

Agents of BONC¹

Our Characters

"Lucky Louie" Albert Johnson (Grant M.)



Born Luis Snorrison on December 31 1900 Monday under waxing gibbous moon just before the clock struck midnight in a cabin north of Gimli. When he was 12 his family died in a fire but he was "lucky" and out hunting by the lake when it happened. Another family was heading back to Iceland and agree to take him back to stay with relatives in Iceland. Unfortunately, a storm came up and the ship went down with all hands except for "Lucky Louie" who was picked up by a ship heading to London.

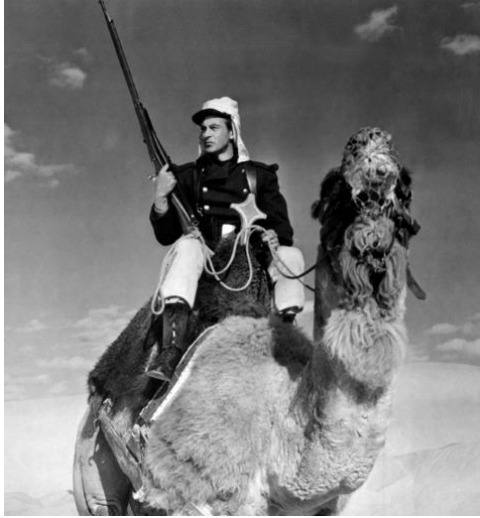
He was dropped off at the port and lived on the streets for a year or so. He met up some Canadian soldiers and they fed and took him on as a stray. When he was 14 he lied about his age and joined up. Since he already knew how to shoot before training started he ended up a sniper. The first year was terrifying but he was not alone and bonded with the other men in the unit until they were all killed in an artillery barrage except "Lucky Louie". He was in his blacked-out sniper dugout and was untouched. It was then he realized that he was cursed and anyone he became close with would die. As a sniper, he was able to keep to himself and make no friends other than his rifle for the rest of the war. He mustered out when the war ended and took his rifle with him.

He returned to Canada and went to live east of Lake Winnipeg near Big Rice lake where he would be alone and there would be no chance of making a friend and having them die. One day when he was in Hollow Water on Lake Winnipeg trading furs for supplies he saw Miss Berens and fell in love. He fled to the city so could not become close with her and thus cause her death. He is now resolved to find a way to lift the curse or wander friendless until he dies.

Bassim ibn Nasif Delafosse (Owen B.)

My name is Bassim ibn Nasif Delafosse.

¹ Bureau of Necessary Corrections.



That is what it says on the charts at the foot of my bed in this hospital in Morocco. It was my father's choice for me to take the name of my mother's family, to appear more French. But now my father is dead, and I can not recall whether my mother yet lives as well. The stack of letters by my bedside seem to indicate that she yet draws breath, but when I read these heartfelt letters from a mother to her war wounded son, I can not recognize the handwriting. Her name keeps slipping from my mind.

Why is it that I can remember La Somme, the Rif mountains, the stories my father would read to me a youth, the violence and horror, all so clearly yet my own mother alludes my memories. Those Moroccan rebels who took my father, my leg, might have also taken my memories when that bullet went through my brain. I cannot recall, as the instant is lost along with my mother from my mind. What else might I be forgetting?

I seem to be rambling in these writings, I have decided to commit to paper what I fear I might be incapable of committing to memory. I do so begrudgingly, at the behest of the so-called nurses and doctors of this institute which I plan on leaving. Though they heal the wounds of these, my fellow comrades of the L.É., I am not so far gone to see what this place really is; a hospital for the mind, not the body. One where the goal is not to heal, but to watch over hopelessly broken men who cannot heal from the wounds they have suffered. Like my leg, the men within these walls have lost something they cannot get back.

But I will not be tricked into rotting in this place, I must leave here and remember my purpose, my family's purpose. To hunt that book, and all its copies, the one which my loathsome ancestor supposedly penned. Whether I carry the blood of the Mad Arab in my veins or whether that is just family dogma, I do not know, in much the same way that my father and his father did not know. What I do know is that the contents of that small scrap of parchment that was in my father's possessions, the one he would read to me from, the one my mother would recoil violently from; its contents were real. Real and untainted by translation, a supposed copy hastily made from the original article.

Biff Boskowitz (Jeff N.)



Biff was born and raised in historic Salem, Massachusetts. He never had much use for the place though as it offered little of interest to one of his skill set ... large and violent. Besides, he'd been warned to leave town by them old ladies and nobody messed with them. Even Biff knew that.

He left Salem at the ripe old age of 18 and ended up immediately enlisting. Why not? Get paid to beat up on people? Who'd a thunk it. Biff had been under the vague impression that he was supposed to fight the Germans but he never actually met any. By a strange quirk of irony, after basic training, he was posted to the military police and sent

'over there' where he served out the war in the trenches of Paris.

In Paris, Biff beat up Frenchmen, Americans, Brits, some people who Biff couldn't clearly identify but undoubtedly deserved a thrashing, and the odd French woman. Biff got pretty handy in the local lingo and eventually left France with a very low opinion of the French and wondering why everyone complained about how terrible the war was. He also made some chums in the military police who invited him to come join them in Boston.

Boston was the real bees knees. A lot more people to pound on and once again Biff lucked out in that his chums got him into the Gustin Gang, a group of fun-loving Irishmen who loved a drink now and then and were happy to help others get their drinks as well. Of course, there was always the competition out there that needed thumping on to keep them in their place and that's how Biff helped his chums. Lately though, things been getting a bit hot for old Biff so he's on the lam, at least until those Italians stop looking for him.

Bruce Greenwich (Craig R.)



An only child, Bruce was raised by his trustee, Mr. Ian Olds the family lawyer after the tragic death of his parents when Bruce was ten.

Mr. Olds is Bruce's closest friend and has taught Bruce about Law, Accounting, Appraisal and the Occult - and has tried to prepare Bruce for his role in the eternal struggle against the Unknown.

Bruce lives in a tasteful NY apartment with a Central Park view.

He has investments in several NY office buildings, including the tallest (The Woolworth Bldg.), as well as in a number of cemeteries. (People always die, don't you know.)

And he has a small share in an upstate race horse stud farm.

His wardrobe houses a complete array of finely tailored clothes for all occasions.

Due to his wealth (and for other reasons) Bruce is always armed for protection. (Firearms in his car, his home, his office, his briefcase.)

His most treasured possession is a series of note books Bruce has filled since age 5 with his drawings, observations, objectives and questions.

Bruce is relatively charming, is somewhat persuasive, speaks a spattering of German and is an adequate rider and swimmer.

He is more skillful with a rifle, but has some skill with a pistol.

Bruce is apt to give unasked for advice about money and real estate.

He is vastly privileged and totally unaware of that fact.

Harry "Snapper" Organs (Bill C.)



"Good evening. Allow me to introduce myself. Superintendent Harry 'Snapper' Organs, late of 'Q' Division. Good evening. After a long and storied career with the London Metropolitan Police, culminating with the tracking and capture of the notorious Piranha Brothers, I have recently retired to private life. Good evening. Noted for my subtle approach to criminology, viz a bewildering variety of disguises, I have also spearheaded the increased use of 'magic' in modern police work. You see, the criminal mind is a strange and contorted one. Good evening. Guilt and fears abound in the subconscious. In this state, one of our lads, with a fair training in the black arts can scare the fertilizer out of 'em. Good evening."

Sweets "the Hammer" McNabb (Darryl A.)

A short slight man, with a face that looks a little like a Picasso painting. At a young age he had to learn to fight in the mean streets of New York. Being small ment he was picked on a lot and he always tried to fight his way out. He was one of the bright young lights in the boxing world. He was ranked in the top 10 lightweights in the USA until he wouldn't take a fall in a match



ordered by the Gambezi crime family in New York. He was forced into a life of crime and became a very accomplished second story man.

The only problem is that he stole a small ivory idol of a strange creature with a many tentacled head. Ever since he has had it he thinks he is being followed.

Virginia Lake (Gary H.)



Mysterious femme fatale with a shady past.

Episode One: You Find Yourself on a Train

Expecting a normal Call of Cthulhu campaign the players are surprised to find themselves on a train moving through the darkness. The train sways gently from side to side and the clack of the rails is quite soothing. They cannot remember how they came to be on this train. It appears to be a 1910 Pullman carriage but none of the outside windows or the connecting doors will open. Occasionally the lights go out and in the lack of light you can see the wounds that caused your death.

Compartment A

The left row of seats are occupied by three bears, a large one in the window seat wearing a top hat, collar and tie and tails, a medium sized one wearing a lace collar and a garden party hat with a pretty ruffled blouse and a smaller one wearing a sailor's jacket and a sailor's hat (in blue). They look annoyed.

Seated across from them is a pretty blonde girl in a ridiculously beribboned and frilled dress in blue. Her arms are crossed and she glares at the bears.

Papa Bear is speaking in a loud voice which can be heard out in the corridor.

"This is all her fault! If she'd only waited on the porch for us to come home none of this would have happened! But no, snoopy, snoopy. A bear has the right to protect his property!"

"Calm down dear. Remember your blood pressure. No point getting so worked up. We're all in this together!"

"Mummy, daddy, I'm hungry."

"I said I was sorry. I never asked that old pervert to follow me around! You just got what you deserved!"

When the lights go out you can see that the girl has no face, the back of Papa Bear's head has been split open, Mama Bear has been gutted and Baby Bear's skull is crushed.

Compartment B

This compartment is occupied by Sweets, the Hammer.

Compartment C

This compartment is occupied by Jimmie Rodgers. He is playing “Years ago” his last recorded song. The year is 1933 as far as he is concerned.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5apwCpkBSsc>

Also in the compartment is Bruce Greenwich a very elegantly dressed and poised young man.



Compartment D

This compartment holds Lucky Louis

Compartment E

This compartment is completely filled with bones. Bones of all kinds are piled haphazardly to the ceiling.

Compartment F

In Compartment F Superintendent Harry “Snapper” Organs, late of 'Q' Division of the Metropolitan Police force finds himself sharing a three seat compartment with a young man with Arab features wearing a uniform of the Légion étrangère².

Between the two humans is a very large book, 2 x 3 feet. All the pages are vellum and blank. There are 666 sheets of vellum bound in the book. There is no title, author or anything. It is bound in human skin.

Compartment G

Biff Boskowitz sits alone in this compartment.

Compartment H

Six large dogs, roughly half human sized dogs playing poker.

1. Sir Reginald Blensworth III – English Bulldog. Wears a suit jacket, white shirt and a tie as well as a bowler hat.
2. Maurice Chevalier – French Bulldog. He is wearing a striped shirt and a beret. He is smoking thin Gaulois cigarettes.

² French Foreign Legion.

3. Ms. Maime – King Charles Cavalier spaniel. A beautiful gown. She is chewing tobacco and spitting it on the floor.
4. Sparky, a terrier. Sparky is wearing a porkpie hat. He has an opium pipe so he is very mellow.
5. Kurt von Offenbach sur Schitzelbank, an Alsatian (Nein, not a German shepherd. I am an Alsatian). He is wearing a military tunic emblazoned with medals, a kepi hat and a monacle.
6. Barky von Schnauzer – a hyper-tense schnauzer who is wearing a t-shirt that claims that Schnauzers do it doggie style and a bandanna tied around his head.

Compartment I

Mrs. Agatha Christie and Mrs. Beatrix Potter. They are hideous, tentacle monstrosities wearing flowered hats and having tea.

Compartment J

Virginia Lake, mysterious femme fatale.

The party moved through the train encountering the various parties. They were most puzzled by the book and were slightly alarmed that it absorbed blood without it leaving any traces. They tried to smash the exterior windows but discovered that they were unbreakable. After a while a spectral figure entered the train car and moved around touching beings leaving a handprint mark on them which eventually faded. The being which seemed immaterial couldn't be avoided and no matter what they tried eventually it touched everyone before leaving the car.

After sometime the train crashed spilling people down a mountain slope. The party picked themselves up and noticed that strange beings wearing military greatcoats were wandering around the beings that had spilled from the train and were executing them. They saw that a strangely garbed man wearing tight clothing had started shooting beams of light from his hands. The creatures wandering the field slaying passengers all stopped what they were doing and started shrieking. With a mighty whistling another creature hurtled down from the sky and slaughtered the strangely garbed man.

The party along with Goldilocks, Baby Bear and Jimmie Rodgers (Papa and Mama Bear had both been slain and no one had seen any of the dogs or Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Christie) thought that they were doomed but a huge car suddenly appeared from nowhere and the driver opened the door and said, "If you want to continue to exist you should get in!" They all did with alacrity, though somehow the driver had to add a middle seat section and Jimmie Rodgers had to sit in

the rumble seat. The car raced off passing through a portal of some sort and emerging on a long dark stretch of road which the driver explained was the “Road that goes on forever.”

He introduced himself as Marmaduke H. Fieldhouse explained that he was an agent of BONC, the Bureau of Necessary Corrections. He explained that they had been on a train that was headed to the afterlife. He couldn't confirm whether they were travelling to Heaven or Hell as he didn't know. He explained that BONC worked throughout the multiverse fighting their enemies, the Forces of Entropy, the FOE! The spectre that had passed through the train car touching them was known as a marker while the things in greatcoats were reapers. The other monster that had killed the energy throwing being was called a crusher. He told them that the multiverse was made up of realms as diverse as could be imagined.

The road passed through a long stretch of desert and he cautioned them from staring at the sky which was filled with black stars on a black background too long in case they attracted the wrong kind of attention. Shadowy figures of insane proportions wandered in the hills far from the road and he turned the lights off.

Unfortunately despite this precaution one of the shadowy figures, monstrous and one-eyed with equally shadowy giant ravens on its shoulders and carrying a giant spear started heading towards the car. Something happened to Marmaduke and shrieking “Take the wheel!” his suit collapsed in a heap on the front seat. Virginia Lake took the wheel and with some masterful driving escaped! They discovered that Marmaduke was actually a guinea pig in a human suit who had lost control of his suit. Once he regained his calm he directed Virginia to make a turn into another realm which turned out to be a viaduct through an enormous cavern at whose heart there was an enormous stone sphere.

Reaching the sphere they passed through a set of enormous doors finding themselves in a parking garage holding all types of vehicles imaginable, from the aircraft carrier Enterprise to a variety of Starship Enterprises, from log rafts to Tie fighters, hang gliders to jet packs, pogo sticks to 7 league boots, pestle and mortars to magic carpets. Parking the car they walked to an elevator. The elevator operator was a 2D comic strip character. He delivered them to a hallway full of diverse beings of all sorts. Marmaduke H. Fieldhouse spoke to Raggedy Ann who dressed as Rambo had just come back from a mission where she'd lost Andy. The mysterious book was sent to the library for analysis. You were guided to a meeting room in the sphere.

The sphere consisted of a group of concentric spheres and all the rooms have curved surfaces to fit the sphere. The sphere is large enough that it's fairly gradual, but some curvature is always present. Even the furniture was curved and the conference table in the room you were taken was slightly bowl shaped. Mrs. Morrison, a no-nonsense, all business type in a scandalously short skirt came in and welcomed you to BONC. She explained that the mark the

shades had placed on the party members were permanent and the reapers could always find you using them. She would provide a token that blocked out the signals the mark gave off. The token was theirs whether they joined or not but BONC would provide you with the opportunity to fight evil. Some of the players jumped at the chance (Biff's only question was whether he could bonk people. She replied, Of course) and some others asked more questions. Baasim asked after his father and Harry wondered if this fit in with his police career. He decided it did. Marmaduke explained that there would be plentiful opportunities to philosophize on Taco/Philosophy Tuesdays. She stamped all your marks with a special stamp she had and said you'd all be issued badges identifying you as agents of BONC. You were shown to your rooms and we called it a night.

Episode Two: Saving Tom Nook

You find yourself on a tropical beach. An odd beach, with nothing seeming quite right. The party had gone through the Big Blue Door, and found themselves in the computer game world of Animal Crossing New Horizons. They were told to Save Tom Nook. They wandered around talking to the locals and discovered that Tom Nook, Timmy, Tommy and Isabelle had all been replaced by thuggish islanders claiming to be the originals.

The party wandered around speaking to the islanders who seemed oddly aware of the fact that there were NPCs in a game. Eventually they met Tortimer the Mayor from previous Animal Crossing games who was living in a light house on the north coast of the island. He provided a plan, make pitfall traps and steel bars, lure the bad guys outside with a fireworks show and then trap them!

The party did this and managed to free Tom, Timmy and Tommy Nook and Isabelle. Tom Nook banished the bad guys and rewarded the agents with credit cards with unlimited bells!

Not a huge success of a scenario. The subject matter was too unfamiliar to most of the players.

Episode Three: Saving Christmas

The agents found themselves on a snow covered street at night. After most of them managed to avoid getting run down by sleighs pulled by reindeer they realized that they were there to Save Christmas. They were dressed like elves but were armed with toy guns. After questioning a helpful snowman they crossed the street and talked to Hermey the Elf DDS who told them the sad story of how the town, Christmas Town, was divided between Santa Claus and Kris Kringle and no toys were being made with Christmas only a few days away!.

Kris Kringle and his wife Jessica had wandered into town out of a snowstorm expecting that Kris would be taking over the toy delivery business but Santa was having none of this. Kris managed

to lure a third of the male elves to his side with his fancy talk of efficiencies (the elves would only have to work 10 hours a day, seven days a week instead of the 12 hours they working). Another third were sticking with Santa (if 12 hours a day, 7 days a week was good enough for their ancestors, it was good enough for them). (The other third of the male elf population was waiting it out to see who came out on top).

But now no one was making toys as Mrs. Claus and Jessica Kringle had joined forces and all the adult female elves were siding with them. They had seized the toy factory and the stables where the flying reindeer were kept and were keeping the males out. Santa and his followers who were wearing red and green outfits were headquartered at a local bar, the Egg Noggerly while Kris Kringle and his crew dressed in green and red were holed up at another place called the Chocolate Bar.

The elves had seen one too many gangster movies and had made 32s and 45s that looked like cap and pop guns, rifles that looked like Red Ryder BB guns, shot guns that looked like cork shooting guns and Tommy guns that needed to be cranked and played a jaunty tune. They also made grenades that looked like Christmas ornaments and Nutcrackers. Candy canes sucked until they had a point made shivs and Christmas stockings filled with coal and sewn up made coshes. They spent most of the time they weren't sitting around drinking riding around in sleighs shooting up the place. They were terribly shots thankfully.

The party headed straight to the Toy Factory to speak to Mrs. Claus and Jessica. (They had already decided that they would probably try and off Kris Kringle but thought they might talk to Mrs. Claus first). When they got to the factory they found it a fortress defended by female elves with Red Ryder guns with sniper scopes. They were dressed in Christmas camouflage and had night vision goggles. They asked to speak to Mrs. Claus and after a short wait were told they could do so but they'd have to have their weapons peace-strapped. This involved an elf wrapping them up in gift wrap, ribbons and bows.

They talked to Mrs. Claus who told them they needed to find a non-violent solution. Jessica explained that she and Kris had been fleeing from Meisterburger Burgermesiter when they'd been caught up in a snowstorm. As they left the snowstorm they found themselves just outside of Christmas Town, Kris decided he'd take over from Santa and be the new Santa. Santa wasn't having this which caused the strife.

Realizing that this was the work of FOE (the forces of entropy) they wondered if the flying reindeer could travel to alternate dimensions. Mrs. Claus didn't know so she sent them to talk to the reindeer. Provided with a tray of cookies and some magic schnapps that made you fly they spoke to the reindeer who all seemed to be German mathematicians. The reindeer did some calculations and decided that it just might be possible but they'd have to test this theory

to be sure. Two of the characters volunteered to take the sleigh out on its test run. They zoomed off and turned right, left, upside down and inside out and managed to dimension travel to Hell where Satan spotted them and started chasing them. The reindeer managed to out fly Satan and returned to Christmas Town.

Armed with this knowledge they decided to approach Santa and Kris Kringle and offer them the solution of returning Kris Kringle and Jessica to their dimension. After getting some neutral black clothing and some white flags the party split up and half went to see Santa and half went to see Kris. The Egg Noggerly was full of drunk wanna be gangster elves listening to the sound of Christmas carols being played in barrel house style on the piano. The elves insisted on the party members respecting the two drink minimum before being allowed to see Santa. They did so and Santa was pleased to agree to a ceasefire.

Meanwhile at the Chocolate Bar the place was full of despondent elves. They got in to see Kris Kringle and found him in a somewhat unsettling paramilitary outfit. He too though readily agreed to a ceasefire. Satisfied the party returned to the Toy Factory. Later that night though Kris and his forces broke the ceasefire. The party persuaded Mrs. Claus to send her forces out to distract and engage Kris' forces so they could sneak into the Chocolate Bar and capture Kris.

They wanted to borrow the reindeer and sleigh but were informed by the reindeer's lawyer, a literal weasel, that his clients didn't fly into war zones. When the party correctly pointed out that they must fly into war zones to deliver Christmas presents the lawyer pointed out that they would only do that on Christmas Eve. Armed instead with some rope and the magic flying schnapps the party snuck up on the Chocolate Bar and using the flying schnapps as a boost scaled the wall to the top. There they tried to take out the elf guards. This didn't go so well and shots were fired. After the two elves were subdued the rest of the party got up on top. They started down but an elf armed with a pew pew (Tommy) gun started shooting at them. They rolled a Christmas ornament down the stairs and after that worked their way down.

They met some resistance which they mostly put down. Two of the characters were badly wounded, by Nutcracker and gun fire but they managed to get down to the main floor. After subduing the elves down there they got in to grab Kris. He was just making a move to lay his finger aside his nose when he was grappled.

After that the fighting stopped and Kris was hauled back to the Toy Factory and his forces surrendered. Kris and Jessica were re-united and some of the elves decided to go back to their dimension with them. Santa drove the sleigh and managed to successfully transport them back to their own world (thought the Burgermeister Meisterburger had installed some surface to air missiles so the sleigh was bit singed when it came back)

The elves that hadn't taken sides had been making toys in their home workshops all along so there were enough for Christmas

Having successfully saved Christmas in not one, but two realities the party was transported back to BONC's HQ, the Big Sphere where they found plates of cookies and thank you notes from Santa.

GM's note: Love the fact that the players came up with the solution to the problem and executed it successfully!

From Lucky Louis' Diary

Dear diary:

The things available to us here from the multi-verse are amazing. Today is Taco Tuesday and I don't know what world Tacos came from but they are fantastic. Right now I am writing in this book on my knee at Taco Tuesday. Not at a desk, no ink well, no blotting paper, on my knee!! This technology is amazing. I went to the library to find more about turkeys and they had a great book.

"The Wild Turkey: Biology & Management Hardcover – Illustrated, September 1, 1992."

He is astounded to find that not only can turkeys fly they do it every night since they roost in trees, and with their short little legs they can run as fast as people. The world is a much stranger place than he ever imagined, especially south of the border.

The book is from 70 years in the future. I asked about this at Taco Tuesday which is also a philosophy discussion. I got lots of answers: I have been dead longer than I realize; the date is a misprint; it is from a different world, not the future; who cares; and more. No two answers agreed.

No one wanted to talk about my curse though. I thought maybe it was gone, but the mission was to a world where the people knew what death was but to them, it was not something that happened to people. I meet about 20 people there including other members of BONC and 1/5 of them died. The curse may not be affecting me here but it killed 1/5 of the people I meet on a mission to a world with almost no death. They did seem to be very bad people but I am not sure if they deserved to die.