

God's Law

*A God's Teeth Scenario
by Caleb Stokes*

<H1>Introduction

The Los Angeles Sheriff's Department services forty-two separate cities and the US's largest jail system. For decades, it has been recognized by federal agencies and civilian whistleblowers as one of the most corrupt institutions in the country. LASD operations regularly stray beyond the horrific street violence of unprofessional, negligent, or malicious law enforcement operations. The Sheriff's Department harbors a diverse array of sophisticated criminal operations: deputy gangs competing for rackets under the shared impunity of a badge. Atrocities attributable to these "cliques" put many drug cartels to shame. Even after years of accusations and evidence, charges remain rare and convictions unlikely.

Depending on the election cycle, the federal government ignores, scolds, or actively endorses deputy gang activity. For decades, the LA municipal budget has included annual allocations for lawsuit settlements expected for an ever-expanding list of victims. Multiple Sheriffs have been elected on promises of reform while sporting their own gang tattoos. The secret is open. All is known. Nothing is done.

When a deputy gang encounters the unnatural for the first time, it begins twisting older, deeper laws towards the tired avarice of police corruption. They expect the usual complicity.

They find Delta Green.

<H2>Deputy Gangs

According to the definition found in the California Penal Code, Los Angeles Sheriff's Department has harbored 18 criminal gangs inside its ranks since 1980. This count is limited to gangs named in sworn testimony by self-professed members. An accurate count of organized criminal organizations inside LASD is likely higher.

Early recorded deputy gangs – such as the Jersey Devils and Lynnwood Vikings – operated off white supremacist foundations. By 1990, members stood accused of assassinating POC journalists, beating political activists, mail-bombing informants, and murdering multiple 'suspects.'

Sparked by similar groups inside the LAPD, the 91' King riots brought more attention than accountability to LASD gangs. Increased scrutiny rarely ended in conviction. Police unions and politicians ensured every charge spread the taint through promotion. A common deputy career path started at an officer-involved shooting, followed by paid suspension, trial, acquittal, and – finally – County Jail administration job with a pay raise. Much like the Aryan Nation before them, white supremacist deputy gangs lost ideological cohesion inside LA county jails. Cliques composed of rival ethnicities developed, then merged into diverse organized crime operations solely focused on power and profit.

In the Men's Central Jail (MCJ) alone, deputies from various gangs have been convicted of drug smuggling, protection rackets, rape, assault, and murder. Newer Hispanic deputy gangs, such as the Banditos and Regulators, stand accused of dozens of homicides in East LA neighborhoods. Both have brawled in the streets with Black and White deputy gangs over territory. One of the most famous Lynnwood Vikings – Undersheriff Paul Tanaka – sold job placements and gang membership to fund his successful 2012 campaign for Mayor of Gardena. He was only removed after federal prosecutors proved Tanaka illegally imprisoned and hid an FBI informant.

In 2018, Alex Villanueva was elected Sheriff with campaign promises to eliminate deputy gangs. He loses bid for re-election in 2022. During his four-year tenure, not a single contract is terminated for gang activity. In deputy testimony, Villanueva was accused of being a member of the Executioners in 2023.

<Side> Handling Real Evil

The all-to-human cruelties of the Slugs are the point of this operation: the unnatural is the only thing that makes justice possible in our broken system.

Be careful when acknowledging real evil in a game of fictional horrors.

Keep Players Safe: Police violence – motivated by white supremacy, greed, and political power – is the reality of life in the United States. It's not a theory. People at your table may experience it regularly. *The first and only priority is keeping those people safe.* Clearly communicate the subject matter before play, and utilize safety tools if anyone has concerns for what may come up in play.

Keep the Obvious Hidden: When portraying the Slugs, establish the corruption and cruelty through found evidence. Keep the banal horrors of American policing at a remove, behind the investigator's lens. The player should feel safe; the Agents should feel threatened on all sides, weighed down by each horrific clue. Understanding the depths of mundane human corruption alienates the Agents as much as being part of Delta Green. The emperor has no clothes, and it is maddening to see.

Keep the Enemy Smart: The Slugs are disciplined criminals – more disciplined than they need to be. They never say the quiet part loud. Like many gangs, their racial hatred is a

front-facing recruitment tool. They discard it after loyalty is established, and their membership is now more diverse than many US workplaces. Under scrutiny, deputy gangers remain calm and polite. They behave as consummate professionals and a unified front. As Agents discover more and more of the gang's atrocities, allow the threat of violence under this façade to simmer.

Keep Privilege the Problem: Association with the federal government insulates Agents from the intimidation tactics typical of deputy gangs. As members of the Program, Agents may have exploited the same impunity to pursue the unnatural. Delta Green's criminality and ruthlessness make it uniquely capable of dealing with the Slugs. The same lawlessness is more responsible for this problem than any creature beyond the stars.

Keep the Cosmic Grounded: *God's Law* acknowledges the reality of law enforcement corruption and its victims. The operation offers a chance for symbolic resolution against a very real, seemingly-intractable source of real evil. In dealing with it, Agents craft a story between the absolute stakes of cosmic horror and the stupid cruelty of decaying human institutions. Delta Green exists inside this contradiction.

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<H2>Lt. Marlin and the Slugs

[John Marlin](#) is 3rd-generation law enforcement. His father was a founding member of the Lynnwood Vikings and veteran of the Rodney King riots. By the time Marlin joined the Sheriff Department in 2000, he'd been taught how to pay-for-play. A generous donation to the right supervisor placed Deputy Sheriff Marlin inside the Men's Central Jail, assigned to a new Riot Response Unit. Marlin spent most of his early career attending squad tactics trainings and polishing the armory, skipping the grueling rotation in Processing most rookies expect.

The fortunes of the Vikings waned in competition with other LASD gangs. "Fish-white" Marlin's career dead ended until Aug 2008. When Deputy Juan Abel Escalante was killed by the rival Avenues street gang, the 3000 Boys – a mostly Hispanic clique dominate amongst the MCJ guards – retaliated. The clique incited top-down riot in the jail. An entire shift donned riot gear and raided an alleged Avenues cell block. Nineteen inmates were sent to the hospital with multiple bone fractures in a single night.

Marlin – out sick with a cold during the riot – was shielded from the investigation, but he saw an opportunity. He claimed to be on duty and testified to secure the innocence of multiple high-ranking 3000 Boys involved in the riot. In gratitude, Marlin was promoted to Sergeant and provided a transfer to the prestigious Special Enforcement Bureau. Inside a force dedicated to training SWAT units and arresting hard targets, Marlin collected influence with as many elements of LASD tactical operations as he could.

<H2>The Slugs are Born

After eight years languishing at MCJ, Marlin would never again allow his rise to slow. He sought to evolve beyond the racist baggage of his father's Vikings and small-time jail rackets of the 3000 Boys. He understood the calls for fraternity were bullshit, and he vowed to become one of the true warlords of the city. Marlin created his own organization: **The Slugs**. Their symbol is a tattoo of the 12-gauge namesake ammunition: the slug used to blow hinges off doors. Each is labeled in gothic font *aperta sesamae*.

Marlin spent years treating SEB training programs as recruitment drives for his gang. He claimed to be a member and never admitted to knowing the leader. He sold the gang as a decades-old fraternity of the Sheriff's most hardened doorkickers, relentlessly flattering the tactical capabilities of prospects churning through his trainings. By the time Marlin left SEB in 2015 to helm his own Tactical Narcotics Unit, Slugs were infiltrated into administrative positions all over the Sheriff's Department. In addition to general licence to rob the public through civil forfeiture, the Slugs have established numerous lucrative side hustles. They deal drugs in county jails, run a PED smuggling ring that supplies cops all over the state with steroids, and auction prestigious administrative positions to the highest bidder.

<H2>The Dyer Raid

Active from 2014-2016 in the southern California area, Franklin Dyer earned the nickname "The Southside Tiger" for his six murders. Media hysteria and national attention was just beginning to stir around the discovery of the 5th body when the case came to a sudden close. An anonymous tip claimed a suspected victim, reported missing the previous week, had been witnessed entering the home of one Franklin Dyer. LASD's newly-constructed Sheriff's Station Southwest (SSSW) was closest to the suspect. Pressed for time and with hostages a possibility, Lt. Marlin's newly-formed Tactical Narcotic Unit – Slug Squad – was mobilized for the arrest.

News reports indicate the deputies found a "torture dungeon" where Dyer had recently murdered the missing woman and another victim. Dyer was shot dead in the act. Overwhelming evidence found inside the "chamber of horrors" identified the homeowner as the Southside Tiger.

Marlin and the rest of Slug Squad left evidence of Dyer's unnatural motives and methods off their report. The deputies understood instinctively that the presence of the magic would do them no favors in an otherwise 'heroic' arrest. They had their own crimes to worry about and didn't need added scrutiny.

<H2> Contamination

Dyer's murders fueled an experiment with alchemical solutions he discovered in Ludvig Prine's *Di Vermis Mysteries*. By cracking a series of trap ciphers and allusive codes, the Miskatonic dropout discovered a formula that, when injected, rewrites bioelectrical charges in the human nervous system. This remote, electrical possession turns man into mere appendage for hypergeometric creatures referred to as [Das jenseitige Gewürm: "Worms From Without."](#) These hyper-dimensional, invisible 'feeders' from beyond could be brought into phase with our reality by injecting a human with a solution referred to as "[The Pledge Dram.](#)"

The problem was dosage. Dyer's flawed translation resulted in injections many thousand times more powerful than the amount required for successful summoning. The overdose caused victims – or perhaps the worms inside them – to self-destruct in fits of inhuman agony. The bondage and tortures suggested by Dyer's psych profile were primarily geared towards preventing his victims from suicide. The creatures whispered no secrets; they could only scream through alien lungs.

Slug Squad witnessed the spectacular failure of the fifth and sixth experiments right before splitting Dyer's skull with their M4s.

Already under investigation for a series of bad shoots and extrajudicial killings (see The Dondry Raid p.xx), Lt. Marlin kept the Pledge Dram and its unnatural effects out of reports. He did not wish to explain that the victims were killing themselves when he'd just bagged a serial killer. He ordered certain evidence destroyed. As [Sgt. Anton Gully](#) flushed the Pledge Dram, he picked up a jar of the substance without a glove. With mercury as a base, the dermal exposure delivered the first successful dose in centuries. Gully became the 7th victim. His teammates were none the wiser.

<H2> Worms in Bad Apples

The trace amount of Pledge Dram absorbed by Sgt. Gully after the raid landed within range for a sustainable summoning. Some fractal appendage of an extraplanar creature was constricted into the prison of three-dimensions, caught inside Anton Gully's nervous system, a portion of its ethereal flesh snared by a net made of his ganglia. A section of hypergeometric jaws from its endless, writhing tracts found itself slammed inside a planar vice by the Pledge Dram, like a hand slammed inside a car door and forced to steer. Though agonizing, the constriction was not so severe that the Worm suffocated. Unlike those who overdosed, the worm did not destroy the vessel as a pain reflex. Its kind can endure this much agony, especially when the bars of this prison sent back strange, compelling inputs. Flat visions of a world of prey, begging for predation.

The Worm's disgorged, quasi-material feeder manipulates electrical impulses and plays the rudimentary nerves of the possessed deputy. It queries chemical memory and disgorges the

proper hooting from the mouth hole, spooling up and deleting Anton Gully's consciousness like a translation app. Thus, the Worm infiltrated the Slugs, leashed to the lower reality of Anton Gully's nervous system. It manipulates the greed of its host's confederates because that's how Gully would have done it. It participates in the petty attempts to cover up the gang's crimes, utilizing the conspiracy to gain new test subjects. The Worm wants to wriggle more of itself down into the tight confines of other human nervous systems. It wants to learn how to drag the meat up, out, and between. To feed hungry mouths forever licking the veil.

The Worm, as Gully, still works from Dyer's flawed translations. It is making the same dosage mistakes. By the time Delta Green notices, Gully's entire family and mail carrier lie dead in his basement. Gully's fifth victim – Jaz Iheijirka – was stolen from the gang by the Worm, originally intended as *fourth* victim of Lt. Marlin's mundane assassination campaign.

The Worm intends to continue embezzling victims from the targets of the Slugs until such time as the correct dosage is discovered. If it succeeds, corrupt deputies will become the least of LA's problems.

<H2> Timeline

Development of the Slugs deputy gang listed in [blue](#). A timeline of Dyer's unnatural corruption is in [green](#). A version of the [blue SLUG TIMELINE](#) is available to those who are successful at [Gaining Esteves's Trust](#) (p.xx). The [green DYER TIMELINE](#) can be assembled by Agents pursuing the history of [The Southside Tiger](#) (p.xx)

[21 JUN 2000](#): John Marlin becomes a deputy in the Los Angeles Sheriff Department. He begins work at the Men's Central Jail (MCJ).

[27 NOV 2003](#): Franklin Dyer drops out after a single semester at Miskatonic University. Expelled for tuition nonpayment. Parents listed on his application under fake social security numbers; the address is a vacant lot in North Carolina, uninhabited since before the 1920's.

[30 AUG 2008](#): Sgt. Marlin provides alibis for multiple high-profile officers involved in the MCJ riot. He is rewarded with promotion and a transfer to a training unit within the Special Enforcement Battalion (SEB). He creates his own gang: the Slugs.

[24 JUN 2010](#): Lt. Marlin entices Dept. Anton Gully into the Slugs during a tactical shooting course taught at SEB. Impressed by Marlin's skills, screeds of racist bullshit, and history with the Lynwood Vikings, Gully quickly becomes new clique's primary enforcer.

[17 APR 2013](#): Franklin Dyer purchases the house at 4261 3rd Avenue for twice the asking price. He pays in a lump sum transferred from a long-closed Montenegrin bank account. He moves in at night and begins experiments with the Pledge Dram.

10 JAN 2014: Franklin Dyer finds his first victim, Levar White, prostituting himself on skid row. The 16 YOA is found dead two weeks later, covered in deep fingernail gouges all over the chest and arms. Tongue and teeth removed pre-mortem; fingers removed post. Died from exsanguination and suffocation.

14 APR 2014: A second victim matching the pathology is found inside an Anaheim dumpster. Female, late-thirties. Tongue removed pre-mortem but carefully sewn shut. Signs of restraint on the wrists and legs. Cranial trauma to the back of the skull was cause of death. Authorities have yet to ID the body.

27 JAN 2015: Kelly Ann McMillin, 29 YOA, is reported missing by fellow sex workers from Terry's Truck Stop outside Llano. She entered her car with a hooded customer and never returned. Her vehicle is found at a hiking trail off Mt. San Antonio three weeks later, McMillin's stuffed in the trunk. Similar to other victims, but swollen and necrotic wounds on the veins of both arms from multiple puncture marks. Died of dehydration. Media takes notice of the case.

20 FEB 2015: With his recruitment network operating smoothly, Lt. Marlin leaves SEB and transfers to tactical narcotics unit. The assignment is a gift from [Capt. Rudy Deiffenbach](#), the first of the Slugs promoted past the founder. Marlin seeks to spread the gang's influence and fund operations with direct asset seizure using his militarized anti-drug task force.

2 JUN 2015: TNU Slug Squad executes a warrant on suspected cartel member Silvio Chaves. The ensuing gunfight leaves Chaves dead and one officer wounded. In the neighboring duplex, Claudette Dondry and two children are killed in the crossfire. The Shooting Board begins investigation. Multiple detectives assigned to investigate are members of the Slugs.

13 DEC 2016: The fourth victim -- Edvard Panossian (41 YOA) -- is found stuffed down a manhole in Compton. Reported missing on his way to work a month earlier, the body is fresh enough to indicate long captivity. Fingers were removed premortem and sewn shut in the same fashion as the tongue. Restraints left multiple bands of bruises across each appendage. Fingernail gouging was limited to the eyes. Cause of death by malnutrition. The Press christens the killer 'The Southside Tiger.' National media coverage begins. The FBI convenes a taskforce and assigns a profiler to begin preliminary analysis.

13 JAN 2017: Rosario Clements (23 YOA) is dragged into a car at 3 AM from a bar outside University of San Diego. Witnesses were unable to identify the man in the dark or see plate numbers, but an anonymous tip puts a vehicle of similar description in the vicinity of 4261 3rd Avenue.

15 JAN 2017: An LAPD officer running plates in the neighborhood to look for Clements vehicle spots Edvard Panossian's car sticking out of Franklin Dyer's backyard garage. With hostages likely, a warrant and urgent tactical response are prepared. Sheriff Station Southwest is tasked to supply tactical response.

16 JAN 2017: TNU Slug Squad executes a no-knock warrant on the Dyer residence. Dyer flees to the basement. He slits the throat of the unidentified white male first. He's shot dead before stabbing Clements. After the tongueless, screaming young woman is freed, she immediately overpowers deputies and dashes her own brains out on the nearest table. When the shock subsides, Lt. Marlin gets stories straight and calls all clear. He orders the killer's journal and strange drug disposed of. Clements is reported to have died at Dyer's hand.

17 JAN 2017: While disposing of evidence from the Dyer Raid, Anton Gully exposes himself to trace amount of Pledge Dram. He begins seizing and slurring speech. His wife takes him to the hospital. Gully recovers from the 'anxiety attack' and leaves the ER that night no longer human.

2 MAR 2017: A grand jury acquits Lt. Marlin and Slug Squad on all counts related to the Dondry Shooting. Nehilina Esteves files a civil case against the city on behalf of families. Jaz Ihejirika becomes involved in the movement and publicizes the case enthusiastically, fundraising for the families on Twitter and trying the case in the press.

4 JUL 2017: The Worm that steers Anton Gully finishes studying Dyer's notes. It constructs a series of fortified kennels in the basement. It beats Gully's wife and two children unconscious, locks them inside the homemade prison, and begins experimenting with Pledge Dram.

1 OCT 2017: In plain clothes, Slugs find William Tavalin's encampment beneath an overpass. A witness to the prosecution in the Grand Jury, deputies hold the homeless man down and administer a lethal dose of fentanyl. He suffocates in his tent. The murder is reported the next day as an overdose.

19 MARCH 2017: Working from bad translations and exaggerated doses, the Worm screaming inside Gully's son finally manages to escape mortality. Gully-Worm grows desperate to stop agonized broodmates from dashing the hosts apart. It snatches Hanna Huffmann – the Gully's mail carrier -- from the front porch. It continues experiments on her for nearly a year.

7 MAY 2017: Annice Walker is found dead in the driver seat of her car – parked in an alley behind a chain pharmacy – less than two hours after being reported missing. Cause of death reported as heroin overdose. Annice Walker used to work at the property company that rented to Claudette Dondry. She was approached by prosecutors during the criminal case but refused to testify.

18 FEB 2018: Elizabeth Ray is found dead at her night security job, shot three times in the head with a .22 while patrolling Kincaid Storage Sheds. Homicide ruled a robbery and assigned to LASD homicide. Ray used to be an LAPD deputy before resigning the previous year. As a rookie, she worked traffic control around the raid that became the Dondry Shooting.

14 NOV 2018: Marlin orders Sgt. Gully to administer an overdose of Carfentanil to Jaz Ihejirika. In need of new hosts, the Worm replaces the opioids in the syringe with Pledge Dram. Spooked and confused by the death, Marlin ceases retaliation murders and orders Slugs to disguise the incident as PCP overdose. Delta Green sees the footage and dispatches a team.

<H2> Gang Structure

The Slugs are structured as a hierarchical limited hangout. Each level can identify some members above and below, but the strata have different understandings of what being a Slug means. As Agents pursue the investigation up the pyramid, the severity and sophistication of the Slug response grows alongside how much that character knows.

<H2> Recruitment

By merit of being employed by the LA Sheriff's Department, the Slugs have access to assets all over the city. This includes fellow deputies who may not even know they are working for a gang of corrupt criminals.

<H3>REGULAR DEPUTIES – “NORMIES, NORMANS, BUCKSHOT, BUCKIES”

The lowest ranks of any deputy clique are bolstered by the meta-gang of American policing. Any deputy or cooperating law enforcement officer – regardless of personal corruption – can be drafted into the clique through bad intel and lies. Confidential informants, administrative orders, planted evidence – these methods trivialize the recruitment of ‘soldiers.’ Cartels and street criminals must inspire fierce loyalty to recruit assassins and enforcers. The Slugs can call up 18,000 shooters on the radio. After the smoke clears, the blue wall of silence is usually enough to keep any complaints about manipulation under wraps. Threats to career advancement, union pressure, and bribery take care of the rest.

Though his most powerful weapon, Lt. Marlin is hesitant to utilize unvetted deputies in his schemes. He's not wary of criminal prosecution so much as pissing off larger, competing deputy gangs by poaching talent.

<H3>TRUE BLUES - “TBS, TOM BOYS, LIL BOY BLUES, TANGO BRAVO”

These deputies aren't members so much as a stable of potential recruits, intelligence assets, and favor traders. There are hundreds spread throughout the county systems. Each has been identified as a someone willing to “play ball.” This means, at some point, they lost a report, gave false testimony, roughed up a suspect, or otherwise contributed to misconduct. Most of these incidents don't involve criminal activity beyond that which occurs ‘naturally’ in the execution of everyday LASD duties, though some TB's already belong to separate, allied deputy gangs.

The motivations of TBs vary. While some actively seek Slug membership, others act out of a misguided *esprit de corps*, to avoid retaliation, or to secure special arrangements with their own gangs. Regardless, the Slugs keep track of their disciplinary infractions to ensure compliance. This blackmail is a prerequisite before any deputy is considered for membership. The initial approach involves ‘glazing up’ the prospect with favors: promotion, lucrative overtime approvals, new equipment, etc. If the prospect reacts well to these gifts, they may be approached by deputies further up the hierarchy and told where to show their gratitude.

Marlin's initial placement in the Special Enforcement Battalion identified TB's through tactical training sessions. Increased militarization of the department over the last decade has spread the network of prospects to roughly half the stations in LA county.

<H2> Operations

Anyone elevated to the operational ranks of the Slugs is "read in" on the gang's existence and at least one of its criminal rackets. Some justify these crimes as essential to the enforcement of 'true' justice. Others want to buy a new boat. Regardless of motivation, everyone in the operational ranks have some level of commitment to the clique.

<H3>INK CHASERS – "ICS, IDA CHARLIE, UNCLE CHARLIE, AUNT IDA"

Ink Chasers were approached by higher-ranking Slugs and passed the test by 'paying back' the favors received as TBs. These tasks include planting evidence, intimidating witnesses, violence, and participation in criminal enterprise. The Slugs also allow deputies to purchase this rank with cash payments: bribes in exchange for future promotions and political favors in the gang. Every Ink Chaser has committed at least one action that would result in immediate dismissal or imprisonment...were they inside a functioning justice system.

Though Ink Chasers are described by other Slugs as having 'skin in the game,' they aren't permitted the gang's coveted tattoo or allowed to recruit without oversight. The fifty-odd members serve as an authoritarian, ideological core of useful idiots. Marlin does his best to restrict the career advancement of his frothing racists and 'true believers' to IC rank. These are the types of guys he can get to abuse journalists and activists with no more the point of a finger, but they're never given so much responsibility that the organization can't cut them loose.

Though able to operate most places LASD has jurisdiction, IC's are heavily recruited from the newly-constructed SSSW station. Many were encouraged to transfer. Marlin likes to keep his enforcers close.

<H3>SLUGS – "SLUGGY, SLUGGERS, DOORKICKERS, BLOODED"

The 'blooded' members of the Slugs have committed assault or murder in service to the gang (at this point indistinguishable from the badge itself). They get the tattoo after hospitalizing their first suspect. Subsequent violence adds to the ink by transforming the tattoo into "Sluggy," a cartoon mascot with stalk eyes poking from the ammo's casing. The ammo gets a nose and mouth for first blood. Each eye represents a kill. Considering the group's tendency to recruit from tactical elements, some members have many-eyed hydras on their thighs or upper chests.

Numerous Ink Chasers earned their "Sluggy" long ago. The kill requirement is more practical than sociological. Getting 'blooded' means Marlin has enough insurance to entrust administration of one of the gang's lucrative rackets. These high-ranking and original members

are the only people that know Marlin actually leads the gang. They're also in charge of bringing contraband into multiple jails, sourcing Mexican PEDs for cops all over LA, silencing investigations, and combing new deputies for potential recruits. For their loyalty, each receives the best rewards membership can offer. Many blooded Slugs outrank Marlin himself, including two Central Patrol Division Commanders, a high-ranking administrator at MCJ, a lieutenant in Internal Affairs, the Division Chief of the entire Court Services Division, and Marlin's own direct supervisor, Capt. Rudy Dieffenbach.

The influence that serves as the clique's lifeblood flows down from high commands. This keeps most Slugs safe behind a desk, though Marlin holds enough dirt on each member to ensure they send their soldiers at his beck and call.

<H3>LEADERSHIP

Many lower-ranking ICs don't believe the clique has leadership. They think of the group as a decentralized police fraternity or criminal partnership localized around SSSW. They would balk if they knew they were following some jumped-up lieutenant.

Marlin likes to keep his centrality and power quiet. He's already a young officer and in no hurry to leave the insulation of middle ranks. After almost a decade languishing in jail tactical, he's loathe to retreat too far behind a desk. With his service record and the soft power he's accrued, he can leverage his position into promotion whenever he wants. Until then, he likes kicking doors and busting heads.

Marlin's hands-on style means he's staffed his own personal unit – the Tactical Narcotics Unit based out of SSSW station – with the most accomplished and loyal killers the Slugs have on offer. These trusted squadmates serve as bodyguards and enforcers in the gang, helping distribute orders to the Slugs and ensure tribute flows to the right places. The core squad includes **Sgt. Anton Gully**, **Sgt. Freddy Sutton**, and **Dept. Julian Sainz**

<H2>Threat Pyramid

God's Justice is an anti-mystery. No special skills are required to understand the Slugs' guilt. Learning this information without alerting the criminals? Stopping them? That's difficult.

Every time the Agents interact with LA Sheriff's Department personnel, request legal records, or operate inside their facilities, Handlers should keep track of failed skill checks. If information about the case is being monitored by the Slugs network, the scenario lists it as **CLOCKED**.

Failed rolls trying to obtain **CLOCKED** information still receives a clue, but inept investigation alerts the Sheriff's department to scrutiny. Every failure moves the alert up the pyramid. Once Slug Leadership is made aware they're the target of investigation, efforts to intimidate and punish begin. Retaliation starts at the base and escalates with additional failures. It grows more extreme if Agents resist Slug interference or reveal aspects of their own deep state conspiracy.

The scenario may end with Agents discovering the full truth. It's more likely to crash into violence when the Slugs panic and launch an undeniable response. Possible outcomes are listed under [Executions](#) (p.xx).

INCLUDE THREAT PYRAMID HERE

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<Side>In a God's Teeth Campaign

Select an Agent that was involved in the investigation in *Red Thoughts*. It's preferable the Agent also raided Cornucopia House in *Go Forth*, but a replacement character works if they were seen in public during *Red Thoughts*.

The Agent receives a call on a listed phone number: home, or an office directory.

The caller does not offer a name. The connection is bad. The voice androgynous and young. The caller asks if they're really speaking to the Agent. If the Agent lies, the caller politely asks to speak to the number's owner. If the Agent keeps lying or threatens the caller, the line goes dead and the caller is never heard from again.

If the Agent identifies, the voice doesn't waste time: "I was at Cornucopia. I saw you on the news when they found the bodies. They never said who you were, but I remember the face. Got kind of obsessed and started looking. Found a name. Kept it in my wallet for years. Afraid to call."

The caller resists attempts at identification. If they need to confirm their claims, the voice describes the events of 2001 from the perspective of one of the mute witnesses. The description contains details only possible for someone present (**0/1 SAN Helplessness**). The caller's reasons for anonymity are plain: "The government tried to help me once. That's how I ended up there. Never again."

The caller is eager to deliver a message: "I'm in LA now. I won't be when you get here. Something's wrong again. I saw a man with...worms in his eyes, and another ripped his own face off to get them out. The colors went all wrong - like when the Cut Men used to call the thing from the woods - but people only saw the blood. And I had to tell you. I couldn't sleep until I called the number."

Questioned further, the caller provides few details: when the colors go 'sick,' they suffer what sounds like an anxiety attack and find it difficult to form memories. With a **Psychotherapy** or **Persuade** roll, the Agent keeps on the line long enough to deduce that the caller suffers something like the Scent power (*God's Teeth* p.xx), expressed through visual distortion. The caller only understands the 'stagnation' of color to be unnatural and dangerous: similar to the nightmares at Cornucopia House in some way difficult to name. They don't know anything about Delta Green. They've never heard of Sredni Vashtar or the

Hungry Mother. The caller wants nothing more than to flee these dark energies. They've been running for a lifetime.

Message delivered, the caller hangs up with a tearful thank you.

If traced, the call came from Andale Coin Laundry, located in the Leimart Park neighborhood of Los Angeles. The business does not offer a public phone, but the counter is rarely staffed. People have been known to reach over the counter and bum a call. Agents on site discover the security camera facing the counter has been broken for years.

If the Agent reports the call. MASTICATE is assigned the case once The Footage (p.xx) comes to the Program's attention. The ability of the Teeth to predict an unnatural incursion with 'anonymous sources' is both deeply enticing and suspicious. Pitzerelli is ordered to observe and report. The attorney is comforted by the Agent's willingness to report contact with Cornucopia survivors. He assists however he can and provides encouraging reports to Program leadership.

If the Agent hid the call, MASTICATE is assigned anyway. The Program recorded the tip using one of its many wiretaps. Any doubts Pitzerelli has about the Teeth and their unnatural corruption grow. MASTICATE's handler is ordered to play the operation's location off as a coincidence and record the Agents' reactions. Pitzerelli seeks insurance policies against his untrustworthy subordinates and remains deeply skeptical of any requests.

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<H1>Briefing

Agents at home hear someone at the door. The Postmates driver is pulling away by the time anyone answers, a plastic bag of takeout left behind. No one made an order. The restaurant listed on the bag does not exist. The food is a "Green Agave Grilled Chicken Wrap" meal prepared at a nearby ghost kitchen, offered on the menus of a dozen delivery-only operations under different names. It is cold. The receipt lists an address Google says belongs to the Los Angeles FBI Office. The date of purchase is listed as tomorrow, at a time the Agent must rush to meet. The credit card number listed is too long. Latest protocol decodes a claim code for tickets, purchased and waiting at the nearest airport.

The Agents meet the next day in a windowless conference room beneath Wilshire Boulevard. US Attorney Anthony Pitzerelli is waiting for them, reviewing papers and sneaking a bag lunch as he waits. The room is empty besides a conference table and single desktop PC, recently installed. The man begins packing his papers and closing his valise the moment the door opens, eager to hand off this work. The Program's instructions are simple.

“Assets in Silicon Valley tipped us to multiple videos uploaded over the last 48 hours. Definitely in our wheelhouse. The footage is about as clear as ‘terms-of-service violation’ gets, so we’re having good luck keeping it offline. The techs tell me it’s too consistent to be fake. Metadata locates all the angles in the same LA neighbourhood and the time stamps sync. Everything you need stays in this room, on this computer. Office space across the hall is also yours.

“Could be some new drug. Could be something worse. Find out. If it’s our problem, solve it. Call if you need anything else.”

Pitzerelli leaves. He can’t or won’t answer questions. “They told me not to watch it. I followed orders. Your turn.” The computer is disconnected from the network and the room shielded from wifi. If Agents need the internet, they have an office across the hallway reserved as a task force headquarters.

<H2> The Footage

A half dozen video files sit in the desktop’s harddrive, each with attached digital forensics summaries compiled somewhere inside the NSA. At the top of the directory, the most viewed file is a video labeled “Sutra Sand. 14-11-2018 2310-2313.” It was uploaded to YouTube as “Shook on dat SAUCE! Cr4zy OD!”

The angle is from a security camera, overlooking the outdoor seating at a restaurant named Sutra Sandwiches. It’s night and seemingly late. No one is seated outside. Without sound, a young man walks into frame across the street, already in the midst some fit or seizure. He stumbles off the sidewalk and into a parked car, setting off the alarm. A pair of passerbys run into frame and attempt to help the man, but his thrashing becomes so violent that both Samaritans are thrown away. Roughly thirty seconds into the footage, the victim begins clawing at the flesh on his face and arms, digging trenches through his skin as a growing crowd of onlookers stare in horror. Some get out their phones to call for help. Others begin filming. The man falls thrashing over the hood of a car and into the street, rolling closer to the camera.

Further attempts to restrain the man cease as he rises and begins flinging his own blood and torn skin onto the sidewalk and parked cars. The man — through a hole in his face caused after ripping off his nose — reaches into his own sinus cavity, up to the third knuckle of both hands. He begins tearing his own skull apart. As his scalp visibly snaps and sags under the pressure of the lunatic prying, the victim finally succumbs to shock and falls to the concrete, mercifully dead. Once a Los Angeles Sheriff’s Department cruiser pulls up to the stunned onlookers around the corpse, the footage cuts out.

Watching the video causes **0/1 SAN** against Violence.

<H3>SOURCES

Multiple angles of the event were posted to Youtube, Twitter, and other big sites before removal. A few mirrors were archived on the usual DarkWeb shock sites, but Program operatives have already corrupted download links with malware and “archived” versions that link to hoax videos. There are six views of the event on the hard-drive. Most come from cellphones and provide little intel. As jaded as one might be to record instead of calling for help, no one with a smartphone managed to hold the shot without getting sick or running away.

Amongst the selection, “Shook on dat SAUCE! Cr4zy OD!” has the clearest perspective. The view of the action is high-angle and unflinching, pulled from the exterior surveillance of the sandwich shop on Sutra Street in Leimert Park, LA. It was uploaded 40 hours ago from an IP address owned by **Hugh Son** – an employee of Sutra Sandwiches. Every angle captured is corroborated by the security footage, and it syncs with the other time stamps. Every file was also uploaded by LA residents, and a disturbing amount of personal device data has already been scraped from each account. An Agent using **Computer Science** to examine the metadata finds no evidence of significant editing before upload, and there’s nothing unusual in the backgrounds of uploaders.

<H3>IDENTIFICATION

LASD reported the death as a drug overdose on the night in question. Extensive damage to the body has delayed identification. The victim is distant from the camera and poorly lit in the footage, but Agents can roll **Computer Science** or **SIGINT** to enhance resolution enough for a reverse image search.

On a success, the Agent gets a match with a livestreamed episode of the “Off the Brim Podcast,” posted on YouTube late last year. The victim is the host of the show, **Jaz Ihejirika**. Born 1987 to Nigerian immigrants. Parents killed in 2007 from car accident in upstate New York. No other family listed in the country. Relocated to LA in 2010. By 2018, the 31 YOA black male had a prolific online presence and worked as a community organizer and activist of some renown within LA protest movements. Taxes claim he made his living from his podcast – “Off the Brim” – focused on social justice issues and the Black Lives Matter movement in LA. His legal records show two counts marijuana possession, three counts unlawful assembly, and numerous ‘temporary police detentions’ dating back to the Occupy Wallstreet movement.

The last episode of “Off the Brim” is available online. The video is recording of a livestream interview between Ihejirika and activist attorney [Nelinha Esteves](#) about the details of [The Dondry Lawsuit](#) (p.xx). The livestream’s purpose was a relief fundraiser for victim families.

<H3>FORENSICS

Forensics, Medicine, or Surgery provide enough anatomical background to reach conclusions remotely. Failure reveals only the obvious: the suicide is far from normal, but a closer examination of the body and toxicology report are required for conclusions.

On a success, the Agent suspects there is no physical or pharmacological explanation for that reaction. Pain and muscle contraction follow similar neurological pathways. Besides metabolic efficiency, 'clogging' receptors with pain response acts as the nervous system's cap on self-harm. Pain feedback serves as a deterrent to injury through overexertion. While it's technically possible to rend your own skull apart, the pain of the muscle contractions would overwhelm the body with agony before the wounds grew so severe.

The suicide is only theoretically possible if the victim suffered CIPA (Congenital insensitivity to pain and anhidrosis) AND was suffering psychosis caused by some a powerful amphetamine. In that case, it might be possible to muster that one-time, bone-rending strength required to commit the deed before dropping into paralytic shock. However, the malfunction of NTRK1 receptors that causes CIPA would also reduce the effectiveness of drugs capable of such extreme metabolic alterations.

Several fundamentals in human neurological construction would have to be complexly, bizarrely, and artificially bypassed to allow such a feat of self-destruction. Unnatural or not, Delta Green would want a sample of any substance capable of doing this.

<H3>NEWS

Official records of the most recent victim are still being processed at the [LA County Department of Medical Examiner Coroner](#) (p.xx). *The Los Angeles Daily News* police blotter corroborates reports of the incident. Dispatch received a call in of 390P (possible use of PCP) one minute before Sheriff's deputies pulled up in the footage. The call was amended to a 901N (ambulance needed) a minute later and EMS dispatched. If Agents **Search** scanner archives directly, they find the names of the deputies who were first on the scene: [Sgt. Sutton](#) and [Dept. Sainz](#). There's no other coverage of the event in local media.

Before it was taken down, commenters largely agreed that the video showed a violent reaction to some disastrous variant of PCP or Bath Salts. There were dissenters in the thread making cogent arguments about how no such overdose was possible. Before friendlies nuked the uploads for TOS violations, the Program's sock-puppets weighed in, pushing the PCP theory or astroturfing to discredit skeptics as conspiracy lunatics or trolls.

<H2> County Coroner

CLOCKED: *Marlin wants to know if anyone asks about the 'overdose' a couple nights ago. The Slugs are owed favors at the County Coroner. Employees inform if Agents reveal their interests, especially if they let slip they're looking for misconduct.*

Paperwork for active municipal, county, and state investigations remain off-limits to federal authorities without a warrant. Claiming jurisdiction is a big, loud, and slow process that pisses off nearly everyone involved. US Attorney Pitzerelli encourages Agents to learn as much as they can before leaving a papertrail. He can draft some bullshit claiming the victim was an FBI

informant, but the attorney is quick to remind Agents of LA's abysmal history of cooperating with federal investigation. An official mandate might close doors with the locals.

The LA County Dept. Of Medical Examiner Coroner is located in Boyle Heights. Agents decide how best to access the remains and gather evidence. Federal IDs and the ability to claim jurisdiction shields Agents from the most serious consequences of sneaking into a morgue, but news of any impropriety spreads fast among the LASD.

<H3>DODGY PAPERWORK

The most obvious way obtain the autopsy report is a formal request from federal law enforcement. It's also slowest. Faster, deniable methods are available. Provide some options for Agents struggling for ideas. Roll for skills to get the file. It's easy enough to understand once Agents have access.

- **Persuade** the receptionist that the case has been handed over to state. The Agent impersonates the gofer sent to fetch copies. Paperwork hasn't gone through yet. Please don't make them come back another day because some asshole forgot an email...
- **Law** forges a convincing request for evidence transfer from the state attorney. The requested evidence doesn't exist, but clearing up the discrepancy provides a glimpse at an inventory of all evidence stored at the Coroner Office. By the time the error is sorted out, the Agent sees everything.
- **Stealth** slips in a side door as someone goes out for a smoke. If the Agent gets caught, pretend to have gotten lost finding the bathroom. Pray no one is watching the cameras.
- **Disguise** an Agent as medical staff. In the examination rooms, masks and scrubs fit right in.
- **Computer Science** guesses the medical examiner's shitty password. The autopsy hasn't been performed yet, but the Agent can move it to the top of the calendar and see any digitized results.

The victim came in Monday morning – November 5th 2018 – at 3 am. EMS took the body directly from the street to County Coroner. [Sgt. Freddy Sutton](#) and [Dept. Julian Sainz](#) were first responders. Photos and evidence processing occurred prior to the arrival of paramedics. The ambulance was free to take the body after pronouncing the victim DOA. The incident report claims the Sheriff's Deputies were returning from a prisoner transfer when they responded to a 390P (Possible Use of PCP) after witnessing a disturbance on patrol. They called in a 901N (ambulance needed) after reaching the dead man in the street. In the transfer paperwork, the EMS noted that deputies reported an overdose. They based the analysis on drug paraphernalia and eye-witness accounts collected from the scene.

Any training in **Law**, **Military Science**, or **Bureaucracy** makes it immediately clear the paperwork is thin. The autopsy hasn't been completed yet, but the victim is still John Doe despite fingerprints and dental records matching **Jaz Ihejirika** (see Identification p.xx). No toxicology report has been ordered, and the samples of paraphernalia mentioned weren't passed to the

Medical Examiner. The victim was found without a wallet, phone, or keys one would normally take on a late-night walk through the city.

Nothing about the incomplete file is definitive. The County Coroner is overwhelmed serving a population of 10 million. Only two days in, deputies are still compiling and distributing evidence. The Sheriff's Department sent first responders despite being inside LAPD jurisdiction, and investigative responsibilities could be under debate. Maybe the rest of the paperwork got misplaced?

<H3>VICTIM HISTORY

Learning the name of the victim discovers the same information found in [Identification](#) (p.xx).

Agents that know about Jaz may roll **Search** in the lobby of the coroner's office. On a success, the Agent thinks to check the visitor's log for the past two days. [Nelinha Esteves](#) – the attorney interviewed on the victim's podcast – signed the visitor's roster the day after Ihejirika arrived. The receptionist recalls the woman asking about someone named 'Jaz' and showing a picture, but the morgue didn't have anyone matching that description. **HUMINT** reveals this is not a lie; the victim was logged as John Doe and no longer had a face.

The receptionist tells Agents he urged Esteves to file a missing persons report for the young man. The woman scoffed like he'd said something absurd and walked out.

<H3>AUTOPSY

The victim's body is stored amongst the morgue racks in the refrigerated vaults at the back of Campus A. From there, slabs laden with body bags are lifted onto a rolling jack and pushed to an examination suite. To perform the autopsy themselves, the examining Agent needs 2-3 hours alone with the body; one if they are sloppy about it. If Agents need the Program to outsource medical expertise, they have to get the body out without detection or claim federal jurisdiction over the case.

Seeing the remains causes 0/1 **SAN** to Violence. The man is horrifically mutilated: hands, chest, and facial features torn to ribbons. The front of the skull splits around a hole in the sinus cavity. Cause of death is exsanguination due to extreme cranial and mandibular trauma.

Forensics is required to learn more information. On a success, the Agent figures out the victim's [Identification](#) (p.xx) from fingerprints. They note how odd it is to delay bloodwork this long for an overdose and collect samples for analysis (see [Bloodwork and Toxicology](#) p.xx). The organs show no sign of the long-term drug abuse one would expect of a PCP addict. As the Agent struggles to flip the 260 lbs of dead weight on its side, the puncture mark becomes visible.

Three needle-marks arranged in a triangle, just up and to the left of the first lumbar vertebrae. Hardly clotted. Enclosed within a quarter-sized bruise, white and fresh, barely livid before the heart stopped beating. An hour or so comparing photos in the forensics database identifies the wound as coming from dart gun ammunition: a tranq round meant to inject sedatives into dangerous animals.

If the victim killed himself, he did so by injecting a cattle dart into his own spine.

<H3>BLOODWORK AND TOXICOLOGY

Program friendlies may be tasked with examination of samples taken from the body. They take 1d6 days to return results and provide the full spectrum of information below. It's faster if an Agent can perform the analysis using tools at the Wilshire FBI office. The blood has many stories to tell, depending on how it is examined.

Forensics or Pharmacy: the only narcotics in the victim's bloodstream are trace amounts of marijuana and the antidepressant Lexapro. There's no indication of amphetamines, phencyclidine, synthetic cathinones, or anything else capable of causing a psychotic break. Certainly no signs of the heavy drug abuse typical of a needle addicts. The blood does carry unusually high levels of mercury. Though not fatal, the dosage would manifest symptoms of heavy metal poisoning had the victim survived.

Chemistry or Occult: Wider spectrum chemical analysis reveals even stranger trace minerals in the blood sample. Toxic PPM readings are found for zinc sulfate and antimony oxychloride. In medieval alchemy, they were called White Vitriol and the Powder of Algaroth. Both were used frequently in occult rituals.

Medicine or Science: Biology: Cerebrospinal fluid taken from the victim shares the contamination experienced by the rest of the body, but it contains additional anomalies. The brain was flooded at time of death with amyloid-B and tau proteins. Though both are remnants of neurological decay, they exist in amounts that can't be explained by two days in refrigerated storage. In contrast, the brain was also flooded by an insane amount of BDNF proteins. The chains responsible for neurological growth exist at levels far higher than should be possible for an infant child, not to mention 31 YOA man. The myelin sheaths around the cerebral nerves are more damaged than the worst multiple sclerosis on record. The victim shouldn't have been able to blink, not to mention walk. It's as if the brain were caught in midst rapidly decaying and rebuilding itself at time of death. 0/1 **SAN** unnatural.

<H3> QUESTIONING THE MEDICAL EXAMINER

The ME on duty when Agents arrive is Dr. Zuñiga. The older physician knows enough to keep her mouth shut if she doesn't see paperwork establishing legal standing to share evidence with Agents. **Bureaucracy, Law, or Craft: Forgery** can fool the doctor into providing Agents access to evidence under her supervision. If the Program doesn't officially declare Ihejirika part of an active federal investigation within two days of lying to Dr. Zuñiga, she spots the con and alerts superiors about Feds with false credentials (escalate x2).

Dr. Zuñiga has not yet performed an autopsy or ordered bloodwork. She is not the least apologetic about it. Pressed on the lax response, she gets frank with the Agents: "This office serves 10 million people. You heard of Fentanyl? Overdoses up 250% since last year alone. We're set to shatter the record by Christmas! I got kids dying from shit prescribed by their doctor, parents crying for answers, and you're asking me to drop everything for a John Doe

junkie that hotshot jet fuel into his veins? My medical opinion is he should have used a bullet and saved us the overtime. As it stands, I'll get around to him in a couple months."

Dr. Zuñiga doesn't understand what the fuss is about. She wasn't on duty when the body came in, so she called and asked when she found the split-skulled body on her caseload. She was told the case was assigned to a tactical narcotics unit based out of [Sheriff's Station Southwest \(SSSW\)](#), but the Captain over there told her the inquest could go on the backburner. She forgets his name.

<H2> Crime Scene

The internet can tell Agents Leimert Park is a historically Black and Latino neighborhood in Southwest LA, home to roughly 20,000 residents. Residential for decades, a new public park attracted gentrification that now spreads from its borders, devouring old blocks. The area was once one of the epicenters of America's Drug War and home to its worst excesses. Under jurisdiction of the infamous LAPD, city officials have allowed LASD facilities to be constructed nearby to assist with enforcement and prisoner processing. Sheriff officials are only meant to pass through, but a scan of newspaper headlines suggests semi-permanent jurisdictional limbo in the area. Recent protests in the neighborhood and the mixed law enforcement response have further muddied the waters.

The victim, Jaz Ihejirika, was a lifelong resident, community organizer, and activist of some renown. His criminal history includes two marijuana possession charges made pre-legalization and a laundry list of "temporary police detainments" coinciding with ever major protest action in the city for the last decade. Ihejirika supported himself exclusively through podcasts, speaking engagements, and consultancy work.

Ihejirika suffered the episode on North Sutra Avenue, in full view of a number of restaurant patios across the street. He was flanked by residential neighborhoods to the North and South. He died against the fence abutting Mervyn Dymally Memorial Soccer Field to the East, less than two blocks from his apartment.

The only thing notable inside Ihejirika's nearby one-bedroom is a podcast recording with **Nehilina Esteves** (see [Identification](#) p.xx). There is no evidence of the unnatural aside what Agents saw in that video.

<H3>EXAMINE THE SCENE

EMS gathered what they could of the victim's remains. The rest has been hosed off the sidewalks and streets by the time Agents arrive.

Elisa Jackson manages Sutra Sandwiches across the street. The original security camera footage is missing. The owner of the restaurant lives in Anaheim and has strict orders to only save video

to the hard-drive in the event of legal action. The manager called the Sheriff's department the next day after her opener, **Hugh Sun** (Original Poster, p.xx) said there had been a death the previous night. She was told by a deputy that the event was an overdose and she could erase the footage. She never watched it: too squeamish. Training in **HUMINT** recognizes Jackson has no motivation to lie, nor is she aware her employee uploaded the recording to YouTube before deleting it from the restaurant harddrive.

Using the camera at Sutra Sandwiches as reference, Agents can approximate the physical location of everyone filmed the night of the incident. Ihejirika walked into frame from the South, on the East side of the street beside Dymally soccer field's fence. Roll **Search**. On a success, the Agent spots an orange plume amongst the detritus in the gutter, one intersection south of Sutra and half a block from the sandwich shop. The orange feathering sits at the end of a PEW-brand, tripoint quick-release animal dart: the type designed for cattle tranquilization. Empty. The dart has been lying in the gutter for days, barely 30 meters from where the victim died.

If Agents have results of an [Autopsy](#) (p.xx), the blood on the syringes matches Jaz Ihejirika's. The payload residue matches the heavy metal contamination found in [Bloodwork and Toxicology](#) (p.xx). There are no prints on the dart.

<H3>RETRACE STEPS

Agents can spend a day retracing the victim's steps with a **Navigate** or **Survival** roll (+20% if they discovered the dart). On a success, they guess a 24-hr convenience store five blocks away to be Ihejirika's only possible destination at that time of night. Any whiff of authority provides access to the Quickstop's surveillance camera. Indeed, the victim bought a pack of cigarettes only a few minutes before the incident. The exterior cam shows Jaz leave to the North. A hooded man in a Golden State Warriors hoodie follows up the street after. Once they know the route, it's a matter of sifting footage along the way.

A block North, a bus-stop CCTV sees Jaz pass. The hooded man tails him, a dozen steps behind. The stalker clenches a gloved fist for a moment before putting it back in his pockets. A flash of wrist reveals a Caucasian. Besides being roughly six feet tall, skin is the only feature visible.

Finally, a bank up the street has an ATM with a camera facing across Sutra Street. Agents can pull the footage and spot Ihejirika walk past. Right before exiting the frame, he seems to hear the man shadowing his steps and begins to turn. The stalker then pulls something from his pocket and stabs Ihejirika in the back, carrying both men out of view.

<H3>ORIGINAL POSTER

The most obvious starting point is the uploader of the primary footage: 17 YOA **Hugh Sun**. The teenager lives with his parents and works at Sutra Sandwiches part-time. After discovering the horrific footage on the camera recordings the next day, Hugh uploaded the file as "Shook on dat SAUCE! Cr4zy OD!" Craven enough to upload a snuff film for clicks on Youtube, the young man complies to anyone threatening legal action.

Sun begs and claims he didn't know anything was wrong: "I asked my manager and she hadn't heard anything from the police! The— what's the scanner thing – the blotter! It said it was an OD! Those cops on the footage never questioned her or asked for the file or nothing. I thought it was just some junkie!"

Sun still has the original recording from the sandwich shop on his laptop. It goes on for much longer than the upload to Youtube. After EMS declare the victim dead, [Dept. Julian Sainz](#) is seen gathering up a phone, wallet, and keys from the victim's pockets (if Agents have seen [Dodgy Paperwork](#) p.xx, these items were never inventoried as evidence).

<H3>CANVASS OTHER WITNESSES

It takes Agents 1d4 days to question all uploaders and witnesses identified through the footage. Their accounts are remarkably consistent. They heard a car alarm. A man was in distress. Then things got worse. Then they were either pushed down trying to help, distracted dialing 911, or retching. Some ran. Most stayed and were questioned by deputies about what they could recall. The LASD men said PCP overdoses could cause what happened. They took some pictures, loaded the body into an ambulance, and left.

Roll **Persuade** or **HUMINT** to test an Agent's ability to canvass methodically and cross-reference accounts. On a success, every witness describes a consistent smell of feces around the victim. Most who mention it attribute the stench to city sewers or death, but at least three strangers all mention hints of cinnamon and peroxide, unbidden. Descriptions of the odd odor remain consistent across testimonies. Agents asking about the smell jog the memory of any witness. Everyone agrees to remembering a faint, sweet, chemical note beneath the smell of shit.

<H2> The Dondry Lawsuit

CLOCKED: *Information published in the press about the trial cannot be suppressed, but Slugs monitor any requests for official legal records about the Dondry case or the grand jury proceedings. Relentless opsec has kept Nelinha Esteves's office free of moles and bugs. Her paranoia is entirely justified. Slugs are watching her and find any public contact between Agents and attorney suspicious.*

The tragedy behind the Dondry lawsuit briefly garnered national attention before being subsumed in the endless churn of other police shootings. Agents find no shortage of documentation online.

In 2015, LASD's intel division conducted a sting operation on La Eme, a Mexican mafia meta-gang operating inside the California penal system. Intercepted communications located a stash house in the home of Silvio Chaves – a suspected member of the Zambada-García wing of the Sinaloa drug cartel. La Eme was under the impression his rented duplex served as a major narcotics distribution hub. Owing to cartel involvement, the suspect was presumed armed and dangerous. A "no-knock" warrant was issued. The address was in LAPD jurisdiction, but the intel

came from the Sheriff's investigators. LASD and city police pooled resources for the bust. LASD picked TNU Slug Squad to bust down the door at 0445, June 2nd.

Chaves was home and awake as elements of LASD tactical made entry. He fled to a kitchen, presumably going for one of the many weapons stashed in the house. Chaves turned and fired a weapon. Three LASD tactical members returned fire with their M4's; one with a shotgun. Chaves was killed instantly, his body thrown back over a shattered kitchen table full of meth and long arms. One officer, Sgt. Freddy Sutton, was struck in the plate carrier, but uninjured.

Rounds penetrated the drywall behind Chaves, cutting into the adjoining duplex. Claudette Dondry – a retiree and widower – rented the home using her pension as a pediatric nurse. She ran an unofficial daycare service for working neighborhood mothers to augment her fixed income. She was serving breakfast in her adjoining kitchenette at the time of the raid. Dondry and the two children in her care (3 years and 18 months of age) were killed.

<H3>THE GRAND JURY

The Dondry Lawsuit is an ongoing wrongful death suit against LA County and the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department. Previously, the event reached the court as a grand jury trial. Deputies of the TNU Slug Squad stood accused of criminal misconduct. All deputies involved in the shooting were acquitted in 2017.

As grand juries are sealed proceedings, press coverage was limited. What little ink was spilled predicted a win for the shooters. If the Sheriff thought the results in question, legal theorists reasoned, the deputies in question would have been suspended during discovery. The Sheriff's consul justified the warrant with the presence of enormous stashes of methamphetamine and firearms on the scene, arguing both represented an urgent danger to public safety. Chaves's impressive list of prior felonies and violent resistance helped make the case, and the defense insisted there was no signage advertising a daycare was posted in the neighborhood. The daycare was not registered with the city, unlicensed and illegally zoned. The Sheriff's Department provided paperwork from the property manager proving they had checked the second property and been told it was vacant. A clerical error on the part of the property company provided TNU Slug Squad with an old lease. Finally, the Shooting Board found bullets from one of Chaves's guns in one of the children. Deputy rounds penetrating victims were found to be the result of ballistic spalling through Chaves's body and the drywall. Internal investigation ruled the incident 'unfortunate', but the blame landed on a clerical error, improper registration, and bad luck.

Editorials about the case point out that conviction – already unlikely – became hopeless once TNU Slug Squad took down [The Southside Tiger](#) (p.xx). The public capture of a serial killer – one preying on the same neighborhood calling for Marlin's suspension – torpedoed any chance to sew doubt about members of Slug Squad.

<H3>NELINHA ESTEVES

Nelinha Esteves is a 35-year-old Brazilian-American attorney specializing in immigration law. She cooperated with Jaz Ihejirika for an episode of the “Off the Brim” podcast (**Identification** p.xx) and previously tried to identify his body at the morgue (**Victim History** p.xx). Normally based in Texas, Esteves flies into town every couple months to help collect depositions and prepare briefs for the Dondry Lawsuit. She works out of space rented by *El Puente de la Esperanza*, “The Bridge of Hope” – a non-profit immigration defense fund providing representation for asylum and naturalization cases. The ‘office’ is an old Radio Shack, located in a strip mall off 118 in the Valley.

Nelinha’s in town the same time as the Agents. She’s currently sleeping on an air mattress in the back of the office. (The family she usually stays with is moving at the moment). Agents that roll successful **Law** may research her employment record. Esteves’s resume is that of a crusader and expert proceduralist. She’s no trial lawyer, but she’s credited in the legal community for securing summary judgements, executing procedural tricks, and punishing opponents with grueling discoveries. She’s worked trials against two major corporations for labor violations and served as counsel in countless US asylum cases.

Esteves represented a woman in immigration court that later ended up the unfortunate aunt of the youngest child killed at Dondry Daycare. Dissatisfied after the grand jury dismissal, the families of the victims filed a civil suit against the LASD, LAPD, and City of Los Angeles. Esteves volunteered her legal services to the family’s ongoing case.

<H3>GAINING ESTEVES’S TRUST

Ms. Esteves knows her rights and weaponizes them to the limit. Everything about her demeanor on the phone makes clear that she does not like cops, soldiers, or authority figures. Her body language in person confirms this fact. Successful **HUMINT** recognizes a woman on war footing. She sees enemies everywhere.

Agents approaching Esteves are greeted at the door of her strip mall office. She begins by informing anyone present that they’ve been on camera since they entered the parking lot. It’s a live feed uploaded to Cloud servers. Just like the cameras running in her car, at her home, and on her person at the press of a button (**SIGINT**: she’s not lying). She does not take contact with authority lightly and intends to broadcast any abuse of power as widely as possible.

If asked, Esteves admits to assisting the lawsuit, though she isn’t lead counsel for the case. She agrees to questions only insofar as it might help her clients. Questions about Ihejirika are met with icy silence or a dryly repeated “Am I being detained?”

Agents may **Persuade** Nelinha of their good intentions. Nelinha opposes with **HUMINT** 60%. If they threaten, accuse, or otherwise insult Lt. Marlin or Slug Squad, roll unopposed and add +30%.

On a success, the attorney trusts Agents enough to turn off the recorders and talk candidly about Slugs. She provides and explains [Details](#) provided on the **SLUG TIMELINE** handout. On a

failure, Esteves points Agents to the door: “Tell Marlin and his boys they can’t scare me. I’m done talking until trial.”

<H3>DETAILS

Esteves is informed about the history of [Deputy Gangs](#) (p.xx) in LA and the [Gang Structure](#) (p.xx) of the [Slugs](#). Unlike LASD internal affairs, she correctly suspects Lt. Marlin is the leader of the whole clique and “his four-man death squad” of a narcotics unit serves as gang’s enforcers. She knows the clique is dealing drugs in multiple county lock-ups and believes rumors they might be providing Anavar to half the juicers in the LAPD. Asked how she came by this information, her answer is terse: “First, I looked. Then, I stopped pretending I couldn’t see.”

The attorney’s version of events surrounding the Dondry case differs from the official record. Esteves heard rumors Capt. Dieffenbach insisted on taking Slug Squad out on a “trial run,” replacing SWAT with Lt. Marlin’s squad at the last minute. They went in half-cocked, ignored procedure, and executed the Chaves warrant like a posse. After the additional three bodies were reported over the radio, another source claimed flyers advertising ‘Dondry Daycare Service’ were removed by officers establishing a perimeter. A secretary at the property manager – the one providing old paperwork claiming the duplex was empty – can’t remember anyone requesting the lease before the shooting. Her boss took responsibility for sending the wrong paperwork – shortly before taking an early retirement and moving to Arizona. There were even reports of a late gunshot, presumably from Chaves’ guns into the victims, to confuse the ballistics.

Jaz is fourth person related to the Dondry case to die in the last year, unique only in method. Esteves knows Ihejirika is dead and she’s certain he was murdered by the Slugs. She was supposed to meet with him the night of the incident and visited his apartment when he didn’t show. She heard rumors of the OD in the neighborhood and found the video before it was taken down. She tried to ID the body at the morgue, but she retreated under scrutiny from the secretary. She says she’s done risking her life over this madness. She provides the list of **Dead Witnesses** (p.xx) and urges Agents to confirm the conspiracy for themselves.

Pressed for her own analysis, Esteves makes the situation plain: “The city rushed the Grand Jury proceedings, suppressed witnesses, and helped Marlin’s boys get away with murder. But the evidence was out there, and now municipal is on the hook for a lawsuit they can’t win. Marlin is saving his benefactors a bill in court and getting some personal revenge in the process.”

As for Esteves, the attorney plans to return to Texas. The lawsuit has fallen apart. Consul fears pursuing the case further can only get more killed. Nelinha already suggested her clients get out of town too. She’s only still there to box up materials cluttering the Bridge’s LA office.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<Side> Esteves in “The Hidden God”

Nelinha Esteves and her organization can serve as a resource in the final operation of the God’s Teeth campaign, especially if she ends up owing Agents a favor. If the Teeth play in both “God’s Law and “The Hidden God,” Handler’s should point out the providence at play. A hunt for nightmares introduces Agents to the *exact* woman necessary to justify and enable another hunt later. A chain of coincidence and killing woven through time.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2> Dead Witnesses

CLOCKED: *The Slugs keep track of requests for information about their victims. Though names and basic information about the Dondry witnesses are public, specifics regarding their deaths remain uncorrelated in official records. The clues are not well hidden (they don’t have to be), but they are monitored. Failed rolls inside any Sheriff’s system escalates the Threat Pyramid.*

The Grand Jury dismissed indictments. Deputies in the Dondry shooting were never formally charged and suspended with pay for less than a month. The list of dead witnesses comes from Nelinha Esteves insider knowledge of the following civil case. They never testified before the Grand Jury, but all served pivotal roles in the upcoming Dondry Lawsuit.

<H3>WILLIAM TAVILIN 1 OCT 2017

Lawsuit Connection: Male. 56 YOA. Deposed by the grand jury prosecutor. Claimed he regularly saw flyers advertising Dondry Daycare in the neighborhood. He also claimed he saw LAPD and LASD officers removing those flyers shortly after the gunfire on the morning of June 5th, 2015. He was not called to testify. His history of homelessness and drug priors was deemed a credibility risk for the jury. The lawsuit had no such qualms about hearing his account and attempted to contact the unhoused man. Efforts were cut short by his death.

Further Investigation: **Law** or **Bureaucracy** pulls the official death record. William Tavalin was found dead in a homeless encampment on the first of October. Initial cause of death listed as exposure. An autopsy preformed months later amended the report to an overdose of fentanyl. He took several thousand times the lethal dose. The needle mark indicates he shot up directly into his neck.

<H3>ANNICE WALKER 7 MAY 2017

Lawsuit Connection: Female. 39 YOA. Mother of two. Special education paraprofessional for LA schools. Found dead behind a chain pharmacy less than two hours after being reported missing by her husband. Left for work that morning and never showed up to school. Death reported as a heroin overdose. Deputies found a needle in the victim’s arm and gear in the car’s dash

compartment. Esteves reports that she and Walker began talking earlier in the year. Before earning her degree in 2016, Annice worked as a receptionist for the property manager responsible for renting Claudette Dondry's duplex. Though she refused to testify in the Grand Jury, Esteves claims Walker was willing to deliver a deposition that the Sheriff never checked to see if the duplex was occupied prior to the raid. She thought the property owner was bribed into claiming he'd provided faulty paperwork after the fact.

Further Investigation: Interviewing Walker's friends makes clear that no one truly believes the drug overdose story. Annice lost relatives to addiction at a young age. She attended church every Sunday, stopping only after she got too busy pursuing her teaching degree. Aside from denying she was taking drugs of any kind, her husband – Marcus Walker – is surprisingly silent on the issue. If Agents succeed at **Persuade** or **Psychoanalysis**, they can get the widower to confess why. Months earlier, Marcus was tirelessly filing complaints with multiple agencies, demanding his wife's death be treated as a homicide. He stopped after four deputies visited his home and asked he "stop wasting limited departmental resources." The deputies arrived at the door with his son in tow, picked up from school without permission. One of them kept playing with the boy's hair while they spoke. Mr. Walker was so terrified he forget to get a name or look at badges.

<H3>ELIZABETH RAY 18 FEB 2018

Lawsuit Connection: Female. 28 YOA. Murdered while working as a night watchman for Kincaid Storage Sheds, located in City of Industry, CA. Elizabeth Ray was a graduate of the police academy and served as an LAPD officer from 2015-2017. She took the security job at KSS after resigning last year. Esteves claims Ray approached the families, confessing that the Sheriff's Department and LAPD colluded to cover up the negligence around the Dondry shooting. She was fearful to go on the record, but since her resignation, she volunteered to help the lawsuit prep questions for other officers working the perimeter.

Further Investigation: Roll **Law** to request files concerning the ongoing Elizabeth Ray murder investigation. Use **Computer Science**, **Disguise**, or other dirty tricks to steal it. Ray was killed with three shots from a .22 to the back of the head. No weapon or prints found on the scene. Her wallet, keys, and car haven't been found. The padlocks were cut off units nearby the body, though the only items reported missing were the surveillance tapes from the main office. Current working theory is that Ray interrupted a robbery in progress. The case is currently assigned to Detective Lisa Ballwin of the LASD Homicide Bureau. **Bureaucracy** accesses Ballwin's service record and finds she served with John Marlin at Special Enforcement Bureau for three years (she's been an *Ink Chaser* in the Slugs for twice that long).

<H2> The Southside Tiger

CLOCKED: Marlin's status with 'normies' in the department hinges on clout from the Southside Tiger. He monitors interest closely, and he's especially concerned lately. The disastrous

execution of Ihejirika assassination is reminiscent of what he saw in that basement, and he suspects even his own lackeys might have betrayed him.

Information about the raid that made Slug Squad heroes is one Google away (see [The Dyer Raid](#) p.xx). Agents that want to audit the history of The Southside Tiger find exhaustive documentation of his victims available online (see **DYER TIMELINE** handout for specifics p.xx). Though far from the 'leaderboards,' the Tiger's unique pathology garners much interest in online communities serving serial killer obsessives. Multiple screenplays and true crime podcasts are rumored in development.

Active from 2014-2016 in southern California, Franklin Dyer earned the name "Southside Tiger" from the deep fingernail gouges found on each victim's face, eyes, neck, abdomen, shoulders, and forearms. Other signatures include the pre-mortem removal of the tongue and the post-mortem removal of identifying anatomy like fingertips and teeth. Every victim showed signs of extensive restraint and long-term captivity. Atypically, all were of varied age, orientation, ethnicity, sex, and gender.

Media hysteria and national attention was beginning to whip up around the discovery of the 4th body when the case came to a sudden close. While looking for 5th missing person, LASD got a partial plate match for a car belonging to a victim from Sacramento, haphazardly hidden under a tarp in a backyard garage. Lt. Marlin and Slug Squad were sent to 4261 3rd Ave. to execute a warrant. They entered to find a 'torture dungeon' with two more victims already dead. Franklin Dyer was shot dead resisting arrest.

<H3>ORIGINAL FILES

Dyer's posthumous conviction was widely reported in the press. Intermediate phalanges and teeth matching the DNA of all victims were discovered amputated and preserved in the basement. Police arrived at the residence as an unidentified naked man was stabbed to death, and the tactical element personally witnessed the killer cave in the skull of Rosario Clements as they entered the basement. Dyer was then shot dead.

The original files and crime scene photos are not a matter of public record. It requires **Law** or **Bureaucracy** to sneak a peak the right way. Agents must use their imaginations to secure less official access.

Crime scene photos reveal a row of posts driven into the concrete flooring of the basement, bloodstained and covered with leather straps. Woven through the support beams above writhes a tangle of feeding tubes, catheters, and IVs used to keep the bound alive. Surgical equipment and an extensive chemistry set line the outer wall, though no reagents or chemical compounds were found during the raid.

Agents that successfully **Search** the documents find a glaring inconsistency. There's a journal sitting on the shelf of the basement lab, half-visible through a giant Erlenmeyer flask. While the chemistry equipment was entered into evidence, there is no record of a journal ever being recovered.

<H3>"TORTURE DUNGEON"

Dyer was captured before the FBI constructed a criminal profile. With access to the original files, Agents may roll **Forensics** or **Psychotherapy** to audit the half-finished analysis. On a success, the pathology makes little sense. If he was fixated on torture and pain, all amputations could have occurred pre-mortem. Dyer had the means to stop bleeding and draw the pain out. There must be other rationalizations for the divide between mutilations.

Examining the final two autopsies, an absurd new possibility dawns on Agents. Dyer was shot before he could remove the final victims' fingertips. The M.E. reports both bodies had extensive build up of tissue under their nails. The blood and tissue underneath matched the victim's own wounds. Scratches occurred only where the victims could reach while bound to the post.

The M.E. theorized the self-mutilation occurred as victims thrashed against restraints during Dyer's tortures. Agents realize the truth: all wounds were self-inflicted. Dyer removed the fingers after death to delay identification; every other wound came from victims trying to kill themselves or Dyer's clumsy attempts to stop them. They scratched out their own eyes until handcuffed. Chewed through their own tongues until they were surgically removed as a matter of processing. The restraints and medical tortures were attempts to slow down self-destruction
(0/1 SAN Unnatural)

<H3> THE SMELL

4261 3rd Ave. is still vacant. The killer left no next of kin. The location is up for sale through probate, but the only offers have come from entrepreneurs looking to turn the site into macabre museum attraction. These attempts have thus far been blocked by a homeowner association, leaving the property in limbo.

The city has the house locked up against a steady flow of urban explorers and influencers looking to clout chase the tragedy. Roll **Criminology** or **SIGINT** to break in without setting off motion sensors and avoiding the cameras. The site is otherwise unmonitored and abandoned. Every furnishing and fixture in the house has already been removed, but in the basement lingers a faint, distinct, and unplaceable odor. Similar to pig manure, infused with cinnamon and the tangy sting of peroxide.

Agents can also **Persuade** neighbors to talk about the murders (failures get reported directly to Lt. Marlin -- the hero that stopped that monster). No one has much to say that hasn't already been quoted in the news. Dyer was the prototypical 'loner' with few interactions in the community. One detail remains consistent: the man smelled. As one neighbor puts it, "Man smelled like a hospital Cinnabon with the toilet backed up. Chemical-like. Like you was cooking something you wasn't supposed to be: tires and cow paddies with sugar on top."

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<Side>Scent and Synesthesia

The smell lingering in the basement, evident on Dyer's clothes, and reported at Ihejirika's death is that of Pledge Dram. The unnatural concoction has a real, reproducible odor. The Teeth have this smell overwritten in their minds. The olfactory chemicals are real; their interpretation belongs to Bast.

For those with power of the Scent (GT p.xx), Pledge Dram smells like BBQ sauce, kimchi, gravy, or some other mouthwatering marinade. In those chosen as Teeth, the nauseating reek everyone else notices changes between nose and brain. This is especially noticeable if MASTICATE has a mix of original and replacement Agents. Those without the mark start plugging their nostrils; those with the mark start getting hungry.

The disconnect is a clue to the scenario only accessible by the Teeth. The Slugs – so long as they aren't near Pledge Dram – smell normal to everyone else. This includes Anton Gully. If Teeth get alone with the possessed deputy, they can sniff out the delicious thing writhing inside his body.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H1>Engagement

Long before the unnatural vector can be pinpointed, it becomes clear the Slugs are guilty of much. The gang's attempts to hide involvement are haphazard at best.

Once Agents begin focusing on suspects within the LASD, Handler's should demonstrate why the group's sloppiness is no sign of weakness. Slugs don't need to cover their trail. It's standard operating procedure to destroy anyone caught following it.

<H2>Sheriff's Station Southwest (SSSW)

CLOCKED: *SSSW is the Slugs' seat of power. Marlin has informants everywhere. If they aren't expanding the gang's influence at a different station, Ink Chasers seek to transfer to 'home turf.'* At best, on-site employees fear what Marlin's cronies can do to a career. As often, the deputy is a craven opportunist or active accomplice. The commander of the station – Captain Dieffenbach – is a member of the gang.

Built in the Windsor Hills neighborhood, Sheriff's Station Southwest (SSSW) — often shorthanded to "Southwest" or "trip-ess dubs" — is the newest law enforcement facility in the city. A sleek exterior of glass and stainless steel make it look more like a bank than a cop shop

and county jail. Built with federal funds, the mission of SSSW is to “project force into underserved neighborhoods, increase positive officer contacts, and enhance community policing initiatives.”

In truth, the new building is more political than practical. The neighborhoods policed by the station are already heavily policed by the Los Angeles Police Department. Staffing shortages – on the rise since Ferguson – have made LAPD increasingly reliant on Sheriff assistance, especially for “crowd control operations” against protest movements. The need for more bodies, combined with an ever-expanding prison population, put the Sheriff’s department at the front of the line when LA secured federal grant money for policing infrastructure.

Since opening in late 2015, SSSW has been used as a staging area for transports between facilities at the city’s center – such as Men’s Central Jail and Twin Tower Correctional – and smaller lockups in client cities surrounding LA. Plans were altered in the middle of construction to include more offices for LASD investigative and tactical elements. The number of prisoner beds is actually far fewer than originally proposed to the city, likely why construction ran many millions over estimates.

First responders in [The Footage](#) (p.xx) were headed from SSSW to MCJ for a prisoner transfer when they spotted the disturbance in the street. Both are members of the tactical narcotics unit ‘Slug Squad,’ currently assigned to the duty station.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<Side>Seat of Power

Even careful interactions within deputies at SSSW escalate Slug response. The station is the gang’s turf and the walls have ears. Unless Agents utilize exceptionally clever and paranoid tradecraft, escalate Slug response even on successful rolls within Marlin’s station. The Lt. wants to know if federal agents are on site for *any* reason, and certainly if they’re asking about his misconduct.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H3>COVERT SURVEILLANCE

Handlers should remind players of their Agent’s training if they struggle for an approach. The tenants of sound investigation don’t change when the criminals have badges: establish baseline behaviors, then look for evidence and opportunity in the deviations. Agents can engage the Slugs by approaching individual deputies **Off-Duty** (p.xx), but the public space of SSSW is the easiest place to acquire targets at a deniable remove.

Roll **Military Science** or **Disguise** to design a rotating tail whenever Slugs leave the station. On a success, the Agent knows how to set up clandestine overwatch in a coffee shop across the street. With a laptop and the costume of poseur screenwriter, they can sit at the window and watch the vehicle pool to track the movements of Sutton, Sainz, and any other suspects.

Posting a spotter gives Agents tailing a car out of the facility +20% **Drive** on rolls to stay unnoticed by the deputy they follow.

Every 1d4 days, an Agent shadowing a deputy's cruiser gets a read on a single target's traffic patterns. It's easy enough to set up rotating surveillance nets with fresh vehicles from the FBI motor pool. For every Agent involved in the rotating tail, add +20% **Drive** to avoid detection.

- [Dept. Sainz](#) is 26 YOA, Hispanic, single, and looks fit enough in his uniform to pose for a calendar. In truth, it doesn't seem like he has much to do besides sit around and look pretty. He doesn't patrol so much as do social calls, pulling alongside Sheriff cruisers for chats or visiting other stations. He doesn't do prisoner transfers. He's not on an assigned beat. He's works day shift despite guys twice his age pulling nights. The closest he gets to duty is putting in a heroic amount of range time. For those with **Law** or **Military Science** training, he's the most spoiled young deputy they've ever seen. Rarely spends a night at home in La Puente, splitting time between his parents home in Lancaster, the apartment of Kathy Amon and the apartment of Encarna Araujo.
- [Sgt. Sutton](#) is 37 YOA. White. From the looks of him, it's doubtful Sutton could pass the physical to work at Home Depot. He seems to clock in around second shift, though the hours are irregular enough it's possible he makes his own schedule. He mostly uses his cruiser to visit other stations and correctional facilities. Sometimes, he accompanies Lt. Marlin to Special Enforcement Battalion. He never does traffic, transfers, or patrol work. He lives in a house in the Carson suburbs more befitting a real estate agent. His second wife is never seen without a wine glass in her hand or haunted expression in her eyes. She spends most of each day staring forlornly out the bay windows, listening to airbuds, or obsessively cleaning.
- [Sgt. Gully](#) is 41 YOA, white, and married with two children. He lives in a mission-style house in Rancho Dos Vientos. He seems more dedicated than others in the squad. He shows up to first shift, stays in the building the entire time, and leaves promptly at five. Always looks tired. He often takes a cruiser home at night despite working desk duty exclusively. In their observations, Agents notice the non-regulation inscriptions on the barrel of the M4 locked to his dash: *domare barbaros* ("tame the savages") written along the barrel in Old English font. Gully seems like a liability on two legs, locked from the public inside a cushy cage at SSSW.
- [Lt. Marlin](#) is 40 YOA, white, and single. The unit commander's looks are hanging on, with a dried out tan and aging muscles cut by the latest in nutrition and fitness. Marlin is at SSSW maybe an hour a day. His time is spent in constant motion. Agents witness him conducting trainings, both active tactical workshops and lectures. He sometimes works at three different stations in a single day. His favorite hangout is behind the scenes at Special Enforcement Branch Office. He finds time to hit the gym every night before going home to an apartment in Brentwood Heights. Of the entire squad, Lt. Marlin is the only deputy Agents witness doing work outside the station. Between appointments one day, he pulls over a man in a Camaro for expired tags. The man is asked to exit the vehicle, frisked, and sat by the side of the interstate until back up arrives. The police

scanner reports Marlin arrested the man for possession of cocaine and driving erratically.

If a surveillance operation against Leadership is detected, Slugs escalate immediately to retaliation.

<H3>TAPPING FRIENDLIES

The Program have friendlies inside LA's law enforcement agencies. Operational security requires keeping details to a minimum, but Pitzerelli can ask through intermediaries for intel overviews of the LASD, TNU Slug Squad, and Sheriff's Station Southwest.

Ask the requesting Agent to roll **Bureaucracy**. On a success, they keep a tighter lid on the request than the Program. On a failure, the rumor that 'someone federal' is asking about deputy gangs inside SSSW escalates Slug response.

Regardless of results, the friendlies provide a history of [Deputy Gangs](#) (p.xx) to the uninformed. They've also heard of the Slugs and relay conflicting rumors. Some heard the organization's based out of Special Enforcement Battalion, other suspect SSSW. No friendlies are members or know any members.

<H2>TNU "Slug Squad" Office

The office housing SSSW's Tactical Narcotics Unit is not open to the public. Deputies at the front desk don't let anyone past without appointment, and outside visits are rare. Official requests to see Lt. Marlin are directed through the station's commander – [Capt. Rudy Dieffenbach](#). He makes time for any federal authorities requesting to speak with Slug Squad (see [Official Channels](#) p.xx). To reach the office, Agents need to first convince the Captain they aren't a threat, or make their way unsupervised after bypassing the desk sergeant.

A taped-up printout reading "Tactical Narcotic Unit" identifies the windowless room inside the station's maze of corridors, holding cells, and cubicles. The window slit in the metal door reveals three cramped desks covered in file folders, desk blotters, and office flair. A fourth is sequestered in a sad little cubicle fort with photographs on the cardboard walls. The room's bunker-like exterior is papered with outdated anti-drug campaigns, laminated emergency procedures, grimy whiteboards, and posters advertising tactical gear.

If Agents performed [Covert Surveillance](#) (p.xx), they know the office is staffed during the day by Sgt. Anton Gully. On second shift, roll **Luck** to see if Sgt. Sutton comes by that evening. The office is closed and unoccupied on third shift. Nobody works weekends unless conducting a training, scamming overtime, or executing a warrant. Marlin, Sutton, and Sainz are rarely present, out running professional development for SEB or clocked in for 12-hr patrols. Most of that time is spent administering the gang's business at various duty stations around LA county.

If they know TNU is under scrutiny, all four members of the Slugs leadership hit the sirens and get to the station in a half hour.

<H3>RANK AND FILE

Ignore the Threat Pyramid if questioning random deputies within the station. Even on successful rolls, SSSW is surrounded by the infamous “Blue Wall of Silence.” Asked about Slugs, deputies feign ignorance and recommend salt. There’s no such thing as deputy gangs; that’s fake news. Lt. Marlin is an exemplar of LEO, etc. etc. **Persuade** is useful in keeping stonewalling deputies from finding the questions odd enough to report, but nobody makes time for answers inside the station, not even “off-the-record.”

<H3>OFFICIAL CHANNELS

Capt. Dieffenbach is a short, stout man in his late forties. He’s brassy, domineering, and affects a gravelly bass despite his natural tenor. The desperate speed of his dirty jokes, cop stories, and braggadocio advertises deep insecurity. No one says anything about the thin macho act. As a manager, Dieffenbach has proven an infamously vindictive prick, weaponizing the shittiest duties and worst shifts under his command to punish enemies, perceived or imagined.

His line on the Slugs is simple: heroes – every damn one of them. The Captain sings the praises of Marlin’s unit to anyone who will listen. He drowns out criticisms with the same. They took down a serial killer! If the Agents push back, the Captain begins demanding official documents. If Agents have a warrant (or a forgery), Dieffenbach complicates matters further by calling in lawyers, union reps, and high command. It’s only possible to get useful intel out the Captain **Off-Duty**, and the methods required likely escalate the conflict terminally.

Slugs in the inner circle – Gully, Sutton, and Sainz – keep equally quiet, directing all inquiries back to the Captain or their direct supervisor, Lt. Marlin.

<H3>BLACK BAG

The secrets inside the office are best accessed alone. Handlers should encourage Agents to develop their own plans for infiltration, but make sure they understand that getting in unseen is nearly impossible. SSSW has security cameras everywhere except the bathrooms and deputy lockers. Exterior entrances, prisoner cells, and the armory have electronic locks monitored from a central security station. Interior doors, offices, and desks are secured with keys. Skills utilized in the attempt depend on the Agent’s plan. On an **INTx5**, suggest a clandestine approach: a small team impersonating night janitors or lost food delivery drivers. Then pick the lock, block the window, and have a quick snoop.

If they get inside without getting caught, there are no cameras in the Slugs’ bullpen. They find the following at each member’s desk. If Agents are rushed for time, Handlers are encouraged to roll **Luck** to check for interference between desk searches.

- **Lt. Marlin:** Use **Computer Science** to hack into the external hard-drive the lieutenant keeps in his desk (stealing it for more careful examination escalates the threat pyramid directly to retaliation; it is immediately noticed missing). Inside, Marlin has pictures,

addresses, tax records, and death reports for all [Dead Witnesses](#) (p.xx) in the Dondry Lawsuit, including Jaz Ihejirika. Nothing indicates any of these cases are still under investigation, and Slug Squad was never assigned the files. The personal hard-drive also contains the names and contact information for literally hundreds of LASD personnel. Each is provided a letter coding: (TB) (IC) and (S). Those aware of the [Gang Structure](#) (p.xx) realize this is the roster for Marlin’s organization and face a 0/1 **SAN Helplessness** check against the sheer scale of corruption.

- **Sgt. Sutton:** The back side of the deputy’s desk blotter is covered in swastikas and nazi iconography, not so different from what a bored skinhead might doodle in class. Inside the desk, he has a print map of the county with a number of jails highlighted -- Mens Central, Twin Tower Correctional, LA County Jail, LAPD Metro Detention, etc. Each has a mix of numbered codes next to it. Agents may make an **INTx5** roll. On a success, they realize the 4-digit codes are badge numbers, while the 8-digit codes are DOC IDs for prisoners. A cursory follow up reveals all the badges to be relatively new hires to the jail system. The prisoners are all in long-term housing units with priors for drug smuggling.
- **Sgt. Gully:** Lots of pictures of the man with his wife and two children, but otherwise covered in mugs from right-wing media personalities and various patriotic kitsch (a deputy Funko pop, tiny American flags, etc). While the surface is clean and frequently handled, the keyboard, interior drawers, and other surfaces are dusty – as if work hasn’t touched them in weeks. Only the middle drawer sees use with any frequency, but it’s locked. If Agents get inside, they find a photocopy of [Franklin Dyer’s Journal](#) (p.xx) that Gully studies while pretending to work (If it goes missing or is moved, Gully-Worm knows something is wrong and checks security footage).
- **Dept. Sainz:** Sainz’s desk is covered in as many shooting competition trophies as can fit. Roll **Search** to find the false bottom in the bottom drawer. Inside, Agents find unlabelled baggie of pills (trained **Pharmacy** or later testing reveals Sainz’s personal supply of Anavar). There’s also a box of PEW-brand, tri-tipped animal tranquilizer darts. The brand matches the murder weapon if Agents [Examine the Scene](#) (p.xx). They darts have no prints on them or identifying serial numbers, and the box of latex gloves in the same drawer indicate careful handling.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<Side>Franklin Dyer’s Journal

In German and English. Study time: weeks. Occult +1%, Unnatural +3%, SAN loss 1d4

A photocopy of the madman’s notes can be found inside Anton Gully’s desk. The original journal in Gully’s basement, stolen from Dyer’s lair along with the Pledge Dram. Neither were ever logged into evidence.

Contents: A Miskatonic dropout, Dyer suffered some sort of psychotic break in late 2013. His journals reveal that “in dreams,” he learned he was destined to become a “true magi” and

“speak to the alien gods.” At this point, scans of the German translation of *Di Vermis Mysteries* were printed and pasted into the cheap leather book. It’s unclear where Dyer secured a copy. Each excerpt is surrounded with handwritten marginalia, translation notes, cyphers, and chemical formulas. Certain passages have been translated dozens of times. Though all the contents are disturbing, Dyer seems fixated on a numerological code he detected throughout disparate portions of the text. He suspected it was a recipe for an alchemical formula mentioned only once in the text: the Pledge Dram.

“Soul exists as flesh. The meat of man imagines itself a ghost haunting a house of bones, yet Self is a madness induced by glandular excretion. This alchemy is reproducible with supplementary extracts from Nature and transferable by means of physic. It is said amongst the learned that, in ancient Persia, true Magi aligned the humours of men with timeless angels woven through the firmament through ministrations of the Pledge Dram. The true masters refined their art by enthroning Aeons as the new tenant inside a house of bones, demanding secret Truths as a lord might demand tithes. Those seeking the tutelage of these Das jenseitige Gewürm (Worms From Beyond) beware. The Dram owes no allegiance. Any soul on offer shall be dethroned and unmade, rebuilt into a dwelling fit for gods.”

Dyer decoded what he believed to be the formula for Pledge Dram from cyphers found on prime-numbered pages of the text. By the time it came time to test the poisonous concoction of heavy metals, herbs, and Dyer’s own ritually-prepared bodily fluids, he was completely insane. He began kidnapping random people, restraining them in specialized racks erected in the basement of his home, and working to keep them alive as the Dram poisoned victims tried everything in their power to kill themselves.

In his journals, Dyer professes squeamishness over the process of cutting out each victim’s tongue. He claims to do so “only for their safety, as the Aeons find our insides so painful and constraining they seek escape.” There are no other accounts of the myriad other abuses perpetrated on the Southside Tiger’s victims, save tangential references to their “stubborn self-mutilation.” His goal seems to have been the interrogation of the “Worms from Without,” but he died having only discovered the limits of the human scream.

Translation Errors: Agents with a copy of Dyer’s journal may roll **INTx1**. If they have training in **Chemistry, Pharmacy,** or the **Occult,** they may roll that skill at +30%. On a success, they realize that Dyer made a pivotal translation error. While his list of ingredients and proportions seem accurate, the dosage is miscalculated. Dyer’s was cooking Pledge Dram many thousand times more potent than what Ludvig Prinn prescribed. The serial killer put entire vials of the stuff into his victims, but the correct dosage would be more likely achieved through incidental skin contact.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H3>QUESTION LT. MARLIN

Marlin has an answer for everything. Handlers should use "[Interviewing Marlin](#)" on p.xx if they need help keeping the lies straight.

<Side>Playing Marlin

Unknown Unknowns: Lt. Marlin has no idea the unnatural or Delta Green exists. He saw a woman bash her own skull apart in a basement, but he rationalized it away as the results of Dyer's designer narcotic. He couldn't afford explaining to the Shooting Board that the Tiger's victims killed themselves, especially while he was under Grand Jury indictment and about to become an uncomplicated hero. He has since edited from his mind the darker implications of what he saw that night. He ordered Gully to be equally selective with disposal of inconvenient evidence.

Known Unknowns: Lt. Marlin planned, ordered, and participated in the murder of witnesses. This doesn't even count dozens of other Slug homicides and assaults disguised as muggings, overdoses, and traffic accidents. Marlin lived without fear of reprisal...until Jaz Ihejirika died of something far worse than Carfentanil. Gully administered the jab from the same batch used to kill the first two victims, but Marlin can't help but be reminded of the Tiger after hearing Sainz and Sutton's reports. The Slugs plan to question and kill their drug supplier during the next resupply. Until then, the clique's criminal sidelines are on hold. Marlin is in damage control mode.

Unknown Knowns: Handlers know the Agents best. With a **HUMINT 90%** and **Persuade 75%**, so does Lt. Marlin. He's a high-functioning, empathetic man despite the moral bankruptcy of a serial predator. The ability isn't magic: he can't mindread details about the Agent, the Program, or case specifics. Rather, Marlin has always viewed other people as a series of buttons to press, and a lifetime of practice helps him intuit the controls. Unless Agents come disguised, it only takes Marlin a glance to read whether an Agent has kids, who they voted for, and a couple of personal interests. In short bursts, it's extremely charming. He caters a bespoke personality to his audience.

Known Knowns: In public, Marlin exits any situation in which he finds himself challenged or contradicted. If Agents threaten him privately – or just point out the hollowness at his core – the mask slips. Marlin becomes a taunting, smug, and imperious predator. He toys with Agents, skating comments right to the line of legal actionability. He asks probing questions about who employs the Agents and challenges their legal authority to interfere in his active cases. He dares Agents to try him, thinly-veiling threats the entire time and plainly enjoying the sparring.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>Interviewing Lt. Marlin

If formal charges are brought or he's arrested, Marlin's speaks exclusively through a screen of lawyers and union reps. Caught unaware, he only talks to Agents until he realizes what they're asking about.

If Leadership is aware of the investigation but Marlin has yet to be directly implicated, there are only two instances in which he agrees to questioning. Either Capt. Dieffenbach mistakenly deemed the Agent harmless, or Marlin is fishing to see what the Feds know. In either instance, he insists on controlling the space, asking Agents meet in his office. As a compromise, he'll agree to meet at the Silvertop Taproom. It's a cop bar near Morongo Reservation, owned by a retired Slug with a loaded sawed-off shotgun beneath the cash register. Slug Squad will be nearby as backup. Under no circumstances will Marlin follow Agents to a second location outside his choosing. He knows that trick.

Read [Playing Marlin](#) to get in the gang leader's head. If Handlers need help with a quick lie, the canned responses below establish the sort of minimal plausible deniability the Slugs thrive inside. No matter the accusation, Marlin has an excuse...or plans to write one into the evidence once Agents leave. Only the evidence Agents collect elsewhere reveals anything he says to be a lie. Successful **HUMINT** rolls only reveal the essential hollowness behind the lieutenant's every mannerism.

<H3>THE VICTIM

Marlin offers up the name Jaz Ihejirika. He claims they only recently managed an ID. Asked if he knows Ihejirika, he says he only knows the victim died of a PCP overdose the other night. He feigns ignorance of Ihejirika's involvement with the Dondry lawsuit. If 'informed,' he shakes his head and remarks *"A lot of ambulance chasers came out of the woodwork to make money off that tragedy."*

<H3>DODGY PAPERWORK AND MISSING EVIDENCE

Marlin can produce an evidence bag with Ihejirika's phone, wallet, and keys inside. *"Oh? You mean this? That's how we made the ID. Guy didn't have his driver's license on him and the phone was locked, but we tracked him down through a gym membership. Haven't had a chance to run this back to the lockers yet. Say...how did you learn about this?"*

If allowed, he grills Agents on their understanding of his case and how they came to be so interested.

<H3>SUTTON AND SAINZ

"Prisoner transfer. Gang intel unit had news one of their informants wasn't going to live past breakfast, so they called for a late-night transfer out of Twin Towers. My boys were working late on another case and got stuck with the duty. They had to call it in once they saw the disturbance on Sutra. I presume dispatch pawned off the transfer to someone else."

<H3>DONDRY INVOLVEMENT

“Not a day goes by that I don’t think about that bust. If there was something I could have done differently. But that poor woman was squatting in there, and she’d convinced those poor moms to let her watch their kids. The landlord said the last lease was a year previous. We didn’t see a car, light, or single bit of signage for a daycare outside that morning. Chaves was armed and planning drivebys on local competition. We had to move in, and when he fired, we had to shoot. But that duplex was supposed to be empty. I still get sick thinking about it.”

Pressed further, he grows stand-offish. *“I can tell you what the Grand Jury told me: cleared on all charges.”*

<H3>THE DEAD WITNESSES

“Who? The name Elizabeth Ray sounds vaguely familiar. Haven’t heard of the other two.”

Pressed about their involvement in the Dondry lawsuit, Marlin shrugs. *“Damn. Can’t say I’m sad the lies those people were selling are off the market. Anything to get famous in LA, right? But it’s still tragic. Lotta bad dope and desperate bangers running the streets. Job security for us, I guess.”*

<H3>THE OVERDOSE

“Wild shit, huh? Worst my boys ever seen. Our working theory is the guy took a variation of what you may have heard referred to as ‘bath salts.’ Gotta be that or PCP, with that strength. We’re still waiting on toxicology, but whatever it is, we’re thinking that can’t be the intended effect. So it’s a hotshot, cut with fent or drain cleaner or something. Difficult to track. No experienced dealer is going to kill off their repeat customers, and an amateur is unlikely to stay in business with that debut.”

Presented with the actual toxicology, he’s genuinely confused to hear about the heavy metals found in the victim’s blood. He tables that concern to focus on why the hell Feds are taking an interest in random ODs.

<H3>THE TAPE, THE ATTACKER, AND THE DART

Again, Marlin feigns ignorance. *“We scoured that place. Talked to everybody, pulled every surveillance tape, combed the street – nothing. We did a second and third pass just a few days ago.”*

Confronted with the preponderance of evidence the team missed – including a call from someone at SSSW saying to erase footage – Marlin can only claim incompetence. He thanks Agents for helping the investigation and asks they turn over the new evidence to Homicide division. The conversation then shifts to why they felt the need to look in the first place.

<H3>THE SOUTHSIDE TIGER

“Worst night of my life. What about it?” Asked to recount, he recites the official record with practiced ease. They found a slaughterhouse in the basement. Dyer finished killing the last victim right as they cleared the steps. One EKIA and a lifetime of nightmares.

If Agents failed rolls while looking into the Tiger, Marlin makes it clear he noticed. *“You know, when you save a community of people from a maniac, they tend to be grateful. Grateful enough to tell you when strangers come to dig up the past. Why you so interested? Fan of his work? Mine? Don’t answer. I’ll just read the federal warrant entitling you to our case files. I haven’t seen one yet, though. Why is that?”*

<H3>SQUAD MEMBERS

“My boys still do patrols and regular duties like any deputy. What sets the Slugs apart is our tactical training.” Marlin points to a photo in his wallet of the team in full combat gear. *“That’s us getting Bronze at the Tactical World Cup in Little Rock, couple years back. If I’d had Sainz back then, we’d of taken it all.”*

Any hint of criticism or accusation against his squadmates turns Marlin indignant. *“These men are like my brothers and sons. You want to know about them? The Meritorious Conduct Medals speak for themselves. Of course, I’d never protect a criminal in my ranks. So if you got evidence of some wrongdoing, let’s see it. Slap that warrant on the table. You have one of those, right?”*

<H3> CLIQUES, DEPUTY GANGS, AND RUMORS OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY

“Fake. News.”

<H3> THREATS

Lt. Marlin becomes quiet and contemplative if Agents threaten the same tactics the Slugs weaponize against the community. Then, after seeming to regard the Agents in a new light, Marlin responds plainly. *“We’ll see. In my experience, every story is written by the last guy to file a report. Everything else is ballistics and history.”*

If Lt. Marlin starts off aware that Agents are using extra-legal methods, the threat grows less veiled. *“I’d be careful. It’s easy for people to get hurt when law enforcement doesn’t cooperate. I’d hate to be the one to knock on <BOND NAME>’s door with bad news one day.”*

<H2>Off-Duty

If Agents understand the Slugs to be housing an unnatural before leadership reacts, the Program calls for a decapitation strike. It far prefers random home invasions and unsolved homicides to public shootouts or prolonged trials. Using Delta Green’s resources, it’s trivial to find the addresses of the offending deputies. Agents are ordered to visit anyone tainted by the unnatural and make sure they don’t show up to the next shift.

While disappearing the criminals in the night is smartest tactic, the Agents have only themselves to staff the operation. The arrest, disappearance, or death of any Slug puts the whole LASD on edge. Clandestine network is limited to what can be accomplished in a single,

frantic night (more realistically, hours). Some Slugs are hardened targets. Others may no longer be human.

If they want to lay a trap to eliminate Leadership all at once, see [Dead Heroes](#) (p.xx). If they're targeting specific deputies, the list of targets is as follows.

<H3>CAPT. RUDY DIEFFENBACH

Location: Dieffenbach lives in mini-mansion in La Habra Heights. It is plainly beyond the means of public servant, but his second-wife was an entertainment lawyer. She took the kids when she left. He lives alone.

Security: A wrought-iron fence installed around the richly maintained lawn suggests a high-end security system. Getting in without alerting the entire Sheriff's department requires **SIGINT** to hack the controls slaved to the Captain's phone, **Craft: Electronics** to disable the motion sensors, or **Athletics** to climb up and through an unwired attic window.

Defenses: Rudy can't pass the physical requirements for his own department and has used every trick in the book to skip range time for decades. He offers little effective resistance if assaulted inside his home.

Evidence: If Agents did [Covert Surveillance](#) (p.xx) on Marlin, they recognize the Camaro confiscated during his traffic stop. It's sitting in Dieffenbach's driveway: one of four vehicles. Roll **Search** in the home office to find correspondence between the Captain and connections inside LA County Assets and Surplus Property. Some napkin accounting suggests Dieffenbach buys assets seized using civil forfeiture at a discount before they reach police auction. He then appears to be reselling them and distributing profits amongst the gang. The fence is listed only as "Mac's Dream." Agents that visit *Mac's Ink Dream* in West Lake find a tattoo parlor rumored to be owned by the infamous Mongols biker gang. A catalogue of work samples shows multiple iterations of the gang's "Sluggy" design.

Testimony: Though not leadership, Dieffenbach provides the bureaucratic screen protecting the organization's core. As long as he thinks protective rules and regulations are waiting for him at work tomorrow, he reveals nothing. When he realizes the game is being played for higher stakes, he spills everything. Dieffenbach can provide a full breakdown of the Slugs organization. He can walk Agents through the entire recruitment cycle, starting when Marlin forged the results of Dieffenbach's failed VPAT test (Validated Physical Aptitude Test). He has a good idea of the criminal rackets managed by the other members of TNU Slug Squad. He's responsible for getting them assigned to the Dondry Raid and covering up the ensuing massacre. He suspects Marlin has been killing witnesses, but everyone outside Leadership has been compartmentalized out of the process. If Agents mention the unnatural, Dieffenbach makes a final desperate attempt to escape. He's completely ignorant, but he fears his captors have lost their minds and mean to kill him.

<H3>LT. JOHN MARLIN

Location: Marlin rents in the Suspiro Bien Apartment Complex, located in Brentwood Heights. The development is new and upscale. A search online indicates one month's rent costs roughly 80% of what he should be taking home as a lieutenant.

Security: Marlin has no security in his apartment besides a deadbolt. The apartment complex has a high-def camera system covering every inch of its hallways, courtyard, and stairwells. The only way to enter unseen would be to take out power for the entire block, which would also bring many of its 500 residents outside to check the streetlights. Security guards are on-site, though understaffed and poorly trained. The walls are not nearly as sound-proofed as advertised. Any major disturbance in one unit can be heard in adjacent apartments.

Defenses: John Marlin has a loaded .45 in a bedside drawer. He resists any home invasion with deadly force and smartly prioritizes calling for backup. If subdued, Marlin begs to be made more comfortable and tries to relocate conversation to his couch. The coffee table is a 'tactical' model rigged to release a loaded AR-15 from a hidden drawer at the press of a button.

Evidence: John's father beat into him the maxim of all successful criminals: never shit where you sleep. The apartment is suspiciously, fastidiously clean. There's no sign of criminal activity on site. The maid service comes frequently enough that the unit looks like a model apartment. Marlin keeps all his ill-gotten gains in offshore accounts or hidden inside handshake real estate deals made under the names of lower-ranking deputies. The most incriminating thing is a handwritten list of names found inside the hidden drawer within the coffee table. It lists over 200 current and former LASD employees, along abbreviations of TB, IC, and S next to each name.

Testimony: If captured, Marlin is smart enough to realize what he would do in the Agents' position. He endeavours to make them feel in control and surrenders whatever he can to buy another second's chance to escape. He stalls by detailing the gang's origins, listing criminal operations, and naming co-conspirators. He takes responsibility for the Dondry Shooting and subsequent murders. He ordered Anton Gully to inject Jaz Ihejirika with a lethal dose of Carfenantil, ensuring Sutton and Sainz would be first to process the scene. He has no idea what caused the reaction. At mention of the Southside Tiger or the unnatural, Marlin spots an angle. He explains in detail what actually happened inside Dyer's home. He admits to removing evidence of the drugs and self-mutilation to help 'the normies' process a difficult reality. That's what the Agents are interested in, right? Spooky stuff? Suppressing it? Marlin offers the assistance of his secret fraternity to the Agents.

<H3>SGT. ANTON GULLY

Location: A mission-style house in Rancho Dos Vientos. Lives with his wife Rebecca and two children. Roll **Alertness** outside the domicile to spot the thick layer of pollen coating the minivan. The cruiser in the driveway is clean and frequently used.

Security: Successful **Alertness** roll also reveal an installed doorbell camera. It's deactivated – somebody stopped paying for the subscription months ago. The doors and windows are unlocked. The drapes are closed.

Defenses: The Worm does not sleep. It stays up nights brewing Pledge Dram and querying the remains of Gully's brain for ways to find new hosts. If it finds intruders, it tries to contaminate them with Pledge Dram. If the host body takes damage, it metabolizes Gully's remains and attacks in its true form (see [Gully-Worm](#) p.xx)

Evidence: The home reeks of death, shit, cinnamon, and peroxide. The foyer is littered with shredded delivery boxes, each purchased from Rebecca Gully's account. Judging by the labels, the contents were chemistry equipment, medical supplies, dog kennels, and hazardous substances from laboratory supply companies. The dining room table is covered in faded homeschool worksheets dated over a year ago. In the kitchen, opened cans of food fester in a neat row along the countertop. A filthy spoon lies on the splattered kitchen tile where it appears to have been dropped – nightly – after every standing meal. The basement has been turned into a combination holding cell and laboratory. On a cruciform rack lies the body of Hannah Huffman, still in her postal carrier uniform. She was listed missing 9 months ago but can't be dead more than a couple weeks. Forensics suggest a cause of death by severed spinal column, her neck broken by thrashing against the leather head restraint after straps on the torso loosened. Both grey-blue arms are covered in needle marks and bruising. The rotting bodies of Gully's entire family lay discarded to the side, in advanced stages of decay.

Testimony: The Worm is not keen to talk. If Agents indicate they know Gully is possessed before violence starts, the Worm gets curious. It spins up enough synapses to understand how these humans – amongst all the blind creatures inhabiting this dimension – came to understand the invisible ecosystem they scurry beneath. It wants to know if that knowledge can bring more of its kind across. It prioritizes administering the Pledge Dram and querying their memories of the host from inside. If Agents ask about the Beyond, it promises to show them everything. They need only come closer.

<H3>SGT. FREDDY SUTTON

Location: A three-bedroom mid-century modern home in the Carson suburbs with a two-car garage. It's plainly beyond what any deputy should be able to afford on a Sergeant's salary. Lives with his wife, Talia. No kids.

Security: Nothing visible from the street besides manual locks. Roll **Stealth** or socially engineer to get close enough to check for countermeasures. The doors and windows are unalarmed. The garage, on the other hand, has extensive security. Motion-sensing lights and contact plates have been placed on the garage door, inexpertly wired through the door's sealing to alarms and cameras within. Sutton did the work himself, so it's a **+20% Craft: Electronics** for Agents to disarm, but it's faster go through the unalarmed interior.

Defenses: If the alarm on the garage door is triggered, Sutton's homemade booby goes off. The alarm is triggers strobe light in the main bedroom, activates security cameras in the garage, and

arms a series of devices attached to the rafters above the vehicle bay. After a 10 second delay, canisters of pepper spray wired to the ceiling release, misting the entire garage area (-20% all tests if hit). Sutton – a firearm enthusiast and paranoid – has guns stored condition 1 in nearly every room of the house (e.g. cocked and locked). Unless caught sleeping, Freddy orders his wife to call 911, arms up, and tries to clear the house himself.

Evidence: The nazi memorabilia in the office offers a series of literal red flags. **History** reveals all of it to be cheap, counterfeit shit bought off the internet, but Freddy either didn't know or care. There are three refrigerators in the secured garage: two unpowered and one running. The plugged in unit stores beer; the others hold a variety of illegal performance-enhancing pharmaceuticals and street drugs, respectfully. Roll **Criminology**. On a success, the Agent notices that packaging of the Anavar and other PEDs was done on site, but the cocaine and heroin is sealed in cheap consumer baggies found on the street. If Agents performed **Covert Surveillance** (p.xx) or a **Black Bag** (p.xx) job on Sutton's desk, they realize he's the lynchpin of the Slugs drug operations. He feeds PEDs to deputies in the jails and uses lock-up as a distribution point for law enforcement coming in from all over the city. In exchange for the juicer market, Sutton feeds the correctional officers recreational narcotics skimmed from the TNU's raids, which they can then sell for themselves amongst the captive addicts. It's a classic product-for-product drug smuggling scheme administered entirely through the city's prisons.

Testimony: Sutton is a true-believer in every 'us vs them' ideology one could name: cops vs. civilians, slugs vs normies, men vs women, whites vs. everyone. Marlin selected Sutton as his runner precisely for this fanaticism and lack of self-awareness. The man won't talk. He spits threats and insults even through torture. Talia Sutton is a different story. She has a go-bag packed and has hoped to escape Freddy's abuse for years. If Agents can calm the woman down (**Persuade** or **Psychoanalysis**), she realizes a group of masked killers might be her only chance to escape the bastard. She knows way more about the gang than she ever let on – the drugs, the Dondry Shooting, everything she could pick up as she was forced to serve refreshments to the Slugs scheming in her living room. She tells Agents everything if they promise to let her leave and never come looking. She swears to leave the country and never return. **HUMINT** suggests she means it.

<H3>DEPT. JULIAN SAINZ

Location: Rents a one-bedroom home near La Puente Park. Moved in only a few months ago. Boxes still unpacked and visible through the living room window.

Security: None. The deputy hasn't had time to set anything up. The mailbox still has "The Smiths" painted alongside it.

Defenses: Julian only sleeps at home one night in four (roll 1d4; he's only sleeping at the La Puente house on a 1). He spends other nights at the family home in Lancaster, with his fiancée (Kathy Amon) or his mistress (Encarna Araujo). He always sleeps with his service weapon nearby. Sainz is a gifted shooter – perhaps the best in the entire LASD. He's always wanted to try his skills against armed opposition.

Evidence: Roll **Search**. Sainz has a burner phone on his kitchen table and another dozen prepaid cellphones in grocery sacs stashed in the cupboard. The only messages come from a contact named “Fish White” on another pre-paid temp number. Messages over the last month exclusively regard Sainz’s availability for certain appointments. Most are street corners or parking lots. If the Agents have been working for less than two weeks, one orders Sainz to be on Sutra Street ready “to assist” at the date and time of the Ihejirika murder. If Agents performed **Covert Surveillance**, messages on the phone correspond to Sainz’s meetings with other deputies around the city. Julian is Marlin’s messenger, distributing orders and relaying reports off the radio by word of mouth.

Testimony: Captured alive, Sainz is still Marlin’s creature. The gang leader mentored him since Academy. There’s nothing Agents can do to get him talk about Marlin, but the rest of Leadership is a different story. Sutton’s extreme racism doesn’t acknowledge Julian’s brand of Latino white supremacy. They hate each other. Julian happily rats out his racist partner, dumping every crime onto his soldiers. Roll **HUMINT** to spot the lie. Called on his bullshit, Sainz can be made to confess serving as the gang’s messenger. He admits to waiting blocks away the night of the Ihejirika killing, prepped to be first on the scene. Most alarmingly, he confesses to loading the Carfenatil into the animal dart used in the murder...which is why he suspects Sgt. Anton Gully. Julian was greatly disturbed by what he saw happen to Ihejirika, but he handed the hotshot to Gully with his own gloved hand. If anything got into the syringe, it had to be his doing, and the older officer has been acting strange and distant for months.

<H1>Executions

Interactions between the Agents and Slugs determine when *God’s Law* ends. Sloppy investigation escalates the Threat Pyramid until the gang panics, retaliating against Agents to such an extreme that the Program must abort operations. In contrast, Agents practicing solid tradecraft can excise the unnatural tumor without notice.

Handlers should adjust the climax to their own group’s strategies and location on the Threat Pyramid. Use the end-states described to cater results to the Agents’ previous choices. Delta Green’s first priority is destruction of the enemy. From there, interventions are judged based on the balance of secrecy and exposure.

<H2>Another Good Shoot

The Slugs learn of the investigation and catch Agents flat-footed, striking before they understand the nature of the threat. Marlin’s prioritizes revising and controlling evidence around the Ihejirika case far more carefully. He closes financial accounts, puts the Slug network to sleep, and orders all evidence of their illegal operations destroyed. Once he feels personally

protected, he seizes the initiative. His goal is muddy the waters of any future investigations by engineering a deadly altercation between lower-ranking Slugs, Agents, and their Bonds. Whatever killing results gets justified by whomever survives to fill out a report.

<H3>METHODS

- The Slugs ‘swat’ an Agent (armed tactical entry on false pretense) in **Retaliation** after learning their identity (*escalation 8*).
- An Agent’s bond is killed in or framed for a crime in **Retaliation** (*escalation 8*).
- Agent(s) are killed by the Slugs. Deputies arrange the crime scene to fit their own narrative.
- Agent(s) survive an ambush by the Slugs. Agents arrange the crime scene to fit their own narrative.

<H3>RESULTS

Once Marlin feels insulated from prosecution, he targets a single Agent or the smallest group he can peel off. Those unlucky enough to live in LA county get SWATted. The lieutenant uses contacts in dispatch to feed a phony tip through the LASD system. A tactical team of clueless True Blues is assembled to ‘rescue’ hostages held at gunpoint by a ‘madman’ at the Agents home address. Marlin plants an Ink Chaser on the squad with orders to make certain the situation turns kinetic.

If Agents don’t live in the area, he sends two Ink Chasers to ensure a traffic stop goes bad. Traffic deaths during a high-speed chase work too, if Agents refuse to stop. During compliance, roll **Law** or **Military Science** to notice the violation of procedures, like ushering the cars down blind alleys or asking passengers to step outside the vehicle. **Alertness** notices the body cams remain covered, and the dashcam isn’t visible through the cruiser’s windshield. Orders are to check for recording devices and get the Agent to step out of the car before the shooting starts. It makes the ballistics look cleaner.

If the deputies succeed, the incident report claims the Agent was spotted driving erratically. They refused to provide identification, grew belligerent, and drew a gun. The panicked reaction was likely motivated by the kilos of cocaine later found in the car’s trunk. If Agents survive and kill their attackers, they are now cop killers. See [‘Qualified Immune’](#) p.xx if they don’t escape after the confrontation.

<H3>REWARDS

- None

<H2>Qualified Immune

One or more Agents got caught investigating with false paperwork or arrested for their own crimes. The rules are in place to slow down or completely stop police reform; bypassing official channels is seen by the city as an attack by the federal government. The entire LA municipal

government goes into lockdown. The bureaucracy seals shut around the Slugs as the city retreats for a PR siege. It becomes impossible for the Program to continue operations without unacceptable exposure.

<H3>METHODS

- Agent arrested breaking into SSSW for a **Black Bag** job (p.xx)
- Agent arrested performing **Covert Surveillance** on a deputy (p.xx)
- Agent arrested breaking into the home of an **Off-Duty** deputy (p.xx)
- Deputies arrest an Agent on false charges as a form of **Intimidation** (*escalation 7*)
- Agent provoked into violence against a deputy, filmed in the act and/or arrested.

<H3>RESULTS

Agents are ordered to withdraw. Pitzerelli is sent to deal with any arrested or hospitalized members of the team. He finds a cadre of furious politicians waiting for him. No one told the Mayor that DOJ launched an independent investigation. The governor wasn't informed. The official channels were ignored, which means the feds are coming for people's jobs. It has the entire state apparatus on war footing.

Nobody wants this fight. California Department of Justice, LASD, and the Program would all rather avoid charges and attendant press coverage. For anything short of a dead deputy, Pitzerelli trades ending the Agent's career in disgrace for dropping criminal charges. Opposition officials agree not to tell the press that the Feds tried to Watergate multiple local and state institutions. California only plays hardball if the Agents dropped bodies, refusing to hand cop-killers into federal custody. In that case, captured Agents never reach trial. Where inmate assassins fail, guards pick up the slack. The survivors never learn whether the Slugs or Program paid for the hit.

If Agents managed to locate the unnatural inside the Slugs, it is dealt with months later by a second team specializing in wetwork. Lt. Marlin quits the force and leaves the country during that time. He was last seen in Mexico. During the interim, Anton Gully's home burns to the ground with four bodies inside. He is presumed dead. Sutton's death is made to look like a car accident. Sainz dies of a fentanyl overdose.

<H3>REWARDS

- None

<H2>The System Works

The Program's first objective is to destroy the threat, but the motivation is saving lives. The Slugs – for entirely human reasons – are guilty of destroying more lives than any hyper-geometric alien. There's no shortage of human methods of taking them off the board. The organization is illegal according to federal law and violates the Sheriff Department's own stated values. They trade in bribes and favors. The gang has multiple, overlapping narcotics smuggling

operations. Marlin's squad alone is guilty of killing seven innocents using mundane methods. Agents not content to leave the banal evil behind could take the Slugs off the board...IF it can be proven in court.

<H3>METHODS

- Gather evidence that the Slugs were responsible for killing the [Dead Witnesses](#) (p.xx). Remove all mention of Delta Green and unnatural. Fabricate probable cause and warrants to ensure the proof reaches court.
- Gather evidence of crimes from a [Black Bag](#) (p.xx) raid of the office or home invasion of [Off-Duty](#) Slugs (p.xx). Remove all mention of Delta Green and unnatural. Fabricate probable cause and warrants to ensure proof reaches court.
- Frame members of the Slugs for crimes scandalous enough to provoke LASD action against the gang.

<H3>RESULTS

As a lawyer for the DOJ, Pitzerelli understands the corruption and ineptitude the US justice system. The handler cautions Agents that any 'legal' solutions still requires evidence tampering, fabrications, and outright lies. Delta Green refuses to allow information that suggests the existence of the organization or its mission to enter a courtroom. Any evidence discovered must sanitize mentions of Dyer, the unnatural, and any illegal methods Agents utilized to obtain information. The Handler asks Agents which of the myriad crimes they hope to weaponize against the Slugs and how they plan to frame the evidence as a mundane police corruption case. Then, the Handler should roll the most trained Agent's **Law** skill at -20% to prepare the evidence for Pitzerelli. Make the roll in secret; results take months or years to materialize.

On a success, roll a 1d4. That many Slugs lose their jobs and get charged for what Agents laid out in the evidence. On any other result besides a critical success, effect on target is *negligible*. Lawyers from the city, union, and authoritarian factions in the federal government conspire to get most of the damning proof thrown out of court. Appeasements of fines and firings are settled before ever seeing a jury. At most, some high-ranking Slugs lose their jobs, but many are hired on to other LEO agencies mere months later. At the end of the drawn out, anticlimactic process, inflict **1 SAN** Helplessness for every corrupt deputy that skated on the charges. If it seems like the system is rigged...it is.

<H3>REWARDS

- **+1d4 SAN** for eliminating Gully-Worm
- **-1 SAN** Helplessness for each Slug that escapes justice

<H2>Interagency Cooperation

Marlin is evil. He's not stupid, insane, or loyal to authorities higher than himself. The lieutenant would be upset to learn a supernatural killer hides inside his inner circle. Especially if it's fucking up the bottom line. If he can be made to believe his most trusted advisor has betrayed him,

Marlin is keen to handle the problem of Anton Gully 'internally.' Delta Green leadership balks at the idea of briefing a monster like John Marlin about the unnatural, but it won't complain if the problem resolves itself and keeps the Program insulated.

<H3>METHODS

- **Persuade** Marlin that Gully has betrayed him for fabricated reasons, such as turning informant or accepting bribes from rival deputy cliques. If restrained, the roll is unopposed. Otherwise, resist with Marlin's 90% **HUMINT**.
- Prove to Marlin that Gully tortured and murdered his entire family.
- Prove to Marlin that Gully has been studying and recreating the crimes of Franklin Dyer.
- Prove to Marlin it was Gully that sabotaged the Jaz Ihejirika assassination.
- Marlin sees the Worm's true form, or witnesses firsthand what an overdose of Pledge Dram can do to a person.

<H3>RESULTS

Whether Agents tell Marlin the absolute truth or frame Gully with lies, inviting a scumbag like Marlin onto your team causes **1/1d4 SAN** against Helplessness. Handler's determine Marlin's ability to deal with the problem using a **Luck** roll. On a failure, Agents hear over the scanner that Marlin, Sainz, and Sutton have been found dead in the Mojave. The three were found torn apart around an empty grave dug in the desert. Anton Gully is missing. Authorities discover the victims at his home and pursue the sergeant as primary suspect. He is never found. Without leadership, the Slugs disintegrate as an organization, members flowing into other deputy gangs within the Sheriff's Department.

On a success, Marlin gets the drop on the creature. He uses Slugs to move the body, stage an unremarkable crime scene, and alter forensic findings. Anton Gully's cause of death is reported as a housefire: the same one that killed his entire family. His mail carrier, Hanna Huffman, is still reported missing a year later and deemed completely unrelated. Neither crime is ever solved. If Agents have need of law enforcement assistance in future LA operation, they learn the Program has begun using the Slugs as a network of for-hire Friendlies. They ask no questions and accept anonymized cash payments when the Program needs thugs inside the city. The Agents could end up working with Lt. Marlin as an ally.

<H3>REWARDS

Luck fails

- **-1/1d4 SAN** Helplessness to cooperate with Marlin
- **-1/1d4 SAN** Unnatural when Gully escapes
- **+1 SAN** when the Slugs are destroyed.

Luck succeeds

- **-1/1d4 SAN** Helplessness to cooperate with Marlin
- **+1 SAN** for eliminating Gully-Worm
- **-1/1d4 SAN** Helplessness to discover the Program contracts with Slugs now

<H2>One Bad Apple

Provided a full understanding of the case, the Program just wants Gully. Destroy the man, the Worm, the Pledge Dram, and the knowledge required to create it. Nothing else is mission critical, and Agents are ordered to avoid 'extracurricular intervention.' The Program prefers the Slugs in place, operating normally. The extent of the gang's corruption screens attention from Delta Green's own conspiracy.

<H3>METHODS

- Eliminate the Gully-Worm and its work exclusively [Off-Duty](#) (p.xx), with only deniable or covert actions taken against LASD personnel.

<H3>RESULTS

Depends entirely on how successfully Agents confront the Worm. Accidents and disappearances leave the Slugs without a target for retaliation. They distance themselves entirely if the bodies in the basement are attributed to Anton.

<H3>REWARDS

- **+1d4 SAN** for eliminating Gully-Worm
- **0/1 SAN** Helplessness for leaving the Slugs intact

<H2>Dead Heroes

Agents learn enough intel to identify Gully and the unnatural forces at work *without* provoking a response from the Slugs. The reward for their caution is a full understanding of how unstable the situation is before taking action. Chasing the Slugs alerts the Worm, allowing it to counter-attack or escape. Pursuing the Worm provokes the Slugs and abandons the city to their human cruelties. With a clear intel picture, Agents understand that the sole path to total victory is a single, decisive strike: eliminating both threats at once before the other has time to react. It's a high-risk maneuver, but it decapitates the gang while also eliminating the unnatural threat.

<H3>METHODS

- Eliminate all members of Slug leadership – including Gully – in a single assault. Ensure no witnesses or evidence of the killing's true motivations survive.

<H3>RESULTS

Encourage Agents to make their own plans. In general, they are pulling from the Slug playbook: isolate the victim from communications, eliminate the target, and explain the death away fast enough to prevent alternate interpretations from taking root. If that's not enough help, Agents that make a **Military Science** or **INT x 5** roll can ask the Handler for a basic strategy suggested by years of clandestine training.

Remind Agents that Slug Squad only trusts Leadership with the murders to cover up the Dondry Lawsuit. They get their own hands dirty. By dangling another victim, they could lure the entire TNU to a single isolated location, far from the eyes of accountability and backup. Nelinha Esteves is the obvious choice. From there, Agents just have to survive a gun fight with a trained SWAT team. Manage to stay alive at the right location? Survivors can expect as much time as they need to write whatever forensic fictions they require.

Pitzerelli can provide an ambush location. Shell corporations own a storage company called Stork Storage in a rural area near San Jacinto. The site used to house a green box, and it's already installed with cellphone and radio jammers (Pitzerelli refuses to answer why). The entire layout might as well be a beartrap. A keycode gets inside the razor-wired parking lot. That leads to a single-lane road accessing the storage units. Padlocked metal shutters line both sides of the asphalt, and the narrow driveway loops back on itself in the shape of a lower-case 'p'. If the Slugs can be lured into thinking their victim is waiting deep in the storage units, two cars could block the exits and turn the facility into a metal killbox.

<H3>REWARDS

- **+1d4 SAN** for eliminating Gully-Worm
- **+1d4 SAN** for eliminating the Slugs

<Side>Esteves as a Friendly

The Program does not deem the situation dire enough to brief Esteves on any part of Delta Green. Thankfully, Nelinha is a revolutionary, endlessly disillusioned by her own inability to fight the evils of the system from inside. She can be convinced to help an illegal, parallel-state conspiracy under any name, provided she believes their job is to destroy people like Lt. John Marlin. She was friends with Jaz and the Dondry families. She won't pass up an opportunity to put the killers in the ground.

For her part, Esteves is extremely capable of setting up her own murder. She starts with a small press conference focused solely on inflammatory accusations against Marlin and Slug Squad. Reporters asking for proof are told it is 'coming shortly.' They print the salacious quotes in the next day's paper anyway.

Having made herself a target, Esteves leads the hunters toward the Agents' trap. She posts on public social media accounts, complaining about a relative that burdened her with the inheritance of an old storage unit. She takes pictures of herself loading a few boxes outside 'her' unit. She posts updates about 'renting a van!' at a clearly identifiable U-Haul store near SSSW. Comments from sock-puppets below ask if Nelinha needs help moving, but she turns them down. She can get the rest in 'one last trip on my way out of town,' and sells the date with invitations to a fake goodbye party. She reserves the Uhaul alone and schedules its return in San Antonio. Her Google calendar is set to public. It lists the date, time, and address for her 'final move.' At night. Alone. At an empty rural storage facility.

Esteves has no desire to be present for what the Agents are planning. With the amount of breadcrumbs she left, it's unnecessary. The Slugs plan to meet her there. Handlers running a *God's Teeth* campaign should note that – if Esteves is contacted during *The Hidden God* – her understanding of how the Program operates derives from this interaction and the results of the plan.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H1>Characters

<H2>*Das jenseitige Gewürm* (Worms from Without)

If it existed within the bounds of visible light, temporaneous causality, and understood physics, the Worm's fractal flesh might look like a cancerous tangle of giant flatworms. The whipping, ropy tubes of flesh disgorge fanged proboscises in directions humanity has no words to describe. These 'tongues' lick spacetime. They dart out in patterns reminiscent of circuitry, spearing and consuming equally nightmarish prey. The Worm's immortal body churns through higher dimensions as part of a vast, alien ecosystem. The cannibalistic, inbred foodchain has spawned and fed above, beneath, and *through* humanity for its entire existence. The thing inside Anton Gully is but one appendage of a single creature in the malignant knot.

The orgiastic violence of the Worm's home folds itself into the nooks and crannies of mankind's three-dimensions, unseen and unheard. Only certain exotic radiations can project into the lower dimensions. The Worm's nervous system runs off this pseudo-electrical charge. Using the correct elements and hypergeometric preparations, the energy can be attracted and leashed to a biological system in the lower dimensions, like lightning drawn into a battery.

The Pledge Dram has fused the nervous system of Anton Gully with the same animating energy of the Worm. The man is less *possessed* and more *grafted on* by a projection of the creature's bioelectric charge into lower dimensions. This process killed Gully and trapped the Worm to his location with the force of a beartrap. The Worm and the Agents may only share the same physical space through the instrument of Gully-Worm's body. Anyone injected by the correct dosage of [Pledge Dram](#) (p.xx) shares this fate.

<H2>Sgt. Anton Gully (Gully-Worm)

Anton Gully died on January 17, 2017. He was in his backyard, dumping a series of mason jars containing the **Pledge Dram** into a burn barrel. His last thoughts were doubts; about his job, the Slugs, the things he'd done. He achieved an active dose because he forgot to wear gloves. For a few seconds, Anton saw the orgy of alien monsters feasting and fucking across the horizon and through the very soil. He screamed. The things seemed to see him. Then, he was dead.

Gully-Worm 'woke-up' in the ER waiting room when the thing figured out how to use human eyes. Though not conscious, the Worm's neural processes – evolved to perform peristalsis through higher dimensions and *time* – contain reflexes beyond the complexity of any three-dimensional brain. The rudimentary inputs of human anatomy were nothing to the adaptive power of the creature's raw instinct, but the Worm finds the sensation of inhabiting this flesh agonizing. Were more of itself body stuffed into this flattened existence, it would abandon this trapped appendage and tear out the trapped flesh from the root (see [Overdose](#)).

The Worm cannot imitate Anton Gully or understand culture. It doesn't need to. It has Anton Gully's brain for that. To understand what the alien eyes see, it searches the man's memories and translates the answer into its own bioelectric signals. Thousands of times per second, it queries concepts and definitions, forming approximations into its limited conceptual framework of hunting, gorging, and hiding from predators. If Gully needs to speak, it spools up a limited version of the dead man's consciousness. He is erased all over again by the time the last syllable is uttered. The Pledge Dram experiments, the infiltration of the Slugs – the Worm's entire plan was written by the ghost of Anton Gully answering variations on a simple question: "How can I eat everything here?"

<H3>Sgt. Anton Gully (Gully-Worm)

Former right-hand of the Slugs, now a puppet grafted to invisible feeders

STR 13 **CON** 12 **DEX** 13 **INT** 12 **POW** 11 **CHA** 11

HP 12 **WP** 11 **SAN** 0

SKILLS: Alertness 75%, Athletics 40%, Bureaucracy 50%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 60%, Drive 55%, Firearms 60% Pharmacy 35%, Stealth 50%, Melee Weapons 65%, Unarmed Combat 60%, Unnatural 30%.

SCENT: Strong (difficult to place, if not alone)

GULLY ATTACKS:

Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4

Extendable Baton 65%, damage 1d6

Pepper Spray 65%, -20% for 1 hr

Berretta 92FS 9mm 60%, damage 1d0
MP5 9mm 60%, lethality 10%

Throw Pledge Dram 40%
Inject Pledge Dram 60%

RHETORICAL REMOVE: The Worm must intuit meaning in the human world by querying memories of the host. As a side-effect, Gully speaks at a distance on nearly every subject. “I would say no” instead of “no.” “My take on that would be...” instead of simply stating the opinion. The constant use of passive voice and hypothetical asides. The effect is not unlike the disclaimer clauses inserted by generative AI chatbots.

HOTSHOT: If it has a mason jar or syringe of **Pledge Dram**, Gully-Worm tries to contaminate the Agents. If it has a syringe, use **Unarmed Combat 60%**. Throwing the mason jar like a grenade uses **Athletics 40%**.

FINAL QUERY: After taking damage, the Gully-Worm tries to flee danger for exactly one combat round. If it can separate itself for that long, it runs simulations in Gully’s brain and realizes it is unlikely to succeed in summoning more Worms. Starting the next round, Gully-Worm decides to consume what it can and switches to **WORM ATTACKS**.

DRAM INTOLERANT: Injecting the body with more Pledge Dram tips Gully-Worm into overdose. The pain and compression of possession increases, driving the Worm into a fit of agony that destroys the body.

WORM ATTACKS:

Neural Disgorge 60%, costs 1WP per turn and provides 2 attacks per round, damage 1d6 and grapple

Feed (must be grappled), damage 1d10

Redundant Biomass, 12 HP per round, all damage at minimum except called shots to the head.

NEURAL DISGORGE: This process costs **1WP** per round to maintain. Witnessing it threatens **1/1d6 SAN** unnatural. Prismatic light shoots from the man’s eyes as Gully’s body is reformed into a temporary digestive organ in lower space. Rainbow-colored ganglia erupt out of every orifice in the head. Gully gets two attacks per round using **Unarmed Combat 60%**. Being struck by the alien ganglion causes 1d6 damage and grapples the target. At 0 WP, the host body collapses to the ground as a wet, steaming husk. The Worm is banished once the host’s biomass is fully metabolized.

FEED: If grappled by Neural Disgorge, the Agent suffers 1d10 damage every round as their flesh...unfolds around points of contact. Concentric wounds spiral into the fractal nerves like water down a drain. The victim hemorrhages from perfect spheres of missing flesh. Seeing this done to someone causes **0/1d4 SAN** to the Unnatural. Experiencing it firsthand requires a **1d4/1d10 SAN** unnatural.

REDUNDANT BIOMASS: Gully's body is raw matter to be burned as fuel. Attacks do minimum damage, including lethality weapons. Full weapon damage is only possible with called shots to the head, which can cut the stalks of ganglion feeders off at the root.

<H2>The Pledge Dram

A semi-translucent grey paste, brewed and stored in mason jars. Smells like human feces mixed with cinnamon and a hint of hydrogen peroxide. Ludvig Prine's alchemical solution is extremely potent. Treat any injection or ingestion as an overdose. Sustainable dosages are only possible through limited skin contact, achieved when the substance's mercury base causes heavy metal contamination.

If Gully-Worm successfully attacks with Pledge Dram, treat the results as an OVERDOSE. If he critically succeeds, the victim receives an ACTIVE dose.

<H3>Overdose

The victim sees Beyond three-dimensions as the Worm's flesh shifts to become coterminous in space. Seeing the creature and the ecosystem that spawned it causes **1d10 SAN** Unnatural every round. For every temporary Insanity and Breaking Point reached, inflict 1d6 damage. Handler describes the horrific self mutilation as the Worm – projected too deep into our lower dimensions – tears itself apart to end the pain. This continues until HP or SAN runs out, at which point the victim finishes themselves off.

<H3>Active

On critical success, the victim accidentally receives the correct dosage. The afflicted sees Beyond three-dimensions as the Worm's flesh shifts coterminous with their own in space. Inflict **1d6 SAN** Unnatural every round. The Agent can now see the rippling, rainbow ghost lights tracing the hydra of nightmares flowing above and through everything. It's like waking up to find the entire world shrunk inside a petri dish, eaten by giant, loathsome molds, bacteria, and parasites fighting in an endless, bloody orgy. The crackling electricity somehow running through everything draws towards the viewer at impossible angles, dragging a snapping Worm-thing closer. The Agent may still act, but there is nowhere to run or hide. For every temporary Insanity and Breaking Point reached, lose **1d6 WP**. At 0 WP, the victim falls unconscious. SAN loss continues every round until 0 SAN, at which point the host is effectively dead and part of the Worm. Handlers should allow the Agent to continue playing their character once they wake up. The Agent's consciousness is a perfect imitation, to be dropped and deleted as soon as the Worm gets enough privacy to continue its work.

<H3>Treatment

Those who have read Dyer's Journal may make an **INT x 1** roll. If they have translated *Di Vermis Mysteries* themselves from Flemish, German, or Latin, the roll is **INT x 5**. On a success, the Agent suspects that disrupting the bioelectric charge of the brain might disrupt the effects the

Pledge Dram. The defibrillator included in an EMT kit could administer a strong enough shock, similar to Electroconvulsive Therapy. Roll **Medicine** at base (**First Aid** or **Forensics** at -30%) to select the right voltage. A success causes 1 damage and inflicts a -20% penalty on all actions for one hour. Agents that survive the shock are freed from the effects of Pledge Dram, minus some heavy metal poisoning. Failing the roll electrocutes the person to death outright.

<H2>Lt. John Marlin

John learned policing from his monstrous father. He played videogames while Lynwood Vikings negotiated criminal conspiracies at his kitchen table. His little league bat was used to beat a political activist to death. He looked from his bedroom window once as the officer that conducted his school's anti-drug trainings parked in the backyard and pulled a terrified, bound man from the trunk. The rituals of toxic masculinity and cop talk were beaten into the boy as soon as he could stand. He never understood law as anything but an imaginary friend, one that disappears when the cameras turn off and the guns come out. Marlin built the Slugs from these lessons and a deep resentment for the teacher. His father taught him the value of true power and the methods of execution, only to end up an abusive, lonely drunk eking out a pension in a one-bedroom apartment under the LAX runway. Marlin won't make the same mistake. He's determined to turn his own badge into a crown.

<H3>Lt. John Marlin

Leader of the Slugs

STR 10 **CON** 10 **DEX** 14 **INT** 14 **POW** 10 **CHA** 17

HP 10 **WP** 10 **SAN** 39

SKILLS: Accounting 40%, Alertness 70%, Athletics 55%, Bureaucracy 60%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 50%, Drive 40%, Firearms 65%, HUMINT 90%, Law 60%, Persuade 75% Pharmacy 10%, Stealth 50%, SIGINT 25%, Melee Weapons 50%, Unarmed Combat 40%,

ATTACKS:

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4

Extendable Baton 50%, damage 1d6

Pepper Spray 50%, -20% for 1 hr

Berretta 92FS 9mm 65%, damage 1d0

MP5 9mm 65%, lethality 10%

AR-15 65% (home), 1d12

DISORDERS:

Malignant NPD

Adapted to Violence

SCENT: Faint

<H2>Sgt. Freddy Sutton

“Barely” is the cruel nickname Marlin stuck on Freddy when they first met at tactical training. He barely passed the psych eval. Barely met the physical requirements. Barely qualified at the range. The man didn’t stop until Sutton tried to beat him to death in the locker room at SEB. After that, the relationship improved, as did Sutton’s overtime hours, rank, and general quality of life. Sutton knows Marlin views him as the dullest knife in his arsenal, but he’s self-interested enough to realize that’s his value. Sutton’s the guy that shuts up and does what needs to be done. He joined the Sheriff’s Department because he was a follower, and he doesn’t know how any deputy could be so stupid as to miss the fact that following Marlin pays better.

<H3>Sgt. Freddy Sutton

Slug bagman

STR 16 **CON** 10 **DEX** 10 **INT** 9 **POW** 15 **CHA** 12
HP 13 **WP** 15 **SAN** 60

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 35%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 20%, Dodge 40%, Drive 40%, Firearms 55%, History 11%, HUMINT 30%, Law 15%, Pharmacy 30%, Navigate 50%, Melee Weapons 40%, Unarmed Combat 40%,

ATTACKS: *Handler may add any firearm short of restricted military hardware. Sutton is an avid collector convinced legal restrictions do not apply to him.

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4
Extendable Baton 40%, damage 1d6
Pepper Spray 40%, -20% for 1 hr
Berretta 92FS 9mm 55%, damage 1d0
MP5 9mm 55%, lethality 10%

DISORDER:

Intermittent Explosive Disorder
Adapted to Violence

SCENT: Faint

<H2>Dept. Julian Sainz

Son to second-generation of Mexican-American immigrants, Sainz's family never missed an opportunity to remind the neighborhood of their legal status, their proud family lineage, and their superiority compared to those 'other' immigrants. The expression of this white-passing White Supremacy was limited to a single suburban home and a successful contracting business, which bored Julian after a lifetime of delusions about his noble Spanish line. Sainz had dreams of martial glory, but his parents forbade him from joining the military. His application to the LASD was a compromise. He's been under Marlin's tutelage ever since his first range qualifier at the Academy. Everything Sainz knows about the job is filtered through "Fish-White's" mentorship. He knows they don't operate by the book, but exceptional performance brings exceptional privileges. Sainz is a legitimately gifted shooter – an Olympic-level marksman provided plenty of time and resources to train. His skill with firearms and constant praise from Marlin has Julian convinced he deserves his 'rock star' status in the department.

<H3>Dept. Julian Sainz

Tactical prodigy and Slug messenger

STR 14 **CON** 9 **DEX** 17 **INT** 11 **POW** 10 **CHA** 11
HP 11 **WP** 10 **SAN** 45

SKILLS: Alertness 70%, Athletics 65%, Bureaucracy 20%, Criminology 20%, Computer Science 35%, Foreign Languages (Spanish) 50%, Dodge 60%, Drive 50%, Firearms 90%, HUMINT 50%, Law 20%, Search 50%, Stealth 50%, Melee Weapons 50%, Unarmed Combat 60%,

ATTACKS:

Unarmed 60%, damage 1D4
Extendable Baton 50%, damage 1d6
Pepper Spray 50%, -20% for 1 hr
Smith & Wesson M&P9 90%, damage 1d0
MP5 9mm 90%, lethality 10%

DISORDERS: Adapted to Violence

SCENT: Faint

<H2>Capt. Rudy Dieffenbach

Dieffenbach joined the Sheriff in the 90's as a way to get respect. It didn't work. After he got through the academy, the locker room at the station proved almost as bad as the one in high school. To his credit, Rudy didn't roll over. He connived and climbed ranks until he got above the hazing, but the respect never came. Salutes up front and snickering after he passed. The Sheriff attracted the sort of guys only comfortable speaking with their bodies, and Dieffenbach's hunched frame could never keep up with the conversation. The VPAT qualifiers stressed him out every year...until one day the trainer reported he'd passed with flying colors. The examiner was SEB trainer John Marlin. The two have been trading favors ever since.

<H3>Capt. Rudy Dieffenbach

Head of Sheriff Station Southwest (SSSW) and Slug

STR 9 CON 10 DEX 11 INT 14 POW 12 CHA 14

HP 9 WP 12 SAN 60

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 70%, Criminology 30%, Computer Science 30%, Dodge 30%, Drive 30%, Firearms 45%, HUMINT 50%, Law 60%, Search 50%, Melee Weapons 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%,

ATTACKS:

Unarmed 40%, damage 1D4-1.

Smith & Wesson M&P9 45%, damage 1d10

SCENT: None

<H2>LASD Deputy

Might be a Slug or part of another gang. Could be clean. Won't matter until it's too late.

<H3>LASD Deputy

Marlin's minions or cannon fodder

STR 13 CON 11 DEX 12 INT 12 POW 12 CHA 11

HP 12 WP 12 SAN 60

SKILLS: All necessary skills at 50%

ATTACKS:

Unarmed 50%, damage 1D4

Extendable Baton 50%, damage 1d6

Pepper Spray 50%, -20% for 1 hr

Smith & Wesson M&P9 50%, damage 1d10

SCENT: None

<H2>Nelinha Esteves, Attorney

Esteves and her organization *El Puente de la Esperanza* are described in **PRISON BREAK** on page XX of *God's Teeth*.

<H3>Nelinha Esteves

Crusading immigration defense lawyer and community organizer, age 35

STR 12 **CON** 10 **DEX** 8 **INT** 14 **POW** 12 **CHA** 16

HP 11 **WP** 12 **SAN** 60 **Breaking Point** 48

SKILLS: Alertness 45%, Bureaucracy 70%, Dodge 30%, HUMINT 60%, Law 70%, Persuade 55%, Stealth 30%

ATTACKS: None

SCENT: None