

# COUNTRY MEAT-GRINDER CLASSICS



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## “THE HELLSON HORROR”

A 2<sup>ND</sup>-LEVEL DCC RPG  
ADVENTURE  
BY TIM SNIDER

COMPATIBLE WITH  
**DCC  
RPG**

**COUNTRY  
MEAT-GRINDER  
CLASSICS  
“THE HELLSON HORROR”**

**A 2<sup>nd</sup>-Level Adventure for DCC RPG**

**By Tim Snider**

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# INTRODUCTION

*Country Meat-Grinder Classics* is inspired by the grindhouse horror “hicksploitation” films of the 1970s and 1980s. This is (hopefully) the first of other CMGC supplements to come. The concept of CMGC was also inspired by the likes of *Country Crawl Classics*, *Meat Planet*, and *The Arwich Grinder*, and I tip my hat to the creators of these fine DCC products.

In my vision of CMGC, the time and place is an otherworldly Appalachian-like village cut off from “proper” civilization and stuck in a perpetual 1930’s backwoods level of technology and knowledge. Gunpowder and firearms exist but are prone to misfires and malfunction. (It’s safer to use hand weapons anyhow.) Motorized vehicles are rare and ramshackle, so many still rely on horse-drawn conveyances. Folk magic and superstitions are common, but “true magic” (the casting of spells and manipulation of reality) is the stuff of demonic deals and infernal bargains and is rarely seen or experienced.

With a few tweaks to genre details, CMGC can be used in any number of ways in your own games: Cottonbark could easily be found nestled in DCC’s Shudder Mountains or possibly along one of the trails of Weird Frontiers. The denizens within wouldn’t even be out of place in the post-apocalyptic future of MCC’s Terra AD!

# GENERAL BACKGROUND

About 30 years ago, the farming community of Cottonbark was nearly wiped out when drought dried out the crops for miles around. Folks began to starve and, in fact, some of the young and weak succumbed to their hunger. The Hellsons, the local “well-to-do” family who primarily raised swine, were charitable folk in those days. They opened their house for any in need of shelter and offered the contents of their storehouse to feed the community. The drought passed, prosperity returned, and the Hellsons mysteriously withdrew from society. Today, odd creatures have been spotted running amok in the Cottonbark area, and some of the townsfolk are now missing. All signs point to the Hellsons, and it may just be time to pay them a visit.

# JUDGE'S BACKGROUND

The Hellsons were indeed a kindly charitable family in the past, but when they offered to help the area during the crisis, they were overwhelmed by the starving townsfolk. To meet the desperate needs of the community, they turned to infernal powers. The family matriarch, Mamaw Esther Hellson, summoned the demon Xxyzxx (ziz-zicks) and begged for its help in feeding the citizens. The infernal contract signed, the demon turned to their prize sow. *"So shall she feed you, so shall you feed her,"* the demon hissed, disappearing in a puff of sulfur-scented vapor. Without mating, the swine began giving birth to litter after litter of piglets, which grew to adulthood in a matter of days and were promptly processed to feed the community. When the crisis ended and the village began to thrive again, the sow stopped producing its infernal offspring and dropped into a deep sleep.

A year ago, the creature reawakened, now with a ravenous appetite. Trying to hide the infernal bargain they once made, the Hellsons fed the beast, first depleting their crops, then their livestock. But whatever it ate was never enough, and it also began to twist, mutate, and grow to a gargantuan size. As the monster ("Hawgziller") consumed the last of the livestock, it also managed to bite the hand off Mamaw Hellson, which seemed to finally quell the thing's hunger — for a while.

*"So shall she feed you, so shall you feed her."*

To keep Hawgziller satisfied whenever it began to stir, the clan began amputating their own limbs to feed to it. And to make sure none of them ever revealed their sinful pact, all but Mamaw Hellson carved out their tongues and fed them to the monster, thus never speaking of this horror. But now the Hellsons grow desperate as they need fresh "donors" to feed the beast. They began by abducting transients and passers-through who wouldn't be missed to feed the beast, but they have now started abducting Cottonbark citizens.

Finally, Hawgziller has begun live-birthing again; monstrosities like itself that have gotten loose and now roam the countryside ("Devil-sows").