# THEY ARE AMONG US

**GURPS Conspiracy X** combines the rich background of mystery, horror and intrigue found in Conspiracy X, the game of modern conspiracies, with the popular and powerful Generic Universal RolePlaying System.

The world of **Conspiracy X** is much like our own . . . if you could see beyond the lies. The same people walk the same dirty streets. The same animals rummage through the same garbage. The same mindless drivel is shown on the same television stations. Yet something is not right. There is a layer of "reality" behind that understood by ordinary people. The "real" world is a facade covering the machinations of alien invaders, conspiratorial plots and supernatural horrors. In the flood of claims, countercharges, theories and stories about "what is really going on," there are kernels of truth. A number of desperate groups will do anything to keep those truths hidden.

In **Conspiracy X**, players take the role of governmental officials, ranging from FBI agents to CIA spies to NSA codebreakers to Army Progers and many more. The bond between these professionals is a rose secret organization called Aegis. Aegis was formed in the approach of the Roswell, NM alien sighting. It is dedicated to countering alien and supernatural menaces wherever they may arise. Any means are acceptable in the covert war that rages.

Do you have what it takes?

### PRAY IT'S ONLY A GAME

"Combining **GURPS** with **Conspiracy X** is like combining chocolate with peanut butter, or black technology with black magic: inevitable and irresistible"

-Kenneth Hite, author, GURPS Cabal



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GURPS Basic Set. Third Edition Revised and GURPS Psionics are required to use this supplement in a GURPS campaign. GURPS Compendium I and GURPS High-Tech, as well as Conspiracy X's Atlantis Rising, Exodus, and Nemesis are also highly recommended.

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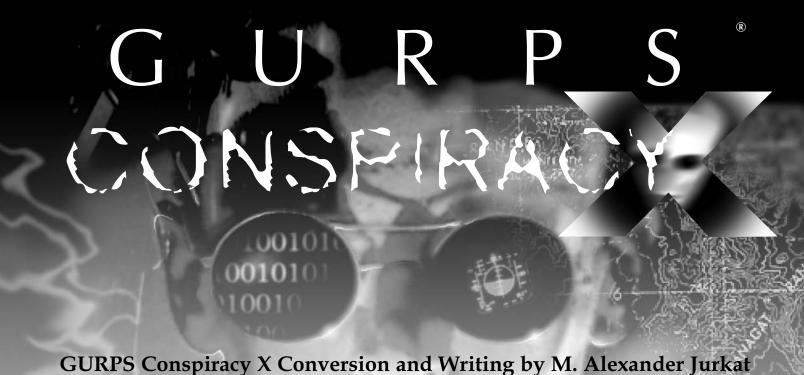
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Comments and questions can be directed via the Internet at www.conspiracyx.com, via e-mail at eden@edenstudios.net, or drop us a letter with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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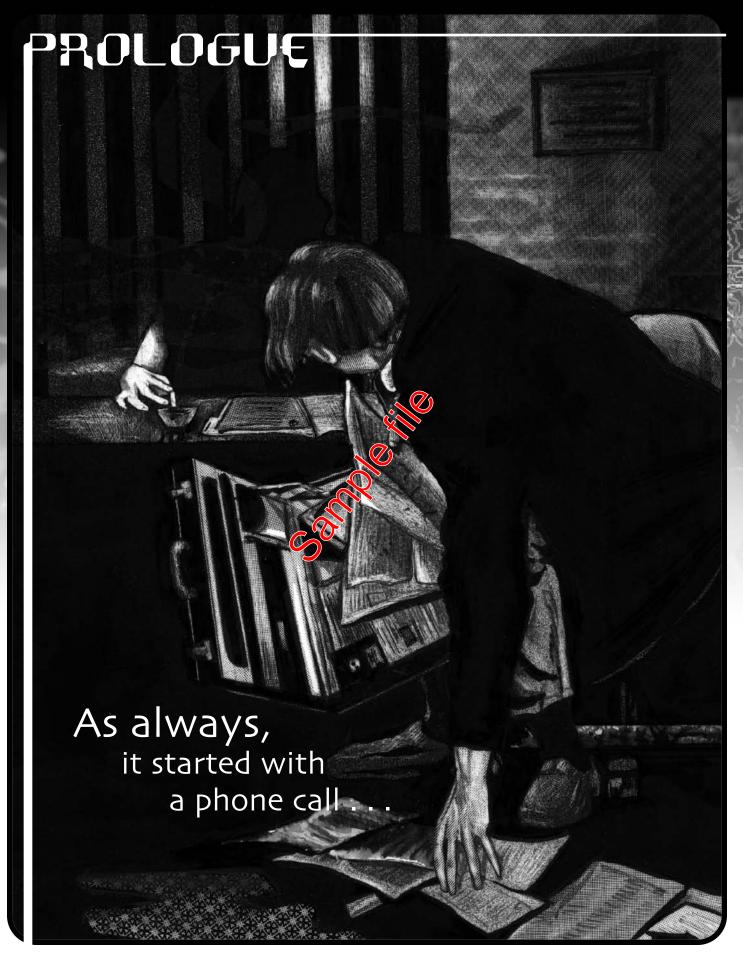


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"Good evening Richard, it's Joan. Aunt Martha is ill and requests your presence."

The second I heard her voice my heart jumped. I tried to speak, but my throat was suddenly too dry. For an interminable moment, I thought my skin was going to crawl off me.

I forced the rising panic back. I could handle this. I'd handled it before.

"Thank you, Joan, I'll leave immediately. Joan . . . is it serious?"

"When Aunt Martha is ill, it's always serious."

The tone of her voice never changed. Every time I spoke with her she sounded cold and withdrawn, as if what she'd done in her life had turned her to ice, made her forget that she's human. Hell, for all I know, she may not be human.

The drive to Baxter Research and Development Center lasted only 45 minutes. I slowed at every yellow light and came to a complete stop at every stop sign. Still, I arrived far too quickly. I dreaded the meeting. It had been almost a year since I had been called upon to "save the world."

I had hoped they had forgotten me after my last mission. I mean, three agents dead, one a close friend. You would think they wouldn't want my kind of help.

I wished I could be satisfied with my position in life— Dr. Richard Vallen, Director of Operations at the Atlanta CDC and Head Research Fellow at Baxter Research Development Labs. A smile crossed my face as I corsio ered all I'd accomplished.

Then I thought about my other "job." Who wind have thought that little Richie from Saratoga Coulde saving the world, fighting aliens and bad guys, and naking sure all the young girls and boys in the world can be safely tucked in at night? Not me. Nor any other sane man.

After five security checks and one very thrilling retina scan, I entered the safety of my lab. Before I turned on the light, I stood in the darkness and took a deep breath to prepare for my meeting with the Ice Queen. No, not another code name—that's just how I think of Joan, my contact in the organization.

My inhale was stifled by the smell of menthol cigarettes and expensive perfume. No time to get settledshe was already here.

"Hello, Richard, you made good time."

Joan clicked on the bathroom light. The smoke swirled around her. As she stood in the doorway, clichéd back lighting revealed only her silhouette. She seemed like some kind of unholy angel. Funny, that's exactly how I see her even without the smoke and lighting. My throat went dry again. Not for the first time I wondered how she bypassed all the security around the place.

"Well, I tried to get here as fast as I could . . . I didn't think you would . . . well, I mean, after last time . . . you just hadn't required my services in a while—"

She moved behind my desk, forcing me to take the visitor's chair. "Honestly, there was some reservation about calling you at all. You did manage to wipe out your entire cell the last time. Let's see, tell me again, was it three or four casualties?"

I bet she smiled as she ripped open my emotional scars.

"It was three, and Pete was a good friend of mine. Took me a year to realize that it wasn't my fault. You never told us what we were up against. You never prepared us! We all knew the risks, and that we were researching extraterrestrials, but you didn't tell us the Black Book was involved. It didn't matter that we could handle the aliens . . . it was the human puppets with automatic weapons who took us down!"

I thought I was going to vomit. Everything that had ever pissed me off about this insane organization was forcing its way to the surface. I wanted to fly across the room and throttle this woman who had been all but controlling my life for four years now. Inside my head, I screed out my anger.

You't berate me! I've risked my life for you and your recious organization. I've watched friends die to protect humanity. I've seen things that no sane person would believe or could possibly imagine in his worst nightmares. Congratulate me . . . give me a damn medal . . . don't treat me as if you are doing me a favor by sending me out there. Aliens hide behind human faces out there. Possessed psychics conjure phantasms out there. Deranged psychopaths serve up little kids for alien experiments out there. Those who try to fight for this god-forsaken reality are slaughtered out there!"

Of course I said none of this. I swallowed it all, and it tasted like bile. Of course, she knew. She always knew.

"Sure you don't want to add to your little tirade, Richard? No? . . . good. We have no more time for your whining. Regardless of what happened to your last team, we need another cell developed in the area. Your position in the CDC makes you the appropriate focal point for the team. You have the necessary connections your group needs to be successful.

"You need to choose at least two other scientists. We have chosen the remainder of your team. Here are their files. You should not be so unprepared and outgunned this time."

As she handed me the files, I was struck by a sense of impending doom. I quickly glanced through the dossiers and noticed that two of the agents were government assassins. That made me nervous. The third agent was a psychic. That scared the piss out of me.