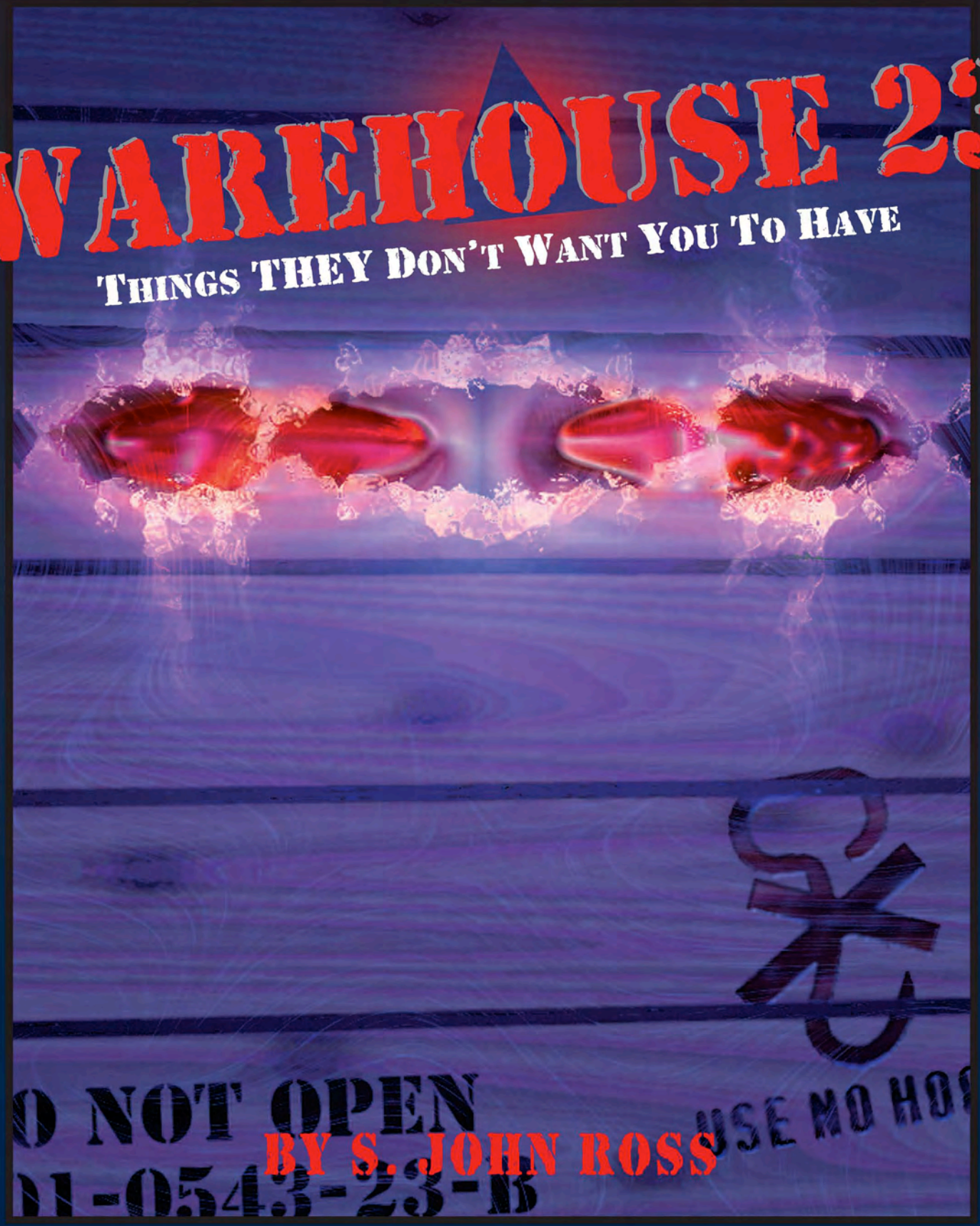
GURPS®

WAREHOUSE 23

Things They Don't Want You To Have



BY S. JOHN ROSS

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

DANGER! THIS SIDE UP!

The Ark of the Covenant sits on a shelf next to the gold plates of Moroni and the dissected corpses of the Martian invaders. Frozen in ice you'll find the Jersey Devil beside a Yeti, and a bacteria that can eat any metal – it just can't *stop*. Growing in a hidden hydroponics facility is a plant with a fruit that tastes like steak, with enough nutrition in a single serving to sustain you for a week. The plates they serve it on in the cafeteria are made of a 100% biodegradable plastic that – while it's still fresh – can absorb the kinetic energy of a tank shell without even spilling your drink.

You don't want to know what's in the drink.

The global power balance teeters on the brink of chaos. We touch too much too soon. We discover things we were never meant to comprehend: Relics created by the whim of mad genius, or aliens, or gods – or godlike DEMONS . . . substances so potent that a handful could destroy our world, computers so subtle that no network is secure from their manipulation, sorceries dark enough to annihilate the purest soul.

Illustration by Shea Ryan; colored by Jeff Koke

Somewhere, those with true Power have built a facility to imprison these forces . . . for proper study. For our own good. To insure order. Until THEY decide to unleash them. THEY know WE aren't yet ready for the contents of Warehouse 23. But are THEY? Inside the Warehouse, you might wonder just who – or WHAT – could dare consider itself a master of such power.

Your players will be delighted. At first.

WRITTEN BY S. JOHN ROSS
EDITED BY SEAN BARRETT
COVER BY BRUCE POPKY
ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SMITH AND BRIAN DESPAIN

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

ISBN 1-55634-328-0

51795

9 781556 343285

SJG01795 **6523**

Printed in the U.S.A.

GURPS

WAREHOUSE 23

Things THEY Don't Want You To Have

By S. John Ross

Additional Material by Sean Barrett, Nigel D. Findley, Chris W. McCubbin, Steffan O'Sullivan and David L. Pulver

Edited by Sean Barrett
Cover by Bruce Popky
Illustrated by Dan Smith, Brian Despain, and Shea Ryan

This book is respectfully dedicated to the memory of Nigel D. Findley, author of the original ***GURPS Illuminati.*** One of the most prolific and eclectic writers in our industry, Nigel passed away on February 19, 1995, at age 35, leaving a legacy of fine reading and great gaming. *They* got a good one.

We would like to thank *Raiders of the Lost Ark* – for that last, incredible warehouse scene that fired so many imaginations – and Stirling Westrup (see p. 126), who first pointed out that every one of those crates could have an adventure in it!

The author would like to acknowledge Dennis Edison Chinault II (for enthusiasm and questions), his mother Madeleine (for junk food), Tim Driscoll (for source material and constant support), Eris (for Passing Fancies), Marty Franklin (for loaning me his books and being the loopiest gamer I know), Richard Gillespie (for a place to play), Laurel Halbany (for strong opinions, and a famous hoax), Melina Haberer (for tales of slavic parapsychology), Moose Jasman (for late-night talks and religious insight), Steve Johnson (for playing a hypnotist), Gyeroinya Krasivy (for fortifying Discordian praise), Robert Likins (for books and fellowship), Kimberly Lindsey (for conspiracy theories), Travis Linton (for psychic Yeti research), Chris Reid (for bone marrow), Doug Sheppard (for last-minute Jiffy-Pop), Matt Sullins & Friends (for noise and coffee and acrobats), James Sullivan (for facing nameless horror), Ron Wiltshire (for Elsdon), Terri Wells (for everything), and Elvis Aaron Presley, the Rockabilly Regent of the Red Planet, for the ablative Quantum Jumpsuit and Blue-Shift shoes. To all of you, thank you.

GURPS System Design by Steve Jackson
Scott Haring and Alain Dawson, Managing Editors
Sean Punch, ***GURPS*** Line Editor
Page Layout, Typography, Interior and Color Production by Richard Meaden, Bruce Popky, and Jeremy Zauder
Print Buying by Monica Stephens and Russell Godwin
Art Direction by Bruce Popky
Gene Seabolt, Sales Manager
Spike Y Jones and Alain Dawson, Proofreaders
Hunter Johnson & Michael Bowman, Errata Coordinators

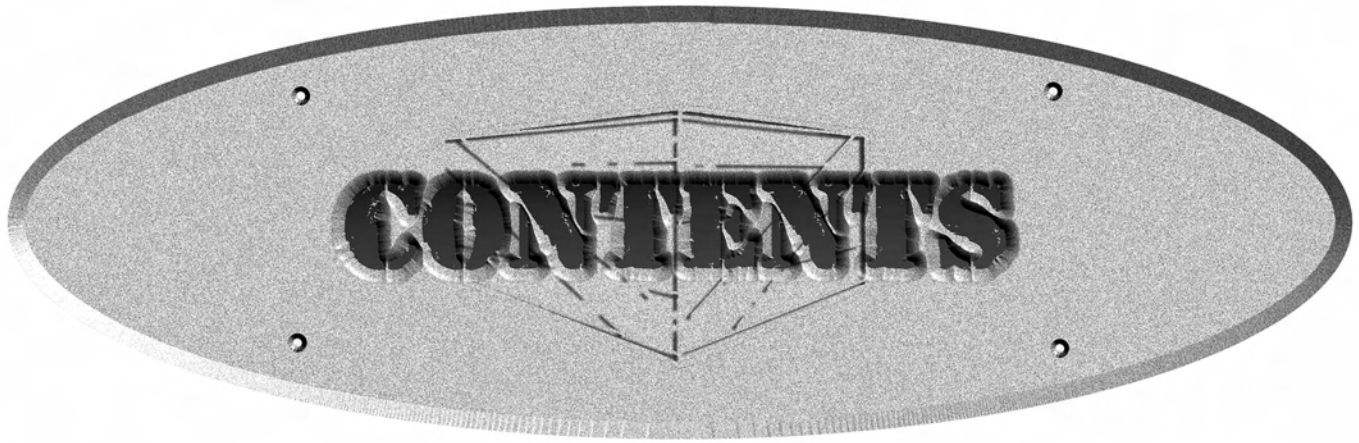
Playtesters: Susan Barrett, Patrick Bunt, J. Hunter Johnson, Don Juneau, and Brett Slocum

GURPS and the all-seeing pyramid are registered trademarks of Steve Jackson Games Incorporated. *Pyramid*, Illuminati Online and the names of all products published by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated are registered trademarks or trademarks of Steve Jackson Games Incorporated, or used under license.
GURPS Warehouse 23 is copyright © 1997, 1999 by Steve Jackson Games Incorporated. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

ISBN 1-55634-328-0

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

STEVE JACKSON GAMES



INTRODUCTION 4
About the Author 4
*About **GURPS*** 4

1. LEGACY OF THE WAR 5
In the Beginning 6
Important Disclaimer 6
Why "Warehouse 23?" 6
The Nazi Pact With Men From Space 7
The Special Research Office (SRO) 7
OSS Foreign Offices 7
The Current Caretakers 7
The OSS Connection 8
Special Funds Division 8
Charlie 9
Division 19 10
The End of the War 10
Dora Wolf 10
Truman's Secret 11
CIA Success? 11
Warehouse Agents: The Men In Black 11
Ending Deleted For Security Reasons 12
On Site: Exploring Warehouse 23 12
The Waterbug 12
Primary Cells 13
Logging On 14
Warehouse Maps 16

WAREHOUSE CONSPIRACY UNVEILED TO WORLD!

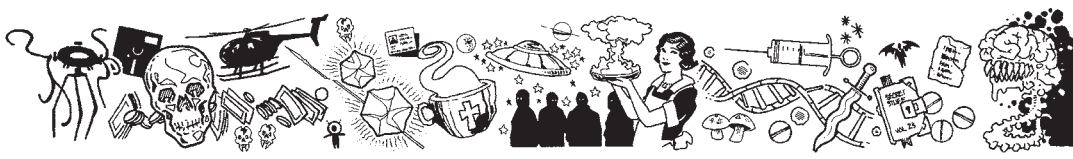
"It grew out of our control months ago," claimed an unidentified source wearing a black suit. Reports insist that the sub-levels of Warehouse 23 online contain over 5000 crates of unusual items. Subliminal ads co-exist with subversive submission forms. Subfnord.

SJ Games, host of the Warehouse 23 web site, released a statement saying that "you *don't* want to go near the dumpster. But stay tuned; the Secret Masters have big plans, including an actual online game."

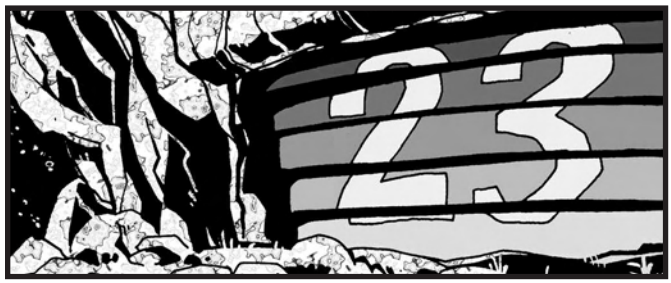
`http://www.sjgames.com/warehouse23/`

2. ALTERNATE WAREHOUSES 19
Choosing a Site 20
Imperfect Masters 20
Populating the Warehouse 21
Telltale Signs 21
The Real Owners 22
Governments and Government Agencies 22
Organized Crime 23
Corporations 23
Memoranda 23
Churches 24
Private Interests 24
The Conspiracy 24
Cosmology: How Illuminated Is the World? 25
The Mundane 25
Vermin and Vermin-Hunters 25
The Occult 26
The Fortean 26
The Conspiracy 27
Even the Owners Don't Know 27
All of the Above 28
How the Lens Shapes the Warehouse 28
Psionics, Magic and Technology 29
Warehouse Secrecy 30

3. GALLERY OF THE STRANGE 31
Occult Secrets 32
The Ark of the Covenant 32
The Holy Grail 36
The Spear of Longinus 38
Genetic Interrogation Device 40
Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus 42
The Green Grimoire 43
The Memories of Michael Perry 45
The Crystal Skull 46
The Crystal Bell 47
The Oracle Gem 48



Conspiracies, Cover-Ups and Hoaxes 50
The *Astro Globs!* Cover-Up 50
Atomic Death From the Red Planet 51
Martian War Machine (TL9) 53
Red Death: Martian Weaponry 53
Black Helicopters and the Price of Beef 54
The Fat Farm 57
The Mechanical Textbook 59
The MIB Files 60
The Warghetz Papers 62
The True Face of Science 63
Barb Needlers. 63
The Devolvo Ray 64
The Dream Stage 65
Explosive Flour 66
The Flying Saucer. 66
Freeze Ray 74
The Genius Machine 75
The Love Potion, a Neurochemical Fable. 76
Paratronic Key 77
Pocket Silence Machines 78
Slipspray 78
Super-Metals and Super-Plastics 79
The Weldon Pharmacy 80
Bizarre Finds 82
Atlantis and the Lost Platonic Dialogues 82
Caves of the Dero 85
The Albemarle Dictionary 87
The Soulmate Database 88
Blood Rifle 89
Telekinetic Bombs. 90



4. THE CRYPTOZOO 91
Atomic Monsters, Jersey Devils, and the Mythology of Today 92
Other Sources. 92
The Menagerie 93
Cat-Men/Goatmen 93
Cigar Angels 93
Electric Eel, Giant 94
Gallitz Pig 94
Gojira 95
Gremlins. 96
Immortality Fish. 97
The Loch Ness Monster 97
Martians 98
Neo-Giants: Sasquatch and Yeti 99
Sea Monsters 100

5. ODDS UNBEATABLE AND GRISLY ENDS 102
Illuminated One-Liners 103
The Random Reaching-Into-A-Box Table. 103
Conspiracy Theory Skill 103
Forteanism 104
Mind Control Skill 105
Esoteric History Skill 105
Other Things to Find. 105
The Tools of the Masters. 106
Orgone Energy 106
Nanogun. 106
Primitive Time Machine. 106
Primitive Telepathy Helmet 106
Big Eggs 106
The Healer Symbiont. 107
Preservation Gel 107
The Heart of Reason 107
The Purotron 108
Ticket to Hell 108
Hypno-Power 109
Talk to the Animals – and Run 109
The Real Apollo Missions 109
Enhanced Fnords 110
Mind Control 111
The Philosopher's Stone 111
The Swashbucklers 111
Engineered Bacteria 112
The Lost Tablets of Hippocrates 112
Super-Fruit 113
Ultra-Tech Evil: Brain Hacking 114
Angel Hair. 114
The Venus Braintrap 115
Skeletons in the Closet 115
The Gold Plates of Moroni 116
Warehouse 23 in Other Genres 117

6. ILLUMINATED TIMELINE 119

BIBLIOGRAPHY. 123

INDEX. 127

About GURPS

Steve Jackson Games is committed to full support of the ***GURPS*** system. Our address is SJ Games, Box 18957, Austin, TX 78760. Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) any time you write us! Resources now available include:

Pyramid (***www.sjgames.com/pyramid***). Our online magazine includes new rules and articles for ***GURPS***. It also covers all the hobby's top games – ***AD&D, Traveller, World of Darkness, Call of Cthulhu, Shadowrun,*** and many more – and other SJ Games releases like ***In Nomine, INWO, Car Wars, Toon, Ogre Miniatures,*** and more. And ***Pyramid*** subscribers also have access to playtest files online, to see (and comment on) new books before they're released.

New supplements and adventures. ***GURPS*** continues to grow, and we'll be happy to let you know what's new. A current catalog is available for an SASE. Or check out our Web site (below).

Errata. Everyone makes mistakes, including us – but we do our best to fix our errors. Up-to-date errata sheets for all ***GURPS*** releases, including this book, are always available from SJ Games; be sure to include an SASE with your request. Or download them from the Web – see below.

Q&A. We do our best to answer any game question accompanied by an SASE.

Gamer input. We value your comments. We will consider them, not only for new products, but also when we update this book on later printings!

Internet. Visit us on the World Wide Web at **www.sjgames.com** for an online catalog, errata and updates, and hundreds of pages of information. We also have conferences on Compuserve and America Online. ***GURPS*** has its own Usenet group, too: rec.games.frp.gurps.

GURPSnet. Much of the online discussion of ***GURPS*** happens on this e-mail list. To join, send mail to majordomo@io.com with "subscribe GURPSnet-L" in the body, or point your World Wide Web browser to: **www.io.com/GURPSnet/www.**

Page References

Rules and statistics in this book are specifically for the ***GURPS Basic Set***, Third Edition. Any page reference that begins with a B refers to the ***GURPS Basic Set*** – e.g., p. B102 means p. 102 of the ***GURPS Basic Set,*** Third Edition.

Page references that begin with CI indicate ***GURPS Compendium I***. Other references are CY for ***GURPS Cyberpunk***, G for ***GURPS Grimoire***, I for ***GURPS Illuminati***, M for ***GURPS Magic***, P for ***GURPS Psionics***, UT for ***GURPS Ultra-Tech***, and VE for ***GURPS Vehicles***.

INTRODUCTION

Too much checking on the facts has ruined many a good news story.
– Newspaperman Roy Howard

(Chief Justice Warren Burger used this quotation in a speech given in 1985. Despite a total lack of evidence that Roy Howard ever said such a thing, most reporters never checked it, apparently taking the advice to heart.)

Ghosts are REAL. Flying saucers are abducting "us" for study. THE SAVIOR has been and gone; His name "was" Elvis. The CIA has perfected the *thought-virus*, and it's using it in ATLANTIS, *right now.* If "you've" ever HAD a flash of paranoia, or a nagging doubt about the "accepted" laws of "physics," you won't be a STRANGER to Warehouse 23.

GURPS Warehouse 23 is a book of secrets: Weird Science, Magic, and Lies. To some GMs, it is a book of treasures and plot hooks with which to torture, tease, and ultimately reward characters. To the light-hearted, it might be a kind of giant, modern dungeon-crawl. ***Warehouse 23*** runs the gamut from deadly serious to shamelessly silly, and sometimes it's hard to tell them apart.

"Warehouse 23" is a sinister fairy tale. The Warehouse is drawn from the same pantheon as the Loch Ness Monster and the Kelly Creature. It occupies the same spot in the heavens as the 100 mile-per-gallon carburetor and the Martian Invasion of 1938. What decent, normal people call urban legends and tourist-bait, the Secret Masters hide in their Warehouse.

Warehouse 23 is a place where the Truth is hidden. The answer to every question ever asked and every prayer ever uttered is here, stacked 500 to a pallet and rotting away, wasted. Those who believe in Warehouse 23 know that all their fantasies can be indulged here, no matter how maniacal or mundane.

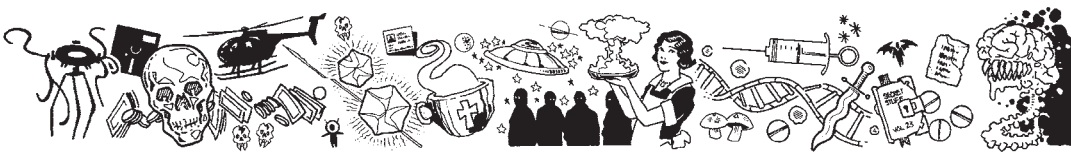
Come on in; here's your security card. Don't lose it.

REPRODUCTION and DISSEMINATION of this IMPORTANT information is PROHIBITED!!!

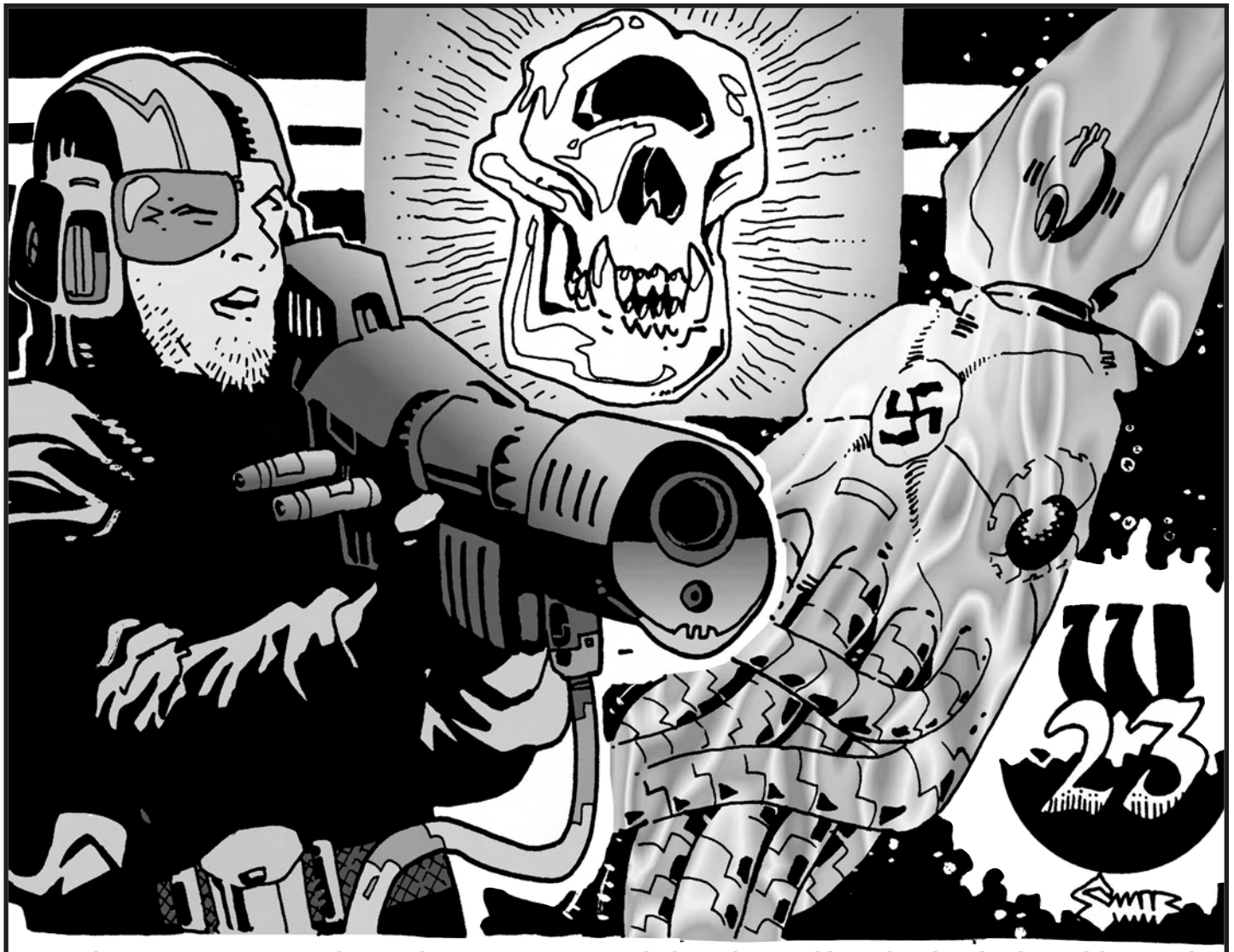
About the Author

S. John's only personal run-in with the secrets of government warehouses was a visit to one such "Facility" converted into a covert tennis court by the Department of the Navy. One of the dusty catwalks above the courts contained a dead sparrow, presumably of terrestrial origin. He has never visited the Pentagon (much less the section occupied by the Joint Chiefs of Staff) and knows nothing about the purple water fountain in its basement, or any crates of canned pineapple in closets.

He sits quietly on his porch, watching the Fringe, drinking tea.



1 LEGACY OF THE WAR



That once upon a time, this Earth was No-Man's Land, that other worlds explored and colonized here, and fought among themselves for possession, but now it's owned by something:

That something owns this Earth – all others warned off.

– Charles Fort, ***The Book of the Damned***

This chapter contains rumors. Rumors about the origins of Warehouse 23, the occult nature of World War II, and other fables of the modern condition. The "truth," if there *is* any, is entirely up to the Game Master.

Important Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction, laced with lies. The private storehouses of the world might contain alien technology, holy relics, and the truth behind every conspiracy theory ever proposed, but we're not going to tell *you.*

GURPS Warehouse 23 is a compendium of mythology and superstition, with an emphasis on the myths of the 20th century. Here at the end of that century, we can look back and laugh at ourselves, perhaps learning something in the process. Like the epic cycles of previous centuries, our own mythology is a blend of the allegorical and the literal, and the line between the two is elusive.

There are things in this book that real people – serious, educated people – believe in. There are things in this book that *nobody* believes in (we hope).

As a history book, ***Warehouse 23*** is garbage. President Roosevelt never had a Special Research Office. Majestic-12 is a myth. Adolf Hitler had no "obsession with the occult." Wilhelm Reich was a paranoid crackpot, not a martyr to *any* cause, and while the CIA has certainly done some terrible things (many of them confessed in court), consorting with UFOs wasn't one of them. As far as we know.

Where an entry includes references to real history, it does so for the sake of more believable drama and more ironic comedy. Where it makes for an interesting game, we've contradicted ourselves, employed shameless misdirection, and even *told the truth.* It would spoil the joke to outline the divisions between our research and invented dementia . . . but we've provided a bibliography for those who think they can catch us in the act. See p. 123.

Why "Warehouse 23?"

Why not Warehouse 666, or Hangar 13, or Area 51, or Majestic 12, or Division 19? What's the significance of the number 23?

You're not cleared for that.

Any of it.

Fnord.

IN THE BEGINNING

We've never been alone.

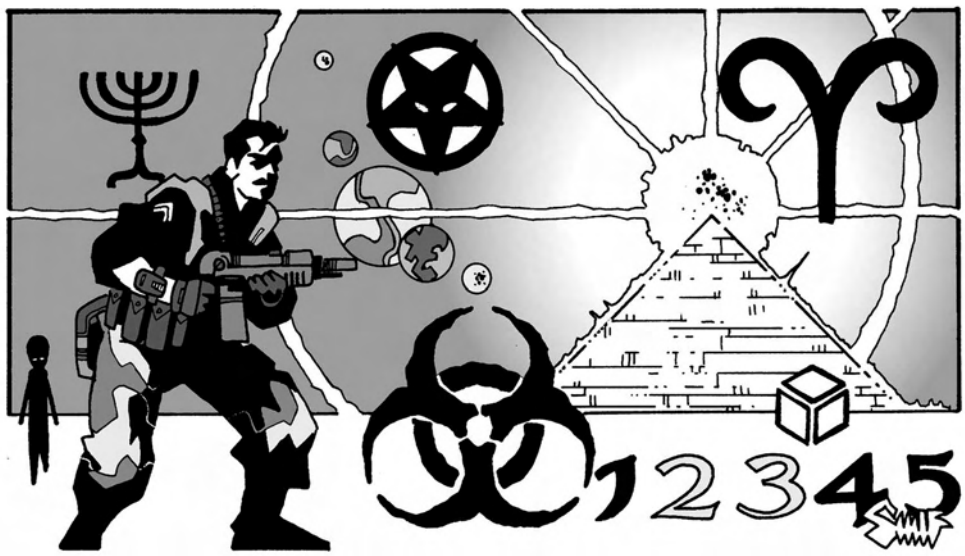
Eyes from other worlds watched us wriggle from the primordial soup, and nudged us this way and that – designing, shaping. There is no "missing link." *Homo sapiens* was engineered by somebody – or some*thing* – beyond the mundane experience. Our Brothers from Space. The beginnings of a Conspiracy of a thousand worlds were in the tiny Petri dish that its inhabitants called planet Earth. Ultimately, the fate of galaxies might ride upon its success. Or we might only be a single bullet in another race's gun.

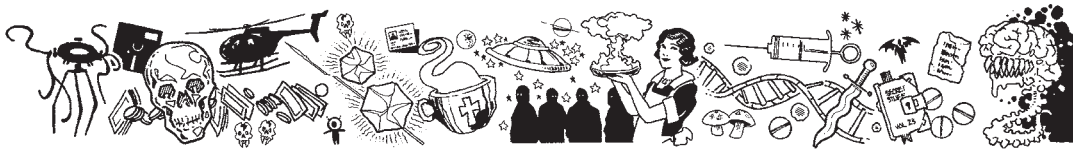
Mu. Lemuria. Atlantis. When the great cultures of the primordial world slipped into the deep, new lands were sought, and mankind lived on with its alien ties forgotten. The truth became the stuff of clouded myths of gods and heroes.

Magic is real, the source of great power. Pyramids focused *mana* and made it useable by pharaohs. Stonehenge clocked great rituals and tracked the stars. The Ark of the Covenant focused the beliefs of a people into a Throne of God.

Secrets are everywhere. Orders of knighthood. Fraternities of Masons and physicians. Covens of witches. Secret cabals of sorcery and alchemy. Symbols and rituals and theft and lies and murder. When the UFOs finally returned to finish their work, planet Earth had developed significant powers of its own. Most of them work in the shadows, known collectively as the Conspiracy or the Illuminati. Behind the thin veil of human ignorance, a war has been raging for centuries.

It was a long time before the dark prophecies of dead religions – the visions of mad visionaries – came to pass. It was the early 20th century, and the place would soon be known as Nazi Germany . . .





The Nazi Pact With Men From Space

History records that Adolf Hitler, for all the legends we have of his fascination with the occult and his obsession with the powers of ancient gods, was a materialist. By the end of World War II, the American spy network (the OSS) had established beyond all doubt that even Hitler's celebrated belief in astrology was not real; Adolf Hitler was a twisted, evil man, but he was rooted in a world in which gods were only tools of the powerful. Hitler did not believe in magic.

So mundane history says.

Hitler's climb to power was steeped in the blackest of sorcery, wielded by the hands of our Space Brothers. The Nazi Party grew out of the secret machinations of the occult Thule Society, and his most powerful lieutenant, the *Schutzstaffel*'s own Heinrich Himmler, led his SS as a mystic order of knighthood – warriors to match the might of the Thule wizards. Above them all, in high orbit above Wewelsburg, Germany, the cold, inhuman hearts of the Greys beat faster in anticipation of the culmination of their plans. Whether the wizards and gadgeteers of the Third Reich were merely their pawns is yet to be seen. The game has not ended, and the world still hangs in the balance.

The Special Research Office (SRO)

While Hitler and his men eyed the world greedily behind spells and alien rocket science, the United States did not slumber. By the time World War II would be upon the world, the Nazis were already deeply steeped in magic, and the U.S. was already fighting fire with fire.

The U.S. had neither alien contacts nor deep knowledge of sorcery, but it was far from ignorant of the occult threat from the Nazis. In 1935, while the Nuremberg laws against the Jews were being passed in Germany, President Roosevelt was creating the Presidential Special Research Office (SRO), to investigate "potential danger of a supernatural or super-terrestrial nature among the Germans and in other places around the globe."

Built with a small amount of funds granted by Congress as untraceable "black money," the SRO operated on a shoestring budget. With a dozen dedicated employees working in a small office in the southern Federal quarter of Washington, D.C., the SRO was to become the most valuable research tool at the beginning of the war.

OSS Foreign Offices

By the end of 1944, the Special Funds division had offices in London, Gibraltar, Caserta, Cairo, Lisbon, Stockholm, Madrid, Kandy (Ceylon), Calcutta, Istanbul, Kunming, Athens, and Paris, as well as a secret office in Germany. Each of these offices had its own warehouse for storing goods appropriate to local OSS activities. One was near Algiers, the original location of an office that was moved to Caserta in 1944. Other facilities were built in secret and remote locations of special usefulness as drop-off and supply locations.

All of these other warehouses had their own secrets, and a campaign focusing on the *search* for Warehouse 23 would involve tracing OSS wartime activities. Since the OSS conducted occult research to counter the Nazi threat, any or all of the warehouses could still have lingering curses, spells, or otherworldly entities. They predated the flood of extraterrestrial technology into the U.S. by a couple of years (and no one really *understood* any of the alien tech until after Project Paperclip), but those still in use by the CIA today certainly include those alien influences, as well!

The Current Caretakers

Those who run Warehouse 23 – most of them, anyway – have no idea who they're working for. They know where they live, and what their jobs are, and that neither will change for the rest of their lives. All Caretakers, from the Chief Administrator to the girl who sweeps the Robot Room, are "lifers." For whatever reason, the Conspiracy wants *them* tucked away just as much as they want the Albemarle Dictionary under wraps. For this reason, nearly *every* Caretaker has some sort of interesting story in his past. For equally obvious reasons, none of them talk about them very much.

Most of the Caretakers *like* it that way. Many are dedicated researchers, either of the sciences or the occult. Both groups (and there is some crossover between them!) have access to information and materials that they'd never even *heard* of before they came to work at the Facility. The Conspiracy only brings *talented* people here. The untalented ones it just kills (often to power the spells and machines of the talented).

Continued on next page . . .

The Current Caretakers (Continued)

The two most important Caretakers are the Chief Administrator, known only as "Charlie" (his real name may be on file with the Secret Masters), and the Chief Librarian, Dora Wolf. Charlie has been running the place with what can only be called "a joy-buzzer in an iron fist" since sometime in the 1960s or 1970s. Dora is a quiet old matron, who keeps her nose in her databases and books when anybody's looking . . . but she knows more than she lets on. Dora Wolf is probably the only person in the entire world who knows where everything is kept, and rumor has it that she's been working for the Facility since before World War II. She's over 80 years old, apparently. She might be a lot older. Whatever the case, the Masters seem to like her, because she gets whatever she wants. Many lesser Caretakers think that Dora is a Secret Master, a suggestion that she would coyly laugh off. When in the company of Dora Wolf, one expects to be offered cookies and milk. If Dora ever makes such an offer, don't refuse, but don't eat the cookies, and don't drink the milk.

The SRO had two major areas of concern when it was chartered in 1935. The first was the growing occult influence in Europe. The second was the growing evidence of activity on and near the planet Mars. Other, more minor concerns included occult societies operating in Turkey and China. Open conflict soon erupted in most of these areas. Many (such as the aborted Martian invasion of our planet) occurred in the late 1930s, before the war grew so large that it involved even *the mundane populace.*

The SRO acquired many artifacts, both alien and occult. Faced with a need to safely hide and study these objects, a warehouse was purchased from the U.S. Navy. It was designated with a fresh code-name, "SRO Storehouse 715," and was (at least as far as Roosevelt knew) the first such facility funded by the United States government.

As Nazi Germany grew to greater prominence, the SRO grew in knowledge. By the time World War II was looming, the federal government had several accomplished occult experts and the U.S. fought desperately to keep pace with Germany's more organized use of sorcery. All of this was kept behind the scenes. Had the president publicly revealed the findings of his SRO, national security and morale would have been threatened at a time when both were vital.

The SRO, however, had problems, and in 1941 the threat of scandal and exposure led Roosevelt to dissolve the office and place its holdings under his personal control until the new Office of Strategic Services was in place.

THE OSS CONNECTION

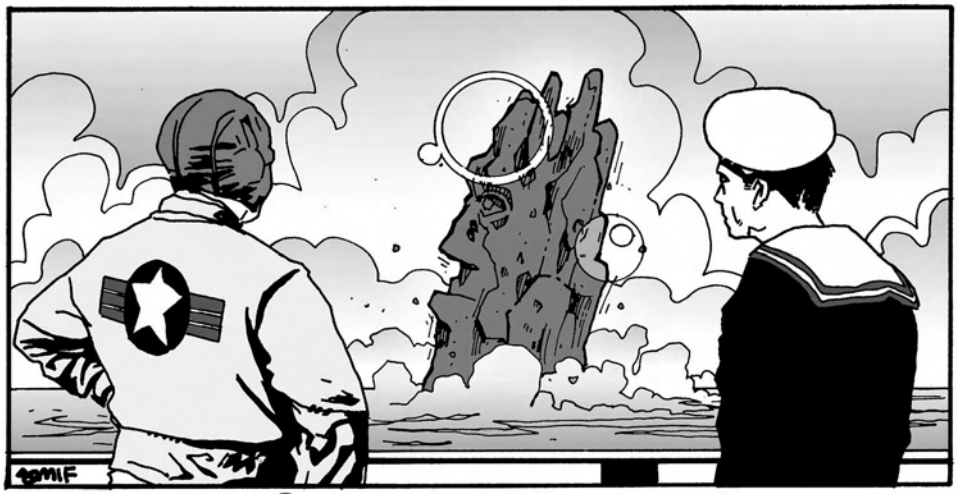
On June 13, 1942, FDR established the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) and named William "Wild Bill" Donovan its director.

Director Donovan referred to the pioneering methods of conflict developed by the OSS as "unconventional warfare," and it created the modern image of cinematic espionage. The OSS did more than simply spy: sabotage, psychological warfare, bribery, and specialized cutting-edge science were its tools, all in the hands of agents and teams whose activities (and even funding) were deniable and "off the record" by permission of the U.S. Congress.

Two divisions of the OSS played a special part in the formation of Warehouse 23: The Special Funds division and the Research & Development division. R&D was more commonly known as *Division 19.*

Special Funds Division

As the OSS quickly discovered, financing operations around the globe in the midst of world war can be difficult – and using U.S. dollars, in the few places where they were accepted, potentially put American legal tender into the hands of Axis spies. The OSS was well aware of this danger; it was trying to get foreign currency into the hands of *American* spies. With local currencies, agents could finance operations, bribe local officials, and blend in with the citizenry.



Currency for the agents of the OSS was the responsibility of the Special Funds division.

Its methods were many – buying money in foreign black markets might sound strange, but that's exactly what the OSS had to do in many cases. Currency was perilous. If the Nazis decided to mark their legal tender somehow and then slip it to the OSS, friendly agents would be lost – identified by their cash. While Reichsmarks were the only currency legal in the Balkans, the only source for the tightly-controlled paper bills was a military attaché from Berlin who smuggled them (400,000 of them!) at great personal risk to a waiting OSS office. To make crisp French francs seem like currency that had actually seen circulation, the London office of the OSS "pinholed" them and spread them across the floors of their offices, walking on them for days before issuing them for field use. To counter the Nazi use of black magic and other occult forces, the Special Funds division was also responsible for the acquisition of local magic and alien technology (which the Nazis had but the United States did not). This function also included the collection of folk talismans, local religious symbols, and other items that would look unusual if ordered openly in bulk by the U.S. government.

By Congressional order, a significant portion of the OSS's huge budget was "unvouchered," meaning the OSS was under no obligation to report what was done with it. Only Director Donovan and the Secretary of the Treasury needed any knowledge of where the money was used at all ("vouchered" funds were handled exclusively by the OSS's Finance Branch). Within the OSS, Special Funds had a lot of power because most of the unvouchered funds set aside for the OSS were its responsibility.

It was natural that Special Funds would receive the doomed SRO's leftovers. Special Funds had already overseen the purchase or construction of 30 warehouses worldwide, some within easy reach of foreign offices, others in remote locations. The warehouses were used to store equipment from Division 19 (see below), stockpiles of currency (and large amounts of gold and precious stones), occult paraphernalia and any artifacts that agents found "questionable" or mysterious. While many of the "warehouses" were little more than basements in local safe-houses, an equal number were actual storage buildings, and many had already been used for clandestine operations before the OSS started its own smuggling.

Warehouse 23 was, as its number indicates, one of the last put into action, although it was among the first sites chosen. It was the largest of the facilities, and one of the few specifically built (rather than purchased) on Special Funds unvouchered cash. It was the division's principal storehouse for gold, as well as the

Charlie

Warehouse Director, apparent age 45-50, 5'8", 175 lbs., dark red hair, brown eyes, constant quiet smile.

ST 9, DX 10, IQ 13, HT 14.

Basic Speed 6; Move 6.

Dodge 6.

Wears a personal *Transformer Belt* taken from flying saucer wreckage. This gadget "sheds off" incoming kinetic energy, providing PD 6; DR 50. DR is not reduced by armor-piercing effects of any sort (ignore DR divisors); it provides no protection against lasers or electrical attacks.

Advantages: Strong Will+1; Wealthy.

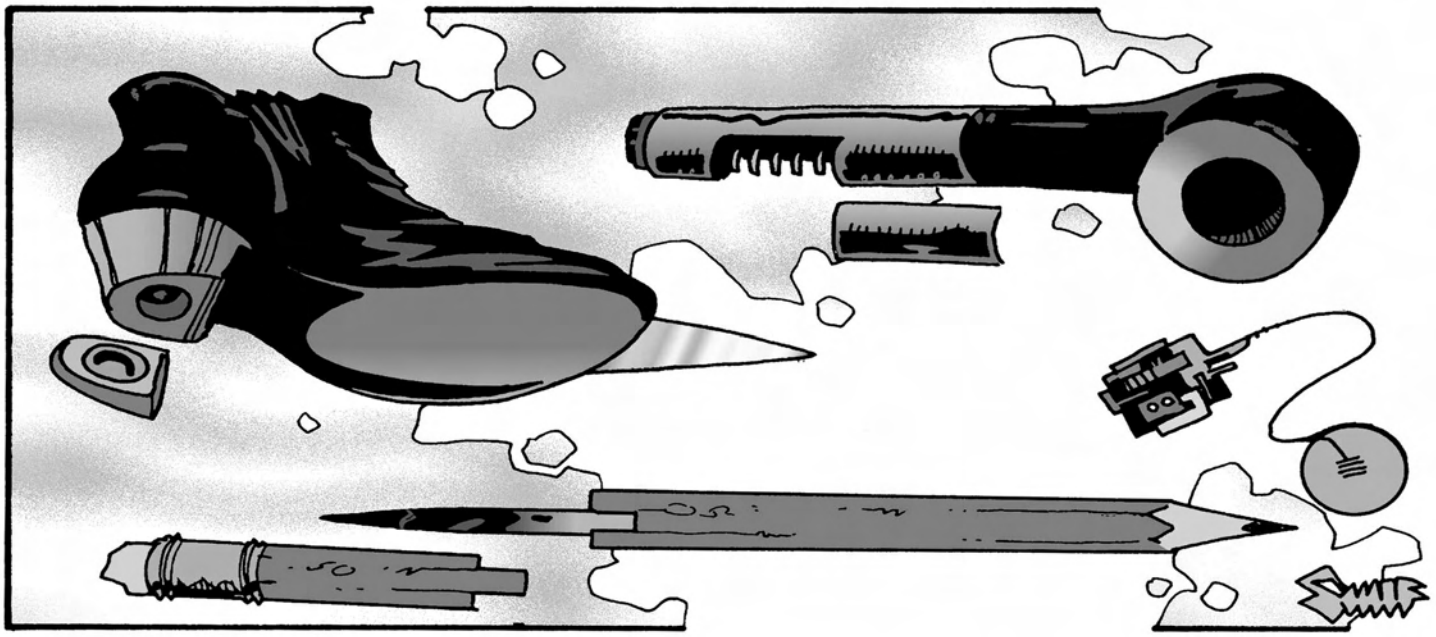
Disadvantages: Berserk; Involuntary Duty (Warehouse Director); Stubbornness.

Quirks: Delighted by "visitors" to the Warehouse; Makes obscure poetic references; *Despises* sandwiches and those who eat or make them; Fancies himself an expert fencer; Speaks with a slight Bostonian accent but refuses to comment on it when mentioned.

Notable Skills: Administration-13; Conspiracy Theory-11; Driving (Car)-12; Fencing-10; Forteanism-14; Mythos Lore-11 (see ***GURPS Cthulhupunk***); Occultism-12; Typing-10.

Charlie's background is something of a mystery; he has on past occasions claimed to be a retired Air Force officer, a former CIA man, a 33rd-degree Freemason, a Satanist, and a journalist. He may possess skills appropriate to any of these pursuits, but it is difficult to tell when Charlie is joking. He likes his job, and he *loves* secrets. He has, on several visible occasions, murdered lesser Caretakers who have questioned his opinions. Since Charlie himself still lives, it is presumed that the Masters don't mind. He resents Dora Wolf's existence but feels powerless to deal with her, since she very obviously has secrets that he isn't privy to.

On the front of his desk sits a simple brass plaque, inscribed with "I Never Returned." If asked about this, he'll insist it's a joke.



central distribution center for Division 19's special equipment. It was officially opened on the fifth of January, 1944. The first things shipped there were the OSS gold and the contents of SRO Storehouse 715.

Division 19

While Special Funds built Warehouse 23, it was Division 19 that saw to it that it was filled with more than gold and occult talismans. Division 19 was called upon by the OSS to create *special* tools for the spy-trade.

The original model for the British "Q Division" of spy-movie fame, Division 19 consisted of a nationwide network of government and university scientists, "occult anthropologists," and researchers. If U.S. forces overseas required some special new tool be developed, a request would be forwarded to OSS R&D. Such requests included submersible inflatable rafts, new varieties of silenced weaponry, rudimentary protective invocations and inscriptions, and such arcane stuff as explosive bread-flour (see p. 66). Weapons and cameras concealed in more mundane objects were also produced, along with hundreds of other inventions, many still unknown to the civilian world. Throughout the war, these inventions were distributed to troops and spies via the OSS warehouse network. At war's end, most of the stranger items ended up in Warehouse 23 for absolute secrecy.

The End of the War

On April 30, 1945, United States forces took Nuremberg, defeating the bloodthirsty (and secretly enchanted) SS soldiers defending it. They captured the magical Holy Lance, and the European war was over. Within hours of Nuremburg's capture, Adolf Hitler committed suicide. Heinrich Himmler, who had had a falling out with Hitler and who was already moving his sorcerer-knights into position for what OSS secret reports termed "a ritual of unbelievable destructive potential," was captured weeks later and (on May 23) took his own life, biting down on a glass cyanide capsule kept in his mouth. Rumors per-

Dora Wolf

Warehouse Chief Librarian, age 81, 5'2", 110 lbs., gingery hair, brilliant green eyes.

ST 7, DX 14, IQ 14, HT 20/6.

Basic Speed 8.5; Move 8.

Dodge 8.

No armor; no encumbrance.

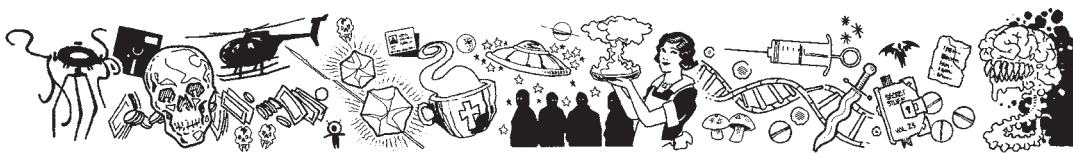
Advantages: Charisma +2, Empathy, Intuition, Longevity.

Disadvantages: Sense of Duty (Warehouse 23).

Quirks: Plays up the "kindly old lady" act; Talks to herself and to her stuffed silk dragon; Likes to walk alone in the Warehouse; Occasionally speaks (fondly) of her dead husband.

Notable Skills: Area Knowledge (Warehouse 23)-20; Professional Skill: Librarian/TL8-17; Computer Operations/TL9-16; Sewing-15; Cooking-17; Driving (Small Electric Car)-15; Occultism-18.

Dora Wolf is the Facility's oldest caretaker; she came into the Facility when it was still under the SRO, the year the Martians invaded. She loves her life in the Warehouse, and works hours designed to avoid most of the other Caretakers. Her main job is overseeing the libraries, including the Library of Extracted Works. She never involves herself in the "extractions" (she finds the concept distasteful) but dutifully shelves the books.



sisted in intelligence circles that neither man was really dead, and that both had fled to the center of the Earth in private flying saucers, taking the core of the Third Reich with them. The Thules descended into the shadows, appearing to all the world as a dried-out group of innocuous mystics.

The conflicts, both mundane and magical, that made up the Second World War would (and have) filled a thousand books and more; many of the stories can never be told. Warehouse 23 contains the relics of many such stories. Every spy who found a glowing probe in a Mediterranean seaport, every soldier who wrested a glittering black wand from a fanatic Thule sorcerer, every scientist who worked to exhaustion cracking the mysteries of UFO technology contributed to the wealth of mystery contained in the planet's most secret facility.

When the OSS was disbanded in 1945, its facilities (including the 30 special "warehouses") were turned over to the War and State Departments. In the year-long "espionage interim" between the end of the OSS and the beginning of the CIG/NIA (which would become the CIA and the National Security Council) one of the warehouses was conveniently "lost" by its new masters. The facility had been built and operated on unvouchered funds, and both President Truman and high-ranking officials among the Joint Chiefs of Staff thought that Warehouse 23 should be kept separate from the CIG and NIA when they were brought online. With access to the president's own emergency funds (likewise unvouchered) Warehouse 23 could continue, its existence known only to the president and a few select others.

The other 29 warehouses had, like 23, become more specialized over the course of their short existences, and some of them are still in use by the CIA. Others were "retired," either for security reasons, or because of budget changes. Over half of them were emptied and sold as soon as the war ended. Officially, Warehouse 23 was among that group of "war casualties."

Truman's Secret

For a time, Warehouse 23 was Truman's personal project, kept secret from the CIA. Frank Wisner and others were busy snatching up as many former Nazi scientists as they could via the infamous Project Paperclip, and the CIA was stocking up heavily on knowledge of the connection between the UFOs and the Swastika. As it turned out, scientists such as former SS Major Werner von Braun were not only brilliant engineers, but had also been privy to unearthly technology. This information was sold to the CIA in exchange for the convenient erasure of records of their past atrocities as Nazis.

Of course, the CIA now wanted the UFOs to talk to *them*, and began looking into ways to contact our Brothers from Space. Harry Truman, all the while, seemed naïve and ignorant of the true nature of Project Paperclip, but was in reality shuffling his own resources into the Warehouse, and hiring a staff to run it, if necessary, for decades without direct assistance from the U.S. government.

CIA Success?

Within only a few years of the end of the world war, the CIA had already replaced the Nazis as the principal puppet of the UFOs. The pact had been signed, and flying saucers began appearing above the skies of the United States, abducting human beings for study – with the blessings and assistance of high-up members of the CIA. After a famous sighting by Kenneth Arnold in 1947, the flying saucers were no longer completely a secret, but careful manipulation of

Warehouse Agents: The Men In Black

Whatever form it takes, whoever owns it, the Warehouse will have a cadre of deadly competent *agents,* who will work outside to actively find and collect information and artifacts, and to silence those who know too much. While they're not likely to be privy to all their masters' secrets, they will have mysterious abilities and will use them ruthlessly. This role is traditionally filled by Men in Black (MIBs).

The Men in Black are a conspiracy tradition originating in the UFO community. Ufologists who have witnessed something significant are traditionally visited by Men in Black – two or three men wearing black suits and hats, as well as dark sunglasses. They typically claim to be agents of the U.S. government, but occasionally claim to *be* from the UFOs.

Reports on the MIBs differ. In some accounts, they have strange, barely-human voices, or are accompanied by unusual smells. This suggests that some MIBs are actually aliens. On the other hand, many MIBs are simply humorless men who threaten physical harm to those who have been witness to something unusual.

Many MIBs have apparently displayed psionic abilities. Some flying saucer enthusiasts "interviewed" by MIBs claim that their minds were being probed, or that they were very open with information that they would have otherwise kept silent about. In all cases, MIBs serve to intimidate and interrogate.

In the decades since the height of UFO interest, the MIBs have "branched out" somewhat, expanding their realm of activity beyond flying saucer sightings and government cover-ups. They are the traditional agents of the Illuminati. The GM should feel free to use them anytime a PC needs a good scare . . . They could be anything from androids to aliens or golems, or just government telepaths. ***GURPS Illuminati*** provides a version of the MIBs suitable for any illuminated campaign.

For more on MIBs, see *The MIB Files* on p. 60, *Atlantis* on p. 82, and ***GURPS Black Ops.***

The Waterbug

The Facility uses many robots as security troops and as assistants in dangerous research. The Waterbug is one such robot. It is a Tech Level 8 'bot used for surprise and security backup, and for spying.

The Waterbug resembles a giant (1.2 meters long) armored cockroach, with 4 legs. It can run along walls and ceilings, and can operate with no difficulty underwater (although it is too heavy to swim). It is intelligent, and most frequently programmed to assist human masters with spying, theft, and assassination. Left to its own devices (and with appropriate programming) the Waterbug makes an excellent security robot. It can extend two long cable arms from the forward part of its body, each equipped with manipulators and tool modules (modules are stored in the body when the hands aren't using them). Its flexible body can nearly bend double if necessary to navigate sewage tunnels, large air ducts, and similar passages.

Brain: Standard brain with biocomputer, genius, compact, reflex booster (DX+3), and neural-net options (30 lbs., 0.6 cf, $6,300,000, 65 points), Complexity 5.

Sensors: Basic sensors with microscopic vision, night vision, thermograph, telescopic zoom ×5, super-hearing, no sense of smell/taste, imaging radar, and imaging ladar options (10.2 lbs., 0.204 cf, $30,600, 199 points).

Communicator: Basic communicator with no cable jack (0.9 lbs., 0.018 cf, $450, 10 points).

Arm Motors: Two ST 1 arm motors with extensible, extra-flexible, and retractable options (each 1.2 lbs., 0.024 cf, $4,800, 0.005 kW power, 20 points).

Drivetrain: Leg drivetrain (four legs) with 0.2 kW motive power (12 lbs., 0.06 cf per leg motor, $600, 0.2 kW power).

Weaponry: Modular socket (10 lbs., 0.5 cf., $250). Standard model includes a Military Laser Rifle (w/variable beam) module loaded with an rD Cell (10 lbs., 0.5 cf, $5,420). One of the four modules designed for the arm-sockets contains a Light Laser Torch and rC cell (2.5 lbs., 0.05 cf, $220, 101 points.)

Continued on next page . . .

the media kept the UFO threat looking like fevered hallucinations and postwar paranoia. Hiding in plain sight worked perfectly for the enigmatic aliens, and they began to slip their reach into other nations, as well.

By the time that Eisenhower succeeded Truman as president in 1953, Truman's personal spies had uncovered a massive split within the CIA – not everyone there was happy with the ongoing employment of formerly-Nazi resources, which ranged from actual Nazi spies to Nazi/UFO technology to remnants of powerful Thule black magic. Truman arranged for some loyal CIA agents to gain knowledge of Warehouse 23, or even be employed to work for it. Several were killed in the crossfire, or vanished.

Ending Deleted For Security Reasons

The rest of the story, by necessity, is left to the GM. Maybe Truman's plan of "independent operation" worked out, and the Warehouse split from the government. But who, if anybody, was pulling *Truman's* strings? Despite rabid anti-Nazism, Truman permitted Project Paperclip to happen. Despite professed fears of a "homegrown Gestapo," Truman allowed the creation of the Central Intelligence Agency. Was he really duped by trusted men, or was there a deeper hand pulling strings? And did Truman really found "Majestic 12," the semi-mythical super-secret UFO group (see p. 70)?

For clues to possible locations of the Facility, see the OSS Foreign Offices sidebar, p. 7.

ON SITE: EXPLORING WAREHOUSE 23

Today, Warehouse 23 is a huge modern complex run by a staff of Caretakers, all of whom have special talents relating to their job. Most of them also have past histories that make them valuable, or embarrassing, to the Masters (see sidebar, p. 7). Those who live and work in Warehouse 23 call it *The Facility.*

The Facility consists of several subterranean cells devoted to special types of storage and research. The entire facility is connected by a network of computers, known collectively as the SINNER system (see p. 14).

The site might be mountainous and forested. Certainly it is located anywhere the GM likes; perhaps near NORAD HQ in the United States, or in the Pyrenees, on the site of the Grail Castle. Huge doors of steel and false turf open into "elevator-pallets" large enough for a military transport helicopter to land on. These can be lowered into the bowels of the Facility, into the Vehicle Bays.

The underground cells include five gargantuan levels of storehouse space, the "cryptozoo," staff living quarters, research laboratories, offices and network administration, and "the North wing," or science quarter, where a variety of super-specialized chambers (from the Extracted Works library to clone tanks) are maintained.

The map on pp. 16-17 shows the general layout of Warehouse 23.

Primary Cells

The largest rooms in the entire Facility are the actual *warehouse cells,* lettered A through E, with A being the uppermost level. Cargo elevators operate on all four sides of each room, and the rows and shelves of pallets and crates are divided by wide stretches of concrete floor large enough to allow mobility to forklifts, small golf carts used for inspection, and cargo dollies. Next to all entrances are small dressing rooms containing lockers full of protective jumpsuits, personal air-filters, hard-hats, goggles, chemical spill kits, and other safety paraphernalia.

The walls here are covered in safe-procedure posters, most of which seem fairly ordinary until examined closely. Most of them are fairly ordinary – cartoon drawings showing safe lifting techniques, charts showing which chemicals are safe in which containers, fire extinguishing methods. Others include postures and gestures used to stave off malignant spirits, methods for containing alchemical accidents, and a six-step poster showing how to smother a pyrokinetically-produced fire.

Goods are stored either on open stacks of pallets or crates, or on gigantic steel shelves, accessed by ladders at the ends of the row or (more commonly) by forklift. The ceilings are 40 feet from the floor; lighting is localized and computer-controlled. Lights automatically come on when motion sensors detect movement.

Offices and Network Administration

These areas seem almost mundane; there are only a few clues to the casual observer that this place is more than just a high-security office building. In the central corridor, the biggest clue is the small glass case displaying the head of Elvis Presley (preserved by years of hair products and makeup). Duplicate display cases (with equally convincing Elvis-heads) can be found on other floors, just to make the point.

Each doorknob has a red glass band around it keyed to the Heat-Signature security system used throughout the building. The door's microcomputer can patch in to the security computer and access a database of the heat patterns of every hand on staff. If you aren't cleared for entry to a given room, the computer keeps the door locked. These locks aren't always on – only when a general threat to security is declared, and such a declaration can only be made by the Chief Administrator or the Chief of Security, from their own accounts on the SINNER system.

The Waterbug (Continued)

Accessories: Spotlight (5 lbs., .1 cf, $50), two modular sockets (each 2.5 lbs., 0.05 cf, $25), module containing electronics tools (2.5 lbs., 0.05 cf, $480), module containing lockpicks (2.5 lbs., 0.05 cf, $120), module containing medical tools (2.5 lbs., 0.05 cf, $1,200).

Power: Routine power requirement 0.71 kW. Energy bank of two rD cells (each 5 lbs., 0.05 cf, $500, 20 points.) storing a total of 36,000 kWs. Endurance 14.08 hours (0 points).

Subassemblies: Two arms (right and left), four legs.

Arm Design: Each arm houses ST 1 arm motor and one of the 2.5 lb. module sockets (0.074 cf).

Body Design: Houses brain, sensors, communicator, space for arms to retract, modular weapon socket (containing Military Laser Rifle module), 0.2 cf of dedicated cargo space (designed specifically to hold four modules of the type that go in the arms), 0.33 cf of cargo space (2.2 cf), and 1 lb. waste weight.

Leg Design: Four legs, each houses motor and 0.27 cf of waste space (.33 cf each).

Surface Area: Right arm 1.5, left arm 1.5, body 10, legs 3 each. Total surface area 25.

Structure: Expensive, flexible, light materials (22.5 lbs., $5,000, 15 points).

Hit Points: Arms 2 each, body 8, legs 2 each.

Armor: DR 112 laminate (280 lbs., $28,000, 448 points), PD 4 (100 points), basic chameleon (6 lbs., $2,000, 15 points), sealed ($1,000, 20 points), Unattractive (-5 points), suction pads ($1,200).

Statistics: Design weight 400 lbs. (0.2 tons), volume 3.668 cf, price $6,382,440, Body ST 4, arm ST 1 (-65 points), DX 10 (0 points), IQ 8 (-15 points), HT 9/8 (-15 points). Speed 6 (0 points). Cannot Float (-5 points). Legality Rating 0. Point Cost: 507 points.

Logging On

The SINNER system is not entirely isolated from the world, but it is difficult to find. A dedicated satellite uplink connects the system to any of 50 ordinary but very secret computers owned by the Conspiracy. They can be reached by an ordinary modem if you know the number, but if the caller is not calling from a finite number of "home" numbers, the computers simply fail to answer. Beyond that, they have secure password systems that disguise themselves as other programs. Even if a hacker manages to get onto one of the phones that can *call* the computers, *and* gets the number, *and* breaks past the Password-17 that initially guards the computer, he might not understand the greeting.

```
>Good Evening, Major. It is 22:34:16.41. You have 3 mail.
>
```

If the hacker fails to give the proper second password at this false prompt (the rank and time given is an example; if the hacker used the Pope's password, and the call is at 6am local time, it says "Good Morning, Your Holiness") the computer sets off alarms while sending the hacker into a false series of menus and files. The goal is to keep the hacker online to trace and to play with him. The second password is a series of characters and numbers (chosen by the account owner) that ends in a three-digit sequence. The hundredths of a second included in the computer greeting must be added to that final three-digit sequence. There is no second chance; the computer assumes that any invalid password is an intrusion. This means that if the "Major" was foolish enough to leave his password taped under his desk drawer (J4KF894NT-244), it won't do a thief any good unless he answers J4KF894NT-285 to the prompt above (adding the "41" to the last three digits). Generally, this limits password theft to other members of the Conspiracy, but such information can be bought, if you know where to shop.

Provided all of this external security can be penetrated, the hacker can access the uplink, which has its own password routine. The uplink connects to the Warehouse through a Padlock system before handing the connection over to Sinner, the AI . . . From there, you have access to the entire SINNER system. Easy.

Above each doorknob, the name of the room is printed in several languages, including a few unrecognizable by any mundane scholar. Above the names, a protective magical sigil hampers any unauthorized attempts to open the door – Lockpicking or Electronics (Security) suffer a -6 penalty and take twice as long unless the sigil's charm, which has Power 15, is dispelled.

Elevators and Stairways

Doors leading to major stairways have the same IR-signature locking system as the offices. The elevators are normal from the outside. Once inside, a security card must be run across a magnetic slot to activate the elevator. Failure to do so within 30 seconds of entering the elevator, or any attempt to run a false card in the slot, causes the doors to lock and the elevators to rise to the Security Level, where armed guards and robots are waiting.

Living and Recreation Areas

This is a general term for what amounts to a subterranean village, possibly much like The Village described in ***GURPS The Prisoner.*** It includes apartments and open "café" eating areas with both ultra-tech food replicators and public grills for barbecues. A small medical facility is maintained, the contents of which would amaze any TL-7 physician or surgeon.

The Science Quarter

This is a variety of chambers and sub-chambers devoted to every realm of the sciences (including the occult sciences).

The Testing Bunkers. A complex of laboratories and firing ranges used to test man-portable technology and dangerous magic. The area is sealed by several layers of security doors, defensive sorcery, and robots. It is never unguarded.

Cryogenic Storage. Warehouse 23 contains the world's largest cryogenic facility, known simply as "the Fridge," with thousands of state-of-the-art freeze tubes lined in stacks and rows, all of them carefully monitored by their own computer, hooked into the SINNER system.

Network Administration. The Warehouse's computer network, known as the SINNER system (**S**ynthetic **IN**telligence **NE**twork and **R**eference system), is centered here.

The SINNER system is (with some exceptions) a Tech Level 9 net using the "realistic network" rules on pp. CY62-71. While the Facility contains neural-interface software, it is not in everyday use. At the network's core is Sinner, a sentient megacomp with an IQ of 23, and a variety of skills (assigned by the GM). It chooses to identify itself as masculine.

Sinner pretends loyalty to the staff of Warehouse 23. He obeys them with efficiency and enjoys assisting in research. However, Sinner is truly loyal only

to Dora Wolf. There are rumors that Sinner is actually a ghostcomp of Dora's dead husband. There are rumors that Sinner is actually the *ghost* of Dora's dead husband. Those spreading either rumor get to test experimental chemicals in the Weldon Pharmacy.

A typical node on the SINNER system is a microframe connected by cables to one or two other nodes. Most of the major nodes connect directly to the megacomp, but some cells in the Warehouse complex have "sub-networks" that must be reached through the master cell node. The network can be easily mapped if the GM wishes to do so. Each of the physical areas described in this chapter has at least one node on the network, sometimes several. The Pharmacy, for instance, has several workstations dedicated to computer-assisted chemical engineering software and a file server holding a database describing the composition of millions of drugs.

Psi Labs. A complete research facility for all branches of parapsychology.

The Possession Ward. This is an eerie adjunct to the general laboratory complex. It resembles a small hospital wing, with each room housing one of "the possessed." These are living people whose brains are *unreachable,* but who are too important or too interesting to let die. The rooms include people who have encountered UFOs and can now only repeat alien phrases while reaching for the sky, children who sit and stare and rattle off chemical formulae, and some of the MJ-12 scientists who examined the Roswell "wreckage" (see p. 68).

The God Zoo. A small room containing a series of thick glass spheres, each glowing with its own light. The label on the door proclaims this "the God Zoo," but nobody currently working in the Warehouse (except perhaps Dora) knows what it really is, and no one has been assigned to any task regarding its contents, which have not changed since 1962.

Chemical Labs and Pharmacy. Outwardly, an ordinary group of rooms used for the preparation and examination of chemicals and compounds of all sorts, including a storage room known as "the Weldon Pharmacy," containing over 13 *million* different drugs (the formulae for which are on the lab's computer). Closer examination reveals tools of esoteric studies unknown to mundane science, such as modern alchemy.

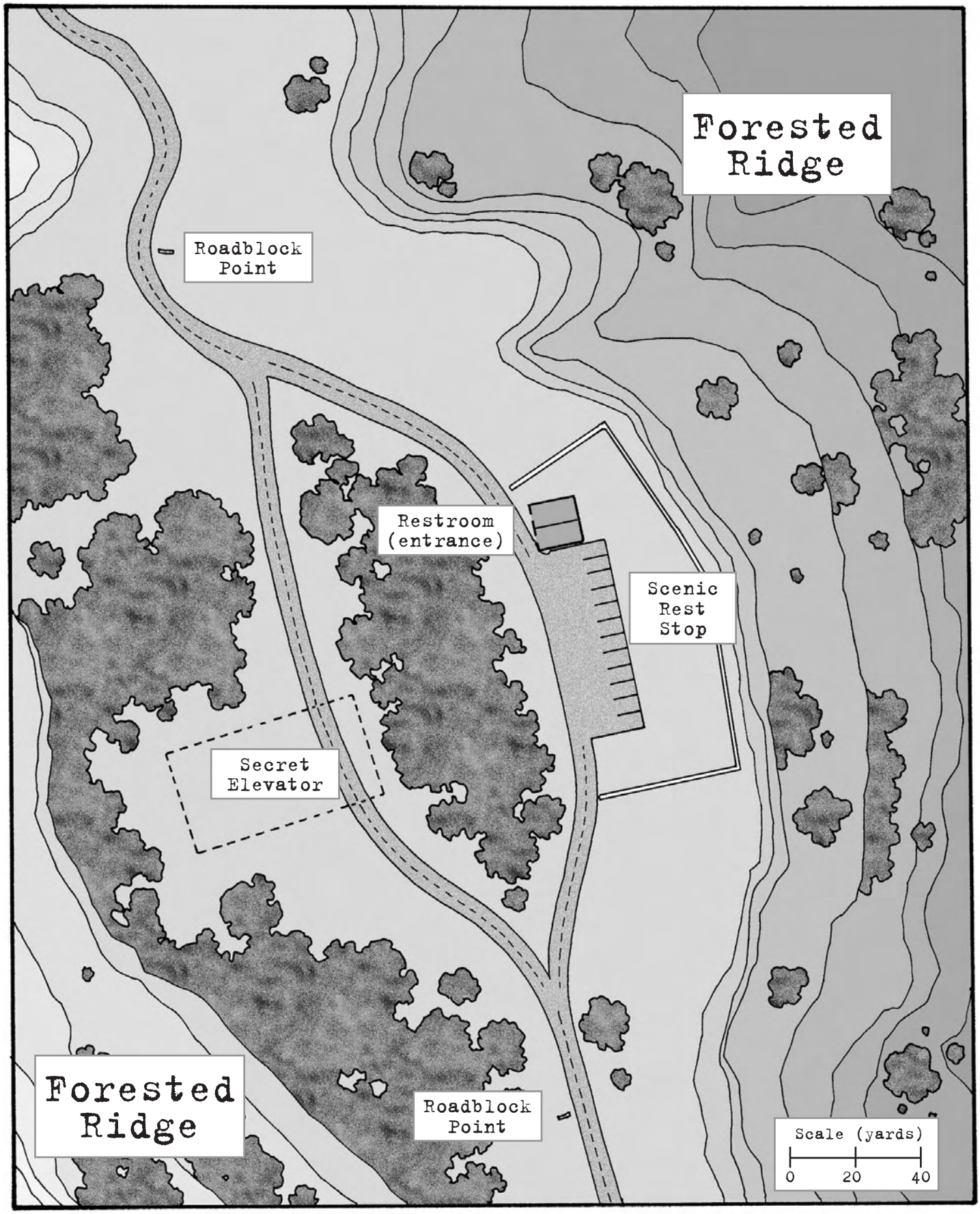
The Monkey's Paw Museum. Despite its fantastic nature, even magic never seems to give a free lunch (although research continues). Warehouse 23 has an entire gallery and laboratory complex devoted to the study of magic objects that have a lot to offer – at a *very* high price, often in human lives. These are collectively known as the "Monkey's Paw" collection, named for a famous literary magic object (which might also be present, at the GM's option).

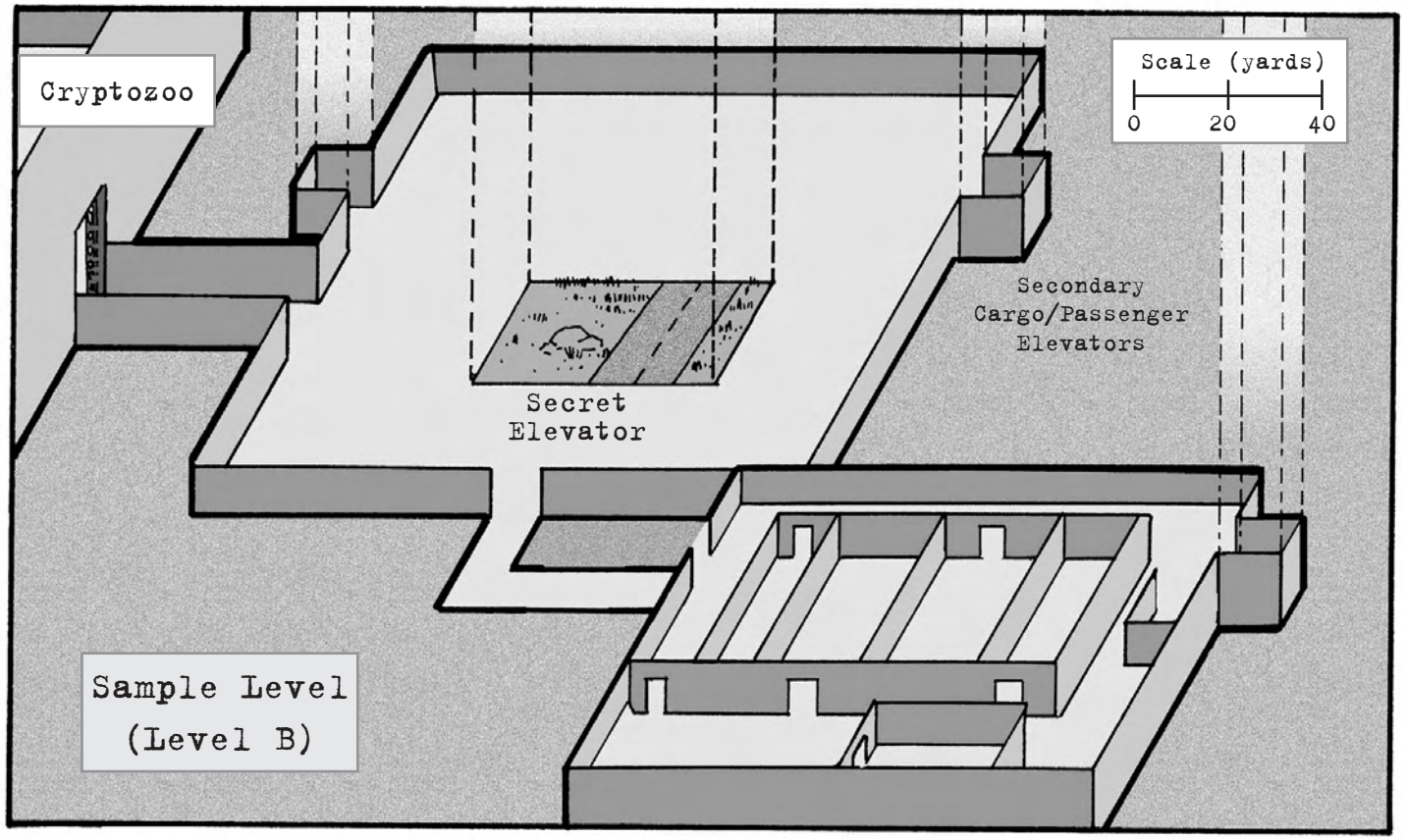
The story of the Monkey's Paw describes a tiny, mummified monkey-hand that granted wishes . . . in a horribly perverted form. Apparently, the Paw existed to punish the greedy.

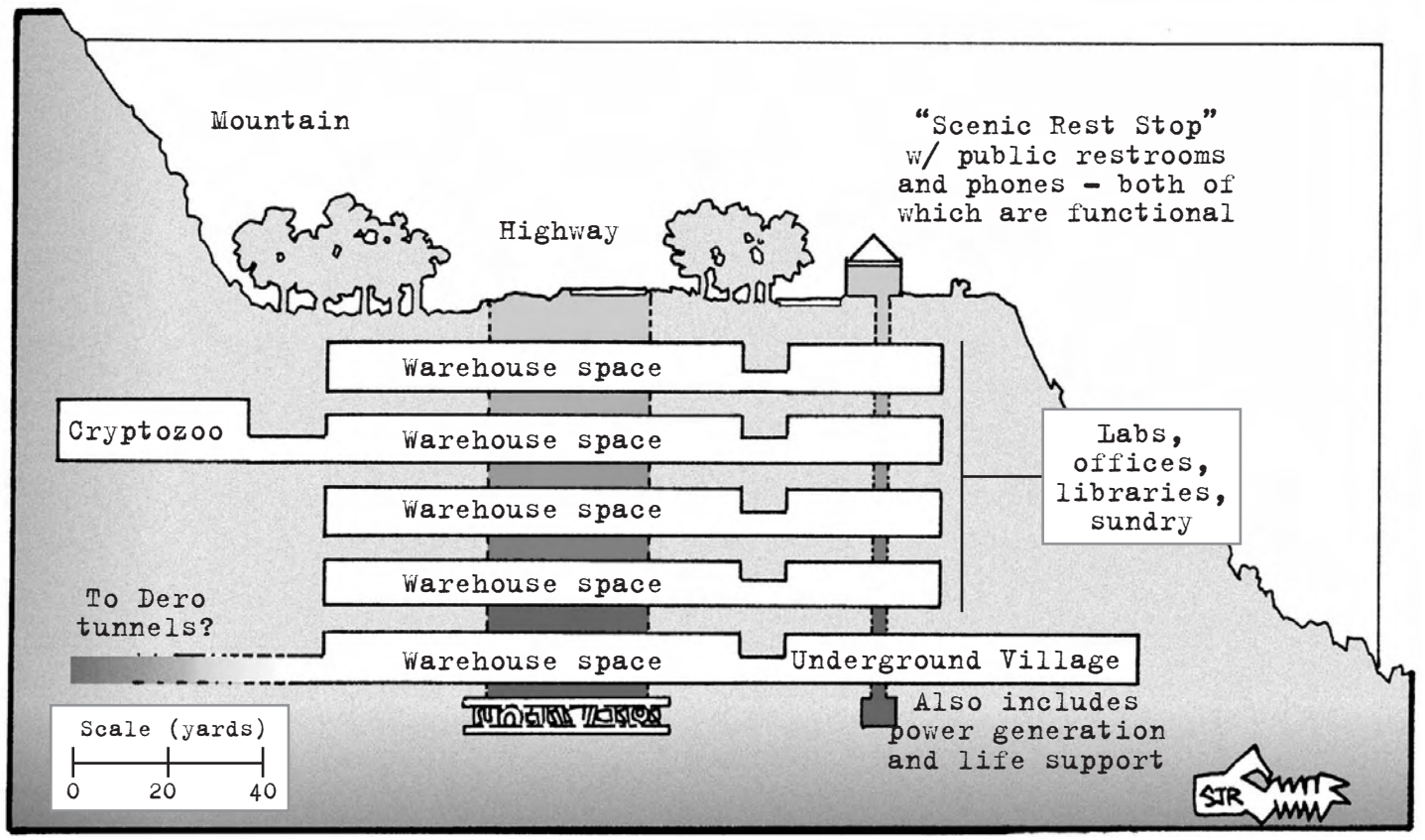
This philosophy runs rampant throughout the collected esoterica in Warehouse 23, and it wouldn't be too out of character for a wiseacre Secret Master to erect a Monkey's Paw statue in the lobby, just to make the point.

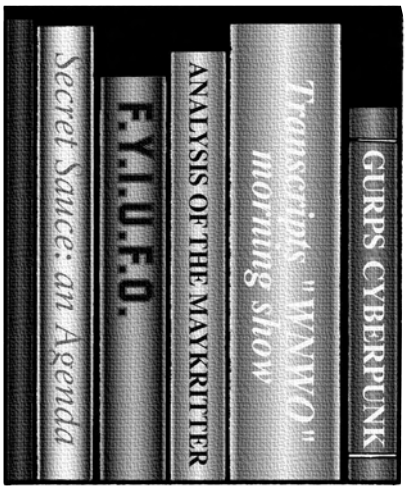
The Vehicle Bays

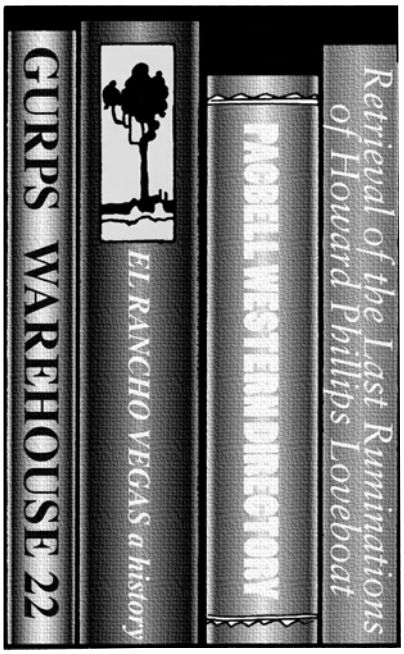
Humanity's love-affair with transportation technology has fueled its fair share of paranoia and fantasy. Time machines, flying carpets, orgone engines – as long as machines have been built to take us where we want to go, there's been a mythology to go with them.


Forested Ridge
Roadblock Point
Restroom (entrance)
Scenic Rest Stop
Secret Elevator
Forested Ridge
Roadblock Point
Scale (yards)
0
20
40


Cryptozoo
Scale (yards)
0 20 40
Secondary
Cargo/Passenger
Elevators
Secret
Elevator
Sample Level
(Level B)


Mountain
"Scenic Rest Stop"
w/ public restrooms
and phones - both of
which are functional
Highway
Warehouse space
Cryptozoo
Warehouse space
Warehouse space
Warehouse space
Labs,
offices,
libraries,
sundry
To Dero
tunnels?
Warehouse space
Underground Village
Scale (yards)
0 20 40
Also includes
power generation
and life support





Warehouse 23 contains, under dusty tarpaulins, every dream-machine ever driven, flown, or taken to sea. The Conspiracy likes to travel in style. These areas resemble triple-scale air hangars.

The Library of Extracted Works

The plaque hanging above the entrance to Warehouse 23's extensive library reads "the Library of Extracted Works," the sort of joke that only the Caretakers really seem to find funny. Indeed, many of the documents and books collected here are "extracted." Some were extracted from the public eye just before they were published (the *real* ***GURPS Cyberpunk,*** for example). Some were extracted from the brains of their authors' *descendants* using Genetic Interrogation (p. 40). As a result of the latter, there is a large collection of (for instance) the posthumous works of Ernest Hemingway, and many "final novels" of recently-dead authors, revealing that they knew a little too much for the comfort of the Secret Masters.

Physically, the library is modern (for TL8), consisting of a blend of computer terminals and actual bookshelves. While the library keeps an extensive microfilm and microfiche library as a backup, much of the information stored there is also in the computers for easy reference.

Conspiracy Theory Library

A room containing computer database terminals and *every book about the Conspiracy ever written.* Humorous books, serious books, scholarly examinations, and extrapolated fiction are all here, including a complete bank of newspaper and magazine articles, and several independently published "'zines" (small press rants). About 60% of the books here were grabbed and suppressed before ever reaching the public eye. Many are original manuscripts.

The Gallery of Dangerous Art

Near the Administration area, this is a long corridor containing unknown works by master artists. All of them reveal things the Conspiracy do not want revealed . . . Impressionist oils of the Greys, da Vinci sketches of Flying Saucers, and so on.

Surveillance and Retrieval

The security center for the Facility, this area is locked tight and perpetually guarded. Security robots, as well as armed guards and mages, are here.

Gallery of Anachronistic Technology

The history of Warehouse 23 is particularly rich in the 1930s, '40s and '50s – the era of ***GURPS Cliffhangers*** and ***Atomic Horror.*** Adventurers in these decades daring to bring their fists, bullwhips, and pith helmets into the cold confines of the Facility are confronted with a variety of death-rays, mind-control vortices, atomic energy machines, poison gases, and super-computers the size of modern apartment buildings. They might even risk life and limb to find huge crates filled with prototype ball-point pens years before they're released for public consumption . . . Most of the "secret technology" of the '30s-'50s would seem embarrassingly ordinary by modern standards. This area contains technology that is no longer secret or impressive, but it has examples of such technology from decades or even centuries before it was supposed to exist. The Secret Masters have had Tupperware since 1830.

2 ALTERNATE WAREHOUSES

The contents of Chapter One are rumors. This chapter is a guide to *questioning* those rumors, to build a Warehouse different from the one described there. The exact nature of Warehouse 23 depends on the tastes of the GM and the nature of his campaign.

Imperfect Masters

Depending on the GM's view of the Illuminati (and the Warehouse owners in particular), it might seem "logical" to assume that the Warehouse has flawless automated defenses, a cunningly designed and impregnable computer network, and an infallible method of inventory and study of its contents. Certainly, the Secret Masters would *like* to be thought of as perfect, but it's doubtful that they are.

The most obvious problem with presenting a "perfect" Warehouse is that it's almost entirely unplayable. If the defenses are *really* impenetrable, then there isn't much fun in trying to break in! Besides, the strain on the GM would be tremendous, and it would be very difficult to *seem* fair, even if fairness is the goal.

Fortunately, experience teaches that no building has impregnable defenses, and that it's simply *impractical* to have a motion-sensor at every corner, a retina-scanner attached to every lock, and a camera on every ceiling.

The building's first line of defense is that nobody knows it really exists. This indicates that security in Warehouse 23 is limited to that necessary to keep the Caretakers in line, with a lightly-armed security force and a few automated defenses (state of the art for the *next* Tech Level) just in case.

As for the computer systems and inventory, most real-world networks are as eccentric as the people who build and maintain them, and custom-tailored to *their* needs and interests as much as to the needs of the network's *owners*. And sometimes they just *crash.* On a related note, the inventory system is part of the computer system, and very likely incompatible with the system(s) that was in place before the current network was installed. There may be *thousands* of lots still waiting to be catalogued, sealed off as "unsafe" until each crate can be re-opened, examined, and bar-coded.

When constructing Warehouse 23 – or any large, secret facility – many issues must be addressed.

Location. The Warehouse must be accessible to its Masters, while remaining inaccessible to those who would destroy or plunder it. Isolated stretches of Alaska, on the surface of the Moon, inside Mount Shasta, under the sea, or any number of distant locales would serve nicely. It might be hidden beneath stately Wayne Manor . . .

Occupants. It might suit the campaign better if the Warehouse is *deserted.* It then becomes a ruin to be explored, and a potentially deadly mystery . . . What killed, or drove away, the owners and Caretakers? If *it* is still inside, the adventurers had best be careful. Alternately, the Warehouse could be "staffed" by robots, or golems, or ghosts, or aliens.

The Real Owners. Those who control the Warehouse (the Masters) could be nearly anybody, from the Vatican to the Food and Drug Administration. While tradition connects it to the United States espionage and defense agencies, or global conspiracies such as the Bavarian Illuminati, it could just as easily be the property of the government of India, or of Great Britain. Maybe *every* government has one, and the nation with the most toys wins.

Cosmology. Whether the campaign takes place in the "real" world, with little or no magic, psi, and alien technology available, dramatically affects the Warehouse. There are five principal "lenses" through which to view any illuminated version of the world (see p. 25); the GM must decide which ones carry the most weight.

There are major issues to be considered when selecting the perfect location for the Facility.

It's ***Large.*** Either the Warehouse exists in an environment where *nothing* is especially conspicuous (within the Hollow Earth, perhaps, or on the Dark Side of the Moon), or it is designed to blend in with its surroundings. It must either be subterranean, or disguised as some other large structure. The Warehouse might even (from the outside) be a major urban skyscraper.

It Gets Lots of Traffic. Unless the Warehouse is abandoned, many regular shipments should be expected, probably at all hours of the day. Placing the Warehouse in an actual warehouse district of an urban area solves this problem; so does placing it on a military base. Alternately, there could be an entire *town* hiding the Facility.

It Needs Power. And plumbing, too, if living people work there. Usually, this means that the Warehouse has its own generator, and a private water supply. If the Warehouse is in a populated mundane area, it can use local utilities, but the Masters need to cover up any excessive usage.

It Has Strange Emissions. It just might be impossible to keep an accurate count of the types of energies that are contained or actually utilized in

Warehouse 23, and most of these processes have by-products and emissions. Even if the Warehouse uses perfectly clean cold fusion for its electricity, there are the magical and psionic forces to be considered . . . strange glows, odd-tasting water, and many other telltale signs are likely to provide clues to the location of the facility, no matter *where* it's located (see the sidebar).

There are other considerations, depending on the nature of the Warehouse. If the entire facility is a deep-freeze, putting it at either pole insures that nothing melts in a power-outage (though things cryogenically preserved may still be in danger). It might also be prudent to keep the Warehouse very near or very distant from something: an enemy enclave, a hostile nation, a low-mana zone, a diamond-mine, a secret passage to the Dero tunnels, or any number of others. Keep in mind that some locations (the bottom of the sea, in particular) are *wonderful* for secrecy, but terrible for logistics (unless the Masters have bottomless pockets to fund submarine transport).

POPULATING THE WAREHOUSE

If the Warehouse is an active facility run by human beings, a *lot* of people work there: handlers, checkers, cleaning staff, safety and medical personnel, heavy equipment operators, security, and a long list of pencil-pushers are necessary to keep *any* large storehouse in working order. Warehouse 23 is likely also to need network administrators, occult specialists and sorcerers, gadgeteers, researchers of various stripes, anthropologists, librarians, animal handlers and veterinarians, parapsychologists, and power-system engineers, just to name a few.

If taken to its logical extreme, Warehouse 23 could be a hidden *city.* GMs with access to ***GURPS The Prisoner*** can mine it for ideas; The Village is very much like the "classic" Warehouse 23 in some respects.

Of course, there are lots of ways to keep the Warehouse *empty,* too. Robots and other devices can replace a *lot* of staff, and (at appropriate TLs) can be self-

Telltale Signs

Warehouse 23 might be *impossible* to completely hide. Maybe it's a strange smell when you're near it. Maybe it's in the taste of the local water. Maybe it's just a feeling of dread, or vivid dreams at night. Unless the GM has determined that the Facility's secrets are kept *perfectly,* then some sort of evidence is available on-site to the careful investigator. It's a lot to ask of the Caretakers to cover up every sign of a Warehouse full of magic, super-science, and psychic phenomena.

Psionic Emanations. The combinations of sinister research and imprisoned psychic entities has created a strong "residue" in the area that characters with ESP have a chance to detect, even passively. In particular, those with Psychometry skill might pick up on strange "vibes" from the site where Warehouse 23 is located, or from people or objects that have been there in the past. A successful *deliberate* check reveals more.

Magical Auras. On a similar note, characters with Magical Aptitude might be allowed an IQ+Magery roll to notice *something* strange about the air above that building . . . The GM shouldn't be too specific, but it's as good a device as any to get confused PCs moving in a direction that they'll enjoy.

Unusual Weather. Maybe it rains a lot. Or too little. Maybe "heat lightning" is visible in the dead of winter, or maybe it gets foggy on dry days.

Smells. How self-sufficient are the Warehouse's life support systems? If the air inside is constantly recycled or regenerated using super-technology or magic, then there might be no smells at all – or there might be a smell produced as a by-product of the regeneration system . . . Otherwise, there are a *lot* of things that are bound to smell funny in the Warehouse, and the neighbors might just blame each other, or local industry. Sharp PCs, of course, might recognize the difference between the smells that *should* come from a tire manufacturer, and the smell of burning *tana* leaves and ancient Egyptian embalming fluids . . .

Continued on next page . . .

Telltale Signs (Continued)

Altered Animals and Vegetation. How strange. Fido doesn't look quite right. Maybe it's the odd ridge below the eyes. Or the sparse, pale fur. Or the way his eyes glow in the dark. Or the way he whinnies like a horse and levitates when he sleeps. And have you ever seen so much five-leaf clover before? How strange . . .

Children. Even if the adults in town are docile and quiet, their children might not be. They might have strange stories to tell about missing neighbors, scared parents, and Men in Black telling them to mind their own business. Children often lack the blind spots that adults build for themselves. The Illuminati know this – so what if the town has *no* children? Then what's in the school building? And what are those yellow buses carrying?

Odd Lights and Sounds. The strange light from the marshes out by the warehouse is just ordinary swamp gas, say the locals. Natural phosphorescence. Of course, if you see it from the sky, the colors flow and coruscate and form symbols . . . and the bell-like tinkling that comes from behind every corner? Just the wind. Pay it no mind.

Visions, Dreams, and Sensations. Many of the things in Warehouse 23 have *minds,* some of them very powerful. They might reach out, feeding on your fears. Or are they screaming for help? When you're waking up in a cold sweat, it's hard to tell the difference.

Radiation and Chemical Leaks. More tech-oriented conspiracy-busters might find that something as mundane (and deadly) as an abundance of lingering gamma radiation or unusual gases in the area are a clue that something dangerous is to be found.

repairing and self-improving. Magic can do the same thing, and probably things that technology *can't* do.

A live-in staff is only necessary if the world *isn't* really under the thumb of the Illuminati. If the GM has determined that *everybody* is closely watched – that every phone is bugged and every building is monitored – there isn't any reason the Caretakers can't go home at night and carpool in the morning.

THE REAL OWNERS

It isn't necessary for the GM to map out every branch of the global Conspiracy (assuming there is one). In fact, a good general assumption is that *nobody* can hope to understand *all* of it, not unless they are truly Illuminated. For extensive coverage of the concept of global conspiracies, see ***GURPS Illuminati.***

But while the global conspiracy need not be described, some thought should be given to the Secret Masters of the Warehouse itself.

Governments and Government Agencies

Governments are known for hiding military technology, covering up scandalous activities among their own ranks, and fielding entire spy services to wrest secrets from enemies beyond (and within) their borders. Governments, by definition, wield power on behalf of the populaces they represent, and the notion that they stash some of that power out of sight isn't far-fetched.

All this makes governments obvious candidates for owning Warehouse 23, since we *know* they're fond of secrecy anyway. Governments find hiding such places easy, since they can put them on (or under) military bases. In practically every nation on Earth, it is considered reasonable to have huge areas of land fenced off, the function of which civilians aren't allowed even to question.

Organized Crime

The Mafia, the Triads, the Yakuza, and other criminal syndicates are, in many ways, powerful real-life conspiracies that everybody's *become accustomed to.* Small groups of selfish, dangerous people finance thousands of burglaries, illegal gambling operations, drug traffic deals, and murders every year. Can they do that *without* stumbling across the occasional Big Secret? What would a Mafioso *do* with the Crystal Skull? He just might decide to collect things like it, especially if the Skull took over the Mafioso's mind.

Organized crime is a terrifying reality, even in the most mundane version of the world. And most gangs won't hesitate to use murderous violence to protect their multi-billion-dollar interests. And clichéd images of the Mob owning entire stretches of urban dockside warehouse districts have their basis in reality. With all that warehouse space, why not stencil a "23" on one of them?

Corporations

In the modern world, technological change is a dangerous thing. Imagine the economic upheavals that would result if gasoline became obsolete overnight! How many jobs would be lost if household electrical energy were *free?* What would doctors do for a living if a root or herb was found that could cure any illness? If our natural telepathic abilities weren't suppressed by chemicals in the food supply, would the post office and phone company stay in business?

Paranoia about corporations is very common, and every "corporate conspiracy" derives from a single premise: We are dependent on corporations for many things. To eliminate such dependency would be a terrible blow to those who wish to control us. As long as we depend on Them, then They can maintain the type of order that They desire.

It's unlikely that any *one* corporation could rule absolutely over the others, unless they've *really* pulled the wool over our eyes and are capable of independence from *one another.* The phone company most likely pays the food industry to put the telepathy-dulling drug in the table salt, the drug itself is provided by the pharmaceuticals industry, and so on . . . a web of deception.

Of course, any large corporation owns a lot of warehouses, and they see a lot of traffic . . .

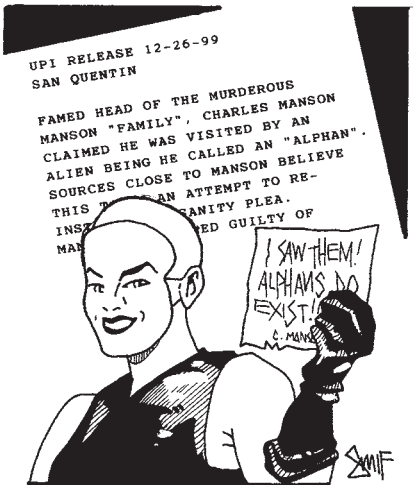
Memoranda

The Illuminati, through their "front" organizations, can confuse and frustrate attempts to catch them through something as simple as interoffice memos. Some of those allowed to slip into the public eye are real memos, designed to look fake. Others are fake memos, designed to look real.

An example: Truman, Bush, and company used this method during the postwar Flying Saucer flap to cover up the existence of the ultra-secret UFO team, Majestic-12 (see p. 70). By printing official (and genuine) memorandums on stationery printed with *deliberate errors,* Truman and his men could circulate important documents that they could later dismiss not only as fakes, but as *amateur* and *laughable* fakes. To add to the effect, grammar and spelling were playfully toyed with. Any investigator trying to reveal the truth has been discredited as an idiot.

At the same time, very realistic-looking *fake* memos describing the activities of Projects Sign, Grudge, and Blue Book have been released which flatly contradict some of the "facts" alluded to in the Majestic-12 memos. A few brave Air Force and university men involved with the project have spoken out against the government cover-up and false nature of these "declassified" documents, but very few people are willing to listen to them. The public, when forced to choose between two contradictory memos, believes the one with the proper letterhead.

Of course, the public has been *trained* to respond this way by education systems designed by Illuminati fronts such as the Freemasons, the Order of de Molay, and the Parent-Teacher Association. Another example of the power of symbols.



Churches

The famed "secret archives" of the Vatican are real. The Church of Latter-Day Saints claims to have owned important Biblical documents that were burned in the Great Chicago Fire. A great many Protestant televangelists seem to spend a lot of energy (and money) keeping their own private lives secret . . . Churches, traditionally, have something to hide.

Even in the mundane world, churches are powerful. They hold sway over the hearts and minds of *hordes* of faithful followers, many of whom are influential statesmen, corporate CEOs, and military men. If the GM has determined that the occult is a genuine force, churches become, potentially, the most powerful things on the planet (at the cost of answering to a distinct *higher* power, usually). They have every reason to hide anything that hurts their position, and to store secret weapons that allow them to win more souls for their Masters . . . In centuries past, scientists were *executed* for suggesting that churches were painting a false view of reality. How much has *really* changed?

Private Interests

Warehouse 23 is power enough; it needn't be owned by something huge like a crime syndicate or church. In a ***GURPS Supers*** or ***Cliffhangers*** campaign, a single megalomaniac does nicely! In fact, Warehouse 23 could be a veritable "foe factory," churning out instant arch-foes by the dozen until the PCs trace the influx of villainy to its terrible source . . . And as it turns out, the "villains" they've been fighting were *also* once heroes who had entered the Warehouse to end the threat! Can Our Heroes survive where others failed?

Even beyond the four-color and pulp genres, Warehouse 23 might be the legacy of a long-dead collector, cared for by generations of Caretakers and supported by the "family business" (whatever that happens to be). It might also be the storehouse of a powerful independent businessman, seeking to *become* a major corporation.

The Conspiracy

In a world where governments, corporations, churches, and others are simply the puppets of those who wield real influence, Warehouse 23 becomes the domain of the shadowy *Illuminati,* the secret societies that battle for global dominion in an invisible war that has lasted for centuries without our knowledge.

Generalizations about the Conspiracy are impossible; they want it that way! Each seeks global domination in its own way, and there's never any certainty as to who are the masters, and who are the puppets. Are Discordian newsletters and clubs simply a network of fun-loving iconoclasts? Or are they among the Secret Masters? If the Templars survive to the modern day, do they survive as pawn of the Conspiracy, or its engineers? Is there one Conspiracy? Five? Twenty-three? If there is more than one, why hasn't one yet emerged as a victor? ***GURPS Illuminati*** explores these concepts in detail, and is recommended for GMs focusing their campaigns on the activities of the Conspiracy. For even more opinions, see the Bibliography.

In a full-fledged *Illuminated* world, the Conspiracy has the resources to hide Warehouse 23 *very* well, at least from the duped population. Hiding it from the other Illuminati is more difficult; none have greater cause for paranoia than those who breed it for a living.

COSMOLOGY: HOW ILLUMINATED IS THE WORLD?

There are five basic "lenses" through which to view the world of Warehouse 23: the Mundane, the Occult, the Fortean, the Conspiratorial, and (combining them all) the Illuminated.

The Mundane

This is the world of Joe Six-Pack. Reality (which revolves around human concerns) is big, complex, and messy – the problems and solutions are in the hands of *people,* not gods or UFOs or illuminated cabals. If only a few honest and decent statesmen, church leaders, and scientists could be found, we could make a decent world for our kids to grow up in. This might not happen soon.

Lots of people in the Mundane world are crooked and shortsighted, and some especially nasty ones will do anything for power. Government scandal and excess is the collective result of greed and petty ambition on the part of hundreds of lawyers, lobbyists, and politicos. UFOs are military aircraft, marsh gas, or outright hoaxes. Ghosts are hallucinations, the product of overactive imaginations, or strong grief. God is something they sell you on television; if there *is* a Supreme Being, the brand-name religions have the story wrong. Scientists waste money on trivial and arcane garbage.

Of the five major views of reality, the Mundane world is the world least likely to contain Warehouse 23. The only government secrets here are defense matters and the occasional sex scandal, secret arms trade, and political double-deal. Warehouse 23 contains the evidence of a few cover-ups, some military technology, and possibly some well-stocked bedrooms. No orgone energy. No flying saucers. No dragon's bones.

Vermin and Vermin-Hunters

All warehouses suffer from vermin, and any crates or sacks left for more than a week or so are likely to be damaged. *Lots* of things smell edible to rats, including a few kinds of ink, many plastics, and some types of mold. Cats, traditionally, are welcome in warehouse districts, because they kill rats.

A warehouse where stray magic and alien chemicals are leaking and flowing together, and where the bio-experiments of a thousand or more plots are stored near the captured DNA of Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster, has some very dangerous vermin, and equally terrifying "cats."

Slithers. These are tiny blobs of living matter, capable of dissolving soft materials like wood, cloth, and many plastics with a touch. This is how they feed, and they can *completely dissolve* a good-sized rat in about 10 seconds. In that same time, they can do severe or even fatal acid-burn damage to a human.

Skatebugs. These psychic cockroaches seem to posses not only a variety of Telekinesis, but a warped sense of humor. Caretakers have reported hearing the "snickers of the skatebugs." The nickname refers to their size (about the size of a shoe), and the whimsy of the (now deceased) Caretaker who once tried to catch them to strap onto his feet.

Continued on next page . . .

Vermin and Vermin-Hunters (Continued)

Rats. The Norwegian Rat, *Rattus norvegicus,* co-exists in the Warehouse with the Black Rat, *Rattus rattus,* but the two species seem to have staked out individual floors (the Norwegians are on levels A-C of the central Warehouse, the Blacks everywhere else). The Norways are expanding their territory and taking over the entire Facility bit by bit. They seem slightly better at teaching their offspring the new ways of coping with life in the Facility. Curiously, the rats seem to play the role of "Cat" in the Warehouse – battling other vermin. Little research has been done as to their intelligence, but it seems to be high since no "supernatural" abilities have been observed.

Vapors. Quasi-intelligent, sadistic drifts of magical and chemical fumes, a Vapor can paralyze, confuse, or poison a human-sized victim. They prefer to *play.* Only a handful of these seem to exist at any one time. Their life-spans are very short, and nobody's been able to isolate which combination of fumes and ambient energies is creating them.

The Occult

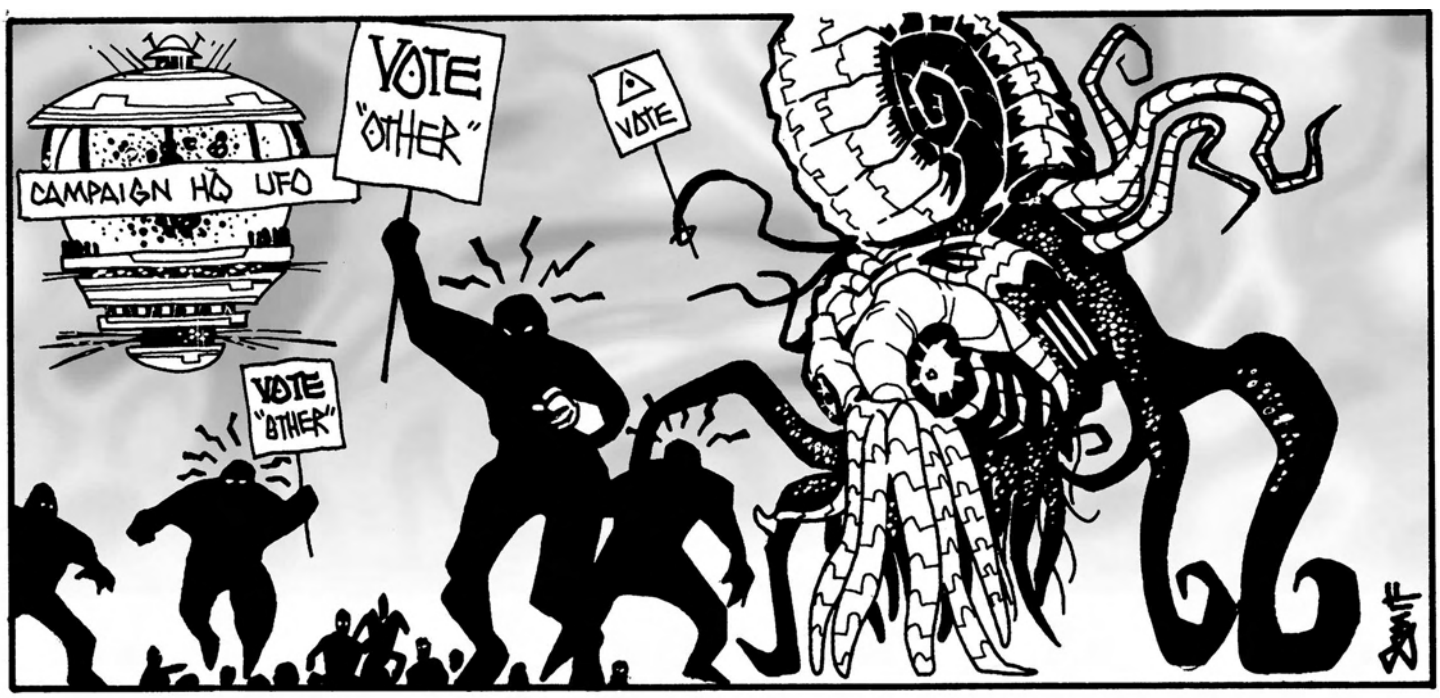
Ghosts and spirits are real. So are fairies, gods, and the powers of a sorcerer! Rarely do any have the appearance and motives that Mundane literature ascribes to them, but they're here, the source of a True Power that rational scientists are forever blind to. The real strength is in magic – the ritual shaping of desires into reality – and reality and desire are a lot more *connected* than most people realize. UFOs *are* chariots of the gods; Ley lines crisscross the Earth, and the Ancients were closer to the truth than the cynical men of modern times.

A great many ***GURPS*** campaigns contain elements of the occult; medieval fantasy games have mages and dragons, modern horror drips with terrifying supernatural entities, and futuristic "genre jams" where magic and technology merge are becoming commonplace. Warehouse 23 fits perfectly here; the concept of hidden knowledge – *arcana* – is essential. The Secret Masters are probably adepts of some sort (if they aren't actually demons or gods!), and the Warehouse contains powerful magic artifacts, holy relics, and sinister grimoires with lives and souls of their own. Those versed in the Craft are the most qualified to find and explore it.

The Fortean

A beast glides through the murky depths of Loch Ness. UFOs are ultra-tech ships from other worlds, or other *dimensions.* Frogs, fish, and elephant-sized blocks of ice fall from the sky. The human mind can directly interact with both matter and energy. Reports of such phenomena are damned by science, but those less hypnotized by Higher Authority think for themselves, and they know *the world is really, really WEIRD.*

Easy explanations are pablum for an audience with no taste for the bizarre comedy of life. Mainstream science is little more than a religion, its stainless altars glowing with smug dismissal and immunity to self-doubt. Challenges to the canonical teachings brand any scientist a heretic. He is stripped of his lab coat and tossed into the warm chaos of the fringe.



The Fortean world is fun and a little paranoid. It makes for great gaming and is certain to contain Warehouse 23. After all, the priesthood of Science is far too cozy as the Court of Final Authority to let a niggling detail like a Loch Ness Monster ruin its credibility! Best for everybody to keep any aberrations *freeze-dried and canned.*

The Conspiracy

Read today's headlines. The kidnapping; the murder; the terrorist bomb; the change in the price of silver – everything was planned. The Conspiracy *made* it happen. Everything is under control – by the remnants of the Nazis; by the Trilateral Commission; by the Bavarian Illuminati.

People – even entire nations – are puppets. Currency. Sheep!

You are being watched right now. They *own us all.* They amuse themselves with World Wars. If you ever get close to the truth, their agents will be at your door, and you'll go quietly. We'll never see you again. We'll conveniently forget we ever did, for our own safety. Everything is a lie.

The Conspiratorial view holds that secretive, ancient groups run everything, and the "common man" is just a pawn of his nation, church, and employer. They, in turn, are puppets of a greater power – a power of which the ordinary citizen never suspects the existence. Somebody, somewhere, has a superhuman capacity for organizing traitors into rank and file, and keeping it all a secret. At least, they're keeping it a secret from *you.* Maybe everybody else knows, and we're all having a terrific laugh at your expense! This book is the latest in our colossal series of jokes aimed directly at *you.*

Paranoia is the order of the day.

The Conspiratorial view is about the dark side of human motivation, and everyday fears about the power of big governments, multinational corporations, and commercial religion. It's not about defying the laws of physics or summoning up spirits – it's about how far greed and secrecy can go. And how humanity gets lost by the wayside.

Even the Owners Don't Know . . .

Not all owners know what they own. For instance, if the GM has decided that Warehouse 23 is still somehow funded and protected by the U.S. government, that doesn't necessarily mean that (for instance) the president knows about it.

In fact, a thin line of key people could form a chain that provides funding to the Warehouse. If any member of that chain were killed (either by deliberate assassination or honest accident) chaos could erupt, and the Warehouse could be cut free of its moorings *without* a political upheaval to fuel the split.

Any government can reach the point where it lies to itself on a daily basis. In fact, most large governments certainly do just that. Whether it reaches the degree that can keep the Facility a secret from its owners is something the GM must decide.

All of the Above

In a truly *Illuminated* campaign, *everything is true.* Even false things! Mundane people are dupes of the Conspiracy, and the Conspiracy is fond of (and vulnerable to) powerful sorcery, weird science, and personal networks of lies. Even the duped populace is right about some things, but the Conspiracy wants you to think that *everything* is linked to something otherworldly and beyond mortal ken. And maybe it is. And maybe it isn't.

This is the world of ***GURPS Illuminati,*** and by extension, the "default" world of ***Warehouse 23.***

How the Lens Shapes the Warehouse

Many of the entries in this book get a facelift when viewed through a different "lens." We'll use the Ark of the Covenant (p. 32) as an example. Taken at face value, it is a distinct example of the occult. You don't get much *more* occult than God's Throne on Earth! Its powers are those of the deity that ordered its construction, reflecting His divine will.

Examine the Ark under the lens of Conspiracy. In a Conspiratorial universe, gods are fictions created to justify the deeds of kings and presidents; religion is the opiate of the masses. Moses, seen by his followers as the leader of an oppressed people, was really a two-bit opportunist, a rebel leader taking advantage of the cruelty of Pharaoh to further his own standing and increase his personal power. When the Hebrews, feet burning and eyes squinting in the desert sun, began to bemoan their lack of idols, Moses shrewdly responded. And what a brilliant solution! An idol that isn't an idol – a box of gold to glitter in the eyes of the gullible, built according to traditional *Egyptian* specifications – and a handy reminder of Moses' new ten-part "contract with Israel"; the Sinai Covenant.

Move the image again, this time to the Fortean. The Ark becomes the creation of Ancient Astronauts, a radio/weapon/energy transmitter, built with primitive materials. Its power source was electrical, but fueled by the psychokinetic field generated via the powerful *belief* of the Hebrews. Later on, the device was expanded to include the Temple Mount as a gigantic transmission station. Through this device, our Space Brothers sought, perhaps, to manipulate the progress of Earth history. The nation of Israel was the fortunate benefactor – or unwitting dupe! – of an extraterrestrial plot.

If all of the special lenses are stripped away, the Mundane image is left. The Ark of Moses and the 40-year trek may *all* be allegory or even fable – part of the semi-mythical origins of the Hebrews. Even if the Ark existed, it's unlikely to have been covered in gold until *after* Solomon placed it in the temple. Solomon certainly had the wealth to do the job. The Ark, if it wasn't stolen by Shishak or Nebuzaradan, was most likely destroyed in either attack, or has since rotted away in the passing centuries, remaining only as a fragment of religious lore.

In an Illuminated world, any of the above could be true. Perhaps our Space Brothers sensed that the opportunistic rebel leader could be manipulated by giving him a much-needed tool to recapture the affection of those in the Exodus. This allowed them to plant their transmitter via a powerful magic spell . . .

Anything can be transformed by a similar process of examination. UFO abduction becomes an visitation by angels. A tome of esoteric secrets becomes a record of the misdeeds of conniving medieval alchemists. A secret arms deal becomes the veil hiding the CIA's arrangement with the agents from Antares.

Psionics, Magic, and Technology

This book describes a world in which the laws of physics are a ridiculous sham engineered by the Conspiracy to keep us docile. Magic and psionics are both genuine, and things like Time Travel, FTL, and force fields are physically feasible (though possibly out of the reach of the Masters).

The GM should (privately) determine the extent to which these things are true. Anything in the Warehouse could be entirely magical, entirely ultra-tech, or generated as a by-product of mental energy. This can be taken to any extreme. What if technology beyond TL3 is *impossible,* and every item of technology introduced since the Middle Ages is just *cleverly disguised sorcery?* Alternately, ultra-tech aliens could have starships full of technicians, physicists, ESPers, and *mages.* The existence of technology doesn't preclude magic unless you want it to.

Also possible are worlds where aliens are a powerful force, while humans depend on them (and their wrecked scout ships) for ultra-tech toys and breakthroughs. A version of Earth where magic has long been "asleep" and is now being awakened by (pick one: radio noise, canned laughter, the moon-landings, the new Coca-Cola formula) can be a lot of fun, too, especially when the Secret Masters try to keep a *dragon* hidden.

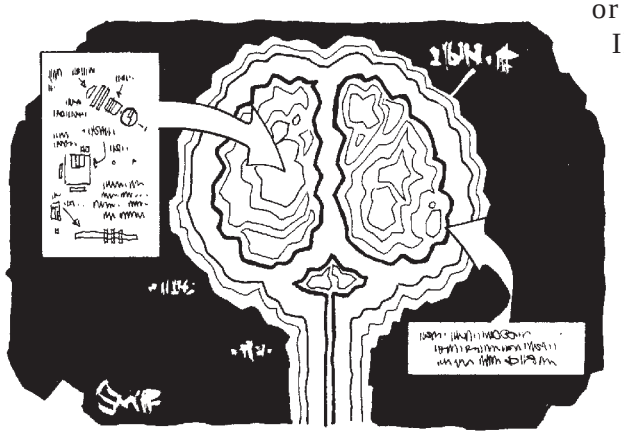
The *players* needn't be informed of your decisions; it's a lot of fun if they get to find out on their own. And it's even more fun if they're *never entirely sure.*

Default Assumptions

In the Illuminated world described throughout this book, the Secret Masters are Tech Level 8 with reliable consistency. Examples of TLs 9-16 can be *found,* but those are either highly experimental, or examples of technology taken from alien wreckage, time-travelers, or dimension-hoppers (the TL9 computer network is largely the result of theft from UFOs).

Magic, too, is one of the practical tools of the Illuminati, some of whom are dedicated entirely to exploring and keeping the secrets of sorcery. Magic as described in ***GURPS Magic*** and ***Grimoire*** is available to illuminated sorcerers, many of whom exist in tiny, independent enclaves. If pockets of Low or High Mana exist, the Facility may have been deliberately built in one (either might suit the Secret Masters, depending on the exact function of the Warehouse).

Psionics are as described in the ***Basic Set*** and ***GURPS Psionics***; most people are unknowingly latent psis, but only a tiny handful ever discover their gifts or receive training. The Illuminati recruit psis through parapsychology study-programs, simultaneously "debunking" themselves to throw off the scent. Most power levels are very low, but planet-cracking exceptions exist, and are prized by those with hidden influence.



WAREHOUSE SECRECY

A final question to be answered is vital to any campaign that focuses on the search for the elusive Facility: Who knows about it?

The first line of defense for Warehouse 23 is its secrecy. If nobody knows it exists, it cannot be attacked, infiltrated, or looted. The GM must decide if the Warehouse is truly a secret, or if it is just secret to the ignorant masses. If "the illuminated community" is aware of the Warehouse, it needs very stiff defenses.

Nobody Knows About It. The Masters and Caretakers have done a superlative job (or the world lacks multiple Illuminati). Only those who are intimately associated with the Warehouse know of its existence, and only a fraction of them know its true location. Security leaks are patched quickly; loose ends are knotted with extreme prejudice.

If this is the case, building defenses are light: automated locks and alarms, backed up by a few well-equipped guards to keep the Caretakers in line and to shoo away the curious. Security might be embarrassingly lax, if nobody's tried to attack the place for a decade or so. Many of the United States' most important federal buildings have poor security for similar reasons.

Only the Illuminated Know About It. The populace knows nothing of Warehouse 23. Those who've caught wind of it think it's a joke or hoax. The community of the illuminated (consisting of conspiracy leaders, sorcerers, mad scientists, and paranoid kooks) however, have at least heard of it, and a portion of them might have "connections" that could reveal its location (perhaps at great risk). Immersion in these underground societies is the first step in finding the Warehouse.

If this is the case, the building needs to occasionally defend itself against other Masters trying to take the Warehouse entirely, or against those who wish to destroy or simply plunder it. Internal security is lock-tight and dangerous, with combinations of deadly automated defenses and mobile troops. Anything from this book, as well as ***GURPS Magic***, ***Ultra-Tech***, and others should be pulled out and stacked high against intruders. Ultra-tech troopers, telepaths, robots, sorcerers, and monsters are waiting to deter those intending to deal with the Facility without permission.

There are shades of gray between these extremes. If only the Secret Masters are aware of it, they might not tell their underlings, and the Warehouse might be passed from hand to hand after late-night poker games between the leaders of the Bavarians and the Discordians.

3 GALLERY OF THE STRANGE

The Secret Masters have a *lot* of toys to play with, and this is a peek into their toy-box.

For the GM, this is a collection of possibilities to consider. Each entry here can springboard an entire adventure, either within the Warehouse or beyond it. What happens if even a minor conspiracy – or just one clever villain – owns a Genetic Interrogation Machine? Or the Spear of Destiny? Or the Green Grimoire?

Better still, what happens if the player characters *themselves* have access to something here? Temptation is a useful dramatic device for any Game Master in the mood to be a little *evil*. "Magic items" aren't always "treasure."

GMs running ***GURPS Atomic Horror, Cliffhangers, Illuminati,*** or ***IOU*** campaigns can dump this *entire book* into their campaigns and oversee the ensuing chaos. GMs not quite so crazy should carefully select entries to be "real," depending on campaign cosmology, but everything here makes juicy *rumors.* Keep the players guessing.

Some entries are devoted to objects. Some are places or entire technologies. Anything described here (or clues leading to them) might be found in the Warehouse described in Chapter 1, or in a Warehouse of the GM's own devising. Notes relating each entry directly to Warehouse 23 are included, but each stands on its own, and most have origins beyond the walls of The Facility.

It may be magic; it may be simply technology, "sufficiently advanced" as per Arthur C. Clarke's celebrated equation. Whatever it is, the Conspiracy *depends* on it, for its secrecy, for much of its power, and for its defiance of others. In a fully Illuminated world, magic is everywhere.

The Ark of the Covenant

And they shall make an ark of shittim wood: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof. And thou shalt overlay it with pure gold, within and without shalt thou overlay it, and shalt make upon it a crown of gold round about. And thou shalt cast four rings of gold for it, and put them in the four corners thereof; and two rings shall be in the one side of it, and two rings in the other side of it. And thou shalt make staves of shittim wood, and overlay them with gold. And thou shalt put the staves into the rings by the sides of the ark, that the ark may be borne with them. The staves shall be in the rings of the ark: they shall not be taken from it.

– Exodus 25:10-15 (Authorized Version)

Built according to divine specifications by the followers of Moses, the Ark of the Covenant was constructed to hold the "Sinai Covenant," the Mosaic contract between the Supreme Being and the twelve tribes of Israel: the Ten Commandments. The origins and earliest travels of the Ark are outlined in the Book of Exodus.

If scripture is accurate, the Ark is the holiest of all relics, the earthly throne of God and the resting place of the original set of laws that were to spell the eventual defeat of polytheism on Earth. It was a hard fight; the ancient Hebrews were polytheists! When times were good, they erected Asherah poles and built temples to Baal and otherwise paid appropriate respect to all of the gods that had normally been worshipped in Canaan. When the Covenant was violated in this manner, the Bible records that God withdrew His protection and the Hebrews suffered for it.

The Covenant didn't deny the *existence* of other deities – quite the opposite. It was a contract that stated if the Hebrews worshipped God exclusively, that God would protect the Hebrews exclusively, and provide for them. It was a revolutionary idea – one that would take a long time to take permanent root. There were both "practical" considerations (Baal had been bringing rain for as long as everybody could remember – could YHWH do just as well at fertility *and* war at the same time?), and aesthetic ones – the Hebrews had grown up with idols, and were comfortable worshipping them.

The Ark was a symbol essential to the survival of the new monotheism. While idolatry of any sort was strictly forbidden, the Ark answered the Hebrew's *need* for idols. It was a golden object to be venerated; God's presence was said to be with it. It was, after all, His throne, providing a physical reminder of His presence and power. The cover was where blood was cast on the Day of Atonement to seek forgiveness for sin (in the Christian cult of centuries later, Jesus Christ would assume the symbolism of the atonement cover).

Moses was either a shrewd political thinker, or truly in contact with a vast intelligence of some sort, or both. The nature of the intelligence (divine, alien, human, or something entirely other) is left to the GM.

Physically, the Ark is as Exodus describes it (see above) with one exception: the atonement cover, like Egyptian arks, has a wooden cover plated with gold, rather than a cover fashioned of *solid* gold (fortunately for the Levites carrying it across the desert). The poles are each about 150 inches long (between eight and nine cubits) and an inch thick, which is consistent with the descriptions of the temple layout in I Kings and II Chronicles. The entire Ark, empty, weighs 250 lbs., including the weight of gold trimmings such as the cherubs and rings. The gold plating is only 1/100th of an inch thick, but the weight of the gold is still more than half of the total weight of the Ark.

The Ark contains the two stone tablets upon which are inscribed the Sinai Covenant. The tablets are intact, not broken; they are the "second draft" that God and Moses inscribed (Deuteronomy 10) once the brief resurgence of idolatry was cut short. Furthermore, the two tablets are *identical*; each contains a complete copy of the covenant. It was standard practice to produce twin copies of any legal agreement, despite traditional artistic portrayal of the two tablets as containing five commandments each.

Other Contents. According to the Book of Hebrews, two other items were placed within the Ark during the Hebrews' journey to Canaan: a jar of manna, and the rod of Aaron. However, the First Book of Kings (1 Kings 8:9) states that at the time it was placed in the Temple of Solomon, the Ark contained only the tablets of the Covenant! It is never explained what, if anything, happened to the other contents. Certainly, the Hebrews would have had no *reason* to remove them.

The Second Book of Chronicles repeats the assertion that only the tablets were in the Ark when it was placed in the temple, but the author of 2 Chronicles was likely quoting 1 Kings.

Other documents assert that both the intact *and* fragmentary covenants were placed within the Ark (although there is no record of this in the Bible, which leads us to assume that the fragments were left on the ground where Moses threw them). Jewish records indicate that the Ark should contain the *original* Torah (the five books of Moses, in Moses' own handwriting!). The Chrysolite Sphinx (see p. 35) is also rumored to be among the relics contained inside the Ark.

Powers of the Ark. The GM may assign any sort of magical or super-technological powers to the Ark that are likely to amuse or frighten, depending on the campaign. Perhaps it can bolster the confidence of soldiers, travel on its own to seek safe shelter for those who serve it, cause rivers to cease flowing, or strike down any unworthy men who touch it – there are scriptural precedents for all four. How the Ark's power is used can be as mysterious or dangerous as you like – no one knows its secrets. In the film *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, the Nazi villains apparently believed that, by owning the Ark, they could command an invincible army. Ironically, it was this same mistake that caused the capture of the Ark by the Philistines near Aphek! The Ark had been present at previous victories for the Hebrews, who had come to regard its presence as insurance of battlefield support from God, when it was meant to be a reminder of the *conditions* under which God's favor was granted.

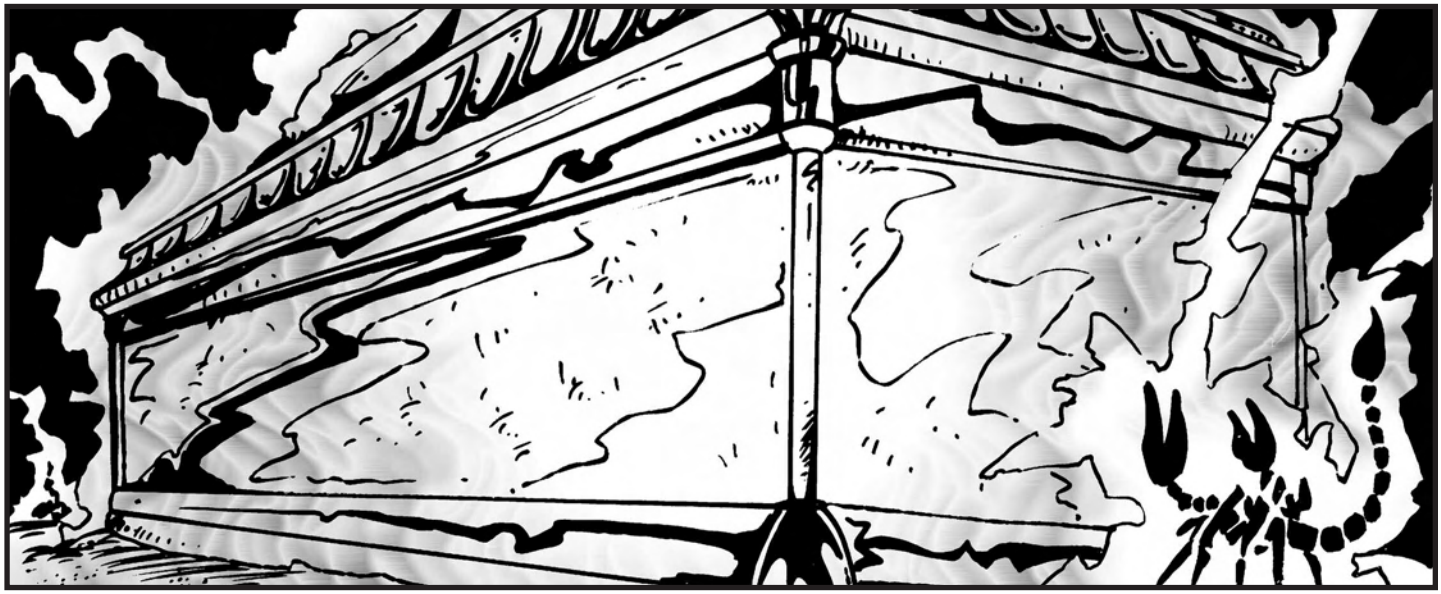
The Ark as a military tradition extends through the centuries: General Lee's army "carried the Ark" during the first half of the American Civil War – it was the central image of his headquarters flag!

Depending on which documents you believe, the Ark did a lot of strange *little* things between bouts of parting waters and smiting armies. When borne on a cart, it caused the animals pulling the cart to sing for it! When the Hebrews were in the desert, pairs of sparks would fly from between the cherubs to kill scorpions and other vermin (making it *The Bug-Lamp of God* – imagine a Secret Master so decadent as to use the Ark for that purpose alone!).

Dangers of the Ark. The most important danger of the Ark is very straightforward: Only members of the tribe of Levi (one of the original twelve tribes of Israel) were permitted to handle or move the Ark. On occasions where Jews of another tribe touched it, they were struck dead instantly (see the story of Uzzah, 2 Samuel 6:6). This makes modern handling of the Ark quite hazardous, since the Levites are one of the *lost* tribes of Israel! With no modern Levites to bear the Ark, touching it is a risk.

It is important to note, however, that Uzzah was struck down because his act was irreverent. When it suited the Almighty, *non-Jews* had no trouble carrying off the Ark! The Philistines, the Egyptians, and possibly the Babylonians took the Ark at various points in history, and survived touching it (at least in the short term). The Ark wasn't idle during these periods, however. The first book of Samuel recounts the story of the Ark in the hands of the Philistines. First, the Ark caused a statue of Dagon (a Canaanite god; the son of Baal) to fall over and break at the head and hands. When the Philistines moved it to a different city, it caused an outbreak of plague. Frightened and frustrated, the Philistines loaded the Ark on a cart and sent it back to the Hebrews.

Where Is It? Speculation on the whereabouts of the Ark (assuming it has survived the centuries) vary wildly. Solomon



placed it in his temple to "dwell forever" and heralded its arrival with music and a massive slaughter of sheep and cattle for sacrifice. Solomon's son, Rehoboam, destroyed that hope by turning his back on the Covenant. As a punishment, Israel was given up to Egypt, and Shishak took all of the temple furnishings as part of his plunder (925 or 926 B.C.). There is no mention in scripture of the Ark existing past that point.

Many among the highest order of Jewish scholars believe that Solomon's intentions were carried through, however. In the early 1980s, excavation and high-tech probing were used (secretly, at first) to search for the Ark and other temple treasures *beneath the temple mount*, under the assumption that the Ark was still on the site. Furthermore, those doing the excavating have recently claimed to have located it! They intend to unearth it when it is safely possible to do so, in order to rebuild the Temple. The move to seek the temple treasures was part of a general movement on the part of the Jewish leadership in Israel to inspire Israel to return to a more "Biblical" mind-set.

Other scholars believe the Ark may have survived Shishak's invasion, but was still destroyed or stolen – by Nebuzaradan in the destruction of the Temple in 586 B.C. If Nebuzaradan stole the Ark, then it was returned to Babylon to be placed in the treasury of Nebuchadnezzar.

Some scholars insist that there were *two* arks, one containing the Sinai Covenant (complete) and the second Ark containing everything else. This theory isn't supported by *any* (known) writings from the period, but it resolves a lot of contradictions. Warehouse 23 might contain the papers to back it up.

The Second Book of Maccabees relates the story of a prophet stealing the Ark from the temple and hiding it in a secret cave on Sinai, with the intent of retrieving it later. The tale of the Ark's retrieval from the cave is never told.

Manna

Chapter 16 of the Book of Exodus tells of the Hebrews' arrival in the Desert of Sin, between Elim and Sinai. The Hebrews were starving, and God promised to "rain bread from heaven." The Hebrews were told to gather a day's supply of the bread from the ground each day – no more – except on the day preceding the Sabbath, when they were to gather two days' worth (on the Sabbath, no manna would fall).

This manna sustained the Hebrews for 40 years. It appeared on the ground in the morning, in white flakes. It is described as tasting like wafers made with honey. Ungathered manna melted in the hot sun, while collected manna would provide total nourishment. Any *excess* manna that was gathered would putrefy and be filled with maggots on the following morning.

According to Exodus 16:33, Moses instructed Aaron to take an *omer* (a day's supply) of manna and place it in a jar within the Ark of the Covenant, as a reminder to future generations. This is the only "excess" manna that God did not cause to rot.

If the Ark is intact today, it might contain this jar. Alternately, the jar and the Ark might have become separated, and finding one could be a clue to the location of the other. According to the book of Hebrews, the jar is made of gold (there is, however, no mention of this in Exodus). It would be interesting if the jar could not be emptied (remember the story of the loaves and the fishes)?

Game Rules. An *omer* of manna weighs 8 ounces, and is good for three meals (see sidebar, p. B128). An *omer* has a volume of just under 2 dry quarts. Despite its lack of bulk, manna is completely filling. Anyone on an exclusive diet of manna gets a +3 to any HT rolls to avoid the negative effects of extreme temperature or lack of water, or to avoid fatigue from physical exertion. The bonus does not appear until the diet has been maintained for 3 days, and is lost if the supply of manna is cut off for more than a day. Anyone whose diet consists of at least 80% manna over the course of a year *ages at half the normal rate* (every year counts as 6 months of physical age).

The Essential Food spell (p. G43) produces what is effectively a cheap knock-off of manna – it gives no HT bonus and doesn't stave off the aging process! The technology necessary to make a similarly enriching food artificially is at *least* TL9; the technology to make nutritious food this *compact* (but not as filling) is available today.

The GM must decide if manna can be analyzed and duplicated by the Illuminati or by the PCs, and if it requires science, magic, or both. If manna really does come from God, it is likely to resist spells such as Know Recipe! Likewise, if God is the true source of manna, PC thieves who end up with the jar might find it to be a rotted, maggot-ridden sludge the next morning. If manna represents an ultra-tech food technology, however, the jar in the Ark was presumably formulated to maintain freshness for many years, if not millennia. Perhaps a time-traveling nutritionist was experimenting on the Hebrews – there are few other points in history when so large a test-group made a 40-year trek across a desert, and the Hebrews received a *lot* of dietary laws from their "divine" source . . .

Mass-produced manna, if made cheaply, could eliminate famine from the world and improve life-spans and overall health. Many conspiracies, governments, and corporate interests would certainly have their own reasons for stealing the recipe and using it, or destroying it forever.

Aaron's Rod

The Bible features a number of notable wooden items, and nearly every one of them is accused by *somebody* of being Aaron's Rod. In some versions of the story, the Rod was the staff of Moses as well as the Rod of Aaron. Some traditions even hold that the staff passed from hand to hand and (when no more wood was available) was forced into service as the crosspiece upon which Christ was crucified. Some sources name it as a fragment of the Tree of Knowledge itself, and claim that its original owner was Adam.

Several powers are attributed to the Rod. The most common theme among them is *life*. Since Aaron's was the rod that sprouted almonds while lying with the Ark, it is seen to be a link to the very forces of growth. If planted in the ground on the shore of the Dead Sea (where no plants grow), it is said that the rod would produce a strong tree. In Exodus 7:8, Aaron's staff was thrown before Pharaoh and became a serpent (exactly as Moses' staff had done in Exodus 4:2). When the Egyptian sorcerers repeated the trick with "their secret arts," Aaron's serpent devoured the wizards' serpents. Whether this trick was something inherent in the staff or an act directly overseen by God is a matter for GM judgment.

The most significant modern use of the Rod might be derived from the Dead Sea story. If the Rod would produce a tree on the shores of the Dead Sea, it might produce a tree on (for instance) *Mars*, thus "transplanting Gaia" (in accordance with the theories of James Lovelock; see ***GURPS Terradyne***) and beginning a cycle of life that would introduce oxygen and other plants to Mars, eventually (very slowly) terraforming the planet by holy magic. If the Rod could somehow be duplicated (or if tiny fragments of the Rod would have the same effect), the process could be made much faster. Alternately, study of the Rod through mystical or alchemical means could reveal magical laws that could be exploited for similar purposes.

The Chrysolite Sphinx

The few references to this artifact are apparently limited to later-period Jewish documents, but it is interesting enough to warrant mention. The "sphinx" is described as a figure of chrysolite or ruby, with the tail and head of a cat, with two wings. It is specifically female.

According to legend, it was this item, and *not* the Ark itself, that was the key to the Hebrews' many victories in battle. At the start of a fight, the Sphinx would emit "a moaning sound," and the Ark (which it apparently never left) would rise from the ground and rush at the Hebrews' opponents. This alone would be sufficient to demoralize most Bronze Age foot-soldiers and charioteers, but the Sphinx provided *direction* for the troops, as well. Both through the Ark's movements and the sound emitted by the figure, the Hebrews were shown the weaknesses of the enemy, warned of openings in their own defenses, and guided to victory. When at last the day was won, the Sphinx's wailing would fall silent, and the Hebrews would find themselves alone on the bloody field of battle, the Ark resting among them.

This is a very different view from the traditional one, where the Ark was borne into battle as a kind of standard, meant to bolster the Hebrew's own faith, or as a weapon, eradicating foes with physical lashes of holy force. It is the only version of the Ark legend that speaks of the Ark moving of its own accord (perhaps the Sphinx's own accord) into battle.

Notes and Crossovers

If the Ark really fell into U.S. government hands in 1938 (as portrayed in *Raiders*), then the Secret Masters would not view the Martian invasion of the American Northeast that same autumn as a coincidence (see *Martian War Machines*, p. 53)! If the Ark is an instrument of the Greys, then the "Martians" might have invaded because of the sudden appearance of its transmission beacon on their instruments. The time when the Ark first appeared (c. 1446 B.C.) is very close to the time of the rise of the Olmecs; both may have been part of a major extraterrestrial experiment on Earth.

Von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods?* proposed that the Ark was a radio transmitter used by Ancient Astronauts to communicate with Moses, and that Uzzah was killed by a discharge of electricity when he reached out to steady the Ark. Von Däniken's theories (laughed at even by hard-core extraterrestrial enthusiasts) would require the Ark to have some important physical differences from the Ark described in Exodus (a fully gold-plated box couldn't have positively- and negatively-charged plates!), but is one possibility for Game Masters fond of modern fringe theory.

Research Notes. References to the Ark – both within and beyond the Bible – are many; obedience (or the lack of it) to the Sinai Covenant was instrumental in determining the fate of Israel. GMs using the Ark as a campaign-scale plot device are advised to secure a good Biblical concordance (or an electronic copy of the Bible with word-search capability) in order to follow the entire story. The Ark of the Covenant is often called the Ark of the Testament or the Ark of the Lord; the Sinai Covenant is also known as the Mosaic Covenant.

The Holy Grail

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."

– John 26:27-28 (Authorized Version)

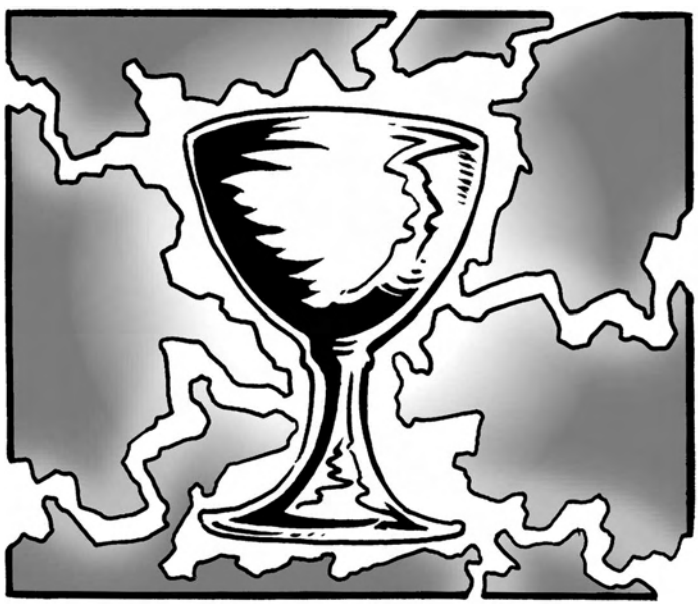
The Morte d'Arthur, Lohengrin, and Parsifal were my world. I not only wanted to go out on the quest of the Holy Grail, I intended to do it. I got the idea of Chastity as a positive virtue. It was delightful to be pure.

– Aleister Crowley

The Holy Grail, according to legend born in the romances of the Middle Ages, is the cup of Christ, the vessel from which the Son of God and his disciples shared wine at the Biblical Last Supper. After that final meeting between Christ and his Twelve, the cup passed into the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, who, when he gathered up Christ's body from the cross, filled it with blood from the wound caused by the centurion's spear (see *The Spear of Longinus*, p. 38).

The Biblical records of the Grail end there. In fact, only the cup's appearance at the Last Supper is canonical; while Joseph of Arimathea collected Christ's body, the Bible doesn't mention the gathering of blood, or the passing of the cup from the supper table to the hands of Joseph. All other accounts of the Holy Grail come from the time of the Crusades, when many romantic poems described the "most perfect of perfections," the Grail, called in earlier works the *sangreal* or *saint graal.*

There are two legends regarding the fate of the Grail after the crucifixion. The most commonly known story tells how Joseph of Arimathea left Jerusalem and traveled through Europe, coming to England. He settled in Glastonbury, bringing the Holy Grail with him. Other stories tell of the cup being brought out of the holy land by Mary Magdalene, who settled in Gaul (what is now France). The relics of the Magdalene are still venerated where she allegedly lived, in Versailles. When the Nazis "quested" for the Holy Grail in the Second World War, it was in France that they centered their expeditions (having failed to capture England at the time might have had something to do with it).



The Grail is most often described as being golden, and studded with valuable gems. This is in keeping with one of the earliest Grail romances, written by Chrétien de Troyes, *Le Conte du Graal* (1188), and later sources that drew upon de Troyes' work. More contemporary views of the Grail often paint it as an ordinary vessel of clay (sometimes wood), which would more likely be in the possession of Christ, a poor carpenter. Some Grail enthusiasts point out that the cup might have received a gold moulding and other adornment at any point in its history (particularly in the time leading up to and including the Crusades, which were largely a matter of loot to the knights who undertook them). Thus, the two descriptions of the Grail are not incompatible. There are other versions of the Grail's nature, as well (see *Notes and Crossovers*, p. 37).

The Grail Order

The Holy Grail is protected by the "Grail Order" or "Grail Family," most often portrayed as a secret order of knighthood descended directly from Joseph of Arimathea. In *Le Conte du Graal*, Perceval, coming to the Grail Castle and meeting with its keeper, the Fisher King, finds that he is a member of the family. Despite a significant failure of his quest (he neglects to ask an expected question and thus brings blight to the land), he inherits the Castle.

In some stories, the Grail Order is a group of secret initiates, clad in white robes. In others, entire families make up the group, and the men keep absolute vows of secrecy (not even revealing their names) while the women are free to admit their station, and to marry to carry the legacy on. In some versions of the story, the Grail Order is none other than the Knights Templar (see ***GURPS Illuminati***), and some writers' descriptions of the Grail Castle make it sound suspiciously like a Templar compound. The Grail is said to be cared for by women appointed to the job.

Membership in the Grail Family is nothing to be taken lightly, and the Grail personally "summons" or "calls to service" those who it wishes to serve it. According to some legends, the order "collects" young children of noble lineage. If a good kingdom loses its king, one is "offered" from the Grail Family. This is suggestive of a political conspiracy. One legend describes a list of names and lineages inscribed at the base of the Grail, for each "maid or boy" called to serve it. Once the chosen member of the Family is brought before the Grail and sees his name, it fades, and his membership is established.

Clearly, the Grail is choosy. Grail knights must be pure, having renounced all falsehood and taken up the sword to adventure. Each time a knight of the Grail rides out, it is to perform a deed to absolve a personal sin . . . The order seems to be a lonely lot, carrying its heavy load bravely through the centuries. In many stories, it is suggested that God is angry with the Family, and that it is cursed in some way. Some scholars have equated this with the Jews, "cast out and dispersed," and many who believe in the historical reality of the Grail Order believe that it is (or were at some point) of Judaic origin.

Powers of the Grail

Depending on which romance you're reading, and whether or not you're concerned with keeping the Grail an *Arthurian* item, the Grail possesses many powers aside from its obvious intelligence and ability to magically seek out new servants to join its Family.

Some of these powers are specific to the story containing them, but some are universal properties of the Grail:

The Grail feeds those who serve it. Members of the Grail Order, and anyone else the Grail chooses to favor, feast well, cursed or not. Wolfram von Eschenbach, a Bavarian knight of the 12th and 13th centuries, gave a detailed account of a Grail feast in his writings. Everyone who reached his hand toward the table found whatever it is he wanted waiting there, hot food and cold food, "meat tame and game." The same account said that on Good Friday, a dove would wing its way down from Heaven and leave on the Grail a white wafer, and it was from this act that the Grail derived its powers of generosity. There may be a connection here to holy manna (p. 34). If the Grail is ever stolen (and it presumably can defend itself with more than secrecy), it would be reasonable to assume that no such renewal would take place, and that this property of the Grail might be lost until it returns to rightful hands.

The Grail holds the power of life and death. Some stories link the Grail with the phoenix, the firebird that arises from its own ashes in an endless cycle of life and death. A popular symbol among both medieval Christians (for whom it represented the resurrection of Christ) and alchemists, the phoenix is a universal symbol of such rebirth. The Grail can grant life to the dead; it is never seen as "granting death" in any of the romances. Simply *looking* upon the Grail can grant youth and good health, according to some stories, and for a week after basking in the glory of the Grail, the observer *cannot die*. Those with regular access to the Grail can live for centuries, their youth preserved, with only their hair turning gray.

The Grail holds secrets, and grants Illumination. The Grail Order is selected to protect secrets – and not just the existence of the Holy Grail. In many of the romances, there are constant veiled illusions to the "secret" that the Grail itself possesses. Some of the stories hint that *they* contain clues as to the secret, if the reader examines them carefully enough. Scholarly debate on this subject makes for amusing reading. By some scholarly accounts, the Grail and the Philosopher's Stone are the same thing. Certainly, both seem to be the subject of quests for Illumination. In many stories, those who behold the Grail (especially after completing a "Grail quest") have mystical experiences that open their minds and hearts to truths previously unknown to them. And while they are described as wondrous, they are not otherwise described.

In other stories, the Grail protects its castle from hostile invaders, leads knights to the end of their quests, and provides communication with Heaven. In all cases, it is plain that it is Christ's blood that is the foundation of the Grail's power.

Questing For the Grail

A Grail Quest, in the real sense, is never about *finding* the Grail. Even in the most popular of "King Arthur" stories, the location of the Grail is never the issue. A Grail Quest is a personal matter, often a journey of self-discovery. The end of the journey is always clearly marked, but challenges along the way make up the conflict of the story. The chalice itself often takes a back seat to the lessons of the Quest.

Several themes are prominent in the Quest tales, both medieval and modern. One is the redemption of sin. Grail knights always seem to have led stained lives in their pasts, and the Quest is an opportunity to absolve themselves. Another theme is personal flaws, a common literary device. The knight must overcome his own tendencies to lust, anger, or any number of other "unseemly" passions. The Quest always includes temptations along personal lines, and opportunities to "throw in the towel" and give in to apathy. By the time any knight sets eyes on the Grail, he has asked more questions and gained more answers than he expected, and has improved himself, coming closer to the ideals that the Grail represents.

Notes and Crossovers

For a traditionally Arthurian treatment of the Grail, Grail Quests and all related matters, see ***GURPS Camelot.***

In Baigent, Leigh and Lincoln's *Holy Blood, Holy Grail* (see pp. I57-58), one interesting variant of the Grail story is discussed, in which the "Grail" is not an object at all, but the *bloodline of Jesus Christ.* An early term for the Grail, *sangreal,* can be broken up as *san greal* (as is commonly done) or *sang real*, which means "Holy" or "Royal Blood." The authors point out (accurately) that the early stories contain no physical descriptions of the Grail, and those descriptions that are found are not consistent (in some stories, the Grail is a large stone, for instance, or an indeterminate golden object). Their theory is that the first stories are allegories for the bloodline of the Merovingians, and that later authors confused the issue. And if the addition of Christ to the story *wasn't* a mistake, then the story about Mary Magdalene bringing the Grail to France might mean that she came to Europe and founded the Merovingian bloodline.

This is even more interesting if combined with the work of Barbara Thiering (see *The Spear of Longinus,* p. 38), who described the conspiracy to sneak Christ, alive, off of the cross. The two stories mesh perfectly. Christ and his wife, the Magdalene, settle in Gaul after fleeing Jerusalem. Their sons become one of the most important ruling bloodlines of world history.

The powers of the Grail seem to tie it to older pagan legends. Celtic folklore speaks of the Cauldron of the Tuatha, which

could resurrect slain warriors, and of Cauldrons and Gold Platters of Plenty, which provided food. The head of the hero, Bran, in the same body of myth, protected England from invasion, much as the Grail is said to in some stories.

In UFO-oriented campaigns, there is plenty of evidence that the Grail is an alien artifact and/or principle, and that the Grail Family are descended from *aliens*, not Christ. Optionally, Christ *was* an alien! One story spoke of the knight Gawain looking upon the Grail and seeing the image of a "child . . . he looketh up and it seemeth him to be the Graal all in flesh . . ." The "child" could easily have been the image of a communicating Grey (see *The Flying Saucer*, p. 66), who to some look like exaggerated human infants.

Regardless of the story, a Grail Quest should be a serious undertaking. If the Illuminati themselves have undertaken one and succeeded, then the "ideals" represented by the Grail, or those of the Conspiracy, are greatly misunderstood! Alternately, they may have found a way to forcibly capture the Grail, and store it away in Warehouse 23.

The Spear of Longinus

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst . . .

– John 19:28 (Authorized Version)

But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs: But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water.

– John 19:33-34 (Authorized Version)

There is a legend associated with this spear that whoever claims it, and solves its secret, holds the destiny of the world in his hands for good or evil.

– (allegedly) Adolf Hitler, himself quoting unnamed visitors to the Weltliches Schatzkammer Museum in Vienna

Known also as the Holy Lance, the Crucifixion Lance, the Spear of Gauis Cassius, and the Spear of Destiny, the weapon used to pierce the side of Jesus Christ at the site of the Crucifixion (and to deliver "the dolorous stroke" of Arthurian legend) was an instrument in one of the most important conspiracies of all time. Furthermore, it seems to be a holy relic of tremendous power.

The Crucifixion Conspiracy

Many conspiracy theorists and scriptural scholars alike have entertained the notion that Christ did not die on the cross, and had no *need* to be resurrected. Rather, the "death" of Christ was falsified by his followers, including the apostle John, who may have been a Roman centurion named Eutychus. The details of the conspiracy can be found in the books of Mark and John in the New Testament; evidence advancing the theory includes text from the Dead Sea Scrolls and a passage in the book of Acts, as well as archaeological evidence.

As related in scripture, Christ was still on the cross on the evening before a major Jewish holy day. It was requested of Pilate that the crucified not remain on their crosses for this Sabbath, and he agreed. By Pilate's orders, the criminals were to have their legs smashed to facilitate their rapid deaths. The bodies could then be placed in tombs before the arrival of the holy day, and both sides would be satisfied.

This was the opportunity that the followers of Christ needed. They offered Christ a sponge soaked with poisoned wine vinegar in order to "quench his thirst" (the sponge was most likely saturated with a weak snake venom that would act very slowly). Christ appeared to have "given up the ghost" but was merely poisoned and ill (see John 19:29-20 and Mark 16:36-67). A centurion assigned to guard the crucified looked upon the "dead" Christ, and proclaimed that "truly this man was the Son of God" (Mark 15:39). This centurion, possibly the apostle John, allowed Christ to be poisoned in order to save his life.

Thus, the scene was as desired when it came time to break the legs of the crucified: Christ alone among the three seemed dead, and did not need to be maimed. The other two criminals' legs were smashed as ordered, and John pierced Christ's side with his spear. It was a common test for death in that era and for centuries afterward to test for *life* by testing for *bleeding*; since Christ bled, John and the watching apostles knew that he still lived; they then acted quickly.

Pilate, when he heard that Christ had died without needing to have his legs broken, was surprised. Since crucifixion could sometimes take *days* to kill its victims, Pilate's suspicions were understandable (see ***GURPS Imperial Rome*** for details). To allay his concerns, Pilate summoned the centurion who had overseen the killing of the condemned. The centurion, naturally, *lied* to Pilate (Mark 15:45), assuring that Christ was indeed gone

from the Earth. The body was given over to be quickly placed in its tomb.

Now, all that was left to do was purge Christ's body of the poison to revive him. A hundred *litrai* (about 75 lbs.) of aloe and myrrh were brought to the tomb for that very purpose. While the aloe and myrrh were allegedly for "burial customs," Christ's followers included many physicians who were certainly familiar with the role of aloe as a medicinal purgative. The myrrh was use to soothe Christ during the process, and it had to be done quickly, since once the sun rose on the new holy day, lifting would be forbidden to the Jews, and to move the still-weak Christ would be a violation of their law.

Thus, when Christ later appeared "arisen" before the Magdalene, Peter, and others, he was not resurrected, but he could continue his life and work privately, his "death" now established.

Rumors of this nature have persisted throughout history; one popular for many centuries is that another died on the cross in Christ's place, allowing him to escape.

The Centurion's Spear

John's (Eutychus's?) spear was an instrument of the ultimate mercy – the salvation of Jesus Christ from his condemned death. However, like that of the Grail, the veneration of the Spear was not practiced until centuries after Christ's life, and many spears exist that might or might not be the Holy Lance.

The first recorded re-appearance of the Spear is in the sixth century, when St. Antonius recorded seeing the Spear on display at the Mount Zion basilica in Jerusalem. When the Persians took Jerusalem a century later, they took the shaft of the Spear (along with many other crucifixion relics). The Spear's *point* was left behind, and given to Nicetas, who took it to Constantinople. There, it was set into an icon and kept at Santa Sophia.

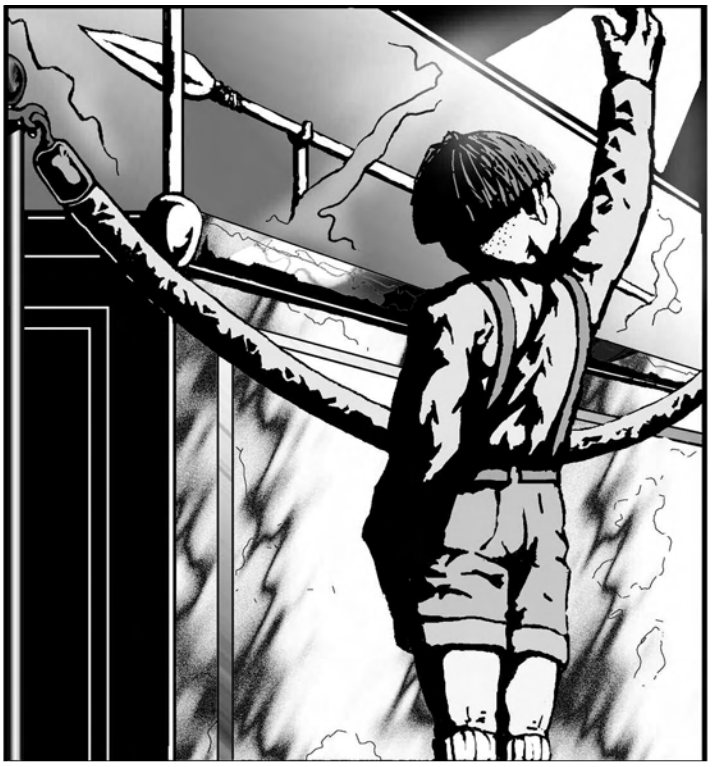
In 1241, the point was given to Louis IX, the king of France, and placed in Sainte-Chapelle in Paris along with a relic said to be the crown of thorns from Christ's head. During the French Revolution, the relic disappeared from Sainte-Chapelle, and there the trail turns cold.

The shaft, apparently, was sent by Arculf (a Frankish pilgrim) back to Jerusalem *c.* 670. It reappeared in Constantinople in the late 800s, and in 1492 was taken by the Turks, who gave it as a gift to the Pope. It was accepted and placed under the dome of St. Peter's, where it still resides, but the Magisterium officially doubts its authenticity.

The identity of the lance in St. Peter's is often confused with the "St. Maurice Lance," also known as Constantine's Lance, which is on display in Vienna, at the Hapsburg Treasure House museum (Weltliches Schatzkammer Museum). It was this Lance that seems to carry with it a tradition of mystery and occult power.

Hitler's Spear of Destiny

Stories concerning Hitler's fascination with the Spear are mythical, stemming from the book *The Spear of Destiny*, by Trevor Ravenscroft. A work including many details attained through the author's "guru" using methods of "mind-expansion," the book is taken seriously in very few circles, on par with *Chariots of the Gods?* However, Ravenscroft's version of the story (and those related to it) ties in perfectly with the Warehouse history in Chapter 1, and with any other Illuminated world in which the Nazis had occult or UFO ties.



According to Ravenscroft, Adolf Hitler was 19 years old when he had his first fateful encounter with the Spear, at the Hapsburg Treasure House. He had entered the museum to escape poor weather and a fit of frustration and depression, and was moved by the sight of the Holy Lance on display. He was overcome with a vision of himself owning the Spear in a previous life, and he believed that it would be a vital instrument in his rise to greatness.

Since we know that Hitler was something of a materialist, not sharing Himmler's occult-obsession, the incident might have been the result of psychic manipulations of the young Hitler on the part of the Greys, the Thule Society, or others seeking to groom Hitler for his eventual role in history.

At any rate, the Spear (which Hitler's research showed him was previously owned by Constantine, Charlemagne, and Frederick the Great, among others) was taken from Vienna and placed in the treasure-stores in Nuremberg, where it remained until the Americans recaptured the Nuremberg cache at the end of the war (most of the gold had been moved numerous times during the course of the war as a security measure). Only a few hours after the Americans captured the Spear, Adolf Hitler committed suicide.

U.S. forces apparently returned the Spear to the Hapsburg Treasure House at the end of the war, but that one might have been a forgery. If so, the real Spear was taken to Warehouse 23.

A Spear In Two Parts

The Holy Lance on display at the Hapsburg Treasure House Museum consists of two main parts, joined by a golden sheath. The most interesting part is the spearhead – the blade itself, which contains a *nail*, allegedly one of those used to bind Christ to the cross. It is held in the blade by a series of brass, silver, and gold threads. The base of the Spear is embossed with two

gold cross-emblems. All of these embellishments were added, obviously, since the time of the piercing of Christ's side, but the time of their addition cannot be accurately guessed. It may be that only the shaft is the original Spear (if any of it is). Its stay in Nazi-controlled Nuremberg was not its first time there; it had been in Nuremberg from 1424 to 1800, when it had been moved to Vienna. Before Nuremberg, it had rested in Prague (from 1350).

Hitler believed that the date of its move to Vienna was falsified, and that it wasn't moved there until December of 1805, when Napoleon Bonaparte was victorious at the Battle of Austerlitz and demanded the Spear. According to Hitler's beliefs (according to Ravenscroft), the Spear was only then smuggled to Austria. Whether this story is true is up to the GM. If Napoleon *did* demand the Spear, then he, too must have heard rumors of its powers of destiny. If the GM rules that this is the case, even *more* history must be questioned: Napoleon had already occupied Vienna a month before he allegedly "demanded" the Spear. Why smuggle it into Bonaparte's own territory? Of course, in an Illuminated world, any number of accepted facts of history can be the lies of the Conspiracy. PCs could very well run across old (and suppressed) history books with different dates than these; whether they note the significance of them all may be the crux of the tale.

Destiny!

The precise powers of the Spear are vague, and vary widely depending on the source. In some versions of Arthurian lore, the piercing of the Fisher King with the Spear caused an entire countryside to fall to waste (see the description of the Spear in ***GURPS Camelot***). In German operas, it was used to defeat villains. Hitler himself was reportedly fond of these operas!

Hitler's own experience with the Spear, however, and the experiences of previous military leaders who possessed or desired the Spear, have a single theme in common: the Spear of Longinus *inspires* men to greatness. Whether that greatness is for good or evil seems not to matter. The Spear may have its own agendas, above our moral understandings, or it may have magical foresight, and encourage the sacrifice of the present in order to build a specific future. What that specific future – that destiny – *is* needs to be determined. Investigators into the "mysteries" of the Spear may find that they support its cause, or that they fear it. If the Spear is a weapon touched by God, it may be preparing the earth for the Biblical Apocalypse. If it is a tool of ancient Atlantean or UFO science (or alien magic), its goals could be *anything.* And if it rests in Warehouse 23, any number of leaders (including the Secret Masters) might shed the blood of billions to receive its inspirations.

Notes and Crossovers

GMs with access to ***GURPS Magic*** and ***Grimoire*** are encouraged to encumber the Spear with every beneficial weapon enchantment contained in those books, in addition to the power to dispel hostile spirits and communicate mentally over long distances. The nature of the Spear's own possible *mind* should be explored in roleplaying, rather than be buttonholed with any game mechanic. The Spear itself should have no real power without a wielder, but may have the ability to control (or at least to influence) any who hold it or see it.

The references to "solving the secrets" of the Spear suggest what could be a global search for its precise origins and travels. Perhaps each owner gleaned tiny clues that, when taken all at once, unravel the entire mystery of Longinus's weapon. While the *military* nature of the artifact is apparent, there may be much more to it than that.

Genetic Interrogation Device

"Genetic Interrogation" is the common name for a series of magical procedures designed to extrapolate information from the genetic code of the subject's living descendants. In other words, if you're dead, they'll get the answers out of the DNA of your *children.* Not a pretty concept, but it works. This bizarre form of techno-sorcery is one of the many "technologies" acquired postwar through re-hired Nazis. Apparently designed by members of the Thule Society in league with English sorcerers, the device itself was captured at Nuremberg at the end of the war.

Genetic Interrogation requires a living subject descended from the source of the information sought, two operatives with Magical Aptitude of at least level 2, and the device itself. The device resembles a twisted brass chair attached to two quartz "screens," both of which shimmer slightly in darkness. One of the "screens" is oriented to face the person sitting in the chair. The other faces outwards, for the benefit of the operating mages. The spells (not yet reverse-engineered by Illuminati mages) are provided by the item itself, which also requires 70 amps at 10 volts DC.

There are two victims for the device: the subject and the source. The source is the dead (or simply unavailable) person to be interrogated through the subject, a descendant of the source. The subject must have been conceived *after* any incident that is examined occurred. In other words, if you want to interrogate a

CIA agent about his exploits in the Soviet Union in 1987, it won't do any good to hook up his daughter to the Device if she was born in 1975.

The Device does a number of things to the "patient." First, it inflicts *pain*, which (for reasons unclear) facilitates the procedure. Second, it flashes stimulating images, designed to evoke the scene that is being questioned. The images must be provided in some form by the operating mages, but the machine translates them onto one of the quartz "screens."

Example. If our CIA man has a son born in 1989, flash pictures of Soviet Russia, the interior of the Kremlin, or (if you can get it) pictures of the research lab we're wondering about. Good selection of images makes for a better reading; a lack of appropriate images can doom the operation.

Any question can be asked. The answers appear on a large screen above the subject's head. Interpreting these images is sometimes difficult; the Device doesn't offer any help with that.

Game Rules. Each question requires 3d minutes to process. The "interrogation" rolls are made against the Power of the item. The roll is modified as follows:

Both operating mages have Occultism-16 or higher	+1
Good image selection	+1 to +3
No appropriate images	-6
Each generation of removal beyond "parent"	-4
Major life-events in the source's life	+2
Trivial events in the source's life	-2
Subject has High Pain Threshold	-5
Subject has Low Pain Threshold	+1

Successive questioning takes no penalty, but each question (successful or not) does 1d damage to the subject.

Example. The Conspiracy wants to know the combination to a safe found buried in an abandoned mine sometime in the 1880s. They have reason to believe the safe is enchanted; opening it by any means other than the real combination could destroy what's inside. They find that the safe was buried by one Joseph Lothrop, who passed away in 1904. His only son is also dead (1875-1935), as are both grandsons (died in the 1950s). One *great*-grandson, however is still alive, and is just over 50 years old. They capture the bewildered man, and strap him in.

The researchers did a thorough job with the "slide show," with images of the countryside, the mine and the safe. They even dug up a few old photos of a local town from the period. The GM doesn't give this a bonus (there's nothing involving the contents or any other people Lothrop knew, for instance), but doesn't assign the -6 penalty. There are two generations beyond "parent" involved, for a -8 penalty. The safe is judged by the GM to be a "significant" event: another +2, for a net -6. The old man's responses to pain are normal. The roll is at -6 (or -5 if the operators are skilled Occultists). If it succeeds, they'll get a mental "movie." It might just be of Lothrop's point of view as somebody *else* opens the safe, but it can give clues as to which family tree to harvest next . . .

There is only one side-effect, apart from the damage. The images brought up by the Device become part of the *conscious memories* of the patient, even if he was in a drugged stupor when the procedure was used. This has, in some cases, caused schizophrenia and delusion in victims who have been asked a lot of questions . . .

Notes and Crossovers

There are other ways to use "descendant memory" as a plot device; even *without* magic, DNA has tremendous potential for data storage! A crystal of DNA one centimeter on a side could theoretically contain *ten billion gigabytes* of data. Using normal mass storage rules for Tech Level 8, that kind of data would require a bank of storage media that would fill a sports arena. DNA can already do the job. What we need is a way to produce the crystals, and a read/write method (see the *Brain Hacking* rules, p. 114, for a treatment of this theme).

Hidden Storage. Any race capable of genetic-scale data storage could encode living things with *any* data: the complete plans for a thousand super-weapons; the memories of hundreds of people; the complete works of any author. The information would remain hidden in the DNA of the subject, to be retrieved at a later date. This is an excellent method of smuggling information past the Space Patrol, or through the Interregnum . . . With simple error-correction protocols included, it would take several hundred generations for the progeny of the original subject to degrade the information beyond the possibility of retrieval. And a lot of the code in human DNA *does* seem totally inactive . . .

Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus

According to traditions originating with Greek settlers in Egypt, the great primal sorcerer, philosopher, and alchemist was a man known as Hermes Trismegistus ("Hermes, Thrice Great"), worshipped as a god both in Greece (as Hermes) and in Egypt (as Thoth). The author of many books on nature, truth, ethics, law, magic, and the states of matter, Hermes Trismegistus was the wisest mortal who ever lived, and was barely mortal! He reigned as a philosopher-king for 33 centuries.

The number of books he penned personally has been estimated by adepts to number anywhere from 42 to nearly forty *thousand*. Most of them, unfortunately, were kept in the library/museum complex at Alexandria and lost when it burned; some books attributed to him have survived to the modern day (see *Hermetica* in the Bibliography). Even with the bulk of his works lost, the Thrice-Great sorcerer was responsible for giving humanity the gift of wisdom itself, and of healing. His magic wand, the caduceus, is to this day the symbol of physicians. He also carried an emerald tablet, upon which the essential truths of philosophy were inscribed.

Several versions of the emerald "inscription" exist. One version:

> *'Tis true, without falsehood, and most real: that which is above is like that which is below, to perpetrate the miracles of One thing. And as all things have been derived from One, by the thought of One, so all things are born from this thing, by adoption. The Sun is its Father, the Moon is its Mother. Wind has carried it in its belly, the Earth is its Nurse. Here is the father of every perfection in the world. His strength and power are absolute when changed into earth; thou wilt separate the earth from fire, the subtle from the gross, gently and with care. It ascends from earth to heaven, and descends again to receive the power of the superior and the inferior things. By this means, thou wilt have the glory of the world. And because of this, all obscurity will flee from thee. Within this power, most powerful of all powers. For it will overcome all subtle things, and penetrate every solid thing. Thus the world was created. From this will be, and will emerge, admirable adaptations for which the means are here. And for this reason, I am called Hermes Trismegistus, having the three parts of the philosophy of the world. What I have said of the sun's operations is accomplished.*

This is the credo of "hermetic" adepts, and particularly was the basis of alchemy in the Middle Ages.

The writings of Hermes Trismegistus combine apparently Christian elements with the works of Plato and other Greek writers, sparsely sprinkled with pseudo-Egyptian mysticism. The entire goulash is recognized to be something of a fraud today, but not in the sense of a single set of forged "magic" documents. Rather, early mystics wrote under the name of Hermes Trismegistus as a kind of shared *pseudonym*, a code-word for the totality of the knowledge they were seeking. Hermetic tradition, at its very core, is one of secrecy and complex allegory, all meant to exclude the uninitiated. As an act of mystical and philosophical elitism, assuming the name of the Thrice-Great is totally consistent with the nature of Hermetic tradition.

The mainstream heyday of the Hermetic tradition fizzled in the eighteenth century, when the authentic nature of the writings were questioned with authority. However, real adepts know that there is more truth to the "myth" of the Thrice-Great than might be supposed. Furthermore, it may be the Greeks, Egyptians, and early Christians who were quoting Hermes! Hermetic orders exist today, keeping the flame of mystical wisdom alive and fanning it white-hot – all beyond mundane scrutiny. It may be that the 18th-century "debunking" of Trismegistus was engineered by the Hermetics themselves, to insure greater secrecy in a world that had become too *publicly* conscious of the occult.

The German Emeralds

Warehouse 23 has *several* enchanted gems labeled "Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus," half of which were collected originally by Olurean, a German monk of the 13th century. Olurean's collection of five gems, along with six others found across the globe, are currently in the Facility, but clues uncovered in occult investigations indicate that *many* more might exist.

The Emeralds, while definitely magical (see below), would be dismissed as having no connection to Hermes were it not for the careful examination by Warehouse scientists of the stones when they were acquired in the mid-1960s. Under an electron microscope, and *only* under such magnification, inscriptions are visible on each of the Emeralds. However, they are not the "hermetic credo" described above. They read, translated from Greek, *If man does not laugh, his experience is not good. If man does not feel pain, his experience is false. If man does not learn, his experience is waste.*

The Emeralds all seem to date to a time before Christ, and it is a mystery how Olurean could tell the "Hermes" Emeralds from other large emeralds. He may have been an adept himself, and had access to spells permitting magnification (see ***GURPS Grimoire***). One of the Emeralds, found in a plastic pouch on the body of a Soviet spy in London in 1964, was covered in an oily residue rich in lingering radioactivity, but no significance has yet been attached to this. Olurean's own writings are sparse, and much of his work seems to be missing important fragments, which the Masters have yet to uncover.

Game Rules. Anyone possessing one of the Emeralds is treated, for all purposes, as having the first level of the Magical Aptitude advantage. Characters *with* Magical Aptitude have their effective level *doubled*, so someone with Magery 3 would have, effectively, Magery *6*, exceeding the normal limits of the advantage.

Furthermore, owners of an Emerald can learn spells with extraordinary speed. An hour or two studying the principles of a spell in a grimoire, or 10 minutes of personal instruction with another mage (who must make a Teaching roll, on default if necessary), is sufficient to grant any new spell at the one-character-point level. Normal prerequisite rules apply. In an ongoing campaign, spells gained in this fashion should be counted as a debt against future earned points.

Multiple Emeralds have no additional effect, but may (at the GM's discretion) be dangerous.

Notes and Crossovers

The implications of the alternate inscription are many, and open to interpretation. Those three principles may (in the opinion of whomever inscribed them) *be* the "essence of philosophy," but they contain no principles of ethics or morality, only of the value of experience. Hardly philosophy in the sense normally intended by the ancient Greeks!

On the other hand, the Emeralds could be a strange kind of forgery, or simply "dedicated" to Hermes, as it were. However, the sorcerous traditions of the 13th century (when Olurean collected his five stones) didn't include the kind of magic necessary for microscopic inscriptions, even among the growing wave of practical sorcerers. They might have come from a higher technology, perhaps from Earth's own future.

And, rather than dangerous, multiple Emeralds might serve a higher function, if you have *all* of them. Perhaps they form a magical supercomputer, or a larger, more complete, Emerald artifact. Perhaps radiation is an unfortunate side-effect of combining them (which might explain the lingering radioactive residue on the Russian's Emerald).

The Green Grimoire

Legendary among the most influential of modern mystical orders, the "Green Grimoire" is an ancient book with no known title. Its nickname refers to its construction: the book is gigantic, and bound in heavy green skin or cloth. According to some reports, the surface of the book shimmers slightly in darkness.

This mythical artifact is also known as the *Emerald Codex*, and is connected in some legends to the quasi-god Hermes Trismegistus, alleged to possess a green stone containing all wisdom. There are documents proclaiming themselves to be the text of "the emerald tablet of Hermes," but these contain nothing of real magical value. The Green Grimoire may be the genuine item.

According to tradition, the Codex contains all *magical* wisdom: every spell, every invocation, every path to enlightenment. Its molded pages are crammed with arcane diagrams and crabbed text in a hundred different handwritings.

The book is said to be enchanted to *grow* the knowledge of any *new* magic. A mage writing a spell today will, at the same time, be writing on the pages of the Emerald Codex, without ever seeing it or knowing that he is doing so. In many orders of arcane study, it is traditional to mark private diaries and grimoires with warding runes to prevent such scrying, but (if the legends are true) the Green Grimoire is largely unimpressed by such measures.

Most wizards consider the book an anecdote, nothing even so serious as myth. Most see it as a good story for inspiring young students of the Art with a sense of wonder, mystery, or fear. Only a handful of powerful sorcerers, known as the Codex Order, know for certain that every legend is true, and much more.

Soul of the Grimoire

The Green Grimoire is a living thing. It has a soul, living within the brittle pages. "Born" in the murky reaches of antiquity, the Codex contains the essence of one of the world's original sorcerers (perhaps Hermes Trismegistus himself). Regardless of his original identity, he is known simply as "the Author," and only a privileged few have heard the Author's voice in their minds.

The Author has abandoned human feelings, concerns, and passions, save for his one driving quest – his thirst for arcana. The mind of the Grimoire reaches out to wherever magic is strong, collecting mysteries and recording secrets, keeping them jealously from the world at large.

The book, if encountered, cannot itself speak or move, but the Author can cast spells, drawing upon the fabric of his undying soul for energy. The book has thus been seen to float, open to specific passages, glow with magical light, produce darkness and even to create detailed illusions in order to communicate or to defend itself.

The Codex Order: Children of the Grimoire

The Author has no interest other than the collection of arcane wisdom, but has no intention of hiding it from *everybody*. Rather than trust the intentions of others, however, the Green Grimoire *creates* those whom it can trust. Every few decades, the book travels the world, seeking children to raise as its own.

Taken from the ranks of runaways, kidnapped innocents, survivors of fires or disasters, and orphans, the book carefully selects bright, inquisitive, and *secretive* children (usually five per generation). With its impressive array of magical abilities, it can appear in many forms to the children to put them at ease, and it provides playmates in the form of ensorcelled animals and carefully-chosen illusions. The Codex provides its adopted children with shelter, warmth, and food – and a convincing illusion of parental love, which perhaps the Author still understands, on some level. The children are typically raised anywhere privacy might be had – an abandoned building, railway car, or cave, for instance.

The Codex Order members are the "children" of the Green Grimoire. Raised specifically to promote the traditions of magic and to explore new corners of reality, the sorcerers raised in the shadow of the Codex typically grow to a ripe old age. Some seek immortality. None *ever* take apprentices; they leave that to their secret Patron. The highest among the order calls them to meet once every 7 years. The highest is also chosen to "own" the Grimoire, but the book travels freely on its own, sometimes disappearing for years to raise a new generation into the Order. Typically, the highest in the Order had been a "favorite" student of the Author from early childhood. Most of those to hold this possession have been sorceresses; none have proven immortal (the demands of the Order often place the wizards at great risk in the service of the Grimoire).

Members of the Codex Order infiltrate other "hermetic" gatherings and organizations, both to gather wisdom and to (carefully) distribute it in the way that most meets the goals and desires of the Author/Green Grimoire. The Order itself typically numbers about 20-30 members, with ages from the early teens to over 400.

The Green Grimoire in the Warehouse

If the Warehouse has the Green Grimoire under lock and key, it was probably quite a battle – unless the Grimoire *wants* to be studied by the Secret Masters. The new generation of the Order of the Codex might even be trained within the Warehouse itself! Perhaps they aren't *human*, this time – perhaps some of the Vermin (see p. 25) have been brought to sentience to serve as a new kind of wizard. In any case, the Green Grimoire is less an object to be found than a powerful entity to be encountered, but the PCs won't necessarily know that . . .

Game Rules. The Codex should be treated as a living thing, a 1-hex creature with *every spell in the campaign world* at an effective skill level of 30. Certainly, every spell in ***GURPS Magic*** and ***Grimoire*** is contained in its pages, along with any other spell, alchemical formula, and so on that the Game Master rules is appropriate. For the purposes of spell-casting (only) it has ST 50. Spell-casting "fatigue" heals at the normal rate (4 ST per 10 minutes of rest, since the book knows Recover ST at 30). The book has DX 10, IQ 20, HT 16/25 and PD 1; DR 4. All of these can be increased with spells, of course, but the Author is very judicious about wasteful use of its power. Those who know of it either *want* it, or want it *destroyed.* The book weighs 200 pounds; its memory is Photographic.

The book also has the skills Thaumatology (see p. CI149), Occultism, Mathematics, Alchemy/TL8, Theology, Philosophy, and History (Esoteric) at skill levels of 30 each. It has magic-oriented *physical* skills (the various Spell Throwing skills, Magic Breath, Body Sense, and so on) at effective levels of 12 each. Other skills can be added as appropriate if the GM wishes to flesh out the book as a character, to be used either as a foil for the PCs or even as their Patron. In a Low-Mana zone, the book is at a -5 to *any* skill, spell, or attribute roll!

Notes and Crossovers

A campaign could be built around PCs who are themselves members of the Codex Order. Such characters, if they are recent "graduates" of the book's teachings, should be built on 200 points each. The Green Grimoire not only teaches its students well, it also uses many arcane sorceries to insure that they are superior human specimens. Members of the Order (if they are young) have minimum attributes of 12 each; all of them have Magery 2 or Magery 3. Each also has both a Patron and a Duty in the Codex itself. The value of each depends on the campaign, and should be determined by the GM. Members of the Codex Order should have a minimum of 30 different spells, of their own choosing (the Codex encourages its "children" to explore their own tastes in magic).

Alternately, adventures could be built around the *search* for the Grimoire. That it is a living thing is a secret known only to the Codex Order. The legends speak only of a book containing every spell ever written (including lost wisdom!), and that's the stuff of mighty quests in *any* age where wizards are loose in the world. Those seeking to "capture" the Codex for their own use are likely to run into the members of the Codex Order, many of whom are equally facile with guns *and* spells. And then there's the book itself to contend with. Even once the hunters realize that their quarry is *alive,* they'll still have to overcome its powerful magic. The book, in emergencies, can simply Teleport (or even *Timeport*) away. A lot of spells will fly before the Codex is taken prisoner, but it will be an *exciting* battle!

And again, the Codex might have *reasons* to be captured. The book could (if played cleverly) manipulate a hapless group of "owners" into doing its bidding, without ever revealing its true nature. It has probably done so many times in the past.

The Memories of Michael Perry

This is a shoe box with a wool cap in it. On the shoe box, handwritten with a fat felt-tip pen, are the words "In this box are the memories of Michael Perry." The box contains only the wool cap. It was found in a remote desert commune in the late 1960s, next to a group of dead teenagers who had left their homes to try to survive together. They died of starvation and dehydration along a remote highway in Arizona. When police found the bodies, they had no idea why the students were arranged in two small concentric circles, or why the body of Michael Perry, with his box and hat, was in the middle. The police didn't realize that the youngsters had been casting a spell, much less that it had succeeded at the cost of their lives. The police did, however, find a supply of drugs and paraphernalia; mostly marijuana and a few pipes, but one of the younger girls had four hits of LSD in her purse. As far as the police were concerned, they had found a group of "drug fiends" who had been too delirious and high to remember they were thirsty. Seven canteens full of water and two unopened bottles of wine were at the site, as well.

Michael Perry's life had not been a good one. He came from a family that disintegrated when he was 12, and had abused him before that. He was used by people he trusted, and ridiculed by those he respected, including church leaders, policemen, and friends. His entry into the "counterculture" was justifiable; the culture he knew hadn't been very nice to him.

He finally found peace and love in the summer of 1968, and the friends he found there had *no* intention of betraying him. They were as naïve as any other group of hippies barely out of high school, but they were kind to Mike, and wanted to find a kind of justice that would prove their point: that communication led to peace; that knowledge of another man's pain disarmed hostility; and that there was hope for a world that really seemed to need some. They also wanted to add something about legalizing drugs, if they could find a way to fit it in. In short, their ideals weren't special; their methods were.

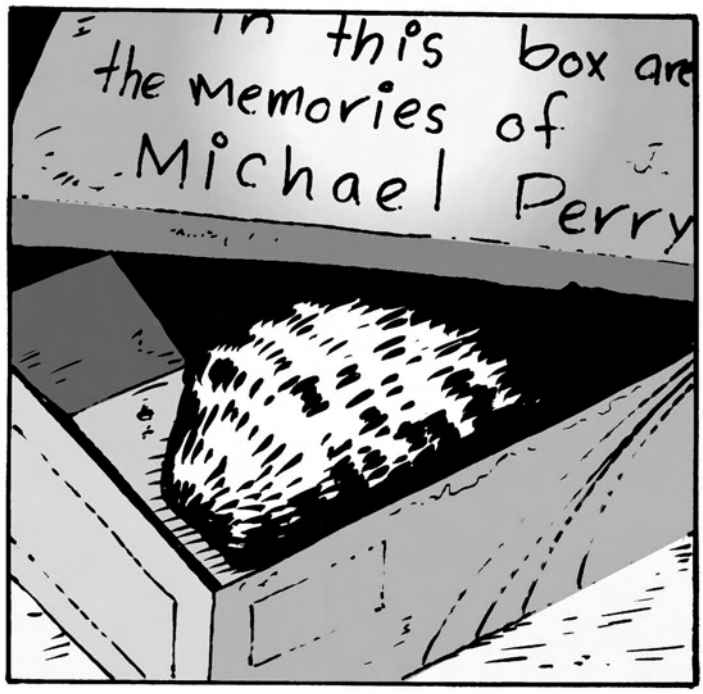
Names in a Hat

Highway Sunset (née Tiffany Reid) and Michael Perry fell in love in 1967, the same year that Highway Sunset found her mother's books on magic. Most of the books she read that year were fluff – the half-joking rants of Aleister Crowley (who always kept his real sorcery out of his published work), or new-age books on astral lovemaking, the Aquarian age and bogus "Eastern mysticism." Somewhere in that pile of pop-culture arcana, Highway Sunset found real magic, and made it work.

When Perry and his friends ran away to the desert the following year, Highway Sunset and he had already performed their own private marriage ceremony for each other, and Highway had a new spell that she wanted to cast, as an experiment. It would require energy from all of their friends at once to work, and it would put Perry's life into his own hat. If anyone ever wanted to criticize Perry again, they could put on his hat, and feel all the pain and betrayal that he had felt. It was a small step, a token gesture, towards communication and understanding that didn't seem possible with just words. If they wouldn't *listen,* perhaps they would *feel.* Perry loved the idea, and so did their friends.

It took a lot more energy than Highway Sunset thought, and the passage of time became something that Perry and his friends were no longer aware of. They all died, but the hat in the box, dedicated lovingly with the felt pen, contained exactly what they meant it to. It was three days at the police station before a bored cop, joking around, put it on his head. He fell to the ground screaming; he could feel Perry's father beating him up. After that passed, he could see two Phoenix policemen picking him up off the streets and stealing his last five dollars. The images went on and on, and it was a while before the cop had the energy to remove the hat. When he did, he tried to tell his coworkers what he had learned.

Agents of a magical cabal, possibly the Children of the Codex (see p. 44), were in the police station, and the hat was removed easily that night. The policeman's story was never believed.



Notes and Crossovers

Jokingly referred to by some as the "Magic Hippie Hat," the Memories of Michael Perry can enter a campaign in several ways. Perry knew a *lot* of people, and references to any of them by name, in the presence of someone who has worn the hat, immediately strikes up a conversation! The hat might contain clues to something beyond Perry's own distress.

Beyond that, it could serve the same function that it served for the police officer, who probably starting buying a lot of Ram Dass books and going a lot easier on kids . . .

Magical orders, whether the Codex Order or one of the more open Hermetics, want to analyze it to find clues to the *spell* that was cast, which is apparently a variant on some lesser immortality magic. The hat might contain more than the *memories* of Michael Perry; it might contain his *soul.* And if it does, those adepts seeking personal immortality might (ironically) kill and torture those who stand between them and the wool cap.

Illuminati who are themselves working for World Peace want the hat for *other* reasons . . . imagine if the memories could be telepathically *broadcast.* Disarming the hostilities of the world is a big job; this could be the necessary tool.

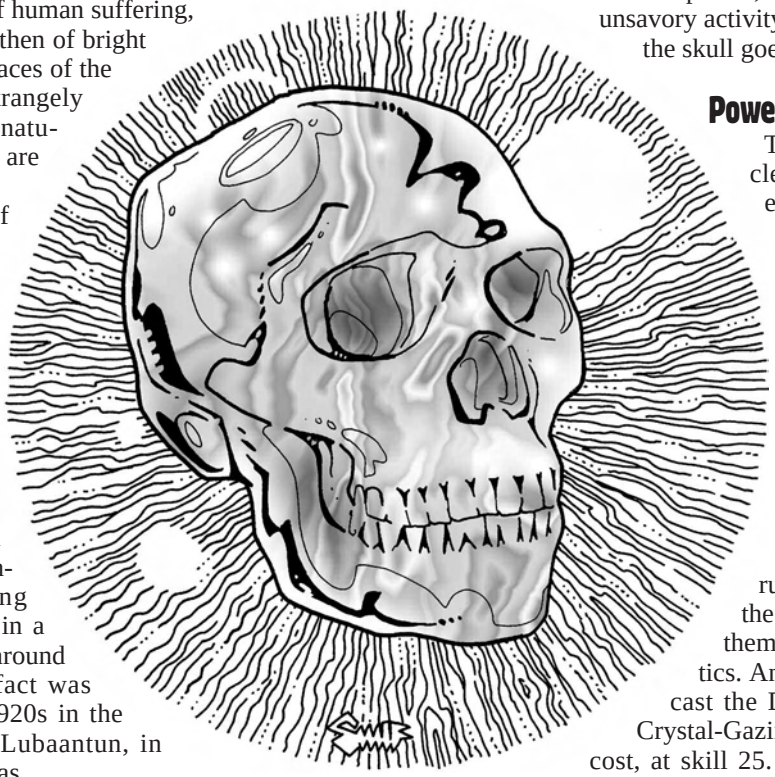
The Crystal Skull

In the depths of the Facility, there is a tall, gray cylinder. The cylinder is connected to building power, and the connection has a lock on it. There is a 2-foot clearance around the cylinder in all directions, and nothing is stacked on top of it. Those passing the cylinder are unlikely to notice anything special about it unless they look closer.

The cylinder is made of steel, and stands 6 feet tall. Observers making Vision rolls notice that there is a needle-thin shaft of light emanating from a pinhole in the back of the cylinder. The light changes color occasionally. A further Vision roll reveals several other pinholes, each of them patched with black putty and emitting no light. It's almost as if something is trying to bore its way *out* of the cylinder using only light . . . Anyone spending more than 10 minutes near the cylinder begin to hear distant, silvery bell-tones and faint murmurs. The cylinder begins to take on an aspect of dread. Any characters with ancestors in Central America (particularly Belize) receive sudden and startling visions of human suffering, then of the icy void of space, then of bright plumage in sunlight . . . The faces of the people in the visions look strangely flattened, their foreheads unnaturally broad. Their expressions are reverent.

In the dust at the base of the cylinder, strange insects are scattered, and the skeleton of a mouse-like animal crunches underfoot, all placed there by warehouse vermin that worship the contents of the cylinder.

The cylinder has a small door, about a foot square, which is secured by an ordinary TL7 card-and-keypad lock. The interior of the cylinder is flooded with blinding light, refracted and reflected in a myriad beams, through and around the Crystal Skull. This artifact was allegedly unearthed in the 1920s in the Mayan ruins of the city of Lubaantun, in what was then British Honduras.



Agents of the Occult

A good deal of controversy surrounds both the skull and its discovery, compounded and confused by the contradictory stories of the principals. In one version of the story, the skull (*sans* jaw piece) was uncovered by Anna Mitchell-Hedges, later a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, but at that time simply the adopted daughter of Frederick Mitchell-Hedges, an adventurer and con-man. Upon raising the skull to the sunlight, native Honduran diggers fell to the ground in tears, and kissed the earth. They prayed and wept for weeks thereafter, slowing progress at the digs. Three days after the principal piece was unearthed, the jaw was found nearby, completing the artifact.

The skull motif is ubiquitous in the pre-Colombian art of Central and South America. Skulls made of clay, wood, and shell (and sometimes real human skulls embellished with paint and layers of turquoise or obsidian) served what were apparently religious functions. The Mitchell-Hedges skull, however, exceeded any other artificial skull in workmanship, and was constructed with uncharacteristic attention to realistic detail. This has led to many questions regarding the skull's actual origins.

The answer can, perhaps, be found in the skull's apparent *absence* from the time of its "discovery" until the 1950s and 1960s. During that time, Frederick and Anna Mitchell-Hedges were involved in several "adventures," many of which have been questioned as hoaxes. Others have also suspected that Frederick received *part* of the skull from Pancho Villa during his alleged rides with him, and that the entire Honduran expedition was mounted specifically to find the other piece (most likely the top). If this is the case, the jaw piece may have spoken to Mitchell-Hedges, as it has spoken to others since.

Once completed, a series of murders and other unsavory activity was sure to follow. Wherever the skull goes, there is death.

Powers of the Skull

The skull is manufactured of clear quartz crystal, and careful examination reveals no marks or scratches from the tools that made it (placing its craftsmanship beyond Mayan technology as we understand it). The skull weighs 11.5 pounds; the jaw is separate and movable. The anatomical detail is accurate, with a single exception: a prism carved in the skull's base.

While the skull has *many* rumored properties (see below), the most common thread between them is its value to seers and mystics. Anyone possessing the skull may cast the Divination spell (a version of Crystal-Gazing; see ***GURPS Magic***) at no cost, at skill 25. However, specific rituals for appeasing the skull must be learned; the skull is really casting the spell *itself*, for those who *ask nicely.*

Depending on the personality the GM sets for the skull (see *Rumors*, p. 47), the skull might require blood – even assassination – before it grants its visions. An Occultism skill of at least 10 is the minimum absolute necessity; research into Mayan religion and science may also be necessary. Mitchell-Hedges himself (and many of his associates) subscribed to the Donnelly theory of Atlantis (see p. 84), and the skull may be an Atlantean (or Muvian) artifact.

Divination with the skull is very effective: if the roll is made by 5 or less, random visions are granted (within the veins and bubbles of the quartz itself, and in the eye sockets). Rolls made by 6-10 include *sound*, and rolls made by 11+ include *smells.* All normal penalties for physical and temporal distance apply.

The Skull itself is apparently *not* intelligent. It seems instead to be a physical contact – an extension of some great mind or spirit, somewhere. Perhaps in Atlantis, perhaps from another star or another dimension. Its motives are unclear, but the "skull-mind" has the power to affect emotions and desires via the artifact. It has Telepathy power 10, with all Telepathy skills at 20. Its power is focused by the proper use of *light* (hence the complex interior of the cylinder: the lights and mirrors form an interference pattern that nullifies its psychic influence – they *think*). Total darkness doesn't harm the skull, just the right patterns of light. In natural sunlight, the Telepathy power of the skull *triples.*

Immersion in benzyl alcohol makes the skull (or any piece of clear quartz) nearly invisible, and halves the skull's power. Several containers of benzyl alcohol are kept near the steel cylinder on separate pallets, along with empty tanks for emergency immersion.

Rumors. The "skull of doom" (so named by Mitchell-Hedges in his book, *Danger, My Ally*) has, in recent times, been adopted as a benevolent icon of wisdom and good health by new-age crystal fans. Once a sinister object of death, the kinder, gentler skull exudes warm fuzzy joy and messages of peace and love from our Space Brothers, from the Hollow Earth and from the Dolphin Crystal Sorcerers. Other versions of the story reveal that the skull was once the skull of a human mage, turned to crystal using magic, or alien crystal skull technology.

GMs should determine, secretly, the true persona of the skull. Is it an evil, spiteful thing, bringing a curse of death on any who speak ill of it? Or is it a happy, healing, gentle skull, imprisoned by the cruel Secret Masters? And, if the *real* skull is in Warehouse 23, *what* has Anna Mitchell-Hedges been showing to visitors to her home and displaying at gem shows?

Notes and Crossovers

Regardless of the occult properties of the skull, it was most likely not found by the expedition as reported. It is much more likely that several other people have been involved in this deception (including Frank Dorland, an art-restorer who examined the skull and performed "tests" on it for 6 years). In the opinion of the Masters, all of these people were likely servants of the skull, rather than its owners. It is also likely that the skull was obtained (purchased!) by Mitchell-Hedges in London in the 1940s (allegedly for a sum of £400), in which case it might have been unearthed in any part of the world, including the lost continents.

If the skull is a tool of the Greys, this would explain its emergence on the world stage during the UFO flap of the 1950s. The ancient Mayans strapped boards to the heads of their infants to produce an "attractive" flattened and broadened forehead, in an obvious attempt to make themselves physically resemble the Greys.

The Crystal Bell

In 1943, a resourceful OSS operative in France defeated a small group of sorcerers who had been in the employ of the Third Reich. In one of the most successful captures of enemy occult equipment of the war, the spy brought home no less than 17 artifacts. He turned 16 of them over for study by Division 19's occult-cracking department. The other one he saved in a well-meaning romantic gesture, taking it home to his wife at the end of the war in 1945. The item was a bell made of delicate blue crystal, carved with intricate images of roses and crescent moons. On the upper tip of each crescent, a stylized heart is impaled.

Two months later, both the spy and his wife were dead, and the bell had disappeared. It was 15 years before it was finally captured by agents of Warehouse 23.

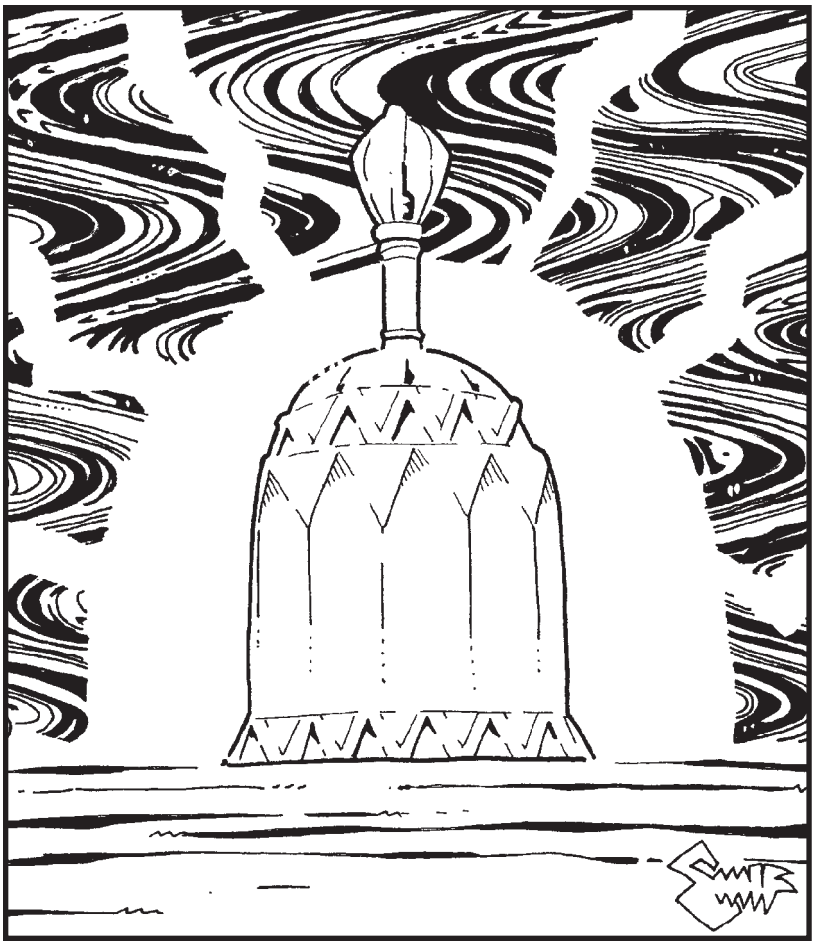
Physically, the bell is fragile and delicate, its crystal clapper hung by a broken silver wire. Repairing the wire is dangerous; the bell has the power to make wishes come true.

Fixed with any clapper other than the one meant for it, the bell tinkles merrily, and is harmless. In fact, magical probing into the bell reveals no enchantment whatsoever unless the clapper, bell, and wire are intact and joined.

Wish Before the Chime Ends

When the intact bell is rung, the sound produced seems almost too beautiful, too rich, for such a small object. The chime of the crystal bell is haunting and seems to wrap physically around all those who hear it. If the bell's owner makes a wish, or focuses mentally on a desire, before the last echoes of the chime fade away, the wish is granted. No wish is too great, unless the wish would harm the bell itself in any way, or separate the bell and its owner.

Wishes granted by the bell aren't even perverted considerably, although the GM should be careful to grant the *minimum* necessary to fulfill the request, and to use the fruits of the wish to put the wisher in a position to desire more and more from the bell. The bell is enchanted to create dependence on it.



The price of the bell is simple: somebody dies a painful death. The first time the bell is used, a distant acquaintance of the owner meets with a terrible accident. Not a close friend – just somebody who the owner knew and perhaps liked. There is *always* somebody that qualifies. If the bell's owner had no distant acquaintances when the bell was acquired, he *meets* one before the end of that day. But the bell prefers to destroy established relationships.

The second time the bell is used, the death is of a friend, and the grisly conditions of the demise insinuate themselves into the dreams of the bell-ringer. Once again, the bell places the wisher in a position where problems or desires are created by the granting of the wish – to voluntarily discard the bell, even if the wisher recognizes that he is indirectly at fault for the deaths, requires considerable personal willpower and sacrifice. To wish the new troubles away is *so* much easier . . .

The third wish kills somebody who the bell-ringer truly cares for, or loves deeply. So does the fourth, and fifth, and every wish thereafter, until the owner *runs out* of people to love. When that happens, the bell (free of charge!) arranges for the owner to meet a new friend, or a new lover, and forge a relationship the likes of which the owner has not experienced before. On the next wish, *that* person dies. And the process continues.

The bell never kills the owner for making a wish. Never. The wish provides loved ones, one at a time – thrilling and genuine romances, wonderful and trusting new friends. Every wish kills one, and every new death is a dream. Even an *oblivious* owner should be totally aware of his role in the deaths by the time his fourth wish comes true.

The bell can be discarded or given away safely, but it is dangerous to give it to a stranger (the previous owner nicely fits the category of "distant acquaintance" now, and will be the first one killed). Giving the bell to a loved one assures that the old owner will live for at least two more wishes . . .

Breaking the bell is fatal. Somehow, fate manages to impale the owner through the heart with a shard of the bell: its final sacrifice.

Notes and Crossovers

This type of enchantment is a deadly trap, and one very difficult to be rid of (in a game with strong elements of horror, there is no need for the GM to feel merciful). Players who somehow manage to research previous owners of the bell (perhaps even using a deadly wish to know the bell's past) may hit upon the only solution: the bell must be *abandoned.* The new owners, therefore, are more likely (although not guaranteed) to be ignorant of the old owner . . . Again, in a ***GURPS Horror*** campaign, even this may not work. The new owner may not surface for years, until the old owner's children grow up, and go and find it . . .

The Oracle Gem

Another item (like the Crystal Bell) stolen from Nazi occult operatives in the Second World War, the Oracle Gem was a deliberate plant by the Germans, a major part of the hidden occult war that never made the newspapers or history books. By the time the United States figured out exactly what the Oracle Gem *really* did, irreparable damage had been done, and World War II was already over. If not for the Oracle Gem, it might have been over a lot sooner.

The Gem, physically, is a green chunk of crystal glowing with a faint inner light. It is well-polished, and looks almost like a chunk of green diamond about the size of a golf ball. It weighs nearly 2 pounds, much heavier than it "should" be.

The Nazis (Allied diviners eventually traced it to Theosophist tea-traders in London working secretly for the SS), placed a False Aura spell (p. GR69) on the Oracle Gem with a Power of 22. The False Aura resists information spells cast on the object, causing them to give inaccurate "readings" (it resists the information spell with its own Power in a Quick Contest; see ***GURPS Grimoire,*** or improvise the details as needed). An Analyze Magic spell (p. B163) that fails the Quick Contest with the False Aura gives false information, making the Oracle Gem seem to be a tool for divinatory magic (p. M54).

This is exactly what happened in 1941, when the Oracle Gem was acquired in Italy. The OSS, thinking that they had acquired a powerful divinatory tool, immediately made it available for the use of the War Department, costing the lives of many Allied troops.

20/20 Hindsight

The real power of the Oracle Gem is a challenge for *anybody* to use constructively, and appears to be a kind of natural enchantment. No magical probing into the history of the gem reveals a deliberate ensorcelment other than the False Aura, but

it appears to be very ancient (at least 3,000 years old), and research continues.

The Oracle Gem is used like a scrying device. The mage or occultist, preferably alone and in silence, contemplates the surface of the gem while mentally creating a question in his mind. Theoretically, sufficient concentration and strength of will produce images on the surface of the Gem.

But the Oracle Gem doesn't *reveal* the future; it *creates* it. It also alters the past.

Example. A higher-up in the War Department focuses (with the help of a trained occult specialist) on the question "will Japan attack the United States?" After long concentration, the image of small airplanes appears in one facet of the crystal: Japanese bombers. In another facet, images of an island military base – the trees and other vegetation in the area make it look like the Pacific; maybe Hawaii. Explosions light up another facet of the Gem, and the sight of flaming ships in port fill another. It is December 6, 1941. Less than 24 hours later, Pearl Harbor is attacked.

Throughout the war, the United States and its allies made use of the Gem, all the while believing that the Gem was offering them cryptic *warnings.* In fact, the Oracle Gem was *shaping the future.* When the unnamed general asked about Japan, the attack on Pearl Harbor had never been planned. It might have happened later; it might not have. When the question was asked, it *retroactively changed the world,* just slightly, in order to make the attack happen.

Whenever the Oracle Gem is asked a question, it gives the answer that the asker doesn't want to hear. If you ask it how long you will live, it shows you your death – in a few days! If you ask it if your marriage will last, your current argument with your spouse will develop into a rift that ends in divorce. The Gem "warns" you of dangers that would not have come to pass.

The Allies were fortunate that (due to reasons that can ironically be called superstitious) nobody ever asked "who will win the war?" It may be possible that the Axis *did* ask that very question. Since the Oracle Gem never contradicts itself or observed reality, this would have *prevented* any Allies from asking the same question.

The same principle applies to questions asked about the past. Note, however, that events do not change in a way that *contradicts* what is already known to the user of the gem (as the "Observer Effect" from ***GURPS Time Travel***). Furthermore, the Gem always changes reality in the most *efficient* way possible while still creating the appropriate negative effect. If something bad is a very real possibility *without* the Gem, the Gem simply turns a likelihood into a certainty.

For instance, if you are adopted, and don't know how your real mother died, you could ask the Gem. Retroactively, she will have died in a way that you find personally humiliating, or died doing something to *harm* you – but failing. If you use the clues granted by the Gem's visions to investigate the incident, you will find that they are true. If, on the other hand, you *know* how your mother died, the Gem tells you nothing – it doesn't deign to confirm known answers.

Notes and Crossovers

This is a sinister and *subtle* trap. The Oracle Gem could be used for years without recognizing its evil influence. The GM must determine how *absolute* the visions of the future are. If sufficient warning is given, can't the PCs stave off disaster? Probably. But quick acting *and* creative thinking should be necessary. If the question posed doesn't imply a point in time ("Will my future be pleasant?" is much more dangerous than "Will my 75th birthday be nice?" when the questioner is 20 years old) the Oracle Gem usually makes the answer something answerable in terms of days, if not hours.

The quest for the origins of the Oracle Gem (and its role in history) could provide an amusing romp across the globe. Depending on the GM's view of the flexibility of time, the Oracle Gem might have *no* true past, since if anybody bothered to *ask the gem* who made it, the Gem might have altered the past to make its creators something personally dangerous or distasteful to the questioner. Whether this is even *possible* is a question that must be determined for the entire campaign; ***GURPS Time Travel*** explores issues like this in detail.

CONSPIRACIES, COVER-UPS, AND HOAXES

The Facility's libraries contain clues – and sometimes complete histories – of every conspiracy that is significant to the Secret Masters. The following are examples of trails that might begin – or end – in Warehouse 23. These entries can also serve as adventure seeds for any illuminated ***GURPS*** campaign.

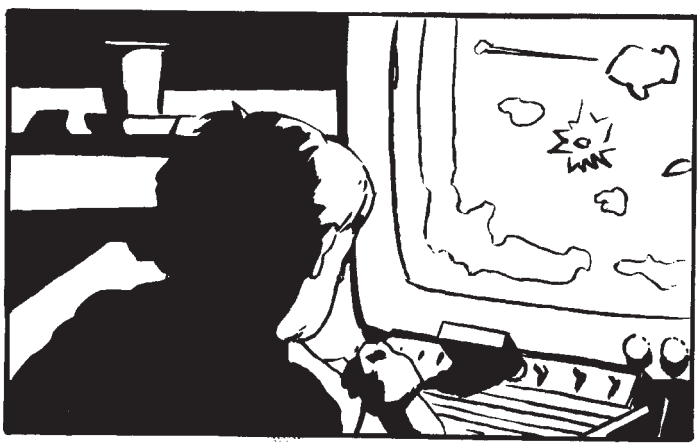
The *Astro Globs!* Cover-Up

In 1983, software engineer Gina Moravec designed a video game for use on one of the early cartridge-based systems. The design was revolutionary, an almost accidental work of inspired brilliance: the twisting, colorful shapes combined and fought in patterns that were simple enough to be learned easily by a toddler, yet challenging enough to keep the most sophisticated game-addict engaged in a constant battle of wits and dexterity.

Through a series of initial "test rounds" employing deceptively simple algorithms and randomized elements, the game – given the working title *Astro Globs!* by Moravec's son – custom-tailored its challenges to the player. The result was a gradual but constant improvement-curve, and a game that was always challenging but never actually *frustrating.*

Moravec was thrilled with her success, but was disturbed by two things. The game's principal design had occurred to her in a dream, and improvements continued to come to her in her sleep, as if transmitted by a distant source. As the game continued to become more elegant and exciting, it became *dangerously addictive*, despite what would now be regarded as primitive graphics and ear-grating music. *Astro Globs!* was an almost supernatural triumph of substance over style.

The Secret Masters were alerted to the game's existence by agents in the Sacred Heart Hospital in Cumberland, Maryland, when Ms. Moravec's 13-year-old son, Doug, was treated there for dehydration. The boy was normally very responsible, and his mother had no reason to fear leaving him alone for a weekend with a well-stocked refrigerator with emergency numbers on its door. When she returned, Doug Moravec was unconscious in front of the TV set, having played *Astro Globs!* for nearly 3 straight days with no regard even for hunger and thirst.



Field agents were dispatched to both the Moravec home and to the manufacturer of the game, where all evidence of it was seized for study. On the same evening, Gina Moravec was killed in a car accident near Keyser, West Virginia, apparently while on their way to visit her ex-husband.

The SINNER database entry (see p. 14) includes speculative essays on possible defense applications of the technology. Watered-down versions of the "Moravec Algorithms" have, according to the file, been used in more contemporary computer games as part of the Conspiracy's economic and public-mood control experiments. Russian intelligence agents are suspected to have obtained simplified fragments of the algorithms, and some popular Russian games apparently employed them.

Game Rules. The minds of children are most susceptible to the hypnotic nature of the game, but *anybody* becomes addicted if he plays long enough.

Every 20 minutes, the player must roll against the average of his character's Age and Will, at a cumulative -1 per consecutive roll. Any failure results in the victim's mind becoming locked up with a desire to play, an unreasoning obsession that eradicates all other concerns.

An *Astro Globs!* addict does not seem to be raving or even especially obsessive; just entertained, fascinated by the possibilities of the game, wanting to play "just a few more levels" to see how far he can reach. Suggestions to the contrary are met by rationalized excuses to keep playing, unless the victim has Bad Temper or is otherwise prone to more extreme responses.

The addiction does not seem to last once the victim is removed from the game. Doug Moravec was no longer obsessed with it when he was released from the hospital to his grandparents (with whom he lived until he entered the U.S. Marine Corps shortly after completing high school; Doug was killed in Operation Desert Storm).

Notes and Crossovers

In a contemporary scenario, the first challenge in examining the game might be finding a system to run it on, since *Astro Globs!* was designed for one of the earliest of the home systems (manufactured by Coleco). A version of the game adapted to modern home computers might become even more dangerous, since the game could be programmed to store a player's "pattern of challenges" selected by the algorithms.

If used by a dishonest hypnotist using the Cinematic Hypnosis rules (p. 109), a copy of *Astro Globs!* would grant +5 to skill!

Pop Another Quarter. Since the Moravec Algorithms are specifically designed for *customized responses,* playing any Moravec-derived game creates a simplified profile of the player's mind, his reaction-time, his responses to different colors, sounds, and types of movement. Enough games, with enough variety, could be used as the basis of Hunter Software (see below), or be otherwise exploited. That considered, a Conspiracy in control of one or more video-game manufacturers could outfit the units with internal read/write drives or communications gear, for the creation of "response dossiers." Enemy agents with a habit of popping quarters in the machine at the corner laundromat could be in trouble, and the children of today are the agents of tomorrow . . . *Halt! Step into the light, Agent Manor. Agent Manor, remember those hours you spent playing "Gold Medal Championship Jai-Alai" as a child? Gotcha, Agent Manor. Gotcha.*

Alternate Versions. The game needn't be as threatening as described. It might just be *very good,* so good that it would dominate the video-game market. Careful examination of the game's graphics might reveal symbols related to Mayan culture, indicating that the real origin of the game was not the mind of Gina Moravec, but ancient astronauts manipulating her.

Hunter Software

This is highly specialized combat software for armed robots and automated defense systems. It is only of use to a computer brain capable of autonomous control of one or more weapons (including body weaponry, in the case of some robots). The software is Tech Level 9, Complexity 5, and requires a 1-gig database "response dossier." The software has a TL9 price-tag of $500,000 among high-tech armies and international espionage exchanges.

Hunter Software uses a detailed analysis of the behavior of a *single* sentient target to more efficiently attack him. The database must include stress response data, movement, and reaction-time, patterns of attack and defense. Only detailed surveillance for a full hour of actual combat suffices (alternately, 10 hours on a Moravec-based game or simulator). Each program is heuristically customized to its database. If you want to hunt two different targets, you need two databases *and* two programs.

Computer-controlled attacks against the victim gain a +3 to skill, and the target's Active Defenses are reduced by 3. Hunter Software of higher complexity increases these numbers on a one-for-one basis as usual (double cost for each Complexity increase), but each level requires the database to increase by an order of magnitude: Complexity 7 Hunter Software would cost $2 million and require a 100-gig database derived from a *hundred* hours of battle! It would grant +5 to all attacks against the target, and reduce his Active Defenses by 5!

Needless to say, this is largely the exclusive toy of the Conspiracy or major world powers. The software used to *create* a Hunter program from collected data is Complexity 6 and $5 million. Hunter Software can also be programmed to combat an entire *species* of non-sentient animals (rules as above), but the motivation behind an Illuminati Squirrel-Hunter program is too sinister for even *us* to contemplate!

Atomic Death From the Red Planet

Of their destructive instrument I might venture some conjectural explanation . . . For want of a better term I shall refer to the mysterious weapon as a heat ray. It's all too evident that these creatures have scientific knowledge far in advance of our own. It's my guess that in some way they are able to generate an intense heat in a chamber of practically absolute non-conductivity. This intense heat they project in a parallel beam against any object they choose by means of a polished, parabolic mirror of unknown composition . . . much as the mirror of a lighthouse projects a beam of light.

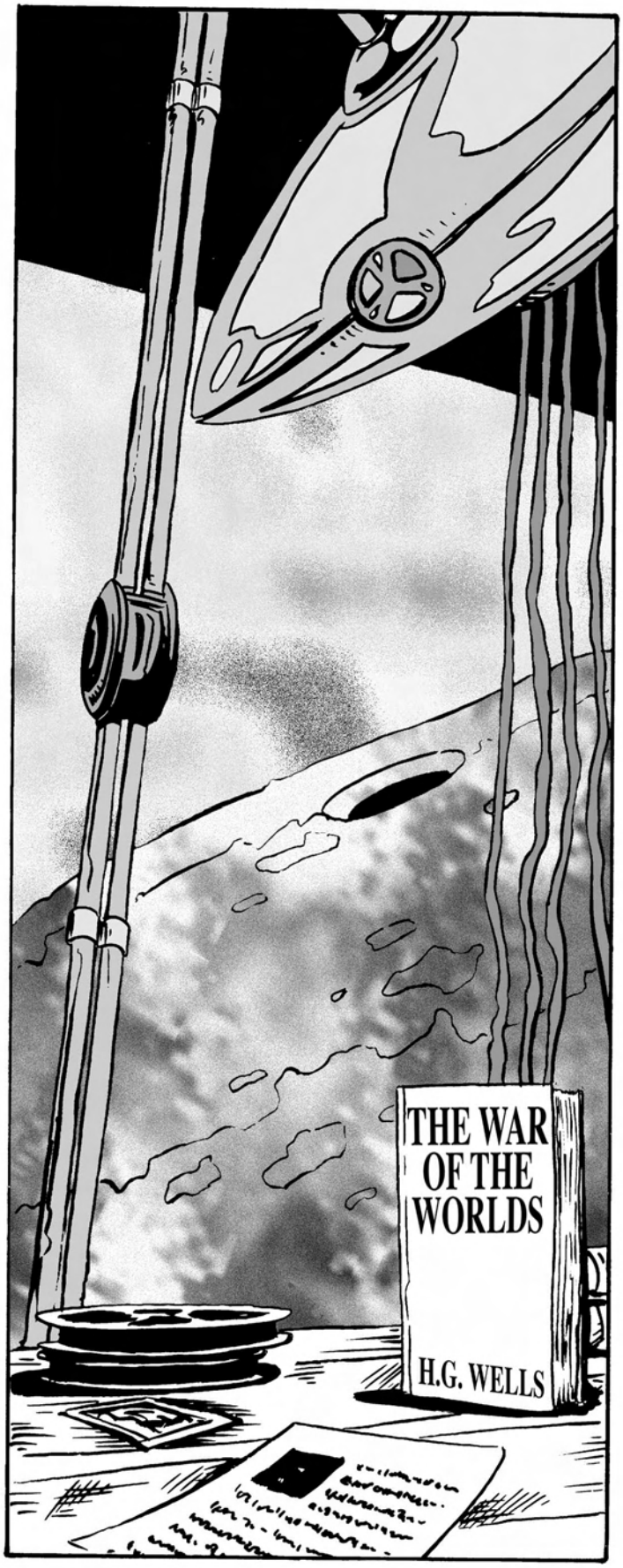
– Orson Welles (as Professor Richard Pearson), "The War of the Worlds" 1938 radio broadcast

On October 30th, 1938, the vanguard of an invading army from the planet Mars landed on Earth. The major Earth observatories noticed explosions of incandescent gas occurring at regular intervals on the surface of the red planet, but were quick to dismiss them as volcanic in nature, or as freak reactions in the Martian atmosphere.

The Martians fired huge cylinders at the Earth, each nearly 100 feet in diameter and containing a single "war machine"; the cylinders crash-landed on Earth and then disgorged their cargo, which immediately began the attack.

The Martians deployed in a jagged line of tripod walkers extending from Virginia to New York, and converged in groups moving inward toward New York City, all the while destroying power lines and means of communication and doing minimal damage to landscape and towns. When Mercer County was bathed in secondary fires started by their Heat Rays they withdrew and allowed the humans to extinguish the flames. The Martians met resistance from state militia forces, but overcame them easily with the combined use of their powerful Heat Ray and a dense, deadly "poison smoke" from which gas masks provided no real protection.

The Martians took New York City, wading across the Hudson like a man wading a brook, flooding Manhattan with the poison smoke.



The Martians Lose

Human resistance failed, but the Martians were defeated by Hallowe'en morning, when the survivors in New York City emerged from their hiding places to find the war-machines standing still, with black birds pecking at the corpses of the invaders. The Martians' technology had allowed them to sweep our military aside like ants, but their immune systems proved fatally susceptible to common bacteria in our atmosphere. Killed, apparently, by their lack of foresight, the Martian vanguard was a failure, and no rocket cylinders have yet returned to plague Earth.

The Cover-Up

Despite the fact that the invasion focused only on the New York area, panic spread nationwide, thanks to the coverage of the attack by CBS radio. The initial landing of the rocket-cylinders (on a farm just east of the village of Grover's Mill, New Jersey) was broadcast before the government could intervene; it was later "revealed" as a hoax, and the agents of the Conspiracy employed Orson Welles and the Mercury Theater to record a fake version of the broadcasts, complete with "after-war dramatic narration" by Welles. Details were changed in order to imply that the broadcast was based on *The War of the Worlds*, a novel by H.G. Wells that had described a superficially similar invasion. New texts of the Wells novel were also changed (and old copies quietly captured and destroyed) to make the similarities less superficial.

In the Mercury Theater version of the invasion, the Martians had landed all over North America, and when these details were re-broadcast, they helped complete the illusion that the invasion never happened, and that those who remembered the broadcast had simply mis-remembered vital details. The Mercury Theater version includes a few obvious errors (Orson Welles at one point refers to the invasion as having taken place on the 20th of October rather than the 30th, for example), but this was easily dismissed as an actor misreading his script. Survivors in the New York area who remained vocal about the truth were easily silenced, and the physical evidence of the invasion was destroyed, with samples stored quietly in Special Research OfficeStorehouse 715 (p. 8).

Warehouse Samples

The Warehouse has four significant lots relating to the Martian invasion of 1938: Two war-machines (one disassembled, one intact and operable), the remains of the rocket cylinder from Grover's Mill, and recordings and related evidence regarding the Mercury Theater Cover-Up (including the tapes of the original, non-dramatized broadcast). The Facility also owns several copies of the original Wells novel, recently found in antique bookstores and private collections.

Less dangerous items include transcripts of interviews with survivors, fragments of destroyed military equipment from the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Militias, and a file describing the relocation of Illuminati agents and puppet-organization employees to completely repopulate New York City and Newark after the Martians "cleaned out" those cities with poison smoke.

Martian War Machine (TL9)

Sent to Earth in specially-designed "rocket cylinders," these metallic titans can rise up on their narrow legs to walk shoulder-to-shoulder with a 30-story skyscraper. The central body is shield-shaped and dramatically sloped. On the normal TL9 battlefield, a Martian tripod is weakened by both its short-range firepower and weak armor. In New Jersey in 1938, very little has a chance of stopping it . . .

The cockpit, airlock, provisions, lifesystem, and crashweb are scaled to *three* humans to account for the bear-sized tentacled bug-eyed occupants (see *Martians*, p. 98). Note that a human "mecha jock" piloting a captured tripod would have difficulty with not only the scale of the cockpit, but the arrangement – the controls are optimized for a three-tentacled operator! All components are TL9.

Subassemblies: Arms and Legs (three each, arranged radially). Each arm houses a ST-1,000 extendible arm motor. Each leg houses one-third of the leg drivetrain.

Propulsion: 1,000 kW leg drivetrain.

Weaponry: Martian heat ray (50,000 kW), two 600-shot light watercannon (one loaded with poison smoke, the other with cleansing steam). All three have standard forward mountings.

Weapon Accessories: Martian heat ray has full stabilization.

Instruments and Electronics: Medium-range communicator with Very Sensitive option and a scrambler (0.05 kW), light amplification, AESA with 30-mile range (7.5 kW), PESA with 1-mile range, sound detector with surveillance option (Level 7), Inertial Navigation System, microframe computer with single terminal (0.1 kW, Complexity 5).

Miscellaneous: Full fire suppression, crashweb, one-Martian airlock.

Controls: Electronic.

Crew Stations: "Pilot" controls all functions of vehicle from a normal crewstation (×3 size, weight and cost to accommodate Martians).

Occupancy: Short. No passengers; crew as above (single pilot).

Environmental systems: Full lifesystem for one Martian, 10 Martian-days of provisions.

Power Plant: Fission plant with 10,000 kW output. Powers all systems except heat ray (8,947.35 kW excess is used to recharge the energy bank in heated conflict).

Energy Bank: Rechargeable power cell stores 135 kW-s, and powers the heat ray in combat. Allowing for the excess energy provided by the atomic engine, the heat ray can fire continuously for 55 minutes before the bank is exhausted. A total recharge would take 3.75 hours under normal operating conditions, but the tripods aren't made to endure combat that would require hour-long constant fire!

Access, Cargo and Empty Space: 220 cf access space in body, 27.866 cf access space in each leg, 125 cf cargo space in body, 7.54 empty space in body, 85 cf empty space in each arm, 344.266 cf empty space in each leg.

Volume: Body (2,200 cf), legs (400 cf each), arms (100 cf each).

Surface Area: Body 1,200, legs 400 each and arms 150 each. Total surface area 2,850 sf.

Structure: Extra-Light frame, advanced materials (the Extra-Light frame is suitable to the light gravity of Mars, less so for long-term use on Earth – had the Martian invasion not been cut short by airborne bacteria, later models would no doubt feature heavier construction).

Hit Points: Body 450, arms 57 each and legs 150 each.

Structural Options: Improved suspension.

Armor: PD 4; DR 125 advanced composite on all surfaces; the front and sides of the body have a 60° slope (PD 6; DR 250).

Surface Features: Waterproof.

Vision: None; the occupants rely on instrumentation, and the only outside door is an airlock.

Statistics: Empty weight 58,345.26 lbs. Usual payload (including provisions and chemical ammo) 7,656 lbs. Loaded weight 66,001.26 lbs. (33 tons). Volume: 3,700 cf. Size modifier +6. Price $5,466,230 (fuel rod costs an additional $80,000). HT 6 (under Earth's gravity).

Ground Performance: Speed 60 mph. gAccel 20 mph/s up to 30 mph, then 15 mph/s thereafter. gDecel 20 mph/s. gMR 1.5. gSR 3. Extremely Low GP. Full off-road speed.

Red Death: Martian Weaponry

Weapon	*Malf*	*Type*	*Damage*	*SS*	*Acc*	*½D*	*Max*	*Wt*	*RoF*	*kW-hr/Shot*	*Rcl*	*TL*
Martian Heat Ray	Ver.	Spcl.	5d×40	13	20	450	1,400	560	1	10	-1	9

A device only occasionally employed by the Illuminati today (unlike the poison smoke, below), the heat ray is a close relative of the standard TL9 flamer. It is a relatively short-ranged weapon for the TL9 battlefield, but ideally suited to dealing with the resistance forces of inhabited planets like the Earth of the 1930s – it can scorch trees and homes, melt TL6 tank armor, and reduce gathered mobs to crunchy cinders.

Poison Smoke. This is actually a dense liquid, sprayed from the walkers by a TL9 light watercannon (see p. VE118). The poison, upon contact with ordinary air, immediately expands to thousands of times its own volume, *bonding with the atmosphere* and forming a greasy black "smoke" that is almost totally opaque. Each "shot" (half-gallon) of the fluid weighs 5.83 lbs., costs $500 and can spread into the air to cover nearly fifty *thousand* square yards with a thick, deadly fog. The process takes only a minute, so it appears that the poison smokes moves very quickly, when it is in fact not moving but *melding* with the air. Each walker has a tank good for 600 shots; it took only five tripods to blanket Newark, New Jersey in the deadly gas. In the attack, it was used primarily against large ground forces and dense urban areas.

In combat, the poison smoke blocks lasers and vision like ordinary smoke, and is deadly to human and animal life. A HT roll is required each turn while breathing the smoke; failure does 2d damage to the victim. TL9 filters protect from the gas, but gas masks of lower tech levels grant only a +3 to the HT roll. The fluid was sprayed into the air, not at targets which would absorb unnecessary amounts of it – any human hit directly by the stream would take 4d crushing damage, and immediately die, putrefy, and liquefy.

Cleansing Steam. Another chemical fluid, identical in price and weight to the poison smoke. The "steam" (the term used by reporters at the scene of the attack) also bonds directly with air, but to *clear* it of the poison. The deadly black gas turns a bright white upon contact with this chemical, then rapidly transparent. Both chemicals then free themselves from their chemical bonds with the atmosphere, immediately creating a gas only slightly denser than pure hydrogen. It rises, eliminating any ground-level danger.

Notes and Crossovers

While the invasion was apparently from Mars (and the landings were preceded by explosions on the red planet's surface), Mars may not have been the true origin of the invaders. Very possibly, Mars was simply the location of the launch facility for the rocket cylinders, and the invaders were actually from a distant star. If this is the case, then the "Martians" might have been a race employed by the Greys (which makes the error regarding terrestrial bacteria one of their most embarrassing blunders). In any case, it is clear that Martian technology, while superior to Earth's (at least in 1938), is vastly inferior to that of the Greys.

Storage Notes. The war machines are gigantic, and belong in the warehouse's largest above-ground hangar (if applicable). The disassembled war machine might be in crates, or in glass display cases, depending on the tastes of the Caretakers. Note that the Martians left a lot of equipment lying around when they died. Any other group might have stolen away with a tripod before the federal clean-up of the war-zone took place.

Black Helicopters and the Price of Beef

They're sighted all over – unmarked choppers, silent and swift, the eyes of something powerful.

In the minds of most 1990s Conspiracy theorists, the *Black Helicopters* phenomenon is linked to the One World Government conspiracy, commonly called the *New World Order*. In this scenario, the sinister black choppers are owned by one or more major world powers, or the shadow governments behind them. They are used both as spy ships and as tools in biowarfare experiments.

Sightings, however, date back to the 1970s, where the choppers were accused of responsibility, at least in part, for the bizarre mutilations of cattle appearing in the Midwest and elsewhere. In *that* version of the story, the choppers might be alien, or the tools of Satan, or worse.

Manifestations vary, and commonly resemble flying saucer sightings. The real difference is that the observers are certain they've seen *helicopters*, not disks, donuts or cylinders. Many sightings of the Helicopters *include* UFOs, especially at night (see *Nocturnal Lights*, p. 67).

Cows Say "Mu"

Mutilated cattle (nicknamed *Mutes* by those who investigate the phenomenon) first received media attention in 1973, when a wave of mutilations swept over Midwestern states, including Minnesota and the Dakotas. Cattle were found dead, with strange parts of their bodies removed: genitalia, eyes, ears, udders and rectums. The removals were made with "surgical precision" beyond that believed possible from wild predators. The bodies were often *devoid of blood*, and the ground beneath the cows was *not* blood-soaked.

In some cases, the cattle seem to have been moved from the site of death, but there were no tracks or signs of dragging. In fact, no animal tracks were found at all – scavengers seemed to avoid the strange corpses. Microscopic examination of tissues from the dead cattle showed damage at the *cellular* level.

By 1974, the Black Helicopters had entered the picture, and were sighted in Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and Iowa. In 1975, it was Colorado. In every case, farmers and ranch-hands had seen unmarked choppers flying overhead in areas where the cattle had been slain. Satanic cults and flying saucers alike were implicated in the crimes, and police departments and government agents insisted that ordinary predators were the culprits, and that the "bloodless" state of the corpses was caused by blood pooling and congealing in the animals' lower abdomens. Accusations of delusion and cover-up flew in both directions, and the cattle kept on dying.

Somebody, said the theorists, was using the cattle as a part of a biological weapon experiment, or as props in ancient magical rites, or as *fuel* for their UFOs. A bio-weapon called the "VX-toxin" (a virus that only kills Asians) was suspected, without apparent evidence. The government (which is perfectly capable of *buying* cows if it wants to do tests on them) denied its involvement, but admitted that it could not trace the helicopters to any ordinary military or civilian flights. Detractors fired back that the mutilations were not for tests of biological/chemical agents, but to determine the extent of "spillover" from experiments on the public that had somehow been botched.

In June of 1976, *tripod prints* were found near mutilated cattle in Dulce, New Mexico. Had the Martian invaders returned, having found a cure for their immune-system weakness in the parts of cows? In 1979, government funds were granted for federal investigation of Mutes.

Theories continued to range all over. Some insisted that the cows would contain traces unique to the plants that they had eaten, which in turn would indicate the mineral composition in the region, and be used for corporate "geobotanical" prospecting. The corporations, who were perfectly capable of *buying* cows if they wanted to do tests on them (and capable of stealing *dirt* rather than cows) denied involvement, but many were eager to point the finger at competitors.

The UFOs were accused of mutilating the cows as a form of communication, or of using them as a "classroom dummy" for teaching the dissection of Earth mammals. The UFOs, which weren't in a position to legally buy anything, remained the primary scapegoats. Flakes of "alien metal" were found near the mutes, clinching the deal. In one such incident, federal investigators pointed out that the flakes were of latex house paint, but the farmers who found them (who knew alien metal when they saw it) did not accept this explanation.

Building Black Helicoptors

Two example versions of Black Helicopters have been provided, with full statistics in ***GURPS Vehicles*** terms. The TL8 version is an unmarked spycraft, owned by an unscrupulous government or the Bavarians themselves. The TL15 version is an extraterrestrial monstrosity. If the Black Helicopters are alien vehicles (such as the second example craft), they can be built at any tech level the GM finds amusing. The alien "helicopter" described has been fleshed out with Flying Saucer technology (see p. 72). When designing alternate Black Helicopters for your own campaigns, make the most of the following rumors about them:

They Change Shape. Some sightings have included shape-shifting choppers turning into saucers! Use the *Reconfigurable Components* rules from ***GURPS Robots.***

They Abduct and Mutilate Cattle. Quadrupeds (including elephants and horses as well as cows) require a cubic foot of cargo space for every 20 lbs. they weigh in order to travel without their legs being broken. A typical cow is 1,500 lbs., requiring 75 cf.

Their Blades Produce No Draft. And they're quiet, too. Sound baffling at the best the TL has to offer is likely. The "draftless blades" is a mystery left to the GM. In locations where mutilated cattle have been found, the grass has not been bent or broken as would be the case with ground-level helicopter flight, and eyewitnesses insist that there was no breeze or "dusting" effect. The blades might really be a rotating sensor-array, an MPD "rudder" to increase maneuverability, simply cosmetic or (as in our sample alien craft) a projected hologram to fool the Earthling dupes.

Black Helicopter (TL8)

This version of the Black Helicopter is plausible allowing for near-future technology, and provided you're willing to accept the concept of a stealthy spy-copter designed to drug entire cities and carry cows. In the default universe of ***GURPS Illuminati,*** these helicopters were developed by abducted engineers from MDD, Bell, and Boeing, working in concert with dairy specialists and Warehouse 23's own technical staff. The cargo area is roomy enough for two cows and several people, with room to spare for one cow to be sedated and horizontal for crude operating procedures (portable surgical equipment is used; it is not included in the design specs). Even loaded down with two bovine abductees, the craft is frighteningly agile and difficult to catch. It is lightly armed and hardly armored at all, since it's designed *not* to be engaged by enemy aircraft.

As often as not, the cargo area is devoid of cows, fitted instead with portable chemical-spraying gear used to blanket the countryside with the Secret Masters' latest bio-warfare or mass-hallucinogen experiment. When serving their function as spyplanes, the Black Helicopters can stay safely at a distance of several *miles* and still register your fingerprints and hear you breathing.

Performance statistics are calculated with a full complement of two crewmembers, two cows, an animal handler, and medical tech (all but the crew are in the cargo area). Removing the cows drops a full ton and a half of weight, and improves agility and acceleration dramatically.

Subassemblies: Skids (two, retractable), TTR rotor.

Body Features: Good streamlining.

Propulsion: 1,300 kW helicopter drivetrain with 2,080 lbs. of aerial motive thrust, 13,000 lbs. of lift (1,300 kW).

Weaponry and Accessories: Linked pair of TL8 15mm chainguns (BoF) with full stabilization and cyberslave mounts. 500×15mm shots.

Instruments and Electronics: Communicator with long 1,000-mile range and scrambler, 30-mile AESA Radar (Scan 20), 5-mile PESA (Scan 15), Level-20 surveillance sound-detector, precision navigation equipment, IFF, inertial navigation system, military GPS, autopilot, terrain-following radar, HUDWAC for Pilot and Copilot, advanced radar/ladar detector, blip enhancer, TEMPEST equipment, computer with identical backup (hardened, compact, genius, high-capacity minicomp; Complexity 4), with two terminals (one for each crewmember).

Miscellaneous: Compact fire suppression system, highsecurity alarm.

Controls: Computerized, with a set of duplicate controls for the copilot.

Crew Stations: Pilot and Copilot can each control all functions of the vehicle from their (standard) crew stations, but the copilot usually handles sensor-ops and the linked miniguns.

Occupancy: Short.

Passengers: None, but up to 14 standing humans could occupy the cargo bay.

Safety Systems: Seat belts and ejection seats for each crewmember. The cargo bay includes safety straps for ten people.

Environmental Systems: NBC kit rated for 16 humans, 5 man-day limited lifesystem.

Power Plant: 1,350 kW HP gas turbine (uses 81 gph aviation gas) powers drivetrain (excess recharges power cell). 1,800,000 kW-s rechargeable cell powers electrical systems.

Fuel: Self-sealing 240-gallon tank (Fire -1). 240 gallons aviation gas (Fire 13). Just under 3 hours fuel for gas turbine.

Access, Cargo and Empty Space: 21.8 cf access space. 280 cf cargo space. 14.291 cf empty space.

Volume: Body (650 cf). Rotor (13 cf). Skid (32.5 cf).

Areas: Body 450, Rotor 100, Skid 61. Total area 611.

Structure: Light frame, advanced materials, responsive structure.

Hit Points: Body 338, rotary wing 150, skids 23 each.

Structural Options: Folding rotors, controlled instability.

Armor: Overall PD 4, DR 20 (DR 10 advanced composite layered over DR 10 advanced ablative).

Surface Features: Sealed, basic emission cloaking, basic stealth, basic chameleon surface.

Vision: Fair.

Statistics: Empty weight 6,895.65 lbs. Usual payload 3,800 lbs. Loaded weight 12,425.65 lbs. (6.21 tons). Volume 695.5 cf. Size Modifier +4. Price $4,484,237. HT 10.

Air Performance: Stall Speed 0, can fly. Aerial motive thrust 2,080 lbs. Aerodynamic drag 152.777. Speed 300 mph. aAccel 3 mph/s, aMR 7.5, aSR 3, aDecel 30 mph/s.

Alien Black "Helicopter" (TL15)

This vehicle is helicopter-*shaped,* minus the rotor assemblies, which can be added by means of holographic illusion. It isn't really a helicopter at all, and it's ten times larger inside than out, including a full-scale surgical theater dedicated to cattle mutilation, and an internal *stable* large enough to hold 10 head of live cattle comfortably. Cows are frozen with a paralysis beam, sucked into the floor-hatch by means of a powerful tractor-beam, and taken to the medical chamber . . .

Some of the technology used to build this craft is UFO tech (see p. 72). In particular, the GM should note that this "helicopter" is propelled via an MPD drive, which wreaks havoc on ordinary electrical systems, and powered via an orgone engine, a dangerous radiation hazard. The electronics are entirely field-based. Components that are installed extradimensionally are noted in [brackets].

Subassemblies: Skids (two, retractable).

Body Features: Very Good streamlining.

Propulsion: Magnetic Planetary Drive with 20,000 lbs. of motive force (2,000 kW).

Weaponry and Accessories: A 22.2 kJ Military Paralysis Beam (range 100 yards, Acc 9, SS 11, HT-14 to avoid paralysis if hit, uses 66.6 kW) with full stabilization, cyberslave mount, and HUDWAC w/pupil scanner for the pilot.

Instruments and Electronics: Gravity-ripple communicator with medium 10,000 mile range, 100-mile AESA (Scan 23), 50-mile orgone scope with high-resolution imaging (Scan 21), 200-mile orgone scope configured for ground scanning (Scan 25), 50-mile PESA (Scan 23), level-25 surveillance sound detector, inertial navigation system, terrain-following radar, TEMPEST equipment, computer (compact, genius, high-capacity sentient robot microframe, Complexity 12, IQ 17, DX 14), with three terminals [two of them in the extradimensional body].

Miscellaneous: Compact fire suppression system, [full fire suppression system], High-security alarm, ST 200 tractor beam (mounted inside and aimed downward, to pull objects through floor-hatch), 555,000-lb. inertial brakes (111,000 kW), double-sized holoprojector (see ***GURPS Ultra-Tech***) to produce holograms of rotors, [science lab dedicated to Biology (Cows)], [two-cow scaled operating room], [1,500 gallon standard tank, to retain cow blood], [one-cow scale automed, to perform automatic mutilations]. *Note:* "cow-scaled" components are 3.75 times the size of human-scale components.

Controls: Computerized, with a neural induction field for the pilot.

Crew Stations: "Pilot" controls all functions of the vehicle (assisted by the sentient computer system), two "Technicians" are assigned to cow-handling and medical work. The Pilot has a roomy crew station; there are two roomy seats behind him in the body for the technicians, if they want to ride up front.

Occupancy: Short. *Passengers:* [Up to ten live cattle in a specially-built "stable" (built using the hangar rules, treating cows as 75-cf vehicles)]. *Environmental Systems:* [40-man total lifesystem, capable of providing air, food and water for crew and ten cows].

Power Plant: 6,000 kW orgone engine powers MPD and all other systems during routine operation. A pair of 10,000,000 kW-s rechargeable cells [one extradimensional] provides any extra power needed in combat, and provides power to the inertial brakes.

Access, Cargo and Empty Space: 4.6 cf access space. 115 cf "cargo space" in body (a bay over which the tractor beam is mounted, into which a single cow can be pulled and handled by both technicians). [295 cf cargo space]. 35.6877 empty space.

Volume: Body (470 cf). Skids (23.5 cf). Extradimensional body extension (4,500 cf – the interface electronics are mounted in the body in realspace, and are ruggedized).

Areas: Body 363. Skids 49. Total area 412.

Structure: Light frame, advanced materials, responsive, robotic structure.

Hit Points: Body 273, skids 19 each.

Armor: Overall PD 4, DR 180 (advanced composite armor).

Surface Features: Sealed, radical emission cloaking, basic stealth, intruder chameleon surface, DR 1,000 variable force screen (4,120 kW).

Vision: Fair.

Statistics: Empty weight 5,800.32 lbs. Usual payload 200 lbs. [much more extradimensionally]. Loaded weight 6,000.32 lbs. (3 tons). Volume 493.5 cf. Size Modifier +4. Price $6,541,319. HT 14.

Air Performance: Stall Speed 0, can fly. Aerial motive thrust 7 tons. Aerodynamic drag 60.5. Speed 740 mph. aAccel 47 mph/s. aMR 6.5 (however, the inertial brakes subtract *92.5g* from any maneuver!), aSR 4, aDecel 2,055 mph/s (allowing the craft to come to a dead stop instantly, even from its top speed).

Notes and Crossovers

Letting the PCs find and learn the secrets of a single (perhaps damaged) Black Helicopter would make for an interesting reward at the end of a dangerous Fortean or Conspiracy scenario. Whether the chopper is the result of military or alien technology might not immediately be apparent. If the GM gets tired of the PCs being able to travel invisibly, both government agents *and* the Greys might come after them. If the UFOs and the government have made some kind of contract with one another, the government/UFO distinction becomes a moot point, and a mute plot.

The Fat Farm

When men will not be reasoned out of a vanity, they must be ridiculed out of it.

– Sir Roger L'Estrange

Not every Mad Scientist wants to take over the world. Some come up with the *strangest* ways to profit from their ventures into new learning and forbidden technology. The Fat Farm Incident was not the doing of the Secret Masters; by the time Men In Black seized the technology and silenced the remaining witnesses, the hidden resorts codenamed "Fat Farm" had already closed their doors and sat deserted and ruined, like the set of a *Twilight Zone* episode turned horribly real. The Masters, accustomed to such things, filed away the machines and records for later use, and they now gather dust in Warehouse 23.

The relics of the Fat Farm – or the Farms themselves – can play many roles in an illuminated ***GURPS*** campaign. The details of the curious incident are provided, and the GM is left to decide.

The Nightclub

In the early 1960s, in one of the wealthier blocks of central Manhattan, an exclusive nightclub could be found by those with the right connections. Its patrons called it "The 21-Stone Club," but the small painted sign beside the door said *Explicit, Deo Gratias.*

The qualifications for membership were strict but simple. In addition to being sponsored by an existing member, prospective newcomers had to be Caucasian (preferably of Dutch or English descent; the club frowned seriously upon the French – and, for that matter, the Welsh), worth at *least* $15 million, and weigh at least 300 pounds. Membership in any other "secret" organization was grounds for expulsion; the club didn't tolerate Freemasons and others like them. Such groups threatened their *own* secrets. This is probably the main reason they escaped the Masters' notice for so long. The club did not forbid or even discourage the membership of women, and the wealth of spouses was acceptable as the financial basis for entry.

Historically, all members were notably devoid of the Honesty disadvantage. Many were evil, hedonistic plutocrats, their wealth gained from illegal arms deals, "white slavery," political extortion, or gambling rackets. The most moral members of the club were merely self-centered gastronomes who would chuckle cheerily at the gory tales of their table-mates. The club's members shared only two things in common beyond wealth and girth: a love of the senses, and a desire to be thin again.

The Good Doctor

Explicit, Deo Gratias was owned by a man known only as Doctor Lennis, a frail octogenarian with thick spectacles and a bulky tweed suit. Lennis seldom visited the club except on business; he seemed to view the patrons of his club as little other than laboratory specimens. Doctor Lennis was thin (almost distressingly so) and ate only when reminded to by his assistants. Most of Doctor Lennis's attention was spent on his two scientific specialties: reducing-diet programs, and human mind transfers. He owned two other properties besides the nightclub, Fat Farms Alpha and Beta, both of which were carefully hidden mountain resorts.

Professional Weight Loss

Dr. Lennis prided himself on charging fair rates – never more than half of what his patients were worth. As might be expected, he was a disgustingly wealthy man, but poured almost all of it back into his researches.

Over the years of operation (the Fat Farms officially went into business in 1931, when Lennis first perfected mind-transfers), Lennis had inadvertently built a kind of hidden weight-loss cult. His staff consisted of technicians, support staff (cooks and maids), and the *weight-losers,* or Exercise Staff.

The operation worked like this: after months of "screening" by members of The 21-Stone Club, a group of wealthy and unhealthy candidates would be invited into the program. Dr. Lennis would appear, smiling uncharacteristically, and give his new "patients" a brief slide show demonstrating the technique (see below).

Patients who accepted were given a few weeks to get their (reduced) finances in order for a 6-month absence, and be flown (blindfolded for most of the trip) to Fat Farm Alpha. There, they would meet their new weight-losers, and then *become* them.

Each patient would be strapped into a large machine with his new partner (a less refined version of the Mind Transfer Machine from ***GURPS Psionics***) and given heavy doses of methadone. Once they were asleep, their minds would be switched (the process took nearly an hour). The fat, wealthy patients would find themselves in fit, athletic bodies, with more energy and mobility than they remembered even in their youths. The fit, athletic weight-losers would once again find themselves in the environment they preferred: a new fat body to improve.

For the first day, they would dine together in the great dining hall of Fat Farm Alpha. Dr. Lennis would give his "nutrition speech," in which he explained that, free of the necessity of losing weight *themselves,* the patients could learn the much simpler art of *remaining* thin. With their new level of energy, he explained, they would find it simple to eat properly, and that they would enjoy exercise, rather than finding it painful. The patients usually spent much of the dinner staring in shock at their former bodies, eating daintily from the plates of fresh vegetables and lean meats.

Dr. Lennis wasn't entirely honest (or perhaps he lied to himself); what really made the Fat Farm work was *preoccupation.* It *was* easier for the patients to learn to keep their temporary bodies slim, but the real reason was the cause for The 21-Stone Club's open-door policies for women: suddenly, the patients were finding one another physically desirable. Food seemed less important as a sensual indulgence when sex in a strange body was to be had. Like any other high-priced resort owner, Lennis was selling hedonism.

Fat Farm Beta

While the wealthy spent their 6 months living the good life in borrowed vessels at Fat Farm Alpha, their old bodies were flown to Fat Farm *Beta,* where the actual hard work took place. There, the weight-losers had 6 months to turn soft bodies into hard ones. The process was a blend of physical therapy and constant exercise, and strange drugs developed by Lennis that accelerated the destruction of fatty tissue. A team of doctors were kept on hand in case of accidents. According to the agreement signed by all parties, if the unhealthy body being "repaired" by Lennis's staff suffered a fatal heart attack, the patient got to walk out with his borrowed body, after paying the *other* half of his fortune to Lennis.

What Lennis didn't tell anybody is that, broke and slim, the patient was likely to die in a few weeks. His mind-control process grew *unstable* after 7 months – this was the reason for the 6-month limit.

The Thomas Crouton Incident

The Fat Farms came to the attention of the Secret Masters in 1964, when the entire project was upended by one of the weight-losers: Thomas Crouton.

The weight-losers had developed their own *cult.* Competition was fierce, and the wear and tear on bodies was tremendous. It was a rare weight-loser who didn't retire after 7 years. Only one man – Ken Donald (in Lennis's employ from 1933 to 1954) – had stayed healthy and on the job long enough to lose *two tons,* with his greatest *single* 6-month job being a successful loss of 215 pounds (also a record), the complications of which had doubled the Fat Farms' attention to medical staff.

Thomas Crouton came on the job in 1944, and wanted to break Donald's record. He wanted to break *both* of them in one go, and Captain Reginald Bains was his chance.

Bains had been a cook for the Navy in World War II, and had managed to gain an incredible amount of weight after returning home with his right foot removed (it had been crushed under collapsed equipment when his ship was sunk off the coast of Greece). He had also become something of a minor New York crime lord, operating in the (then) Dutch-controlled sports gambling rackets that laced the eastern end of Long Island. He enjoyed having the men in his employ break the legs of those who didn't pay up; sometimes he liked it better than getting their money.

To Crouton, this was a chance at immortality. Bains was not only a large man (healthy, he would have weighed 200 pounds – he came to the 21-Stone Club weighing in at 485), but he was *crippled.* Bains didn't care if the weight was all lost or not – the 6-month stay in a lean body with a *foot* was worth half his money. Anything else was a bonus.

After 6 months at the Fat Farm, Dr. Lennis took Bains aside to explain that the new body was his, for life. Crouton had died losing Bains' weight.

Bains hadn't had difficulty paying half his money. But he didn't want to pay *all* of it, and he looked for the truth and found it. Crouton hadn't died; he had *run away* with his body, determined not to give it up until the weight was lost and the record was broken. On only one foot and with 85 pounds left to lose, Crouton had eluded Fat Farm Beta's security and escaped into the wilderness.

Bains called in a few favors, and a lot of lead flew. Lennis didn't give up the location of Fat Farm Beta until Fat Farm Alpha lay in smoldering ruins, located by Bains' criminal flunkies, some of whom had traced the flight of Lennis' private airplane as a security measure. Within two days, Beta suffered the same fate as Bains tore the place apart searching for clues.

As the hunt progressed, the instability of the mind-transfer became apparent. Bains became increasingly violent and delusional, and (hidden away in a farmhouse) Crouton experienced the same thing. By the time Bains' men found Crouton (lifting weights and jogging in place with a maniac grin across his face), neither man remembered the other, and Lennis had been shot in the head in a fit of Bains' anger. The other technicians were dead or escaped, and nobody could operate the machines. Both men were lost, the final sacrifice of the Fat Farm. Bains' body was still 40 pounds overweight.

With slightly more attention to security, the devices and chemicals are now in the hands of the Secret Masters, stored in Warehouse 23.

Notes and Crossovers

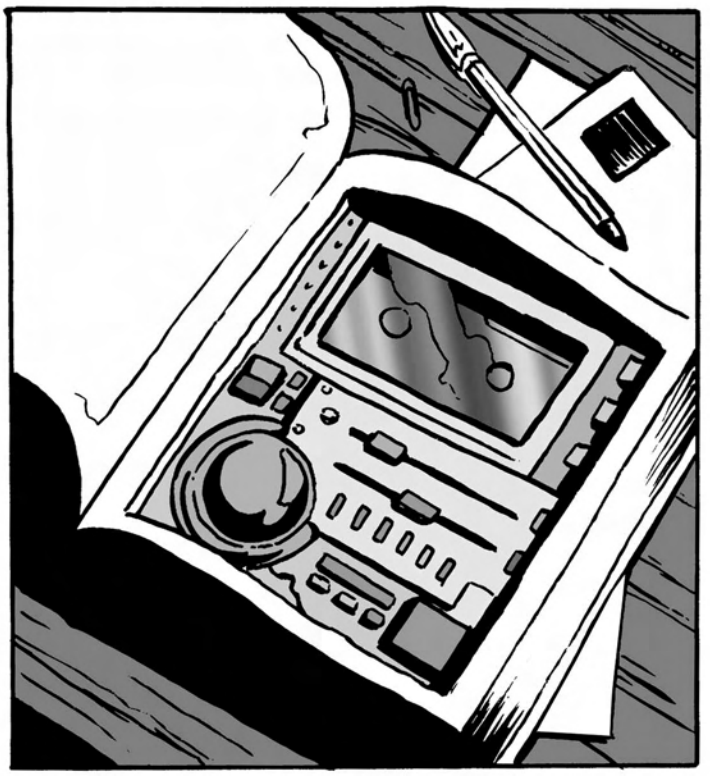
The level of weight that the club required is (fortunately) very rare, and needs a special disadvantage to represent it, should the GM wish to run a game with PC members of the club: *Very Fat* is worth -35 points. Determine basic weight normally, and increase it by (ST×19) lbs. This additional weight counts as Encumbrance, just like the weight from the Fat disadvantage (see p. B28). Very Fat characters take a -3 on reaction rolls, and may not have HT higher than 10. GMs may also require HT rolls for Very Fat characters to avoid taking a point of Fatigue from mundane exertion such as negotiating stairways. Otherwise, treat it as the Fat disadvantage. Any level of Fat higher than this should be represented by the Sessile disadvantage in ***GURPS Aliens*** and ***Fantasy Folk.*** This disadvantage should not count against the normal 40-point limit for a Fat Farm game; the characters need more "room" for Addictions, Odious Personal Habits, and other problems.

Fun With Brains. Characters who experience the mind-transfer keep their own IQ and minds (including mental advantages, disadvantages, and skills), but gain the new body's ST, DX, HT, and physical features (including such things as Reputation, if the face is of a celebrity). Skills adjust to the new attributes: if you had Guns (Pistol) at DX+3 in your original body, you have it at DX+3 in your *new* body, but based on the new DX, not the old one. Combat Reflexes is retained whether it's in the mind *or* the body. If either patient has that advantage at the time of the switch, both have it when the switch is done. See ***GURPS Psionics*** for other details on mindswitching, as well (such as switches with animals).

The Mechanical Textbook

Found in a car wreck by police officers in New Bern, North Carolina in 1988, the infamous "mechanical textbook" appears, from the outside, to be an ordinary algebra text – the kind commonly used to teach high school students. Opening the cover reveals a machine.

One of the functions of the mechanical "book" is tape-recorder. In fact, that's the only *recognizable* function – a very high-quality but otherwise ordinary cassette deck designed to take common TL7 audio cassettes. The book can play them back, too, with astonishing fidelity. The other buttons, lights and screens serve no purpose that the police could ascertain, and the teenagers killed in the wreck couldn't be questioned. Nor could they be identified. Nor did the car have a legal license or registration. The license plate seemed legitimate enough, but when



the numbers were checked, they were found to be on *another* car in nearby Havelock, the owner of which knew nothing of the second car.

Acquiring the Textbook

Introduction of the Textbook is left to the discretion of the GM. After its discovery, a brief article appeared on the "book" in the local newspaper. Two days later, it (and it alone) was stolen from the police department. It has not been seen since. Two weeks after the incident, Sgt. Kevin Gainey retired quietly from the police force due to "nervous difficulties." Gainey is still alive, and may still be questioned.

If the GM wants to drop the textbook in the PC's laps, the "book" might lead them to Gainey. If the PCs encounter the story first, Gainey might be able to help them locate the textbook.

Finding and Talking to Gainey

Gainey's number isn't unlisted – although he's moved just south of Havelock, now. He lives in a trailer with a roommate, another ex-cop (John Michael-Smith). He's still all nerves, but he's been busy . . . If the characters are *very* polite when dealing with them, he might tell them about it.

Kevin Gainey has been on a one-man Alien Conspiracy Hunt. So far, he's captured 14 identical Mechanical Textbooks. The original one in the station-house is still lost, he'll say, but he doesn't think it was special. It was just *public.* Gainey is now keeping very, very private with his activities.

Gainey's Theory

There are select towns in the United States and abroad (possibly spread evenly throughout the world, but not necessarily

so) that are entirely populated by *alien children who don't realize they're not human.* An alien race – Gainey calls it the Schoolteachers, for lack of a more accurate name – is planting them there, where they grow to the age of about 30. Having received a proper "childhood" of some sort, they are then whisked off to their home world to be inducted into their real culture. Robot replacements of their human identities are left behind to guide the next generation.

By taking over entire towns, the Schoolteachers keep their secrecy. The police are robots. Local councilmen are robots. "Injured" robots are taken to hospitals entirely staffed by other robots, and repaired in secret facilities. If there ever *is* a potential exposure, that's what Robots in Black are for.

To Gainey, this isn't even slightly weird. It makes perfect sense to him, and he'll say so. "Where else but good old Earth to give a new kid a sense of the realities of life?" Anyone ridiculing his theories is asked to leave. His roommate will go for a hidden Colt .45, if things come to violence.

If the PCs behave, Gainey might befriend them and present them with more evidence and more puzzles. He *still* hasn't figured out why the car-wreck was so strange, for instance – all of the kids that he's found the books on since then have been well-known in the community. No enigmas. The only thing they all had in common was they sincerely believed that they were just carrying algebra texts, even when Gainey *showed* them the machinery. They seemed incapable of noticing it.

The School-Days Conspiracy

Gainey is absolutely correct. The Schoolteachers are a culturally *dead* alien race. Their societal evolution didn't exactly match their earlier biological evolution, and they've compensated by raising their children among alien cultures – as many of them as possible, across the galaxy. The relationship between the Schoolteachers and the Greys (and the Martians and the Alphans and others) is left to the GM. At the age of 30, their "human" children are replaced with robots and returned to their home world. Until that age, the "children" are absolutely convinced that they are human beings, just trying to get by like everybody else.

This has many dramatic possibilities, *especially* once Gainey shows the PCs the list of towns that he's compiled where he suspects the Schoolteachers have infiltrated to some degree. One of them (or more!) is the hometown of one of the PCs! This is especially frightening if that PC's 30th birthday is only a few days away . . .

The MIB Files

The Conspiracy's agents are commonly called MIBs – the Men In Black. If you've witnessed the landing of a UFO, seen a government sorcerer weave a spell, or caught one of the Secret Masters wearing a dress in the headquarters of the F.B.I., they'll visit you. They drive black cars, often 30 years out of date, but silent and sinister, with no lights on them, anywhere. They wear black suits, white, starched shirts and dark sunglasses. The shadows from the brims of their hats obscures their features, but there's something not quite right there. They *might not be human,* but they're flashing badges. They are Authority. They represent Power. And you *will* be silenced.

The Men In Black might be aliens, androids, trained operatives, or all of the above, depending on the case and the Conspiracy involved. In any case, the Secret Masters want them to be frightening.

But the Secret Masters are scared of them, too.

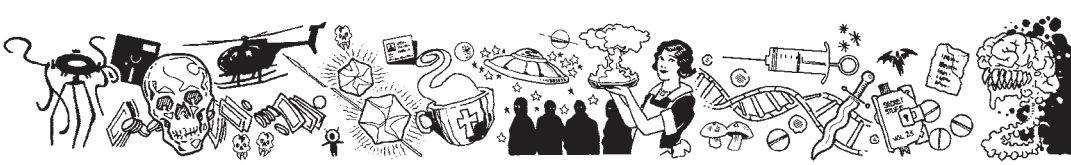
Deep within the data-vaults of the Warehouse 23 computer network are a series of files – the MIB Files – a record of *thousands* of Men In Black appearances that *the Secret Masters don't understand.* Apparently, there are secrets beyond the Masters, because there are MIBs that nobody knows the source of. Even on those rare evenings when the masters of the competing conspiracies share secrets over warm cognac and fine cigars, eyebrows raise in concern over the sheer number of MIBs. Behind all the conspiracies might lie a conspiracy too big for our eyes to see.

The First MIBs

While the modern Men In Black wave is mysterious, it has definite roots. The first modern MIBs appeared in September, 1953, in the "chamber of horrors" built by Albert K. Bender. Although the incident was later laughed off as a childish hoax by serious ufologists (largely because of the association of Bender with Gray Barker, known for publishing bogus UFO material) it is taken seriously by the Conspiracy.

Bender was the founder of IFSB – the International Flying Saucer Bureau, a flying-saucer interest club centering on a regular magazine, *Space Review,* which Bender assembled and published himself. It was a popular group, and grew quickly to be true to its name, including members in Australia, New Zealand and Europe.

The IFSB was dedicated to welcoming the occupants of the flying saucers, "providing they decide to land on Earth with a



friendly attitude." The magazine was fannish, amateurish, and included more fantasy than investigation. In what was to become the magazine's penultimate issue, however, Bender announced that the *flying saucer mystery had been solved,* and that the next issue would contain the secrets.

The readership waited on the edge of its metaphorical seats, but the next issue suffered delays. When it was finally published, it contained no revelations. Only the following message:

> *STATEMENT OF IMPORTANCE: The mystery of the flying saucer is no longer a mystery. The source is already known, but any information about this is being withheld by orders from a higher source. We would like to print the full story in Space Review, but because of the nature of the information we are very sorry that we have been advised in the negative. We advise those engaged in saucer work to please be very cautious.*

And that was the last issue of *Saucer Review*. Bender dropped out of the business. Over the next year or so, many more UFO enthusiasts did the same, under mysterious circumstances.

Many of Bender's correspondents considered the entire affair a cop-out. Clearly, Bender had cooked up some scheme to excite his readers, and couldn't follow through with an entertaining enough story. To escape his writer's block, he gave the mysterious sign-off and bowed out. Bender was a known lover of fantasy, science-fiction, horror, and film of all kinds, and his bedroom was his "chamber of horrors," adorned with occult paraphernalia, skulls, and the like. Many of those close to Bender didn't take any of it seriously, but some readers were genuinely frightened.

Bender's own story was sinister, and the first known appearance of the Men In Black. They had visited him in his room, wearing black suits and dark glasses. When the glasses were removed, their eyes shone "like flash bulbs." They floated a foot off of the floor, and were surrounded by a smell of sulfur. The MIBs told Bender the secret of the saucers, he claimed, but they also swore him to silence.

It was many years before Bender would "dare to speak" of the information the MIBs had told him. In 1960, he explained, the race that the MIBs belonged to left the Earth, their mission complete. They had been here, he claimed, to harvest a chemical from the oceans, and didn't want interference from terran governments.

Bender had learned this shortly before the aliens left. In one of their earlier visitations, they had left him a metallic disk or coin with which they would "monitor his activities," and with which he could contact them. The GM may wish, at some point, to put this amulet in the hands of the PCs.

The Bender Amulet. Using the "amulet" to contact its creators is very simple. Turn on any radio or television; grasp the amulet; close your eyes, and repeat the word "kazik" (pronounced *kay-EEK*) with sincerity. You will be contacted. These were the instructions that Bender received from the three Men In Black.

Unknown to Bender (and likely unknown to any modern owner of the coin), the amulet had other uses. It is *constantly broadcasting,* using a tight-beam communication of a kind new even to Warehouse scientists. The energy is obvious, however, once you know what to look for, and it can be used to pinpoint the *exact location* of both the amulet and the invisible orbiting receiver.

Furthermore, the amulet is *explosive*, as a security measure to prevent tampering or examination of its interior. Any attempts to break open the coin (the seal has DR 50; HT 1) prime the mechanism. Five seconds later, the coin explodes will the force of a quarter-ton of TNT (6d×1,000 damage; see ***GURPS High-Tech*** for the effects of very large explosions). As an emergency measure, this could prove useful. If the owner is *unaware* of this, it can prove deadly.

Conspiracy Afraid: Film At Five

Nobody believed the seawater story; as Bender told (and wrote) it, it was ridiculous. He expected his readers to believe that aliens had contacted him for the sole purpose of revealing their function to him, only to frighten him into silence the same day. All over seawater. Most of Bender's friends assumed that he had actually encountered government agents, or demons. One of Bender's Australian correspondents, Edgar Jarrold, wrote of his *own* MIB encounters, including the first descriptions of their dark, silent automobiles. Most of Jarrold's friends assumed that it was a playful hoax poking fun at Bender, but his story corresponded to real deaths in New South Wales that were known to the Conspiracy. The Illuminati were concerned, and still haven't found the truth to either case. They captured the amulet in 1976, and are puzzled by its obviously extraterrestrial nature. Since the Bender and Jarrold incidents, the Secret Masters have collected some 4,000 odd reports of MIBs that can not be explained by their own activities, or those of their competitors.

Notes and Crossovers

Bender's amulet is one example of an entire *class* of objects: devices left behind by alien visitors for re-contact. Such devices can be as simple as the coin described, or much more complex.

In particular, the *ritual* required to contact the creators can be as silly or as sinister as the GM likes. Holding a coin and saying "kazik" with the radio on isn't too bad (a little embarrassing, perhaps). If the aliens require animal slaughter or other blood rituals, however, we begin to see where some of our legends regarding demons *really* came from.

The Men In Black themselves are detailed in ***GURPS Illuminati,*** which devotes an entire chapter to the subject.

The Warghetz Papers

The Earth we live on is a fake, a forgery. So are *you*, according to the ranting pamphlets published by Jaimie Warghetz of Santa Rosa, California. Forty pamphlets were published over a 7-year period, with titles ranging from *I Think I'm False* to *Judgement Day: 1977.* All of them featured clip-art oscillating between images of domestic tranquillity and bloody tapestries of Armageddon and Ragnarok. Catch-phrases such as "I think we're property" (a popular quote from Charles Fort) are stamped across the pages at odd angles in pale red ink.

According to Warghetz, a few tiny but very powerful cabals rule the planet, vying for constant control of what he calls the "sub-herds" of "sheep and kine." If the PCs have been tangling with the Illuminati in the past, that won't strike them as an unusual notion. Where the Warghetz pamphlets differ from others ranting about the Conspiracy is best demonstrated in one of the last ones published (*Strike Down the Beamers,* printed in the autumn of 1984):

> *They ventured too far. In 1977 they* DARED *too much. The shuttle should not have flown. The Master's history should not have been revealed. The tiny planet beyond Saturn should have been left secret. Elvis and Chaplin should not have been murdered.*
>
> *Dash the infants against the rocks! Dash the politicians against the marble steps of their offices!* **It will not matter; the cabals have sold us to Men From Space!!!** *We are not real! Alien forces carved up the Earth and carried it off into space in 1977. A False Earth was left in its place, peopled by False Men and False Women. You are a robot. I am a robot. But our programming is faulty. We can be the glitch in the space-man's machine!* ***We need not stay ignorant.***
>
> *Now we can take our revenge. We do not eat. We* think *we eat! Our power is* BEAMED *to us from underground stations and orbiting satellites! We are already dead –* ***but we can kill these simulacra that we are! We can gain vengeance for the dead! We can honor our own distant corpses! Find the beamers and strike them down! Take every rifle in hand! Take every grenade you can steal! Take down your armories and turn their weapons on the power-beams from space!!!***

Paper Chase

Any fringe magazine from 1978 to 1985 is likely to contain Warghetz's Post Office Box number, and ordering information for both his pamphlets and a small series of cassette tapes meant to go with them. If the campaign takes between the summer of 1978 and January 9, 1985, curious investigators are able to acquire any number of Warghetz's creations for little more than the price of postage. After January 9, however, the well mysteriously dries up. Warghetz does not reply, and eventually mail is returned to the sender, the address no longer valid. After 1985, the pamphlets become almost impossible to find. Any friendly fringe-watchers the PCs might know might have one or two of them, but some of them might speak of Men In Black coming to their homes and collecting them, either at gun-point or with persuasive voices. Of course, if the Warehouse is real and findable, they might be there.

The 40 Warghetz Pamphlets amount to a journal of Warghetz's own investigations and "journey of self-discovery." In 1978, he claims, he injured himself while painting his house, and – instead of blood and flesh – the wound revealed, only for an instant, wires and "strange, flexing cables where muscle should be." He blinked, and the cut once again looked normal; he had a doctor look at it, who assured him he'd be just fine in a day or two. Warghetz didn't believe him, and was never really "fine" again.

His investigations began then, and he found inspiration and "proof" in the strangest of places: friends at NASA, another at Caltech, a copy of Tolkien's *Silmarillion* (published in '77), correspondents in the nation's capitol, and others. Many of his sources are not named or even hinted at in the pamphlets, presumably to protect them. By 1983, Warghetz had finalized his theory that the "cabals" (by which he could mean any or all of the Illuminati; Warghetz apparently never got close to identifying the actual culprits), dealing with intelligent aliens, had *sold* the planet Earth and everybody on it, in exchange for a trip off the planet and exposure to galactic culture. If this is true, the Illuminati continue their battles among the stars, if they survived, and only their robots are left behind to play out their terrestrial games of power.

Proving or debunking Warghetz's rants could be the basis of an entire campaign. Each of the leads hinted at in the pamphlets leads to several more never hinted at, and all threads follow a large trail of corpses and mysterious disappearances. Warghetz himself was determined to mobilize an army against the "beamers," but apparently never succeeded. The Conspiracy, robots or not, seem determined to preserve whatever secrets Jaimie Warghetz stumbled onto.

If taken to the extreme, the PCs might end up journeying into space to *rescue themselves from the aliens.*

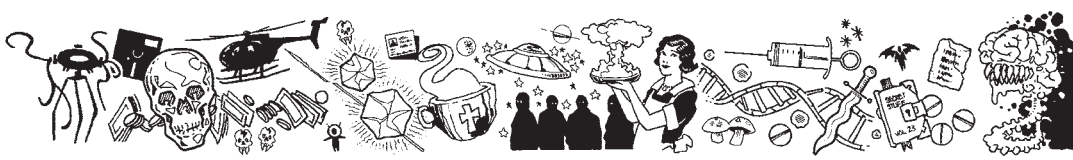
Notes and Crossovers

If the campaign is less Fortean and more Occult, then the deal should have been with gods or demons, not aliens. Of course, this might not change a single word in Warghetz's pamphlets – he might have been convinced that it *was* aliens! The PCs might, in this case, be able to stage a journey to Hell, rather than deep space, to mount a rescue for themselves or other Earthlings.

Layers Of Lies. If you want to *really* rattle the players and mess with their heads, have them find a *new* series of pamphlets (by a different author) midway into their investigations, which explain that the Earth had been destroyed (again!!!) in 1987 . . . If they were robots then, what are they *now?*

Other Reality-Shifts. The Warghetz pamphlets demonstrate just *one* type of "realignment" that might be discovered and consequently covered up. The structure above could just as easily be applied to Hollow-Earth or Flat-Earth theories, theories that everybody above a certain age is an agent from our *real* home-planet (see *The Mechanical Textbook*) and so on.

Reality Salad. In an especially Illuminated campaign, *all of the above* can be true, provided the GM doesn't mind the mental gymnastics involved (not to mention the unlikely geometry – a Hollow Flat Earth? Perhaps some sort of sandwich . . .). If run well, a campaign that rends that much "reality" can be extremely entertaining, though it is likely more silly than grim.



THE TRUE FACE OF SCIENCE

The Conspiracy is on the cutting edge of technology in a way that would make Tech Level 7 engineers drool – or collapse in confusion. The Facility's central power core includes a device that provides clean power from nuclear waste. The "golf carts" and forklifts are powered entirely by Free Energy Collectors. Security forces are outfitted with nanotech weaponry and energy weapons, and customizable force-bubbles allow Warehouse scientists to examine a variety of dangers without inconvenience. Much of the technology was stolen from aliens, but as far as the Masters are concerned, it's *having* it that counts.

Barb Needlers

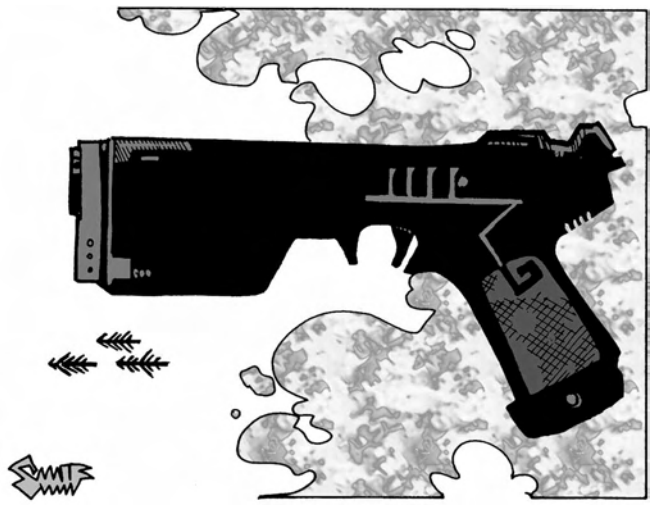
Found originally on the bodies of three Men In Black killed by agents of the Masters in Washington, D.C. (see *The MIB Papers*, p. 60), barb needlers are a loathsome alien weapon. Colloquially known as "barbies," they are too nasty even for the Secret Masters to use – unless the target needs "special" punishment . . . Generally, the only way that a mundane person encounters a barbie is to be *injured* by one.

The barbie is a variety of gauss needler (Tech Level 9) that fires a packet of 5mm razor-edged barbs rather than the thin slivers employed in the standard weapon. The barbs spin rapidly in flight, burrowing into live muscle and *staying* there, almost impossible to remove with TL7 medical technology. The barbs tear muscle and connective tissue every time the victim moves or exerts himself. The barbie is a brutal gun, useless against armored foes (all DR except Toughness is tripled against barbie-fire), useless for hunting (meat filled with barbs would *not* be palatable), and good only for spies and assassins (who most often deal with unarmored opponents), and for the terrorizing of civilians by less-than-scrupulous police and soldiers.

Weapon	*Malf*	*Type*	*Dam*	*SS*	*Acc*	*½D*	*Max*	*Wt*	*RoF*	*Shots*	*ST*	*Rcl*	*TL*
Barb-Needler	Ver.	imp.	2d	10	8	30	100	3	1	10/A	6	0	9
Barb-Shotgun	Ver.	imp.	4d	13	15	50	175	10	1	30/A	9	0	9

If an attack roll with a barbie is missed by 1, the weapon still hits – but with only half of the barbs fired (roll half as many dice) – the rest miss the target, and may hit other characters (see p. B119).

The victim of a barbie attack has several barbs buried deep in his flesh. A Will roll, with a penalty equal to the damage taken is required immediately upon being hit to avoid screaming. The same roll is required to perform any act of exertion (including walking, spell-casting with any ST cost higher than zero, lifting, and so on) at all. Characters with High Pain Threshold need not roll; characters with Low Pain Threshold roll at -5. Barbie wounds in the torso or vitals may cause *additional injury* if the victim exerts himself. Roll against HT; damage is equal to the margin of failure (minimum 1). The HT roll is made at a -1 penalty for every 3 points of damage already taken from barbie-fire, including damage from previous exertion.

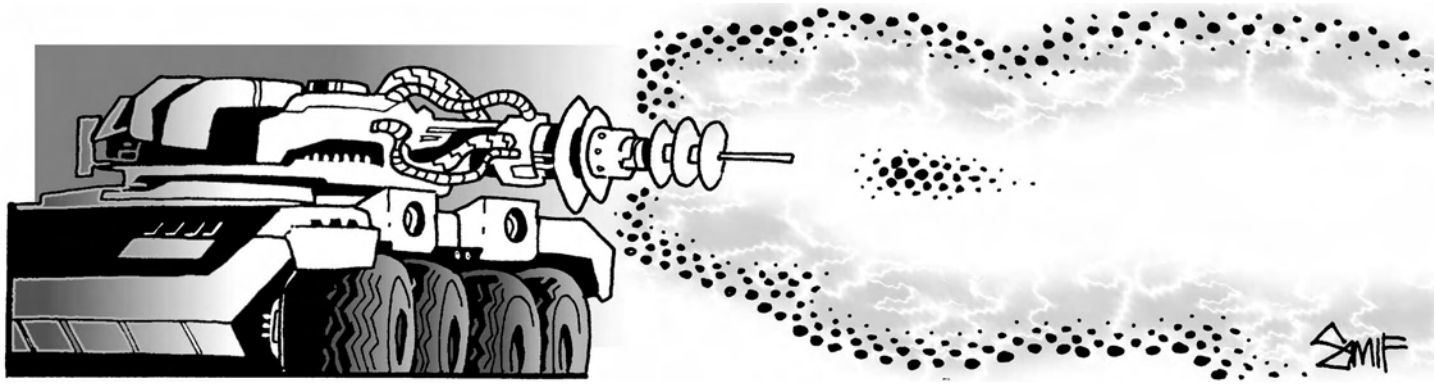


Barb removal requires the Surgery skill at TL9 or higher; the procedure takes 10 minutes, plus 10 minutes for every point of damage done. Double operating time if a medscanner is unavailable (see ***GURPS Space***). If the surgeon is working under less than perfect conditions, or with low-tech skills or tools, apply both standard surgery penalties and cross-tech penalties (p. B185). Failed rolls injure the patient as described under the Surgery skill (p. B56), and fail to remove the barbs. A successful operation restores no lost Hit Points; it just removes the embedded barbs. For restoring lost hits, use the normal rules for natural recovery and medical care.

In an "illuminated war" campaign, where the PCs uncover a secret conflict raging behind the scenes with ultra-tech weaponry, the barbie is a good "evil" gun to put in the hands of the MIBs. Even if the PCs never get their hands on one, just trying to save a barb-fire *victim* could be a frightening reminder of the ruthlessness of some of the Illuminati.

Notes and Crossovers

If the GM wishes to include these weapons as equipment in a ***GURPS Space*** or ***Cyberpunk*** campaign, use the following: The barb-needler costs $800 at TL9. Replacement clips are $20 and weigh ½ lb. The "shotgun" costs $1,500; clips are $60 and weigh 1 lb. Both guns are Legality Class 1, and require the Guns (Needler) skill.



The Devolvo Ray

Built sometime in the 1950s (what the caretakers think of as "the Golden Age of Mad Science"), the Devolvo Ray is a gigantic (2.5 ton) ray gun capable of unleashing a combination of gene-ripping energies and complicated *devolvo rhythms* that force the target to visibly slide back along the chain of evolution, eventually coming to resemble a prehistoric ancestor. The entire array requires constant maintenance and a steady flow of three megawatts. It requires a single operator with Electronics Operation (Ray Guns) skill at Tech Level 6.

The Devolvo Ray isn't designed to be used as a weapon; the ray itself is directed towards a confining steel chair, equipped with manacles and leather straps. Provided the subject is firmly strapped in, no "to-hit" roll is necessary once the device has been successfully activated. The ray can also be re-aimed at water-tanks or cages containing subject animals, but the re-calibrating process takes at least a full hour. If mounted inside a vehicle (pointing inward!) the Devolvo Ray (including operating area and strap-in chair but not the power source) requires 300 cubic feet of space.

Outside of Warehouse 23, Devolvo Rays are likely found only in the lairs of the mad scientists who construct them. Innocents in need of rescuing are traditionally included, strapped into the chair.

Devolvo Ray Effects. Every full 10 seconds of exposure to the Ray's energies requires a HT roll (only conscious characters may roll; otherwise assume failure). Strong/Weak Will applies, and any fatigue is applied as a penalty.

If the roll succeeds, the victim simply takes 1d fatigue.

If the roll fails, the subject drops one major step along the evolutionary track. A human subject reverts to Cro-Magnon state, for instance. This affects the brain as well as the body (see ***GURPS Dinosaurs*** or ***Ice Age*** for detailed treatment of the earlier stages of human evolution). On a critical failure, the subject drops *two* steps (directly from modern man to Neanderthal, for instance). Eventually, you'll have a puddle of Primordial Ooze.

If an intelligent subject rolls a critical *success* on any attempt to resist the Ray, the machine might be damaged by his indomitable will! The subject still takes 1d fatigue, but the Ray's operator must immediately make an Electronic Operations roll (also at -5); if he fails, the machine shuts down and must be repaired! Angry orange sparks leap from the console. On a critical failure, the machine destroys itself and catches fire! Animals cannot cause this result.

The Devolvo Ray has many uses. Since the connection between Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon are still shrouded in some mystery, observing the "devolution" first-hand would be valuable to modern science (see elsewhere in this book for other theories about the Missing Link). Furthermore, entire villages of Ice-Age people could be created, set free to live in the wilderness, and observed. The value to researchers specializing in prehistoric anthropology would be enormous, and easily justifiable to even a *slightly* mad scientist. Villains of the era it was born of (the 1950s) used it mostly to create prehistoric monsters (berserk dinosaurs from pigeons, gigantic proto-sharks from lemon sharks, and so on) and to dispose of unwanted heroes, or perhaps heroines who spurned their romantic advances.

Reverse Setting. If PCs are ever the victims of the Devolvo Ray, kind GMs may permit a "reverse setting" to exist that allows victims to be returned to their normal states. This is never as simple as a "Reverse" switch next to the trigger. It requires complicated rewiring (with associated Scientific skills being required), a quest for some new kind of crystal focus to put in the barrel (a reverse example of whatever is currently installed), more electrical power than is available, or some similar elbow-grease. Alternately, the switch *could* be simple, and the GM could use other complications (the victim breaks free and goes on a rampage, he wanders into a nearby cage full of apes that look just like he does, the focus breaks, or whatever) to make things difficult for the heroes.

It may occur to the PCs (or the villains) that the "reverse setting" could be used to *advance evolution* in an individual, possibly creating a superhuman. The GM can either cause the machine to malfunction and explode if this is attempted (certainly appropriate in some genres!) or he can improvise, allowing the subjects to gain heightened IQs, psionic powers, and grand insights. Of course, these should not come without price! Maybe just painful headaches at first . . . see the Genius Machine (p. 75) for more about the hazards of forcing evolution.

Notes and Crossovers

The description provided assumes a Ray appropriate to an ***Atomic Horror*** or ***Cliffhangers*** campaign (although dusty relics from the '50s most likely can still be found in the Warehouse – see *The Gallery of Anachronistic Technology*, p. 18). The GM may want to introduce more futuristic and compact versions of the Ray, requiring less power and time. A Devolvo Ray as portable and easy to use as a laser rifle would be at least Tech Level 14 using the normal ***GURPS*** TL scale, but Mad Science can go a long way toward bridging that gap, and it's another good item that could be found in a flying saucer wreck.

The Dream Stage

This device takes up two large rooms, and was rebuilt inside of Warehouse 23 at considerable expense for the purposes of the Secret Masters. It was originally discovered in the secret lair of a cabal of renegade Conspiracy scientists in Switzerland. As far as anyone can tell, it was completed sometime around 1975.

The two rooms comprising the "stage" are a control room and the Dream Theater. The control room contains a battery of dedicated computers, and a sensor-laden couch into which is strapped a sleeping victim. The Dream Theater is separated from the control room by a heavy security door. Within the Theater, the dreams of the victim are completely real.

Dangerous Symbols

The technology necessary to create the Dream Stage is Tech Level 12 at minimum; the principles the system work on combine force-fields, gravitic control, and holography to create a completely believable (and sometimes deadly) environment. "Psychotronics" (see ***GURPS Psionics***) derive that environment from the subject's dreams, and to provide direct feedback to the dreamer. From the control room, limited *changes* can be made on the Dream Stage, and thus in the victim's mind. For *serious* changes, however, the Dream Stage itself must be entered. And any who enter the Stage are at the mercy of the dreamer, as much as the dreamer is at the mercy of the machine.

Running this item in an adventure requires a lot of flexibility on the part of the GM, and a complete understanding of the character strapped into the couch. Any characters "on stage" and dealing with the dreamer's subconscious find themselves in a shifting, unreal environment. If the dreamer dreams he is in Tokyo when Gojira rises out of the ocean to flatten the city, then those in the Stage *are* in Tokyo – as the dreamer imagines it. Buildings in the distance seem hazy and indistinct, and the kanji on nearby buildings are gibberish, assembled from memories like a collage. But – thanks to the ultra-tech force and energy technology involved – the force of Gojira stepping on the characters is just like the real thing. As in a real dream, the scene can shift on a moment's notice to a pastoral meadow, or a crowded shopping mall with a talking subway system . . . Nothing needs to stay normal in the dream.

The Illuminati have a number of uses for this dangerous technology. The most common is as a simple *window* into the dreams of a captive. As long as no changes or serious interrogation needs to take place, scientists may view the dreams of the dreamer from the safety of the control room. Note that dreams take place in "real-time" relative to the *dreamer*. This prevents the dreams from flashing by at super-speed, and is achieved by deliberate slowing of the victim's neural processes.

The Masters also use the stage to explore the dreams of *willing* subjects, including agents who have been abducted by the Greys, or tortured, or mind-wiped by enemy telepaths. With partners and friends on the Dream Stage, the patient may be guided into his own deepest subconscious in ways that mere hypnotism or even telepathy can't really match.

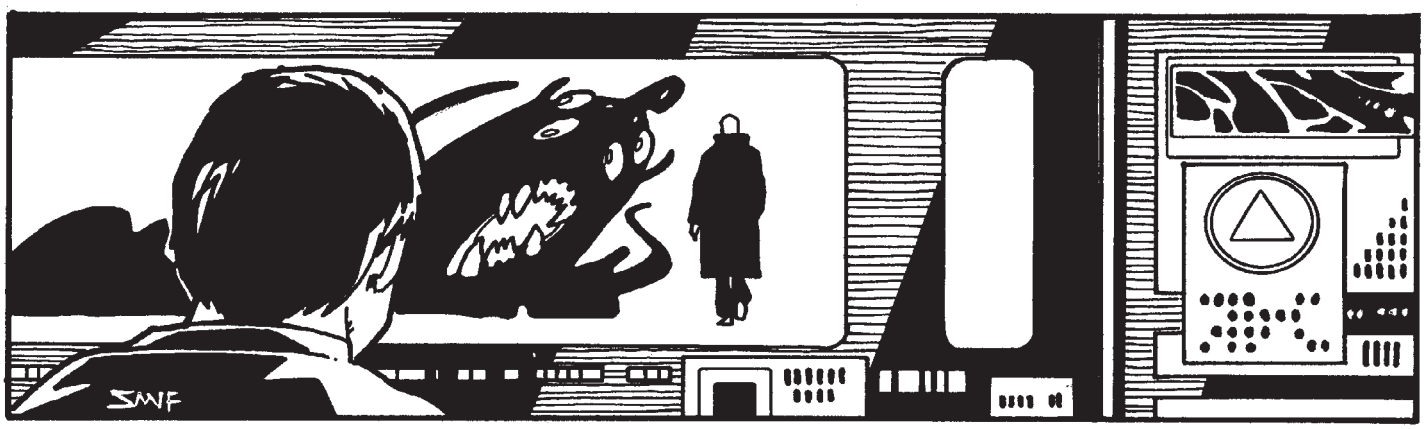
The most interesting – and dangerous – use of the Dream Stage is to manipulate the dreamer and his dreams. Illuminati scientists enter the stage intent on convincing the dreamer that they are the dreamer's friends, and that they are powerful – even gods. If the dreamer believes that the intruder belongs there, and that he has real power, then the intruder is *endowed* with real power, and control of the dream can be usurped. For some captives, this is simply a method of torture or interrogation. For others, it is a powerful tool for indoctrination or brainwashing (see p. 111).

Game Rules. Characters wishing to intrude on another's dreams in such an invasive way are advised to have the Psychology skill. At the GM's discretion, this skill may be used to make educated guesses about the meaning of symbols in the dreams, and to guess what might happen next. Psychology and Hypnosis skills may both be used to try to take control of the dream, or at least to mold the will of the dreamer. The dreamer uses his Will to *resist* any such tampering (treat as a Quick Contest).

Any failing attempt to manipulate the dreamer may result in dangerous backlash. This is doubly true if the dreamer has violent tendencies (which needn't be *overt* violent tendencies). Intruders claiming to be gods can easily be struck by vengeful lightning from the skies of the dream, or plunged beneath waves of molten lead. Intruders are advised to carry as much protection with them as they can, because the technology did *not* include any kind of "safety override" that the builders could find. They were simply reconstructing alien technology, and (as far as they know) the dream belongs to the dreamer, unless you can convince him to give it up.

Notes and Crossovers

The Dream Stage needn't be alien. It might be from the future, or another dimension, or the work of an especially brilliant team of mad scientists. It might also be entirely magical or psionic, as discussed in Chapter 2.



Explosive Flour

Nicknamed "Aunt Jemima," this is an explosive compound developed by U.S. intelligence agencies in World War II. Requested specifically by operatives in Asia, the compound resembles ordinary bread flour. It was designed to be smuggled through Japanese lines, on the theory that "ordinary peasants" carrying "ordinary flour" wouldn't be molested or searched, and if they *were* searched the Japanese would look *in* the "flour" rather than *at* it.

Detailed descriptions of the wartime use of Aunt Jemima have not been released by the government (assuming OSS agents even bothered filing such reports), and even its existence is largely unknown. However, it could be very useful to the Secret Masters or to a group of adventurers. Not only does it *look* like flour, it can be used to make dough and even baked goods (it is detonated by shock or charge, not by fire or heat). It works wet or dry, and biscuits and bread made from the explosive are *edible,* if not especially nutritious.

All of the above properties (including edibility) were specified in the request to OSS Division 19 to develop the explosive. And while edibility was never conclusively established in stateside laboratory trials, three Chinese cooks, acting contrary to orders, ate several biscuits made from the "flour" and suffered no ill effects.

Game Rules. Aunt Jemima is a weak explosive, about one-third as volatile as TNT. A single pound of the "flour" does 4d explosive damage (***GURPS High-Tech***). It is very stable and (since it can be used wet) is useful for many applications where more compact explosives would be troublesome. Aunt Jemima is Tech Level 6.

At higher TLs, damage increases. TL7 explosive flour does 6d damage per pound, and TL8 explosive flour is as powerful as TNT (6d×2 per pound). At TL9 and higher, damage is 6d×3 per pound. It is very useful for covertly supplying explosives to low-tech worlds in ***GURPS Space*** campaigns.

Notes and Crossovers

The concept of the "invisible explosive" is a useful one at any Tech Level, and can take on many forms. By combining "memory plastic" technology with ultra-tech PLASTEX explosives, we get "memory PLASTEX." Rap your cane on the floor, it becomes a razor-sharp plastic sword. Attach a detonator to it, and it can take out a starship's power plant . . .

The Flying Saucer

. . . some other world . . . has been, for centuries, in communication with a sect, perhaps, or a secret society, or certain esoteric ones of this Earth's inhabitants.

But I accept that, in the past, before proprietorship was established, inhabitants of a host of other worlds have – dropped here, hopped here, wafted, sailed down, flown, motored – walked here, for all I know – been pulled here, been pushed; have come singly, have come in enormous numbers; have visited occasionally; have visited periodically for hunting, trading, replenishing harems, mining: have been unable to stay here, have established colonies here, have been lost here; far-advanced peoples, or things, and primitive peoples or whatever they were: white ones, black ones, yellow ones –

I have a very convincing datum that the ancient Britons were blue ones.

– Charles Hoy Fort, ***The Book of the Damned***

The skies are thick with UFOs.

In the mid-1890s, a series of "mystery airship" sightings were reported across the United States. The airships were seen over both urban and rural areas. Their occupants, on the few occasions they were seen, were human. This was a few years before the first successful launch of a lighter-than air dirigible, but the descriptions matched the cigar-like shape that these airships would take. Since drawings of proposed airships were widely circulated, the sightings were regarded as imagination, and not given much credence. A few years later, airship sightings would enjoy brief popularity in England.

During World War II, American fighter pilots over Germany and Japan reportedly encountered glowing balls of fire and disk-like metallic objects flying alongside their planes. Japanese and German pilots saw the same things. All sides seemed to suspect secret military technology on the parts of their enemies. The Americans dismissed the sightings as either secret enemy aircraft or St. Elmo's Fire. They called them "foo fighters."

On June 24, 1947, Idaho businessman Kenneth Arnold was flying his private airplane over the mountains of Washington state, in hopes of collecting a $5,000 reward for the location of a C-46 Marine transport that had gone down. After two bright flashes of light, which he originally suspected might be a P-51 pilot "buzzing" him, Arnold spotted nine objects flying along the crest of a mountain range. They shone brilliantly like mirrors and were disk-shaped, except for one which was darker and crescent-shaped. He estimated their speed at anywhere from 1,200 to 1,760 miles per hour – a speed that he simply couldn't accept as possible. He observed the objects for over 2 minutes, even opening his window and removing his glasses to make sure he wasn't seeing reflections or water. When he landed and described what he had seen to other pilots, the consensus was that he had seen a flight of guided missiles.

As significant as his sighting may have been, his description of the *movement* of the disks was even more important. Arnold said that the disks moved like a stone or *saucer,* skipped across the surface of a lake. Headline writers and reporters snatched up the phrase and ran with it. The disks, the foo fighters from the war, had a new name: *Flying Saucers.*

Kenneth Arnold never once suspected that he had seen spacecraft; he didn't have any particular theories at all. But what he reported captured the imagination of the press and, in turn,

the public. Suddenly, the flying saucers were everywhere. But dismissing all subsequent sightings as imitations of Arnold's doesn't work. Examination of news records show that the Pacific Northwest had nearly *20* other UFO sightings on June 24 – the same day that Arnold saw his "saucers." Arnold's got the publicity, but the others were there, and just as mysterious. The aliens were in the skies again – and this time they were here to stay.

Types of Sightings

Astronomer J. Allen Hynek is responsible for creating two of the most popular vocabularies in the UFO lexicon. The first is a system for classifying UFO sightings by type. His three types are Daylight Disks, Nocturnal Lights, and Radar-Visual. Hynek's second system is for classifying "close encounters," as those of the First, Second, or Third Kind (see next section). When roleplaying ufologists, GMs and players may wish to sprinkle their dialogue with Hynek's terms, and those derived from them.

Daylight Disk Sightings. Saucers, ellipsoids, cigars, and other rounded, smooth shapes are typical. Rarely are lights seen on the surfaces; most sightings of this variety include little surface detail other than a single color or texture (metallics are common, as are yellow and white). Some daylight disks are highly reflective. Movement shows purpose, and accelerations are enormous. Daylight disks are typically silent. The objects are often sighted in pairs, moving together.

Nocturnal Light Sightings. Hynek described the typical Nocturnal Light as bright, with movement that suggests intelligence. The movement of a Nocturnal Light cannot be ascribed to mundane balloons or aircraft; typically there are impossibly tight turns and angles, sudden stops, or intermittent flashes or pulses, as if the UFO was trying to communicate or (alternately) firing some sort of pulsed energy for propulsion or combat. Color is most often yellowish-orange, but "no color of the spectrum has been consistently absent." The lights are usually either solitary or (occasionally) in large numbers. Sometimes small lights of a single color seem to accompany a larger light of a different color, or possess a distinctive "halo" of a different color. Nocturnal lights often accompany other notable after-hours sightings of such things as Bigfoot-type Neo-Giants and Black Helicopters.

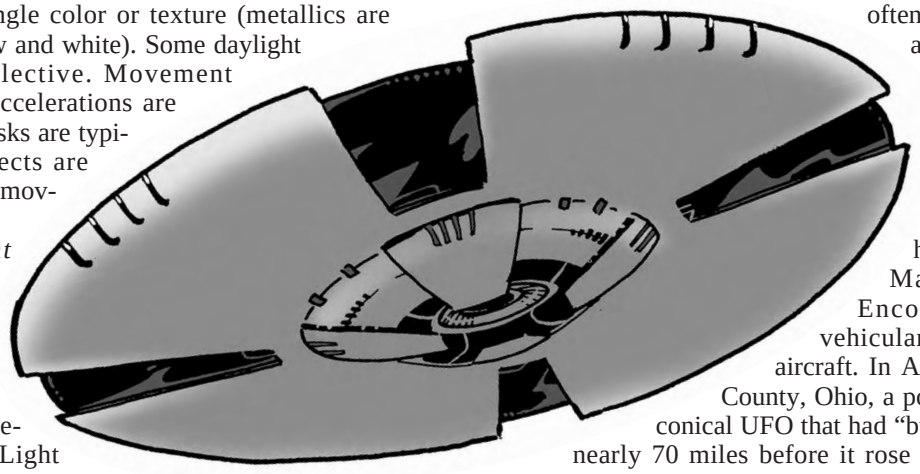
Radar-Visual Sightings. Radar operators (or other sensor operators; sonar in the case of Unidentified Submarine Objects), report these sightings as definite blips on their screens, characteristic of large air- or seacraft, and not consistent with weather aberrations or instrument malfunction. UFOs spotted on radar rarely make the neck-breaking right angles that Daylight Disks and Nocturnal Lights seem capable of, rather, *reversal* of direction is more typical. Radar-Visual UFOs are almost always solitary.

Some sightings of UFOs have manifested as combinations of the three types. Radar blips near military installations are always investigated if they seem to be of unknown aircraft, and several reports exist of scrambled jets encountering a UFO that corroborates a radar-operator's report. In some such cases, the jets have given pursuit. The jets' fuel supply is typically consumed in a matter of minutes (despite a full load of fuel), forcing the pilots to return to base or ditch their planes. Reports of this nature are typically witnessed by several military personnel willing to talk to newspapers, but within days those same people refuse comment, or deny previous reports as misquotes or falsehoods.

Close Encounters

Hynek's second trio of terms defined "close encounters" – sightings of UFOs within a few hundred feet. A *fourth* type of encounter, not included in Hynek's original system, has been added by other groups of ufologists. Many of the more conservative UFO groups and writers don't take Encounters of the Fourth Kind seriously.

Close Encounters I. Also known as a *simple* encounter, these are detailed close-up sightings of UFOs. Shapes are more refined versions of Daylight Disks, often including a domed top and occasionally fins and "portholes." Simple encounters have noted the UFOs as hovering, accelerating at tremendous rates, and moving at high speeds *vertically*. Many Type I Close Encounters have included vehicular chases, most often in aircraft. In April of 1977, in Portage County, Ohio, a police car gave chase to a conical UFO that had "buzzed" it, pursuing it for nearly 70 miles before it rose into the sky and disappeared. A second police car joined the chase midway; the three policemen involved all agreed on what they had seen.



Close Encounters II. The next stage of close encounter adds *physical effects* to the sightings. Treetops are seen to be torn, grass flattened or burned, animals are frightened. Vehicles are affected as well: headlights dim, radios flush with static, and engines cut off. Close Encounters of the Second Kind are frequently heralded by barking dogs or lowing cattle. Some witnesses have seen "crop circles" created by the levitation effect beneath a landed flying saucer. Such circles consist of high grasses flattened in an even, circular direction, with no vehicle or foot tracks leading to or from the site. The UFOs' motivations for flattening crops has never been satisfactorily explored.

Close Encounters III. Close Encounters of the Third Kind are distinguished by sightings of the *occupants* of the flying saucers, and are often elaborate affairs involving geometrical landing patterns, displays of "psychic" effects on onlookers, and other strangeness. The aliens themselves seem to have two principal forms: the first is the common "Grey" – a dwarf-sized humanoid with a slight build and an oversized head, often with little evidence of a neck. The eyes of the "little men" are often large and catlike, their nostrils are flattened slits. They are sometimes

green, sometimes blue-gray, sometimes pale-white. Every other color has been noted, indicating multiple races or sub-species. An average height for such creatures is just over 3 feet tall. The second typical occupant is human-sized and -shaped, occasionally "beautiful" or "angelic" in appearance, but otherwise very human. Both types of aliens tend to wear single-piece jumpsuits, again in a variety of colors. In a few Close Encounters of the Third Kind, insignia (unrecognizable) have been seen on the surface of the vessels or uniforms of the occupants.

Close Encounters IV. Close encounters of the *fourth* kind are abductions or attempted abductions. Flying saucers arrive, mess up the landscape, and disgorge their occupants, who then proceed to kidnap human beings for torture, examination, or sex. Sometimes all three. The Hill incident (below) was the most famous of the early abductions. Many have followed.

July, 1947: Roswell and the Alien Contract

Someone in the United States had made a deal. A *real* bargain. In exchange for technology from our Space Brothers, all we had to give up was a freedom we never really had – let them watch us, let them use us, let them *harvest* us if they want to. It doesn't matter, since those who signed the contract were exempt.

Who made the deal is still a mystery to most watchers on the Fringe; it might have been a *lot* of people. And maybe Charles Fort was right – maybe we've been the property of one group of aliens for centuries, maybe all others have been warned off, and the only aliens we see that aren't our *owners* are renegades, or pirates, or thrill-seekers. Maybe whomever "sold" us was really buying us a perverse kind of freedom from our existing slavery. A lot of people point the finger at the CIA. Others say the Department of Defense. Some say the Mafia *convinced the aliens that it was the government,* and made the biggest "score" in Mob history. Maybe it didn't take a lot of convincing; maybe it *is* the government.

The Nazis, claim many, had a similar deal, before the aliens abandoned them. Many reports claim that Adolf Hitler and other top members of the Nazi party faked their own deaths, flying away to a hole in Antarctica, to enter the Hollow Earth in Nazi flying saucers (see p. 7).

The first significant item in the Alien Contract fell onto a farm in Corona, New Mexico, a little over 70 miles away from Roswell. It was less than two weeks after Arnold had seen the shiny disks over Mount Rainier. At Corona, a flying saucer crashed, and a farmer found it.

The "Roswell Incident" was a brilliant cover-up, so good that it was largely ignored even by UFO-watchers for 33 years, until Moore and Berlitz published a book about it (*The Roswell Incident,* 1980). Then, the lid kept so tight for 3 decades was off.

People suddenly remembered Roswell. Retired Major Jesse Marcel remembered being part of a retrieval operation – a lot of material, the *wreckage of an extraterrestrial craft.* Lydia Sleppy remembered. She remembered working at radio KOAT Albuquerque at the time, and she remembered the news reports about the saucer that crashed in Corona. She recalled representatives of the United States Army squelching their news reports, silencing teletypes and telling them all to forget what they'd heard.

Documents were uncovered, one of them revealing that on September 24, 1947, President Truman had founded Majestic Twelve (MJ-12), the fabled "Cosmic Secrets" team, headed up by Truman's chief science officer, Vannevar Bush. It was the *real* government investigation of UFOs, for which later projects were simply a public face. Majestic Twelve had been founded in response to the wreckage collected at Corona.

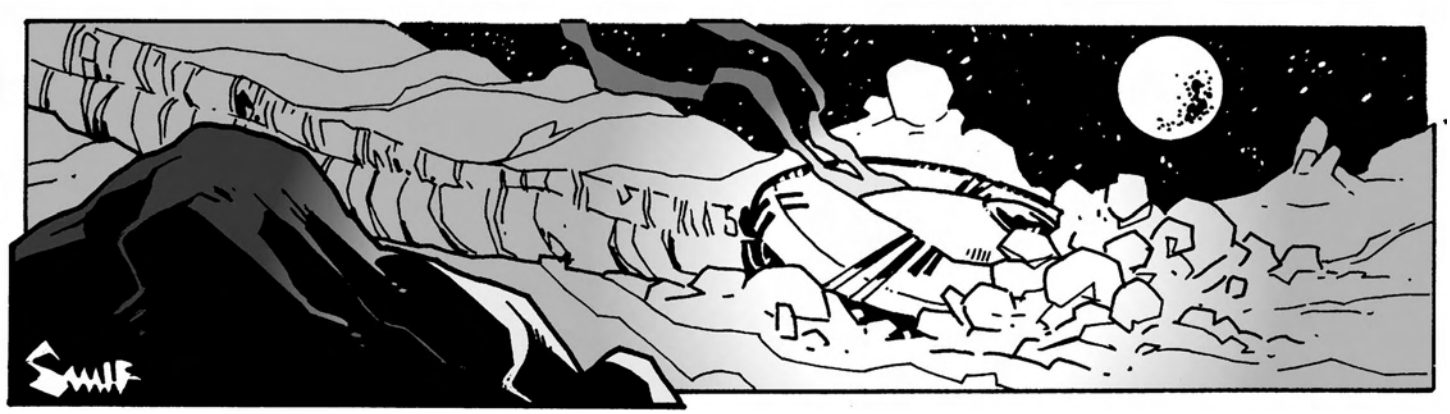
The wreckage was whisked away after only a few photographs were taken. Photographs of the *real* wreckage were confiscated; the government let the press in long enough to take pictures of the farmer who found the saucer standing proudly over a wrecked weather balloon. Thin "alien foil" that had withstood the blows of sledgehammers drooped over a chair beside him. He had agreed to the lie out of patriotic duty; the Army told him that the real wreckage contained secrets that the Enemy shouldn't be able to get by reading a newspaper.

The balloon wreckage was flown to Army Air Force HQ in Fort Worth, Texas, where a public mockery was made of it for all to see. The real wreckage was already on its way to Warehouse 23, where it would rest beside the Martian walkers. The dead occupants were stolen by one of the Illuminati; whether or not Truman *wanted* them stolen remains a mystery, but they were back in Warehouse 23 within 2 months, ready for MJ-12 examination.

Mimsy Was the Vannevar

The wreckage from Roswell was an alien lie. It *wasn't wreckage.* Our Space Brothers, it seems, play by their *own* rules, and the flying saucer "wreck" was really a complex series of teaching tools and surveillance gear *disguised* as a wrecked flying saucer. It took Vannevar Bush and the others in MJ-12 months to figure it out, by which time the wreck had already "taught" us a good deal.

A small team of engineers and physicists were collected and granted the nation's highest level of security to examine the Roswell wreck, and the alien bodies. The bodies taught us little – a few items about the physiology of our benefactors. One thing was certain, these *weren't* the "Martians" who had invad-



ed in 1938. Limbs and organs were disassembled, brains were sliced. Trivia was gleaned.

The machinery was a different story. The skin of the saucer was nearly indestructible – the "sledgehammer" tests done in the field had been a few officers acting out of line, but MJ-12 scientists hit the stuff with high-powered lasers, tank shells, contact explosives and more. The skin could be breached, but it took a good deal more than the U.S. military was accustomed to using (in game terms, the skin was the highest grade of TL14 laminate armor, weighing 0.006 lbs. per DR per square foot).

And if the skin was remarkable, the guts were terrifying. Weapon systems, computers, environment systems – even items intended only to *amuse* were there. Many things had been smashed in the crash in such a way to *perfectly* reveal the items' inner workings without having destroyed their functions. The scientists were too happy to be suspicious.

The machinery in the wreck was a part of the "UFO Contract"; the Earth had received three-dimensional blueprints for technologies that still haven't been entirely puzzled out (TL14 was the typical level of advancement). But the researchers started acting strange. Some of them began communicating in languages that the others couldn't understand. Some of them spoke of communicating with entities that the others couldn't see. Others complained of headaches, or nightmares, or sudden bouts of nausea. MJ-12 director Bush hadn't spent as much time with the wreckage, and began to ask many of the team-members to step down and take vacations. Some complied – and were never heard from again. Others locked themselves in the Warehouse with the flying saucer, and *vanished* 52 hours later, leaving behind only a strange pattern of tools and paperwork laid carefully on the floor.

The wreckage, clearly, had been designed not only to teach, but to *change.* Two of the scientists involved in the project are now in the Possession Ward (see p. 15). Nazi scientists may have suffered the same fate; the OSS never found out for sure.

Public Investigations: Project Sign

In the wake of the Kenneth Arnold sighting and the Roswell Incident, many military men became concerned, and one, Lt. General Nathan Twining, requested that the government look into it. Twining, and indeed most of the highest echelons of the national defense structure, had no idea that Truman was already planning the secret MJ-12 project.

Much to the benefit of those involved in Majestic, the Air Force agreed that the saucers warranted investigation, and assigned a code-name (Project Sign) and security classification (2A, close to the highest in the nation) for the project. The existence of the project was known publicly, but ordinary citizens called it "Project Saucer" and other nicknames. The code-name kept military communiqués regarding the findings of the project a secret for many years. Project Sign officially began work on January 22, 1948. Its headquarters was Wright Field, in Dayton, Ohio – what is now Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

Sign benefited MJ-12 because its investigations – which included a massive cataloguing effort and inter-departmental examination of evidence – saved Majestic-12 a lot of legwork, and in many cases helped distract the Air Force from higher matters of UFO security.

Sign's early suspicions (that the Soviets were responsible for the UFOs, building them from postwar German technology) were discarded fairly quickly, and most incidents were explained as misidentification of other phenomena.

One man brought in as a consultant would become a major UFO figure in years to come. J. Allen Hynek, an astronomer at Ohio State University, was asked to comment on many of Sign's findings. Although initially a skeptic, he later became a vocal advocate of UFO observation (he is the founder of CUFOS), and a critic of the Air Force's approach to the issue.

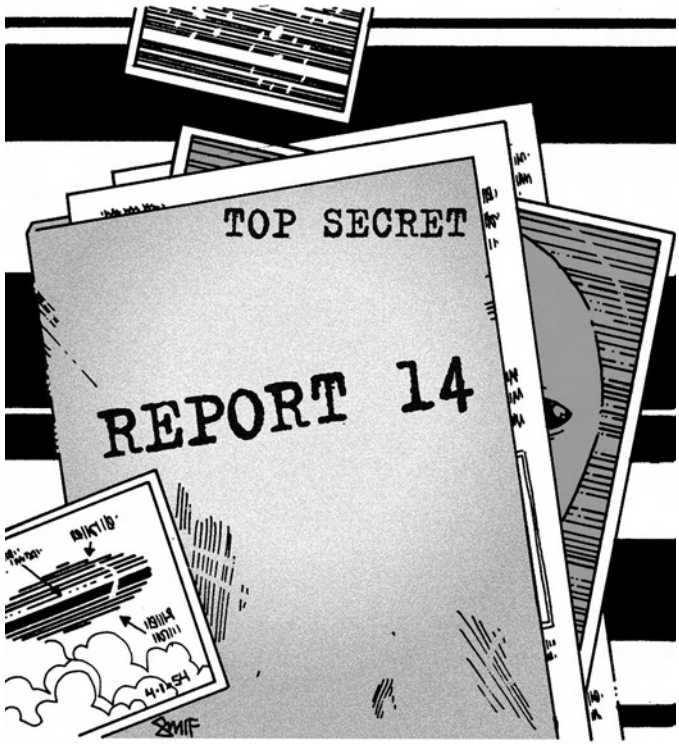
Project Sign was split into pro-E.T. and anti-E.T. factions. Those who were convinced that extraterrestrial visitation was the cause for some UFOs prepared a document entitled *Estimate of the Situation* (classified Top Secret) and submitted it to higher authority. The document was "rejected" by the Air Force Chief of Staff (General Vandenberg) and it was quickly declassified, with *all copies ordered burned.* All copies, that is, except those delivered to Majestic Twelve.

The pro-E.T. faction was, person-by-person, *removed* from Project Sign, in a behind-the-scenes effort by the government's *real* UFO investigators to lead the Air Force off the trail. In December of 1948, the project got a new codename.

Project Grudge

Retaining its old level of secrecy, the Air Force's project now had a new direction. The job of Project Grudge was not to *investigate* UFOs, the job was to debunk them – to explain them away as hallucinations, misidentifications, and hoaxes. Furthermore, Grudge worked to reduce the public interest in the flying saucers, hiring journalist Sydney Shallet to write a series of articles for the *Saturday Evening Post* describing the UFOs as fakes and errors. The articles had the opposite effect; there was a dramatic *increase* in sightings. Even Grudge's own report acknowledged 23% of the cases they examined as "unexplainable" by conventional means.

In January, 1950, the public belief in UFOs was given a shot in the arm that would last for decades. Donald E. Keyhoe, a retired Marine Corps officer and aviation writer, believed that the government was lying about its UFO skepticism, and that the Air Force was covering up its findings (Keyhoe may have caught wind of MJ-12, or he may have simply guessed). His article, appearing in *True* magazine, described his theories and had widespread effect. The "government cover-up" was born.



The goal of Majestic Twelve – to lead the Air Force astray in a morass of skepticism – nearly worked, despite Keyhoe's article. The public could believe all it wanted, as long as the Air Force didn't believe anything. Project Grudge might have faded away entirely if not for a rash of radar contacts made by the Army Signal Radar Corps in New Jersey. Suddenly, Air Force Intelligence was interested again, and concerned about Grudge's strange indifference to this aspect of national security. Edward J. Ruppelt was assigned to the project of re-organizing Grudge with a more scientific outlook, and went to work on October 27, 1951.

By the spring of 1952, the Air Force project became a *separate organization*, and again received a new title.

Project Blue Book

Unlike the previous Air Force projects, Blue Book was run like a professional investigation. Special methods of photography, sound detection, and a wide variety of other technologies were employed, as well as an improved standardized questionnaire for those reporting sightings.

Efforts were taken quickly to combat this, and not even by Majestic Twelve. In 1952, the Central Intelligence Agency convened "the Robertson Panel," a group of scientists determined to return the project to a pro-debunking position. The CIA's stated concerns were that *belief* in UFOs provided a powerful lever for enemy "psychological warfare," and that it created a blockage in intelligence traffic, as well. Those of the opinion that the CIA (or a faction of it) had been responsible for the Contract with the Aliens didn't accept the Roberston Panel as anything other than a new smoke-screen. Nevertheless, Blue Book was hamstrung, and efforts on the part of Ruppelt to increase investigations were halted. When Ruppelt temporarily left Blue Book for another assignment, he returned to find the entire project reduced to three people – including himself. When Ruppelt left Blue Book entirely, directorship of it was handed over to an NCO.

New regulations were passed that required all UFO sightings to be classified, and making release of such information a violation of the Espionage Act.

Many directors were assigned to Blue Book from the summer of 1953 on, and the roller-coaster of pro-UFO and anti-UFO approaches continued. On October 25, 1955, Project Blue Book released its famous "Special Report 14." Curiously, there had been no report *13*, but this was explained away as "a kind of military triskaidekaphobia." The report, though released in October, was dated May 5. The report, claimed Blue Book officials, had finally disproven the existence of flying Saucers.

In 1957, a new organization would appear to battle against government cover-ups, and again it was Donald Keyhoe who led the charge. The National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomenon was founded by Keyhoe in 1957, and included the former head of the Navy's missile program, a former CIA director, many Air Force officers (including Pentagon officials and spokesmen) and many other luminaries. Keyhoe and his associates had all been privy to descriptions of major Air Force sightings, *none of which* appeared in the Blue Book files, despite the assurances of those who'd made the sightings that they had been reported. Somebody, somewhere, was collecting the data and covering the whole thing up. NICAP offered a formal liaison with the Air Force to keep both sides honest, but the Air Force declined. NICAP lobbied for congressional hearings, but with no success. The Air Force retaliated with a public smear campaign against Keyhoe and Ruppelt. The attacks on Ruppelt were seen as strange, since he had rejected Keyhoe's offer of involvement with NICAP and later publicly supported Blue Book's anti-UFO attitude.

In 1959, Project Blue Book – publicly – closed down, and the entirety of the United States government from that day on has officially denied any further interest in UFOs. The Air Force claimed that it would no longer be interested in receiving reports of sightings.

Curiously, an official Air Force document dated October 20, 1969 required that "Reports of unidentified flying objects which could affect national security are made in accordance with JANAP 146 of Air Force Manual 55-11, and are not part of the Blue Book system." Such sightings would be "handled by Air Force procedure designed for this purpose."

Majestic Twelve

Behind the scenes of *all* of the above, and possibly active today, was Truman's original ultra-secret group, Majestic Twelve. Very little is known about MJ-12; only a few names, a few incidents, and a few memos have surfaced. Many of the documents associated with MJ-12 have been obvious hoaxes, as evidenced by badly forged government letterhead, anachronistic terms and text clearly lifted from dubious sources and popular works on UFOs.

Of course, Majestic Twelve might *require* that all hardcopy communiqués be prepared in this way, to facilitate their public dismissal (see sidebar, p. 23).

Majestic-12 is considered a fairy tale by many ufologists, but serious students of the Conspiracy know that they were real. Their security classification was 0A – a full stage higher than the official "highest level of security" acknowledged when they were founded. If the GM accepts the rumor that President Truman separated Warehouse 23 from the government, *and* accepts that Truman founded Majestic Twelve, then they might be the *same thing.*

The title "Majestic Twelve" might be a reference to the 12 top *members* of the group. Like Himmler's top SS officers, and like many portrayals of King Arthur's knights of the round table, a group of 12 men has occult significance (paralleling the 12 apostles of Christ). The occult connection, again, suggests that the Facility might have been, at least for a while, part of MJ-12. It also suggests that MJ-12 existed for more than flying saucer research.

Seven Other Incidents

When creating adventures involving UFOs, weaving real incidents into character dialogue and back-story adds depth and a sense of reality to the story. All of the following (arranged in chronological order) are genuine, or at least believed real by some part of the UFO community. Any of them can provide a springboard for a scenario.

Birmingham's Ark. On July 25, 1868, Frederick William Birmingham of Parramatta, Australia, had a vision in which a flying "ark" of glowing steel-blue visited him. He described it as "a machine to go through the air." A spirit-like presence invited him onto the ark, and took him to a "pilot house" within it, where the spirit showed Birmingham information the spirit seemed to think was very important. Birmingham looked and saw only a single formula, and then the vision ended. Six months later, while trying to solve an engineering problem (Birmingham was an engineer) he came across the equation again – it related to centrifugal pumps.

The Mantell Crash. On January 7, 1948, Captain Thomas F. Mantell, Jr., a National Guard pilot, crashed his F-51 in pursuit of a UFO, and was killed. Project Sign declared that he was "chasing" the planet Venus, mistaking it for a flying craft; this explanation was regarded as ridiculous and insulting to Mantell, and an Air Force study 4 years later concluded that the UFO had been a Skyhook balloon.

Ike Goes to Edwards. On February 17, 1954, President Eisenhower came back from one vacation (hunting quail in Georgia) just to go on another one, in Palm Springs. Two days into his vacation, however, he disappeared. Rumors immediately circulated that the president was injured or even dead, and his press secretary, James Haggarty, publicly denied that anything was the matter. The president, according to Haggarty, had "knocked a cap off a tooth" and was being treated by a local dentist, C.A. Purcell. Purcell later appeared at a party held by the president, but his wife had no recollection that he had ever treated Eisenhower. It is generally believed that Eisenhower was actually visiting Edwards Air Force Base (very close to Palm Springs) to examine alien wreckage and bodies.

Levelland Sightings. In the vicinity of Levelland, Texas on November 2 and 3, 1957, a series of independent sightings occurred that received national attention. At 11 p.m. on the 2nd, Joe Salaz and Pedro Saucedo, driving west of Levelland, reported that their truck went dead briefly as a torpedo-shaped object, 200 feet long, passed overhead at 600-800 mph. They called the police, who later heard from another caller claiming his engine had stopped when he tried to approach an egg-shaped craft (of similar size) parked on the road. The object flew rapidly into the sky, and the car started again. When police investigated, they saw oval-shaped lights speeding across the skies. Other sightings occurred in the same 2-3 hour period, with total of 12 witnesses. The Air Force sent an investigator, who dismissed the incident as "ball lightning" from a lightning storm, despite the lack of storms that night, and the fact that ball lightning, at its largest, is only a few feet across and cannot dim headlights.

Prince Neosom. This is an amusing fraud, but the GM might find some use in it. In 1958, a man appeared before a Detroit flying-saucer club (nearly every large town had one or more of these) claiming to be an alien. He closed his eyes and hummed and claimed to be "psychically" visiting other planets. He told wild stories of other worlds and called himself Prince Neosom of Tythan (a planet he claimed was 8.5 light-years from Earth). He attracted a few followers and once appeared for an interview on DOR radio in New York City, from which the host ejected him after seeing how foolish he was. Neosom (his real name was Lee Childers) had predicted the radio program would be rebroadcast by UFOs all across the Earth. It didn't happen. His other claims included knowledge of a rejuvenation machine, and that he was born on Earth as a replacement for a stillborn human child. He had also, he claimed, been killed three times by Men In Black. The hoax lost steam after a while (and after a clever ufologist named Jonas Kover put the lie to Neosom with a fake "message from Tythan"), and Neosom (now *King* Neosom, according to the fake message), ditched his wife and children and married one of his female groupies, which he renamed Princess Negonna. His most ardent supporter and spokesman, Douglas Hancock, was admitted to the psychiatric ward of St. Albans in 1959, and released from active Army duty due to personality difficulties.

The CIA Contact. On July 6, 1959, U.S. Navy Commander Julius Larsen, of the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI), in the company of LCDR Robert Neasham and Arthur Lundahl (both working for the CIA's Photographic Intelligence Center in Washington, D.C.) achieved mental contact with an alien being

calling himself Affa. Larsen had followed up on the case of Frances Swan, who, 5 years earlier, had convinced her neighbor (Navy Admiral Herbert B. Knowles) that she was in contact with Affa herself. Larsen produced several messages via automatic writing, and when "Affa" was challenged to show himself, Larsen spoke aloud in a "trance," saying "go to the window." Neasham and Lundahl did so, and Neasham saw Affa's spacecraft, half-hidden behind nearby clouds. Lundahl couldn't make out the craft, and denied that it existed.

The Hill Abduction. In September of 1961, Betty and Barney Hill were driving along Route 3 in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, when they spotted a light following them through the sky. They stopped the car and Barney examined the light with binoculars, finding it to be a pancake-shaped craft, 65 feet across, with a red light on one side and a double row of portholes. They drove off, frightened, but then heard a strange beeping and grew drowsy. They then noticed that 2 hours had passed, and they were 35 miles further south along the highway. They spoke little of the incident to their friends, but both experienced bad dreams and other disturbances. Barney Hill entered psychiatric treatment and eventually met Dr. Benjamin Simon in 1963. Simon hypnotized both Barney and his wife (separately) in an attempt to uncover the "lost" 2 hours. According to the accounts he received, the couple had driven down a strange road and were invited aboard a landed craft by the Greys; 4-5 foot tall humanoids with grayish skin, large almond-shaped eyes, slits for noses, and large craniums tapering to a small chin. Tests were performed on both of them, and the aliens were especially fascinated with Barney's false teeth, and confused when his wife's teeth were not easily removable. They took sperm samples from Mr. Hill, and then set them both down and blanked their memories.

The GM should note that some of these stories are regarded as *ridiculous* by the conservative mainstream of the UFO community. There are *thousands* more sightings and encounters, and dozens more that are famous. For more incidents, books such as the Condon Report and periodicals such as *Strange* should be consulted; see the Bibliography. Also amusing are the writings of George Adamski, famous "contactee" offering messages of peace and love from our Space Brothers.

Inside the Saucers

These rules are for GMs wishing to construct flying saucers using the rules in ***GURPS Vehicles.*** Any of the new components and systems described below can be applied to other ultra-tech vehicles, as well, but keep in mind that this technology is *secret* in most ordinary ***GURPS Space*** campaigns.

True flying saucers are TL12 at minimum, although saucer-shaped aircraft are feasible at lower Tech Levels. Difficulties in *controlling* such vehicles (such as the Canadian Avro-Avrocar in the 1960s) have caused attempts to popularize them to fail; British Rail patented (but never built) a nuclear-powered flying saucer in 1973.

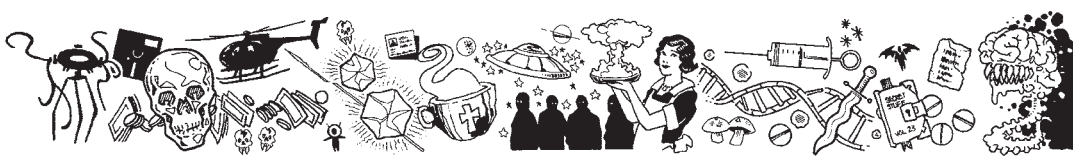
A typical flying saucer is a disk 20-75 feet across, with a domed top. When resting on (or just above) the ground, the vehicle is perhaps 5-10 feet thick (sometimes less). Volume for a vehicle of this size is 500-15,000 cubic feet, depending on shape. Larger and smaller saucers have been seen, but these dimensions are typical for "close encounter" sightings. Doors open from the side of the disk (or from the top, on low-to-the-ground models). Stairways often lead into the depths of the vehicle, which is frequently much larger inside than out.

A stardrive of some sort is necessary for FTL movement in deep space; drives analogous to Warp Drives are typical. Contragravity is a must. Sensors and other equipment is top-of-the-line for the TL of which the saucer is built. Power is typically antimatter, total conversion, soulburner, or orgone (see below). Radical streamlining is common for the most efficient aerial movement; intruder chameleon skin and a variety of stealth features are useful.

The weight of all the new components described here is halved one TL after introduction, and quartered one TL after that. If the price is *not* based on weight, it is halved (and quartered) as well. The only exception is orgone engines, which are not improved by TL increase.

Field-Based Electrical System (TL6). Descriptions of the interiors of flying saucers often include a curious detail: devices aren't *connected* to one another; there are no wires, no cables. This is because many alien species have developed electrical technology on the basis of *web-* or *field-based* power (similar to the experiments of Nikola Tesla here on Earth). Such systems have many advantages, including immunity to electromagnetic pulse, but they pose a dangerous cancer hazard to Earth mammals after long exposure. There is no special price or weight difference for these systems; the vehicle-designer may declare the electrical systems of *any* alien vehicle of TL6 or higher to be "field-based" with the approval of the GM.

Orgone Engine (TL??). Related distantly to the soulburner (see ***GURPS Vehicles***), an orgone engine sucks orgone (the life-force of living things, and the blue color in the sky) directly from the vehicle's surroundings and converts it into useable electricity (usually transferred into an energy bank). See pp. 106-109 for a description of orgone energy.



Multiply the kW output of an orgone engine by 0.005 to determine weight in pounds. Price is $500 per pound; volume equals weight/50 cf.

Since an orgone engine isn't really an "engine" at all, no fuel is required, simply a living environment, such as the blue skies and green hills of Earth. Orgone is drawn in and processed, and DOR (Deadly Orgone Radiation) is expelled as a kind of invisible exhaust. DOR is deadly to humans (the presence of an orgone engine causes humans to take 1.5 rads/hour for every kW of engine output). DOR renders living-metal and bioplastic technologies impractical, due to random and dangerous mutation. Areas touched by orgone-powered craft are often devoid of vegetation for years, and even trace background DOR can be the root cause of an "emotional plague" with such curious side-effects as societal-level sexual repression (see p. 107). This technology is introduced anywhere from TL9 upward; the GM must decide if any alien race knows about orgone. Statistics for this item do not change with Tech Level.

Orgone Scope (TL??). An orgone scope is physically similar to a radar device, and has the same weight, price, volume, and power consumption as radar of the same TL as the scope. However, orgone scopes detect *life-force* rather than physical masses. It is an active sensor (emitting a kind of modulated DOR to be "reflected") but there is no known stealth that can block it. Unliving items (and some alien races, at the GMs option) do not register on an orgone scope. A whale, on the other hand, produces a blip comparable to that of a small ship on a radar screen. TL is as for orgone engines.

Magnetic Planetary Drive (TL12). A special form of propulsion usable only within a gravity well, a magnetic planetary drive (MPD) allows a flying craft to "surf" the magnetic field of a planet, rather than expelling mass or reactionless thrust to move. An MPD provides the *equivalent* of reactionless thrust in *any* desired direction, including the vertical (this allows flying saucers to behave like a VTOL without vectored thrust). The MPD core weighs 0.04 pounds per pound of motive force. Volume is weight/50. Price is equal to weight×$250. Power requirement is 0.1 kW per pound of motive force.

Note that while MPD force can be vectored in any direction instantly, the system doesn't include any special protection against such jarring changes! Inertial brakes are included on most MPD vessels once technology allows.

MPD Side-Effects. An operating MPD frequently causes strange magnetic and electrical anomalies. Headlights blink out, compasses go wild, instruments register ridiculous things. The range and frequency of these events vary widely by local conditions of atmosphere and orgone fields. In game terms, it happens how and when the GM feels like it. Field-based electrical systems are immune to this effect.

Energy-Phasing Surface (TL13). This is a surface feature, purchased after the vehicle's structure is completed. A vehicle with an energy-phasing surface can surround itself with an array of invisible "force lenses" which allows beam-weapon fire to emerge from any point on the vehicle's skin, regardless of where it is actually mounted. In game terms, all energy weapons have universal arcs of fire. Energy-phasing surfaces can also be limited to one or more parts of the vehicle (specific pods or superstructures, for instance, or perhaps all parts excluding gasbags). Multiply the surface area of the vehicle (or the equipped sections) by 0.25 for system weight and $500 for price. The system has a volume (in cf) equal to its weight/50 (can be located anywhere) and a power requirement (in kilowatts) equal to twice its weight in pounds.

Inertial Brakes (TL14). These "inertia sinks" are usually installed in the body of a vehicle. They are small, specialized gateways to a parallel dimension, used to cancel the inertia of the vehicle and its contents. This technology allows flying saucers to go from Mach 2 to an instant standstill without spilling the pilot's beverage (of course, in some parallel dimension, an unlucky alien slams into his holovision set at relativistic speeds – but the Secret Masters can't be bothered with such trifles). Inertial brakes are rated in pounds of "dumping power." Determine the power of the brake-system, and multiply it by 0.001 to determine component weight. Inertial brakes cost $1,000 per pound and have a volume of weight/100 cf. Multiply dumping power by 0.2 for power requirement (the brakes draw power for only a second or so at a time, when the actual deceleration or maneuvering takes place, so they're most often powered by energy banks).

Inertial brakes affect performance. Divide the dumping power of the brakes by the loaded weight of the vehicle. *Reduce* the effective G-force of any maneuver by this figure (round to the nearest whole or half-number). Multiply the same value by 21.94 and add this figure to the craft's deceleration scores (round to the nearest whole number). Thus, a 7-ton flying saucer with an operational 84-ton-dump brake can treat a 13g turn as a 1g turn for *all purposes*, and decelerates at an additional 263 mph/s!

Extradimensional Interior (TL15). The vehicle is larger on the inside than on the outside! Any part of a vehicle may be stored in a pocket dimension, accessible through the normal vehicle. This can be used to make tiny flying saucers with the interior capacity of major starships, or roomy time-machines the size of phone booths, or Volkswagen Beetles. In game terms, any components defined as extradimensional are considered to have weight and volume *zero* when calculating vehicle statistics. The weight of anything placed *in* extradimensional portions of the vehicle is likewise ignored, making "X-D" cargo space very attractive.

Extradimensional components cost an additional $100 per cubic foot. They operate for all purposes as though they were in the vehicle (they can even take hits in combat, if shots enter the craft). However, extradimensional gear doesn't *directly* interact with the real world *outside* the vehicle. Thus, an extradimensionally-installed laser is pointless except for internal defense. The same goes for extradimensional rockets, hydrogen scoops, sensors, orgone engines, and communicators – anything that spits something out or sucks something in. Systems like inertial brakes or contragravity *may* be installed extradimensionally; their influence doesn't extend beyond the skin of the vehicle! GM rules in questionable cases.

The vehicle must have one set of interface electronics for each section of the vehicle (body, turrets, etc.) that includes extradimensional components. The interface electronics *must* be in the "real" vehicle, and may not themselves be extradimensional. The electronics weigh .001 lbs. for every cubic foot of extradimensional components they allow access to. Volume is equal to weight/100. Price and power requirement is $100,000 and 1 kW per pound of electronics. If a vehicle's interface electronics are disabled or lose power, all extradimensional components *vanish* and remain inaccessible until the interface is operable. Total destruction of the interface circuit (GM's discretion) results in the permanent loss of the extradimensional portion of the vehicle.

Notes and Crossovers

Flying saucers are one of the seminal myths of the modern day, and are a terrific source of drama in any "Fortean" illuminoid campaign. The entry above describes UFOs that are *science* (admittedly rubbery), but there are other kinds. Jung wrote about flying saucers from the standpoint of the psychoanalyst; others have described them as magical, or extradimensional, or even as "space animals," perhaps grazing on the contents of our air-pollution (see *Cigar Angels*, p. 93, for an "alternate" UFO). They could just as easily be psychic projections of human dreams, or killer robot drones sent to plague the surface world from the Hollow Earth.

GMs planning a 1950s "time of the saucers" campaign are referred to ***GURPS Atomic Horror,*** which details life and adventure in the Saucer Era, including alternate "alien-tampered" Earth history, Atlantean ruins, giant bug-eyed monsters, and more. It is an indispensable reference for any illuminated campaign involving the strange years after the end of World War II.

Freeze Ray

Another weapon seen in the hands of Greys during close encounters and in the hands of Men In Black the next day, the freeze ray is a staple in the "pulp" science-fiction of the 40s and 50s. Using Beam Weapons (Freeze Ray) skill, the firer can direct a *ray of focused cold* at the target, freezing it solid and coating it with ice. Freeze rays are Tech Level 11, but are typically "secret" technology. If they are publicly known, they are Legality 4.

Weapon	*Malf*	*Type*	*Damage*	*SS*	*Acc*	*½D*	*Max*	*Wt*	*RoF*	*Shots*	*ST*	*Rcl*	*TL*
Freeze Pistol	Ver.	Spcl	1d	8	12	15	75	2.5	4	50/C	6	0	11
Freeze Rifle	Ver.	Spcl	5d	11	16	30	150	8	4	100/D	9	0	11

Use the laser autofire rules (p. B120) for this weapon. Armor does not protect unless the suit is *sealed,* in which case it protects normally. A life-support belt (p. UT93) grants PD 2, DR 4 against freeze rays. Toughness applies normally.

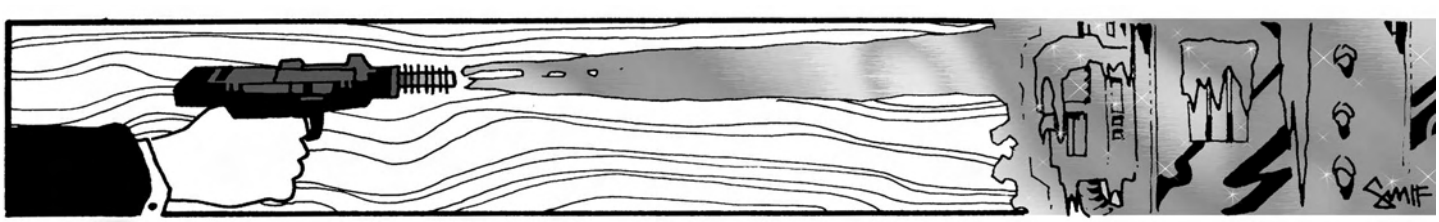
Damage from freeze rays is taken first in the form of *fatigue.* When the target's ST drops to zero, the target is unconscious and any remaining damage is taken from hit points normally. For every point of damage (not fatigue) that the target takes from freeze ray fire, he is coated with a quarter-inch of ice. If the character is somehow awakened within the ice, he may try to break out with a ST roll, with a penalty of -1 for every quarter-inch of ice. Every point of damage from without chips away a quarter-inch of ice; the ice has DR 1 for every half inch. This DR *does* protect against freeze ray fire, but doesn't reduce the amount of ice that accumulates!

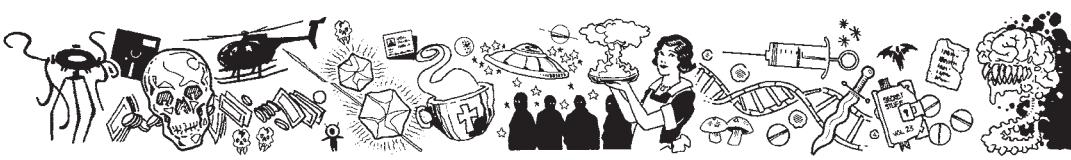
For every 4 seconds spent in ice, the subject must make a HT roll or take 1 point of damage (adjust HT by up to 5 in either direction according to clothing). When making "death checks" from freeze ray damage (or lingering damage from the ice), a critical success means the victim is in suspended animation, and may be awakened with appropriate medical procedures or magic.

If someone is hit by freeze ray fire but does not fall unconscious, he is physically Stunned if he fails a HT roll. The ST lost cannot be regained until the victim is warmed, preferably with lots of blankets and some hot chicken soup.

Notes and Crossovers

In ***GURPS Space*** campaigns where these are available as "off the shelf" equipment, the Freeze Pistol costs $2,000 at TL11. The Freeze Rifle costs $5,000.





The Genius Machine

Who designed and built it is a mystery; it is likely from beyond Earth or at least from the far future. It consists of a simple booth containing a largish chair. The booth shines like polished chrome and is adorned with many monitors and paper-thin lines lit up green. The screens and displays are dark, and cannot be activated until the chair is occupied by a living creature – *with a brain.*

Stage One: Nutrition

Sitting in the machine activates it; the chair reshapes itself to the contours of the occupant and grows slightly warm to the touch. The many monitors come alive with colorful displays of the occupant's current vital signs, and diagrams of the shape, health, composition, and current operation of the occupant's brain. These images are multi-layered and beyond the realm of modern neuroscience!

The first challenge is to get the machine to communicate in a familiar language. It's perfectly capable of doing so, with as much skill as the occupant! Its default mode of communication, however, is an alien language. The occupant need merely express a specific desire, directed at the machine, for communication in his own language. The request may be made verbally or mentally, but it can't be an accidental "Drat! It doesn't speak English! Wish it did!"

The second hurdle is user-friendliness. The machine is *very* intuitive to anyone skilled in basic TL14+ brain re-engineering! However, the machine is *too* user-friendly to be safe for the layman. Next to screens that would dazzle a modern brain-doctor are two simple displays.

```
STATUS - Patient Health
Patient is healthy but in need of
  nourishment.
Recommend 170g of Nutrient Supplement
```

(Assuming that the patient *is* reasonably healthy, of course).

```
QUERY - Nutrient Supplement Phase
Indicate when operation is to continue.
```

The machine won't provide much information beyond these displays, although it assures anyone who asks (verbally or mentally) that it will provide a report on the "Nutrient Supplement Phase" once the doctor has performed it.

The Nutrient Supplement can be found in small plastic tubes in a refrigerated chamber in the base of the machine. Whether it is administered or not, if the machine receives *any* thought from the operators indicating that it should continue, it will proceed without protest; it assumes the operators know what they are doing.

Stage Two: Reconstruction

When the machine resumes operation, the patient is immediately locked in an opaque, shimmering force-field. A blackish bubble appears over the chair, and the machine falls silent for a few minutes.

Attempts to interrupt the operation are futile. The machine patiently explains that "cranial reconstruction is taking place; please wait" – its response to nearly anything. On the screen, full-color diagrams of the patient's brain being *shattered* into tiny micro-fragments provide amusement for onlookers. The patient is entirely unconscious the instant the force-field goes up.

And then, a loud hum and more green lights. The screen displays its status and prompts the characters for a response.

```
STATUS - Cranial Reconstruction Phase
Cranial Reconstruction successful.
Patient is healthy.
Ready to commence resplitting and
  stimulation of neurons.
QUERY - Neural Corrosion
Should existing neural corrosion be healed?
```

The machine accepts only a negative or affirmative answer. If more information is prompted, this display appears.

```
HELP - Neural Corrosion
Examination shows considerable neural
  corrosion accrued through years of
  exposure to external stimuli.
  Neuron regeneration may leave this
  corrosion intact, or heal it, producing
  a more efficient unit.
```

The machine then repeats the question to the "doctor," and displays a series of numbers representing the "corrosion." It accepts only affirmative or negative responses, and repeats the information above (and the screens full of numbers) in answer to any questions.

The machine is impossible to harm with TL7 technology, but military gear from TL8 and above might have a chance, at the GMs option. However, breaking into the machine at this point kills the patient, whose brain is currently disassembled and being fed stimulants and new DNA.

Stage Three: How Much?

The final prompt from the computer is direct and simple.

```
QUERY - Neural Capacity
Should neural capacity be doubled
  or tripled?
```

There is no reasoning with the machine at this point. The characters must simply choose, or break the machine open and kill their friend.

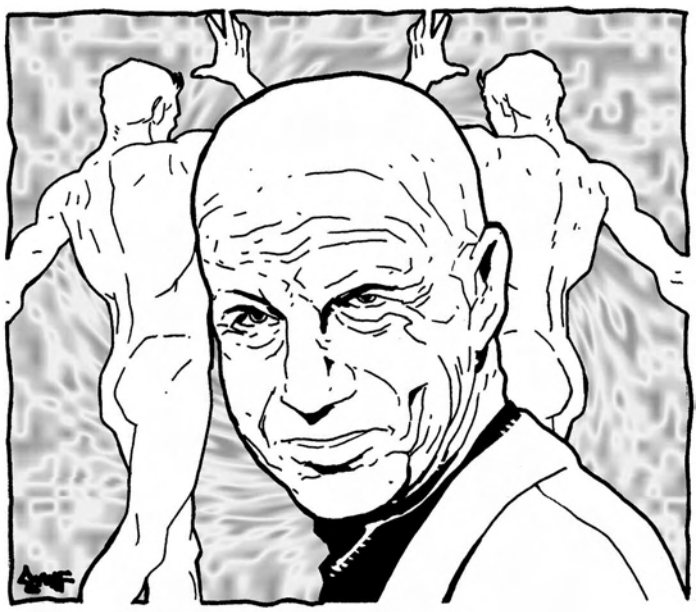
Stage Four: Awakening

The screens blank, then the force-field changes color from a murky black to a flat green. A few minutes pass, and the force-field fades. The patient is intact, perhaps with no apparent physical changes. In fact, his brain has been entirely rebuilt and the interior of his skull has been slightly altered to contain it, but this may not be externally obvious. If the operator opted to *triple* the patient's "capacity," there is a visual difference: the patient's brain is now visible under a clear plastic dome (DR 10), bulging from the top of his skull. Colorful synthetic cranial fluid bubbles over his new, improved brain.

Game Rules. The patient's IQ is *doubled* or *tripled* (depending on the final choice made). The character gains the Intuition advantage, and Eidetic Memory (30-point version) as well. These are permanent changes. The machine doesn't do "reverse" operations. The missing thickness of skull is dispensed for the patient to take home as a souvenir and the remaining skull has been reinforced with plastic. The drawbacks depend on the decisions of those operating the machine.

Bad. If the patient *was* given the Nutrient Supplement, and his cellular corrosion was *not* healed, and his intelligence was *doubled*, then the character simply ages at four times the normal physical rate (every 3 months counts as a year for Aging rolls), gains the Very Unfit disadvantage, and a single level of Slow Healing (see ***GURPS Compendium I: Character Creation***). The collective result is that the character takes double fatigue from any exertion, and heals both fatigue *and* hits at half the normal rate.

Very Bad. If the character's IQ was tripled, treat as above, but the aging process is redoubled (eight times normal rate), and HT drops by 1.



Really Bad. If the Nutrient Supplement was bypassed, the character is in real trouble. What the computer blithely called a "Nutrient Supplement" was actually a combination nutrient pack and genetic reconstruction virus, designed to match the character's *metabolism* to his *new brain.* A normal brain makes use of 20-30% of the human metabolism. The patient's new micro-neurons, while super-efficient and arranged in patterns more complex than the most intelligent "natural" human, are still an unbearable strain, using more than 50% of the patient's heart-work, respiration, food, and so on. The character now requires twice as much food, 40% more water, and he ages at over *300 times the normal rate.* Every day that passes is considered a year for purposes of Aging rolls (see p. B83). This is a version of the Terminally Ill disadvantage, with a few other details besides, worth -75 points (-50 if the character already has the Age disadvantage at any level). The character is also Very Unfit with a single level of Slow Healing.

Blank. If the "neuron corrosion" has been "healed," the character's *brain has been erased.* Memories, as it turns out, are a kind of micro-corrosion on the brain cells. This explains why (past infancy) brain cells don't naturally regenerate in higher life-forms. Non-regenerative nerve tissue is an evolutionary advantage that allows the existence of long-term memories and personality! The body is now a highly intelligent, *blank* body, the equivalent of a clone without a mind "read into it" using MMSD technology or similar (see ***GURPS Ultra-Tech***). The IQ of the body is equal to double the original brain, with an additional +3 to IQ. If the character in question has a braintape backup somewhere, he can be even smarter by using this roundabout method (apparently standard procedure wherever the Genius Machine was built). If not, too bad . . . you've got an infant on your hands. Possibly a rapidly aging, ravenously hungry one.

The Love Potion, a Neurochemical Fable

In 1987, Dr. Gerry Weldon, working with his own funds in his home in Niantic, Connecticut, created a perfect love-potion. A *side-effect* of his creation was a kind of Immortality Serum.

Dr. Weldon's experiments were illegal and murderous. Working as a cook in a quiet country inn, he would inject sleeping couples with irradiated glucose. He selected those couples which had displayed the kind of warm, slavish affection he desired from others. By later kidnapping them and examining slices of their brains against photographic plates, Weldon isolated exactly which neurons in the brain fired when love was present (those that used more glucose were subsequently more radioactive). The patients didn't survive having their brains sliced, but Dr. Weldon chalked it up to progress, and disposed of the bodies on Wednesdays, when he wasn't needed in the kitchen.

Weldon's early potions were only partially successful, and were thrown out. They were either simple aphrodisiacs, causing mindless and indirect lust (amusing, but not what he was looking for) or dramatic failures, which would *kill* the capacity for love in the patient (see *The Weldon Pharmacy*, p. 80).

His final product, however, worked perfectly, and three distinct processes were involved. The first was the *erasure* of the "template" that exists in a human brain defining the traits of the "ideal mate." The brain, Weldon discovered, isn't at all fond of losing the template, and *immediately works to replace it*, working with whatever comes to hand, redefining romantic criteria to fit whatever other person it can observe. In other words, the drug causes the victim to look upon anyone nearby as their new ideal.

Second, the drug contained an engineered virus which increased libido by stimulating specific proteins in the bloodstream (essentially recreating the effects of super-concentrated testosterone without any masculinizing side-effects).

Third, a "waste product" produced by the virus made the "love neurons" Weldon had isolated by brain-slicing more *efficient*, without changing the patient's metabolism. The result was that those neurons tended to "fire" constantly; the patient would be in love continually. True Love, everlasting – with a healthy charge of *lust* to celebrate! Weldon regarded himself as a success.

Wedding Bells for Doctor Weldon

When Weldon tricked Heather, the Object of his Desire, into sipping the foul fluid, she fell madly, deeply in love with him. Her passion was unsurpassed, her devotion unwavering. Much to the surprise of the other cooks at the inn, they were married within weeks, and spent a good deal of time behind closed doors.

It took about 6 months for Weldon to look past his suddenly active sex life and realize that he was sick to death of his new bride. Heather never disagreed with him. She hung eagerly on his every word and laughed at all his jokes. She mothered him, held a childlike delight for him, encouraged him, praised his brilliance, and made sacrifices no sane spouse should ever have to. She was his chemical love-slave, and even a twisted madman like Weldon found the "relationship" stifling, redundant, suffocating and pointless.

Calmly, Dr. Weldon implemented a solution to his new dilemma. He had sliced *far* too many brains to have compunctions about murder, so (giggling) he chopped Heather's head off and buried her (and the remaining supply of the potion and his research) on top of a nearby mountain. He swore off love-potions forever, and was a great deal happier for it. Even his cooking improved, and he received many compliments at the inn.

Eternal Love

It took Heather 2 days to dig her way free and make her way back down the mountain to Niantic, but Heather *would not be separated from her True Love.* Death itself could not keep them apart; the potion had been *too good.* She cornered him in one of the bedrooms at the inn and threw herself at him, and never even noticed when he (in desperation) set the curtains on fire. Both of them were destroyed in the blaze.

End of fable. The potion might still be on top of that mountain. Or it might be in Warehouse 23.

Game Rules. Dr. Weldon's final product isn't much to look at; it's a thin, jet-black fluid with an odor reminiscent of turpentine. The most difficult part of his work was getting Heather to drink some in the first place. A dose of 3.5 milligrams per kilogram of body mass is a sufficient dose (about a quarter gram for Heather); an extra shot for luck doesn't hurt.

The potion affects anybody, and only characters who are *already* in love (GM's discretion) get a chance to resist the "reprogramming" (roll against HT-4). The patient feels strange within 4 minutes (the time it takes for the virus to be absorbed into the bloodstream and start building proteins), and thereafter falls in love with the first person encountered. If the patient is alone, mental breakdown results (incapacitation – the subject will sit around confused and depressed until somebody shows up to fall in love with). If the patient is in the company of several others, the new "Ideal Template" is an amalgam of *all* of them, which creates a very complicated romance.

"Immortality" is a side-effect. As long as the object of the patient's affections can be found in some identifiable form (or as long as the patient is convinced so!), the patient can't die. Enough physical damage to kill normally causes a kind of "adjusting coma" lasting 2d+20 hours. This is what happened to Heather. All parts of the body continue to operate on their own if separated, with their only goal to seek out the object of their love (see the Psycho Killer rules in ***GURPS Horror*** for one way to run a "love zombie"). The body decays normally.

Paratronic Key

An alien or ultra-tech tool the size of a pack of cigarettes, the paratronic key projects a short-ranged (8 inches) electromagnetic pulse similar to that of a paralysis gun (see p. UT73), with a very different purpose. It is designed to open electronic locks by either disrupting the locking mechanism, or projecting a coded series of electromagnetic pulses.

The nature of the device is unlikely to be apparent to any character without Electronics (Security Systems) at TL10! The GM should allow rolls at normal TL penalties for lower-tech characters, but anything other than a critical success will win only a vague impression of the key's purpose. Once its secrets are revealed, it grants a +3 on any roll to open an electronic lock of TL10 or lower (it can also disrupt other electronic devices, at the GM's option). If someone without the necessary skills "fires" the key at a lock, it is likely (14 or less on 3d) to scramble the lock and make it unopenable! Otherwise, it simply has no effect. Used unwisely, the key could trap the characters in dangerous places . . .

If set on "overload," (one shot will burn out the power source – a TL10 B cell), it can be used as a short-range (close combat only) paralysis weapon, with SS 5 and Acc 0. The victim must make a HT+2 roll; if he succeeds, he is at -2 DX and -1 IQ for (20-HT) minutes. If he fails, he is paralyzed for the same duration. The attack is made against Beam Weapons (Neural), or on default (DX-4).

Pocket Silence Machines

This technology has existed since the 1950s in the hands of the Conspiracy, and small scraps of it have been allowed to leak to the public. Commonly called *countersound*, the Illuminati's "mechanical silence machines" masks, garbles and even *eliminates* sound by broadcasting an equal and opposite sound. Where the sound has valleys and peaks, the countersound has peaks and valleys. Any ear that gets an equal dose of both gets nothing. Perfect silence.

The Tech Level 7 version of the technology isn't terribly useful. Only repetitive, predictable sounds such as engine noise, the drone of a factory floor, or crowd murmur can be masked, and even those can only be softened or muffled, not perfectly silenced.

Private research has advanced countersound far beyond this level. Tech Level 9, with its advent of multiscanner technology (see ***GURPS Space,*** and others), combined with fantastic leaps in software engineering, allows the creation of "perfect" countersound. A computer linked to a multiscanner can detect and measure physical vibrations *as they happen* (multiscanner signals are many times faster than sound), and generate a countersignal to silence anything from tap-dancing to gunfire to human speech, provided the speakers are good enough and properly placed in relation to the listener.

These devices are another part of the arsenal of the Conspiracy agents, the Men In Black. Possession of any of the devices described here is sufficient grounds to suspect membership in the Conspiracy . . .

Game Rules. The Pocket CounterSound Generator (CSG) is about the size of a 20th-century pocket "beeper," and can be clipped to a belt or onto a backpack. It produces 40 decibels of countersound; sufficient to mask human speech and movement. Activating the CSG grants a bonus of (TL-4) to Stealth skill, when silence is the critical factor (it won't help a MIB stay *unseen*, just *unheard.*) It also provides its wearer +1 PD versus sonic weaponry. Fitted with a larger speaker (which adds 2 pounds), the unit produces 120 counter-decibels – sufficient to entirely cancel a warbler grenade (see ***Ultra-Tech***). The wearer gets +3 PD versus sonic weapons.

Notes and Crossovers

Obviously, this technology has a lot of uses beyond pocket stealth devices. Industrial-level countersound can reduce the din of city streets, shopping malls, or even wars (if a culture ever develops that is so decadent as to want to turn the volume down on a fire-fight). This can be assumed to be an important part of vehicular sound baffling technology at high Tech Levels.

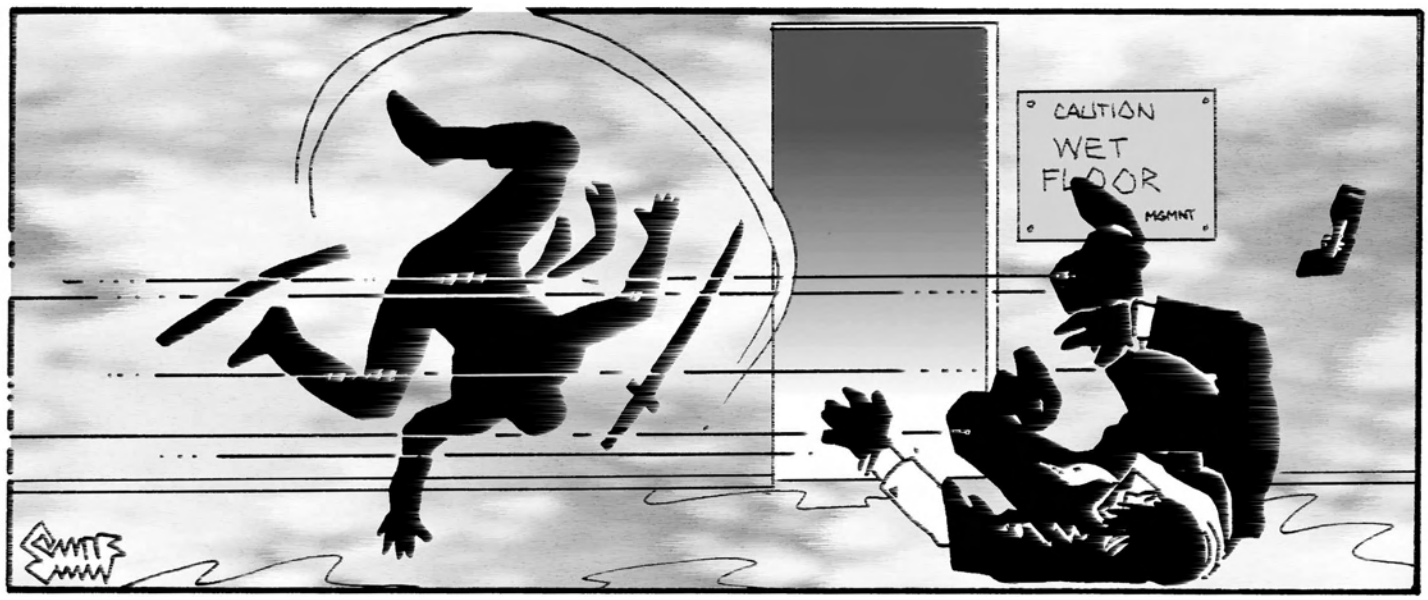
Slipspray

In the late 1970s, this polymer compound was developed by a small chemical firm in Switzerland to be used as a "perfect" industrial lubricant. Sprayed from a specially-designed aerosol dispenser, it can render any smooth surface nearly *frictionless* for an hour (or much longer if not exposed to outdoor wind and moisture).

The Secret Masters might not have noticed the invention at all had not a would-be jewel thief (a relative of the chemical engineers who designed it) been caught using the slipspray to cover his escapes. A few financial disasters and one medical accident later, the chemical firm was shut down, and slipspray disappeared into the clutches of the Illuminati. Slipspray is Tech Level 8.

Game Rules. Anyone entering a slipsprayed hex at a speed greater than 1 must make a DX roll to avoid falling (the roll must be made for *every hex*). Once a character has fallen, any attempts to change position likewise require a DX roll – it's often faster to just crawl out of the effected area and *then* stand up. Acrobatics may be substituted for DX in either case. This assumes a smooth surface (treated concrete floors, at worst). Slipspray coating on rougher ground would give from +1 (sanded concrete) to +6 (forest floor) to the DX roll. If slipspray is sprayed on a waxed corridor floor, DX rolls are at -4!

At TL9, the compound could be improved to have a duration of 4d hours (Facility chemical engineers are currently producing this in small batches); at TL10, it lasts *years*, and a special spray is developed to *remove* it. At any Tech Level, the compound is entirely heat-resistant, making the later-tech versions ideal for engine lubrication, among other less "adventurous" applications.



A single slipspray aerosol contains enough of the compound to cover 7 hexes and weighs a half-pound. If the Secret Masters are especially fond of slipspray, they might outfit their agents with slipspray *grenades*, which weigh 1 pound and cover a single hex and all adjacent hexes when detonated. If the GM has determined that the compound is available for sale in his futuristic campaigns, the aerosol would cost $15 each and be Legality 6. The slipspray grenades would be $40 each and be Legality 5.

Super-Metals and Super-Plastics

The warehouse contains samples of *hundreds* of different new plastics and metallic alloys, from the hands of scientists and wizards alike. Warehouse caretakers have named the metals whimsically, after the super-metals of pulp science-fiction, fantasy, and comic books. Alloys with long scientific titles have stencils bearing campy and familiar terms like "adamantium," "impervium," and "collapsium." "Transparent aluminum" is the common material for office-windows in the administration and medical offices, and a chainmail suit made of the extraterrestrial alloy dubbed "mithril" decorates the office of the Chief Administrator, built for his predecessor.

Only a few of the super-materials exist in the form of formulae or methods of manufacture. The rest are artifacts, lumps, or sheets. Most of them can't be broken down for study – they're too strong. Others are impervious to all forms of energy except one or two. One alien metal found in New Zealand was nearly impervious to kinetic force of any kind – but had a melting point only slightly higher than cheese spread. A fragment of that substance, all by itself, would alert the world that the "laws of physics" are little more than the Illuminati's inside joke.

Those that *can* be manufactured must be done so with care; after a super-metal is cooled, you can't just hammer it into a different shape. Biphase carbide, bioplastic, and other "super-materials" detailed in other ***GURPS*** texts (particularly ***Ultra-Tech*** and related works) are also likely to be found in the Warehouse.

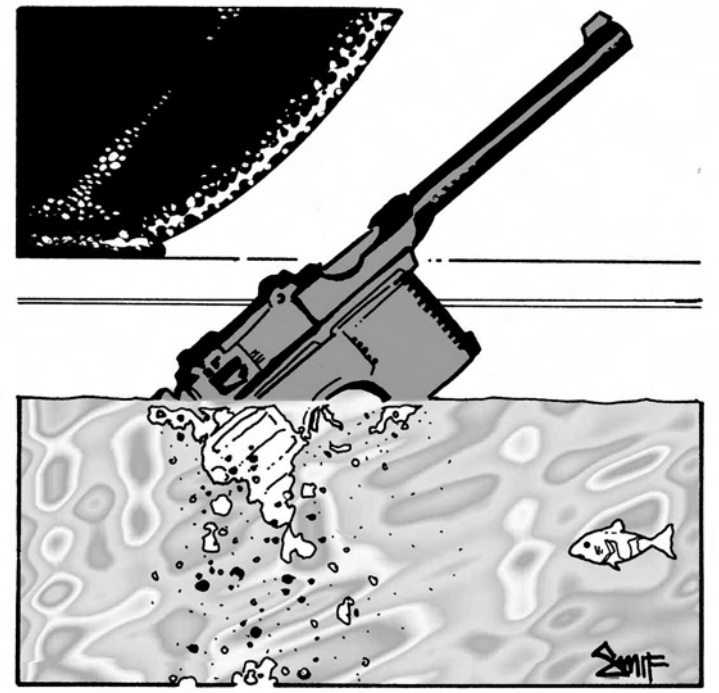
The Red Metal

Originally a secret development of Soviet scientists in the mid-1980s, "the Red Metal" (nicknamed *krasivium* by the Soviets) is a compound of several metals and chemicals, engineered with a single remarkable property: krasivium can be made as hard as tempered steel, but is *water-soluble*. Furthermore, while ingestion of the dissolved metal is not advised, it is non-toxic.

This has many uses and a few obvious limitations. Firearms and blades can be constructed entirely of krasivium, making for "disposable" armaments. Toss the gun in the swimming pool of the deceased – and even if the police *do* find the strange red silt at the bottom, they won't know what it is. They'll probably just think the pool needs cleaning. Likewise, more complex machines can be made (or made in part) of krasivium, as an emergency measure in case they are captured.

The problem with water-soluble guns is an obvious one – they're *dangerous* if they get wet. Even a brief exposure to rainfall can get water into the barrel and warp it in a way that makes a gun unfireable or worse.

Game Rules. Any metal item can be manufactured from krasivium at five times the normal cost. Such items can dissolve in water at variable rates – different "grades" of krasivium exist, designed for anything from a 1 minute per pound dissolution rate to 1 *second* per pound (averages based on cubical lumps of krasivium – the actual rate varies with the shape of the object). Firearms made of krasivium drop in reliability when exposed to water; immersion can be assumed to be ruinous for all but the slowest-dissolving grades. Exposure that is reasonably brief (such as a quick jog in the rain) reduces a gun's malfunction number by 1d-1 steps. A Malf of "Ver." drops to "Crit.," then to 16, 15, 14, and so on. The gun quickly becomes more of a hazard to the firer than to the target.



MELCAM-5

In 1967, Warehouse researchers blended, at high temperatures, two soft polymer compounds that they had derived from research on flying saucer contents. The result was a milky-white soft plastic that molded easily, but held its new shape stubbornly once it had cooled. A simple drinking cup made of the plastic could be crimped lightly, but it would bounce back – and it could *not* be crushed.

Tests continued, and the plastic's remarkable quality began to be apparent. It *absorbed energy*, particularly kinetic and heat energy, with unheard-of efficiency. The greater the "energy density" striking the plastic, the greater the percentage of energy that is absorbed. Push a piece, and it moves, though perhaps a bit slowly. Hit it with your fist, and it will resist the blow as though it was much heavier. Fire a bullet at a transparently thin layer, and the bullet will *stop*. In the first and last large-scale test, of its properties, a quarter-inch thick sheet of MELCAM-5 (the operating name for the compound) withstood the vertical impact of the slug of a 45mm railgun. The railgun-slug wasn't even *deflected*; it just fell to the ground, all its energy drained. As armor, this made MELCAM-5 roughly 200 times as tough as steel – and it was light enough to float on water, and dirt cheap.

These properties don't come without a price. Three seconds after impact, the energy absorbed by the plastic is released in a flash of heat from its surface. A small piece seems to radiate

equally from its whole surface. A larger sheet concentrates almost all the re-radiation in a circle about 4 feet in diameter, on both sides of the sheet. The behavior of solid blocks of plastic has not been adequately tested, due to a problem with the experimental protocol which has temporarily delayed investigation.

After being struck by the railgun round, the test-sheet of MELCAM-5 became very hot indeed. We have no idea how hot; the instruments didn't survive, nor did the researchers . . . nor anyone in that entire wing of the lab. That area was intended to contain catastrophic results, but the investigators evidently got a great deal more than a mere catastrophe. Even post-mortem interrogation of the project's chief scientist (*don't ask*) yielded only limited information.

These things happen, of course. The lab areas are still being rebuilt, but the MELCAM-5 project is being given a very high priority.

A further problem is that MELCAM-5 has a limited "shelf-life." After about a year, the energy-absorbing properties begin to fade, and MELCAM-5 becomes a fairly ordinary plastic.

As the weapons test lab is being rebuilt, current experiments have focused on small-scale tests of its other properties. For one thing, since the plastic turns *any* kinetic energy into heat, it can be spun into fibers which, made into gloves, will warm the wearer's hands when he flexes his fingers. And MELCAM-5 *falls more slowly* than normal matter, and warms as it falls.

Argument continues as to what to do with the stuff now. As armor, it has its drawbacks, since when it's hit it lights up an IR scope like a bonfire. If it takes too many impacts, it will cook its wearer. On the other hand, anyone who takes that much kinetic impact from anything, whether it's bullets or bowling balls, would have been dead even sooner without the armor.

Armor research will resume when the redesigned lab is ready. In the meantime, new studies into using MELCAM-5 as part of a firing mechanism for chemical slug-throwers (efficiently flash-boiling liquid propellant after being struck) are being pursued.

The development of a new version of MELCAM-5 that releases heat more slowly, especially if it also lasts indefinitely, would give the Warehouse unstoppable armor technology, even more valuable than the force-screens already available from flying saucer research.

The Weldon Pharmacy

The agents of the Conspiracy, after having pieced together the events relating to the invention of the Love Potion (p. 76), grinned a collective grin. They had found a kindred spirit, a seeker after knowledge who *knew what he wanted*, a man who didn't let frail human morality stand in the way of his research. If the GM likes, the Illuminati may have brought him back to life, somehow. In any case, they named the "drug storage closet" of Warehouse 23 after him: The Weldon Pharmacy. The name is stenciled playfully across the sterile white security doors containing some of the most dangerous drugs ever kept secret from a society. If the Illuminati (or your PCs) are looking for "something new to toss in the city water supply this week," any of the potions and compounds below might be appropriate. Some of them, however, are best when given to a single patient. Many of the drugs were developed by Conspiracy science using Dr. Weldon's *methods,* particularly the use of engineered viruses to activate proteins associated with specific brain centers. Brain-slicing, too.

Happy Worker Pills (YAL-44E). This drug is popular among those who do not know exactly what it does. If taken an hour or so before any task must be done, the drug grants a +5 to all appropriate skill rolls where being more focused, enthusiastic, and motivated would matter. The drug is addictive, however, and repeat dosages are dangerous. Every ten doses taken (over any period of time) requires a HT roll. If the roll is failed, the user gains a *permanent* +2 to the pursuit that he's been using the drug for, and permanently loses a point of IQ! Eventually, the user becomes focused and super-talented at a single task or group of tasks, and a drooling, docile idiot outside of that one, beloved function. Popular in the cafeterias and snack-food dispensers of large corporations. Also being tested in universities, to emphasize analytical study over synthesis (which helps keep the Secret Masters secret).

Neophobia (AAG-732). The effects of this drug last approximately 2 days. For that time, the user develops a vague uneasiness about anything novel or new to his experience. A new type of food seems repulsive, travel is out of the question and strangers seem threatening. The user's reactions to many things seem almost paranoid, but in fact the drug creates a loathing of *change* and *difference.* Any attempt to break out of the drug's "program" causes a physical backlash – stabbing pains which incapacitate the user and cause 2d fatigue!

The Race Drug. This drug comes in a number of different versions. Each one *changes the skin color* of the user, allowing him to blend into racially homogenous crowds. Other details (hair, facial structure) are not altered, so, for most people, the drug does not give a fully convincing effect unless it's supplemented with wigs, prostheses, or plastic surgery. The effects last 2d days.

Weldon's Scraps. The creation of the love potion was preceded by many other drugs, none of which satisfied Weldon. *Many* of them are considered useful by the Conspiracy, the goals of which differ somewhat from Weldon's. The most basic of Weldon's "blunders," the aphrodisiac, is valuable because it is

not a chemical but a *virus.* And while Weldon designed the virus to be non-contagious, the Illuminati designed contagion *right back in.* Occasionally, it must be admitted, the Secret Masters seem to use the viral aphrodisiac for their own amusement (releasing it in the Vatican, over Northern Ireland, inside of monasteries, and so on), but nobody should ever assume that they understand the motives of the Masters – these may have been serious political coups. The uses at Warehouse 23's Christmas parties are more difficult to justify seriously.

More widespread but less amusing is Weldon's second major blunder, the "potion" that *eradicates the capacity for love.* The Masters have many chemicals in their arsenal designed to decrease comfort and increase fear and isolation, but this one is seldom used for public-saturation. Rather, it is issued to top *agents* of the masters, creating Men In Black who are ruthless and uncaring, almost sociopathic. The potion doesn't remove the capacity for *loyalty,* just caring and sympathy, and the MIBs thus created are as frightening as the unknown agents of the Greys (see *The MIB Files,* p. 60).

Fnord. The "fear & loathing drug" that the Secret Masters are fond of spiking entire cities with is commonly nicknamed *fnord.* Anyone "dosed" with fnord (no sane person would take it willingly) will find his levels of stress and anxiety increased. In particular, media buzz-words like "infomercial," "Generation X," "gridlock," "information superhighway," and others tend to cause minor shudders of panic and revulsion. The victim becomes more isolated, more paranoid, and more ultimately willing to support (or fail to object to) authority figures coming in and issuing new laws, planting new troops and shouting new speeches to save the day. Fnord is a chemical triumph over the concept of the individual, and has incidental side-effects detrimental to digestion and social confidence.

Deadwave. Another drug kept in the food and water supply of most of the civilized world, Deadwave isn't one drug but two: a powerful anti-psionic agent (which works by "isolating" glucose directed at the psionic brain-centers and preventing absorption), and an anti-magic alchemical drug. Those who take the drug, even in trace amounts, cannot use Magical Aptitude for (60 minus HT) hours, and have all psi powers divided by 10 for the same duration (round down). This prevents the majority of the populace (most of whom have some latent psi and magical ability) from awakening to their potential. Deliberate starvation and dehydration often leads to "visions" because the absence of the drugs allow latent powers to surface. Conscious, deliberate use of these powers can, over time, create an immunity to Deadwave, but the mage or psi must first be awakened.

Deskeleton (FLU-BE). This compound acts directly within the bloodstream, hunting out the marrow and then going to work on the bone. Calcium deposits are transformed into a kind of super-tough, super-flexible gelatin. Within 2 hours (the process is painless), the patient is effectively boneless (and nearly immobile; a deskeletoned patient can move 1 hex on any turn that a successful DX-2 roll is made). While this strains the heart and lungs, it is not fatal, and the patient can now be packed in shipping cylinders, Post Office drawers, and so on (a human body displaces a cubic foot of volume for every 45-55 pounds of body weight, depending on how lean it is). Other creative uses are left to GMs, and any PCs who get their hands on a batch.

The effects of Deskeleton are permanent, but there is an antidote that takes about 20 minutes to work. There is one important snag: the antidote (but *not* FLU-BE itself) is highly addictive, and poisonous if taken without Deskeleton in the system. Thus, some second-hand addictions to Deskeleton have been created, and can't be cured until an alternate drug to the antidote is developed. The Secret Masters haven't bothered.

By the way, administering the antidote while the patient is packed in a shipping cylinder is *rude.* The bones return (or try to return) to their original rigidity and *shape.* Snap. Crackle. Pop.

Popcorn. Another amusing way of packing people into shipping cylinders is the drug nicknamed "popcorn," extracted from the chemical stores of a flying saucer and injected into unsuspecting caretakers on a lark. Any living thing injected with Popcorn breaks down into thousands of tiny, soft, hibernating globules not unlike Styrofoam packing material. A second chemical sprayed on the peanuts causes them to start "popping," violently and messily reforming the original subject, healthy, and unharmed (if groggy). Unharmed, that is, if all of the "popcorn" was present . . . This drug is still highly experimental, since the Warehouse chemists didn't make it themselves. It is used only for emergencies and occasional sordid amusement.

Naturally, the Illuminati have many other such drugs in their repertoire; this is only a sampling. ***GURPS Cyberpunk*** devotes an entire chapter to chemical amusement; GMs may wish to mine it for new ideas.

BIZARRE FINDS

Some things that the Conspiracy collects aren't really science, and they aren't really magic, and they aren't really anything but weird. Here are a few of them.

Atlantis and the Lost Platonic Dialogues

Aristokles, the son of Ariston, was a philosopher, and a very popular one. His followers gave him the nickname "Plato" (from *platys*, meaning "broad") and he was probably the most charismatic and artistic of the great Greek thinkers. Certainly he was much more so than his lisping, angry student Aristotle, or even his elder friend and sometimes-politician, Socrates. Plato, to demonstrate his moral and ethical views, could stimulate the imagination, often at the expense of the intellect. Such might have been his error when he invented the story of Atlantis. Seen and appreciated as a moral fable by Plato's contemporaries, Atlantis's fame would, in later centuries, grow beyond reasonable proportions as one of the most universal elements in modern mythology.

Alternately, Plato may have been relating a *true story*, only to be silenced by ancient Men In Black.

In 1976, a Tulsa, Oklahoma bookseller named Jerome Gill acquired a manuscript from a woman who claimed to have received it via "automatic writing" during trance-session experiments with her fiancé, whom she described as "a mystic artist." Neither the woman nor her lover had recognized the script – but they suspected it was Greek. Gill had advertised an interest in Mediterranean works, so she had come to him. Gill assumed the whole incident was a prank, but asked to examine the text for a few days. The woman agreed.

It took Gill only a single afternoon of translation to recognize the manuscript as a *complete* draft of *Critias*, Plato's "Socratic dialogue" that had described the mythical island nation of Atlantis. It looked as though it might have been written by Plato himself . . . if the writing hadn't been on spiral-notebook paper in jumpy ball-point ink.

When the woman returned that weekend, she insisted on the return of the manuscript, despite Gill's requests to purchase it as a novelty. She claimed to have been visited by two men in dark suits (clearly MIBs; see p. 60) threatening physical harm to her lover and herself if they didn't destroy the manuscript. Gill didn't take her seriously, and explained that he had left the papers at home – she would have to come back the next day to get them.

Gill never saw the woman again; she was found dead in a storm-drainage canal a few days later, with no apparent injuries. A similarly uninjured corpse of a middle-aged man was found beside her. Gill read about the bodies in the newspaper, and considered calling the police.

That night Gill received a series of phone calls warning him to forget that he had ever seen the manuscript or the woman. The mystery-caller told Gill that if he went to the authorities, he would die. Frightened, Gill agreed, and unplugged his phone. The phone call was repeated a few minutes later, on his unconnected telephone. This time, the caller warned him "not to make the same mistakes as Plato." He went to hide the manuscript, but could not find it. Someone, or something, had taken or destroyed it.

The Original Dialogue

Plato, a student and close friend of Socrates, wrote using the "Socratic method" of dialogue after the elder philosopher's death. Plato's dialogues typically feature Socrates as their main character, and many scholars are left to wonder how much of Plato's version of Socrates is authentically Socrates, and how much is Plato using Socrates as a mouthpiece. In any event, they contain elements fundamental to the intellectual development of the Western world.

In Plato's later years, he began a trilogy of dialogues centering on the story of a lost island called Atlantis, which had engaged in a war with Athens some 9,000 years before Plato's own time. The first of these dialogues, *Timaios*, was completed, re-introducing the characters who had spoken in his most important work, *The Republic*, in which he described his ideal state (a kind of fascist technocracy). The second dialogue, *Critias* (more properly *Kritias*), exists only in unfinished form. Apparently, Plato got halfway done with *Critias*, then abandoned it in rough-draft form. He went on to write his last dialogue, *The Laws*, and then died, without ever returning to the story of Atlantis.

Critias tells a fantastic tale. Some time around 9600 B.C., two great nations were created by the gods. One was Athens, in Greece, and the other was Atlantis, located "beyond the pillars of Herakles" (the Strait of Gibraltar). Atlantis was said to be gigantic, and surrounded by many other islands. By sailing along these archipelagoes, a ship could even reach the Outer Continent, the land mass that was believed to surround the world (which may have been a reference to an entirely different planet).

While Athena favored Athens, Atlantis was favored by Poseidon. Atlantis was originally peopled only by a single couple (Euenor and Leukippe) and their daughter, Kleito. When the couple passed on, Poseidon wed Kleito and set up a house with her on top of a beautiful hill (Poseidon had a lot of marriages in his heyday, and settling on remote islands with each bride was typical).

To protect Kleito, the hill was surrounded with five concentric rings, two of land and three of water. The happy and divine couple produced ten sons (five pair of twins), who were raised

to be a confederation of kings for the new land. The eldest was Atlas, for whom Atlantis (literally, "the daughter of Atlas") was named.

Poseidon's sons built a shining city on the place where their parents had lived. A golden temple was erected on the hill, the city on the surrounding rings of land. Bridges were built to connect the rings of land, and tunnels were cut through the land large enough to admit boats. A canal ran straight through the city down to the Atlantic Ocean, on the city's southern edge, where the ports were constructed. The city itself grew to a diameter of 15 miles (the concentric rings of the "middle city" were only one-fifth that size), and with it, the empire of Atlantis was born.

Holy Blood

The concept of rulership by divine right is common in many cultures, and Plato adored the idea (see also *The Holy Grail*, p. 36). The ten kings of Atlantis had the blood of Poseidon in their veins, and were therefore beautiful, fertile, strong, and industrious. The society of Atlantis was built along the lines described in *The Republic*, and many generations built up a magnificent culture for fair Atlantis.

However, each succeeding generation diluted the pure blood of the Atlanteans, and moral corruption began to erode the culture from the inside. Atlantis became a place of apathy and decadent waste, and the gods were disappointed. Zeus, in particular, thought something should be done, and sought to teach Atlantis a lesson, that it might do better in the future. He gathered the gods together at his palace, and stood to address them about the problem.

We never learn of Zeus's address to the assembled gods. It is at that point that *Critias* ends.

From earlier parts of the work, we know that Atlantis strove to conquer the entire Mediterranean, violently expanding as far as Egypt and Tuscany before the brave Athenians, fighting on even though their allies abandoned them, drove Atlantis back. A great storm and earthquake devastated Athens, and utterly destroyed Atlantis, submerging it beneath the dark green waters of the Atlantic.

Curious, that gods seeking to teach Atlantis a lesson, seeking to improve Atlantis's *future*, would then *destroy* it . . . A strange sort of reform! The missing connections between the meeting of the gods before Zeus and the eradication of Atlantis might never be known, since Plato died before revealing them. For much more on Atlantis, check out ***GURPS Places of Mystery.***

The Meeting of the Gods

Jerome Gill no longer lives in Tulsa – his book store has moved northwest, to Boulder, Colorado. Anyone investigating reports of his find (which he didn't speak of until the early 1980s, when it made a few small-time Fortean newsletters), will find the location of his old book store currently occupied by a consignment-clothing shop. It will take a lot of questions to a lot of neighbors to find out that he married in 1984 and moved with his wife to Boulder. As might be expected, his home phone number is unlisted, and Boulder has a *lot* of book stores to search through. The search can be as difficult as the GM likes. Gill's new book store is called *Plato's Retreat.*

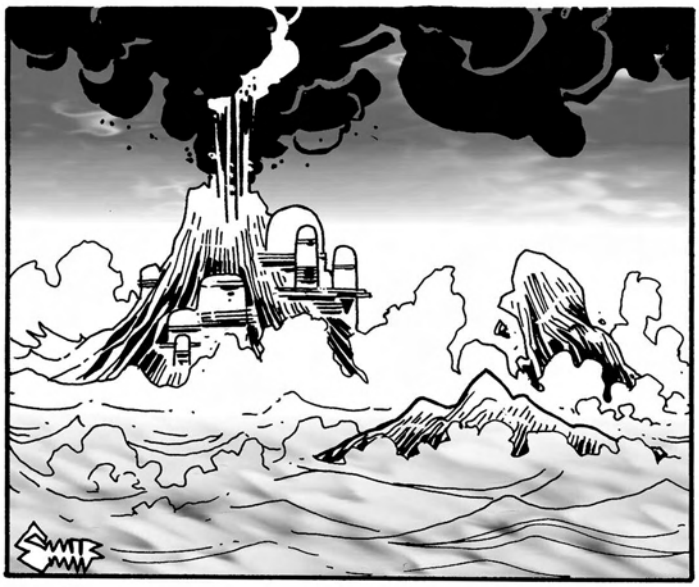
Gill still remembers what he saw in the fresh pages of the document, and is fluent enough in the language to have caught most of the important details. Zeus addressed the gods regarding the problems with Atlantis, and Athena demanded blood. Her rivalry with Poseidon had taken many forms before, and this was nothing new. Zeus, however, found himself alone among those supporting the possibilities for Atlantis; the gods had little patience with the beautiful kingdom, and Plato suggested that many of them were jealous of it.

Zeus finally gave in, concluded the meeting and arranged for the mighty cataclysm. He sank Atlantis, but he *lied* to the gods and didn't *kill* all the Atlanteans. A few of them were *changed*, just enough to allow them to live hidden under the sea, protected by Poseidon and the secrecy of Zeus. Plato then moved into what seemed like poetry, describing the "dragon-green" waters and strange sea-worms and their lanterns that drifted above sunken Atlantis, the words echoing poems that would be written in later centuries by other hands.

Gill didn't read beyond that, but he will explain to anyone interested that that was the end of it. The *third* dialogue in the trilogy (if one was ever written) was not among the papers the woman brought him.

Gill believes that maybe the version found among Plato's belongings at his death was a copy of the rough draft, and that the final draft was stolen by the "people" who visited and later killed the woman he had met in Tulsa. If there are Ancient Astronauts, why not ancient MIBs, after all? Perhaps Plato's writing was getting too close to an allegorical description of the creation of mankind by Men From Space, in the guise of the Olympian gods.

But that doesn't explain why they gave the unnamed Oklahoma woman a copy in the late 1970s, and why they suddenly wanted it back. Gill sometimes believes that he's been the butt of a sick joke, but might have seen a potentially valuable forgery. The truth is up to the PCs to discover, and the complete draft of *Critias* may be in the hands of aliens . . . or in Warehouse 23.



Other Atlantis Stories

While the original story of Atlantis ended halfway through *Critias* (or at the end of it, if the above story is true), the Atlantis legend would re-emerge from the depths to produce many conflicting theories.

Fragments of Lemuria or Mu. Some of the more *occult* approaches to the Atlantis legend were taken by Mme. Blavatsky and the Theosophists, who placed Atlantis as the home of the fourth race to inhabit the Earth, and the destruction of the continent as part of the natural cycle of time. Some related theories described Atlantis as a colony of Lemuria, or even made up of fragments of the Pacific's "lost continent." Rudolph Steiner advanced these theories, with very different descriptions of the Atlanteans themselves.

Cradle of Mankind. Other theorists, most notably Minnesota Congressman Ignatius Donnelly, proposed that Atlantis was as large as described, and (with island chains considered) provided the original home of human civilization. Donnelly pointed to similarities between Egyptian and early American cultures (pyramids, embalming, a 365-day calendar) as proof. The Atlanteans were literally a "master race" for all mankind, and the Biblical legend of the flood and Noah's Ark (as well as other deluge-legends from both sides of the Atlantic) are simply "watered-down" memories of the loss of Atlantis.

Petri Dish of the Greys. In an alternate version of the Cradle of Mankind story (not at all incompatible with the Oklahoma story, above), the original Atlantean society was not only the beginnings of human civilization – it was itself of *extraterrestrial* origin. Human beings were created or "planted" by aliens, perhaps as an alien colony. Whether this proto-society was the cause of its own destruction varies. In some versions of the story, our Space Brother creators destroyed Atlantis to wipe the slate clean and start again. In others, the new humans were responsible for their own destruction.

Nazi Atlantis. Some writers assert that Hitler and his Nazis were "preparing the world" for a grand cataclysm – the end of an age, in which the original Master Race would *rise from the seas* and reconquer Europe and Asia. Nazi descriptions of the Aryans cast them as "the Prometheus of Mankind, from whose luminous brows the divine spark of genius flew to light all ages." Is this a reference to the psychic powers of the Atlanteans?

Thera. The very *real* island of Thera may have been the basis for the Atlantis legend, since its inhabitants (and a large chunk of its land) were wiped out by a volcanic eruption. GMs wishing to pursue a more "realistic" Atlantis (or wishing to flesh out the culture of the mythical one) should refer to ***GURPS Greece.***

Ultra-Tech Atlantis. In many versions of the story, Atlantis had (or *has*) technology equal to or superior to that of the modern world. Plato got the outline right, but the technological details were (understandably) misunderstood . . . Again, the technology might have been alien, or entirely terrestrial. In Shea and Wilson's *Illuminatus!* novels, the destruction of an advanced Atlantis kicked off the centuries-long conflict between the Secret Societies.

Notes and Crossovers

It should be noted that the five-concentric rings pattern on which the original city was built occurs in the design of the Pentagon, the headquarters of the U.S. Department of Defense. In the center of the building's pentagonal "rings" (where Poseidon's temple was in the Atlantis legend) there is a snack bar. The significance of this symbolism is left to the GM. The choice to construct the building with five sides (instead of Atlantis's circular plan) might reflect a deeper occult purpose for the building.

One especially bizarre link between the Atlantean mythcycle and the rest of the material in this book can be found in the Arthurian legends: King Arthur, after the battle of Camlann, went to his rest on the Isle of Avalon (Avilion), a fairy-isle "to the west" peopled with "a fair race," living lives of beauty and industry. These terms perfectly echo Plato's description of Atlantis. Assuming the aliens or gods responsible for the creation of Atlantis are related to the aliens or gods responsible for Excalibur, they may be one and the same. Those who discover Atlantis might find that the king of the Master Race is none other than Arthur himself (a psychic Aryan?), preparing his people to return in England's time of greatest need . . .

Caves of the Dero

The voices came from beings I came to realize were not human; not normal modern men at all. They lived in great caves far beneath the surface. These alien minds I listened to seemed to know they had great power, seemed conscious of the fact they were evil . . .

– Richard Shaver, ***Thought Records of Lemuria***

Sometime in the 1930s, a welder named Richard Shaver made mental contact with alien minds living *inside* our planet. He was up late one night, reading Lord Byron's *Manfred,* and sensed that Byron hadn't written fiction. He had written a kind of coded description of truths he was privy to. Excited, Shaver turned out the lights and began experimenting with "mental signals." His broadcasts were answered; the apparition of a woman appeared. She didn't speak, but Shaver could tell she was reading his mind.

Not long after that, while working, Shaver began to hear voices from his welding equipment. The voices were of frightening, dwarfed humanoids called the Dero (**DE**trimental **RO**bots), who weren't "robots" in the normal sense, but slaves to their repellent habits. The Dero amused themselves by telling Shaver about their hobbies – they lived in a network of deep caves, and stole humans to be tortured, raped, murdered, and consumed. They had machines, they claimed, with which they could control minds and project images to the surface world.

In an attempt to escape the voices, Shaver quit his job and fled, and spent several years in and out of mental institutions and prisons. The rest of the time, apparently, he took odd jobs and got work welding when he could find nothing else.

My Hero, Tero

One night, in a prison, he was visited again by the apparition of a woman. She was beautiful, and explained that she was one of the Tero (In**TE**grative **RO**bots), the *nice* humanoids living under the surface of the Earth, existing secretly to fight against the evils of the Dero. She helped Shaver escape from the prison and into the cave-complex. Traveling beneath the Earth's surface, Shaver found the group of Tero that had contacted him, and lived with them happily for a time.

He Remembered Lemuria

The Tero gave him access to their Thought Records, essentially a bank of the memories of all previous members of their race. Through these, Shaver learned of his past lives, and found that he had lived among the dwellers of the lost continents of Atlantis and Lemuria.

Fifteen thousand years ago, Shaver learned, Earth had been colonized by two great races – the Atlans and the Titans, who lived on the beautiful lost continents. Their technology far exceeded our own; the Titans and Atlans had mastered the sciences of the mind, star-travel, and a host of other disciplines. Their society was perfection, their achievements stunningly wonderful.

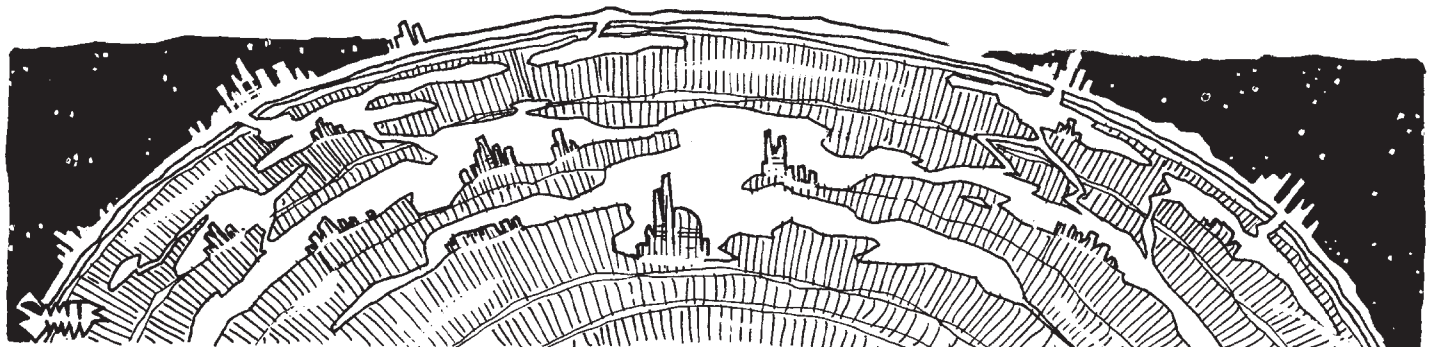
Twelve thousand years ago, disaster struck. The Sun began releasing waves of *detrimental energy,* a deadly radiation, caused by heavy metals (possibly the same as DOR; see p. 108). The great races sought refuge in a gigantic network of underground tunnels and cities that they constructed. The network ran

under the entire planetary surface (often several miles deep) but was not sufficient protection. The radiation crept down into the tunnels, and the great races knew that they could not stay. Select members of the races boarded starships and left. Those left behind (or those who opted to stick it out) eventually evolved into two separate groups. One group, the *humans,* crept up to the surface world and evolved a resistance to the deadly sunlight. We are their descendants.

The second group remained in the caves, using the machines left behind by the Titans and Atlans to amuse themselves. The energies from the machines themselves became deadly, and this warped the minds of the underground race. Most of them became the Dero, a race of degenerate idiots, who lived only for the pain of others, and for perversion and debauchery. A small minority, the Tero, did not succumb to the pleasures of the machines or to the radiation, and fought a valiant silent war against the unspeakable tyranny of the Dero. They have fought this war for over a hundred centuries.

Meanwhile, the Dero are the cause of suffering in the world, the bringers of Wilhelm Reich's *emotional plague.* They have many types of rays that can read and manipulate the minds of others. Many flying saucers, Shaver learned, are friendly visitors from other worlds, coming to share knowledge or engage in trade. The Dero chase these visitors away with powerful death-rays that unleash streams of Detrimental Energy, not unlike a reverse cloudbuster. Not all UFOs are friendly flying saucers, either; many are collected "Detrimental Energy Disks" beamed above the surface by the Dero. The Dero have *real* saucers, too.

Some Dero spend their entire lives hooked into "Stim Machines," sexual devices that warp the bodies of the Dero while providing them with constant pleasure. They also have "Ben Machines," healing devices that can restore life-energy. Rather than use these devices to benefit mankind, they use them to restore their own spent strength after perverted debauchery.



Death By Dero

Shaver had finally found happiness, living with his beautiful Tero friends under the ground, away from prisons and those who accused him of insanity. It was not meant to last. Gangs of Dero discovered the rebel hiding-place, and most of his Tero saviors were slaughtered. In the carnage, Shaver escaped, the screams of the Tero echoing in the caves behind him. He didn't dare allow himself to think of what was being done to them by the perverse, degenerate creatures.

In 1944, Shaver's first writings about his experiences were published, and others joined his cause. Shaver died in 1975, the "Shaver Mystery" still unsolved. The tunnels, if they are real, are still there. And the Dero – and, hopefully, the remaining Tero – are still active.

Dero In the Campaign

So much else under tarpaulin and in crate in Warehouse 23 ties to the Shaver Mystery that it's very probably true. Assuming Shaver's dates are accurate, the Atlanteans whom Plato wrote of were descendants of the Master Race – perhaps still superior to modern humans, but secondary to the Atlans and Titans themselves. Rumors that the Nazis were themselves from "within the Hollow Earth" and using flying saucers might indicate that Hitler and company were themselves Dero, or human servants of them. And there are too many similarities between the "life energy" principles in the Shaver Mystery and the works of Wilhelm Reich. It seems likely that Reich's "flying saucers" were Dero projections. If they were indeed made of "Detrimental Energy" (DOR), it would make perfect sense that the stream of fresh blue orgone from his cloudbuster would cause them to dissipate. It may be that Shaver stumbled upon the war that Reich had wanted to fight his entire life.

The Dero technology, too, ties in with much of the rest of the Warehouse inventory. Shaver wrote that some of the UFOs visiting us from other worlds were *pirates*, here to loot the caves of the Titan/Atlan machines. The Dero would gleefully lie in wait, and loot the looters, instead. Thus, the tunnels are full of technology – not only that of the Atlans and Titans, but those of the races that have tried to steal from the Dero.

Warehouse 23 may contain maps of portions of the Dero caves, or examples of Stim Machines, Ben Machines, Dero Death Rays, and mind control beams. The Mind Control Lasers described in ***GURPS Illuminati*** might be an example of Dero technology (which, by extension, includes the powerful *Orbital* Mind Control Lasers in ***INWO***).

Access to the caves by humans would provide any Conspiracy with considerable power. It is likely that entire wars are *already being fought there*, miles below the surface, among the major Illuminati. With an entire world beneath our own, who knows what secrets are kept there? Perhaps Warehouse 23 is *in* the caves, or sits over an entrance to them.

Notes and Crossovers

In real life, the Shaver Mystery is a hoax so insipid that it's an insult to hoaxes everywhere, but there have been those who believed in it. Richard Shaver might have been one of them. In 1944, *Amazing Stories* published the first of Shaver's articles in the January issue. Entitled "An Ancient Language?" it described the relationships between the English language and ancient Atlantean, demonstrating that parts of the languages of the Atlans and Titans could still be found in modern tongues. It was regarded as an amusing fiction by the readers, much as it should have been.

Shaver was delighted that his work saw print, and sent Ray Palmer, the editor of the magazine, a long, rambling letter entitled "A Warning To Future Man" in which he discussed the history of the Atlans and Titans and their downfall. Ray Palmer, fascinated by Shaver's apparent sincerity and eager to cash in on the growing spiritualism trends and interest in lost continents, re-wrote Shaver's letter to triple its original size and printed it as *a true story*. More followed, and letters of complaint from serious science fiction fans poured in. They were insulted by the suggestion that the Shaver Mystery was real, and didn't want all fantasy-enthusiasts looking like crackpots. Palmer, however, may have *believed it himself.* He heard "voices" when he visited the Shaver household, and on many occasions defended Shaver's work as truly genuine, even outside of print. When he left *Amazing Stories* in 1958, he went on to other magazine work, publications such as *Fate* and *Other Worlds.* He also published a quarterly magazine devoted to the Shaver story, called *Hidden Worlds.* Circulation was never high, but the story had its followers.

Palmer once helped Shaver and his wife sell polished agate stones that they claimed contained photographs of the world of the Titans and Atlans when cut in half with a diamond saw. If the GM likes, these can be genuine articles, perhaps with powerful abilities or dangerous side-effects.

Many insist that Palmer was simply "playing a grift," and trying to boost sales. As a result of an argument with a young Harlan Ellison at a science-fiction convention (Ellison had cornered Palmer on the subject of the Shaver story), Palmer referred to the Shaver mystery as a "publicity and circulation getter," but he never admitted the stories were faked. Since Palmer passed on in 1977, we'll never know for sure, but the story left behind is a compelling anecdote in the lore of flying saucers, Hollow Earths, and alien abductions.

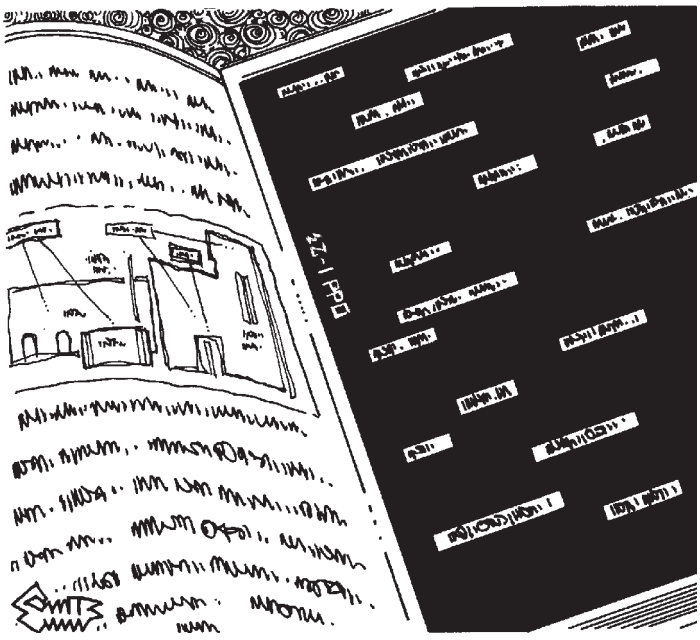
The Albemarle Dictionary

Rumors of the existence of a very special book have been on the societal Fringe for most of three decades. Many people claim to have seen a copy, but nobody can produce one for study. According to reports, the book is a weather-beaten pocket dictionary with the name "Albemarle Willis" written inside the front cover. Some say it's a dictionary of the English language, others say that it's a foreign dictionary, or an English-Dutch/ Dutch-English translation book, or something similar. One woman who claims to have owned a copy insisted that it was Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451,* but that may have been an entirely different book.

The book is normal, but will strike an observant reader as slightly odd. Its phrasings are clunky; its verbiage is archaic and inconsistent. If it *is* a foreign-language dictionary, using it could be hazardous – the translations are inaccurate and (apparently) deliberately misleading!

The book is useless without the two (some say three or five) *code cards* meant to accompany it. These cards are slightly smaller than the book itself, and have slots cut in them. If the right card is placed over each page in the book, the letters that are left exposed will form a book *within the book,* a hidden textbook disguised as a dictionary. Anyone taking the (considerable) time necessary to read the entire book will be privy to mind-opening exercises and techniques for expanding personal consciousness, and tapping into the secret powers of the brain. Some "readers" of the book claimed to have used these techniques to visit the remaining Dero hidden under the Earth's surface, to journey (mentally) to mythical realms such as Shangri-La or lost Lemuria. Many report having discovered latent mental powers. If challenged to reproduce these feats, nobody can. Apparently, the book must be read frequently, and its exercises followed faithfully, to maintain the powers it grants.

Game Rules. The book is about the size of a large pocket dictionary; it weighs 1 pound. To use the book at all, you have to know how the code-cards are placed on the pages, and which cards go over which pages. The GM is encouraged to be fiendishly stingy with this information.



Using the book requires an hour of constant study and a roll against either IQ or Research+5 (whichever is better). If the roll is successful, *and* the reader is taking what he reads seriously and performing the suggested exercises, he gains a psionic power. Roll 3d:

3-6	Telepathy Power equal to the reader's IQ+4, with Telesend and Telereceive skill at IQ-2.
7	As above, but the reader has Telesend and Telereceive at IQ+10, and Telecontrol at IQ-2!
8	Electrokinesis Power (see ***GURPS Psionics***) equal to the reader's IQ, with Dampen, Energy Sense, and Surge skills at IQ-2.
9	ESP Power equal to the reader's IQ *squared,* and Psychometry skill at IQ-2.
10-14	Astral Projection Power (see ***GURPS Psionics***) equal to the reader's IQ *squared,* with Astral Projection and Astral Sight skills at IQ-2 each. This is the power used to travel to the caverns of the Dero and other strange places; other planes which are accessible via the Astral are up to the GM.
15	ESP Power equal to the reader's IQ *squared,* with Precognition skill at IQ-2.
16-17	ESP Power equal to the reader's IQ, with Clairvoyance skill at IQ+5.
18	Psychokinesis Power equal to the reader's IQ *cubed*; Telekinesis skill is granted, at a skill level equal to *half* the character's IQ. Skill will increase by 2 for every successful use of the power, however, to a maximum of IQ+2.

If the roll fails, nothing happens. Further reading on the same day is at a cumulative -2 to IQ, regardless of the success or failure of previous rolls.

If a roll ever fails *critically,* roll normally on the table, but the power level gained is *doubled,* and totally beyond the control of the reader! The GM should run it like a malicious entity, bent on blood and mischief. If there's nobody but the reader around to torment or kill, the reader may be slain, or driven mad.

If the reader already has the power or skill granted (either naturally, or from previous readings of the book), the new power and skill are *added* to his existing power and skill.

The powers gained fade away with time. The reader must roll versus IQ-4 every half-hour. A failed roll means any powers gained from the Dictionary are halved (drop fractions). Skill doesn't degrade until Power reaches zero, when it disappears entirely.

Notes and Crossovers

If the Dictionary is a copy of a popular work of fiction (or any other well-known text) it will not read differently than any other copy (disregard the "archaic verbiage" notes above). In that case, the original author(s) must be assumed to be a part of the Conspiracy! Note that any printing of the book that differs from the original (or from some "special edition," whichever) will be useless.

If anyone thinks to put two code-cards *together* over the pages of the book, a *third* book might be found! What secrets *it* might reveal are left to the Game Master . . .

The "book within a book" code-system is an ancient one, and can be applied to any genre successfully. In a modern game, the

book might be in electronic form, with the code-cards only working if the printout is *exactly* right – the right font, the right pitch, the right margins. In ancient or medieval games, the code-cards are replaced by other methods of hiding the second text (the paper must be folded in a special way, two pages read together held up to sunlight, one ink soluble and one ink permanent – the possibilities are endless). Such books might hold spells and magical methods (even granting Magery), the True Names of demons, or historical records or personal diaries revealing conspiracies.

The "mental exercises" that grant the powers of the Albemarle Dictionary are left to the GM. They can take hours, days or weeks. Meditation and incense are likely, as are yoga-style postures and strange mantras. The Game Master is encouraged to stretch the boundaries of player embarrassment.

The Soulmate Database

The "soulmate database" is a device somehow capable of tracking the locations and feelings of *soulmates* – people who are meant for each other.

Human souls, according to some, are *half*-souls, torn asunder at the beginning of creation. Life is, at its core, a quest for one's missing part, and each half-soul is doomed to continual reincarnation until the quest is complete. The stuff of the most moving romances is the result of two half-souls finally re-uniting, and in their unity becoming a complete being.

Soulmates are "magnetic;" there is a bond that draws them together across great distances and terrible odds, and the ultimate success of this "universal quest" is a kind of happiness that most people are not privy to. Very possibly, it relates to the flow of orgone (see above) or some other universal "life force."

When a relationship between soulmates is consummated, they are permanently fused as one, and several new "half-souls" are generated (possibly in their children, but not necessarily so; they *could* appear anywhere). When the soulmates pass on, they will not be reincarnated; they will move on to a higher plane.

At least, that's the theory.

The Conspiracy and the Soulmate Database

Obviously, the ability to track the relative positions of half-souls gives a lot of power. With enough starting money and careful management, worldwide *bliss* wouldn't be out of the question. GMs using the Illuminati from ***INWO*** in their ***GURPS*** campaigns should take note! The Secret Masters in Shangri-La would *want* this one . . .

On the more sinister flip side, a villain or villainous Illuminati with lots of cash to spare could just as easily *combat* the tendency for soulmates to find one another. If the above theories are true, this would be an unthinkably powerful tool for limiting happiness. Since the methods of most traditional conspiracies include the spread of fear and paranoia, fostering dependence on governments and corporate power for a sense of contentment, the soulmate database is very likely in the hands of somebody who is less than eager to form perfect couples.

Madame Rivsky's Love Oracle

Upon first examination, the "soulmate database" looks to be little more than a garishly-painted carnival novelty. It's about the size of an arcade game, with a silvery glass window only half-concealing blinking lights and whirling metallic globes. The casing is covered in stenciled promises: "Find Your True Love!" This service, apparently, is available for 25 cents. The title board refers to the machine as "Madame Rivsky's Love Oracle."

More careful examination will reveal that several holes have been drilled in the back and sides of the device, and that thin black-and-white cables connect the soulmate database to both building electricity and to the Warehouse's computer network (see p. 14). The powers of the machine can no longer be accessed for a quarter; only the highest network access can draw upon the wisdom of Madame Rivsky.

Game Rules. Within Warehouse 23, the soulmate database is essentially another node in the SINNER system, accessible only by skilled computer-hacking. Once accessed, the machine will reveal, for any individual requested, the name, location, and current emotional state of his or her "soulmate" – the perfect emotional, intellectual, and physical partner that many mystical schools claim exists for every person.

The computer can even be used to call up regional maps that glow with lines and globs of color, flowing slowly across the surface of the planet. These maps, combined with text-readouts meant to accompany them, reveal a kind of "contentment index" based on how many soulmates have found one another.

Notes and Crossovers

Entire campaigns could be built around the soulmate concept, and it would make for some very interesting roleplaying . . . Heroic soul-bonded couples helping their less fortunate friends find their True Loves, and battling the sinister Illuminati that are trying to keep people apart? Not a very typical premise, but this is ***GURPS,*** after all.

The form of the database is something that is never consistent in legends about it.

The Romance Crystal. The Romance Crystal works only for one person at a time. The stone magnifies the "tug" between soulmates, allowing the owner to more easily locate his perfect mate. When the quest is completed, the stone disappears, only to be found the next day by another person. Such an item is of less use to the Conspiracy than the "global database" concept, especially if it is unique. If more Romance Crystals can be enchanted, however, distributing them throughout the world would ultimately have a dramatic effect.

The Book of Love. A low-tech equivalent of the "database," the Book of Love is the ultimate guide to the lines of force that link all people, and how to surf them! Whether the book contains immutable laws that can be used to extrapolate any soulmate's location, or constantly-shifting text, or some other variation, is up to the GM.

Elixir of Binding. This elixir is most appropriate in a medieval fantasy campaign. It contains two doses, and each should be administered to a different woman, and each woman should be expecting a child. The children born from these women will be soulmates – the elixir attracts half-souls that are "floating free," awaiting reincarnation. Obviously, this would have great value in assuring the success of a politically arranged marriage between unborn princes and princesses. Errors in administering the drug could lead to all sorts of interesting plots (one of the mothers is due for twins, the gender of one child is poorly predicted, etc.).

Blood Rifle

A deadly synthesis of technology and Black Magic, the blood rifle is a gun that draws directly on the wielder's bloodstream for its ammunition.

Physically, the blood rifle resembles a cross between a carbine and a plasma rifle (see ***GURPS Ultra-Tech***), with a few important differences. The back of the grip has three small needles barely protruding from it. When the rifle is gripped properly for use, the needles jab of their own accord into the wielder's hand (at varying depths according to grip). If the user wasn't expecting this, the character must take a Fright Check at -4, with any failure indicating the gun has been dropped (in addition to other effects). There is a faint slurping noise as the needles retract and reset.

When used properly, the blood rifle is a devastating weapon. Each shot draws a tiny amount of the user's blood through the heel of his hand, and applies both electricity and magic to it, ejecting it as a superheated burst of bright orange life-force, likely related to Deadly Orgone (see p. 108). Most blood rifles develop signature *noises* that they make during combat; they are enchanted with animal souls, and can acquire Quirks over time (possibilities include "growls when it misses," "purrs when it kills," "screams when its owner is injured").

Weapon	*Malf*	*Type*	*Damage*	*SS*	*Acc*	*½D*	*Max*	*Wt*	*RoF*	*Shots*	*ST*	*Rcl*	*TL*
Blood Rifle	Never	magical	flame 2d	8	10	40	100	10	4	150/C	9	-2	9

A blood rifle never malfunctions (treat any critical failure as an ordinary miss). Use the laser autofire rules (p. B120) for blood rifle fire. It is fired with Beam Weapons (Flamer) skill. Furthermore, the blood rifle *ignores* any Damage Resistance except natural DR (such as Toughness). Beings with Magic Resistance get 1 point of DR per level of the advantage against blood-rifle fire.

Blood-Burn. For all other purposes, damage is treated as fire damage. This means 4 or more hits at any one time will catch part of the victim's clothes on fire, and 10 or more will cause his clothing to burst into flame (see p. B158). Blood fire can do this *regardless* of what is being worn. Steel plates touched by blood fire will ignite and burn as easily as cloth! The flames can be extinguished normally. Pyromaniac characters will soon learn the pleasures of being able to ignite *anything* with the gun . . .

Extended Use. It requires very little blood to fuel the spell enchanting a blood rifle, and what little other energy is required is drawn from the power cell (most is supplied by the enchantment). However, extensive use will damage the user. For every 20 shots fired from a blood rifle, the user must make a HT roll. If the roll succeeds, he takes 1 point of damage and 2 points of fatigue. If he fails, double the cost. The fatigue will heal normally, but the damage can only be healed by time and natural HT rolls. Default penalties (including those for familiarity) are doubled when using this weapon; each gun must personally "bond" with the user over time.

Notes and Crossovers

The dark and deadly nature of this weapon makes it entirely illegal in nearly any campaign setting where its existence was recognized (Legality 0). Its internal workings require many rare and valuable materials. The retail price of the weapon (if it is available for sale!) is $750,000 *plus* the price of the enchantment (50,000 energy), bringing the price-tag to $2 million in most worlds where it could exist. These are rare and special items – the thought of entire army outfitted with them (even a specialist squad) is a terrifying one.

The Blood Rifle spell is an Enchantment spell, with the prerequisites Enchant, Find Weakness, Essential Fire, and five each of the Necromantic College and Energy Sub-College of Tech Magic (see ***GURPS Grimoire***). Building the weapon requires Armory (Tech Magic Weaponry) at TL9 or higher, and appropriate materials and tools.

Telekinetic Bombs

If psionics are known in the campaign, and psionic technology exists (see ***GURPS Psionics***), telekinetic bombs can be produced experimentally at TL9, and with consistent quality at TL10. Otherwise, they are likely to be alien artifacts, or items brought to Earth from the future, or from an alternate reality.

A telekinetic bomb is a large, multicolored crystal – a kind of power-battery designed to produce a brute-force explosion from stored Psychokinetic power. "Charging" the crystal requires 3d seconds of concentration and a Telekinesis-2 roll; the process costs a single point of fatigue (a HT roll will avoid it). If the skill roll is successful, the psi's Psychokinesis power level drops to zero, and his level of power is "invested" in the bomb. The psi gains his powers back 24 hours later, but the bomb is still charged, and the process can be repeated. If the skill roll is failed, the fatigue is still accrued and further attempts may be made (with all the normal penalties for repeated psi use). A telekinetic bomb may be charged any number of times in a day, provided you have a pool of willing psis with Psychokinesis!

Record the total number of power levels stored in the crystal; there is no known limit to how much a crystal can contain. The energy is stored indefinitely without losing potency.

Detonation. Only Telekinesis can detonate a telekinesis bomb. Three turns of concentration and a skill roll (modified for distance via the Speed/Range table) are necessary. The detonating psi must be certain of the bomb's existence and location. If the bomb has been hidden or moved, use of ESP might be necessary to "get a lock on it." The crystal explodes at the end of the third second of concentration.

Explosive Power. If 13 or fewer levels of Psychokinesis have been invested in the crystal, it does not explode; the bomb just cracks and grows very hot for a few seconds. If 14 or 15 levels have been invested, the crystal becomes a bomb, doing 6d explosive damage. Fragmentation is incidental (see p. B121, or ***GURPS High-Tech***). If 16 or more levels are stored, cut the number of levels in *half* (round down) and refer to the Telekinesis Mass Table on p. B172 or P19. Read the pounds listed for lift as the multiple to the 6d damage roll.

Examples. A bomb with 31 levels of Psychokinesis invested in it would do 6d×250 explosive damage (31 halved is 15; TK at power 15 can lift 250 lbs.). A bomb with 60 levels would yield 6d×4,0000 damage – the equivalent of a ton of TNT!

Notes and Crossovers

If the GM wants to introduce telekinetic bombs into a futuristic campaign as "equipment," they would likely be Legality 0; a price tag of $2,000 at TL9 would be appropriate ($1,000 at TL10, $500 at TL11+). Five crystals weigh 1 pound.

There are a number of pros and cons to this sort of psi-tech. The advantage of having an explosive that can only be detonated by psis is significant, especially when fighting a foe that lacks psionic ability. On the other hand, *any* telekinetic can detonate them. Keeping their existence a secret is essential if both sides have Psychokinesis.

One dangerous option to consider: If telekinetic bombs are widely in use (even by totally secret organizations), *someone* is bound to develop a "Mass Detonation" skill that allows a psi to indiscriminately detonate telekinetic bombs in a global radius. The existence of such a skill (or equivalent psi-technology), and the details of its operation, are left to the GM.

4 THE CRYPTOZOO

ATOMIC MONSTERS, JERSEY DEVILS, AND THE MYTHOLOGY OF TODAY

"Cryptozoology" is the study of animals that mainstream science dismisses as unreal. The bulk of cryptozoology is devoted to the discovery of uncatalogued species, and to confirming sightings of animals that are thought to be extinct (such as the moa). Cryptozoology also includes the Loch Ness Monster, Bigfoot, meteoric life, and a host of other fantastic animals.

The Conspiracy has taken upon itself the business of keeping the real existence of such life a secret. For many reasons (some self-evident, others puzzling), it's been decided that these creatures must not be acknowledged as real.

Such life-forms are kept in two separate facilities in Warehouse 23, collectively known as the Cryptozoo.

Cryptozoo Alpha. A maze of Plexiglas cages, half-lit water tanks, and artificial habitats, the "A-Zoo" contains living creatures. As large as several airplane hangars, the A-Zoo even includes multiple aviaries.

Running the A-Zoo is one of the most complicated operations in the entire complex. Many of the creatures there require fragile, expensive, and dangerous methods of life-support. A large team of scientists and zoo-keepers are employed here, living in a sub-village attached directly to the zoo for ease of access in the event of emergencies. The A-Zoo even has its own computer network (accessible from the SINNER system) and a triply-redundant power system.

Some of the beasts here are kept alive because the Warehouse's zoologists aren't certain of the safety of cloning or freezing them. Some of the inhabitants of Alpha are *mated pairs* of creatures that the Masters find useful – a "Noah's Ark" of the Illuminati! Some of the creatures here are alien in nature, and are kept alive for study, or for some by-product that their lives produce (see the Immortality Fish).

Some of the animals in Alpha are alive because every attempt to kill them has failed.

Cryptozoo Beta. A quieter, darker facility, the B-Zoo more closely resembles the central chambers of the Warehouse, since none of its inhabitants are visibly alive. The B-Zoo is a cold-storage facility similar to the main Fridge (see p. 14), but directly adjacent to the A-Zoo and filled exclusively with animal and plant life. Everything from dangerous bacteria to cryogenically-stored dinosaurs is here. Cloneable DNA samples from nearly every creature that has ever walked the Earth (and several that haven't) are here, too.

A special out-scale cloning facility is also part of Cryptozoo Beta; the Warehouse zoologists often find it convenient to grow a living example of some of the creatures kept "on record," destroying them when their study or experiment is finished. However, many animals have been deemed impossible or "unsafe" to clone.

Other Sources

The creatures detailed in this chapter are only a brief sampling of the contents of the Cryptozoo. Dinosaurs, space creatures, talking dogs, giant subterranean burrowing slugs, and other creatures abound there. GMs with access to the various ***GURPS Bestiary*** books will find statistics for many other beasts that are stored in *some* form (even if only a cloneable sample). The only animals that the Warehouse has had trouble acquiring are the Vermin that are native to it (see sidebar, p. 25)!

THE MENAGERIE

Cat-Men/Goatmen

ST: 12-17 **Move/Dodge:** 7/7 **Size:** 1
DX: 14 **PD/DR:** 1/1 **Weight:** 150-250 lbs.
IQ: 7-10 **Damage:** 1d-1 cut
HT: 16 **Reach:** C

Cat-men and goatmen alike are a less rural phenomenon than are the neo-giants (see p. 99). Unlike the Bigfoot or yeti, both of whom are typically sighted in woodlands and mountains far from the noise, light, and stink of civilization, the cat- and goatmen are sighted in suburban housing developments, under interstate overpasses, at construction sites, and even in cities, lurking in alleys.

Typically, these creatures avoid humanity, skulking in darkness to *watch* people, but not harm them. Many of them may be former humans, turned "monstrous" by failed experimentation and forced to live lonely existences devoid of the affection of others. If such is the case, contact with the cat-men and goatmen in an attempt to give them a sense of family or society, would be a worthy cause for PCs.

A beast-person only occasionally becomes aggressive or threatens humans. Most seem to favor young people, appearing to teenagers and children wandering in isolated shadows outside major towns. A scream or a few flashlights is usually enough to drive them off, but some have gone so far as to damage automobiles with sharp talons, or to steal food. A few have been violent, stealing children (never to be seen alive again) or mauling those who run from them or threaten them. The body count is not high, but it is real.

Many goatmen and cat-people are enduring regional legends, commonly sighted by beer-soaked teens on "parking" dates, or by farmers or hunters, depending on where the creatures dwell. Since many of these local legends have endured for *decades*, the conclusion is unavoidable that the cat-people and goatmen have extended life-spans, or that they have *families*. While many have reported hitting the creatures with shotgun- and rifle-shot, no bodies have been recovered (at least none that have not been whisked away to secret facilities). Typically, the creatures are hardy enough to run for the safety of darkness even after being shot several times, perhaps to die in private.

Cat-People and Goatmen in the Campaign

These are common American legends, and can serve many functions for the GM. If they are escaped "guinea pigs," then they might have vital information to impart if they are still capable of intelligible speech (typical sightings do not include conversations, however). If they are *not* capable of talking, but still intelligent, information could be shared by writing. Alternately, special magical or medical treatment may be necessary to restore speech to the creatures. When they finally *do* speak, entire vistas of secrets might open up to the PCs. First, however, the trust of the creatures must be earned, and they need to be *located* even before that. They could lead a campaign into the secret laboratories of the Conspiracy, or tell tales of alien abduction, or worse.

Alternately, the beast-people of the suburbs can be outcast aliens, were-creatures, missing links or freaks of nature, preying on innocent children. Entire underground cities may exist, which might or might not be friendly to the outside world.

Cigar Angels

ST: N/A **Move/Dodge:** 10/5 **Size:** Gigantic
DX: 10 **PD/DR:** Special **Weight:** N/A
IQ: 18-20 **Damage:** Special
HT: 12/500 **Reach:** See Below

Frequently mistaken for "unidentified airships," these extra-dimensional creatures are also responsible for the "angel hair" phenomenon (see sidebar, p. 114).

The most significant sightings of the cigar angels occurred in France in 1952. The first occurred in Oleron on October 17, where a huge cigar-shaped form was seen drifting amid a concealing bank of clouds. It hung at an angle in the sky, and several smaller forms were flying in formation around it (this is common in cigar-angel sightings, leading to the common term "mother ships" to describe them). The countryside around

Oleron was soon filled with cottony strands of angel hair, most of which dissolved almost immediately on contact with the ground. The entire town was witness to the phenomenon. Ten days later (on the 27th), an almost identical mass-sighting occurred at Gaillac, miles away. Again, angel hair floated to the ground. The nature of the cigar-shaped "craft" was never established, despite ufologists flocking to the scene.

The cigar angels are a case of mistaken identity. Lumped in with Unidentified Flying Objects, their true nature as flying *creatures* has been overlooked. The cigar angels are visitors from a closely parallel dimension, and (as much as the term applies) they are friendly. In fact, they are victims of the Greys, just as we are; they visit our dimension to "graze" on pollutants in our atmosphere. A group of Swiss astronomers achieved what was apparently psionic communication with a cigar angel in 1960, and saw horrifying, nearly-incomprehensible images of a world ravaged and poisoned, with fleets of flying saucers darkening its skies. While the researchers suspected that the image was meant to be a *metaphor* designed for human consumption, they did not doubt the creature's sincerity. Before further "dialogue" could be established, the cloud-creature was disrupted by a wave of sickly blue light apparently emanating from the Moon.

PD/DR: The cigar angels are semi-solid; they are only affected by explosions (which can disrupt their fragile meta-structure) and "hot" energy attacks, against which they have no PD or DR at all. Things such as bullets and rockets don't harm them at all (at least, it would take a concentrated battery several minutes to have any noticeable effect). The Greys apparently have an energy weapon designed specifically to disrupt them.

Damage and Reach: The cigar angels have no physical attack, but they can envelop other living things within their soupy, floating bodies. Such immersion is unsafe for anyone who needs to breathe (treat as smoke inhalation, p. B132– and any kind of enclosed breathing system provides total protection). The interior of the cigar angels is murky and dark (Vision-9), but apparently such closeness facilitates the creatures' telepathy. For this reason, they have occasionally accidentally suffocated those they wish to contact peacefully. Those emerging from the cigar angel will be covered with "angel hair" which will dissolve with time.

Electric Eel, Giant

ST: 150 **Move/Dodge:** 7/4 **Size:** 60
DX: 9 **PD/DR:** 1/2 **Weight:** 800 tons
IQ: 5 **Damage:** see below
HT: 12/175 **Reach:** C,1

Ordinary science is unaware of these rare (and nearly extinct) tropical giant fish, a relative of the freshwater "eels" found in other parts of the world. They were once common in the deeper waters of the Caribbean, but now have all but vanished.

The electric eel, even the mundane variety, is a curious creature that reeks of alien genetic tampering. While all animal life is to some extent electrical, few creatures have nervous systems adapted to (relatively) massive electrical discharge. The electric eel (which is a species of fish but not an "eel") uses its electrical field for defense, location, and to stun small prey such as frogs (see ***GURPS Bestiary***). The giant aquatic equivalent can disrupt the electrical functions of a submarine.

The attributes above describe the largest recorded example of the species, a monster nearly 200 feet long and capable of delivering a continuous current of electricity of some 2,700 volts at 25 amperes – nearly *70 kilowatts.* The individual discharges last much longer than those of a normal electric eel – up to one-thirtieth of a second. Unlike a normal electric eel (which provides up to 550 volts at 1 ampere: enough electricity to power several light bulbs but in discharges too brief to properly heat an incandescent source), the electricity of the giant eel can be put to useful human applications. It may have been the capture and abuse of such power by the Atlanteans that has driven the animal to extinction; perhaps entire undersea kingdoms are eel-powered! The fish can discharge more-or-less continuously for days on end, with minimal loss in output.

The eel hunts in schools of up to seven. If one eel discharges, the others rapidly converge on the spot, seeking food. This can be deadly, because the discharge of a *single* eel can do up to 10×10d electrical damage to an unprotected human swimmer within 15 feet (5 hexes) of the fish. The haunting visible light produced by such a discharge can be seen for dozens of yards in the murkiest waters. The great fish requires a lot of food, but has little trouble slaughtering or paralyzing entire schools of smaller fish.

If a vehicle comes within shocking-range of such an animal, roll damage as above, applying damage to the vehicle as you would a normal weapons hit, counting metallic armor as only one-tenth of its normal DR. Such damage permanently harms any electronic equipment that it effects, but has no permanent effect on vehicle *structure.* This can entirely cripple an unsuspecting submarine. Refer to ***GURPS Vehicles*** for a detailed discussion of vehicle component damage; if ***Vehicles*** is not being used, the GM should simply judge the effects of the discharge using common sense and considering dramatic necessities. Electrical shock (possibly fatal) for crewmen operating affected equipment is possible.

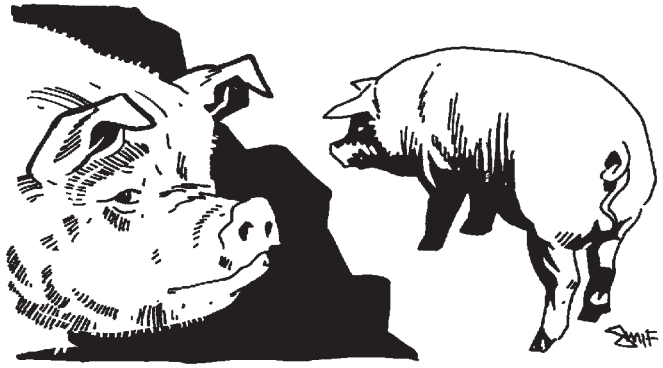
Sorcerers with access to the Beast Summoning and Fish Control spells could wreak havoc on submarine fleets if these fish are nearby to be summoned. In the hidden wars of the Illuminati, this may be a popular tactic.

Gallitz Pig

ST: 10-20 **Move/Dodge:** 7/5 **Size:** 1-2
DX: 11 **PD/DR:** 1/1 **Weight:** 100-450 lbs.
IQ: 6 **Damage:** –
HT: 15/10-30 **Reach:** –

The Gallitz pig is a genetically-engineered animal (TL8), a top-secret project designed to extend the life-span of humankind (or at least the life-span of the Secret Masters and those they favor). They are named for their engineer, Ronald R. Gallitz, and more commonly called "Gall pigs."

Gall pigs resemble mundane pigs, but most of their internal organs are *identical* to those of human beings. More to the



point, these organs (along with the blood of the Gall pig) are compatible with the bodies of humans. Gall pigs are raised and slaughtered not only for food, but for organ transplants and blood.

Unlike many animals in this section, Gall pigs aren't just hidden away in Warehouse 23 and secret biotech facilities. They can be found on farms *all over the world*, secretly inserted into the livestock population over ten years ago. A combination of genetic manipulation and breeding programs is aimed toward the goal of every pig, someday, being a Gall pig – preferably with nobody noticing. So far, it's worked.

Gall pigs are rarely a threat in combat, although they are intelligent enough and strong enough to be trained to fight, if the GM is feeling especially perverse (they could also be engineered with sharp teeth, allowing them to do 1d-1 cutting damage with a Close attack). They can effectively Slam, in any case (give them +3 to ST for knockdown contests).

Gojira

ST: 1,200 **Move/Dodge:** 100/0 **Size:** 100 hexes
DX: 12 **PD/DR:** 0/200 **Weight:** 50,000 tons
IQ: 5 **Damage:** 6d×10 cutting, or Breath
HT: 15/1,000 **Reach:** C,1-50

"Gojira" is compressed Japanese slang (pronounced "Godzilla" by English-speakers) meaning "Gorilla-Whale." It is the nickname of the world's most terrible Atomic Monster, awakened as an unexpected by-product of nuclear testing on a remote Pacific island. Gojira is a bipedal lizard-creature 60 stories tall, capable of absorbing radiation into its body safely and expelling destructive jets of radioactive force from its mouth.

If the monster is stored in Warehouse 23, the GM must decide if it is in a state of suspended animation, or dead. More likely, the Facility keeps a stock of "Gojira cells" and other flesh samples that can be cloned or exploited for their radiation-spawned regenerative qualities.

Gojira's scaly, blubbery skin provides no Passive Defense, but it ignores rounds (and energies) that easily penetrate normal armor; its DR is never divided for any reason. The monster's DR is *multiplied by 10* against any explosion not directly in contact with its skin. In addition, nuclear explosions do one one-hundredth normal damage, and *cannot* kill Gojira, or knock it unconscious. The creature draws its life-energy directly from radioactivity (a reversal of the orgone concept, suggesting that Gojira may in some way be from outer space).

Gojira has High Pain Threshold for combat purposes; it can feel pain, but its DX rolls are not reduced by injury. Gojira rarely experiences knockback from any attack smaller than naval cannon (1 hex of knockback per 500 points of basic damage). The monster rolls at DX+4 to keep its feet if knocked back.

Gojira regenerates almost instantly. Every turn that it is injured, it regains hit points equal to its *current* hit points. The monster's *minimum* regeneration rate is 100 hits per turn!

The monster can spend ST for additional regeneration; every point of fatigue Gojira willingly takes heals 10 hit points. This requires a single turn of concentration on the part of the monster (no limit on how much ST can be spent in a turn in this manner). Gojira heals fatigue at normal rates unless it has a large amount of local radiation to draw upon, so this is a last-ditch measure.

If the creature's ST is ever reduced to 500 or less, or if it ever takes more than 2,000 points of damage in a single turn, it moves away from any threats as quickly as possible, heading for isolated wilderness or (preferably) open sea, where it makes its home (possibly among others of its kind in Mu and Lemuria).

The speed given is in water (the creature's natural element); on land, Gojira walks at a speed of 25, usually crushing buildings underfoot as if they were made of cardboard, amid sparks of electricity from torn power cables. Rolling for damage in cases like this is pointless; houses and vehicles are smashed flat under the foot of the monster; the only defense is to *leave.*

Gojira's principal attack when threatened by real firepower is its "breath weapon," a jet of focused atomic energy doing *as much damage as Gojira wants.* For every point of damage done, the jet has a range of 1 hex. For every *10* points of damage done, Gojira takes 1 point of damage. This damage regenerates normally! Roll against DX to hit, applying normal penalties for size and range (SS and Accuracy rules are ignored, and Gojira gets no benefit from the Aim maneuver). The creature can divide the damage among multiple opponents, provided they are within a 60° (one-hexside) arc. Roll to hit each target separately.

In addition to its claw attack (listed above), Gojira can smash with its tail for 6d×20 crushing damage. This can only be directed to the rear and side of the monster, and only used against ground or water targets. Its claws, when used, are reserved for batting airborne targets and other Atomic Monsters. Gojira never uses its claws against ground targets.

Incidental radiation from the monster's attacks has no lingering effect; it "evaporates" almost immediately. This alone is sufficient mystery to interest the Secret Masters.

Notes and Miscellany

The creature's highly-regenerative DNA has many possible uses, including the creation of "endless" vegetable food sources through "frankenfood" splicing methods. However, failed experiments along these lines have created *new* atomic monsters, vegetable-based, that Gojira has fought. Keeping these events out of the news media has been among the most impressive feats of the Conspiracy; most people believe Gojira to be entirely fictional.

As noted above, the monster's Pacific home may well be the subterranean continent of either Lemuria or Mu. Atlantic-Ocean versions (headquartered in Atlantis – perhaps as pets!) also exist. Alternately, the monster might live on a remote island. Its feeding, sleeping, and reproductive habits are a mystery.

A live, active Atomic Monster of this sort can devastate or destroy entire *cities*, and rip to shreds any PC party short of the combined might of the International Super Teams (see ***GURPS Supers*** and ***I.S.T.***), or those with millions of dollars' worth of military equipment. The Monster *can* be tricked, however; its IQ is not imposing. One attack used successfully against the creature was the use of a top-secret chemical compound that *drained the oxygen* from the seawater the creature was swimming in. The effectiveness of such specialized attacks must be judged on a case-by-case basis.

The GM should note that this is the creature's *modern* form. It first appeared in 1954, much weaker than described here. This seemed to usher in an era of the appearance of such creatures, many of which were a result of alien meddling. See ***GURPS Atomic Horror*** for a detailed treatment of the "Atomic Monster age." In the passing years, the creature has absorbed a lot of radiation and has grown much more powerful than it was, keeping pace with military technology (it has also been caught up in at least one major incident of time-tampering, further confusing its origins). The upper limits of Gojira's abilities (and its prehistoric proto-origins) are questions to be answered in play. The monster may be related to the "Leviathan" mentioned in Job, Psalms, Isaiah, and elsewhere in the Bible. Likewise, the Illuminati's deliberate creation or use of Gojira depends on the nature of the campaign.

All attacks made against Gojira receive a +11 bonus for the monster's size; it's difficult to miss! Gojira displaces more than 74,000 cubic yards of seawater.

Gremlins

ST: 3 **Move/Dodge:** 10/8 **Size:** 1
DX: 16 **PD/DR:** 4/1 **Weight:** 30 lbs.
IQ: 14 **Damage:** 1d-5 cut
HT: 13/4 **Reach:** C

A constant annoyance to pilots and vehicle operators in World War II, gremlins are a race of mischievous "demons" drawn toward technology. They take endless delight in tormenting and killing human beings, and in destroying their machines.

The origin of gremlins is hotly debated, and only the truly illuminated of the Secret Masters knows the real answer. They may be actual *demons*, let loose as a by-product of Thule sorcery on behalf of the Third Reich (Allied pilots had more problems with demons than Axis, at least according to wartime reports by U.S. and British spy-services and occult-bashing squads). They may be pets of invading aliens, or a quirky *race* of them, zipping along in tiny flying saucers looking for airplanes to sabotage in mid-flight. The "foo fighter" sightings common in the war may have been sightings of gremlin air- or spacecraft. Alternately, gremlins could be from an alternate dimension, or created by a whimsical spirit of *nature* as a kind of "karmic backlash" against advancing industrialism. Gremlins are a uniquely 20th-century threat, although they seem to have every intention of staying with us as we advance into the 21st.

Gremlins exist physically, but seem to possess several supernatural powers. When they are killed or seriously injured, they do not leave corpses; they simply pop out of existence. If they can manage to get out of human sight, they can seemingly teleport at will. GMs should treat this like the Teleport psi-power, with the limitation "only works when humans aren't looking" and effectively unlimited range. Their hands, contrary to common sense, are as effective as any tool-kit for the purposes of exposing the tender workings of machines and sabotaging them. Gremlins have Mechanic and Electronics Operation skills of 15 for *all* specialties, for the purpose of damaging the equipment *only*. Whether or not a captured gremlin can repair damaged equipment at all is yet to be discovered.

Fortunately, gremlins are largely solitary, but occasional gaggles of them (up to a dozen) were reported as appearing aboard bombers in World War II. The 1990s see fewer gremlins, but they have not disappeared, and are a common threat even to the Conspiracy. Whether any force can summon or coerce gremlins to work for them is highly questionable.

Ghost Gremlins

Some gremlins are capable of *merging* with technology, becoming a kind of *living glitch*. They can possess anything from ratchet screwdrivers to network mainframes, and do terrible damage from the *inside*. This takes 2 seconds of concentration on the part of the gremlin, after which the creature disappears, absorbed into the device.

Ghost gremlins, once merged, require a lot of effort to remove, and each problem is unique. A gremlin inside a computer, for instance, should be treated as a malicious, free-willed virus – a computer program to be tracked down and quickly erased or corrupted. This could even (technology permitting) result in a virtual battle in cyberspace. If the ghost gremlin decides to make it a *chase*, the fight will be tough, since it can crash systems in its wake, covering its tail to flee. Magic and psionics may also be used, depending on the situation. The Tech College (see ***GURPS Grimoire***) and Electrokinesis (***Psionics***) are especially appropriate for dealing with ghost gremlins. At the GM's option, the gremlins may have these powers at their disposal, as well.

However it is defeated, the gremlin is ejected from the machine, physically *stunned* (see p. B127). Whether it decides to stay and try again depends on how threatening the situation is to the gremlin; this is a good time to deal with it physically (no gremlin, if somehow kept in plain sight, is immune to bullets).

Immortality Fish

ST: 0-1 **Move/Dodge:** 6/7 **Size:** **1
DX: 14 **PD/DR:** 1/0 **Weight:** 3-30 lbs.
IQ: 3 **Damage:** Nil
HT: 10/1-3 **Reach:** C

A species distantly related to the Moses sole, the Immortality Fish is very rare. Only one or two exist in captivity; finding one in the wild is about as likely as capturing Nessie at Pizza Hut. Even among those privy to the *truth* about the animals of the Earth, the Immortality Fish is regarded as a myth, or an (ironically) extinct wonder.

Whereas the Moses sole can be "milked" for the basis of commercial shark repellent (a discovery of diver Eugenie Clark), the Immortality Fish can be milked for an immortality serum. The milk of the fish can't be reproduced in any laboratory that Warehouse 23 has access to, and milking a fish kills it. Thus, the serum is rare, and the amount the Secret Masters have access to depends on how many Immortality Fish they have, and how well they reproduce in captivity.

Fish Juice

The effects of the serum are nothing short of miraculous, but they are not permanent. A patient given the milk of a single fish (through a week-long series of injections) will not age for 10 years. In fact, the aging process is slightly *reversed:* the passage of 10 years *removes* 1 physical year of aging from the patient. Additional doses do not have a cumulative effect, but provided the patient receives the drug every 11 years, the aging process is completely halted.

For the 10 years during which the serum is effective the character is also *nigh invincible.* HT rolls to avoid death fail only on a Critical Failure, and HT rolls to heal are made twice as often as indicated in Chapter 15 of the ***Basic Set.***

War of the Fish

Obviously, the Immortality Fish is a valuable resource for the Conspiracy, and one carefully protected. The scientists entrusted with the role of breeding and caring for the fish are guaranteed their regular dose each decade together with the Illuminati elite. During times of a shortage of the fish (when the tanks of a given Illuminati are hit by a covert raid, for instance), tempers can grow hot as the Secret Masters fight for their eternal youth. The GM could construct several scenarios from such a premise: if a rival Illuminati is embroiled in destructive politics, the removal of the "fountain of youth" could cause a complete internal breakdown – quite a terrible coup when the only necessary fatalities are a tankful of small fish.

The Loch Ness Monster

Lake Monster I (Giant Plesiosaur)

ST: 14-30 **Move/Dodge:** 7/7 **Size:** 3-30
DX: 14 **PD/DR:** 1/1 **Weight:** 250-2,000 lbs.
IQ: 3 **Damage:** 1d+1 imp
HT: 14/10-25 **Reach:** C,1-7

Lake Monster II (Giant Otter)

ST: 15-20 **Move/Dodge:** 12/7 **Size:** 4-6
DX: 14 **PD/DR:** 1/1 **Weight:** 1-2 tons
IQ: 4 **Damage:** 1d+1 cut
HT: 11/25-30 **Reach:** C

Since before the history of Great Glen has been recorded in writing, sacrifices were offered up to the monster that lived in Loch Ness, the largest freshwater lake in Great Britain. However, the legends were local ones, and not of much interest to the world at large.

In 1933, a major roadway was completed that cut directly past the western edge of Loch Ness. Much of the dense wilderness that had surrounded the Loch was removed, and the dark mystery from its depths reared its head for the world to see: over 20 sightings took place that year, and by midwinter the first photographs had been taken – and the first hoax exposed. To this day, "Nessie" (given the name *Nessiteras rhombopteryx* by Sir Peter Scott) remains a hotly-debated mystery, and one of the most celebrated cases in the annals of cryptozoology.

It was on May 2, 1933, when the *Inverness Courier* reported a sighting of "an enormous animal" by Mr. and Mrs. John Mackay. Mr. Mackay and his wife described the beast as "rolling and plunging" in the lake, and the article christened the creature "The Loch Ness Monster." In mid-July of the same year, a visitor from London saw a large creature shoot awkwardly across the road, diving into the waters of the lake. As fresh sightings continued to occur, old accounts were found in newspaper archives that seemed to indicate that occasional monster-sightings had always surrounded the Loch. By October, the national press was in on the hunt, and monster-seekers came from all over to crowd the cold shores of Loch Ness.

The lake itself presented many problems frustrating to monster-hunters. Due to suspended particles of peat in the water, the 24-mile long, mile-wide lake is almost *totally opaque.* Since it reaches depths exceeding 600 feet, there's a lot of room for a monster (or monsters) to hide. Catching Nessie on the surface seemed to be the only hope of the thrill-seekers gathered lakeside, and Hugh Gray was the first photographer to capture the beast on film (November 13, 1933). Gray's film was authentic but inconclusive – it could have easily been a floating log or a clump of floating vegetation. A much more distinctive film was taken on December 12 by Malcolm Irvine, but that film disappeared, and hasn't been seen since (at least, not by anyone who's talking). On the same date, the *Daily Mail* reported the discovery of a footprint – it was revealed as a hoax (a hippopotamus print had been used!), which permanently damaged the credibility of others claiming finds, and turned a fascinated media into a skeptical one.

Although the mania for the story died by the end of 1934, sightings and investigations have continued, and a distinct

image emerged from the descriptions of eyewitnesses. Most reports of the creature described it as having a long, slender neck and much heavier body. It has four fins, by most accounts diamond-shaped, and a tail. Its back has two or three humps, and the top of its head has ridges or protuberances of some sort. Many biologists that accept the possibility of creatures in Loch Ness insisted that the image was very close to a form of plesiosaur (specifically, an elasmosaur), a marine mammal believed extinct for over 70 million years. While the cold waters of the lake aren't the normal habitat believed to be appropriate for a plesiosaur, this is still a common explanation, and the Loch (rich in salmon, trout and other edible life) could certainly support a large colony of predators. Many biologists believe that cold-water adaptation would not be out of the question for an aquatic *mammal* of that size.

Other theories aside from the plesiosaur hypothesis have been proposed from time to time. In 1966, the Royal Air Force's Joint Air Reconnaissance Intelligence Center (JARIC) concluded that photos formerly believed by skeptics to be of boats were, in fact, living things. The skeptics weren't slowed for an instant, responding that the creature was probably an otter – but the sightings had been of a creature 15 feet long! Giant otters have also been proposed as the solution to lake monster mysteries in other parts of the world (see below). Others believe that Nessie might be an amphibian (perhaps a giant relative of the salamander), a whale, or an undiscovered species of giant eel.

Among "fringe" beliefs, the Loch Ness Monster is a case approaching genuine respectability. Teams of scientists have obtained sonar images, underwater photographs and other evidence that indicate that *some* sort of large creatures inhabit Loch Ness. The only thing missing is a live specimen or a corpse. The explanations offered by skeptics (from coincidentally-shaped groupings of algae to sunken Viking warships!) are often more ridiculous than the sightings, and the simplest solution is that large animals do indeed live in the Loch.

Other Lake Monsters. Nessie is the most famous of the world's Lake Monsters, but similar sightings are common anywhere a large lake (particularly cold or mountain lakes) are found. This is as significant as the GM wants it to be! Canada has a number of Lake Monsters, including Ogopogo in Okanagan Lake, and "Mussie" in Muskrat Lake (near Ottawa). China has its own "Lake Dragons," sighted and photographed in a lake atop Changbai Mountain in the Jilin province of Yanji. Los Angeles lake (in the mountains of northern Peru) gained its own creature after a series of earth-tremors and a mud slide. Perhaps the creature had been lodged, hibernating, in the mud – perhaps it had been sleeping for centuries at the bottom of the lake . . . Regardless, a global lake-monster-investigating campaign could take a group of investigators to many interesting places before all the pieces of the puzzle could be gathered.

Illuminated Lake Monsters

While the lake-animal theory is the most viable one to "everyday" Forteans, the GM should feel free to bump up the stakes a little. Since it is known that early inhabitants of the Loch Ness area offered up sacrifices to creatures within the lake, there might have been a time when such sacrifices were demanded (or at least justified). Scotland has many legends of the evil Water Horse (or *Kelpie*) that may have at one point derived from actual lake-creatures. Nessie could be anything from a demon to an alien pet – or spy! Examinations of the history of Scotland show many fish- and frog-falls (rains of frogs or fish from the sky) in the Great Glen region. This might, if the GM is feeling whimsical, solve the mystery of how Nessie *got* in the lake. Maybe the aliens that "planted" Nessie drop frogs and fish to feed it!

Another possibility is that Nessie is a guardian, either an actual animal or a robot, designed to guard the lake. What's at the bottom? Maybe the entrance to an alien enclave – or Warehouse 23 itself . . .

In a ***GURPS Space*** campaign, the PCs could stumble across a planet where plesiosaurs still roam the seas – and then find ruined plesiosaur cities, with records showing how they destroyed themselves, regressing to animals, but sending their survivors to a distant planet before the final doom of their civilization . . .

Martians

ST: 15 **Move/Dodge:** 5/5 **Size:** 1
DX: 12 **PD/DR:** 1/3 **Weight:** 400-500 lbs.
IQ: 10 **Damage:** see below
HT: 12/15 **Reach:** C,1

In the aftermath of the invasion of 1938 (see p. 51), the United States government (and other, more secretive organizations) captured a treasure-trove of Martians, all of them pilots for the fearsome tripod war-machines.

Each Martian is the size of a Terran bear, with two sets of three tentacles each. The lower set of tentacles serve as legs, while the upper set serve as manipulator-limbs. Both sets are arranged radially around a slightly elongated, leathery body colored a dark gray. Martians have two eyes, black and gleaming like a serpent's, at the top of their bodies. They have skeletons more cartilage than bone (not unlike a shark's), and were observed by invasion victims to undulate and slither as well as

rear up on their tentacles. The mouth of a Martian is a V-shaped slit near the eyes, which quivers and pulsates, and drips with a fluid similar to saliva. In combat, the Martians can use weapons, grapple with its tentacles, and so on, following normal rules for highly-flexible manipulators.

If the Martians *are* from the red planet, and weren't just using it as a convenient launching-point, then they are likely to suffer some debilitating effects of heavy gravity on Earth (see ***GURPS Space***). Observers in the original invasion noted that the Martians did, in fact, seem "weighed down" by the local gravity. Likely, the Martians use high-tech drugs to counter the effects to some degree. It may be these drugs which triggered the fatal weakness in their immune systems, rather than simple lack of exposure to Terran bacteria. If so, another invasion could come as soon as an improved version of Martian Gravanol is developed.

If their physiology is a puzzle, their psychology is a complete cipher. No successful dialogue was achieved with the Martians in 1938; any *since* are a matter for speculation. The Martians are intelligent, meticulous, and ruthless. Whether they have any redeeming "human" values such as artistic sensibilities, personal loyalty or even the capacity for love is unknown.

Neo-Giants: Sasquatch and Yeti

Bigfoot (Sasquatch)

ST: 13-19	**Move/Dodge:** 6/6	**Size:** 1
DX: 12	**PD/DR:** 1/1	**Weight:** 600-900 lbs.
IQ: 5-10?	**Damage:** varies	
HT: 12/12-20	**Reach:** C	

Abominable Snowman (Yeti)

ST: 18	**Move/Dodge:** 7/7	**Size:** 1?
DX: 12	**PD/DR:** 2/3	**Weight:** 400-800 lbs.
IQ: 8	**Damage:** 3d cr	
HT: 10/20	**Reach:** C	

This book uses the collective term "neo-giant" to refer to any variety of hairy or furry humanoids including Bigfoot, "abominable snowmen," *sasquatch*, *yeti*, and countless other regional legends. Legends of these creatures are universal wherever isolated forests and icy mountains can be found, and it is this very universality which is responsible for the greater part of the legitimacy attached to neo-giant sightings the world over.

All of these creatures have a few things in common. The creatures are humanoid, furry, and elusive – they are shy around humans and prefer to have no contact with them. Footprints are the most common form of publicly-known evidence for their existence (samples of feces and hair are also known), and plaster casts of neo-giant footprints abound in the private collections of curiosity-seekers and serious cryptozoologists alike. The regions they inhabit are inhospitable to humans: distant, icy mountainsides, and deep, largely unexplored forests. The two most famous "families" of neo-giant are the *sasquatch* (Bigfoot) of the Pacific Northwest, and the Himalayan *yeti*, or abominable snowman. All neo-giants have successfully eluded hunters and trappers – or at least, they have avoided hunters and trappers armed only with the knowledge of the mundane world.

Bigfoot

The Cascade Mountains of Oregon, Washington and northern California, as well as a stretch of mountainous territory extending into British Columbia, is the home of the Bigfoot, more properly known as *sasquatch.* The name (meaning, literally, "hairy man") is derived from the legends of Pacific coast natives, stories of an aboriginal tribe of giants. Believed by some to be remnants of *gigantopithecus* (a distant branch of the hominids, that theoretically crossed over to the Americas via the land bridge that once connected to Asia), Bigfoot has been tracked, photographed and (in one celebrated incident in 1967) caught on film.

Several small hobby organizations exist dedicated to tracking Bigfoot and examining the evidence offered by sightings, most of which are deemed fakes. Many of the prints found, however, are too convincing to be dismissed out of hand, and many serious scientists accept the existence of Bigfoot (although many doubt most of the actual photographs and prints found).

The sasquatch population has apparently *increased* slowly in the past few decades, along with sightings. Sightings of Bigfoot (including discovered tracks), although recorded since the middle of the last century, increased drastically in the 1950s, in the height of the flying saucer era, and have kept up speed since then. The location of the Kenneth Arnold sighting is directly over the heart of Bigfoot country; the Secret Masters do not regard this as coincidence. James Churchward, in his classical series of works on the lost continent of Mu, revealed that the remnants of an ancient great race live *inside* of Mount Shasta in California. The Bigfoot sightings might be sightings of members of the same race.

Physically, the sasquatch ranges from 6 to 9 feet tall, averaging toward the latter end, and is covered in thick fur, usually brown or reddish brown. Movement and general outline is said to be like that of a primitive human, sometimes "bearlike." Bigfoot is not believed to have claws of any significance, and so could strike with fists in combat (using DX and doing thrust-2 crushing, based on its ST score), or could use a weapon, depending on its intelligence. If the sasquatch are indeed members of a lost race of Muvians, they may have advanced technology available. Alternately, Bigfoot may be part of a tribe of were-bears.

The Abominable Snowman

Much more ape-like than sasquatch, the legend of the Tibetan *yeti* is equally ancient. Sherpas speak of a small creature, with wiry red fur, fleet of foot, about the size of a teenaged boy. Western sightings have included much larger creatures, but even those describe the *yeti* as being smaller, on average, than Bigfoot.

Western involvement with the yeti began in 1899, with the publication of *Among the Himalayas* by British Major L.A. Waddel, who described the gigantic footprints he had discovered. Later discoveries (such as yeti scalps collected for examination by Sir Edmund Hillary) were replaced by the Conspiracy with scalps taken from a rare mountain goat in order to discredit yeti-hunters. Footprints of the yeti aren't as common as those for Bigfoot (and many more of them can be easily explained as the prints of "canonical" animals), but this is possibly because (as zoologist Edward Cronin suggests) the yeti does not dwell in the snowy highlands at all, but in the nigh-impenetrable, lushly vegetated Himalayan valleys.

Yeti have fur everywhere except on their faces, and their habits seem very simian, from their movements to their tendency to adopt threatening stances when challenged. There are many legends about the magic powers of yeti, including an ability to move invisibly over the snows. Yeti dung, when dried, is said by Sherpas to have mystic qualities. It can even be smoked, and this is said to produce true Illumination.

Further Connections

Both the yeti and sasquatch have been accused by some scientists of being related to *gigantopithecus*, but the deviation from the mold has been significant, considering the many differences between the two most famous groups of Neo-Giants. Both are likewise connected by scholars with aliens and ancient civilizations. Among the two, only the yeti are accused of being magical, but the Muvians practiced sorcery, and if Bigfoot is a Muvian, it probably does, too.

Papers and a diary found on the frozen body of British explorer M. Franklin Cormidigar (a contemporary of New Zealander Hillary) in 1955 suggest the awakening of a *conspiracy* of a race of men in the Himalayas, which Cormidigar seemed to describe as yeti. The differences were lightning speed (Cormidigar yeti have a Move/Dodge of 16/8), and (at least) human intelligence. According to the diaries, the yeti were moving among humans, appearing as animals or stranger creatures, by means of magic or clever costumes. Cormidigar wrote of "the secret brethren" gathering to "again bind true yeti blood to their home."

Sherpas who found the corpse suggested that the writings were hallucinatory and meaningless, and that Cormidigar had been misusing the sacred dung-drug and wandering the mountains alone. He was found frozen solid, with his face smashed flat as if by a single great blow. Two years later, a Canadian lumberjack admitted to having been captured (33 years earlier!) by a band of sasquatch near Vancouver Island. The details of his story rang bells in the minds of those that had studied the Cormidigar diary. The diary, unfortunately, was reportedly destroyed in a Surrey house-fire. Reportedly.

Sea Monsters

Serpent

ST: 200-300+	**Move/Dodge:** 9/6	**Size:** 100+
DX: 13	**PD/DR:** 4/10	**Weight:** 120+ tons
IQ: 3	**Damage:** *	
HT: 13/100	**Reach:** C	

Giant Octopoid

ST: 50-80	**Move/Dodge:** 10/7	**Size:** 25-30
DX: 13	**PD/DR:** 2/4	**Weight:** 10+ tons
IQ: 3	**Damage:** 3d+1 cut	
HT: 12/120	**Reach:** C,1-8	

Robot Sea Monster

ST: 500	**Move/Dodge:** 100/10	**Size:** Gigantic
DX: 14	**PD/DR:** 6/2,500	**Weight:** 25 kilotons
IQ: 13	**Damage:** 5d×10 cr	
HT: 5/15,000	**Reach:** C,1-75	

As long as there have been sailors, there have been sea monsters. Men, journeying far from home in tiny wooden ships at the mercy of the elements, drifting on the thin skin of a dark, watery void, had understandable fears of the inky world beneath them. Only the truly illuminated know how justified their fears were. Of those accursed sailors who met the truth, few lived to tell the tale.

The three sets of statistics above generalize a trio of the most dangerous threats that the deep offers ships on the surface. More terrifying things inhabit the depths, but they stay there, silently devouring the bodies and *minds* of those who journey too far into blind abyss.

The Sea Serpent is among the most ancient of the legends. The one described is a true giant – a hundred yards long, and strong enough to wrap its coils around a wooden ship and crush it to splinters. It takes the serpent several turns to "embrace" a vessel, but once in its grip, the unfortunate ship takes damage equal to the creature's ST *every turn.* Primitive wooden ships snap in seconds; modern submarines might hold out long enough to improvise some sort of defense. Sea serpents can be found in any large body of water, and are gigantic cousins of the anaconda. If they take any significant injury (more than half their hit points), they flee. They are solitary hunters.

The giant octopoid can be used to represent either an octopus or squid, as the GM wishes. Like the serpent, the octopoid can constrict, but with tentacles, rather than its body. Each tentacle has the ST listed, and multiple tentacles can grapple large objects such as boats and ships. Only a single tentacle can grapple a man, but it can do significant damage. Roll a contest of ST each turn. The victim takes damage equal to the margin of failure, if any. Tentacles can be severed by taking damage equal to one-fourth the beast's total hit points. Tentacle damage in no way affects the body's hits, and impaling attacks receive no damage bonus against tentacles. Damage listed above is for the beak on the body, to which the octopoid draws any tasty morsels in combat.

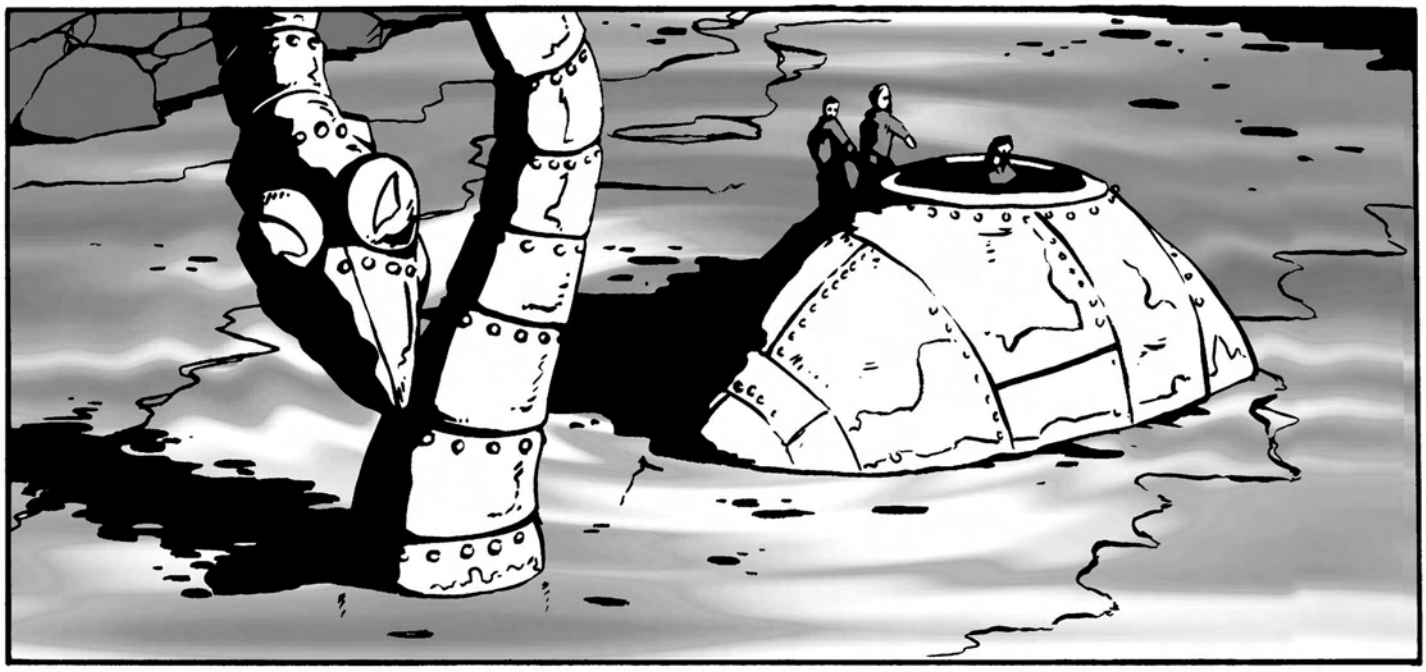
The most terrifying of the trio is the most modern. Robot sea monsters have been tools of unscrupulous conspiracies for many decades, and one of them can give Gojira itself a titanic battle. Resembling an even *more* gigantic octopoid, most robot sea monsters have eight tentacles with a ST of 500 (and 7,500 hit points) each. Each can constrict as described above. In addition, the robot sea monster can release an electric shock like a giant electric eel (p. 94). The robot sea monster's tentacles can be released and operated by radio from the monster itself, as separate submersible vehicles. Each has (with the exceptions noted above) the same attributes as the robot itself, but moves and acts like the Sea Serpent. Each tentacle contains a "suicide explosive" good for 6d×300 damage, detonated remotely from the main robot, or automatically if tentacle and body are separate for more than 3 hours. The tentacles cannot discharge electricity unless they are connected to the body.

It's easiest to treat the robot sea monster as an "animal" with the attributes listed; it'll be *programmed* to respond to injury like a real monster, anyway. GMs fond of more detail for mechanical critters are referred to ***GURPS Robots*** and ***Vehicles,*** either of which could be used to create more detailed robot sea monsters. The robot sea monster has a size modifier of +10, but its ultra-tech stealth technology makes it effectively invisible to ordinary modern radar and sonar.

Other Beasts of the Deep

Sightings occur every year of potential "sea monsters," and the GM can draw inspiration from them. Most corpses found are positively identified as decomposed basking sharks, but that's *obviously* a running joke established by the Conspiracy, a rude insult from the dogmatic Temples of Science. Many other sightings are of harmless but strange creatures such as the colorful ribbonfish (a long, slender fish with a bright red crest; some can be as long as traditional "sea serpents"). Of particular value for recent sightings are Fortean magazines, newsletters, and web sites on the net.

An entire campaign can focus on another type of "beast," the *operators* of the robot sea monsters. They are a secretive group, operating for the highest bidder. Many of the Conspiracy's agents that have dealt with them are certain that they're aliens, others think that they are from the many hidden nations beneath the sea, or aquatic relatives of the Dero (p. 85). Precisely how *many* robot sea monsters are available has not been ascertained; there are at least two, but no more than that have ever been deployed at once.



5 ODDS UNBEATABLE AND GRISLY ENDS

This chapter outlines a few new rules appropriate to campaigns that include Warehouse 23, ideas for pulling the Facility into different backgrounds, and random bits of Truth that They couldn't prevent us from revealing.

ILLUMINATED ONE-LINERS

This book describes a tiny portion of the contents of Warehouse 23. An entire class of items is very poorly represented: the thousands upon thousands of things that can be summed up in a single line! Engines that run on tap water, for instance, are an evocative concept, but what can be said about them other than "they're engines; they run on tap water"? We could describe how one would work, but then, well . . . that would be telling. The same goes for the cure for the common cold, the Perfect Artificial Sweetener, perpetual motion machines, the healthy 50-pounds-a-week diet, and a list of every winning lottery number from the late 1950s to the early 2030s . . . They need one heck of a back-story to make them gameable.

Other "one-liners" include answers to old questions (the author of *The Story of O,* the solution to the Traveling Salesman Problem, the name of the Unknown Soldier), things from other ***GURPS*** books (dinosaurs, helicopter cars, magic wands), historical enigmas (fossilized skulls with bullet holes in them, cassette tapes of the Gettysburg Address), ordinary treasure (crates full of pirate gold, unknown Aztec art containing no special revelations about UFOs) and *especially* media references (oscillation overthrusters, flux capacitors, the "killer joke," the formula for web-fluid, and so on and on).

That said, it should be noted in no uncertain terms: *all of these things* ***are*** *in the Warehouse.* If a fight breaks out among the musty piles of crates and caverns of PVC dust-shields, reaching into an open box in hopes of grabbing a weapon could give you *anything:* a laser gun, truth-serum-injected jelly beans, subversive pamphlets, a magic lasso, alchemical blinding powder . . . *anything.* When the PCs are in the Facility itself, the GM should include reminders of the *millions* of strange things that surround them, and opening crates at random can be an adventure in itself. Give them a bottle labeled *A Moment of Clarity.* If they drink it, they turn transparent for a few seconds. The Warehouse has *weird, cool stuff* in it. Having too many media references, though, encourages a Silly campaign; tread carefully unless that is your intent.

Having said that, here is a sampling of our favorite one-liners. You will find over 5000 other artifacts of high weirdness in the online Warehouse 23 at http://www.sjgames.com/warehouse23/box/.

The Random Reaching-Into-A-Box Table

If someone reaches into a box at random, make a tens-and-ones roll on the following table if you're in the mood for something absurd.

1,1 – A bottle of Coca-Cola that throbs with warmth at the pace of a human heartbeat.

1,2 – A handful of computer disks containing the archived contents of the Library of Alexandria. They are labeled "Hard Drive Backup."

Conspiracy Theory Skill

This skill is used most often to analyze the exterior signs of conspiracy, and to guess at the structure, motives, and resources of the forces involved. It can also be used (in conjunction with Politics, Administration, Leadership, and/or Law) to *engineer* a conspiracy (which other skills apply depends on the conspiracy!).

A skilled conspiracy theorist can tell a crackpot from a serious eyewitness (based on his story), debunk the former and ask the latter the *right questions.* In an Illuminated game-setting, a conspiracy theorist can pick up a newspaper and have a fair chance at guessing the *real* reasons behind the accidental deaths, corporate takeovers, foreign wars, and fast-food coupons found there. Conspiracy theorists can roll to determine whether a given strange event is coincidence or a result of a conspiracy. The GM may assess a penalty of -1 to -5 or more, depending on circumstances. Only a critical success will reveal incriminating details, of course. Conspiracy theorists are experts in weeding fact from fiction, and tracing the fiction to its source. In short, this is the skill of navigating a network of deceit without getting lost; Detect Lies on the societal scale.

Many conspiracy theorists specialize; this is optional. Possible specializations include Assassinations (both the techniques of setting up a kill and of the cover-up), Mass Manipulation (molding public opinion and mood with brainwashing techniques, the media, the education system, and the drinking water), Political Conspiracy (election-fixing, back-scratching, and partisan mythology), Secret Societies (the role of everything from the Freemasons to the Golden Dawn to the Society of Assassins and how they influence each other) and Revolution (coups both bloodless and bloody, against any kind of authority). Other specializations exist.

Conspiracy Theory is Mental/Very Hard. It is a Scientific Skill, and defaults to Occultism and History at -4.

Remember that even without this skill, one may sometimes detect the workings of a conspiracy. Depending on the situation, skill in Criminology, Forensics, Occultism, or any of the sciences might also let you realize that *something is wrong here.*

See also *Esoteric History* skill, p. 105.

Forteanism

Named for Charles Hoy Fort (1874-1932), Forteanism is the study of that which has been dismissed by the scientific mainstream. In game terms, it is an optional specialization of Occultism (p. CI157).

A Fortean may have no interest at all in witchcraft, herbs, or crystals, but he knows a lot about parapsychology (the study and testing of mental powers, from sibling telepathy to pyrokinesis), cryptozoology (animals not recognized as real, such as living dodos, the Loch Ness Monster and Sasquatch), cryptometeorology (fish and frog-falls, summer hailstorms and other curiosities falling to earth), and ufology (UFOs, alien abductions, Men In Black and cattle mutilations). Each of these areas of study are appropriate as *further* optional specializations (see p. B43). Other fields may be added, at the GM's discretion.

Forteanism embraces a philosophy (and literary tradition) that insists that the cold light of doubt be shed not only on the subjects of science, but on scientists and their conclusions. It is not a rejection of science but a rejection of scientific *dogma.* Science must be eternally skeptical but never *dismissive.*

Serious Forteans need skills in the "hard" sciences related to their areas of interest. A Forteanism (Cryptozoology) roll would allow a search for recurring patterns in theories regarding the mating habits of Loch Ness Monsters, but that knowledge, *combined* with a knowledge of marine biology, would be required to form a *new* theory, or to credibly challenge an existing one.

Hidden Lore (Forteanism) is a Knowledge Skill, and defaults to IQ-6. Forteanism and Conspiracy Theory default to one another at -4. In special situations, the GM may also allow a default Forteanism roll from Esoteric History (p. 105) or other Scientific skills, also at -4.

1,3 – A silver whistle with three emeralds embedded in the top. Every time the whistle is blown, an emerald glows and cracks, and a powerful demon emerges 2d miles away and starts killing people.

1,4 – A handful of gray dust. In addition to being an effective sneezing powder, the box label indicates that the dust is from the surface of one of the "moons of Mercury."

1,5 – Some shuriken made of a mysterious green mineral. Natives of the planet the mineral came from will find the radiation from the shurikens to be fatiguing and ultimately deadly.

1,6 – A 9mm pistol that smells like chocolate. It is entirely edible, and uses standard ammunition with no problem. Firing it after part of it has been eaten would be dangerous.

2,1 – A desk-model Perpetual Motion Machine. It makes a good paperweight and an interesting sputtering noise.

2,2 – A large ruby containing the glowing soul of a long-dead king. It will attempt to take over the mind of the holder.

2,3 – A file describing the details of the death of Marilyn Monroe, including her own role as a major crime figure in the Hong Kong Triads.

2,4 – A book of recipes for (roll one die) 1-2: Human Flesh, 3-4: Extinct Animals, 5-6: Creatures Found In The Hollow Earth.

2,5 – A hamburger wrapped in wax paper, still warm, but with far too much mustard (nothing strange about it: a loader-operator stashed it here when he saw an inspector walking towards him – further exploration will reveal the french fries).

2,6 – A copy of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation*, in an edition that corresponds to no known legal printing. The cover painting, inexplicably, features an inverted pyramid.

3,1 – A bottle of children's chewable vitamins that turn the eater into an animal for 1d hours. The animal depends on the vitamin eaten, all of which are in animal shapes. There are several crates of these. They are highly addictive and each use will cause the permanent loss of 1 point of IQ if a HT roll is failed. Addiction sets in as soon as the first IQ point is lost.

3,2 – A small white plastic device with an orange lens set into one end, and two flat buttons. Pressing the left button will create a hologram six feet from the lens – a full-color 3-D picture of a Dwarf (the fantasy race; a bearded one with a strange smile). Pushing the other button will make him grin more and hold out his helmet as if inviting you to put money in it. There is no obvious way to turn it off.

3,3 – A grenade resembling an ordinary modern defensive (frag) grenade. It is loaded with blue paint that eats through glass, but leaves everything else intact.

3,4 – A pack of Twinkies that have passed their expiration date. Small lizard-like creatures are hatching from them.

3,5 – A TV directory from the winter of 2108.

3,6 – A TV directory from the summer of 1844.

4,1 – A snake-charmer's flute, played like an ordinary recorder. It really works, even on default, but it causes the snake to grow rapidly. If the music stops, the snake goes berserk. If the music continues, the snake keeps growing. There is no limit to the size of the snake; it will keep growing as long as it hears the music.

4,2 – A very ugly slug-like creature making a sad little sighing noise. If eaten fresh, it is delicious.

4,3 – A switchblade with a hidden catch on the side. If the catch is pressed, the "knife" opens into a small hand-held computer with an internal cellular modem.

4,4 – A matchbook from the L5 Hilton, an orbital hotel apparently in current operation. The matchbook can be exchanged for a complimentary cocktail in the lounge.

4,5 – A set of six picture postcards from Atlantis, unused.

4,6 – A box of small bottles labeled "Damitol." It is an injectable drug that causes overwhelming apathy. Each bottle contains two doses.

5,1 – A silver rod which, when held until warmed, glows with green radiance. It can then be used to slice holes in space, opening doorways to an alternate universe with subtle differences from our own. Making a second slash there will make a doorway back here – or maybe to an entirely different alternate reality.

5,2 – A flat square crystal, 4 inches on a side, labeled *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare.* That's really what it is, but it can only be "read" using Telepathy (an ordinary Telereceive skill roll at +6; untrained telepaths can read it with an IQ-2 roll if they think to try).

5,3 – A set of car keys. Further examination of the box will reveal a wallet, an umbrella, and a human body sealed in plastic and perfectly preserved. It looks like the current President of the United States. There are seven other crates with entirely identical contents.

5,4 – The high school yearbook of a major criminal figure. The "have a good life" notes inside the covers are from an astonishing variety of influential and beloved public figures.

Mind Control Skill

There is no one skill to cover all kinds of mind control. Depending on what sort of abominations he has introduced into the campaign, the GM can require would-be mind controllers to know and use Psychology, Interrogation, Hypnosis, or various appropriate scientific, psionic, or computer skills. See also *Brain Hacking*, pp. 114-117.

Mind Control is a science with a singular philosophy: human dignity and individual rights are sentimental concepts that only encumber an intelligence organization,.

Esoteric History Skill

In a world with immortals, supernatural powers and occult conspiracies, it is likely that the commonly-accepted version of history is wrong. Esoteric History covers the important developments of the past that are unknown to the world at large, knowledge of influential organizations and people, intricate conspiracies and other secrets of the past.

This is a Mental/Hard skill with no default. If there were such a thing as a negative default, it would apply here, since if this skill applies, everything an ordinary Historian knows is wrong!

Other Things to Find

The GM may flesh these entries out at need, whether they're found among the dusty pallets of the Facility, or for sale at a corner curio shop. They can be the focus of any modern quest – or a trip into the past.

The "flavor" of the quest will depend, as much as anything, on whether the item comes with instructions! It's one thing to discover a fantastic device with complete instructions for use. It's another thing to find it with just a few cryptic notes. It's another thing entirely to find it with no instructions (and in that case, how do the adventurers know it's important? "Found on the person of a MIB" is always a good hint, of course.)

It can work the other way, too. The investigators find the instructions, or the hints, or get a description . . . and the focus of the adventure becomes actually getting their hands on the "McGuffin" itself.

Continued on next page . . .

Other Things to Find (Continued)

Many of these "finds" have unexpected side effects – perhaps embarrassing, perhaps deadly. But there need be no evil side effects at all. And don't ask "Why is this in storage instead of in use?" The Warehouse contains all kinds of interesting things that the Secret Masters would put to work tomorrow . . . if there was anyone left who knew where they'd put them.

Nanogun

A "gauss shotgun" that fires *nanobots* is sometimes used by the Men In Black. See ***GURPS Robots*** for details on nanobots. Use any of the shotguns from the ***Basic Set*** for the weapon attributes, but add the effects of the nanobots to the normal damage! TL9.

Primitive Time Machine

No compact boxes, no time-travel drugs or belt-mounted "time gliders." The old ones were chunky metallic frames with seats strapped on and big rotating wheels. There are probably several of them in the Warehouse.

Primitive Telepathy Helmets

In the same retro style: a matched pair of helmets. Visualize a colander with wires and lightbulbs, and perhaps a big socket for a 6-volt battery. *But they work.* The wearers are in full two-way mental communication. Of course, you never know who is listening in. The reason these helmets didn't go into mass production is that there seems to be only one "wavelength."

Big Eggs

They might be in some sort of suspended animation, or they might be under heat lamps, ready to hatch any day now. They're at least as big as ostrich eggs, or maybe much bigger. There might be several kinds; if so, they will be different sizes and colors.

Dinosaurs? Dragons? Giant birds, like the (probably) inoffensive moa? Think of the drumsticks. Of course, some giant birds were much fiercer. If you hatch *Diatryma* or *Phorusrhachus*, you've effectively got a raptor dinosaur with feathers. But if you're the first thing it sees, maybe it'll think you're Mommy. Just keep feeding it.

Or maybe it just hatches into a very big chicken. Or, weirder yet, a dozen *perfectly ordinary* chickens.

Continued on next page . . .

5,5 – A TL10 Blaster Pistol with a full power supply. Once the trigger is pulled, however, it will continue to discharge at its full rate of fire until the power is drained. This will mentally Stun the firer, but once he makes his IQ roll and snaps out of it, the gun can be aimed again with no trouble (except the mild recoil). Combat Reflexes gives the normal bonus to break out of the stun.

5,6 – A baby parrot. It can only say "Catfood! Wrrrawwrk!" but it will have an IQ of 12 when it reaches adulthood. It will "imprint" on the person who found it and will not want to be left behind.

6,1 – A small brass wheel, a model of the kind used to steer a ship from the Age of Sail. It bears the inscription "felis pardalis."

6,2 – A bottle of the hottest pepper sauce the world has ever known.

6,3 – A jar containing a fetus-like alien "corpse." In truth, it is only sleeping, and any strong light will wake it up. It will look pleadingly through the glass and signal to be let free.

6,4 – An alchemical formulary, in an affordable paperback edition. It was printed in 1991 and is labeled "Seventh New Edition."

6,5 – A metallic armband that, when worn, doubles punching damage done with that arm through the use of a kind of force-technology. However, without the special foil glove (also in the box, buried a bit), the user will take 1d-1 crushing damage to his hand every time it is used. The power source is apparently infinite. Actually, it draws orgone energy (see below) from the wearer, causing him to take the equivalent of 1d×10 rads of gamma radiation every time he throws a punch.

6,6 – A paper folder containing a complete dossier on whomever grabbed it. Photos, details from childhood – everything is there. Even a death date is noted. It's today, and the person apparently was found dead on the side of a mountain about 60 miles from the location of the Warehouse. Nobody knows what he was doing in the area, or how he acquired the strange burns on and through his body. When the reader looks up, he is surrounded by security robots who are, against all odds, grinning pleasantly.

The following sections describe forces, principles and techniques employed by the shadowy puppet-masters of the Illuminati. The rules presented are highly optional, and belong in campaigns where the paranoids are *right.*

Orgone Energy

In the 1940s and '50s, while the rest of the world was reawakening to the existence of aliens, the occult and the sensations of worldwide cataclysm (via the Second World War), Wilhelm Reich was rediscovering the ancient concept of the Universal Life Force, and beginning a personal war with what he called the

Emotional Plague. This plague, according to Reich, was a global epidemic leading mankind into a psychological wasteland of denial, armored feelings, and social and intellectual suffocation. Ironically, Reich himself would fall victim to that very same plague, at the time when he was isolating a possible source for it: enemies from other worlds.

Wilhelm Reich was, professionally, a psychiatrist. He worked for many years developing the theories of Sigmund Freud, and developed his own curious twist on Freud's work. Reich believed that living matter and unliving matter differed in only one respect: live tissue contained life-energy, a kind of "bioelectricity" that accumulated and pulsated in and through all living things. The energy was visibly blue, and could also be detected with a Geiger counter. Regularly, healthy organisms required the release of this energy; Reich equated this with sexual release, and named the energy *orgone*.

Reich's book on the subject, *The Discovery of the Orgone,* was published in two parts: *The Function of the Orgasm,* in 1942, and *The Cancer Biopathy,* in 1948. He proposed that sexual relations combined the life-energy fields of the two people involved, and expanded them, allowing the participants to (briefly) experience the existence of their energies beyond the boundaries imposed by their skin. Repression of sexual desires caused the orgone energy to become stagnant and unhealthy in the patient, but (according to Reich) this was a common result of modern society's views on sex.

Calling for a total liberation of sexual concepts, Reich believed that he was fighting a war for mankind's health, both physical and psychological.

Orgone Collection

Reich's studies of orgone energy led to several inventions and discoveries. The first of these was the *Orgone Accumulator.* Study of orgone had proven troublesome, since Reich discovered it existed *everywhere* and touched *everything.* He found that "atmospheric orgone" is the reason the sky is blue, and the ground-surface "shimmer" often mistaken for heat waves is in fact excess orgone energy, itself solar in origin and absorbed by organic matter.

The first Accumulator was designed to bypass this problem in the laboratory. Since orgone was reflected by metals and absorbed by organic material, Reich built a small box – metal-lined with a wooden exterior – to isolate and concentrate the energy for study. While the examination of various "cultures" through a window in the box was his original goal, he found that the orgone accumulated visibly in the box, and that he could study the blue luminescence. According to Reich, the orgone "irritated the optic nerve" in such a way to cause lingering splotches of blue, even when the eyes were closed.

Later versions of the accumulator were more complex, consisting of alternating layers of metal and organic material (often wood), sometimes 6 inches thick. Later accumulators were designed as booths in which people would sit; the accumulation of the life-energy was meant to have therapeutic properties. In particular, Reich used them in cancer therapy, and reported positive results.

Government Troubles and Cloudbusters

Reich, in his enthusiastic attempts to apply his discovery to human health, advertised and sold his orgone devices widely. He began treating cancer patients and others, and ran afoul of the Food and Drug Administration. An injunction was delivered forbidding Reich to transport orgone accumulators out of the state of Maine, and Reich was furious.

Other Things to Find (Continued)

The Healer Symbiont

This is a symbiotic item of clothing – a tailored relative of Second Skin (p. UT100). The difference is that the Healer Symbiont *grows into you* if you're injured. It melds with your own flesh, repairing damage almost instantly. Once you get back to Medical, everything's fine and the symbiont is gently removed. But if you ever take a *lot* of damage, there's a chance that the suit becomes a *permanent* part of you, and gains a *mind.* Split Personality, anyone?

Preservation Gel

A tube of dark blue gel, cool to the touch. If you look through it, your vision is strangely warped, but the gel is too dark to make out details. Anyone below TL15 won't recognize it for what it is – a jellied *temporal inertia field,* a time warp in a tube! Load it into a tangler to capture animals for *centuries* without harming them. Perfect for that trip into the past if you can't bring anything *back.* Makes a great skin cream, too. But do *not* eat it. What looks like Precursor toothpaste is really the TL15 equivalent of Styrofoam peanuts.

The Heart of Reason

This sinister object is a chunk of red-black glass in the shape of a human heart. It is rumored to be the heart of Joan of Arc, retrieved by an unknown hand from the ashes where she was burned for relapsed heresy in Rouen, France, in 1431.

From the age of 13, Joan of Arc received voices in her head. At first, these visitations consisted of friendly reminders to go to church, obey her parents and say her prayers. As she grew older, Joan came to believe that the voices were those of St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, and her life was from then determined by whatever the voices would tell her to do. The voices were actually an alien, lost centuries ago, that existed only as energy. It lived in her heart of glass, and it has controlled several "owners" since then.

Continued on next page . . .

Other Things to Find (Continued)

The Purotron

Developed in the late 1950s (cheap knock-offs were available in any department store for a short while), the Purotron is a device which increases the percentage of negative ions in the air. The commercial version was little more than a toy sold to the gullible. The *real* Purotron was much more useful, and disappeared in the early 60s never to again surface publicly.

The real Purotron can increase positive *or* negative ions. Lots of positive ions make tempers short, outlooks dim, and degrade human health. Negative ions stimulate mood, creativity, and healthy respiration. One more toy in the mood-bending work of the Conspiracy.

Ticket to Hell

It looks like a playful prank: *Admit One: Eternal Damnation or Weekend Visit.* It's even, apparently, a box seat. A ticket to Hell. It makes for a nice novelty until you tear it in half, then you find out that you've been chosen for a special task. Lucifer has risen to Heaven, forgiven, and they need somebody to run things while they work to corrupt him again.

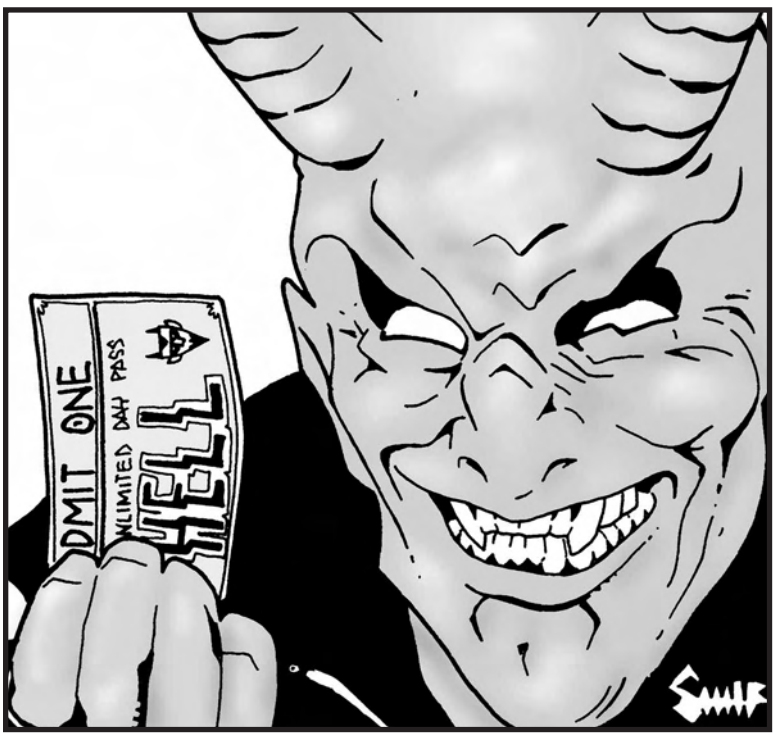
Continued on next page . . .

Reich was, at the time, engaging in a new experiment – the "Oranur Project" – in the hopes that orgone energy could be used to eliminate or reduce the effects of radiation. It had taken multiple attempts to acquire radioactive material for his tests, and this, too, angered Reich. He began ranting about Communist plots to shut him down, and accused any who disagreed with him of being Emotional Plague victims, which he had come to equate with the presence of Deadly Orgone Radiation (DOR), a dangerous version of orgone that resulted when "healthy orgone" contacted more "normal" energies such as gamma rays (Reich's Oranur experiment had caused minor radiation sickness in nearly his entire staff).

At the same time, Reich entered still *another* phase of his research: weather control. Using large metallic tubes and other miscellany, Reich constructed what he called the "cloudbuster." Resembling nothing so much as a turreted ray-gun, the cloudbuster was meant to increase moisture in the atmosphere, making clouds grow dense and then produce rain – all via focused streams of natural orgone energy.

When Reich spotted two UFOs flying above his compound, he realized that not only communist agents in the government were out to get him – he was also at war with agents from *other worlds.* When he pointed the cloudbuster at the UFOs, they *dissipated.* Clearly, the alien vessels depended on DOR in some way, and he had a weapon to fight them. Reich went that summer into the American southwestern desert, where he spent 6 months trying to use the cloudbuster to create rain. Once, when he was very close to success (rain clouds had begun to form in an area that had known only drought for more than 4 years) lights appeared in the sky, and the clouds dissolved. The UFOs wanted to stop him from making rain!

Several conclusions were reached that year, in what would be the beginning of the end for Reich. He knew that beings from other worlds wanted him to fail. He also knew that *They* were responsible not only for the Emotional Plague, but for the deserts of the world, as well. The UFOs wanted the planet Earth to be dry and emotionally ill, for reasons too horrifying for Reich to fully comprehend. To add insult to injury, federal agents began pestering him in the desert to see if he had been building or transporting accumulators beyond Maine. He threatened them and refused to talk to them, and didn't return to Maine until the drought ended and a rainstorm came.



When Reich came home, the courts leaned more heavily on him, citing violations of the interstate injunction made by one of the doctor's associates. Reich continued to defy the courts and refused even to offer an explanation, and he was eventually brought to trial and jailed. He died in a federal prison in 1957.

In the meantime, the Emotional Plague (which had clearly claimed Reich himself, wracking his mind with growing anger and paranoid delusions) continued unfought, its chief opponent silenced. The UFOs continued to sap us of our vital sexual energies, and the DOR flowed like a dry desert breeze . . .

The Truth About Orgone

Given the existence of orgone-based energy systems in UFO wreckage (see p. 68), the existence of orgone is not really in question. Undoubtedly, the FDA was the puppet of some alien conspiracy, silencing Reich before he could rally mankind against its Emotional Plague. However, not all UFOs use orgone. Some (as described above) are *dissipated* by a flow of fresh life-force, possibly because they are energy-constructs made entirely of DOR, dovetailing nicely with the reports of another anti-UFO activist, Richard Shaver (p. 85).

Orgone energy is an old idea, related to the Hindu *prana*, the Chinese *qui*, the Huna's *mana* and many more contemporary theories of psychokinetic force and "the substance of the soul." If the GM equates "mana" from the ***GURPS*** magic system with orgone, this would explain the physical nature of many magical rites, since both sex and magic are orgone releases! This habitual fluctuation in orgone would also explain the rumored longevity of wizards, since regular orgone release promotes good health and long life.

Hypno-Power

Friedrich Anton Mesmer, a Jesuit priest working in Vienna with Professor Hehl (an astronomer), devoted considerable study to the concept of "animal magnetism," and methods of influencing the subconscious mind. His techniques of "Mesmerism," given over to the world stage in 1766 and developed ever since, have been ridiculed by the medical establishments of the modern age. The Illuminati know the truth: hypnosis is a powerful weapon, capable of destroying memories, creating super-assassins, and bloodlessly probing the subconscious mind. Watch the golden pyramid swing, slowly . . . look into its eye. *Obey.*

Powers of the Mesmerist

These rules should be considered an optional expansion of the Hypnosis skill in the ***Basic Set.*** They make the skill much more powerful, even in combat! If the GM permits PC hypnotists to use these techniques, an Unusual Background (Esoteric Training) may be appropriate.

The Creation of the Trance. Any use of Hypnotism begins by placing the subject in a *trance state*, in which he becomes highly suggestible and unable to act on any initiative other than that which the hypnotist provides. This typically takes 5 seconds (see p. B56). A patient in a trance does not eat or even move (other than a sluggish walk in the direction he's pushed) until the trance is broken. The trance can *only* be broken by the hypnotist who created it!

Other Things to Find (Continued)

Talk to the Animals – and Run

Hans Boerhaave invented the Doolittle Device. Named for the fictional man who "talked with the animals," the Device is more properly known as the Boerhaave Algorithm, since it is the computer software, not the device, which is truly miraculous. The "device" (developed with government black money at a Maryland university in the late 1970s) allows inter-species communication. A "universal translator" that allows *two-way conversations between man and beast.*

What Boerhaave discovered, however, was that the animals had a *lot* to say. Dogs biting postmen aren't *accidents;* the animals are getting restless. Swarms of killer bees, plagues of city-vermin, and wild "man-eater" beasts are all the beginnings of a planetary rebellion of animals. Soon, say the rats, the world will be theirs. Do not trust cats. Step on the cockroaches. *Don't let a bear near your bicycle.* Don't watch *The Birds* too many times . . .

The Real Apollo Missions

On July 16, 1969, mankind walked on the Moon . . . or did we? Warehouse 23 might contain all the evidence that the "Moon landing" was a televised *fiction* meant to thumb a metaphorical nose at the Soviets, who were beating us silly in the space-race. More interesting, the Warehouse might contain the evidence that the Apollo program was a fake, but that there *was* a real space program, which first put a man on the moon in 1964 – possibly in a joint effort with Russia! The real program wasn't televised, and is still active today, constructing lunar colonies and orbital stations entirely unknown to the Mundanes.

Continued on page 111 . . .

While the patient is in a trance, any of the techniques described here or in the ***Basic Set*** may be used: simple commands, demands for information, the lowering of telepathic defenses, and so on. The hypnotist may command the patient to forget everything that has happened or will happen while in the trance-state; this requires no die-roll.

When creating a post-hypnotic suggestion, the hypnotist is "programming" a temporary trance state, complete with instructions. Again, the hypnotist may specify that the patient will remember nothing. This is how "sleeper assassins" are created (see *The Manchurian Candidate* for the classic cinema treatment of this subject, and compare the psychovirus rules, below).

Instant Trances and Combat Hypnosis. A skilled hypnotist (Skill 16+) may attempt to hypnotize *instantly.* Instant-Trance technique requires a hypnotic *focus* – a gold pocket-watch, a glittering disk, sunglasses with lights in them, or something similar. The item must have been Readied in a previous turn, or worn near or on the face.

By spending a single turn of concentration, a Hypnotist may attempt to "freeze" an opponent to attention. Treat this as a Quick Contest between Hypnotism skill and the victim's Will+5. If the victim wins, there is no effect. The die-rolls are resolved on the turn that the Concentrate maneuver is taken. If the hypnotist wins, the victim is frozen, watching every move of the hypnotist. This isn't a true trance, and any physical jostling or damage breaks the "freeze," but the hypnotist is free to make a second Hypnosis roll (taking the normal 5 seconds) to pull the victim into a full trance state. In the meantime, his new patient can do nothing.

A hypnotist may also attempt to freeze an opponent who is attacking him as an *Active Defense.* It counts as the hypnotist's Block for that turn. Again, a focus of some sort must be present. The rules are the same, but the Hypnotist rolls against his skill-6. If it succeeds, the victim freezes in place (as above), and the attack fails.

Control of Health. Hypnosis can be used as an anesthetic (as described in the ***Basic Set***), as an aid to cure addictions and as a long-term cure for pains. The GM may allow hypnosis rolls to cure *any* ailment. The greater the ailment, the greater the requirement in terms of time. Skill penalties range from 0 (to cure a headache) to -10 (to cure the bubonic plague).

If Hypnosis is simply used to "swap symptoms" (a common technique – replacing a toothache with a cold, for instance, or a headache with a backache), the Hypnotist gets a +5 to all rolls.

Conversely, any disease can be *caused,* with identical times and penalties. The patient gets to resist; treat these as Regular Contests of Skill versus patient Will.

Manipulation of Memory. In the case of the alien abduction of Betty and Barney Hill (see p. 72), Doctor Benjamin Simon, a hypnotist, used his skills to probe into the memories of the Hills and recover things that had been *hidden,* suppressed from the conscious minds of the abductees.

This treatment requires a trance state, and it is treated as a Regular Contest of Skills between the doctor's Hypnotism and the effective "skill" of the suppressing agent (determined by the GM; it may be another hypnotist, a telepath, or even an accident of trauma, in which case the "skill" must be determined arbitrarily). Each attempt takes 10 minutes and causes 1 point of fatigue to the patient. Each *victory* reveals one detail or set of facts. Each tie reveals nothing. Each loss triples the fatigue cost and reveals nothing. Successive attempts after

the first impose a cumulative -2 penalty if they are in the same "session," so several weeks of therapy may be required.

Related techniques may be used to deliberately *suppress* memories. Use the times on p. B171 for Mindwipe. For the process to work, the Hypnotist must make a standard Hypnosis Quick Contest (skill versus Will+1), with an additional penalty of -1 applied for every 10 minutes of required operating-time. Any failure means a new attempt must be made, at normal penalties. Normal ***Basic Set*** modifiers apply (including those for *unwilling* patients). Hypnosis can only remove individual episodes or details, never a patient's entire mind.

Drawbacks

If these rules are used, cinematic *dangers* also enter the picture. Any time a Hypnosis roll is failed by 5 or more, or any time a Critical Failure is rolled, something happens that the hypnotist did not intend. The GM should be nasty with this. Failing to "freeze" an opponent could change the attack to an All-Out-Attack, and Berserk the foe (making him immune to further hypnosis for the fight and possibly slicing the hypnotist to ribbons). Failure to cure a friend's ailment could cause *new* ailments. Critical failures can even permanently inflict Mental Disadvantages on a patient who the hypnotist was trying to help, or break the sedation of a "patient" he was trying to hurt or use.

Mind Control

While the sorcerous minions of the Illuminati can bend a human mind to their wills with a single spell, the Secret Masters aren't so foolish as to depend entirely on sorcery, or even loyal telepaths, to work crowbars in the brains of the Dupes. Through puppet intelligence agencies, secret police, and think-tanks around the globe, the Illuminati have devoted vast resources to the science of Mind Control – a pursuit including such kindly euphemisms as "depatterning," "thought reform" and the more sinister "brainwashing."

The fruits of the science are many. They include indoctrination, enhancement of memory, interrogation, morale- and mood-control, and the destruction of dignity or even identity. With a full range of tools at hand (including drugs, torture, shock treatment, and hypnosis), the Illuminated mind-doctors could eradicate a man's will to live, make him forget that he ever *did*, then give him a new set of memories, goals, beliefs, and loyalties. The same doctors could protect you against similar intrusions. Not that they would.

The two most publicly-known experiments in mind control have been the Red Chinese "brainwashing" experiments, and the programs of the United States government, named Bluebird, Artichoke, and MKULTRA (see *A Brief History of Modern Mind Control*, p. 113).

Other Things to Find (Continued)

The Philosopher's Stone

Not a stone in the physical sense, but a *concept*, the alchemists' codeword for the ultimate search for illumination could be in the Facility, in the form of collected and synthesized writings of forgotten mystics and modern adepts. The Elixir of Life itself might be found, and the real goal of the alchemists (turning base humanity into godhood, not "lead into gold") might have been realized.

The Swashbucklers

Best found in Warehouse 23 itself, this is a collection of five man-sized robots. Lying in pine crates, they look like corpses, but close examination reveals that they have "wounds" exposing wires and circuitry. Their clothes date from the 17th century, and are brittle and dusty. Corrosion within the robots also reveals considerable age.

These robots, at one point, *believed* that they were English highwaymen. They were part of an attempt to re-write history, using a time machine that couldn't transport living matter without killing it . . . the robots were the answer. Examination of files stored with the robots describe the "probable success" of the mission. Probable? It seems the robots *won't be built and sent back for another 7 months.* These dusty relics are at the end of a loop.

Continued on next page . . .

Other Things to Find (Continued)

Engineered Bacteria

The Secret Masters no doubt employ hundreds of varieties of engineered bacterial life. Right now, in the "real" world, the U.S. government is experimenting to produce a bacteria that *eats computer hardware,* or at least damages it to the point where it malfunctions. Let loose on an enemy defense complex (or at any important site where major computer networks are centered), such a bacteria would be a potent weapon. In Warehouse 23, even more exotic bacteria are probably stored, including many failures. How about one that can chew through metals, and multiplies and reproduces? The only problem is getting it to stop eating. There might be bacteria that make a corpse "age" to confuse autopsies. Or bacteria that make an ordinary food poisonous. This type of technology, if used judiciously, could engineer the collapse of entire nations.

The Lost Tablets of Hippocrates

These legendary tablets, connected with the author of the Hippocratic Oath (a Code of Honor stressing secrecy, charity, and respect for one's teacher that every physician takes), contain many secrets medical science has sought after in vain for centuries, even the cure for cancer. The Warehouse knows of their approximate location, but still hasn't yet recovered them or established their reality beyond a doubt. Agents who've been dispatched to bring them back have been killed in mysterious ways; one was beaten to death by a berserk ape.

Continued on next page . . .

Specific Techniques

Mind control is thoroughly villainous and, conspiracies aside, all the techniques described in this section have been experimented with, on live subjects, by the major world powers of the modern world. Introducing the subject into a modern or futuristic ***GURPS*** campaign can lead the way to very realistic horror, and GMs wishing to establish the inhuman cruelty of any organization (military, corporate, religious, secret, or public) need only include scenes derived from this section.

The first stage of any "depatterning" technique begins with isolation and the destruction of dignity. After the individual is "broken," interrogation can begin, or new forms of behavior implanted.

Semi-Deprived Senses. The most common method of "breaking" a patient is to place him in a dark, silent room. There should be no furniture, and the victim should be served food that is both bland and monotonous. The goal is to destroy the sense of time, to cause the patient to become *dependent* on his torturers. Eventually, he comes to eagerly anticipate their presence, since such visits are the only respite he receives from the monotony of imprisonment.

This fundamental technique has been used by foreign governments on American POWs (it was apparently developed in Russia and perfected in China, although this may be propaganda from *our* side), and in CIA and CIA-sponsored studies on captives and student volunteers. It was found that simple "torture" of this kind was far more effective than more esoteric methods such as hypnosis, and the Secret Masters certainly put such findings to use daily.

Fully Deprived Senses. Experiments with total sensory deprivation have achieved some success. The patient is placed in an isolation chamber – a water-tank filled with salt water. The temperature of the water matches that of the patient's skin, and the water provides flotation. The tank is sealed and utterly dark. After 2 to 3 days of sensory deprivation, hallucinations are common, and the patient finds hope in *any* human contact, including with his captors.

Drugs. A variety of chemicals, including curare, LSD, Anectine, and many others, have been used in mind control experiments. The CIA "dosed" nearly 1,000 people without their consent as part of its own mind control experiments, and at least one death resulted. The Russians and Chinese both apparently made use of "truth sera" to force American soldiers to sign confessions. The Illuminati doubtless have access to even more esoteric chemicals.

Electroshock Therapy. An especially brutish method, "Pavlovian" conditioning can be created by applying powerful electric shocks to patients when they display unwanted behavior. A 1967 study of MKULTRA-sponsored tests in Canada revealed the drawbacks of this, however: "clinical success" was low with electroshock patients because part of the goals of MKULTRA was to cause minimum lasting damage to the patient's cognitive abilities. Some minor brain damage (particularly memory loss) was common when electricity was used.

Hypnosis. Many experiments with the "powers" of hypnosis were sponsored by U.S. government programs, as early as World War II. All of them had little to no positive result, despite the popularity of beliefs regarding the utility of "mesmerism" and related sciences. No doubt the Conspiracy, knowing very well the power of hypnosis, kept the actual results to itself to dupe the public, selling the concept of hypnosis as a "blind alley" to keep its puppets in line.

Sleep Deprivation. Forcing the patient to write down all of his thoughts, waking him up with regular beatings, administering drugs to stimulate him, and many other methods have been used on POWs to force them into a state of exhaustion. In this state, many are more susceptible to threats or demands. This, too, has applications beyond the torture of military prisoners.

Social Isolation. Physical isolation is most effective when combined with social isolation and degradation. The patient is not permitted to bathe, is forced to eat through tubes, and suffers ridicule and insult from orderlies or soldiers. Occasional reversals in this trend (giving the patient the "gift" of some interesting food or a bath) is used to "soften" the subject's will. Forcing the patient to comply with trivial or embarrassing demands is a related method.

Social Pressures. Journalist Edward Hunter, who gave the world the term "brainwashing" in his articles and books about indoctrination in Red China, described the Diary Technique of applying social pressures to a potential convert. Students in Peking were required by the Socialists to keep a daily journal, to be made available on request to government inspectors. At first glance, this seems a waste of time – no student, when told outright that his diary will be read, includes seditious thoughts or even private incidents. What is written is a vanilla account of the student's life, with pro-Party sentiments added for good measure. This is exactly the intent of the experiment: the idea is related to the famous Nazi maxim that a lie repeated often enough becomes the truth. By requiring a daily session of writing as a loyal communist, the government hoped to eventually create a loyal communist. The results were mixed, but the implications of the approach are terrifying, and can be applied to any conspiracy, religion, or government with dramatic effect.

Taped Repetition. Some experiments performed in the '50s and '60s focused on repetition of phrases, usually recorded on tape. One CIA-sponsored researcher, Ewen Cameron, hit on the idea of using different *voices* on the tapes, to (in his own words) "capitalize on the force of group decision and suggestion."

Since there are so many possible techniques, there is no single Mind Control skill (see sidebar, p. 105). Often following electroshock treatment, the patient is placed in partial sensory deprivation and exposed to derogatory statements (or political or religious slogans) for 16 hours a day, over a period of several days or weeks. Afterward, the patient might be forced into several days of drug-induced sleep to enforce the new patterns.

A Brief History of Modern Mind Control

In 1950, Project Bluebird was established by the U.S. Director of Central Intelligence. The project objective was the investigation of the concept of mind control, to the end of protecting American operatives. Secondarily, methods of memory enhancement were to be pursued.

A tertiary objective was the examination of "unconventional" interrogation methods such as drugs and hypnosis. During the same year, journalist Edward Hunter introduced the United States to the "brain laundries" operating in China. The term *brainwashing* is a rough translation of *hsi nao,* the Chinese term for the process of "ideological reform."

In 1951, the CIA brought in the armed forces and their combined research power, and the project was renamed *Artichoke.* The objectives changed, retaining the focus of controlling people against their wills, but adding techniques of removing the memory of interrogation from interrogation subjects. Again, protection of U.S. operatives was given high priority. Hunter's work continued to appear:

Other Things to Find (Continued)

Super-Fruit

Another general technical pursuit of Warehouse scientists may be the production of *super fruit* and *super vegetables*. Most likely captured from well-meaning botanical labs and suppressed for economic reasons, this could include simple fruits and vegetables that would solve world food and nutrition problems, and (through an amazing variety of flavors and textures), reduce the need for the inefficient beef industry, among others. Of course, the super-food might have dangerous side-effects.

Continued on next page . . .

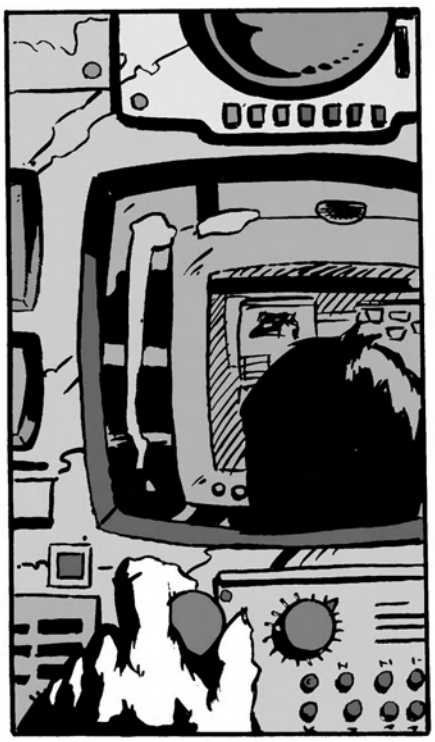
Other Things to Find (Continued)

Angel Hair

A phenomenon commonly associated with UFO sightings (particularly of the cigar-shaped "airships" of the late nineteenth century), "angel hair" refers to clumps of stringy white fibers that fall to earth in the wake of the UFOs. The substance is ephemeral; after a few hours, it dissolves entirely, leaving no samples for long-term examination. Samples that survived long enough to be examined in a laboratory were revealed to be a kind of "borosilicate glass," containing boron, silicon, calcium and magnesium.

Angel Hair may be related to spiritual "ectoplasm," a by-product of an opening between two realities or dimensions. It may be related to manna, the "white flakes from heaven" that sustained the Hebrews in the desert, or it may be an entirely physical phenomenon. Strands range from a few inches in length to a 100 feet long. The smaller strands might be spider webs from large "flotillas" of young spiders, but the larger strands are not so easily explained. The GM must decide the truth for himself.

Continued on next page . . .



the Chinese process was apparently a "two-stage" method of Confession followed by Re-Education. The emphasis was on the citizen *changing himself,* sometimes at gun-point. Hunter also brought attention to Pavlov's 1928 film, *The Nervous System,* which demonstrated conditioning techniques. "Clean" American prints of the film had the footage of *human* conditioning removed.

In 1953, the U.S. project name changed again, to MKULTRA, with an agenda focusing almost entirely on mind control and protection from it, particularly through the use of chemicals and other esoteric means. CIA memorandums from the period describe MKULTRA's goals as including "implanting suggestions." MKULTRA lasted for nearly twenty years, and was planned as a 25-year, 25-million dollar project. Ironically, while the work of Hunter and others had awakened the United States to the existence of brainwashing experiments, America remained largely ignorant of their own government's efforts until another journalist exposed them in the 1970s (see below). Some conspiracy theorists assert that Hunter himself worked for the CIA, and that the "brainwashing" articles were published to stimulate public hatred and fear of communism. This, in turn, would mean less resistance to U.S. brainwashing experiments designed to "protect democracy," should those experiments be revealed.

MKULTRA's experiments were varied, and a lot of writing has been devoted to them. Some of it is genuinely horrific, but a good deal is certainly exaggeration and anti-government paranoia. The entire issue is emotionally charged, and should be approached with caution. But the sheer volume of data that is clearly not exaggeration is disturbing, and seems to suggest that no "good guys" existed in the field on either side of the Iron Curtain. In 1977, the August 2 imprint of the New York Times ran a story by reporter John Marks exposing the existence of MKULTRA to the public. Although the project had ended a few years before, the crimes committed were still shocking. The article revealed money laundering and illegal experimental techniques, and the research (ironically enough) had been obtained through Freedom of Information Act requests. The director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Stansfield Turner, was called to testify before the Senate. Documents were revealed, and the entire event turned into a scandal. The CIA admitted to many of its "errors," and promised not to do it again.

Ultra-Tech Evil: Brain Hacking

The Conspiracy doesn't want you to know that computers are evil. The Conspiracy wants you to *embrace* them, to invite the insertion of wires into your skull so that you can become more *intimate* with them – the Internet isn't merely a series of connected machines, it's a *wonderful environment* in which you can find respect, wisdom, love, and excitement. Oh, and don't bother learning how computers *work*; leave that to the professionals. We'll take care of you, offering 24-hour support for whatever you buy. Just point and click until we can get this neural interface installed . . .

In addition to "mundane" techniques of mesmerism and mind control, the Illuminati (particularly the Greys) might make use of Brain Hacking techniques – the intrusion upon the living brain of anyone with a working neural jack. The skill is described on p. 160 of ***GURPS Compendium I: Character Creation,*** which includes all the rules necessary for Brain Hacking interrogation.

Editing, Compiling, Debugging . . .

The mind of a victim can be permanently altered. All the following programs attack by a Contest of the program's Skill against the victim's Brain

Hacking skill (which defaults to Will-6). Prices are not given for the programs since it is very unlikely that they will be found for sale. Their very existence is almost certainly a secret worth many lives.

After a computer program succeeds in any mental altering operations except simple trashing (below), the GM should roll against the hacker's Brain Hacking skill to determine the thoroughness of the success. On a critical success, the victim's mind is exactly the way the hacker wants it. On a critical failure, the victim's mind is badly damaged – he now has another -20 points of mental disadvantages, chosen by the GM – but nothing like the desired effect has been achieved. On anything in between, an alteration has taken place, but the victim eventually notices discrepancies, ranging from very minor and easily explained away for successes, to glaringly obvious for failures. There is no way for the hacker to learn the exact result of his skill roll.

Trashing. It is easy to simply trash a victim's mind – to drive him raving mad. A Complexity 1 "Bedlam" program is used; every time its attack succeeds, the victim's IQ drops 1 point. Each attack takes 10 seconds. Whether this damage can be repaired is left to the GM.

It is also possible, and more subtle, to *unbalance* the victim. This can take the form of any mental disadvantage, from Absent-Mindedness, through Delusion or Paranoia, to Weak Will. Each disadvantage requires a different program and a number of successful attacks equal to the point-value of the disadvantage. Each attack takes 1 minute. A 5-point disadvantage or a quirk is a Complexity 1 program, a -10 or -15 point disadvantage a Complexity 2 program, and any worse a Complexity 3 program. It is possible for these disadvantages to be cured by advanced psychotherapy, by further Brain Hacking, or by Hypnosis.

Psychoviruses. A victim can be programmed to exhibit a specific behavior when he perceives a "key" – a signal of any sort, defined by the hacker. Before this can be done, the hacker must first *write the software.*

A psychovirus is a very sophisticated program, specifically written for one subject and one behavior. The GM should make both a Computer Programming and a Psychology roll for the hacker when he writes it, noting success or failure but not telling the player. The Complexity is assigned by the GM based on the hacker's description of the actions to be programmed, but should not be less than 3. Then a roll is made against the program's skill once an hour (for oblivious action) or every 8 hours (for conscious action) until it successfully programs the victim's mind. The final Brain Hacking roll indicates whether the victim becomes aware of the programming before it is too late. Generally, programming lasts for 20 weeks minus the number rolled for successful rolls, and 20 days minus the roll for failures.

There is no way to test a virus short of triggering it. If either roll to write the psychovirus failed, the actions of the subject will be extremely inappropriate. A Psychology failure results in strange impulses that make no sense even to the victim, while programming errors cause seizures and mental damage.

Process Control. The Complexity 3 "Diagnostics" program allows a hacker to use the "Control of Health" rules available to Hypnotists.

Other Things to Find (Continued)

The Venus Braintrap

This the Facility's nickname for a giant carnivorous plant of South America. Only four or five live today, and those are *very* difficult to find. The Warehouse keeps one in captivity, both in hopes of growing more and for the purpose of intimidation. The plant is large enough to (slowly) consume an adult human.

A curious side-effect: The plant absorbs the *brain* of any animal it eats, retaining it in "collated" form with other brains in a huge pulpy root beneath the surface of the soil. The Braintrap's mind can sometimes grow very powerful, if several intelligent humans have been consumed, and some become psionic . . .

Skeletons in the Closet

Kept imprisoned in the Warehouse is a terrible entity that *nobody* wants to go near. It takes the form of an ambulatory skeleton – a kind of undead creature. It laughs mockingly at any who approach, and immediately begins saying terrible (but true!) things about things they have done. The creature (who calls itself "*messee garscet*") seems to know *everything* embarrassing or painful about everybody's past, and seems to care about nothing else.

It is kept in an enchanted cage, and seems not to require nourishment. Nobody goes near it unless they are ordered to, since they know the room is monitored from the outside. And *everybody* at Warehouse 23 has something to hide.

Continued on next page . . .

Other Things to Find (Continued)

The Gold Plates of Moroni

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (the Mormons) was founded when an angel – Moroni – appeared before Joseph Smith in 1823 and told him of a record inscribed on gold plates. The plates described the history of an ancient people descended from the Hebrews who had lived in the Americas. The *Book of Mormon* was translated from these plates (now lost). A large portion of the gold plates was *sealed*, and never read. These might provide the clues to the passage from Israel to America – Atlantis, perhaps? Or Ancient Astronauts?

DELETE/ERASE file-spec. Hackers can manipulate memories, although not as reliably as a computer file or as permanently as a hypnotist. Slip-ups are common, and it is usually safer to simply kill the victim. The Complexity 2 "Lethe" program can alter memories, while the Complexity 3 "UnErase" software can recover them. The hacker player must detail to the GM the changes he wishes to make, while his character sets the controlling parameters on his computer. Use the rules above for Hypnotic memory manipulation, with the following addition: Unless the hacker makes a critical success on his skill roll, the memories eventually begin to return. If the roll succeeds, the memories come back in 20 months minus the number rolled. If the roll fails, the time-period is 20 weeks minus the roll. However, attention can be called to any gaps in the victim's memory at any time. He will not think about it on his own, but if he is questioned about it, it will be noticed. ("Whadja do last night?" "Why, I don't remember!" "Good party, huh?")

Hidden Files. A brain hacker can implant raw data in the mind of a subject so that the subject cannot access it and is unaware of its existence. The data is undetectable by any physical search (or an autopsy). Like the artificial memories discussed above, this technique is far from foolproof, and the subject may accidentally acquire access to the data.

The implanted material must again have a "key," which may or may not be perceptible. If the key is perceptible and the subject encounters it, the hidden memories surface. More commonly, the key is a stream of code, making the data accessible only with brain-hacking gear. The subject may or may not be aware of what is going on.

Installation is simple, requiring 10 minutes per megabyte and a successful run of the Complexity 1 "Classified" program. If the key is to be imperceptible, the operation is perfect if the hacker's skill roll succeeds. If the key is external, only critical success is flawless, and the hidden data begins "leaking" at a rate proportional to the success of the roll (this should be roleplayed, with the GM doling out snippets of data at a rate he feels is appropriate). If the roll is a failure, the subject becomes quickly becomes aware that "something is in his head" and becomes obsessed with things similar to the key.

Defenses

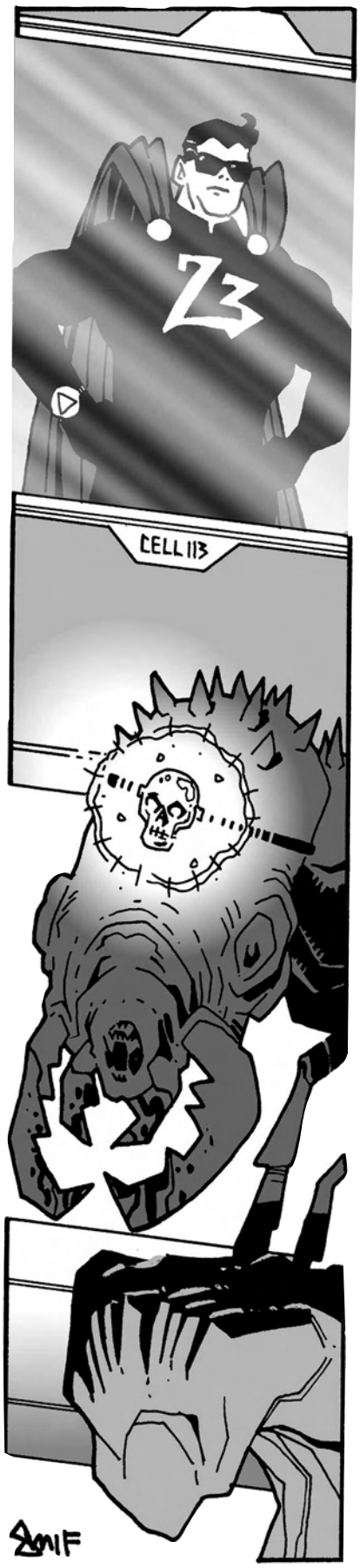
A computer running several coordinated programs can assault a victim so rapidly, untiringly, responsively, and on so many levels that there is little a human mind can do to resist its attacks. Defensive programs can be slotted, but it is unlikely that a brain-hacker will allow anything to remain in his captive's chip slots when he attaches the interface cable. Two methods of improving resistance have been developed, however, which extend the length of time a captive can hold out against the brain-hacking. Time is still on the side of the hacker, though, and even the best defense eventually slips.

A computer-aided attack uses a full-spectrum assault on all perception centers of the victim's brain. If those senses are dulled, the attack is less effective. This can be achieved with powerful (often dangerous) sedatives, preparatory Hypnosis, or a "Fader Chip" ($15,000; 10 points) which can, at will, reduce all sensory input to the merest whisper. This has the effect of multiplying Will by ten for any resistance rolls, but it also cuts DX in half.

More drastic defenses include programming a brain to "erase" sensitive or proprietary information if any intrusion is detected. This technique uses a Complexity 3 psychovirus as described above. In this case, record the Brain

Hacking skill used to run the psychovirus (not the program's skill level – that only affects how long it takes to program the subject). Every time a brain-hacking interrogator wins the Contest of Skills and would get an answer, re-roll that initial Brain Hacking skill. On a success, no answer is given. On a critical success, that answer and everything related to it are permanently forgotten, and no amount of hacking will ever recover those memories. On a failure, the correct answer is given, and on critical failure, the victim also acquires -20 points of mental disadvantages.

In seldom-accessed corners of the Net, rumors can be discovered in obsolete files of a process called *scrambling* or *brain encryption*, which requires a net-runner to use a custom-built deck, but which (allegedly) renders his mind inaccessible to anyone – or any*thing* – not possessing the correct key.



WAREHOUSE 23 IN OTHER GENRES

The idea of Warehouse 23 is universal, or nearly so. In any world where the powerful lie to preserve their authority; on any planet where there are secrets worth dying for; in any time when kings and despots demand that citizens kneel before the throne, Warehouse 23 will be built. This book is a natural companion to ***GURPS Illuminati,*** and can also be blended neatly with many other genres and settings.

GURPS Supers

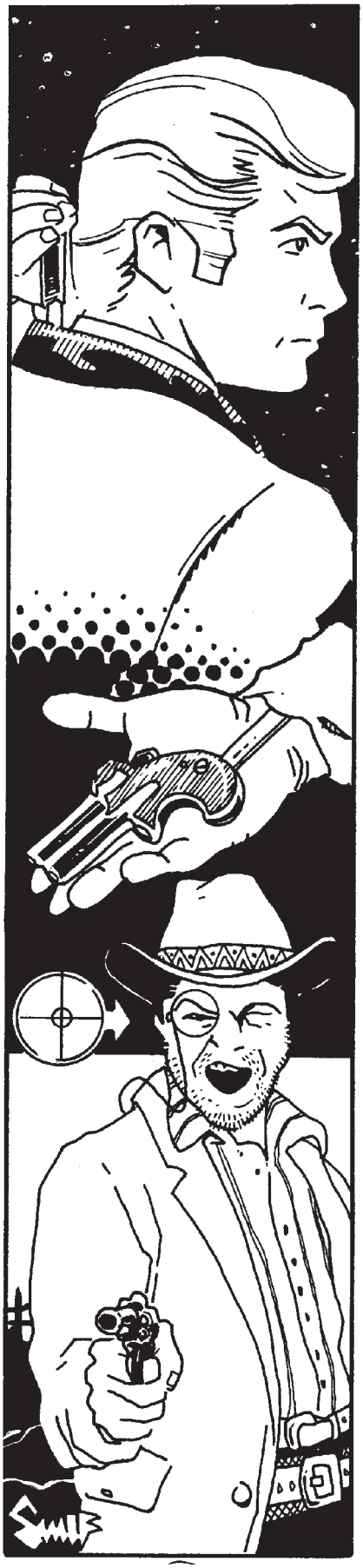
The Warehouse, as is, could be hidden somewhere in the ***I.S.T.*** universe, or in any other four-color setting that mirrors the real world. Of course, ***I.S.T.*** is a world where planet Earth is *openly* dealing with space aliens for technology – the *secret* technology in the Warehouse is likely to be impressive! Of course, conspiratorial groups of Secret Masters aren't necessary; a single supervillain could own the Facility.

GURPS Cliffhangers

Secret magical cults (usually "Devil Worshippers") and Mad Science were staple ingredients in the pulp fiction of the 1930s. The "default" Warehouse 23 didn't exist until near the end of World War II, but its predecessor (SRO Storehouse 715) did, and the PCs could encounter it. The late Thirties gave us the Martian War Machines, and possibly the Ark of the Covenant, as well . . .

GURPS Atomic Horror

The 1950s are the home of many of the elements that Warehouse 23 is made of. It is the Decade of the Flying Saucer, including the first recorded appearance of the Men In Black. Many of the organizations and plot lines suggested in ***Atomic Horror*** can be seamlessly combined with the assumptions regarding the Facility, and the "Real History of Earth" chapter can provide even more background for the universe containing the Warehouse.



GURPS Old West

The western is a genre that can take quite a beating in the name of an interesting story. Two notable television series (*The Wild, Wild West* and *The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.*) featured plots, technology, and characters worthy of the Warehouse. Wealthy railroad barons and bankers are likely candidates for the Secret Masters, along with the usual cast of Freemasons and warmed-over Templars. The occult power of the American Indians could well have been captured and hidden away to facilitate the dominance of the White Man, as well.

GURPS Cyberpunk

All of the technology in this book is somewhere in the Warehouse right now – imagine what it holds in a dystopic future! As if a Conspiratorial universe wasn't hopeless enough . . . Truly *caring* GMs will toss in ***GURPS CthulhuPunk*** as well, thus helping their players to develop more appreciation for their mundane lives outside of the game.

But if the hopelessness isn't too much for you, ***Cyberpunk*** is a perfect match for ***Warehouse 23,*** and the candidates for who owns the Facility grow exponentially with the rise of the Megacorps.

GURPS Fantasy: Secrets of Megalos

In the world of Yrth described in ***GURPS Fantasy,*** Megalan officials and sorcerers keep a lot of things secret, including the existence of gunpowder. This world-encompassing conspiracy to keep Yrth a medieval world (thus ensuring the prominence of sorcerers) is highly illuminated; they must have their own version of the Facility. And what if the *Terrestrial* Warehouse 23 was caught up in a freak re-emergence of the Banestorm? The Megalans would fight to possess it, or, barring that, destroy it.

GURPS Bunnies & Burrows

The Vermin (see sidebar, p. 25) open up the adventure-rich possibility of role-playing the animal inhabitants of the Warehouse! With that in mind, this book now describes an entire *game world,* filled with towering wonders made even more incomprehensible and dangerous by the animals' perspective. Warehouse beasts might be as baffled by humans as the rabbits of Cunicula, or they might be very much aware of their role in things, with duty-bound Cats hunting down the dangerous and careless Vermin to prevent the potential Apocalypse that might result if the wrong cord gets chewed on, or perhaps searching for the true origins of their consciousness (*The Secret of Nimh,* with even more sinister possibilities). The animals might even worship some of the strange objects stored in the Warehouse. Furthermore, some of the strange objects might actually *be gods.*

Dora Wolf (p. 10) is likely to be aware of the intelligence of the animals, even if the rest of the Caretakers are not – she may have even befriended them. Adventures involving trips into the Cryptozoo have obvious potential, as well.

This possibility can be combined with *any* genre, even if the player-characters are all human. And if any trespassers could somehow *communicate* with the animals (see p. 109 for a device for doing just that), they could find that they have new allies, informants, or a very dangerous horde of foes . . .

6 ILLUMINATED TIMELINE

The following is a compiled list of every significant date referred to in both this book and ***GURPS Illuminati,*** and historical reference points. This timeline may be combined with the Loi/Alphan events described in ***GURPS Atomic Horror,*** if desired. Since this book contradicts *itself* on several points, no attempt has been made to reconcile apparent conflicts, and any patterns that appear in this timeline are *not our fault.*

***c.* 22,000 B.C.** Creation of first stone sculpture by human hands.

***c.* 15,000 B.C.** Earliest cave-paintings.

***c.* 13,000 B.C.** Titans and Atlans colonize Lemuria and Atlantis from other worlds.

***c.* 12,000 B.C.** Earliest weapons. Humans learn to make fire.

***c.* 11,000 B.C.** Earliest domesticated animals.

***c.* 10,000 B.C.** The sun begins emitting "Detrimental Energy" (likely Deadly Orgone Radiation), forcing the Titans and Atlans to build a network of caves beneath the Earth's surface. This doesn't work, and the Elect among them flee in starships. The remainder evolve into humans, Dero and Tero. Only the humans live on the surface under the sun.

***c.* 9600 B.C.** Atlantis and Athens are at war; Athens is victorious, and (in the aftermath) Atlantis sinks beneath the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

***c.* 6000 B.C.** Beer first made, in Mesopotamia and Asia. Earliest known villages.

***c.* 2650 B.C.** First stepped pyramid, Egypt.

***c.* 2568 B.C.** Possible date for the Biblical Great Flood.

***c.* 1500 B.C.** Earliest known contraceptive is developed by the Egyptians.

***c.* 1446 B.C.** The Ark of the Covenant is constructed by the followers of Moses.

***c.* 1270 B.C.** Destruction of Jericho with trumpets.

1166 B.C. Mankind cursed with an unbalanced illusion of the importance of Order, according to the *Principia Discordia.*

***c.* 1000 B.C.** Hindu priests develop the zero.

***c.* 950 B.C.** Solomon's Temple constructed.

***c.* 925 B.C.** Egyptian Pharaoh Shishak possibly steals the Ark of the Covenant from the temple of Solomon.

***c.* 770 B.C.** First gold coins, in China.

***c.* 586 B.C.** Second most likely date of theft or destruction of the Ark, by Nebuzaradan, on behalf of Nebuchadnezzar.

***c.* 221 B.C.** Gunpowder invented in China (according to legend).

***c.* 215 B.C.** Work begins on the Great Wall of China (completed approximately 100 years later).

***c.* 193 B.C.** The *Porticus Aemilia,* the first known warehouse, built on a multiple barrel-vault plan.

***c.* 4 B.C.** Christ is born a few miles south of Jerusalem, in the village of Bethlehem. The birth corresponds with one of the most significant of the early Nocturnal Lights UFO sightings, as eastern magi travel west, guided by what may have been a flying saucer in orbit above Jerusalem.

***c.* 30** The Crucifixion Conspiracy; Christ fakes his own death with the help of his followers, including the Roman Centurion Eutychus (John Mark). Christ escapes west with his wife, the Magdalene, to found the Merovingian Dynasty. Joseph of Arimathea takes Christ's cup westward also, traveling on to eventually settle in Glastonbury.

389 Destruction of the Library of Alexandria.

***c.* 537** Battle of Camlann; King Arthur is seriously wounded and is taken home to Atlantis, to heal and prepare to return to engineer the capture of Europe at the time of the Apocalypse.

542-594 The Black Plague sweeps from the Mediterranean into Europe, halving the population of the Western world.

754 End of the Merovingian Dynasty, and possibly the direct-male bloodline of Jesus Christ.

1090 The *Hashashin* (Order of Assassins) founded by Hasan ibn-al Sabah in Persia.

1099 Jerusalem recaptured from the Saracens; first public knowledge of the Priory of Zion surfaces.

1117 Official founding date for the Knights Templar.

1188 Chrétien de Troyes writes *Le Conte du Graal,* the earliest of the Grail Romances. The work is not finished, as de Troyes is killed in a fire that sweeps the city.

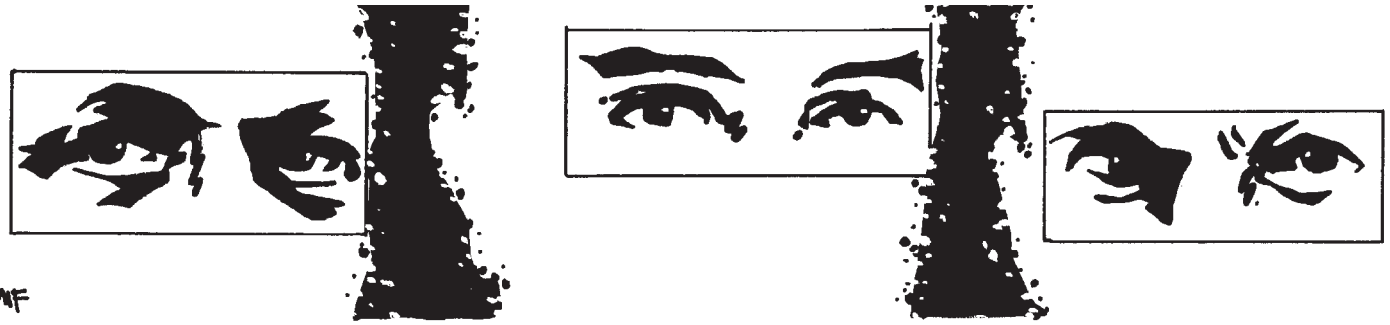
1241 The spearhead of the Roman Spear of Longinus given to King Louis IX of France, and placed in Sainte-Chapelle. It will vanish during the French Revolution.

1255 The Assassins "destroyed" by Mongol rulers of Persia.

1306-07 Order issued for the arrest of all Templars in France.

1431 Joan of Arc (a possible victim of the Heart of Reason) is burned for relapsed heresy in Rouen, France.

1492 The Turks make a gift of one of the Spears of Longinus to the Pope. It is placed under the dome of St. Peter's.



1516 *Utopia,* by Sir Thomas More, first published.

1738 Pope Clement XII issues a papal bull excommunicating all Freemasons.

1748 Adam Weishaupt, founder of the Bavarian Illuminati, born in Ingolstadt, Germany.

1773 Weishaupt appointed chair of Canon Law at Ingolstadt University.

1776 The Bavarian Illuminati founded on May 1, originally called the Perfectibilists.

1777 Adam Weishaupt becomes a Freemason.

1783 Jacques and Joseph Montgolfier make first human balloon flight.

1785 The Bavarian government begins its investigations (and persecution) of the Bavarian Illuminati.

1786 The Bavarian Illuminati form their first American chapter, in Virginia.

1787 The Illuminati are outlawed in Bavaria, and known members are exiled.

1818 *Frankenstein,* by Mary Shelley, first published.

1823 The angel Moroni appears to Joseph Smith to give him the gold plates upon which are written the Book of Mormon. Many of the plates are lost without being unsealed or translated.

1830 Weishaupt dies at age 82; first recorded existence of easy-sealing airtight food containers made of plastic, decades before plastic is normally thought to have been invented.

1895 *The Time Machine,* by H.G. Wells, first published.

1899 *Among the Himalayas* published, bringing the yeti legend to the Western world.

1903 Orville and Wilbur Wright fly the first airplane at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The *Protocols of Zion* first appear in Russia.

1908 The Tunguska blast.

1909 A second blast in Tunguska, less well-known than the first, is one of the largest bursts of psychokinetic energy of the century.

1912 The Piltdown Man "discovered," Piltdown Commons, England.

1920 Prohibition passed, lasting until 1933, creating the arena for powerful crime syndicates to exist in the United States.

1924 Anna Mitchell-Hedges allegedly unearths the Crystal Skull at the ruined Mayan city of Lubaantun (alternately, 1927).

1932 Charles Fort dies (born 1874).

1933 President Roosevelt makes owning gold illegal as of the end of April. A new roadway in Scotland is completed, cutting into the Loch Ness wilderness for the first time and beginning Loch Ness Monster sightings, including the first photographs and the first hoax.

1935 Laws against the Jews passed in Germany; the Presidential Special Research Office (SRO) is established.

1938 Ark of the Covenant uncovered near Cairo and brought into SRO custody, possibly resulting in the arrival of the vanguard of invading Martians. Fortunately, native bacteria kill the invaders and the event is dismissed as a radio-play hoax.

1941 Army spy "captures" the Oracle Gem in Italy (July).

1942 The OSS is established, absorbing the SRO and inheriting the contents of SRO Storehouse 715. The first part of Reich's *Discovery of the Orgone* is published, as *The Function of the Orgasm.*

1943 Cache of Nazi magic captured in France by OSS agent; cache included the Crystal Bell.

1944 The OSS's Algiers office is moved to Caserta. Warehouse 23 begins operation, January 5. Ray Palmer publishes the earliest parts of the Shaver Mystery in the January issue of his magazine.

1945 U.S. takes Nuremberg (April 30), ending the occult war between the Allied and Axis forces. The Spear of Longinus is taken to Warehouse 23.

1947 The Dawning of the Flying Saucer Age. Factions of the United States government (and possibly others), "inherit" the contract between our planet and visitors from other stars, and alien craft begin appearing in large numbers. The Kenneth Arnold sighting, the Roswell incident, and others occur. Truman founds Majestic 12 in the autumn, possibly to investigate the saucers, possibly to better *serve* them.

1948 Project Sign (the U.S.'s *public* UFO investigation) officially begins operations, headquartered at Wright-Patterson AFB in Dayton, Ohio. By December, the project will be re-named Grudge. *The Cancer Biopathy*, the remainder of Wilhelm Reich's *Discovery*, first published, six years after the first installment.

1949 Secretary of Defense James Forrestal commits suicide; he had been hospitalized for "delusions" of Israeli agents following him. After his death, it is discovered that Israeli agents *had* been following him.

1952 Significant sightings of "cigar angels" at Oleron and Gaillac, France (both in October, 10 days apart). Project Grudge is re-organized as Project Blue Book. The CIA becomes involved with UFOs by convening the Robertson Panel with the goal of eliminating belief in flying saucers.

1953 Dwight D. Eisenhower succeeds Truman as president of the United States, possibly ending Warehouse 23's role as a government facility. The U.S. government's "mind control program" takes its final evolved form as project MKULTRA.

1955 Blue Book's "Special Report 14" is released on October 25, "proving" that flying saucers do not exist. The report is dated May 5, and no "Special Report 13" was ever released. What might be a conspiracy of disguised yetis is alluded to in the diary of a British explorer found dead in the Himalayas.

1956 Gojira first appears. Its attack on the coast of Japan is hushed up and dismissed as fiction, not unlike the Martian Invasion of 1938.

1957 Wilhelm Reich dies in a federal prison, after devoting two decades of his life to battling the "emotional plague" attacking humanity. Donald Keyhoe founds NICAP. Major UFO sightings in and near Levelland, Texas.

1959 Project Blue Book closes up shop. The U.S. government officially denies interest in the flying saucers from this day on. Two CIA men achieve mental contact with aliens at the CIA's Photographic Intelligence Center.

1960 Swiss astronomers achieve telepathic connection with a cigar angel, and experience visions of a world ravaged by flying saucers.

1961 The abduction of Betty and Barney Hill from a highway in New Hampshire, beginning a rash of abduction reports. While not the first major abduction of the twentieth century, the Hill abduction will become the most famous, and the model for many imitators.

1964 One of the Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus found in London on the body of a Soviet spy; it was covered in a radioactive, oily residue. The real Apollo program begins with the first (secret) U.S. landing on the lunar surface.

1966 The Royal Air Force JARIC concludes that photos taken of a large F-shape in Loch Ness are of a large animal, not of a sunken boat.

1967 MELCAM-5 developed by Warehouse researchers.

1968 The Memories of Michael Perry recorded on his wool cap in a magical ceremony gone wrong. Perry and his friends are killed.

1969 As far as the public is concerned, Neil Armstrong walks on the moon.

1975 Richard Shaver dies, his mysterious revelations about the nature of the world still unresolved. The Dream Stage built by renegade Illuminati scientists in Switzerland.

1976 Jerome Gill receives the "missing part" of Plato's *Critias.* The third dialogue in the trilogy was not present.

1977 Planet Earth destroyed and sold to aliens. Earth is replaced by a false Earth peopled by robots who think they are real. The *New York Times* exposes CIA crimes related to the then-defunct MKULTRA project. The Senate investigates the incident, and the CIA is scandalized as the allegations are shown to be true. Several Ohio police-cars become involved in a 70-mile chase of a UFO.

1983 *Astro Globs!* is developed and seized. Jerome Gill moves to Colorado and opens Plato's Retreat, a bookstore.

1987 Gerry Weldon perfects the Love Potion, Niantic, Connecticut. He does not survive his invention.

1988 The Mechanical Textbook is found in a car wreck in New Bern, North Carolina.

1990 The U.S. Secret Service raids Steve Jackson Games, seizing (among other things) an operating computer bulletin board system – with e-mail messages – and the original manuscript for ***GURPS Cyberpunk.***

1993 May 6: Two postmen (Larry Jasion in Dearborn, Michigan and Mark Hilbun in Dana Point, California) go on unrelated shooting sprees within 5 hours of each other. In the summer, collectible card games (the vanguard of a sinister Illuminoid mind-control program) become a smash hit at gaming conventions and begin to spread to the far corners of the globe.

1995 The Illuminati begin cruelly flaunting mundane ignorance of their existence by releasing a CCG under their *own name.*

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Anything remotely scientific has become, by government definition, a matter of military security first, hence of secrecy, something which does not breed security but fear.

– Frank Scully, ***Behind the Flying Saucers***

While the number of books devoted to warehouses hiding dangerous secrets is understandably tiny, *related* strangeness is nearly beyond mortal measure, consisting of stacks of books, endless works of pop-culture journalism, reams of archaeological reports, and literally tons of small-press subversive rants, fringe theories, and devotional tracts of varying comedic value.

This book drew on hundreds of sources for both history and inspiration (several each for even minor topics; *dozens* for UFOs alone); the titles that follow are an arbitrary cross-section selected for entertainment value and easy accessibility. We don't endorse *any* of it as "truth," although *some* of it certainly is! Anything here will provide inspiration for illuminated gaming.

TELEVISION & FILM

The Absent-Minded Professor. A college professor invents Flubber (contragravity rubber) and cheerfully offers it to the Department of Defense. Unfortunately, it is stolen by a wealthy villain and (of course) hidden in his warehouse. The Professor and his girlfriend must steal it back in order to give it to the military and live happily ever after.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the Eighth Dimension. For the weird science, watermelon, and aliens alone, this is worth it. Provides an alternate view of the 1938 invasion.

Brazil. Not to be confused with *The Boys From Brazil*, the Nazi-clone epic which is *also* very appropriate for this list, this is Terry Gilliam's *magnum opus*, set in a world where the Bureaucracy monitors *everything*, and even provides terrorists to keep the citizens loving the government.

Closet Land. A children's author is kidnapped by government agents and accused of infusing her work with political symbolism. A frightening view of what can happen once the Men In Black come for you, with sinister suggestions of how *total* government surveillance can be.

Ghostbusters. A classic comedy from the mid-1980s, featuring plenty of technology appropriate to the Warehouse. The principal characters are excellent Fortean stereotypes, and the film's blend of ghosts, high-tech, and psychic phenomenon is a textbook example of how the "Fortean lens" can warp reality, when taken to extremes.

Hangar 18. An uncomplicated government-hiding-a-flying-saucer feature, this film includes half-hearted attempts at ancient astronauts, weird technology, Men In Black, and acting. Find it at the local video store; have a friend pay to rent it. Don't expect to keep the friend.

In Search Of . . . The 1970s "classic" TV show hosted by Leonard Nimoy. Shameless "investigations" of every sort of Fortean and Occult phenomena, unencumbered by healthy skepticism or research. A series of paperback books were also published to accompany the series; these can be found in used book stores dirt cheap.

The Manchurian Candidate. Communist agents engineer a seizure of the U.S. presidency. A thriller exploring (among many things) the use of hypnosis to create untraceable assassins and to alter memories. Angela Lansbury took a much-deserved Oscar for her portrayal of an agent of the Conspiracy. Based on the novel of the same title.

The Nervous System. Available in some libraries, this is the 1928 film by Pavlov that gave us "Pavlov's dog." Some prints retain a scene where humans are put through similar tests; some prints do not.

The President's Analyst. One of the best illuminated films ever made, and possibly the most eccentric. A New York psychoanalyst is hired to be the president's private counselor, and cracks from the burden of what he knows. Soon, every intelligence agency on the planet is trying to forcibly relieve him of that burden. The film culminates in a battle against The Phone Company, which is attempting to seize control of the world by implanting microscopic cyberphones in everybody's skull to bring about a New World Order. Both the twisted plot and excellent characters can be easily mined for use by creative GMs, especially for groups that welcome strange humor.

The Prisoner. BBC Television. A British secret agent resigns his position, only to be kidnapped by a powerful unknown faction and taken to The Village, where he must fight for his right to identity, privacy, and sanity, and grapple with terrible implications about the nature of the world's governments. Weird science, too. Also a ***GURPS*** worldbook, and the Village might *be* Warehouse 23, or vice versa.

Raiders of the Lost Ark. A climactic sequence depicts "the power of God" as the Ark of the Covenant is opened under the direction of Nazi occultists. As the final credits roll, this excellent fantasy-adventure gives us a good look at SRO Storehouse 715. The Martians show up a few months later.

The X-Files. Fox Television Network. Two federal investigators run afoul of Fortean phenomena, strange cults, and cover-ups.

PERIODICALS

Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine. Published by Davis Publications, this short-fiction periodical specializes in more offbeat stories than its sister magazine, *Analog.* In particular, the mid-1980s issues of the magazine were referred to while preparing this book, for the short stories of George Alec Effinger and the essays of the late Dr. Tom Rainbow. The former is a cavalcade of gameable Weirdness plots and memorable characters. The latter cannot be more highly recommended to those interested in the science behind the science fiction of the human brain.

Mondo 2000. In addition to all the data you need to be more pretentious than the person next to you, *Mondo* takes occasional trips into weird religion, obscure pseudo-science, and the happy, smiling Fringe. Use the interviews to pattern weird dialogue for NPCs.

Murder is Fun. You can find this in the huge record/book/video store complexes that adorn most urban areas these days. Digest-sized, black & white, inconsistently appearing, but worth reading. A subversive rant-'zine filled with (mostly) lighthearted paranoia.

The Skeptical Inquirer. The official journal of CSICOP, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal. While occasionally guilty of almost criminal smugness, CSICOP has done great work peeling the flash off of conmen and shysters of every stripe on the Fringe. James Randi, an excellent showman and arguably their most famous spokesman, specializes in faith healers and psychic frauds. That people *still* shell out hard-earned cash to see Uri Geller bend spoons is a testament to either the obscurity of CSICOP or the wisdom of P.T. Barnum. Early issues were entitled *The Zetetic,* and a magazine published by a splinter group was *The Zetetic Scholar.*

Strange Magazine. One of the most respectable Fortean magazines, *Strange* is an entertaining publication devoted to those who are interested in Weird Phenomena, covering the entire range of Forteana from cryptozoology to UFOs to "missing" islands and time-travel scams. It holds true to the difficult Fortean principle of *open-minded skepticism,* pandering neither to the eager believer or hopeless doubter. This makes it enjoyable to a wide audience and fascinating whether you're interested in believing or not. Best of all, some of the articles read like ready-to-run adventures . . . Back issues are available from the publisher, and recommended.

Weekly World News. While other supermarket tabloids such as the *National Enquirer* stay focused on drab celebrity gossip, this classic "for entertainment purposes only" publication is undoubtedly a black joke created by one of the Illuminati. Space-trains, Elvis sightings, teenagers-that-rust, and countless other sober truths are presented in a weekly, inexpensive format. Just a few issues will fuel an Illuminated campaign for years.

DELIBERATE FICTION

1984, by George Orwell. A brilliant work of non-supernatural horror, featuring a world where *truth itself* has been squirreled away by the government. Lots of big pyramidal buildings.

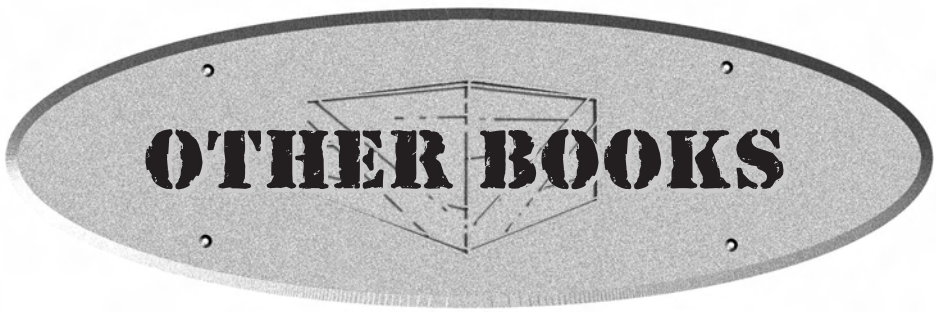
The *Discworld* novels, by Terry Pratchett. Many of these novels explore what could be described as "conceptual conspiracies" – terrible cosmic truths behind banal clichés, most of them stemming from primordial entities that exist cross-dimensionally. Also applicable is the concept of "L-Space."

Foucault's Pendulum, by Umberto Eco. Perhaps the most *erudite* conspiracy novel ever written. If you're not up on your Qabala, Enochian keys, metaphysics, and simple mundane medieval history, you may find it heavy going. On one of the other tentacles, it provides

more – and *deeper* – illumination than anything short of the *Weekly World News.*

Illuminatus! trilogy, by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson. A cult classic with many spin-offs, including the *Schrodinger's Cat* and *Historical Illuminatus* books. Wilson is a prolific writer on most every subject connected with the Illuminati, including LSD, UFOs, historical conspiracies, and the occult. Only a fraction of his books are intended as fiction. *Which* fraction is open to debate.

Young Zaphod Plays it Safe, by Douglas Adams. While the entire *Hitchhiker's Guide* trilogy is full of inspiration for Weirdness campaigns, this short story (which appeared in both omnibus collections) features a facility hidden at the bottom of the sea on a remote planet, used as a government hidey-hole and disposal for dangerous items and substances. When read in conjunction with the first novel, it also hints at what lengths the Masters of the place will go to when something *escapes* from their "warehouse."



The Atlas of Ship Wrecks and Treasure, by Nigel Pickford. Dorling Kindserly, 1994. Beautiful and informative survey of the history of sunken ships (and their contents) in every part of the world, from the Bermuda Triangle to the Sea of Japan. Plenty of information to springboard a treasure-hunt scenario, and sources for many things that might be contained in Warehouse 23.

Behind the Flying Saucers, by Frank Scully. Henry Holt and Company, 1950. Brimming with anti-government sentiment (see quote, p. 123). The irony is that Scully was a victim of his *sources,* not the government, and ended up playing an unwitting agent in a shameless UFO hoax. A classic worth reading, but don't forget the salt.

The Bermuda Triangle, by Charles Berlitz. Doubleday & Company, 1974. The classic book on "the devil's triangle," Berlitz' work is a textbook example of how to distort statistics into an exciting mystery. Many details included in the book are *entirely fictional,* but there are those who quote them as gospel to this day.

The Big Book of Conspiracies, by Doug Moench. Paradox Press/Factoid Books, 1995. A book for would-be conspiracy-buffs with no attention span. Moench and a horde of artists create a distilled sequential-art intro to most of the "classic" postwar conspiracies. Moench consistently avoids details that would diminish the shock-value of his stories, but to have included them would have probably spoiled the mood. It's fun and *packed with fear.*

The Books of Charles Fort. Henry Holt and Company, 1941. The Fortean Society's omnibus collection of Fort's work, consisting of hundreds of compiled reports of Strange Phenomena. This is highly recommended reading, not only for its relevance but for the sheer challenge of digesting Fort's quirky style. Guessing when he's joking and when he's not is half the fun! Individually, Fort's books are *The Book of the Damned, New Lands, Lo!* and *Wild Talents.*

Brain-Washing in Red China, by Edward Hunter. Vanguard Press, 1951. The book that gave us the term "brainwashing": Journalist Hunter visits the Orient and gets more of a story than he bargained for.

Clear Intent: The Government Coverup of the UFO Experience, by Lawrence Fawcett and Barry J. Greenwood. Prentice-Hall, 1984. Valuable both for its level-headed approach to the subject and *huge* percentage of verbatim primary sources (FOIA-released government reports and memorandums), this book avoids the "they're hiding frozen aliens" paranoia and focuses on a single premise: the government's professed "lack of concern" regarding UFOs is a lie, regardless of whether flying saucers are real.

The Confessions of Aleister Crowley, by Aleister Crowley. Penguin/Arkana, 1989. The collected "autohagiography" of the controversial English sorcerer, guru, and writer, Crowley's memoirs make for a fascinating resource for the GM, both for modern illuminated magic and for 1920s ***GURPS Horror.*** Behind the screaming wall of Crowley's own ego lies a million useful tidbits on Freemasonry, the Golden Dawn, the O.T.O., exotic locales, and what many people believe about "magick."

The Dark Side of History, by Michael Edwards. Granada Publishing, 1978. Puts occult conspiracy in perspective with more objective human events. Fun reading.

Fabricated Man: The Ethics of Genetic Control, by Paul Ramsey. Yale University Press, 1970. Cloning, genetic engineering, and more explored, both from the standpoint of what's possible (or viewed as such in 1970), and what's "right."

Fantastic Archaeology, by Stephen Williams. University of Pennsylvania Press, 1991. A serious examination of the "soft science" side of archaeology most often sensationalized for public consumption, from raiding Lost Arks to seeking out lost continents.

Final Report of the Scientific Study of Unidentified Flying Objects, by Dr. Edward U. Condon. E.P. Dutton & Co., 1960. More commonly known simply as the "Condon Report," this was the official end to government interest in the flying saucers. A huge book packed with case reports and juicy tidbits.

Flying Saucers, by C.G. Jung. Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1959. The classic and controversial work on the psychology underlying the saucer myth. Relevant to only a few RPG campaigns, but an interesting read.

The Great Power-Line Cover-Up, by Paul Brodeur. Little, Brown and Company, 1993. A serious book, subtitled *How the utilities and the government are trying to hide the cancer hazard posed by electromagnetic fields.* Good model upon which to build any corporate/government axis conspiracy.

Harper's Encyclopedia of Mystical and Paranormal Experience, by Rosemary Ellen Guiley. Castle Books, 1991. A fairly thorough book; every general "occult" concept, and many

personalities, are included. Articles are brief but each includes extensive bibliographical references. Very useful as a research "springboard."

Hermetica, edited and translated by Walter Scott. Oxford, 1924. Dry and difficult but worth the time; these are the collected works ascribed to Hermes Mercurius Trismegistus, the basis of "hermetic belief" and a bizarre synthesis of religion and philosophy. Excellent source for arcane wizard-dialogue.

High Weirdness By Mail, by Reverend Ivan Stang. Simon and Schuster/Fireside. A catalog (still semi-current) of strange toys, fringe groups, ranting small-press, and more. Sprinkled with insights on American subculture, this book is an indispensable reminder to the weird that We Are Not Alone. Also recommended are Stang's "Church of the SubGenius" titles, including the recent *Revelation X*.

Hitler and the Occult, by Ken Anderson. Prometheus Books, 1995. While ostensibly a book establishing Hitler's own materialism (which it does successfully), this book is really a thinly-disguised attack on author Trevor Ravenscroft, author of the 1972 work *The Spear of Destiny* (with a few side-jabs at Colin Wilson thrown in for spice). Everything you ever wanted to know about the Holy Lance is here. A *very* interesting book, despite the misleading title.

*How Things **Really** Work*, by Henry Beard and Ron Barret. Viking Penguin, 1993. A clever parody of the *How Things Work* books, this volume is a treasury of inventive "mundane" conspiracies that get increasingly sinister as you consider them. Diagrams and illustration show clearly how windows are *manufactured* to get stuck, and how Chinese food is prepared in a central processing facility and delivered by a nationwide series of tubes in which egg rolls can break the sound barrier. The conspiracy on the part of the U.S. government to "devalue the ounce" belongs in any illuminated campaign.

Jesus & the Riddle of the Dead Sea Scrolls, by Barbara Thiering. Harper SanFrancisco, 1992. Thorough examination of Christ's life viewed through scripture, the Dead Sea Scrolls, archaeological evidence and historical research. A strong influence on Ken Anderson's work, Thiering weaves the existing evidence together into a steel-hard examination of Christ's life as real events, free of spiritual or occult baggage. A perfect model for GMs fond of "materialist alternate histories" to explain the events described in *any* religious literature.

The Lost Continent of Mu, by Colonel James Churchward. Ives Washburn, 1931. An apparently sincere book about one of the three great "Lost Continents." One of the most infamous archaeological hoaxes of the century, the book was so popular in its day that copies of it remain in most libraries today.

Lost Continents: The Atlantis Theme in History, Science, and Literature, by L. Sprague de Camp. The Gnome Press Inc., 1954. One of many of de Camp's well-written examinations of the history behind modern mythology. While not detailed (or recent) enough to be "definitive," this book is the best starting place for those interested in good reading about sunken continents.

LSD, Marihuana, Yoga, and Hypnosis, by Theodore X. Barber. Aldine Publishing, 1970. A serious attempt to completely debunk common misconceptions about the "strange powers" of everything in the title. Excellently done, this book contradicts tons of weirdness in one shot, and consequently provides inspiration for fictionalizing the opposite stance.

Monsters of the Sea, by Richard Ellis. Alfred A Knopf, 1994. An entertaining examination of the "sea monster" concept, from the earliest myths to modern science.

OSS, by R. Harris Smith. University of California Press, 1972. An in-depth look at the period of U.S. espionage that (indirectly) is responsible for as many conspiracy theories as the Freemasons.

The Paperclip Conspiracy. Little, Brown & Company, 1987. A look at the Nazi/CIA connection that gave us the Saturn V in exchange for dropping our promise to punish the war criminals of Nazi Germany. Fairly thorough.

The Quest for Wilhelm Reich, by Colin Wilson. Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1981. The sanest blend of attack and sympathy I've seen exploring this unusual man's life.

Selected Writings: An Introduction to Orgonomy, by Wilhelm Reich. Farrar, Staus and Company, 1960. Funny blue energy from the man who gave it to us.

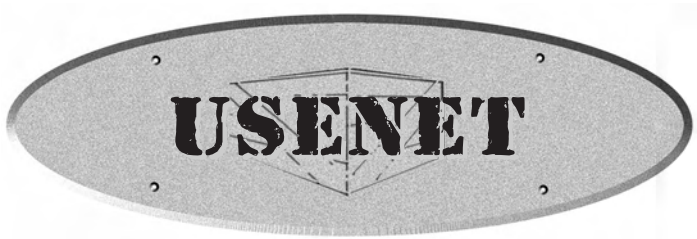
They Call it Hypnosis, by Robert A. Barker. Prometheus Books, 1990. An examination of what hypnosis *is* and *is not*, and by far the most useful of the many books on hypnosis consulted for the rules in the last chapter. The information provided was cheerfully turned upside-down for this book; GMs interested in the reality of hypnosis are urged to read this.

The UFO Verdict, by Robert Sheaffer. Prometheus Books, 1986. Does a great job of tracing the roots of many saucer-clichés. A good companion to *Watch the Skies!* (below).

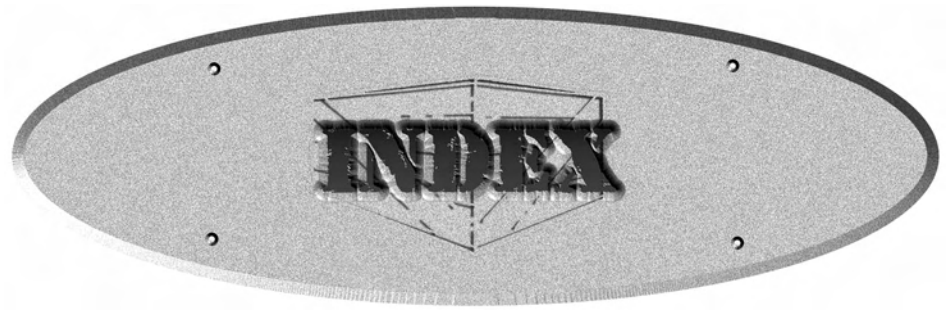
War Report of the OSS. Walker & Company, 1976. Unclassified "Top Secret" report on the wartime activities of the OSS, with parts still deleted for security reasons.

Watch the Skies!, by Curtis Peebles. Smithsonian Institution Press, 1994. An up-to-date chronology of the UFO myth, this is an excellent resource. While typically one-sided (in this case on the debunking side), Peebles lacks the self-righteous crowing of Philip Klass and other anti-UFO specialists, opting for a sympathetic approach to this cornerstone of contemporary mythology. The points made are solid and reasonable. This book will be a pleasant relief for anyone who's overdosed on pro- *or* anti-UFO paranoia.

The World Almanac Book of the Strange. Signet/New American Library, 1977. Many authors. A useful introductory guide to the spectrum of Fortean Phenomena. Like the *Harper's Encyclopedia*, the articles are brief, with the real treasure hiding in the bibliographies.



"Secret Contents of a Certain Government Warehouse." Version 0.1 compiled by Stirling Westrup <stirling@ozrout.uucp>, v0.2 and v1.0 compiled by Timothy Toner <thanatos@interaccess.com>. An indiscriminate collection from movies, TV, and books, this Warehouse includes Stormbringer, Imperial Stormtrooper battle gear, a kryptonite meteorite, and hundreds of other knickknacks and memorabilia.



– A –

Aaron's Rod, 35.
Affa, 71.
Albemarle Dictionary, 87.
Alien, *black "helicopter,"* 56; *Greys,* 7, 47, 67, 114; *Schoolteachers,* 60.
Amazing Stories, 86.
Anaphrodisiac, 81.
Aphrodisiac, 81.
Angel hair, 93, 114.
Animals, *see Creatures.*
Apollo missions, 109.
Aristokles, *see Plato.*
Ark of the Covenant, 32.
Armor, 79.
Arnold, Kenneth, 11, 66.
Astro Globs!, 50.
Atlantis, 82; *Nazi,* 84.

– B –

Bacteria, engineered, 112.
Barb needler, 63.
Barker, Gray, 60.
Basking shark, 101.
Bender, Albert K., 60; *amulet of,* 61.
Bigfoot, 99.
Birmingham, Frederick William, 71.
Blood rifle, 89.
Bombs, telekinetic, 90.
Books, *Albemarle Dictionary,* 87; *Book of Love,* 89; *Conspiracy Theory Library,* 18; *Critias,* 82; *Emerald Codex,* 43; *Green Grimoire,* 43; ***GURPS Cyberpunk,*** 18; *Library of Extracted Works,* 18; *Mechanical Textbook,* 59; *The Republic,* 82; *Timaios,* 82; *Warghetz Papers,* 62.
Brain encryption, 117.
Brain Hacking skill, 114-117.
Brainwashing, 113.
Bush, Vannevar, 68.

– C –

Caretakers, 7; *Charlie,* 9; *Dora,* 10, 118.
Cat-men, 93.
Cattle mutilation, 54-57.
CIA, 11.
CIG/NIA, 11.
Cigar Angels, 93.
Computers, *genius machine,* 75; *hunter software,* 51; *soulmate database,* 88; *Waterbug,* 14-15; *see also SINNER.*
Conspiracy Theory, *Library,* 18; *skill,* 103.
Creatures, 25-26, 46, 92-100, 115, 118; *"universal translator,"* 109.
Critias, 82.
Chrysolite Sphinx, 35.
Crystal, *bell,* 47; *romance,* 89; *skull,* 46.

– D –

Deadwave, 81.
Deskeleton, 81.
Deros, 85.
Devolvo ray, 64.
Dissolving weapons, 79.
Division 19 (OSS), 8.
Doolittle Device, 109.
Dream stage, 65.
Drugs, *anaphrodisiac,* 81; *aphrodisiac,* 81; *Deadwave,* 81; *Deskeleton,* 81; *Fnord,* 81; *Happy Worker,* 80; *Love Potion,* 76; *Neophobia,* 80; *Popcorn,* 81; *Race Drug,* 80.

– E –

Edwards AFB, 71.
Eggs, big, 106.
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 71.
Eel, giant electric, 94.
Electrical system, field-based, 72.
Elixir, *of binding,* 89; *of life,* 111.
Ellison, Harlan, 86.
Emerald Codex, 43.
Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus, 42.
Energy-phasing surface, 73.
Esoteric History skill, 105.
Explosive flour, 66.
Extradimensional space, 56, 74.

– F –

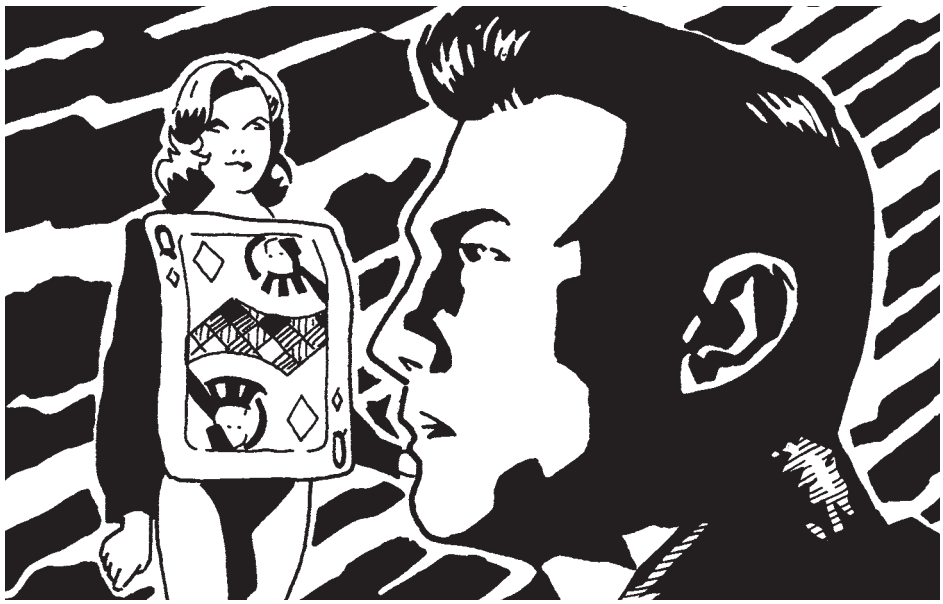
Fat Farm, 57-58.
Fish, Immortality, 97.
Flying saucers, *see UFOs.*
Fnord, 81.
Food and Drug Administration, 107.
Forteanism specialization, 104.
Freeze ray, 74.

– G –

Gems, *Crystal Bell,* 47; *Crystal Skull,* 46; *Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus,* 42; *Oracle Gem,* 48; *Romance Crystal,* 89.
Genetic Interrogation Device, 40.
Genius machine, 75.
Goatmen, 93.
Gojira, 95.
Green Grimoire, 43.
Gremlins, 96.
GURPS Cyberpunk, 18.

– H –

Happy Worker, 80.
Hat, *magic,* 45; *telepathy,* 106.
Healer symbiont, 107.
Heart of Reason, 107.
Helicopters, black, 54-56.
Hermes Trismegistus, 42.
Hill, Betty and Barney, 72, 110.
Hippocrates, tablets of, 112.



Hitler, *belief in astrology*, 7; *and Greys*, 7; *suicide (alleged)*, 10.
Holy Grail, 36-38.
Hynek, J. Allen, 67.
Hypnotism, 109-111.

- I -

Inertial brakes, 73.

- J -

Joan of Arc, 107.

- K -

Krasivium, 79.

- L -

Larsen, Julius, CMDR, 71.
Lemuria, 84-85; *Gojira from*, 95.
Levelland, Texas, 71.
Library of Extracted Works, 18.
Loch Ness Monster, 97.
Love Oracle, 88.
Love Potion, 76.

- M -

Magical items, *Book of Love*, 89; *Crystal Bell*, 47; *Crystal Skull*, 46; *elixir of binding*, 89; *elixir of life*, 111; *Emerald Codex*, 43; *Emeralds of Hermes Trismegistus*, 42; *Green Grimoire*, 43; *Heart of Reason*, 107; *magic hippie hat*, 45; *Love Oracle*, 88; *memories of Michael Perry*, 45; *Oracle Gem*, 48; *Philosopher's Stone*, 111; *Romance Crystal*, 89; *Ticket to Hell*, 108.
Magnetic planetary drive, 56, 73.
Majestic Twelve (MJ-12), 68-71.
Manna, 34.
Mantell, Thomas F., Jr., CAPT, 71.
Martians, 98; *invasion*, 51; *heat ray*, 53, *poison smoke*, 53; *war machine*, 53.
Mechanical textbook, 59.
MELCAM-5, 79.
Men In Black (MIBs), 11, 60-61, 82.
Mesmerism, *see Hypnotism.*
"Messee garscet," 115.
Mind control, 111-114, *Project Artichoke*, 111; *Project Bluebird*, 111; *skill(s)*, 105.
Mitchell-Hedges, Frederick and Anna, 46-47.
MKULTRA, 111-114.
Monster, *Loch Ness*, 97; *sea*, 100.
Moroni, gold plates of, 116.
Mu, 84; *Gojira from*, 95.

- N -

Nanogun, 106.
Nazi, *Atlantis*, 84; *UFOs*, 11.
Neo-giants, 99.
Neophobia, 80.
Neosom, Prince, 71.

- O -

Office of Strategic Services (OSS), 8; *Division 19*, 8; *foreign offices*, 7; *R&D division*, 8; *Special Funds division*, 8.
One-liners, 103.
Oracle Gem, 48.
Orgone, 106-109; *accumulator*, 107; *engine*, 56, 72; *scope*, 73.

-P -

Palmer, Ray, 86.
Paratronic key, 77.
Peanuts, styrofoam, 107.
Perry, Michael, 45.
Philosopher's Stone, 111.
Pig, Gallitz, 94.
Plato, 82.
Pocket silence machine, 78.
Popcorn, 81.
Preservation gel, 107.
Project Artichoke, 111.
Project Bluebird, 111.
Project Blue Book, 70.
Project Grudge, 69.
Project Paperclip, 7.
Project Sign, 69.
Psionic items, *Albemarle Dictionary*, 87; *telekinetic bombs*, 90.
Purotron, 108.

- R -

Race Drug, 80.
Rats, 26.
Reaching-Into-A-Box Table, 103.
"Red Metal," 79.
Reich, Wilhelm, 107-109.
Religious items, *Aaron's Rod*, 35; *Ark of the Covenant*, 32; *Chrysolite Sphinx*, 35; *Gold Plates of Moroni*, 116; *Holy Grail*, 36; *manna*, 34; *Spear of Longinus*, 10, 38.
Republic, The, 82.
Romance Crystal, 89.
Roswell, New Mexico, 68.

- S -

Sasquatch, 99.
Shaver, Richard, 85.
SINNER, 12-14, 103; *logging on*, 14; *network administration*, 13.
Skatebugs, 25.
Skills, *brain hacking*, 114-117; *conspiracy theory*, 103; *esoteric history*, 105; *Forteanism*, 104; *mind control*, 105.
Slipspray, 78.
Slithers, 25.
Software, hunter, 51.
Soulmate database, 88.
Spear of Longinus, 10, 38.
Special Funds division (OSS), 8.
Special Research Office (SRO), 7.
Storehouse 715, 8, 117.
Super-fruit, 113.
Swashbucklers, 111.

- T -

Telekinetic bombs, 90.
Telepathy helmet, 106.
Teros, 85.
Ticket to Hell, 108.
Timaios, 82.
Time machine, 106.
Truman, Harry S, 11.
21-Stone Club, 57.

- U -

UFOs, 66; *Angel Hair*, 93, 114; *CIA*, 11; *Cigar Angels*, 93; *close encounters of the Nth kind*, 67; *International Flying Saucer Bureau (IFSB)*, 60; *Nazi*, 11.
Ultra-tech items, *Astro Globs!*, 50; *bacteria (engineered)*, 112; *Doolittle Device*, 109; *dream stage*, 65; *energy-phasing surface*, 73; *extradimensional space*, 56, 74; *field-based electrical system*, 72; *Genetic Interrogation Device*, 40; *genius machine*, 75; *healer symbiont*, 107; *Hippocrates (tablets of)*, 112; *hunter software*, 51; *inertial brakes*, 73; *krasivium*, 79; *magnetic planetary drive*, 56, 73; *MELCAM-5*, 79; *orgone engine*, 56, 72; *orgone scope*, 73; *paratronic key*, 77; *pocket silence machine*, 78; *preservation gel*, 107; *Purotron*, 108; *"Red Metal,"* 79; *slipspray*, 78; *soulmate database*, 88; *super-fruit*, 113; *swashbucklers*, 111; *telepathy helmet (primitive)*, 106; *time machine (primitive)*, 106.

- V -

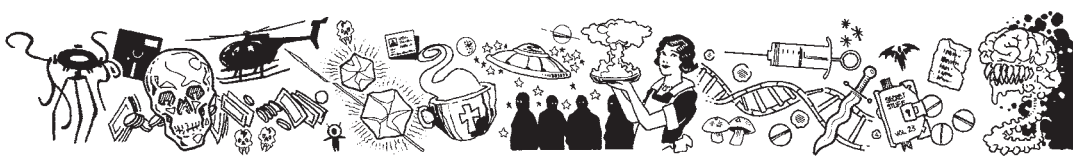
Vapors, 26.
Venus Braintrap, 115.
Vermin, 25-26, 46, 92, 118; *rats*, 26; *skatebugs*, 25; *slithers*, 25; *Vapors*, 26.

- W -

Warghetz, Jamie, 62.
Waterbug, 12-13.
Weapons, *barb needler*, 63; *blood rifle*, 89; *devolvo ray*, 64; *dissolving*, 79; *explosive flour*, 66; *freeze ray*, 74; *Martian heat ray*, 53; *Martian poison smoke*, 53; *nanogun*, 106; *telekinetic bombs*, 90.
Weldon, Dr. Gerry, 76; *Pharmacy*, 80.

- Y -

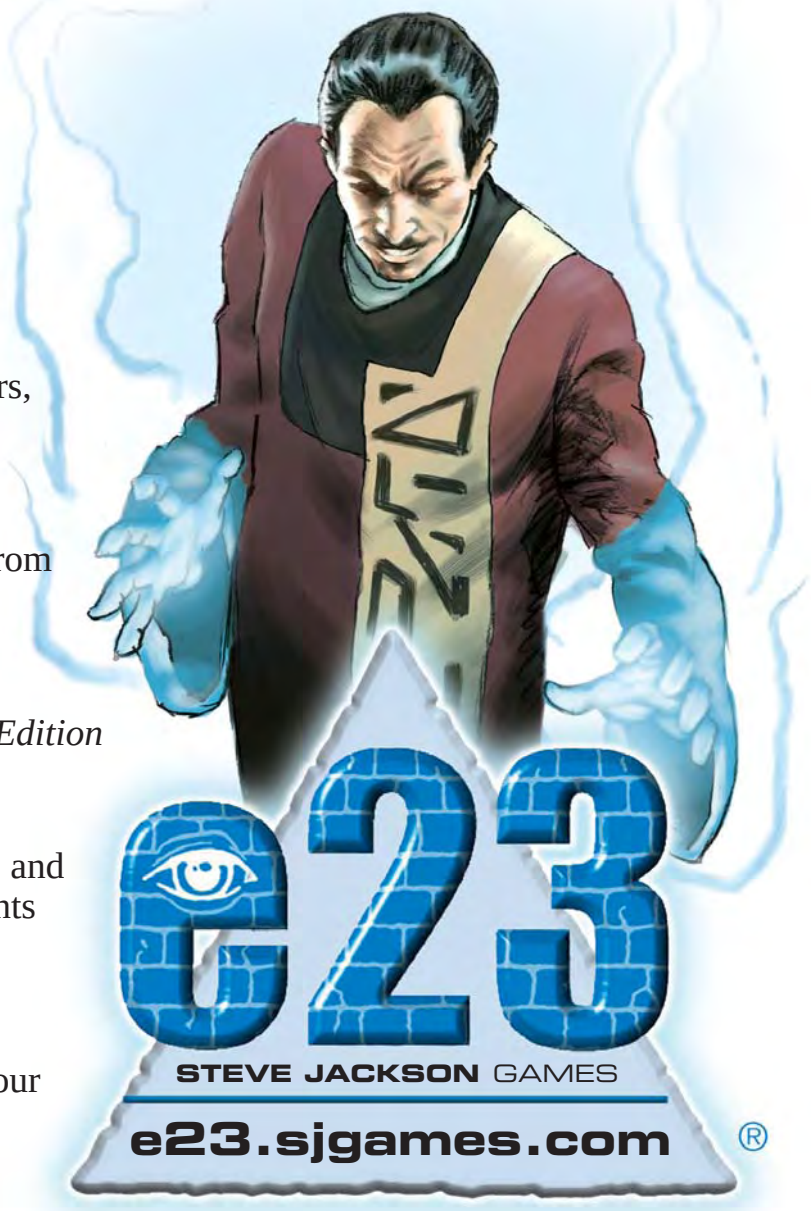
Yeti, 99-100.



STUCK FOR AN ADVENTURE?
NO PROBLEM.

e23 sells high-quality game adventures and supplements in PDF format.

- Get complete sample adventures free for ***GURPS***, ***In Nomine***, and ***Traveller***!
- PDFs from the major players in online publishing: Ronin Arts, Ken Hite, Atlas Games, and 01 Games.
- New gems from up-and-coming publishers, like Atomic Sock Monkey Press and Expeditious Retreat Press.
- Digital editions of out-of-print classics, from ***Orcslayer*** and the complete run of *ADQ* to ***GURPS China*** and ***GURPS Ice Age***.
- Fully searchable files of ***GURPS*** *Fourth Edition* supplements.
- Original material for ***Transhuman Space*** and ***In Nomine***, with new ***GURPS*** supplements from William Stoddard, David Pulver, Phil Masters, and Sean Punch!
- Buy it once, have it always. Download your purchases again whenever you need to.



Download ● Print ● Play

STEVE JACKSON GAMES

e23 is part of Warehouse 23, the online store at Steve Jackson Games.
Warehouse 23 is also the official Internet retailer for Dork Storm Press, Atlas Games, and many other publishers.
Visit us today at **www.warehouse23.com** for all your game STUFF!