

DINOSAURS AT THE ALAMO

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About the Adventure

Dinosaurs at the Alamo is a gonzo OSR-ish Old West Horror adventure, although it can easily be adapted to other game systems (a GURPS version is also available on www.1shotadventures.com). The adventure is set in 1836, with a group of stalwart Alamo defenders finding themselves lost in a hidden valley filled with danger, dinosaurs, and big cannons that could change history itself.

Dinosaurs at the Alamo is suitable for three-to-five level 3-4 characters. The end of the adventure includes six pregenerated characters so you can get started right away, along with a backup character in case someone meets a terrible end!

Characters introduced for the first time in the adventure are noted in ALL-CAPS. Saves and skill suggestions are in SMALL-CAPS. Sections marked with a map 🗺️ are side-quests and adventure hooks, and not critical to the overall plot of the adventure. Sections marked with a person 👤 are opportunities for specific PCs, notably the pregenerated characters from the end of this adventure.

Adventure Background

After Mexico gained independence from Spain in 1821, it encouraged American settlers to migrate to the northern territory of Texas. However, as the number of settlers increased, tensions rose due to cultural and political differences. The situation worsened when President Antonio López de Santa Anna abolished the Mexico's 1824 Constitution and assumed dictatorial powers. His actions fueled resentment among the Texians, leading to calls for Texan independence. In 1835, open rebellion broke out. By February 1836, as Santa Anna marched north with a large force to crush the rebellion, a small, diverse group of Texian and Tejano defenders gathered at the Alamo, a former mission, setting the stage for the legendary siege and battle that would profoundly shape Texan identity and the quest for independence.

By March 3, 1836, grim reality has set in for the defenders of the Alamo. Although they have survived almost two weeks of being besieged by thousands of Mexican soldiers, they know their time is running out. General Santa Anna of Mexico is eager to destroy the Alamo's upstart rebels.


Knowing that the Alamo is running low on supplies, its young commander, Commander Travis, dispatches some of his best men on a mission to capture a shipment of corn heading for the Mexican troops.

Adventure Summary

The PCs set out to raid a Mexican supply train. After a skirmish with the Mexican troops, the PCs learn from a captured woman that three large 12-lb cannons have been abandoned by the Mexicans in a nearby valley. Knowing this artillery might turn the tide of the siege at the Alamo, the PCs set out to recover them.

The valley, however, turns out to be a place lost in time. After passing through a strange barrier, the PCs find themselves in a place inhabited by ferocious dinosaurs, desperate lost Mexican soldiers, a famed hermit, and other primal dangers. Here, the PCs can explore freely, wandering the valley, discovering the its secrets, and recovering some of Santa Anna's lost cannons, which are scattered around the valley.

If the PCs can survive long enough to recover the artillery, and maybe even a few vicious dinosaurs, they might be able to alter history and save the Alamo.

 *GM's Note: One of the pregenerated characters, Plain Ol' Joe, is a time traveler! He is trying to protect the time stream and wants zero dinosaurs to survive this adventure in the real world. If you're going to play with this character, it's suggested that you keep his role secret, handing characters out randomly to players to prevent them from seeing his equipment and skills.*

Part 1: Ambush at the Ranch

On the evening of March 3rd, ten days into the siege, the Alamo's General Travis receives word that a wagon train of corn is heading up from Seguin Ranch to provision the Mexican troops surrounding the fort. The wagons are escorted by a small number of regulars from the veteran Jimenez battalion.

To disrupt the Mexican army, General Travis sends his best sentries out of the Alamo to capture or halt the supply wagons. The scouting party – the brave PCs – sneak out of the Alamo just before midnight.

The adventure kicks off with a moonlit, nighttime raid. Having avoided the Mexican pickets, the scouting party is hiding behind a split-rail fence near the Seguin Ranch road. As expected, ten horse-drawn wagons are soon seen coming up the

Jimenez Regulars

- Mexican Soldiers -

Armor Class: 11

Hit Points: 6 hp

Move: 60' (20')

Morale: 7

Attacks: 1 / round

Damage: 1D6+1 (bayonet)
2D6 (rifle)

Bonuses: +0 to hit


Gear: Flintlock rifle; sword bayonet; Mexican uniform.

Notes: The soldiers are led by Capitan Garza, who is a callous but smart tactical leader. He has 10 hp and +1 to hit due to his veteran status. He's also smart enough to stay behind cover, giving him +2 AC.

Capitan Garza is fanatically loyal to Santa Anna, and will fight to the death, even if all of his men abandon him.



road, guarded by eight Jimenez regulars and their frustrated captain, CAPITAN GARZA.

 *GM's Note: For players who like more tactical action, have them describe how they've avoided the Mexican pickets to get to this position, and then have one of the PCs make a WISDOM save, giving a +1 or +2 bonus for a particularly good plan. On a failure, as the PCs are readying to ambush the supply chain, three Mexican skirmishers are carefully sneaking up on the PCs, ready to ambush the ambushers sometime in the middle of this opening battle.*

Weirdly, one of the wagons is clearly *not* carrying provisions. It carries several badly wounded men, who moan with each bump and jolt that the wagon makes. The entire Mexican force seems to be in bad shape. Careful study of the men concludes that the men – fearful new conscripts – are barely being held together by their callous captain, who keeps yelling at the men.

If the PCs use stealth, they're very likely to stay hidden while the wagons trundle closer to their hiding place (any rolls are



at +4 due to the darkness). While the Mexicans are in bad shape, their captain is alert and may spot the PCs with his keen perception. If he does, he'll quickly order his men into a line and have them fire a volley of hot lead balls at the PCs!

The Mexican's morale is low – they all just heard horrifying stories from the wounded men in the wagon. Any soldier who is wounded will quickly run for the hills. Furthermore, once half the men are dispatched, the captain only has a 50% chance of keeping the rest of his men from fleeing!

The Wounded Men in the Wagons

There are three wagons in the supply train. Two are loaded with bushels of corn. The third has five badly wounded, uniformed Mexicans in it. Two are missing limbs. All are traumatized, and have trouble speaking coherently. A Mexican officer with a broken arm and a tattered cavalry uniform, MAJOR SALGADO, is calm enough to talk, but only if the PCs earn trust with him, for example speaking with him respectfully, or treating his men with first aid.

Also in the wagon is a young Tejano woman, SATURNINA OSORIO. While she has a bloody cloth wrapped around her

head, and a gag in her mouth, she otherwise does not seem as badly wounded as the other men in the wagon.

Major Salgado imparts the following information:

- The major led a veteran detachment of Mexican cavalry from the Rio Grande *Presidial Compañía*. He and his five men in the wagon are the only survivor of the detachment (and he feels horribly guilty about it).
- His detachment was protecting the soldiers who were securing supplies at the Seguin Ranch, but they were drawn away from the supply train when they ran into a woman on the road (he points at Saturnina). She lied that hundreds of reinforcements from the main Texian Army were arriving nearby, and had set up camp in a nearby valley. Fearing that Texian reinforcements had arrived earlier than anticipated, Major Saldado set out with his riders to spy on the supposed valley camp to verify the story.
- What happened next was a horrible blur of blood and death. Their cavalry was attacked by something monstrous. In the dark of the night, all he heard was screams, roars, and gunfire. He retreated back to the wagons, where he saw a white-bearded elderly man holding up a lantern. He estimates he lost over twenty men earlier

that night, and his fellow survivors whisper stories of monstrous, bloodthirsty lizards surrounding them.

- Although he's now captured by Texians, Major Salgado still implores the PCs to surrender to Santa Anna. *"Perhaps if you surrender to me now, you will not face unavoidable death when Santa Anna destroys your fort in the coming days."*

The woman Saturnina is also willing to talk to the PCs, though her English is broken. She's delighted that the Texians routed the Mexicans and disrupted their supply train.

- She is furious that Santa Anna killed her father several weeks ago when he refused to give up his farm to him. She is also angry that one of Santa Anna's men then stole her father's old smoketree walking stick. The stick was something that has been in her family for years, and traces back to her family's ancestral roots as members of the Pakawan tribe. Because of this betrayal, she tricked Santa Anna's men and sent them to the "Valley of the Poh," which she knew was cursed (though does not have any details on such a curse). *"I knew these men deserved to die in the savage hell valley... the Valley of the Poh."*
- She proudly tells the PCs that Major Salgado's unit was not the only Mexican force she tricked into going into the valley. She sent an artillery detachment into the valley a few days ago, along with "three their great big cannons." Getting her to expand the story reveals she's describing three powerful 12-lb cannons... a massive win for the defenders of the Alamo if they could be captured!
- If asked more about the valley, Saturnina only says that it is the most dangerous place in all Mexico. Her family have told stories of the Valley of the Poh for years... and the men in her family spend a night in the valley on their 15th birthday to prove their worth, using only her father's smoketree walking stick for protection.
- If asked to accompany the PCs, Saturnina *might* agree. She thinks that the Alamo is doomed, and has no desire to go there. But she will also hesitate about going into the valley, unless the PCs really impress or persuade her with excellent roleplaying or great social skill use.
- Even if she doesn't accompany the PCs, she'll point the way to the valley, but tell the PCs that it's usually guarded by one of her old uncles, who they'll know *"because of the yellow lantern he uses at night... to warn idiots like yourself away."*

Jim Bonham Arrives

As the PCs are sorting out the aftermath of the skirmish, they soon hear a lone rider approaching. He's recognized as LT. JAMES BONHAM, an impulsive but trusted Alamo scout. Cussing up a storm, the young officer explains how he was sent to the town of Goliad to bring additional reinforcements to the Alamo. But, he spits, the commander there, James Fannin, had none to give. He spits on the ground and speechifies:

"Commander Travis sends me all the way to Goliad to ask James Fannin for more men, and he tells me he has none to give right now! And then imagine my mood when I find out that not only do I get to tell Commander Travis help ain't coming, I find out that ol' Santa Anna has another thousand troops arriving by morning! With three big cannons, shipped fresh from France! The ol' mission is doomed, but hell if I'm turning tail!"

If Jim Bonham hears that three 12-lb cannons are nearby in the Valley of the Poh, he is ecstatic. An expert on artillery, he's absolutely convinced the cannons are the key to helping the Alamo hold off the Mexicans for a few more days.

"But you better move fast, because with those new Mexicans arriving in the morning, I bet the whole fort will go down the next day. You got 48 hours or else no one will remember the Alamo."

If the PCs need any more motivation, Jim Bonham will order them to enter the valley and recover Santa Anna's lost cannons. Since he has a sealed letter that needs delivering, he volunteers to take any prisoners back to the Alamo.

Before he leaves, Lt. Bonham will offer the PCs some additional supplies, including an extra flintlock pistol (1D6+2 damage, Rate of Fire 1/2), a medical kit, and a bottle of strong South Carolina whiskey.

The Light of Grimaldo

Saturnina's directions lead the PCs five miles north of Alamo, at first following the San Antonio river, then east towards some hills. Along the way, they spy the Mexicans building a gun platform across the river and near an old mill, no doubt for the soon-to-be-delivered cannons.

Soon, the PCs see a solitary, eerie yellow light hanging in the distance. At first, it looks suspended in the air, as if defying the laws of physics. But then, as the PCs get closer, they see that it is actually an ornate lantern made from bone, carried on a ten foot pole by an wrinkled old man.

The man is GASPAR GRIMALDO, one of Saturnina's many uncles, and one of the guardians of the valley. He inspects the PCs with curiosity, somehow already knowing the PCs are looking for the Valley of the Poh. He's a delightful, charming, and warm old man. He'll laugh at their bravado, and speak in a stilted and untraceable accent:

"The old valley is for the young or the foolish alone, and my lantern never lies when it shines its light on fools. But I can see you're not cowards at least."

With good roleplaying, Grimaldo will explain a secret to surviving in the valley: find a heavy smokewood stick and trust it, and you will be blessed if you eat a nut from a purple-leaved tree. "It will make you taste bad for Duckface," he chuckles mysteriously, unwilling to say more.

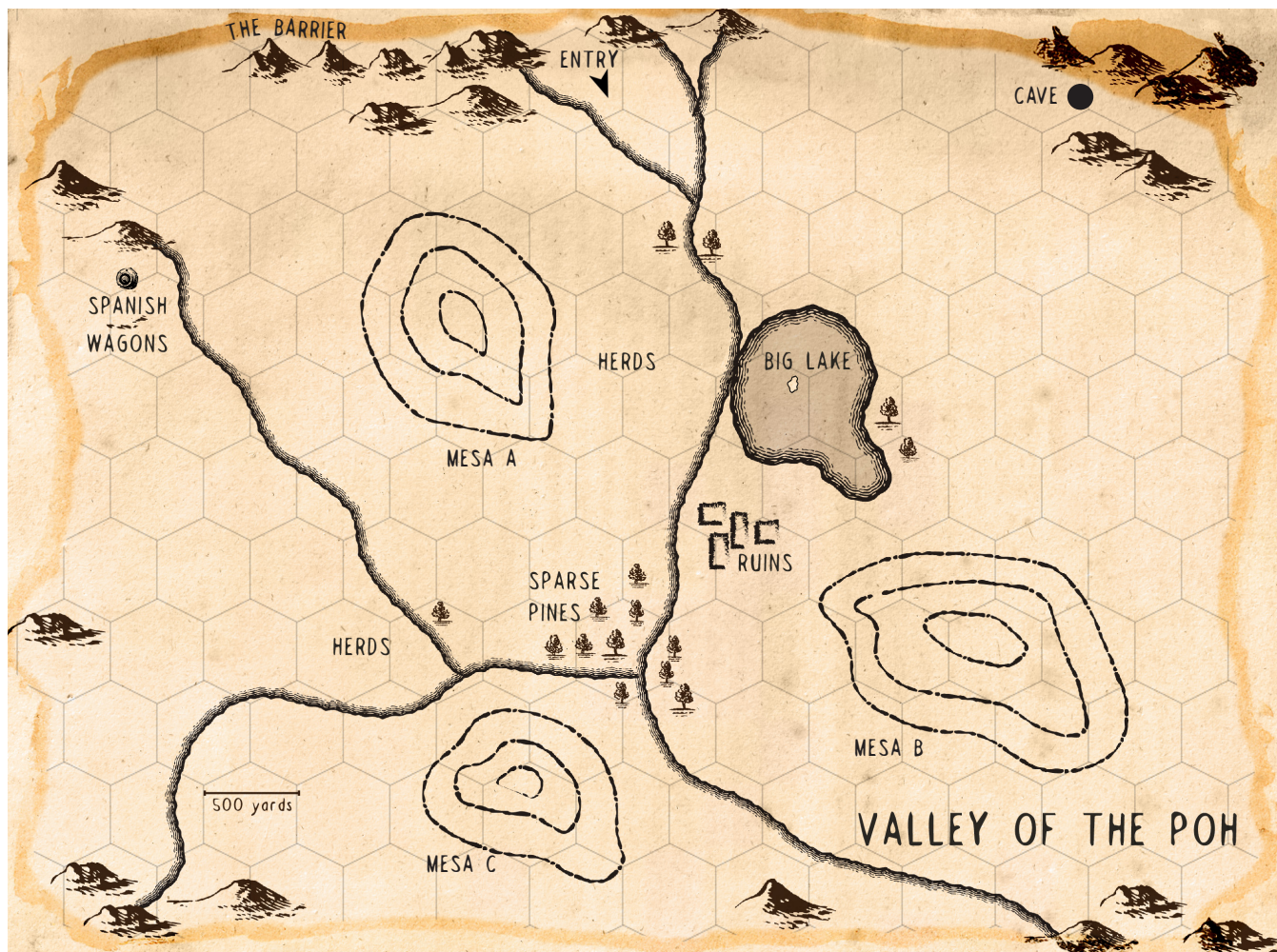
When the PCs are ready, Grimaldo takes them deeper into the hills. Then he reaches into his rucksack and gives the PCs a yellowish purple **cactus wood whistle**, which he says will summon Old Koot'naheen, who lives in the valley and knows it well. "He can show you the way back," he says.

The Luminiferous Barrier

Another ten minutes into the hills, the PCs observe a strange haze ahead of them. Like a wall of dust, fog, and heat, the barrier seems to extend from north to south. Beyond the haze, the PCs see nothing but flat scrub.

Science-minded PCs may make an INTELLIGENCE check to identify that the barrier is made from concentrated *luminiferous ether*, an imponderable substance upon which light waves propagate!

Touching the wall causes light to gather, eventually becoming bright enough to blind someone. At first, it feels impossible to penetrate through it. But with some encouragement from Grimaldo and his lantern which shows the PCs the exact areas to push on, the luminiferous ether will shimmer, gather, and then part like a curtain, allowing the PCs entrance into the primeval Valley of the Poh.



Part 2: The Valley of the Poh

Whatever time of day the PCs entered the Valley of the Poh, a sweltering noon sun now shines down upon them. With the bright light, new terrain forms in front of their eyes. Three flat mesas jut out in the horizon. Nearby, a large stream, sunken into the rocky ground, rushes beside them where there was none before. A lake is directly ahead of the entrance area, and beyond the lake are worn stone structures, surrounded by an uneven wall of plinths.

If the PCs look behind them, they see the sheer walls of steep mountains, although the luminiferous wall – sparkling more visibly here – separates them from the mountains.

Getting into the valley is easier than escaping it. The barrier is much stronger and firmly resists any touch. If someone forces their way into it (and makes a STRENGTH check), they'll become disoriented and find themselves teleported to a random location somewhere else along the barrier in the valley.

However, with the light of a special, dinosaur-bone lantern, the barrier will part, and the PCs will find themselves back in regular ol' Texas again. There are only two lanterns in the valley. One is owned by Old Koot'naheen, a sage that lives in the valley, and the other is broken and can be found hidden on the island that lies in the middle of the valley's lake.

The Valley's Terrain

The valley is arid and hot. For each day spent in the valley, PCs must make a SURVIVAL check or else take 1D3 damage from the heat, bloodsucking bugs, or other outdoor maladies.

If the PCs climb to a vantage point – such as scaling a mesa – they'll be able to get a good sense of the layout of the valley. GMs can give the PCs a plain map of the valley to help them understand its key features (see [Player Safe Maps](#)).

The rushing streams that cut through the valley's rocky terrain are deep and violent. They're also home to several species of small carnivorous fish, not too dissimilar to piranhas! PCs can cross the streams by wading in carefully and making a STRENGTH save to get across without losing their footing. Losing footing in a rushing stream causes the PC to be pushed downstream quite a distance (perhaps climbing out to face a hungry dinosaur, like Duckface or Toothboy. Deeper places can be crossed by swimming, or, in some places near the middle of the valley, some fallen pines make for log bridges across the stream. The carnivores in the valley know that the streams often block their prey from escape, and will try to take advantage of the streams to corner their food.

Items of Power

- or, How to Survive the Valley -

Uncle Grimaldo gave the PCs good advice. There are three valuable items in the valley which will greatly help the PCs.

Eating a **nut** from the purple-leaf tree is a harrowing but beneficial experience. Upon taking a bite of these walnut-sized, pyramidal things, a finger-sized maggot tries squirming out of your mouth. The victim needs to chew and swallow the maggot, or else the nut's blessing won't take effect. In doing so, however, it provides a blessing, giving the PC +1 to all rolls while in the valley, until the PC fails an important roll. Then the failure flips into success, and the blessing goes away.

Next, for reasons unknown, a **smoketree stick** easily penetrates dinosaur hide, and causes them great pain. Treat attacks with the stick doing 1D12 damage to dinosaurs, and 1D4 damage to everything else.

Finally, the **cactus wood whistle** will summon Old Koot'naheen to the PCs' location. However, the old man is slow, and so first the loud whistle will force the PCs to contend with the carnivore Duckface, who *bates* the shrill noise.

Big Lake

A large, clean lake lies in the center of the valley. There's a small bushy island in the lake, no bigger than a dozen or so yards wide. Observant PCs will spot a collapsed wood structure on the island.

PCs can swim to the island. Although it's 100 yards out, the waters are calm and any rolls to swim across are at +4. Also, if the PCs explore the brush around the lake, they'll find a large bark canoe, big enough for four people. Carved on the inside of the canoe are the words "Property of Porter Rockwell." The canoe has AC 11, 22 hit points. With it, the PCs can row to the island in a few minutes, with a failure indicating the boat gets stuck on some gnarly underwater algae strands about halfway across, requiring someone to hop out of the boat and cut it free.

The lake is also home to a very territorial, eel-like carnivore, "Slumbersnout," a juvenile, crocodile-fish (aka a tylosaurus) that is *always* hungry. However, the creature is utterly lazy

and is more often sleeping than awake; only careful scouting spots its form drifting just under the water of the lake. Easily the size of three men, the predator usually lazily paddles around until a school of fish nears its giant toothed mouth. Any splashing will cause the creature to slowly come and investigate, including any loud swimmers or oars.

Bramble Island

Sharp brambles cover the lake's island. Getting to the center requires some hacking, which requires an axe or sword to hack through, or very careful maneuvering (DEXTERITY save, or else take 1D3 damage). The brambles also cause severe itchiness, which makes all rolls at -2 for one hour unless a CONSTITUTION save roll is succeeded. Medical treatment reduces the itchiness penalty to -1.

At the center of the island are several, unusual purple-leaved trees. A naturalist or similar outdoorsman finds them vaguely similar to a native purple-leaved plum tree, but they are much taller, have more gnarled branches, and many bear large nuts, unusually shaped like rough-hewn pyramids. Eating a nut, while traumatizing, provides a blessing (see Items of Power, p.6).

There is also the old ruins of a wooden chapel here, its roof long collapsed, but a large cross easily visible amidst the debris. Outside the old structure are two sealed barrels. Both contain sour-smelling lantern oil made from animal fat. Searching the rubble finds a **splintered bone lantern**. If fixed with a new dinosaur bone and an appropriate repair roll, this lantern can also be used to leave the valley.

The Sparse Pines

Sparse pines stand along the valley's stream like ancient sentinels. Their gnarled and twisted forms cast eerie shadows across the barren desert... and strange lizards warble weird songs from their branches.

A single reddish-purple smoketree can be found in the middle of these woods, but it takes a naturalist to identify the tree. It's easy to chop down a branch and make a smoketree club or walking stick, but treat these as cheap (50% chance of breaking) unless someone uses carpentry, woodworking, or a similar expertise to cut off a nice one (see Items of Power, p.6).

In the middle of these sparse woods is a gigantic intact skeleton of a prehistoric, short-faced bear. Inside its rib cage is the carcass of a stinking oversized rodent of unknown variety. Surrounding this skeleton are several hidden spring snares, capable of yanking someone off his feet and dangling them high in the air.

Slumbersnout

- The Laziest Tylosaurus -

Armor Class: 16
Hit Points: 27 hp
Move: 90' (30') swimming
Morale: 9

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 2D8 (bite)
Bonuses: +4 to hit



Tactics: Young Slumbersnout is ferocious but very lazy. Maybe the laziest tylosaurus to have been born. If he can sneak up on his foe, he'll unhinge his jaw in a terrifying fashion and try swallowing them whole! When dealing with a boat, he'll try to chomp the boat in half before going after its occupants.

However, if his prey fights back, and inflicts more than half his hit points in damage, he'll retreat, sulk miserably, and rethink his life.

There is a 25% chance to detect the snares. Disarming one requires a DEXTERITY check. Otherwise, if a victim steps near the carcass there's a 50% chance that the victim steps on a snare and is pulled into the air. Escaping the snare requires three successful DEXTERITY saves, or cutting the rope and crashing to the ground for 1D4 damage. All that racket might summon the hungry carnivore Toothboy to the scene, however.

The man who set these traps is the wild-haired survivalist, PORTER ROCKWELL, "The Destroying Angel of Mormonism." Trapped in the valley for a few years, he has become a desperate survivalist. If someone sets off a trap, he'll creep up through the brush to see what he caught. He'll wait for a few minutes before emerging, however, since Toothboy has been known to hear screaming prey and venture near to snack on the snares.

Porter Rockwell can either be a helpful ally in the valley, or act as a strong-minded adversary. See the sidebar for more details on how to use Porter Rockwell in the valley.

Porter Rockwell

- Destroying Angel of Mormondom -

Armor Class: 12
Hit Points: 23 hp
Move: 10
Morale: 9

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 1D6+1 (javelin)
Bonuses: +1 to hit



Gear: Javelin; large knife (1D4+1 damage); dried lizard meat.

Young Porter Rockwell is known for his rugged toughness and unswerving loyalty to the Mormon settlers in the West. He's also known for having a turbulent personality that always seems to land him in trouble. A newly deputized marshal, he recently traveled to Texas chasing a wanted assassin, where he stumbled into the Valley of the Poh. Unable to escape the valley, he's been surviving here for a few years, slowly transforming into a desperate man. He rarely associates with Old Koot'naheen, who he is suspicious of. As a result, he thinks the valley is inescapable, and is being used by God to punish him for various sins.

When the PCs meet Porter Rockwell, he'll be suspicious and question their motives. He thinks the whole valley is testing him, and sees the PCs as an extension of that test. He'll also test to see if the PCs are God-fearing individuals, since he's intolerant of godless men. If the PCs prove themselves, he'll cautiously befriend them. He'll offer some knowledge of the valley, and point them towards the destroyed supply wagons, or an artillery cannon (he only knows about the one at Mesa B, but won't go near it since he knows Duckface lives near the mesa). He'll also welcome a way out of the valley, and even agree to help defend the Alamo if the PCs lead him from the place!

However, if the PCs are discourteous, Porter Rockwell becomes a sneaky adversary. In this case, he'll try to ensnare the PCs and then hoot and holler to summon one of the valley's big carnivores!

The Spanish Wagons

Two shattered wagons and over a dozen skeletal horses are strewn in this area of the plains. The wagons are a much older design than what the PCs are used to seeing, and were clearly destroyed by a large predator. One of the wagons still bears a worn seal of Charles V, the King of Spain in the 1500s. These are the remnants of early Spanish explorers who came to Texas in the early 16th century.

If the PCs dig through the wreckage, they'll find a bloody journal page, written in Spanish, authored by a priest who was traveling with the expedition (see [Handout A](#)), and would later build a chapel on the island in the lake.

They will also find a conquistador casco helmet (AC +1, 5 lbs.) and a marvelously preserved .60 arquebus musket (2d+1 damage Rate of Fire 1/4, 10 lbs.).

The Ruins

Jagged stone plinths surround an abandoned village here. The plinths are tall enough and spaced evenly enough to keep the valley's largest carnivores out (like Duckface or Toothboy). Smaller predators, however, can easily slip inside the wall.

Inside the plinth walls are a dozen or so crumbled, brick and stone structures. Most are heavily damaged, and barely qualify as shelter. Anyone good at history and making a good INTELLIGENCE check identifies the ruins as related to structures built by Mesoamerican Olmec culture from over a thousand years ago.

Porter Rockwell's Shelter

Porter Rockwell keeps a home in the ruins – four stone walls covered by a thick cotton canvas. Strips of tasty salted lizard meat hang in the sun outside his shelter. Inside his home is a cot, some handcrafted clay pots containing fresh water, a 50' length of strong hemp rope, and a trunk containing a broken pistol, some spare powder and ammunition, a small brass dog, and a worn copy of *The Book of Mormon*. There's also a rusty handsaw and homemade mallet under the cot.

The Shrine of Visions

One small structure in the ruins is largely intact, and it has a heavy stone blocking the entrance. The stone is marked with wicked looking claw marks. Removing the stone requires at least two people to pull it down, or a lever of some sort. Stone stairs lead downwards below the ground, at least fifteen feet.

At the bottom of the building is a pitch black chamber (PCs best bring a light!). The wall is covered in artistry showing

of primitive men hunting great dinosaurs. In the middle of the room is a cool, circular pool, approximately six feet in diameter.

Staring at the pool for more than a few seconds causes it to emit a dim, otherworldly light. After a few seconds more, it will cause visions! Roll 1D6:

1	A vision of a cannon on the side of a rubble-strewn mesa, with a broken carriage wheel. A two-legged carnivore, easily the size of a man, sniffs the metal barrel.
2	A vision of the Alamo under attack again. Swarmed by Mexican soldiers, the fort's defenses look desperate... PCs making a WISDOM check realize that the time of day in the vision looks different from the one in the Valley. Is this a vision from the future?
3	A vision of a cave, in the side of a mesa. Something glints in the dark. But then suddenly a massive carnivore exits the cave, something bloody in his mouth. He roars in anger and charges off into the distance.
4	A vision of two-legged carnivores, their tongues thirstily lolled out, creeping down the stairs to this very room! (see below)
5	A vision of a mesa, where Mexican soldiers are being carried into the air by vivid purple pterosaurs. The men scream as his limbs get torn off by the monsters.
6	A vision of a herd of triceratops grazing nearby in the fields; a herd of massive, 15' tall bird-like therizinosaur are also nearby. (If the GM is using the optional Rustlers subplot, PCs will see several Mexican soldiers trying to harness some of the creatures.)

After receiving a vision, the recipient must make a WILL roll, and be stunned for one second for each point by which the roll was failed.

Unknown to the explorers of the cave, some semi-intelligent raptors know about the water source here, and also enjoy the cool air of the shrine (and occasional visions). As soon as the door is entered, one or two will creep over to it, make their way down the stairs, and viciously attack anyone between them and their sweet, sweet magic watering hole.

The Wandering Herds

Two herds wander through the valley – a herd of a few dozen horned styracosarus, and the same amount of 15' tall, bird-like therizinosaurus. The PCs will likely see one of these herds if they venture out into the plains, or if they look for prints with a TRACKING roll.

Quench and Snarl

- The Thirstiest Raptors -

Armor Class: 15
Hit Points: 11 hp
Move: 12
Morale: 9

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 2D4 (bite)
Bonuses: +1 to hit



Tactics: The raptors will creep down the stairs of the shrine, trying to sneak up on anyone down there (they only fear Old Koot'naheen). They have a 75% chance of surprising the PCs, unless they are keeping close watch. Anyone who doesn't run will be quickly attacked and devoured.

The Shrine



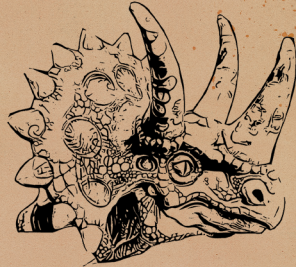
Dinos to Ride

Three Horned Tex

- Stubborn Styracosarus -

Armor Class: 17
Hit Points: 29 hp
Move: 90' (30')
Morale: 8

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 3D6 (gore)
Bonuses: +2 to hit



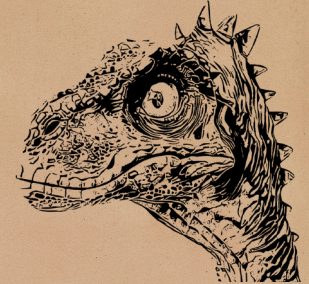
Tactics: These horned dinosaurs are herbivores, but are skittish and run away from loud noises or sudden movements. However, some of the bulls are bad tempered, and won't hesitate to charge at someone who is showing aggression.

Big Feathers

- Giant Therizosauruses -

Armor Class: 16
Hit Points: 37 hp
Move: 90' (30')
Morale: 8

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 2D4 (bite)
Bonuses: +2 to hit



Tactics: This feathered dinosaur is known for its extraordinarily long, clawed forelimbs, which it uses for foraging and defense. While most of these dinosaurs are dim-witted, a few in the herd demonstrate cleverness, and mischievously enjoy stealing shiny objects from folks.

Both types of dinosaurs are large enough to ride! Neither species are afraid of humans, although they will steer clear of any loud noises or sudden movements, so lassoing one and jumping on will be quite the feat.

Since this adventure is by no means realistic, nor does it pretend to understand how a cowboy might go about breaking a dinosaur, GMs should improvise if PC decide to tame one of these mighty lizards. Lassoing one is a good start, or someone good at animal handling might be required to get close to an animal without it getting too skittish. Once close, a DEXTERITY check might be required to leap atop the thing (or -4 for one of the bigger therizonosauruses). Failing a roll badly might cause one of the triceratops to charge the PC in anger, or the therizonosauruses to stampede away.

Rustlers!

Four Mexican artillerists survived their initial encounter in the Valley. Led by RODOLFO PERFECTO DE COS, a junior officer (and cousin to one of Santa Anna's generals), the soldiers have been unable to escape the valley. Believing that the only way through the barrier is to ride out, the men are trying to rope some dinosaurs.

So far, Rodolfo is the only man who has achieved his dream of riding a dinosaur. From atop his styracosarus, he's cursing at his nervous men in Spanish to grow some *cajones* and leap atop the creatures.

If the Mexicans identify the PCs as Texians, Rodolfo will charge the PCs atop his mount, as his soldiers take cover behind the herbivores and fire their rifles to fend them off. The sound of gunfire will no doubt cause nearby herds to panic and stampede, trampling anyone in their path. The noise might also summon one of the big predators in the area, like Toothboy.

If the PCs surrender, or disguise themselves as Mexican soldiers using any uniforms they might have picked up, or use some fast-talkin' diplomacy, Rodolfo may pause long enough to parlay:

- Rodolfo says that he was tricked by the woman Saturnina, who told him that the road was blocked and to cut through this valley.
- The horses pulling his artillery carriages ran off soon after entering the valley. His men chased after them, but

he soon lost all track of them. He saw several of his men near the southern-most mesa firing at purple winged lizards, but by the time he got there, all he found were bloody limbs. "Cut apart by devil snippers!"

- He has seen Duckface roaming the valley and is intrigued by the idea of capturing or killing him. "Would love to break one of them carnosaurus... or bringing back his head to mount above my fireplace!"
- His men tried leaving the valley, but as soon as they hit the barrier, they got all dizzy and disoriented and found themselves at another edge. Not having any better ideas, he plans to push through the barrier on a big strong dinosaur. *GM's Note: This theory is unproven, but might work. Sometimes the barrier can be overpowered by something strong...*

One of Rodolfo's men is a carpenter who was attached to the artillery squad. He carries a small carpentry kit in a haversack on his back, which can be used to repair any damaged artillery carriages the PCs find.

Toothboy

A large green-striped, sail-finned Saurophaganax preys on the herds in the valley. The carnivore has an abnormally large tooth jutting from his jaw, giving him his nickname. He's pretty stupid however, and terrible at sneaking up on the valley's herds. Instead, when he spots prey from a distance, he'll blindly charge at them (often wearing himself out as they flee), hoping to grab an old or wounded one on his way in.

The Mesas

Three large mesas loom over the valley. While some have winding trails that lead up to the top, they are difficult to find and still require some climbing and scrambling up scree slopes to get the top. However, from the top of any of these mesas, the PCs will see a clear view of the entire valley.

Mesa A - The Massacre

On the east side of this steep mesa are the remains of seven Mexican artillerists and three horses. They were crushed by what looks to be a landslide, and their broken corpses lie half-buried in debris. The cannon they carried is still intact, although one of its carriage wheels is broken.

Repairing the carriage wheel requires an hour or two, some tools (which can be found with either Rodolfo's men, or in Porter Rockwell's shelter), and some good carpentry.

PCs who listen to their surroundings will roll find a horse that survived the disaster hiding behind some nearby rubble. The

Rodolfo Perfecto de Cos

- Mexican Artillery Commander -

Armor Class: 12
Hit Points: 13 hp
Move: 60' (20')
Morale: 9

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 2D6+2 (rifle)
1D6+2 (bayonet)

Bonuses: +2 to hit

Gear: India-pattern Brown Bess .75 Flintlock Rifle (2D6+2); Spear Bayonet (1D6+2).

Notes: Rodolfo has grown a little crazy while being trapped in the valley. He's desperate to lead his men out, and then head south into Mexico and leave the war behind him. He's become obsessed with riding dinosaurs and killing the big ones.



horse is skittish, and requires some good animal handling to approach without bolting away.

What the PCs won't suspect is that the rockfall here was caused by Spike-Tail Sam, an armored dinosaur with a massively oversized thagomizer. He's smart enough to wait for prey to get near the mesa, then knock some rocks down to pulverize them. He'll then saunter down at his own leisure to scavenge the carcasses.

If the players linger in this area, Spike-Tail Sam will emerge on a ledge 20 yards above the PCs, bellow a long and aggressive sound, then start knocking boulders down. Anyone below must run for their lives, making a DEXTERITY save (assuming they skedaddle right away), to clear the area. Success does 1D4 damage, but failure does 1D12 damage from the rocks.

Mesa B - Duckface's Lair

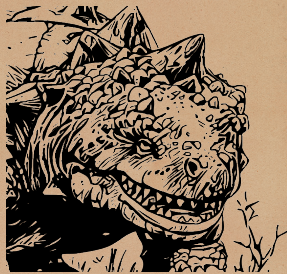
Tracking near this mesa finds the signs of several horses driving a heavy wagon. Following the trail – or general exploration around the mesa – reveals a large cave entrance. Outside

Spike-Tail Sam

- Weird Thagomizin' Dinosaur -

Armor Class: 17
Hit Points: 49 hp
Move: 60' (20')
Morale: 10

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 2D6 (tail swipe)
Bonuses: +4 to hit



Tactics: If Spike-Tail Sam takes any fire, he'll climb up higher on the mesa, and try to tumble more rocks down on his attackers. He won't get directly aggressive unless he gets cornered, then he'll bellow and use his mace-like tail to great effect.

the cave are the torn and shredded bodies of several Mexican soldiers. Large and bulbous flies swarm the bodies.

This cave is the lair of DUCKFACE, a large, long-snouted Qianzhousaurus tyrannosaur living in the valley. He only uses his cave when it's exceedingly hot outside.

Bones of all kinds of creatures litter the inside of the cave.

One of Santa Anna's 12-lb cannons is here as well. A dead man is slumped over the barrel, a loading rammer in his hands, but his head missing from his body. It looks like he was trying to load the cannon before ol' Duckface chomped his head right off.

The cannon weighs at least 1,200 lbs. Removing it from the cave requires at least two horses to pull the carriage. Nearby, a splintered cart which contained gunpowder and twenty or so cannonballs are strewn everywhere.

Old Koot'naheen's Hilltop Home

A hidden, narrow trail leads all the way to the top of this mesa. At its peak is a pale, brick shelter. The shelter, however, is not primitive at all.

It is perfectly crafted, with zero seams between the bricks, no weathering, and a series of numbers – dates perhaps? – carved into each side. A docile, horse-sized dinosaur with a bulbous head is typically tied up outside the shelter, happily grazing on grass.

Inside the small shelter is a simple comfortable cot and a single trunk, which contains dozen or so knick-knacks from across time, simple things that Old Koot'naheen has traded with travelers to the valley. Sundries include a gold nugget, a red fez, a painted portrait of a stalwart moustached man with eyeglasses, and a matchbox-sized white case with curious white trumpets inside.

This is the home of Old Koot'naheen, a weathered old man who acts as the guardian of the Valley of Poh. When he's not napping inside his home, he's standing atop it, watching over the valley with his piercing blue eyes. He is the calming force in an untamed land.

Old Koot'naheen has lived in this valley for well over a century. He'll tell the PCs that he wandered in, just like them, and decided that the valley was his final home. The mysterious man is not concerned about the PCs presence in the valley, nor is he quick to help the PCs. *"The valley always knows what you deserve..."*

The enigmatic old man can give the PCs some guidance, however:

- He saw the Mexican artillery enter the valley, and knows that they were mostly torn to shreds by various creatures. If asked about the cannons, he'll point to each mesa and advise the PCs to be cautious.
- If asked how to escape the valley, he'll show them a bone

Santa Anna's Cannons

The three 12-lb Mexican cannons are fresh from France. Santa Anna can't wait to get his hands on them to take down the Alamo and march north. Unfortunately, his precious cannons are now scattered throughout the valley, one near each of its three mesas.

At some point a PC will want to gleefully fire one of these cannons at a dinosaur. Firing a cannon requires a to hit roll like any other ranged weapon. A cannon does 6D12 damage, range 400', and Rate of Fire 1/4.

The cannons are key to winning the battle of the Alamo. Each one the PCs get back to the fort will give it a better chance of saving the garrison and winning the day.

Them Big Carnivores

Toothboy

- Fin-nosed Saurophaganax -

Armor Class: 16
Hit Points: 75 hp
Move: 90' (30')
Morale: 11

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 4D6 (bite)
Bonuses: +5 to hit



Tactics: Toothboy is a giant carnivorous dinosaur. He doesn't need tactics. Especially since if anyone sees this great carnivore up close, they must make a Wisdom Save to avoid being frightened and unable to act for 1D4 rounds.

Duckface

- Snouty Qianzhousaurus -

Armor Class: 15
Hit Points: 80 hp
Move: 120' (40')
Morale: 11

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 5D6 (bite)
Bonuses: +5 to hit



Tactics: Duckface enjoys intimidating his prey, toying with them, then viciously tearing them apart. Seeing this great carnivore up close requires a Wisdom Save to avoid being frightened and unable to act for 1D4 rounds.

lantern on a pole that can help them exit, much like they entered. He will not part with his lantern willingly, but he will lead them from the valley in exchange for a small gift (something from the PCs' time is his favorite).

Mesa C - The Pterosaur Nests

The southernmost mesa is the tallest of the three. It's also the home to a flock of aggressive, bright purple pterosaurs. These shrieking menaces ambushed a company of Mexican artillerists, snipped off their limbs, and carried them into the air to feed the young in their nests.

The artillerists' horses somehow managed to flee the attack. They trundled up a winding path higher on to the mesa. The horses, along with the cannon they were hauling, are now hiding amongst some tall, blue-and-yellow striped cactuses on a ridge. Since the horses are too big to carry off, the pterosaurs are leaving them alone... for now.

At the southern base of the mesa, the PCs find the remains of the ambush. Several bloody limbs and heads have been neatly

snipped off by the pterosaurs, and bloated flies swoop from carcass to carcass. A leather trunk is on the ground, having fallen off one of the supply wagons. Inside is a fancy dress uniform from the Mexican Army, and a brace of two ornate flintlock pistols (1d+2 damage, Rate of Fire 1/2).

Near the bloody ambush site are very clear horse and carriage tracks leading up the mesa path. If someone studies the mesa, they may spot glimpses of the purple pterosaur nests far atop the hill.

Although their bellies are full, the pterosaurs are still territorial. A swarm of them will attack the PCs (assume 1 per PC) if the PCs walk up the trail. Gunfire however, attracts more. For each shot fired out, there is a 15% chance another pterosaur joins the fight (up to 2 per PC in total).

At the top of the path is a grove of tall, blue-and-yellow striped cactuses. The flora gives off a terrible, noxious smell, as if the very spirits of decay have taken refuge within its spiny blossoms. In the middle of the grove are two horses still attached to a cannon carriage. They seem to like the cactus

flowers and eat them with voracious hunger. Other than the fact that these flowers will turn the horses bright purple in time, they are otherwise harmless.

Anyone studying the cactuses will note that its sharp spines are perfectly suited for crafting or surgical needles, providing +1 to appropriate rolls. Also, in the event that the PCs lost the cactus wood whistle that Grimaldo gave them (which summons Old Koot'naheen), a new one can be crafted from these cactuses with some woodworking.

Part 3: Leaving the Valley

Eventually, the PCs will want to leave the Valley of the Poh. This is impossible without the help of Old Koot'naheen, a man of mysterious origins who has lived in this valley for many years, if not centuries. Without Old Koot'naheen's lantern, anyone touching the barrier to the valley gets disoriented and finds themselves somewhere else along the border.

Blowing a cactus whistle (like the one Grimaldo gave the PCs) summons Old Koot'naheen. The old man is slow, however, and takes at least twenty minutes to trek from his home (high atop Mesa B) to meet the PCs. The whistle is also very irritating to the monstrous Duckface, so the PCs will likely have to deal with him first, unless they've already encountered him and badly wounded him.

Old Koot'naheen is a wrinkled, dark-skinned, white bearded old man. He approaches riding an unusual dinosaur with a massive, bulbous lump on its head, clearly designed to ram things. Like Grimaldo, Koot'naheen carries an overly long pole with a lantern attached to it. The lantern allows the PCs to leave the valley at any of its borders. However, to have him lead the PCs from the valley, he demands a small gift from them – a gift from their time. Almost any valuable or curious piece of equipment will do.

If summoned before the PCs are ready to leave, the PCs can speak to Old Koot'naheen. He's not overly talkative, however (see p.12 for some of the details he may give away).

If the PCs try to take any dinosaurs with them, they'll have to coax the creatures through the barrier. This requires riding or animal handling rolls to push them through without bucking in fear. However, if the PCs have any angry dinosaurs running after them (like Duckface), they'll charge through the barrier out of sheer irritation for the PCs.

Weirdly, the PCs will emerge from the valley much closer to the Alamo than where they entered. They'll find themselves

Old Koot'naheen

- Enigmatic Valley Guardian -

Armor Class: 12
Hit Points: 36 hp
Move: 60' (20')
Morale: 11

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 1D6+3 (staff)
Bonuses: +4 to hit



Gear: Long staff; bone lantern; sandals.

Notes: Old Koot'naheen barely remembers when he arrived at the valley. He only overlapped with the previous guardian, a 16th century Spanish monk, by a few days. So, he's largely become the caretaker of the land and its animals by trial and error, something that has given him a good sense of humor over the years.

Snippers

- Nasty Purple Pterosaurs -

Armor Class: 12
Hit Points: 6 hp
Move: 180' (60') flying
Morale: 8

Attacks: 1 / round
Damage: 1D4 (bite)
Bonuses: +0 to hit



Tactics: Once a snipper hits someone, it grabs hold of a limb. On the next turn, it will try to bite down and yank it off, rolling at +4 to hit.

Once it gets a piece of meat in its mouth, it flees the scene, excited to feed one of the young in its nests.

just north of the fort, between the North Road and the Alamo Ditch.

If the player spent more than 48 hours in the valley, the Alamo is lost. All the PCs find is the defeated mission being occupied by Santa Anna's men.

However, if the PCs spent less than 48 hours in the valley, they'll reappear in the real world roughly an hour before dawn on March 6th, the morning Santa Anna launches his final attack on the Alamo. The PCs clearly hear the sounds of Santa Anna's army preparing for a final assault.

Part 4: Remember the Alamo!

The conclusion of the adventure occurs as Santa Anna's troops begin their final attack on the Alamo. Can the PCs change history? The finale takes place in three stages:

A Final Skirmish!

Commander Travis sees the PCs appear within sight of the Alamo. He orders several of his men to rush to the PCs' side to recover them and any cannons they fire. Santa Anna's elite vanguard cavalry rush across the lines to capture the cannons before they are seized by the Texians!

This scene plays out as a final battle, with the PCs fighting off a dozen of Santa Anna's cavalry soldiers as they charge at them! If the PCs have brought dinosaurs with them, the Mexican's horses panic, and only six men on foot get close enough to the PCs' position to attack.

If the PCs managed to avoid a fight with one of the great carnivores at this point (Duckface or Toothboy), the GM can add a final surprise in this battle, with one of those dinosaurs tearing suddenly appearing, tearing its way through the Mexican troops and running rampant.

A Pivotal Speech!

After the skirmish, the PCs make it back to the walls of the Alamo. Commander Travis greets the heroes with astonishment (especially if they brought dinosaurs!). He rallies the Alamo's defenders and speaks with great conviction:

"The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword if the fort is taken. We have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender nor retreat."

The Red Jackets

- Veteran Mexican Cavalry -

Armor Class: 13

Hit Points: 8 hp

Move: 60' (20')

Morale: 9

Attacks: 1 / round

Damage: 1D8+1 (saber)
1D6+2 (pistol)

Bonuses: +1 to hit



Gear: Cavalry Saber (1D6+1); Flintlock Pistol (1D6+2); Lance (2D6+2 on a charge); Helme.

Notes: Santa Anna's cavalry charge with single-shot pistols and lances. At least one man is a grenadier, determined to destroy the PCs' cannons if they cannot be returned to Santa Anna's army. He carries a heavy grenade (3D6 explosive damage, Dexterity Save for half damage).

With that, he asks one or more of the PCs to address the men, to encourage them to stand and fight, and perhaps die as heroes.

Santa Anna Attacks!

Sure, you grognards can fight the battle of the Alamo with fancy mass combat rules, but here's a quick and dirty way to do it:

Santa Anna has 4,000 troops surrounding the Alamo, so he's going to roll 8D6 to take the fort. The poor Alamo defenders only get 1D6. Surround that poor lonely die with Santa Anna's 8 dice on the table. Looks hopeless, right? Now:

- If at least one of the players made a great speech, give the Alamo +1D6.
- For *each* player who survived the adventure with 10 hp or more, they are able to fight heroically in the defense of the Alamo, +1D6.
- For each 12-lb cannon the PCs recovered, give the Alamo +2D6!

- If the PCs brought Porter Rockwell with them, he bolsters the morale of the Texian troops – give the Alamo +1D6.
- If the PCs bring dinosaurs with them, add another die (small dinosaurs), 2D6 (Duckface or Toothboy), or 3D6 dice (a ton o’ dinos)!

Split up the Alamo’s dice evenly among the players and have the players roll them. Add up the total to determine the defense the Alamo musters. That’s the number Santa Anna has to beat with his 8D6, which the GM should roll dramatically. If Santa Anna can’t beat the PCs’ total, the Alamo has been saved!

Conclusion

Whatever actually happens this day, the legend of the defenders of the Alamo goes on to inspire millions of patriots, and perhaps even a few dozen paleontologists.

For completing the adventure, surviving PCs should receive appropriate XP for defeating dinos and saving the day. They should receive an additional XP for good roleplaying, and another point or two for excellent performance (defeating a big carnivore, recovering Santa Anna’s cannons, riding a dinosaur into the sunset).

Special Thanks

The art in this adventure was created through a blend of original art by the author, historical illustrations, and a touch of Midjourney to give it a uniform style.

For more one-shot adventures, visit www.1shotadventures.com. If you enjoyed this adventure, or ran it for a group, all the author asks is that you give a shout out and let me know how it went. Post a note on www.1shotadventures.com or tweet @SageThalcos.

Disclaimer

The material presented here is an original creation, intended for use with OSR systems. This material is not official and is not endorsed by any company. Check out *Tall Tales*, *Blood & Bullets*, and *Old School Essentials* for games that inspired this one.

VTT Notes

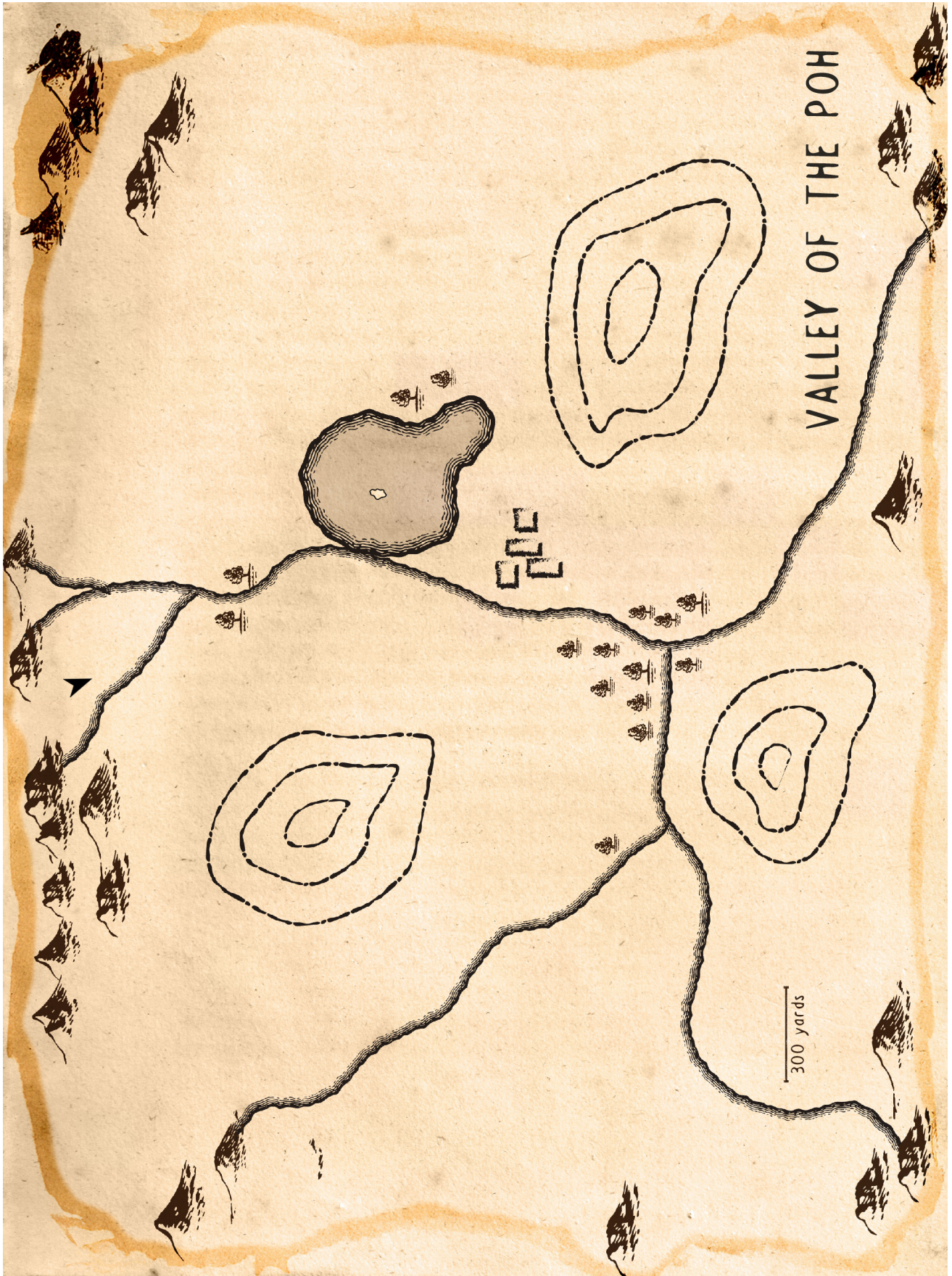
Visit www.1shotadventures.com for additional VTT assets for this adventure, including tokens, handouts, and maps.

Version History

1.0 - Original OSR version



Player Safe Maps





SIEGE OF THE ALAMO

As I pen these lines with a trembling hand, my heart weighed heavy with despair and sorrow, I find myself a lone survivor in a desolate valley, a realm where time itself seems to have forsaken the order of the natural world.

Here, amidst towering mesas and scorched earth, roam creatures of such formidable aspect as might be drawn from the nightmares of man, behemoths of ancient lore.

Our expedition, filled with zeal and the thirst for divine knowledge, was swallowed whole by these relentless beasts, their roars a terrible liturgy in this unhallowed cathedral of sand and stone. Each scream of my fallen brothers, devout and pious men, echoes endlessly in my mind, a grim chorus that drowns out even the whisper of the wind.

In the face of such monstrous paganism, my spirit cries out for redemption. My eyes, ever drawn to a tranquil island that lies verdant and untouched across the serene waters, conceive a sanctuary. It is there, I vow, to erect a chapel—a beacon of hope and penance—a sacred refuge where the souls of my brethren may find the peace denied to them in this forsaken vale. This chapel shall stand as a testament to our trials and a symbol of our faith enduring amidst the jaws of oblivion. May the Lord guide my hands and heart as I endeavor to consecrate that hallowed ground.

Name: Davy Crockett
 Player: _____ Age: 49
 Class: Famed Frontiersman
 Level: 3

3
Luck



12 STR
+1

Athletics

13+
save

15 DEX
+2

Acrobatics
 Sleight of Hand
 Riding
 Stealth

12+
save

14 CON
+1

13+
save

11 INT
+0

History Religion
 Investigation
 Nature
 Occult

14+
save

13 WIS
+1

Animals Survival
 Insight
 Medicine
 Perception

13+
save

15 CHA
+2

Deception
 Intimidation
 Performance
 Persuasion

12+
save



Abilities

BORN MARKSMAN: +1 on to hit rolls with a firearm. Critical hits happen on a roll of 19+.

SURVIVALIST: +2 on Saving Throws vs. poisons, alcohol, and natural hazards.

TRACKER: +2 to rolls to tracking, survival, and stealth when in the wild. Never loses his sense of direction.

YOU MAY ALL GO TO HELL, AND I WILL GO TO TEXAS: May spend a Luck point to add Advantage to any roll (roll twice and keep the best result).

Equipment

Coonskin cap
 Leather boots
 Pouch of powder

The walls of the Alamo are nigh breached, but our spirits ain't yet broken. Commander Travis reckons a cache of Mexican corn might just keep our band of defenders hearty and joyful, provided we can snatch it right from the grasp of the Mexicans. I'm set to do my part, as best as I can, to uphold our duty and secure the liberty of the folks we hold dear.

11

Passive Wisdom
(Perception)

+2

Skill Bonus

+2

Initiative

13

Armor Class

Armor: 10
 Class: +1
 Dexterity: +2

○

Hit Points (3d10)

Max: 23
 Con: +2

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
"Old Betsy" Flintlock Rifle	+3	2D6+2	300'	1/4
Fine hunting knife	+1	1D4+1	30'/120'	3 lbs
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Name: James Bowie
 Player: _____ Age: 39
 Class: Famed Knife Fighter
 Level: 3

4
Luck



14 STR
+2

- Athletics

12+
save

12 DEX
+1

- Acrobatics
- Sleight of Hand
- Riding
- Stealth

13+
save

9 CON
-1

16+
save

11 INT
+0

- History
- Investigation
- Nature
- Occult
- Religion

14+
save

11 WIS
+0

- Animals
- Insight
- Medicine
- Perception
- Survival

14+
save

13 CHA
+1

- Deception
- Intimidation
- Performance
- Persuasion

13+
save



Abilities

EXPERT FIGHTER: +1 on to hit and damage rolls with a bladed weapon. His signature Bowie Knife gets an additional +1 damage (1D4+4 total), and criticals on a roll of 19-20.

WOODWORKER: +2 on any rolls involving carpentry and woodworking.

YOU CAN FORGIVE, BUT YOU CAN'T FORGET: May spend a Luck point to add +1D4 damage to a melee attack.

Equipment

Leather boots
 Pouch of powder
 Backup knife

Where in tarnation are the reinforcements Comander Travis vowed? A brawl suits me just fine, but battling while struck with a fevered cough ain't my idea of fairness. Travis warned that my hacking would signal our spot to the Mexicans, but I'll be damned if that's gonna keep me tethered. I declared stoutly that I'd ride out with the rest to liberate a few wagons of corn and provisions, right from under Santa Anna's very nose.

10

Passive Wisdom
(Perception)

+2

Skill Bonus

+1

Initiative

12

Armor Class

Armor: 10
 Class: +1
 Dexterity: +1

○

Hit Points (3d10)

Max: 15
 Con: -1

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Flintlock Revolver	+1	1D6+1	150'	1/2
Legendary Bowie Knife	+3	1D4+4	-	-
Backup Knife	+3	1D4+3	-	-

Name: Susanna Dickinson

Player: _____ Age: 24

Class: Stalwart Refugee

Level: 3

3
Luck



16 STR
+3

- Athletics

11+
save

12 DEX
+1

- Acrobatics
- Sleight of Hand
- Riding
- Stealth

13+
save

12 CON
+1

13+
save

11 INT
+0

- History
- Religion
- Investigation
- Nature
- Occult

14+
save

14 WIS
+2

- Animals
- Survival
- Insight
- Medicine
- Perception

12+
save

13 CHA
+1

- Deception
- Intimidation
- Performance
- Persuasion

13+
save



Abilities

FEARLESS: +2 on saves vs. fear.

ARTILLERY TRAINED: +1 to hit on any rolls firing artillery.

BILINGUAL: Speaks English and Spanish

I AM DETERMINED TO SUSTAIN: May spend a Luck point to add Advantage to any roll (roll twice and keep the best result).

Equipment

Leather shoes
Pouch of powder
Small pack
10 yards of rope

I began by cooking for the fort, but as provisions dwindled, it seemed right that I should serve better by taking charge of the cannon, instructing the others in its proper use. Yet my heart aches for my poor Angelina, who suffers from hunger. When I overheard Commander Travis mention a wagon full of Mexican corn near Seguin Ranch, I could not sit idle. Clutching my flintlock, I stepped forward to volunteer, determined to secure that corn and return it to our Texian brothers at the fort.

12

Passive Wisdom
(Perception)

+2

Skill Bonus

+1

Initiative

Armor Class

Armor: 10
Class: +1
Dexterity: +1

12

Hit Points (3d10)

Max: 20
Con: +1

○

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Flintlock Revolver	+1	1D6+1	150'	1/2
Hatchet	+3	1D6+3	-	-
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Name: Gordon Jennings
 Player: _____ Age: 56
 Class: Old Coot
 Level: 4

3
Luck



12 STR
+1

- Athletics

12+ save

12 DEX
+1

- Acrobatics
- Sleight of Hand
- Riding
- Stealth

12+ save

11 CON
+0

13+ save

14 INT
+2

- History
- Investigation
- Nature
- Occult
- Religion

11+ save

14 WIS
+2

- Animals
- Insight
- Medicine
- Perception
- Survival

11+ save

13 CHA
+1

- Deception
- Intimidation
- Performance
- Persuasion

12+ save



Abilities

BRAWLER: +1 to hit and damage when unarmed

OLD COOT: Once per day, can heal himself 1D6 hit points.

ARTILLERY TRAINED: +1 to hit on any rolls firing artillery.

BILINGUAL: Speaks English and Spanish

I CALL ON YOU IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY, OF PATRIOTISM & EVERYTHING DEAR:
 May spend a Luck point to give Advantage to any other player's roll (roll twice and keep the best result).

Equipment

Leather boots
 Pouch of powder
 Bowstring
 Small pack
 10 yards of rope

I've aimed to tread the righteous path, and just a week past, a vision granted by the Almighty assured me that before my final breath, I'd pen a ballad to stir the hearts of men. But with Santa Anna's forces drawing near to claim the Alamo, I pray the Lord hastens His work. Last eve, Cmdr. Travis tasked me with leading a band of skirmishers, to slip past Mexican sentries and make for Seguin Ranch, there to secure provisions sorely needed at the fort. May this perilous journey spark the muse for that final song.

12

Passive Wisdom
(Perception)

+3

Skill Bonus

+1

Initiative

12

Armor Class

Armor: 10
 Class: +1
 Dexterity: +1

18

Hit Points (4d8)

Max: 18
 Con: +0

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Old Musket	+1	2D6+3	150'	1/4
Punch	+2	1D2+2	--	-
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Name: Juana Alsbury
 Player: _____ Age: 23
 Class: Alamo Nurse
 Level: 3

3
Luck



11 STR
+0

Athletics

14+
save

12 DEX
+1

Acrobatics
 Sleight of Hand
 Riding
 Stealth

13+
save

12 CON
+1

13+
save

14 INT
+2

History Religion
 Investigation
 Nature
 Occult

12+
save

17 WIS
+3

Animals Survival
 Insight
 Medicine
 Perception

11+
save

10 CHA
+0

Deception
 Intimidation
 Performance
 Persuasion

14+
save



Abilities

NURSE: Once per day per subject, can heal 1D4 hit points.

NATURALIST: Once per day, can scrounge 1D3 healing herbs for a poultice. Each poultice heals an additional +1 hit points.

DANGER SENSE: Has a 60% chance of feeling danger when it's nearby (the GM should roll).

BILINGUAL: Speaks English and Spanish

HEAVEN KNOWS I HAVE DONE ALL A MORTAL COULD: May spend a Luck point to add Advantage to any roll (roll twice and keep the best result).

Equipment

Leather shoes
 Pouch of powder
 Bandages
 Small pack

James Bowie, bless his heart, has lost his senses. It burns me up that he's set on leading a raid on Santa Anna's wagons while he's coughing his lungs out and spitting up blood. Any Mexican within a mile will hear him clear as day. Thankfully, I can shoot my rifle as well as Crockett himself. I'll be damned if I let these men botch a mission that Cmdr. Travis believes could be our salvation — fetching provisions back for our starving brothers at the fort.

13 **Passive Wisdom**
(Perception)

+2 **Skill Bonus**

+1 **Initiative**

Armor Class

Armor: 10 Class: +1
 Dexterity: +1

12

Hit Points (3d8)

Max: 16
 Con: +0

16

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Baker Rifle	+1	2D6+2	250'	1/4
Small knife	+0	1D4	--	-
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

Name: Plain Ol' Joe
 Player: _____ Age: 23
 Class: Scout
 Level: 3

1
Luck



11 STR
+1

Athletics

14+
save

12 DEX
+1

Acrobatics
 Sleight of Hand
 Riding
 Stealth

13+
save

13 CON
+2

14+
save

18 INT
+4

History Religion
 Investigation
 Nature
 Occult

10+
save

14 WIS
+1

Animals Survival
 Insight
 Medicine
 Perception

13+
save

12 CHA
+1

Deception
 Intimidation
 Performance
 Persuasion

13+
save



Abilities

EIDETIC MEMORY: You can recall every last detail from memory.

OBSERVER: You get +2 to all rolls to find, spot, or observe things.

COMBAT REFLEXES: You get +1 to all saves to avoid sudden danger. You are never surprised.

LOST IN TIME BUT LOVING EVERY MOMENT: May spend a Luck point to add Advantage to any roll (roll twice and keep the best result).

Equipment

Leather shoes
 Pouch of powder
 Bandages
 Small pack
 Bedroll (hides his weapons)
 Bioplas body suit (AC 15)
 Laser torch - cuts through stuff

Here's the thing. It doesn't matter if the Alamo falls, or it survives Santa Anna's big unfair assault. Either way, it goes on to inspire a nation. And according to the temporal banks, it's happened both ways a million times. But this trip is different... the Investigations Unit says that there's DINOSAURS involved this time. And dinosaurs will screw up everything... they always do.

So your mission is crystal clear... do not let a single dinosaur survive the Alamo and escape into Texas. Not. A. Single. One.

11

Passive Wisdom
(Perception)

+2

Skill Bonus

+1

Initiative

17

Armor Class

Armor: 15
 Class: +1
 Dexterity: +1

0

Hit Points (3d8)

Max: 16
 Con: +1

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Baker Rifle	+1	2D6+2	250'	1/4
Dinosaur Laser	+3	4D12	250'	1 (10 shots)
Cavalry Saber	+1	1D8+1		
Vibroblade - When on, does +1D8 damage (cannot be detected)				

Name: Josè Toribio Lasoya
 Player: _____ Age: 23
 Class: Soldier
 Level: 3

3
Luck



11 STR
+0

- Athletics

14+
save

14 DEX
+2

- Acrobatics
- Sleight of Hand
- Riding
- Stealth

12+
save

14 CON
+2

12+
save

8 INT
-1

- History
- Investigation
- Nature
- Occult
- Religion

15+
save

10 WIS
+0

- Animals
- Insight
- Medicine
- Perception
- Survival

14+
save

10 CHA
+0

- Deception
- Intimidation
- Performance
- Persuasion

14+
save



Abilities

TRAINED MARKSMAN: +1 to hit with firearms.

BILINGUAL: Speaks English and Spanish

THE SALVATION OF TEXAS DEPENDS IN GREAT MEASURE TO ME: May spend a Luck point to add Advantage to any roll (roll twice and keep the best result).

Equipment

Leather boots
 Pouch of powder
 Bedroll
 Small pack

Well, shoot... there I was, trotting off at the stroke of midnight with the others, all because Commander Travis said we oughta sneak up on Seguin Ranch and jump some wagons brimming with corn. But dang if it wasn't darker than the inside of a cow out there, and wouldn't you know it, I up and lost sight of everyone else. Heard some gunshots somewhere close, but couldn't find hide nor hair of Crockett, Jim Bowie, or any soul for that matter. Hours it's been, and not a fellow in sight. Now where did everyone get to?

10

Passive Wisdom
(Perception)

+2

Skill Bonus

+2

Initiative

12

Armor Class

Armor: 10 Class: +1
 Dexterity: +1

13

Hit Points (2d10)

Max: 13
 Con: +2

Weapons

Weapon	To-Hit	Damage	Range	RoF
Baker Rifle	+3	2D6+2	250'	1/4
Cavalry Saber	+0	1D8	--	-
Flintlock Revolver	+3	1D6+1	150'	1/2

Davy Crockett

American frontiersman



James Bowie

Famed knife fighter



Susanna Dickinson

Alamo refugee



PER 12

Gordon Jennings

Oldest defender of the Alamo



Juana Alsbury

Alamo nurse



Plain Ol' Joe

Commander's trusted advisor



José Lasoya

Mexican deserter

