



## Credits

Written & Designed by: Shane Lacy Hensley

Additional Material by: John Hopler & Matt Forbeck

Editing: Matt Forbeck

Layout: Matt Forbeck & Shane Lacy Hensley

Front Cover Art: Paolo Parente

Back Cover Art: Brian Snoddy

Logos: Ron "Voice o' Death" Spencer & Charles Ryan

Graphic Design: Hal Mangold & Charles Ryan

Interior Art: Thomas Biondolillo, Mike Chen, Jim Crabtree, Kim DeMulder, Paul Daly, Marcus Falk, Mark Dos Santos, Tom Fowler, James Francis, Darren Friedendahl, Tanner Goldbeck, Norman Lao, Ashe Marler, MUTT Studios, Posse Parente, Matt Roach, Jacob Rosen, Mike Sellers, Kevin Sharpe, Jan Michael Sutton, Matt Tice, George Vasilakos & Loston Wallace

Advice & Suggestions: Paul Beakley, Barry Doyle, Keith & Ana Eichenlaub, John & Joyce Goff, Michelle Hensley, Christy Hopler, Jay Kyle, Steven Long, Ashe Marler, Jason Nichols, Charles Ryan, Dave Seay, Matt Tice, Maureen Yates, Dave "Coach" Wilson & John Zinser

Special Thanks to: All the folks who supported *Deadlands*: our fans, our friends, and our families.



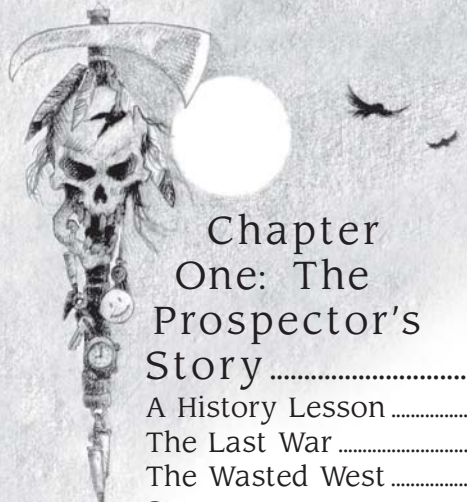
Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc.  
[www.penguin.com](http://www.penguin.com)

Dedicated to:  
Caden.

Who's raised a little Hell on Earth of his own.

Deadlands, Weird West, Wasted West, Hell on Earth, the Deadlands logo, the Pinnacle Starburst, and the Pinnacle logo are Trademarks of Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc.  
© 1Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc. All Rights Reserved.





## Table o' Contents

Chapter One: The Prospector's Story.....	5
A History Lesson .....	7
The Last War .....	9
The Wasted West .....	12
Stone .....	13
Our Job .....	13
Veterans o' the Weird West.....	14
Posse Territory...15	



Chapter Two: Welcome to Hell.....	17
How to Use This Book .....	18
Tools o' the Trade .....	19
Target Numbers .....	22
Game Terms & Slang.....	23

Chapter Three: The Stuff Heroes Are Made Of .....	25
One: Concept .....	25
Two: Traits .....	28
Three: Aptitudes .....	30
Cognition .....	30
Deftness .....	32
Knowledge .....	34
Mien .....	36
Nimbleness .....	37
Quickness .....	38
Smarts .....	39
Spirit .....	40
Strength .....	40
Vigor .....	40
Four: Hindrances .....	41
Five: Edges .....	50
Six: Background.....	55
Seven: Gear .....	55

Chapter Four: Gear .....	57
Cheap Gear.....	57
Creating a Hero.....	60
Archetypes.....	64

Chapter Five: Blowin' Things All to Hell.....	81
Movement .....	84
Tests o' Will .....	86
Shootin' Things .....	87
Special Maneuvers .....	88
Special Weapons .....	91
Throwin' Things .....	92
Innocent Bystanders .....	92
Fightin' .....	93
Hand-to-Hand Maneuvers.....	93
Vamoosin' .....	94
Hit Location .....	95
Cover .....	96
Armor .....	97
Bleedin' & Squealin' .....	98
Stun .....	101
Wind .....	101
More Pain & Sufferin' .....	102
Healin' .....	104
Driver's Ed .....	105

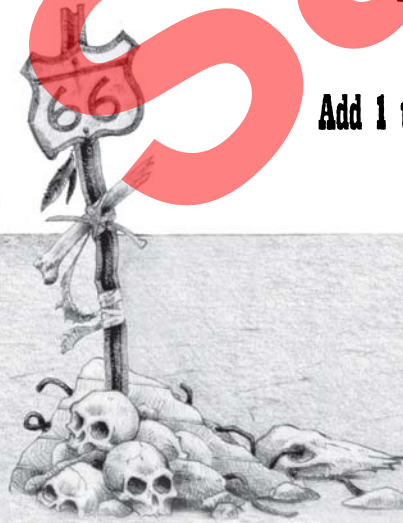
Chapter Six: Fate Chips & Bounties.....	107
Earning Chips .....	107
Calling on Fate .....	109
Bounty Points .....	110

Combat Summary.....	112
---------------------	-----

This electronic book is copyright Pinnacle Entertainment Group.

Redistribution by print or by file is strictly prohibited.

Add 1 to all Page Number References to account for the cover of this Ebook.





# Table o' Contents

No Man's Land...113



Chapter Seven:  
Doomsayers.....115

Playing a Doomsayer ..... 119

Using Powers ..... 119

Powers ..... 121

Doomsayer Powers ..... 125

Chapter Eight:  
Junkers.....127

Mad Science ..... 127

All the Wrong Places ..... 128

Playing a Junker ..... 129

The Junkmen Cometh ..... 130

The Powers ..... 133

Chapter Nine:  
Sykers.....139

Faraway ..... 140

Playing a Syker ..... 143

Syker Powers ..... 143

Powers ..... 145

Syker Powers ..... 149

Chapter Ten:  
Templars.....151

Being a Templar ..... 153

Playing a Templar ..... 154

Rewards ..... 154

Templar Powers ..... 157

Chapter Eleven:  
Beyond  
the Pale.....159

The Unlife of

the Harrowed ..... 160

Powers ..... 160

Chapter Twelve:  
The Power o'  
Fear .....167  
The Big Payoff ..... 169

The Marshal's  
Handbook..... 171



Chapter Thirteen:  
The  
Reckoning.....173  
The Story Begins ..... 175  
No More Secrets ..... 177  
Changing the Story ..... 177

Chapter Fourteen:  
Runnin'  
the Game.....179  
The Real Handbook ..... 179  
Marshal's Shortcuts ..... 180  
Adventures ..... 182  
Rewards ..... 183  
The Power o' Fear ..... 184  
Terror ..... 186

Chapter Fifteen:  
The  
Harrowed.....189  
The Nightmare..... 191  
Dominion ..... 192  
Dominion Summary ..... 193

Chapter  
Sixteen:  
Arcane  
Happenin's  
..... 195  
Mysterious Past ..... 195  
Mutations ..... 198  
Veterans o'  
the Wasted West ..... 202  
Brain-Burn ..... 203  
Junker Mishaps ..... 203

Chapter  
Seventeen:  
The  
Bad Guys ..... 205  
The Powers ..... 205  
The Profiles ..... 208

# The Prospector's Story







## Chapter One: The Prospector's Story



Get up, Ranger. I know you're groggy from yer dirt nap, but I ain't got time to wetnurse a 200-year-old piece o' meat.

Yeah, I look a little different than the last time you laid eyes on my ugly puss, but it's me, Coot Jenkins. The Prospector. Ringin' any bells, wormfood? I'm the one who stuck you in that hole 200 years ago. June 8th, 1876, if memory an' that tombstone behind you serves. Kind of a "contingency plan," y'see. In case my other little scheme didn't work.

Well, guess what? It didn't.

If your brainpan ain't too full o' bugs from all them years in the ground, you might remember I put together a couple score of your kind back then to fight the Reckoners, the monsters responsible for all the stuff that happened in the "Weird West," as the papers used to call it.

For that, me and my little undead army had to go into the spirit world—the Hunting Grounds as the Injuns say—where the Reckoners lived.

We had no problem gettin' there. It was that army o' demons waitin' on us that gave us a few problems. Worst part of it was the demons took control o' most of my stiff's and turned 'em against me. I shoulda known the same demons that keep corpses like you movin' would have an easier time gettin' control on their home turf.

We still won—the battle at least—but we lost the war. Me 'n' what was left o' the meat put down the bad ones.

Then we got "lost" somehow.

The last dozen o' my soldiers and I wandered around the Hunting Grounds for a long time before we found our way out again. I didn't know how long we was gone 'til a few weeks back. You'll see what I mean if you turn your sorry sack o' bones around and look at some o' them other tombstones.

Brace yourself, friend. It's 2094.

No use cleanin' that dirt outta yer ears, son. You heard me right. I've been back about a month. Now I'm diggin' up my reserves, and you're the first o' the lot to see the light o' day. I just hope it ain't too late fer us ta do somethin' about all o' this.

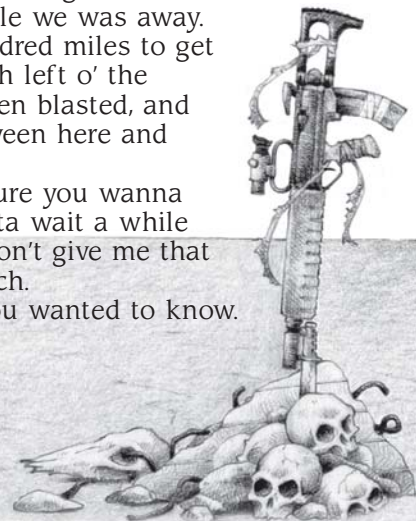
I don't know what we're gonna' do yet, but I ain't goin' back in the damn Huntin' Grounds, that's for sure! I shoulda realized the demons would have more control over your kind in their own stompin' grounds.

Worst part is, I reckon my mistake cost us pretty dear. I think they done gone and blowed the world up while we was away.

I walked a couple hundred miles to get here, and there ain't much left o' the world. The cities have been blasted, and there's hardly a tree between here and Deadwood.

It gets even worse. Y'sure you wanna hear it? Maybe you oughta wait a while and catch your breath. Don't give me that look! It's a figure o' speech.

All right, smart-ass. You wanted to know.





# The Prospector's Story

## The Weird West

I'll have to start from the beginnin'.

You remember when the Reckoning started? It was July 3, 1863, right when we was fightin' the Battle o' Gettysburg. No? What's been crawlin' through yer brain?

Anyhow, it actually all started a while afore that when an angry shaman by the name o' Raven led a bunch of other angry shamans into the Hunting Grounds. They had an idea about lettin' these demons called manitous loose on the world, and you know what? They did it.

How's not important. The fact is that these demons spurted back into our world and started causing trouble right away. Some folks even managed to harness the power of these filthy things. Funnier yet, some of 'em didn't even know they were doin' it.

Anyhow, these manitous set straight out to fill the world with mischief an' fear, and they did a damn good job of it. They got some help from all sorts o' critters from legend, plus some all-new things straight from the depths o' some twisted sicko's mind.

Worse yet, they got help from us by means of this stuff called ghost rock. Folks found it in the walls of the Great Maze after Raven tossed most o' California into the sea.

## The Secret o' Ghost Rock

Lookin' back on it now, I see ghost rock was the Reckoners' secret weapon. I know you was dead before it got discovered in 1868 or so, but it was this "superfuel" that boomed bigger than gold. We shoulda known the stuff was evil the way it screams when burnt. And that smoke that looked like damned souls? It was. I know that now. Those were manitous, sealed in the stuff just waiting for—well, I'll get to that in a minute.

The Reckoners put ghost rock here on Earth. Anywhere there was coal, gold, silver, or other ores, folks was likely to find ghost rock as well.

Funny thing is I don't remember a soul ever askin' why this stuff had never been discovered before. Makes you feel kinda stupid, don't it? That the stuff would just appear overnight like that, an' none of us even questioned it.

Huh? No, I don't know how they did it.

They just did. They are freakin' supernatural. An' I reckon any kinda monsters that can make a corpse like you wake up and ask stupid questions can make a few billion tons o' rock. Now shut up and lemme finish.

Anyway, the Reckoners put the stuff here for several reasons, though the last one's the clincher.

The first reason was to get us to fight over it. We sure did plenty o' that. Who can say how many died in the Great Rail Wars, the War Between the States, and God-knows how many claim jumpings, holdups, and robberies?

The second reason was to get us fightin' each other with weapons sure to kill lotsa folks in real painful ways. Even better, I 'spect ghost rock moved us along a little faster than we probly shoulda gone. Most o' the gadgets the "mad scientists" made were one-of-a-kind. They couldn't be made on an assembly line like Peacemakers. They was harmless enough in total, though not if you were one of the unlucky ones that got torched by a flamethrower or run over by a steam tank.

Still, enough real progress got made that all that stuff got deadlier faster than we could learn how to use it. I guess you might say technology grew faster than diplomacy. Don't look at me like that, Ranger! Just 'cause I got a bit of an accent don't mean I'm an idjit!

That's better. Anyhow, the real reason the Reckoners gave us ghost rock was because of those damned manitous inside.

Y'see, there was this thing called the "Last War" in 2081. I'll tell you more about it later on, but it ended with every nation on Earth droppin' bombs on every other. The "Apocalypse." Not a city was spared as far as I've heard.

Sure, we had ghost-rock bombs back in '76, but the ones they got here had been "irradiated." I still don't know 'actly what that means, but the effect is to make the stuff a hundred times more powerful than it was before. Scary, ain't it?

So those bombs blew things up real good, but they did somethin' else too. Somethin' none o' them deluded scientists who invented 'em ever counted on. Y'see, that 'radiated ghost rock full o' damned spirits did more than just blow folks up. It also created "Deadlands."

In case your memory's rottin' like your face, a Deadland's a place so full o' fear it actually warps the land and gives birth to monsters drawn right out o' folk's nightmares.

And that's what the Reckoners had been waitin' on: for the whole stinkin' planet to turn into one giant Deadland. The bastards need that sorta fear to survive, kinda like a fish needs water or a prospector needs gold—or in my case, stinkin' corpses. Speakin' o' which, we gotta roll you around in a flower patch or somethin', Ranger. You're a little gamey after 200 years.