

DELTA GREEN

// Dead Drops //

HORRORS SHARP AND DEEP FOR *DELTA GREEN: THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME*

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Introduction

"He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." — Samuel Johnson

If you say that no one reaches their deathbed wishing they had spent more time at work, then you've never met a proper Delta Green agent.

Such agents answer a higher calling. They sacrifice what they love in exchange for what they fear, to spare those they love from having to experience that fear for themselves. And when eventually they charge headlong and heedless to their grave, shovel in one hand and a horror's bloody head in the other, they take comfort in knowing their own children need not repeat this ghastly exercise.

The Delta Green agent who dies of natural causes, at a ripe old age, surrounded by their most beloved, is by definition a coward and a failure worthy only of contempt. Their happy ending is no triumph.

Delta Green has never been a power fantasy. I have joked before that it is a powerless fantasy, but the truth is less humble: it is a sacrifice fantasy, of martyring oneself for the greater good. It is a story in which one can justify any callous or cruel act because the stakes are so high. But where pop culture elevates such pulp heroes for making the hard decisions with a single tossed-off line or steely-eyed moment of bitter

regret, Delta Green counts every miserly coin. With each tick of a frayed bond, each decision to brighten the light by setting part of oneself on fire, the ledger book is plainly inscribed.

The operations declassified in this book are self-serve sacrificial altars. It's all a game of press your luck: how much good can you do, and what trade-offs can you accept, before you succumb to the inevitable? The delicious tension this gives rise to, and the awful decisions you conclude you must make, are the defining flavors of Delta Green.

In the tradecraft of espionage, a dead drop is a prearranged place to leave a message for a contact. For the agents—and their rivals, in the case of "Jack Frost"—their final dead drop will never be collected because their last gasping message is for the cosmos. And the cosmos never answers.

Are you okay with that? Can you live with that? More importantly, can you die with that?

If so, then you are cordially invited to a night at the opera. It's a ticket for one. You'll end the night alone.

John Scott Tynes
Seattle, May 2024

LOCATE NEAR
P-332 (ON F-336)



FULL TUBE

GLASS PIPE

(NOTE 2)

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SUCKY LINE

NO. FOCALITY

38

// Meridian //

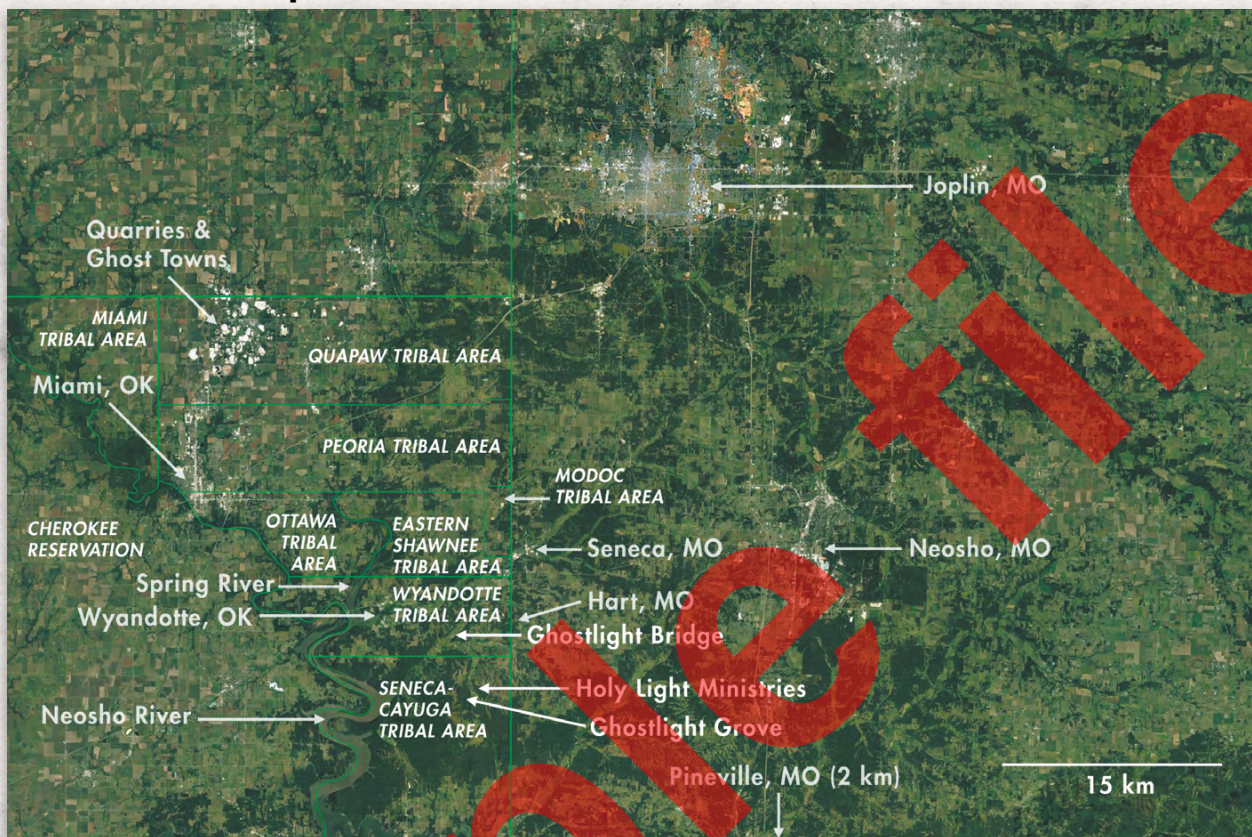
“You can’t die, Kattie.”



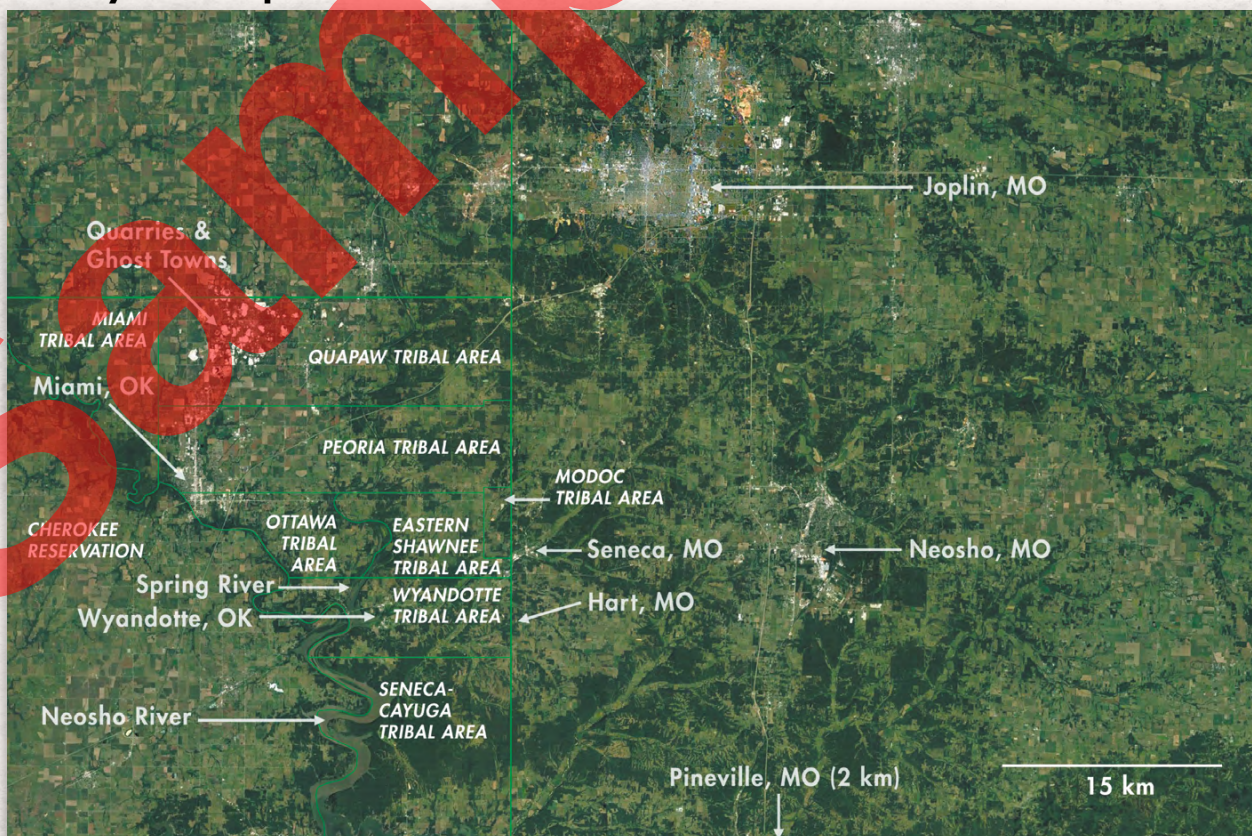


Sample file

>>Handler's Map



>>Players' Map



Meridian

By Shane Ivey

Introduction

Joplin, Missouri. The crossroads of America. In the dying days of summer 2018, two investigators drive into town from Washington, D.C., on a case that looks like a waste of time and resources: investigating the finances of a rural shelter for homeless youth. It looks like poison to careers that are already on life support. Unless there's more to it. Unless the ghostly lights of tall tales really do rise over the black woods. Unless the leaves whisper with memories beyond life and death.

Delta Green has to find new Agents somewhere.

"Meridian" introduces two such recruits, beleaguered federal agents from a career-killing task force. They seek a church too poor to follow the law. They find something else entirely.

Holy Light

Daniel Keeler, frequent guest of Joplin jails for fighting, drunk driving, and selling drugs, found religion and founded Holy Light Ministries eight years ago. He has not been arrested since. The ministry uses his mailing address, his mother's house in Joplin. It has no facilities on record. It has very little income. As far as Joplin officials are concerned, it's a hobby that keeps Keeler out of trouble and their interest ends there.

Holy Light Ministries has a great deal more activity off the record. Keeler lives and works in an abandoned church just across the Oklahoma border. He shelters homeless youths. He never harms them in any way. He shares with them the revelation that changed his life. The wonder in the woods. The wonder he calls the Preacher.

The Preacher lives in a secret grove an hour's hike from the church. The grove glows at night with a soft phosphorescence that sometimes takes to the air in flickering accretions of light. The light rises into the night sky and can be seen for miles around, dancing

and whirling, fading and appearing, before falling or flickering away again.

Local legend calls it the Ghostlight. It began long ago, in the late 1940s. Then it stopped in the 2000s. Now it's back. For the past 10 years, it has attracted enthusiasts and tourists to an old bridge that offers the best view. To Keeler and his flock, the grove where it takes shape is Ghostlight Grove. It offers truths and marvels.

The Preacher whispers ceaselessly from the earth of Ghostlight Grove, half-buried, half-absorbed by the forest itself that feeds on her undying flesh. Fungi and worms and bacteria softly luminesce with incomprehensible echoes of meaning. Daniel Keeler and his kids hear her thoughts, see her visions, and share her voice.

They are not alone. Spores fruited from the deathless Preacher slowly drift. Every year, more people ingest them from local water, soil, vegetation, and meat. When their eyes see the Ghostlight, wonders open in their minds.

The Preacher

Long ago, the Preacher was a local girl. Born Kathleen Catlins in 1944, she and her family belonged to a rural Black church in the Oklahoma woodlands south of Seneca, Missouri. The congregation prayed under lights in the sky, singing to them as angels. In 1953, Catlins found herself separated from a Sunday School group exploring the woods. She saw the lights up close. They took her up, and she was never seen by her family or church again. They were not angels of the Lord but fungi from Yuggoth, chitinous beings sometimes called the mi-go. They found something in her young brain interesting and experimented on it. They teased out a certain capacity for the unnatural. When they took the experiments and her meager potential to their limits, they let her go. That was 1974. She had journeyed far.