

# BRING ME THE HEAD OF FRANK SINATRA!

## Introduction

This is a module for 4-6 player characters of level 4-6. It is set in a gonzo post-apocalyptic past-future.

What that means, in practical terms, is that it is set in the world presented in *Gamma World* or *Mutant Future* (*Encounter Critical* could also easily be used, although the setting is Earth, rather than Vanth or Asteroid 1618). Statistics in this module will be given in *Mutant Future* terms.

Other systems can be used, of course: since it has been said that First Edition *Gamma World* was the best edition of *Dungeons and Dragons*, *D&D* would work fine, as would *Paranoia*, *Call of Cthulhu*, *Arduin*, or an-only-slightly-variant *Spawn of Fashan*, for instance. However, these game systems might take somewhat more labor on the part of the GM.

The referee desiring a challenge might like to attempt running this module with *Bunnies and Burrows*, *Dogs In The Vineyard*, *My Life With Master*, or perhaps *Amber Diceless*.

Sadomasochistic referees and their masochistic players might try it with *deadEarth*, *F.A.T.A.L.*, or *The World Of Synnibarr*.

Why “past-future”? Because the world in which you, Dear Reader, are reading this<sup>1</sup> diverged from the world of *Bring Me The Head Of Frank Sinatra!* in early 1988.

Game Masters are advised to familiarize themselves with the general layout of the Las Vegas Strip (the author has done so by the simple expedient of playing *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas*) and to listen to some of the music and comedy routines of the Rat Pack.

The latter won't actually help with the module, but will be entertaining.

As with most things Rat Pack-related, this module will be better when accompanied by copious amounts of alcohol. Ol' Blue Eyes preferred Jack Daniel's, which he referred to as “gasoline.” The author does not recommend Jack ever since it was changed from 86 proof to 80 proof without even having the decency to change the name to

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<sup>1</sup> In all likelihood, anyway.

“Old No. 6-7/8.” Screw those guys. Really.

## Jimmy's Bar

If the group is already an adventuring party, then it stands to reason they will be in a tavern. If not, well, they might as well meet at a tavern. Specifically, Three-Arm Jimmy's, on the Hoboken waterfront.

Three Arm Jimmy's is the sort of generic tavern that unimaginative Game Masters always start modules in. It's got a bar, manned by Jimmy himself—the extra arm comes in very handy for pulling beers. The bar serves cheap but adequate beer, a variety of rotgut liquors, most of which are nasty-ass industrial ethanol with a few drops of flavoring agents, and standard bar food, such as salty deep-fried starchy things, onion rings, pickled eggs, and the ubiquitous rat-on-a-stick (show players Illustration #1). In addition to Jimmy, there will be a waitress and a cook/dishwasher on duty at any given time.

This is not a bar for complicated cocktails or *haute cuisine*.

The bar has a line of 12 barstools along the bar, and 6 curtained booths with tables along the wall.

Jimmy's is well known as an adventurers' bar: a popular hangout for people wishing to recruit parties to explore radioactive ruins and that sort of thing.

Three-Arm Jimmy, himself, is (of course) a retired adventurer. This means that he *never* extends credit, and that he keeps three loaded double-barreled sawn-off 12-gauge shotguns, one for each hand, under the bar at all times.

Jimmy is not a bigot: he doesn't care what you look like, how many appendages you have, or whether blood, oil, or nectar flows through your veins-or-equivalents. If your money's real and you can manage to make your order known, drink up. Jimmy, however, will not serve the Knights of Genetic Purity, because, seriously, those guys are douches.

Most nights, most of the curtained booths have the curtains drawn. Sometimes it's just a place for local politicians to bring their mistresses, but often it's a place where adventuring deals are struck. The protocol is simple. There is a bulletin board on the wall with flyers (show players illustration #2). Grab one of the tags at the bottom of the flyer, and come back at the time it

shows. Jimmy will either direct you to a booth or advise you to wait and have a drink while the current interviewee in the booth finishes. Then he'll have the waitress take you over to the booth.

Breaches of protocol are taken quite seriously at Jimmy's.

The waitresses are Gladys and Myrna. Only one of the two will be working at any given time. They are interchangeable: they both have red hair, rhinestone-studded eyeglasses, and three teeth each.

[[illo of Jimmy, Stu, and Gladys]]

The cook/dishwashers are named Stu and Petey; only one will be working at a time. They too are interchangeable: fat, sweaty, bald guys in stained wifebeaters, smoking vile stogies as they cook or "clean." Note the sneer quotes. A glass you hand to Petey for cleaning is likely to come back greasier, and with some ash in the bottom. In the event of a ruckus, the waitress will attempt to flee, while the cook will wade into combat with a huge rusty cleaver.

### Stats

Three-Arm Jimmy. MV 120' (40'); AC 7; HD 6 (65 HP); #AT 3 (three full rounds to reload); DG 3d6 per barrel (up to 6 total); SV L8; ML 9; MU Aberrant Form (extra arm)

Stu/Petey. MV 120' (40'); AC 9; HD 2 (35 HP); #AT 1; DG 1d6 (rusty cleaver); SV L3; ML 7; MU Regenerative Capability, Obesity

Gladys/Myrna. MV 120' (40'); AC 9; HD 1 (45 HP); #AT 1; DG 1d4 (steak knife); SV L2; ML 4; MU none (pure human)

### The Pitch

It is to be hoped that the players select the poster with the picture of Frank Sinatra and the caption "Have You Seen This Man?" Knowing players, they'll choose instead to work helping little kittens across the road and getting grandmothers down from trees instead. Feel free to flesh out those scenarios to your own liking. In the author's game, the kitten was Whiskers the puma (below) and the road was the Turnpike, and the grandmother was one player in a rather vicious inheritance dispute.

But, eventually, at least if you keep pointing at the title of the module long enough and coughing meaningfully, they'll find out that they are to meet

at Jimmy's at midnight Wednesday next.

Until then, use the time to familiarize the players with the game world, the combat system, and the appropriate use of their mutation powers. That's what the random encounter tables are for. However, somehow, eventually, it will be Wednesday.

When they arrive, the bar will be quite crowded. The players may recognize other renowned adventurers and bounty hunters leaning on the bar. Jimmy will offer them each a shot of whiskey on the house; it will be about half an hour before he asks Gladys to show them to the second booth.

Inside the booth is a very, very large man in an ill-fitting suit, and a much, much smaller man in a slightly better-fitting suit. The small man speaks:

"I'm Luigi, and this is my associate Guido. So, you seen that man on the poster there?"

Play this up as an opportunity for smart-assed banter. The players must at least recognize that the man is, in fact, Frank Sinatra. A little scouting around before the meeting would have revealed the basic facts of Sinatra's life...which, from 1988 onwards, are quite different than in the world with which the players are familiar.

As far as the players will have been able to find out, Sinatra was an Old Reckoning entertainer. He performed with some other people in an act called the Rat Pack at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. Little is known about what happened to him after the Big Whoops, although vague rumors suggest that he survived. Strangely, some of the rumors of his performances seem to date from a century after the war, which obviously can't be right; maybe it's some sort of tribute act.

At any rate, if the players don't know who the guy in the poster is, then Luigi wonders aloud why they answered his ad, then. If they say something about presuming that the person in the poster's head was wanted, Luigi says, "Oh, a wise guy, eh?" Guido then breaks his silence to note, in a *basso profundo* rumble, "Don't like wise guys," before crushing his beer glass and then eating the shards. [[illo]] Likewise for speculation about the business interests Luigi and Guido represent.

If anyone notes that Frank Sinatra was originally from Hoboken, the party immediately passes the interview. If anyone points out that the bar is on what used to be Frank Sinatra Drive, you have

someone who knows way too much about Hoboken geography, and you should feel free to say that maybe that would be true except that the waterfront is now the crater lip about 100 yards further inland than the pre-Whoops waterfront. Muttering “so suck it” under your breath is entirely optional.

Assuming the players don't make complete asses of themselves or start a firefight with Guido and Luigi (yeah, I know, but work with me here), something approaching a normal interview will proceed; the goons will ask for experience and references, and the players will be able to tell the two goons why they are worthy of consideration.

Eventually Luigi and Guido will trade a glance and a fractional nod. Luigi will then say, “All right, kiddos. You done good. You made it past the first round. Show up at nine AM Friday at the palace courtyard.”

This should rightly be taken to be a Big Deal. After the invitation has been made, Luigi and Guido will freely admit they are working on behalf of the Witch-Queen of Hoboken, and that the Queen herself will select from among the groups of finalists.

### **Stats**

Luigi. MV 120' (40'); AC 9; HD 4 (40 HP); #AT 1; DG 1d4 (shiv) ; SV L6; ML 8; MU Damage Turning

Guido. MV 120' (40'); AC 8; HD 4 (60 HP); #AT 1; DG 1d6+1 (crowbar) ; SV L6; ML 9; MU Omnivore

### **The Witch-Queen's Palace**

The Palace sits on the highest point in Hoboken, Castle Point. It is in fact on the site of the pre-Whoops Stevens Institute of Technology. The Edwin A. Stevens building is now the palace itself. The gatehouse, alas, is now part of the crater. If your players really care about which building the Queen's palace occupies, and they are not Stevens students or grads, you should tell them to collectively get lives.

### **The Challenge**

There will be between one and three other parties of adventurers (depending on the party's strength) present to compete for the Witch-queen's contract.

The challenge is simple: the Witch-queen sits on a throne atop a reviewing stand at one end of the parade grounds. Each team is given 50' of rope.

They must immobilize a xeno calf released in the middle of the parade ground and deposit it in a 15' diameter circle in front of the reviewing stand. The first party to do so wins the right of first refusal for the Witch-queen's job.

The xeno calf is identical to a xeno cow in the *Mutant Future* rules, but smaller, weaker, and somewhat less toxic.

Xeno Calf: MV 120' (40'); AC 6; HD 7 (31 HP); #AT 2 or 1 (2 bites, or 2 head butts, or pseudopod, or swallow); DG 1d4/1d4 or 1d6/1d6 or 2d4 or special (1d4+2/rd digest once engulfed); MU aberrant deformity, toxic weapon. Note that the xeno calf's acid will burn through rope in 5 rounds.

The other parties should be played as other adventuring parties. In general they will try to avoid lethal damage unless the players attack them lethally first.

Good choices for competing parties might include a party with a cowboy android and a centaur, attempting to lasso the xeno calf, a group of Knights of Genetic Purity in their white sheets and hoods, or the ever-popular Monster Pals. The Village People also make excellent adversaries, and of course their costumes make their attacks pretty self-evident.

The best strategy for the adventurers is probably to get fairly close to the xeno calf, kill it (rather than trying to merely immobilize and rope it; although this is not stated as an option by the Witch-queen, it is also not expressly forbidden), and then to hustle its corpse back to the circle, fending off the other teams.

If the players fail, all is not lost; the referee can declare a wait of three months and declare that the winners evidently failed in their mission, and restage a competition between the runners-up, or simply state that everyone else has far too much sense of self-preservation to attempt the Witch-queen's mission.

### **The Assignment**

Presuming that the party is successful in bringing the xeno calf to the foot of the parade stand, the Witch-Queen will declare them the winners and then supply medipacs to all teams (winners and losers). The Witch-Queen will then dismiss the losing teams, thanking them graciously for their time.

The Witch-Queen of Hoboken looks and sounds exactly like Cruella De Vil, as played by Glenn Close [[illo]]. Well, minus the Dalmatian obsession, anyway. Just keep that performance in mind as you portray her, and you'll be on the right track.

Once the losers have departed the field, the Witch Queen speaks: too long, she says, Hoboken has been denied its rightful prestige; what it needs is obviously a holy relic for pilgrims to come visit.

It has recently come to her attention that the head of Frank Sinatra, Hoboken's greatest son, has been preserved in extraordinary condition. Clearly, nothing else will do but that this relic be returned to the birthplace of Ol' Blue Eyes; she will build a magnificent shrine for it, and then the multitudes will come from near and far to venerate the blessed braincase. However, there's one small catch: according to her sources, the head is currently resident in Vega\$. That will never do.

"Thus, my heroes," she purrs, "I charge you with this geas: **BRING ME THE HEAD OF FRANK SINATRA!**"

## The True History Of The World

The nuclear exchange of January 4, 1988 has become known as the Big Whoops. It is the last event of the Old Reckoning. Civilization has never recovered. Approximately 50 percent of the planet's population died in the first day after the initial nuclear exchange. Nuclear winter, the collapse of technology, and the breakdown of communications have led to today's world, in which perhaps a few hundred million humans eke out a hardscrabble existence in a patchwork of city-states punctuated by radioactive rubble and gamma-ray-glowing dead zones.

### But what of the Rat Pack?

On January 4, 1988, the Rat Pack, after an arduous evening's rehearsal for their upcoming reunion tour, stood drinking cocktails in a penthouse suite at the Sands Hotel. Suddenly the desert was flooded with actinic light as one of hundreds of inbound Russian missiles found its mark.

Fortunately, the Russkies didn't really understand Las Vegas, being godless Commies and all, and so they had targeted Downtown Las Vegas, rather than the Strip. The devastation was severe, but less than total.

Joey Bishop was nearest the window, and died instantly, but messily. So it goes. However, his body shielded the other three from the worst of the blast.

Sammy Davis, Junior was drinking from his martini glass at the time; somehow the glass focussed the radiation from the nearby blast into a laser-thin beam of X-rays that neatly eradicated the tiny tumor in his throat that otherwise would have spread and killed him in little more than two years.

Dean Martin, admiring the full moon and humming *That's Amore*, caught a heavy dose of mutagenic radiation and acquired the curse of lycanthropy, becoming a horrific wererat.

And, finally, Frank Sinatra had his spine severed by a shard of flying window, and was paralyzed from the neck down [[illo]].

In the coming weeks, as the country was put under martial law in the palsied and somewhat confused grip of Ronald Reagan, Sammy and Dean completed a heroic cross-country road-trip (alas, no cameraman recorded their exploits) to the ruins of the White House. There they managed to convince the Gipper to have his good pal Sinatra admitted to the Secret Experiments Wing of the Walter Reed Army Institutes of Research (whose hardened underground bunkers had survived just fine). Over an agonizing three years, while the surface world burned, Sinatra was transformed from a man into a cyborg, his original head placed atop a new mechanical body of steel and advanced plastics.

(Should any of your players ask, "technology escaped from top-secret military facilities" is the reason for things like cyborgs and androids in a world kicked back to the Dark Ages in 1988. The other reason is "you so goddamn smart, maybe you want to run the game yourself?")

After Frank's reconstruction, the Rat Pack returned to the rechristened Vega\$ (this time in an adventure involving jetpacks and mutant hordes) and settled into an amazingly popular and profitable routine at the Sands. Albeit the audience is a little smaller, and a little odder, than in their salad days, but the show must—and does—go on.

There, at the Sands, they have remained ever since—mostly. Sinatra requires maintenance and the occasional facelift, but does not age in any

meaningful sense. It's common knowledge that the curse of lycanthropy also brings with it bodily immortality, so Dean Martin has nothing to worry about (indeed, his full-moon shows have become among his most popular).

Sammy Davis, Jr. was the only one of the Rat Pack who remained mortal. He remarried upon his return to Vega\$ (his wife having been crushed under a plot device toppled in the blast) and fathered a truly staggering number of children. His descendants—who now make up much of the population of Vega\$—are referred to as the Tribe of Samuel.

His eldest (biological—his adopted children's fates are unknown) son was his inheritor and carried on the family name, trade, and death-ray-firing glass eye. The patrilineal succession remains unbroken, and currently Sammy Davis XVII performs with the Rat Pack.

### Meanwhile, Back in New Jersey

The players, at this point, are probably muttering things like, “what's in it for us,” and “how the hell do we get to Vega\$?”

The Witch-Queen promises riches nigh-infinite: bishoprics in the Church of Sinatra, a little Duchy down the Shore, mutant Venus Flytrap sex-slaves, an actual gold lamé jockstrap from the Golden Age of Disco, three picks from the Hoboken Armory, the heroes' weight in gold (assuming a party of five roughly human-sized characters, that's a mere 10,000 gp, but no need to point that out), a diamond-encrusted codpiece made from a rhinoceros horn, whatever. So “what's in it for us,” is pretty much “whatever your venal little hearts desire.”

(Should the party actually succeed in their quest, the Witch-Queen has every intention of making good on her promises.)

“How the hell do we get to Vega\$” is trickier. The Witch-Queen doesn't know. She will venture the opinion that the obvious overland route is likely to prove deadly. It will. Feel free to just start doing dramatic readings from Cormac McCarthy's *The Road* as soon as the characters are outside the city limits. If they make it to the Delaware Water Gap, let alone across Pennsylvania, you're doing it wrong.

She will say that it is known that in Old Reckoning Times there was some sort of mystical bond

between Vega\$ and Acey, and, well, Acey is just down the shore a ways. There's said to be an old hermit in a hut in the Meadowlands who is wise in the way of the swamps, who might be able to tell the party how to get there safely.

### The Meadowlands

The Meadowlands have actually changed very little since the Old Reckoning, except that the radioactivity now does what the toxic chemical dumping used to. Fundamentally, it's still a poisonous malarial swamp inhabited by disease-carrying mosquitos, mutant albino crocodiles, and inbred, toothless, cannibalistic yokels. Any party that voluntarily sets forth into the Meadowlands deserves what they get, which will very likely be an ignominious death and speedy decomposition.

That said, if they try it, throw some mutant crocodiles and disease rolls at 'em. The hermit? Oh, yeah, he's there. Use the illustration of the Mad Hermit from *B2, Keep on the Borderlands*, if you have that handy. You know the one—it's classic Erol Otus artwork. Yeah, *that* guy. Top of page 13.

If the party finds the Hermit, he's useless. Go ahead and give him the Puma as a pet. He insists that Whiskers is merely being playful as she gnaws on characters' heads, and will take it very much amiss if the party harms her.

The Hermit can confirm that Acey is off to the south, that you can take the Turnpike or the Parkway, and that either way is going to take you through the Pine Barrens, where dwells the Jersey Devil, so no sane being would attempt the trip.

Other than that...

#### Meadowlands Hermit Rumors

d8	Rumor
1	Want some rye? 'Course ya do! (F) (save vs. poison or 1d4 damage, unconscious for 1d6 rounds) Any player doing the whole litany from <i>Beyond Zork</i> (and pouring each shot of “rye” into a nearby potted plant) should be rewarded with something. A kick in the nuts, perhaps.
2	If you get lost, beware the eater of men!
3	Beware the mad hermit of the north lands.
4	Tribes of subhuman pig-men inhabit the Pine Barrens, but they're not the problem: it's strictly bush league down there.
5	Wearing an amulet of bacon around your neck will keep the Jersey Devil away. (F)
6	Strange Magic of the Old Times provides a quick way to get from Acey to Vega\$
7	Drinking the Meadowlands water will give you

superpowers (probably F; it's class 4 radiation, so if you drank enough of it, failed enough saves, and got lucky with the dice, then maybe...)

8 My cat's breath smells like cat food.

Mad Hermit. MV 120', AC 8 (filthy hides), HD 2 (40 HP), #AT 1, DG 1d3 (fingernails), MU Toxic Weapon (stench, save or nauseated: -4 on all rolls 1d12 rounds).

Whiskers the Puma. MV 240', AC6, HD 3+3 (15 HP), #AT 3, D 1d4/1d4/1d6, MU none.

### **Tribes of Subhuman Pig-Men**

Central Jersey is, indeed, home to many tribes of subhuman pig-men. Most of them aren't looking for trouble. It's the referee's call whether they are pigmen, suidoids, pig-faced orcs, Kallikaks, Mets fans, or what. They will be found in numerous small and medium-sized towns and villages along the route from Hoboken to the southern Jersey Shore.

### **Hoboken to Atlantic City**

Either the party can go down the Garden State Parkway, or down the Turnpike to Route 1 to 206 to the AC Expressway, or pretty much any other plausible combination of major New Jersey highways. Major roads will still be largely findable and in reasonably good shape (which is to say, buckled, trees growing up through the road surface, grass everywhere, but still, it obviously once was a road).

Both the Turnpike and the Parkway will have functioning tollbooths, manned, natch, by trolls (the author's first two were named Grignr and Grogard) with badges proclaiming them to be fully-authorized representatives of the Turnpike Authority Of New Jersey. It should generally be easier to pay than to fight, although since there's a tollbooth about every half-mile along the Parkway, this might cease to be the case rather quickly.

Feel free to describe the burned-out hulks melted to the asphalt, charred and blackened skeletons still screaming silently inside—although since it's been several centuries, even these are largely overgrown with weeds and shrubs.

### **The Bush League**

And speaking of shrubs....The Pine Barrens are home to the Bush League, which is exactly what it

sounds like: a group of politically active like-minded chlorophyllically-enhanced individuals, dedicated to the advancement of plant interests, often to the detriment of the lives and livelihoods of their animal cohabitants.

In essence, play the Bush League as the Knights of Genetic Purity, but with a slightly different set of bigoted talking points.

The party will quickly begin noticing subtle little things, like crudely-painted signs saying "MEATBAGS RAUS," "YOU CAN'T SAP OUR STRENGTH", and the rather prolix "THE ROOTS OF THE TREE OF LIBERTY MUST BE WATERED ALL THE TIME WITH THE BLOOD OF THE BLOODED."

The basic tactic, when the party veers into a Bush League-controlled part of the Pine Barrens, is to describe the absence of bird and animal noises, and then later on mention that it's been a while since they've even seen a mosquito, and then start hitting them with various plant monsters.

Eventually, you may wish to have the party come across the Bohemian Grove, which will no doubt be in a particularly fetid cranberry bog. The party will first meet the henchman Rovin' Karl the Turd Blossom:

Rovin' Karl. MV 90', AC 7, HD 6+2 (28 HP), #AT 1, D 1d3+save or nauseated (-4 on all rolls 1d12 rounds) (fling poo / smear with slime), MU Toxic Weapon (stench, save or nauseated: -4 on all rolls 1d12 rounds), Free Movement, Full Senses.

If Karl encounters trouble he will whistle for Shrub, who is a short saguaro in the shape of a "W", wearing a white ten-gallon hat. Shrub will claim to be the head of the organization, but as soon as any serious resistance is encountered, he will yell for Big Dick to come and protect him. He will then hide behind Big Dick for the remainder of the fight.

Shrub. MV 60', AC 6, HD 4+2 (20 HP), #AT 1, D 1d6 (spines) or 1d10 (.45 automatic), MU Free Movement, Full Senses, Natural Armor, Natural Vegetal Weapons.

Big Dick: Big Dick is basically a hillbilly tree as seen at Something Positive<sup>2</sup>, only slightly smaller, much more evil, and with a penchant for shooting people—even his friends—in the face with a shotgun.

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<sup>2</sup> <http://www.somethingpositive.net/sp05042002.shtml>

Big Dick. MV 120', AC 3, HD 8+3 (39 HP), #AT 3 (melee) or 1 (ranged), D 1d6 (claw) / 1d6 (claw) / 4d8 (cornhole) or 3d6 (shotgun), MU Free Movement, Full Senses, Natural Armor, Natural Vegetal Weapons, Horrible Penetrative Organ.

(Show players illustration #3.)

Of course, the Bush League really *is* strictly bush league. The real challenge comes as the party has found the ruins of the Acey Expressway and has started to cross the hazardous causeway to the island fortress of Acey

### The Jersey Devil

Emphasize the narrowness of the causeway—once a major highway, now a crumbling bridge with rotting planks spanning radioactive, gently-glowing salty craters.

Once the party is a ways out of the ironically-named Pleasantville, on a narrow causeway with only “forwards” and “back” as options, hit 'em with the Jersey Devil (“Jerry” to his friends).

The Jersey Devil looks pretty much exactly like Tenniel's Jabberwock, down to the snappy waistcoat. [[illo]] It speaks in a strangely high-pitched cultured British voice, and demands to know the party's business.

Perhaps surprisingly, if answered immediately with the truth, that the party has come to find transport to Vega\$ in order to find the head of Frank Sinatra and return it to the Witch-Queen of Hoboken, the creature will flutter aside, execute a somewhat terrifying bow with a dip of its leathery neck, wish them success in their endeavors, and stand aside while humming “The Oldest Established (Permanent Floating Crap Game In New York).”

However, any attempt to prevaricate, bluff, or bluster will be met with a savage attack, and since the adventurers almost certainly lack a vorpal sword, this is likely to end badly for them. The Devil prefers to impale its opponents on its claws, and then eat them in two or three leisurely bites.

If somehow vanquished, the Jersey Devil disappears in a puff of noisome green vapor before its head, or indeed anything else, can be seized and galumphed off with.

The Devil can, however, be bribed: 200 gp should suffice. If you want to get all *Nethack* about it, (1d80 + 20)% of the party's gold is appropriate (we presume that the Jersey Devil is at home and

is not coaligned).

Jersey Devil. MV 180' / 240' (fly), AC 5 (body), 6 (neck), HD 24 (108 HP; neck only has 20 HP), # AT 3, D 1d8 (claw), 1d8 (claw), 2d12 (bite), MU Complete Wing Development, Bizarre Appearance.

### Always Turned On

Assuming that the party makes it past the Jersey Devil, at the east end of the causeway is a high wall of rusted containers, burned-out cars, and random chunks of huge heavy industrial machinery. In this wall is a gate, and that gate is guarded by two policemen with pikes. The charge to enter Acey is 2 gold per person, and that gets you a pass good for a week. This pass must be worn prominently at all times and presented for inspection on demand.

Once inside, Acey proves to be a well-defended town chock-full of gambling opportunities. Do you own a copy of the *AD&D Dungeon Master Guide*? Did you ever wonder what possessed Gary to put tables for those well-known Medieval entertainment devices, slot machines, in Appendix F on Page 215? Well, this is why. Break out the *DMG* and play some Zowie Slot Variant!

After a time, perhaps the players will remember that they're supposed to be looking for the mystic connection to Vega\$.

One way to do this is to be high rollers—or pretend to be—and start complaining that Acey just doesn't offer the quality sorts of gaming establishments that they expect. Of course, this will need to be backed up with action—if the party is confining themselves to the nickel slots, then this will seem a bit weird, and although the limits in Acey are comparatively low, they're still way beyond the means of a starting adventuring party. Allowing them to rob a bank or get fantastically lucky at the casino is probably a bad idea, too, since then they are quite likely to ditch the mission entirely and simply take the money and run.

A more likely approach is that they will start asking people—dealers at the blackjack tables, doxies, rickshaw drivers—about Vega\$. People associated with particular casinos will find this a very irritating question, and will react negatively, usually in sentences starting with “whassamatta,” random citizens on the street will usually react with a blank stare, but the taxi drivers will often

say that there's a god down at the airport who used to have something to do with Vega\$.

If all else fails, the party, shuffling along the gutter in their apple barrels, can see a centuries-abandoned storefront with an ad faded almost to invisibility, showing a Boeing 707 superimposed on the “Welcome to Las Vegas, Nevada” sign and the legend “Introducing Budget Shuttle Flights!”

In addition to the Acey-Vega\$ shuttle, the referee looking to extend the campaign could always moor the *Lady Is A Tramp* steamer in the harbor, and have the party go the long way 'round (sea monsters, but at least the Panama Canal is nicely widened now) into the crater of the Los Angeles Basin, and then via a harrowing drive in a *Road Warrior*-inspired low-rider through Bat Country to Vega\$.

### **Airport**

The airport is a vast expanse of weedy concrete, dotted with crumbling buildings and surrounded by a high chain-link-topped-with-barbed-wire fence.

Entrance is guarded at all times by two mysterious hooded acolytes. They will demand to know why visitors have come to see the Dutchman.

“Who?” or “Get outta my way” are definitely the wrong answers. Incomprehension will be met with a sneering “You're lost, kid: get back to mama before ya gets hoit.”

“Paying Tribute” would be an acceptable answer, although the acolytes will explain that there is an admission fee of 10 gp (or more if the party looks rich), and they will strongly hint that a little extra grease will hasten their admission to the divine presence.

Should the characters manage to provoke the acolytes to violence (which isn't exactly difficult), they will throw off their robes revealing ugly pinstriped suits and Tommy Guns (with the 50-round drum magazine!):

Abe and Bernard. MV 120', AC 9, HD 8 (75 HP each), #AT 1 (automatic weapon), D 1d10 (Tommygun) or 1d4 (brass knuckles), MU none.

### **Inside the Airport**

The crumbling terminal building has been fixed up as a sort of monastery, with dormitory-style bunks for the god's worshippers, a kitchen, and a private

room for each of the god's intimates (Abe, Bernard, and Otto the accountant).

If the party has gunned down the gate guards and generally made a nuisance of themselves, they can expect resistance from the twelve mooks:

Mooks. MV 120', AC 9, HD 4 (45 HP each), # AT 1 (baseball bat), D 1d6, MU none.

Otto. MV 120', AC 9, HD 2 (26 HP), # AT 1 (fountain pen), D 1d3, MU none.

If, on the other hand, the party has entered quietly and respectfully, they will be given robes, asked to undergo the Purification Ceremony (which consists of being anointed on the abdomen with rusty kerosene and asked to repeat the phrase “French Canadian Bean Soup”), and then shown to the Reception Plaza before the god.

There they are told to stand until the god awakens.

### **The God**

The god in question is a Boeing 707, much tattered and torn, with holes in the aluminum skin fixed with Bondo. Along the tail is painted “The Flying Dutc” although the rest of the logo is missing, having been replaced by a section of Bondo. [[illo]]

The players will naturally assume that “hman” is what belongs there, but the truth is that the obliterated writing is actually “h Schultz.”

The autopilot of the 707 was infected, shortly after the Big Oops, with a computer virus (the Gysin variant of Space Language, if anyone cares), which has left the 707 believing that, not only is it the shuttle between Acey and Vega\$, but also that is it Dutch Schultz, hallucinating and dying of peritonitis after being shot in the men's room of the Palace Chophouse in Newark, New Jersey. It also has come to quite like being worshipped as a god, and likes to demand kerosene and human sacrifice, and to rev its jet engines threateningly when displeased.

It drifts in and out of consciousness; an acolyte is always nearby to ring a small silver bell when it awakens, so that the faithful may gather to hear its prophecies.

### **The Audience**

Shortly after the players arrive in the Dutchman's presence, it will awaken, and begin muttering from the *Last Words* (available online—just Google—

referees should acquire a copy and start intoning from some random point). It will pause, and this is the players' cue (an acolyte, if any are left alive, will nudge them if they don't realize it) to present their petition to the god.

Presumably the players will mention something about wanting to go to Vega\$, and this will engage some long-disused portion of the autopilot.

"IT PLEASES US," will boom the plane, "TO GRANT THIS PETITION." It will then open the cabin door, lower the stairs to the runway, and invite the players to come aboard.

Inside the plane is a drippy mess of black, runny candles, a bloodstained stone altar, sawed-in-half church pews, pentagrams, and so on. As soon as all the players are aboard, the door will slam shut, and the robostews will drop from the overhead compartments.

The robostewardesses were once gorgeous, sexy femmebots with miniskirts, big chests, and bright perky smiles. They still think they are, but the synthskin is gone in many places, and the shining titanium of their frames is exposed. They are very excited to be making a journey again, and are ecstatic over the chance to perform their designated function (show players illustration #4).

They will insist that the characters buckle up, and will then attempt to tie the party to the pews if the party doesn't make some pretense of buckling themselves in.

Even before this is complete, the engines roar to life with a "whoomph", the plane slews wildly out onto the runway, gathers speed, and wobbles shakily into the air.

The next six hours of game time should be pretty terrifying for the characters, between the plane's erratic meandering, its mumbling of Dutch Schultz's last words, its "Uh oh folks, a little turbulence ahead, taking evasive maneuvers!" and the constant ministrations of the femmebots.

Play the femmebots as the worst excesses of 1960s "Coffee, Tea, or Me?" stewardesses, on crystal meth, as delivered by gleaming robot angels of death. Should a fight break out, the aircraft will begin bucking and weaving: being slammed into the cabin walls will be very bad for the players, but not so bad for the stewardesses.

Robostewardesses. MV 120', AC 4, HD 10 (45

HP), #AT 2, D 1d3 (slap) or # AT 1, D 1d6 (thigh crush), Class III sensor system, maniacally sunny disposition.

Should the players attempt to, ahem, relax and enjoy the flight, they will only suffer minimal damage from the overeager attentions of the cabin crew, and will probably gain a not-inconsiderable number of experience points, as well as one hell of a story for the guys in the bar back home.

Eventually the plane begins its final descent into Vega\$ and lands pretty uneventfully. The players then emerge into the hot desert sun, or alternatively, cool desert night.

## **Vega\$: Desert of Desolation**

As soon as the characters' feet (hooves, pseudopods, whatever) hit the ground, they are swarmed by touts, many of them bearing cards for hookers of all shapes, sizes, colors, and species [[illo/handout]]. Others will be trying to pick the pockets of the party; some will be selling horrible souvenirs; some will be offering transport to hotels and casinos that give them commission for bringing in new business.

With a little luck, before the meat is fensed completely from the party's bones (exoskeletons, etc.), they will get into someone's taxicab.

If the party has no clear destination in mind, the cabdriver will pick someplace seedy a few blocks off the Strip, with a much longer name than the classy casinos (e.g. "Diamond Lil's Deluxe Emporium of Fun"), where he will receive a small commission from the proprietor.

If asked where Frank Sinatra's Head might be found, the driver will become a bit confused, but will happily say "Sure, the Rat Pack plays the Sands pretty much all the time. Tickets sell out in advance usually, though." If the party is similarly confused about the Rat Pack, the driver will stare at them as if they've grown additional heads (assuming, for the nonce, that none of them actually...you know what? Forget it) and say "Yeah, Frank, Sammy, and Dean. The Rat Pack. Geez, tourists."

## **Vega\$ Districts**

Law enforcement in Vega\$ is quite consistent: the controlling philosophy is simply: what is bad for business is illegal. Thus, the law is almost entirely absent in North Vega\$, riots Downtown are

moderately frequent, and on the Strip, even minor street brawls are quickly broken up by patrols of two or four copbots. In general, use of non-deadly force is met with capture (usually by means of neural stunners), a stay of several hours in the drunk tank to cool down, and release without charges upon payment of a small fine.

Anything that disturbs casino patrons becomes a much more serious offense. If people are not at the tables gambling, money is being lost, and thus quick suppression of fights that break out inside a casino is a much higher priority.

At the top end, attempting to steal from a casino will be met with instant, ruthless, and deadly force. Note that “kidnapping a major act” would fall into this category of offense.

### **North Vega\$**

North Vega\$ is an irradiated war zone; as the bard put it, “where you go if you need to score heroin after midnight with no references.” Roll on the wandering monster tables frequently, and the Wandering Harlot Table (below) even more frequently. Add +20 to the initial roll (subtable rolls are unmodified). Large patches of North Vega\$ are radiation zones of intensity 1d8.

Any lodgings secured here will be vermin-infested robbery set-ups, but at least they will be cheap. None of the neon and fancy lighting prevalent on the Strip will be in evidence; rather, guttering tallow candles and burning trash heaps provide fitful, flickery light. Gambling here tends towards back-alley craps games on filthy blankets, and clandestine gladiatorial combats in half-topped garages.

### **Downtown**

Downtown is a giant step up from North Vega\$, but nowhere near the glamour of the Strip. The most prominent feature here is the Fremont Street Experience: a canopy of (mostly burned-out) ever-changing lights, and beneath it a busy bazaar of cut-rate brothels and vendors selling potent drinks in plastic footballs. Rolls on the Wandering Harlot Table are at +10.

### **Off the Strip**

Off the Strip—an area of a few blocks on each side of the Strip—is less swanky and much less neon-lit-gaudy than the Strip itself, but also a lot cheaper, and only a little less safe. Rolls on the Wandering Harlot Table are at +5.

### **The Strip**

The Strip is where the action is; it throngs with relatively peaceful mutant hordes. Actual Wandering Harlots are fairly rare here, although the strip is crowded with touts offering little trading cards advertising prostitutes and their services [[illo]].

An enthusiastic referee may want to cannibalize a *Pokemon* deck or something similar. A demented referee might want to collect hooker cards from Sin City (or at least collect them from Google) and devise his own Whore Fight CCG.

And, of course, in North Vega\$, the cards probably *are* used to generate cheering sections for to-the-death cage matches between strung-out mutant hookers. You're on your own here, but please send me the play report.

At the south end of the Strip is the famous “Welcome to Fabulous Vega\$” sign, covered in spidergoat webs. Show the players illustration #5. If the party stops to examine the sign or have their pictures taken, they will be attacked by the fourteen spidergoats that make their nest in the sign.

Spidergoats. MV 120' (40' in web), AC 6, HD 4 (HP 21,17,12,12,10,17,20,21,24,19,21,20,17,17), #AT 1, D 2d4 + poison (gore) or 2d6 (kick) or 1d4 (bite), MU Toxic Weapon (save or paralyzed 1d6 rounds), webs.

Eventually, we presume that the party makes its way to the Sands in order to see and perhaps confront the Rat Pack.

### **The Sands**

The Sands Hotel is once again the epicenter of cool. The Rat Pack provides its anchor: shows in the Copa Room Tuesday-Saturday, two a night on Friday and Saturday. The late show, as they say, can get a little blue.

### **The Hotel**

The party may wish to secure lodging at the Sands. If they do, rooms are reasonably-priced for a hotel on the Strip: something on the order of 50 gp per room per night. They are adequately clean and come with drinkable—only slightly radioactive—water, electric lights, flushing toilets, the whole bit.

Note that these are not the high-rollers' rooms; suites and deluxe accommodations are

significantly more expensive. The Rat Pack and its retinue reside permanently in the top three floors of the tower.

### **The Casino**

The Sands is also, of course, a fully-functional casino. That part is just like Acey, except with somewhat more-frequently cleaned carpets. If you're feeling adventurous and don't mind letting your players know you own *deadEarth*, use the gambling rules from Chapter Nine of the *deadEarth Game Master's Handbook*.

### **The Copa Room**

Tickets for Tuesday through Thursday shows and the early Friday and Saturday shows can usually be bought the day before, for 7 gp each. The Friday and Saturday night shows (10 gp face), and any shows when the moon is full are always sold out a week or more in advance. Tickets will be available from scalpers for 2d4x the face value.

The room is rather small, about 500 seats, grouped around small tables. Cocktail waitresses circulate constantly, selling drinks and cigarettes at somewhat-inflated prices. They're pretty and have good legs, even the mutants.

The show itself is exactly what you'd expect. Just listen to *The Rat Pack Live at the Sands*, only add some mutant jokes to go with the racial and ethnic humor, and there you go. Make the jokes dirtier for the late shows.

Frank Sinatra is wearing his usual humanoid cyborg body, so he basically looks like Frank Sinatra with his head in a giant pickle jar (think *Futurama*). Sammy Davis XVII looks just like his great-great-etc.-grandfather, and Dean Martin looks exactly like Dean Martin, unless of course it's a full moon, in which case he looks like a hideous wererat who also looks like Dean Martin (show players illustration #6).

It should be obvious to the players that violence and kidnapping will not end well, but if they want to try this, hotel security, the Rat Pack's bodyguards (waiting in the wings), and the local police will brutally and enthusiastically put an end to shenanigans

Their best bet to arrange an audience is either flat-out bribery or an attempt to insinuate themselves with the Rat Pack's hangers-on. This will be easier for attractive female characters, since all three of the performers have a weakness

for skirts.

Plenty of approaches might work: simply being an ostentatious-enough high-roller could get a character invited to Mr. Sinatra's poker game. Dressing up as a bellboy and bringing a bottle of champagne up to the top floor might be a way to get in the door. Even simply posing as the New Jersey Board Of Tourism representatives might do the trick.

### **An Audience With The Rat Pack**

At some point, it will become convenient to grant the party an audience. Frank, Sammy, and Dean will be found sitting around a huge round mahogany conference table. Very large men with bulgy suits stand mostly-unobtrusively in the corners, just in case the party should get any funny ideas. A bartender and a serving girl round out the company.

Frank Sinatra's Head. MV 0, AC 3, HD 20 (30 HP), #AT 0, D 0, MU In a freakin' jar, baby.

Frank Sinatra (humanoid form). MV 120', AC 9, HD 20 (90 HP), #AT 1, D 1d3 (fist) or by weapon.

Sammy Davis XXXVII. MV 120', AC 9, HD 19 (55 HP), # AT 1, D 1d3 (fist) or by weapon or 10d6 (death ray eye, save for half damage). MU Optical Emissions (gamma eye, Class 10 radiation).

Dean Martin, human form. MV 120', AC 9, HD 18 (60 HP), # AT 1, D 1d3 (fist) or by weapon, MU lycanthropy.

Dean Martin, half-beast form. MV 120', AC 7, HD 18 (60 HP), # AT 3, D 1d6 (claw) / 1d6 (claw), 2d4 + save or contract lycanthropy (bite), MU lycanthropy.

Cherry the Waitress. MV 120', AC 9, HD 2 (30 HP), # AT 1, D 1d2 (slap), MU none.

Carlos the Bartender. MV 120', AC 9, HD 3 (30 HP), # AT 1, D 1d3 (fist), MU none.

Bodyguards. MV 120', AC 9, HD 5 (45 HP each), # AT 1, D 1d10 (pistol) or 1d3 (fist), MU none.

Sinatra offers drinks and cigarettes to the party. Once everyone is comfortable, he smiles and asks the party leader, "So, what did you want to talk to us about, baby?" With a male frontman, Sinatra is brusque and businesslike. With a female, he is flirtatious, until actual works begins to be discussed, at which point he becomes businesslike. In either case, he says "baby" a lot.

Sinatra is astonished to hear that Hoboken still survives: he had thought that the vaporization of New York had gotten it too. While he doesn't exactly get misty-eyed about the prospect of returning to his hometown, he's willing to entertain the notion of doing a short tour.

When he hears that the Witch-Queen of Hoboken is kinda hot, his interest visibly grows. No, not like *that*.

He and Sammy and Dean bat the idea around a little, and finally come up with terms: 75% of the gate, 1,000,000 gp guaranteed, for a three-week gig, one show a night five nights a week. This is, of course, an overwhelming amount of money—probably more than exists in all of New Jersey. The players may or may not realize that committing the Witch-Queen to this is a dangerous idea. There is room for negotiation, but only from “utterly maniacal” down to “totally insane.” The Rat Pack will not go below 65% of the gate and 300,000 gp guaranteed.

There is, of course, no way to reach the Witch-Queen and get her approval of the deal. Although, since she is, after all, the Witch-Queen, a game master might want to put together some kind of bizarre desert escapade to find a shaman who will eat some hallucinogenic cacti and get in touch with the Witch-Queen on the astral plane, or something like that. Feel free.

If the Witch-Queen *is* somehow contacted, she will agree to the terms. Her plan, of course, is to get Sinatra on *her* turf and then renegotiate the terms from a position of strength.

The party can also send someone (whether a party member or a hireling) back to Jersey to explain the deal to the Witch-Queen. However, Sinatra will *not* wait around for the party to make a round-trip flight to ask her approval.

### **Leaving (Las) Vega\$**

It will take a couple weeks, Sinatra explains, to reschedule future shows and to prepare for the trip. During that time the party may stay at the Sands on his nickel, and they can get a lift to New Jersey with him, but their food, drink, and gambling is their own responsibility. The Rat Pack will travel light—just the three of them and one bodyguard. “No dames,” explains Sinatra. “I’m sure you have some there.”

“So, Sammy, we still got that jet?” This prompts a fifteen-minute schtick about Frank’s assuming the

black guy is his servant, wandering through a “yes, massa” sort of routine, and ending up with Pharaoh Frank and Samuel the Oppressed Israelite.

The upshot is, yes, the jet should still be in the hangar at the airstrip, right where they left it a couple centuries ago. So on the appointed day, the party finds itself with Frank, Sammy, Dean, and Bob the Bodyguard (wearing a natty red velour shirt), riding in a limousine through the desert wasteland to a private landing strip over some hills to the west of town (near Bonnie Springs).

Bob the Bodyguard. MV 120', AC 9, HD 5 (45 HP each), # AT 1, D 1d10 (pistol) or 1d3 (fist), MU none.

The limo pulls up at one end of a baked-clay desert airstrip, disgorges its passengers, flashes its lights, toots its horn, and drives off to the east.

Dean produces a key from the breast pocket of his suit, walks over to one of the Quonset hut hangars, and unlocks it. Then he and Sammy slide the creaking door back to reveal a dusty, cobwebby Learjet 55.

Over the course of several hours, the party and the NPCs can fuel up a tug, pull the jet out onto the runway, fuel *it*, add oil and hydraulic fluid, get the icemaker full of water and the bar stocked, and so on, and get the plane ready to go.

Finally, shortly before sunset, Sammy pronounces the plane flightworthy, and Frank says “Can you help me get my head off and hook me up in the pilot’s seat?” And then all hell breaks loose.

### **What Happens In Vega\$ Stays in Vega\$**

Over the hills come a swarm of cobbots, bellowing “WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGA\$ STAYS IN VEGA\$!” and laying down a barrage of suppressing fire.

Sinatra groans, “And me here with my Gatling lasers in my other body.” This is actually perfectly true; there’s a Giant Mecha Sinatra too, which doesn’t appear in this adventure. Unless, of course, you want it to.

Depending on your players’ preferences, you can play this out as either a toe-to-toe slugfest between ten cobbots and the players, or run it as a hold-them-off-long-enough-to-get-the-plane-in-the-air.

Copbots. MV 90', AC 4, HD 13 (HP 62 each), # AT 1, D 2d6 (gauss pistol) or 1d6 + Stun (stun baton), Class III sensor system.

At this point, you may want to give the NPCs to the players to run. It is suggested that everyone shoot at Bob the Bodyguard first, and that Bob bite it. No one is likely to mind much, except Bob.

Should Sammy's death-ray eye, Dean's claw-claw-bite, and whatever the party brings to the battle make short work of the copbots, a second wave, this time of Elvis impersonators waving Colt .45 revolvers and spiked clubs, will arrive in pink Cadillacs. Five cars each with four Elvises sounds about right (show players illustration #7).

Elvis Impersonators. MV 120', AC 9, HD 8 (HP 45 each), # AT 1, D 1d10 (Colt .45) or 1d6 (spiked club), MU none.

To get the plane in the air requires the following: one round to unscrew Sinatra's head from his body (the jar has a sort of light bulb base), one round to get up the cabin stairs and into the cockpit, and one round to screw his head into the socket on the dashboard.

Then the engines must warm up for two rounds while everyone piles into the plane and tosses Sinatra's discarded body into it, and then the plane can start moving, at a move of 30' the first round, 60' the second, 120' the third, 240' the fourth, 480' the fifth, and then it's airborne. The plane cannot taxi with the stairs still down.

Of course, obstacles in the runway, like police cars and pink Cadillacs, must be cleared first, and of course the plane itself can't take too much damage. Fortunately the plane does have a nose-mounted minigun, so someone can seize the gunner's seat and clear the runway as the plane taxis.

If the plane is damaged beyond easy repair, but the police and Elvises are driven back, then other modes of transportation must be found. The *Flying Dutch Schultz* is one option. So is putting Sinatra's head on Giant Mecha Sinatra or on the Frank Tank. The ensuing cross-country trip could be a whole campaign by itself.

The players might try to take another tack: one of them will be holding the head of Frank Sinatra, after all, while Sammy and Dean are distracted, and if they want to try to steal a cop car or Cadillac, and make a getaway during the firefight,

and get back to the Vega\$ airport and fly back with a very, very pissed off Head Of Frank Sinatra, then more power to them. If this is the case, the Witch-Queen will be thrilled anyway, although slightly less thrilled than if the Rat Pack came to perform in New Jersey.

### **Return of the Prodigal, Version One: The Head**

If the party returns with just Sinatra's head, the Witch-Queen will still congratulate them on a job well done, and reward them to the best of her ability. However, if this happens, Sinatra eventually manages to seduce the Witch-Queen with his silver tongue.

She has a new body constructed for him (looking kind of like Rocky from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*), but after a few weeks her concubine escapes. A few months after that, it's time for the Defense Of Hoboken Against The Giant Mecha Sinatra, which will be an epic adventure in its own right.

### **Return of the Prodigal, Version Two: The Pack**

However, if the party manages to evade the pursuing Vega\$ mob and get airborne (almost certainly minus Bob the Bodyguard), they have an uneventful flight back to Acey (except that they will probably lose a lot of money playing craps with Dean and Sammy). Frank can commandeer a helicopter with a jarhead socket at the airstrip, and the trip to Hoboken can be accomplished with style.

The Witch-Queen practically pees her pants when she realizes that the Rat Pack lives and is going to perform in her city. Unfortunately, the ruinous contract terms mean that there won't be much left to reward the party with, but at first the Witch-Queen doesn't care: she is in the front row for all five of the Hoboken shows and then for all ten of the Acey shows, and very reliable rumor suggests that she becomes involved in an affair with Sinatra, if not indeed with all three members of the Rat Pack.

### **The Jersey Tour**

All fifteen shows sell out pretty much instantly, at 10 gp for the cheap seats, up to 500 for boxes. Opening night in Hoboken is quite the spectacle. In addition to the Witch-Queen, front-row, center, and the party also in the front row, the Jersey Devil himself reserves a box and eats almost

nobody<sup>3</sup> during the show [[illo]]. Everyone who is anyone is present at at least the first Hoboken show and the first and last Acey shows.

This will actually only leave the Witch-Queen about 50,000 gp in the hole, which is very painful to her, but not actually ruinous. It doesn't quite bankrupt the Hoboken coffers, but it comes close.

## Aftermath

Assuming that the Rat Pack came and played fifteen shows in New Jersey, and then went back to Vega\$, the Witch-Queen will, in the coming weeks, convince herself that Sinatra is as in love with her as she is with him. She will disappear for a few weeks, leaving, perhaps, the party in charge of her broke and very hung-over city. This should result in some interesting opportunities for role-playing.

She will return some weeks after *that*, red-eyed, embittered, and very, very grumpy. She will assume her duties again, and quietly start plotting for The Witch-Queen Versus Giant Mecha Sinatra.

## Appendix A: The Wandering Harlot Table

The First Edition *Dungeon Master Guide* contained a subtable on page 192 of what sorts of harlot a party might encounter in a city. Unfortunately, that table proved far too limited for the much wider variety of professional entertainers available in Vega\$, and so this table builds on the *DMG* subtable. If you don't have that, just remember phrases like "slovenly trull", "wanton wench", and "brazen strumpet," and you'll be fine: plug in your own values on Subtable A and go to town.

Notes: in the "Gender" entry, "H" means "Hermaphroditic" (at least one of each gender's genitals), and "N" means "Neuter" or "Not Applicable", meaning no genitalia at all, or a reproductive system bafflingly foreign to human concepts of sexuality. For a hermaphroditic plant, roll once on each of subtables E and F.

In the "Clientele" entry, "MF" means the harlot will

<sup>3</sup> St. Louisans: the referee recommends that Beatle Bob attend the first show, dance his elbow into the Witch-Queen's bosom, and become the "hardly" part of the "hardly anyone" consumed by the Jersey Devil; this last action will garner heartfelt applause from the audience. Dean Martin will then extend an offer to the Devil, on the spot, for ongoing heckler suppression at all the Jersey shows. The remaining evenings are marked by the decorum of the crowds.

transact business with males or females, but neither neuter nor hermaphroditic characters. A negative price is a possibility in one entry: the harlot will actually pay the character to be allowed to render service.

Mutated Animals and Humans should proceed to Mutation Subtable P after the harlot subtable type has been determined. Mutated Animals should roll on Mutation Subtable Q to determine the base animal type.

Harlots are quite likely to attempt to rob their customers, and are perhaps even more likely to carry vile diseases, with a probability more or less inversely proportional to their price.

### Wandering Harlot Table

d100	Type/Gender/Clientele/Subtable
01-08	Pure Human / F / MF / A
09-13	Pure Human / F / M / A
14	Pure Human / F / Any / A
15-17	Pure Human / M / M / B
18-20	Pure Human / M / Any / B
21-53	Mutated Human / F / MF / A
54-58	Mutated Human / F / Any / A
59-61	Mutated Human / M / Any / B
62	Mutated Human / H / Any / C
63	Mutated Human / N / Any / D
64-71	Mutated Animal / F / MF / A
72-75	Mutated Animal / F / Any / A
76-78	Mutated Animal / M / Any / B
79	Mutated Animal / H / Any / C
80	Mutated Animal / N / Any / D
81	Mutated Plant / F / Any / E
82	Mutated Plant / M / Any / F
83	Mutated Plant / H / Any / E+F
84-88	Mutated Plant / N / Any / G
89-92	Android / F / Any / H
93-94	Android / M / Any / I
95	Android / N / Any / J
96	Sapient Monster / F / Any / K
97	Sapient Monster / M / Any / L
98	Sapient Monster / H / Any / M
99	Sapient Monster / N / Any / N
00	Other / - / - / O

### Wandering Harlot Subtable A - Female

d100	type	Price (gp)
01-10	from subtable in AD&D 1E <i>DMG</i> , 192	1d10
11-25	"	4d6
26-35	"	1d4
36-50	"	3d8
51-65	"	2d8
66-75	"	5d4
76-85	"	1d100 + 50
86-90	"	1d6x100
91-92	"	d100
93-94	"	freebie
95-97	86ed Barfly	3d6
99	Nun	10

99	Party Member's Sister (if possible)	8d8
00	Party Member's Mom (if possible)	1d3

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable B - Male

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01-11	Busted Gambler	4d4
12-16	Hopeless Crackhead	1d2
17-79	Republican Politician	1d3-2
80-89	Televangelist	4d8
90-92	Flamboyant Queen	10d6
93-95	Unctuous Gigolo	3d20
96-97	Drunk, Curious Fratboy	2d12
98	Priest	10
99	Party Member's Brother (if possible)	2d6
00	Party Member's Dad (if possible)	1d4

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable C - Hermaphroditic

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01-25	Big-titted Chick-with-dick (hottish)	10d4
26-84	Slender ladyboy (hottish)	4d20
85-91	Bearded Lady	1d10
92-98	Mid-op-Obese-Transsexual (not hot)	1d8
99	Siamese Twins, one of each gender	1d100
00	Ancient Tiresias	1d4

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable D - Neuter

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01-25	Simpering Eunuch	6d4
26-52	Androgynous Bowie Clone	10d10
53-79	"Pat"	1d6
80-97	Angelic-voiced Soprano Castrato	10d8
98-00	Horrorific Chainsaw Accident	1d2

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable E - Female Plant

d100	Genital Resemblance	Price (gp)
01-25	Venus Flytrap	3d8
26-40	Georgia O'Keefe Flower	10d10
41-45	Box Elder	2d6
46-55	Pussy Willow	4d8
56-62	Yew Bush	1d10
63-70	Slippery Elm	5d4
71-79	Splintery Knothole	1d4
80-89	Fleshy Pitcher Plant	10d8
90-94	Melon with Hole	8d6
95-00	Trumpet-shaped flowers	4d6

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable F - Male Plant

d100	Genital Resemblance	Price (gp)
01-10	<i>Amorphophallus Titanum</i>	10d6
11-15	Fuck Yew	1d10
16-45	Prickly Cactus	2d8
46-55	Mangrove roots	3d4
55-63	Cucumber	1d6
64-69	Cucumber (waxed)	4d6
70-73	Humorously-shaped gourd	2d8
74-79	Lodgepole pine	2d4
80-87	Fleshy Fungoid	2d12
88-93	Maize	2d6
94-00	Fiddlehead Fern	3d6

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable G - Neuter Plant

d100	Resemblance	Price (gp)
01-10	Oak	1d6
11-23	Pine	1d4
24-39	Honeysuckle	2d8
40-47	Poplar	2d4

48-59	Hibiscus	1d10
60-63	Redwood	1d20
64-72	Puffball	10d10
73-77	Chili Pepper	4d8
78-82	Mulberry	2d4
83-88	Dandelion	1d8
89-92	Pokeweed	1d4
93	Ragweed	1d2
94	Baobab	7d6
95	Mother-In-Law's Tongue	5d8
96	Monkey Puzzle	2d6
97	Peyote Cactus	4d100
98	Banyan	3d8
99	Rosebush	10d4
00	Lamb's Ear	3d8

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable H - Female Android

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01-10	Sultry French Maidbot	8d6
11-25	Brazen Strumpetbot	3d4
26-32	Solvent-addled Slutbot	2d2
33-37	Robostewardess on day off	4d10
38-49	Saucy Tartbot	3d6
50-55	Luscious Femmebot	12d20
56-62	Demure Geishabot	4d20
63-68	Badly Confused Warbot	1d8
69-77	Sleazy dude in silver paint/fake boobs	1d4
78-87	Psycho Hosebot	3d12
88-91	RealDoll Mk. XVIII	2d100
92-96	Ghetto Hobot	4d3
97	Depraved Nunbot	10
98	<i>Really</i> broken Slot Machine	1
99	Unemployed Vacuumbot	2d4
00	Wanton Wenchbot	1d10

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable I - Male Android

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01-08	Hairy Bearbot	6d4
09-22	Laid-off Bending Robot	1d6
23-44	BoyToy 3000	7d6
45	HolmesBot 12-incher	1d20+30
47-68	Ubiquitous RonJeremyBot	1d4
69	J. Edgar Hoovertron DX	5d6
70-72	Hobo in cardboard robot suit	3d4
73-79	Industrial Painting Robot in new career	1d6
80-85	Robot from <i>Moonwalker</i> video game	4d4
86-90	Navybot on shore leave	1d8
91	Peter Northbot	3d10
92-96	Tin Woodsman	3d8
97	Chatterly GardenerBot	4d10
98	CNC Drill Press on the lam	1d10
99	Protocol Droid/Astromech double-team	6d12
00	Dirty PriestBot	10

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable J - Neuter Android

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01-10	Toaster	1d4
11-25	Refrigerator	3d4
26-32	Juicer	2d2
33-37	Blender	4d4
38-49	Rice Cooker	3d2
50-55	Microwave Oven	3d4
56-62	StenographerBot	1d8
63-68	Automated Taxicab	4d4+4/mile
69-77	Suicide Booth	1d10
78-87	Washing Machine	3d6
88-93	GardenerBot (ungendered)	2d2

94-97	DentistBot	3d3
98	1963 Volkswagen Bug with insane AI	1d8
99	Locomotive	3d10
00	Tankbot	4d20

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable K – Female Sapient Monster

d8	Type	Price (gp)
1	Brain Lasher	2d12
2	Eye Bitch	2d6
3	Humanoid Mass	3d8
4	Medusoid	2d10
5	Pod Plant	2d8
6	Sky Ray	2d20
7	Walking Dead	3d3
8	Xeno Cow	2d8

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable L – Male Sapient Monster

d100	Type	Price (gp)
01	Brain Lasher	2d12
02	Eye Dog	2d6
03	Humanoid Mass	3d8
04	Pod Plant	2d6
05	Pumpkin Man	2d8
06	Sky Ray	2d20
07-98	Spidergoat	1d3
99	Walking Dead	3d3
00	Xeno Bull	3d20

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable M – Hermaphroditic Sapient Monster

d4	Type	Price (gp)
1	Fungoid	4d6
2	Humanoid Mass	8d8
3	The Irradiated	1d6
4	Kamata	4d4

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable N – Neuter Sapient Monster

d10	Type	Price (gp)
1	Carcass Scavenger	1d3
2	Burrow Tuber	1d3
3	Fungoid	4d6
4	Gamma Wyrms	8d10
5	Humanoid Mass	1d8
6	Insectoid Eye	2d8
7	The Irradiated	1d6
8	Narcolep	4d8
9	Stalker Plant	1d6
10	Walking Dead	1d2

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable O – Other

d10	Type	Price (gp)
1	Being of Pure Energy	4d8
2	Green Slime	2d6
3	Gray Ooze	2d8
4	Ghost	2d12
5	Transdimensional Alien Being	9d4
6	Time-Space Anomaly	1d10
7	Airborne Jellyfish Thing	1d20
8	Amoeboid	3d8
9	Sonic-based Lifeform	4d10
10	use Raggi's <i>Esoteric Creature Generator</i>	1d6x1d100

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable P – Mutations

d12	Mutation
1	Additional genitals (if applicable)
2	Prehensile genitals (if applicable)

3	Triple-Jointed
4	Intoxicating Pheromones
5	Empathy
6	Prehensile tongue (if applicable)
7	Vibrating muscle tissue
8	Localized temperature control
9	Telepathic stimulation of brain pleasure centers
10	Enlarged primary/secondary sexual characteristics
11	Telekinesis
12	Roll twice on table

#### Wandering Harlot Subtable Q – Base Animal Type

d20	Type
1	Hawk
2	Cat
3	Dog
4	Pig
5	Cow
6	Rabbit
7	Deer
8	Moose
9	Elephant
10	Rhino
11	Crow
12	Cockroach
13	Spider
14	Horse
15	Tiger
16	Narwhal
17	Crocodile
18	Bat
19	Rat
20	Bear