

SIDEWINDER RECOILED

FRONTIER TOWNS

FORT GRIFFIN



VOLUME 1

CENTRAL STATES

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Requires the use of the d20 Modern™ Roleplaying Game, published by Wizards of the Coast, Inc

FRONTIER TOWNS: FORT GRIFFIN VOLUME 1



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		25mm Battle Maps.pdf	separate document

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INTRODUCTION

The Old West can be a dangerous and deadly place. Frontier towns offer much needed refuge, where adventurers can slake their thirst, satisfy their vices, load up on provisions and maybe, just maybe, get a bath.

Welcome to the Frontier, pardner. Depending on the place and time, visiting a Frontier Town can be either a wild and wooly experience, or a staid and downright boring affair. Now if you're looking for the latter, you might as well close this book and go on down to the library, or maybe the soda shop. With *Frontier Towns*, we here at *Dog House Rules* are aiming for the former, hoping to bring alive some of the more interesting places where a vibrant, exciting *Sidewinder: Recoiled* campaign might take place. Shucks, we figure you can be bored any old time, so this sourcebook is designed to help you spice up the flavor of the Old West in your game.

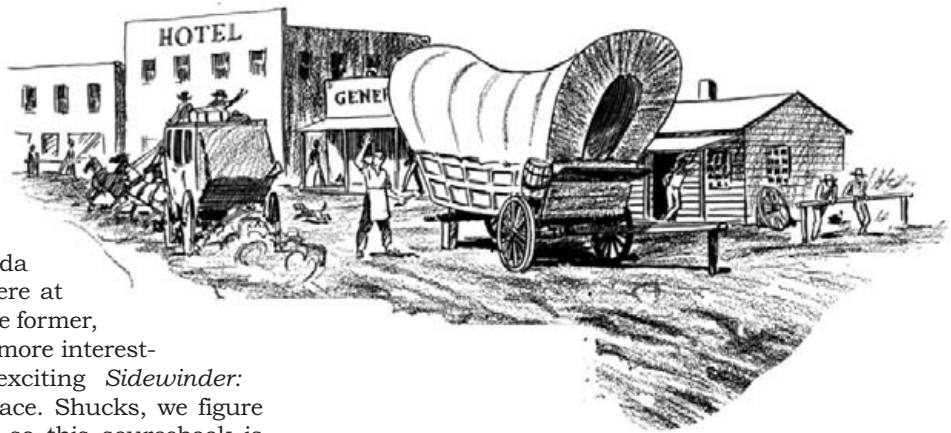
A wise old hombre once said "No man is an island" and it's just as true that no building stands alone. So, to provide a cohesive setting that you can implement immediately, we've located all of the establishments in this supplement in a little place called Fort Griffin, Texas. The buildings and their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

But keeping flexibility in mind, all *Frontier Towns* locales are presented in a way that will allow you to use them as you see fit. It should be quite feasible to uproot any of these establishments and drop them into a frontier town of your own creation. Need a saloon, a stable or a jail but don't have the time or energy to draw one up? Just grab one from here and transport it to wherever your little heart desires and tweak it to fit your chosen environment (visions of Dorothy . . . but in this case, not in Texas anymore!).

Frontier Towns Basics

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

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



Map: A floor plan of the building, in standard 1 inch = 5 feet square scale, is provided, complete with graphic presentation of major furnishings, interior structures and points of egress. In addition to the maps found within these pages, three separate PDF files contain larger maps for the Judge's easy reference and note-making, as well as actual table-top maps for gaming sessions (especially useful when miniatures are used in game play).

The three PDF files are:

- Judge Reference Maps.pdf – containing a full page map for each establishment, intended for the Judge's use and possibly as handouts.
- 15mm Battle Maps.pdf – containing full scale 1/2" = 5' maps that you can print and piece together for table-top gaming sessions.
- 25mm Battle Maps.pdf – containing full scale 1" = 5' maps that you can print and piece together for table-top gaming sessions.

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

Personalities: Without folks around to make things happen, an establishment would be nothing more than a hunk of wood and stone. Thus, each building includes a few personalities to help populate your town and create

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potential roleplaying situations with which players can interact. Use the characters provided in these sections in whatever way fits your chosen environment. Change the names, adjust the stats—well, you know there are many ways to ricochet a shot and make it hit the target. (Note: In the stat blocks, the first class listed is always the initial class chosen by the character at first level).

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



Adventure Hooks: Finally, a few possible scenarios are offered with each establishment to help spark a Judge's creativity, and perhaps engender some bona fide adventures for the players in your *Sidewinder: Recoiled* game. Take 'em at face value, or use 'em as the seeds of the players' destruction . . . er, that is, ideas that make for interesting gaming incidents. In some cases, twofold optional scenarios are presented, where a Judge can take the same basic premise and run with it in different directions. We figure this will help to keep players from gaining the proverbial keys to the kingdom—that is, those players who purchase this supplement and read all the goodies in order to have an ace up their sleeve. Not that that would ever happen (naw, couldn't possibly).

Notes on Game Mechanics

Building Construction Specifications: Within each building description, specifications are provided for the structure and any furnishings or other select items found on the premises. For any rulings pertaining to the structures (such as a character trying to break down a door, or bust a lock), the Judge should consult *Sidewinder: Recoiled* pages 219-220 for the details on how to Attack an Object.

Standard objects will have the properties shown in Table 1.1. In some instances, such as at the Picket Jail, doors and windows may be sturdier than normal; when any characteristics differ from the norm, those differences will be noted within the building description. Items not listed here will be fully described in the individual building descriptions.



Table 1.1: Object Properties

Object	Hardness	Grit	Break DC
Door bar	5	4	+2
Door, Wood (simple)	5	10	13
Door, Wood (strong)	5	20	23
Door, Wood (wood reinforced)	5	22	24
Door, Wood (metal reinforced)	6	25	25
Floor, Wood	5	15	13
Furniture (small)	3	3	12
Furniture (medium)	5	5	15
Furniture (large)	5	10	15
Wall, Stone	8	90	35
Wall, Wood (int)	5	30	15
Wall, Wood (ext)	5	45	20
Window Bars	10	15	30
Window Glass	1	1	5
Window Shutters	5	8	13

Unlike standard building materials, locks and safes come in a variety of qualities as shown in Tables 1.2 and 1.3.

Table 1.2: Lock Properties

Lock	Hardness	Grit	Break DC	Pick DC
Cheap	0	1	10	20
Average	3	5	15	25
Quality	5	10	20	30
Security	10	120	35	40

Table 1.3: Safe Properties

Safe	Hardness	Grit	Break DC	Pick DC
Safe, small	10	30	30	30
Safe, large	10	50	35	30
Strongbox	5	15	20	20

For rules on picking locks and cracking safes, see the Disable Device skill description in *Sidewinder: Recoiled*, pages 73-74.

A Brief Description of "The Flat"

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

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

While Fort Griffin proper was situated high on a hill, The Flat lay on the level plain just beneath the steep hillside on the banks of the Clear Fork of the Brazos River. The area was typical of the prairie plains terrain of North Texas. At the time, as the buffalo roamed free, the Comanche, Tonkawa and Kiowa that followed the herds were being forced onto reservations. All the while, settlers came to hunt the buffalo, round-up cattle and farm the land as best they could, growing staple crops such as corn, cotton and sorghum.

Along the dirt roads of town, buildings sprung up left and right—from businesses catering specifically to the hunters and passers-through to establishments serving the needs of the growing “permanent” populace. While most of the early buildings were constructed of the scrub

wood found in the area (such as live oak) a few stone buildings arose as well.

All the seasons were felt in this region—from the extremes of a January winter freeze to the dreary high heat of an August summer. Harsh weather posed an ongoing challenge for settlers and travelers alike—potentially as deadly as any outlaw’s buckshot. Flash floods plagued the residents and business owners in The Flat, washing out homes, ruining inventory and sometimes carrying livestock down the river. Apple-sized hailstones periodically pelted roofs and the heads of poor souls unfortunate enough to be caught outdoors. Wicked tornadoes ripped through the plains without warning, indiscriminately demolishing homesteads or taking objects that were never meant to fly (including people and animals) for a brief ride in the sky. And rarely did an otherwise pleasant autumn pass without a Blue Norther blowing through and leaving an icy spell in its wake.

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

INTERIOR KEY

	Paved or Stone Surface
	Wooden Surface
	Water
	Packed Earth Surface
	Stone or Brick Wall
	Wooden Wall
	Wooden Tile Roof

	Wooden Swing Door
	Iron Gate
Locking Devices	
	Wooden Bar
	Lock
	Glazed Window
	Barred Window
	Window Shutters
	Iron Bars

	Stairs
	Ladder LADDER UP ONLY
	Ladder LADDER DOWN ONLY
	Ladder LADDER UP AND DOWN
	Opening in Ceiling
	Opening to Lower Level
	Opening Floor & Ceiling
	Water Trough
	Fireplace
	Torch/Lamp Bracket

	Hay/Fodder/Building
	Pallet or Crude Bed
	Bunk Bed
	Good Bed
	Crates/Barrels/Etc.
	Chest/Trunk Furniture
	Woode Burning Stove
	Table, Desk
	Chairs, Stools

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SHANNSEY'S SALOON

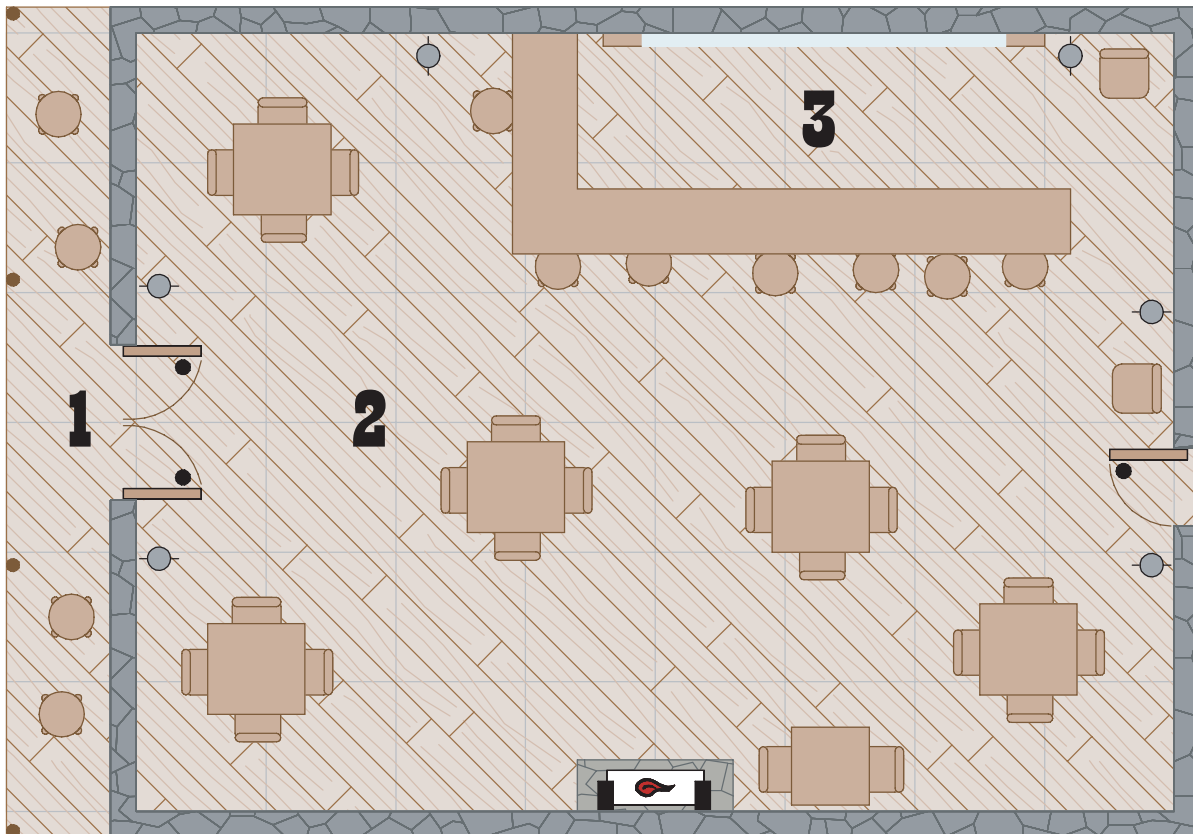
Whether your game is faro, poker or just straight up drinkin', you'll definitely want to stop by Shannsey's place and waste, er, spend some of your double-eagles and greenbacks. No tellin' whom you might run into in here.

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

Built completely out of wood, from the warped and whitewashed exterior planks to the slightly uneven floors, Shannsey's place has a great deal of charm—even if it

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

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



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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SPELLING DOESN'T COUNT



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

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

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

Building Key

1) Front Porch

Most of the time, you can find a number of folks loitering on the saloon's front porch—spittin', jawin' and sippin' brews or malts. Four weather-beaten stools always remain out here, usually occupied. As noted before, the porch roof hangs about 12 feet overhead. A

long, thin wooden sign dangles from the front of the porch. Its engraved letters proudly, and simply, state "Shannsey's" along with a pair of balled-up fists bracketing the name.

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

2) Saloon

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

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

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

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

In the three corners outside of the bar area, beer-glass rails have been nailed to the walls. While designed for setting a glass, many patrons end up leaning on them, thus they have become weakened and can easily detach if more pressure than a few regular beer glasses comes to bear on them (a person leaning on the rail must make a DC 12 reflex save to avoid dislodging the rail; if the character fails the save by 5 or more he suffers the further embarrassment of slipping and falling). Brass spittoons rest in each corner, with another placed near the back door.

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

THE BARROOM BRAWL



The classic barroom brawl is the perfect occasion for a cowpoke to grab whatever might be handy and take a whack at his foe. Shannsey's Saloon presents a natural segue to discuss some rules for just when such a ruckus breaks out. The following is a sampling of some of the improvised weapons that should be readily available during a barroom brawl.

Table 1.4: Improvised Weapons

Object	Size	Damage	Range
Ashtray	D	1	10 ft.
Bar Stool	M	1d4	10 ft.
Beer Mug	T	1d2	10 ft.
Chair	L	1d6	10 ft.
Fire Poker	S	1d3	10 ft.
Lantern*	S	1d3	10 ft.
Whiskey Bottle	S	1d3	10 ft.
Whiskey Bottle (broken)	D	1	10 ft.

* If a character is struck with a lit lantern, he or she must make a DC10 Reflex save or suffer an additional 1d4 points of fire damage.

Remember, that any character without the Improvised Weapon Proficiency feat suffers a -4 non-proficiency penalty on his or her attack rolls. In addition, since improvised items are not designed to be used as weapons, they have a good chance of breaking. Each time an improvised weapon deals damage or strikes a surface or object larger than itself, it has a 50% chance of breaking (see *Sidewinder: Recoiled*, page 153).

3) Bar

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

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

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

Supplies are stored beneath the bar. The short part of the "L" has a nice cubby system, which holds towels, matches, candles, lantern oil and sundry items (such as the limited foodstuffs and cigars). In a lower cubby is a small safe, where funds are deposited throughout the night when the regular cashbox (stored under the long section of the bar) gets full. The long section is divided into two; the part nearest the back wall is an open space, storing crates of liquor and an extra keg of beer (the exact kind depending on recent demand). The part between the "L" and the open space has special shelves to hold the tapped kegs and extra glasses. No weapons are kept here, unless the fireplace set counts (see #2). Shannsey and McCain wear their hoglegs at all times.

Personalities

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



FORT GRIFFIN



John Shannsey

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

Known as "Honest John," Shannsey's powerful, stocky frame belies his ability as a quick thinker. Smart enough to know that it was time to get out of the brawling business after being pulverized by the legendary Professor Mike Donovan, Shannsey has developed into a successful businessman. He understands the needs and desires of his patrons and seems to have a knack for promoting his place and drawing the biggest names from across the Frontier.

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



John Shannsey

(Strong Hero 3, Smart Hero 1, Charismatic Hero 1, Pugilist 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: February 17, 1850

Birthplace: New York, New York

Heritage: American

Weight: 200 lbs

Height: 6' 0"

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Green

Allegiances: Law, Shannsey's Saloon

Challenge Rating: 6

Level: 6

Grit Dice: 3d8+1d6+1d6+1d10+12 (45)

MDT: 18

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +4

Grapple Modifier: +6

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 3

Reputation: +3

Defense: 15, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+3 class, +2 Dex) (+1 versus melee)

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2

Abilities: Str 14 (+2), Dex 14 (+2), Con 15 (+2), Int 12 (+1), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 12 (+1)

Attacks: Fists +6 (1d6+4 lethal; Crit: 20)

Fists +7 (1d6+4 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Colt Thunderer +6 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.;

Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Athlete (class skills: Balance, Ride, Tumble; bonus feat: Combat Martial Arts)

Skills: Balance +5, Craft (structural) +4, Diplomacy +5, Escape Artist +4, Gather Information +4, Handle Animal +2, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (business) +3, Knowledge (civics) +3, Knowledge (current events) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +4, Knowledge (streetwise) +4, Profession +4, Read/Write Language (English), Repair +3, Ride +3, Speak Language (English), Swim +4, Tumble +5

Feats: Brawl, Combat Martial Arts, Defensive Martial Arts, Improved Damage Threshold, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Streetfighting

Class Features: Bruiser 1d6, Charm (female), Improved Melee Smash, Melee Smash, Savant (Craft (structural))

Possessions: Colt Thunderer, .41 center-fire rounds (20), fancy holster, brass knuckles, custom boots, trousers, quality shirt, Stetson hat

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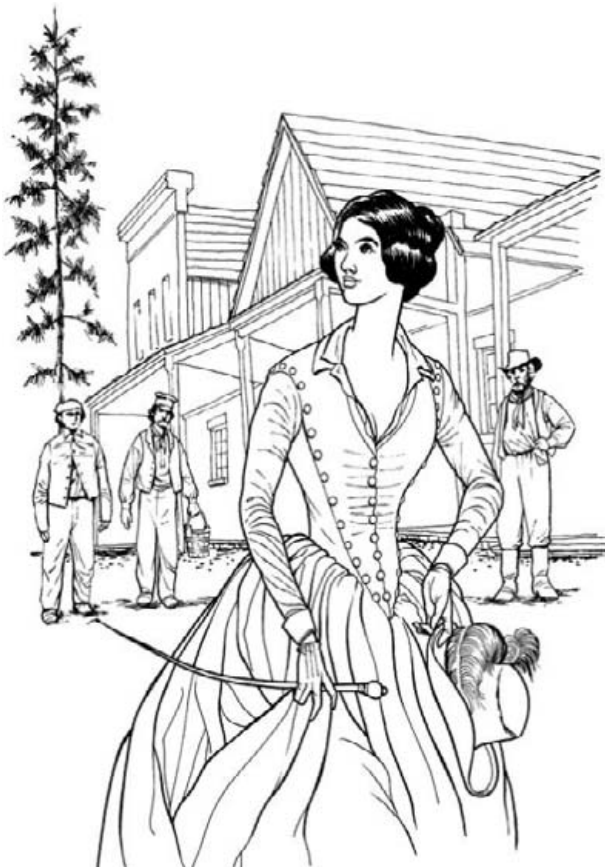


Lottie "The Poker Queen" Deno

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

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

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



Lottie Deno

(Fast Hero 2, Charismatic Hero 5, Maverick 4)

Sex: Female

Birthdate: April 21, 1844

Birthplace: Warsaw, Kentucky

Heritage: American

Weight: 110 lbs

Height: 5' 6"

Hair: Red

Eyes: Sparkling Brown

Allegiances: Frank Thurmond (aka Mike Fogerty)

Challenge Rating: 11

Level: 11

Grit Dice: 2d8+5d6+4d8+22 (65)

MDT: 13

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +6/+1

Grapple Modifier: +6

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 5

Reputation: +8

Defense: 21, touch 21, flat-footed 19 (+9 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +11, Will +3

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 14 (+2), Con 13 (+1), Int 14 (+2), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 15 (+2)

Attacks: *Colt Lightning* +8/+3 (2d4; Crit: 20; Range: 20 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Remington Double-Derringer +8/+3 (2d6; Crit 20; Range: 10 ft.; Ammo: 2 int.)

Occupation: Greenhorn (class skills: Diplomacy, Gamble)

Skills: Bluff +12, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +4, Escape Artist +5, Forgery +5, Gamble +15, Gather Information +14, Handle Animal +4, Hide +4, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (business) +4, Knowledge (current events) +7, Knowledge (popular culture) +8, Knowledge (streetwise) +10, Listen +6, Profession +8, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +6, Sense Motive +6, Sleight of Hand +12, Speak Language (English), Spot +7

Feats: Alertness, Card Sharp, Confident, Dodge, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy

Class Features: Ace in the Hole, Charm (male), Evasion, Fast-Talk, Favor, Poker Face, Wild Card (Empathy)

Possessions: *Colt Lightning*, .38 center-fire rounds (20), *Remington Double-Derringer* (DC 25 holdout), .41 rim-fire rounds (4), various silk dresses, fancy shoes; fancy hat, parasol

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THE POKER QUEEN RULES



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

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

"Big" Mose McCain

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

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

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

Mose McCain

(Strong Hero 2, Tough Hero 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: July 28, 1844

Birthplace: Macon, Georgia

Heritage: American

Weight: 230 lbs

Height: 6' 3"

Hair: Tight curly black

Eyes: Dark brown

Allegiances: Shannsey's Saloon

Challenge Rating: 4

Level: 4

Grit Dice: 2d8+2d10+4 (32)

MDT: 13

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Grapple Modifier: +6

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 2

Reputation: +0

Defense: 15, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+4 class, +1 Dex) (+1 versus melee)

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +1

Abilities: Str 16 (+3), Dex 12 (+1), Con 13 (+1), Int 10 (+0), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 13 (+1)

Attacks: Fists +7 (1d6+3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Brass knuckles +7 (1d6+4 lethal; Crit: 20)

Nightstick +6 (1d6+3; Crit: 20)

Colt New Model Army +4 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Craft (structural), Handle Animal, Repair)

Skills: Craft (structural) +3, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (current events) +1, Knowledge (popular culture) +1, Operate Vehicle (watercraft) +3, Profession +3, Repair +5, Ride +3, Speak Language (English), Spot +2

Feats: Brawl, Improved Brawl, Improved Weapon Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Streetfighting

Class Features: Extreme Effort, Remain Conscious

Possessions: Brass knuckles, nightstick, buckskin shirt, trousers, cowboy boots, Colt New Model Army, .44 paper rounds (20), plain holster

Clara Ollson

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

Clara arrives for work before sunset and stays deep

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

Clara Ollson

(Charismatic Ordinary 1)

Sex: Female

Birthdate: November 12, 1857

Birthplace: Spring Creek, Texas

Heritage: Swedish

Weight: 130 lbs

Height: 5' 7"

Hair: Blond

Eyes: Green

Allegiances: The Ollson Family, Shannsey's Saloon

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Level: 1

Grit Dice: 1d6 (4)

MDT: 10

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +0

Grapple Modifier: -1

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +2

Defense: 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10 (+0 class, +1 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +1

Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 13 (+1), Con 10 (+0), Int 14 (+2), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 15 (+2)

Attacks: Fists -1 (1d3-1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Occupation: Sodbuster (class skills: Handle Animal, Ride; bonus feat: Home Ground)

Skills: Bluff +6, Craft (visual art) +5, Diplomacy +8, Gamble +2, Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +4, Knowledge (art) +4, Knowledge (business) +4, Knowledge (current events) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +3, Perform (dance) +3, Profession +5, Read/Write Language (English, Swedish), Ride +4, Speak Language (English, Swedish)

Feats: Dodge, Home Ground, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy

Class Features: None

Possessions: Dress, women's shoes



Adventure Hooks

Star Struck

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

1. Lottie Deno is playing poker and is accused of cheating by some fool/braggart/clueless cowpoke who can't accept the fact that a woman just skinned him. One or more characters could be playing at the same table, or watching nearby, thus becoming involved in the altercation in some fashion.
2. One of the characters is foolhardy enough to insult, assault, bother or otherwise become entangled with the likes of Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, John Henry Selman, John Wesley Hardin or any other of a number of notorious and dangerous men who pass through Fort Griffin (Judge's discretion as to the appropriate timing and likely visitor). Anything from a fist fight to a pistol-whipping or gun fight could be in order.

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3. A famous gal or fella might become interested in one of the characters for some reason. The Judge should be able to find a character trait, hometown link, mistaken identity or other hook that provides an opportunity to have the tables turned, so to speak, with the famous folk seeking out the characters. This could be all in fun or serious business, as the Judge sees fit.

The Big Brawl

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

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

High Stakes

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

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

- They overhear another townie talking about the suspected culprit's cheating ways.
- They witness the person plying his or her tricks at a subsequent time and/or place.
- Another Judge character that loses big (or has lost big before) makes the accusation during the game and the characters must react.

Fork in the Road:

Naturally, the Judge has the option of the cheating being real or imagined, putting the desired spin on the adventure.



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YORK & MEYERS OUTFITTERS

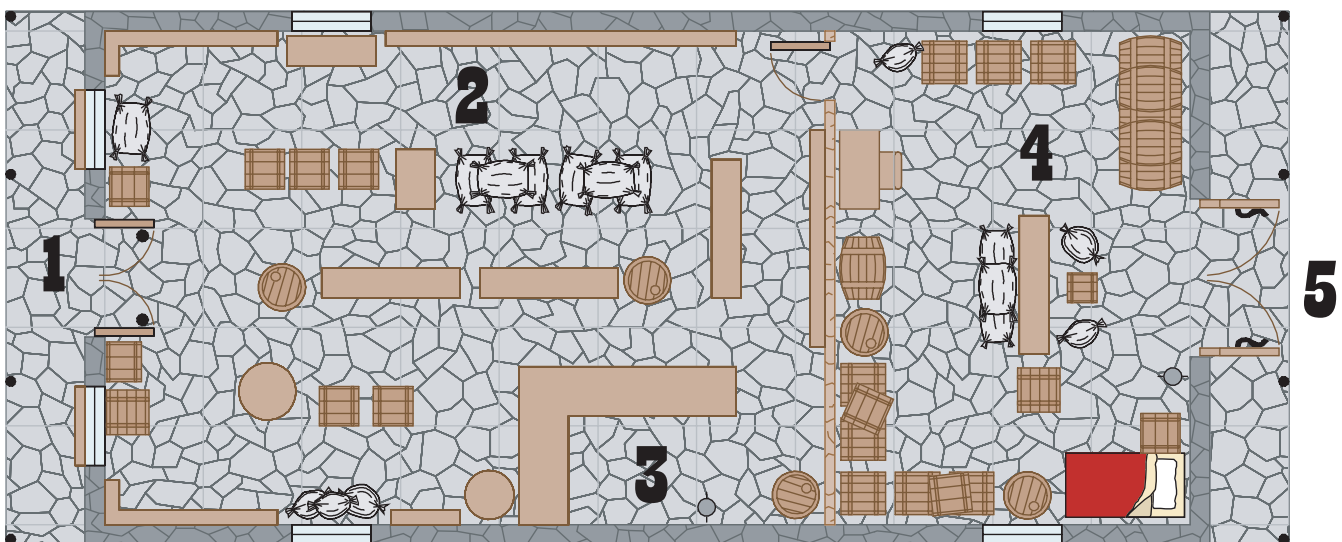
To secure your vital provisions, you could hire a team of horses and a sturdy wagon and spend weeks-on-end traveling from town to town. Or, if you have a lick of horse-sense at all, you'll just mosey on over to York & Meyers to find everything you need.

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

Fortunately for the residents and visitors of The Flat, Frank B. York and his partner Charley Meyers came down from Dodge City with visions of making another mark on the expanding Frontier. With a sizable enterprise already built in Kansas, the opportunity offered by the rapidly expanding Fort Griffin community proved too tempting to pass up. Several friends and business contacts that had passed through The Flat told Frank and Charley about the thriving environment they found here,

with plenty of room for an establishment catering to the needs of buffalo hunters, travelers and settlers. So the two men headed south, hired a business manager named H.E. Chapin, and joined the bustling activity in and around Fort Griffin.

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



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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TIMING SCHMIMING



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

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

Building Key

1) Front Porch

A huge wooden sign fixed to the roof of the porch outside the main entrance welcomes all visitors, proclaiming in big, bold red letters the full name of the store, with the word "Outfitters" twice the size of the proprietors' names. Once a customer steps up off the street, the unique nature of the porch becomes noticeable: instead of wood planks, the porch floor is an interesting pattern of grey and tan flagstone. As noted previously, the quality and appearance of the roof pales in comparison; nevertheless, the wooden support poles and overhead planks remain relatively sturdy (the manager makes sure that they are repaired and patched regularly), protecting visitors from the sun and rain as they approach or linger about the entrance of the Outfitters.

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

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

2) Merchandise Area ("The Floor")

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

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

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

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

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

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

Candles, lamps, shovels, cookware and other miscellaneous items will be found on the shelves (or just leaning against the walls) in the front right corner of the building. The more specialized (and expensive) equipment, large or small, is stored either near or on the clerk's

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counter in the far right corner (including a sewing machine, binoculars, medicines and firearms). See #3, the clerk's counter, for more information.

3) Clerk's Counter

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

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

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

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

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

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

4) Office/Storeroom

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

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

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

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

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

5) Back Porch

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

The double doors, while of the same general construction as the front doors, have no key lock and are much larger (more like barn doors) with large handles on both sides. The doors allow for easy delivery of new goods

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directly into the storeroom. Unlike the front step, a sloped ramp of flagstone rises from the ground level to the doors. As noted in the storeroom description, the doors can be barred from the inside.

Personalities

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



H.E. Chapin

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

Chapin fit that bill. The son of a traveling merchant, he was born in Kansas and spent much of his youth on the road with his parents, learning practical matters from his father's endeavors and getting a well-rounded education from his bookish mother. He garnered the principles of good trade as well as how to survive in the street, rarely having the time to make long-lasting friends. A slight but wiry man, Chapin learned to defend himself with his wits.



While he carries a gun for protection and as a show of security, he's none too good with it and prefers its use for pistol whipping.

H.E. Chapin

(Smart Ordinary 2, Tough Ordinary 1, Dedicated Ordinary 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: August 3, 1848

Birthplace: Lawrence, Kansas

Heritage: American

Weight: 164 lbs

Height: 5' 7"

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Hazel

Allegiances: York & Meyers Outfitters, Frank B. York, Charley Meyers

Challenge Rating: 4

Level: 5

Grit Dice: 2d6+1d10+2d6+5 (26)

MDT: 12

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +1

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +4

Defense: 14, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 class, +0 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +6

Abilities: Str 9 (-1), Dex 10 (+0), Con 12 (+1), Int 15 (+2), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 13 (+1)

Attacks: Fists +1 (1d3-1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Pistol Whip +1 (1d4-1; Crit: 20)

Colt New Model Army -2 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Merchant (Class Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive)

Skills: Concentration +3, Craft (writing) +4, Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +10, Gamble +4, Investigate +4, Knowledge (business) +11, Knowledge (civics) +5, Knowledge (current events) +5, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +4, Knowledge (history) +4, Knowledge (streetwise) +7, Knowledge (technology) +4, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +7, Navigate +4, Profession +9, Read/Write Language (English, Spanish), Research +4, Ride +2, Sense Motive +8, Speak Language (English, Kiowa, Spanish), Spot +4, Survival +4

Feats: Educated (Knowledge (business) and Knowledge (theology and philosophy)), Horse Tradin', Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy

Class Features: None

Possessions: Colt New Model Army, .44 paper rounds (10), plain suit, men's shoes, silver pocketwatch, string tie

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

Epitacio "Eppie" Naranjo

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

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

Naranjo is an exceptionally smart man who has learned how to play dumb when it behooves him, especially when dealing with *gringos*. His skills as a bookkeeper and store clerk are nearly matched by his ability

to read a customer's intent after just a few words. A decent guitar player, he likes to play during the slow hours at the Outfitters.

Epitacio Naranjo
(Smart Ordinary 2, Dedicated Ordinary 1, Charismatic Ordinary 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: November 4, 1835

Birthplace: San Patricio, Coahuila y Tejas, Mexico

Heritage: Mexican

Weight: 198 lbs

Height: 5' 5"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Catholicism, Naranjo Family, York & Meyers Outfitters

Challenge Rating: 3

Level: 4

Grit Dice: 2d6+1d6+1d6+4 (18)

MDT: 16

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Grapple Modifier: +0

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +4

Defense: 12, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 class, +0 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +6

Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 10 (+0), Con 13 (+1), Int 14 (+2), Wis 16 (+3), Cha 12 (+1)

Attacks: Fists +0 (1d3-1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Colt Peacemaker +1 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Craft (structural), Handle Animal, Ride)

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (structural) +6, Diplomacy +6, Handle Animal +4, Knowledge (art) +4, Knowledge (current events) +5, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (popular culture) +5, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +7, Listen +7, Navigate +5, Operate Vehicle (watercraft) +3, Perform (stringed instruments) +5, Profession +8, Read/Write Language (English, Spanish), Repair +8, Ride +5, Search +5, Sense Motive +7, Speak Language (English, Spanish), Spot +4, Treat Injury +4

Feats: Improved Damage Threshold, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy

Class Features: None

Possessions: Colt Peacemaker, .45 center-fire rounds (12), plain suit, men's shoes, bowler hat, guitar



FORT GRIFFIN

Angelina Sarracino Naranjo

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

Angelina works at the store part-time without pay, to help her father and stay busy. One of her tasks is to tend

the front porch flower boxes, a chore which she relishes. She is also growing a small vegetable garden outside of the Naranjos' simple shack on the outskirts of town. She takes Queenie for a walk around town twice a day.

Jacob Winston

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

Angelina Sarracino Naranjo (Charismatic Ordinary 1, Fast Ordinary 1)

Sex: Female
Birthdate: November 4, 1861
Birthplace: San Patricio, Texas
Heritage: Mexican
Weight: 105 lbs
Height: 5' 4"
Hair: Black
Eyes: Brown
Allegiances: Catholicism, Naranjo Family

Challenge Rating: 1
Level: 2
Grit Dice: 1d6+1d8 (8)
MDT: 10
Initiative: +2
Speed: 30 ft.
Base Attack Bonus: +0
Grapple Modifier: -1
Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Action Points: 0
Reputation: +2
Defense: 15, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+3 class, +2 Dex)
Saving Throws: Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +3
Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 14 (+2), Con 10 (+0), Int 12 (+1), Wis 13 (+1), Cha 15 (+2)
Attacks: *Fists* -1 (1d3-1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Occupation: Greenhorn (class skills: Diplomacy, Knowledge (earth and life sciences))
Skills: Bluff +5, Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +5, Handle Animal +4, Hide +4, Knowledge (current events) +4, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +4, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +5, Perform (sing) +6, Profession +4, Read/Write Language (Spanish), Ride +4, Sleight of Hand +4, Speak Language (English, Spanish)
Feats: Dodge, Iron Will, Simple Weapons Proficiency
Class Features: None
Possessions: Plain dress, plain shoes, silver necklace

Jacob Winston (Fast Hero 1)

Sex: Male
Birthdate: November 4, 1858
Birthplace: Rising Sun, Texas
Heritage: American
Weight: 140 lbs
Height: 5' 8"
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Blue
Allegiances: None

Challenge Rating: 1
Level: 1
Grit Dice: 1d8+2 (10)
MDT: 14
Initiative: +2
Speed: 35 ft.
Base Attack Bonus: +0
Grapple Modifier: +1
Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Action Points: 1
Reputation: +0
Defense: 15, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+3 class, +2 Dex)
Saving Throws: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1
Abilities: Str 12 (+1), Dex 15 (+2), Con 14 (+2), Int 8 (-1), Wis 13 (+1), Cha 10 (+0)
Attacks: *Fists* +1 (1d3+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Starr Army Revolver +2 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30; Ammo: 6cyl)
Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Handle Animal, Repair, Ride)
Skills: Handle Animal +2, Hide +3, Knowledge (current events) +0, Knowledge (popular culture) +0, Knowledge (streetwise) +1, Move Silently +4, Profession +3, Repair +1, Ride +4, Speak Language (English), Tumble +3
Feats: Home Ground, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency
Class Features: Increased Speed
Possessions: Starr Army Revolver, .44 paper rounds (8), trousers, plain shirt, bandana, cap

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Queenie, guard dog

Purchased from a German immigrant as a 6-month-old puppy, Queenie the Doberman has lived most of her life at the Outfitters. Trained by a dog handler hired by Chapin, she obeys orders from all of the employees (although, for some reason, she will sometimes ignore Jacob). She can be sweet as pecan pie during the day when things are proceeding normally on The Floor; however, at night, or anytime when ordered, she could scare the stuffing out of a teddy bear. Queenie currently knows five tricks: Attack, Defend, Guard, Heel and Track (Note: normally, an animal is limited to three tricks, but using the optional Trigger Rule as per *Sidewinder: Recoiled*, page 78, Queenie has the capability to learn extra tricks).

Queenie

(Dog, medium-sized)

Challenge Rating: 1

Grit Dice: 2d8+4 (17)

MDT: 15

Initiative: +2

Speed: 40 ft.

Defense: 13 (+2 Dex, +1 natural)

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Grapple Modifier: +3

Primary Attack: Bite +3 (1d6+3)

Full Attack: Bite +3 (1d6+3)

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Qualities: Scent

Allegiances: York & Meyer's Outfitters

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +1

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +0

Abilities: Str 15 (+2), Dex 15 (+2), Con 15 (+2),
Int 2 (-4), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 6 (-2)

Skills: Jump +4, Listen +5, Spot +5, Survival +1
(+5 when tracking by scent), Swim +5

Feats: None

should be easy for the Judge to start such a scenario—and don't forget about Queenie's likely reaction if Angelina is truly threatened.

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

Five Finger Discount

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

A Heist

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

Forks in the Road:

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

Kidnapped Angel

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

Forks in the road:

1. Thinking he saw the player characters ogling his daughter, Epitacio accuses them of the kidnapping

Adventure Hooks

Trouble with Angelina

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

If any character does indeed flirt with the young lady (at the store or elsewhere) and Naranjo gets wind of it, it

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and gets the law involved. This scenario could work if the characters have gotten into any trouble in town, or even if they have been known for carousing.

2. Eppie goes to the local law and a posse is formed to track down the varmints who took his Angel. Obviously, the characters can get involved in the posse. Maybe Jacob goes.
3. The ransom note says that Angel will die if Eppie goes to the law. Eppie doesn't want to take any chances, so he begs and pleads with the player characters to help him rescue his daughter without making any noise about it. He doesn't have much to offer, but he tells them he can help outfit them with whatever they need (with our or without Chapin's blessing, as the Judge sees fit)—from weapons to ammunition and supplies. Jacob wants to be part of the posse.

Angelina Rebels

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

Forks in the Road:

1. Angelina deliberately flirts with boys out on the porch and elsewhere in town, including Jacob and maybe a young male player character. It's mostly innocent, but she makes sure that Eppie sees, overhears or gets wind of her escapades. One night she stays out late with a boy (or a young man), hiding from her father. While it's just an innocent puppy love and Angel's in no real danger, Eppie nearly goes mad searching high and low for his Angel. He might accuse player characters of knowing or hiding something. Maybe he asks for their help in tracking the girl down. Or they encounter him during his rampage, when anything can happen.
2. Despite her father's beliefs, the girl ain't no angel. She's taken to sneakin' around town and headin' down to the river to spend a little time with her latest beau. If a young male player character comes to town, Angelina makes advances. If her flirting is reciprocated, she invites the character to join her down by the river, or out into the fields one night. Somehow, Eppie finds out . . .
3. Angelina has started stealing from the Outfitters. Chapin and Naranjo have noticed an increase in thefts and they are on the lookout. When the player characters come for the first time, Angelina takes advantage of the newcomers and steals some stuff, blaming it on them. She has been hiding her ill-gotten-gains in an abandoned shack not too far from the Naranjo's place.

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

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

The Angel and the Badman

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

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

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PETE HAVERTY'S LIVERY

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

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

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

The first floor has an outdoor corral, indoor stalls and an office, while the second floor serves as a hayloft—with all of the sights and smells that you'd expect in any barn designed to board horses. Pete frowns on boarding anything other than a horse, but he can be persuaded to let a man flop in a stall or the loft for a night, or to board some other livestock if the price is right and the request is honest. When it comes to horses, Pete will swap, trade

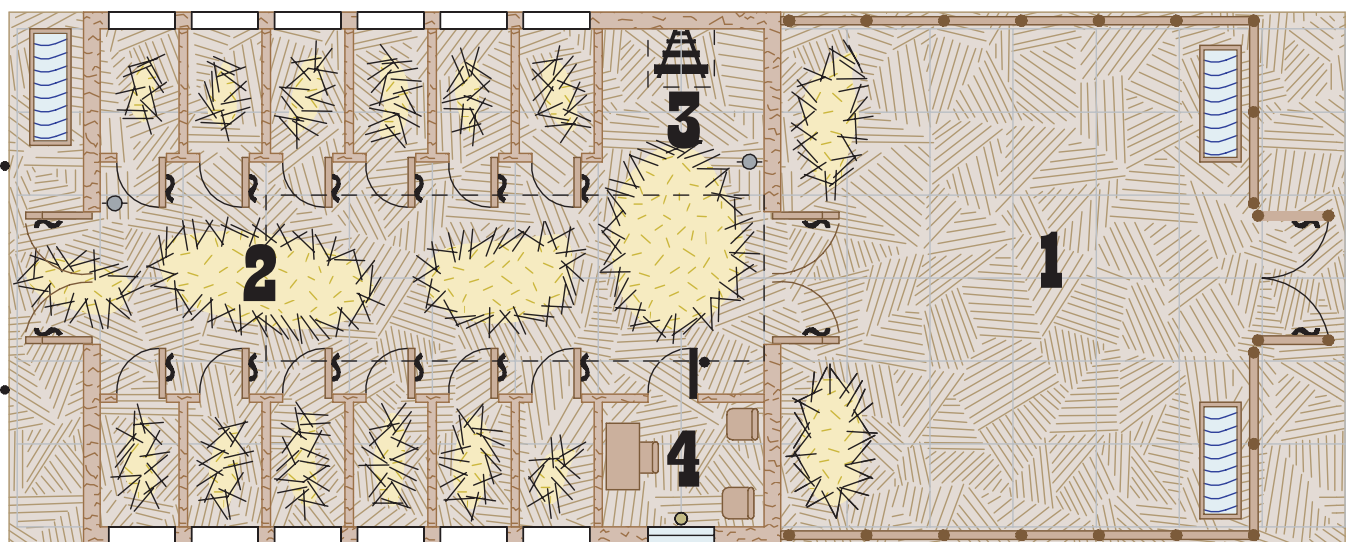
or rent a horse with any man, any time. He guarantees that someone will be at the livery at all times, keeping an eye on all four-legged guests. Furthermore, if asked, he guarantees to track down anyone who harms or steals any horse boarded at his place.

Building Key

1) Corral

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

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



FIRST FLOOR

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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

2) Stables

Beyond the large front doors lies the main stable area, flanked by an open storage area on the right and the door to Pete's office on the left. Directly across from the front entrance are the back doors, identical in all ways to the front doors. Each set of doors has one massive bar lock on the inside—a 6' long 4"x6" piece of lumber, but the bars are rarely ever in place, leaning upright in the corner notch on the office side of the stables. The entire place has a dirt floor with bits of hay scattered everywhere, and the permeating, unmistakable odor of horse manure.

Just past the entry area are twelve individual stalls, six on each side. Each stall, designed to hold a single horse, has a half-door (normal human-chest height), 10' high thin wooden sides, and a small, framed window opening in the back. Benny and Henry clean the stalls daily and ensure that they are well supplied with fresh feed and hay bedding.

Just outside of the back doors is another drinking

trough, identical to those in the corral.

NOTE: The dashed line on the map denotes the boundaries of the open space above to the loft.

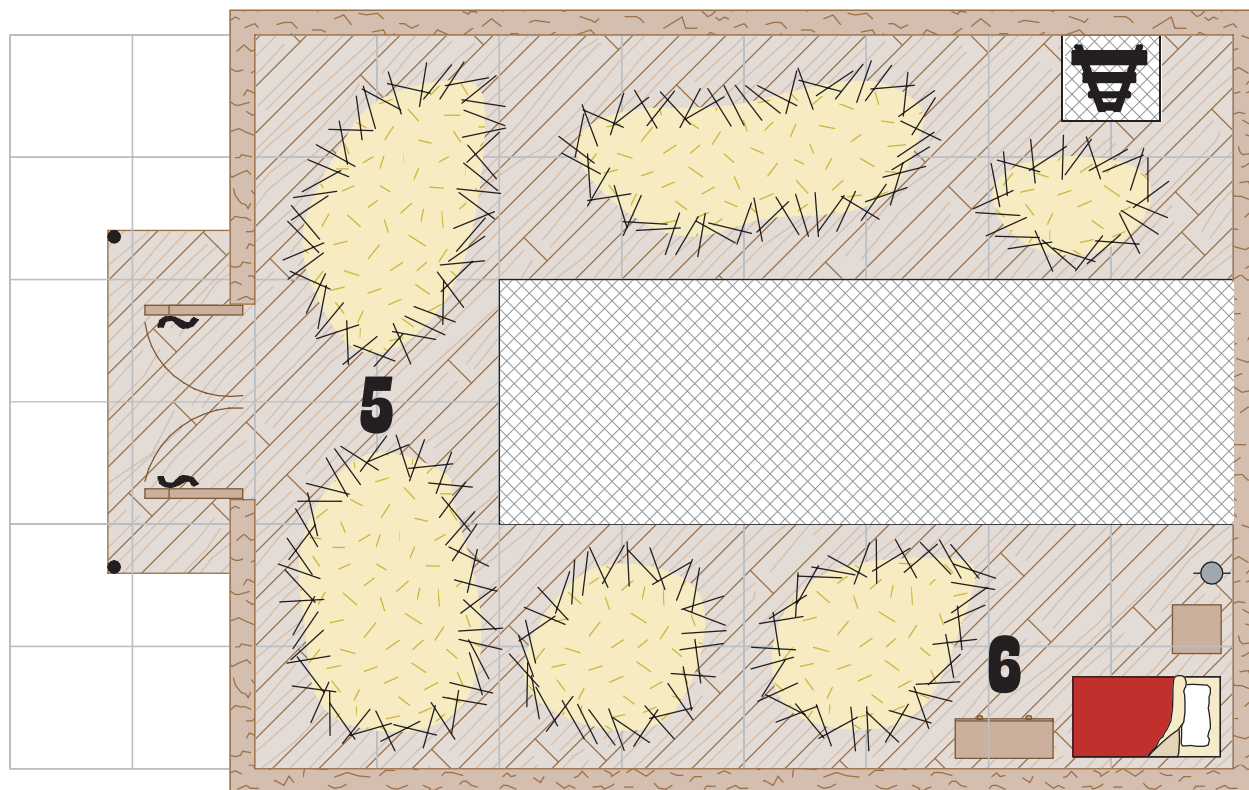
3) Tool Storage/Loft Access

This small alcove contains the ladder leading up to the loft area, as well as most of the livery's tools. Pete and Henry often toss miscellaneous items in here and two shelves hold small items such as a hammer, nails, a wrench, wood saw, bale hook, etc. A pitchfork leans against a wall, along with a metal rake, a long-handled flat shovel and a short-handled spade.

4) Office

Befitting his personality, Pete's office is strictly utilitarian. The plain door, which still has the original cheap lock, stays wide open most of the time (Pete lost the key a year ago). The furnishings consist of a simple, flattop desk with two side drawers, and a total of three straight-back wooden chairs. Two chairs are for guests, while the other is at the desk and has a remarkable extravagance (at least by Pete's standards): armrests.

A few charcoal drawings (horses and landscapes) and one photograph (an albumen print of Pete and Henry Sixkiller on their mounts, looking tremendously serious) hang haphazardly on the wall behind the chairs. A spittoon rests under the four-paned glass window.



SECOND FLOOR

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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The desk is topped by a few piles of paperwork, a quill and a bottle of ink, and a beat-up oil lantern. The top drawer contains even more paperwork, as well as a set of spurs, a half-filled box of ammunition (for Pete's pistol), an old cigar, a box of matches, two candles and some pemmican. The bottom drawer holds a strongbox with the day's profits (Pete empties it before heading home), a nearly empty flask of oil, and two whiskey bottles, one empty and one full. Although Pete rarely drinks during the day, he tends to take a swig or two in the evening before he leaves for the night and after Henry takes watch. If Max isn't outside, he'll probably be found curled up between the edge of the desk and the door frame.

5) Hayloft

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

6) Loft Bunk

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

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

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

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

Personalities

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



Pete Haverty

Known for his keen ability to buy, swap and rent horses, Pete Haverty makes a comfortable living by boarding and caring for the creatures he loves. Pete lived a tough life before settling in The Flat; he served as a cavalryman for the Confederacy during the war, returning

Pete Haverty

(Tough Hero 3, Charismatic Hero 1, Pony Soldier 1, Wrangler 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: December 24, 1845

Birthplace: Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Heritage: American

Weight: 155 lbs

Height: 5' 10"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Allegiances: Haverty's Livery

Challenge Rating: 5

Level: 5

Grit Dice: 3d10+1d10+1d6+1d8+12 (46)

MDT: 14

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +3

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 2

Reputation: +1

Defense: 16, touch 16, flat-footed 14 (+4 class, +2 Dex) (+2 if riding)

Saving Throws: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +2

Abilities: Str 12 (+1), Dex 14 (+2), Con 14 (+2), Int 12 (+1), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 11 (+0)

Attacks: *Fists* +3 (1d6+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +3 (1d4+1; Crit: 19-20)

Starr Army Revolver +3 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Military (class skills: Handle Animal, Ride; bonus feat: Personal Firearms Proficiency)

Skills: Concentration +4, Craft (structural) +3, Diplomacy, +8, Handle Animal +10, Intimidate +2, Knowledge (current events) +4, Knowledge (popular culture) +4, Listen +3, Profession +4, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +12, Speak Language (English), Spot +3, Survival +3

Feats: Animal Affinity, Brawl, Defensive Riding, Horse Tradin', Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Born in the Saddle +2, Bronco Bustin', Charm (male), Damage Reduction 1, Remain Conscious

Possessions: Knife, Starr Army Revolver, .44 percussion rounds (40), plain holster, pocket watch, cowboy boots, trousers, leather chaps, cowboy hat, plain shirt

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home to Alabama only to find his hometown in ruins and his young wife gone. He searched for her for years before he finally came to grips with the fact that he would never see her again.

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

Graymare

Haverty keeps his own horse, Graymare, at the livery. Stately and strong, standing 13 hands tall with a shimmering gray-white coat, Graymare has been trained in Combat Riding (see *Sidewinder: Recoiled*, page 79). Her stall is the one next to the office.

Graymare (Horse)

Challenge Rating: 1

Grit Dice: 3d8+6 (24)

MDT: 15

Initiative: +1

Speed: 60 ft.

Defense: 13, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +3 natural)

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +3

Primary Attack: Hoof +2 (1d4+1)

Full Attack: Hooves (x2) +2 (1d4+1)

Space/Reach: 10 ft. x 10 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Qualities: Low-light vision, scent

Allegiances: Pete Haverty

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +2

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +0

Abilities: Str 13 (+1), Dex 13 (+1), Con 15 (+2), Int 2 (-4), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 6 (-2)

Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6

Feats: None

Henry Sixkiller

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

Henry Sixkiller

(Fast Hero 2, Tough Hero 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: September 10, 1832

Birthplace: Echota, Tennessee

Heritage: Cherokee (Indian)

Weight: 150 lbs

Height: 5' 8"

Hair: Gray/Black

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Haverty's Livery, Equality

Challenge Rating: 3

Level: 3

Grit Dice: 2d8+1d10+6 (26)

MDT: 14

Initiative: +5

Speed: 35 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Grapple Modifier: +1

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 5

Reputation: +0

Defense: 15 (+4 class, +1 Dex) (+1 if riding)

Saving Throws: Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 12 (+1), Con 14 (+2), Int 12 (+1), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 14 (+2)

Attacks: Fists +1 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +1 (1d4; Crit: 19-20)

Colt New Model Army +3 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Tribal (class skills: Craft (structural), Handle Animal; bonus feat: Athletic)

Skills: Balance +3, Climb +2, Craft (structural) +6, Handle Animal +6, Hide +3, Knowledge (current events) +4, Knowledge (popular culture) +2, Move Silently +5, Profession +3, Ride +5, Speak Language (Cherokee, English), Spot +3, Survival +3, Swim +2, Tumble +3

Feats: Athletic, Defensive Riding, Improved Initiative, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Colt New Model Army)

Class Features: Cold Resistance, Improved Speed

Possessions: Knife, Colt New Model Army, .44 percussion rounds (40), plain holster, cowboy boots, buckskin trousers, plain shirt, vest, cowboy hat

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

FORT GRIFFIN

Agateno

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

Agateno (Horse)

Challenge Rating: 1

Grit Dice: 3d8+6 (24)

MDT: 15

Initiative: +1

Speed: 60 ft.

Defense: 13, touch 10, flat-footed 12 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +3 natural)

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +7

Primary Attack: Hoof +2 (1d4+1)

Full Attack: Hooves (x2) +2 (1d4+1)

Space/Reach: 10 ft. x 10 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Qualities: Low-light vision, scent

Allegiances: None

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +2

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +0

Abilities: Str 13 (+1), Dex 13 (+1), Con 15 (+2),
Int 2 (-4), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 6 (-2)

Skills: Listen +6, Spot +6

Feats: None



Benny Sanders

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

Benny Sanders (Charismatic Ordinary 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: August 23, 1865

Birthplace: Lacy, Texas

Heritage: American

Weight: 110 lbs

Height: 5' 3"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: None

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Level: 1

Grit Dice: 1d6 (4)

MDT: 10

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +0

Grapple Modifier: -1

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +2

Defense: 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10 (+0 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 14 (+2), Con 10 (+0),
Int 13 (+1), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 15 (+2)

Attacks: Fists -1 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife -1 (1d4; Crit: 19-20)

Slingshot +2 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit 20; Range:
20 ft.)

Occupation: Sodbuster (class skills: Handle
Animal, Swim; bonus feat: Home Ground)

Skills: Bluff +5, Climb +1, Craft (structural) +2,
Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +4, Handle
Animal +9, Hide +4, Knowledge (current events)
+2, Knowledge (streetwise) +3, Perform (stand-up)
+4, Profession +1, Read/Write Language
(English), Ride +6, Speak Language (English),
Swim +4

Feats: Animal Affinity, Home Ground, Simple
Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy

Class Features: None

Possessions: Knife, slingshot, assorted rocks for
slingshot, trousers, plain shirt, cap, plain shoes

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

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

FORT GRIFFIN

Max, the stable dog

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

Adventure Hooks

Low-Down Horse Thieves

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

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

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

Whatever You Do, Don't Mess with Benny

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

Forks in the Road:

1. Benny instigates the quarrel, dragging the characters into a situation that ends up involving Sixkiller or

Max

(Dog, medium-sized)

Challenge Rating: 1

Grit Dice: 2d8+4 (15)

MDT: 15

Initiative: +2

Speed: 40 ft.

Defense: 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11 (+2 Dex, +1 natural)

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Grapple Modifier: +3

Primary Attack: Bite +3 (1d6+3)

Full Attack: Bite +3 (1d6+3)

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Special Qualities: Scent

Allegiances: Haverty's Livery

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +1

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +0

Abilities: Str 15 (+2), Dex 15 (+2), Con 15 (+2), Int 2 (-4), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 6 (-2)

Skills: Jump +4, Listen +5, Spot +5, Survival +1 (+5 when tracking by scent), Swim +5

Feats: None

Haverty. It could simply mean words being exchanged, or it could come to blows or worse.

2. The characters cause the conflict, mistreating Benny in some way and drawing the ire of Haverty and Sixkiller, who take action themselves (threats; call-out, fist-fight).
3. The characters cause the conflict, but Haverty or Sixkiller decide to get the law involved.

Max Smells a Rat

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

SLINGSHOT



A favorite toy that no red-blooded boy or tomboy-girl should be without, the slingshot has been around for ages in one form or another. While it's not particularly deadly, in competent

hands this weapon is sure to annoy and sting anyone on the receiving end—especially if the end is what receives the shot. And don't forget what your mama said, "you could put an eye out with one of these things."

Table 1.4: Slingshot

Simple Weapon	Date	Ammo	Dam	Crit	Rng ft	Rate of fire	Mag	Size	Wgt lbs	Pur DC	Pur Price
Slingshot	—	—	1d3 nonlethal	20	20	SS	—	T	0.5	4	25¢

FORT GRIFFIN

BEEHIVE SALOON

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

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

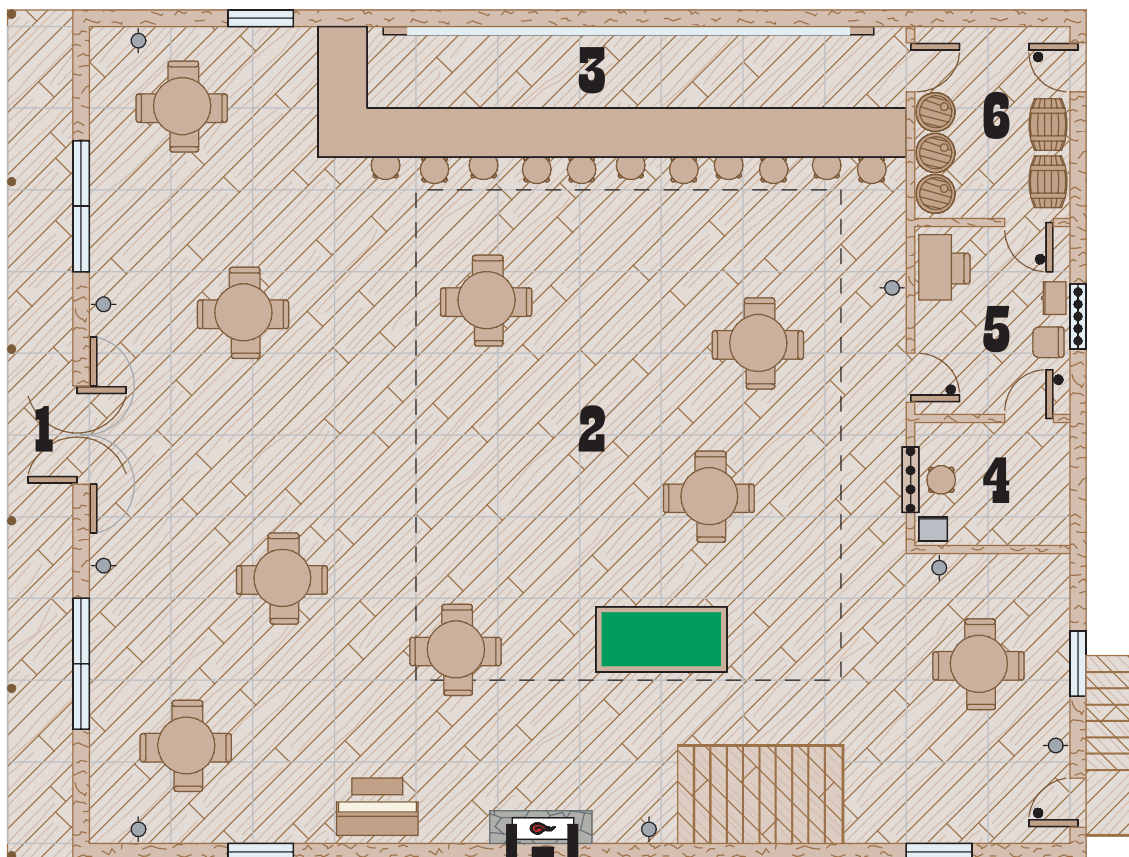
— sign over the entrance.

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

Built shortly after the Fort itself, the two-story Beehive remains one of the most interesting buildings in

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

The brainchild of Elias Bennington, who knows the value of “location, location, location,” the Beehive sits at the corner of Griffin and Second Street. Bennington claimed this spot before much else had been constructed in The Flat. Because of the sordid reputation and con-



FIRST FLOOR

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

FORT GRIFFIN

stant activity of the place, most other entrepreneurs and settlers were discouraged from building too close by. Instead, only a few shacks and tents populate the north portion of this block—most owned or rented at bargain rates by the cyprians plying their trade in the saloon.

WHAT'S THE BUZZ?



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

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

Other harlots have shacks and tents near the river at the north edge of town.

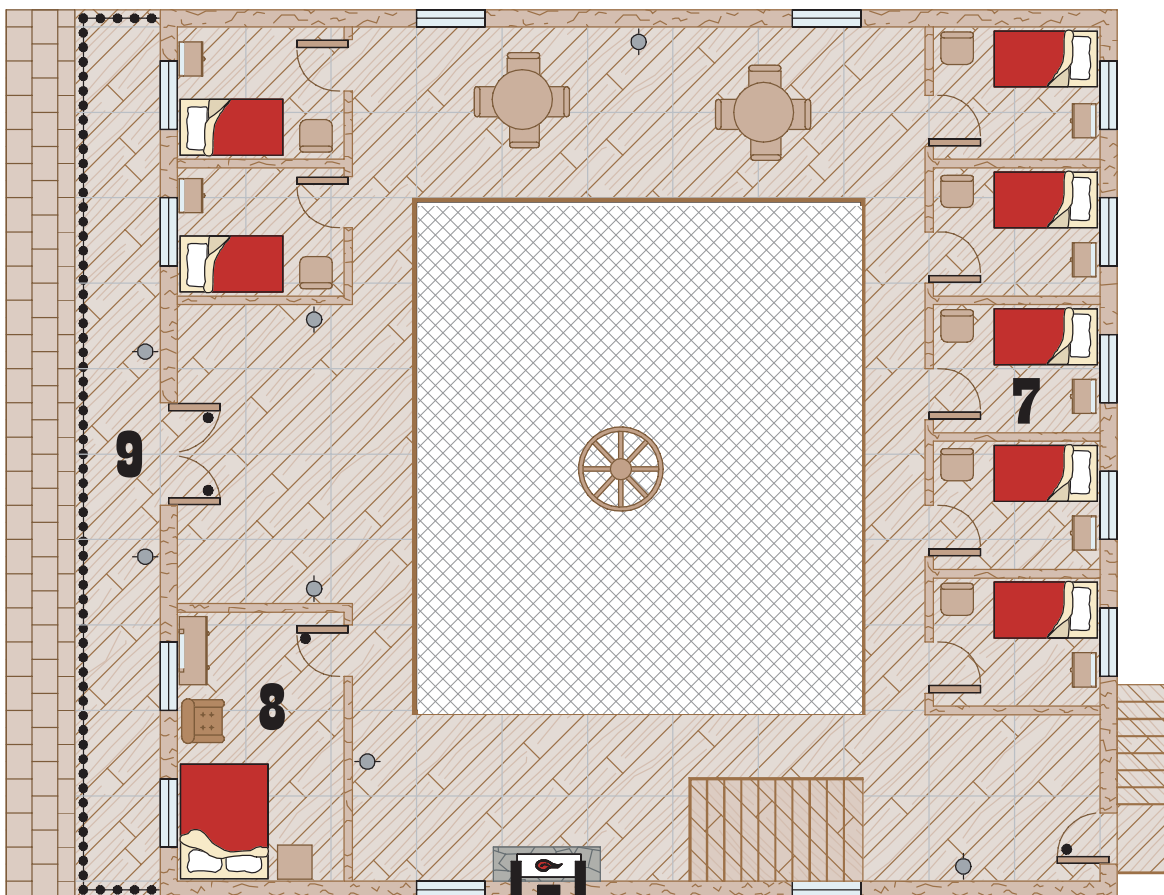
While the saloon does have boarding rooms on the second floor, Bennington prefers to rent them for temporary activities rather than a full night. But, if the price is right, Bennington will certainly rent the rooms to anyone for any purpose. In general, the Beehive is so popular that Bennington gets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

Building Key

1) Front Porch

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

When the saloon is open (nearly all the time), the full-sized double entry doors are propped open with doorstops made of a stack of welded horseshoes. These doors have a quality lock on them for securing the saloon on the rare occasions when the place is closed. In front of those main doors is a set of swinging "bat-wing" doors,



SECOND FLOOR

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

FORT GRIFFIN

ornately carved with a small beehive as the top-post on each door. Two double-width windows—usually open to allow ventilation—are set into the Beehive's front wall. Now and again, wafts of cheap perfume compete with the tobacco smoke drifting out through the open doors and windows.

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

2) Saloon

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

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

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

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

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

Unless the place is closed up tight (only 5% of the time, typically for a few hours around sun-up), there's always somebody at the Beehive, including soldiers, gamblers, travelers, gunslicks and soiled doves (respectable women tend to avoid the place). During daylight hours, 3d6+2 people can be found in the Saloon area. Around sunset, 5d6+4 customers and working girls are just getting warmed up here, with at least half playing cards or dice. At night, 8d6+6 people fill the place, seated at the

various tables, hanging around the bar or piano, stepping out onto the porch or back inside, or just loitering against the second floor railing and looking down onto the ground floor action. Most of them, however, will be gambling. In the wee hours, 3d6+6 assorted revelers will still be at it. Day or night, several of the patrons will be soldiers, as this is a favorite place to unwind and relieve the humdrum routine of army life. Additionally, at night, Junior Burns will be lurking amongst the customers (sitting at the bar, watching from the upstairs railing or leaning on the piano) keeping an eye on things.

3) Bar

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

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

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

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

Either Ruby Easterling or Elias Bennington himself will be tending bar 75% of the time, although Big Nose Kate has been known to fill in from time to time. Bennington hires a local to cover most morning shifts. Because the Beehive has a storeroom, the bar area doesn't have much besides liquor bottles, wine casks and beer kegs. The underside does have a few shelves holding miscellaneous supplies, including rags, extra candles, matches and so forth. Tucked neatly under the bar top is a fully loaded Henry repeating rifle. Ruby and Elias know how to use it and aren't afraid to pull it out when need-

FORT GRIFFIN

ed. The wood floor of the bar area is 1 foot higher than the saloon floor, giving the bartenders a good view of the place as well as an advantage over those seated at the bar.

4) Cash Pit

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

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

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

5) Office

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

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

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

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

6) Bar Storage

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

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

7) Rooms

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

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

8) Bennington's Room

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

While only four pieces of furniture fill the room, it is relatively luxurious. Bennington burns a soothing vanilla-scented lamp; the odor lingers even when the lamp is off. The large brass double bed has a fluffy down-filled mattress and four pillows. A nightstand next to the bed holds a wash basin, pitcher of water and a chamber pot. A padded leather chair sits at the foot of the bed. The solid-oak armoire in the corner houses several sets of Bennington's custom-tailored clothing, two boxes of ammunition for each of his pistols and other personal effects, along with a small safe bolted into the bottom shelf. The safe contains \$500, a diamond necklace worth \$900 and the deed to the saloon.

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9) Balcony

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

Personalities

Elias Bennington, Proprietor

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

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

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



Mike Fogerty (Frank Thurmond)

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

Fogerty is a wiry, quiet man who remains somewhat mysterious during his stay in The Flat. Essentially hiding out while he decides what he's going to do next, he spends a lot of time at the Beehive. He has a small shack in the same block as the saloon. He keeps himself in cash by playing cards regularly, but refrains from drawing attention to himself in high stakes games, preferring to skin a few rubes now and then. All business, all the time, Fogerty is a dangerous man when cornered—he knows

Elias Bennington

(Smart Hero 3, Charismatic Hero 2, Maverick 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: January 1, 1852

Birthplace: Pottstown, PA

Heritage: American

Weight: 150 lbs

Height: 5' 10"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Allegiances: Beehive Saloon

Challenge Rating: 7

Level: 7

Grit Dice: 3d6+2d6+2d8+7 (38)

MDT: 12

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Grapple Modifier: +3

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 6

Reputation: +7

Defense: 16, touch 16, flat-footed 14 (+4 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +4, Ref +8, Will +5

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 14 (+2), Con 12 (+1), Int 13 (+1), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 15 (+2)

Attacks: Fists +3 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Colt Peacemaker +6 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Remington Double Derringer +5 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range 20 ft.; Ammo: 2 int.)

Occupation: Greenhorn (class skills: Diplomacy, Gamble)

Skills: Bluff +7, Decipher Script +4, Diplomacy +8, Forgery +4, Gamble +13, Gather Information +6, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (business) +8, Knowledge (civics) +5, Knowledge (current events) +6, Knowledge (popular culture) +5, Knowledge (streetwise) +9, Listen +4, Operate Vehicle (watercraft) +4, Profession +8, Read/Write Language (English), Search +5, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +7, Speak Language (English), Spot +3

Feats: Card Sharp, Confident, Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Ace in the Hole, Exploit Weakness, Fast Talk, Poker Face, Savant (Knowledge (streetwise))

Possessions: Colt Peacemaker with custom grip, .45 center-fire rounds (6), fancy holster, Remington Double Derringer (Holdout DC 21), .41 rim-fire rounds (2), fancy suit, custom boots, gold pocket watch and chain

FORT GRIFFIN

how to throw a hogleg and won't hesitate to drop a man if needed. He is known to have killed at least two men with his Bowie knife.

Mike Fogerty (Frank Thurmond)
(Fast Hero 3, Tough Hero 2, Gunslinger 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: November 21, 1840

Birthplace: Jackson County, Georgia

Heritage: American

Weight: 160 lbs

Height: 5' 9"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Allegiances: Lottie Deno

Challenge Rating: 7

Level: 7

Grit Dice: 3d8+2d10+2d10+14 (60)

MDT: 15

Initiative: +8

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +4

Grapple Modifier: +4

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 7

Reputation: +1

Defense: 20, touch 20, flat-footed 17 (+7 class, +3 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +3

Abilities: Str 11 (+0), Dex 16 (+3), Con 15 (+2), Int 11 (+0), Wis 10 (+0), Cha 12 (+1)

Attacks: Fists +4 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Bowie Knife +4 (1d4 ; Crit 18-20)

S&W Schofield +8 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 45 ft.;

Ammo: 6 cyl.)

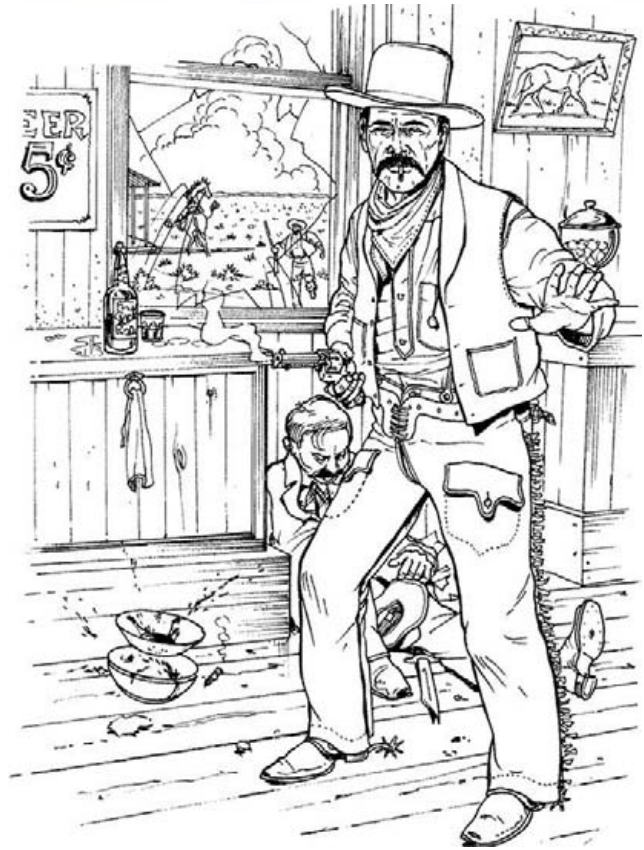
Occupation: Outlaw (class skills: Gamble, Knowledge (streetwise); bonus feat: Personal Firearms Proficiency)

Skills: Balance +6, Concentration +5, Escape Artist +6, Gamble +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (current events) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +3, Knowledge (streetwise) +2, Move Silently +5, Profession +3, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +9, Sleight of Hand +10, Speak Language (English), Spot +3

Feats: Far Shot, Great Fortitude, Gunplay, Improved Initiative, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Evasion, Greased Lightning, Remain Conscious, Uncanny Dodge 1, Weapon Focus (S&W Schofield)

Possessions: Smith and Wesson Schofield, .45 center-fire rounds (40), trousers, buckskin shirt, cowboy hat, cowboy boots



Ruby Easterling

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

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

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

Jebediah "Junior" Burns

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

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

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Ruby Easterling (Charismatic Ordinary 1, Tough Ordinary 1, Fast Ordinary 1)

Sex: Female
Birthdate: July 3, 1851
Birthplace: Charleston, South Carolina
Heritage: American
Weight: 100 lbs
Height: 5' 1"
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown
Allegiances: Beehive Saloon

Challenge Rating: 2
Level: 3
Grit Dice: 1d6+1d10+1d8+6 (21)
MDT: 15
Initiative: +0
Speed: 30 ft.
Base Attack Bonus: +0
Grapple Modifier: -1
Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Action Points: 0
Reputation: +1
Defense: 14, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+4 class, +0 Dex)
Saving Throws: Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2
Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 10 (+0), Con 15 (+2), Int 13 (+1), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 12 (+1)
Attacks: *Fists* -1 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Remington Pocket Pistol +0 (2d4; Crit: 20; Range: 20 ft.; Ammo: 5 cyl.)
Occupation: Merchant (class skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive)
Skills: Bluff +4, Concentration +4, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +5, Handle Animal +3, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (business) +5, Knowledge (civics) +3, Knowledge (current events) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +4, Profession +6, Sense Motive +7, Spot +3
Feats: Hollow Leg, Horse Tradin', Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency
Class Features: None
Possessions: Remington Pocket Pistol, .31 paper rounds (6), cotton skirt, blouse, women's shoes, bandana

Junior Burns (Strong Hero 2, Tough Hero 2)

Sex: Male
Birthdate: April 23, 1851
Birthplace: Houston, Texas
Heritage: American
Weight: 230 lbs
Height: 6' 5"
Hair: Sandy brown
Eyes: Blue-grey
Allegiances: Burns Family

Challenge Rating: 4
Level: 4
Grit Dice: 2d8+2d10+8 (36)
MDT: 14
Initiative: +1
Speed: 30 ft.
Base Attack Bonus: +3
Grapple Modifier: +6
Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.
Action Points: 2
Reputation: +0
Defense: 15, touch 15, flat-footed 14 (+4 class, +1 Dex)
Saving Throws: Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +0
Abilities: Str 16 (+3), Dex 13 (+1), Con 14 (+2), Int 10 (+0), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 12 (+1)
Attacks: *Fists* +8 (1d8+4 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Colt New Model Army +4 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)
Occupation: Military (class skills: Ride, Survival; bonus feat: Personal Firearms Proficiency)
Skills: Craft (structural) +4, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (current events) +2, Knowledge (popular culture) +1, Profession +2, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +5, Speak Language (English), Spot +2, Survival +3
Feats: Brawl, Dodge, Heroic Surge, Improved Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Power Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency
Class Features: Melee Smash, Second Wind
Possessions: Colt New Model Army, .44 paper rounds (20), buckskin trousers, plain shirt, vest, cowboy hat, military boots



"Big Nose" Kate [Kate Elder, Mary Katherine Haroney]

Perhaps the most famous prostitute of the Old West, Big Nose Kate spends a good deal of her time at the Beehive, dancing, flirting and taking men upstairs. A smallish woman of Hungarian descent, Kate is no great looker but she knows how to appeal to a man. She can be wild and wooly, fun and flirty, or sultry and smooth. Her nickname acknowledges her most distinguishing fea-

ture (although in truth, it ain't that big). Some folks say the nickname has more to do with her gossiping ways.

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

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

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Big Nose Kate (Smart Hero 1, Tough Hero 2, Charismatic Hero 2)

Sex: Female

Birthdate: 1850

Birthplace: Budapest, Hungary

Heritage: Hungarian

Weight: 117 lbs

Height: 5' 4"

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Doc Holliday

Challenge Rating: 5

Level: 5

Grit Dice: 1d6+2d10+2d6 (25)

MDT: 11

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +2

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 5

Reputation: +4

Defense: 15, touch 15, flat-footed 13 (+3 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +3

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 14 (+2), Con 11 (+0), Int 12 (+1), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 14 (+2)

Attacks: *Fists* +2 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Remington Pocket Pistol +4 (2d4; Crit: 20; Range: 20 ft.; Ammo: 5 cyl.)

Occupation: Idle Rich (class skill: Gamble)

Skills: Bluff +6, Concentration +2, Forgery +4, Gamble +10, Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +3, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (business) +3, Knowledge (current events) +3, Knowledge (popular culture) +4, Knowledge (streetwise) +6, Listen +6, Profession +6, Read/Write Language (English, Hungarian), Ride +5, Search +5, Sense Motive +4, Speak Language (English, Hungarian), Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Card Sharp, Hollow Leg, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Charm (male), Remain Conscious, Savant (Knowledge (streetwise))

Possessions: Remington Pocket Pistol, .31 paper rounds (10), fancy cotton skirt, fancy blouse, broach, women's dress boots

Indian Kate (Kate Gamel) (Charismatic Ordinary 1, Tough Ordinary 2)

Sex: Female

Birthdate: September 7, 1849

Birthplace: Plains of North Texas

Heritage: Unknown

Weight: 116 lbs

Height: 5' 3"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Black

Allegiances: None

Challenge Rating: 2

Level: 3

Grit Dice: 1d6+2d10+6 (23)

MDT: 14

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +1

Grapple Modifier: +2

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +2

Defense: 13, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 class, +1 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +2

Abilities: Str 12 (+1), Dex 13 (+1), Con 14 (+2), Int 8 (-1), Wis 15 (+2), Cha 10 (+0)

Attacks: *Fists* +2 (1d3+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)
Sharps Pepperbox +2 (2d4; Crit: 20; Range: 10 ft.; Ammo: 4 int.)

Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Handle Animal, Intimidate, Ride)

Skills: Bluff +3, Concentration +4, Diplomacy +2, Gather Information +3, Handle Animal +3, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (popular culture) +1, Knowledge (streetwise) +3, Profession +5, Ride +3, Speak Language (English), Spot +4

Feats: Dodge, Endurance, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: None

Possessions: Sharps Pepperbox, .32 rim-fire rounds (20), plain dress, women's dress boots, costume-jewel necklace, hair ribbons



Indian Kate (Kate Gamel)

Indian Kate is a notorious prostitute who does almost all of her business in her small shack near the river. She won't turn away a fella who insists on a room upstairs, but she'll charge extra. She tends to cater to the men who want a cheap date and she's pretty good at figuring out exactly who that might be. She's attractive and

wily enough to capture the attention of just about any man she sets her sights on. Kate is rumored to be half-Kiowa, but she's good at evading the truth about that.

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

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Anna Leigh

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



Lottie "The Poker Queen" Deno

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

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

Anna Leigh

(Charismatic Ordinary 2, Fast Ordinary 1, Smart Ordinary 2)

Sex: Female

Birthdate: February 14, 1855

Birthplace: Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Heritage: American

Weight: 133 lbs

Height: 5' 8"

Hair: Red

Eyes: Green

Allegiances: None

Challenge Rating: 4

Level: 5

Grit Dice: 2d6+1d8+2d6 (19)

MDT: 10

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +1

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +3

Defense: 16, touch 16, flat-footed 15 (+5 class, +1 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +3

Abilities: Str 8 (-1), Dex 13 (+1), Con 10 (+0),

Int 14 (+2), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 16 (+3)

Attacks: Fists +3 (1d3-1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Remington Double Derringer +3 (2d4; Crit: 20;

Range: 10 ft.; Ammo: 2 int.)

Occupation: Academic (class skills: Craft (writing), Gather Information, Knowledge (popular culture))

Skills: Balance +3, Bluff +8, Craft (writing) +10, Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +8, Forgery +6, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (current events) +7, Knowledge (popular culture) +11, Knowledge (streetwise) +6, Perform (act) +6, Perform (keyboards) +10, Profession +8, Read/Write Language (English, French, German), Research +6, Ride +4, Sleight of Hand +3, Speak Language (English, French, German)

Feats: Creative (Craft (writing), Perform (keyboards)), Dodge, Educated (Knowledge (popular culture), Knowledge (current events)), Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: None

Possessions: Remington Double Derringer, .41 rim-fire rounds (10), fancy dress, women's dress boots, gold necklace



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Adventure Hooks

A Woman Scorned

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

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

Trouble with Indian Kate

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

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



A Jealous Lover

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

Learn from Lottie

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

1. As suggested in Shannsey's, some reckless Judge character accuses Lottie of cheating after he gets skinned fair and square. One or more player characters could be playing at the same table, or watching nearby, thus becoming involved in the altercation in some fashion. Junior Burns and Mike Fogerty could quickly get involved.
2. Lottie simply cleans out an individual or group of player characters. What they do is anybody's guess. If Fogerty is around, you can bet he'll be paying close attention.
3. Somebody who objects to the terms of playing at Lottie's table (e.g. no smokes, no cursing, and no liquor) raises a ruckus. If it's someone other than the player characters, it should be easy for the Judge to get them caught between the perpetrator and Lottie, or Bennington, or Easterling.

High Stakes

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

The Big Brawl

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

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

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FORT GRIFFIN JAIL (PICKET JAIL)

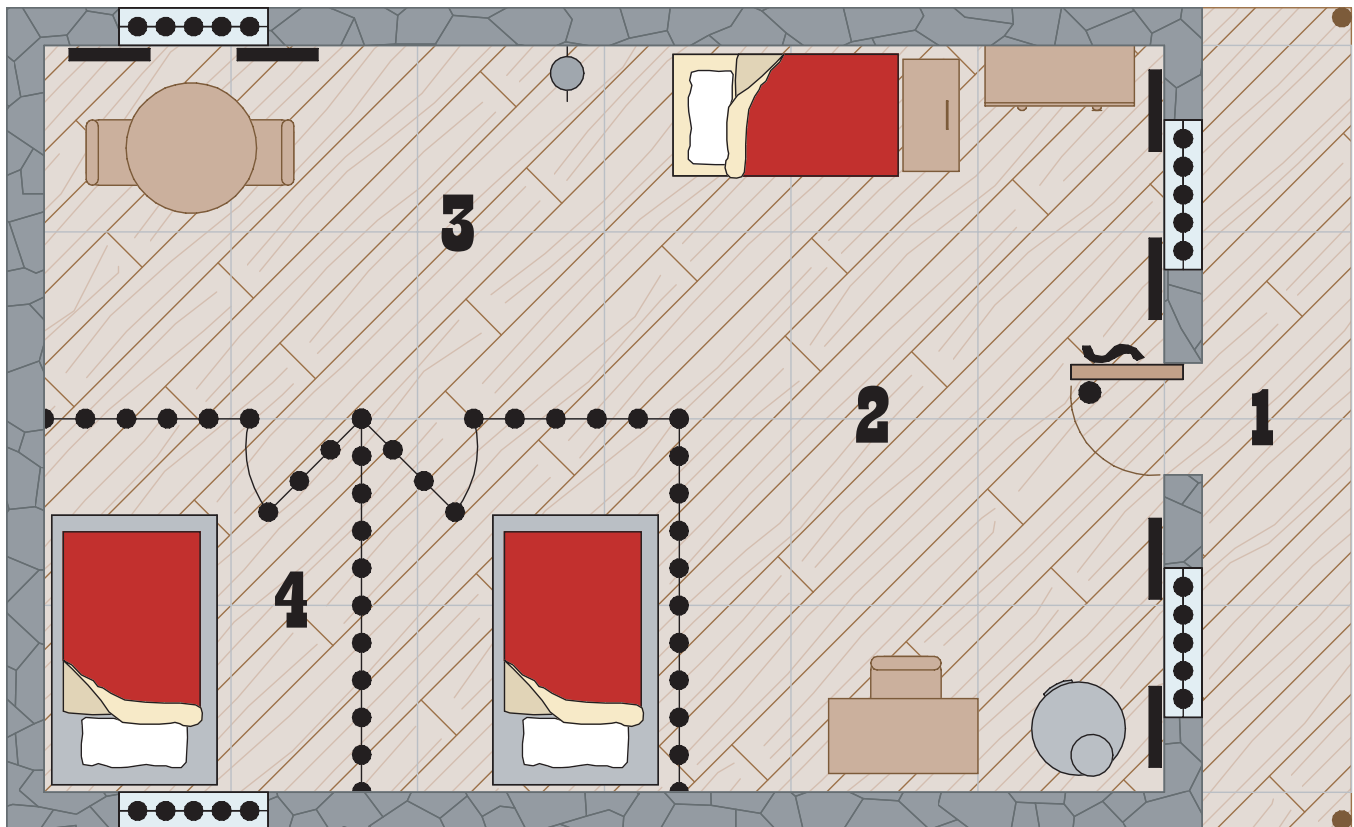
It's not uncommon for a cowpoke's stay in town to last a night longer than expected—topped off with a visit to the local jail. All of the carousing and blowing off steam doesn't always end without consequences.

Built in 1868, the original Fort Griffin Jail was one of earliest structures in the Fort, residing right in the heart of the Fort itself. Constructed with vertical wood logs like many of the early buildings, the jail quickly earned the nickname “Picket Jail” among the soldiers and early settlers.

About two years later the Army razed the log building and replaced it with the current stone jail down in The Flat. The project was spearheaded by Judge W.H. Ledbetter who grew tired of hearing sodbusters and soldiers alike scoffing at the prospect of being locked up in

a “hut” after a good drunk, a questionable shootout or saloon brawl. The Judge, in a fit of hubris and largess, ponied up a healthy sack of seed money and pressured the other well-to-do town citizens to match his contribution to create “a jail fitting the high standards of our growing community.” Nevertheless, the town still came up short on funds, so the Judge pulled a few strings and secured a government grant for the completion of the project.

Judge Ledbetter recruited architect Willard Smiley to prepare the plans and direct the construction of the new



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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stone jail. Despite his offbeat behavior and penchant for fancy clothes, Smiley had a reputation for erecting solid facilities, having built jails in Kentucky and Arkansas. The troops performing most of the labor had more than a few disagreements with the slight, foppish man, but Smiley's project kept them from boredom, and he always seemed to know just when to buy a round of drinks to improve morale. Although he did a fine job in Fort Griffin, the eccentric Smiley couldn't resist the urge to leave behind a small secret that no one has yet figured out.

The resulting single story structure has stood up well against the elements over the years, including the occasional flash floods from the Brazos River. Despite Judge Ledbetter's desire to erase the memory of the original town jail, many folks still call it Picket Jail (not in the Judge's presence, mind you). The masonry walls have a Hardness of 8 and 90 total Grit, with a Break DC of 35.

Typically, either the Sheriff or one of his two deputies can be found at the jail most times of the day. If a prisoner is locked up, one of the three of them will always be here, except under the most extraordinary circumstances.

Building Key

1) Front Porch

This four-foot wide by twenty-foot long wooden porch offers a place for the Sheriff and his deputies to get a breath of fresh air without straying far from the premises—or their watch over any prisoners. Covered by a thin wooden overhang, the porch offers shade and shelter from the elements. At times, one or more of the wooden chairs from inside can be found out here on its own, but typically, the boys will haul the chairs in and out as needed.

The two shuttered and barred front windows are clearly visible from the street, measuring two-feet high by four-feet wide. The 1-inch diameter iron bars are spaced about 8 inches apart and firmly anchored in the stone walls, plenty wide enough to see through (or even aim a firearm through). Most of the time, the wooden shutters are open to allow for a cross breeze. During the winter months, the shutters are usually closed. The window bars and shutters are standard quality.

Opening inward, the front door is made of 3-inch thick wood with iron reinforcements and sturdy handles on both sides—slightly better than a strong wooden door even when it isn't barred from the inside (see the Entry and Office for details when the door is barred). There is a sliding bolt lock with a slot for a padlock (usually kept inside the jail) on the outside of the door. If everyone is forced to leave while a prisoner is being held, the last person out will typically secure the bolt with the padlock (the lock is of quality manufacture, but a little old, thus Hardness: 4, Grit: 8, Break DC 18).

During daylight hours, there is a 20% chance that one of the two deputies will be here, keeping watch (even odds as to whether it will be "B.A." or "Mangy."). If "B.A." is here, there is a 30% chance that Chubby Wilson will be

hanging around, too. Otherwise, there is a 15% chance that the Sheriff himself will be on the porch.

2) Entry and Office

The jail's interior consists of one large room, divided only by a few pieces of furniture and the cell bars. Although Sheriff Cruger and his deputies keep the place clutter-free, they don't do much dusting or cleaning, so a thin layer of grit and grime tends to cover most of the furnishings. Chubby Wilson handles most of regular tidying up chores—including sweeping the floor and oiling the cell gates—which is the main reason the lawmen keep him around (see Personalities).

The entire jail floor is constructed of weathered wooden slats that creak a little. A chalky coat of yellowing whitewash covers the stone walls—which are generally bare. The roof is made from strong timber planks and beams and should be considered equal to a strong wooden door for Hardness and Grit.

Just beyond the front door is the office area for the Sheriff and his deputies. On the interior side of the front door (described in the Porch section) are two separate two-piece racks (one high and one low) for holding wooden bars against entry. The bars (five-foot long pieces of loose wood) can usually be found leaning against the front wall on the north side of the office (behind the door). When the door is barred, the bars add to the Grit and Break DC.

One step inside the door lies a nearly unavoidable spot in the creaky wood floor—a board that issues a veritable groan when trod upon. The Sheriff has forbidden anyone to fix it; considering it a providential security measure. When someone takes a step in this area, they suffer a -4 circumstance penalty to any Move Silently skill check. If the intruder is not attempting to move stealthily, anyone inside the jail who succeeds on a DC 5 Listen check will hear the noise.

On the south side of the office is the Sheriff's roll-top desk—a two drawer hunk of pine. Like most of the furniture in the jail, it's a bit old and none too clean. Truly, a layer of dust and grime covers most of the desktop because the roll-top doesn't work anymore (it's stuck in the rolled-up position); only the very center of the desktop stays clean, where the Sheriff and his men log the bare facts about their charges. The left corner consists of a few cubby holes and even fewer items, including the only things in the cubbies: the front door padlock, a key ring with two keys (one for the cells and one for the padlock), and pair of handcuffs. A rusty old oil lantern rests just in front of the cubby holes.

The latest logbook is kept in the top right-hand drawer along with a bottle of ink and a couple of worn pen quills, with the previous log at the very bottom of the drawer. In the lower drawer, an evidence kit and a bottle of whiskey with two smudged glasses can be found; the Sheriff doesn't make a practice of drinking on the job—rather, this is for emergency or celebratory purposes only and the bottle tends to gather dust.

On the north side of the office is an old bed frame and

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straw mattress, with a footlocker at the end. A cabinet stands in the corner near the front window. The bed is weathered but still sturdy and the mattress is cleaned and re-stuffed regularly (usually by Chubby). A colorful woven blanket covers the bed—obviously of Indian manufacture (probably Kiowa). The Sheriff and the deputies use the bed for short naps when prisoners require an around the clock guard. Occasionally, Mangy Mansfield sleeps off a drunk in here when the Sheriff is out of town.

The footlocker contains a variety of supplies, including some ammunition for the jail's Loomis, 20 feet of coiled rope, a half-full box of candles, a beaten-up holster, a couple of musty shirts (one with blood stains and a tear in the shoulder), two empty sacks and an old fraying blanket. Additionally, when prisoners are held, their weapons and belongings are stuffed into the sacks and left in the locker. The locker should be considered a small piece of furniture. There is a cheap lock on a hasp, but it is almost never used.

Clearly, the most rickety piece of furniture is the cabinet. One door is completely missing and the other hangs askew from rusted non-functional hinges—there's nothing inside or on top most of the time.

Above the cabinet is a gun rack holding a single longarm, an old Loomis Side-by-Side (see *Sidewinder: Recoiled* Table 5.8 Ranged Weapons, page 135). The Loomis is out of arm's reach of the front window.

If no one is outside on the porch during the day, there is a 50% chance that at least one of the inhabitants is in the office or at the card table, even when prisoners aren't present. If one person is here, then another inhabitant is 25% likely to be around as well. (Judge's discretion for who is here, although Chubby is the most likely candidate in such a case.) During the night, there is a 70% chance that someone is at the jail. Of course, anytime there are prisoners, there is a 95% chance that someone is around—on the rare occasion when no one stays "home" with prisoners, the front door will be padlocked as noted in the Porch section.

3) Card Table

In the northwest corner of the room is a durable, if not attractive, wooden table where the Sheriff, deputies and guests sit to discuss business, play cards or wolf down some grub. A candleholder and a box of matches can usually be found here, as well as a well-worn deck of cards.

The window over the table is positioned to allow for a cross breeze with the window in the cell. It has the same bars and shutters as the front windows and is often open during the day but is regularly closed at night.

4) Cells

Of course, the whole purpose of the jail revolves around the two cells that occupy the southwest corner of the building.

The cells are defined by the 1 and 1/4-inch diameter iron bars anchored in the floor and rising to just six-inch-

es shy of the roof. The bars are connected by welded iron bands—at floor level, three-feet from the floor, and at the top height of the bars. The doors to the cells are actually swinging gates made from the same bars as the walls. The cell doors open inward on solid pivots, and contain locks (DC 35 Disable Device check to unlock without a key) built into the gates and adjoining bars. The iron bars, being a little thicker than average, have improved specifications (Hardness: 10, Grit: 17, Break DC 32).

The westernmost cell has a window much like the others in the jail, but much smaller (only 1-foot high and 3-feet wide) and without shutters; the bars are of the same improved type as the cell bars. They are deeply set into the stone wall and completely secure. Sheriff Cruger has made it a practice to check them at least once a week for any signs of wear and tear or tampering.

A crude bunk bed resides in each cell, similar to the single bed in the office but of lower quality wood and construction. Both bunk beds are old, but still sturdy enough to support the average man's weight. Neither is particularly comfortable, as the straw mattresses on each bunk haven't been re-stuffed or cleaned in quite some time and they reek of urine, grunge and sweat. The bed in the cell with the window is a little more rickety—the upper bunk can hold the weight of an average size man, but if a large man were to shift about on it, it would certainly creak and possibly even break (Judge's discretion).

While the cells appear ordinary and secure, the windowless one holds "Smiley's secret." The odd little man left a special treasure underneath a floorboard that just happens to be beneath one of the legs of the bed. The board has a small, distinctive crude mark (DC25 Spot check)—the initials WS scratched into the grain. It has gone largely unnoticed because of the bed's placement, a happy coincidence that would most certainly make the architect smile even more strangely than ever.

Removing the floorboard (which requires a DC 15 Strength check to do without any tools) reveals a small compartment that could hold an assortment of objects at the Judge's discretion. Some possible objects could be:

- A key that opens the original cell locks, which have never been changed. The key is old and a little rusty from the floods that have inundated the town from time to time, but still useable.
- A file, which may assist a cowpoke in a jail break . . . if he has the patience.
- A key to the back door of a local house of ill repute (or some other building of the Judge's desire).
- A small metal box containing a desiccated frog wearing a tiny top hat and clutching a cane. (*Just be thankful it isn't singing.*)

Personalities

As noted earlier, Picket Jail has a few people regularly hanging around the place. Of course Sheriff Billy Cruger makes his living here along with his two deputy sheriffs, who tend to split time at the jail. Rarely are both deputies here, unless something serious is brewing, such

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as the formation of a posse or visits by notorious “guests.” Additionally, Chubby Wilson hangs around quite often—sometimes being the only one here. At any given time ordinary townspeople may be found here on official business, visiting prisoners, or just stopping by to chew the fat with the local law.



William R. “Billy” Cruger

Previously Deputy Sheriff under John Larn, Cruger became Sheriff after Larn’s resignation. Cruger arrived in Shackelford County in 1874 and played an important role in the organization of the town of Fort Griffin and the county, even lending the name of his birthplace to the newly formed county seat. His leadership helped to foster and protect the town’s thriving environment in the early days.

Known as a fearless and resolute lawman, Cruger takes his work seriously. He earns the respect of the townspeople everyday, working to protect their homes, businesses and possessions—in fact, their very lives sometimes—from the thieves and other no-good varmints that pass through a frontier town such as Fort Griffin. While not a humorless man, Cruger tends toward the stern, unwavering demeanor that casts fear in any cowardly criminal.

A devoted family man, Cruger lives with his wife and only child on the outskirts of town; he spends regular business hours at Picket Jail, leaving the night shifts to his deputies. Of course, his dedication to the well-being

William R. “Billy” Cruger (Ft. Griffin Sheriff) (Dedicated Hero 2, Fast Hero 3, Tin Star 3)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: May 30, 1840

Birthplace: Albany, Georgia

Heritage: American

Weight: 191 lbs

Height: 5’ 10”

Hair: Rusty brown

Eyes: Green

Allegiances: Fort Griffin, Cruger Family, Law and Order

Challenge Rating: 8

Level: 8

Grit Dice: 2d6+3d8+3d10+16 (59)

MDT: 14

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Grapple Modifier: +5

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 4

Reputation: +3

Defense: 20, touch 20, flat-footed 18 (+8 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +7, Ref +5, Wil +7

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 14 (+2), Con 14 (+2), Int 12 (+1), Wis 14 (+2), Cha 14 (+2)

Attacks: *Fists* +5 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +5 (1d4; Crit: 19-20)

Colt Peacemaker +7 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 45 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Loomis Side-by-Side +7 (2d6; Crit 20; Range: 45 ft.; Ammo: 2 int.)

Occupation: Law Enforcement (class skills: Diplomacy, Ride; bonus feat: Personal Firearms Proficiency)

Skills: Balance +5, Bluff +5, Concentration +6, Diplomacy +14, Gamble +2, Gather Information +10, Intimidate +6, Investigate +5, Knowledge (civics) +7, Knowledge (current events) +4, Knowledge (popular culture) +3, Knowledge (streetwise) +3, Knowledge (tactics) +2, Listen +4, Profession +5, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +8, Sense Motive +7, Speak Language (English, Spanish), Spot +4, Survival +3, Treat Injury +4, Tumble +5

Feats: Dodge, Double Tap, Far Shot, Home Ground, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Trustworthy, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trail Lore (Texas)

Class Features: Empathy, Evasion, Flash the Badge, Posse, Uncanny Dodge 1

Possessions: Knife, holster (plain), Colt Peacemaker, .45 center-fire rounds (40), Loomis Side-by-Side (usually kept at jail unless trouble is brewing), cowboy boots, plain spurs, Stetson hat, plain suit, badge

FORT GRIFFIN

of the town brings him to the jail often during the evening hours, and he takes to the trail in pursuit of criminals and fugitives whenever necessary.

Cruger has a reputation as a deadly shot in a gunfight, having been involved in a shootout in the Beehive Saloon with Billy Bland and Charlie Reed in 1877, among other incidents.

WHO'S THE SHERIFF NOW?



While the Picket Jail is a fictional creation, there's little doubt that Fort Griffin had a jail, and we know it had its share of Sheriffs. We chose the tenure of Billy Cruger, which began in 1877, for this setting. Previously, Cruger had served as deputy under the leadership of John Larn, who was named Sheriff in 1876.

Cruger remained the Sheriff for roughly three years, resigning in 1880. Although he left Fort Griffin shortly thereafter, he stayed in the law business, becoming a city marshal in Princeton, Tennessee. He died the same way he lived, as a loyal servant of the people—shot by a drunken prisoner who had managed to conceal his gun while being locked up.

Maynard "Mangy" Mansfield

A cur if there ever was one, Maynard Mansfield gets his nickname because of his stubborn refusal to bathe regularly or even comb his straggly hair more than once in a blue-moon. Many of the townies wonder why a good man like Sheriff Cruger keeps "Mangy" on his staff, but the Sheriff has come to value Mansfield despite his flaws.

When left to his own devices, Mangy has a tendency to abuse his power in small, mean ways. He wouldn't haul in innocent folks for a night in the *juzgado*, steal candy from a baby or take advantage of a lady, but he might bully a drifter, mouth-off in front of the ladies, or fail to discourage a brewing brouhaha in a local drinking establishment.

Nevertheless, he remains fiercely loyal to the Sheriff, never questioning a direct order and always pursuing the orders he receives to the very last letter. Whether it's taking the point for a posse, staying up late to guard a prisoner or taking a bullet to protect his charge, Mansfield fulfills his duty whenever explicitly directed by the Sheriff. While he is often a biased so-and-so, his suspicious nature tends to be a boon in his law work.

Maynard "Mangy" Mansfield
(Ft. Griffin Deputy Sheriff)
(Tough Hero 2; Fast Hero 2; Gunslinger 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: Sept. 16, 1850

Birthplace: Livingston, Tennessee

Heritage: American

Weight: 194 lbs

Height: 6' 0"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Fort Griffin, Billy Cruger

Challenge Rating: 5

Level: 5

Grit Dice: 2d10+2d8+1d10+15 (48)

MDT: 19

Initiative: +3

Speed: 35 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +3

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 2

Reputation: +0

Defense: 19, touch 19, flat-footed 17 (+7 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2

Abilities: Str 13 (+1), Dex 14 (+2), Con 16 (+3), Int 10 (+0), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 10 (+0)

Attacks: Fists +4 (1d6+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +3 (1d4+1; Crit: 19-20)

Starr Army Revolver +4 (2d6; Crit 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Henry Rifle +4 (2d8; Crit: 20; Range: 60 ft.; Ammo: 15 int.)

Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Handle Animal, Intimidate, Ride)

Skills: Balance +4, Concentration +4, Handle Animal +1, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (current events) +2, Knowledge (streetwise) +2, Profession +3, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +5, Sleight of Hand +8, Speak Language (English), Spot +3, Survival +2

Feats: Brawl, Improved Damage Threshold, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Greased Lightning, Increased Speed, Remain Conscious

Possessions: Knife, Holster (plain), Starr Army Revolver, .44 percussion rounds (20), Henry Rifle, .44 rim-fire rounds (40), buckskin trousers, plain shirt, cowboy hat, bandana, vest, cowboy boots, badge

FORT GRIFFIN

Benjamin "B.A." Adamson
(Ft. Griffin Deputy Sheriff)
(Smart Hero 2, Fast Hero 2, Strong Hero 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: July 13, 1855

Birthplace: Belknap, Texas

Heritage: American

Weight: 220 lbs

Height: 6' 2"

Hair: Dirty Blonde

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Fort Griffin

Challenge Rating: 5

Level: 5

Grit Dice: 2d6+2d8+1d8+10 (35)

MDT: 14

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +3

Grapple Modifier: +4

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 2

Reputation: +1

Defense: 18, touch 18, flat-footed 16 (+6 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2

Abilities: Str 12 (+1), Dex 14 (+2), Con 14 (+2), Int 14 (+2), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 12 (+1)

Attacks: *Fists* +4 (1d3+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +4 (1d4+1; Crit: 19-20)

Colt Lightning +5 (2d4; Crit: 20; Range: 20 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Henry Rifle +6 (2d8; Crit: 20; Range: 60 ft., Ammo: 15 int.)

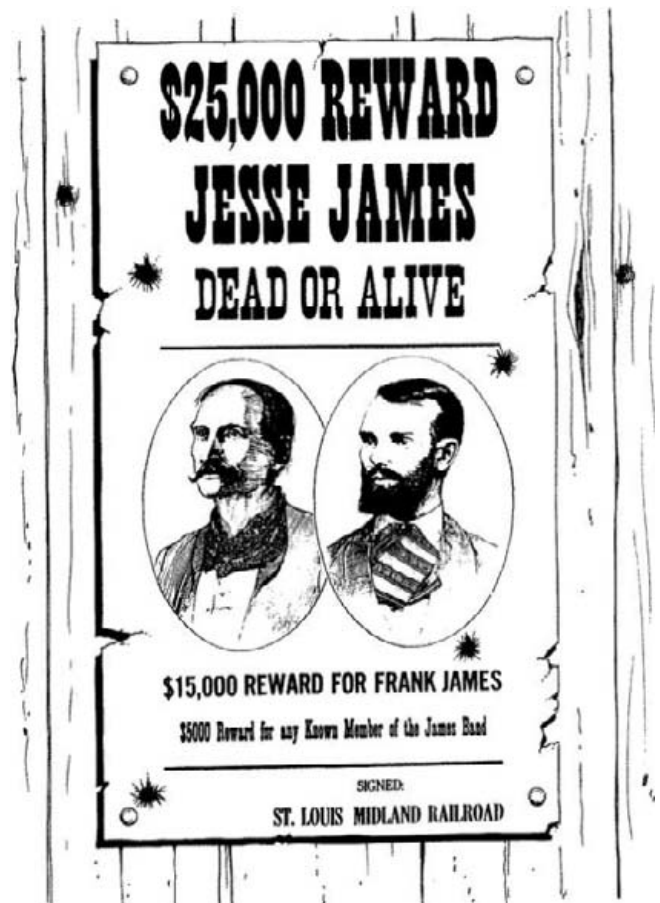
Occupation: Artisan (class skills: Craft (mechanical), Repair; bonus feat: Mechanical)

Skills: Balance +5, Craft (mechanical) +9, Craft (structural) +9, Disable Device +7, Escape Artist +6, Handle Animal +5, Knowledge (civics) +4, Knowledge (current events) +6, Knowledge (popular culture) +6, Knowledge (technology) +7, Operate Vehicle (ground vehicles) +7, Profession +4, Read/Write Language (English), Repair +11, Ride +5, Search +5, Sleight of Hand +9, Speak Language (English), Swim +3

Feats: Dodge, Mechanical, Nimble, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Henry Rifle)

Class Features: Evasion, Extreme Effort, Savant (Repair)

Possessions: Knife, holster (plain), Colt Lightning, .38 center-fire rounds (20), Henry Rifle, .44 rim-fire rounds (60), trousers, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, plain shirt, badge



Benjamin "B.A." Adamson

Most folks wouldn't guess that this unassuming hulk of a young man made his living as a part-time lawman. But B.A. Adamson has proven his mettle in Sheriff Cruger's eyes, despite his mild-mannered and introverted disposition.

Just as loyal as Mangy Mansfield, but without a mean bone in his body, Adamson is one smart cookie and a darn good shot. Although he prefers his Henry rifle (carrying it even on horseback), he can handle a hogleg too. His shyness around the ladies notwithstanding, B.A. has a knack for handling the locals, making a good first impression when he does speak and finding ways to solve disputes peaceably.

B.A. also works part time repairing watches and other small mechanical devices in his small boarding-house room. An artisan by trade, he likes to fiddle with mechanical gadgets and is sometimes found at the jail tinkering when things are slow. If the Sheriff ever finds any evidence of tampering with the cell locks, he puts B.A. on the case.

FORT GRIFFIN

William "Chubby" Wilson (Charismatic Ordinary 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: May 22, 1852

Birthplace: Woodville, Mississippi

Heritage: American

Weight: 180 lbs

Height: 5' 7"

Hair: Brown, with patchy beard

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Wilson Family (Wilomena),
Fort Griffin

Challenge Rating: 1/2

Level: 1

Grit Dice: 1d6+1 (6)

MDT: 13

Initiative: +0

Speed: 30 ft.

Attack Bonus: +0

Grapple Modifier: +1

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +2

Defense: 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10 (+0 class,
+0 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +2, Ref +1, Will -1

Abilities: Str 12 (+1), Dex 10 (+0), Con 13 (+1),
Int 14 (+2), Wis 8 (-1), Cha 15 (+2)

Attacks: Fists +1 (1d3+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +1 (1d4+1; Crit: 19-20)

Remington-Whitmore M1873 +0 (2d10; Crit: 20;
Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 2 int.)

Occupation: Sodbuster (class skills: Handle
Animal, Repair; bonus feat: Home Ground)

Skills: Bluff +5, Diplomacy +6, Gambling +3,
Gather Information +6, Handle Animal +8,
Knowledge (current events) +6, Knowledge (street
wise) +5, Profession +3, Read/Write Language
(English), Repair +7, Ride +4, Speak Language
(English)

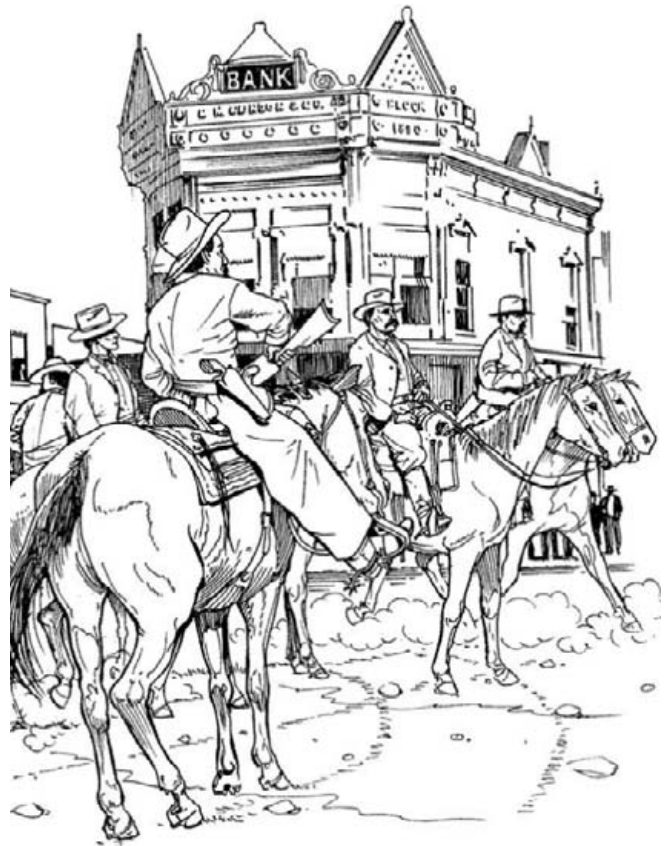
Feats: Animal Affinity, Home Ground, Personal
Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: None

Possessions: Knife, Remington-Whitmore M1873,
10 gauge shells (10), trousers, plain shirt,
military boots

William "Chubby" Wilson

Chubby Wilson fancies himself a lawman, despite his complete lack of qualifications. He makes a paltry living as a sodbuster outside The Flat, along with his wife, Wilomena. Because Chubby is a friend of Deputy Adamson, the Sheriff lets him hang around on the porch or inside playing cards, provided he does some chores now and then (sweeping the floor, oiling the cell gates, fetching grub, etc.). A decent card player, Chubby can



frequently be found at the various gaming tables in town.

Occasionally, Chubby minds the jail when the others are out by necessity, such as when a posse demands all of the real lawmen. He usually begs for such an opportunity, getting his wish often enough to keep him happy and feeling important.

Adventure Hooks

Hassled by Mangy

New visitors to the town might easily rub Mangy the wrong way, intentionally or otherwise. If that happens when the Sheriff happens to be out of town, look out pardner!

Mangy also tends to harbor plenty of bias against folks that "just don't look right" and if any of the characters fall into this broad category, Mangy could easily give them a hard time when the Sheriff isn't on hand. He might follow them around, pry into their business, or just be a general nuisance while the characters are in town. If the characters are truly up to no-good, you can bet Mangy will sniff it out if they have attracted his attention in any way.

In general, Judges should consider the variety of ways that Mangy could act as a catalyst for incidents in town.

FORT GRIFFIN

Recruited for a Posse

Sheriff Cruger and either of the two deputies are rounding up a sizable posse to track down some dangerous desperados who killed two of the local townspeople. Anyone with a gun, a horse and the hint of bravery in his or her eye will be recruited.

This wouldn't necessarily involve pay, but Cruger never forgets a favor that helps him bring in bad men. Anyone volunteering directly to the Sheriff and doing a good job can count on the Sheriff's reciprocation someday. The Judge should use discretion in any tangible reward given to posse members, because Cruger's budget ain't exactly overflowing.

Fork in the Road:

Mangy is involved in the recruitment—or in the posse itself—and if any of the characters “don't look right,” sidebar incidents could arise between Mangy and the person or persons in question. He may still accept them as part of the posse, but he'll be suspicious the entire time.

Duped by Chubby

Folks new to town might meet Chubby at the card tables, the front porch of the jail, or wherever. Of course, he makes a big deal about his role at the jail. This could lead to a number of false leads for adventurers—promises of a job in a posse that never materializes, guarantee-

ing a chance to bend the Sheriff's ear for whatever purpose the characters might have (in exchange for a drink or two-cent piece), or just plain time-wasting as Chubby gets them to go to the jail and wait around for no reason other than to make himself feel important (e.g. “we'll wait until the Sheriff comes 'round and I'll put in a good word fer yer.”)

In general, any encounter with Chubby will likely result in a waste of time and energy, but if characters get on his good side, he could potentially provide important information about the town or the locals.

Hired for a Breakout

Gus and Jimmy Bender have landed in a heap of trouble in Fort Griffin, Gus tells the characters, through no fault of their own. Jimmy ended up with an indefinite stay at Picket Jail, thanks to that cur of a lawman Mangy Mansfield's crookedness. Gus knows that Jimmy didn't steal that laudanum from York & Meyers. He would never touch the stuff, not in a million years. And he definitely didn't shoot that laborer at the Wagon Yard. Mangy's got it out for 'em, just 'cause Jimmy is half Cherokee, Gus says.

Gus pleads with the characters to help him break his half-brother out of the jail. He makes a compelling case against Mangy (especially if the characters have had any bad interaction with the deputy). He will even promise twenty dollars—which Jimmy has.

Forks in the Road:

1. All is not as it seems. Gus is a liar. He and his brother stole the medicine and shot the laborer. They are dangerous men. If the characters get involved with them, they will become outlaws in this area, if they aren't already. And if Jimmy has twenty dollars, the characters will have to pry it from his cold, dead hand.
2. Poor Gus is on the up-and-up. Mangy hauled in Jimmy on flimsy circumstantial evidence and has convinced the Sheriff he's right. There are two witnesses who saw the brothers drunk and shootin' their pistols by the river near the Wagon Yard, but the Benders didn't kill anyone.



FORT GRIFFIN

JUST PASSING THROUGH AND TYING IT ALL TOGETHER

Iffin' you decide to use some or all of the buildings in this Frontier Towns product as part of one locale, these ideas should kindle some downright agreeable and possibly long term adventures.

As noted in the Introduction, this supplement can be used piece by piece or as a complete unit. Joined with other Frontier Towns products, a Judge may assemble a full, robust town—whether using the default setting of Fort Griffin or changing all the names and places to fit into a home-brewed campaign. The following additional personalities and adventure hooks are provided to help Judges make connections between the various buildings and personalities in *Frontier Towns: Fort Griffin Vol. 1*.

Personalities

Any variety of Judge characters could pass through town, from famous gunfighters such as Doc Holliday to itinerant gamblers such as Emmet Calhoun. While these folks aren't likely to have particular ties to a single establishment, they could show up anywhere or be included in some of the adventure hooks that follow. For example, when word of the high stakes poker tournament tumbles across the plains, some interesting folks are likely to pay a visit to The Flat, including Holliday and Calhoun. And the festivities surrounding a horse race or prizefight are sure to draw opportunists like Killer Kirbee and The Weasel.



John Henry "Doc" Holliday, D.D.S.

The legendary dentist turned gambler spent some time in Fort Griffin after heading west. Born and raised in Georgia, Holliday graduated from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery in Philadelphia. During his attendance there, he spent many hours in gambling halls in the red light district. Returning to Georgia, he set up a practice but it was short-lived, as Doc had contracted consumption. In 1873 he left Georgia and started his career as a gunfighter and gambler, initially in Texas. While he occasionally pulled teeth, he made his real living at the card tables.

Holliday has several connections to other personalities in Fort Griffin, from his on-again off-again lover Big Nose Kate to saloonkeeper John Shannsey. Doc might be found dealing faro at Shannsey's or playing poker at any of the saloons in The Flat. Reminded of his death sentence with every cough, Holliday is an inconsolable and fearless man. He sips whiskey almost continuously, one



DOC HOLLIDAY IN THE 1870S



Most accounts agree that Doc Holliday arrived in Texas in 1873. Details about exactly when he spent time in Fort Griffin are unclear, but there is little doubt that he did visit The Flat from time to time.

Based on the premise that Doc's visits occurred in the mid-to-late 1870s, the Dog House Gang has decided to provide statistics reflecting an experienced and deadly Holliday, circa 1877; he's formidable but not yet at the height of his gunfighting and gambling career.

FORT GRIFFIN

Doc Holliday

(Smart Hero 2, Fast Hero 3, Dedicated Hero 1, Gunslinger 2, Maverick 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: August 14, 1851

Birthplace: Griffin, Georgia

Heritage: American

Weight: 155 lbs

Height: 5' 10"

Hair: Ash Blond

Eyes: Blue

Allegiances: Kate Elder

Challenge Rating: 10

Level: 10

Grit Dice: 2d6+3d8+1d6+2d10+2d8-10 (36)

MDT: 8

Initiative: +4

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +5

Grapple Modifier: +5

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 5

Reputation: +4

Defense: 21, touch 21, flat-footed 18, (+8 class, +3 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +0, Ref +10, Will +5

Abilities: Str 10 (+0), Dex 16 (+3), Con 8 (-1), Int 17 (+3), Wis 11 (+0), Cha 12 (+1)

Attacks: Fists +5 (1d3 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Remington Whitmore M1873, sawed-off +9 (2d10;

Crit: 20; Range: 20 ft.; Ammo: 2 int.)

Colt Lightning +8 (2d4; Crit: 20; Range: 20 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Doctor (class skills: Craft (pharmaceutical), Treat Injury)

Skills: Balance +10, Bluff+7, Craft (pharmaceutical) +9, Craft (writing) +4, Gamble +13, Hide +6, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (current events) +9, Knowledge (earth and life sciences) +10, Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (popular culture) +7, Knowledge (streetwise) +9, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +8, Perform (keyboards) +2, Perform (stand-up) +2, Profession +7, Read/Write Language (English/Latin/Spanish), Research +7, Ride +7, Search +7, Sleight of Hand +13, Speak Language (English/Latin/Spanish), Spot +5, Treat Injury +9

Feats: Card Sharp, Double Tap, Educated (behavioral sciences, streetwise), Hollow Leg, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Ace in the Hole, Evasion, Greased Lightning, Linguist, Poker Face, Uncanny Dodge 1, Weapon Focus (Remington Whitmore Sawed-Off)

Possessions: Remington Whitmore M1873, sawed off barrel, 10 ga. rounds (10), Colt Lightning (2), .38 center-fire rounds (24), fancy shirt, fancy trousers, custom boots, vest, bolo tie, Stetson hat, metal flask with whiskey, silver pocketwatch with chain, double holster, shoulder holster, 3 fine cigars, surgeon's kit

of the few things that helps ease his pain and discomfort. But he's a dangerous man regardless of how much he might have imbibed at any given time.

Emmet Calhoun

Originally from Palo Alto, Texas, Calhoun has wandered around the Lone Star State making a living and earning some renown as an accomplished gambler. Orphaned at a young age, he has grown into a rugged individualist, preferring to ride alone and camp alone, although he has been known to join up with a caravan that happens to be going his way. Calhoun almost never sleeps in town, choosing to make camp on the outskirts of any town he visits. And he's not to keen on bathing, so his presence is usually offensive, not to mention forewarned.

Calhoun is quick, powerful and steadfast. He worked hard as a youth on his adopted family's farm, learning how to handle livestock and hoe a row. At 16, he joined the Confederate Army, serving until the end of the war. While seeming like a hard hombre, Calhoun has a soft spot for orphaned children and he will give away significant amounts of his winnings anytime he comes across a mission, orphanage or other institution that helps children.



FORT GRIFFIN

Emmet Calhoun (Fast Hero 2, Strong Hero 2, Dedicated Hero 1, Maverick 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: September 3, 1847

Birthplace: Palo Alto, Texas

Heritage: American

Weight: 210 lbs

Height: 6' 2"

Hair: Sandy Brown

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Orphans and related institutions

Challenge Rating: 7

Level: 7

Grit Dice: 2d8+2d8+1d6+2d8+7 (42)

MDT: 13

Initiative: +3

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +4

Grapple Modifier: +5

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 3

Reputation: +2

Defense: 22, touch 22, flat-footed 19, (+9 class, +3 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +4, Ref +8, Will +2

Abilities: Str 12 (+1), Dex 16 (+3), Con 13 (+1), Int 12 (+1), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 13 (+1)

Attacks: *Fists* +5 (1d3+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Colt New Model Army +7 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Sodbuster (class skills: Handle Animal, Repair; bonus feat: Personal Firearms Proficiency)

Skills: Bluff +3, Craft (structural) +2, Diplomacy +3, Gamble +12, Gather Information +3, Handle Animal +4, Knowledge (current events) +4, Knowledge (popular culture) +4, Knowledge (streetwise) +5, Move Silently +5, Profession +6, Read/Write Language (English), Repair +4, Ride +6, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +9, Speak Language (English), Spot +3, Survival +2

Feats: Card Sharp, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Improvised Weapon Proficiency, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Sidewinder, Simple Weapons Proficiency

Class Features: Ace in the Hole, Evasion, Ignore Hardness, Poker Face, Skill Emphasis (Gamble)

Possessions: Colt New Model Army, .44 paper rounds (20), holster, cowboy boots, spurs, cowboy hat, buckskin shirt, trousers, chaps, gloves, canteen, haversack, knife, bed roll, compass, rations (1 week)

Willard "The Weasel" Vickers (Tough Ordinary 2, Fast Ordinary 2)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: October 14, 1856

Birthplace: Barlow's Ferry (Dinero), Texas

Heritage: American

Weight: 152 lbs

Height: 5' 7"

Hair: White

Eyes: Blue

Allegiances: Lewis Kirbee, Indian Kate

Challenge Rating: 3

Level: 4

Grit Dice: 2d10+2d8+12 (39)

MDT: 16

Initiative: +1

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +4

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +0

Defense: 17, touch 17, flat-footed 16, (+6 class, +1 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 14 (+2), Dex 13 (+1), Con 16 (+3), Int 10 (+0), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 8 (-1)

Attacks: *Fists* +5 (1d6+2 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +4 (1d4+2; Crit: 19-20)

Starr Army Revolver +3 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Craft (structural), Intimidate, Ride)

Skills: Craft (structural) +3, Escape Artist +2, Hide +2, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (current events) +1, Knowledge (popular culture) +1, Knowledge (streetwise) +2, Operate Vehicle (watercraft) +3, Profession +3, Ride +5, Speak Language (English), Spot +4, Survival +3

Feats: Brawl, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Streetfighting

Class Features: None

Possessions: Knife, Starr Army Revolver, .44 paper rounds (20), plain holster, trousers, plain shirt, vest, derby hat, pocket knife, military boots, chewing gum

Willard "The Weasel" Vickers

One of Indian Kate's no-account friends, Willard Vickers lives with his buddy Lewis Kirbee in a shack near the Brazos River. He got his nickname for two reasons: his hair turned white nearly overnight even though he was but a young man, and he loves to swim and catch fish with his bare hands.

When he's not fishing, Weasel is probably up to no good. He's been accused of petty thievery several times,



FORT GRIFFIN

but he always seems to get out of trouble somehow. For a few months, Weasel and Kirbee have been plotting with Indian Kate to ambush some of her clients. They've been pretty careful about it, picking a mark now and then and avoiding undue attention, but lately they've been getting bolder.

Lewis "Killer" Kirbee

Another one of Indian Kate's friends, Lewis Kirbee's nickname is about as misleading as it gets. He's never killed anyone, although he has seen his share of trouble and he can be downright mean when a mood strikes him. A remarkably handsome young man, Kirbee was given his nickname by Kate, because she told him he could be a lady-killer with his good looks. He does have a knack for charming the young ladies, but he really wants to be a famous (or infamous) outlaw and he has plans to establish his nickname for real during an upcoming caper. He has been trying to convince Indian Kate to lure some wealthier clientele to her shack, or alternatively, to kidnap the child of a wealthy merchant that regularly stops in The Flat to trade.

Adventure Hooks

So many possibilities, so little time. While all of the buildings and locations in Frontier Towns are provided in a stand-alone format, the real fun begins when a Judge links them together in bigger adventures. To help those Judges wishing to create on-the-fly one-session incidents, or even more involved long-term scenarios stretching over multiple gaming sessions, we offer the following plot seeds.

Whose Deal Is It?

No one draws a crowd quite like Lottie Deno. Shannsey and Bennington both know it. They have maintained a friendly rivalry for some time, each man grateful to have Lottie's services as a dealer in his establishment. But both men would prefer to have an exclusive contract, a fact that has engendered unending posturing, scheming and deal-making.

So far, Lottie has maintained the advantage, gently calling each man's hand when she needs to. Nevertheless, sooner or later the bluffs and counter-bluffs are bound to lead to hard feelings or just plain cheating.

There are numerous ways that player characters can become involved in such an enduring conflict.

1. They could become friendly with either man, helping him to convince Lottie that she should favor one establishment over the other.
2. They might become friends with Lottie, helping her to continue pitting the two men against each other.
3. Whether intentional or not, they make an enemy of Lottie, who won't deal faro when they're present in either saloon (drawing the wrath of that particular owner and creating tensions that could manifest in

Lewis "Killer" Kirbee

(Charismatic Ordinary 3, Strong Ordinary 1)

Sex: Male

Birthdate: April 28, 1858

Birthplace: Waco, Texas

Heritage: American

Weight: 185 lbs

Height: 5' 11"

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Allegiances: Indian Kate, Willard Vickers

Challenge Rating: 3

Level: 4

Grit Dice: 3d6+1d8 (17)

MDT: 11

Initiative: +2

Speed: 30 ft.

Base Attack Bonus: +2

Grapple Modifier: +3

Space/Reach: 5 ft. x 5 ft. / 5 ft.

Action Points: 0

Reputation: +2

Defense: 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12, (+2 class, +2 Dex)

Saving Throws: Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0

Abilities: Str 13 (+1), Dex 14 (+2), Con 11 (+0), Int 12 (+1), Wis 8 (-1), Cha 15 (+2)

Attacks: Fists +3 (1d3+1 nonlethal; Crit: 20)

Knife +3 (1d4+1; Crit: 19-20)

Colt Thunderer +5 (2d6; Crit: 20; Range: 30 ft.; Ammo: 6 cyl.)

Occupation: Laborer (class skills: Handle Animal, Intimidate, Ride)

Skills: Bluff +6, Diplomacy +6, Gamble +1, Gather Information +4, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (streetwise) +4, Knowledge (tactics) +2, Knowledge (theology and philosophy) +3, Listen +2, Profession +2, Read/Write Language (English), Ride +6, Sense Motive +1, Speak Language (English), Spot +2

Feats: Heroic Surge, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (Colt Thunderer)

Class Features: None

Possessions: Colt Thunderer, .41 center-fire rounds (20), plain holster, knife, cowboy boots, cowboy hat, trousers, fancy shirt, cheroot cigars (3), gun cleaning kit

the saloon or elsewhere).

4. They could become enemies of one of the men, a fact which Lottie uses to her advantage when cutting deals for her services (e.g. she pretends to like them so she can "give up" something in return for what she wants).
5. One (or more) of the characters could be an innocent bystander who chooses to become involved after wit-

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nessing a yelling match between the two men, perceiving some injustice on the part of the owners or Lottie.

It's all up to the Judge—it shouldn't be difficult to steer the characters in one direction or another via roleplaying situations, hints (subtle or otherwise), as well as small incidents (e.g., they think Lottie is cheating while playing at her table; for some reason Shannsey or Bennington kick them out—temporarily or permanently; they hear some gossip at the faro table; etc.).

The Race

The rivalry between Shannsey and Bennington seems to have no bounds. Shrewd businessmen both, they are always looking for subtle ways to outdo each other and gain prestige for their respective saloons. In this case, each man has decided to back a different racehorse being boarded at Haverty's Livery.

Aside from an eventual race on the outskirts of The Flat, (with all the usual trappings of betting and raw excitement) other scenarios could stem from this circumstance.

Forks in the Road:

1. Spies: Either man (or both) becomes convinced that the other has plans to do harm to his favored racehorse. The player characters are hired as spies to keep an eye on the other man and his employees, or as guards to keep watch over the horse. Obviously, the latter causes a great deal of frustration for Haverty and Sixkiller and can lead to a variety of roleplaying situations.
2. Treachery: Indeed, one of the men is planning some underhanded treachery to ensure victory. This could involve stealing the rival's horse, poisoning the steed or its rider, or simply loosening a horseshoe just enough for the horse to throw it during the race. The player characters could witness or otherwise get wind of these plans.
3. A third party has a stake in this race—perhaps someone from out of town or one of the player characters. The possibilities from #1 and #2 apply in this scenario, with the introduction of a third horse and its patron complicating matters and providing more options for the Judge to involve player characters.
4. One of the player characters is hired to ride one of the horses, perhaps filling in for another rider who falls to a mysterious illness. The risk potential for that character increases immediately.

Angelina at the Beehive

As part of her rebellion, Angelina starts hanging around the Beehive (usually during the day, while Eppie is working). It's possible that she decides to take up the world's oldest profession (*Ed. Note: Say it isn't so. Not our sweet little Angel.*), or maybe she's just looking to have some innocent fun. Either way, she tries to hook up with one of the male player characters.

This could be combined with **The Raid**, or kept as a separate encounter resulting in a town adventure involving Epitacio and others. As noted in the Outfitters, anyone getting too close to Angelina will draw Eppie's unwanted attention. This could also be a way to draw Jacob into the action, as he begins to become aware of his feelings for Angelina—from jealousy to protectiveness and anger—when he learns about her antics at the Beehive.

Keep Anna Leigh Company

B.A. Adamson has a secret crush on Anna Leigh but he doesn't know how to approach her. Normally mild-mannered, he gets a might nervous and more than a little strange when she comes around, or when he sees her with other men. Of course, these facts mean nothing unless the player characters become involved in this budding romance (or is that unfolding disaster?).

Forks in the Road:

1. Desperate for something to happen between him and the object of his desire, B.A. asks a charismatic player character for help in wooing Anna. Can you say Cyrano?
2. B.A. encounters a player character that is with, or has been with, Anna (rumors or fact, doesn't matter). He's not a violent man, so he's not likely to start anything unless he perceives some mistreatment toward Anna, in which case he could rush to her rescue. But even if B.A. doesn't do anything right on the spot, he will likely begin following the character and keeping close tabs on him just in case. He might decide to have a quiet word with the cowpoke, making sure the man understood his thoughts about Anna Leigh. He might even mention something to Mangy, planting a seed about the character (and his friends) that puts the suspicious deputy on their tails.
3. The characters witness a run-in between B.A. and Mangy. The latter likes to tease B.A. about Anna Leigh. Mostly, it's in good fun, but it could appear otherwise to an outside observer.
4. As a result of any of the above, or perhaps occurring independently, B.A.'s protectiveness over Anna starts to drive customers away from her. Understandably, possible patrons wouldn't want to have the eyes of the law following them everywhere, so they start to avoid her. She's smart enough to figure out what's going on, probably sooner rather than later. The player characters could get caught between the deputy and the cyprian, setting the stage for possible conflicts—verbal or otherwise.

Max Meets Queenie

"Hey, keep that mangy cur away from my dog!"

One or more of the player characters hear such an exclamation while out in the street one day. Max and Queenie are bound to come into contact at some point, sniffing each other with friendly (maybe too friendly!)

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intentions or snarling at each other for despoiling the other's territory.

The player characters might have to intervene to help Angelina or Chapin restrain Queenie from hurting the Border Collie, or stop Max from having his way with the female doberman, or to help Haverty, Benny or Sixkiller to corral Max, who could likely run rings around the bigger dog. Maybe it seems like trouble, but the dogs are really friends and it's just the owners overreacting. In any case, the players somehow get caught between parties, regardless of the dogs' intentions. The Judge can play this as innocently or viciously as desired.

Prizefight

There's nothing like good, old-fashioned fisticuffs to get the blood pumping. With Big Mose McCain in town, this is a scenario just begging to come to fruition. Mose could challenge a trouble-making player character, or accept a challenge from one (or a player's cowpoke could be asked to fill in for someone in a regularly scheduled bout against McCain). To get everyone involved in the events surrounding the fight, the Judge should focus on advance promotion and groundwork, gradually introducing incidents that build toward a sensational to-do. For example, Elias Bennington or John Shannsey could start giving odds and creating a betting whirlwind, while the need for security, fight trainers and financial backers crop up in the prelude to the fight. Tie in as many town folk as you can: B.A. Adamson or Henry Sixkiller as the Referee; Benny the stable boy as warm-up comedian, and Eppie Naranjo as the bookie—and other player characters wherever they fit in.

Forks in the Road:

1. The fight is fixed: Mose is going to take a fall (remember, that's what he did against Shannsey back in the day). Of course, the player characters could either perceive the cheat right away, or learn about it later—and the adventure turns to one of revenge for those that lost money.
2. The fight is nearly fixed: Mose fights dirty, with the Referee turning a blind eye, or the player's cowpoke is drugged/poisoned the night or morning before the fight.
3. The fight's on the level: no tellin' what happens.
4. The fight is fixed: the player character is coerced into throwing the fight by some nefarious bettors or decides to throw the fight for personal gain. In this scenario, people on the losing end of the deal learn about the player characters' ruse and they'll chase them until they get satisfaction.
5. Regardless of the outcome, someone who had money on the losing fighter (doesn't matter which one) threatens the characters and wants compensation, blaming them for either winning or losing and thus costing them serious cash (Indian Kate and friends, Mangy Mansfield or some other Judge character).

Big Mose and Big Nose

Big Nose Kate has taken a shine to Big Mose McCain. They have started to hang around together, not caring what anyone thinks about it. They can be found at the Beehive when McCain's off-duty, at Shannsey's bar when Kate drops in to sit a spell and chat with the big man, or in the environs of The Flat just taking a stroll. Now, some narrow-minded folks have a hard time swallowin' McCain's prestigious position in the first place—and those same folks might go plumb loco if they see him and Kate walking around town shoulder-to-shoulder or heading upstairs at the Beehive.

A Judge can take this scenario and create a small incident, such as harsh words and a fistfight in the streets, or turn it into something much more: like a killing, a trial or an attempted lynchin'. The player characters might end up on either side of any encounter, depending on their notions about what's proper. Seems like 'nuff said on that account.

Poker Tournament

Shannsey and Bennington put aside their rivalry to co-sponsor and promote a big poker tournament. They send word by stagecoach to towns across the West, hoping that new visitors with money in their pockets will come to Fort Griffin and that the locals will get stirred up and spend more time and money at their Saloons. It works like a brand new cotton gin, bringing in all manner of visitors, from the curious, to the adventurous and the notorious.

The tournament could be the highlight of this scenario, or just one part of a larger adventure. With all the famous and infamous names in town, just about anything could happen. Among the poker players, be sure to include: Doc Holliday, Mike Fogerty, Lottie Deno, Chubby Wilson, Emmet Calhoun and Elias Bennington himself. And don't forget about all the rubes, onlookers, snack vendors, game dealers, side-bettors, and cutpurses lurking on the fringes (any of whom could be player cowpokes). Of course, it's best if at least one of player characters enters the tournament, serves as table dealer/judge, takes a job as a security guard (maybe even deputized), or whatever else comes to mind.

It's probably best to keep the tournament itself a simple affair, but depending on the size of your gaming group and how much you like poker, you could go a little further.

1. Simple approach: each player buys in with a set entry fee, say, \$500 or \$1000. Multiple tables are set up for the gaming, some in Bennington's and some in Shannsey's. A straight up winner takes all at each table and then all the winners meet for grand finale. The co-sponsors make sure that all the sharps don't end up at the same initial table. A common game is played at each table. In game terms, skill checks are made to resolve the winners and losers (see *Sidewinder: Recoiled* pages 76-77). First player to win 5 checks wins the table.

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2. Real-time approach: get out your playing cards and simulate the action. Stick to a simple game (5-card draw, 5-card brag, or whatever strikes your fancy). The tournament set-up is the same as #1, but you actually play the hands. Each player represents one of the tournament's players. You could use the same five hands wins the table, or go hog wild with actual betting until everyone is cleaned out. To simulate character prowess in Gamble and Bluff skills, allow for drawing extra cards to achieve an improved hand as per Table 1.4: Poker Handicaps.

Table: 1.5 Poker Handicaps

Combined Gamble & Bluff bonuses ¹	Real Poker Hand Effect
+1 to +10	Draw one extra card every other hand
+11 to +20	Draw one extra card every hand
+21 to +30	Draw one extra card every hand; two extra cards every other hand
+31 or higher	Draw two extra cards every hand

¹ For Mavericks (and other Card Sharps) include all appropriate bonuses for determining the total modifier.

The Raid

Every now and then, Sheriff Cruger feels obliged to crack down on illicit goings-on. After hearing about underage girls plying their skills at the Beehive or getting news of suspected outlaws gathering there, the Sheriff decides to execute a raid on the saloon. Late one night when the characters are present, Cruger comes calling with B.A. and Mangy, aiming to shut the place down (temporarily, of course) and haul suspicious or law-breaking men and women back to Picket Jail for questioning and possibly incarceration.

Forks in the Road:

1. There really is an underage girl in the bar who is either drinking or otherwise visiting with the male player characters. They might not realize how young she is, or maybe they just don't care. Either way, they have now attracted Cruger's attention.
2. Maybe the young girl has been forced into this lifestyle by bad men or even no-account family members. The characters could end up on a mission to help Sheriff Cruger deliver some justice.
3. During the raid, Mangy spots a player character that has had some previous run-in with the deputy (the Judge may decide to plant that seed earlier). Regardless of what the person is doing at the time, Mangy finds a reason to make an arrest. Will the character go with hands on head or on the trigger of a gun?
4. A female character could be accused of some kind of wrong doing during the raid, getting mixed up with the other girls because of real or circumstantial evi-

dence (including an anonymous tip from someone with a grudge against her).

5. A few outlaws (together or separate) happen to be at the Beehive. They figure Cruger came for them (maybe he did, maybe he didn't). Rather than let themselves be taken to the pokey, they clear leather, throw punches or grab whatever's handy to start some good old fashioned chaos and try to make an escape. How the players react should prove entertaining for everyone.
6. Now, iffin the player characters are indeed doing something illegal, the Judge can play that for all it's worth. A gun battle, brawl, jail and trial . . . well, you get the idea.

Framed

While in town, the player cowpokes are framed by unknown crooks or existing enemies. Any number of possible frame-ups could work here, from killing a prostitute in the shacks by the river, to stealing a horse from Haverty's, or thieving from the Outfitters. Cruger and/or his deputies come to investigate, arrest and jail the player characters. The Judge characters from the affected establishment could become involved, perhaps trying to exact justice outside of Cruger's efforts. This becomes a very open-ended adventure, because the cowpokes' reaction to an investigation, threats and violence will determine much of what transpires.

This is a Game for Grown-ups

Doc Holliday comes to town and ends up in a poker game with Mike Fogerty. Doc begins cleaning out Fogerty and that just doesn't sit well with Lottie Deno, who takes a spot at the table, fixin' to set things right. Things get ugly, as Lottie sets her mind to skinnin' anyone stupid enough to get in the game. Doc vows revenge, one way or the other. At least one player character gets in the game—or is observing close enough to become part of any subsequent action.

Forks in the Road:

1. During the Poker game, tempers flare, bottle-necks are grabbed, and guns are drawn. Before you can say "Lone Star State," bullets fly, or a brawl is started, or someone tries to be a peacemaker—well, something's gotta give and it's up to the Judge to make it all happen.
2. Doc calls out Fogerty, or a player cowpoke involved in the game, looking to vent his frustration. A classic opportunity for a showdown in the streets of The Flat.
3. A player character draws the ire of Fogerty or Doc or Lottie (anyone present will do). Whoever it might be, that person stalks the character in the days and nights that follow making life miserable until the cowpoke decides to do something about it.

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THE REAL DEAL: DENO, THURMOND AND HOLLIDAY



As the story goes, Doc Holliday did visit The Flat during Frank Thurmond's incognito stay. They ended up at the same poker table, probably at the Beehive, and Holliday commenced to skinnin' Thurmond.

When Lottie Deno heard about the game and her lover's bad fortune, she stepped right in and joined the contest. Must've been a bit embarrassing to Thurmond, who couldn't really do much without dispensing with his cover. As a number of townspeople looked on, Lottie was said to have "beat the little dentist out of everything but his southern accent."

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Fogerty, Unmasked

Somehow, the player characters learn about Fogerty's true identity. Perhaps the players hear a rumor, or see Fogerty spending time with Lottie Deno and they get enough clues to piece together the truth. Maybe a lawman, a full posse, or an old-time rival comes looking for him and the player cowpokes are around when his identity is revealed. He might be spotted in the street, the Beehive, the Outfitters, or wherever the Judge desires. Depending on the circumstances, and what has happened between Fogerty and the player characters previously, they might decide to turn on him—extorting him with threats of going to the law or exposing him publicly if that hasn't happened already—or they might decide to defend him from his accusers, lying on his behalf or physically helping him escape capture. As with other scenarios, the players' actions will determine the course of this possible adventure.

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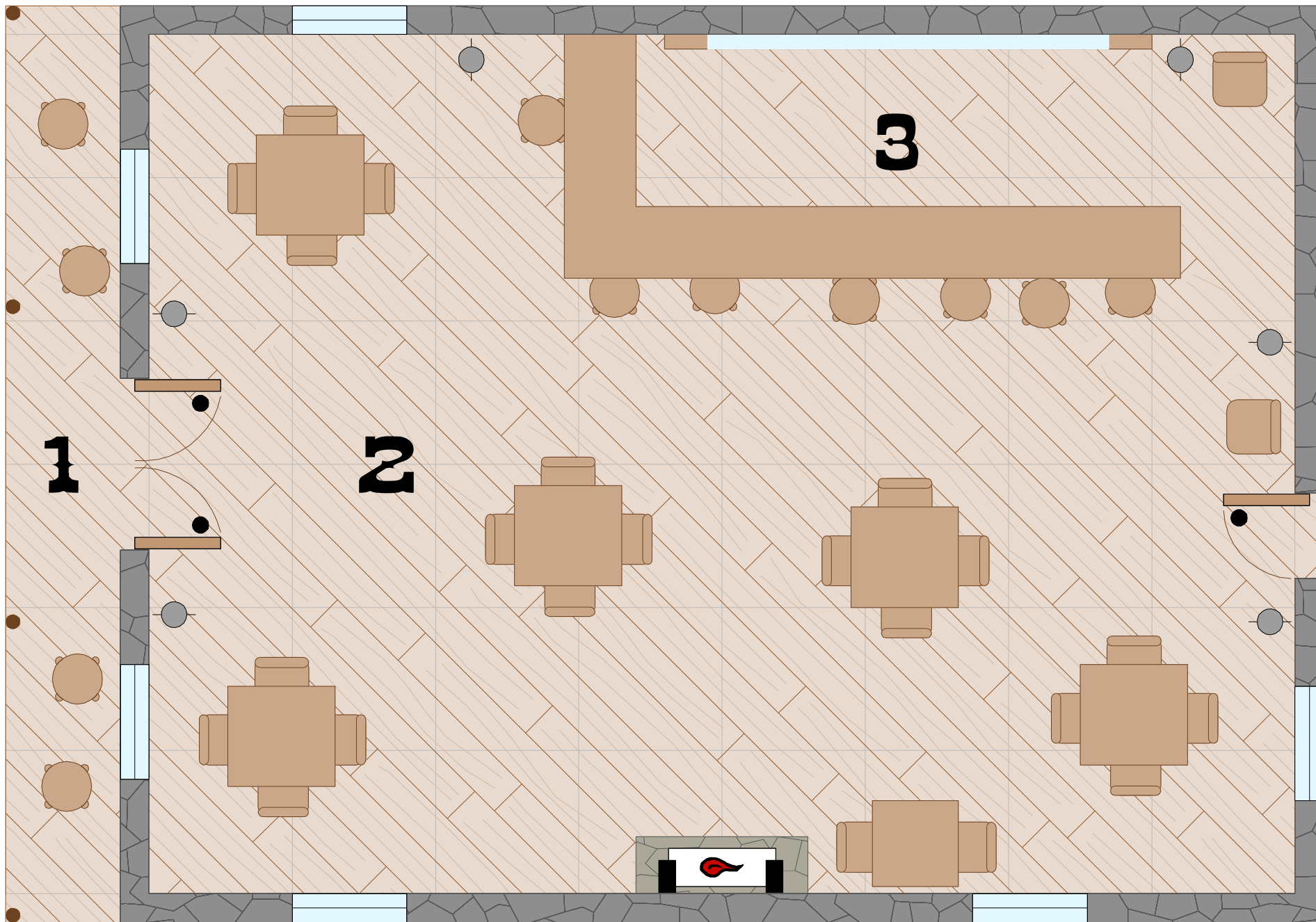
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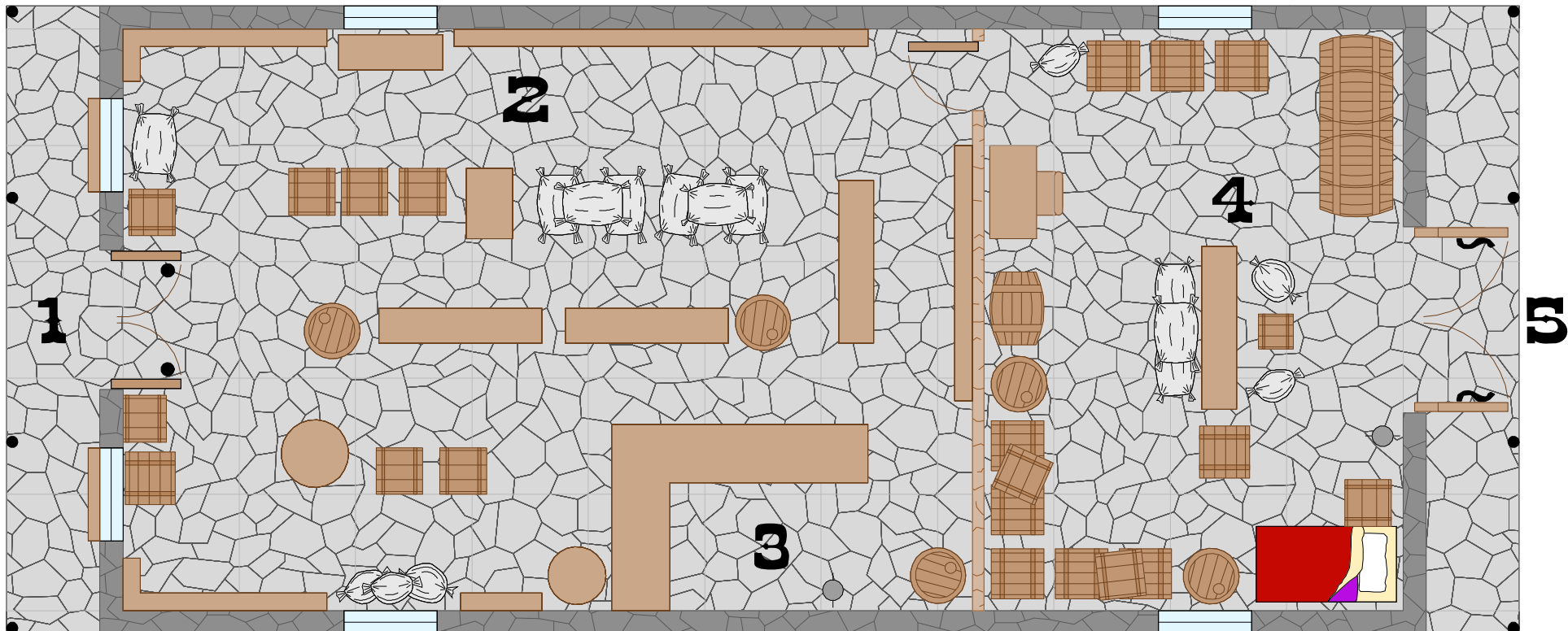
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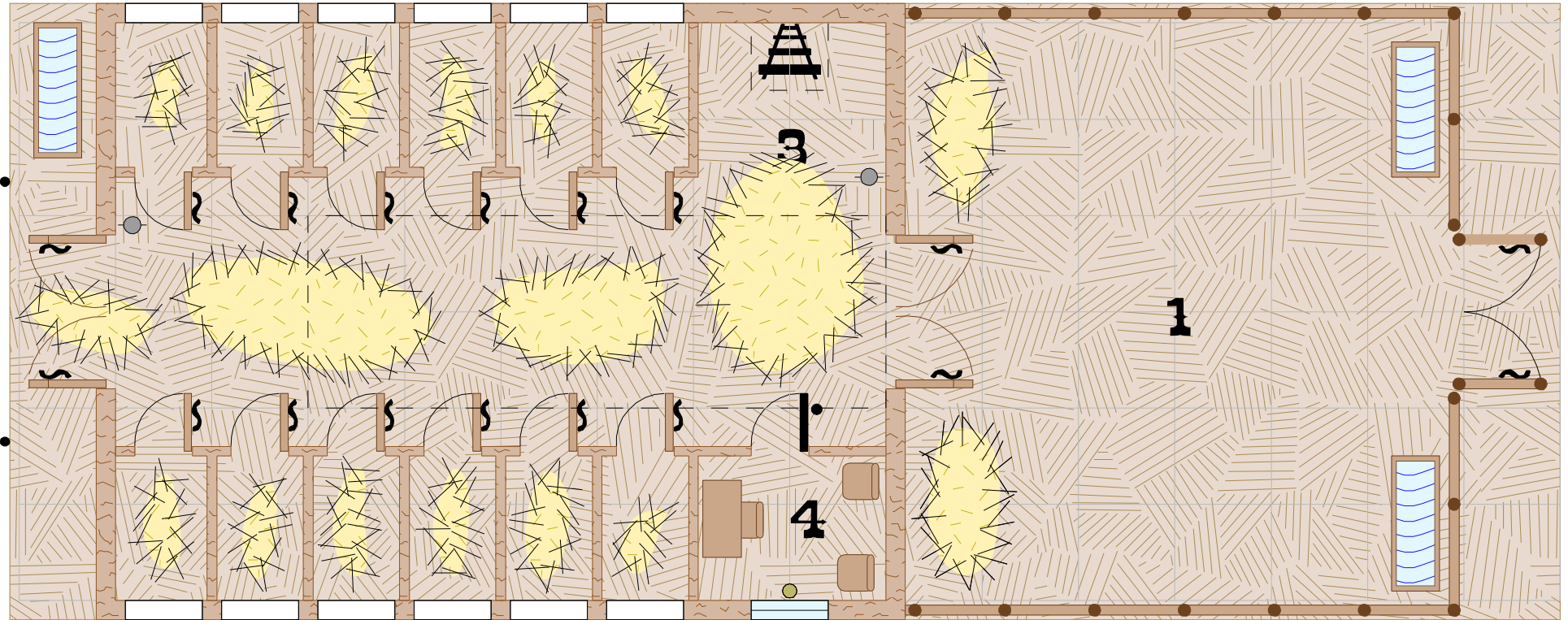


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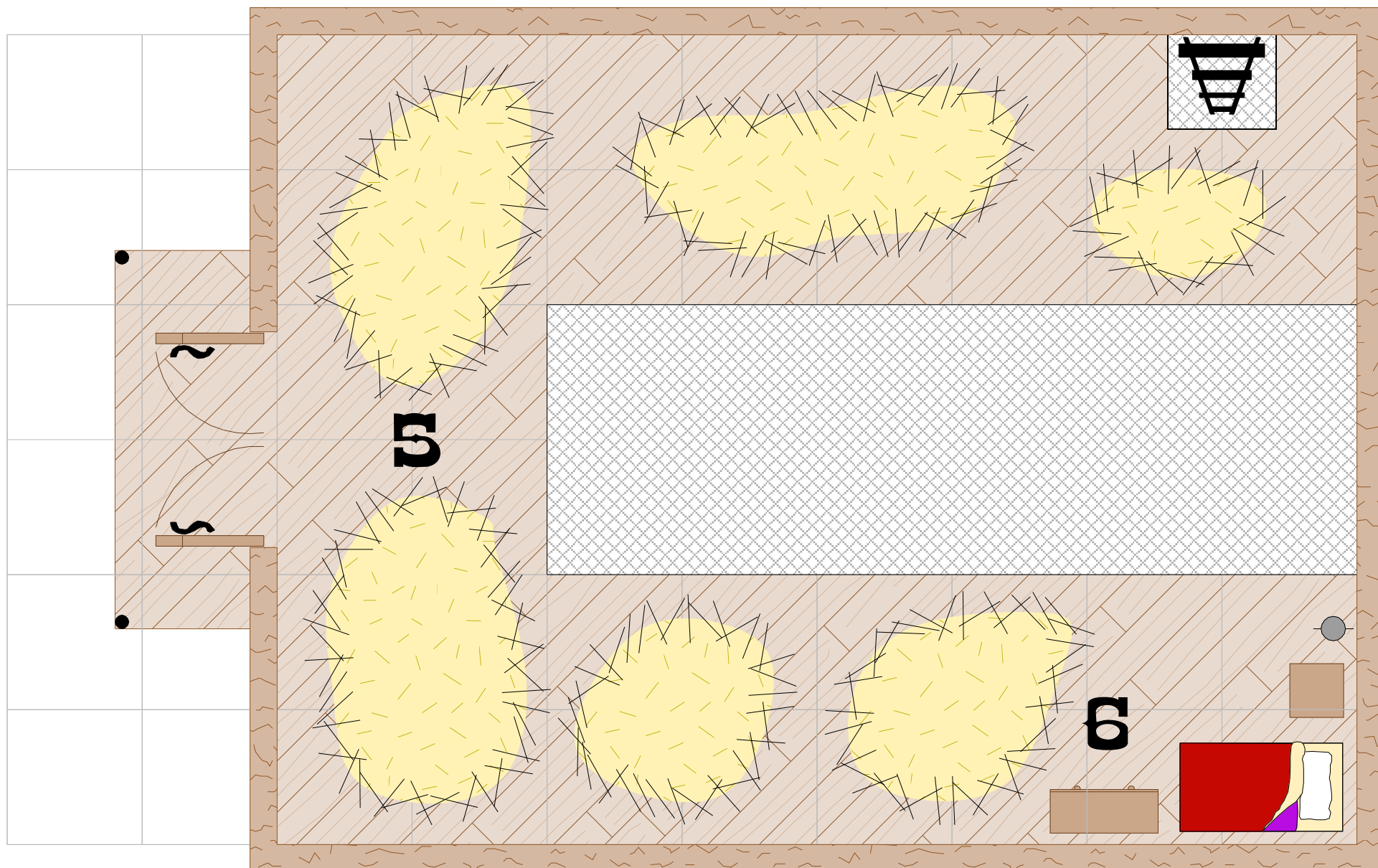
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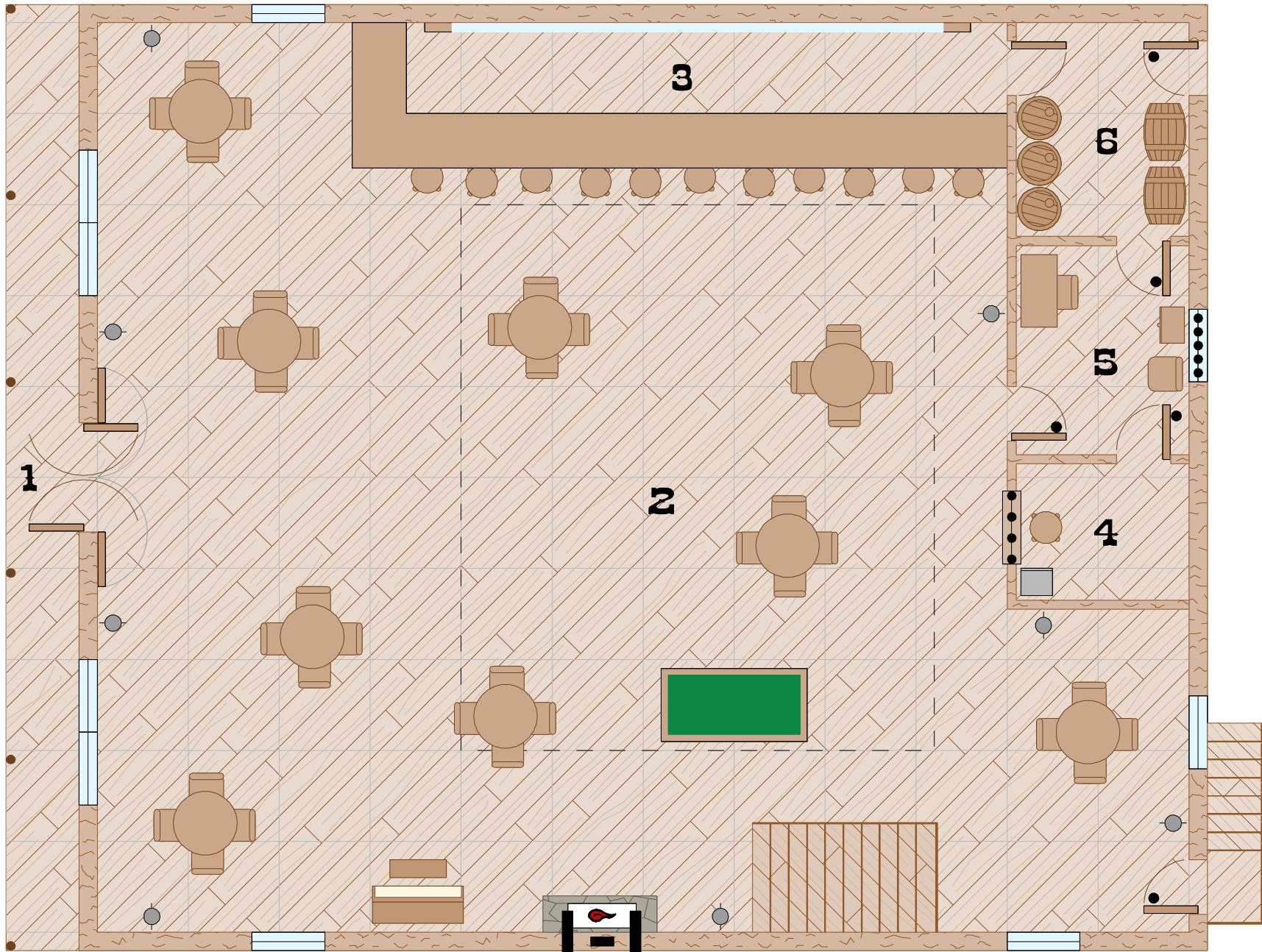


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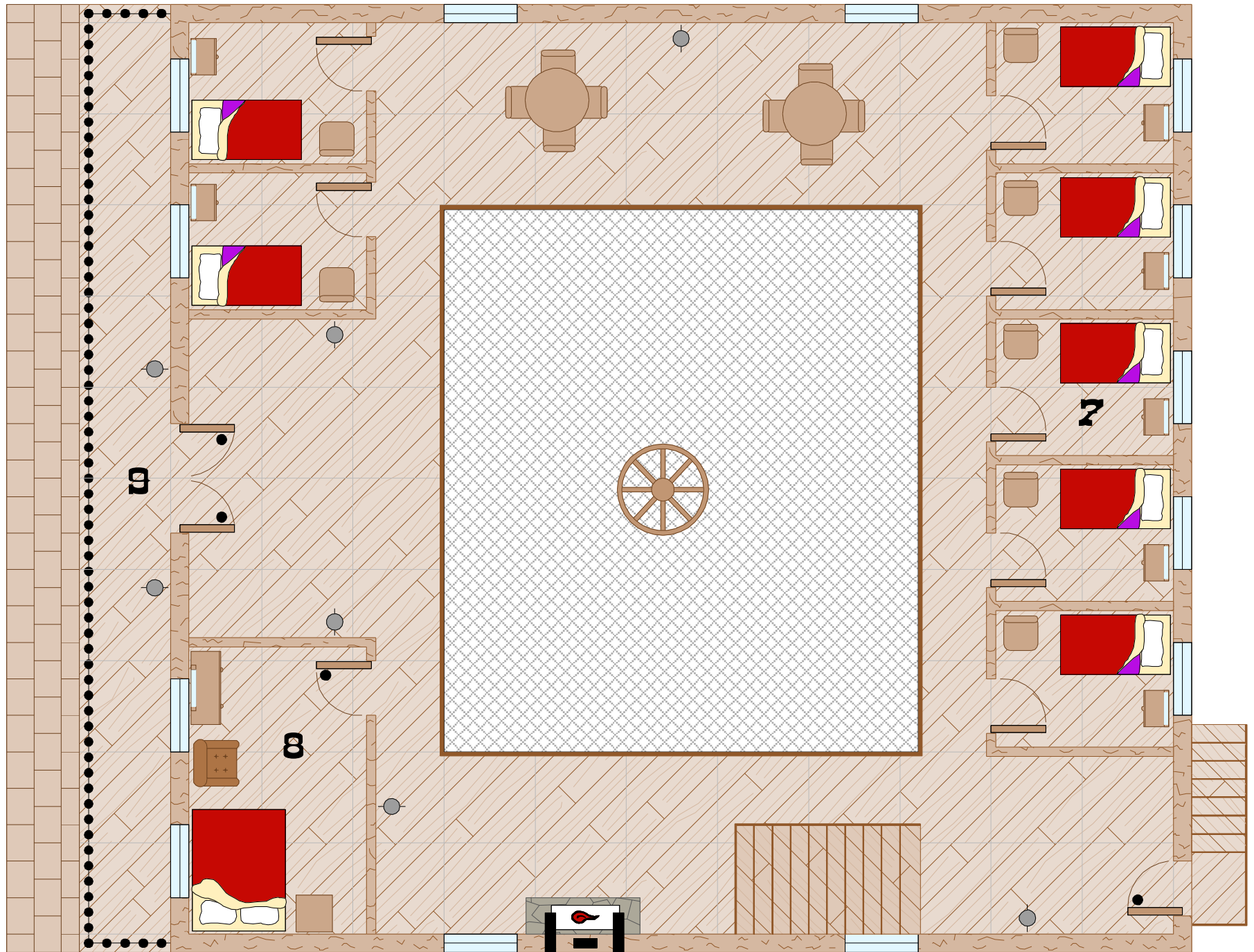


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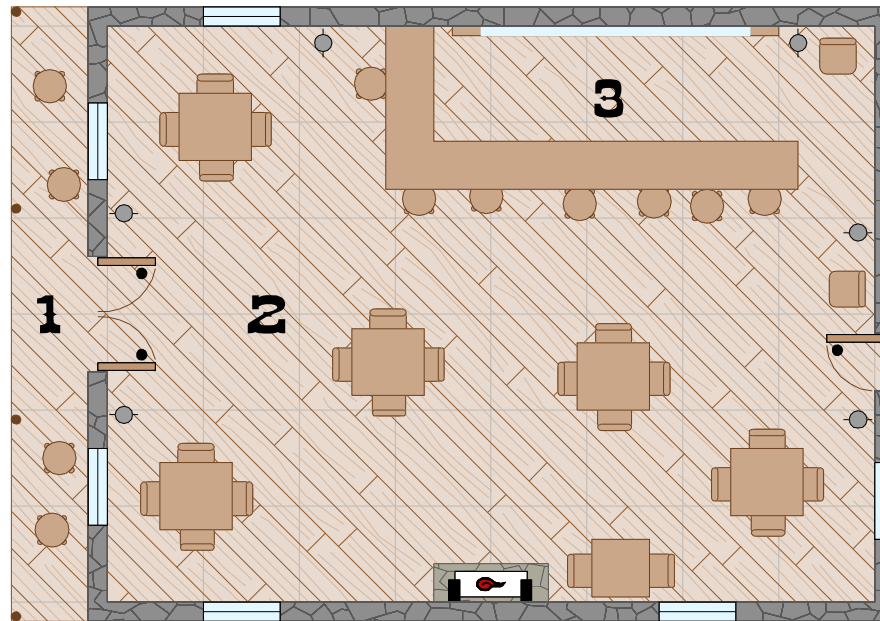


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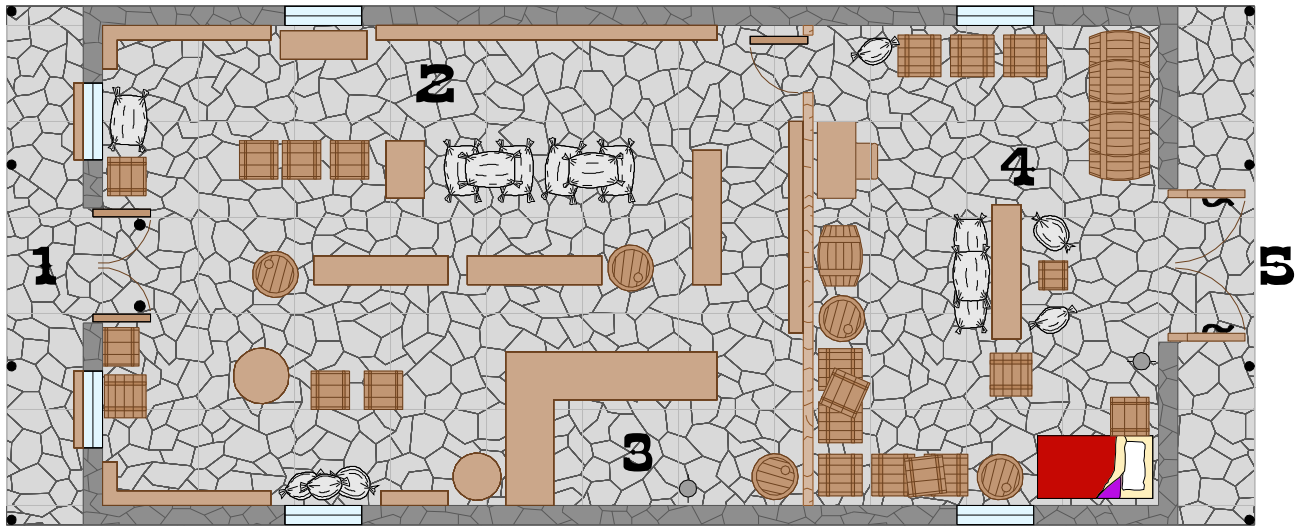
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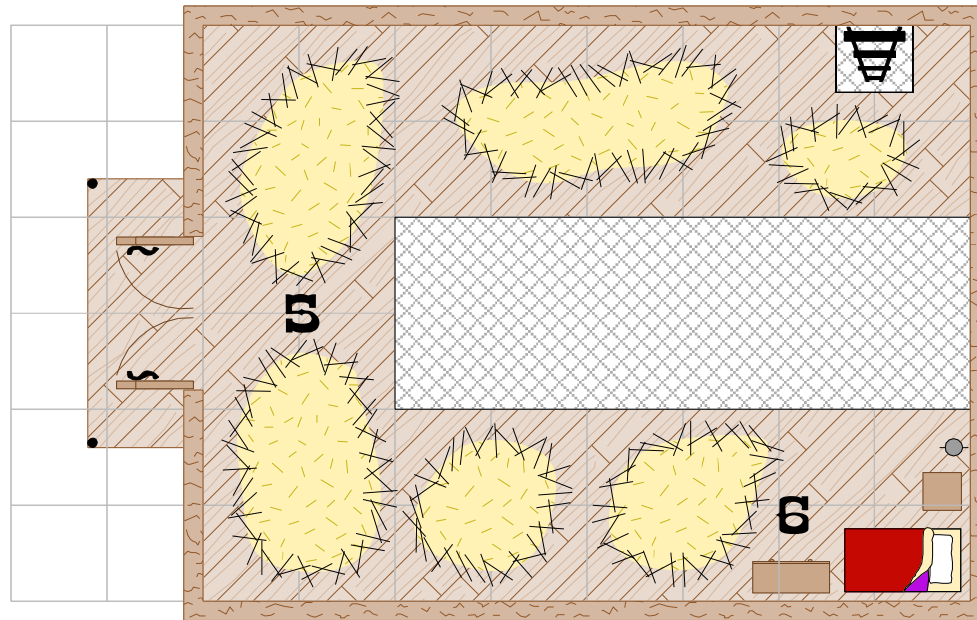


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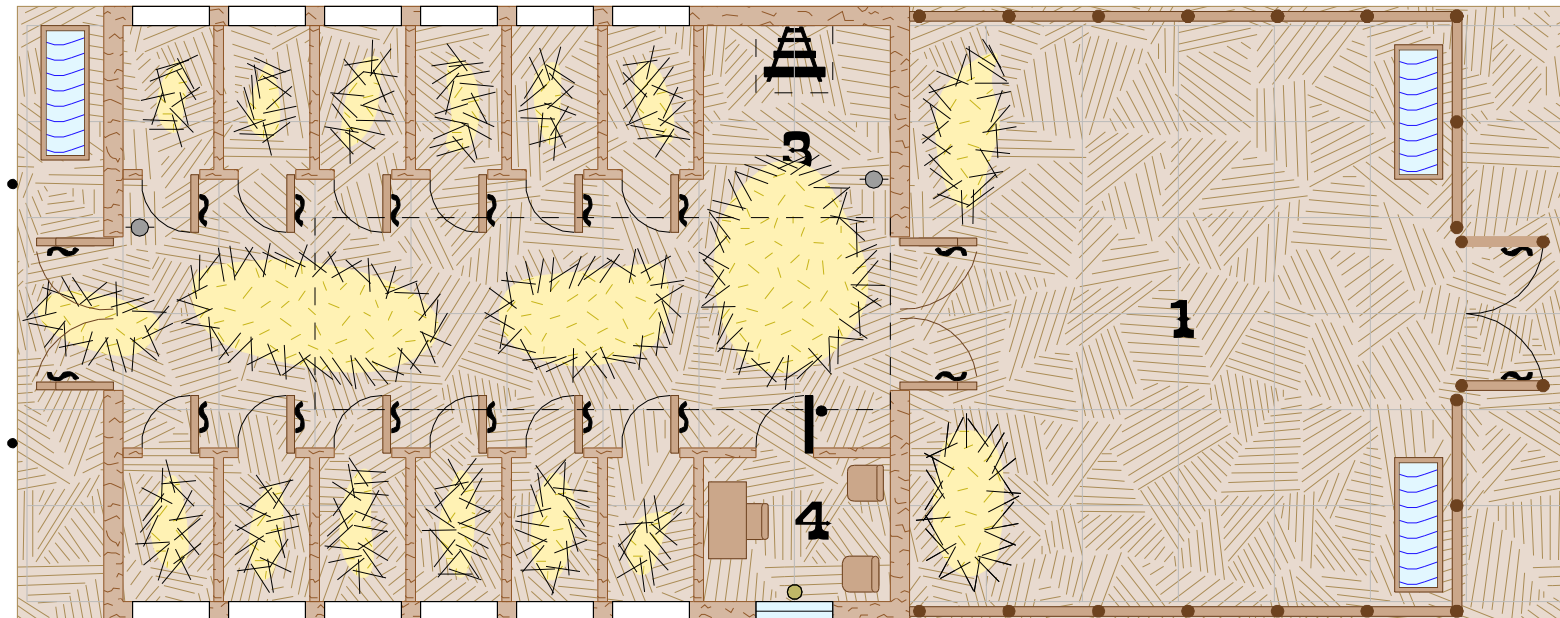


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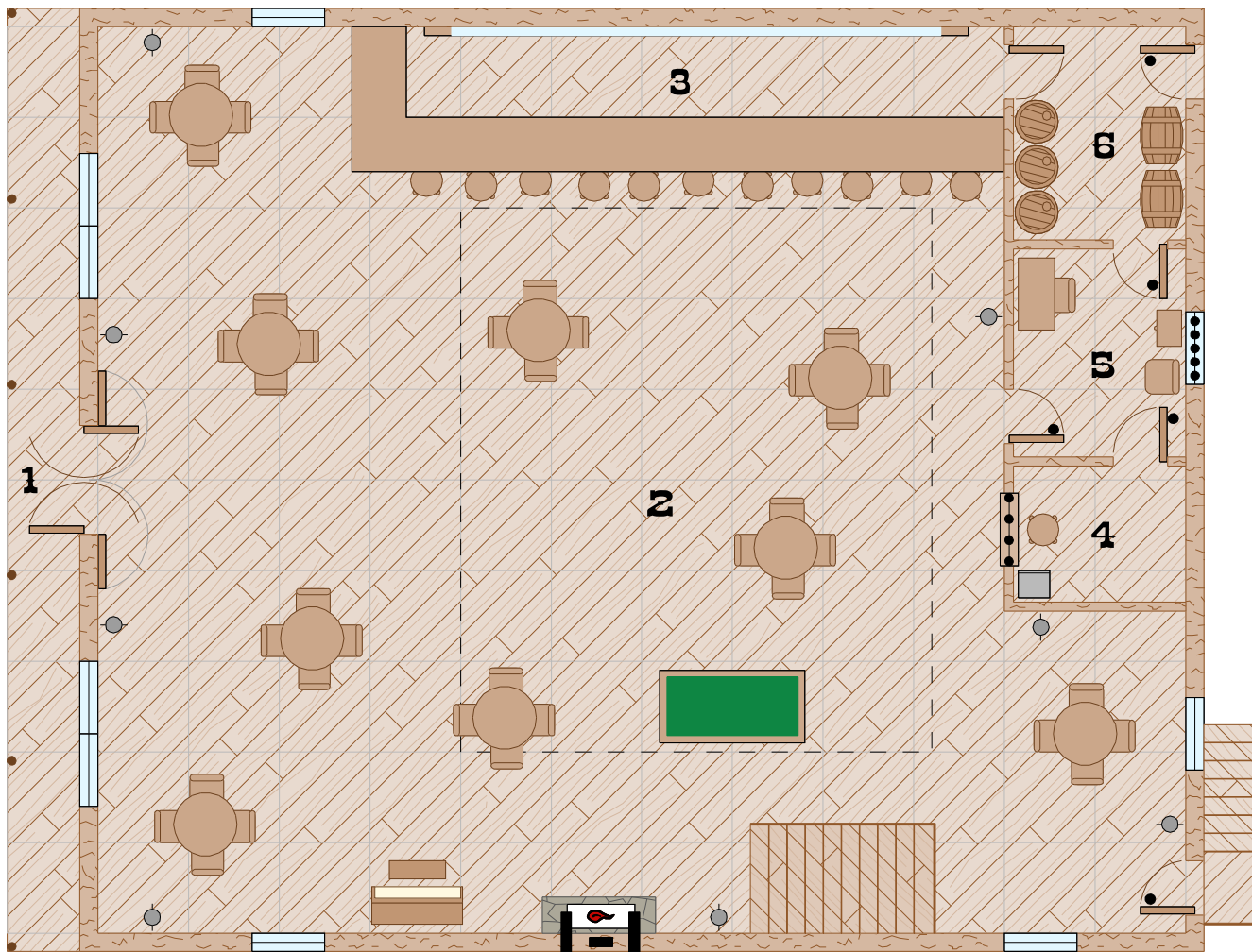


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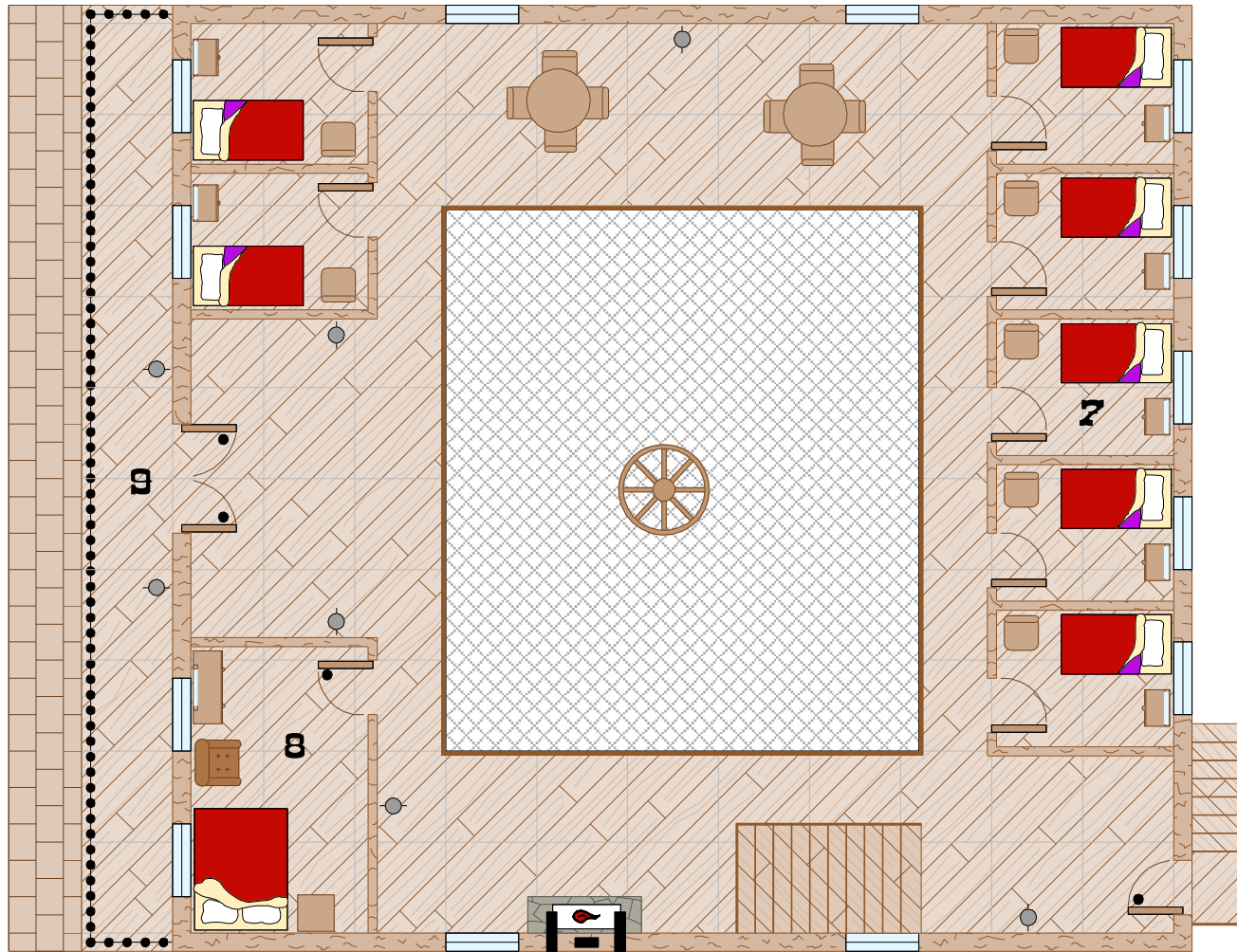
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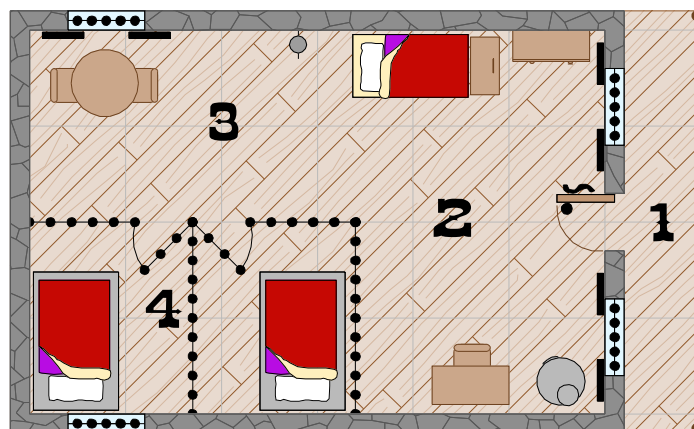
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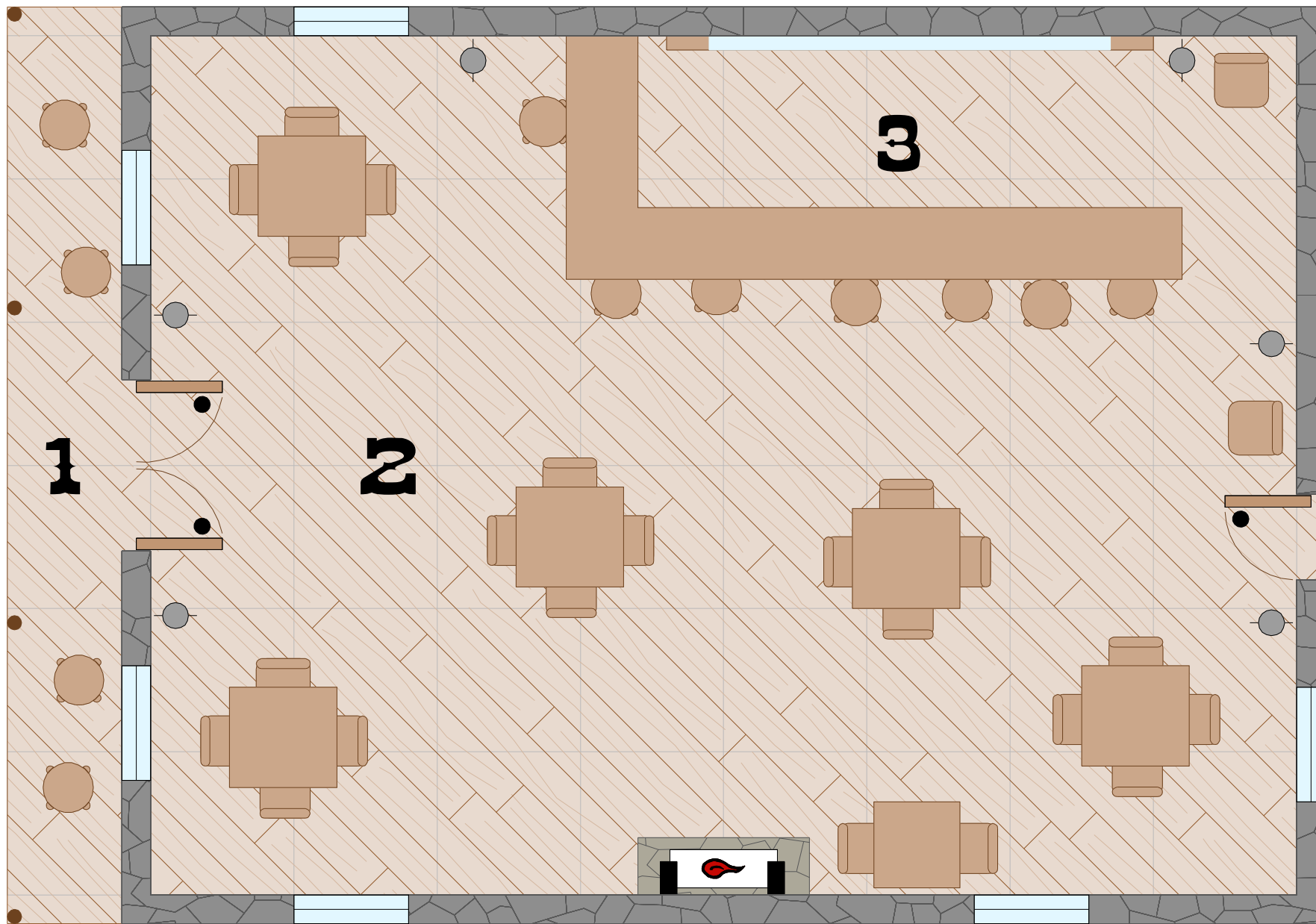
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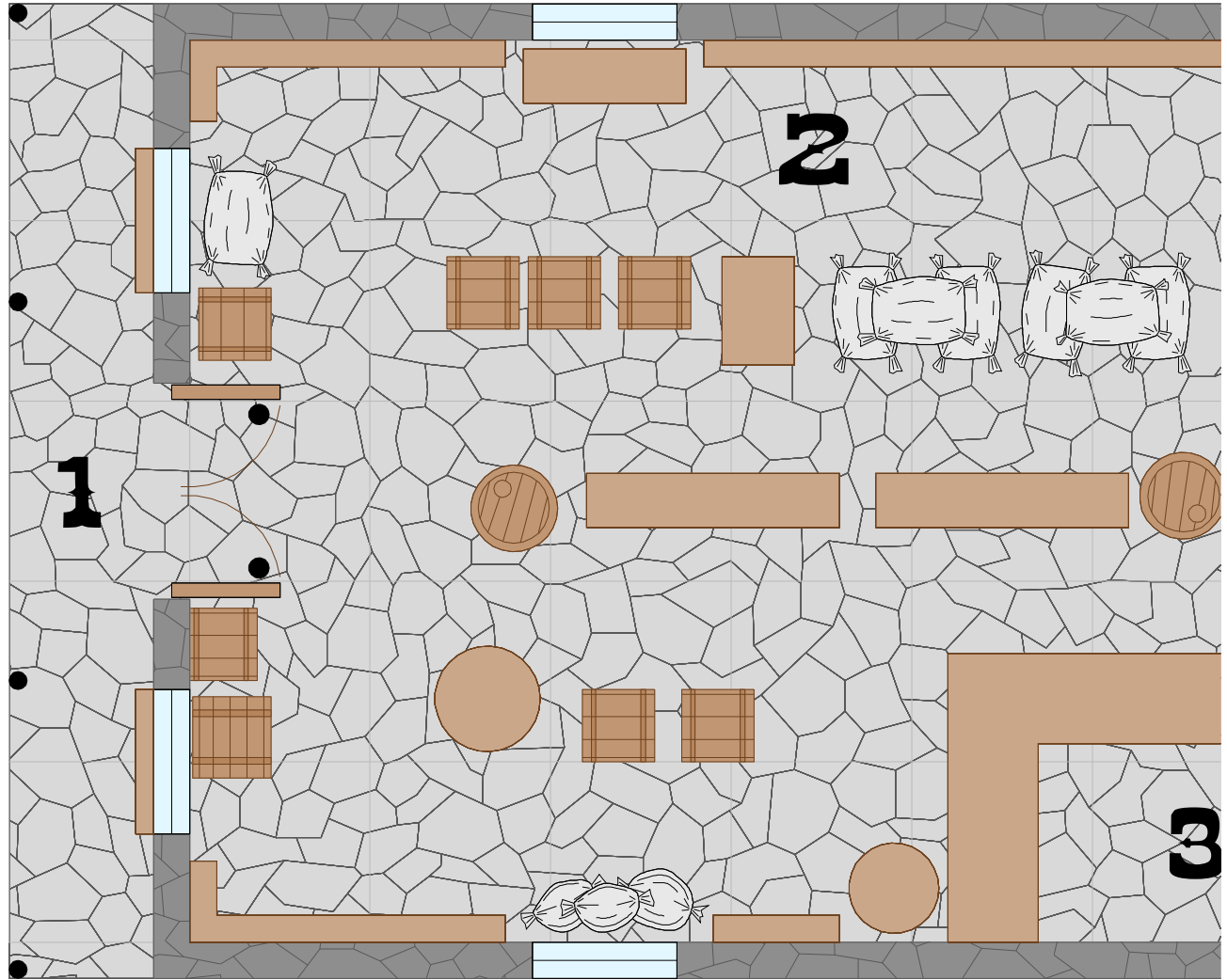




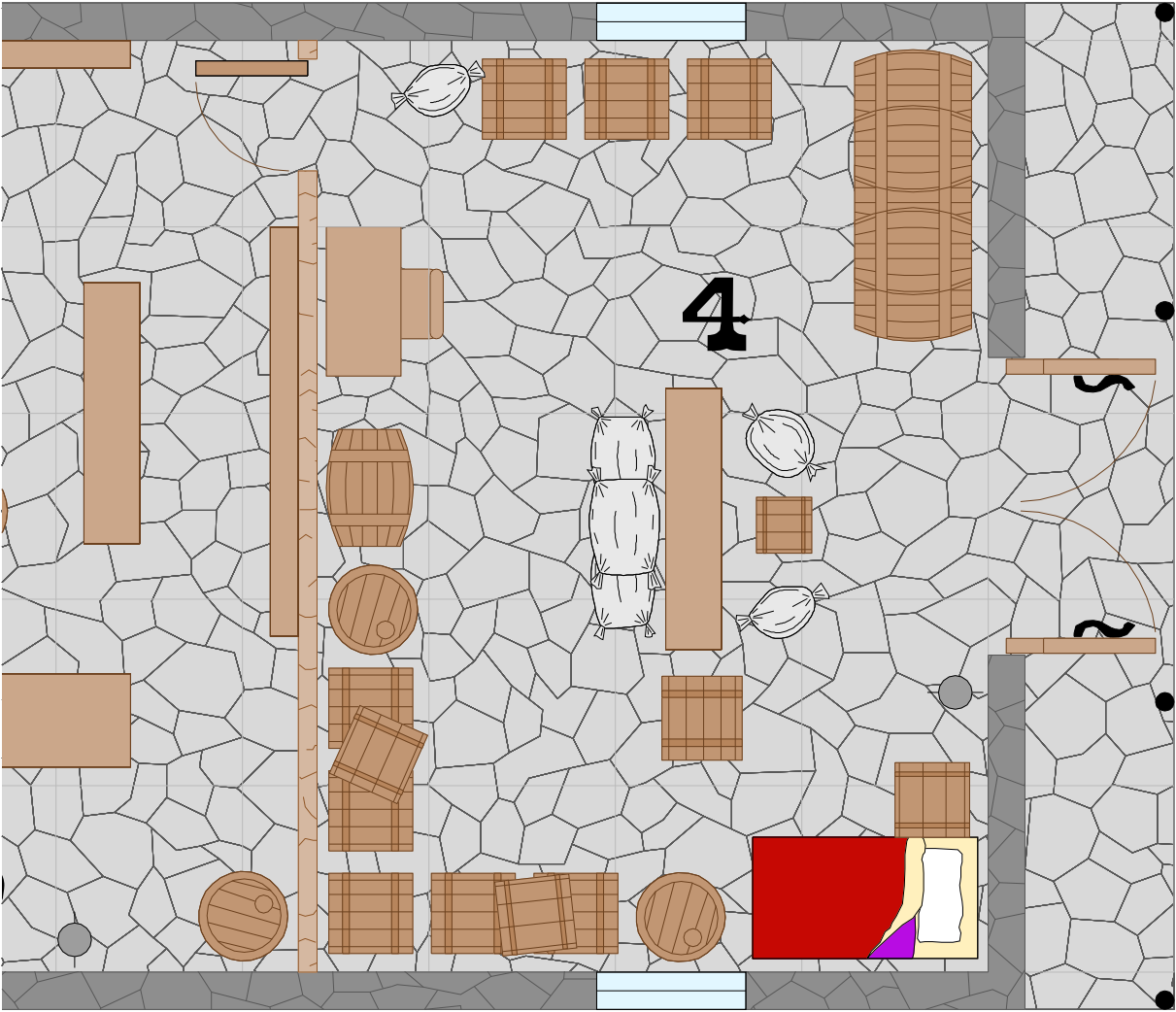
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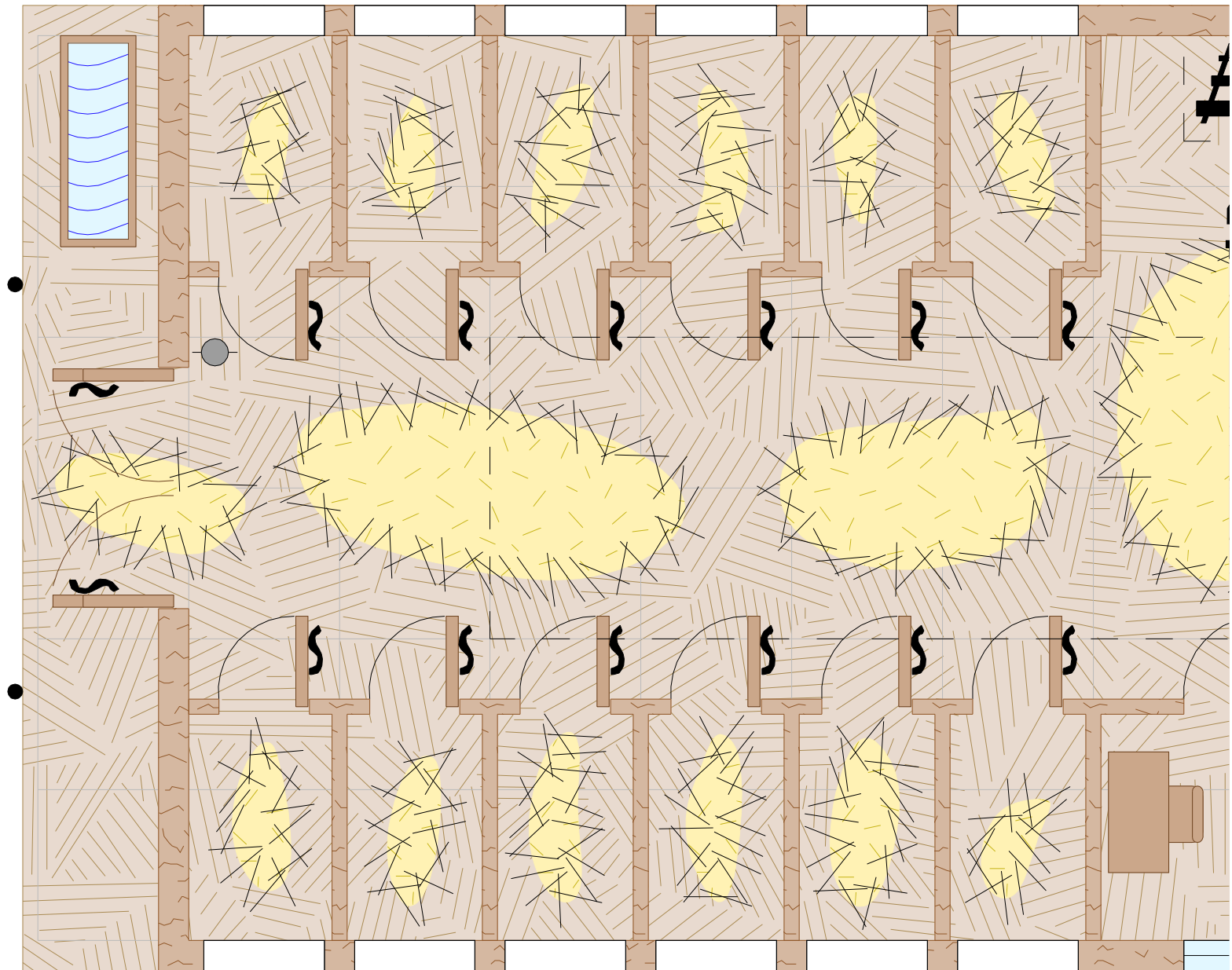


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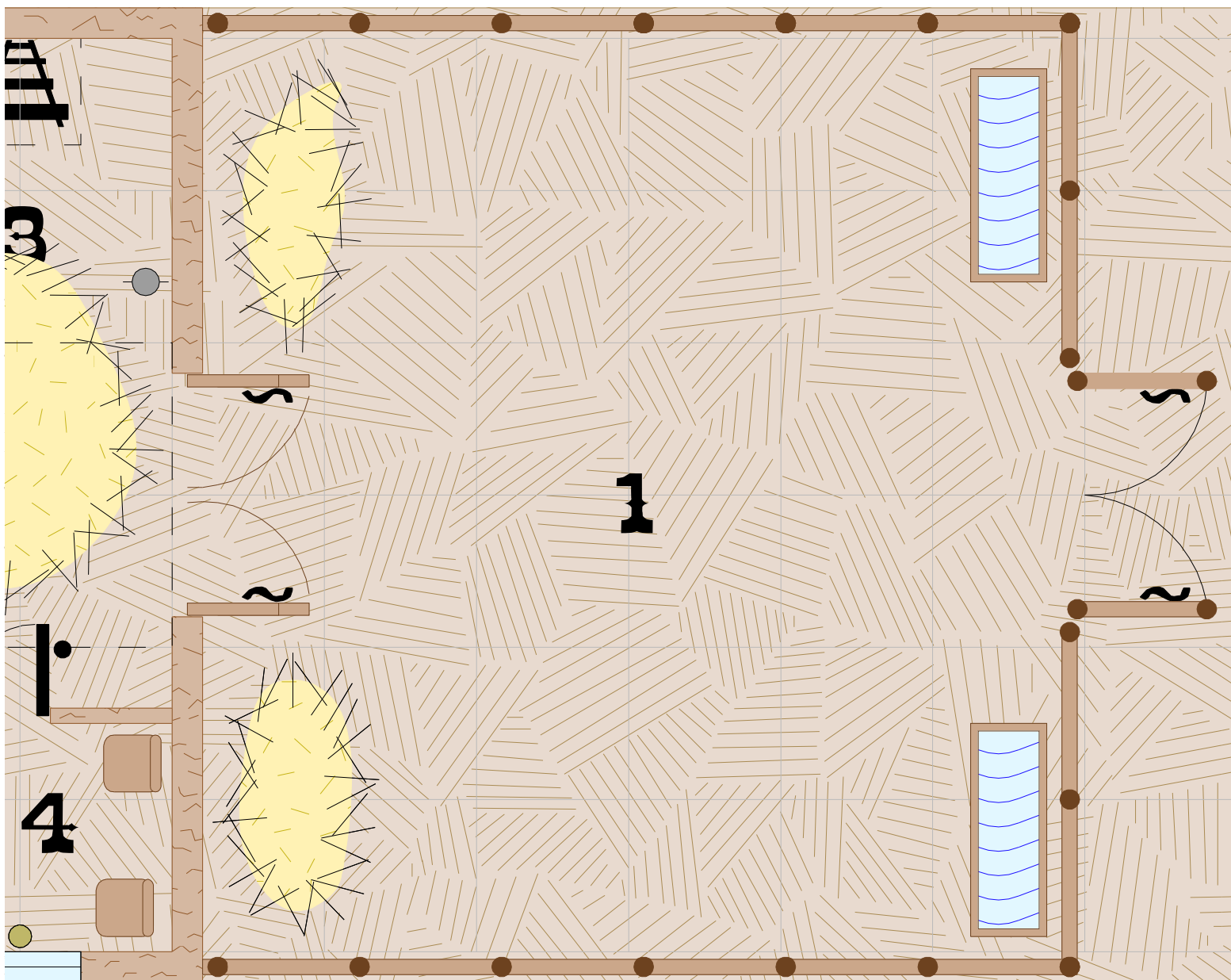


5 FEET

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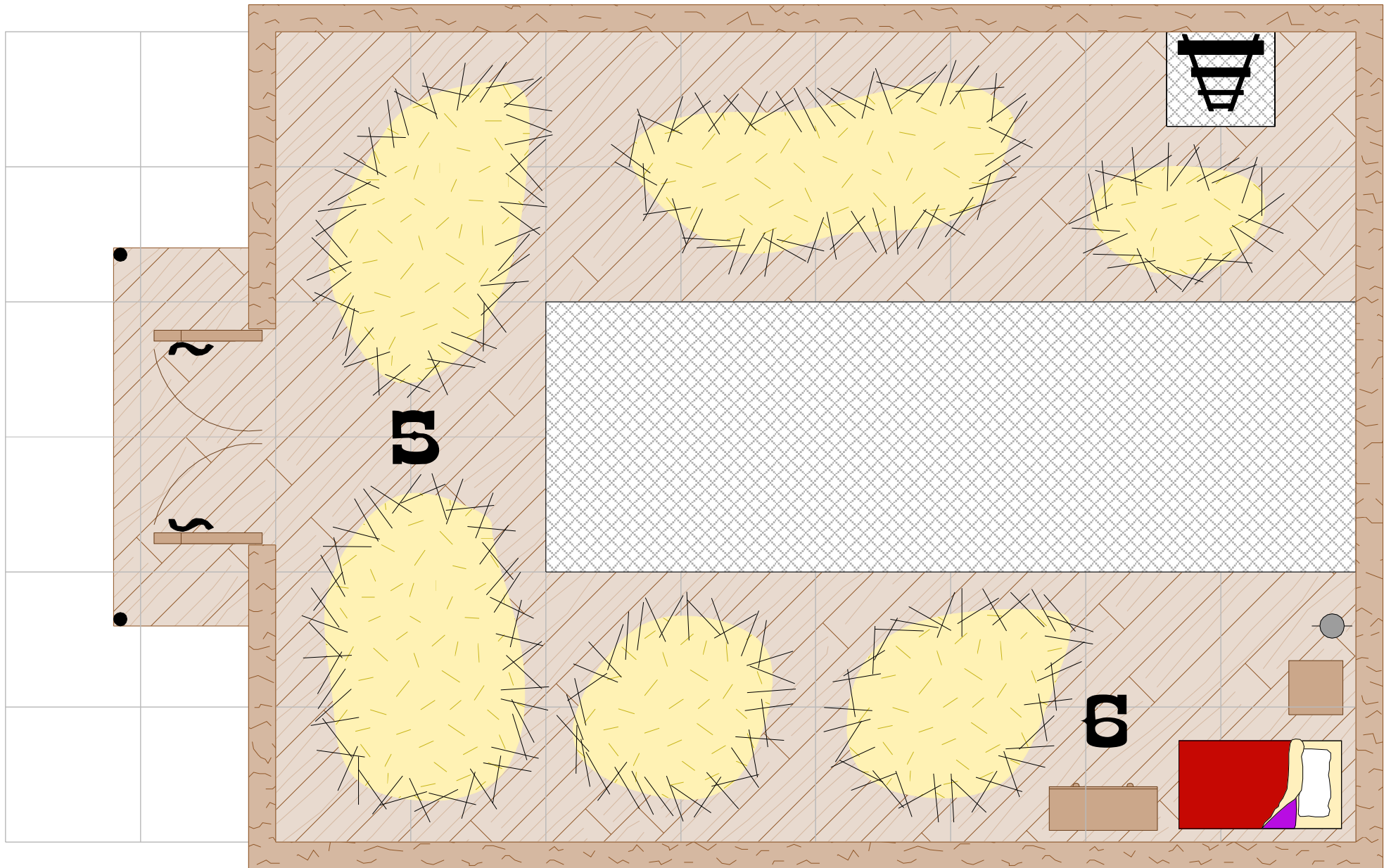


1 SQUARE

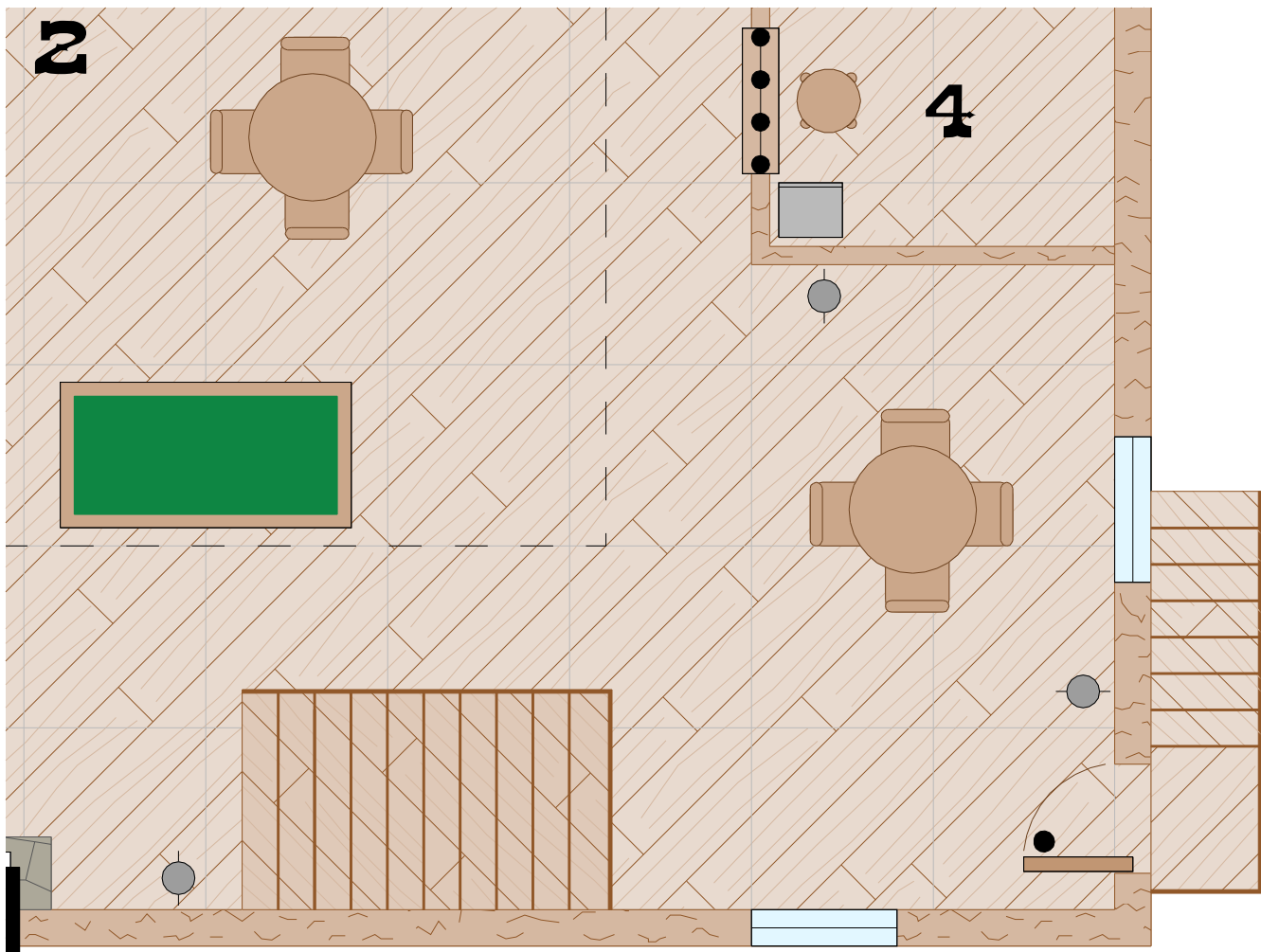


= 5 FEET

SECOND FLOOR

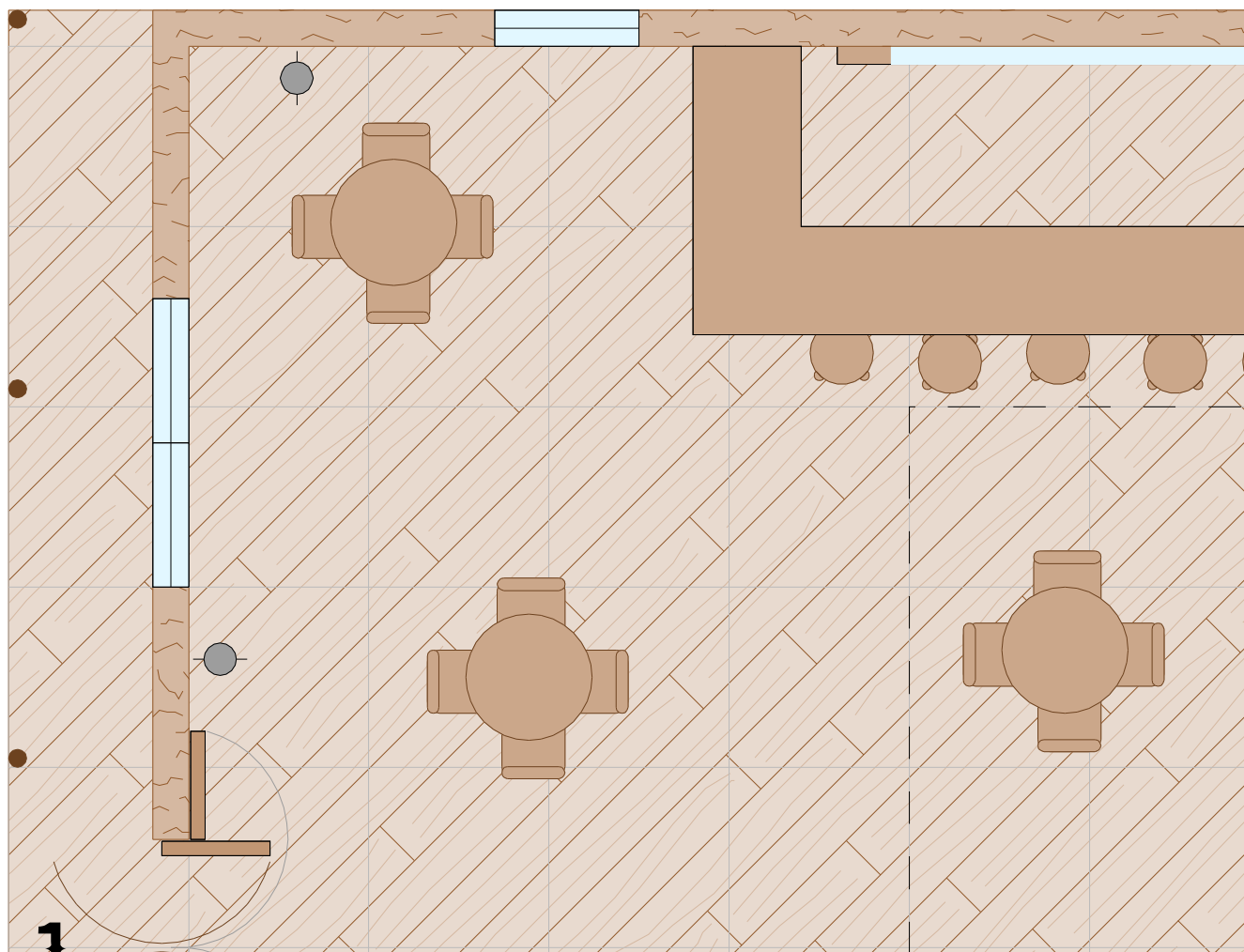




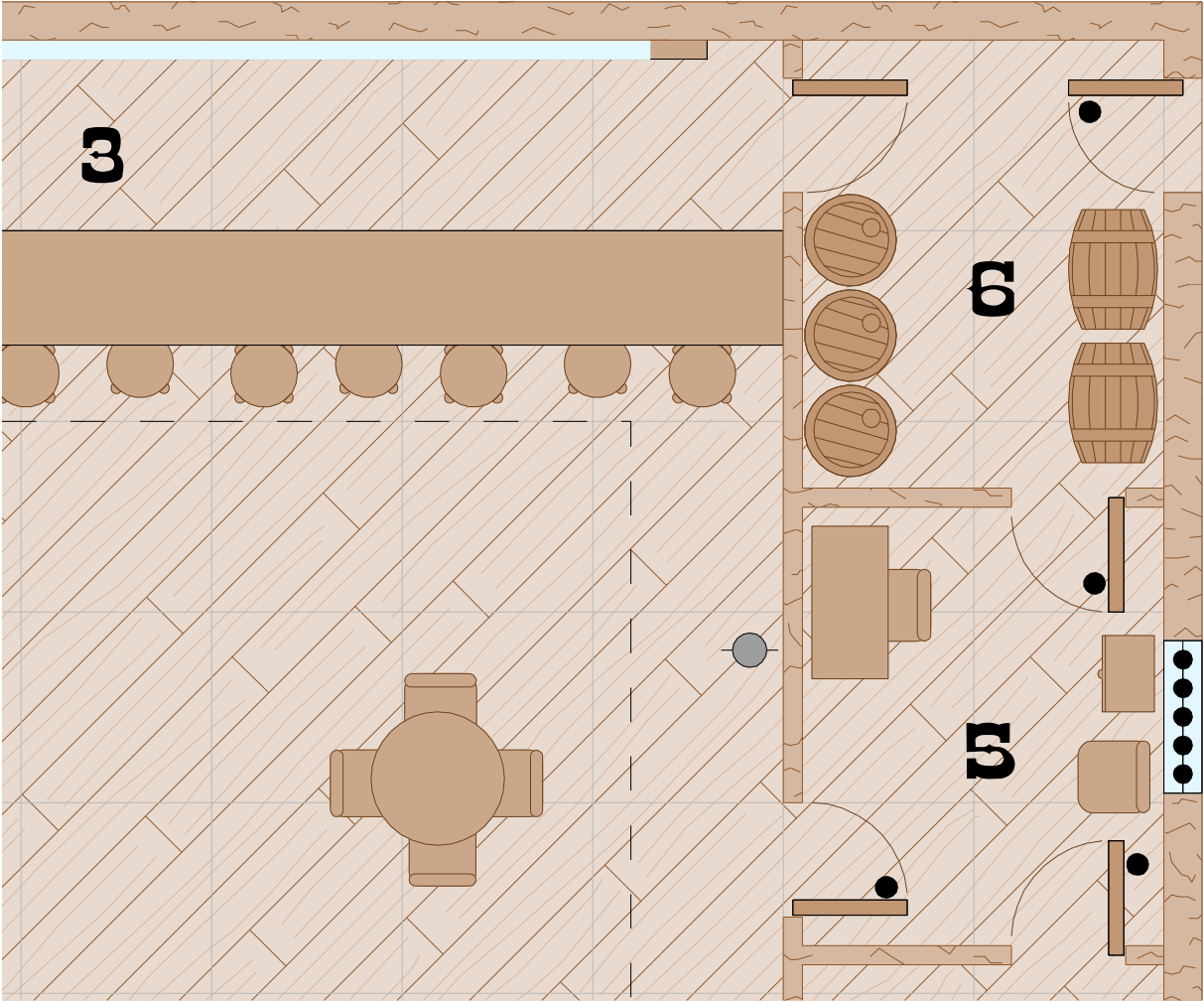


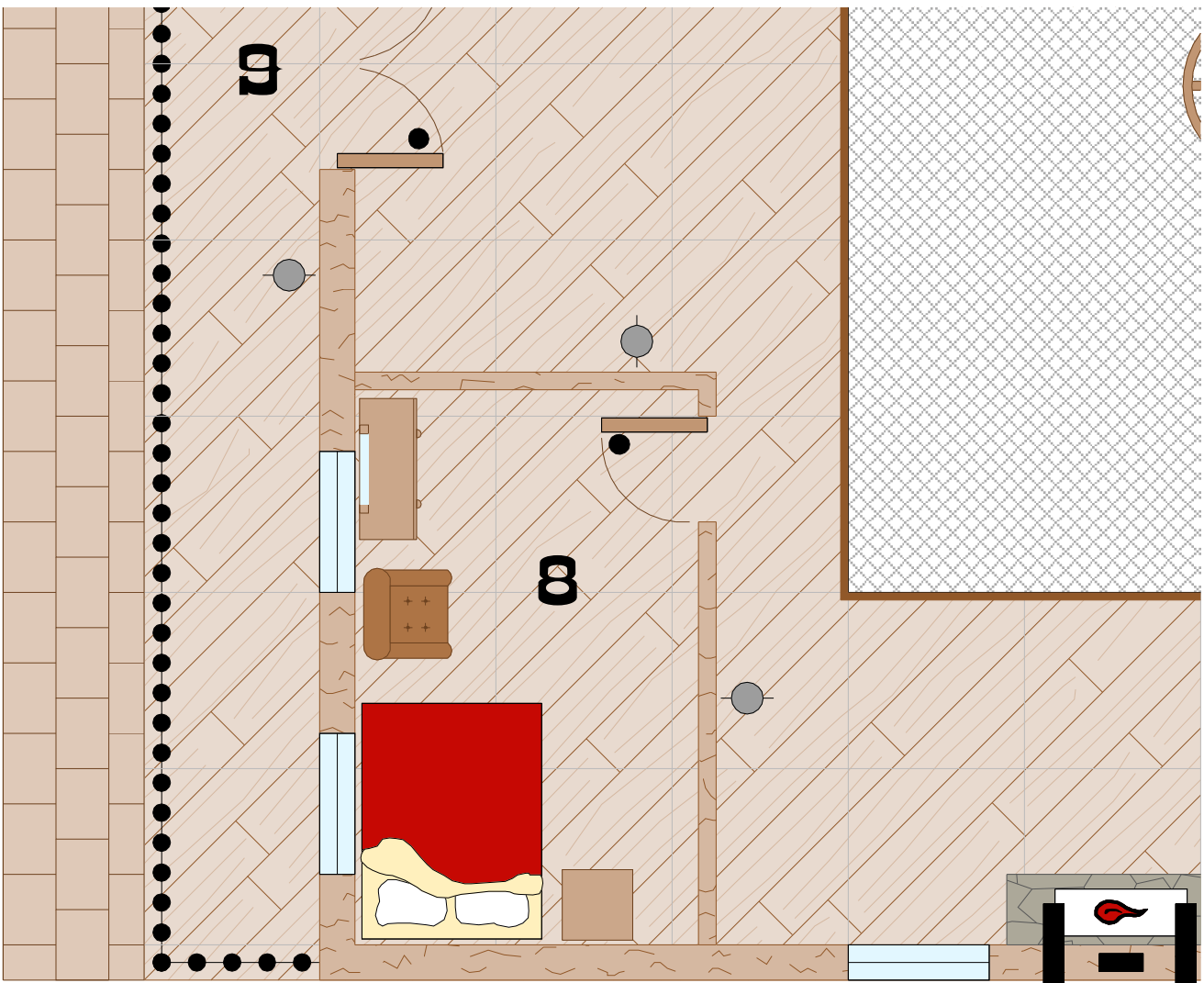
= 5 FEET

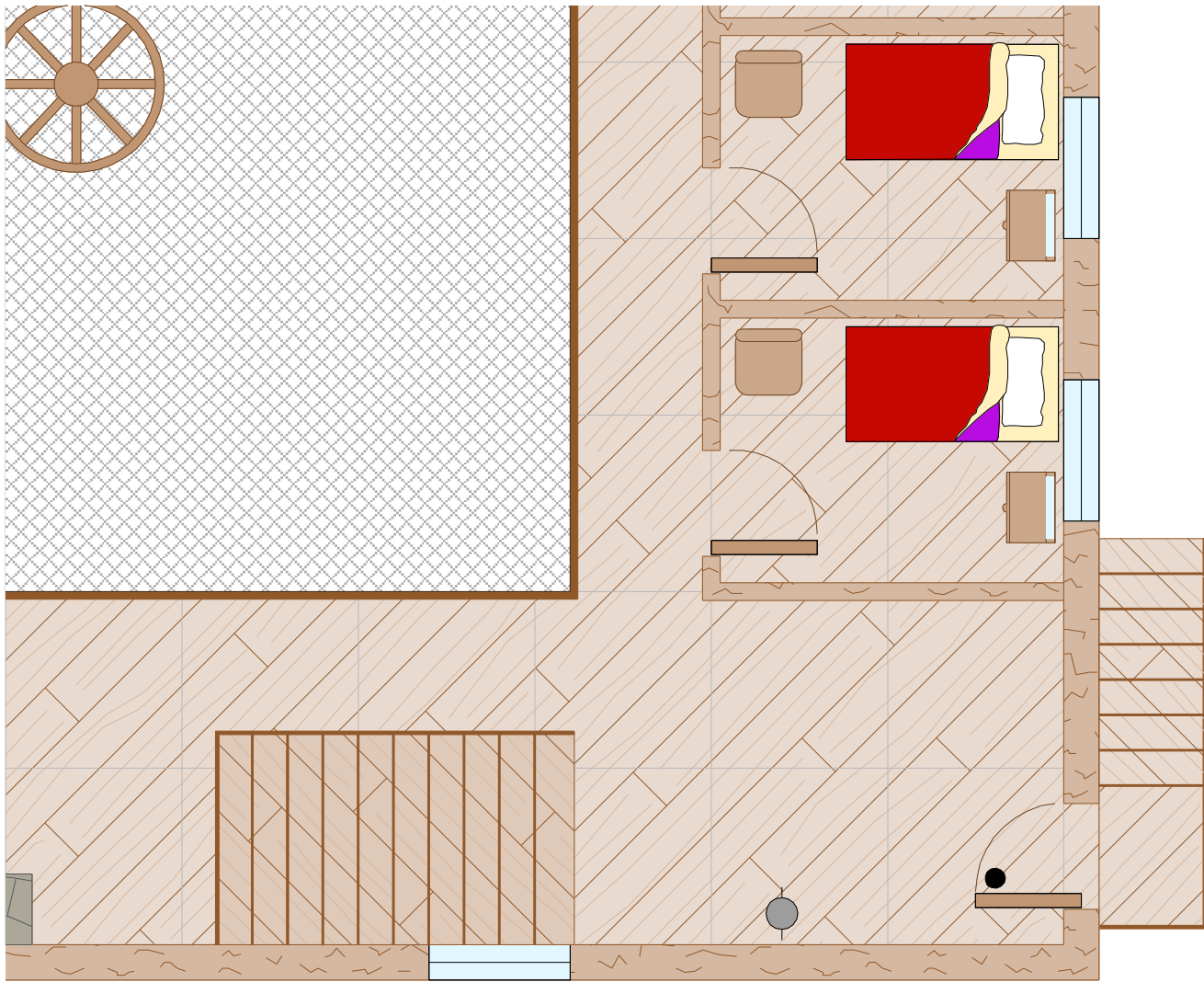
FIRST



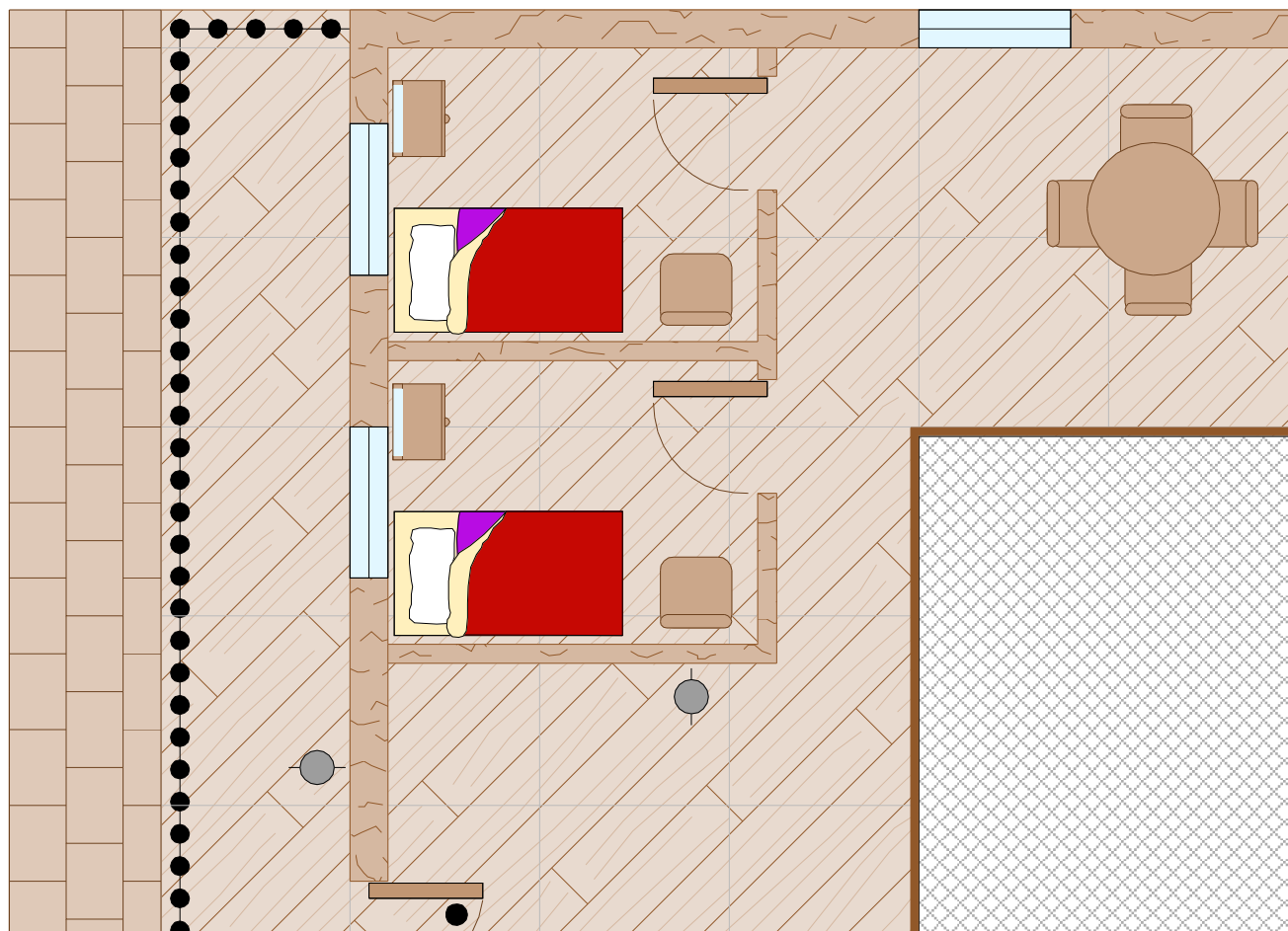
1 FLOOR



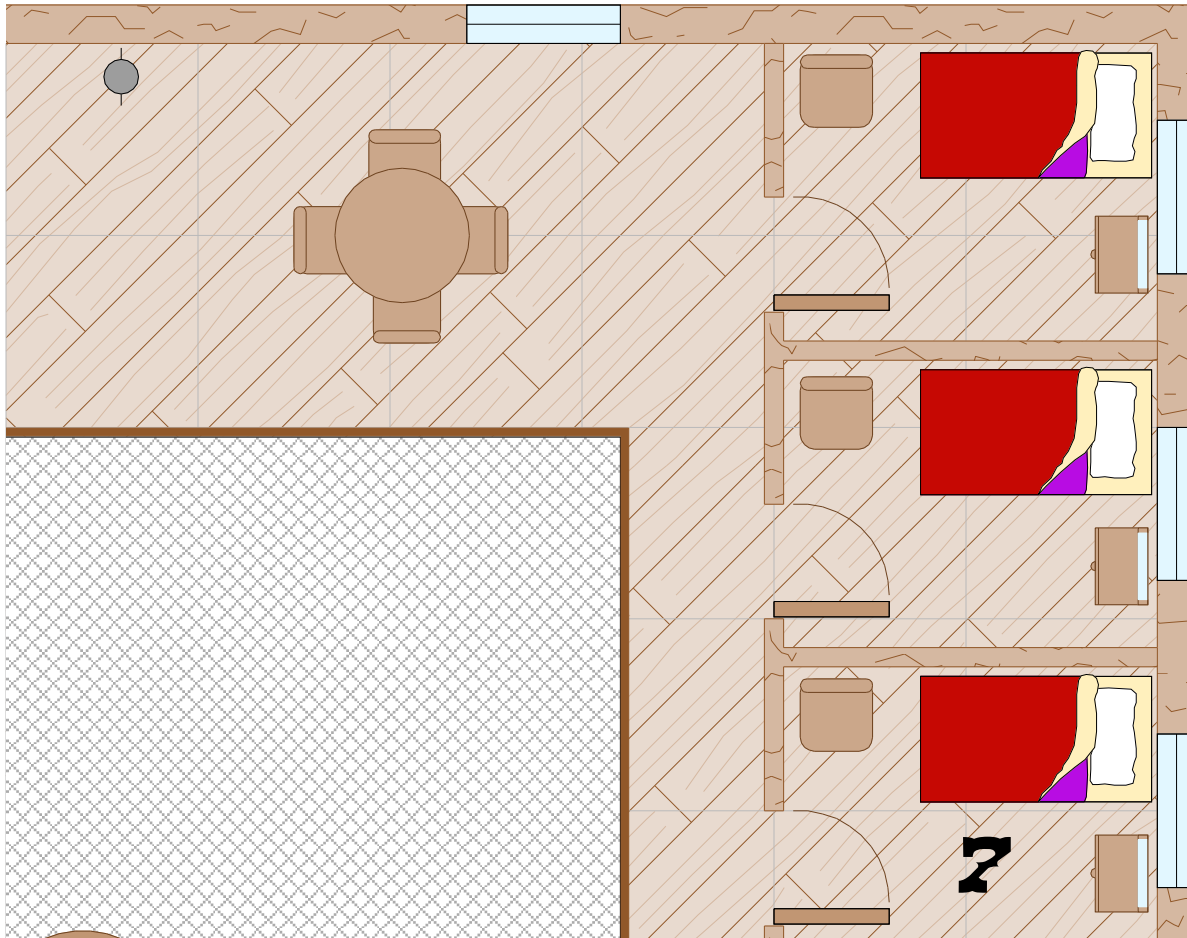




SECONI



1 FLOOR





1 SQUARE = 5 FEET