

Calling in the Other Cleaners

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Who does the cleaning up after a major necromantic event is one of those things that nobody ever really thinks about before they join one or another of the groups in the Great Game. The assumption always seems to be that *somebody* must be responsible for it, so clearly somebody already is. And never mind the piddling little details, like methodologies, safety protocols, staffing, overtime rates, time cards, scheduling, HR, annual certifications; who joins the Illuminati to do all of **that**?

The short answer is: “everybody.” It doesn’t matter who or what you were when you joined up; at some point during the first six months of your service you will spend a full month doing supernatural hazmat. It’s not particularly dangerous work, and it can be very interesting work at times, but it’s definitely long, tiring, smelly, and aesthetically displeasing work for most new members of the Conspiracies. The Secret Masters do this because they’ve found that recruits who spend a month knee-deep in the muck that results from somebody else’s failed zombie apocalypse are significantly more likely to be the

sort of agents who will shut down zombie apocalypses before they can even get started. Zombie goo is a wonderful motivational tool, honestly. The Secret Masters use it as one whenever possible.

Mind you, that's just the grunt-level job situation. The actual *skilled* labor -- plus management of the grunts (and you'll **never** forget that) -- is done by a handful of specialized companies that are typically run and staffed by ex-Conspiracy operatives who are either no longer suitable, or are else no longer inclined, to do field operations. Doing occult cleanup is lucrative work that most people don't want to even hear about, let alone try to take over; these firms are thus used to being left mostly alone, as long as they don't make waves.

Alas, one company -- Aldini Solutions, operating out of Dallas, Texas -- has made waves. A couple of its upper-management cadre made the supremely stupid decision to assume that harvesting recent Undead for useful transplant tissue was **absolutely** safe, instead of **mostly** safe. They then compounded the error by subcontracting out the harvesting and processing jobs among the normal population; the traits of mental stability and natural caution were considered less desirable than the one of "can keep his mouth shut about harvesting

organs from zombies.” There wasn’t an outbreak, quite, but things got strange enough for the non-Illuminated to notice.

So it’s time to go do some repair work. Standard operating procedure here is to take a situation that’s a little weird and then make it *very* weird, but in that special way that makes people just want to walk away quickly. The preliminary team hit upon the method of collecting quite a few zombie reproductive organs, putting them in jars of alcohol, and planting them in the basement of the guy running the vivisection teams. An excellent enough diversion -- but that just handles the supply end. What will **your** team do to the mundane distributors?

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