Westwild: Sample of My Work

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Two finished Westwild questlines, written for the Westwild tabletop RPG. Everything below is the full text as it ships: story, dialogue, the player's A/B/C options, and the DM notes that go with each part.

Contains frontier-style strong language.

What this is

Westwild is a fast frontier tabletop RPG I wrote: the setting, lore, rules and the Gazette. These are its two starter campaigns, written to be played in order. Both begin on Buntline Trade Road, and both were written to teach the game while telling a real story: moving between places, running quests, gathering clues, cutscenes, and a final confrontation.

Where they fit

1. **Handsome Jack the Duelist of Saint Levoir.** A three-part bounty one-shot. It is the first campaign a table plays. It ends with a bounty writ for each player and a summons toward Capital City, which hands the posse into campaign two.
2. **Get 'Em To The Buntline.** A four-part story campaign. It picks up on the road west and takes the posse into Timberland Forest to rescue captives from a Bol Band raiding party. It ends by pointing the posse at the next campaign, a raid-level event, *Gunfight at Lake Station*.

Together they are the front door to the Westwild world: a small, finished campaign line that a table can play start to finish, and that sets up bigger campaigns after it. The Westwild campaign builder is still in development, so the questlines in this packet are the proof of how I build them.

How I write a Westwild questline

I open a text editor or Pages and write out the story prologue first. Then I write the dialogue. Then I write the A/B/C options the players choose between, and write out what each one leads to. Once it is all set, I build it in the early campaign builder, or I have AI fit the blocks into the engine.

About the writing

Every word in these questlines is mine: the stories, the characters, the dialogue, the A/B/C options, the notes and the guides. After a Grammarly pass I used an AI tool to edit grammar. AI did not write any of it.

What to look for in the writing

- **Hooks and pressure.** Each part opens with a hook and a clock (who is in danger, what gets worse if the posse stalls).
- **Leads, not rails.** A primary and a secondary lead, plus a written "if players stall" nudge, so a Game Master can recover a table that goes sideways.
- **Voices.** Cutscene prose and dialogue in a frontier dialect, with characters who sound different from each other.
- **Player choice.** A/B/C options at the end of each part, each with a trigger for what comes next.
- **GM tools.** DM guide notes, NPC notes, encounter notes and outcome potential, written for someone running the game live.

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1. Handsome Jack the Duelist of Saint Levoir

Starter campaign 1 of 2. One-shot, three parts. Play this first.

A starter Westwild bounty job built to teach /travel, /quest, /ccstart, clue gathering, and a clean final confrontation. Start on Buntline Trade Road, run /quest there, then /ccstart when the scene tells you to. When a part ends, follow the written next step exactly.

Overview

Tone. Frontier / Bounty / Noir

Starts at. Buntline Trade Road

Summary. A three-part starter bounty through Saint Levoir. The posse takes a contract from Mordicai, works the Pharaoh Club for the lead, then corners Handsome Jack at Saint Levoir Station for a dead-or-alive finish.

Core objective. Track down Handsome Jack, confirm his location, and bring the matter to a final dead-or-alive resolution.

Main pressure. Handsome Jack is protected by local hesitation, his own swagger, and a couple of thick-necked hangers-on who can complicate the grab.

Reward and handoff. Each posse member earns a 100 DD bounty writ and a summons toward Capital City, setting up the next campaign handoff.

Part 1: Mordicai's Post Office

Location. Buntline Trade Road

Hook. The posse reaches an old post office outside Saint Levoir and meets Mordicai, a blotchy-faced postman sitting on a bounty lead that local law would prefer handled quietly.

Objective. Accept the job, understand the target, and get pointed toward the Pharaoh Club in Saint Levoir.

Primary lead. Mordicai sends them toward the Pharaoh Club.

Secondary lead. If pressed, Mordicai adds that Jack runs with a couple of thick-necked boys who enjoy pork and beans.

Pressure and complication. Any Half-Orc in the posse will draw extra hostility once polite Saint Levoir society enters the picture.

If players stall. Have Mordicai repeat the size of the writ and the Pharaoh Club lead. Keep it moving.

Roll guidance. Mostly roleplay and posture here. Use a roll only if the posse invents a reason for one.

Outcome potential. Clean success means the posse leaves with the job and a clear destination. Extra questions earn them the detail about Jack's thick-necked riders.

Trigger for next step. Mordicai has given the contract and the posse understands Saint Levoir is next.

Travel guidance. After the conversation, steer them toward Saint Levoir. Remind them they can restock before they go if they need to.

Next step. /travel Saint Levoir. Once there, the next room will load and prompt you to /ccstart for Part 2.

DM guide notes

Run /quest from Buntline Trade Road once the campaign has been loaded.

The posse may head to McGinty's to spend any starter cash or re-up rations. Any Half-Orc in the posse will incur for the posse -1 Disadvantage to social rolls. Guide, do not force, to the Pharaoh Club.

If they choose to ask Mordicai something else, he will tell the group that Handsome Jack has a couple of thick necks he rides with who enjoy Pork and Beans.

NPC notes

Mordicai: old postman, blotchy-faced, bristly, practical, and holding the bounty lead. He knows local law wants Handsome Jack gone and the Pharaoh Club is the place to begin.

Who is here

- **Mordicai**: Old postman, blotchy-faced, bristly, practical, and holding the bounty lead.

Trouble here

- **Quiet Job, Loud City**: Somebody in Capital City wants Handsome Jack handled faster than local law is willing to admit out loud.

Scene

The posse reaches an old post office outside Saint Levoir and meets Mordicai, a blotchy-faced postman sitting on a bounty lead that local law would prefer handled quietly.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Take the contract and head for Saint Levoir.
- **B.** Ask Mordicai something else before moving.
- **C.** Hold here, check supplies, and prepare before the city push.

Cutscene

You make your way into the outskirts of Saint Levoir at the old post office just outside of town. You can hear the hustle and bustle. See the lights. Hell, even smell the cigar smoke from here as you mosey up to the run down old building just across the pond from the biggest, prettiest city you ever set eyes on.

She's alive with activity. You can hear voices even from here. The few you can make out over the sound of wagons trundling by on the road carrying goods in from Buntline Road. Where you just come from.

You give the old creaky door a knock and step in. It's a small place, clearly having been here since before Saint Levoir was quite so big and rich. The beginnings of that massive French pearl across that short bit of water. The old fella at the counter looks up with a blotchy red face and a big, bristly mustache to say, "You a marshal? Cowpoke? What?"

"What's it to you?" you say back, knocking on the counter, "I'm here to see a man about a dog."

"Hah. A dog, eh? You musta talked to Johnson. He's the only one calls a cash-in a dog. Anyway," he gestured in the direction of the city yonder with those beautiful brick streets outside.

"He and I had a word. He thinks I'm the person for the job. What'cha got for me, Postman?" you say, leaning on the counter.

"Things've gone a little sideways in Saint Levoir. Local law is paying a small fortune to get rid of a dualist card player. Man by the name of Handsome Jack. They say every time he loses a game, instead of payin' up, he challenges 'em to a throw down on the Back Nine."

"Back Nine?" You ask.

"Yeah. Rough part of town... usually nobody but the drakes, maybe some rough lookin' star gazers live out that way. Saint Levoir's a rose with her own thorns." He responded, reaching down to pull a folded map of the city out from under his counter, spreading it out for you and pointing.

You look down and follow his finger past the French Quarter, “That ain't too far from the police station. Why ain't they handlin' it?" You ask.

"They'd like to. But the mayor's promising a fair trial for that sumbitch. Apparently, somebody in Capital City would rather things move along a little swifter. If you get me." He looked up, nodding with the quirk of an eyebrow.

"I follow...”

"Now, I don't know shit about shit, but I know 100 double dollar bounty writ's enough to make somebody like you wanna throw down. Least if what I hear bout ya's true. Handsome Jack's a real piece of shit. Ain't nobody gonna miss 'em. You can find him up at the Pharaoh Club," he slid his finger on the map to it, "S'right here. If he ain’t there, somebody there’ll know.”

You nod, “I appreciate you.” you say before heading back for the door.

Part 2: The Pharaoh Club

Location. Saint Levoir

Hook. Inside the Pharaoh Club, the posse needs to work the room, find the right mouth to loosen, and confirm where Handsome Jack can be cornered.

Objective. Find reliable information on Handsome Jack's next location.

Primary lead. Lucy Devereaux knows Jack is headed to Saint Levoir Station.

Secondary lead. Jack's picture on the wall confirms the peacock feather and draws attention from his men.

Pressure and complication. Half-Orcs in the posse bring extra hostility and Jack's people are already in the room.

If players stall. Let Lucy notice them or let the picture on the wall pull their eyes where they need to go.

Roll guidance. Social or observation rolls fit here if the posse earns them. Reward smart questions and room reading.

Outcome potential. Combat will inspire Lucy to speak up. Avoiding conflict and asking her before the gunmen will inspire her to speak up. Looking at Jack's picture on the wall will make the men at the bar pay attention to the posse.

Trigger for next step. The posse learns Jack is headed to Saint Levoir Station.

Travel guidance. Once the posse has the station lead, move them cleanly to Saint Levoir Station with /travel.

Next step. /travel Saint Levoir Station. Once there, the next room will load and prompt you to /ccstart for Part 3.

DM guide notes

Allow players time to do what they like. Any suggestions they have for figuring out where Jack's location can be handled with social rolls. Guide, don't tell. Let them ask as many folks as they like for information.

Tips: Lucy the Barmaid knows Happy Jack is looking to challenge a rival at Saint Levoir Station. Any Half-Orc in the posse will draw instant stares, and the group will suffer a -1 Disadvantage to social rolls. There are two of Happy Jack's posse members eating at the bar who will remain quiet but follow to engage at the station later. Choosing to look around, there's a picture of Handsome Jack on the Drinker's Wall of Fame: young, handsome whipper snapper with a brand new hat and a big blue peacock feather.

DM NPC Notes: Lucy Devereaux knows Handsome Jack and dislikes his ego very much. She is more than willing to freely give information. Jack's men at the bar are listening out for trouble. If combat ensues, /summon 2 human Tier 1 NPCs. One will flee after the first of the two go down if they have a turn.

NPC notes

Lucy Devereaux: she knows Handsome Jack and dislikes his ego very much. Jack's men at the bar are listening for trouble and will likely respond aggressively if pressed too hard.

Who is here

- **Lucy Devereaux**: Quick barmaid, sharp-eyed, and more willing to help than the room deserves.
- **Jack's Men**: Two rough watchers at the bar trying very hard not to look like trouble.

Trouble here

- **Smoke, Money, and Reputation**: The wrong question in the wrong tone can turn the whole room sour in a hurry.

Scene

Inside the Pharaoh Club, the posse needs to work the room, find the right mouth to loosen, and confirm where Handsome Jack can be cornered.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Look for information about Handsome Jack.
- **B.** Question the men at the bar.
- **C.** Question Lucy Devereaux.

Cutscene

You head through the streets of Saint Levoir, looking around at what can only be described one way.

"Hot DAMN this berg is jump!"

And that she was. Electrical light posts, brick streets, wagons trundling about, and people speaking fluent French and English were everywhere. Orcs, half-orcs, and humans walked about, headed to and fro as the sun started to set.

It didn't take you long to find it. It was one of the biggest clubs on the same block as the Henderson Mill's Picture Show.

Next door to that big marquee of the theater was a newsstand holding down the street corner. Wanted posters were tacked to the wall behind it, drawing your eye for just a moment before they turned on the Pharaoh Club across the street.

People stood outside carousing, talking, smoking cigarettes, and chewing the fat. Damsels in their finest dresses tittered amongst themselves about the latest gossip.

As you crossed the street and stepped inside, your nose was immediately struck by the thick cloud of cigar and cigarette smoke. Nearly every table had gamblers at it. 5 Card. Hold 'Em. Even Black Jack.

Picking a place to sit? The bar? A table? That was the hard part.

Behind the counter was a hunched-over man in a visor cap, doing what bartenders in this kinda place seemed to always be doing. Polishing a glass with a questionable-looking rag while the piano player plunked away.

"Hey, Lucy! We get a round a whiskey over here?" Somebody called with a whoop, "I just hit this sumbitch with that Ace of Spades!"

"He got lucky, Luce! Don't believe this shit-stain," the two men laughed as a spunky little waitress in a low-topped dress gave a wave from the far side of the bar.

"Suren he is! I'll be right over," she said with a laugh, grabbing a whiskey bottle and breezing around the counter, giving you a look, "Welcome to the Pharaoh Club, Sugar," she said, her Irish accent thick, "Free table by the bar."

Two men sat at the bar with guns on their hips, dressed casually, but they gave you the sense they were desperados. They had matching hats hanging behind them by leather straps around their necks. They threw an eye your way, then went back to tucking into their meal of beans, cornbread, and fat back.

Part 3: Saint Levoir Station Throwdown

Location. Saint Levoir Station

Hook. At Saint Levoir Station, the posse finally confirms Handsome Jack in the flesh and has one clean chance to decide whether this ends with a grab, a chase, or a body.

Objective. Confront Handsome Jack and resolve the bounty dead or alive.

Primary lead. The peacock feather and his mouth confirm the target instantly.

Secondary lead. Jack's men, if they survived the club, arrive to complicate the confrontation.

Pressure and complication. This is a public place with law nearby, civilians watching, and a target who thinks fear makes him untouchable.

If players stall. Have Jack escalate the confrontation himself.

Roll guidance. Use combat if the guns come up. Use chase logic if Jack bolts.

Outcome potential. Jack, once knocked out, can be assumed to be shot dead or taken alive. Henchmen are assumed shot dead if combat is successful. Follow into the next campaign to continue the story.

Trigger for next step. Jack is dead, captured, or otherwise resolved enough that local law can step in and close the bounty.

Travel guidance. No more travel unless the posse turns it into a chase. Keep the pressure immediate.

Next step. Issue the dead-or-alive outcome, award the writs, and hand the posse toward Capital City and the next campaign.

DM guide notes

Handsome Jack is a Dualist NPC. /summon one in, as well as any remaining henchmen he had from the Pharaoh, if one survived.

They will likely attempt a surprise attack if the posse decides to go in guns blazing. If not, they will reposition to surround when the posse eventually calls attention to themselves.

There is no resolution beyond conflict. Jack will not surrender to a bounty without a fight. When confronted, Jack will play cool for a moment, then spring into action. Firing or running.

Should you choose run: Roll Social Roller to decide how many blocks the chase goes on for. TN 4 = +1 Advantage for Jack's building panic for an opening attack.

It's up to the group if they decide to take Jack in Dead or Alive. Dead: The local law will issue a Bounty Writ to each member of the posse, exchangeable at McGinty's for 100DD and a summons to Capital City from the White House to appear before President Shaw. Alive: The local law will send the posse and their capture to Capital City to be jailed. The jail will issue a summons from the White House to appear before President Shaw.

NPC notes

Handsome Jack: flashy duelist, peacock feather, sharp mouth, and the kind of ego that will not let him back down in public.

Who is here

- **Handsome Jack**: Flashy duelist, peacock feather, sharp mouth, and a face that has gone too long without being hit.

Trouble here

- **Crowded Station**: Law, civilians, and cargo all make this a bad place for a clean gunfight, which is exactly why Jack likes showing off here.

Scene

At Saint Levoir Station, the posse finally confirms Handsome Jack in the flesh and has one clean chance to decide whether this ends with a grab, a chase, or a body.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Confront Handsome Jack directly: "Handsome Jack... Been lookin' for you."
- **B.** Get close and wait for an opportunity to jump him.
- **C.** Go guns blazing.

Cutscene

It takes you a bit of time to get across Saint Levoir. The trolley held up traffic a bit after someone's laundry rickshaw tipped over, and a parade of abandoned soup hounds was tear-assing up Market Boulevard, getting chased off by the local law deputy.

"Get! Go'on ya mutts! God damn mangy critters. Mayor needs to pass a law about abandoning dogs in the city, Swear a'fore God!" One of the deputies nods at you as they pass, tipping their hat, "Evening."

You nod back, hearing the hiss of a locomotive nearby, making your way down Market Boulevard towards the sound of it.

"Hey, cowpoke! You wanna buy some meat or what?!" A shop owner calls from his front porch. "Best meat in the city. Always fresh. Always butchered right," he said, waving at his sign.

But you mosey on, right into the throng of bodies at the gate heading into the train yard.

The place was utterly massive. At least 8 different tracks. Past the brick walkway, one of them was being unloaded. Goods and merchandise that was likely headed to the trade district. Big crates of alcohol, no doubt for the bars. Among it all, most people were just minding their business, talking to family, making jokes. Whatnot.

A tall drink of water over by track 3, was waving. Real animated like. He had a brand new, beautiful brimmed hat with a preposterous blue peacock feather jutting out of it. Fella looked like he was the type to be in love with himself. Just as handsome as Lucy described. As you made your way closer, you could feel it. The tension between him and another feller.

"I don't give a god damn I lost, Blakey. I told you you'll get your money off my cold, dead body. You throwin' down or what?" Handsome Jack said to the other'n.

"I ain't tryin' to gun fight you, Jack. Just pay up my 30 double dollars," the man said, his voice as stern as his mustache.

"Or what? You callin' the law, cus you were too yellow to handle it yourself?" Jack gave a confident smirk.

"Hey, now, hold on there, Pard... I ain't no god damn yellow belly. That's you."

“Run that by me one more time?” Jack said, squaring his shoulders, his hand going to his gunbelt.

People nearby drew nervous. Clearly. His reputation preceded him. They gave him a wide berth.

“Easy now, Jack. Don’t get yerself some place you can’t get out of. Magistrate made it clear about gunfighting at the train station.”

“Then let’s settle it like men on the Back Nine. Or are you-…”

“Who do you think you are, you little pissant mop? I been gun fighting longer than you’ve been alive.” The man spat on the ground and glared at Jack, wiping his lip with a gloved hand.

“Prove it, Blakey. Back Nine. Two hours.”

“Fine! Sooner somebody blows your ass off the face of Greenwood, the better off we’ll all be,” Blakey said, shoving the young dualist as he marched away.

“You better be there, Old Man!” Jack called after him.

“Bet your momma’s sweet ass, Jack!” The man called back, storming off.

Well. That confirms it. That’s your man.

Encounter A

Enemy type: saint-levoir-duelist. Stand-in for Handsome Jack. Add surviving henchmen manually if needed.

Ending

Jack Falls, The White House Calls. Handsome Jack is put down or hauled in alive, the local law issues bounty writs, and the posse is pointed toward President Shaw and the next stretch of trouble.

2. Get 'Em To The Buntline

Starter campaign 2 of 2. Story campaign, four parts. Play this second.

A four-part Westwild story campaign that starts on Buntline Trade Road, pushes into Timberland Forest, and comes back to the Buntline with proof that the river country is about to get worse. Run /quest where the part tells you to, then /ccstart when prompted. If the table needs to skip a cutscene, use /ccend.

Overview

Tone. Frontier / Rescue / Stealth / Political

Starts at. Buntline Trade Road

Summary. The posse finds a broken wagon hit on Buntline, tracks the kidnappers into Timberland, rescues Rockie Shaw, infiltrates a Bol hideout to save Anita, then comes back to the Buntline with proof the river country is about to get worse.

Core objective. Rescue the captives, identify the larger Bol Band threat, and carry the survivors and the proof back to the Buntline alive.

Main pressure. A Bol Band operation is moving bold near patrolled country, President Shaw's daughter has been taken as ransom, and the posse has one night to act before a blood sacrifice and a larger orc movement toward the river country.

Reward and handoff. The posse gets a clean road-end reset on the Buntline, fresh standing with Rockie Shaw, and a strong reason to head west later before the raid-level follow-up.

Part 1: Broken Wagon On The Buntline

Location. Buntline Trade Road

Hook. Clem and Elsie have been hit by orcs on Buntline, a girl has been taken into Timberland, and the posse needs to decide whether to pursue now, press for more detail, or waste time hunting formal help.

Objective. Get the posse emotionally hooked and pointed into Timberland Forest.

Primary lead. Fresh sign and witness testimony point directly into Timberland Forest.

Secondary lead. Clem and Elsie can describe the girl and the stolen heirloom knife.

Pressure and complication. The watch is not here yet, the road should have been safe, and every minute spent talking is a minute lost on the trail.

If players stall. Let Elsie remind them the watch has already been sent for and delay only helps the kidnappers.

Roll guidance. Mostly conversation and tone. Use a roll only if the posse invents a reason for one.

Outcome potential. Immediate pursuit gets them into Timberland fast. Extra questions sharpen the picture. Delay still leaves the trail, but it costs urgency.

Trigger for next step. The posse chooses to follow the trail into Timberland.

Travel guidance. Move the posse into Timberland Forest once they commit to the trail.

Next step. /travel Timberland Forest. Once there, the next room will load and prompt you to /ccstart for Part 2.

DM guide notes

Clem and Elsie can still tell the team how many orcs set upon them: 2 so far. Clem and Elsie can describe the girl they took with them: black hair, French braids, grey eyes, pale skin.

Heading to get the watch first may risk losing the small orc raiders. Sign will remain pointing towards Wikita River and a small camp whose fire was recently put out when they return.

NPC notes

Clem: worried wagon driver with a stolen pearl-handled knife and more fear than pride left in him.
Elsie: practical road woman who knows delay helps nobody.

Who is here

- **Clem**: Worried wagon driver with a stolen pearl-handled knife and more fear than pride left in him.
- **Elsie**: Practical road woman who knows delay helps nobody.

Trouble here

- **Unusual Orc Hit**: This was not random bandit work. Something about the girl mattered.

Scene

Clem and Elsie are stranded on Buntline with a busted wagon and a story that should not be true on a patrolled road: two orcs came out of Timberland, took a girl, stole a pearl-handled heirloom knife, and vanished back into the trees.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Pursue the orcs into Timberland Forest.
- **B.** Ask Clem and Elsie more questions about the attack.
- **C.** Head to Fort Bragg to get the watch first.

Cutscene

Back to Buntline.

The next part of your journey is a simple one. What started as an adventure in Saint Levoir now concludes in something of a regression. Miles of road under your feet ahead of you as you head west towards Capital City. Fort Bragg to be specific. You see an old signpost with arrows pointing east and west. One telling you where you're going. One telling you where you've been. Every few hundred yards, you may or may not see someone coming your way or hear someone coming from behind. Just good folk headed to their next fortune or place of rest.

To the north, miles of open plains with the crackly peaks of the desert hills separating Dust Valley North from Dust Valley South. To the south, the edge of the Timberland Forest, a dense patch of wood that often saw logging efforts. And the occasional spat with orc raiders in its southern reaches near the north of the Heartlands.

Canopied wagons full of trade goods with merchants sitting in coach. Families moving one way or the other. Traders whistling and singing songs.

Least up until you see what looked like a wagon leaning on the side of the road. A few folk were standing beside it, talking. One of them seemed in motion, quick to fix a problem that, as you got nearer, you could tell they had.

One of their wagon wheels was broke off and leaning, soon to break its way free. It made sense no one was stopping to help. The frontier was like that. Most folk were decent. But most minded their own.

As you get closer still though, the wheel finally gives way, and the two people startle back. A man and a woman.

"Shit. She gave way. Elsie, how's them barrels?" The man asked the woman. She hurried back to the back of the wagon to check inside. "Still good, Clem. Damn orcs..."

"I know it. It's gonna take me a minute to get this wheel changed out... They musta wanted that girl somethin' awful," he said, glancing your way. "Pard..." You nod. "Pard... How'd you get on?"

"Not well," Elsie said. "We got set on by orcs."

"On Buntline?" You ask, more than shocked. Buntline was a major trade road between Capital City's bazaar and Saint Levoir. Highly unusual for orcs to be that slap-happy for a fight on a patrolled route.

"Yep..." Clem said. "Sons of bitches came out the Timberland," he said, gesturing to the tree line a ways off the road. "They come up quick too. Like they was waitin' on us. Didn't see 'em jump on nobody else."

"That's bad business," you say. "They just robbin'? They take your kit?"

"Naw, not no kit. They took something of mine that meant a lot to me... and a girl we was ridin' with." Clem shook his head. "That's what's crazier'n shit. They made off with the girl and my heirloom and left everything else. She said she was tryin' to get to Saint Levoir. Peculiar kinda girl... pretty as the days are long, but kinda boyish, if you get my meaning."

"Yeah, some got a spirit to 'em. You know her?" "Naw. Seen her in the bazaar at Fort Bragg, figured she didn't mean no harm when she asked for a lift. She didn't seem to keen on givin' or exchangin' names. She paid us good, though. Seemed like the sort that's too good for the road. Still had soft hands to her handshake."

"City girl... strange. What kinda heirloom?" you inquire, gesturing with at the wagon.

"It ain't got much value to the world but it meant a lot to us. Was my daddy's hunting knife. Pretty pearl handle, I'm guessing that's why they snatched it. You know orcs. They like their trophies."

"Yeah, I know it. Ya'll gonna be alright here?" You ask. "We're headed into town, I can see about sending back the watch."

"Alrighty sent for," Elsie said, stepping around beside Clem. "Last traveler that stopped was already headed towards Fort Bragg. We figure it won't be too long but... longer we wait the longer that poor girl's in trouble."

Clem nodded. "Hey, you think you might be able to track 'em? Least wise to tell the watch where they're going? Or... maybe get my Daddy's knife back? I'll pay ya fair. Whatever she give me it's all yours."

You study Clem's splotchy, sun-beaten face, his red handkerchief around his neck, then spy a look at his leaning wagon. Then take a good long look at the edge of Timberland Forest.

Part 2: Forward Camp In Timberland

Location. Timberland Forest

Hook. The posse finds the forward camp, confirms the captive is Rockie Shaw, and gets one chance to flip the situation before the deeper Bol Band route closes up on them.

Objective. Rescue Rockie Shaw, keep Vest and Chaps alive, and gain the lead to the larger hideout.

Primary lead. Chaps and Vest can lead the posse toward the bigger hideout once controlled.

Secondary lead. Rockie confirms the ransom angle and gives the job political weight.

Pressure and complication. If the posse kills both orcs outright, they lose their best living guide.

If players stall. Have Rockie press the issue. She is not built for patience.

Roll guidance. Use combat if they go loud. Use stealth or opening pressure if they try to spring the camp smart.

Outcome potential. Quiet success gets Rockie out clean and keeps the trail calm. Loud success still works so long as Vest and Chaps survive to talk.

Trigger for next step. Rockie is free, the pair are under control, and the posse commits to moving on the hideout.

Travel guidance. Keep the group in Timberland. The transition is deeper into the woods, not back onto the road.

Next step. Stay in Timberland Forest. Run /quest again there, then /ccstart to begin Part 3 at the hideout.

DM guide notes

If there are 3 or more party members, spawn two (2) more Tier 1s who double back to check on the forward camp. Fodder to be killed. Vest and Chaps must remain alive. If replaying with end-game gear, summon two Tier 2 enemies.

Sign points to previous orc travelers heading southwest to the Wikita River line. A small handful of orcs, from the looks of it. There's rope nearby in the camp to tie up any survivors. Chaps has the Hunting Knife beside him.

After the skirmish, free play here. Let the orcs lead the group to the orc hideout outskirts. Tier 1 loot roll for the posse as camp search.

Vest is done talking. His stoic pride in the Bol has taken his tongue as far as it's going to go. Chaps, however, doesn't seem as loyal. What they can find out from him: The orc Hideout is about 20 orc deep. It has two or three loot stashes throughout its huts. It's led by the Bol Band war chief, a superstitious Balmagoth worshipper who has a Dark Hawk for a pet. Vest will definitely be upset with

Chaps' mouth running. Rockie will tell you she was on her way to Saint Levoir to go after Handsome Jack and is only just now finding out you took care of him. She apparently is trying to prove her worth so her Dad will let her become a Federated States Marshal. Chaps' name is Jogan Ro. He is actually a half-orc with dark green skin and passes for an orc, but he's only with the Bols because it's all he's ever known.

NPC notes

Rockie Shaw: mouthy, brave, proud, impulsive. Vest: cruel, proud, stubborn Bol loyalist. Chaps / Jogan Ro: younger survivalist with more instinct for bargains than glory.

Who is here

- **Rockie Shaw**: President Shaw's daughter, tied up dirty and furious, with enough mouth left to survive the night.
- **Vest**: Proud Bol loyalist who would rather die than look weak.
- **Chaps / Jogan Ro**: Younger survivalist with more instinct for bargains than glory.

Trouble here

- **Bol Band Ransom Play**: This was never random roadside trouble. Somebody is pushing bold against the President himself.

Scene

The posse finds a small orc camp in Timberland, frees Rockie Shaw, and has one narrow chance to turn two captured raiders into unwilling guides toward the real Bol Band problem.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Sneak Rockie to safety first (-2 disadvantage).
- **B.** Sneak attack the orcs by grabbing the knife and giving Chaps a poke (-1 disadvantage).
- **C.** Go in guns blazing, and leave them alive to lead you to the orc camp (+1 advantage).

Cutscene

You moved for nearly an hour through those lush canopies of green. Peeks of sunlight speckle the leaf-strewn grassy ground. It wasn't hard to follow the orcs' path. What started as just bent over and stomped down grass eventually found a well-traveled path in the wood. Winding its way into the thick of it, near its North Western edge. You could tell if you kept going in that direction, you'd eventually get to the Wikita River, but the footprints on the dirt path veered off here, moving a touch south. So you followed them.

You could smell it before you got near enough to be heard. The smell of a campfire. In the middle of the day, it made sense, it wasn't a big one. The smell was too faint. In it were traces of coffee beans. It'd been long enough since you had a warm cup that your nose was especially keen to it.

Softening your step to avoid snapping twigs and dry leaves, you crept onward, coming upon its source in silence as you leaned in against a large rocky climb. Belly crawling your way up its slanted side to peek down at the small orc camp in front of it, you saw them.

Two of them. Couple of brutish, thick-necks, their skin a deep green. One wore riding chaps, the other striped trousers and a vest. Neither of them looked like they were wearing war band arm sashes. Either loaners or from a smaller outfit. Definitely not Red Band. Neither of them had red-stained tusks either, so they weren't separatists who abandoned the cause. These were pure-blood outsiders.

They had a small fire going with a bit of meat dangling from some sticks. Looked like squirrel carcasses. Sitting on a hot rock near the fire was a small coffee pot, dented and beat all to shit like the two tin cups beside it, waiting for that warm brew to finish.

On the opposite side of the fire from the brutes was a woman, sitting on the ground with her back against a rock. Her hands were clearly tied in her lap, and she was glaring at the two orcs as they spoke. Clem was true to his word. She was one prim-looking stargazer. Hair done up in them Saint Levoir French braids. Two thick, silky black ropes braided down the back of her head, one to either side. Pale skin like a peachy sheet of post paper. Her lips were done up in black lipstick and she wore traveling chaps.

What kinda soft-hand girl wore travel chaps? Clem was right again. She was peculiar. She looked like she came from money, honestly. Only dirt on her was from the clear mishandling she'd gotten.

"So how long is this business supposed to take? I don't feel good about being this close to Fort Bragg," one of them said. "Long as it's gotta. You heard what Bol said."

"What Bol said," the vested one said, scoffing. "Look, Snaggi Bol's ambition mighta outrun him on this one." "You're part of the Bol Band or not?" The other orc asked with a stare.

"Yeah," his partner trailed off. "I'm not questioning the band. I'm questionin' the logic. You know who the fuck that is," he said, pointing at the girl seated on the ground.

"You two stupid sons of bitches oughta let me go if you know what's good for you," she said back, glaring those steely gray eyes at them both. She had a mouth on her, too.

"Or what, little girl?" the orc in chaps asked, offering a hefty, mirthless chuckle. "Or my Daddy's gonna have you both swinging from one of these here tall trees."

"Fuck your daddy," the vested one spat. "Fuck you," she shot back. He stepped in quick and gave her a smack across the cheek.

Her head rocked to one side and she let out a cry, defiantly sitting herself back up to glare at him. "I don' told you bout that mouth, little girl. You shut it up now y'here?"

"Do you know who my daddy is?" She dared to say. Quietly. Slowly. "I'm aware you seem to think I give a shit," the vested orc responded.

"Of course we know who your daddy is. That's why we grabbed you, stupid," the other orc drawled. "President Shaw's got one option. He either pays us what he owe us or we send him back pieces of his little girl til we get our due'n proper."

"Nobody owes a two-bit band of hustlers jack nor shit." "Yeah, we'll see about that, won't we? Think I'm gonna cut your tongue out first and send that. Least then you can spare me your tough talk," Vest laughed.

The girl rolled her pretty grey eyes and sat back against the rock. "Mm... well, we only need this'n right? I can kill and eat the other one?" Chaps asked, pulling a pearl-handled hunting knife from his belt, playfully slashing it at the air a few times.

"No, you ignorant son of a bitch. That one's a blood sacrifice. She's dead anyway. The hell you want to eat a filthy fuckin' human for?" Vest asked, glaring at Chaps with a level of disgust, before he walked over to the campfire and grabbed his stick of squirrel meat.

"Blood Sacrifice's tomorrow night. Finish up and quit thinkin' about your stomach," he tossed him one of the squirrel skewers and sat down with Chaps at the fire to grab his own food and pour some coffee. Looks like you've got some choices to make now. Now's your chance.

After a quick bit of skirmish, the tables have now turned. You've got two orcs in quite a rough state, tied up with their backs to the rock the president's daughter once sat at, both standing there as grumpy as a pissed off pole cat.

"You know what band you just jumped you ignorant wretch?" Vest said. "Shut up," you said, whipping your pistol around and giving him a smack across the dome before spinning it back around to level it on him. "We're asking the questions now."

The orc gave a pained grunt. "Alright now, easy," Vest said, staring at the barrel. "Easy," Chaps said. "We was just doin' our jobs."

"Fuck your jobs," the girl said, rubbing at her wrists as she went over and fetched her gunbelt they'd stolen. Belting it around her small middle, she sauntered, swinging her hips as she slid her revolver free.

"Hey, now. We need these two knuckleheads alive for the moment," you said, a hand out to stop Rockie from advancing. "That son of a bitch slapped me," she glared those grey eyes your way.

"That I don't deny, but there's bigger things happenin' here than you and me, ma'am," you say. "He said they got a hideout nearby. I'm sure President Shaw would love to know where it's at." You level your stare back on the orcs. "Isn't that right, boys?"

The click of the hammer pulling back on your revolver has their eyes go wide. "Wait, wait... listen. You don't shoot and I can lead you right to it," Chaps blubbered. "Oh, you yellow piece of shit!" Vest barked. "Un-be-fuckin'-lievable."

"Hey, fuck you, Naka. I like my skin this side of the grave!" The two of them began spiritedly arguing and cursing in orcish right in front of you. The girl blasted a shot off in the air, silencing them. "Hey! We ain't got time for you two sisters to get in a quarrel," she snapped.

You turned an eye on her. "Little warning next time, huh?" you asked, bringing a hand up. "Easy does her. What's your name anyway?" "Rockie. Shaw."

You nod. "Alright, Rockie... well, look. Let's get these fellers walkin'. Least they can show us the way. We see where the orc camp is, then we back out. Not too close, though. I don't want to run into trouble or get these cowpies close enough to call in the hit squad."

Rockie spun her gun away with a flourish. "Fair to fair. You watch yourself. I already wanna shoot the shit outta you," she said, walking up and shoving a finger into Vest's chest. "If I gotta get shot, I'm at least going to heaven knowing I turned your head into a canoe. You got me?"

"Alright," you said, taking a deep breath, holstering your gun, and grabbing the rope tethers. "One false move and you're both past tense. Move. We walk til we smell campfires. No more. Then we turn

back, and you two fine gentlemen get a date with the jailhouse."

"I ain't goin' back to jail," Chaps said. "Let us go halfway back." "You ain't no place to bargain," Rockie curled her lip.

"Actually," you said, looking at her, "I like our odds better if they know they can walk free. Pick up them guns, lets grab what we can and get." You looked over at Chaps. "Deal. Lead us straight, we let you go halfway out."

"How do we know you're stickin' to your word?" Chaps said while Vest stared with distrust in his eyes. "Cus I'm gonna unload your guns and let you keep 'em," you said. "But you gotta do me one favor. Keep your mouth shut while we sneak out the other hostage."

"Rock's gonna hold you two a good bit aways at gun point. You be good and don't get yourself shot, I'm gonna handle the dirty lifting. No funny business either way and we both walk away clean, savvy?" Chaps nodded first. "Savvy." "Fuck you say?" Vest said, glaring at him for a bitter moment. Then he glared back at you. "Fine. That's as far as my forced hospitality is willin' to go, Pard."

Encounter A

Enemy type: red-tusk-grunt. Use two grunts as the forward camp pair if you want the board represented physically.

Encounter B

Enemy type: red-tusk-grunt. Add one or two more Tier 1s only if party size or end-game loadouts make the scene too soft.

Part 3: Night At The Bol Hideout

Location. Timberland Forest

Hook. With Rockie covering the prisoners and the camp ahead half asleep, the posse gets one night shot at looting what it can, finding Anita, and getting out before the whole hideout wakes up.

Objective. Rescue Anita, secure any nearby loot, avoid detection, and return Anita and Rockie to Buntline Road to meet The watch.

Primary lead. Jogan Ro's directions put Anita near the big rock face in the far huts.

Secondary lead. The two loot huts reward players who can keep their nerve without losing sight of the rescue.

Pressure and complication. Greed costs time. Shots cost stealth. A failed takedown can still be recovered, but only if the posse stays fast.

If players stall. Remind them Anita is somewhere ahead and the camp gets worse, not better, the longer they wait.

Roll guidance. Use stealth takedown logic for sleeping enemies, then standard melee if the quiet breaks.

Outcome potential. Clean stealth means Anita comes out quiet and the posse may strip two loot huts besides. A loud failure can still end in success if the posse moves fast once stealth is dead.

Trigger for next step. Anita is free and the posse has either escaped quietly or fought far enough out to lose pursuit.

Travel guidance. No travel here until the escape is complete.

Next step. Once Anita is out and the posse has escaped the night pursuit, /travel Buntline Trade Road. The next room will load there and prompt you to /ccstart for Part 4.

DM guide notes

There are 6 huts. 2 of them have loot crates in them. The layout is huts 3 parallel to 3. The back two are against a large rock face. Anita is in one of the farthest from the player's current location.

[Camp Layout] * [T] [_] [_] (Rock) [_] [T] [A] (Rock) [_] = Hut T = Tier 1 loot crate A = Anita's location * = Posse starting location (Rock) = Rock wall

Each loot crate is protected by one Tier 1 enemy. Anita is guarded by one Tier 1 enemy. All enemies are assumed asleep. 1 strike to kill or knockout if you prefer a pacifist approach. Assume stealth kill/KO with TN 4 +1 Advantage on 1d6. Should a roll fail, it will trigger: Stealth Knife Fight, 1d6, TN4 +1 Advantage persists for shock / dazed / drunk state. Failed rolls are considered Dazed State. If the second strike fails, assume partial camp alertness and stealth failure. Summon one Tier 2 enemy on failure from a nearby hut. Fall back to standard strike rules. +1 Advantage is lost. Anita can still be saved here if the fight ends quickly and zero shots are fired. All orcs are unarmed in this state, so melee combat will persist. Shots fired will fail stealth and alert entire camp: 4x Tier 1, +1x Tier 2. 1x Tier 1 is guarding Anita, asleep, with a +1 Advantage to stealth takedown if the fight with the Tier 2 was a successful kill or takedown. If no Tier 2 was summoned, proceed with stealth takedown rules. Assume pursuit through the night to get far enough away to lose all pursuers. Tier 2 follows Tier 2 loot drop roll as usual.

Anita was traveling with another group who were fording the Wikita River when an orc raiding party happened upon them on the shore. She'll tell the group that she's from a fishing family that works Punch Lake and the Wikita south of Capital City.

NPC notes

Anita: rescue target from a Punch Lake / Wikita fishing family. Rockie Shaw: off-screen support holding the prisoners outside the camp.

Who is here

- **Anita**: Scared but sturdy river girl being held in one of the far huts near the rock face.

Trouble here

- **Sleeping Orc Camp**: The camp is half dead drunk and half dangerous enough to make that worse.
- **Two Loot Huts**: There is money and gear here if the posse can stay disciplined enough to steal it.

Scene

At the bigger Bol hideout, the posse has one night to move through sleeping orcs, loot what it can, rescue Anita, and get back out before the whole camp comes alive around them.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Put the knife to work on the drunk guard.
- **B.** Let him pass and stay on the rescue line.
- **C.** Angle toward loot first and risk the time.

Cutscene

"Psst!" You could hear her hiss cut through the dark. "Hey. You think this is gonna work?" she whispered.

A glance her way in the dark, eyes long adjusted to the night, gave her your wary response. "I dunno, Rock. We can hope."

The two orcs you'd captured now sat with their mouths muffled by handkerchiefs, still tied tightly, now secured to the base of a tree as you and Rockie hunkered down nearby behind a thick thatch of bush and rock.

"Our two friends over there said the camp's got 20 orcs. I call bullshit. The group I saw with 'em was only about 10 or 15, and from what I could overhear in orcish, they were pushing on to Wikita with their spoils. Each of 'em was loaded down pretty heavy with stolen shit. They left me and Anita behind as ransom bait."

"Mm. Well, some orcs aren't that good at countin'. Chappie, back'ere. Jogan? I don't think he'd lie in the position he's in. Wouldn't trust the other one though."

"Yeah, I don't trust that one either, but it's on you. They gotta be just up ahead though, I smell the meat. God I hope that ain't Anita."

"They'd kill her before they cooked her. S'only a handful of orcs that'd still eat a human these days. Pride or disgust, I can't tell which most times."

"Heard that. Well... you go on ahead, I'll keep the Talky Boys company," Rock whispered, standing up carefully. "You good?"

You nodded, standing as well. "Yeah... Good as I'm gonna get. Here," you reached behind you, sliding one of the orc's kept revolvers free to hand her. "They try anything, you let fly, and I'm bolting. If you have to. Be loud, be quick, and get."

"Heard that," she nodded. "You goin' for the loot too or just Anita?" "Gonna try to get all I can. While I can."

Rockie went one way and you went the other, ducking down low and proceeding quiet.

Step over step, careful to avoid brush, following the smell of cooking meat and burning wood, it didn't take long before you started hearing voices. Pulling your knife free, the next thirty yards were slow and easy.

You could hear gruff voices joking conversationally about something to your left. Likely a lookout party, the rest of the voices up ahead. Carousing. Chanting song from one end of the camp that was now visible in front of you. Impromptu huts made out of wood and brush, some leaning against trees, others against the half circle of rocky stone. The glow of a large fire lit up the night further along, reminding you to stay out of its cone of light as tall, brutish shapes walked to and from. Long shadows lay across the ground.

"Welp... stuck your foot in it now," you whisper, sliding closer, following the dark ring around the camp to the back side of a couple of huts.

Just in time, too. A lean, wiry orc came stumbling drunk out of the hut just ahead of you, turning to walk your way.

He didn't seem to know you were there. He looked like he was pissed beyond measure, already fumbling for his trousers with his hat dangling off his back from the leather strap.

Time to get active. Jogan said Anita would likely be kept in a hut not far from the big rock face over yonder. That meant you'd have to sneak your way across. But in the meantime...

The orc wandering your way stopped right in front of the tree you were crouched behind, one hand leaning on the tree while the unmistakable sound and smell of orc piss hitting the base of the tree pattered out.

"Oouuughh... god damn whiskey goes right through me," he grumbled, muttering an orcish song as he emptied his bladder. Putting that knife to work or letting him pass?

Encounter A

Enemy type: red-tusk-grunt. Use Tier 1 guards for the sleeping camp and loot huts.

Encounter B

Enemy type: red-tusk-brave. Use a Tier 2 nearby-hut response only if stealth breaks and the camp starts waking.

Part 4: Back To The Buntline

Location. Buntline Trade Road

Hook. With Anita and Rockie alive and the night pursuit behind them, the posse reaches Buntline again and gets a clean breathing window to end the job with everybody still standing.

Objective. Return the survivors to safety and end the campaign back on the Buntline with the next road choice still in the posse's hands.

Primary lead. Rockie can later connect the posse to President Shaw.

Secondary lead. Anita ties the river trouble to Punch Lake and the Wikita.

Pressure and complication. There is no immediate combat pressure. The only risk is rushing the handoff and losing the payoff.

If players stall. Have Rockie make the future invitation plain.

Roll guidance. No real roll pressure unless the table invents some.

Outcome potential. The posse gets a clean breather, a stronger relationship with Rockie, and a player-owned reason to head west later.

Trigger for next step. The posse has Rockie and Anita safe on the road and the table understands the next job is bigger.

Travel guidance. Keep the posse on Buntline for the close and let them choose the next road afterward.

Next step. Q1 Go to McGinty's Emporium. Q2 Go to the local Inn to grab a Side Quest. Q3 Meet with Rockie Shaw at the White House: Bring a god damn posse. Next Campaign: Gunfight at Lake Station - Raid Level Event.

DM guide notes

This is the part where you move the posse to Capital City to restock, cash in at McGinty's, handle a bit of business, and get ready to pick up your next quest marker.

Feel free to wander off the beaten path, check on loot goodies, or build some side quests for your session before picking up the next campaign.

It's a raid level event, so make sure you bring a god damn posse. Gunfight at Lake Station: Recommended for 2+ players.

NPC notes

Rockie Shaw: recurring ally and future White House bridge. Anita: rescued civilian and river-country witness.

Who is here

- **Rockie Shaw**: Proud, lively, grateful, and already tugging the posse toward bigger trouble.
- **Anita**: River-country survivor tying the woods trouble to Punch Lake and the Wikita.

Trouble here

- **What Comes Next**: The rescue is done, but what it revealed is a bigger problem, not a smaller one.

Scene

The posse outruns the night pursuit, gets Rockie and Anita back to the Buntline alive, and ends the campaign with the road west still theirs to choose.

The player's options (A/B/C)

- **A.** Go to McGinty's Emporium.
- **B.** Go to the local Inn to grab a Side Quest.
- **C.** Meet with Rockie Shaw at the White House: Bring a god damn posse.

Cutscene

The pursuit went long into the night before once the orcs realized they'd been had.

They gave chase like dogs, heard at a distance behind your posse the entire way, but eventually the calls, the sound of many feet rustling in the dark, they all faded behind you, into shadow. Once you were sure you were far enough away, you gave the call to slow the procession.

"Alright... I think we lost 'em. Buntline should be just past that thicket up ahead. How's everybody?"

"I'm good. How bout you, Anita?" Rockie said through panted breath. "I'm alive. Thank you. I thought it was over for sure," she said, her auburn hair looking a little messed and shot through with bits of leaves and branches from the escape.

"Where-bouts were you when they nabbed you?" Rockie asked. "I was coming down the Wikita and stowed my boat to do some minnow fishing. My family fishes Punch Lake and the river. They came out of the wood. I couldn't get away," she answered.

"Were you alone?" you asked, looking at her with concern. "Yes, thankfully and unfortunately at the same time. Gosh, I'm sure glad you had the heart to come looking," she nodded, following along as the group started the slow walk through the thickets.

"S'pose it was luck," Rockie said. "There she is... Buntline. Thought I'd never see her again, if I'm honest," she gave you a friendly punch in the shoulder. "Hey. You really saved my biscuits back there, thank you. Wherebouts you headed to?"

"Capital City. I got a bounty writ to turn in to the White House. Apparently your dad's got a real hate on for Handsome Jack. I sent him on ahead in a prison wagon."

"Oh, shit, you got him? That's where I was headed. I wanted that bounty. Handsome Jack's been terrorizing good folk down tha way for a while now. Marshal's are all tied up on the west front and out by Tortuga Swamp," she frowned as the group made it up onto the road.

A man passing by on a wagon tipped his hat, not long in front of another, bigger wagon trundling down with a full set of horses. "Yeah, guess I beat you to it," you say. "Hey, look. The watch."

You pointed up the road yonder, nudging your head. Rockie and Anita both turned to look. "Oh, thank God above. I thought we'd be walking the whole way hoping orcs don't set on us," Anita said.

"Right on time," Rockie said. "Hey, why don't you come with me? Pretty sure daddy's gonna jump down my throat when he finds out I was headed to Saint Levoir for Handsome Jack. Figure maybe he'll relax if he knows somebody got that sumbitch."

"Wait-- to meet the President?" You asked, eyes wide. "Yeah." "Of these Federated States?" You clarified. "Yep," Rockie smiled.

"Well... shit yeah, I'd be honored. Hot damn. Should I stop and get something nicer to wear, or...?" Anita laughed a little. "For President Shaw? Naw. He's a real regular fella. Hangs out at the bazaar sometimes. He likes meetin' normal folk."

"My daddy's a real 'Come as you are' kinda fella," Rockie said, just as that big, military wagon rolled up. "Rockie," the driver nodded. "How'd you get on?"

"Hey there, Fredrick. I'm guessin' you can tell from the state of us, not well. You give us a lift back into Fort Bragg?" She asked. "S'what I'm here for. Hop on in," he said, gesturing behind him at the large wagon that had three or four members of the watch inside. "Tight fit, but should be alright. You too, Pard?"

"Me? Yeah... if you would." "Of course," Rockie said, walking over to the wagon to open the door for Anita. "They saved my skin, Fred."

Ending

The River Trouble Is Real. Rockie Shaw and Anita are brought back alive, the posse gets proof the Bol Band operation is bigger than one roadside hit, and the road opens back onto Buntline with the next ride west still in the posse's hands.