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Delta Green Future/Perfect 4

Offsite, 1.1 Million Years Ago

What CEO of Hunt Electronics William Lassiter considers his legacy, exists 1.1 million years before the modern era, in what seems to be a highly verdant and biologically diverse Greenland empty of all human influence. If humans *do* exist in such a time, they have yet to leave the land of their origin, and are likely nothing more than apes with a glimmer of evolutionary possibility.

This “safe zone” was discovered through temporal expeditions through the Duxbury gate and is considered the fall back position for any raid on the Duxbury facility. “Offsite”, as it is called by those in the know, is a safety net for the “future” of humanity.

When the creatures Lassiter know hide among humanity rise up and seize control, a population of nearly 1,000 able bodied individuals will exist 1.1 million years before, safe from their influence; the gate at Duxbury will be destroyed as the last members of the company escape through it, leaving nothing tangible behind.

Lassiter has not given much more thought to the problem than that — where to go, and how to live there. Just what the descendants of such a place might forge; what history they may bulldoze and restructure has not really even entered his mind.

It has, however, been of considerable interest to other, inhuman minds.

The Great Race of Yith’s Plan

The Great Race of Yith can never be fully understood by the minds of humanity, but since they play a major part in the possible resolution of Future/Perfect, we will attempt to put their machinations in shorthand to fit within human perspective. At best, this is what a human completely immersed in Great Race culture might be able to discover given decades of unfettered study, if they were exceptional. Even this explanation does not do the plans of the creatures we call the Great Race justice. Their minds —so vast they can conceive the entire universe in one, unblinking thought — will never be accessible to the sane human mind.

Before the Great Race was as they are now, they were mortal beings like us, trapped in the linear existence we call reality. At some point in their distant past, they managed to escape the shackles of “reality” and move into a higher form of consciousness.

As they are today, they are difficult to properly understand. First, the Great Race do not travel through time, they quite literally *exist* in time, as if all the panoply of the

history of the physical universe was one, giant object (which for the sake of clarity we will call the Construct) upon which their consciousnesses moved and interacted with others of their kind. What could be called their “physical” form persists in this other existence.

This is their native state, not as cone shaped entities, human puppets or Coleopterons in some distant radioactive future. Each of these biological forms is simply a tool, as a shovel, a gun or a flashlight is a tool to humanity. They use and discard these forms as needed to keep the integrity of the Construct upon which their *real* forms exist, sound. Without the “environment” provided by the surface of the Construct, the native intelligences of the Great Race would perish.

The Construct is fragile. There are great swaths of the Construct which they cannot enter — since there are no biological forms to inhabit — and still other areas which are filled completely with creatures inimical and immune to their influence (such as the Flying Polyps). Certain areas are awash with creatures and forms that they can gain easy access to — Earth is one of these — it is at these points, which we will call Pivots, that the Great Race focus their efforts.

They choose to focus their consciousness within three-dimensional linear projectors of biological forms. While in these forms, their actions can alter — sometimes quite drastically — the structure of the Construct by changing Pivots. Small changes at fixed points in linear history can bend, shape, cut off and even obliterate the Construct past a certain point.

In the simplest human sense, the Great Race has set up choke points throughout history. Places they have gathered a multitude of their consciousnesses to control the Pivot found there, or to maintain a “safe” store of information from other, more chaotic Pivots. Pnakotus, the library of the Great Race found 65 million years in the Cretaceous period, represents their strongest Pivot contained within the portion of the Construct concerned with Earth. It is here, and in a distant future time that the Great Race consider themselves “safe”. It also must be noted that, to the Great Race, both of these points exist simultaneously. In human terms, these choke points would be more akin to two distant outposts separated by hostile terrain than two points in time.

Even the Flying Polyps — hideous multi-dimensional beasts bent on the destruction of the Great Race in the Cretaceous — represented not a threat, but an annoyance. For a myriad of inhuman reasons, Pnakotus was ideal as a Pivot point, and to beings free to travel time like a human might move from room to room saw the “threat” of the Flying Polyps escaping as annoying as a human might find turning up a thermostat. The Great Race simply chooses to exist within the moments of the Pnakotic Pivot that do not feature the Flying Polyps. They built the Pivot as wide and as stable as possible, and once built, exist within those moments until they cannot.

It is from these Pivots the Great Race monitor and launch their expeditions into time. These explorations are not simple scientific affairs, they are necessary to keep the stability of the Construct. Humans transplanted to Pnakotus might mistake the records gathered there from every period of Earth’s history a “library”. It is actually a huge instrument to monitor the changes in time wrought by the Great Races’ actions; a temporal-barometer. This is one of the reasons the Great Race encourage kidnapped consciousnesses to record recollections of their time in their own “hand” which they store in their odd, rectilinear, indestructible books. It is also the reason the Great Race

don't simply spy on such cultures and write concise, all-knowing reports on the local "wildlife".

These books, gathered from beings from beings at all points in Earth's history, change as the Construct changes; as such, the Great Race can know when their influence has altered or broken the Construct. The library is a "device", a monitor of the health of the Construct — and as such is also the home base of the Great Races' forays into the portions of Earth history which most coincide with our own.

The Great Race is omnipresent, but not omniscient. They have gathered a vast array of data, but not *all* data. Even some things are beyond the Great Race, but they are constantly striving to understand, collect and reinforce their position.

It is important to note here, of the all the myriad races of the Mythos, the Great Race is by far the most benign. For the most part, the net effect on human culture caused by the machinations is a positive — they stabilize and normalize time. However, this is not to say they are "friendlies". They have all the contempt and disregard for human life that, say, a British Gentlemen in 1910 had for the natives of Papua New Guinea. We are backwards, troublesome, and difficult to control, but we are their only tool available to reshape the Construct. Like using local natives to construct a bridge, so the Great Race use humanity to restore breaks in time. As such, they seem distant, fickle and even downright evil to those humans exposed to their activities.

Their methods in our portion of history are two-fold. Their first, and most often used method of investigation and transformation of the Construct is their cult of human servants, known as the *Motion*. These agents are natives in each of their particular times, swayed by the magnificence of the Great Race and recruited to serve them, a disposable group of temporal coolies. The Great Race prefer the use of the *Motion* over nearly any other method within the realm of human influence. It is safest. Natives to particular Pivots in time, naturally, have a limited range of effect on it, and as such are capable of subtle shifts in the future. The *Motion* have existed throughout *all* of human history, and have gone by various names and titles, but their methods, access to Great Race technology and selflessness have remained the same throughout all cultures and times. The *Motion* will do anything to complete missions assigned to them by the Great Race.

Secondarily, the Great Race hurl their own minds into the Construct. Most of the time, this is simply to exchange minds with a temporal native, so the library of Pnakotus can be expanded. Sometimes, however, they send Agents through time. Most members of the Great Race have limited experience within the human portion of the construct, each jump into such limited creatures damages their consciousness. Agents however are sent multiple times — their "expertise" of fitting in whatever human time period they might be sent to is an important, developable skill. Human bodies are difficult to "drive", and skilled Agents are a prized, relatively limited portion of the Great Races' active Agents in time.

Agents are sent to deal with difficult problems, temporal loops, knots or the disintegration of the Construct.

The larger threats to the stability of points between the Pnakotic Pivots is the prevalence of time travel and gate technology within human history. Such interference in the structure of time by beings incapable of seeing the long-term effects of such actions, leads to the Great Race endlessly "updating" history.

As such, the Agents are most prevalent throughout human history, and more particularly, at any point in human history where hypergeometric principles — such as a gate in time — is utilized.

The Great Race and the Hellbend and Duxbury Gates

The Great Races' attention has been drawn to the Duxbury Gate for some "time". It is a convoluted puzzle, as its causality is bizarre: a Serpent Man's influence on human culture. The Great Race has long since "completed" the non-human portions of history, so interfering with the Serpent People is not an option. They have carefully monitored Hunt's development of the device, but the Hunt Resistor, as well as many other patents, proved to be a necessary lynch-pin in human technological development which could not be interfered with without altering the Construct. Finally, they found a point where they could safely shut down the Hellbend Gate (doing so with their Agent in the guise of Michael Grunning), but attempts to shut down the Duxbury Gate have so far failed.

Millions of times, they have launched concerted efforts to neutralize the effects of the Duxbury Gate: Killing the entire population of the Offsite location. Erasing the Duxbury facility with a tiny shift in history, folding both gates in on themselves, removing key personnel at particular points in time. Each of these attempts have failed to resolve the conduit through time, either by making things far worse at a later date, or simply disintegrating the Construct past that point in time. Each attempt to correct the problem has been reversed in a similar manner while the Great Race puzzle out a solution.

One possible solution has finally occurred to them; the DELTA GREEN Agents.

Running Part 4 First

It is highly recommended that Part 4 *not* be used as the introduction to this campaign. The depth and complexity (as well as the remote location — in time *and* space) make Part 4 ideal as the culmination of the campaign and it is those same qualities that make it difficult if not impossible to imagine as a beginning. Parts 1, 2, or 3 should be used to ease the players into the subtleties and convolutions of the mission before Part 4 is even attempted.

However, adding elements from Part 4 (the *Motion*, the Great Race Agent) throughout other Parts of the campaign to expand and expound upon the mysteries presented here will help to reinforce the impact of Part 4 if and when it does arrive.

Getting Offsite

The most difficult part of this portion of the campaign is *getting* Offsite. This can be achieved one of only three ways.

1) The Agents manage to infiltrate and travel through the gate at the Duxbury Plant.

This is an *extremely* difficult undertaking and is outlined in detail in Future/Perfect 3. It is likely that attempting such a breach will end with multiple Agents either being injured or killed. In any case, it is highly unlikely that all the team will make it through the gate unscathed.

There are ways to alter this outcome. The Great Race (if they have not made themselves known previously) might seize control of Duxbury personnel and allow the Agents to pass at key moments. This is best handled in a spooky manner. Imagine a gunfight suddenly ending with your opponent standing up from cover and walking mechanically towards you, or a group of people bent on killing you all simultaneously shooting themselves in the head.

Such a bizarre occurrence can, if necessary, leave the way clear for Agents to travel Offsite, but it also might startle them into ineffectiveness, as they try to puzzle out just what has happened.

2) With the assistance of the Great Race, the Agents manage to travel through the gate at the Duxbury Plant.

This is a variation of the above. With assistance from the Great Race (who may or may not reveal their identity) the Agents gain access to the Duxbury Gate.

The Great Race can do this in a wholly unobtrusive way using their mastery of time to achieve results not possible otherwise. For example, the Great Race have meticulous records of all personnel, all codes, all key card combinations as well as personal histories, information and more about everyone in the facility. With such information, a single Agent of the Great Race can ferry a team of DG Agents through the dangerous areas of the factory undiscovered. This does not answer the questions the Agents might have for such assistants; and may lead to distrust, refusal to cooperate, or just plain violence. Great Race agents are, of course, used to such things and will not give up due to something as simple as their human vessel being beaten, tortured or shot.

Continuously confronted by such creatures in human guise will either be enlightening or disturbing. In either case, the knowledge that such a race haunts the periphery of all existence costs (1/1D4 SAN). Those that come to grips with such knowledge can easily test the Great Race's powers by asking questions about the past or future.

Once in gate room the Great Race Agent can make a sufficient confluence of coincidences to remove attention from the gate for a few minutes while the Agents travel through.

3) Using Great Race technology, the Agents are transported to the Offsite location.

This is the last option for those Agents too stubborn to travel through the gate of their own accord. The Motion unceremoniously kidnap the Agents utilizing Great Race technology (stun guns made of television remotes and garage door openers). When the Agents wake, they are tied to wooden kitchen chairs in a dilapidated house. No one else is present.

Surrounding them are what appear to be *thousands* of feet of cords — cable lines, high voltage lines, cat 5 cables — all intertwined and woven through the chairs, to the chairs, and connected to various hand-made boxes filled with humming, spitting and arcing electrical equipment. This is a Great Race gate machine. The Agents have been stripped of weapons and equipment, and are bound to the chairs with a copious amount of plastic zip-ties.

As the Agents sit and struggle to get free (they should not be permitted to escape, though giving them a glimmer of hope just before the gate triggers would be a nice touch) a low hum begins to fill the air. Finally, the old lightbulb above the stove explodes in a huge shower of blue white sparks, and a HUGE high-pitched whining, like an enormous generator fills the air. The noise is so loud, no other noise is audible.

Blue, white and red lightning bolts leap from the boxes, arcing and hitting items in the room. They seem to find an item, strike it once, and then pepper the target with growing numbers of hits until — to the Agents horror — the item vanishes in an eruption of blue white light, leaving a scorch mark on the floor where it once stood. For all intents and purposes, the item has been destroyed (1/1d3-1 SAN to witness).

When all large metal items in the room have been disintegrated, the lightning begins hitting a random Agent. The process is agonizing to experience and terrifying to watch (1/1d6 SAN). Agents struck in such a manner suffer 1d20 HPs damage. When they are “dead” their body vanishes in a similar blue white flash.

This entire process is painfully drawn out, until, one by one, all Agents are disintegrated.

They wake in a rubble field, under a humid blue sky. They are all present and unharmed, though their clothing and hair appears scorched, and are lying amidst random lightning-kissed ruined kitchen appliances. The wooden chairs they were secured in are lighter, as if they were sapped of all water, and are now easily broken into chunks of brittle wood and ash.

A 40x40 area of the lush green ground is burned and seared, marking a perfect circle surrounding the Agents. Just outside the circle are a set of jump suits and boots of precisely the right number to clothe all the Agents, these items are folded carefully on the ground in a perfect row. The Agents names are inscribed on the name tag for each jumpsuit. No one else is present.

The Agent

If the Great Race deign it is necessary to contact the Delta Green Agents, they will dispatch one of their most resourceful and clever Agents to do so. The Agent of the Great Race is an ageless, relentless creature so far in advance of humanity that it has difficulty articulating anything but the most basic concepts to them — even so, it represents the epitome of Great Race/Human relations.

It understands all aspects of human behavior and reasoning to a startling degree, and is an encyclopedia of the human era spanning a block of time that stretches approximately from 1920 to 2021. The area, people, places and events around both Duxbury and the Offsite location are especially known to it, in a way a surveyor might know the subtle dips and changes in elevation on a worksite he has spent months documenting.

This knowledge will seem startling to any who witness it. Due to its nature as a temporal creature, the Agent will know and understand things no one else could possibly predict or understand. For example, the Great Race Agent might know that Elaine Walcott of 931 Deerlake Road in Duxbury will fall down the stairs in her home at 5:33:04 EST on December 21, 2009, or that a dog belonging to Burt Brooker of Carlcliff Farms in Duxbury would be struck and killed by Walcott’s car on the day following due to this fall. This incredibly complex interplay of facts remain as clear in the Agent’s mind

as a road map might be to a normal person. As you might imagine, knowing such detailed information about the “future” is incredibly advantageous, and makes the Agent capable of complex tasks outside the realm of possibility for normal people.

What the Great Race Agent chooses to share with the Delta Green Agents (if it does so at all), remains up to the GM to devise; however it should quickly come clear to Delta Green that something inhuman and unimaginably powerful is attempting to stop Hunt Electronics from using their gate. If the Delta Green Agents refuse to comply with the Great Race, option 3 above will be employed.

What the Great Race Agent will consistently fail to explain is that the Delta Green Agents need to travel back through to the Offsite location because *that is what happened*.

Offsite

Offsite is an enormous undertaking representing hundreds of millions of dollars worth of personnel, equipment and supplies. Such soaring costs were covered by the recovery of valuable metals in the past which were transported and sold in the future, but Lassiter’s attempt at paradise still remains a long way off.

Offsite is, quite simply, an attempt to create a completely self-sufficient site which the “rebirth” of humanity can be launched from. It is still two to three years from completion, but the capture of Jonathan Emery at La Guardia airport with 200 lbs of illegal gold has collapsed HE’s timeline. Now — fearful of discovery — all manner of equipment and material are being shoveled through the gate at a breakneck pace from Duxbury; everything is coming back in greater quantities than ever before. More people, more equipment, more food, supplies and tools.

To all at the Offsite location, though there has been no official announcement, the message from the “present” is clear: it is only a matter of time before the gate is closed and their trip to the past will become their world of the present.

Location, Location, Location?

Although star position predicts that Offsite is approximately 1.1 million years in the past in a rough location equivalent to Greenland; many have their doubts. For one, the location is strange: humid and warm, something unexpected in the region at that date. Secondly, the various species of megafauna expected to be found at such a location and date are nowhere to be seen (it was believed that locating a Mammoth or Giant Sloth would be easily achieved — so far, not one has been seen).

Some theories indicate that some sort of catastrophic event or biological shift either has or will occur to cause the dispersion of such creatures in a relatively “rapid” timeframe to fit with the modern paleontological evidence. Another theory has equal adherents, that mankind has plainly misunderstood the fossil evidence and a third less well-received theory indicates the group is simply misplaced in time and misreading start positions or are even in another dimension.

All in all, the Offsite location is a bit hot, but otherwise ideally suited for human inhabitants. There are no significant predators, abundant natural fruit bushes and small game that are recognizable as predecessors to modern species. Early experiments in planting seeds of early fruit-bearing plants (which would have existed at this date) have

been successful, leading all to believe a long-term effort to colonize this time-period is not only possible, but easily achieved.

The local water supply is one significant problem which was rapidly overcome by Duxbury money and resources. Early tests on “clean” water Offsite indicated virulent, unknown microscopic organisms which could easily make ill or kill a human. Artesian wells pulled up “cleaner” but still dangerous water — filled with different species of unknown bacterium. A concerted effort was made to develop a water ecosystem and redundant water scrubbing facilities. Nearly two-dozen wells have been dug, and expensive water-scrubbing equipment (some of it highly experimental) has been set up in all the areas occupied by humans Offsite (including the Compound and Base Camp, see below).

Destroying these wells or more likely sabotaging the scrubbing equipment is a fast way to bring the camp to its knees; all have become used to ubiquitous supplies of clean water, and the lack of it will be felt within hours. Within days, Duxbury will have to begin carting fresh water through the gate (a very time consuming and expensive undertaking) while replacements for the local equipment are collected. (The second time such equipment is set up, there will be guards watching over it, making a quiet sabotage nearly impossible).

Base Camp

Base Camp is a permanent base built around the point in space where the Duxbury gate materializes. It is an intimidating structure, built to house and defend nearly 1,000 people from outside assault (though not comfortably). It is, by far, the most sturdy and modern of all structures built “Offsite”, and could easily hold off an assault for days, if not weeks.

Base Camp is surrounded by a large, reinforced cement and stainless steel wall (nearly a foot thick) which rises to 14 feet. The wall is built on a slight outward slant, meaning there’s a negative slope; making climbing the wall a practical impossibility without equipment. The wall is topped by carefully hung razor-wire on the outside lip. The interior wall has a steel sectioned walk way that circuits its entire perimeter; allowing the ability for men to move and fire upon targets outside the wall. This walkway is accessible from multiple points inside the wall, and is occasionally broken by fixed heavy weapon emplacements (like mounted machine guns).

Various hanging cement bunkhouses hang off the interior walls. Each of these “capsules” can house nearly one hundred people and there are more facilities below ground, just like the Duxbury plant.

The three large towers that break the silhouette of the wall afford a clear view of the nearby countryside. These towers appear to be all glass, but they are actually bulletproof glass with sectioned gun-slits allowing the ground to be fired upon from nearly any angle. They are manned at all times by one or more troopers who use high-tech optics to scan the environment day and night for possible threats.

There is a single entrance through the wall, a huge, seven inch thick stainless steel double door which recesses mechanically into the walls. This door requires power to open quickly (though a manual “ratchet” opening mechanism allows it to be opened in under ten minutes by two or three men). Two murder holes in the ceiling above the entrance allow unrestricted fire to enemies below. The door is almost always closed,

and is open only for specific tasks like moving equipment or large amounts of people or goods in or out. During these times, lights throughout Base Camp indicate the facility is on alert, and the presence of weapons seems to increase dramatically.

The entire area enclosed by the wall is approximately 1.25 acres, composed of mostly open ground and small, one and two story squat cement buildings, large depots filled with storage boxes, equipment and goods to be transported to the secure areas outside the gate. The interior buildings are heavily reinforced concrete structures broken only by plexiglass filled recessed windows and steel, battleship like doors. These buildings are generally three, four and five room structures with general areas, speciality officer areas and stairs, airlocks and elevators leading down into the Earth. It is easy, from the surface, to mistake the squat concrete structures as unimportant, but they are the entrance to the most secure areas of Base Camp, including the gate location. These subterranean facilities compose nearly forty percent of the structure by square footage.

Like Duxbury, the entire underground is a complex, air-locked series of tunnels, warrens and sealed off sections. Huge elevators move up and down, opening on to ground level from a fold-out huge stainless steel hatch which swings up when the elevator arrives. It is here that the largest items sent through the gate are sent to the surface. This elevator is also used to move newly “arrived” recruits to the surface for a tour.

Security at Base Camp

Security at Base Camp is relatively light. Base Camp Security Detail are rarely ever armed with anything more striking than a bolt action rifle and a pistol and more often than not, they are either distracted or wandering the grounds without a clear indication of what they are up to. All in all, a few minutes wandering around the camp makes clear that security there is not all it could be.

Twice a day, security drills are called (with a siren), causing all the Security Detail in the Base Camp to rush to pre-set locations and prepare heavier weapons (fully automatic assault rifles). These drills seem to be reacting to a fake “siege”; as if the group was expecting outsiders to attempt to gain entry to the Base Camp.

Anyone wandering around for more than an hour taking careful note of the Security Detail members’ positions can very effectively see large, exploitable holes in it.

Goods and Services

Supplies in the camp are readily available; though they tend to be all of the same type. Want a plastic razor? — it and 500,000 more just like it can be found packed in crates all over the place. Need a DVD player? — hope you like Sony. The methods of the Duxbury purchases seem somewhat mad on the far side of the gate; an entire group of buying personnel spend weeks sourcing supplies, and buy them in bulk through resellers, meaning nearly everything Offsite was secured at low prices and in huge amounts through dummy companies.

The three areas that were not “bargain-hunted” are survival gear, military electronics and weaponry. Though this equipment is just as common (that is, there are hundreds, if not thousands of them for use in the camp) it is of a higher quality. Life preservers, water-proof boots and jump suits, night vision equipment and guns are all of a uniform — very high — quality.

A common worker Offsite has access to nearly any amenity they had on modern Earth. Turbine power from the nearby falls powers the electricity at the Base Camp while the Compound has its own water driven power plant. People in their rooms or dorms watch DVDs, play video games and other normal, boring activities. Table tennis, air hockey and more are available in a cantina-like area at the Base Camp, though no alcohol is served (there is medicinal alcohol, and a few bits of contraband, but for the most part, no GOOD alcohol in the camp). Personnel are required to mingle during “down-time” and are encouraged to participate in group activities like charades, movie watching, sports and the like. Dating is not restricted, though public incidents stemming from such activities are strongly punished by restriction (restriction to one meal type for months remains the most popular, and strangely most effective punishment).

No one has become pregnant Offsite...yet.

Food is mostly freeze-dried survival rations secured from the U.S. Army in huge quantities by a shell company. Entire hallways beneath Base Camp are filled front-to-back with *tons* of these meals, a supply which could keep the 1,000 + Offsite alive for nearly five years.

These MREs (Meals Ready to Eat) are surprisingly variable and palatable, including everything from spaghetti and meat sauce all the way to salisbury steak. Even soft drinks are available in abundance (though only in the form of RC Cola — something which upsets not a few in the camp), but mostly, people drink processed water. Waste that cannot be recycled is discarded in huge, bulldozer dug pits more than a mile from the Base Camp. These vast pits are filled with trash such as MRE containers, cans, and useless biological matter like coffee grounds, rotten food and more.

Common services such as haircuts, massages and even personal trainers are also available. The gym — a vast affair filled with cutting edge equipment — is a popular social destination. As strange as it may seem, the Duxbury personnel were used to a particular lifestyle, and the management Offsite has done its best to maintain such perks on the far-side of the gate.

The Compound is another thing altogether. It is much more limited in facilities and services than Base Camp, though the people there seem to prefer it that way. It is far more “rustic”. Some buildings have no power, others no water and those who want to work out do it building things.

The Daily Grind

Most in Base Camp are either in logistics, are recent arrivals, support crew or are injured. Base Camp is the hospital, the gathering place, the starting point. The Compound is usually the destination for those coming through the Gate.

Base Camp is the established “port”, everything else are outposts that rely on Base Camp to survive. Some places, like the Compound could survive for long periods on their own, but as a permanent base on their own, survival in the long term without some lucky breaks remains unlikely.

As such, those personnel lucky enough to live and work in Base Camp are concerned with the planning, support and execution of the Duxbury plan — to establish a permanent colony of humans here, 1.1 million years in the past. During an average eight hour day such personnel move equipment, account for equipment, plan the use of such equipment or coordinate with their counterparts at the Compound.

Moving and Storing Supplies

When the Gate is active (usually now less than twenty hours per week) a complex dance of personnel and equipment takes place in the Reception Chamber beneath Base Camp where gear, people and goods come through.

A huge amount of logistics, support and tracking must go on for goods and supplies to be stored and accounted for, and these flurries of activity are so ingrained in the personnel, few, if any even notice their importance anymore. Boxes are rushed out of the Reception Chamber by lift or hand and stashed in any of the growing tunnels bored from the rock. The outer areas of the under-levels are complex warrens with barely enough room to walk, filled floor to ceiling (sometimes on TWO sides) with boxes upon boxes of food, weapons, equipment and more.

Transportation

Transportation in each of the inhabited areas (Base Camp and the Compound) is generally on foot. Travel *between* areas is accomplished by one of several large military surplus trucks (moved in components through the gate and reassembled on the far side). There are only twenty trucks, and on any average day three or more are “down”; being worked on by the motor pool at Base Camp. There is always a shortage of transportation between Base Camp and the Compound, because almost all the truck space is occupied with construction supplies. These trucks run twenty-four hours a day — ferrying equipment, supplies and personnel to the Compound, and bringing workers back. It’s pretty easy for a single person to catch a lift on one of these trucks during off hours (the middle of the night, mostly), but more than one person hoping to head out to the Compound will find space very limited.

There are thirty or so methane powered mini front-loaders — lifting vehicles used to move supplies. These are everywhere in Base Camp, and are easily commandeered — everyone seems to use them.

There are a dozen or so light ATV quads that are for use by specialty crew such as the Away Team or the Security Detail. These light vehicles are carefully accounted for, and are not for general use. They are the only vehicles at the camp that require keys to activate (the trucks and front loaders simply have a push starter).

Gasoline, as can be imagined, is a strictly managed commodity — rarer than anything else, since it must be carried through the gate. Weekly deliveries of gas and diesel are made in large oil drums which are brought up to the main Base Camp area and stacked along the inner walls of the camp out of the way.

Fitting In

The entirety of the camp wears similar, loose fitting cotton jumpsuits (like a mechanics jumpsuit) with their name written in marker on the right chest. A single brand of boot (selected because the brand is made of material with anti-bacterial properties) is worn by all. This causes everyone to take on the same look, and it becomes difficult to pick out who-is-who in the camp; as such, these jumpsuits are an ideal ticket into nearly any populated area of the Offsite locations.

Luckily, these jumpsuits are ubiquitous; stashed in simple plastic containers all over the Compound and Base Camp (there are entire ROOMS of them below ground).

Grabbing and slipping on one of these cotton suits is simple, given a few seconds of privacy. Once on, unless they draw attention to themselves, Agents will easily blend into the background of most areas.

Boots, however, are a commodity, and are far more difficult to come by. Most people don't pay any attention to what kind of footwear a person in the camp is wearing, but since almost everyone in the camp wears the same brand of boots it can be a dead giveaway of duplicity (for example, an Agent running around in the cotton jumpsuit and a pair of leather loafers would obviously be detained).

Agents foolish enough to tool around the camp in their own clothing are likely to be instantly called out by the security forces at the camp. Keep in mind, all in the camp are aware of the infiltration attempt by the Serpent Man Ahmed of the Duxbury plant; and all are willing to kill those they *know* are not members of the expedition. Fitting in is vital.

The Reception Chamber

Just twenty five feet beneath the ground, in what was once a natural cave is the "Reception Chamber" — the point in space where the Duxbury Gate burrows from the future into this time, splitting time/space open into a hovering gate of light and smoke.

The chamber has been retrofitted as a control room, with walls and the floor evened out by human interference, to make it more suitable as a reception area. A large raised platform is built to within an inch beneath the active gate, with ramps allowing wheeled vehicles to roll up to receive supplies.

When the gate manifests, it appears as a 12.7 x 12.7 hovering doorway composed of mist and light. Any living creature touching the mist will immediately be drawn back through the gate to the future at the Duxbury plant; workers are *very* careful not to get too close to the mist when it's active (see Future/Perfect Part 3 for more details). A clear yellow warning line is painted on the ground marking the "edge" of the safety around the gate.

Most of the time, the gate is not active and the room is occupied only by personnel sorting and moving equipment. The gate opens on schedule once a week like clockwork, running for shifts of four or eight hours, depending on what is being transported through the gate (personnel and light equipment are generally sent in the four hour shift, heavy equipment is moved during the eight hour shifts).

Movement in and out of the Reception Chamber during "transit" — as the open gate is referred to — is restricted. The three entrances to the Reception Chamber are closed and locked (just in case a malfunction in the gate occurs). All who come through from Duxbury are stuck in that chamber for the as long as the gate is active. A small waiting area off to the side of the room holds a series of seats as well as a cot for these personnel to rest on.

The Compound (Under Construction)

One and a half miles from Base Camp and gate control, secured in a box-like canyon fed by a swift-running, though relatively shallow river, is the Compound.

The Compound is a sprawling two acre series of low-lying buildings, paved roads, and central dorm-like facilities such as cafeterias and meeting halls. Approximately twenty-five percent of the Compound is complete; the rest is in various

states of construction being constantly worked on by members of the construction division of the Offsite crew.

Various construction vehicles dot the Compound (brought through the gate piece by piece), as well as a small concrete production facility. At any time, nearly two hundred individuals can be found toiling away here, working from dawn until dusk on completing any one of the hundred or so structures in the Compound. These individuals stay at this location full time, retiring to two completely finished three level dorm buildings near the center of “town”.

Once complete the Compound seems to be capable of supporting a population of up to 1,000 individuals indefinitely.

The Environment Surrounding the Compound

The environment around the Compound is roughly analogous to the Scottish Highlands if it were in Malaysia. Green, wet, and hot (averaging between 85 to 98 degrees). The surrounding area is choppy, split by large deadfalls that rise and fall like sand dunes; but covered in thick mats of mosses and grass.

Trees exist (evergreens and large ferns) but are uncommon. As such, the environment is difficult to hide in during the day, and security personnel can spot someone approaching at significant distance.

The Box Canyon the Compound is built in is large — more than two miles deep and a mile and half wide at the mouth. The walls of the canyon are a mix of boulders, moss and pebble-filled slippery switchback paths. It is geologically stable, but dangerous to climb. Water spills down these walls at intervals, feeding the river on the east side of the canyon.

The road from Base Camp to the Compound looks like any other freshly made modern road, split by a single white line and markers indicating every hundred meters. If a photo of this road was published, no one would think twice about it — it looks completely mundane. The perfectly paved, black flattop runs the one and a half miles from the opening at the Base Camp through the canyon mouth to become the main Compound road.

Security at the Compound

Security at the Compound is light during the day. A dozen individuals armed with pump-action shotguns and walkie-talkies walk the perimeter. Anyone coming in from the “outside” — that is, the uninhabited lands surrounding the Compound (not on the road) — who is discovered will be detained. If they resist, they will be shot (this may seem odd, but the camp is paranoid that another being such as Ahmed might attempt to infiltrate the camp).

Nighttime security is handled by less personnel, but is more stringent. Six lookouts climb conning towers on the edges of the camp facing the front of the canyon, and using night-vision equipment and high-powered rifles have a clear shot at anything moving. No foot traffic is allowed out of the Compound at night; so anything outside the perimeter is open game.

The best way to enter the Compound is to hitch a ride with the construction crews moving from Base Camp. There are no ID checks or anything more complex than a nod from a guard upon entering the Compound. It is easy to blend into the crowds of

personnel as they move in and out of the Compound — as long as you are dressed properly (see Fitting In, above).

It is also possible to traverse the path which sweeps to the top of the canyon, and then attempt to move down the rough, barely manageable switchbacks which descend towards the Compound. Doing so, allows the Agents to enter out of the line of fire of the nighttime snipers; but during the day, it is likely they will be detected. Anyone discovered entering in this manner will be detained (during the day, if they're cooperative) or shot (at night, or if they refuse to comply). See Security Detail for more information.

Other Man Made Structures In the Area

There are four main areas with man made structures Offsite. The two largest are Base Camp and the Compound (which are covered above), the remaining two are power facilities — water driven turbines housed in resilient bunker-like facilities.

These two power sources were the earliest structures built Offsite, and are thought to be capable of generating enough power to support the average usage of about 3,200 people. Right now, the entire population of Offsite is somewhere in the 1,000+ range, thought that number is difficult to gauge — even Dr. Tucker, the leader of the “expedition”, does not have a clear concept of the number of personnel present.

Of the two power stations, the Base Camp power station is a more significant structure. Located approximately four miles south-southwest of the Base Camp at a natural water-fall, this structure looks to be a one story building poised on the edge of a large water-fall — in actuality, this is simply the lip of the structure; the rest hangs off the side of the cliff face. Four large water driven turbines generate an excessive amount of electricity, which is delivered to the Base Camp unceremoniously with unimportant looking timber power lines (made important based on the fact that they are the only evidence of human activity between Base Camp and the power station besides the road). This facility, known as “The Falls” is entirely self-sufficient; almost a Base Camp unto itself, with a permanent crew of approximately thirty individuals responsible for upkeep, power management and more. They have enough local food and water to “wait out” any assault for a period of time long enough to make such a siege pointless.

The second station is smaller, built at the lip of the river which cuts into the box canyon the Compound is being built in. It is just two hundred yards from the utility road that leads from Base Camp to the Compound, clearly visible as you drive past. This two story cement building houses a single, large, water driven turbine capable of supporting two or three Compound-sized projects at once. Eleven individuals run this plant, with a minimum of two personnel on at any time. The simplicity of the turbine (due to the limitations of the water source) and their distance from Base Camp allows more lackadaisical behavior on the part of the crew. As such, it is much more easy to sabotage.

Offsite Politics

Dr. John Tucker, Temporal Pioneer

Everything about John Tucker is exceptional. By the age of ten he could speak six languages, was a nationally rated chess player and was an accomplished pianist,

computer programmer and all-around know-it-all. All the while — unlike others in his situation — his social development continued apace. He was a member of the Boy Scouts of America, an eager participant in local gaming conventions, Renaissance Fairs and more. Few could believe how well the “child genius” was adjusted.

He began college at Columbia University studying molecular biology at the age of 16, and was a world-known scholar in molecular biology before he could grow a beard; publishing twice in the *Scientific Review* before his graduation. But that was just the beginning, in 1988 work he was a part of (concerning the disposition of human-like traits within portions of the genome of the fruit-fly) made him the youngest individual to be nominated for a Nobel Prize at age 17. His easygoing nature and willingness to share discoveries were almost as unbelievable as his achievement; Tucker had nothing to prove, and was eager to work with others — something which drew offers of fellowships, jobs and positions in a way his discoveries never could.

He did not win the Nobel Prize, but that did not concern him, tangential research studying fractals thrust him into the world of mathematics — he received a masters in mathematics from Princeton in the summer of 1990. Two papers he co-authored in the summer of 1990 re-imagined fractals and their relationship to large multicellular structures. This scientific model — called the “Tucker model” — predicts the disposition of growth of large multi-cellular organisms using fractals. For John Tucker, this three year detour into mathematics was the equivalent of a mental vacation.

In 1991, Tucker was approached by William Lassiter with a job offer. Such offers had been coming at Tucker for as long as he could remember, and after several polite refusals failed to sour Lassiter’s pursuit, Tucker agreed to meet with the CEO on the condition that no further distractions would be forthcoming. Lassiter agreed.

Lassiter was quite convincing; one look at Ahmed was enough to make Tucker a true believer. Since 1991, Tucker has been one of the brightest names at Duxbury, and in 1997 was sent through the gate to lead the “Offsite” crews as Lassiter’s right-hand-man.

Tucker has grown a lot in his seventeen years at Duxbury, and has come to view the world of science (most of which he is at least marginally familiar with) as full of huge, ignored holes that it can never fill. If he was a priest, he would be one who has lost his faith. Science is no longer the ultimate tool to pry apart the universe in Tucker’s mind — sometimes, things cannot be mechanically explained. With Lassiter’s money, Tucker spent nearly five years researching the bizarre skein of books, manuscripts and archaeological sites that hint at something bigger than the “understood” history of the world. This shattering realization; that science is either blind or dumb when exposed to certain unknowns was difficult for him to reconcile — but not to believe — everything in Lassiter’s possession was far too convincing to ignore.

Tucker runs the entire operation Offsite, and has done so since 1997. He is in absolute control of all aspects of the base, at the express request of Lassiter, and has served flawlessly in his eleven years in control. Offsite is far from a democracy, and Tucker’s commands are enforced by the unquestioning loyalty of the security crews who take his word as law. So far, he has never steered the group wrong and there has never been a reason for violence. Almost everyone present understands Tucker is operating on a higher level of intelligence than they could ever hope to achieve.

It was his decisive actions which prevented a fatal outbreak of the “Rot” in both the Base Camp and Compound, and it his stringent but understanding work/rest ethic that has won over many of the more menial workers Offsite. Tucker is seen as a fair but particular leader; one who doesn’t play favorites, broker deals or say one thing but mean another. He is also social to a fault, mingling both in Base Camp and the Compound on a daily basis. His questions and suggestions are never seen as “management”. When he speaks about something he understands it, when he doesn’t he asks.

In the last three months however, Tucker has been changing. Most in the camp have not noticed, but Tucker’s usually amiable demeanor is fading, replaced by a nervous energy; something like a low-level paranoia. Tucker has been having dreams of a giant, inhuman library populated by huge cone-shaped creatures that know every aspect of his life.

Tucker is not the person he once was in more ways than one. What he would have immediately dismissed as a bad dream or minor psychosis seventeen years ago is now in his world-view as something very threatening, and very real. He doesn’t know what the dreams mean, but that they mean something — and threaten his efforts Offsite — is a fact.

The Great Race and John Tucker

John Tucker has long been a target of the Great Races’ inquiries into the gate paradox. Unfortunately, his past is so significant (various discoveries achieved by Tucker are necessary for future human development) that altering it is not a viable option.

Instead, Tucker’s intellect has been tapped dozens of times with nightly jaunts to the Library of Pnakotus where he is interrogated; forced to write recollections of his interactions with Lassiter, specifics of the Duxbury gate and more. These visits have suddenly jumped in frequency in the last three months, and Tucker has begun to notice the odd feelings associated with them.

The thought has recently occurred to Tucker that if these beings are real, and can trade minds with him, they might be able to do so with others, and not only if they are asleep.

The man, an outspoken opponent of violence, has begun carrying a sidearm; just in case.

The Away Team

This group (jokingly named after the planet-bound exploration groups in *Star Trek*) is responsible for locating, identifying and mining valuable metals from the mountains surrounding the Base Camp site. They were one of the earliest groups to come to this time through the Duxbury gate, and quickly located valuable ore concentrations in the soil one hundred to two hundred times stronger than modern Earth.

The Away Team numbers approximately one hundred individuals, including geophysicists, surveyors, miners and explosive experts. It is split into two groups known as the M&M (Mapping and Mining). The mappers tend to travel in small groups that are heavily armed, moving five, ten and as much as fifty miles from Base Camp to explore the surrounding countryside. Mappers are gone for as long as three weeks at a time sometimes.

Mining moves in when the Mappers have located something. Mining will explore the vein in an attempt to see if it will “play”. If it does, a more permanent mining camp will be constructed at the site, and regular circuits of people and equipment will be moved in from Base Camp.

In the past, they played a vital role in the Duxbury mission; but now, with the seizure of Jonathan Emery at La Guardia, Lassiter is moving to slow down and possibly stop the Away Team’s mission. Secondly, and more locally, the Away Team is the group which was first afflicted with the Rot — the disease the camp has had to deal with in the last year and a half. It seems to always afflict one of these team members first, before infecting others (it is currently believed by the science team that this infection is native to caves).

Still, in its time of operation, the Away Team has located three rich veins of gold and silver, and have successfully played out one of them (codenamed AUBURN), pulling the equivalent of a hundred million dollars worth of precious metals from the ground. Projections by the team indicate that one of the two remaining loads could easily yield fifty to sixty million dollars (site OCHRE) on the “current” market, while the other (site VERMILLION) may be much larger, and might account for two or three hundred million dollars. As can be imagined, the Away Team is not pleased with the idea of turning back.

Until they get the call to stop their activities, they will continue to explore, map and use geo-location technologies to reveal valuable ores for future mining expeditions to exploit.

The groups’ most senior member and team leader is Amida Bensonal; an agent of the Great Race of Yith (see below for more details).

Construction Detail

The Construction Detail is comprises the lion’s share of personnel who come through the gate; they are responsible for building the Compound and all that it encompasses. The Construction Detail is composed of architects, cement experts, road engineers, water delivery/management personnel, electricians, brick-layers and more. On a whole, the Construction Detail is filled with no-nonsense, young, eager workers who are all briefed in the realities of the Duxbury situation.

There are so many in the Construction Detail, and so many people coming and going on the site, that it is nearly impossible to detect outsiders — that is, if they are dressed properly. Most just assume security has the situation covered, and will take nearly anyone in a coverall at face value; until something indicates otherwise.

This is not to say the Construction Detail is full of non-confrontational people. All in all, the personality profile that Duxbury looked for in recruiting these individuals calls for independent, eager to question, pioneers, eager to make their mark, as such, tempers sometimes flare in the camp, and fistfights are not uncommon.

Still, in such a high-stress, physical job it would be strange if such things did not occur from time to time.

Security Detail

The security group responsible for the physical safety of the facilities as well as personnel Offsite is relatively small; compared to the insane level of security at Duxbury that is. It is composed of less than forty individuals all-told (though almost all in the camp are effective with weapons), and is viewed by most as entirely unnecessary. So much so, most in the camp consider these individuals slackers, without any real work — and there's more than enough of that to go around.

Security, for its part, is not full of goldbrickers. Its leader William Brandt is honestly concerned with his job and the safety of his camp, and his men are of a similar mindset. Brandt was a brown shirt at Duxbury for eight years before being given the assignment of defending the camp, and has found his three years offsite disappointing to say the least. Not only have there been no significant threats, the level of watchfulness in the camp has dropped by a huge margin. Brandt is still certain creatures like Ahmed are constantly trying to gain entry to the camp; something which, although widely believed, is considered to be Duxbury's problem.

Several attempts by Brandt to get further backing or initiative from Tucker have failed, leaving Security a largely unused appendage of the offsite crew.

Brandt is waiting for a significant security threat — like the DG Agents turning up — before pushing his luck with Tucker.

Most Security personnel are lightly armed, carrying at most bolt action rifles or light sidearms. Specialty weapons *are* used however. For example, pump-action shot guns are a common sight at the Compound, while heavier assault weaponry can be found only at Base Camp.

At the Compound, security is relatively active, with patrols during the day and a standing guard at night. At Base Camp, it is more lax; the Base Camp facility is almost always closed to the surrounding wilderness, and there is little need for a concerted effort to “guard” the facility except in very specific intervals (when the gate is open for instance, or at night). Even so, since this is Brandt's headquarters, he endeavors to maintain discipline, running drills twice a day.

Disputes

Disputes in the camp are common, but more often than not, they are minor issues — such as who is dating whom, what food is being served for the third time in a week, or how loud a bunk mates' headphones are. Such disputes are dealt with easily, and if they escalate are punished by restrictions (such as food-type restriction, seen as the penultimate punishment).

Larger disputes, such as the direction of leadership in the camp, *do* occur, but more often than not, in private. Tucker very effectively manages the social structures of the camp, and enjoys a wide-spread support that makes a coup unlikely. Few can match his calm, reflective manner or grasp of the facts. For his part, Tucker plays the camp like a chess game, and is always a dozen or so moves ahead of any who disagree with him.

Open defiance has yet to be seen in the camp, but when it does occur, Tucker's response past an initial call to back down will be threats of bodily violence. Some will find this frightening and unexpected, but given a speech or two, will understand Tucker's

point of view. Tucker will make plain the fact that the camp represents the only future humanity has — he will not risk it for something as silly as a juvenile power-grab. He would rather shoot a dozen innocents than to see the entire human race perish.

Security has been looking for excuses to seize power in the camp, and under Tucker's leadership will put down any resistance gladly (even gleefully). After such an event occurs, the mood of the personnel will shift significantly; though the fervor for the project will remain, there will be a noticeable silence in the camp. The first glimpse of the non-democratic nature of the project will be a sobering reminder that the sacrifices the personnel have made in the name of Hunt Electronics are greater than most considered.

The Great Race - Out of Time

The camp has become a significant Pivot in the history of Earthly affairs and as such, must be monitored by the ageless minds of the Great Race. The Great Race is everywhere and nowhere in the camp; their Agents leap in for short periods, observe, and then evacuate their hosts before the change is noticed. The longest “kidnappings” last — in local time — less than a day. After it was discovered that Agents effecting drastic changes would only unravel the Pivot the Great Race has switched to a more subtle role. They now observe, record and search for seams that might unravel this “gordian knot” in time.

Only the most skilled Agents of the Great Race are dispatched to this Pivot; creatures with an encyclopedic knowledge of everything about it — experts on the subject. No detail is too small for their gargantuan minds. Agents know, down to the single bullet, how many rounds are stored in camp per minute, hour or day. How many liters of kerosene. They know all members of the “Offsite” group, as well as all the events leading to their conception, education and travel to the location. In short, they could reconstruct, from memory every aspect and detail of the camp; as well as its journey through time as it changes.

The Motion

The Great Race has managed to insinuate two members of the *Motion* into the “Offsite” camp. Each of these individuals has been extensively “altered” through the machinations of the Great Race, both temporally and physically, to fit the requirements of Hunt Electronics and to end up “at the right place at the right time”. Alterations were made in their history to ensure their education in particular sciences necessary for the camp's maintenance, other physical shortcomings were corrected through temporal manipulation and Great Race science, so they appear physically perfect.

They are otherwise unremarkable members of the *Motion*. Local, in the temporal sense, to the modern era, and tasked with monitoring — on the ground as it were — the situation. In case of unforeseen changes, opportunities or any of a list of myriad events (some so bizarrely minute that they baffle the mind) the *Motion* is to alert the Great Race using one of two hidden communicators. The two *Motion* agents have no knowledge of one another.

Julius Breen

Julius Breen is a fourth generation member of the *Motion*. His great-grandfather was Ulysses Breen, a collector of odd knickknacks, sundries and antiques. In 1924, Ulysses discovered a burnished, bronze “projector” in an estate sale, and over the following months was brought under the influence of the Great Race through the artifact of Pnakotus.

Ulysses Breen’s name is an obscure one, but is known to historians of U.S. Assassination history. In 1935 Breen killed Senator Bryant Jennings White on the steps of the newly opened U.S. Supreme Court Building. The method of assassination was odd; while shaking hands with White, Breen detonated a World War I vintage *Kugelhandgranate* hand grenade, blowing them both to bits.

The Breen family has served the *Motion* since 1924; and Ulysses Breen’s sacrifice in 1935 was just one of the attacks the Breen family has made to alter history. Like his father, Julius has, in his time, stolen, committed arson, assault and even murder for the Great Race. Such sundry tasks are left to the *Motion*; dictated either through a mind-swap or through the odd, baroque technological devices the Great Race give the *Motion* access to.

At “Offsite”, Breen serves as a water-purification expert, tasked with maintaining one of the two huge desalination/purification plants that supplies the camp with fresh water. Breen has been altered so his history suits such a task — he is an expert in all the up-to-the-minute modern technological aspects of desalinization/purification of water.

Breen is a selfless servant of the Great Race and will sacrifice himself in a moment to protect even the “shell” of one of their Agents, motivated by the incorrect belief that he will be reborn as one of the conical “Keepers” of the Great Library of time.

This belief, often repeated by the Great Race to its servants, is true from their alien point of view — after all, the *Motion* all have existed at one point in time as one of the conical creatures in the library, dragged back in time to prepare them for their upcoming tasks. To the Great Race, this is the equivalent of *always* existing in such a state.

Amida Bensonal

Amida Bensonal was a native of Malaysia before being relocated to the US at great expense by Hunt Electronics. She is a geological expert with a sterling reputation and a resume that reads like hyperbole. Amida has done all the things listed in her CV and is an expert in geological formations, fault mechanics and the recovery of precious metals from the earth, but prior to 2002, none of this was true. She was homeless, HIV positive and ready for death at the age of 26. She still has clear memories of this existence — which no longer happened — though the reality of it dwindles with each day.

The Great Race recruited her and restructured her past, transforming her into a suitable *Motion* agent. The choice of Amida over six billion others in the world was due to myriad reasons in temporal requirements the *Motion* agents must fulfill and understood fully only by the Great Race. Suffice it to say: she was the temporal equivalent to the Great Race of a stone to step across a shallow stream, as not to get their shoes wet.

In exchange for success, education and wealth Amida has “sold” her future. She serves the Great Race out of grudging necessity, having seen their ability to “change” time first hand. She understands that if she serves them and completes her task, she has a chance of enjoying her “new life” free of disease. If she does not, they will return her to life on the streets of Kuantan to die a slow death.

The Other Great Race Agents

At any time as many as five Great Race Agents occupy select individuals in the camps; monitoring progress, examining options and getting a clear picture of activity “on the ground”. Those familiar with Michael Grunning and his odd countenance might make a LUCK roll, on a success, they spot a similar blank stare as was seen on Grunning’s face. However, capturing an Agent is a virtual impossibility. Even indicating a suspicion that an individual is “odd” is enough to cause the Agent to flee back to the Library at Pnakotus. By the time the Delta Green Agents get their hands on an individual occupied by the Great Race, the alien is gone.

The Great Race Agents are prepared, at a moment’s notice to seize control of the gate (almost all the time, at least a single member of the gate crew is under their control), and similarly have caches of hidden technology placed around the camp. These include time gates, electric guns and other more esoteric devices.

The Great Race Agents are fully aware of everyone in the camp, including the Delta Green agents (despite whatever cover they might have) and the *Motion* agents.

Goals

The overarching goal of both the Great Race Agents and the Motion is to permanently shut down the Duxbury gate without interfering with the Construct. The Great Race believes its best bet lies with first ruining the Duxbury gate with Great Race technology from the Offsite side, and then removing Arthur Hunt on October 7, 1947. To do so, they require the DG Agents.

Infiltration

Great Race infiltration of the camp is total. They have the full run of all aspects of the Base Camp and Compound, and can jump from person to person instantly (at least in our backwards conception of time).

They do this mostly to observe, but they are known to act on occasion.

If the DG Agents are on the right track but might be sideswiped by an Offsite member’s action, there is a chance the Great Race might intervene; but there are rules to such an intervention. Nearly any event can send the Construct spiraling off into darkness, and the Great Race and Motion agents are careful to avoid killing any Offsite personnel, due to some important part they must play in some future events. Secondly, if they can help it, they will only seize control of an individual out of sight of others, to prevent suspicion and further damage to the Construct (by say, inciting suspicion and causing a witch-hunt which destroys the stability of that point in time). Finally, they will only reveal themselves if no other contingency to get the DG Agents to act exists.

Shutting Down the Gate

Shutting down the Duxbury Gate is an option explored by the Great Race *millions of times* which and it has failed millions of times. This is no longer the goal of the Great Race, instead destroying Hunt in 1934 *before* he set to work on the Gate is thier goal.

Due to various temporal dangers, a window of opportunity to destroy the hidden Serpent Man has been established between October 8 and October 12 1934 in Chester, Ohio — *before* “Hunt” left for Death Valley. “Hunt” must die between these dates, and those who kill him must not be of the Great Race or their previous machinations.

The time period is fraught with hundreds of thousands careful temporal folds to maintain the construct, the world war, the atomic bomb and more which will establish the Great Races’ outpost in the distant radioactive future. Any movement by Great Race agents in 1934 risks the dissolution of their previous or subsequent temporal changes. The DG Agents, however, represent a new and interesting tool to manipulate.

The Great Race have decided upon a plan where the Delta Green Agents enter 1934 and destroy “Hunt”, whereupon the Construct should “snap back” to its former shape; hurling the DG Agents back to their own time, removing the seventy years of interim developments in the Hunt corporation, removing the Hellbend gate, the Hellbend gate plans, Duxbury and more. In essence, the effect of the Serpent Man will have ceased to be.

There’s only one catch: the DG Agents must enter the open gate in the depths of the Reception Chamber when it is open to Duxbury. Even more dangerous, they must alter the gate with a piece of Great Race technology before they do so.

Easy, right?

Dangers

Native Species

Various native species — many far outside the realm of “understood” science — have been discovered. Most are not threats to the humans Offsite, a few are seen as significant threats by those in control of the mission.

All but twelve identified species of plants are off limits for ground crews to eat. These twelve types of fruit-bearing shrubs grow nearly tasteless fruits of varying descriptions — edible but no good in the standard sense of the word “food”.

Standard animal species located can be classified loosely as “predecessors” to modern species. Large hares, shaggy goats, yak-like creatures of average size. These ready food sources have another significant advantage; they have not yet gained the natural fear response to humans — making hunting them as easy as walking up to one and shooting it.

Two unknown animal species, in particular, have caused great dismay among the leadership offsite. The first are a race of squat, hairy humanoids that have begun attempting to infiltrate the Compound at night through various methods. These creature stand less than five feet tall, are covered in fur, and have human-like features. Various anatomical studies have indicated, however, that they are another species entirely. These creatures have been dubbed “natives” by the work crews. There have been no-known attacks by natives on humans as of yet, though there have been face-to-face

meetings (usually ending with the native dead, or fled). The natives seem to have a desire for metal items, and several “caches” of pilfered items have been found in area sweeps outside the Compound, leading security to believe that natives have successfully infiltrated the Compound in the past.

The second species is considered far more dangerous. One of the Away Teams stirred some sort of huge single cell creature from its slumber in a cave, and after it attacked, claiming the life of one miner, it was killed with a phosphorous charge. This thing was effectively invisible in the shallow pool of water it was hiding in, and could easily subdue and consume a human. The remains indicate it is a direct descendant of the first undifferentiated organism on Earth. It has been deemed such a significant threat that briefings to field crews include warnings about shallow, still pools of water.

The Rot

The Rot is a disease not native to modern earth, but which has claimed about two-dozen personnel of the Offsite location in the last sixteen months. It first struck suddenly, claiming two personnel tasked with mining a site called “AUBURN” within days of their return. Despite biohazard protocols, the disease managed to “jump” to a doctor before a complete lockdown of the camp stopped it. Since then, it has appeared four times, claiming lives each time. It is now simply part of the routine in the camp.

The symptoms are always the same; beginning with bloodshot eyes, rashes and fatigue and ending with fever, heart palpitations, brain swelling, blood poisoning, leprosy-like symptoms and death. So far no one has survived an active infection.

Unfortunately, time from first symptom to death can vary from hours to weeks, and the earliest symptoms are so subtle they can easily be overlooked. There is a strong fear that a single undiscovered outbreak could claim hundreds of lives in a single wave of infection.

Examination by the Offsite science team has identified an unknown plant-like substance in the bloodstream of the infected individuals. This bluish-red plant cell is of an unknown species and seems to flourish and reproduce in the blood; slowly at first, and then suddenly overwhelming the host in a flurry of reproduction which compresses blood vessels and bursts veins.

A relatively reliable blood swab test has been developed allowing for a simple pin-prick of a finger to establish whether someone is infected or not. This is now routine for all people entering the Base Camp location. Still, the science team and Dr. John Tucker remain fearful of the possibility of an alien microbe simply wiping all they have worked for off the map in a matter of weeks.

Burn Out

Occasional burn out occurs and the most serious cases have involved people being sent back through the gate to Duxbury. This procedure — once commonplace — has ground to a halt. Two days after being informed of the possible exposure of Duxbury’s illegal shipment of gold abroad, Tucker gathered his leaders together and they assembled a list of people they believed “could not hack it”.

This group of nearly thirty-five people were sent back through the gate to Duxbury. Individual leaders met with their groups and informed them of the dire

circumstances on the far side of the gate, and of how contact with the “modern” world might not last very much longer. Even worse, they claimed, they could no longer sanction movement back to Duxbury from Offsite. Those who wished to leave were required to do so by a set date. This group, consisting of twelve personnel left seven days after the seizure at LaGuardia airport. Since then, personnel and equipment only come through, they don’t go back.

No one is under any delusions about such measures, it means that the luxury of “burn out” is one which will no longer be maintained. Those pushing the limits of the new system with anti-social behavior might find themselves on the wrong end of a gun.

The Great Races’ Plan

The Great Races’ plan has been extensively detailed earlier, but it must be re-iterated; the ONLY way the Race has determined they can stop the gates is through the player characters traveling through the portal at Base Camp with a Great Race device.

Once they do, they must destroy Arthur Hunt in the past *before* he sets about creating its Gate in Hellbend. If they are successful, the Construct should snap back into place — removing the Alien influence of Hunt on human history (excepting of course, the technology he HAD to introduce, such as the Hunt resistor).

Keep in mind the Great Race will tell the temporally retarded humans as little as possible about their plan. They will, in fact, imply that entering the gate with the device will “solve” the problem. What the DG Agents might not realize is that getting into the gate with the device is simply the first step.

The Dreams

All in the Camp have the Dream, though few remember it. The Dream is always the same: they wake in a monstrous, wholly inhuman time in a library the size of a sports-stadium. Odd (yet somehow harmless looking) alien creatures like snails the size of mini-vans glide about, observing the world through huge globe-shaped eyes on tentacled stalks. They mill about the alien library, collecting odd-rectilinear “books” in their clutches and either bringing them or returning them from tables large enough for an Elephant to sit at.

Some of these creatures seem confused or ill. They “stand” at the tables and carefully “write” into the books with clumsy tentacles and enormous writing implements like curved scalpels made of gold. These “others” are carefully watched by the more confident members of the species.

The Dream ends abruptly with the dreamer attempting to stand, and finding their point-of-view buoyed off the ground to a great height, like a balloon tethered to the ground. They see their reflection in a vast polished bronze wall, and are met with a creature of similar description. They realize they *are* that creature, that reflection.

Those who remember the dream suffer 1 SAN point damage.

The Device

The Device which the Great Race Agents have constructed to allow the gate to transport the DG Agents back to 1934 looks identical to an 2004 Apple iPod. Anyone glancing at it will immediately dismiss it as mundane, but a closer inspection will reveal

that the casing has been split and its innards replaced with a spray of wiring and chips culled from dozens of sources. Obviously, it does not function as an iPod any longer; additionally, the buttons seem to do nothing.

Anyone examining it at length will glean that it includes parts from blenders, electric shavers, televisions and more all assembled in a mish-mash of bizarre circuitry for an unknown purpose. Those doing more than examining it (such as disassembling it) will find it useless. The Great Race will replace such damaged items instantly (that is, retroactively — the Motion Agent will have two because the Great Race knew such an outcome *must* occur). Anyone holding the device close to their ears will hear an indistinct, low droning, like a distant prop aircraft.

The device, when carried through the gate, will “bend” it to 1934 utilizing non-euclidean principles known only to the Great Race. What they DO NOT tell the DG Agents is that only their minds will be transported to that time, their bodies will be destroyed the moment they enter the gate. While this may seem like a one way trip, those who are successful in destroying “*Hunt*” will find the present they are familiar with instantly (if painfully) restored, with their minds returned unharmed to their bodies.

Getting In

Getting into the Reception Chamber when the gate is active can be as easy or as difficult as the Keeper chooses to make it. If you feel you need more action, seizing the Reception Chamber by force is a fun option. The Great Race Agents and Motion Agents will help, jumping in to save the player’s bacon if they are close to failing.

Alternatively, with access to the mastery of time of the Great Race, entering the Reception Chamber could be as easy as simply looking at a watch and moving when told to do so. What the campaign needs at this moment, is, as usual up to the Keeper to fashion as he sees fit.

The Singularity

Entering the portal with the Great Race device is far from just another jaunt through the gate. Entering *seems* normal, for a split second, and then a shuddering series of flashes illuminate a vast and seemingly endless black. The sensation is of hovering miles up in a black void — not falling, but suspended somehow while the world blinks in and out in staccato flashes of light. DG Agents have just enough time in the void to realize the gate is functioning differently before they are literally ripped to pieces by arcing sheets of fire.

This process is exceedingly painful and immediately destroys the DG Agents body, reducing it into nothing more than a cloud of free-floating atoms in seconds. This costs (2/1d4 SAN).

The House

Those DG Agents who enter the gate with the device wake in strange bodies (though not *quite* as strange as those they occupied/will occupy in the Library). They find themselves in a room filled with hastily rewired electronics of vintage quality. The house is abandoned, excepting this maze of wires, old radios and other electronic devices (those who were forced to the Offsite location by the Motion agents will recognize an identical setup here).

The bodies they are in are swarthy in complexion, men of mediterranean or middle eastern descent (realization that you are not in your own body costs 1/1d2 SAN). These forms are dressed normally, if in a bit dated clothing (large double breasted suits). Their pockets contain no identification, but one has nearly \$1500 in odd-looking large 20 dollar bills (careful examination the note “Series of 1929” printed on the bills). The bodies have no weapons or other equipment.

A wristwatch has been carefully set up on a sheet below a wall as if it was some sort of holy item. It is an Elgin Aviator Chronograph — an exceedingly expensive and accurate time piece. It has been modified extensively. Instead of a standard watch face, it counts from 1 to 281, and only has a single hand. The movement of the action is so slow, it requires excessive patience to even notice it is working (it is ticking however).

On the wall in front of the DG Agents, written in charcoal is “281 h, 7 m, 22 s”, below it is “Kill HUNT”. They have roughly four days to locate and kill Arthur Hunt.

October 8, 1934

Stepping outside will immediately reveal something is off – even those who do not realize the depth of their predicament feel something is wrong. The house is dilapidated, with peeling yellowed paint behind a copse of trees that shield some sort of road (a picket of telephone poles can be spied over the tops of the trees). A perfectly preserved 1930 Ford is parked out front. The car is pristine to the point of absurdity (keep in mind, the DG Agents likely have no idea *when* they are). Those examining the car find the keys in it, as well as various detritus from 1934 including: “Topps Lemon Drops” candies, a ripped page from the Meigs County Examiner with the notice “ESTATE LIQUIDATION NOVEMBER 22, 1934” and a 1934 Ohio Road Atlas with several marked locations. Those familiar with Chester Ohio (from Part 2), immediately recognize the marked areas as the old Hunt Plant (freshly opened in 1934), the Hunt Farm and the Serpent Mounds.

In the front glove compartment is a fully loaded, new looking 1911 Colt Automatic Pistol.

A sign nailed to the door (SPOT HIDDEN to notice) reads “REPOSSESSION AND ESTATE LIQUIDATION BY ORDER OF THE MEIGS COUNTY SHERIFF, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 22, 1934”.

Clever DG Agents might now begin piecing together the clues (the Series 1929 bills, the sign, the car) will begin to realize *when* they are. Those who come to this realization suffer 0/1d4 SAN loss.

Chester in 1934

Those DG Agents who have visited Chester, Ohio in the present will recognize the Chester of 1934. Those expecting a dreary Depression-Era town will be disappointed in the clean, orderly streets of Chester. The town is held afloat by Hunt’s thriving electronics business, and most in town work for Hunt’s concern. The money has kept the town solvent, and most of the problems which have wracked the nation for the last five years have steered clear of Chester.

The town seems perfect in nearly every aspect, but it is awash with the classic human frailties found in nearly every time period, the most prevalent of which is blatant

racism. A car-load of “wetbacks” — such as the DG Agents will likely draw the attention of the Meigs County Sheriff, Thomas Cavanaugh. None of the legal niceties of the modern era are around to interfere with a bit of Police brutality, and the Sheriff is not above breaking a knight-stick or two over a couple of foreigners heads to “clean up his town”. Those who make themselves a bit too conspicuous will soon draw the ire of the local law.

The Sheriff

Thomas Cavanaugh, the Meigs County Sheriff is a “moral” man. In 1934, this means he’s a God-fearing, mostly-honest, sexist and racist individual bent on maintaining the status-quo at the expense of nearly anything. Cavanaugh will gleefully terrorize, beat and even shoot (if they leave him no choice) individuals who do not fall into his definition of “human being” — this includes Blacks, Hispanics, Asians, Jews and Italians.

If the DG Agents are brought to Cavanaugh’s attention he will pursue them and attempt to first, scare them off, and then failing that, lock them up. If the Agents are successfully captured, they will find themselves in the Meigs County courthouse lock-up, two unceremoniously filthy cells in the back of the small stone building. There, they will be starved, subjected to racial epithets and other inanities, and finally stripped of all valuables and driven to the Meigs County line in a truck. There, at gunpoint, they are invited to “come back whenever you fellas get bored of breathing.”

If it comes to gunplay, Cavanaugh will break out a team of deputies armed with shotguns and go on a full hunt for the DG Agents. These individuals will criss-cross the town in flatbed trucks, looking for anything out of sorts. If the DG Agents have fired on law enforcement, these individuals won’t bother with a warning, they’ll just open fire the moment they’re spotted.

The Hunt Electrodynamics Plant

The Hunt Electrodynamics plant is a huge facility to the southwest of town that employs nearly everyone in Chester Ohio (in modern Chester, it is a long-abandoned relic the players’ might have visited). In 1934, it is still relatively new (having been built in 1928).

At any time of the day or night, it is awash with personnel. During the day, there are hundreds of employees working multiple shifts, and at night, there is a large team of security personnel. It is a well-known (and easily discovered) fact that Hunt himself appeared only once at the plant at its ground-breaking, and has never set foot in it since.

He remains in isolation at his “family” farm — leaving only to take a private train to Chicago or New York, and only then in the dead of night. A bunch of foreign looking individuals poking around the plant and asking questions will be sufficient to bring in the Meigs County Sheriff.

The Hunt Farm

The Hunt farm is a large, clean series of buildings to the west of Chester. It is surrounded by a no-nonsense series of barbed wire fencing rising to ten feet with a starkly drawn wooden sign marked with a lightning bolt every fifty feet. It does not exist in the modern era.

The fence is electrified to dangerous levels, and anyone touching it will suffer 1d20 HPs damage. A SPOT HIDDEN roll will reveal dead small game that brushed the wire, as well as a fried bird or two foolish enough to attempt to land on one.

The front gate is a large, corrugated metal door which swings wide enough to allow a large flatbed truck in. This too is electrified. There is no call box or visible mechanism to open the gate from the outside.

The gate seems to be controlled remotely. Those observing at length will be greeted with the gate suddenly swinging wide, and then very quickly shutting again after a pristine 1931 Packard pulls out onto the municipal road and rushes off towards Chester. There is no obvious gate box or mechanism at the gate (though the base of the gate is secured in a ratchet like mechanism in the center of the dirt road). This door is indeed opened by remote (one in the car that is often in front of the main building, and one in the main building.)

Getting on to the farm is relatively easy to accomplish, as long as the DG Agents don't mind causing a ruckus. Smashing through the gate or fencing is easy with a vehicle. This also has a second, beneficial effect — drawing "Hunt" out from his house. That is, if the DG Agents are prepared to deal with Hunt at all.

Comings and Goings

The 1931 Packard is driven by Allan Mestemacher (who, despite his death in 1999, might be known to the DG Agents through Mary Jarrard — the director of the Hunt Museum — who was writing a book about him).

Mestemacher is the only person to come or go from the Hunt Farm during the time allotted to destroy Hunt. He runs various errands for Hunt, including sourcing, cleaning and preparing his meals. Most daily trips involve a visit to the post office, the grocery and lunch in town (Hunt forbids him from eating or drinking in his presence). Otherwise Mestemacher is on the farm or at home (a small, two level house on the east side of town — bought with cash in 1930 by Hunt). He works ten hours a day — from 4 AM to 2 PM — along with Hunt. After that, he usually retires to his house, has a meal and then turns in before 9 PM.

The 1931 Packard has been modified by Hunt simply because the smell of gasoline was objectionable to him. Those watching Mestemacher for any period of time will notice one thing — he does not visit the gas station. Otherwise the car looks, moves and sounds normal.

Those popping the hood find, instead of an engine, a three hundred pound block of lead fastened to the chassis, and a tiny, intricately carved bronze box. This box is connected to various, small mechanical input boxes pinned to the inside walls of the engine casing, which do everything from receiving pedal pushes, to reading steering wheel turns. A small, black box to the side of the bronze box makes the noise and sound of the engine (added only because Mestemacher mentioned his discomfort with the silent car). The box can be popped from its "casing" easily, rendering the vehicle inert. The bronze box will defy classification, and no scientist — in 1934 or the modern era — will be able to discern what it does or how it operates. The car is, most literally, a perpetual motion machine.

Embedded in the dashboard on the driver's side is a large, red push-button. This operates the gate at the Hunt farm.

Allan Mestemacher; the Key

Mestemacher was a farmhand known to everyone in the area selected by Hunt as his personal assistant in the summer of 1925, just after Hunt's transformation. At first, Mestemacher was quite pleased to have fallen in with the growing local celebrity, but by 1929, Mestemacher found himself operating in the job out of self-preservation and fear. Despite the high pay and Hunt's growing fortunes, Mestemacher has become convinced (mostly over the last few months leading up to October 1934) that Hunt is not right. Worse yet, Hunt has noticed this, and has openly threatened Mestemacher with serious, undisclosed punishments if Mestemacher talks.

Mestemacher is a man who is certain his employer is some sort of supernatural creature. He is also certain that Hunt's threats are not hollow, and that his reach is nearly infinite.

At this point, Mestemacher can hardly be said to be a religious man, but the various things he has seen over the past decade have been enough to turn his mind towards the supernatural. In the coming decades, the secrets he gleaned at the Hunt farm will transform him into a raving religious lunatic, but now, he's just a terrified man looking for a way out.

People in town have noticed Mestemacher's discomfiture, but have chalked it up to years of working for the brusque and abusive Hunt. If the DG Agents can discover and leverage this fact, they might find an extremely useful ally in Mestemacher.

Approaching Mestemacher will not be easy. The best way is for the DG Agents to confront him in town and reveal the truth about Hunt, his plans and what he is (to the best of their ability). If they manage to confirm some things he knows about Hunt (including his odd, serpent-like shadow which Mestemacher has seen) he will help them to destroy Hunt. Mestemacher is a very valuable resource — he knows all the nooks and crannies of the Hunt farm, as well as Hunt's schedule. With Mestemacher's help, it is likely the DG Agents can kill Hunt as it "rests" in a torpor-like sleep between 1AM and 3AM in the morning. Doing so, prevents Hunt from employing any of its protective magic, making it extremely vulnerable.

Killing Hunt

Confronting Hunt while it is awake is an extremely dangerous proposition. Anything short of dynamite, shotguns or machine guns may be insufficient to accomplish the task. Due to magical wards Hunt has in place while it is awake, pistols will be nearly useless.

Hunt will meet confrontation head-on, with no surprise or hesitation, using its powerful magics to destroy its attackers one by one. If the attackers break off the attack (most likely due to sudden realization that a pistol is no threat to Hunt), Hunt will pursue them vigorously. Once they are dead, it will destroy Mestemacher (whether or not he was involved) and continue its work after padding the pockets of local authorities to silence the matter.

Hunt "sleeps" two hours a night, entering a voluntary torpor where it simply stands still in the main room of the farmhouse and rests. The first impression upon seeing Hunt in such a state is that it is awake but drugged. Its eyes are open though

glassy. It will not wake due to noise, movement but physical attack will cause it to slowly come-to (1d10 rounds of inaction, followed by full wakefulness).

If the DG Agents manage to discover Hunt during its two hour torpor it is exceedingly vulnerable and can be dispatched with mundane weaponry such as a pistol, rifle or shotgun.

The Price of Failure

Failing to kill Hunt in the allotted time does not mystically snap the DG Agents back to their native time or bodies.

Instead (assuming they *survive*) they are left in 1934 in the odd bodies they were transported into. While living in the past might seem to be easy street for any well-educated individual, they are now also under the watchful eye of the Great Race who will prevent them from exploiting any knowledge of the future which might, in turn, disrupt it. For example, scraping together enough money to buy stock in American armament companies and firms like Boeing (which will soar during the war years) will be actively countered (since the Great Race can “see” the outcome, they can prevent it). They will do anything short of killing the character to prevent such disruptions. Money will be lost, stolen etc... Stocks will vanish, be the subject of fraud or more. Anything bad that can happen, will happen to prevent such transactions from occurring. Even worse, attempting to kill Hunt *after* the allotted time will be actively stopped by the Motion. The available window of opportunity has come and gone and killing Hunt past those four days in 1934 will only make things worse.

The Great Race keep the Agents alive not out of some sort of distorted morality, but to preserve the *future* of the Construct, assuming the problem is eventually corrected and history *will* snap back.

Cruel Keepers might keep the DG Agents in such a situation for *years*. During this pause, the Great Race continues to work on the Gordian Knot of Hunt in 1934, sending various individuals of Delta Green back, manipulating *which* DG Agents become involved in the investigation in the hopes of resolving it and finally, with enough abortive, failed and near-complete attempts behind them, discern the method to shut down the Gates forever..

Finally, just when the players are certain they will remain in the past forever, they suddenly snap back to the present.

The Skein of History Snaps Back

Successfully killing Hunt causes an instant and jarring restoration of the modern Construct, snapping the DG Agents back into their bodies at various points along the time-stream, depending on when the Agents became involved with the Future/Perfect investigation (1/1d10 SAN).

They find themselves at the moment before the point where the call came through involving them in the investigation, with absolute memory of all that has come before (but now which will not come to pass). Due to Hunt’s destruction in 1934, Hunt Electrodynamics Hellbend Plant and the gate— and by proxy, the Duxbury plant and its gate —have all failed to exist. As such, there is no investigation to undertake. The call never comes.

Agents comparing notes with those who experienced the same things might find others who do not remember such occurrences (if so, it's because they haven't "caught up" temporally to the moment they became involved in the investigation).

Agents revealing such secrets to Delta Green will be met with disbelief, but stranger things have happened — it is Delta Green after all.

Average Offsite Security

Race: Varies, **Education:** Military Background

Occupation: Former Military Personnel **Age:** Varies, **Height:** Varies, **Weight:** Varies

Hair: Varies, **Eyes:** Varies

STRENGTH 14 **SIZE** 13 **CONSTITUTION** 18

DEXTERITY 13 **POWER** 10 **APPEARANCE** 7

INTELLIGENCE 16 **EDUCATION** 10

HP 16 **MP** 10

SANITY 75%

IDEA 80% **LUCK** 75% **KNOW** 50%

DMG BONUS: +1d4

SKILLS: Computer Use 25%, Conceal 50%,
Credit 50%, Cthulhu Skill 1%, Dodge 30%, Drive
Automobile 60%, Explosives 40%, Law 25%, Listen
40%, Military Science 35%, Search 70%.

LANGUAGES: English (own) 50%, Smattering of
other ethnicities have other languages

ATTACKS: Punch 65% (1d4+1d4)

Glock 67% (1d10+8)

Mossberg Shotgun 47% (2d6/3d6/4d6)

MP5 55% (1d10)

Average Great Race Agent

Race: Varies, **Education:** Eons of study

Occupation: Varies **Age:** Varies, **Height:** Varies, **Weight:** Varies **Hair:** Varies, **Eyes:**
Varies

STRENGTH 16 **SIZE** 10 **CONSTITUTION** 12

DEXTERITY 12 **POWER** 21 **APPEARANCE** 14

INTELLIGENCE 21 **EDUCATION** 10

HP 11 **MP** 21

SANITY N/A

SKILLS: Any Skill Needed 80%

LANGUAGES: Any Language Needed 80%

ATTACKS: Lightning Gun, 70% (1d20+4)

“Arthur Hunt”

Serpent Man Hunt “Xichlasa”

Race: Serpent Man **Age:** 4.2 million years,

Height: 7”, **Weight:** 210 lbs

STRENGTH 11 SIZE 11 CONSTITUTION 11
DEXTERITY 13 POWER 18 APPEARANCE --
INTELLIGENCE 18 EDUCATION --
HP 11 MP 18 (Boosted to 31 with Power Drain)
SANITY LOSS 0/1d6 SAN
DMG BONUS: 0

ARMOR: 3-points of Scaly Skin (boosted with 3d6 points of Armor with Flesh Ward, daily)

LANGUAGES: Aklo (own) 100%, English 90%, Latin 75%, German 46%, French 34%, Russian 12%

SKILLS: Occult 90%, Cthulhu Skill 81%.

ATTACKS: Bite 75%, 1d8+ POT 10 Poison

NOTES: Hunt can assume the identity of anyone it can consume.

SPELLS: Black Binding, Create Gate, Chant of Thoth, Cause/Cure Blindness, Cloud Memory, Consume Likeness, Create Scrying Window, Create Time Gate (Past Only), Death Spell, Deflect Harm, Enthrall Victim, Mesmerize, Mind Transfer, Pose Mundane, Power Drain, Stop Heart, Wrack.

TACTICS: Hunt is brilliant, and will not hesitate to use its magic when attacked. It will almost always have the upper hand, as its armor will be in the 6 to 21 point range (due to Flesh Ward). First shots at it will likely bounce off it, merely warning instead of killing it.

It will first use Mesmerize to enthrall an armed target, and order it to kill its compatriots. It will then target random individuals with Stop Heart and Wrack spells. When it can, it will redeploy Mesmerize as needed. In close combat it will lash out with its poison bite.

As a final ploy, it is not above using Mind Transfer to escape the death of its physical form, leaping into the body of an unsuspecting Agent.