

# Gunslinger in The West

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## Prelude

The West is a land of the lawless and everyone else. You gave up all to come here as a Gunslinger on your horse with your gun to protect - or to take - what little is left.

Perhaps you found some fortune on the way, perhaps you made some friends, all fleetin'.

Regardless of how the sun set, you are here now. There is no Law or government man to tell you what, so how will it be? Save the innocent from the rough? Rough 'em yourself? Explore the wild, undiscovered places? Seek your own justice or justify your own acts?

Your skills got you here, but they will only help keep what is yours yours, steel and soul. So roll your two dice, rely on what makes you particular, pray to luck. You will need it.

## Credit to Playbills

A sincere tip-of-the-hat to these reviewers:

- [u/SvennlV](#)

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# Howdy,

Gunslinger. Sit down a bit. Figure you here for more than drink and a gander.

Figures you here to find out how to make your way in The West.

If you do, you might be the first. To make it, that be, and that would be a hell of a tale to tell. But you have paid your way and left all else behind to come to this forsaken place. I might as well let you in on what I know. Figure you might make better use of it than I.

## You

Yes you, the player, take on the role of a Gunslinger, a person of particular talent along with up to six other players, your Partners, all Gunslingers save one. That one is the Game Marshal (GM).

Y'all have been born in or brought to The West, a wild land of murdered nations, magnificent beasts, lawless armies, fevered opportunists, scum, and villainy. Gunslingers.

Where you fit into this stew is up to you. What is not up to you is when another fella fingers his six-shooter for your last time.

The West is no place to be coy, though should you mind your mouth and manners, you might live just long enough to decide where y'all be buried.

So settle in, Gunslinger. The next I get to tell you might save yourself a lickin'.

Mallory is a Gunslinger that rode in too. Mallory and their partner Jericho will be listenin' in here.

# Rollin'

Now, anytime you or your Partners have a disagreement, be that with other folk or monster or just survivin' on the land, y'all roll a 2d6. That is, roll two six-sided dice and pray they at least match the challenge before you.

Say, you find yourself fallen into a bear den. That mama ain't have no time for your concerns. She a challenge, an 11. You got to roll for your life at 11 or more with your 2d6 there. May not even be enough should you shoot her just once. Don't tangle with bears, Gunslinger.

And definitely pray to never stare back at snake eyes, the pair-of-ones on a 2d6, or any two of the same digits under what you had hoped to beat by rollin'. That will ruin your day in all sorts of ways. The GM will need to give some insight on that devilry.

To give an idea of what bad is in store: make a friend an enemy, find your gun needs a reload, a bullet findin' ya and doin' double the harm it would have otherwise, lose all footin' to fall down a ledge. All nothin' good.

But a pair-of-sixes? Same two digits over your target? Heaven or somethin' smilin' on you there. Two of the same over what is in need to beat gets you more Time, lettin' you not just get what you are tryin' to get, but to act again immediately another Time, whether you got them sixes actin' in your Time or defendin' yourself in another's Time. Can happen again and again, so keep rollin' if you like.

Whenever you be rollin', here be a guide to what y'all need to beat:

- 5 - Too easy. Like kickin' a dog, though that dog may yet bite back.
- 7 - Easy. Ought be able to do it without too much sweat.
- 9 - Even match. You have your wits and, if they fail, your gun.
- 11 - Deadly. A piece of you will be taken most like, even if you survive.
- 13 - Your end. Smart money says y'all ain't been so smart and won't be walkin' away from this.