

At first, you thought it was a plague.
Then you thought maybe it's an after-school special.
Now you know.

It's a front row seat for the end of worlds!

Worlds of the Dead is the first Deadworlds collection for the All Flesh Must Be Eaten roleplaying game of survival horror. Inside this rancid tome, zombie masters will uncover everything needed to push their players to the edge of survival—on a weekly basis!

Worlds of the Dead is filled from cover to tainted cover with Deadworlds from a variety of authors. We've drawn from industry professionals, up-and-coming talents, and never-before devoured acts. Then we sent them to run amuck with the dead!

This Deadworld collection journeys from the past to the future, including stops at:

- A world where WW2 flying aces face off against an evil, undead, Red Baron over the skies of France.
- A world where necromancers control the future of your death.
- A world of ancient deserts where the dead refuse to remain buried beneath the sands.

Whether you need a world ready-to-play for an unexpected session, fresh ideas for your own vile plots, or that feeling of power being in control of several thousand zombies all at once, Worlds of the Dead keeps on coming . . . just like the walking dead it features.



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WORLDS OF THE DEAD

Sample file



EDEN STUDIOS PRESENTS A SHY/VASILAKOS PRODUCTION

Worlds of the Dead™

Produced by EDEN STUDIOS Directed by GEORGE VASILAKOS

Written by EDWIN AGER ROB BOYLE TOM COSTER DAN DAVIS

GORDON DRITSCHILLO DARREN HARDY NIK HAVERT

JOHN KARAKASH MICHAEL KUORJAK MARK FREEMAN

THOM MARRION MICHAEL MCCONNELL

MATTHEW MCFARLAND JASON MICAL ERIN MILLS

W. DAVID PATTISON ANDREW PEREGRINE DAN PROCTOR

DANIEL ROBICHAUD II TYLER SIGMAN KELLY STACK

MONICA VALENTINELLI MIKE WALLACE

Editing by DAVIS CHAPMAN DEREK STOELTING and SHARI HILL

Director of Photography GEORGE VASILAKOS

Visual Effects by STORN COOK DWAYNE HARRIS TRAVIS INGRAM

DAN OROPALLO GEORGE VASILAKOS

Cover Art by JON HUGGSON

Based on the original concept by

CHRISTOPHER SHY and GEORGE VASILAKOS

WWW.ALLFLESH.COM

Eden Studios

6 Dogwood Lane, Loudonville, NY 12211

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Reader discretion is advised.

Comments and questions can be directed via the Internet at www.allflesh.com, via e-mail at edenprod@aol.com or via letter with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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ZOMBIES

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter One: Aces High: World War I	4
Chapter Two: Blighted Isle	20
Chapter Three: Dead Men and Derring Do	28
Chapter Four: Tales of the Walking Dead: Arabian Nights	33
Chapter Five: 47 Gaki	38
Chapter Six: Over the Wall	48
Chapter Seven: Frankenstein 1935	54
Chapter Eight: Crusade of the Damned	58
Chapter Nine: Dial Z for Hero	67
Chapter Ten: Our Zombies at War	72
Chapter Eleven: The Dread Menace	80
Chapter Twelve: Peace, Love, and Zombies	86
Chapter Thirteen: Sweet Zombie Treat	90
Chapter Fourteen: Welcome to Whimseyville	94
Chapter Fifteen: The Not-So Perfect Storm	99
Chapter Sixteen: Parallelum	103
Chapter Seventeen: Immortality	110
Chapter Eighteen: Necropolis Ascendant	119
Chapter Nineteen: Panacea	126
Chapter Twenty: Legacy	130
Chapter Twenty-One: The Dead of Space	139



Aces High: World War I

By Daniel R. Davis

with assistance from Thom Morrison and Evin Ager

Death From Above

Behind enemy lines, four planes flew. All that remained of an allied force sent to assist ground troops. When they left for the front there were ten. That was before Hell was unleashed upon them.

The skies were cloudy and they were flying low, keeping an eye for the ground units they were to assist. Two of the Sopwiths were falling from the sky before they even had time to react. Screaming from above came the enemy. Reginald saw them too late to help those who were hit first. He banked and tried to drop one as an Albatross tore by him. He sprayed bullets and missed the target. Immediately, he dropped in behind the enemy plane. The plane was fast and the pilot was good. He spit more lead at the enemy and missed again. Then it entered a cloudbank. He followed the Albatross into the clouds, too close to break off pursuit. The clouds were dense and Reginald could see nothing. Suddenly, he felt a cold, sick feeling settle in his gut. He began to climb, trying to

break away from the clouds. That's when he saw him. The red Albatros D-III screamed from above, upon him in a second. Before Reginald could even begin to go into evasive maneuvers, the machinegun from the plane barked. The plane sped over him and disappeared to his rear.

Reginald saw the pilot as he went by and a chill went up his spine. He saw death there; cold calculating death and he realized that what he saw could not have been human. He broke the cloud cover, not knowing how he survived the encounter with the infamous "Red Devil" the French always spoke of. In time, he met up with the remaining planes returning to base.

There were only four now, four planes heading back to Allied Command. He had to report to his superiors what he saw. He had to tell them about the face he saw below the flight helm, the face of . . . the Red Baron. Suddenly he felt a cold, sick feeling creep into his guts and it was then that he realized they weren't going to make it back.

The Beginning

On January 1917, shortly after the death of his superior and mentor Oswald Boelcke, Manfred von Richthofen was given the command of the unit. He was distraught over Boelcke's death and would obsess about it for quite some time. Finally, he made a vow that he would serve Germany even in his death.

One night, while out on a patrol mission, his unit encountered enemy planes and a dogfight ensued. During the fight, his plane was hit and his engine gave out. As he fought in vain to control his spiraling Albatros D-III, he thought to himself that in no way was his life to end this way. He would persevere and continue to serve Germany to the very end. He never regained control of the plane and it crashed into a wooded region. Not knowing if Richthofen had survived the descent, the enemy planes were harried away by the remaining forces of Richthofen's unit. The next day, a reconnaissance plane flew over, but could find nothing of the crash. The Allies surmised that he had somehow pulled out of the spin and flew the damaged plane away.

The night Richthofen's plane went down, he did crash and he did die. However, the will of the Red Baron was so strong that his spirit refused to surrender. A short time later, something arose from the wreckage and stepped free of it. The form assumed that of Richthofen himself and looked at the wrecked Albatros. Immediately, the plane began to shift and reform. The broken wings mended and the destroyed engine suddenly roared to life. The body of the plane was still tattered, and bullet holes and tears could be seen all over the wings and fuselage. Nonetheless, Baron von Richthofen climbed into the cockpit and took off to rejoin the German forces.

Upon returning to the German lines, he reported that he was indeed dead, but that he would continue to do his duties in service to his beloved Germany. Without a word from his shaken superiors, he returned to his plane and streaked back into the sky.

The Present

It is June 1917. Richthofen is in command of the Jagdgeschwader, better known as "The Flying Circus." Even more frightening than Richthofen still

flying, is the fact that when one of the fighters under his command goes down, it rises to continue to serve Richthofen and Germany. There are four squadrons in the Circus. Each squadron is comprised of twelve fighters. All are undead. When one is destroyed, a living pilot joins the ranks. When he dies, he rises as an undead follower and the cycle continues. It takes quite a bit to destroy any member of the Flying Circus, but it can be done. Indeed, it seems that the only pilot that cannot be brought down is the Red Baron himself. All attempts have thus far failed to get rid of the "Bloody Red Baron."

As if the Red Baron and his crack team of undead pilots were not enough, the Germans have managed to uncover ancient journals that were hidden somewhere near the border between Germany and Switzerland. The journals were from none other than Victor Frankenstein. They have been deciphering them and have begun to attempt the resurrection processes set down in those blasphemous pages. They have created several units of Frankenstein's zombies that they have, as yet, not put into the field. It is only a matter of time before they may try a field test of their new soldiers.

Story Ideas

Dogfight!

Combine this setting with the rules found on p. 117 of the *AFMBE* core book and you're set for a series of adventures in the sky. Adventurous Zombie Masters may wish to use a hex map and figs (check out your local railroad or hobby shop for WWI planes) to further the experience. At the end of this Deadworld you'll find a series of planes designed just for this era.

The Darkest of Switzerland

The French have heard rumors that the Germans are running a special training camp near the border with Switzerland. The troops coming out of this camp are both highly motivated and highly trained. Cast Members will need to sneak into the camps, sabotage the special training, and get out alive. What they don't know might kill them. . . and eat them.