

God's Breath

A Delta Green scenario by Caleb Stokes, © 2022

<H1>Introduction

October 2017. Privately-owned biotechnology innovator Genetic Agricultural Products, Inc. (GAP), holds a minor but lucrative share of the American food additives market. Its market share has shown modest but consistent growth year over year since 2001. In fiscal year 2016, GAP posted \$100 million in sales with \$11 million in earnings. An in-house study a few years ago estimated that crops grown with GAP additives comprise 0.93% of American calorific intake.

In 2010, GAP launched a successful cultivation center for medical marijuana in Colorado. Dozens more followed in other states. Its involvement in legal marijuana would not last. Limited seed production restricted cultivation of its signature crop series, Yerba Loca, and Colorado state testing found too-high insect-part contamination. Meanwhile, GAP's share of the agricultural and food additive market showed growth for the fifth year in a row. In 2014, GAP began selling subsidiaries and pivoting away from marijuana.

So much for the public story.

What is not known to the public, or even to much of Delta Green, is that Delta Green has fought a quiet war with GAP's leaders since long before they took over the company. Inhuman, predatory doppelgangers stalk the one place the U.S. will never bomb: a corporate boardroom. They bolster GAP's products with unnatural infusions and use its profits to spread their influence. Their human sacrifices and cruel rituals continue, held on private resorts and disguised as the more usual depravities of the international business community. Money has always been the best defense against American government interference. Year by year, as other priorities rise, the horrors behind GAP have fallen off Delta Green's radar.

With the enemy ascendent and Delta Green blind, a grasping entrepreneur stumbled upon a remnant of the old war.

In 2013 and 2014, a young legalization consultant named Dakota Knight worked hard to help GAP's cannabis business succeed. It did not go well. Between communication problems with GAP leadership and GAP products' failed lab tests, Knight failed to get GAP marijuana operations approved in Colorado. After languishing in his office for a few months after legalization, Knight's contract with GAP expired. He wasn't too broken up about it. By the time he was escorted from the premises, Knight already had his first crop of seeds stolen from GAP sprouting in his basement. He founded his own cannabis company, Avalon Gardens. He intended to use all the sound advice his employers had ignored and get rich off their golden strain.

In less than two years, he would feed his first victim to the plants.

Dakota Knight doesn't so much grow the crop as they cultivate each other. Knight has no idea that Yerba Loca began as a terrestrial plant mutated by the milky seed of Shub-Niggurath. His new iterations evolved new corruptions of that fecund god into the world. Their increasingly otherworldly properties draw users ever closer to worship of the Black Goat.

Avalon Gardens has metastasized into a rampaging unnatural vector vining its way through Colorado's legalized weed industry, at a time and place where federal enforcement of drug law has never been under more public scrutiny.

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<S1>The Gentrification of Weed

Colorado was the first U.S. state to end recreational marijuana prohibition in 2012. The industry earned more than \$1.6 billion in revenue by its second year.

As the possibilities of the "Green Gold Rush" became clear and legalization came to other states, the coalition of justice reform advocates, health professionals, and cultivators that fought for decades to restore sanity to US drug law found themselves cut out. Instead of rewarding those that fought for change, politicians granted lucrative marijuana licenses to political cronies and friends. Application fees were raised until only corporations need apply. Agricultural practices and genetic strains passed down through generations were stolen by venture-capitalists that couldn't grow a dandelion. What criminal statutes remained were wielded selectively. Carrot-and-stick enforcements ensured only the most "professional" weed barons profited off drugs the country still imprisons thousands for consuming.

After becoming the nation's unofficial cannabis capital, Denver turned into one of the fastest gentrifying cities in the world. It's a story that repeats with minor variations across nearly every state undergoing marijuana legalization: minority labor, innovation, and culture...stolen by white capitalists. A story as old as America.

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<S1>Pharmaceutical Marijuana

In human beings, the endocannabinoid system (ECS) modulates chemical reactions across the neurons of the central nervous system (CNS). Endocannabinoid receptors (CB1 and CB2) and their antagonists are vital for the regulation of the reproductive system, the immune system, and the brain's stress response. They also affect lipid synthesis, cardiovascular health, and the glucose metabolic rate of muscles.

Of the roughly 480 naturally occurring compounds in *cannibis sativa*, 66 are cannabinoids. THC (*Delta-9-tetrahydrocannabinol*), the primary psychoactive element in marijuana, produces its pleasurable effects by binding to the CB-1 receptor of the brain. CBD is the second-most prevalent compound and non-psychoactive. Both bind to CB-1 receptors but are significantly more stable molecules than endocannabinoids produced in the body. This "brakes" neurons across the synaptic membrane, leading to the analgesic properties of the drug.

However, besides testing for the potency of these two compounds, the contents and effects of *cannibis sativa* are more hotly disputed than most drugs prescribed in the US today. Trapped in legal limbo, *cannabis sativa* has never been regulated by the USDA. When legalization came, the lack of a national genetic database or best practices for testing forced state officials to cobble together a regulatory apparatus out of private labs, hearsay data passed through the black market, and the sporadic cooperation of academic institutions. This means one of the most regulated substances on the planet is often screened without clear benchmarks of scientific consensus.

In meta-study performed at the start of the recreational industry in Colorado, 30 dispensaries claiming to sell the strain “Purple Kush” all provided samples with multiple genetic deviations. Sometimes, these mutations developed naturally due to epigenetic factors like fertilizer and environment; other claims proved openly fraudulent. Bud supposedly cloned from specific strains ended up with significant genetic drift far from the baseline. Conversely, strains advertised as new hybrids proved to be exact clones of other plants. In every instance, the THC, CBD, and terpene profiles used to market products as *indica* or *sativa* had zero correlation to the actual concentrations of those compounds.

While cannabis plants in decriminalized states are tested for things like pesticide contamination and potency, most growers have little understanding of the genetic contents of their crops deeper than a few marketing buzzwords. Some operations may sequence the genome of every strain; others describe compounds and effects with the scientific rigor of a horoscope. Once the minimal requirements of state approval are met, additional data tends to go up in smoke.

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<H1>Briefing

Monday, 9 OCT 2017, 2:30 p.m.

Agents are redirected from current assignments to an emergency meeting at the DEA Division Office in Denver. They’re supposedly to be briefed into a joint FBI/DEA task force codenamed HOLIDAY, tasked with gathering interstate narcotics trafficking intelligence in post-decriminalization Colorado. Task Force HOLIDAY is as old as their plane tickets. Its booked conference room shall sit empty. It will be quietly shut down next fiscal quarter.

The Agents’ case officer gives each of them the last-minute details by phone on encrypted, disposable devices. The Agents’ real destination is Denver County Jail. On 8 OCT 2017, a friendly in the U.S. Marshal’s service was serving a prisoner transfer when the facility entered lockdown. Officials reported a small riot and mattress fire, but the friendly insists he saw something “alien” onsite. His voicemail, recorded frantically into what he had been told was the “official secret” hotline, contains a few concerning details. The case officer sends the relevant excerpt:

“I then proceeded to ascertain the video feed of the cell in question over the right shoulder of the guard. The suspect puked up—sorry, regurgitated—what appeared to be...some sort of alien worm, sir. It engaged with the canine unit for a moment, but then visual confirmation was lost when concussion grenades were used. By the time optics had

recovered in the security center, the threat had been neutralized by the accidental ignition of...of a contraband accelerant present in the suspect's cell.”

The friendly has already been sent home. He is not cleared for further involvement in this operation. The Agents are the Program's only trusted instruments on site. They are to figure out what the hell is going on. If there is an unnatural vector, identify its source and shut it down. Save lives. Cover it all up.

The jail reported inmate Radomir Reznik as the only casualty in yesterday's fire. The Program had him retroactively flagged as a confidential DEA informant working with Task Force HOLIDAY. The Agents are ostensibly going to Denver County Jail to assess why their witness burned up.

It's cloudy in Denver today and the temperatures hover around freezing. For the next few days the weather will be milder, around the teens in Celsius or around 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

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<S1>Radomir Reznik in *God's Teeth*

Radomir Reznik's body reacted shockingly to Y3, the active ingredient in Avalon Gardens's popular distillates, in a way seen in no other users. Why? In some campaigns, that may linger as a mystery. In a *God's Teeth* campaign, the Agents might find out. Radomir Reznik was one of the survivors of Cornucopia House, listed by name in Cornucopia House records. In that case, Pitzerelli assigned MASTICATE as soon as he heard of the death. Maybe it's another Radomir Reznik. But Delta Green can't take the chance. Whether Pitzerelli tells the Teeth before they find out for themselves is up to the Handler.

Since arriving from Czechoslovakia at four, young Radomir managed to survive Babushka's early abuse and later digressions into more personalized depravities. Though forced into total silence alongside the rest by the abusive policies of Sabina Appolonov, Radomir never lost complete grasp of language, retaining some English and his native Czech. This cut him off from the influence of the Nameless God. He could only witness that force at work through the younger children. He avoided them in the yard as another predator trying to snuff out his cursed life.

Nothing he did saved him from becoming one of Babushka's experiments in communing with Shub-Niggurath. Those horrors became part of him. It took Y3 to awaken them.

At age ten, he was the oldest of the children recovered from the Skoptsi, one of the last brought to America through the international child-trafficking front Families Without Frontiers. If any Agent managed to get an older child to speak after the raid, it could very well have been Radomir.

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<H1>Denver County Jail

Program assets in the DOJ emailed the county about the Agents' imminent investigation at 2:00 p.m., a mere half hour before their arrival. The waiting area is crowded with impatient, angry visitors

impatient at wait times even longer than usual. Helming the security station is Charlotte Miller, a junior officer on loan from the women's center. For all her ingrained toughness, she stares at the Agents with their federal government credentials like a deer in headlights.

The office wing is empty. Less than half of the scheduled staff showed up today. The ranking officer for this section of the facility and officers three ranks below him have all taken vacation or called in sick. The bosses weren't the only ones to stay home. The only staff on duty are working the floor or running recreation. Miller has no one above her to make official decisions and will take all the blowback for making the wrong one.

The paper duty roster's binder stands open on the security station desk, behind a bulletproof window but clearly seen. None of the supervisors are listed on the duty roster for October 8th, either, because there *is* no duty roster for October 8th. The page was unceremoniously ripped out. If the Agents look, they find computer logbooks have been equally purged, along with all surveillance footage from yesterday.

Any Agent with **Bureaucracy, Law, or Military Science** at 30% or higher, or who makes a roll at +20%, can plainly tell they've walked in on a cover-up in progress.

The message is painfully clear: somebody fucked up. Bad. But they thought they could weather the death of one vagrant. Now it turns out he was high-value informant for the DEA.

The only people Agents are going to find here either had nothing to do with Reznik's death or have been thrown to the wolves by their superiors. Sgt. Eddie Pelaez, for example. Officer Miller says he's on duty in Block 2. She can get an officer to escort them through the checkpoints to talk to him. If they take her up on that, see **PELAEZ'S ACCOUNT** on page XX.

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<S1>Bad Breath

In a *God's Teeth* campaign, Teeth who successfully use the **Scent** power (see **POWERS OF THE TEETH** on page XX of *God's Teeth*) while at the jail detect a faint unnatural taint, bloody and effervescent, like a meatloaf-flavored seltzer. It comes most strongly from food in the cafeteria and kitchens, provided by Keefer Farms, LLC, a subsidiary of Genetic Agricultural Products, Inc.

That nauseating odor is overwhelming in the body of Radomir Reznik.

The same scent is in the vape juice in the evidence of Reznik's last crime.

And on the breath of anyone the Handler deems to have used Avalon Gardens marijuana products up to three days earlier.

And in the food services of every Colorado government facility.

And anywhere else the Handler decides GAP food additives own market share.

The reek is more often choking than helpful. The Handler can describe different, more intense odors around more corrupted individuals, giving players hot-and-cold clues at the cost of sanity.

Agents that link the same taint to Radomir Reznik's remains, Keefer Farms, and Avalon Gardens may roll for **Medicine** at -20% or for **Unnatural**. On a success, the Agent realizes that Reznik was exposed to unnatural contagion for most of his life: first through Cornucopia House, then in the tainted food provided by a series of Colorado state institutions, and finally through a high-potency unnatural narcotic. Radomir led the race to a mutagenic tipping point, but based on a corrupting exposure everyone shares. He won't be the *only*; he was only the *first*.

If the Agents *also* learn of Dakota Knight's background with GAP, they have all the puzzle pieces to connect Radomir Reznik's death to the true source of unnatural corruption.

Of course, using maddening supernatural senses to achieve such investigative success gives the Program all the more incentive to leash the freaks in MASTICATE and turn them into Delta Green's bloodhounds for life.

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<H2>Reznik's Records

The Agents can find past data on Radomir Reznik, aka "Radds," in FBI databases. There are no federal records for Radomir before 2002, when he was taken in by a now-defunct Denver private mental health facility for at-risk youth. Colorado youth services might have more. Reznik caught his first adult charge for solicitation in Denver a month after he turned 18. He was arrested on multiple minor drug and solicitation charges from 2009 to 2011. A burglary charge put him in Colorado State Penitentiary from 2011 to 2017, two days ago. Yesterday, Denver City Police arrested him on a charge of disturbing the peace, public intoxication, and theft.

<H3>The Incident

The Agents have no legal standing to search the penal records of the Denver County Jail or the Colorado Department of Corrections (CDOC). But with so many supervisors gone, no one is going to get in their way. If they ask Officer Miller at the security desk for visitor passes into the office wing, she asks why. If they give any reason even remotely plausible—anything that would let a supervisor who likes her say she was probably right—she hands the passes over.

Multiple desktop computers are still on and logged in. The Agents need only have a seat and get to work. CDOC files show a single incident report after re-incarceration, filed yesterday:

Prisoner #179166 (Case 17CR1182) complained of difficulty breathing and requested medical assistance. Sgt. Pelaez opened Cell 201 to assist #179166. #179166 proceeded to assault Sgt. Pelaez as Sgt. Pelaez entered room. CDOC K9 Unit "Keller" intervened. #179166 fatally wounded K9 Unit "Keller" as Sgt. Pelaez exited and closed the cell. Prisoner #179166 disabled the security camera in Cell 201. Denver CERT arrived at 0645 and made entry on the cell at 0655. A flashbang was deployed. CERT could not ascertain the presence of a contraband alcohol distiller erected in the cell by #179166. The flashbang combusted accelerant in the still. This caused a fire and forced CERT withdrawal. Fire extinguishers were used to contain the blaze and limit damage to Cell 201. Prisoner #179166 expired in the flames. The remains were transferred to the Office of the Medical Examiner of the City and County of Denver. No next of kin could be found for contact.

The scant report wasn't meant to withstand deep scrutiny.

Evidence for Case 17CR1182 can be found at Lindsey-Flanigan Courthouse on the other side of town. It was dropped off at the courthouse in preparation of Reznik's arraignment. See **CASE 17CR1182** on page XX for details.

<H3>Youth Records

A successful **Computer Science** or **Search** roll strings together enough desk blotter passwords to sign in as a juvenile corrections officer. This allows access to Reznik's sealed records in the Colorado Department of Human Services, Division of Youth Services, through cross-networking.

Reznik came to Colorado in 2002 at age 10 as ward of Cottonwood Corners, a now-defunct private mental health facility for at-risk youth. Cottonwood Corners received him from Mary's Place, a Maryland state-run orphanage that was defunded by Gov. Glendening's "Smart Growth" budget cuts as an overdeveloped rural institution. Reznik didn't make it a year at Cottonwood before his first escape and was soon transferred. In 2004, he jumped the fence at a juvenile rehabilitation farm and nearly killed an old woman while hijacking her car. That put him in lockup at Lookout Mountain Youth Services Center in Denver until he aged out at 18.

<H3>Renewed Potential Housing Group

Coming out of prison, Reznik was awarded a charity placement with the RPHG, an ex-convict acclimatization program. Shoshanna Banks, the volunteer on duty when the taxi dropped Reznik off, checked him in. He muttered that he "wouldn't be staying long" and walked out the front door. "Happens more often than you'd think," she concludes. "A *lot* more often." The RPHG office is within walking distance of Denver Greens Dispensary and Snowmelt Brewing Company.

<H2>Sgt. Pelaez's Account

Sgt. Eddie Pelaez, age 46 and bulky, has been a K9 corrections officer for ten years. When Agents arrive, he is sitting in a security cage inside Block 2, a single-occupant cell block reserved for temporary holdings before transfers and arraignment. It is open rec time but none of the men choose to leave their cells. The block is quiet as a funeral. It smells of bleach and smoke. Cell 201 is charred black and closed off with orange painter's tape. In a *God's Teeth* campaign, it powerfully triggers a roll for the Scent.

Pelaez's first words after buzzing the Agents in are, "I want a lawyer." It takes a successful **Persuade** or **Law** roll to get Pelaez to talk. The checks are at +20% if the Agents offer Pelaez assistance covering up his career-ending crimes: but using this strategy costs **0/1 SAN** from helplessness. It is difficult to shake the thought that any amount of corruption would be within the Program's easy reach.

If the Agents get him to talk, Pelaez says patrolmen arrested Reznik for accosting customers at an open-air food truck market owned by Snowmelt Brewing Co. Reznik was high and in possession of narcotics and stolen goods. Evidence related to the offense was filed as **Case 17CR1182** at the courthouse. Until court entered session Monday, Reznik was to be housed on Block 2.

The prisoner immediately complained of medical distress and “affected a loud, exaggerated cough.” Reznik had been in Denver City Jail before, serving a stint in 2009–2010 and then sent there in 2013 to alleviate overcrowding at Colorado State Penitentiary. Pelaez assures Agents that he knew from experience with Reznik that he was “malingering” and “just too high from those vape cartridges he stole.” Even if Reznik hadn’t been faking, no medical assistance was available. The facility cut funding for weekend nurses years ago. Getting the prisoner examined would have required calling an EMT, and “no one ever died of a weed overdose.”

At this point, Pelaez hands a flashdrive to the Agents.

“The boys erased everything yesterday. ‘Software glitch.’ But I saved this before they could hang me out to dry. No jury in the world is convicting me once they see what’s on this.”

He assures the Agents he has copies. In safe places.

If they ask what happened to the dog, Pelaez says he buried him someplace safe. Pelaez will go to prison or die before revealing that location. It’s in the woods at the edge of his two-acre property just west of Denver.

Why didn’t Pelaez trim the footage? Why keep the endless minutes of him and the other guards tormenting the prisoner? If the Agents ask, Pelaez has no answer. An Agent who asks and succeeds at a **Psychotherapy** roll or has the skill at 50% or better finds that for all his defensiveness and spite, Pelaez is at an extraordinarily high risk of suicide.

<H2>The Footage

The friendly’s report to the Program neglected to mention what preceded the event. Watching the torture costs **0/1 SAN** from violence.

The footage opens on Cell 201, empty. A guard throws Reznik into the cell violently. Reznik immediately displays signs of respiratory distress. Unseen officers in the hall reprimand him for causing a disturbance. The surveillance system’s audio is terrible and peaks at every shout, but it’s still clear the man can’t get a word out between coughs. Officers outside the door continue to demand compliance. That’s when they bring in the dog.

For seven minutes before the fire, guards and the K-9 unit named “Keller” brutalize Reznik as he lay dying on the floor. The camera frame bottoms out beneath the back of the frothing dog’s head and a hand slacking and tensing the lead. A splotch on the web of the thumb could be the royal flush tattoo on Pelaez’s right hand.

Cowering in the corner away from the German Shepherd’s teeth, Reznik starts retching, then collapses between the back wall and toilet. His back is to the door and his deteriorating condition is not visible from the hall. His choking is drowned out by laughter from the hallway, barking, and shouts from other cells. The camera’s high angle shows the blood-spatter against the cell wall as his coughs devolve into death rattles. Eventually, Reznik stops moving. It takes far too long for the guards outside to notice the lack of response. They finally take the dog out of attack posture. It approaches and sniffs at the prisoner.

What comes next costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The footage's framerate struggles to capture the speed with which, with a final, shuddering heave, Radomir Reznik's lungs prolapse out his mouth. An umbilical of wet flesh shoots up the wall, the deflated sacs half-consumed by an undulating black mass. The thing arches up and around and lands on the German Shepherd. The dog's crying, Pelaez's screams, and subsequent alarms drown out the rest of the audio.

The black shape drags the twitching German Shepherd around the walls, digesting the dog and spattering the camera with blood. Roughly forty seconds later, a bag of liquid is thrown into the room. It bursts over the bedframe, where the prehensile trachea and esophagus got momentarily stuck. A can-shaped object clatters into the cell and everything goes white. The recording ends.

If Agents watch the tape in the presence of Pelaez, he has little justification for his actions. He only comes close to an explanation for setting the cell on fire.

“I was in the doorway, so only I could see it. *Really* see it. And I didn't know what to do, so...the toilet shine. They make it from smuggled rubbing alcohol and fruit. Over 100 proof. I'd confiscated it that morning. I didn't know what else to do.”

<H1>Investigations

The Agents can find Reznik's corpse at the morgue. Evidence from his arrest is at the courthouse. That can lead the Agents to Reznik's theft victim, Suzanne Carmichael, and to the dispensary where she bought the drug that transformed him.

<H2>The Body

The Denver coroner—the Office of the Medical Examiner of the City and County of Denver—is about 3 km or 2 miles southwest of the courthouse and 15 km or 10 miles from the jail. No one there has touched Reznik's body it arrived at 10:30 p.m. last night. If the medical examiner hears any complaints from Agents about the lack of urgency, he directs their attention to the refrigerated drawers stacked behind them. Autopsies have an average turnaround of 18 weeks. If the Agents are willing to sign paperwork to the effect that Reznik's death is a federal case because he was a DEA informant, the examiner hands the body over to them and lets them use the facilities to examine it themselves.

Not much remains of the body to examine. The skull is shattered. Gaping holes have been ripped through the torso from navel to mandible. The entire corpse is charred and the burns clogged with the congealed plastic of the victim's acrylic sweatshirt.

A successful **Forensics** or **Medicine** roll at -10%, or having either skill at 60% or higher, is required to extract viable intelligence from the body.

Reznik's burns are consistent with an ignited alcohol accelerant igniting the fabric of his sweater.

The skull damage occurred post-mortem and after the fire: 12-gauge buckshot through the back of the head and chest from a high angle. After the fire killed it, Sgt. Pelaez apparently found the armory key and made sure the job was done.

Canine teeth and nails in the tissue match the breed of the dog seen on the video. The dog's corpse is not available for comparison. Pelaez buried the remains of his K-9 partner last night in the woods near his house and would rather die than reveal the location.

There's no smoke damage in what esophageal and tracheal tissue remains, indicating Reznik died before the fire.

At the upper respiratory tissue, the pathology stops making any kind of sense. Fluid accumulation in Reznik's bronchioles look like he was suffering the worst case of lipoid pneumonia ever recorded, a condition associated with intense use of vapes. Combine that with the stage-four large cell carcinoma in the left superior lobe and Reznik should have been dead months ago. The cancers string into a border that cuts across the right superior lobe. Tissue stretching looks like the cancer grew impossibly fast, not in months or years but hours.

Everything below that—the regurgitated blood-eagle—is just *gone*. It either got blown off or burned or somehow pulled free until it became part of the shredded, burned, dead mass of indistinguishable flesh. Seeing up-close signs of the horror from the video costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

<H2>Case 17CR1182

Lindsey-Flanigan Courthouse is about 15 km or 10 miles from the jail and about 3 km southwest of the courthouse. No one there has any idea what happened. Questioning staffers makes it clear only a few are even aware there was a jail fire yesterday. A court clerk, informed by email that Reznik died of “a medical issue,” has been tasked with finding Reznik's next of kin. She hasn't found any relatives, locations of past employment, or even acquaintances. Cancelling the dead man's arraignment that afternoon is the most progress the hapless clerk managed. Evidence is still on site. With Reznik dead, the clerk signs the Agents in to review it.

The box labelled Case 17CR1182 contains the following:

- Three expended Avalon Gardens brand marijuana vape cartridges, flavored Guine-verve Cherry
- One half-full Avalon Gardens brand marijuana vape cartridge, flavored Guine-verve Cherry
- One DC5V .05G vape pen and charger
- One receipt from Denver Greens, a recreational marijuana dispensary, for the above; the memo line is made out to “Suzie”
- The handbag, wallet, credit cards, and ID of Suzannah Carmichael, age 36, resident of Missouri
- A burned DVD labeled “Security Cam 6/Snowmelt/10-8-17”
- Radomir Reznik's CDOC-issued photo ID
- A business card for Renewed Potential Housing Group (RPHG), a Denver-based charity that provides housing to released convicts
- A form memo that announces the closing of the Reznik case and cancellation of the arraignment, with reference to a body transported to the medical examiner at 9:30 p.m. Saturday

In a *God's Teeth* campaign, the vape cartridges and pen can trigger the Scent.

The DVD security footage shows Reznik at 1:30 p.m. walking into the food-truck market beside Snowmelt Brewing's tasting room. He sits down at a picnic table, opens up a small handbag, and starts vaping. When it becomes clear that the disheveled young man has no intention of paying \$15 for a street taco/IPA combo, multiple staff approach, presumably asking him to leave. Reznik's rude gestures make his response unambiguous.

By the time police arrive over an hour later, Reznik has inhaled a prodigious amount of marijuana and grown more erratic. He throws a napkin dispenser at a customer's service dog passing near him, nearly causing a physical altercation. He begins walking atop picnic tables, kicking customers' food. By the time police arrest him, he's shirtless and trying to rip the menu sign off a foodtruck selling gyros.

An Agent who has **Law** or **HUMINT** at 50% or higher (or who succeeds at a roll) or **Psychotherapy** at 20% or higher (or succeeds at a roll at +30%) recognizes Reznik's joyless consumption and random offenses as the clear signs of a man trying to get arrested. Barely a day out of prison, Radomir could not wait to get back inside. After he's tackled to the ground and cuffed, as he's being dragged away, his first signs of respiratory distress begin.

<H2>Suzanna Carmichael

Suzanna Carmichael can be reached by phone back home in Missouri. She claims to have lost her purse while visiting relatives on a weekend trip to Denver. She has since cancelled her credit cards and ordered a new driver's license. She insisted that the police need not bother returning her property and claims no knowledge of any purchase made since the purse's loss. A successful **HUMINT** roll remembers to cross-reference this story on social media. Carmichael works as elementary school assistant principal in Kansas City. Purchasing the vape pen and cartridges for in another state (as the receipt suggests) is a federal crime that would cost her job. Even over the phone, pressuring the nervous woman with promises to keep it quiet causes her to cave. Her purse was snatched soon after she left the dispensary. Worried about repercussions of word spreading, she used the spare car key hidden under her bumper and drove home. She didn't get a good look at the assailant. The few details she can provide match Reznik.

<H2>Denver Greens Dispensary

Denver Greens has three locations in Denver. Under various names, the DGD Investment Group owns over a dozen dispensaries across Colorado. It is but one subsidiary of Flower Prime, Inc., the largest agricultural cannabis supplier in the United States. The company hires many ex-convicts for jobs they're allowed to do, supplemented by college students handling the product and in-house security team of military veterans. None of them want to speak to anyone associated with law enforcement. All have been drilled to refer anyone who looks or acts like police to the regional manager.

Like most marijuana dispensaries, it conduct business entirely in cash. If shown the receipt from Case 17CR1182, the Denver Greens regional manager complies with state law. He confirms that the receipt is authentic and was printed at the location it lists. He confirms that they keep extensive records of each sale and photocopies of every customer's ID.

The manager volunteers what the Agents could learn on the Internet, that Denver Greens buys Guini-verve Cherry cartridges wholesale from Avalon Gardens LLC. The marketing materials for Guini-verve Cherry and the company’s related marijuana products promise varying degrees of strong, high-quality vape distillate and shatter. Dispensary personnel report that Avalon Gardens smokers tend to abandon other products. Its potency resets tolerance well above the norm. Users report no other side effects.

If the Agents want more? Get a warrant. Want to talk to the bud tender responsible for the sale? Get a warrant. Mention a death related to the case? The manager repeats the phone number for DGD’s legal counsel over and over like a prisoner of war.

If Agents attempt to throw weight around, Flower Prime’s on-call legal team shows up in less than 15 minutes. The first news van arrives moments later. If Agents cause trouble, it will be the fifth incident at Flower Prime locations in as many years. Agents overly reliant upon the Program’s covert cover and official mandate may find themselves attracting more attention than they deflect.

The federal government reserves the right to enforce marijuana’s continued prohibition, but most attempts at enforcement inside decriminalized states have proven fruitless. By 2017, ganja-preneurs provide so much tax revenue that officials actively hinder federal investigations with jurisdictional disputes. Stories about federal government overreach play well in every news market. Attempts to secure official warrants through **Bureaucracy** or **Law** are at –10% when directed towards a legalized cannabis producer like Denver Greens. An effort to shut down one of its shops means legal wrangling and attention that eventually leads to an Avalon Gardens product recall instead—and then see **BACKLASH** on page XX.

<H1>Avalon Gardens

The thing that crawled out of Reznik’s lungs got in there somehow. As soon as Agents suspect Avalon Gardens, they’ve found the real threat. There are multiple lines of inquiry to pursue. All lead to the corporate cult’s base of operations, the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site.

<H2>Public Opinion

An Agent who spends a few hours canvassing users online or at dispensaries can roll for **HUMINT**, **Pharmacy**, **Persuade**, or **Criminology**. Every success learns one item of the Handler’s choice from the **AVALON GARDENS REPUTATION** table. A critical success learns two. An item labeled “Yes” in the “Scent” column can trigger the Scent power of *God’s Teeth*.

<T1>Avalon Gardens Reputation

1D10	Contact	Scent
1	Grady, flyer distributor outside medical licensing office “That stuff is trash, man. Same ditch strain in everything they make, just different artificial flavorings. Shit gives me a headache. Like smoking jet fuel.”	Yes
2	Aggie, patient at a medical dispensary	Yes

“That’s my brand! Nothing else cuts through my arthritis. Lilac Lancelot tastes a lot like these cookies my grandma made for the state fair—oh, musta been ’63? Anyway, my tolerance is way too high for anything else.”

3	Lonnie, clerk at GreenWash Agricultural Supply	No
	“That Knight guy at Avalon is everything wrong with this industry. White dude comes out of nowhere and starts pumping out high-potency product so cheap nobody artisanal can get into the derivatives game. Then he’s some brilliant businessman giving advice on TikTok because his rich family is in with the governor? This business used to be about love...”	
4	Phillip, cannabis legalization and marketing consultant	Yes
	“Knight’s been hanging around the pot barons since the beginning, back when he still worked for GAP. That vape line of his does numbers, but he’s still small time. One grow op, one point-of-sale location, no flower? Wholesaling extract for edibles instead of bringing production in house? Small time.”	
5	“The King of the Green Mile,” homeless, no ID	Yes
	“They won’t let me INSIDE! I own this whole damn city and they keep me in the rain! I can’t charge my fucking stick or use the bathroom. NOTHING! But I drink the leavings sometimes, you bet. The juice of Arthur! It helps me remember the lives of my subjects. You do it, and you’ll see too.”	
6	Ashlee, teenager waiting for the bus	No
	“Oh my god, last year, remember when that junior at school—what was his name—Tavish or whatever? Yeah, he smoked a bunch of that stuff and drove his mom’s minivan through the windows of the school cafeteria. Almost killed everyone eating breakfast. No cap. Like, he ran over my English teacher. For real. She didn’t die, but we had sub rest of the year. Kid acting like he was on bath salts or something.”	
7	Roman, security guard at Co-Grows Colorado	No
	“I’m thankful we don’t carry any of that Avalon stuff. Smell reminds me of Yerba Loca, from the bad old days. Everybody on the block knew it was about to pop off when somebody scored a bag of that shit.”	
8	Brandon, MSU Denver student	Yes
	“AvalonStrong! Yoooo, I know what you’re talking about. Me and all the guys love Dakota’s TikTok. I think his whole message about how, you know, it’s natural to want things, and forgiving yourself for wanting things...I just think it’s a real powerful content, you know?”	
9	Claudette, defense lawyer specializing in cannabis legalization movement	No
	“Can’t say I know much about Avalon. Dakota is a bit of an outsider. He’s too young to have much history in the legalization movement, and I’ve yet to see him at a conference. Bill Knight Chevrolet helped fund Hickenlooper’s campaign, though. That’s a knife through red tape that most of the big ops would kill for. But the Knights seems happy to squat in their little corner of the market.”	
10	Rochelle, Denver EMT	Yes
	“I’ve gone inside places, in uniform, and begged them to stop selling Avalon to noobs. We get weed tourists convinced they’re falling through the floor or stuck in another body. I got lifelong hippies on psychotic breaks. It’s just way too strong.”	

<H2>Product

Anyone with a computer can read the Avalon Gardens company line. It specializes in post-process marijuana products: extracts, shatter, distillate, crystals, and a variety of THC food additives. It has a reputation for exceptionally strong product at competitive prices. They sell from a single physical location: the Round Table Dispensary at the company’s Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site, just outside Greeley, Colorado (see **VALLEY DIRTLANDS CULTIVATION SITE** on page XX). Their products are wholesaled to dispensaries in Colorado and other states.

The 99% THCA potency claimed by the company is impossible—the mixes that add flavor to cartridges dilute the solution more than 1%—but that’s just marketing copy. Marketing law only requires accurate solution measurements *before* the mixing of additives. And there are no state or federal laws requiring the accurate labeling of strains for any marijuana product, so long as the mislabeled product inside at one point passed regulatory testing.

<H3>Distillate Genetics

Agents wanting to examine Avalon Gardens product need a lab and expertise. Agents can roll **Medicine, Pharmacy**, or a relevant **Science** skill to reverse engineer genetic identifiers for the plants obliterated in distillation. A successful check finds that Avalon Gardens is lying about what’s in its products. It claims lineages for its products from a number of popular cannabis strains. But it only sells one strain, endlessly repackaged. Avalon Gardens doesn’t appear to be hiding this information from anyone except the casual consumer. Every individual product on offer has passed regulation through the state’s Marijuana Enforcement Division at Minerva Labs. Having passed regulations, the company can say whatever it wants in marketing.

<H3>Minerva Labs

The Colorado Department of Revenue’s Marijuana Enforcement Division contracts regulatory testing out to private labs. Avalon Gardens products were approved based on reports from Minerva Labs in Lafayette, Colorado.

Minerva’s samples are long since destroyed, but Agents visiting Minerva Labs may roll **Persuade** or a relevant academic skill to come up with a convincing lie to get access to the lab’s test results. As the data is meant for consumer protection, it’s not too hard to score a copy. Failure gets the same report, but Minerva Labs warns Avalon Gardens about its receiving more official attention than usual (see **BACKLASH** on page XX). An Agent who has **Law** at 50% or better, or who succeeds at a roll, knows the risk failure before attempting the **Persuade** roll.

The lab results are unique. Most producers send many strains for testing, but Avalon Gardens only ever submitted a single agricultural product: *Yerba al Cubo*. Extracts from this strain serve as the basis of all products, mixed with different additives and processed into different forms.

The other oddity is, despite offering a single product as a single company seeking approval, Dakota Knight’s name appears with a “(2)” next to it on the contact sheet. Minerva Labs employees can explain that means Knight is in their system twice, but the previous test must not have passed. Minerva keeps data on failed regulatory approvals in-house and private to prevent client embarrassment and lawsuits.

Computer Science can hack the lab’s data and see what else Knight tried to get approved for sale. (Alternately, Agents could use **Law** to get a warrant and let Knight know they’re coming.) The other file is a failed test for a strain called *Yerba al Cuadrado*, tested in 2014. Approval was denied on account of “unacceptably high insect contamination.” Knight was acting as compliance officer for Genetic Agricultural Products Inc. Notes indicate that Minerva technicians consulted with two other labs that both red-flagged the strain for the same reasons. GAP Inc. never received license to distribute recreationally in Colorado.

<H3>Ole Miss's M-Project

Agents who assemble a genetic profile of Avalon products as described in **DISTILLATE GENETICS** on page XX, and who have **Criminology, Law, or Pharmacy** at 60% or better or succeed at a roll at -10%, know they can compare it with other strains in the files of the University of Mississippi Marijuana Research Project. M-Project has been growing and analyzing marijuana for U.S. government research since 1968. M-Project records indicate a partial match for the suspected plant used in Avalon products in *Yerba Loca*, a statistical outlier in black market potency recorded in the late 1990's to early 2010's. M-Project's last encounter with the strain was 2014 per a request by DEA Special Agent Olivia Morales. If the Agents look her up, see **AGENT MORALES** on page XX.

<H2>Supply

Avalon Gardens boasts only a single dispensary and licensed grow operation. Both are located at the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site outside Greeley, Colorado. Learning more about the company's operations without visiting its facilities requires Agents to access paperwork at the Weld County Clerk and Recorder's Office located in Greeley.

<H3>Grow Operations

Greeley is home to some of the largest slaughterhouse operations in the United States. When the wind shifts, the entire city reeks of manure. Land at the edges of the city tends to sell cheap. Bill Knight purchased what would become the Valley Dirtlands Sport Complex, later the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site, in 2006. In an attempt to expand his empire outside Knight Chevrolet franchises, he opened a motocross and extreme sports shop in 2008, building a dirt track, BMX ramps, and a vehicle showroom. The financial crash saw the experiment fail after only a few months. Not willing to sell his new facility at a loss, Bill used the closed warehouse and showroom to park excess inventory from his surviving Knight Chevrolet dealerships.

In 2014, Knight signed his son Dakota onto the lease of the Valley Dirtlands Sports Complex and changed the name to the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site. He also co-signed business registration for Avalon Gardens LLC and received approval as a state-licensed medical and recreational cannabis vendor. The business was up and running in 2015 with the grand opening of the Roundtable Dispensary. Valley Dirtlands remains the only grow operation under the company's name registered with the Marijuana Enforcement Division. Weld County has blueprints of the building filed in 2008 but not for the facility since its renovation as a cultivation site.

<H3>Insane Growth

Agents with **Accounting** or **Bureaucracy** might wish to confirm that Avalon Gardens truly owns just the one facility. An Agent who succeeds at a roll or has 50% skill or better can track down the appropriate tax documents. There's nothing to indicate hidden assets. For the last three years, the company has claimed all the hydroponics, fertilizer, butane, alcohol, lab equipment, and other supplies necessary to supply and process the inventory claimed in their sales taxes.

A successful **Science (Botany)** or **Criminology** roll spots a discrepancy. While the input/output of the supply line makes sense, the timeline is impossible. Most cannabis plants take four months to mature. Curing, drying, and processing only adds to the time between seed and sale. While the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site is theoretically large enough to keep Avalon Gardens in supply, the rate of sales suggests a grow op that's been in operation for at least four years, not two.

<H2>Capital

Between federal tax requirements and state licensing requirements on cannabis businesses, Avalon Gardens already has an extensive corpus of documentation on file with the IRS. The Agents can get those documents through the Program's influence and correlate the data with an **Accounting** roll. It takes a couple of days. Success finds the issues described in **IRREGULAR PAYROLL** on page XX and a banking discrepancy described in **FOURTH CORNER CREDIT UNION** on page XX. Accessing this information also provides a complete list of Avalon Gardens employees. (See [Labor](#) on page xx.) Failure wastes that time auditing the books of a middling-successful cannabis business.

<H3>Irregular Payroll

Though Avalon Gardens is owned equally by father and son, Dakota Knight withdrew \$240,000 as personal income from last year's profits; Bill Knight withdrew nothing. The money would not be easily missed amongst the millions in profits already claimed by Knight Chevrolet, but it seems odd for an equal partnership, especially compared to the \$315,000 salary being paid to **Dr. Reza Houshin** (described on page XX), the company's head chemist. This figure is more than tripled in the payroll sent to Instant Deterrent Security, owned by **John Bellamy** (described on page XX), for "consulting."

Avalon has, in two year's operation, paid enormous sums to the federal government as taxes against its wildly successful earnings. Its loans are already paid off. Any competent CPA would have stashed that much profit into capital reinvestment, real estate, or some other tax haven. While Avalon writes off upgraded processing equipment regularly, it would have been a cheaper tax bill to franchise out three quarters ago, even if the stores never opened at anything but a loss. They seem to be just hoarding their profits in the company account.

<H3>Fourth Corner Credit Union

Banking in the cannabis industry is fraught. Decriminalized state cannabis earns huge profits, but federal laws define every penny as the proceeds of Schedule-I felony drug trafficking. This makes the funds vulnerable to seizure and investigation from federal law enforcement—if they were to decide to enforce it. And many states, Colorado included, make electronic commerce so difficult that most marijuana dispensaries still conduct business entirely in cash. That raises the need to guard enormous cash shipments to skittish bankers in big, robbable convoys.

Avalon Gardens banks with Fourth Corner Credit Union, a Colorado bank dating back to 1938. A successful **Accounting** roll finds that Fourth Corner Credit Union has a memo on file with the SEC declaring that the bank no longer accepts accounts for marijuana-based businesses. However, the bank's routing numbers were used to pay Avalon's state and federal taxes in 2016.

Possible enforcement of antiquated drug prohibitions has financial institutions spooked. If approached by Agents with even a whiff of federal authority, the manager compliantly informs on Fourth Corner's *former* client.

Fourth Corner told Avalon Gardens to empty their account sixth months ago in accordance with the a new policy on cannabis banking. Dakota Knight's lack of compliance eventually caused the bank to threaten legal action if his account was not closed. Two armored SUVs arrived just last week. Rather than having his money transferred to another bank, Knight insisted it be returned in cash. Knight said he did not trust the "charlatans" at Fourth Corner not to poison a new institution against him. It took two trips.

As the client was being discharged for liability reasons rather than criminal convictions, there was naught the bank could do but comply. The branch manager estimates that between the six months Fourth Corner spent refusing cash deposits and the balance of the emptied accounts, Avalon Gardens might be sitting on \$25 million in hard currency.

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<S1>\$25 Million...

Let's roll that figure around a little. "Twenty-five million dollars in hard currency." That much money can buy a lot of anonymity. A lot of miles. A way out. Sure, the Agent would likely never see their Bonds ever again. They would be hunted for the remainder of the U.S empire's survival, deaths natural or unnatural waiting around every foreign street corner. But they might make it. They might get away from Delta Green. They might never have to answer another encrypted email or late-night knock on the door again. They might run long enough to salvage something like a good life from this last gasp before the stars come right.

If the players don't raise the possibility of grabbing that money and running, raise it for them. It occurs to them. If they refuse to discuss or consider it, each Agent loses 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness. Failure means the unshakeable stress of intrusive thoughts of all those possibilities. Delta Green turns Agents into criminals and asks them to fight against hell with nothing but government salaries and unmarked graves for compensation. How could they not think about it?

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<H2>Oversight

Decriminalization was only won through decades of compromises in enforcement, sentencing, and zoning laws. This makes the state approval process for medical and recreational dispensaries fairly strict. Zoning, staffing, quality testing, and safety testing are stringently controlled. The Marijuana Enforcement Division holds all this data along with corresponding tax and financial records. It has offices in Longmont, Colorado Springs, Grand Junction, and Lakewood. The Lakewood office sits just outside Denver.

State officials have strict instructions to restrict access to these materials. Outside public disclosures required by the Marijuana Retail Code HB 13-1317, any federal request for the Avalon Gardens documentation ruffles many feathers. Overreach could freeze multiple revenue streams funding

Colorado programs. Some plausible-sounding rationale of inter-governmental cooperation along with a successful **Law** roll, or a **Persuade** roll at -20%, is required to get access to records on Avalon Gardens. Failure alerts the clerk that Agents might have ill intent and shuts down further conversation without a warrant.

A successful **Bureaucracy** roll can engineer a thinly-justified FISA warrant that secures access to the materials, but word spreads fast to Avalon Gardens. See **BACKLASH** on page XX for the results.

<H3>Clear Favoritism

Studying the extensive documentation requires a full day's work in a MED conference room or a scanned copies of the complete file. This paperwork contains copies of all the information revealed in investigations of the Avalon's [Capital](#) (page XX) holdings.

The most obvious takeaway from the file is that it was fast-tracked. Most cannabis outfits take years to get approved. Avalon Gardens slide through the approval process in barely two months. There's even a memo from the governor himself included in the paperwork. He asks for "priority processing." Bill Knight is referred to as "an old family friend and upstanding Colorado business owner."

<H3>Related Products

The Agent studying the MED files may make an **Search** check. On a success, they notice a hyperlink superimposed on one of the many work histories and resumes required by the licensing process. Dakota Knight's last employer before opening Avalon Gardens – GAP Inc. – had its name automatically hyperlinked by the state's program. This means GAP Inc. was already in MED's system *before* Knight sent in his Avalon paperwork. Dakota Knight's name, in contrast, is *not* hyperlinked. He wasn't entered in the system before applying under the Avalon brand, meaning GAP Inc. never had to list him for the background checks that would be required of a successful bid.

The timeline solidifies: Dakota worked for Genetic Agriculture Pharmaceuticals Inc. and failed to get a license for them to sell in the state. Pretty much the second he quit GAP, Dakota then got approved for his own marijuana business, using the exact same process and in less than a quarter of the time.

<H2>Labor

Access to [Capital](#) (page xx) or [Oversight](#) (page xx) records both provide personnel lists for Avalon Gardens. Employees on the payroll for more than a few months are already listed on the "Avalon Family" tab of the company's website, with headshots and small bios. The company has a staff of 36, detailed in **LOCATION OF PERSONNEL** on page XX.

Avalon also subcontracts security staff through Instant Deterrent Security, but the payroll is listed as a lump-sum and doesn't include individual names. Besides names, the personnel directory is of little use. Agents need to launch more active intelligence operations to glean actionable intel.

<H3>Staff Surveillance

Profiling the staff of Avalon Gardens requires some form of broad-spectrum surveillance. Agents can achieve this through a variety of means.

- Access to a van, one week’s time, and a successful **Stealth** roll can stakeout the Valley Dirtlands parking lot, recording license plates and charting shifts for everyone working at the facility. Failure gets the same information, but the Agent is noticed (“[Backlash](#),” page XX).
- Access to cellphone tower records and successful **SIGINT** sifts the GPS data of everyone entering the area. Getting the records requires hacking into the private companies using **Computer Science**, or a **Bureaucracy** check to request the Program task its assets within the NSA.
- Agents can pump information out of employees by using **Persuade** or **Disguise**, impersonating a curious acquaintance, old high-school friend, or friendly journalist. Stealth interrogating individuals outside work hours is good tradecraft for building a picture of operations, but only if the Agent doesn’t come off as suspicious. Otherwise, workers are likely to talk about the nosey weirdo striking up conversations at the bus stop.
- **Criminology**, **Disguise**, or **Law** at **-20%** could be used to go undercover as a new hire. On a success, the Agent gets hired as a budtender at Round Table. This provides access to full shift schedules, the dispensary, stock room, and processing lab. If the Agent fails and gets made while on the premises, consequences are severe.

Successful surveillance reveals the details in **VALLEY DIRTLANDS OVERVIEW** on page XX and **THE AVALON “FAMILY”** on page XX.

<H3>The Avalon “Family”

Regardless of how they are tracked—cellphone GPS, observation, video surveillance—it’s clear that there two classes of employees: smokers and non-smokers. Neither Colorado nor Avalon Gardens have a policy against getting high at work, but the sensitive fire suppression system installed above the grow op means employees have to step outside even to vape.

Those that indulge on shift at Valley Dirtlands do so frequently. These are, invariably, the employees that work the hardest. They also happen to have worked for the company longest, each being profiled in the “Avalon Family” tab of the company’s websites as founding hires. The smoke breaks out the loading dock, employee lot entrance, or lobby occur so often that some employees step out twice an hour.

Most worryingly, *everyone* on IDS payroll seems to be using at work. The guard of the vehicle bay door can be observed killing two carts in a single day. That’s 2 grams of 99% THC oil: \$200 of marijuana in less than eight hours, before driving home, apparently sober.

With visual surveillance on the smokers, Agents can roll **Alertness**. Conversely, they could gain access to their vape rigs. Either method reveals that while the packaging of the cartridges matches other Avalon Brand distillates, none of the employee cartridges themselves are labeled. If tested, they come back as something other than *Y3*. See [Y4](#) on page XX.

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<S1>Heavy Users

Dakota Knight has been dosing his employees with Y4 for over a year. This has seeded a number of unwitting narcotic cultists amongst the staff. Their devolution progresses slowly, in cycles beyond self-awareness. Careful Agents can map most of stages of this devolution through distant observation and evidence gathering.

Handlers should encourage Agents to use any skill they think might work to gather information surreptitiously. Every success adds to the psychological profile of the opposition. In the event of failures, the reaction of an alerted user depends on what stage of ongoing addiction to Shub-Niggurath Agents interrupt.

<S2>Stage 1: Good Trips

Outwardly, heavy users of Y4+ appear as nothing but potheads with high tolerances. Users view themselves this way, weakly resolving to “cut back a bit” like millions of other Americans. Avalon staff report sensations of calm, certitude, and purpose when high. This is especially true for staff with PTSD and other difficult anxiety conditions.

In reality, an addicted employee gains +10% on **Alertness** checks and a temporary point of POW for an hour after Y4+ use. They are quite literally sharper under the influence.

Heavy users get high for their entire shift at Valley Dirtlands. In fact, though most would not admit it, smoking and working is starting to feel more like home than time with their Bonds. These positive effects never reach a tipping point of over-use, seemingly no matter how much is consumed in a day.

Stage 1 Investigations	Skills	Result
Observation	Criminology, Pharmacy, Science (Biology)	How could someone use that much and stay standing?
Observation	HUMINT	They look engaged, not numbed.
Questioning	Disguise, Persuade	“It’s just calming to work the soil and grow things, you know? It feels like my purpose.”

<S2>Stage 2: Tortured Sobriety

As the analgesic effects of Yerba’s pseudo-cannabinoids fade, users are thrust back into their baseline nervous system—a nervous systems regularly bathed in undiscovered psychedelic molecules and alien proteins. The THC in Y4+ serves as a Trojan-horse for a bevy of unnatural mutagens and slow-release meta-molecules. Long-term use alters the body irrevocably, and the brain comes first. Reznik’s Y3 binge was merely an edge case of sensitivity to the mutagens owing to his cursed upbringing. For heavy users of Y4+, the effects are more subtle, persistent, and grinding.

Those coming down from multiple days of use can hear their own teeth decay. They can feel a sleeping partner’s heartbeat from across the bed like a small earthquake. They smell the shit in their own guts and never feel clean. With senses attuned to the fecundity of Shub-Niggurath, life itself starts to feel like a raw nerve. User **SAN** checks are at –10% when sober. The penalty increases by –10% for every day until the user passes a CON×5 test. For every relapse, the CON test to kick withdrawal gains a cumulative –10% penalty. After five relapses, the user is addicted forever.

Stage 2 Investigations	Skills	Result
Dissection	Forensics, Medicine	That’s...that’s too many nerve endings.
Observation	HUMINT	They take smoke breaks like people run to the bathroom. They expect embarrassment and pain if they don’t make it in time. There’s a pressure.
Observation	Psychotherapy	Telltale signs of anxiety, agitation, and fixation consistent with withdrawal. Joyless consumption.
Questioning	Disguise, Persuade	“I just have really bad anxiety, alright!?! Insurance cut my anti-depressants. My brain’s... broken. I can’t adult when I’m not medicated!”

<S2>Stage 3: Dark Dreams

When users attempt escape into sobriety—through sleep or other narcotics—ingested *Y4+* exits lipid storage and metabolizes itself in the form of devastating hallucinogens. Heavy users find themselves buffeted with increasingly sadistic and intrusive thoughts. The fantasies would dare not be admitted to a therapist: images of bloody orgies, sexual violation, and spree murders are common.

Heavy users face 1/1D4 **SAN** tests against the Unnatural every night without use. Resultant disorders typically manifest as generalized anxiety, PTSD, ligyrophobia, and depression. If family members notice mental deterioration in users, medical help is often sought.

Prescribed or not, resuming use of *Y4+* strains alleviates all symptoms and negative effects. Those smoking to “get a good’s night sleep” wake well-rested, if unable to remember their dreams. In fact, the hellish visions persist (0/1 **SAN** Unnatural), but the emotional register no longer registers as nightmares. Users stay pleasantly asleep, and the bloody fantasies fail to migrate into long-term memory. Thus, a user’s sanity slowly degrades to zero, until such time as they join the Knight family in syncretic death worship of the crop.

Stage 3 Investigations	Skills	Result
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Observation	HUMINT	They look like the waking dead until the first hit. Then? A weapons-grade suppressant works better as a pick-me-up than coffee, apparently.
Questioning Family	Disguise, Persuade	“I’m... I really worry about him when he doesn’t have his medicine.”
Surveillance	SIGINT, Stealth	Subject suffered two night terrors in the last week alone. Husband took the kids and went to stay with relatives.
Theft	Disguise, Stealth	The dream journal starts as hippy-dippy as you’d expect. Then it starts to read like the diary of a serial killer. These fantasies shifted from <i>Cheech and Chong</i> to <i>Seven</i> in a matter of weeks.

<S2>Stage 4: Bad Trips

This stage cannot be discovered until Agents physically threaten Valley Dirtlands. Addiction becomes truly apparent if a Y-strain crop is harmed in the presence of an addicted user, especially if they are currently high. Rather than the usual pleasant numbness and focus, the unnatural compounds within the Y4+ reform their chemical bonds in self-defense, engineering a new high to meet the crop’s needs. Addicted users must make a **SAN** test: *the test is at half value if currently on the drug causing it*. Failure causes the user to suffer **1D8 SAN** and temporary insanity, often mimicking the violent narcotic reactions of PCP, bath salts, or extended steroid abuse. The crop psychically focuses the delusion towards threats against its growth. On a SAN success, heavy users still suffer **1D4 SAN** but manage to maintain some control. This restraint looks to outside observers like a crippling anxiety attack, but curling into a ball and hyperventilating is the only sane way to deal with the alien narcotic impulses attempting to hijack the user’s mind.

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<S1>High on Y4+

Y3 distillate products, found in stores all over the country, have effects comparable to normal, though strong, marijuana. Every later strain contains a medley of otherworldly compounds meant to invoke narcotic communion with Shub-Niggurath, feeding the memories of victims from its seedbed wrapped in a coating of addictive bliss. The crops share these absorbed ghosts, cross-pollinating through the air ducts shared by the experimental Growhouses A, B, and C at Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site.

An Agent who is dosed with or foolishly consumes Y4+ compounds must make a **CON×5** test. So must one caught at Valley Dirtlands without a gas mask when the crops burn.

- **Success:** The Agent loses **1 SAN** from the unnatural and is at -20% to skill and stat tests for 2D10 hours.
- **Failure:** Roll 1D10 on the **INHALED MEMORIES** table.

Subsequent hits (via forced injection, accidental exposure, or deeper tokes) incur an increasing penalty to the check: -10% , then -20% , then -30% , and so on. This may allow obsessed Agents to pursue the investigation through communion with the unnatural smoke.

In each inhaled memory, the User experiences a brief dysphoria as they are transported to the kinesthetic sensation of another body—an alien, bi-fricated memory of someone else’s skin. For the average Y4+ Heavy User (page xx), this depersonalization manifests as a bodily sensation and comes from the most pleasant memories of the crop’s anonymized victims.

For Agents, Shub-Niggurath’s unnatural narcotics sense they are being hunted as they are metabolized. In an attempt to incapacitate the threat, the compounds reform themselves to trigger powerful audiovisual hallucinations completely beyond the capability of terrestrial narcotics. These crippling delusions are also pulled from the plant’s human soil.

If the same Agent rolls the same inhaled memory twice, Handlers are encouraged to describe the worst trip they can imagine and ask for an appropriate SAN check.

In a *God’s Teeth* campaign...let’s just say it’s a very bad idea for an Agent chosen as one of the Teeth to use an unnatural drug stewed in immortal god seed. Such beings are precisely what Bast seeks to kill and consume. The effect is akin to throwing a shark into a kiddie pool filled with blood. If any of the Teeth get dosed with **Y4** or worse, skip the **CON \times 5** test. The Agent immediately loses **1D6 SAN** from the unnatural. If this causes temporary insanity, the only option is fight. If the Agent dies during this fit, invoke the power of the Hunt (see *God’s Teeth*, page XX). The roll automatically succeeds. The Agent keeps fighting until depleted of their 3 HP, sedated, or restrained. The prey is close, and biting is all Teeth are for.

<T1>Inhaled Memories

1. **Source:** Dakota Knight (via bodily fluid). **Body:** In play. **Effect:** The waking dream of a boy shooting a deer in the mountains and looking up at his father, recalled as if a memory of the user. The flash is momentary and unintrusive, but vividly clear and redolent of love. Gain 1 **WP**. Access to a police sketch artist and a **Craft: Art** roll records the dream face with enough clarity to resemble younger photos of Bill Knight (1/1D4 **SAN** Unnatural).
2. **Source:** Shana Edwards (age 26, Tinder) **Body:** Growhouse A **Effect:** User relives her last moments being drowned in a hydroponic filtration tub. 1/1D6 **SAN** unnatural and the Agent enters a choking spell for a number of rounds equaling the **SAN** loss. Allies can snap the User out of it. Waking from the state without help leaves the User perplexingly energized and refreshed. They gain 3 **WP**.
3. **Source:** Benjamin Molnar (age 34, Facebook Marketplace) **Body:** Growhouse A **Effect:** User re-experiences the sensation of being stabbed multiple times in the chest. (1/1D4 **SAN** Unnatural). Involuntary coughing provoked by the sensation causes the User to cough up a black, viscous substance. They gain 1 **HP**, even above max, having expelled...whatever it is. (0/1 **SAN** Unnatural)

4. **Source:** Cutter Lambert (age 29, Grindr) **Body:** Growhouse B. **Effect:** Auditory hallucinations—the “door ajar” alarm of a vehicle combined with a man laughing—intrude on the user, audible in the distance for hours after exposure. 0/1 **SAN** Unnatural. A successful **Drive** roll at -10% sees the Agent skim enough recordings online to find that the pinging bell tone comes standard issue on current model Chevy Tahoes.
5. **Source:** Lola Delahoz (age 33, Tinder) **Body:** Growhouse B. **Effect:** The user’s throat experiences the sensation of choking on seed. Seeds the sprout as they’re rammed down with a garden trowel (1/1D4 **SAN** Unnatural and 1/1D6 **SAN** Helplessness). Users that manage to resist temporary insanity fill oddly...filled by the experience. User gains +4 **WP** for the remainder of the day and do not suffer ill effects from missed sleep.
6. **Source:** Taylyn Freeman (age 19, TikTok) **Body:** Growhouse B. **Effect:** The stippled sensation of skin dragged across gravel; the user’s vision tunnels, briefly superimposed with a copse of needled trees (0/1 **SAN** Unnatural). If the User is later present in the parking lot of the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site, they notice the exact arrangement of Blue Spruce trees edging the parking lot (0/1 **SAN** Unnatural). If other Agents are near the User, they hear them whisper “almost made it” in a voice not their own. (0/1 **SAN** Unnatural if they inform the User of what they don’t remember saying).
7. **Source:** Shawn Baker (age 22, Backpacker) **Body:** Growhouse B. **Effect:** Temporary blindness and wracking pain (1/1d4 **SAN** Helplessness) lasting one round. Oddly, User feels they can see more clearly afterward; **Alertness +20%** for the rest of the day. Finding Shawn Baker’s corpse in the growbeds of Growhouse B causes 1/1d4 **SAN** Unnatural. The User realizes they experienced the sensation of the roots vining themselves through his eyes.
8. **Source:** Lyle Carter (age 16, TikTok) **Body:** Growhouse B. **Effect:** User is initially unaffected, but the next flight of stairs they see metamorphizes into the vivid image of a playground slide. The slide has plastic siding painted to look like a cartoon cat puking up the children (whether this cladding is on the courthouse-steps ‘slide’ or up to the family-porch ‘slide’ depends on when the Handler triggers it). User suffers 1/1d4 **SAN** Unnatural. Roll **Navigate** to identify the source of the hallucinations. The User may choose to re-roll failures at the cost of 1 **SAN** every time. Success matches the slide in the hallucination with an exact match on a playground in Waneka Lake, located in Layfeyette CO. The park is the last known location of Lyle Carter, missing for months. The lake also borders Minerva Laboratories, the testing agency responsible for Avalon Gardens licensure.
9. **Source:** Margery Lindbottom, (age 56, ChristiansMingle) **Body:** Growhouse C. **Effect:** The user suffers a waking nightmare that recurs the first time they sleep after the dose. In it, they are being disemboweled alive and stuffed with dirt (1/1d6 **SAN** Helplessness). The **SAN** check is not necessary when the dream repeats in sleep, but the User may choose to make another 1/1d4 **SAN** test against the Unnatural and fixate on the vision. If they do, they recall the cross of a deacon ring – the one on the wizened right hand of the man holding your guts up to see. An image search matches the stylings of the cross on the ring to the Fort Collins Greater Presbyterian Church, where Bill Knight serves as a deacon.
10. **Source:** Beyond. **Body:** Everywhere. **Effect:** The user achieves instant narcotic communion with a vision of Shub-Niggurath itself. 1/1D10 **SAN** Unnatural. The Handler may choose to grant the user an insane insight (Handler’s Guide, page 69), up to and including the contents of Valley Dirtlands Growhouses A, B, and C.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>Management

Avalon Gardens is equally owned by Dakota Knight and his father, Bill Knight. The director of security is John Bellamy, CEO of Instant Deterrent Security (page xx). The processing lab is managed by Dr. Reza Houshian.

As large-scale marijuana cultivators, all four men have been trained on their legal rights in event of questioning by federal authorities. Make clear to players that their Agents know that if they approach management under the guise of legitimate law enforcement, they will be denied without warrants. Obtaining a search warrant requires some justification or at least a convincing pretext—the players should invent it—and a **Law** roll to overcome the inertia of Avalon Gardens’s political influence. It takes 1D4 days, or 1D4 hours if the Agents convincingly claim some emergency. The process quickly alerts Avalon Gardens of the investigation: See **BACKLASH** on page XX.

If they stay outside the law, encourage players to suggest any means they see fit to gather information. The answers they seek about each target are listed besides the three likely sources of information: open-source intelligence, communications intelligence, and spying. Open-source intelligence is readily available. For the rest, ask the players: “That’s information no one is going to give you willingly. How do you intend to get it?” Let their plan inform what skills they must use and what clues they find. Let the context of the scene determine whether failure alerts Avalon Gardens.

- **OPEN SOURCE:** Open-source intelligence pulled from the internet, publicly available documents, and government records accessible by the Program. Agents do not need to roll for this information.
- **COMMUNICATIONS:** Signals intelligence is gathered clandestinely from a target’s digital footprint. It can involve everything from the subversion of personal computers and social media, planting tracking devices and cameras, intrusion into private accounts, or review of private databases such as phone records. The classic skill is of course **SIGINT** for digital and communications surveillance. **Accounting, Computer Science, Craft** skills, or **Science** skills might apply. An Agent might use **Disguise, Persuade, or Stealth** to steal a password or plant a bug.
- **SPYING:** Human intelligence can involve everything from physical surveillance, psychological profiling, social mapping, and/or interviews. Notoriously unreliable and risky, it is still the best way to learn things a target is too smart to write down. In addition to the skill **HUMINT**, Agents can learn the same information through skills like **Criminology, Disguise, Stealth** or **Persuade**.

<H3>Investigating Dakota Knight

OPEN SOURCE: Age 37. 5’10”. CEO of Avalon Gardens. Former CEO of Excalibur Solutions LLC (2012–2014). Former manager of Knight Chevrolet corporate offices, his first job out of college in 2004. A late-comer ganja-prenuer holding strong in the back ranks of the weed barons with a specialization in high-potency distillate products. Extremely active on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, and TikTok. His content mostly consists of lumber-chic vacation photos in the mountains, workout videos overlaid with investment advice text, and staged photos with beautiful women and expensive vehicles. All of these accounts promote Avalon Gardens products. “Live like a King. Live @AvalonStrong.”

COMMUNICATIONS: Dakota Knight has above-average firewall and anti-virus protection. He's not exactly an NSA spook (he can only trace *nbo* tried to hack him if an Agent fumbles a roll), but his cybersecurity precautions outpace some CEOs and many politicians. A note in Knight's phone and cloud storage is enticingly titled "kill code," a username password for the security camera network at Valley Dirtlands. Much more extensive documents can be found in his cloud storage: See **DAKOTA KNIGHT'S GROWTH JOURNAL** on page XX.

COMMUNICATIONS: Knight runs a dozen social media accounts with fake names, photos, ages, and emails. He keeps lists of passwords in documents on his phone, laptop, and cloud storage. The contact numbers used to register the accounts all trace back to pre-paid burner phones. These numbers also appear in the DMs of the @AvalonStrong accounts. Knight frequently urges fans to "call the Avalon Gardens social media manager for special offers!" That always means one his false identities. Over the last two years, he's sent hundreds of these messages to fans of his company or persona. He uses the same phone numbers on dating apps when reaching out to potential partners of all orientations.

COMMUNICATIONS: Agents investigating individuals who contacted Knight's spoofed accounts and burner phones can roll **Bureaucracy** at -10% or **Law** to confirm their identities. On a success, Agents find that six (Shana Edwards, Benjamin Molnar, Cutter Lambert, Lola Delahoz, Taylyn Freeman, and Lyle Carter) have been listed as missing from Colorado cities in the last 18 months. In every instance, Dakota Knight replied no more than a week before the last date the victim was reported seen. In three instances, the messages were sent the same day. Local authorities have no idea the crimes are related. If Agent can link these disappearances into a single pattern of serial predation, it can go a long way towards legitimizing violent action against Avalon Gardens and its owner (see [Program Priorities](#) on page XX). Of course, they'll need explanations for how they got this information and why they went looking in the first place.

SPYING: Knight is taller than his driver's license says. He's not 5'10"; he's 6'1" or 6'2". His eyes are a deep hazel, not driver's license blue. He's bald as a thumb, but photos of the Valley Dirtlands opening a few years ago shows him with a luscious man-bun. He's physically stronger than ever in his life. Knight seldom sleeps. He's either at the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site (sometimes for 24 hours at a time), working out at a local gym (he could be an Olympic powerlifter despite vaping constantly), or, rarely, in his Greeley condominium (located near the University of Northern Colorado).

SPYING: It's not difficult to gain access to Knight's beautiful home outside Greeley; he hardly ever sleeps there. On the filthy kitchen table sit six flip-phones. Each is labeled with masking tape the phone's number and a false name from his spoofed social media accounts. In the guest bedroom, a small, abandoned hydroponics setup has been left to mildew. In a stretch of dirt-strewn carpet in the corner lies a wilted, dried marijuana plant. This is the remains of Knight's first attempt at cultivating the Y2 strain.

<H3>Investigating Bill Knight

OPEN SOURCE: Age 61. 5'11". CEO of Knight Chevrolet, founded 1979. Issued 3,111 new and used vehicle titles last year alone. Dealerships in Denver, Fort Collins, Lafayette, and Aurora. Sits on the board of directors of "CO-operation for Colorado," a political action committee responsible for \$5.5 million in contributions to Colorado state politics since 2010. Divorced twice, widowed once,

currently single. Lives in a mansion at 1 Grouse Drive in Wellona, near the Jackson Reservoir. Blueprints for the home are on file with the state building commission. It's a gaudy lakehouse with a faux log cabin exterior scaled up to McMansion proportions.

COMMUNICATIONS: Bill Knight plays luddite as much as his wealth allows. On his computers and smart televisions he lingers on Fox News, Discovery Channel, ESPN, and hunting and fishing shows. He buys a lot of taxidermy online and has it sent to his home. His work communication is achieved entirely over a Bluetooth headset, directing his administrative team at the Fort Collins dealership. Secretaries receive and respond to his emails. None of them are interesting. Conversations between Bill Knight and his son Dakota never run deeper than platitudes and sales figures, with anything else reserved for "the next time you're over for a drink." The only anomaly is a dating account on ChristiansMingle.com, accessible if Agents have access to his phone or home computer. His password manager saved the account name under an alias, "Scott Mariposa." The pictures are of a man 15 years younger than Bill Knight, easily found on reverse image search as a stock photo model. Though there are some 'secret admirers' on the dating profile, the account shows only a single match with a Margery Lindbottom. The relationship ended after a single DM, sent by "Scott" to Margery: "I hate computers. Call me here for real conversation..." The phone number he gave is not registered to any account owned by Bill Knight and is no longer in service. Margery Lindbottom has been missing for three months. Lafayette City homicide detectives are seeking a "Scott Mariposa" in relation to her disappearance.

SPYING: Bill Knight almost never leaves his Fort Collins home. Employees at Knight Chevrolet corporate headquarters across town say "Big Bill" used to be an ogre at the office if sales numbers went down. Knight Chevrolet has seen two quarters of dipping sales in a row, but all Knight has done is come in to borrow inventory or sign checks. He stopped attending Fort Collins Greater Presbyterian Church six months ago, despite being a respected deacon. Groceries are delivered. No one comes to the house to clean. Landscapers never access anything but exterior garden sheds. If questioned, the Salvadoran immigrants servicing Knight's lawn are reluctant to speak to cops, but they say a maid used to come every week. They haven't seen her this month. They only know her name is "Marel." If Agents get inside the house, they find the gutted remains of Marel Rivas rotting next to the water heater in the basement, a sight costing 0/1 **SAN** for violence. An undocumented immigrant, Rivas has not yet been reported missing. **Forensics** estimates she's been dead two weeks. A mature Y5 plant (see **Y5** on page XX) sprouts from the corpse's abdomen, its roots winding through the victim's gastrointestinal cavity and penetrating through the basement's concrete floor. The vape rig in the elder Knight's possession holds a distillate of this plant.

<H3>Investigating John Bellamy

OPEN SOURCE: Age 41. Director of security at Valley Dirtlands and CEO of Instant Deterrent Security since 2010. A nearly non-existent digital footprint on social media. Served one tour with the Marines before being injured in Fallujah. Honorably discharged in 2005. Divorced from Lindsey Bellamy in 2009. She retains custody of their children, Max and Samantha. Bellamy has lived at the same low-rent apartment complex in Greeley since 2010.

COMMUNICATIONS: The Program can access Bellamy's military service record without alerting anyone or asking permission. No roll required. In addition to suffering a perforated lung in Fallujah and nearly dying from infection, Bellamy came home from the war with severe PTSD. Psychological records report struggles with alcohol and domestic violence.

COMMUNICATIONS: Hacking what few devices and accounts Bellamy owns proves disappointing. He's all but a ghost online. He only uses his phone to order takeout and buy gun parts off Ebay. He rarely goes anywhere besides his apartment and work. He hasn't even called his kids since 2014. If he communicates with his team other than face to face, it's over encrypted radio. For as much as he gets paid for working at Avalon, everything not dedicated to his employee payroll gets deposited in his wife's account. The man lives like a monk.

SPYING: Bellamy's apartment is the sad bachelor pad of a Marine that never quite got out. It's clean enough to function, barely. There are leftovers in the fridge for one more day. His checkbook is up-to-date enough to get this month's payroll out. Searching his box of old checkbooks finds that in 2009, he began seeing a private therapist, Dr. Stephanie Rateliff of Fort Collins. Rateliff wrote scripts for all Bellamy's psychological medications, including medical marijuana, until Bellamy ceased filling the prescriptions in mid 2015. Bellamy's guns are immaculately cleaned. There's always one in a state of disassembly and cleaning across his tiny kitchen table. There are spent vape cartridges around the house containing the remnants of Y4 distillate. (See [Y4](#) on page XX for details.) If the Agents contrive a way to steal his radio from his car, they can roll **SIGINT** to tap into the IDS communication network for real-time surveillance of Valley Dirtlands security.

SPYING: Dr. Rateliff's office holds juicy intel. While the therapist can't be convinced to answer questions about a client, Agents can always break in. A secretary's password on a post-it allows easy access to the network. Bellamy's file paints a tragic story of a veteran's of hard-fought recovery from PTSD cut off by some new, inexplicable ailment. A combination of antidepressants and medical marijuana showed promising results with Bellamy's PTSD after the collapse of his marriage, but things took a turn for the worse after he started working for Avalon Gardens. His marijuana usage quickly grew worrisome, reaching the point where he started needing smoke breaks just to get through sessions without an anxiety attack. In 2015, the therapist noticed "a flattening of affect with no apparent hindrance of cognition." Around the same time, she reports discussions of his wife began to include "increasingly violent, oddly pastoral sex fantasies," whatever that means. In June, Rateliff insisted Bellamy sober up after he showed up to an eye movement desensitization and reprocessing treatment so high it negated his pupillary response. Bellamy terminated treatment.

<H3>Investigating Reza Houshian

OPEN SOURCE: Age 46. Director of processing at Avalon Gardens. The third son of Saudi immigrants. Earned his Ph.D. in chemistry from UCLA in 1999. Worked as a lab technician and certified chemical engineer at Ecolab's wastewater and chemical contaminants division for nearly twenty years. A brief smattering of promising academic publications in the early 2000s. His income tax bracket moved up three steps when he came to Avalon Gardens in 2014. He has a wife, Samina, and two daughters, Shazi (21) and Sham (16).

COMMUNICATIONS: Reza has no social media presence. His phone is ten years old. He only uses it for voice calls to his mother, wife, daughters, and the occasional takeout joint. His laptop appears nowhere on Bluetooth or wifi networks. That means "black bag" work to gain access. Houshian works a half-day on Saturdays and spends the afternoon working remotely at a local coffee shop, like clockwork. That would be the best place to insert a worm using a flashdrive or flat-out steal the computer. If they gain access, Agents find that Houshian has done much of their work for them. He is fully aware that the Y-strains grow too fast and are too weird to be normal cannabis. He has documented extensively the chimeric insect tumors in iteration [Y3](#) (described on page XX).

His notes include a variety of plausible theories as to how his extraction process could be neutralizing even more exotic, potentially harmful molecules included alongside the THCA and CBD. Despite his deep involvement in Avalon Gardens production, Houshian can't account for how his addicted staff are still standing at the end of a shift, not to mention how they keep performing above quota. (See [“Profiling Heavy Users”](#) on page XX.)

COMMUNICATIONS: Houshian's laptop also stores documentation he keeps as insurance against future trouble with Avalon Gardens. On a night last year, the doctor was working late at the Valley Dirtlands lab when he heard screams coming from the greenhouses. He tried the doors, but nobody responded and the sounds stopped. No one ever acknowledged the event. Four months ago, Dakota Knight threatened to kill Houshian for throwing out what he thought was a spoiled batch of shatter. The CEO was so incensed he hurled a 50 kg autoclave across the room like a football and shattered it against the wall. His lab staff looked on in numb silence, high on their own supply. He's seen his benefactor punch holes through the metal walls of the building after hearing about a failed crop. He's seen the stalks of Y3...*twitch* in blinks of sudden, impossible movement. The hazy gazes of his drugged co-workers grow more dissociative by the day.

SPYING: Houshian does not drink or use recreational drugs. Houshian's family find it somewhat hilarious that someone as straight-laced as him makes weed for a living. The Houshians just moved into a home quadruple the size of their old property. Working for Avalon Gardens has clearly been the greatest opportunity of Houshian's life. It also might be the last. Houshian is terrified to go to work, but more terrified of what happens if he doesn't. He carries himself like the blandness of his personality can keep secret his urge to run and hide. He is trapped in a golden cage, terrified of letting the thing locked in there with him smell his fear. If Agent promise protection, Houshian turns state's evidence gratefully, handing over his research and his Level-3 Security Access Card (see [“Security”](#) on page xx)

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Examining Y2

Any Agents with training in a relevant **Science** skill who inspects the dried, discarded Y2 plant found in Dakota Knight's home finds insect contamination. Even dry and frail with rot, the carapace joints of a fly's legs, coxa to trochanter to femur to tibia, zig-zag through the marijuana's trichome hairs. That realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Agents that succeed with **Pharmacy** or relevant **Science** tests discover that, though there's not much viable material left for analysis, the narcotic was exceptionally strong. Rather than decaying like the natural THCA molecules of *cannabis sativa* plants, free radicals in the decayed Y2 show trace compounds more akin to the breakdown of naphthoylindoles, the synthetic cannabinoids used as active ingredients in K2 and Spice. Y2 produces complex psychoactive chain molecules that don't have a pharmaceutical classification via metabolic or chemical processes that should not be possible. That realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

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xxx BEGIN HANDOUTS xxx

<S1>Dakota Knight's Growth Journal

An Agent with access to Knight's computer or passwords can find a long journal he keeps in a cloud service for updating by computer, tablet, or phone as the mood takes him. These entries represent an analyst's summaries of Knight's meanderings.

<S2>2013–2014: Excalibur and GAP

Dakota Knight spent his twenties resenting his role as general manager for one of his wealthy father's Knight Chevrolet car dealerships. He broke out on his own in 2013 by founding Excalibur Solutions LLC, a consulting firm that existed as little more than a post office box and a business card. Knight hoped that a brief stint in sales and his family's old-boy network of Colorado businessmen would be enough to carry him through.

12 JUN 2013: Biotech firm Genetic Agricultural Products hires Excalibur Solutions to assist their transition from medical to recreational marijuana. Dakota Knight's father, Bill Knight, is a generous donor in Colorado state politics. GAP hopes that the Knights' political connections can speed the approval process. Dakota Knight thinks he has it made.

Problems begin almost immediately. While at GAP headquarters in Chicago, Knight is under constant escort. His tours and meetings are more like prisoner transfers. His questions about the origins of revenue streams get only lies, platitudes, or silence in reply. Most workers in the company can't tell him what their bosses look like, let alone what other departments exist or produce. In his rare meetings with GAP CEO and chairwoman Cho Chu-tSao, she seems to look somehow *through* him while they speak. As if she were examining an X-ray of his chest rather than a man.

The work proves even less pleasant. Knight initially assumes the company must be joking when they provide the licensing paperwork. The proposed managers of GAP dispensaries are exclusively immigrants, many with criminal records. The political and business contacts of the Knight family originated in Colorado cattle dynasties. They are maintained in the present day with drunken fishing trips, line dancing at country-western bars, and a steady supply of steeply-discounted Chevy trucks. Dakota Knight knows he is *never* going to get his father's friends to fast-track dispensary licenses for foreign ex-cons with face tattoos.

A heavy marijuana user since high school, Knight at least finds the product promising. The crop yields GAP reports seem impossible, but a visit to their medicinal marijuana grow operation in Washington prove the claims. When they finally let him smoke some, he is suddenly as high as the first time he lit up in Jimmy Waverly's basement. Nothing else cuts through his tolerance like that.

1 JAN 2014: Colorado officially becomes the first state to sell recreational cannabis. Thirty-seven licensed dispensaries are opened across the state.

6 FEB 2014: GAP's signature cannabis line, Yerba Loca, proves difficult to cultivate on industrial scale due to limited reproduction. Yerba Loca (Yerba1 or Y1) clones pass inspection as nothing besides exceptionally potent, but cloning could never produce enough inventory for recreational demand. It takes Knight weeks to convince GAP to seed another crop. He never gets a convincing explanation for the reluctance. The new and more potent strain (Yerba2 or Y2) fails Colorado Department of Public Health and Environment testing at three different labs. The private

laboratories—Sahara Analytics (Wheat Ridge, Colorado), Atrium Laboratories (Durango, Colorado), and Minerva Labs (Lafayette, Colorado)—find nothing wrong with the cannabinoid and pesticide profiles, but each crop of Yerba2 suffers unacceptably high insect-part contamination: around 15,000 PPM. The contaminant DNA matched the common housefly, *Musca domestica*. Attentive consumers sometimes saw what looked like fly legs amongst the stems.

26 MAY 2014: GAP market penetration of legalized marijuana continues to fall. The competitive advantage of Yerba Loca’s decreased maturation time fails to scale with the rapidly-expanding production of competing natural strains. The failure of subsequent strains of Yerba Loca to pass licensure discourages investment. GAP faces what Knight calls discriminatory licensing practices against its cannabis businesses, all owned by members of the little-known Chauchua diaspora from southeast Asia. Combating that discrimination requires significant investment. Meanwhile, GAP’s share of the agricultural and food additive market continues exponential growth for the fifth year in a row. GAP CEO and chairwoman Cho Chu-tsoo decides to pivot GAP away from cannabis. She orders all genetic iterations of Yerba Loca locked in a vault, stops production, fires Excalibur Solutions, and focuses the business entirely on more lucrative agricultural biotech.

<S2>2014–2015: Avalon Gardens and ISD

27 MAY 2014: On his last way out the door, Knight steals seeds from a mature Y2 plant. He has been using private samples of the Y2 strain since being hired a year ago. He disagrees with GAP’s refusal to push to market. He asks his father to call in favors with Gov. Hickenlooper to fast-track the license of his own company, Avalon Gardens.

10 AUG 2014: Knight discovers the reason for Y2’s consistent contamination while examining the stems of his basement crop with a magnifying glass: living, chimeric insect legs emerge twitching among the trichomes. The labs had been sent flake—shaken cola from mature plants—for testing, so the grinding process made the infestation seem secondary rather than innate. Knight regards his finding as a marketing problem to address in the next generation. He has been smoking Y2 for over a year.

10 SEP 2014: Federal prohibitions mean most banks still refuse to work with marijuana-based businesses. The Colorado recreational industry remains almost entirely cash-based, requiring customers to use on-site ATMs for transactions. Armed robbery of dispensaries and their cash shipments becomes common. Dakota Knight hires USMC vet John Bellamy of Instant Deterrent Security to protect his fledgling operation.

15 SEP 2015: With a \$10 million initial investment between father and son, Avalon Gardens opens its first grow operation and dispensary outside Greeley, Colorado. The operation is set up inside the remains of a failed motocross dealership owned by Bill Knight. As is typical of many dispensaries, the opening day inventory is purchased from other growers, with plans to supplement vertically-integrated stock as production comes online.

<S2>2015: Yerba al Cubo

See **Y3: YERBA AL CUBO** on page XX for more details on that strain.

16 OCT 2015: Dakota Knight discovers surprisingly quick fertility, growth, and mutation in a third iteration of Yerba Loca. His Y3 (“Yerba al Cubo”) crop matures in less than two months and at three times the expected yield. Unfortunately, visually distressing insect contamination means Y3 would never pass state inspections. To bring Y3 to market, Knight turns to distillates. Vape liquids, shatter, oils, and food additives are tested *after* the production process. Not only does the purification process remove traces of abnormal insect contamination in Y3, it results in a better plant-to-oil ratio than any product on the market, creating 67% more distillate from the same crop size. Its 1.73-to-1 plant-to-extract ratio is more than double what most labs can achieve. The plant has one of the highest concentrations of THCA ever discovered, and it remains remarkably stable even under high temperatures. The result is a 99% pure THC liquid. Those results should not be possible.

29 OCT 2015: Recognizing a competitive advantage, Knight focuses all cultivation towards the production of THC shatter, hash oil, additives, and distillates made from Y3. Everything provided for mass market uses Y3 cannabis, with only different artificial flavorings to distinguish them.

1 NOV 2015: Dakota Knight’s first two attempts to germinate seeds beyond Y3 have failed. Promising Y4 shoots appear but wither after only a few weeks. Eventually, Knight realizes what is wrong: the crop need a new fertilizer. A fertilizer he had seen in his dream. The one dream he’d been allowed to have for the past year. For those few hours a week the drug let him sleep. On Halloween, Knight uses a fake dating profile on Tinder to lure University of Colorado student Shana Edwards into a Chevy Tahoe borrowed off his father’s showroom. He enacts a violent fantasy on her multiple times, then buries her corpse in the hydroponics filtration system of Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site Growhouse A. The first Y4 crop springs up the next day.

30 NOV 2015: Knight indiscriminately murders three more sexual partners during the month of November, disposing of the bodies within the hydroponics of Growhouse A and Growhouse B at Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site.

12 DEC 2015: Hopelessly addicted to Yerba al Cubo, Dakota Knight becomes protective of his stolen discovery. Despite record profits and plans to expand Avalon Gardens into multiple cities, he refuses to grow more plants than can be cloned from Y3 strains. His refusal to expand production slows growth. He fires over half his agricultural staff, limiting access to the greenhouse only to those he feels can “understand” the mysteries of the plant.

<S2>2016–2017: Y4+

28 FEB 2016: Dakota Knight begins harvesting and processing Y4 strains. Though structurally similar to Y3, the cola of each bud features a smattering of white larval pods, similar to the eggs of parasitoid wasps. No creature hatches from the sacs, but each contains a whitish-orange fluid Knight does not understand. After he eats the first white egg, he no longer cares to understand, for now he can truly see. He secretly replaces all “employee appreciation samples” at the Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site with the more potent variant. He convinces his father, Bill Knight, to start using the product.

1 MAR 2016: Dakota Knight becomes an early adopter of the TikTok social media platform, crafting the persona of a fitness and lifestyle influencer to promote his brand. @AvalonStrong

enjoys over a million followers by late 2017. He uses the platform to find victims for his increasingly depraved urges for sex and murder.

16 JUN 2016: Avalon Gardens holds the grand opening of the Valley Dirtlands Sports Complex next to their Greeley grow operation. Finishing the extreme sports park once planned by his father further invests Dakota Knight in the community, insulates the company from attention, and drowns the screams of his victims in the roar of dirtbike engines.

1 JAN 2017: Three years since legalization, there are now more marijuana dispensaries than Starbucks in Colorado. Y3-derived products are sold all over the state and are penetrating markets on the West Coast. Avalon Gardens’s millions fail to become billions only due to self-imposed supply shortages and limitations on demand: Y3 products, decidedly not for beginners, are marketed only to heavy users.

3 MAR 2017: Brady Tavish, age 17, drives his family’s 2015 Mitsubishi Carvana through the atrium windows of East High School in Denver during a fundraiser. Miraculously, no one is killed as the vehicle smashes into a pillar, though one English teacher has both femurs shattered. Emergency room personnel diagnose Tavish with cannabis-induced psychosis, likely from the “Excaliblurr Blueberry” cartridges found on his person. Brady is merely the most spectacular of 17 hospitalizations, breakdowns, and violent outbursts associated with Avalon Gardens products in 2017. The incidents are a blip amongst the 56% increase in marijuana-related poison center calls since 2009. Dakota Knight has been secretly dosing his staff with the more powerful Y4 distillate for a year.

UNDATED: Y6, in Growhouse C, is Dakota Knight’s most exciting iteration yet. He reserves access for himself. He instinctually understands that anyone not fully infused with the strain’s healing vapors lie outside its nature, useful only as fertilizing rot. Exposing others to the crop would see them consumed by its pollinators and its winding, twitching vines. The moist stings of pollinators crawling across his naked skin has become the only way he can achieve sexual climax, the product of which he feeds back into the roots. He fantasizes hourly about calling all his workers to Growhouse C for an “emergency meeting” and opening the doors wide. He dreams about being reconsumed by nature itself and becoming a single, sprawling network of creation. He longs to ascend to heaven on a chorus of screams. The only thing stopping him is a greater desire to see how Y7 turns out.

<T1>The Y-Strain Line

STRAIN	THC	THCA	CBD	RETAIL	NOTES
Y1 (Yerba Loca)	2.1%	31%	0.071%	Yes	Marketed as Yerba Loca
Y2	~3.3%	est. 30%+	?	No	unnamed
Y3 flower	5.3%	35%	0.198%	No	Yerba al Cubo, not marketed as a flower
Y3 distillate	99%	?	?	Yes	Marketed as Yerba al Cubo in distillates such as Excaliblurr Blueberry and Guine-verve Cherry

Y4	?	?	?	No	never tested
Y5	?	?	?	No	never tested
Y6	?	?	?	No	never tested
Y7	?	?	?	No	to be determined

xxx END HANDOUTS xxx

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Investigating Yerba Loca

Any Agent looking into Yerba Loca learns the following: The base genetics of *Yerba Loca* originate in Blue Dream, a sativa-dominant strain engineered in 2003 as a hybridization of DJ Short Blueberry and Super Silver Haze. Naturally-fertilized Blue Dream seeds typically produce in the 18% THC potency range with low CBD expression. It is one of the most popular and easily obtained marijuana plants in the world. *Yerba Loca* exhibits even broader leaves than its forebear, matures in as little as six weeks, and boasts nearly twice the THC potency. The flavor profile is also dramatically altered, losing its berry notes in favor of a sharp, spicy profile that *High Times* once described as “like smoking a caffeinated cigar.” Reviews of the strain’s energetic high and unmatched potency made *Yerba Loca* an infamous strain in the mid-2000s. However, rarity kept prices high and limited availability outside the largest urban centers. It went off the market in 2014.

An Agent who seeks more details and who has **Science (Botany), Science (Biology), Medicine, or Pharmacy** at 50% or higher, or succeeds at a roll, learns that the University of Mississippi Marijuana Research Project has a full genetic sequence of it from a sample sent to them in 2014 by DEA Special Agent Olivia Morales. The documentation is readily available in the form of a PDF.

An Agent who reviews the university’s tests of Yerba Loca and has **Science (Botany), Science (Biology), Medicine, or Pharmacy** at 50% or higher, or succeeds at a roll, notices a critical oversight. *Yerba Loca* scores at zero, or nearly zero, on every test for pesticide contamination. In the modern day, any plant grown in soil is likely to have at least *some* pesticide contamination. Not so for *Y1*. To find a plant of such virginal purity in nature would require a time machine to the pre-industrial age. The realization costs that Agent **0/1 SAN** from the unnatural.

xxx END BOX xxx

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Contacting Agent Morales

An Agent who works in federal law enforcement or a closely related field can find Morales easily at the DEA Chicago Division office. Morales is not a member of Delta Green, but she’s happy to speak to those with federal law enforcement credentials about her former assignment. It was declared cold and removed from her case load last year.

She found the marijuana that she sent to M-Project in a mistress' apartment owned by a suspected lieutenant in the Sinaloa cartel. The weed was dried out due to long abandonment. At the time, Morales was part of an investigation into "Ghost Monday": the night of 12 MAR 2012, the DEA lost contact with nearly a dozen high-ranking Sinaloa intelligence contacts. Morales was tasked with investigating the abandoned property of the disappearing suspects. The M-Project request was low-priority and took a year and a half to come back. It did not indicate anything pertinent to a DEA case. (If the Agents point out the strangeness of the sample's lack of pesticides, that's new to Morales. She didn't notice it. But it doesn't change the status of the case.)

If the Agents ask what she thinks happened on Ghost Monday, Morales's theory is that someone at Homeland Security got loose lips with shared DEA intel. But it doesn't particularly matter. The cartel personnel who disappeared were close associates of the Guzman brothers. Once the last of that family had been purged from Sinaloa leadership, the DEA saw no more reason to waste Morales's time looking for them.

If the Agents want deeper details or other rumors about Ghost Monday, Morales says the DEA intercepted phone chatter around that time about recent disputes with a small-time associate organization named Tong Shokuran. Agent Morales dismisses the idea that Tong Shokuran could have been responsible for the vanishings. They would have had to be "everywhere at once." Besides, most "Death's Head" members were in prison or dead by the time she started looking. In contrast to the DEA, the Program's leadership is going to become very, *very* attentive if Agents mention "Tong Shokuran." (See [Program Priorities](#) on page XX.)

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>Backlash

The average Avalon Gardens employee is as reluctant to cooperate with law enforcement as any dispensary worker (see [Denver Greens](#) Dispensary, page xx). They report interactions with authorities to management at first opportunity. If they assume investigations stem from an over-reach of federal drug enforcement, they happily say as much to the press.

However, those that abstain from the Y4+ products at work remain rational. They think they're working a legal job for a slightly shady boss. Sharing evidence of kidnappings, murder, or other serious crimes ensure sane employees to want nothing more than to quit. These average folk might even be flipped into intelligence assets by Agents that threaten them with culpability in Avalon Gardens' crimes, but their lack of espionage training means they risk exposing as much as they learn.

Management is another story. The Knights and Bellamy are permanently insane. They already suspect threats to the crop around every corner, and they have a small army of brain-addled heavy users to position against the Agents. If Avalon Gardens management learns of the Agents' investigation, the company becomes a much harder target.

If they perceive federal interest as another anti-drug crusade, they go out of their way to blow the story wide open in the press and lawyer up. Knight then makes hasty plans to smuggle Y-strain out of the country.

If they think they're facing a more serious investigation, Bellamy takes active countermeasures using the IDS security team. The exact shape of the response depends on what they know. If Bellamy knows only a single Agent's identity, he juices up a couple of his heaviest users for a late-night kidnapping. One IDS armored Trailhawk lures the Agent away while another follows. For a larger enemy force, he tries to engineer a firefight with the full three-car IDS convoy, screaming "Gun! Gun!" during a traffic stop for any inconvenient cameras.

Bellamy tries to arrange these "tragic misunderstandings" in secluded areas where he can ditch the bodies and pretend IDS was never there. But if it's necessary, he's not opposed to a gunfight in the middle of a crowded city street. Everyone in management finds death preferable to life without their holy medicine.

<H1>New Orders

Delta Green's priorities depend entirely on the explanations Agents provide for Reznik's death. These priorities might very well contradict the values of Agents, but that's the nature of working for a completely unaccountable deep state conspiracy.

<H2>Mass Exposure

If the Program learns the substance that killed Reznik is being widely used amongst the population, it orders the Agents to shut Avalon Gardens down. Friendly assets move to plant evidence of tax evasion in the business's paper trail, and a new "independent study" is commissioned for the sole purpose of finding carcinogenic pesticide contamination in Avalon Gardens products. It's up to the Agents to provide legal cover for destroying the source, and if necessary to arrange a "false flag" shootout that burns the whole place to the ground. The Program can't start throwing its weight around until the Agents assure it the source of the contamination can be eliminated with plausible deniability.

ORDERS:

- Provide evidence that justifies law enforcement action against Avalon Gardens.
- Shut down Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site and neutralize any threats.
 - Eliminate Dakota and Bill Knight, along with any collaborators or witnesses.
 - Destroy all Avalon Gardens products, production equipment, seed vaults, and facilities.
 - Destroy all forensic evidence, surveillance footage, and other materials linking Avalon Gardens products to the crimes or the involvement of the unnatural.

<H2>Suspected Homicides

The Program is perversely relieved to hear evidence linking the Knights to multiple disappearances. The possibility of finding evidence of murders immediately opens Valley Dirtland for search warrants. But the Program does not want to deal with the political risk of its Agents accusing the well-connected Knights of the crimes. The Program tells the Agents to pin the murders on some lower-level employee and make sure the Knights and their collaborators die in a crossfire or hostage-taking gone wrong.

FURTHER ORDERS:

- Identify a “suspect” for the disappearances of Shana Edwards, Benjamin Molnar, Cutter Lambert, Lola Delahoz, Taylyn Freeman, Lyle Carter, and Margery Lindbottom. The suspect must...
 - ...be male and between the ages of 20 and 55, preferably white.
 - ...be employed at Avalon Gardens.
 - ...remain unconnected to the Knight family through anything save employment.
 - ...die “resisting arrest.”
- Collect DNA evidence for identification of murder victims discovered on site.

<H2>\$25 Million in the Vault

While Avalon Gardens’ recent banking problem offers some opportunity for IRS intervention, the Program fears wielding such blunt instruments would bring too much attention. Those funds would better serve the Program’s mission. Delta Green seeds rumors of Avalon Gardens’s fat withdrawal from Fourth Corner Credit Union among online forums, criminal informants, and DEA signals intelligence. It directs the Agents to play the part of the first opportunistic stick-up crew to take a shot at the prize.

FURTHER ORDERS:

- Confiscate and extract all funds found on site.

<H2>Connections to Yerba Loca

The Agents’ case officer seems initially unimpressed by a connection between the Y-strain and the Sinoloa cartel. Most marijuana strains have past associations with one criminal organization or another. That attitude changes to *intense* interest if the Agents mention Tong Shukoran or GAP. They order the Agents to wait while they contact leadership.

The answer comes mere minutes later in an encrypted email. It’s a variety of close-up photos and artist renderings of a certain style of tattoo, depicting a human skull surrounded by strange symbols. The Agents are shown the mugshots of a number of southeast Asian men and women they have never seen before. The case officer asks the Agents, again and again, if they’ve seen this imagery *anywhere* in their investigations. The group’s Handler is uncharacteristically insistent in their questioning.

Only when it becomes clear the Agents haven’t seen any trace of the file’s contents does the briefing continue. The Program’s directives become more severe. Agents are assured that evidence of “terrorist activity” will be found on site, and the Agents must plant it if it’s not, and take the most extreme measures they can bring to bear on the target.

Whether this leads to further digging into the fate of Tong Shukoran or the leadership of GAP—whether the Agents find further intel on them at Valley Dirtlands and what they find—is up to the Handler. The inhuman cult behind Genetic Agricultural Products cultivated *Yerba Loca (Y1)* by performing the ritual *Call Forth Haedi Nigritiae* on May Eve, feeding the summoned entity a living sacrifice, palpating the udder-like protuberance that extends during its digestive fugue, and collecting

its yellow-white discharge in a copper bowl. Immersing Blue Dream seeds in that liquid produced the *Y1* plant. For possibilities or inspiration, see the *Handler's Guide*, *Countdown*, *The Millennium*, and the scenarios "Reverberations" and "The Star Chamber" in *Delta Green: A Night at the Opera* and "Secondary Infections" in *The Unspeakable Oath* issue 25.

FURTHER ORDERS:

- Capture or kill anyone suspected of cultivating or using *Yerba Loca*.
- Capture and extract any intel suggesting the involvement of Tong Shukoran or GAP.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Watching God's Teeth

If the Program becomes aware of Reznik's origins at Cornucopia House or knows of *any* of the abilities bestowed upon the Teeth, secondary teams are activated to monitor the Agents. The Program wants to make certain some cumulative corruption experienced by the initial victim isn't in store for the Agents. More urgently, they want to know if anything about the Teeth's condition can be weaponized against the unnatural.

A van equipped with broad-spectrum surveillance capabilities is secretly positioned near Valley Dirtlands. Its mission is to observe and report on the Agents' operation. If spotted, the van flees before Agents can approach. If Agents manage to capture or attempt to pursue the observers, the Program quickly contacts them and orders withdrawal. Realizing the Program is feeding them into an unnatural war to test the combat metrics of their curse costs 0/1 **SAN** from helplessness.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>Tactical Assets

Whatever the Agents report, the Program almost certainly wants them to shut Avalon Gardens and Valley Dirtlands down. If the Agents ask for tactical backup in such a daunting undertaking, they get it. Epsilon shows up 24 hours after the Agents ask for them. See **SRT EPSILON** on page XX for their details.

Epsilon's shooters fly from Quantico with their own gear. They requisition the Denver SRT unit's black, armored Chevy Suburban (HP 35, Armor 10) and pile into its two front seats and its four fore-and-aft facing rear seats, weapons stacked as cargo in the back. Denver SRT gets no clear explanation as to why its agents aren't being sent themselves. With local DEA and with the Delta Green Agents who asked for them, Epsilon's people can't help but play the arrogant specialists coming from out of town to handle what the locals can't.

Team leader Robert 'Fud' Astra demands full tactical command as a prerequisite for Epsilon's assistance. He won't have amateurs clogging up the killbox, and if the Agents could do it themselves, they would not have called him. If the Agents agree to that, hand the players the SRT Epsilon character sheets. They didn't think the Handler was going to play this whole thing out, did they?

The players can decide which of their original Agents stay behind in a blacked-out surveillance van, monitoring progress on body cam feeds, and which—if any—accompany the SRT. Players whose Agents stay behind take over SRT operators on the raid. One is Astra. They can choose others as they like. The rest of the SRT operators are NPCs following their lead.

Set a scene with the SRT in the basement of the DEA Division Office in Denver. Let the players get to know their new Agents. Let them plan the operation in character as the specialists from Epsilon. They have an armory of gear and every bit of the intel on Avalon Gardens assembled thus far in the game.

The members of SRT Epsilon have big personalities. They've spent the last few months blasting automatic gunfire around each other's heads in live-fire exercises. Ask the players to roleplay how these hotshots get along and prepare to work.

<H1>Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site

Designed as a showroom and warehouse for motocross vehicles, Valley Dirtlands now houses the entirety of Avalon Gardens production. The sprawling, T-shaped warehouse of Valley Dirtlands Cultivation Site measures over 170,000 square feet or 16,000 square meters. Two-thirds of it is two stories high with sheet metal walls. The timber-and-plaster western wing is only one story, added later to house the Round Table Dispensary. The Avalon sword/cannabis crest stands painted across the facility's eastern face.

There are few windows. Only the lobby of the dispensary can be seen from outside. Large garage doors on the loading docks and vehicle bay are opened only to let vehicles in or out.

Employees in the dispensary and processing lab use the same parking lot as customers, at the southwest corner of the property. A gravel path cuts around the main entrance and through blue spruce trees along the western lawn to the northern employee entrance, a Level 1 lock.

A chainlink fence divides a restricted parking lot from the gravel road that leads to the sports complex. Opening the gate requires the same Level 2 magnetic card needed to open the southern employee entrance. This is where cultivators, management, and IDS security park.

The site rests on a small plateau between Greeley and C&C USA, a slaughterhouse that processes 22,000 cattle a day. A bad wind can send the reek of manure and offal over the entire property.

The Sport Complex is located down a slope in a former quarry filled with dirt ramps and obstacles for buggies and dirtbikes. Motocross enthusiasts need only sign a legal waiver to use the course. At nearly all hours, the rotten air around Valley Dirtlands seethes with the scream of engines and music blasting.

<H2>Hours and Staffing

Extended surveillance or canvassing the Valley Dirtlands workforce can reveal the following.

Round Table Dispensary is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sunday through Thursday and 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday. Openers arrive an hour early and shifts are staffed by anywhere from five to nine workers, depending on customer volume. These employees stick to the northwest side of the facility. They never take smoke breaks in the southeast employee lot. Many employees are students at the University of Northern Colorado.

Lab technicians show up at 9 a.m. sharp, Monday through Saturday, entering either through the loading dock or northern employee entrance. They're usually gone by 5 p.m. Three or four out of a staff of six are on duty on any given day. Reza Houshian shows up six days a week and is often last to leave.

Agriculture cultivators use the southeastern employee lot and enter at the rear of the building. They work the night shift, monitoring grow lamps, harvesting, and replanting depleted rows. During the day shift when the dispensary and lab are open, there's usually only a single cultivator on duty. Night shifts last from 7 p.m. to 3 p.m.. The day Agtech works 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Two or three IDS guards are on site during operation. One checks IDs at the customer entrance and the others are deeper inside the facility. Every night after close, there's at least one IDS employee car in the lot for a night watch. With increasing frequency, this shift is covered by IDS CEO John Bellamy.

Two Jeep Grand Cherokee Trailhawks sit in the southeastern employee lot. These vehicles are armored with ballistic glass. IDS uses them to deliver product to and collect payment from client dispensaries around the state. On days when they go out, all nine IDS guards are on call: two three-man elements in the jeeps plus a stay-behind security team. Bellamy keeps a third armored Trailhawk as his personal vehicle.

Bill Knight's vehicle almost never appears at the facility. His cellphone hasn't been on site in two months.

Dakota Knight rarely leaves the facility. Cellphone GPS and close observation can place his truck on the premises for 72 hours at a stretch.

<H2>Location of Personnel

See the **EMPLOYEE LOCATION** table for suggestions. Exact placement of staff is left to for the Handler to decide. That allows the Handler to adjust the challenge to suit their Agents or more formidable tactical assets (page xx). A turkey shoot can be turned deadly if IDS heavy users come back from their routes early. Dawdling Agents can be prodded into action when Y-strain activates docile prisoners to protect the crop (page xx). Innocent employees and civilians give non-combat Agents a moment to shine as rescuers, or provide moral conundrums if things go wrong.

No amount of planning turns a map into a territory. Even standard operations suffer from bad intel, unexpected resistance, and bad luck. Avalon Gardens hides an unnatural narcotic death cult so secret that most employees don't even know they're members. Things are going to go weird and wrong in there. It's the Handler's job to make sure of it.

Round Table Dispensary serves an daily average of 100 customers, but that number can triple on weekends when the Sports Complex draws a big crowd.

<T1>Employee Location

Employees	Security	Heavy User?	On Site	Likely Location
16 budtenders	Level 1	Some	5 to 9 (day)	Round Table Dispensary
10 cultivators	Level 2	Most	4 or 5 (night) 1 (day)	Grow operation
6 technicians	Level 2	Most	6 (day)	Processing lab
9 IDS guards	Level 3	All	3	Customer entrance (1) Stockroom (1) Main floor (1)
Dakota Knight	Level 4	Yes	Usually	Roaming (day) Processing lab (night)
Bill Knight	Level 4	Yes	Never	n/a
Reza Houshian	Level 3	No	Often	Laboratory
John Bellamy	Level 3	Yes	Usually	Roaming

<H2>Security

Security at Valley Dirtlands is outsourced to Instant Deterrent Solutions. The company's sparse website claims it was founded in 2010 by owner John Bellamy. The operation has expanded considerably since, from two full time staff to 10. All officers come from law enforcement or active-duty military backgrounds. They boast an impressive array of armed security certifications. Tax records show Avalon Gardens paid IDS almost \$1 million last year.

On paper, IDS seems to be an exemplary, if small, private contractor. Bellamy served in the 3rd Battalion, 1st Marine Division during the battle of Fallujah. He was injured in Operation PHANTOM FURY, honorably discharged and sent home with a Purple Heart.

Gaining more information than what's offered on the company website requires a larger study of Bellamy (see page XX) or Avalon Gardens's [Labor](#) force (page XX), or active surveillance of the organization.

<H3>Observable Overkill

IDS doesn't advertise its routes or tactics. Employees maintain strict opsec on social media. Getting a read on the security team requires real tradecraft, in the form of an extended tail on vehicles. An Agent with successful **Drive** roll opposed by an IDS guard's **Alertness** can shadow the convey as it runs deliveries for Avalon. Failure could mean IDS calls local police on the Agents. Depending on

how many [Heavy Users](#) (page xx) the Handler decides are in the crew, corrupted guards may even attempt to draw unwanted followers into an ambush: See **BACKLASH** on page XX.

Any Agent watching IDS can tell it is shockingly well armed. Robbery is certainly a concern for a cash business, but IDS rolls out like they've confused Denver for Mosul. Each driver wears a sidearm and escorts carry HK G36 rifles with optics. They handle the weapons competently. The high-end German assault weapons, plus body armor and encrypted radios, probably put \$12K worth of gear on each man. An agent who makes a **Military Science** roll notices that the IDS Jeeps ride so low that they must have more armor than a lot of Humvees serving in active theaters. In short, any operation against Avalon Gardens that doesn't neutralize IDS might quickly find itself in a warzone.

<H3>The Security System

According to Avalon Gardens tax records, Lion Eyes Automation installed the Valley Dirtlands security system in 2015. Lion Eyes does not share those specs freely. If forced to give up the information with a warrant, their first move after complying is to alert the Knights of the investigation. See **BACKLASH** on page XX.

Hacking the security specifications and admin access out from under Lion Eyes Automation requires a test such as **Disguise, Persuade, or Stealth** to physically plant a virus-infected thumb drive on a Lion Eyes computer, then a **Computer Science** test opposed by a sysadmin with **Computer Science** at 60%. A critical success gains admin privileges. Failure gets the Agent locked out of the network. A fumble lets security backtrace the Agent's IP address and location.

Agents who have Dakota Knight's login (see options in **MANAGEMENT** on page XX) get admin privileges without having to roll, but intrusion into the local network must occur inside range of the Valley Dirtlands wi-fi security network, within 10 meters of the building.

Agents that hack their way inside learn the full layout of Valley Dirtlands. They can collect real-time visual surveillance on every room in the building except Greenhouses A, B, and C, which have no cameras. They also learn about the four-tier keycard system used for internal security amongst employees.

With admin privileges, they learn that Dakota Knight has installed a backdoor kill switch into the video surveillance system. The cameras are programmed to enter shutdown after the blind command is issued. Gaps in archived footage indicate frequent use, always late at night and spanning two years. Knight has also coded his own locks on Greenhouses A, B, and C, only accessible with a Level 4 card. With admin privileges and a **Computer Science** test, the Agents have as much control as they want. They can blind the entire facility, shut down the lights, or issue a fire code that triggers an evacuation unlock on all doors in the building.

<T1>Security Codes

Security codes are progressive. A Level-3 card opens locks coded to 2 and 1, as well. Level-4's unlock the whole building.

Security Level	Locations	Cardholders
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Level 1	Lobby, Round Table Dispensary, employee lockers, stockroom	Budtenders, salespersons
Level 2	As above and loading dock, processing lab, chemical storage, main room, vehicle bay	Processing technicians, cultivators, other back-of-house staff
Level 3	As above and employee lot, vault, armory, offices	Reza Houshian, IDS personnel
Level 4	Master override	Bill Knight, Dakota Knight

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Y-Strain Fights Back

Y-strain can “see” through the perceptions of Y4+ users who are nearby and actively high. If the strain learns the Agents intend to kill it, it triggers a self-defense response in every heavy user in the area. If Agents use Y4+ themselves (or are dosed with it prior to entering Valley Dirtlands), the strain already knows their intentions and provokes these psychotic breaks as soon as the Agent encounters a heavy user.

Shub-Niggurath’s influence dissolves the lipid layers that slow metabolization of unnatural compounds in the user’s system, dumping weapons-grade psychotropics into the bloodstream. That almost always means some violent or self-destructive impulse, but the exact shape of the [Bad Trip](#) (page xx) varies.

If Dakota Knight knows the crop is threatened, he fights to throw open the doors to Growhouse C and feed the entire facility to the [Pollinators](#).

A dispensary worker might stumble and slur for a bit before cooperating with authorities...only to rush an SRT officer, pull the pin on their stun grenade, and gleefully shout “Tag! You’re It!” before the explosion.

They light fires, staring dumbly at the flames even while being consumed.

They grab clipping shears and attempt to prune Agents into more desirable shapes.

They attempt cannibalism and sexual assault, lost in a fugue of manic waking nightmare.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>The Lobby

Even during peak hours of operation, there are rarely more than two Level-1 employees and a guard working the lobby. Heavy users tend to avoid front of house shifts. Short staffing and constant customer interaction make smoke breaks infrequent.

Customers enter the glass foyer, show ID, and have their photos taken by the security camera above the door. An armed IDS guard buzzes the customer into the lobby, half hospital waiting room and half head shop. Customers approach the counter to report whether they're shopping recreationally or medically. Their names are entered into the computer system.

Flat screen TVs scroll past product menus announce when the budtenders inside are ready for the next customer. Lobby staff buzz the customer through to Round Table proper.

The other exit is a Level 2 door in the southeast corner leading to the main floor (page xx). Nobody working frontline in the dispensary has entry permission. Access was only added as an evacuation point to meet fire code.

<H2>Round Table Dispensary

Heavy users prefer to work in the dispensary. The work can be demanding but there are frequent lulls. It's easy to dip out for a quick vape break at the north employee lockers or the loading dock.

Round Table Dispensary is set up like the line for a roller coaster. Customers wait near a wall of flatscreens that scroll through the menu. The majority of budtenders and other Level-1 staff work in this room. When a budtender is available, they call the next person behind the retractable belt railing and "walk the line" with the customer, answering questions and pointing out products behind glass display counters that line the walls. Upon reaching the register, the budtender checks out the customer, retrieving products from the shelving behind them.

All distillates, shatter, oils, extracts, and edibles prominently feature Avalon Gardens products first. The few other distillate brands only stay in the inventory as a consolation for "lightweights" new to marijuana. The Y3 products are by far the best sellers, and the gap grows bigger every month as repeat customers keep trying to outspend their tolerance. There is no Avalon-brand flower on offer. All the eighths are bought wholesale from other cultivators and sold here at cost.

<H2>Employee Lockers

The employee lockers are mainly used by cultivators, processors, and staff that expect to get dirty, but there are enough units for budtenders to drop off belongings before a shift. Almost no one uses a padlock. It has as many amenities as the space will allow: coffee maker, pool table, and a basket of "defects" from the processing lab, free to any employee. More often than not, workers spend their breaks here chatting. Or with the next shift waiting to clock in. Or with the last shift that hasn't left yet. It feels like home.

Heavy users frequently, duck out the north employee entrance for a vape break. They don't know that Knight disabled the smoke detector months ago. He likes to hit Y6 and play pool while waiting for the processors to finish the latest batch of "employee appreciation" product.

Agents with uncontested access to the employee lockers can make a **Luck** roll to find that an employee was dumb enough to leave behind an access card. Roll **Search** to see if the Agent finds it

before an employee challenges their presence. A fumble on either roll means an IDS guard finds them. Roll 1D10 for the quality of the keycard.

<T1>Random Keycard

1D10	Card Security	Source
1	Level 3	A fired IDS guard; the card is deactivated and using it trips a silent alarm
2-6	Level 1	A budtender
7-9	Level 2	A lab technician
10	Level 3	IDS security

<H2>Stockroom

The stockroom is lined with mass market bookshelves. A counter set atop wide, tool-rack drawers runs down the middle of the room. Every surface is stacked to bursting with surplus Avalon product, more than they could put on the market without flooding supply. Destroying the stock would take production offline for months and cost nearly a million in damage.

An IDS guard is assigned her during all hours of operation, watching the security feed on three monitors on the desk. The guard often leaves the station unattended, preferring to blast *Y4+* and chat with co-workers around the lockers whenever the boss isn't around.

Budtenders working in the backroom can head directly to their shift from the employee lockers to the north. Dispensary workers have their own Level-1 door to retrieve product for customers. The door to the processing lab lacks a security card reader for convenience, as it allows easy access to the loading dock.

<H2>Offices

The business offices sit at the nexus of the facility's processing lab, lobby, and main floor. The door's placement bespeaks the hands-on attitude of the management. The interior reveals three men's slide into madness.

<H3>Bellamy IDS

When not on the move with the convoy, Bellamy prefers to patrol the perimeter. Patrol and smoke. His office is exclusively for payroll. Only a small circle on the desk around the keyboard breaks the patina of dust on all the office furniture. The computer contains nothing save IDS tax documents and payroll information. Bellamy doesn't even use the desktop to answer emails.

The office phone has been hooked up and has a number listed on the company website. It has never been answered. If they access the voicemail, Agents are the first to do so. After getting past the default message, they hear a series of increasingly desperate calls from Bellamy's ex-wife, urging him to at least answer his children's texts. There's also a wellness check from Bellamy's therapist, Dr. Rateliff, pleading for her former patient to find treatment elsewhere.

<H3>Dakota Knight

A giant flatscreen television adorns one wall, connected to a gaming console and surround sound speaker system. Mid-century modern office chairs and a beige sofa sit atop red carpet, composing a cozy meeting space at the mercy of Knight's perch behind a giant mahogany desk. The garish furnishings make clear the office was designed to entertain the powerful acquaintances a ganjapreneur might need to establish operations.

That time has passed. As the Agents enter, the whole place stinks of sweat, weed, and worse. Knight's been sleeping rough on the sofa and making a fort of filthy laundry. The coffee table and desk have been pushed up against the wall, replaced with exercise equipment. The cardboard the weights shipped in is broken down and scattered across the floor. Spent vape cartridges litter the carpet and ooze juicy remains into the red shag.

Agents that examine the computer find that Knight still responds to calls from curious new retailers. He no longer does anything else required of a CEO. Tax problems would have started this year, based on the lack of record keeping in his PC. The marketing firm he once hired to promote the brand has had its invoices and emails ignored for the last six months. It's been a week since his last Tik Tok. The man is falling apart.

There is no security camera feed from this room. When Agents spot the 20-kg plate smashed through the device and embedded into the corner of the wall, they understand why.

<H3>Bill Knight

Bill Knight preferred to keep all his business concerns located at Knight Chervolet. The office has never been set up. The phone and computer are disconnected. What little furniture is present sits where disinterested movers dropped it.

Agents that successfully **Search** find the severed lips and nose of Margery Lindbottom inside the bottom right desk drawer. 0/1 SAN against violence.

Dakota had strict objections to his father taking trophies after his first kill. Not to be bossed around by his own son, Bill hid his keepsake in the office for later retrieval.

<H2>Processing Lab

Anyone trained in **Heavy Machinery**, **Pharmacy**, or **Science (Chemistry)** notices the excessive engineering of the processing lab. The west workstations are set up to monitor super-cooled ethanol washes, chilled down to -100 F. The side of the room houses Class 1, Division 1-rated equipment for flammable hydrocarbon extraction, each rated up to 150 psi. The center of the room is dominated by a massive set of tanks used in supercritical Co2 extraction, capable of passing nearly

5000 psi through its pipes and heating materials over 200 F. This setup is capable of processing half a ton of marijuana a day, far beyond current production. Adjustments are made with diagnostics and control software installed by Dr. Houshian on the company laptops. The only manual control is an emergency shut-off button.

Destroying equipment in this room requires **Demolitions** with explosives or using the lowest of **Computer Science** and **Science (Chemistry)** to program sabotage into one of the control computers. This would drive Avalon Gardens out of business even if staff and management survived. Sabotaging the equipment while it's processing causes a toxic explosion (Lethality 10%) large enough set ablaze the entire western wing, Growhouse A, and most of the main floor. If the industrial sprinkler system were to malfunction, the fire would take out the rest of the facility.

Staffing in the processing lab stays consistently 9-to-5. Techs should normally only be required after a harvest. According to data on a whiteboard in the room, a staggered crop of Y3 matures about once a week. Knight appears willing to pay a full-time salary, though, so long as the chemical engineers keep experimenting with new extraction and refinement protocols for his product. Half-finished production recipes, engineering blueprints, and experimental results cover whiteboards and stacked papers. With the exception of Dr. Houshian, the entire lab staff have become heavy users.

Dakota Knight is in the processing lab every night, experimenting with ways to obscure the more unnatural compounds lurking in Y6 and poisoning his employees.

In the southwest corner is a little bunker made from concrete cinderblocks and a Level 3 locked door. This is chemical storage, filled with butane, ethanol, industrial refrigerants, and other dangerous chemicals. As one of the more secure rooms in the facility, it also holds a gun cage where IDS houses its G36 assault rifles, sidearms, and body armor. Only Knight, IDS staff, and Dr. Houshian have access to this room, and Houshian doesn't have a key to the gun cage.

A Level 2 security door to the south leads to the main floor. Techs use it to get to the break room or take a soothing walk amongst the rows.

The loading dock to the north is used to load shipments to other dispensaries or offload actual cannabis flower for the dispensary into the Stockroom.

<H2>Main Floor

A thin passageway runs across the entire facility, the main throughfare with access to the lab, the specialized growhouses, the lobby, and the southeast employee parking lot. The southern wall of the passageway opens up to the 90,000 square feet (8,360 square meters) dedicated to the cultivation of [Y3](#) (see page xx).

LED lamps run the length of the high ceiling, flooding the space with reddish light.

The main grow operation takes up the entire stem of the building's T-shape. The walls are over 10 meters (30 feet) high, the ceiling a tangle of factory fluorescents, dangling grow lamps, AC ducts, and sprinkler pipes. A catwalk for the maintenance of the overhead infrastructure is suspended above the floor and along the sides. Tanks for irrigation, pallets of soil, and drying racks line the walls. Hosing for irrigation snakes underneath the floor in recessed gutters covered by metal grills.

Aside from its enormity and health, the crop doesn't seem remarkable.

Heights vary according to planting date. The thickness of the foliage makes it difficult to see even a single row over.

If Agents look closely, they can barely make out translucent insect legs hiding amongst the hairy trichomes of the buds, but only when they twitch. Magnification is required to get a good look at the material. Cultivators tell themselves they're seeing things long before that.

At harvest, the translucent legs that ring each bract jealously grasp at buds being plucked away. If damaged *or even threatened*, the crop's chimerical tissues begins spasming like a dying fly. This causes the rows to sway and rustle threateningly with a sound not unlike a rattlesnake, costing **0/1 SAN** from the unnatural. If a heavy user is nearby, that triggers the strain's self-defense. See **Y-STRAIN FIGHTS BACK** on page XX for details.

There is usually only one cultivator on duty by day. Most work happens overnight: measurements, fertilizing, checking PH levels, other routine maintenance that is never actually needed. Y3 is always growing just fine. They could dump weed killer in the filters and not kill it completely. As they almost never have to interact with the public, most of the agricultural staff partake in the employee appreciation products left around the break room and qualify as heavy users.

The breakroom and a concrete vault dominate the south wall.

An armed IDS guard is stationed at security monitors in the southeast corners at all times, tasked with guarding the vault and the vehicle bay entrance. Even when high, the guard steps out to the nearby vehicle bay only to smoke, eyes never far from a panopticon view of the facility.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Examining Y3

An Agent with a relevant **Science** skill at 50% or higher, or who succeeds at a roll, can learn more by using a lab to study a Y3 sample recovered after harvest, before it is processed into a distillate.

If sold directly after harvest, Y3 flower would dwarf the highest-THC crops on the market by over ten percentage points. The buds of mature specimens practically bleed THC. Touching one makes the hand tacky with resin. The average height of a Y3 clone is a full foot taller than even Y2, and seed-to-harvest time takes no more than six weeks. But the insect contamination now reads at over 35,000 PPM even after sifting, far beyond what could pass inspection for sale.

The roots of Y3 produce a chemical compound similar to Bufotenin (5-HO-DMT). This chemical compound is typically found on the skin of toads and used as a psychedelic ritual component. Smoking or ingesting the roots of Y3 must produce similarly intense hallucinations. There is no evolutionary explanation for such an adaptation in nature: The plant is already so intensely psychoactive as to resist most ingestion from pests and animals. It's as if it's engineering itself to become more intensely psychoactive for reasons other than defense. That realization costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>Breakroom

The breakroom is a plaster and drywall rectangle built within the main floor, along the south wall. Windows face out to monitor the main floor. The breakroom is sparsely furnished with old cafeteria tables, stools, and a poorly-stocked kitchenette. It includes a three-stall unisex bathroom. The big tables and kitchenette bring some employees during meal breaks and occasional meetings. Bowls of “defect” Avalon products filled with Y4+ sit on both tables, next to laminated signs reading “FREE!” with a smiling clip-art King Arthur giving a thumbs up.

A junction box in the corner provides access to the building’s main water line. It needs to be shut down in any attempt to sabotage the facility’s sprinkler system. Agents who are aware of the vault and have a **Craft** skill related to architecture or engineering can attempt a roll. A success realizes that the renovations might have saved money by caging off the west wall of the vault with the plumbing of the breakroom’s restroom instead adding another reinforced wall. Agents with Halligan bars or sledgehammers can tear through the bathroom wall and get into the vault with **STR×5** or **Athletics** tests.

<H2>The Vault

The vault was hastily constructed after Fourth Corner Credit Union ceased doing business with Avalon Gardens. The entrance is a Midway Snapper brand vault door, the cheapest Dakota Knight could find on short notice. Entrance—other than with explosives—requires a Level 4 access card.

Cinderblocks stacked two deep make up three of the walls, reinforced by rebar and concrete. The west wall is standard drywall and conceals the plumbing for the employee restroom next door. The roof is also made of simple wood and plaster, but is visible to the main floor catwalk and to security cameras.

The vault holds roughly \$17 million in cash. Each brick of a million dollars weighs roughly 10 kg (20 lbs, give or take) in hundred-dollar bills. A clipboard of Dakota Knight’s scribblings lists the finances of recent weeks. A token amount was reinvested in the bank responsible for the Knight Chevrolet accounts and used to issue payroll. Most of the money spent since the withdrawal went towards purchase of a twin-engine plane, a retainer for a professional pilot, and a large compound purchased on the Rwandan black market. If things go wrong, Knight plans to load up as much cash as he can carry and the nearby jar of seeds, smuggle himself out of the country, and restart the business in one of the few countries with legal medical marijuana and no extradition treaty.

A mason jar is filled with seeds in a clear liquid. These are Dakota Knight’s first variants of the next iteration, Y7. He has no idea what they will grow into. Bathing them in a 100% alcohol solution is the only way to keep them from sprouting early. If spilled, the seeds take root through the cracking concrete floor and can be seen sprouting with the naked eye as if in a time-lapse photo, costing **0/1 SAN** from the unnatural. What happens after that, and how quickly, is up to the Handler.

<H2>Greenhouses

Only a Level 4 card or forced entry with a shotgun slug or Halligan tool grants access to the Greenhouses. Dakota Knight has never entered to tend the crops or harvest their bounty without

first kill-coding the security system from his phone (page XX). Grow ops this size should require two or three cultivators to bring them to maturity, but Y-strain tends to take care of itself.

LED lamps run the length of every growhouse's high ceiling, flooding the space with reddish light.

<H3>Growhouse A

Y4 plants are even more distressing to see than Y3, described in **MAIN FLOOR** on page XX. What is subtle in Y3 is overt in Y4. Translucent insect legs grow from buds. Those might be easy to overlook, but anyone entering Growhouse A sees the stalks slightly bend as if in a breeze and sees the translucent legs reaching toward them. The crop's hairs twitch. Milky sacs pulse. It costs **0/1 SAN** from the unnatural. Threatening the crop results in even more pronounced spasms and rattling, costing **0/1 SAN** from the unnatural. If a heavy user is nearby, that triggers the strain's self-defense. See **Y-STRAIN FIGHTS BACK** on page XX for details.

The bodies of University of Colorado students Shana Edwards and Benjamin Molnar, missing since 2015, can be found in the hydroponic root systems beneath the Y4 growbeds. Finding their skeletons wound through with the black roots costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Studying Y4

Access to a living plant, a lab, and a successful **Science (Chemistry)** or **Pharmacy** roll at -20% reveals that the fluid in each 'egg' contains a variety of extremely potent psychoactive chemicals, including what appears to be an unknown 3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine (MDMA) analogue. The processing required to make the plants compatible with vape cartridges breaks down the most dangerous chemical compounds, but smoking what remains still delivers a shockingly powerful dose of slow-release psychedelics. A critical failure in the examination roll means some of the fluid makes contact with the Agent's skin. Consult "High on Y4 or Worse" on page XX to describe the effects of the poisoning.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H3>Growhouse B

The Y5 crop grows so high that it threatens to pierce the vaulted ceiling of the Valley Dirtlands facility. The air sits so thick with earthy skunk that it hides the rot of the corpses in the roots. Stems hard as bamboo are hollowed out by galls, abscessed holes from which the plant's interior glows faintly in the dark. White larval pods crow from each bud.

Watching the twitching pulsations of Y5 costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural. The chitinous tubes within the fluted Y5 trunks secrete a mildly phosphorescent, transparent gel that can be absorbed through the skin even after being pressed and washed with solvents. Any exposed Agent suffers the effects listed in "High on Y4 or Worse" (page XX).

When alone with his Y5 crop, Dakota tongues at the holes of the living plant to pleasure himself with the narcotically-recalled last moments of his victims. He's disappointed the white eggs still

won't birth, but they're more swollen and all the sweeter for it. He had to buy a grinder originally designed to process sugar cane before he could process his first *Y5* extract, but seeing the relief come into his father's eyes after the first hit proved worth every penny. The machine is loud enough that, as daddy cut open the belly of his first sacrifice and planted more seeds, the sound of the gears covered up the screams nicely.

Five bodies rest in the hydroponics of the *Y5* grow beds (seeing them costs 0/1 **SAN** from violence), culled from a variety of astroturfed dating profiles created by Dakota Knight and, more recently, his father Bill. The victims are a mix of midwestern college students, duped singles, and teen marijuana users chosen based solely on their willingness to “meet up” with a fake social media profile. The vehicles used to drag each victim to the growhouses have since been professionally detailed and sold to new owners. The phones used to lure unwitting sacrifices were discarded like the identities on them.

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<S1>Studying *Y5*

Studying *Y5* requires a lab and a successful **Pharmacy** roll at -10% or a relevant **Science** skill at -20%. A critical failure means the Agent exposed their skin to *Y5* and suffers the effects. Failure reveals nothing.

Success means the Agent has enough confidence in their abilities to trust the impossible results. The whitish-orange fluid in the *Y5* eggs and the gel coating its trunks contain psychoactive compounds not yet found in nature, indicating each is but a byproduct of more complex, exotic molecules inside the unprocessed plants. The chemical compounds in *Y5* are no longer cannabinoids but a medley of unique chemical compositions undiscovered in nature or even hypothesized by science. Many seem capable of binding to CB1 receptors, but that's far from the limit. Synthetic dopamines, levo-rotatory isomers, and something the researching Agent can only describe as a “poly-psilocybin”—there's no telling what would happen if someone ingested this concoction. It all seems engineered to wreak maximum havoc on the human nervous system. Realizing this costs 0/1 **SAN** from the unnatural.

Critical success also identifies in the vapor of *Y5* distillate what appears to be the world's first airborne prion: an inhalable, misfolded protein. The twisted string of amino acids remains remarkably stable even after combustion, as if designed to enter the body and catalyze cascading mutations. That finding costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from the unnatural.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H3>Growhouse C

The tops of *Y6* plants push against the sheetmetal ceiling of the Growhouse C, exploding outwards into hanging vines that rain back down over the growbeds like an alien jungle.

The Knights' most recent victim can be seen as a riot of rot in the roots: Margery Lindbottom, a 56-year-old widow catfished by Bill over Christian Mingle. Father and son have no intention of

stopping their predations, but they suspect she is the last fertilizer necessary; *Y6* could not be stopped if they tried. The room was overtaken barely a week after planting.

The thin vines dangling from the ceiling of Growhouse C have some mobility. At the beginning of every turn, every character beneath the canopy of the *Y6* crop must roll 1d10. On a 1, the vines wrap and constrict, hindering escape. Any character must roll STRx5 or Athletics to get out. The chance goes to 1–2 on the second turn, 1–3 on the third turn, and so on. With every subsequent “hit,” every roll to get out incurs a cumulative –10% penalty.

Translucent albino insects teem through the pregnant, dripping buds and march up and down the wet interior veins of the thick trunks. They feed bits of flesh, dirt, metal, and each other into mysterious digestive organs deep in the roots. They hatch from the white eggs that form fully only in *Y6*. Seeing them migrating between the plants of Growhouse C costs **1/1D4 SAN** from the unnatural. These are Pollinators. They seek new prey.

Setting the *Y6* plants on fire stops the Pollinators’ attacks immediately. The insects try to douse the flame with their bodies. Destruction of the *Y6* crops causes the entire swarm to drop dead, falling to the ground in sheets of white dander.

<H2>The Pollinators

Moist, bone-white, and winged, Pollinators look like a cross between mantis and aphid. Their thoraxes curve asymmetrically and their transparent bodies are thin as thumbnails.

Once Growhouse C is opened, all hell breaks loose across the facility. The chitinous swarm of Pollinators recognize Dakota Knight as their caretaker. Everyone else is fertilizer.

Swarms of these pollinators attack the intruders. After the first turn, they spread throughout the compound. Every Agent must make a **Luck** roll at the beginning of every turn. Failure means the Pollinators swarm the victim. They rip flesh with pincers, causing 1 damage. The bugs ferry flesh back to the roots. Damage increases to 1D4–1 at the end of every turn after the first as more and more bugs join in.

Suffering this slow digestion costs 1/1D8 **SAN** from the unnatural. If an Agent suffers temporary insanity as a result, ask the player to describe the Agent’s most pleasant memory. Then describe to the survivors what they see: the insane Agent giggling dumbly as they’re eaten alive.

Powerful narcotic sap that coats the insects finds its way into wounds. At the end of every turn, a swarmed victim must make a **CON×5** test to resist the effects of “High on *Y4* or Worse” on page XX.

Seeing someone attacked by the pollinators costs 1/1D6 **SAN** from violence. It looks like being consumed by flying ants. The swarm turns from milky-white to red in the process of attack, their translucent chitin engorged with blood. It doesn’t help that drugged or temporarily insane victims are often laughing during the process, rubbing the creatures into their disintegrating skin like shower lather.

Epsilon team members have Bonds with each other. That brings further **SAN** losses for helplessness.

Epsilon’s CBRN suits keep the Pollinators out at first. At the beginning of each turn, a protected victim must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, the Pollinators chew through a seam and squirm through. Body armor is useless against the pollinators. So is any protective suit breached by damage.

No attack short of a flamethrower has any effect on the Pollinator swarms. A successful attack roll with a flamethrower grants a +20% to a single character’s (or their own) **Luck** roll to avoid being swarmed. It does not help a victim already swarmed, except perhaps in quickening their end.

Do not make **Luck** rolls for allied non-player characters from SRT-Epsilon. Instead, at the beginning of each turn, choose one and roll 1D8 on the SRT-E POLLINATION table. After a roll of 1–2, do not roll for that character further. That character takes 1D4–1 damage at the end of every turn.

SRT-E POLLINATION

1D8	Effect
1	Swarmed, takes 1D4–1 damage, experiences inhaled memories (page XX)
2	Swarmed, takes 1D4–1 damage, intoxicated (–20% to all tests)
3–4	Swarmed, safe
5–8	Not swarmed

<H1>The Raid

Nearly everyone at Valley Dirtlands views it as no more than an agricultural business. For a team of DEA close-combat specialists, subduing these terrified civilians is no challenge. When the raid arrives, Bellamy sends a group text to all his heavy-user guards, a prearranged signal to come defend the irreplaceable Y4 from authorities: “ALAMO50.” The ones not already on site drive in fast with their personally-owned and illegally-modified AR-15s blazing on full automatic. If legitimate police surround the hill, the guards die crashing through. Whether they take cops with them is up to the Handler.

Unless the players organize the raid, RRT-Epsilon breaks into pairs for the assault. Sprinkle and Isha handle the perimeter from the Denver office’s MRAP, where Isha watches communications and Sprinkle stores his sniper rifle in case it’s needed. Fud, Husky, Crunchy, and Doc round up employees and zip tie them all in one location for processing. Doc collects employee information while Crunchy stands guard. Fud and Husky search the rest of the facility, ready to back off if they make hostile contact and call in Crunchy and Sprinkle for support. Other Agents on the raid can fill in where they’re best suited.

Once things are calm, Fud calls Doc in to process people. Things soon go wrong.

A harmless and terrified dispensary worker finds a box cutter—no one knows where they got it—and drives it into an SRT-E agent’s throat while they are looking the wrong direction. No roll. The Y-strain gets lucky.

A lab tech douses themselves with butane and starts flicking a lighter, muttering about “s’mores night.”

Two more heavy users go bad. Find more ideas in [Bad Trips](#) on page xx. They ignore the pain of breaking zip ties. They go for gas masks or protective racial suits first, grabbing and tearing with shocking strength.

Then three more go bad. Then five more. Then the rest.

Grappling and stabbing causes racial suits to rip and pulls gas masks loose, exposing the raiders to unnatural smoke and Pollinators.

The Agents and SRT officers have to rescue their comrades from danger, then themselves. Throw everything they have at the team. The second these hardened soldiers overcome one threat, escalate.

The off-duty IDS guards arrive on the scene, armed and armored and Y-strain insane.

Dakota Knight, John Bellamy, or a stoned cultist or security guard cracks the door to Growhouse C. The vegetation inside helps by pressing and warping the wall and door. Pollinators emerge.

If the Agents set fire to the Y6 crop, every heavy user sprints to save it, leaping with a scream into the fire. It doesn’t work.

If the raid team is wiped out, that leaves only any Agents who stayed in a van to observe from safety. Call for **SAN** tests of a severity to suit what the Agents just watched on the bodycam feeds: 1/1D8 from either violence or helplessness, whichever the Agent is not adapted to, sounds likely. Do they finish the operation? Or let what’s left of this unnatural infestation escape, at a cost of 1/1D6 **SAN** from helplessness?

<H1>Conclusion

Killing Dakota Knight, Bill Knight, or John Bellamy grants 1 **SAN** each. Eliminating the Y-strain and pollinators grants 1D6 **SAN**. If they eliminate all at Valley Dirtlands but know Dakota Knight escaped and might begin again, they recover 1D4 **SAN** instead.

If the Agents fail completely, the problem of Valley Dirtlands is cleaned up with a “training accident” involving Peterson AFB bombers on maneuver. “Accidentally discharged munitions” turn Valley Dirtlands into a smoking crater, injuring and terrifying any civilians located at the Sports Complex below. The resulting Air Force scandal becomes a source of conspiracy theories for decades to come and puts every Program asset at greater risk of discovery. That includes the Agents. For their next few scenarios, they suffer a –20% penalty to every roll they make to escape trouble for their crimes. Of course, in the time it takes to scramble the planes and cover the right asses

against the blowback, any surviving heavy users have gone to ground with as many Y-strain seeds as could be gathered.

<H1>Characters

xxx TEXT BOX xxx

<T1>Y-Mutations

After heavy users hit 0 SAN, continued use of Y4+ strains adds +1d6 stat points to the user for every year of abuse. This is the gift Shub-Niggurath provides those who spread the seed. On an odd result, the user also gains an unnatural physical mutation of the Handler's design. This is the inevitable result of the inhalable prions reshaping the flesh of the addict. Keep this information handy in case any Agents acquire a taste for the herb in their investigations. On a long enough timeline, this is the future of everyone currently smoking Y3.

xxx END BOX xxx

<H2>Dakota Knight

Millennial VC bro reshaped by the Y-strain, age 37

STR 18 CON 20 DEX 12 INT 10 POW 8 CHA 15
HP 19 WP 8 SAN 0

ARMOR: 2 points from enhanced keratinization (see below).

SKILLS: Alertness 80%, Athletics 80%, Bureaucracy 60%, Computer Science 10%, Dodge 75%, HUMINT 40%, Melee Weapons 40%, Pharmacy 30%, Science, Botany 15%, Stealth 50%, Unarmed Combat 75%.

ATTACKS: *Grapple and pin* 75%.

Navel prolapse 40%, Lethality 10% poison with a speed of 1D6 turns (see the *Agent's Handbook*, page 60), costing the victim 1D6 SAN from the unnatural.

Weed rake 40%, damage 1D8+2.

ENHANCED KERATINIZATION: Knight's skin appears normal from the outside. He's gone bald and pale over the last two years. To the touch, though, the dermis feels loose and stippled like a cat's skin. Small punctures seal up in seconds and barely bleed. This grants him Armor 2 and heals 1D4 damage per round.

PROLAPSED DIGESTION: Knight's navel has transformed into an inflamed, suppurating wound that launches out the unthinkable foul contents of his digestive system at will. Though vaguely aware he should hide this ability, Knight is no longer distressed to see the whipping, leech-toothed

remnants of his intestines. The experience of disgorging the proboscis is so intensely pleasurable that he remains in a fugue as it feeds.

<H2>Bill Knight

Aging powerbroker corrupted by his son, age 61

STR 12 CON 15 DEX 11 INT 11 POW 12 CHA 16
HP 14 WP 12 SAN 0

SKILLS: Alertness 80%, Athletics 30%, Bureaucracy 70%, Dodge 50%, Firearms 55%, HUMINT 60%, Melee Weapons 30%, Persuade 75%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%

ATTACKS: *Pocket knife* 40%, damage 1D4

(in his home) *Custom cartridge-firing replica LeMat revolver* 55%, damage 1D8 (.38) or 2D6 (20-gauge shot)

(in his truck) *Marlin Model 1895SBL with telescopic sight* 55%, damage 1d12

“CATARACTS”: Bill Knight was in recovery from cataract surgery when he first tried the wacky tabacky that was making his son a killing. Since his conversion, the cataracts have grown back. Now, rather than occlude vision, they sharpen it to impossible clarity. Bill can see the subtle hue change across human skin as blood pumps through it, and he can’t stop thinking about how beautiful it looks when it stops and blooms into green rot.

<H2>John Bellamy

USMC veteran protecting his medication, age 41

STR 12 CON 14 DEX 17 INT 10 POW 9 CHA 10
HP 13 WP 9 SAN 0

ARMOR: 3 points from a plainclothes Kevlar vest

SKILLS: Alertness 65%, Athletics 55%, Bureaucracy 30%, Dodge 50%, Drive 60%, Firearms 65%, HUMINT 50%, Law 50%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 50%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%

ATTACKS: *Extendable baton* 50%, damage 1D6

Glock 22 pistol 65%, damage 1D10

H&K G36 rifle with reflex sight 85%, damage 1D12 (not equipped full-auto), Armor Piercing 3

VEHICLE: Armored Jeep Trailhawk, 35 HP, Armor 10

FRESH: Bellamy just passed the point of no return. He can no longer live without the Y-strain. His body has yet to turn, but when he is sober the world is an agonizing nightmare of blinding light and threatening sounds. Every association drives his thoughts towards death and traumatic memories. When high, relief of his symptoms is total. As long as he's had a hit, Bellamy remains cool and focused even if bleeding out in the middle of a gunfight. No matter the task, he's grateful for his medicine.

<H2>Dr. Reza Houshian

Lead chemist too terrified to quit, age 46

STR 10 CON 10 DEX 12 INT 17 POW 14 CHA 9
HP 10 WP 14 SAN 60 Breaking Point 56

SKILLS: Alertness 40%, Athletics 40%, Bureaucracy 40%, Computer Science 40%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 20%, First Aid 30%, Pharmacy 60%, Science (Botany) 50%, Science (Chemical Engineering) 70%, Unarmed Combat 40%, Language (Arabic) 60%

ATTACKS: None

<H2>Y4 Security Contractor

Heavy user with a gun.

STR 13 CON 12 DEX 12 INT 11 POW 11 CHA 11
HP 13 WP 11 SAN 44 Breaking Point 33

ARMOR: 4 points from a reinforced Kevlar vest

DISORDERS: choose one; whatever Y-strain needs to motivate a [Bad Trip](#)

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 55%, Dodge 50%, Drive 50%, Firearms 50%, HUMINT 50%, Law 40%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 30%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 50%

VEHICLE: Armored Jeep Trailhawk, 35 HP, Armor 10

ATTACKS: *Extendable baton* 50%, damage 1D6+1

Glock 22 pistol 50%, damage 1D10

He&K G36 rifle with reflex sight 70%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3

<H2>Y4 Cultivator or Technician

Heavy user improvising weapons after psychotic break.

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

HP 13

WP 11

SAN 44

Breaking Point 33

DISORDERS: choose one; whatever Y-strain needs to motivate a [Bad Trip \(page XX\)](#).

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 20%, HUMINT 20%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 20% to 50%, Science (Botany) 20% to 50%, Stealth 30%, Unarmed Combat 40%

ATTACKS: *Unarmed* 40%, damage 1D4-1

Scissors, shears, or pen 50%, damage 1D6 or 1D4

Rake or shovel 50%, damage 1D8

Seized firearm 20%, damage depends on make

Thrown accelerant or chemical 50%, damage 1D6 or 2D6 per turn; extinguishing it requires a DEX×5 roll

<H1>DEA Special Response Team Epsilon

Until recently, the Program hid a team of dedicated killers in the DEA’s Foreign-Deployed Advisory Support Teams. A 2017 restructure standardized the DEA’s foreign and domestic special operations under Special Response Teams. SRTs train heavily in breaching tactics, high-risk arrests, vehicle assaults, air assaults, tactical surveillance, and various weapons systems. The DEA goes out of its way to keep SRT deployments and actions secret, which suits the Program well. Many DEA divisions have their own SRTs. Others are still being organized.

A cadre of SRT agents are assigned to the DEA Training Academy at Quantico, Virginia. Four of those secretly belong to the Program, supported by a cultural expert from Operational Support Division and a surveillance specialist from Special Operations Division. Unofficially, they have the nickname SRT Epsilon.

Epsilon has an awkward place in Quantico culture. Even by DEA standards, team leader Bob Astra is a half-crazed cowboy. Working with him is career suicide. Special Agent Frederick (“Crunchy”), Dr. Isha, and Dr. Leigh-Deux (“Doc”) have been with him for years and aren’t going anywhere. They have the grim stare and gallows humor of lifers. Special Agent Frank (“Sprinkle”) and Special Agent Tomlinson (“Husky”) are new. The Program sent Frank from another DEA office. Tomlinson joined Epsilon specifically to be a shooter.

Name	Age	Role
Senior Special Agent Robert “Fud” Astra	57	Assault, team leader
Special Agent Lucas “Sprinkle” Frank	42	Assault, sniper
Special Agent Luis “Crunchy” Frederick	35	Assault, demolitions
Special Agent Emma “Husky” Tomlinson	28	Assault
Bhaskara “Isha” Isha, Ph.D.	36	Support, surveillance
Candace “Doc” Leigh-Deux, Ph.D.	51	Support, linguist

<H2>Robert “Fud” Astra

Bob Astra has seen it all and he looks like it. Grey-white hair cropped close, grey-white mustache, a face lined deep with sleeplessness, almost always wired, hair-trigger moody. Trucker speed, caffeine, B12—anything that keeps him awake and stays off drug tests—is the only way he can function for more than a few hours at a time. Though he’s still powerful and somehow his knees haven’t gone out, he is 57 years old and will be forced into mandatory retirement in two months. It's ridiculous for him to still be leading a squad, but he helped spearhead the militarization of the DEA’s tactical teams in the first place. Fud’s infamous enthusiasm for kinetic action doesn’t stem from any lack of investigative skill. Rather, he is an adroit investigator who would rather be anywhere than with his thoughts, thus his obsession with militarization. This attitude is the direct result of Astra’s early work with Delta Green. As little more than a kid in the 1980s, he had shootouts with Nazi clones in Bolivia. He barely survived an encounter with the Fate in the 1990s. He got to watch as some sort of hole in the floor ate his first wife alive. He got gut-shot in Chicago fighting Tong Shourkan in the early 2000s. Astra joined the Program in 2004 and has hunted its targets in FAST teams and the Rapid Response Teams that became Special Response Teams. Now he’s an old cowboy about to be forced off the DEA ranch, out of ways to go down except shooting.

<H3>“Fud”

DEA Special Response Team “Epsilon,” age 57

STR 14 CON 12 DEX 13 INT 10 POW 11 CHA 9
HP 13 WP 11 SAN 33 BREAKING POINT 21

ARMOR: 5 (body armor and helmet)

BONDS: Diane (second wife) 1, SRT-Epsilon 3

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Adapted to violence; addiction to stimulants; PTSD

SKILLS: Alertness 60%, Athletics 40%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 40%, Demolitions 40%, Drive 50%, Firearms 60%, First Aid 30%, Forensics 50%, History 50%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Navigate 40%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 20%, Stealth 70%, Unarmed Combat 60%

ATTACKS: *Remington 870 tactical shotgun with reflex sight:*

—*firing buck shot* 100%, damage 2D8 (doubles armor rating; damage 1D8 beyond 75 m)

—*firing slugs* 80%, damage 2D8 (damage 2D6 beyond 75 m)

Glock 17 pistol 60%, damage 1D10

Stun grenade 80%

Halligan bar 50%, damage 1D8+1

GEAR: Tactical CBRN protective suit, duct tape for patching holes in the suit, military night vision goggles, encrypted earpiece, bodycams and livefeed

<H2>Lucas “Sprinkle” Frank

Special Agent Frank was always the shortest man in his Army Rangers battalion and the shortest in DEA training. The chip on his shoulder earned him his derogatory callsign and motivated his nationally-ranked shooting scores. Once, as a friendly with the Outlaws, Lucas saw a man levitate at a Nicuragura compound before blowing his head off at 800 meters. The extent of his supernatural experience since joining the Program has been waiting outside shitholes for nothing to happen...and one time listening to an entire team get ripped apart with nothing a rifle could do about it. Thankfully, his specialization in long-range marksmanship means he’s never rotated into a team long enough to make friends. He doesn’t want them. He hopes the Program gets bored with this Epsilon project soon.

<H3>“Sprinkle”

DEA Special Response Team “Epsilon,” age 42

STR 11 CON 14 DEX 16 INT 11 POW 10 CHA 10
HP 13 WP 10 SAN 40 BREAKING POINT 30

ARMOR: 5 (body armor and helmet)

BONDS: None

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Adapted to violence; PTSD

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 30%, Criminology 35%, Demolitions 50%, Dodge 50%, Drive 40%, Firearms 70%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 30%, HUMINT 40%, Law 20%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 50%, Navigate 30%, Pharmacy 30%, Search 40%, Stealth 55%, Survival 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%

SPECIAL TRAINING: Sniper

ATTACKS: *Remington SPS tactical rifle in .338 Lapua Magnum with infrared SWAT sniper scope after careful aim* 110%, damage 2D8, Armor Piercing 5, base range 450 m with scope (requires taking careful aim, firing every other turn)

LWRC M6A2 carbine with reflex sight 90%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3

Glock 17 pistol 70%, damage 1D10

Stun grenade 70%

Extendable baton 50%, damage 1D6

GEAR: Tactical CBRN protective suit, duct tape for patching holes in the suit, military night vision goggles, encrypted earpiece, bodycams and livefeed.

<H2>Special Agent Luis “Crunchy” Frederick

A second-generation Cuban-American, Luis was raised in Fort Pierce, Florida, near the national Navy SEAL Museum. Joining the SEALs was Frederick’s life-long dream, and he passed SEAL training his first try at age 19. He served tours in Afghanistan, Iraq, and Africa, earning the Purple Heart and Meritorious Service Medal. Frederick’s first contact with Delta Green was abrupt. His element was scrambled to a Sudanese village suffering from a supposed biological attack. They found fishing huts off the Red Sea filled with deformed women and children. The senior chief petty officer in command—a man Frederick had never met before that day—ordered the massacre of civilians. Before Luis could object, the chief was skinned alive in mid-air, seemingly by the air itself. Frederick doesn’t remember much after that. In the wake of the operation, the Program approached him. They demanded his silence about the Sudan op and they hoped his skills could help the fight against what he saw. Already overworked as a special operator, Luis agreed, provided the duties allow him to spend more time stateside. The DEA jumped at the chance to add a former SEAL to their tactical assets. Delta Green let them think it was their idea.

<H3>“Crunchy”

DEA Special Response Team “Epsilon,” age 35

STR 15 CON 13 DEX 14 INT 11 POW 10 CHA 10

HP 14 WP 10 SAN 42 BREAKING POINT 40

ARMOR: 5 (body armor and helmet)

BONDS: Katerina (girlfriend) 10, SRT- Epsilon 1

MOTIVATIONS AND DISORDERS: Adapted to violence

SKILLS: Alertness 55%, Athletics 70%, Criminology 30%, Demolitions 50%, Driving 40%, Firearms 60%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 50%, Heavy Weapons 40%, Law 20%, Melee Weapons 50%, Military Science (Land) 55%, Pharmacy 20%, Stealth 50%, Survival 40%, Swim 60%, Unarmed Combat 60%

ATTACKS: *LWRC M6A2 carbine with reflex sight* 80%, damage 1D12, Armor Piercing 3

Glock 17 pistol 55%, damage 1D10

Stun grenade 90%

Halligan bar 50%, damage 1D8+1

GEAR: Tactical CBRN protective suit, duct tape for patching holes in the suit, military night vision goggles, encrypted earpiece, bodycams and livefeed, four 1-kg sticks of C4 and detonators

<H2>Emma “Husky” Tomlinson

Tomlinson’s father, Kent Tomlinson, retired from the DEA in 2000 when she was 11. By then, he’d been in charge of training FAST marksmen for five years. He had his daughter training with firearms at the facility the entire time. By the time the family moved to the Ozarks and set up the Tomlinson Shooting Range, Emma was winning national shooting championships and putting 200 rounds downrange a day. She earned the name Husky on the circuit for her pale blue eyes and 20/10 vision. In college, Tomlinson became an early YouTube sensation posting shooting tricks online. These feats of marksmanship got her actively recruited into the DEA by some of her father’s old colleagues. She finished her degree in record time, eager to join investigations division...only to find out the dinosaurs running tactical wanted her to play Annie Oakley for politicians and entertain them on range days. Luckily, Agent Astra had more pragmatic plans for her surgical precision with a submachine gun. He read her into to Delta Green on his own accord and pulled in favors to get her assigned to his team. She’s seen no action yet, but Agent Tomlinson has been assured nothing proves you tougher than service in SRT-E.

<H3>“Husky”

DEA Special Response Team “Epsilon,” age 28

STR 10 CON 10 DEX 15 INT 11 POW 14 CHA 12

HP 10 WP 14 SAN 70 BREAKING POINT 56

ARMOR: 5 (body armor and helmet)

BONDS: Dad 12, Fud 12, SRT-Epsilon 12

SKILLS: Accounting 40%, Alertness 50%, Athletics 50%, Bureaucracy 40%, Criminology 50%, Dodge 50%, Drive 50%, Firearms 80%, Forensics 40%, HUMINT 50%, Law 30%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Pharmacy 40%, Search 50%, Stealth 40%, Unarmed Combat 50%

ATTACKS: *Colt M633 compact submachine gun with integral suppressor and reflex sight* 100%, damage 1D10 (or Lethality 10% firing fully automatic)

Glock 17 pistol 80%, damage 1D10

Stun grenade 70%

Extendable baton 50%, damage 1D6

GEAR: Tactical CBRN protective suit, duct tape for patching holes in the suit, military night vision goggles, encrypted earpiece, bodycams and livefeed, lockpick gun

<H2>Bhaskara Isha

Despite being more comfortable in a shoot house than he ever thought he'd be, Bhaskara Isha still refuses to do that call-sign bullshit. He insists his SRT-Epsilon teammates use his name. With his MIT doctorate, he never expected to be part of a team of doorkickers anyway. Bhaskara Isha is a second-generation Indian American. In a fit of patriotism after 9/11, he accepted an offer from an NSA recruiter lurking around the MIT Radio Astronomy labs. Upon graduation, Isha's first assignment was adapting radio astronomy software in satellites. During orbital maneuverability tests, his GUI code for the data assembled some strange image out of the signal. Apparently, he wasn't supposed to have seen it. He was immediately removed from the project. The next six years felt like a punishment detail, on loan to the CIA doing signal capture for the War on Terror. After drone strike demolished a house that he'd reported as routing a suspected terrorist's cell signal, Isha suffered an anxiety attack so severe he was fired from the NSA. He would have been blackballed out of government service forever, but he was approached by the Program. They, too, had seen what his early code had assembled from space, and they needed people like him: people who could see what was really there. No more hands-off murder for the sake of empire. They offered to clean up his record, hire him on at a different agency, and get him into the "good" fight. Three years later, Isha sifts cartel digital traffic and serves as comms and tech support for Program tactical operations. His son and ex-wives have no idea that he carries a gun with his laptop now. He never intends to tell them.

<H3>"Isha"

DEA Special Operations Division surveillance specialist seconded to SRT-E, age 36

STR 12	CON 12	DEX 14	INT 15	POW 10	CHA 9
HP 12	WP 10	SAN 38	BREAKING POINT 30		

ARMOR: 5 (body armor and helmet)

BONDS: Lokasamudra (son) 9, Neena (first ex-wife) 6, Georgina (second ex-wife) 3

DISORDERS: Adapted to helplessness; anxiety disorder

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 50%, Computer Science 70%, Craft (Microelectronics) 60%, Criminology 30%, Firearms 40%, First Aid 30%, Foreign Language (Hindi) 40%, Foreign Language (Punjabi) 40%, History 40%, HUMINT 30%, Persuade 40%, Science (Radio Astronomy) 40%, Search 40%, SIGINT 70%, Stealth 30%, Unnatural 1%

ATTACKS: *Glock 17 pistol* 40%, damage 1D10

GEAR: Tactical CBRN protective suit, duct tape for patching holes in the suit, military night vision goggles, encrypted earpiece, bodycams and livefeed, tablet computer, GPS tracking devices, fiber optic scope, directional microphone, audio jammer, IMSI catcher, flying reconnaissance "throwbot" drone (about 0.5 kg, 30 m video range indoors or 100 m outdoors)

<H2>Candace “Doc” Leigh-Deux

By the time she was discovered by Delta Green, Dr. Leigh-Deux had already left an academic career at Rutgers and a broken marriage behind. She was recruited while doing linguistics consultation work on signals intelligence gathered by the DEA. Her first assignment demanded a harrowing year of her life, studying the symbols used in the ritual brandings of a BOPA squad suspected in a series of Rio cartel hits. She learned of the pre-Mayan death god Ah Na’ax and the awful fate awaiting all humanity in the immutable mathematics of heaven. She saw the photos of the operation her work helped plan. She saw that Ah Na’ax was indisputably real. She pushed herself into field assignments, training to pass physical certifications at the DEA, “for fun” as far as her OSD boss knows. Her linguistics genius, along with an impressive number of security course certifications for a Ph.D. in anthropology, make her a rare asset: an Agent who can decipher unnatural intel in theater without proving a tactical liability. Leigh-Deux is pushing hard to become indispensable to DG field ops, as she understand what happens if she must enter Ah Na’ax’s hut at the end of the sea without bloody hands. Delta Green is the best chance for an academic like herself to avoid a fate worse than death.

<H3>“Doc”

DEA Operational Support Division linguist seconded to SRT-E, age 51

STR 10 CON 12 DEX 9 INT 17 POW 14 CHA 12

HP 11 WP 14 SAN 54 BREAKING POINT 42

ARMOR: 5 (body armor and helmet)

BONDS: Gary (ex-husband) 5, Anne (girlfriend) 11, SRT-Epsilon 4

DISORDERS: Depression

SKILLS: Anthropology 70%, Athletics 40%, Bureaucracy 40%, Dodge 40%, Firearms 40%, Foreign Language (French) 20%, Foreign Language (Latin) 50%, Foreign Language (Maya Script) 20%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 55%, History 60%, HUMINT 40%, Navigation 45%, Occult 40%, Persuade 40%, Pharmacy 20%, Search 60%, Stealth 30%, Unnatural 2%

ATTACKS: *Glock 17 pistol* 30%, damage 1D10

GEAR: Tactical CBRN protective suit, duct tape for patching holes in the suit, military night vision goggles, encrypted earpiece, bodycams and livefeed, tablet computer loaded with academic journals and translation software, high-resolution digital camera, handheld fingerprint scanner, iris and retina recognition camera, DNA collection kit