

Future/Perfect, Part 4

A Scenario for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

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Introduction

In *Future/Perfect*, Part 1, the Agents encountered the impact of a time gate built by the sorcerer Xichlasa of the serpent-folk in the guise of inventor Arthur Hunt. Another time gate still lurks at the heart of Hunt Electronics, at the headquarters of Hunt Specialty Services. Xichlasa meant for those gates to allow the serpent-folk to pour from the troubled past into a future that they could conquer. But meddling with time attracted minds even stranger and more potent than Xichlasa's.

The Great Race of Yith can never be fully understood by the minds of humanity, but since they play a major part in the possible resolution of *Future/Perfect*, we will attempt to make their machinations comprehensible. At best, what follows is what a researcher completely immersed in Great Race culture might be able to discover with decades of unfettered study. Even this explanation does not do justice to the plans of the creatures we call the Great Race. The minds of the Yithians—so vast they can conceive the entire universe in one unblinking thought—will never be accessible to a human who remains sane.

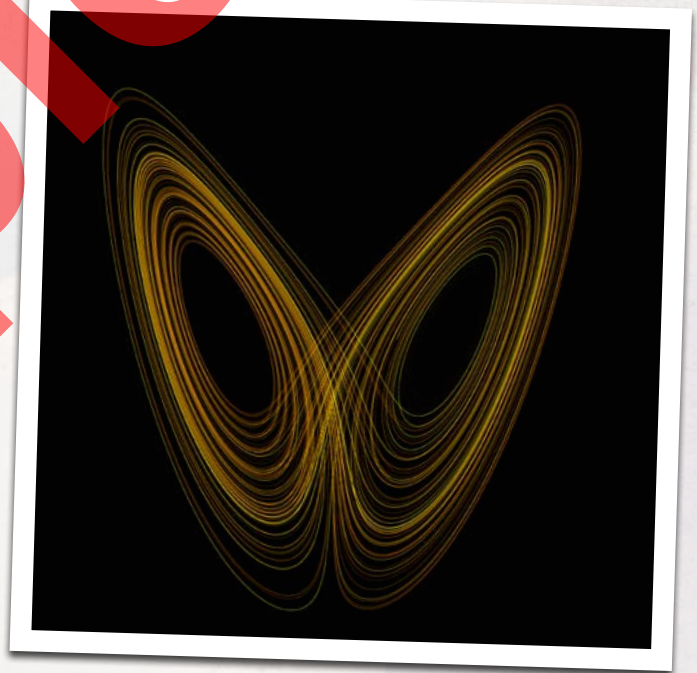
Before the Great Race of Yith were as they are now, they were tangible, mortal beings, trapped in the linear existence we call reality. At some point in what we consider the distant past, they managed to escape the shackles of physicality and move into a higher form of consciousness, unbound by time.

The Great Race do not travel through time. They exist within time itself, as if all the history of the physical universe were a single, giant object upon which their consciousnesses could move and interact with others of

their kind. For clarity, we call the physical universe as they perceive it “the Construct.”

Atemporal intangibility is their native state. What could be called the “physical” forms of the Great Race are their excursions into the Construct's materiality. The cone-shaped entities of the ancient past, their modern human puppets, and the coleopterons of the distant, radioactive future are merely temporary forms. Those forms are tools, as a shovel, a gun, or a flashlight is a tool to humanity.

The Yithians use and discard these forms as needed to maintain the integrity of the Construct upon which their real forms exist. Without the “environment” provided by the surface of the Construct, the native intelligences of the Great Race would perish.



Pivots

The Construct is fragile. There are great swaths of the Construct which the Yithians cannot enter, since there are no biological forms for them to inhabit. And there are areas dominated by creatures inimical to them and immune to their influence, such as the hideous things we call spectral polyyps. But certain portions of the Construct are

awash with creatures and forms that they can easily access. Earth is one of these. At these points, the Great Race focus their efforts. We call these points “Pivots.”

The Yithians focus their consciousnesses in the Construct within biological forms such as human beings. While in these forms, their actions at Pivots can alter, sometimes quite drastically, the structure of the Construct. Small changes at certain points in history can bend, shape, cut off, or even obliterate the Construct.

To prevent the worst damage to the Construct, the Great Race have set up choke points throughout history. At these times and places, they gather a multitude of their consciousnesses, to control a Pivot or to maintain a “safe” store of information from other, more chaotic Pivots. Pnakotis, the library of the Great Race founded 65 million years ago, is the most secure Pivot contained within that portion of the Construct concerned with Earth. At Pnakotis, and in a distant, future time, the Great Race consider themselves “safe.” To the Great Race, these points exist simultaneously. In human terms, these two choke points, separated by time, are akin to two distant outposts separated by hostile terrain.

For a myriad of inhuman reasons, Pnakotis is ideal as a Pivot point. Even the spectral polyps—multi-dimensional monstrosities bent on the destruction of the Great Race in the Cretaceous—represent not a threat but an annoyance. The Great Race choose to exist within the moments of the Pnakotic Pivot that do not feature the spectral polyps. They built each Pivot with as much width and stability as possible, and project themselves into such protected moments.

From these Pivots, the Great Race monitor time and launch expeditions into it. These explorations are not simply scientific investigations. They keep the Construct stable. Humans transplanted to Pnakotis might mistake the records gathered there, from every period of Earth’s history, as a “library.” It is in fact a huge instrument to monitor changes in time, a sort of temporal barometer. This is one reason the Great Race abduct human consciousnesses to record recollections of their time in odd, rectilinear, indestructible books. It is also the reason the Great Race don’t simply spy on such creatures and write concise, all-knowing reports themselves. These books, gathered from beings at all points in Earth’s history, change as the Construct

changes. Those changes tell the Great Race when their influence has altered or broken the Construct.

The Great Race are not omniscient. They have a vast array of data, but some things are beyond their reach. They constantly strive to understand events and reinforce the Construct.

Servants and Actuators

Of all the unnatural but intelligent species known to humanity, the Great Race is the closest to benign. The net effect of their machinations on human culture is positive, in that they stabilize and normalize time. This is not to say they are friendly. They have deep contempt and disregard for human life. But at this particular Pivot, we are the only tool available to reshape the Construct. To the Great Race, humans are backwards, troublesome, and difficult to control. The Yithians seem distant, fickle and even downright evil to those humans exposed to their activities.

Their methods in our portion of history are two-fold. Their first and most often used tool a cult of human servants, known as the Motion. They are a disposable supply of temporal laborers, swayed by the magnificence of the Great Race and revering them as gods or ascended masters. Natives to a particular point of time at a Pivot have a limited range of effect on it. They are capable of subtle shifts in the future with minimal risk to the Construct itself. The Motion exist throughout all of human history, and go



by various names and titles, but their methods, access to Great Race technology, and fanatical selflessness remain the same. The Motion will do anything to complete missions assigned to them by the Great Race.

Second, the Great Race hurl their own minds into the Construct. Most often, this is simply to exchange minds with a temporal native in order to expand the library of Pnakotis. Most members of the Great Race have limited experience with the human portion of the Construct. Each jumps into a creature of such limited brainpower and perception damages a Yithian's consciousness.

Sometimes, however, they send special operatives called Actuators through time. Actuators are sent into human hosts repeatedly. Their expertise at fitting among humanity is an important, developable skill. Actuators deal with difficult problems, particularly temporal loops and knots, and threats to the very existence of the Construct. Actuators are prevalent throughout human history.

The largest threat to the stability of the Construct is the prevalence of time travel and gate technology. The Great Race must endlessly "update" history to correct interference in the structure of spacetime by beings incapable of seeing its long-term effects. Actuators are particularly likely to intervene when a gate in time is utilized.

The Hellbend and Duxbury Gates

The attention of the Great Race is drawn to the temporal gates at Hellbend, California and Duxbury, Pennsylvania. The Duxbury gate found in *Future/Perfect, Part 3*, is a convoluted puzzle in causality, thanks to the influence of the serpent-folk on humanity.

The Great Race have long since "completed" their regard of portion of history in which the serpent-folk were active, so interfering with them in the past is not an option. And they carefully monitored Arthur Hunt's development of the Gate, but attacking Hunt directly is likewise a last resort. Hunt's many inventions are a necessary linchpin in human technological development. Interfering with them risks altering the Construct too much. The Great Race identified a point where they could safely shut down the Hellbend gate, using an Actuator in the guise of Michael Grunning. But attempts to shut down the Duxbury gate have failed. Millions of times, they have launched concerted efforts to neutralize the effects of the Duxbury

gate, which opens the way between modern Duxbury and a base in the distant past. With tiny shifts in history, they have killed the entire population at the Offsite location. They have erased the Duxbury facility. They have folded both gates in on themselves, removing key personnel at particular points in time. Each attempt has failed to resolve the conduit through time. Each attempt either made things far worse at a later date, or simply disintegrated the Construct past that point in time.

The events of *Future/Perfect* present a possible solution: the Agents of Delta Green.

An Actuator in Part 3

Future/Perfect, Part 4, takes place on the other side of HSS's Duxbury gate, at a colony in the distant past called "Offsite." Infiltrating HSS in *Future/Perfect, Part 3*, is extraordinarily difficult and dangerous, but the Agents might get help from the Great Race. An HSS employee possessed by an Actuator of the Great Race could approach the Agents, either while the Agents are inside HSS, while they are supposedly hidden at a safe house, or after they have been captured and are waiting to hear their fate.

The Actuator

If the Great Race deem it necessary to contact the Agents, they dispatch one of their most resourceful Actuators. The Actuator is an ageless, relentless creature so far in advance of humanity that it has difficulty articulating anything but the most basic concepts to them. Even so, it represents the epitome of Great Race/human relations. For all its trouble communicating, the Actuator understands human behavior and reasoning to a startling degree. It is an encyclopedia of the human era spanning a block of time that stretches approximately from 100 years ago to a few years in the future. It knows the areas, people, places, and events around Duxbury and Offsite especially well, in a way a surveyor might know the subtle dips and changes in elevation on a worksite after documenting it for months.

The Actuator can aid the Agents in a wholly unobtrusive way, using its mastery of time to achieve results not possible otherwise. For example, the Great Race have meticulous, to-the-second, shifting records of all personnel, all codes, and all keycard combinations, as well as



personal histories and information about everyone in the facility. With such information, a single Actuator can ferry a team of Delta Green Agents through the HSS facility undiscovered.

The baffling aid of the Actuator, possessing HSS employees, may lead to distrust, refusal to cooperate, or just plain violence. The Great Race are, of course, used to such reactions. They do not give up due to something as simple as their human vessel being beaten, tortured or shot.

Continuously confronted by such creatures in human guise may be enlightening or disturbing. The knowledge that such beings haunts the periphery of all existence costs 1/1D4 SAN from the unnatural.

The Actuator knows and understands things no one could possibly predict or understand. This knowledge should startle the Agents. For example, the Actuator might know that Elaine Walcott of 931 Deerlake Road in Duxbury will fall down the stairs in her home at 5:33:04 A.M., or that a dog belonging to Burt Brooker of Carlcliff Farms in Duxbury will be struck and killed by Walcott's car on the day following due to her stiffness after this fall. This complex interplay of facts is as clear in the Actuator's mind as a road map might be to a human. Knowing such detailed information about the "future" makes the Actuator capable of complex tasks outside the realm of possibility for normal people.

Agents who come to grips with such knowledge can easily test the Great Race's powers by asking questions about the past or future. What the Actuator chooses to share with the Agents, if anything, is up to the Handler. It should quickly become clear that something inhuman and unimaginably powerful is attempting to stop HSS from using the Gate. But the Actuator will consistently fail to

explain that the Agents need to travel to the Offsite location simply because that is what happened...or is happening...or will happen.

Once in the Gate room, the Great Race's Actuator can create a confluence of coincidences sufficient to remove attention from the Gate for a few minutes while the Agents travel through. Using the Gate is draining and disturbing, costing each traveler 1 WP and 1 SAN.

Another Way

If the Agents refuse to comply with the Actuator, it forces them. A dozen members of the Motion unceremoniously kidnap the Agents. They use Great Race technology, such as stun guns made of television remotes and garage-door openers.

When the Agents wake, they are securely bound to wooden kitchen chairs in a dilapidated house. They have been stripped of weapons and equipment. No one else is present. Surrounding them are what appear to be thousands of meters of cable lines and high-voltage lines, all intertwined and woven through the chairs, connected to the chairs, and connected to hand-made boxes filled with humming, spitting, and arcing electrical equipment. This is a Great Race gate machine.

The Agents should not be permitted to escape, though giving them a glimmer of hope would be a nice touch. As they struggle to get free, a low hum builds. An old lightbulb above the stove explodes in a huge shower of blue-white sparks. A huge, high-pitched whining, like that of an enormous generator, fills the air. It drowns out all other noise.

Blue, white, and red lightning leaps from the boxes, arcing toward objects in the room. They seem to find an item, strike it once, and then pepper the target with growing tendrils of power until—to the Agents' horror—the object vanishes in an eruption of blue-white light, leaving a scorch mark behind. Seeing this weird destruction costs 0/1 SAN from the unnatural.

When all large, metal items in the room have been disintegrated, the lightning begins hitting a random Agent. The process is agonizing to experience and terrifying to watch, costing 1/1D6 SAN from the unnatural. A stricken Agent takes 1D20 damage per turn. When the Agent reaches 0 HP, their body vanishes in a blue-white flash.

This entire process is painfully drawn out, until, one by one, all Agents are disintegrated.

They wake in a lush green field under a humid blue sky. A perfect circle is seared black around them, 12 meters across. The Agents are all present and unharmed, thought their clothing and hair are scorched. They are surrounded by lightning-kissed and ruined kitchen appliances. The wooden chairs in which they were secured are lighter, as if sapped of all water, and are now easily broken into chunks of brittle wood and ash.

Just outside the burnt circle are sets of jump suits and boots to clothe all the Agents, folded carefully on the ground in a perfect row. The Agents' names are inscribed on the name tags for each jumpsuit. No one else is present.

Coming over a nearby ridge, the Agents see Base Camp, the heart of Offsite.

Offsite

The Offsite colony is an enormous undertaking, representing hundreds of millions of dollars worth of personnel, equipment, and supplies. Its soaring costs were covered by the recovery of valuable metals in the past, which were transported to the future and sold. But William Lassiter's attempt at paradise still remains a long way off.

Offsite has two inhabited areas and a number of work sites. The inhabited areas are Base Camp, which holds the Gate and supplies, and the Compound, where a large, permanent residential colony is being built.

Offsite is, quite simply, an attempt to create a completely self-sufficient home for the "rebirth" of modern humanity. Personnel and supplies come through the Gate at Base Camp. The larger community is still in construction at a site called the Compound. The Compound is still two to three years from completion, but the capture of Jonathan Emery at LaGuardia Airport with 100 kg of illegal gold (described in *Future/Perfect*, Part 3) has collapsed HSS's timeline. Now, equipment and materiel are being shoveled through the Gate at a breakneck pace. Everything is coming in greater quantities than ever before. More people, more equipment, more food, more supplies, and more tools.

There has been no official announcement at the Offsite location, but the message is clear: It is only a matter

of time before the Gate is closed and their trip to the past will become their world of the present.

Habitation

The Offsite location is a bit hot, but otherwise ideally suited for human inhabitants. There are no significant predators. There are abundant fruit bushes, and small game is recognizable as predecessors of modern species. Experiments in planting seeds of fruit-bearing plants which would have existed at this date succeeded, leading experts to believe a long-term effort to colonize this time period would be easy.

The water supply was a significant problem but was rapidly overcome by HSS money and resources. Early tests on Offsite water found virulent, unknown microscopic organisms which could easily sicken or kill humans. Artesian wells pulled up cleaner but still dangerous water, filled with different species of unknown bacteria. A concerted effort was made to develop a water ecosystem with redundant, experimental water-scrubbing facilities. Nearly two dozen wells have been dug and made safe.

Destroying these wells or sabotaging the scrubbing equipment is a fast way to bring the camp to its knees. Everyone has become used to clean water, and the lack of it will be felt within hours. Within days, HSS must begin carting fresh water through the Gate, a very time-consuming and expensive undertaking, while the damaged equipment is repaired or replaced. The second time such equipment is set up, there will be guards watching over it, making a quiet sabotage nearly impossible.

