

First Sergeant Samuel Boggs

of the 2nd Georgian Raiders, CSA

An Introduction:

I reckon I will have myself a shot of that whisky there bar keep. Yup. Ahhh . . . That's some mighty fine juice. How 'bout this for payment. Figure that's enough for the whole bottle? Good. Good. How 'bout a room as well? Well thank you much sir.

Where you from darlin'?

Alabama. I should have known. That's a fine southern state. What are you doing way out here?

That's a sad story. Might sad story. Sounds like you need a drink.

Georgia. Albany, Georgia ma'am. First Sergeant Samuel Boggs.

No ma'am, not in uniform at the moment. 2nd Georgian Raiders.

Well if you'd heard of our unit we'd not a been doing our job. Get in without being seen, get out without being seen. Darlin' I've talked my way out of many a more gun fights than I've fired a pistol in. Ya know what wins a war?

No, but that's mighty motivating to a soldier. No, what wins a war is fear. Intimidation. A Yankee that's too scared to fight ain't no threat. If he's a busy shittin' his pants he can't much take up arms now can he? Now if I gotta shoot a Yankee, I got no problem with that. But it's right best to inspire them Yanks to stay at home and leave all us southern boys alone so we can do what we suppose to do.

Well that would be givin' our attention to pretty ladies of Alabam' such as yourself. And I've got a mighty long . . . attention span.

Oh I been to Yankee land. I'll confess some of them Yank ladies have their charms, but none like a southern bell.

I served in the Union Army, before the war of course. When the split come I high-tailed it back to Georgia. Joined up. They put me right to use in the 2nd. My knowledge of Yankee tactics and skills with demolitions came in handy on more than one covert operation. A Yankee kain't cross a bridge that ain't there. An most of 'em don't know how to swim. They spend too much time drinking tea and eating little bread things.

Without a doubt. There are few military problems which can not be solved by the selective application of explosives.

Well now, that's a fair question. A right tricky one as well. See my 'Bama Flower, I'm officially dead. Now I'm still servin' the Confederacy, an' that's where my heart is, make no mistake. I'm on a mission. A longer, more difficult mission than any other, but a mission for the Confederacy. See, there be . . . You gonna find this hard to abide by, but 'lieve me, it's true as the day is long. There are worse things than Yankees.

I told you. Now grant ya, 'taint nothing smells worst than a Yankee, but there be things more nasty and heartless and evil. They range free out here in the West, and come to find 'em as I got some slayin' to do.

We was operating out of Fort Gibson in Indian Territory north of Texas. We had set an ambush for a Yankee . . .

Oh the Georgian 2nd operated near and far. Near and far. You'd be surprised just how far I can operate.

Reckon we might at that.

Of course. Well we had set an ambush and caught a Yankee scouting party. Turned into a terrible fight as there was more of 'em than we expected. The Yanks were coming back from out West ways and had something with

'em. By that I mean some thing. There was a wagon, and we could hear it come miles away. This thing they had was screechin' and screamin' like nothing I had heard before. We took 'em by surprise. Weren't hard to do as I expect their minds were occupied with things 'sides watching for an ambush. We hit 'em hard and they went down fast. 'Cept one of 'em, just as things was almost over . . . He made way to the wagon, climbed up inside. Next thing I see, the canvas over the wagon is wet with blood.

No, from the inside. Then something comes bounding out and it was . . . Well, don't right know what it was. Nor is. Nor gonna be. But I know this. That thing tore through us and left nothing behind. Save me.

Don't know. Don't know. I shot it. Hell, we all shot it. Gave it more lead than I'd give Lincoln. It kept coming. Rippin' men to nothing. I mean nothin' and it got to me . . . and stopped . . . an' looked, if you could call them eyes or a face or nothin' else. And it went on to the next man. Never touched me. Three feet away it was. I put lead in that thing and it just looked at me.

Maybe it means I'm touched by sumptin' no man should be touched by. Don't know that. Don't know at all. When it killed the last of my friends it flew away. Heading West. An I came after it.

I mean to kill it. Anything like it. I mean to do what I can to avenge my friends. I mean to send that thing to Hell. If I get a hankerin' I might even send it some place worse than Hell.

Well that would be north of the Mason-Dixon line 'course. But that's 'nuf talk 'bout Hell, as I ain't much on religion no how. Never took too kind to preachersmen and such folk. Tell me where I'm goin' an how I'm livin' an such. Too much like a Yankee. But on the subject of goin' . . . It's right time you an me was going.

Exactly my thoughts. Exactly my thoughts.

First Sergeant Samuel Boggs

of the 2nd Georgian Raiders, CSA

Description & Equipment

Samuel Boggs is a man who walks with confidence. Might kind to the ladies, very loyal to the South, the Confederacy and especially to Georgia. Samuel is a man who never hesitates to put forth a bad word to a Yankee. He wears a black hat and talks mighty mean. The two Colt Peacemakers and Bowie knife illustrate to all comers that he ain't afraid to back them words up either. If you come insistin' on a gun fight, you'll get one. Samuel Boggs ain't no Yankee Yellow Belly.

While Samuel carries two pistols, he don't shoot with both hands 'cept if he has ta. Normally he draws the Peacemaker on his left first and lets a fire. If he needs more lead in the air he will holster that one after six shots and and draw the other Peacemaker.

For all that Samuel is not a man to draw a gun in the heat of the moment. Thinking with your emotion is likely to result in an unfavourable body count. Instead Samuel will use his ability to intimidate & reason to avoid conflicts of gun fire. 'Sides, bullets are expensive. No need to waste 'em in the heads of people who are gonna mouth off to the wrong person one day and get shot anyhow.

Clean shaven and polite to those who are deserving, the 28 year old Samuel Boggs will never pass for high society nor Yankee-folk, but he can pass for a southern gentleman when need be. Above all he is a man on a mission. He don't take "no" for an answer and he's always right when he needs to be. Finding the thing that killed the members of the 2nd Georgian Raiders is a priority, but that don't mean a man can't be a man along the way. After all, there is such a thing as an unhealthy obsession.

Items on person:

- 2 gun belts (\$2)
- 2 quick draw holsters (\$22)
- smoking tobacco (\$.50)
- 2 Colt Peacemaker .45, artillery 5.5" barrels (\$30) and 50 bullets (\$3)
- 2 Bowie knives (\$6)
 - 1 Bowie knife on belt
- speed load cylinder (\$3)
- watch (\$2.50)
- stetson (\$5)
- 100 matches (\$.50)
 - 25 matches in pocket
- compass (\$2)
- 1 stick dynamite (\$3)

dynamite damage: 3d20, each additional stick adds 1d20 up to 10d20 max dam
3 cigars
spendin' money \$38.00

Items on/in saddle bags:

saddle and saddle bags (\$25 + \$5)
Colt Paterson Model 1836 rifle .69 w/ 50 rounds of ammo (\$25 + \$5)
45 rounds of rifle ammo
Winchester lever action shotgun (\$35) and 20 12guage shells (\$2)
26 shotgun shells
6 stick dynamite (\$3)
rifle scabbard (\$3) (holding rifle)
shotgun thong (\$.25) on shotgun
1 Bowie knife in saddle bags
shirt (\$1)
trousers (\$2)
duster (\$10)
spade (\$1)
bed roll (\$4)
7 cigars
10 yards of rope (\$5)
mess kit (\$2)
5 days worth rations in saddlebags
25 matches in saddle bags

Items in backpack:

backpack (\$2)
97 rounds of rifle ammo
50 shotgun shells
12 silver bullets for rifle
7 AP (armour piercing??) bullets for rifle
weapon cleaning kit (\$2)
binoculars (\$25)
one week rations (\$3)
4 days worth rations in backpack
10 cigars
canteen (\$.50)
hatchet (\$1)
10 feet fuse (\$.50)
3 blasting caps (\$3)
7 stick dynamite (\$3)

coffee (\$.50)
bottle of whisky (\$5)
50 matches in backpack

Weapons:

	speed	shots	ROF	range	damage	QD	Conc.
Colt Peacemaker	1	6	1	10	3d6	0	3
Colt Paterson 1836	2	7	1	20	5d10	0	4
Winchester shotgun	2	4	1	10	2d6+4d6	0	4
Bowie Knife	1	(defence +1)			STR+1d6		

Edges & Hindrances

- 3 Loyal to the CSA
- 3 Randy
- 3 Self-righteous
- 1 Intolerant of Yankee scum
- 1 +2 to hearing (big ears)
- 1 Nerves o' steel, stand ground
- 1 First Sergeant in the CSA Army
- 2 +2 guts, brave
- 1 +2 overawe, the voice

Veteran of the Wild West: Puppet

cognition 2d6

search 1d6

knowledge 4d4

demolition 5d4

mien 4d4

overawe 4d4

smarts 2d12

bluff 3d12

survival 1d12

spirit 4d6
guts 4d6

deftness 4d12
gunplay 5d12
shootin': pistol 5d12
shootin': rifle 5d12
shootin': shotgun 5d12
speed load pistol 3d12
throwin' balanced 2d12

nimbleness 2d10
climbin' 1d10
dodge 5d10
fightin', brawlin' 5d10
horse ridin' 2d10
sneak, stealth 1d10

strength 3d6

quickness 5d8
quick draw, rifle 3d8
quick draw, pistol 3d8

vigor 4d6

pace 10