody did to act macho. He kept her trapped with his legs and arms, and he could hold his breath much longer than she could. Brody could feel her movements becoming frantic, her arms and legs windmilling in the water, her mouth sucking in saltwater. Slowly, so slowly, she stopped moving. Brody kissed her as she was trying to breathe; he sucked the last air out of her lungs. Brody let her body glide into the darkness below both of them.



Brody likes to make people drown. When he's done, he swims the bodies far, far out into the ocean. Sometimes the bodies wash up on shore, sometimes they get eaten, and sometimes they just stay at the bottom. Brody sometimes wonders how far he can swim. He wonders at what point his body would just give up, cramp, and refuse to swim any farther. What would that feel like, knowing that you couldn't swim back? When do you just let yourself die? When Brody thinks about these questions he stares far away with his eyes glazed over.

Ironically, Brody is an excellent lifeguard. He only likes to watch people drown when he's the one planning it. He's saved several lives while on the beaches. He only kills when he can feel and see the actions of death, and he plans to keep on killing until his strange curiosity is sated.

TODD BRODY

Strong Ordinary 2/Charismatic Ordinary 4 CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 2d8+0 plus 4d6+0; **HP** 23; **Mas** 10; **Init** +1; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 14, **touch** 14, **flatfooted** 13 (+0 *size*, +1 *Dex*, +3 *class*); **BAB** +4; **Grap** +6; **Atk** +6 melee (1d6+2, *Fists*), or +5 ranged (+0/); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Lifeguarding, Obsession With Death; **SV Fort** +4, **Ref** +3, **Will** +0; **AP** 3; **Rep** +3; **Str** 15, **Dex** 13, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14.

Occupation: Student (*Computer Use*, *Knowledge [Current Events]*, *Knowledge [Popular Culture]*)

Skills: Bluff +7, Climb +4, Computer Use +5, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +6, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +10, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +10, Perform (*guitar*) +6, Profession (*Lifeguard*) +1, Speak Language (*English*, *German*, *Spanish*), Swim +11, Treat Injury +1

Feats: Athletic, Brawl, Improved Grapple, Trustworthy

Possessions: Swim Suit, Surfboard, Body Board, Whistle; Wealth +6

Quote: Have you ever been swimming at night? It's so beautiful out there.

Hook

- The characters are all members of the Santucci family. When one of Gino Santucci's nieces washes up on shore, the family assumes that someone is making a personal strike against him. The characters are hired to track down and punish her murderer appropriately. How do they react to finding out that her teenage boyfriend is the killer?
- They characters are all teenagers and decide to get jobs as lifeguards for the summer. At a party at a beach cabin, one of the kids is found drowned. Brody killed the boy,

but he almost died himself in the process. The experience has left him fixated on the party and, over the summer, he begins to stalk and drown everyone else who was at the party. The characters must find and stop Brody before he kills them.

CARRIE BUNUEL

Carrie Bunuel lives off the world's oldest profession and the world's oldest crime. Since she ran away from her midwestern parents seventeen years ago, her life has been dominated by abuse and murder.



Bunuel came to Haven to find stardom. She didn't have the talent, didn't have the looks, or just wasn't lucky enough to succeed. She couldn't make the callbacks to the Reichtman theatre or the Haven Company. The people at First Wave Entertainment thanked her and said she should try out again, but they were sorry. . . . She worked as a secretary and a waitress. Always sure that her big break was just around the corner, she could never concentrate on her job. She was usually fired after a few weeks.

Bunuel, like countless other young men and women in Haven, turned to prostitution at first as a way to supplement her bills. She told herself her second job was just for a short time, just until she was cast. She didn't even know how at first. Sometimes she asked men for money and slept with them in return; sometimes she knew lonely boys who would pay her just to feel wanted. After soliciting co-workers at the restaurants she worked at and after servicing fathers of her friends, she started walking the streets.

Bunuel did get a break, but not in the field she wanted. She got the attention of Kirenna Song, one of Haven's classier madams. While Bunuel was never hooked up with rock stars, movie directors, and corporate magnates, she made a living off guitar techs, film editors, and junior vice-presidents. Instead of auditioning for directors and talent scouts, Bunuel had sex with them in hotel rooms; instead of performing in touring plays and being in commercials, she dressed up for Parisian-theme orgies and amateur pornography. Song's contacts for Bunuel eventually dried up, too. Bunuel tried to do things on her own from then on.

After a beating from a Santucci numbers runner, Bunuel came into the orbit of Jay Jay Boom, an enterprising pimp and hustler in Arcadia. Her time spent with Boom was profitable, and her customers never beat her again, although Boom did. Bunuel's life was numbing then. She doesn't remember much from this time, and she would rather forget the little she does remember. Most of her days were spent strung out on cocaine, a habit she maintains to this day. She remembers people dying while she was having sex with them; she doesn't remember who killed them. She remembers Boom beating one of the girls to death and then forcing her to dispose of the carved up body. At some point, Bunuel decided to change the way things were done.

She bought herself a pistol. Boom was the first man she used the pistol on. Two slugs in the kneecaps and one more in the groin were enough to kill him. Bunuel left Jay Boom where she shot him, naked in bed. Then she began to kill her johns. She lets most of her johns live, more out of boredom than any sympathetic impulse. She loathes the men that she services. When she does kill, she takes everything she can from the victims' bodies to buy packages of coke.

Bunuel is in trouble, though. She put a bullet into the mouth of a Red Wing Tong enforcer, and the Red Wing Tong wants to know what happened to Harris So. The body proves that his death was unprofessional and sloppy. As a matter of pride,

the Red Wing Tong members want to know who killed him, and they want the murderer dead.

CARRIE BUNUEL

Charismatic Ordinary 6/Dedicated Ordinary 4 CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 6d6+0 plus 4d6+0; **HP** 35; **Mas** 10; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 17, **touch** 17, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +5 class); **BAB** +6/+1; **Grap** +6/+1; **Atk** +8/+3 melee (1d4+0/19-20/x2, *Razor Blade*), or +9/+4 ranged (2d6, *Sig Sauer P228*); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Independence, Killing Men; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +6, **Will** +5; **AP** 5; **Rep** +5; **Str** 10, **Dex** 14, **Con** 10, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 15.

Occupation: Criminal (*Disguise, Knowledge [Streetwise]*)

Skills: Bluff +7, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +4, Gather Information +8, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +9, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +9, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +9, Perform (*sexual acts*) +11, Profession (*prostitute*) +4, Read/Write Language (*English, French, Italian, Spanish*), Sense Motive +4, Speak Language (*English, French, Italian, Spanish*)

Feats: Dodge, Double Tap, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (*pistols*)

Possessions: Razor Blade, Sig Sauer P228, Condoms; Wealth +6

Quote: I can make it feel better. . . .

Hooks

- Bunuel has had enough of Haven. She decides to move out of town, and she hires the player characters to make sure she does so safely. The characters must guard Bunuel through a week-long road trip while members of the Red Wing Tong makes frequent attempts on her life. At least twice during the journey, Bunuel gives in to the desire to find and kill a john. How do the characters respond?
- Members of the Red Wing Tong have begun looking into Kirenna Song's businesses as a means of finding information about the woman who killed Harris So. The police are making similar inquiries along legal channels to find out more about the killer of Reggie Costanzo, a Haven City businessman killed by Bunuel. Furious at this unwanted attention, Song hires the player characters to find proof of Bunuel's activities and put her behind bars permanently. Song makes clear that she will not accept anything less than life imprisonment for this trouble-causing ex-employee.

DOROTHEA CAMENERA

Being old in Haven is not a pleasant existence. Dorothea Camenera isn't making it any easier.

Camenera is the owner of Golden Sunset, an exclusive retirement community in Golden Heights. Golden Sunset was designed for those with enough money to retire to a place of security and comfort. The rumors say Golden Sunset is an oasis of peaceful living and a community of friends where no one is lonely, where the food is delicious, and where your grandchildren visit you every week.

Camenera has become adept at keeping people alive long after they have been buried in the ground. She falsifies records, fakes legal evidence, hires attorneys, and does whatever she must to keep the social security checks coming her way. Camenera also keeps careful track of which tenants have vulnerable assets. Camenera uses persuasion and artifice to swindle most of her clients' loot, but she does in some special

cases hire a private investigator to help her acquire their assets. Her tenants sometimes have baubles and trinkets from their childhood worth tens of thousands of dollars: old baseball cards, antique chairs and paintings, pistols, stocks and bonds.

Camenera learned everything she knows from her uncle, a con man and swindler named Donnie Candler. Candler taught her the little details that would make people think you were doing them a favor by taking their money. Camenera watched him sell shoddy bibles to the rural poor. He used Camenera as a decoy while he picked pockets; he used her to bluff his way out of the check at five star restaurants. Camenera in turn used what he taught her to finagle and cheat her way to where she is now. She has forged hundreds of college degrees, county clerk seals, and titles of ownership.

Camenera is a millionaire many times over. She realizes how quickly her plans could go wrong, so she's taken steps to keep interested parties far away. She hires street thugs who are not above roughing up bedridden patients who start to notice things. Her employees delight in stealing little trinkets from their tenants and muscling them for a few extra bucks here and there. The employees are all moderately loyal to Camenera, who ensures their loyalty by threatening to report their thievery to the police. If a tenant isn't dying quickly enough, Camenera pushes nature along. She has an encyclopedic knowledge of poisons and toxins designed to create a natural-looking death. She's poisoned dozens of tenants who have held onto life too tightly and dozens more who stir up trouble, either by asking too many questions or threatening to go to the police.

Her main employee is a brutish bachelor named Tom Cammel. Camenera hired Cammel as her head enforcer for Golden Sunset. He has no problems threatening to cut off medication or family visits, and one night he even toppled a man out of his wheelchair at the top of a staircase. All of Golden Sunset's tenants are mortally afraid of Cammel. Camenera employs Cammel as a scapegoat in case anyone starts nosing around. Cammel has a prior police record for assault, and he has several items from the Golden Sunset tenants in his house. Camenera can and will produce evidence that Cammel is a killer and a thief, throw him to the authorities, and quietly proclaim her own innocence.

Camenera does invest a healthy amount of money into Golden Sunset, but she has in the past bribed inspectors and falsified ratings reviews.

Some of the patients at the Golden Sunset think they know what's going on. Some of them are too scared to say anything. These days Camenera plays a role of kindly old lady. She is just over fifty years old, but she dyes her hair gray and puts on makeup to look much older than she is. She always carries the cane that she uses to ease a limp.



DOROTHEA CAMENERA

Charismatic Ordinary 2/Smart Ordinary 9 CR 11; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 2d6+2 plus 9d6+9; **HP** 50; **Mas** 12; **Init** -1; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 13, **touch** 13, **flatfooted** 14 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +4 class); **BAB** +5; **Grap** +5; **Atk** +5 melee (1d6+0, Cane), or +4 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Wealth; **SV Fort** +6, **Ref** +4, **Will** +5; **AP** 5; **Rep** +5; **Str** 10, **Dex** 8, **Con** 12, **Int** 15, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 14.

Occupation: White Collar (*Computer Use, Diplomacy*)

Skills: Bluff +9, Computer Use +12, Craft (*electronic*) +6, Craft (*pharmaceutical*) +8, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +4, Forgery +14, Gather Information +7, Intimidate +7, Investigate +13, Knowledge (*Art*) +14, Knowledge (*Behavioral Sciences*) +10, Knowledge (*Business*) +13, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +9, Knowledge (*History*) +12, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +8, Listen +3, Profession (*administrator*) +8, Research +10, Search +4, Sense Motive +9, Speak Language (*English, French, Italian, Spanish*), Spot +3

Feats: Alertness, Attentive, Deceptive, Educated (*Knowledge [Art], Knowledge [Business]*), Windfall

Possessions: Cane, Expensive-looking Clothes, Poisoned Sleeping Pills; Wealth +11

Quote: Yes, I'm sure your father will get along nicely here.

Hooks

- The characters are investigators hired by Camenera to hunt down the baseball card collection of Ernest M. Lake, a tenant of hers. She tells the private investigators that Lake is unable to get the cards and that his family is hiding them from him until he passes away. The characters can talk to Lake, but he's currently in the deep recesses of Alzheimer's and unable to carry out any meaningful conversation. Camenera gives them a history of Lake and asks that the characters track down the cards and anything else of his that his family is "hiding."
- One of the characters is the grandchild of a tenant at Golden Sunset. During a visit, a careless employee leaves the door open while searching through another tenant's room. The grandparent begs the character to ignore what they both saw and implies that lives might be in danger if the character makes a fuss. The grandparent makes clear that only tactics as secretive as Camenera's own will take down her operation without causing more deaths.

R CARLUCCI

R Carlucci is a little family secret.

R is the one thing in Dominic Carlucci's life that really terrifies him. Dominic Carlucci has had a number of mistresses over his years. One of them, Helen, went mad from a genetic

disease, and Dominic had her ensconced in Greymantle asylum, where he promptly forgot about her. R terrifies Dominic Carlucci because it is his son and daughter.

R is a medical oddity. R is a hermaphrodite with partially functioning sex organs of both sexes. Normally, one set of sex organs is atrophied or removed soon after birth. R's existence, though, wasn't even revealed to the workers of the asylum until R's mother died. Helen had decided to keep the child hidden from the staff, an easy chore considering the shadowy corridors and sometimes non-existent attention paid to patients. R was nearly twelve months old when the custo-



dians of the asylum found the baby crawling over its dead mother's corpse.

The child immediately became first an embarrassment, then a fascination. The doctors studied the child, who used no language skills. R was brain damaged and was not expected to live much longer than a few more months. The doctors at Greymantle, sure that informing the authorities of the child's existence would only complicate their lives, concluded that they were the child's surrogate parents and that it was their duty to care for it and monitor its progress until it perished. By care for and monitor, the doctors meant "test under inhumane conditions and in inhumane ways."

The child didn't die. What the doctors thought would be a mildly embarrassing, but eventually very interesting case study became a danger for those who knew about it. If the child had died, they would have been able to present their case and claim whatever they wanted about its care. With the child still alive, the doctors were flustered.

By this time R had begun to display a canny, malevolent intelligence. R seemed to know what the doctors were doing and appeared to upset their tests deliberately. By the time the Carlucci family heard about the child's existence, R had begun to attack the doctors at random intervals.

Before the doctors could reveal their findings to the public, Dominic bought their silence.

Dominic refused to deal with the child personally. R's very existence offended him. He felt honor-bound to keep the child alive and in good health, but that was the extent of his affection. The Carluccis keep tabs on R, and one or two hidden guards monitor R at all times. The guards have two duties: to protect R from outside threats and to contain the threat that R itself poses.

R lives in the lap of luxury, yet has no idea how to read, write, or have a conversation. R's relationship with surroundings fluctuates. Sometimes R seems wholly oblivious to the environment, while at other times, R seems maliciously aware and involved in events. R's occasionally successful attempts at rape, murder, torture, and cannibalism seem all the more horrible because of the utter lack of explanation for its behavior. Sometimes the regular workings of the Carlucci crime machine produce victims that Dominic turns over to R. R might ignore the victim for weeks before, suddenly and violently, hurting and killing them.

R is a savage creature barely contained by the life Dominic has created for it. In a better world, R might have become some kind of human being, but in Haven R lives out an existence devoid of reason and kindness.

R CARLUCCI

Strong Hero 5/Fast Hero 5/Tough Hero 5 CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 5d8+10 plus 5d8+10 plus 5d10+10; **HP** 110; **Mas** 14; **Init** +2; **Spd** 40 ft; **Defense** 23, **touch** 23,

flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +11 class); **BAB** +11/+6/+1; **Grap** +14/+9/+4; **Atk** +14/+9/+4 melee (1d8+6, Fists), or +13/+8/+3 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** none; **SV Fort** +9, **Ref** +7, **Will** +4; **AP** 7; **Rep** +3; **Str** 16, **Dex** 14, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Rural (*Balance, Climb*)

Skills: Balance +11, Climb +14, Hide +11, Jump +9, Listen +7, Move Silently +11, Spot +8, Swim +5, Tumble +4

Feats: Acrobatic, Athletic, Blind-Fight, Brawl, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Great Cleave, Heroic Surge, Improved Brawl, Knockout Punch, Power Attack, Stealthy, Toughness (x2)

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed

Talents (Tough Hero): Damage Reduction 2/—, Remain Conscious

Quote: ...

Hooks

- A doctor from the asylum contacts one of the characters because of a persistent feeling of guilt surrounding the birth and life of R. The doctor begs the characters to find the child and bring it some kind of peace.
- A high-ranking Santucci operative learns about the existence of R, the child kept in luxury and protected by Carlucci guards. Assuming that the child is somehow special to or beloved by Dominic, the operative hires the characters to kidnap R.
- R has begun to escape from its guards regularly. In the streets surrounding R's home, stories are beginning to circulate about a monster that maims and kills people. One of the characters has a cousin who lives in this area. The cousin asks the characters to investigate the rumors of this so-called Spinebreaker.

C. CLAYTON CLARKE

C. Clayton Clarke designed and built several dozen byzantine structures in Haven. Reminiscent of Rube Goldberg's work, but darker and more manic, the structures are automated devices. Clarke's architecture lies in wait until someone stumbles into one of his buildings and it swallows them up like some kind of concrete and steel predator.

Clayton Clarke believes himself to be a marvelous architect. He inherited a massive fortune from his parents, flashy business analysts who died after consuming poisoned shellfish. He wooed and married the daughter of a wealthy Golden Heights socialite, but after just a few months, he decided to expedite his inheritance. He rigged a closet in their house as

an elaborate trap. After plying his wife with sleeping pills, Clarke placed her in the closet with its strange combination of lining, hoses, and machinery. After making himself a lunch of egg salad and lemonade, Clayton turned the closet's strange engine off. His wife was quite dead, though her body bore no marks. Clayton, aware of his wife's heart problems, had no trouble in convincing the doctors and ambulance crew he hastily summoned that she had suddenly collapsed.

Unfortunately, his wife's parents were not as rich as he believed. They had squandered their wealth and now existed off their reputation and good credit. Clarke was furious, but he learned that his wife's estate did net him one valuable piece of property: a dilapidated hotel in Arcadia, the once-proud Century. As soon as he saw the building, Clarke knew what he could do with it.

He hired and fired dozens of architects and construction workers over the years to create the Clayton Hotel. He changed blueprints, falsified building records, and bribed safety inspectors to make sure no one had a firm grasp over what he created. Only Clayton Clarke has an idea of what his hotel has to offer, what the total layout is, and how to get through the numerous bland corridors that double back on themselves. Only Clarke knows exactly what the hotel is capable of.

Clarke designed the behemoth with dozens of hidden passages, secret trap doors, rooms with no exits, greased chutes to the basement, gas jets into rooms, and doors that refused to open from the inside. The focus point for all these devious traps is the basement, a wicked and vile room. It exists on no blueprints, and its only entrance moves through a series of locked and disguised secret panels and darkened passages. The basement contains metal tables, electrified panels, hooks hanging from the ceiling, several pits dug twenty-five feet deep, barrels of industrial acid, gasoline, and a hulking, half-starved, half-rabid sewer rat.

Clarke makes sure that no one disappears unless he believes that he can handle whoever will come after them. He is a slick operator with the police and investigators because most of them see him as a bumbling hotel owner. Several police investigations have been stopped short by his friends in the department. Inside the hotel C. Clayton Clarke steals money from occupants. Sometimes he captures and tortures a victim, while other times he simply drugs them, removes their belongings, and deposits them in an alley several blocks away. Because Clarke is cheerfully truthful with himself, he admits that he prefers to have victims whom he can brutalize for days at a time, and one of his first expenditures was soundproofing the basement.

Were the Clayton Hotel ever demolished, much more would be found within its doors than appeared possible from the outside. The Clayton Hotel is a modern marvel of architectural design and efficiency of space. It has nearly double the number of rooms that are listed, with at least two floors that are duplicates of one another. Only Clarke himself knows how to manipulate the elevator and stairwell doors

completely. From his hidden basement room or secure manager's office, Clayton can lead residents to any floor he wants or trap them in a dummy room until he decides what use they are to him.

Clarke, known as Clay to his friends, seems cheerful, confused, and thoughtful. He has no empathy for human beings, but he has a great deal of affection for and pride in his creations. His architectural additions to Haven continue to be responsible for the deaths of Haven residents, and none contributes more to this trend than the Clayton Hotel, his murderous magnum opus.



C. Clayton Clarke

Smart Ordinary 5 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 5d6+5; **HP** 13; **Mas** 8; **Init** +1; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 13, **touch** 13, **flatfooted** 12 (+0 *size*, +1 *Dex*, +2 *class*); **BAB** +2; **Grap** +2; **Atk** +2 melee, or +3 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Killing Urge, Wealth; **SV Fort** +0, **Ref** +2, **Will** +5; **AP** 2; **Rep** +2; **Str** 10, **Dex** 12, **Con** 8, **Int** 16, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 13.

Occupation: White Collar (*Computer Use*, *Knowledge [Business]*)

Skills: Computer Use +11, Craft (*electronic*) +13, Craft (*mechanical*) +11, Craft (*structural*) +13, Demolitions +11, Knowledge (*Business*) +11, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +11, Knowledge (*History*) +11, Knowledge (*Physical Sciences*) +11, Knowledge (*Technology*) +11, Profession (*Architect*) +11, Research +11

Feats: Builder (*Craft [electronic]*, *Craft [structural]*), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Windfall

Possessions: Various personal effects; Wealth +11

Quote: You want the Penthouse? I'm sure I can take care of you.

Hooks

- The player characters are relatives of someone who has disappeared into the Clayton Hotel. The trail of the victim leads them into the hotel. Perhaps they reach a dead end and leave quietly, or perhaps Clarke tries to eliminate them. Perhaps their loved one is still within the bowels of the hotel, terrified but alive. Or maybe the only victory for the characters is getting out alive at all. . .
- A rare earthquake strikes Haven. While not strong, the quake collapses the southernmost corner of the building and unearths the remains of a mutilated corpse. Clarke flees the city while officials examine the strange building. After a number of fatalities, the city officials want to tear the building down, but the families of several missing persons protest. The families collect enough money to offer a sizable bounty to anyone capable of mapping out the building and returning any other corpses within safely for burial. The city agrees to leave the building standing for one month. The characters have thirty days to unravel the secrets of the Clayton Hotel.
- A player character's best friend vanishes into one of Clarke's freestanding devices. The characters must trace the device back to its fiendish creator. Can the characters discover the locations of Clarke's other deathtraps without becoming lost in one themselves?

OFFICER STEVE "BULLS-EYE" CORMER

Unlike most of the cops in Haven, Officer Steve Cormer doesn't take bribes, and he goes easy on roughing up suspects. He plays mostly by the rules. He's friendly, dedicated, and knows who and what to leave alone. Officer Steve Cormer has just one problem: he really enjoys shooting people.

Shooting is all part of his plan. It's why he became a cop. He always knew he was going to do something that required him to carry a gun.

As a child Cormer dressed in collared shirts, ties, and polished Oxford shoes to annoy his parents, who wore hemp and love beads and never washed their hair. He did well enough in school to earn a full ride to Winston Military Academy, and he has been out of his parent's lives since then.

Steve Cormer was out of place at Winston because he was one of the few students who enrolled out of his own free will. Cormer's classmates were the young, violent, and out of control kids of Haven's elite. This difference led to clashes between Cormer and the other students. The other students didn't enjoy Cormer's gung-ho personality, and finally a group of seniors decided to teach Cormer a lesson. They managed to corner him in the Academy's massive kitchen. They didn't want to kill him, but they did want to make sure he didn't come back to Winston next session and give him some scars to remember why he left. One of the students boiled a pot of water, while the others began to tie Cormer to a railing. They had counted on Cormer accepting his punishment with a minimum of fuss. Cormer broke away from them and fought his way out of the kitchen. He might not made it, but he picked up a bottle of lye from underneath a sink and threw it in the eyes of one of the seniors. After permanently blinding one of the toughest boys in school, Cadet Steve Cormer was exempt from all hazing.

Ironically, Cormer's years at Winston Military Academy were useless. He realized that his dreams of becoming a Navy Seal were unrealistic. Assignments of that caliber were only handed out after spending serious time as a soldier. When he realized that being a soldier was mostly going on patrol and cleaning toilets, Cormer decided to become a cop. Haven had the highest rate of police-on-citizen homicides in the United States, and Cormer liked the sound of that.

Cormer joined the department and passed the entrance exam with excellence. His superiors decided he had exactly the right mindset, character control, and temperament to become a police officer in Haven. Cormer had interviewed officers about the entrance interviews and had prepared for the exam by presenting himself as a stable, calm individual. Cormer's clean dress sense, willingness to take orders, and merciless dedication brought him to the attention of one of the department's star officers, Captain Fabian "Steel" Cardoza. Cardoza took a shine to Cormer and assigned him to the coveted Loser's Row area in Arcadia. Loser's Row was a popular beat because of its exciting nightlife, constant action, and kickback

perks. Although Corner refused to take bribes, his discretion soon won him many friends in the department and on the streets.

Corner knew that going off and filling someone with holes on his first assignment probably wasn't a good idea. He waited until after his first departmental review before he pulled the trigger. Those six months of waiting, waiting, and more waiting were difficult. Since then, Steve Corner has indulged himself. The other officers think of him as exceptionally lucky or incredibly talented, and he soon gained the nickname "Bullseye." Corner usually tries to make sure that whoever he guns down is a criminal, but in a pinch anyone will do. He always has a weapon ready to plant, and he is careful to manufacture believable lies and cover stories. He is perfectly willing to shoot or stab himself to make the cover story believable. Not even Corner knows how many drug dealers, rapists, murder suspects, and innocents have fallen from his shots.

Corner's superior officers and the Internal Affairs officers have grown curious, but Corner is both popular and careful.

Eventually, although he doesn't explicitly think this, Corner realizes he will have to start shooting the fellow officers who get in his way. While most of the force seems content with his tactics, a few select do-gooders is all it would take to bring Corner up on serious charges. Corner has already decided to shoot anyone who tries to stop him.

Steve Corner

Fast Ordinary 3/Dedicated Ordinary 3 CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 3d8+6 plus 3d6+6; **HP** 37; **Mas** 14; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 18, **touch** 18, **flatfooted** 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class); **BAB** +4; **Grap** +5; **Atk** +5 melee (1d6+1, *Nightstick*), or +7 ranged (2d6, *Glock 17*); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Shooting People, The Force; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +5, **Will** +4; **AP** 3; **Rep** +2; **Str** 12, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 13, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 12.

Occupation: Law Enforcement (*Intimidate*, *Knowledge (Civics)*)

Skills: Drive +8, Intimidate +7, Investigate +7, Knowledge (*Civics*) +7, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +7, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +7, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +7, Knowledge (*Tactics*) +7, Profession +7

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Burst Fire, Double Tap, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot

Possessions: Nightstick, Glock 17, Police Uniform, Handcuffs, Mace; Wealth +6

Quote: No, I don't know why so many of my cases end with me unloading my sidearm. Maybe I'm on the side of the law while Haven is a city of chaos?

Hooks

- The characters are all undercover officers in Internal Affairs. They have begun an undercover investigation of Officer Steve Corner. Halfway through the operation, a dirty cop and friend of Corner's warns him about the investigation. Corner begins to hunt down the characters, one by one.
- One of Corner's victims is related to a character. Corner shot him in the face while he was sitting in his living room on a Sunday morning and claimed that the victim pulled a gun on him. Now the cousin's family



has no means of income, and the police aren't especially interested in investigating a mostly open and shut case involving a known drug dealer. The character recruits the other characters to determine the truth about the cousin's murder. Will the characters seek out justice or vengeance?

ELIOT DEHCK

A precision hunter, outdoorsman, and opera singer, Eliot Dehck loves nothing more than hunting people in the wilderness, although the joy of cooking his kills is a close second.

Dehck is a millionaire and the recipient of a trust fund from his grandfather. He is college-educated, an avid reader of classics, and an expert chef. He maintains several estates in Canada, but spends most of his time in Haven, where he grew up. In between traveling to Italy, Britain, and Vienna as a renowned opera tenor, Dehck enjoys hunting human beings down like wild game.

He acquired his hobby after he realized that his jet-setting lifestyle wasn't providing him with enough thrills. Dehck originally envisioned himself as a kind of angel dispatched to do away with humanity. His first hunt was tracking down and brutally suffocating a rival of his in a canal in Italy. By now Dehck is beyond the need to justify his actions to anyone. He views himself as living above laws or reasons; he believes that he is better than most human beings in every way. Dehck is well and truly psychotic.

Eliot Dehck has two methods of hunting.

For the times when Dehck feels the need to sharpen his city hunting skills, he maintains a series of warehouses and tunnels that he had custom-designed in Armistad. Dehck releases his prey into the warehouses and hunts the victim down. Believing that the kind of weapon used should reflect the kind of hunt undertaken, Dehck uses a 9mm pistol and a carbonized combat knife during city hunts. The warehouses are stocked with food and rudimentary weapons like bricks and steel pipes so that the victims feel hope and fight back.

Wooded hunts occur at his estates, and these excursions normally involve two or three victims at a time. These people are often delivered by shadowy associates or foreign slave traders. Dehck offers his victims freedom if they can manage to escape him. He binds the people together with chains, strips them, and releases them into the sprawling, mossy forest that surrounds his estate. Often, Dehck executes one victim with a clean head or heart shot while leaving the other person alive just to see how the second victim deals with being chained to a dead person.

Dehck has never had a victim escape him.

Dehck cuts and cleans his kills himself. While he generally reserves his favorite cuts for himself, he sometimes uses portions of his kills in the meals he serves to international aristocrats and artists.

Aside from his inhumane hobbies, Dehck indulges few vices. He never drinks, smokes, and or has sex. He is known internationally as a philanthropist, and he has created several charities to benefit children with cancer. Although he is rarely recognized on the street, his records sell quite well.

Dehck is considering whether to invite others to his little games. He doubts that anyone could fully understand or maintain his own interest in the sport, but his hunting season is becoming quite repetitive. He has begun to think of the search for a partner as a kind of hunt in itself, and Dehck is very proud of his record in hunts so far.



ELIOT DEHCK

Fast Ordinary 4/Charismatic Ordinary 4 CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 4d8+4 plus 4d6+4; **HP** 40; **Mas** 13; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 18, **touch** 18, **flatfooted** 16 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class); **BAB** +5; **Grap** +5; **Atk** +5 melee (1d4+0/19-20/x2, Knife), or +7 ranged (2d10+0, HK G3); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Career; **SV Fort** +4, **Ref** +6, **Will** +3; **AP** 4; **Rep** +5; **Str** 10, **Dex** 15, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 13, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Dilettante (*Knowledge [Popular Culture]*)

Skills: Drive +9, Hide +12, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +8, Listen +4, Move Silently +5, Perform (*Opera*) +9, Profession (*Cook*) +8, Speak Language (*English, Italian, German*), Spot +4, Survival +4

Feats: Far Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Track

Possessions: Knife, HK G3, Expensive Clothes; **Wealth** +11

Quote: I would really enjoy having you for dinner.

Hooks

- The characters get kidnapped by Dehck for one of his forest hunts. The characters must find a way to kill Dehck or escape the hunting grounds. If the characters escape, Dehck lets them go but invites them to join him on later hunts as hunters instead of prey.
- Dehck decides to invite several friends and associates to a party at one of his estates. He quietly invites those guests who might seem interested to one of his special hunts. The player characters, invited to the party either because of a previous escape from Dehck or as friends-of-friends, hear about the hunt from a nervous partygoer who overhears an invitation. How do the characters interfere with the hunt without becoming prey themselves?

ELIAS GAUER

Elias Gauer was a star quarterback in high school. People murmured about how far he would go in life. He was the kind of kid all the girls wanted and all the boys wanted to be.

Gauer left high school for a full scholarship at the local state college. His parents were wealthy enough to have buildings at the school named after them, but Gauer wanted to feel like he had earned his degree. After getting a concussion during football practice, things started getting bad for Gauer. At first, people just let his behavior slide. When you throw four touchdowns every Friday night, even the Chief of Police can look the other way sometimes. When the team goes state your junior year, even the Mayor doesn't care if you stop wearing pants. Eventually though, everyone started to realize that Gauer had long passed the line for normal behavior. After being arrested for indecent exposure for the third time, Gauer was booted off the team.

Soon after his head trauma, Gauer had begun to hear voices. He didn't tell anyone because they weren't exactly voices. They were words, smells, and noises that spoke to Gauer and told him what to do. Sometimes he would get a message from an elephant in his dreams, sometimes through that cherry pie his mom made, and sometimes through the pain of a sunburn.

When he left the team, Gauer didn't care about anything anymore. He was drinking heavily, and there was nothing to stop him from going completely over the edge. Gauer began picking up animals from the Humane Society then slowly drowning them in his apartment's kitchen sink.

Gauer's parents sent him to a counselor, and he confessed to killing animals. The counselor gently recommended a short



stay in a hospital. His parents, determined to make things right with their son, sent him to a high class facility where he could, in his mother's terms, "move through this phase." The voices only became louder in the hospital. Gauer liked the voices. They always knew the best way to have fun.

Gauer decided to leave the hospital a few months after arriving. Gauer did break into a storage locker and poison all the animals he could find on the grounds before he left. The voices told him they would tell his parents where he was going, so without a word to anyone, Gauer vanished from his past life.

Lately, the voices have coalesced into one form, and it's the only thing that talks to him anymore. Junk mail speaks to him now. The inky scent, the rough feel of the paper, and the words on the page tell Gauer everything he needs to know. He knows that the garbage men are trying to steal his blood. He knows that television beams can see through his soft skull and are stealing his thoughts before he can even think them. Thanks to the voice, Gauer knows many things.

Gauer believes that he kills only in self-defense. His victims are trying to make his bones soft like jelly or poison his blood with mercury or make his muscles rot out of his body. The voice also tells him how to cure himself. He dug out the livers of his last three victims and ate them raw on the spot. Gauer doesn't want to be sick. Gauer doesn't want to be hurt.

To the outside world, Gauer behaves in a completely chaotic and random way. It is impossible for him to have a normal job. His family is still looking for him and has hired several private detectives to track him down. Gauer disposed messily of one of these detectives. He babbles endlessly and finds connections between the cracks of the walls and the cracks between lines of texts on junk mail. He is terrified because it all makes so much sense to him.

Elias Gauer smells like a typical street dweller, but he is entirely clean-shaven. Gauer has a phobia of his own hair. He believes that hair is like little antennas from your brain, beaming your thoughts out of your body and into the brain of anyone who's listening. Gauer ritually shoplifts razors every morning and finds a public restroom to shave in. He has no hair anywhere on his body and is utterly terrified of letting it grow out.

ELIAS GAUER

Strong Ordinary 3/Tough Ordinary 2 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 3d8+6 plus 2d10+4; **HP** 35; **Mas** 14; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 16, **touch** 16, **flatfooted** 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); **BAB** +4; **Grap** +7; **Atk** +7 melee (*1d4+3/19-20/x2, Homemade Knife*), or +6 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** The Voices; **SV Fort** +6, **Ref** +3, **Will** -1; **AP** 2; **Rep** +0; **Str** 16, **Dex** 15, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 6, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Athlete (Climb, Jump, Swim)

Skills: Climb +11, Jump +9, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +6, Survival +1, Swim +5

Feats: Athletic, Brawl, Point Blank Shot, Run

Possessions: Homemade Knives, Journal, Newspaper Clippings, Fishing Wire, Vials; **Wealth** +0

Quote: I should kill them to make sure they don't steal my thoughts? If you say so. . . .

Hooks

- Special Operations wants Elias Gauer. Although he seems wholly unconnected to the world, Gauer has managed to kill three undercover members of Special Ops over the years. Superiors believe that it is impossible for an insane homeless man to randomly kill three members of the same group, so they have decided to bring Gauer in for tests, questioning, and possible recruitment. The characters are assigned to bring him into Special Operations without harming him in any permanent way, which will be difficult considering Gauer's paranoia.
- After stumbling into an alleyway that Gauer frequents, art student Ang Neine concludes that Elias Gauer is the next big thing. After taking him in and encouraging him to create a few paintings, Neine and a local dealer promote Gauer as a new voice from the streets of Haven. His paintings are a phenomenal success. Soon unable to stand the pressure of civilized life, Gauer hacks up Neine and takes one of her hands with him when he retreats to the streets. Gauer's dealer, an opportunistic runt named P.L. Mahnk, hires the characters to track him down and bring him back. He also offers the characters a good deal more money if they can dump Neine's body, prevent the police from finding out about the murder, and get Gauer to begin painting again. Elias Gauer is Mahnk's meal ticket to the high life he's always wanted, and he doesn't want to see his one chance rotting away in a prison cell.

BILLY GUINNESS

Billy Guinness never had a stable home life.

Guinness had six brothers and sisters. He considered himself lucky if his mother didn't swat him with a rolling pin when he came home from school. He spent his evenings trying not to listen to the sound of his mother prostituting herself to the neighborhood men, mostly steelworkers and guys from the automobile factories. His father was anchored to the living room couch, unable and unwilling to move. His father had lost both of his legs after passing out drunk on the railroad tracks. Guinness remembered when his father was too drunk to drag himself to bed and he and his brothers had to haul him into the bedroom.

Guinness got himself a job as an auto mechanic in Arcadia after dropping out of high school halfway through. He moved less than two miles from his parents' house and married a girl who got pregnant while they dated in high school. Guinness saw

the neighborhood around him crumble as the auto plants shut down one by one. His friends and neighbors moved away, but Guinness stayed.

Guinness inherited his parents' racism. Guinness's family complained about nearly every slight they received from blacks to everyone they knew. If someone they knew didn't get hired or was fired, it was because of blacks and affirmative action. If someone couldn't sleep at night, it was the blacks down the street partying at night. If someone got sick, it was blacks passing on some African disease.

Guinness decided to take his racial concerns away from the politicians. He took a rifle and set out to change things. Although he believes that the entire outside world has gone mad (he becomes furious, for example, when blacks are authority figures on television), he has decided to keep his neighborhood "clean" and controlled by whites.

Guinness has executed every black neighborhood leader or business owner in his neighborhood. He started by shooting the manager of a local taco joint when the young man was getting out of work one night. He just couldn't imagine this man hiring and firing white people. Guinness quickly graduated to killing the man's pregnant wife when she began making a fuss about the police not investigating the murder. After her death, the police seemed to forget about his crimes. Guinness believes that this is a sign that the police secretly hate all the blacks in Haven. He knows the police officers would deputize him, make him a special officer if they only had that power. For now, he's content to work where he is.

Guinness enforces his sick worldview in the area of personal relationships as well. He executes any interracial couple he meets in the neighborhood. He views interracial couples going out or even holding hands as such a titanic betrayal of race that it warrants a death sentence. Guinness has a particular goal in this case: his sister. His sister Betty left the family early to move to the west coast. She sent a rare card to the family in which she announced that she was married, that Leon was a black man, and that they had children. The Guinness family refuses to hear her name or any discussion about her. To them, she is as good as dead. Guinness wants to be the one who makes sure she is.

Guinness typically does his shootings at night. He hides in the darkness and sends expertly aimed shots into his victim's face. Most often his victims are getting off work or arriving home. He likes killing people as close to home as possible so the family can find the body.

Guinness tries to execute multi-racial couples when they're together. Newspaper and television coverage of his acts has focused on these high profile murders. Some less reputable news organizations have begun calling Guinness "Zebaman." Some reporters speculate that Zebaman is a black militant, which is precisely the opposite of the truth. This confusion enrages Billy Guinness, who can't believe people might picture him as a black man.

Guinness doesn't have too many friends. Anyone who gets to know him is put off by his bizarre ideas and constant tirade of slurs and complaints. Guinness is also uncomfortable and unwelcome at hate group meetings because of his anger and cruel vindictiveness. He has a hard time dealing with others because he is completely obnoxious.

Guinness is an aging white man who usually wears jeans and some kind of shirt with an American Flag on it. He always wears baseball caps. He smokes Marlboro cigarettes and has a tattoo of a skull on his bicep.



BILLY GUINNESS

Tough Ordinary 5 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 5d10+5; **HP** 33; **Mas** 13; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 15, **touch** 15, **flatfooted** 13 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class); **BAB** +3; **Grap** +5; **Atk** +5 melee, or +7 ranged (2d10+0, HK PSG-1); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Racial Purity, Self, Fame; **SV Fort** +4, **Ref** +3, **Will** +2; **AP** 2; **Rep** +1; **Str** 15, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Blue Collar (Craft [mechanical], Drive, Repair)

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +8, Drive +4, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +1, Repair +8

Feats: Far Shot, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Weapon Focus

Possessions: HK PSG-1, Aspirin, Racist Propaganda, 2 boxes of FMJ ammunition, Gun Cleaning Equipment, Rifle Case; Wealth +4

Quote: So long as everybody keeps to their place, we'll all get along fine.

Hooks

- A local assistant district attorney is prosecuting a Templar Knight member for murder. The attorney receives an anonymous tip that the murder was actually committed by Billy Guinness. Because of the details given by the anonymous informant, the lawyer believes the tip. The prosecutor hires the player characters to uncover the truth about the murder and find hard evidence to prove that truth.
- Idiocy like Guinness's can only last so long before someone takes notice. The Nubian Nation hires the player characters to hunt down and make an example of Billy Guinness.

DAVID ALLEN HERZOG & SAM SHERMANTINE

Sam Shermantine met David Allen Herzog in St. Constantine prison six years ago. Shermantine was doing time for raping an ex-girlfriend, while Herzog was in for assault with a deadly weapon. They immediately became friends, and they stayed alive through the prison system by watching each other's backs. Shermantine and Herzog gained a reputation for being particularly brutal prisoners after drowning a man in the shower. Shermantine easily dominated the weak-willed Herzog, who was a very frightened man beneath his violent exterior.

In their cell, Herzog and Shermantine hatched a grisly plan of revenge against the world. Fueled by their mutual hatred of women, they developed a scheme for kidnapping, raping, and murdering teenage girls, with the goal being to kill one girl for each age between 13 and 19. Herzog was uncertain about

the plan at first, but Shermantine's certainty convinced him to agree.

Herzog was released first, and he immediately began preparing for their plan while the parole board lined up a job for him as a short order cook. Herzog bought a windowless van, which he dubbed the "Murder Mack." During his free time, Herzog cruised popular teenage hangouts around Haven's malls and colleges.

Shermantine was released several months later. Herzog met him at the prison gates, and they immediately got to work.



Shermantine had decided that they should stay away from prostitutes, both because they were "too easy" and because it would "take the fun out" of their actions.

Their first victim was Jeanette Liski, an honor student at FDR High School in Haven. Herzog, driving the van, pulled alongside her as she was walking home from school. He tried asking for directions, but Liski ignored him and crossed the street. Herzog persisted, and as Liski paused to speak to him, Shermantine flung open the sliding door to the back, jumped out with a blanket, and dragged the struggling Liski inside. Liski was less than a half-mile from her home.



In the back of the van, Shermantine wrapped duct tape around Liski's face to quiet her screams while he cut off her clothes with a buck knife. He raped and beat the girl. He offered to drive the van for Herzog, but Herzog claimed to want to keep driving. He did, however, pause long enough to take several Polaroid photographs of Shermantine's actions.

Shermantine then produced a pair of needle-nosed pliers. He tortured Liski for nearly an hour while Herzog drove around the outskirts of Haven's suburbs. Finally, Shermantine strangled her with a clothes hanger. Herzog disposed of Liski's body in the foothills north of Haven.

The duo decided to take another cruise a week later. Shermantine had decided that this time he would drive. They eventually lured two girls into the back of the van with offers of a party. Shermantine offered them some marijuana. When the girls were high, Herzog attacked them. The girls fought back, so Shermantine to pull the van over to help Herzog in the back. Herzog killed one of the girls with a plumber's wrench while Shermantine tied the other one up with electrical tape. Both men participated in the rape this time, and Herzog graduated to using a video instead of a Polaroid camera. Finally they strangled the girl and abandoned her body as they had Liski's.

The duo has developed a horrific routine together. Herzog usually snaps pictures and records the girls' final moments on a camcorder, while Shermantine slowly tortures them to death in the back of the van. The pair cruises everywhere from the Four Corners of Freeman Hill to Mill Ridge in Armistad to Alphabet City in Haven City. While they sometimes kill weekly, they also sometimes go a month without killing anyone.

Some members of Haven City Police Department homicide squad are becoming concerned. The number of upstanding girls turning up dead has undergone a sharp rise in the last year, and many of those bodies are showing similar signs of abuse. Before too long, someone will decide to blame these murders on a serial killer.

Herzog and Shermantine are two of the most loathsome killers active in Haven. Their bloodlust and capacity for agony is astonishing. Shermantine loves inflicting pain on his victims. Herzog enjoys the videotapes, audiotapes, and photographs produced from their actions.

Herzog is the weaker of pair, at once disgusted and thrilled by what they do. While Herzog is too afraid to disagree with Shermantine, Shermantine's emphasis on torture is worrisome to him. Shermantine's obsession also seems to be getting more intense with each victim. Herzog realizes that everything about their actions is dangerous, that the tapes and photos are beyond damning, and that Shermantine's shrinking reserve means trouble.

Herzog is slightly overweight with a crew cut. He wears thick prescription glasses and usually dresses in collared shirts. He looks like a typical over-age nerd. Shermantine has long hair,

a thin moustache, and is never without his brown bomber jacket. He's handsome, but even to the casual observer, something about the angle of his head and the jut of his chin seems off-putting and ominous.

SAM SHERMANTINE

Charismatic Ordinary 3/Strong Ordinary 2/Smart Ordinary 2 CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6+3 plus 2d8+2 plus 2d6+2; **HP** 34; **Mas** 12; **Init** +6; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 16, **touch** 16, **flatfooted** 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); **BAB** +4; **Grap** +4; **Atk** +4 melee (1d6+0/19-20/x2, *Ice Pick*), or +6 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Thrill of the Hunt; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +4, **Will** +7; **AP** 3; **Rep** +3; **Str** 11, **Dex** 15, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 12.

Occupation: Criminal (*Disguise, Sleight of Hand*)

Skills: Bluff +7, Climb +2, Diplomacy +7, Disable Device +6, Disguise +11, Forgery +6, Hide +6, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (*Civics*) +7, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +7, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +7, Listen +4, Move Silently +6, Read/Write Language (*English, Spanish, Russian*), Sleight of Hand +7, Speak Language (*English, Spanish, Russian*) Swim +2

Feats: Athletic, Brawl, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency

Possessions: Ice Pick, Leather Jacket Pliers, Tape Recorder; Wealth +4

DAVID ALLEN HERZOG

Smart Ordinary 5 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d6+10; HP 28; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d8+1, *Tire Iron*), or +4 ranged; FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ ; AL Sam Shermantine, Self, Killing; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4; AP 2; Rep +2; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 9.

Occupation: Criminal (Forgery, Gamble)

Skills: Craft (electronic) +11, Craft (mechanical) +3, Craft (visual art) +11, Drive +8, Forgery +9, Gamble +9, Knowledge (*Civics*) +9, Knowledge (*Physical Sciences*) +9, Navigate +9, Perform +1, Pilot +4, Repair +9, Search +9

Feats: Brawl, Builder (Craft [electronic], Craft [mechanical]), Creative (Craft [visual art], Perform), Vehicle Expert

Possessions: Tire Iron, Camera, Camera Equipment, Electrical Tape, Rope; Wealth +3

Quote: Mind if I get your picture? I'm a scout for a modeling agency.

The Murder Mack-Chevrolet Van

Crew: 1

Passengers: 8

Cargo: 500 lbs

Initiative: -2

Maneuver: -2

Top Speed: 175 (17)

Defense: 8

Hardness: 5

Hit Points: 38

Size: H

Purchase DC: 30

Restriction: Lic (+1)

Hooks

- The characters are police officers who arrest David Allen Herzog for molesting a teenager while at the Whitegrass Marsh mall. While at the police station waiting to be interrogated, Herzog strangles himself using his shoelaces. The police inspect his house and find the tapes and photos. The characters are assigned to bring Shermantine in using any means necessary. Shermantine, meanwhile, hears that Herzog has been arrested and is fleeing the city. He has no intention of letting the police take him alive.
- The characters are members and adjunct associates of a detective agency. A local businessman, Laurence Clark, hires the party to find his missing daughter. He believes his daughter's loss is connected to the other mysterious disappearances of young women in Freeman Hill, but the police do not seem convinced. He wants the party to find out exactly what happened to his daughter or find enough evidence to prompt a police investigation.

DUKE JARVIS

People just don't get Duke Jarvis. The people who say that Duke is a morbid killer or a violent, calculating sociopath are, according to Jarvis, mindless fools. He is not too surprised by the lack of understanding because Jarvis believes both that he is an artist and that most people just don't get art.

At one point Duke Jarvis was the bright new face of theatre in Haven. Theatergoers were only too happy to have a theatre star that wasn't moving to London or New York. Jarvis explained that the city's "corrupted grit" attracted him.

Jarvis specialized in the kind of pretentious theatre that eluded all but the most dedicated and cynical black turtleneck-wearing, clove-smoking art lover. Jarvis became notorious for his furious tirades against the public's bullish stupidity. He moved within the most exclusive circles of power and celebrity in Haven. He became the darling of Deana Cressmeyer, theatre critic of the Haven Chronicle. He was invited to every major movie star or record company party thrown on the upper floors of a skyscraper, where he generally stood aloof in a corner and derided anything that had popular approval.

He was asked to perform at speaking engagements at several top universities in Haven before being offered a position as a theatre director and professor. He was given carte blanche for any artistic endeavor he explored. Apart from his monstrous ego, Duke Jarvis was stylish, brutally smart, and in high demand.

Jarvis courted the city in his own strange fashion. He only accepted jobs in Haven. He began what he called Commando Theatre sessions: loud, intense street performances that Jarvis would stage in the middle of the day in downtown Haven. To Duke's dismay, people couldn't seem to find a difference between his bouts of screaming and wearing only underwear



and goat's blood and the crazy people whose everyday life in Haven involves screaming and wearing only underwear and their own blood.

He announced that he was going to make a play for everyone in Haven. The free, outdoors event was supposed to symbolize what Haven meant to him and to its citizens. The result was a financial and artistic mess. Even Duke Jarvis's most loyal critics and supporters seemed to abandon him. Before, he was simply a misunderstood artist. Now, even the most hip graduate student was utterly confused by what Jarvis was trying to get across.

Duke Jarvis went underground. He decided he would no longer be bound by the walls that society had created around him. He began to make zero-budget videos. The videos were extravaganzas of excess, usually massive monologues and rapid-fire exchanges between actors coached by Jarvis. Jarvis would also torture and murder people on these tapes.

The Jarvis tapes inspire intense fascination or disgust. Jarvis uses overseas firms to package and promote his tapes, so his "art" is available readily within Haven and other major cities. The strange popularity of the tapes has convinced Jarvis that he has finally found his chosen medium and voice, and he stages ever more bizarre torture sessions to try to hold onto his audience. The Jarvis tapes circulate even in polite society, but a rumor has begun stating that the acting in the films isn't and that Jarvis's "art" is just a sick new kind of snuff film.

Duke Jarvis

Charismatic Ordinary 8 CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 8d6+0; HP 28; Mas 11; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +3 class); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee, or +5 ranged; FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; AL Self, Art; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +2; AP 4; Rep +7; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 17.

Occupation: Creative (*Craft [visual art]*, *Craft [writing]*, *Knowledge [Art]*)

Skills: Bluff +14, Craft (*visual art*) +15, Craft (*writing*) +15, Disguise +14, Knowledge (*Art*) +13, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +13, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +13, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +13, Perform +14, Profession +13

Feats: Creative (*Craft [visual art]*, *Craft [writing]*), Renown, Windfall, Windfall

Possessions: Favorable Newspaper Clippings, Designer Clothes, Benzedrine, Notebook (*containing contact information of clients and victims & sketches of past and future productions*); **Wealth** +13

Quote: Don't you Philistines understand? This is art! This is the next wave of things! Human life doesn't matter! We're here for the greater good, people!

Hooks

- The characters are or work for sleazy movie producers. The characters need to convince Jarvis to sign a contract to produce films for them exclusively. Unfortunately, Jarvis agrees to do so only if one of the characters agrees to be the star in his next murder extravaganza.
- Duke Jarvis maintains a list, somewhere, of his direct-order clients. The characters are hired to find that list, either by a high-ranking public official or by a high-ranking crime boss (who wants to blackmail the high-ranking public officials on the list). Duke Jarvis keeps the list on himself and will not part with it for any cause, no matter what.

JIMMY JASPER

Jasper supplies the bodies.

Jimmy Jasper is a smooth operator no matter where he goes. In Europe, Asia, or America, Jasper always makes himself at home in sleek suits and stylish shirts. Jasper drives a fast car, likes to be seen with beautiful women, tips waiters like a tycoon, and loves killing people for money.

Jasper's not exactly a hit man. It's the killing that counts to him, not the money for the killing. If he were to describe his own attitude, which he wouldn't, he might say that he's an opportunist.

Jasper started as an international drug dealer and smuggler who ran coke, guns, machinery, bodies, frozen organs, and stolen art masterpieces across the Pacific and the Atlantic. Jasper had to shoot a few people and do a few executions just to keep things rolling.

In Haven Jasper worked with an extremely bad crowd. He liked the way the whole city seemed like a big concrete tumor constantly fed by its own population. His companions were dark magic users, and though Jasper was never clear on precisely what they did, he perked up and listened when someone mentioned that the group needed a virgin for their next big gig.

Maybe they were joking, but Jasper knew he could get them a body. Jasper had killed before, plenty of times, but this time he made \$15,000 from his friends.

These days Jasper single-handedly runs a supply line to cultists and magic users in Haven. He's developed a reputation as someone who always gets bodies, warm or cold, old or young, blond or brunette. He can provide a Chinese immigrant with green eyes or a someone who's been a Haven native for sixty years. Jimmy Jasper even offers a disposal service, with no questions asked.

The media in Haven are fascinated by bodies that turn up that seem to have been part of occult ritual. Some reporters have speculated that these killings are all from one single cult, but Jasper knows just how wrong that rumor is.

Jimmy Jasper has figured out how to squeeze every last penny that he can from his victims, usually after squeezing the life out of them with a wire cord. Jasper has arrangements with Lynx Life, a medical research and development company. Kidneys, bone marrow, spinal fluid, brain matter, livers, blood plasma, corneas, cancer cells: there is no end to the material that Lynx Life can use from a human body. An unscrupulous executive, Emily Perez, discovered and hired Jimmy Jasper. Perez has requisitioned Jimmy to hunt down as much raw material as he can and deliver it to Lynx Life. Jasper is happy to comply.

Lynx Life occasionally gives Jimmy a specific order and requests that he deliver the fresh "sample" to one of their facilities. Using their medical insurance research, Lynx



Life has a list of thousands of Havenites who are perfect for research purposes. With the guidance of Lynx Life, Jasper can deliver a six-year-old with a rare blood type or a ninety-year-old with a unique genetic disease. Jasper's deals with Lynx Life allow him to maintain his high cost lifestyle.

Jasper lives the fast life in Haven. He's anonymous, murderous, and professional. He finds bodies, and he keeps secrets. His physical appearance is not as terrifying as his choice of profession would suggest. Jasper has a slight build and striking eyes. He is always clean, well-groomed, and well-clothed. Only people who meet Jasper when their names are on one of his lists know that beneath this underwhelming exterior lies a force of overwhelming determination and evil.

Jimmy Jasper

Fast Ordinary 6/Strong Ordinary 2/Smart Ordinary 1
CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 6d8+12 plus 2d8+4 plus 1d6+2; **HP** 58; **Mas** 15; **Init** +3; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 21, **touch** 21, **flatfooted** 18 (+0 *size*, +3 *Dex*, +8 *class*); **BAB** +6/+1; **Grap** +7/+2; **Atk** +7/+2 *melee (Special, Garrote)*, or +9/+4 *ranged (2d6+0, .357 Magnum Desert Eagle)*; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Employers; **SV Fort** +6, **Ref** +6, **Will** +5; **AP** 4; **Rep** +3; **Str** 13, **Dex** 16, **Con** 15, **Int** 13, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 16.

Occupation: Criminal (**Disguise**, **Hide**)

Skills: Balance +12, Climb +5, Disguise +12, Drive +12, Escape Artist +12, Hide +12, Jump +5, Knowledge (*Arcane Lore*) +6, Knowledge (*Earth and Life Sciences*) +6, Move Silently +12

Feats: Brawl, Combat Reflexes, Improved Brawl, Knockout Punch, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Two-Weapon Fighting

Possessions: Garrote, .357 Magnum Desert Eagle, At least one kind of knock out drug, Disguise Kit, Expensive Clothes; **Wealth** +6

Quote: Sure, I can find what you're looking for, but an order like that will cost you.

Hooks

- A new accountant at Lynx Life has become concerned about the amount of money Lynx Life spends for its research purposes. While Lynx Life pays Jasper a great deal, those rates are nowhere near the legal cost for attaining the bodies and body parts he provides. Concerned about precisely who is providing such low-cost research material and how, the accountant asks a friend (one of the characters) to investigate the matter.
- Another local body dealer, occult practitioner Rich Drayce, has become tired of competing with Jimmy Jasper. He hires the characters to remove Jasper from the business permanently. The characters must find a way to take Jasper down without making themselves targets for his other employers and occult allies.

BAI JIANG

Jiang likes fire.

Jiang's mother abandoned the mildly retarded boy in a dumpster behind a pawn shop. While Jiang never learned to read or to add, he managed to survive for several weeks on the streets of Haven and even made a few friends. He also made an important discovery about himself: he wanted to see things burn.

Jiang first started a fire when he covered one of his sleeping chums with lighter fluid. Jiang had always wondered what happened if you lit a person up like you lit up a hot dog. The friend never knew that Jiang caused the fire that sent him to the hospital covered with second and third degree burns.

Jiang was turned over to an orphanage. At the orphanage, Jiang drew in on himself. He tried to find spaces to hide by squeezing his tiny body into the bottoms of closets, behind water heaters, and in between the walls and couches. The nuns and priests at the orphanage took turns coaxing Jiang out, but sometimes they had to drag him from his hiding places forcibly.

Some time passed before the nuns at the orphanage realized Jiang was responsible for the fires. He knew he had to keep them secret, so Jiang started only little ones: piles of newspaper here, a trashcan there, sometimes a bookshelf. Jiang soon ran away from the orphanage.

Jiang eked out an existence on the streets of Haven and became just another lonely orphan sleeping on concrete. He learned to steal the food he needs. He learned where and how to sleep safely in Haven. And he learned how to burn.

Jiang burns anything he can find, and he looks forward to the times when he can burn something with a body inside it. When Jiang doesn't have anything or anyone else around to burn, he burns himself. When he's bored, Jiang takes to lighting matches and stubbing them out on his legs, over and over again. His body is covered with pink and purple scar tissue from burning himself. His eyebrows have been replaced by arcs of puckered tissue; the hair on his head remains only in thin wispy patches.

Bai Jiang's most sacred possession, the only thing of his that isn't scorched by fire, is his journal. Across nearly 700 pages Jiang has detailed, in his own secret form of writing, the day, time, and lengthy descriptions of every single fire he has set. The history of Jiang's relationship with fire is in the journal: from an abandoned car he sprayed with lighter fluid, to a laundry cart he burned in a hotel, to an antique building he torched in Armistad. Jiang has no idea how fire actually works, but his journal and his speech conveys religious fanaticism when talking about fires. Jiang believes that he is fire.

Jiang defends himself like a wild animal by thrashing and clawing at anyone who comes near him. He has several

knives on his body, and he will not hesitate to spray lighter fluid on someone and throw a match after it. The police have encountered him several times, but Jiang has always escaped and left stunned and burned officers behind.

Jiang enjoys the Armistad area and spends most of his time there. Armistad is full of abandoned cars and dank, empty warehouses. Jiang can always find stacks of newspaper and cloth lying around somewhere. He can always siphon gasoline out of a parked car. He can always find at least one stumbling drunk to burn.

Jiang likes having a plan. He burns whatever he can find, but he likes waiting, plotting, and preparing large jobs. To Jiang,



burning a car is better than burning a mattress. A bookstore is better than a car, a retirement home better than a bookstore, a city better than a retirement home. One day, he promises himself, he'll see all of Haven burn.

Bai Jiang

Strong Ordinary 3/Smart Ordinary 3/Fast Ordinary 4
CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 3d8+3 plus 3d6+3 plus 4d8+4; **HP** 53; **Mas** 13; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 20, **touch** 20, **flatfooted** 18 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class); **BAB** +7/+2; **Grap** +8/+3; **Atk** +10/+5 melee (1d4+1/19-20/x2, Knife), or +9/+4 ranged (+0/); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Fire; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +6, **Will** +4; **AP** 5; **Rep** +2; **Str** 12, **Dex** 14, **Con** 13, **Int** 15, **Wis** 10, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Criminal (*Hide, Move Silently*)

Skills: Balance +9, Climb +8, Craft (*structural*) +14, Demolitions +8, Escape Artist +9, Hide +8, Jump +4, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +8, Listen +3, Move Silently +14, Search +8, Spot +3

Feats: Brawl, Combat Martial Arts, Defensive Martial Arts, Improved Combat Martial Arts, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus (*Knife*)

Possessions: Knives, Smelly Clothes, Fire Journal, Matches, Container of Lighter Fluid, Container of Gasoline; **Wealth** +6

Quote: The sky is made of gold when it burns.

Hooks

- The characters work for Pierce Insurance, a company owned by Gino Santucci. They are assigned to investigate a fire in an adult bookstore that left one person dead. The characters' boss believes that the owner of the bookstore torched the store for insurance money, but the fire was one of Jiang's. The characters must try to discover the real source of the blaze.
- A summer of heat waves and drought have left Haven dry and brittle. Jiang sees these conditions as a sign and decides that the time has come to see all of Haven burn. He begins setting fire to larger and larger structures and takes eager notes about how the fires behave and how and where the city's firefighters respond. City officials notice cruel logic in the pattern of the fires, where every successive blaze destroys a slightly larger structure than before. The city hires the characters to try to find the arsonist before he does more damage.

Carl Lunce

The children call him the Hippopotamus. Carl Lunce is the reason that mothers keep their children so close to them, the reason fathers check on them at night.

Lunce weighs well over 300 pounds of flab and compacted muscle. He knows how to act friendly with children. He

still looks childish, and his puffy face makes his features soft like a baby's. His clothes emphasize his childishness. When he's not working, he usually dresses in a navy sweater vest with his hair carefully combed and his fingernails clipped and clean.

Lunce grew up in Haven. His parents were both fastidious and manic about their son's life. They doted on him. They made sure his room was always clean, made sure that he wasn't getting fat, and made sure that he didn't make any bad friends. Whenever Lunce made a mistake, which was much too often for his parents, they would take turns spraying Lunce with a hose and making him stand in the backyard. When Lunce was in school, his mother might shave his head bald or force him to wear a "Correction Skirt" to school. While these methods did eventually cure Lunce of his nail biting and hygiene problems, they left his mind twisted. Lunce's concept of guilt and punishment warped.

His parents died after their family car was crushed by a fire engine in downtown Haven, and Lunce became unhinged from reality. Without his parents, Lunce almost immediately lapsed into violence. His weight ballooning out of control, Lunce took his first child in. He lured the child with a box of candy. Lunce tried to raise the boy as his own, but the boy only wanted to stick around long enough to steal Lunce's wallet and maybe his TV and VCR. Lunce wanted to play with him, but the boy tried to fight him off. The boy died in the struggle.

Carl Lunce works at the Gansett Sewage Treatment Plant in Freeman Hill. He is the only permanent employee there. He maintains the grounds in between bouts of stuffing his face. He practically lives at the plant; he hardly visits the house he grew up in, located only six blocks away. Lunce is a recluse, and he keeps his parents' rooms unchanged from the day they died. Lunce still regards his parents with reverential awe; he sees nothing wrong in what they did to him.

Lunce prowls the grounds of the plant. Neighborhood children often use the passages for playing after school or a place to hide when cutting classes. Lunce usually manages to convince his victims to come with him by offering them candy, soda, or beer. Once inside the plant, Lunce has no problem overpowering them with his beefy girth.

Lunce tortures the children and plays with them in the maze-like buildings and tunnels that crisscross the grounds of the sewage plant. He sometimes has several children kept at once. He keeps his victims chained and locked up underneath a storage shed. Lunce feeds them peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and watches cartoons with them until the strain of their torture kills them.

He dumps the bodies into the solid waste disposal unit, where their forms are pulverized and dispersed into the bacteria vats that break down the raw sewage. He's gotten nervous lately because some of the fatty tissue and bones are still left behind. Lunce now sometimes buries the bodies in the bog-like forest behind the sewage plant.

Across the city of Haven are hundreds of posters with children's smiling faces on them: Samuel Parish 8, Katrina Quate 11, Rob Carter 9. Sometimes the signs are homemade, sometimes they are stapled up by the police, and sometimes they are hung by a private investigator. The posters are everywhere, and Carl Lunce is one of the reasons why.

CARL LUNCE

Charismatic Ordinary 5 CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d6+10 plus 3; **HP** 31; **Mas** 14; **Init** -1; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 11, **touch** 11, **flatfooted** 12 (+0 size, -1 Dex, +2 class); **BAB** +2; **Grap** +3; **Atk** +3 melee, or +1 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, The Children; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +2, **Will** +2; **AP** 2; **Rep** +3; **Str** 13, **Dex** 8, **Con** 14, **Int** 10, **Wis** 12, **Cha** 15.



Occupation: Blue Collar (*Craft [mechanical], Drive, Repair*)

Skills: Bluff +10, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +10, Gather Information +4, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +8, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +8, Perform +10, Profession +9

Feats: Brawl, Toughness, Trustworthy

Possessions: Rope, Candy, Flashlight, Clipboard; **Wealth** +4

Quote: It's not safe for you to be here. Come with me so we can call your parents and they can pick you up.

Hooks

- The characters are all children who have been kidnapped by Lunce. They decide to make a break for it and escape from the sewage plant, the corridors, and Lunce's murderous, sweaty hands.
- A local investigator contacts the characters. He has traced the movements of a missing girl to the tunnels that lead into the Gansett plant. He has his suspicions about the plant and its caretaker, but he does not want to risk a lawsuit if his suspicions are wrong. He hires the characters to investigate the dark maze of the plant and Lunce himself. Is the girl still alive and awaiting rescue by the characters? Are the characters months too late and capable only of finding justice for the dead girl? Does Lunce somehow evade the characters' investigation, or are these characters the ones to take the monster down?

Terry Ozuna

Terry Ozuna's wife, Sandra, only thinks she knows him.

The Ozunas have been married for twenty years after meeting in a theater class in college. They built and expanded their lucrative Cloud 9 Craft and Hobby stores all across Haven. They live in the exclusive Aunt Hack neighborhood on the far side of Golden Heights. Their estate encompasses nearly ten acres of land, surrounded by a small stream and a thick forest combed with trails. The Ozunas have three children who attend only the best schools that Haven has to offer. Terry is one of the key figures in the neighborhood committee. He ensures that everyone's mailboxes and lawns are in order and that the new residents feel wholly accepted. When Sandra takes the children to Florida to visit her parents in the summer, Terry always stays at home to make sure that the business keeps on the right track.

That isn't all he does.

Terry is a man riddled with confusion and violence. He is a homosexual, and hidden along with his desire for men is a darker, more destructive urge. Terry attempted to ignore all the feelings that made him uncomfortable. He refused to acknowledge them as if by force of will he could be a different person. He has a wife and kids, and he's a pillar of

the community. He was so certain that by building a family and a life he would never have to face himself.

While his wife and children were on vacation in Florida for the first time, Terry cruised the gay district in Arcadia and visited the bars. This was just a test, he told himself, and he took a man home with him. Terry wasn't able to tell the man the truth, so Terry pretended that he was offering the man a job at his employer's house in Golden Heights. Terry didn't know what he was planning to do.

Terry and his friend became quite drunk. They moved into the pool and had sex, and for a brief moment Terry was happy. He was determined to tell his wife, his family, and



everyone what he was really feeling, but those moments faded into blackness. Terry's shock and embarrassment at his own actions became unbearable. Terry swam to his friend and wrapped a garden hose around his throat. His partner didn't fight back at first, but he struggled when Terry didn't stop squeezing the hose. Soon enough, he was dead. Looking at the body, Terry felt freer and more pleased with himself than ever. He felt unchained, released from everything.

Terry quickly stripped off the young man's clothes and dragged his body into the dense woods that surrounded his house. Using half-remembered descriptions from television shows as a guide, Terry smashed the man's face and broke all of his teeth off with a shovel. Terry buried the man near some trees and covered the grave with dirt, leaves, and fallen branches. Then Terry went back to his family and his job. He thought up excuses for the day when one of his kids or his wife found the body in the woods behind the house. He wasn't worried; they would believe whatever he said. They had no reason to suspect him; he would never do something like this.

Terry's feeling of being at peace never lasted.

Terry has to prove himself to himself. Terry's proof always ends the same way: sex and Terry's wrapping a cord or rope around a young man's neck and a hasty burial in the woods behind his house. Terry continually goes on little trips to gay dance bars or, when he's really desperate, porn theatres and public toilets. He goes out each night after work just to cruise around, to talk and flirt, and to plan for the weekends when his wife is gone. He only picks up men when Sandra is gone.

Terry has become more daring and more careless. The last man he killed died when his son Andy was home with the flu. Andy was sleeping when Terry dragged the body into the forest. The bodies are also starting to pile up now. Terry sometimes forgets where he puts them, and every now and then while he's burying another one, he stumbles across a rotting corpse, its windpipe twisted and crushed.

Terry Ozuna

Smart Ordinary 4/Tough Ordinary 2/Dedicated Ordinary 3 CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 4d6+0 plus 2d10+0 plus 3d6+0; **HP** 36; **Mas** 10; **Init** +1; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 16, **touch** 16, **flatfooted** 15 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +5 class); **BAB** +5; **Grap** +6; **Atk** +6 melee (*Special, Garrote*), or +6 ranged; **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Killing, Family, Business; **SV Fort** +7, **Ref** +3, **Will** +3; **AP** 4; **Rep** +4; **Str** 13, **Dex** 12, **Con** 10, **Int** 15, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14.

Occupation: Entrepreneur (*Knowledge [Business], Knowledge [Current Events]*)

Skills: Bluff +4, Computer Use +9, Diplomacy +7, Drive +6, Gather Information +4, Investigate +9, Knowledge (*Art*) +9, Knowledge (*Business*) +11, Knowledge (*Civics*) +9, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +9, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +11,

Listen +1, Profession +6, Repair +3, Research +9, Search +9, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +4, Spot +7

Feats: Alertness, Brawl, Educated (*Knowledge [Business], Knowledge [Popular Culture]*), Great Fortitude, Trustworthy

Possessions: Garrote, Conservative Clothes, Business-Related Paperwork; **Wealth** +9

Quote: Is this your first time? Mine too. . . .

Hooks

- One of the characters is a writer for Water Way, a gay magazine in Haven. The regular media has been quiet about the rash of disappearances, and the police seem unconcerned. The character is certain that this is both a serious problem and a serious story. The character asks some friends to help discover what exactly is going on.
- Sandra Ozona's sister, Claire, is clever and observant enough to know that something is going on with her sister's husband. She suspects that he is having an affair with the attractive young woman working as an advertising consultant for Ozonas, Rochelle Marcellis. She hires the player characters to find out if her sister's husband is having an affair using any means necessary. How close do the characters get to the truth, and how do they respond once they do?

Rade Tukhachevsky

Rade Tukhachevsky was born in Sevastopol, where his father Sergei was a professor of history at the local university. Tukhachevsky took note of his father's late night journeys into the city and the mysteriously locked freezer he kept in the garage. Tukhachevsky wondered what kind of food would be so valuable that his father would keep it locked and hidden from his whole family. In an act of filial rebellion, the teenage Tukhachevsky decided to break the lock and discover what was inside.

At first, Tukhachevsky did not quite know what he was looking at. The meat looked almost normal. Wrapped in plastic bags, the cuts were of many different sizes. All of the bags were labeled with dates in black marker, and some of the dates were several months old. The meat had a certain rough quality to it that confused Tukhachevsky. Only after sifting through dozens of bags did Tukhachevsky discover his answer. He found a human arm with most of the shoulder still attached a piece of collarbone jutting out of one end.

Tukhachevsky stood over the freezer. Eventually, he passed out. When he woke up, he found himself in his kitchen with his father standing beside him.

"I have sent your mother and sisters to the city tonight," Sergei quietly said. "It is time you learn where your family has come from." Tukhachevsky smelled cooking meat, seasoned with onions and potatoes. As Tukhachevsky watched his father cook, Sergei told him a story.

Tukhachevsky's father had developed a taste for human flesh during the Siege on Stalingrad in the Great Conflict. His family was forced to consume the corpse of his mother to survive. Sergei became accustomed to finding and preparing corpses to feed his family. Eventually, rather than searching out corpses and hoping that they had not started to rot, Sergei simply killed people on the streets. The Tukhachevsky family did not have to bury any more of their own due to lack of food.

Tukhachevsky ate the heavily seasoned meat his father served, but he became sick several times. He had read stories in the local newspaper about disappearances and kidnappings; he wondered who he was eating. His father eyed him cautiously,



but Tukhachevsky composed himself and finished the meal. Then he asked for more.

At first, he just wanted to please his father. He was terrified what the consequences would be if he refused. Over time he developed a grotesque fascination with the family secret. Tukhachevsky enjoyed thinking that his body somehow became the final resting place for these people. He joined his father on sojourns into the city where they dispatched drunks and the occasional panhandler.

Tukhachevsky and his father moved to Haven after the collapse of the Soviet Union. Tukhachevsky and his father had become estranged from the rest of their family and wholly concerned with themselves. In Haven Sergei found a job as a professor of history and the Russian language at Corel University. They continued their culinary traditions carefully because Sergei knew the police in America were far more difficult to bribe than the police in Russia.

Sergei then suffered a massive stroke that paralyzed his legs. Tukhachevsky knew that he would have to become the sole provider for his family, much as Sergei had for his during the Siege of Stalingrad. With the logic of madness he decided that his father would improve best if he was fed meat from children. Thus, Tukhachevsky began to frequent the bus stops and train stations, places where lost youths and runaways congregated.

Tukhachevsky lures children with the promise of a hot meal. To adolescents he offers money. Once Tukhachevsky has his victims out of sight, in an alley or in his car, he usually kills them with a length of rope or a plastic bag. For larger children and teenagers, Tukhachevsky plies them with copious amounts of vodka to reduce their ability to struggle.

Tukhachevsky cooks the meat for himself and his father, most often using it as a filling for pelmeni, a sort of Russian ravioli. His father in his old age and affected state can only handle lighter dishes. Tukhachevsky has become an accomplished chef in their meager apartment in Mill Ridge. He is committed to making use of the entire body. Nearly all of the meat is consumed in some way, whether pressed into sweet-breads or given to the Tukhachevsky's loyal Akita hound Josef. Tukhachevsky even boils the bones to make a stock for stews and soups. He takes great pride in his cooking, and he has even begun to grow his own herbs.

Tukhachevsky dresses in black and wears too many clothes no matter what the weather is outside. His pale skin is stretched tight and thin on his face. His hair is already turning gray. His teeth are mottled with cavities, and he always has small cuts on his hands and arms that refuse to heal quickly. Tukhachevsky is almost always in the beginning stages of scurvy because his diet consists almost solely of meat.

Rade Tuchachevsky

Dedicated Ordinary 4/Fast Ordinary 5 CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 4d6-4 plus 5d8-5; **HP** 28; **Mas** 8; **Init** +1;

Spd 30 ft; **Defense** 19, **touch** 19, **flatfooted** 18 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +8 class); **BAB** +6/+1; **Grap** +6/+1; **Atk** +6/+1 melee (1d4/19-20/x2, *Butcher's Knife*), or +7/+2 ranged (2d6, 9mm Beretta); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Family, Self, Killing; **SV Fort** +2, **Ref** +5, **Will** +5; **AP** 4; **Rep** +3; **Str** 10, **Dex** 12, **Con** 8, **Int** 13, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14.

Occupation: Blue Collar (*Drive, Handle Animal, Intimidate*)

Skills: Balance +7, Craft (*pharmaceutical*) +8, Drive +10, Handle Animal +9, Hide +9, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +7, Knowledge (*History*) +8, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +7, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +7, Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Pilot +3, Profession (*cook*) +9, Spot +4

Feats: Alertness, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Stealthy, Vehicle Expert

Possessions: Butcher's Knife, 9mm Beretta; **Wealth** +7

Quote: Father, is it one cup of flour in this recipe or two?

Hook

- The characters are involved with Haven's Department of Health Services. Tukhachevsky has begun selling meat to dubious grocers around his house who will buy any meat, so long as it's not obviously rotting or diseased. When Tibo's Meats, a Greek shop specializing in lamb and pork, is investigated by the Department of Health, the characters discover that Tibo's has not been selling pigs for quite some time. How do they prove that the fault is not Tibo's, and how do they get to the bottom of this?
- In one of the bitter ironies common in Haven, Tukhachevsky kills the next victim on Jimmy Jasper's list. Because the dead boy had a rare genetic disorder, Jasper will not be able to find a replacement. Jasper is sure that Tukhachevsky is a new competitor because he cannot think of any other reason to cut up the body. He uses his occult connections to hire the player characters. Their job is to put a stop to Tukhachevsky's interference. Jasper's only condition is that whatever happens cannot be traced back to him.

RAYMOND & KAREN LEE TWIGG

Karen Lee Twigg loves her man. Ever since they fell in love in high school, they've been inseparable. Karen Lee joined the cheerleading squad just to be closer to Raymond even though he wasn't much more than a bench warmer.

They were immediately married after high school. Raymond worked nights at a chemical plant in Freeman Hill, while Karen Lee got a job as a Nurse at Cifier Hospital. Raymond lost the physique that he had in high school, and Karen Lee's body began to wrinkle and sag. Their sex life, which they once bragged about to their friends and of which they had dozens of videotapes and pictures, had grown dull and boring to both of them.

Raymond came home one night and told his wife he knew how to re-invigorate their romance. They went out the next night to a bar in Ivory Gardens in Arcadia. Raymond instructed Karen Lee to sit at the bar and pretend she didn't know who he was. He said he would be right back. She sat alone for nearly an hour.

When Raymond returned, he was with another, younger woman. Raymond approached Karen Lee and asked her to come home with him and the other girl. Karen Lee fought to control herself while it became evident that her husband meant to cheat on her with this other girl.

Raymond had sex with the two women at once. When they were done, the guest went into the restroom to wash up. Raymond lounged in his blue robe in their living room while Karen went into the bathroom. The other woman was taking a bubble bath. The site of the other woman being comfortable, confident, and laughing in her tub was too much.

Karen plugged in a hairdryer and dropped it in the tub. When the lights dimmed and sputtered, Raymond came to investigate. When he saw what Karen Lee had done, he was excited and pleased; he immediately began thinking about how to dispose of the body secretly. The couple soon realized that they enjoyed the murder more than they had enjoyed the ménage-a-trios.

Raymond and Karen Lee take turns choosing their victims. Sometimes Raymond chooses beautiful women, and sometimes Karen Lee chooses handsome men. Sometimes they bring another couple to their house. Over time they learned that Karen Lee prefers to strangle Raymond's women, while Raymond enjoys shooting the boys that Karen Lee brings home. They enjoy variety, so sometimes Karen kills the boys by shooting them in the head while they're getting dressed. Sometimes Raymond drowns the girls in the bathroom sink. Their mutual excitement has brought them much closer together.

The media and the police department have recognized that several couples and singles have been disappearing with another couple. The bodies usually turn up several days later, neatly washed and dumped into riverbeds or ditches on the outskirts of the city. The clubs around Ivory Gardens have issued warnings about going home with strangers, but most clubgoers ignore the gloomy messages.

Raymond and Karen Lee hunt down the prettiest and most confident of Haven's citizens. Raymond has a moustache. He wears aviator sunglasses and sneakers because he thinks they make him look younger. Karen Lee is just beyond her physical prime and uses makeup and cheap fashions to cover that fact. They both smoke and routinely visit tanning salons.

RAYMOND TWIGG

Strong Ordinary 2/Dedicated Ordinary 3/Fast Ordinary 1 **CR** 6; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 2d8+2 plus 3d6+3 plus 1d8+1; **HP** 31; **Mas** 13; **Init** +4; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 17, **touch**

17, **flatfooted** 17 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +7 class); **BAB** +4; **Grap** +6; **Atk** +6 melee (1d4+2/19-20/x2, *Hunting Knife*), or +4 ranged (+0/); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Self, Killing, Sex; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +2, **Will** +1; **AP** 3; **Rep** +1; **Str** 15, **Dex** 10, **Con** 13, **Int** 12, **Wis** 8, **Cha** 14.

Occupation: Technician (*Computer Use*, *Craft [chemical]*, *Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]*)

Skills: Balance +6, Bluff +5, Climb +9, Computer Use +6, Craft (*chemical*) +7, Craft (*pharmaceutical*) +7, Jump +7, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +6, Swim +4

Feats: Athletic, Brawl, Improved Initiative, Run

Possessions: Hunting Knife, Aviator Sunglasses, Sports Drink, Hunting Knife; Wealth +4

Quote: Want to come back to my place?

KAREN LEE TWIGG

Dedicated Ordinary 3/Charismatic Ordinary 4 CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 3d6+3 plus 4d6+4; **HP** 32; **Mas** 12; **Init** +0; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 13, **touch** 13, **flat-**



footed 13 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +3 class); **BAB** +4; **Grap** +3; **Atk** +3 melee (1d4-1/19-20/x2, *Stiletto*), or +4 ranged (2d6, *Derringer*); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Raymond, Killing, Self; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +3, **Will** +5; **AP** 3; **Rep** +4; **Str** 8, **Dex** 10, **Con** 12, **Int** 13, **Wis** 15, **Cha** 14.

Occupation: Doctor (*Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]*, *Treat Injury*)

Skills: Bluff +8, Craft (*pharmaceutical*) +9, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +8, Gather Information +8, Jump +1, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +7, Knowledge (*Earth and Life Sciences*) +7, Knowledge (*Popular Culture*) +7, Perform (*flute*) +11, Profession +8, Treat Injury +10, Tumble +2

Feats: Acrobatic, Medical Expert, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Surgery

Possessions: Stiletto, Derringer, Makeup Kit; **Wealth** +4

Quote: Why don't we leave here. We could get to know each other . . . personally.

Hooks

- The characters join a dating service that the Twiggs have joined under assumed names. The Twiggs take a liking to at least one of the characters and decide to practice a new game with their chosen victim. They use jokes, puns, and sly references to imply what they plan on doing to the character. Something interferes with this grotesque courtship, though, and the Twiggs go home with another person. Three days later, the body of that victim shows up. How do the characters respond?

DFI AGENT DOUGLAS GAMMIL

Douglas Gammil hunts killers.

Gammil is a career DFI (*Department of Federal Investigation*) man. He was assigned as an organized crime agent in Haven for several years. He went undercover several times and was influential in arrests for the Carlucci and Santucci crime families. Gammil was recruited as a member of the behavioral science unit after tracking down kidnapping "kingpin" Walter Stonecraft. In the behavioral science unit Gammil created psychological profiles and garnered a reputation for bringing down serial killers. He assisted law enforcement agencies across the country when they found themselves stuck with kidnappers who made no demands or shooters following bizarre patterns of violence.

Gammil stopped going out on arrests after he helped apprehend serial murderer Theodore Sine. Sine had a steady stream of victims that he strangled, cut into pieces, and deposited along the highways. Sine launched into a wild frenzy when the officers and Gammil knocked on his front door. He attacked the officers with a steak knife. He killed one of them and cut open Gammil's left eye. The attack was so brutal that the officers later found a chunk of bone from Gammil's eye

socket on Sine's porch. Gammil unloaded six rounds from his revolver into Sine as they wrestled on his front lawn. Gammil now wears either an imposing eye patch or a glass eye.

Gammil is an alcoholic. He has become a brooding man and a grumbling perfectionist. He insists on shouldering most of the work, taking nearly all the responsibility for successful results, and demanding that everything must proceed according to his specific investigation requirements. He is thus difficult and unpopular to work with. Gammil has alienated his friends, and his marriage is loveless although he and his wife are still together.



Gammil draws any and all observations of life towards his work. Everything he sees reminds him of crime scenes, bloodstains, swollen bodies found underneath beds.

Gammil is still regarded as a brilliant profiler and investigator. His exploits are heroic and nearly legendary. National newspapers and magazines have covered his cases several times, and professors from sociology, criminology, and psychology departments across the country consult him regularly. He has been offered book and movie deals, which he routinely turns down.

Gammil is eerily effective at pinpointing details about the lives of the criminals he is tracking down. He can read crime scenes like a medieval diviner. Gammil has predicted, with flawless accuracy, that a .38 caliber killer would have a speech impediment. He knew the style and color of the car a child molester and murderer drove. He knew that a serial rapist in an affluent suburb was a teenager who lived within three miles of each victim.

People who work with Gammil for the first time often think he is guessing details out of thin air. Gammil makes a big show out of who the offender is and writes page after page of psychological profiling. Many think he's just looking flashy and self-important, but once they see his results, they realize that he's not kidding around. Gammill is a difficult person, but he gets results.

DFI AGENT DOUGLAS GAMMILL

Dedicated Ordinary 5/Smart Ordinary 5 CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; **HD** 5d6+5 plus 5d6+5; **HP** 46; **Mas** 12; **Init** +2; **Spd** 30 ft; **Defense** 17, **touch** 17, **flatfooted** 15 (+0 *size*, +2 *Dex*, +5 *class*); **BAB** +5; **Grap** +6; **Atk** +6 melee, or +8 ranged (*.45 Smith & Wesson Model 4500*); **FS** 5 ft by 5 ft; **Reach** 5 ft; **AL** Justice, the FBI, family; **SV Fort** +5, **Ref** +4, **Will** +8; **AP** 5; **Rep** +4; **Str** 13, **Dex** 14, **Con** 12, **Int** 15, **Wis** 14, **Cha** 8.

Occupation: Law Enforcement (*Knowledge [Civics]*, *Knowledge [Streetwise]*)

Skills: Computer Use +9, Craft (*writing*) +10, Decipher Script +9, Demolitions +9, Diplomacy +2, Drive +5, Investigate +10, Knowledge (*Behavioral Sciences*) +12, Knowledge (*Civics*) +10, Knowledge (*Current Events*) +10, Knowledge (*Streetwise*) +10, Knowledge (*Theology and Philosophy*) +12, Listen +5, Search +9, Spot +5

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Burst Fire, Educated (*Knowledge [Behavioral Sciences]*, *Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]*), Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Run

Possessions: .45 Smith & Wesson Model 4500, Gray Suit, Trench Coat, Cell Phone, Flashlight; Wealth +6

Quote: When you hunt monsters, you have to make sure you don't become a monster yourself.

I AM WHAT THE DEVIL IS AFRAID OF...

What is true evil like? What makes someone crazy? What would it take for you to go over the end? Well meet over twenty of the most dangerous sociopaths every known in the city of Haven. In the Mind of a Mad Man is a source-book that focus on the psychologically distributed serial killers in Haven and the prey that they stalk. This book will present these men and women in every way and shape form all realms of life. These book is not about being nice, this is a book about these would have no concept of right or wrong. You have been warned.

