

## **Junior Sergeant Pyotr Moltinova**

To your everlasting shame, you were too young to fight in the glorious advance that toppled the Fascist regime. In fact, you never once saw the war that supposedly consumed the whole world. Father and mother were too busy making sure you'd read your Marx and done your chores to help you lie about your age.

When you finally grew and your lessons paid off in the form of an NKVD placement, you managed to get yourself attached to one of their newly formed rifle regiments. But even then, your unit rolled into Berlin a full week after the fall of the Reichstag. Having failed to serve the Motherland's glorious struggle with your body, all that was left was to serve with your mind.

...And you've done so admirably, rising up in the non-commissioned ranks. German language skills mean you can skillfully maneuver a civilian work detail through the more complex operations that your slave-driving comrades would bungle. This is both blessing and a curse, as your heightened productivity results from treating the Germans like human beings (a frowned-upon tactic). It would be suicide to say aloud, but you're not sure how the Berliners are that different from your damaged countrymen seen from the train on the way to this bombed-out city.

News of the murder investigation comes almost as a relief. Finally, an opportunity to prove yourself as a man more capable!

At least it seems that way until you get the details: you're to be no more than an aide to the most feared Commissar in the company, sent to hunt some lowly prostitute killer, with the *Americans*, no less. Oh well...if Comrade Stalin can save your family from fascist genocide, he certainly knows what is best, no?

**Your Secret (Serious):** You're Jewish—not just ethnically, but practicing. While not nearly the death sentence it used to be, faith certainly won't make your job any easier. If it gets out, any relationships built with the enemy population is in jeopardy, and the Americans in the



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Generosity • Selfishness -  
Demonstration • • Observation • •  
VIGOR • GRACE •  
Courage • Wrath •  
Endurance • Defiance •  
UNDERST. • • PERSUASION • •  
Purity • • Corruption •  
Honesty • • Deceit •  
Profession: Ingénue

next district haven't exactly embraced the chosen people. At best, your religious views would be seen as a competing loyalty to Communism, and it wasn't too long ago your countrymen were performing "cleansing" of their own.

### **Secrets You Know:**

3<sup>rd</sup> Commissar Konstantin Chesnekov (Horrendus): It is well-known that Commissar Chesnekov was involved with something heinous in Poland before the German betrayal. You've heard the name "Karyn" whispered in hushed tones around the barracks, and the other soldiers call Chesnekov "Old Statue Eyes." Though before your time, even you know to steer far clear of him. Only a truly desperate soldier would dare to bring up the topic in his presence.

### **KEY PEOPLE**

Party Official Yuri Kimmel: A truly patriotic man of the People. He brings the justice of great Stalin to these fascist lands.

Pvt. Dimitri Vanchanko: An aide to Comrade Yuri Kimmel and friend. He's warned you that the Comrade has a particularly vested interest in the case.

E.M.: The only German you know that you don't work under. You traded a sack of potatoes with him for a watch that you sent back for your father's birthday. He operates in the Tiergarten market.

Ilsa Kruegar and child: The 1<sup>st</sup> murder victims, found dead in their home near the border between Soviet and American districts.

Frau Hopzfelt and Hannah Hopzfelt: The 2<sup>nd</sup> victims, found in a bomb crater outside *Die Dunner Narr*, a kabarett klub in the American district.

### **Inventory:**

Languages: Fluent in English, Russian, and German  
Nagant\_M1895 revolver  
Notebook  
Pencil  
Penknife

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Commissar Konstantin Chesnokov**

3<sup>rd</sup> Commissar at your age is an insult. You've done more than your share for the Party. You've shot fascists, been shot by fascists, identified dissidents, etc. Hell, you were around for Karyn. You deserve a goddamned medal for Karyn.

You didn't pull the trigger, but you escorted many of those 8000 Polish soldiers to the man who did. You heard Kimmel mechanically confirm their identity in the antechamber, as if it mattered. Heard the sound-proofed door swing shut as you about-faced to retrieve the next one. Every hundred or so, someone would bellow to fetch another pistol; the barrel had warped from the heat again.

But they were enemies of the state. Broken, imprisoned soldiers of a non-existent army that would have risen against Comrade Stalin if given half a chance. Some days, you can make yourself believe it, which is why they keep you here, in the lower ranks. Every company needs a few men of stone, willing to do what must be done.

But your usefulness cannot keep the sights and sounds of those bloody hours from swirling in the darkness behind your eyelids.

Your ideals lie as dead as those men in their secret graves. Every army now seems no more than fools under a flag. Still, you know that your own kill room never lay far away, and many hundreds of your "comrades" would stab their own grandmothers to take you there.

When Yuri Kimmel, now a major party official, seeks revenge on the man who killed his secret Kraut whore, there is nothing to be said but an enthusiastic "*Da*." You'll find this man and send him to his death like all the others; it's not as if you haven't done worse to less deserving. Besides, might be the excuse you need to obliterate that damned club you suspect so many have been defecting through...

**Your Secret (Horrendous):** During the invasion of Poland in 1939, you participated in the Karyn Massacre, the execution of nearly 8000



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UNDERST. • PERSUASION –  
Purity – Corruption ••  
Honesty – Deceit ••  
Profession: Thug

Polish POW's for perceived offenses against the Soviet Union. Acknowledging the shootings alone is good for a one-way ticket to the GULAG, not to mention the consequences in store for anyone stupid enough to leak such information to foreign ears. It either never happened or the Germans did it —end of story.

### **Secrets You Know:**

Jr. Sgt. Pytor Moltinova (Serious): You know this pup they've made you take for a walk is a Jew; the German advisors taught you what to look for before the war. Personally, you couldn't care less; their kind is fashionable, for now. But if the little shit gives you any trouble, you can make damn sure he's uncomfortable.

Party Official Yuri Kimmel (Horrendus): Kimmel was with you at Karyn, but in damning him you'd damn yourself.

Party Official Yuri Kimmel (Minor): Yuri was always the sort of man that took the fight to the bedroom. He practically sanctioned the rape squads at the beginning of the Battle for Berlin, and he's been known to keep German women around the city as pets. You are not surprised to find this Ilsa Kruegar suffered under his affections, but you are as stunned that he *loved* the fascist as the Party would be if they knew.

### **KEY PEOPLE**

Pvt. Dimitri Vanchanko: An aide to Comrade Yuri Kimmel. You don't trust the shifty little shit. But then again, you don't trust anyone.

Party Official Yuri Kimmel: (see above)

Ilsa Kruegar and child: The 1<sup>st</sup> murder victims, found dead in their home near the border between Soviet and American districts.

Frau Hopzfelt and Hannah Hopzfelt: The 2<sup>nd</sup> victims, found in a bomb crater outside *Die Dunner Narr*, a kabarett klub in the American district.

### **Inventory:**

Languages: Russian, English (speak only)

Nagant\_M1895 revolver

Baton

3 packs of Russian Cigarettes

Matches



## **Sergeant Ed Durant**

You may have fought a lot of rearguard action during the war, but Christ, has the past year ever made up for that. Peace was supposed to be a calkwalk assignment, right?

As it is, the generals saddled you with plenty of FNG yokels fresh-off-the-boat for nothing, but they decided to keep the vets on hold too, just in case. So now the city's left with these hard-case assholes with jack-shit to do but get drunk and brag about who took more incoming in the Ardennes, all the while bumping shoulders with drunk high-schoolers whining about how they never got to see the "thrill" of battle. Needless to say, town turns to bedlam before the sun even goes down. At least Kraut mortar fire occasionally took a night off...

You couldn't *design* a better disciplinary disaster than peacetime Berlin: pluck a teenager out of the heartland, teach him to kill, shoot at him across half of goddamn Europe, kill all his friends, then set him loose in an enemy city with full access to free-time, booze, and women. Any sane MP knows he has to triage his cases. You're apt enough to let boys be boys as long as no one is dead...after imposing a little improvisational fine, of course.

But these mother-infant murders the Ivans are raising a stink about are something else. What kind a sick bastard could do that, especially outside a swell spot like *Die dünner Narr*? No, you agree with the brass for once; this FUBAR nonsense has to stop tout-fuckin-sweet. And you're just the man to do it, if you can keep the Academy asshole they assigned out of your hair long enough to do some real police work.

**Your Secret (Serious):** You're on the take. You're not as dirty as they come, but you've forgiven major infractions for no more than commissary credit and a chocolate bar. On nights when you're not on duty, you're likely drunker than any offender you've ever caught. On those rare occasions when you actually *do* your job, it's more in enforcement of a personal morality than any code of military conduct.



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Honesty – Deceit ••  
Profession: Detective

## **Secrets You Know:**

1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant Roman Leggett (Horrendous): If this guy's seen battle, you're President Eisenhower. He's too soft, even for an officer, and nobody has ever heard of him before. Then the brass just so happens to drop him in your lap for this case? Something reeks of military intelligence here. All you can do is hope he's good enough at his job that you never figure out exactly what it is.

Hugo Richter (Horrendous): Lung condition, my ass; the brick-shithouse of a bouncer at the Kabarett is a soldier if you ever saw one. You'd drop the dime on the Kraut bastard too, if the joint he worked for weren't so swell. Wouldn't want to piss off Isolde and leave yourself without a watering hole...

## **KEY PEOPLE**

Hugo Richter: (see above)

Isolde Herrmann: Sweet young thing that runs *Die dunnar Narr*. That smile of her's tames more GI's than you ever could.

Quartermaster Jason Meeks: You hate the fat asshole, but if you're looking to make some money in this wasteland, he's the one to talk to. Bastard has his finger on the pulse.

Pfc. Kurt Fillmore: You let him off with a warning after he got too drunk and roughed up one of the girls at Isolde's place (after some palm greasing, of course). Now he thinks you're best friends or something. In retrospect, the bribe wasn't worth having to deal with him ever again.

Ilsa Kruegar and child: The 1<sup>st</sup> murder victims, found dead in their home near the border between Soviet and American districts.

Frau Hopzfelt and Hannah Hopzfelt: The 2<sup>nd</sup> victims, found in a bomb crater outside *Die Dunner Narr*, a kabarett klub in the American district. You never met her mother, but little Hannah waitressed in the Klub.

## **Inventory:**

Languages: English, German (speak only)

M1917 .45 revolver

Baton

Cigars

Matches

\$25 American

## **1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant Roman Leggett**

You tried to make your cover seem admirable, yet plausible. The file will read that high marks in the academy put you at 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant, a rank you're familiar with. The dossier will say that you're a veteran of the Normandy invasion. You were struck by a mine as your column followed the main invasion force into France. After recovering in a field hospital, you were transferred to company HQ for the remainder of the fighting

The key is to seem as if you've seen enough action to avoid questions, but not quite so much as leave them expecting Sgt. York. Anybody asks to see the Purple Heart that earned you reassignment, you'll show them the scar on your leg from that time you tried to jump Ol' man Henderson's barbed-wire fence as a kid. And if they ask about the hospital? You'll talk about the ice cream; all a real GI ever talks about is how much they love the ice cream.

In reality, you haven't been in the field since you bought Soviet radio codes from defectors in Poland. But then your listening post discovered that the Soviets were stirred up about some murder in their Berlin district: a mother named Ilsa Kruegar and her infant son.

Sounds like the wife of Franz Kruegar, a hotshot Nazi petrochemical engineer and one of the few big fish left to land in *Operation Paperclip*. The hubby was thought to be KIA, but no intelligence indicates the Kruegars ever had children. Then where did the dead brat come from? Looks like the hubby's come home and, lucky for you, no longer has family responsibilities tying him down.

You've got to play this one real quiet. Officially, not even Ike wants this Kruegar guy. He's got a list of war crimes long as your arm. But if the brass didn't value America's economic independence over some old atrocities, you wouldn't be here. Your cover and the kraut's new identity are already set up. Now it's just a matter of getting those dumb Ruskies to help you find the Nazi bastard...



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Purity • Corruption ••  
Honesty – Deceit ••  
Profession: Academic

**Your Secret (Horrendous):** You're an OSS agent that has no real affiliation with the US Army Military Police. Your investigation of the murders is merely a cover story. In truth, you are in the middle of *Operation Paperclip*, a top-secret effort to extract German scientists stateside to be used in research and development projects. However, Eisenhower's orders were to exclude any targets with outright affiliation to the Nazi party. Everyone has been pretty much ignoring that order since day one, but if your cover gets blown, OSS *will* leave you out in the cold, regardless of whether that puts you in the brig or the grave.

### **Secrets You Know:**

Sergeant Ed Durant (Serious): When you were setting up this operation, you knew you'd need somebody who was familiar with the area. And you asked the brass for the dirtiest, most corrupt son of a bitch they had. Durant is on the take, and nobody cares...yet. You don't buy the dog without making sure he's got a leash.

Franz Kruegar (Horrendous): He was in the field police. Details are sketchy, but sources indicate that there were some Russian towns that were there before he arrived, gone after he left. Apparently the man never met a non-combatant before. Whatever. Long as he can still make rocket fuel, Uncle Sam can be very forgiving.

### **KEY PEOPLE**

Franz Kruegar: (see above)

Ilsa Kruegar and child: The 1<sup>st</sup> murder victims, found dead in their home near the border between Soviet and American districts. News of her death over the wire brought you here.

Frau Hopzfelt and Hannah Hopzfelt: The 2<sup>nd</sup> victims, found in a bomb crater outside *Die Dunner Narr*, a kabarett klub in the American district.

### **Inventory:**

Languages: Fluent in English, German, Russian, and French  
Colt M1911A1  
2 Chocolate Bars  
\$200 American



## **Hugo Richter**

You only ever joined the NDSP to keep your job, and you only ever complied with the draft to keep from getting disappeared. Once the shooting started, you kept at it for the sake of the men next to you. But even that reason wasn't enough.

After the first few weeks of the Belgian offensive, you were the only man left in your squad, one of 130 in your whole damned Wehrmacht company. They sent you to the rear to join another, less-broken unit, but you just kept walking, telling each CO you had a message for the officer further down the road...all the way to the German border.

Hitler's defeat was only a matter of time; the hellish "Watch on the Rhine" had taught you that much. You had more than earned the final few days Helga and little Liesal. The bombed out ruins of your home in Munich begged to differ, though...

You don't remember much after that. Some wandering. Some fights. Some close calls with those *feldgendarmarie* patrols. You'd seen what they did to *feigling* like you, and if the Nazis didn't find you, the Soviets would. After another close-call sneaking into Berlin, you broke into the first pub you could find. You had grown tired of running and despair, and you figured you might as well be drunk when they pulled trigger

That's when little Isolde found you, passed out at the bottom of the steps to her apartment. She took you in, fed and clothed you, hid you in her cellar from the bombs and the patrols. She said that you would survive this, and that the two of you would go on to do great things. And you believed her.

Now she's got her Klub and you're a rare commodity in the new Berlin: a healthy man that's neither grandfather nor infant. You've no trouble rolling drunks and carrying boxes — it's better than death, at least — but murder investigations carry too much weight to shirk. And you've swallowed too much shit for too long to tolerate any *arschloch* messing with Isolde. Not that she needs your protection...



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Purity •• Corruption •  
Honesty • Deceit •  
Profession: Defender

Her smile might fool the average occupier, but you know a killer when you see one.

**Your Secrets (Horrendous):** You are guilty of *fahnenflucht* (desertion) from Hitler's army. If your past was ever revealed, fellow countrymen would line up to inform the allies. The Americans would happily add you to one of the many POW work gangs being used for slave labor, while the Russians would send you on a long, cold march towards Siberia. When asked, you say you were exempted from service due to a respiratory condition. And your name is Hugo...just Hugo.

**(Minor)** You're a drunk. You had the tendency before the war, but ever since the death of your family...well, why stop?

### **Secrets You Know:**

Isolde Herrmann (Horrendous): Isolde plays like she's just a young girl trying to get by, but she runs *Die Dunner Narr* with an iron fist. You know she's beholding to somebody, somebody profiting off far more than a Klub and whorehouse, but you don't know who.

Zuckerman and Adolph (Horrendous): These two thugs must work for whomever the protection money goes to. They come around from time to time, scaring the girls for management or entertainment. If you had any marks, you'd bet it all they were SS men. Those *arschlochs* don't lose their strut easy. But it's not like you're one to start comparing service records.

### **KEY PEOPLE**

Zuckerman and Adolph: (see above)

Jaques Larment: The frenchmen who runs the stage show. He's fairly popular for a man just meant to cover the sound of sex from upstairs.

Ilsa Kruegar and child: The 1<sup>st</sup> murder victims, found dead in their home near the border between Soviet and American districts.

Frau Hopzfelt and Hannah Hopzfelt: The mother is another proud German woman reduced to prostitution. You'd feel more sorry for her if you could tell her apart from all the other ones. Her daughter, however, reminds you of your little Liesal. She's one of the bravest, sweetest children you've ever met, and helping her with her chores in the bar is the closest you get to feeling like a real man anymore.

### **Inventory:**

Langauges: German, English  
Bayonet

## Isolde Herrmann

Mom was a Kommunist. They took her away when you were seven. She taught you the most valuable lesson you ever learned; believing in the cooperative spirit of mankind is a good way to get killed.

You went to find your father, nothing more than a name on a slip of paper. It took a year of begging and starving on the streets to find the inn he ran in Berlin. At first, when he let you in, you convinced yourself he really cared for you.

But you were young – still naïve. He just couldn't afford the maid anymore. He could pay you in beatings and table scraps.

You played Cinderella to your *saukrel* father for many years. His inn became *yours* in all but name: carried in your hands as splinters, painted in your sweat and blood. It seemed hopeless until one day an SD officer named von Mueller came to stay. His darting eyes quickly revealed a predilection for young girls – girls like you. One week later, you'd "arranged" a one-way ticket to the Eastern front for Papa.

In exchange for his help, von Mueller got a private club for his SD buddies to take their mistresses to when home on leave. You traded up in slave-drivers.

As things fell apart outside, your plan came together. The Nazis were too busy trying to stay alive to worry about the inn, and you got some muscle in the form of poor Hugo, the boozy deserter that landed on your doorstep. You'd finished the inn's remodeling even before the last of the bombs fell. *Die Dünner Narr* would be a glorious rebirth from the ashes of the Reich.

But then von Mueller contacted you—still alive. Still free. Still a bastard. He was up to his old tricks, unconcerned that the state no longer supported his crimes. Overnight, he turned your club into another front for his operation: a brothel and black market distributor masquerading as a Kabarett Club. You were furious...until you saw how much money he was making.



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Honesty – Deceit •••  
Profession: Femme Fatale

You drew your smile back on. You watched and learned. You waited.

These killings are your chance. With so much attention from the Americans *and* the Russians, von Mueller's operation could be up against two armies. All you need do is point the clueless foreigners in the right direction. One day, they'll leave like everyone else, and you'll do what you do best: pick up the pieces.

**Your Secrets (Horrendous):** You pimp and run a front for the black market for Eric von Mueller, the rising star of the new Berlin underworld. The acts on stage, the beer on tap — all of it's just a cover for von Mueller's operations, and you pay a tidy protection fee for the privilege.

**(Serious):** You're harboring a Nazi deserter from forces that would see him imprisoned or killed. He's worth the risk...as long as he remains useful.

**Secrets You Know:**

Hugo Richter (Horrendous): Poor Hugo deserted to spend more time with a family that was already dead. He's a broken man, the only kind of man you could ever love. Of course, one note slipped to a uniform and he'd disappear forever. His life is in your hands. It means he's one of the few people in your life you could ever trust.

Eric von Mueller (Horrendous): Where to start...he was in Hitler's intelligence service. He recruits the girls for the whoring and keeps them at it long after they see the mistake. He treats your pockets like a personal bank. He's shit in bed, mean as hell, and you'd love to see him dead. But you'll be in the grave the second after, unless you can find a way to take him and his crew down all at once....

**KEY PEOPLE**

Zuckerman and Adolph: Mueller's hired muscle. These are the last two faces you'd ever see if you betrayed the bastard.

Jacques Larment: Your golden Frenchmen. He's the headlining act.

Frau Hopzfelt and Hannah Hopzfelt: The mother whores for you, so you keep your distance from her personally, just like all the rest. The daughter is something rare though. Too old to pawn off on someone else, not old enough to be on her own. She reminds you a bit of yourself when you were still young and stupid. She tries (and fails) to be useful around the place, but you suppose she's worth keeping around. She keeps mom motivated to work, and pity can earn a big tip from some guilty servicemen.

**Languages:** German, English (speak only), Russian (speak only)