

A winter storm entombed the “one building town” of Bearclaw, Alaska. Someone opened the hole in the basement. The giant Saturn came out. He took what he wanted and hurt people who defied him. Nobody could leave because there was nowhere to go. Then the building caught fire. Saturn burned with his subjects.

The blizzard lifted. EMTs found a giant skeleton in the ruins. The flames have died, but **Red** light illuminates the ruins. Saturn is still alive in the moment before the building burned. Soon, gorged with fresh blood, he'll live again in the real world.

BRIEFING

The only building in Bearclaw, Alaska went up in flames. Investigators found a giant skeleton in the rubble.

THE SURVIVORS' STORIES

Police interviewed the survivors at the hospital in Anchorage. They were at Andy's winter celebration, drinking and dancing and fighting and fucking. Someone spiked the punch with acid. They didn't see who set the fire.

Only two mention the giant:

- Ross the Biker: “Good, fuck him. We never should have let the bastard in.”
- Katie the Barkeep: “He's coming back. He always comes back. They chopped him up, he laughed it off. Let them choose a hand or a foot.”

No use interrogating these idiots further.

BEARCLAW

The “one building town” eighty miles from Anchorage. 99 people in one apartment complex on Alaska's jagged Southern coastline. Surrounded by ocean and mountains. Three ways in and out:

- The Tunnel - two miles under the mountains to Seward highway.
- The Harbor - occasional ferries and tourist ships.
- The Airport - control tower, hangar, 1500 feet of gravel.

Play begins in front of the ruined apartment. It's cold and clear, the snow is melted in a 20 foot radius around the burned building. EMTs have set up a command post and carted away the survivors they could find. Now it's up to the Agents.

THE MALCOLM ESTATES

One 10 story building with apartments, post office, police station, library, K-12 school, bar, general store, laundromat, auditorium, church. Seventy years old, and it showed.

Now a burnt husk. Concrete floors and walls, staircases. Bullet holes in the peeling paint, cartridge casings in the ashes.

The fire was electrical. It started with a third floor wall socket.

Charred corpses are hidden in the rubble. Some dead of smoke inhalation, others bullet and knife wounds. Some missing extremities, bitten off like carrots.

THE SKELETON

Burnt remains of a ten foot man in the auditorium. Signs of breakage and regrowth on every bone, including the skull.

Smash it and it crumbles. That was too easy...

AND MY FAVORITE COLOR IS RED

Agents exploring the ruins hear it before they see it. Muted conversation. The thump of a sound system.

Then, red light through bullet holes in the wall. Peer through and you see it: the **Red** world. The moment before the blaze, replayed.

- In the auditorium, drunks fighting. The Police Chief watches from the punch bowl, laughing.
- In the hall, a woman with a hunting knife chases a naked man.
- In the school, a mob clad only in aprons hacks away at a squirming mass of manflesh, reforming faster than their blades divide it.
- In the bar, a woman drinking alone.
- In an apartment, a naked man in a chair, tortured by a figure in a black trashbag outfit.
- In the church, a temple with columns. A cave.
- In the lobby, a man and woman drag a corpse to the basement, missing its hands, feet, nose and ears.
- In the basement, a hole (The Pit)
- Outside, an endless blizzard, through which a burning light is visible (The **Stone**)
- Anywhere you please, a giant man, naked. (Saturn)

Red glow from a door down the hall. Step through it and you're there, on the night it all burned. Agents can talk to people, explore, kill and be killed.

Agents return to reality when things are at their worst. When they're cornered. When they sustain grievous injuries. When they've barely survived a fight. When they get stuck. The red light is gone and they're back in the burnt husk of the building.

Then it happens again.

SATURN

A giant man, naked, handsome, powerful, clean shaven, long hair. In the **Red**, Agents see him

- Hunched on his throne in the auditorium, residents huddled beyond arm's reach.
- Daintily chewing the fingers off someone who upset him.

- Crawling down the hallway, filling it to the ceiling, faster than he has any right to be.
- Fondling one of his “wives” with a single enormous finger.
- Drinking a pitcher of whiskey like it’s beer.

He welcomes Agents to eat and drink on his score. Only, they must not enter the basement or climb to the upper floors. Saturn is merciful. The first time Agents disobey him, he bites off a hand or a foot. Repeat offenders are taken to the pit.

The people of Malcolm Estates do what Saturn says.

THE PIT

The collapsed basement entrance is a tight squeeze. Inside, the cement floor is smashed. There’s a pit, through the bedrock. Edges smooth, like something once fit into it. Blood is coagulated and frozen, trapped dripping into the bottomless hole.

In the **Red**, Saturn’s servitors toss corpses into the pit. There’s a power higher than Saturn inside. Or lower.

Don’t jump in the pit. You’ll die.

THE **STONE**

The **Stone** that once blocked the pit looks like a big basalt plug, chains carved on its surface in interlocking patterns.

In the present day, the **Stone** is at the edge of town, buried under the snow. Impossible to find, but easy to dig up if you know where it is. Multiple people with a piano dolly could move it.

In the **Red**, the **Stone** is in the same place, but visible out the window from the upper floors. It glows like a flare, through the dark and blizzard.

WHAT IF THE DREAMS DON’T STOP?

Back in the real world, people working the site start going missing. One of the emergency responders is killing them and dumping their bodies in the pit. Pick a culprit from the list below.

The first time the Agents notice the killer will probably be when they catch the guy in the act. Schlepping a body into the pit. Or creating a fresh corpse, stabbing and stabbing and stabbing.

LIVES FOR THE MASTER

Saturn is alive in the **Red**. As corpses are fed into the hole, he reappears in the real world. Not the charming tyrant from the flashback, anymore. The wild animal from the painting.

A huge shadow in the window. A big hand feeling its way up the staircase. With each body fed to the pit, the manifestations get longer. First he chases you and disappears. Then he takes a bite before leaving you bleeding alone in the torched bar. Then he’s here to stay.

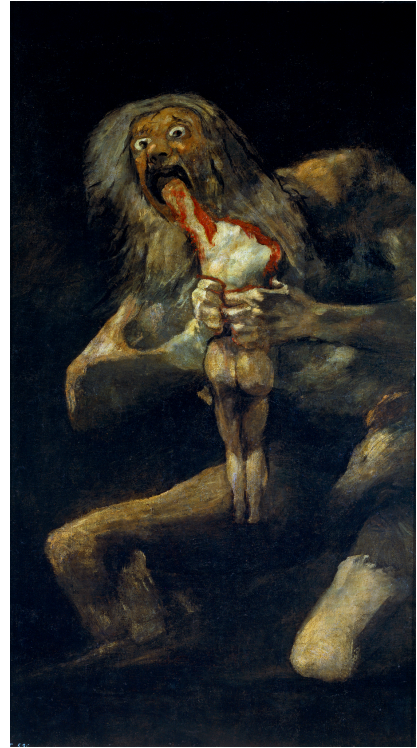
THE SOLUTION

The town can be abandoned. The cost of rebuilding is more than the locals can sustain, State money will not be forthcoming. The killings continue. Strangers drawn to the ruins to feed the earth with blood until the master returns.

The pit in the basement can be refilled with the **Stone**. This stops the killings and banishes Saturn for good. Anything else is a temporary solution.

SOME EMERGENCY RESPONDERS

- **Ada**, fire inspector. Obsessed with the giant skeleton. Sleeps in her car in perfect prayer effect position.
- **Boris**, firefighter, DG friendly. Gets the Agents into the scene. Spends the operation shooting, butchering and BBQing two caribou for emergency responders.
- **Dr Brennan**, coroner's office. Thinks the Agents are "paranormal investigators" and that's fucking cool. Includes them in photos whenever possible.
- **Dorian**, State trooper. Thinks there are more giants in the harbor, brings in divers to search the seabed.
- **Gemma**, EMT. Only member of her family who isn't a Q schizo. Seeing the giant skeleton forces her to reevaluate her beliefs. Not in a good way.
- **Marty**, State trooper. Noticed the bullet holes. Thinks the shooters are lurking in the hills. Keeps his scope rifle handy.



SOME RESIDENTS IN THE **RED** (AND THEIR FATES)

- **Andy**, lecherous retired fisherman. Organized the winter celebration. (Burned alive)
- **Barbara**, the preacher's wife. Submitted to Saturn to protect her children. (Suffocated)
- **Deborah**, high schooler. Ran a one woman insurgency in the vents. (Suffocated in crawlspace. Notes on flash drive in pocket say "PUT THE **STONE** BACK")
- **Gras**, sailor. Led a rebellion that failed to chop Saturn to pieces. Leg chewed off as punishment. (Burned alive)
- **Hank**, itinerant oil worker and budding serial killer. Started killing people before Saturn arrived. (Shot, suffocated)
- **Jacob**, Chief of Police. Served Saturn with his brother **Miles**. (Jacob shot, Miles died of hypothermia)
- **Ross**, biker and occasional dealer. Shot Jacob when the fire started. (Survived, third degree burns on back and neck)
- **Katie**, barkeep. Loved Saturn, loved hurting people for him. (Unharmd)
- **Vicky**, pilot. Convinced the others to remove the **Stone** from the pit. Felt guilty, drank a lot. (Stabbed)

APPENDIX NOT INCLUDED IN WORD COUNT

SATURN - The Giant

STR 25, CON 25, DEX 10, INT 13 (5 reincarnated), POW 20, CHA 15 (0 reincarnated)

HP 25, WP 20

SKILLS: Outrun You in the Open 75%, Spot You Skulking in the Dark 50%, Squeeze Into Cramped Space 50%, Tell You're Lying 50%

ARMOR: Saturn regenerates 2d6 HP on his turn, every turn, even if he's been reduced to 0. He doesn't suffer unconsciousness or stuns.

ATTACKS: Smash (60%, 2d6 damage)

Grab (60%, pins target)

Gnaw (Removes body parts, deals stat damage)

Squeeze (10% lethality damage)

GRAB: If Saturn grabs a target, he can gnaw or squeeze them next round without making an attack roll. It's impossible to escape Saturn's grasp with a STR or DEX test. Only damaging his hand until he can't make a fist frees a trapped character.

GNAW: Saturn chews off fingers, hands, feet, limbs and facial features to punish people who disobey him. This can reduce the victim's stats or inflict permanent injuries.

SATURNALIANS - Use for Saturn's servitors in the Red and the killer in the real world

STR 13, CON 11, DEX 10, INT 10, POW 10, CHA 10

HP 12, WP 10, SAN 45

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 50%, Firearms 40%, Melee Weapons 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%

ARMOR: 4 points reinforced Kevlar if law enforcement

ATTACKS: Knife (50%, 1d6+1 damage, 3 armor piercing)

Various firearms including

- Medium Pistol (40%, 1d10 damage)
- Shotgun (60%, 2d8 damage)
- Hunting Rifle (40%, 1d12+2 damage, 5 armor piercing)