



HELL ON EARTH
RELOADED





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Shane's Dedication: To Teller, for his infinite patience and enthusiasm.
One day, my friend, you will be the Warlord of the Wastelands.

Teller's Dedication: To Shane, Michelle, Charlie, John, 'Shroom, and all the great folks who made the original Wasteland game come alive.



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Hell on Earth was inspired by two things—the movie *Road Warrior*® and the computer game *Wasteland*®. But it was also inspired by the backstory in *Deadlands*. I had a long elaborate story concocted about the Reckoners—how they were out to soak the world in fear and the heroes were out to stop them.

And then it occurred to me how much fun it would be to play in the Weird West some 200 years later *if* the Reckoners were successful. We'd call it the "Wasted West," and it would be a post-apocalyptic Western. The outcast mutants would take the place of American Indians in our tragic narrative, bikes would replace horses, and junk-collecting madmen would be our new mad scientists.

I would also be remiss not to admit that, at the time, before *Deadlands* had actually come out to the public, I had been told by retailers and distributors that our little horror Western wouldn't sell. So I thought, "That's okay. I'll put it out anyway and then blow it up!" It sounded cool and a little edgy, and as the idea grew, I started thinking about how we'd hide the identity of the Reckoners and the coming of *Hell on Earth* in the first *Deadlands* rulebook. (The names of the Reckoners appeared in certain headers.)

Of course, *Deadlands* was a great success and that left me with a little bit of a dilemma. We had struck gold—and now we were going to blow it up? So we decided *Hell on Earth* was the most likely future of the Weird West—not the only one. That's important because it makes the adventures in *Deadlands* a little pointless if the heroes are ultimately doomed to failure.

In the "official" timeline, the heroes were successful—the first time. But then the Reckoners cheated (at great cost) and sent their killer, Old Stone, we call him, back through the Hunting Grounds to the Weird West to kill certain do-gooders before they could do *too* much good.

Not to be hand-wavey, but I wouldn't get too wrapped up in all that. Instead, dive into *Hell on Earth* and see how hucksters have gradually become sykers, or the blessed have become Templars. Check out how many servitors the Four Horsemen have running around the Wasted West these days—it's a lot more than four and they're really hard to take down. Read deep enough and you'll find all kinds of lore that reaches back into the dusty past of the Weird West and tells you what happened to folks like Mina Devlin and Black River, or the nefarious Doctor Hellstromme.

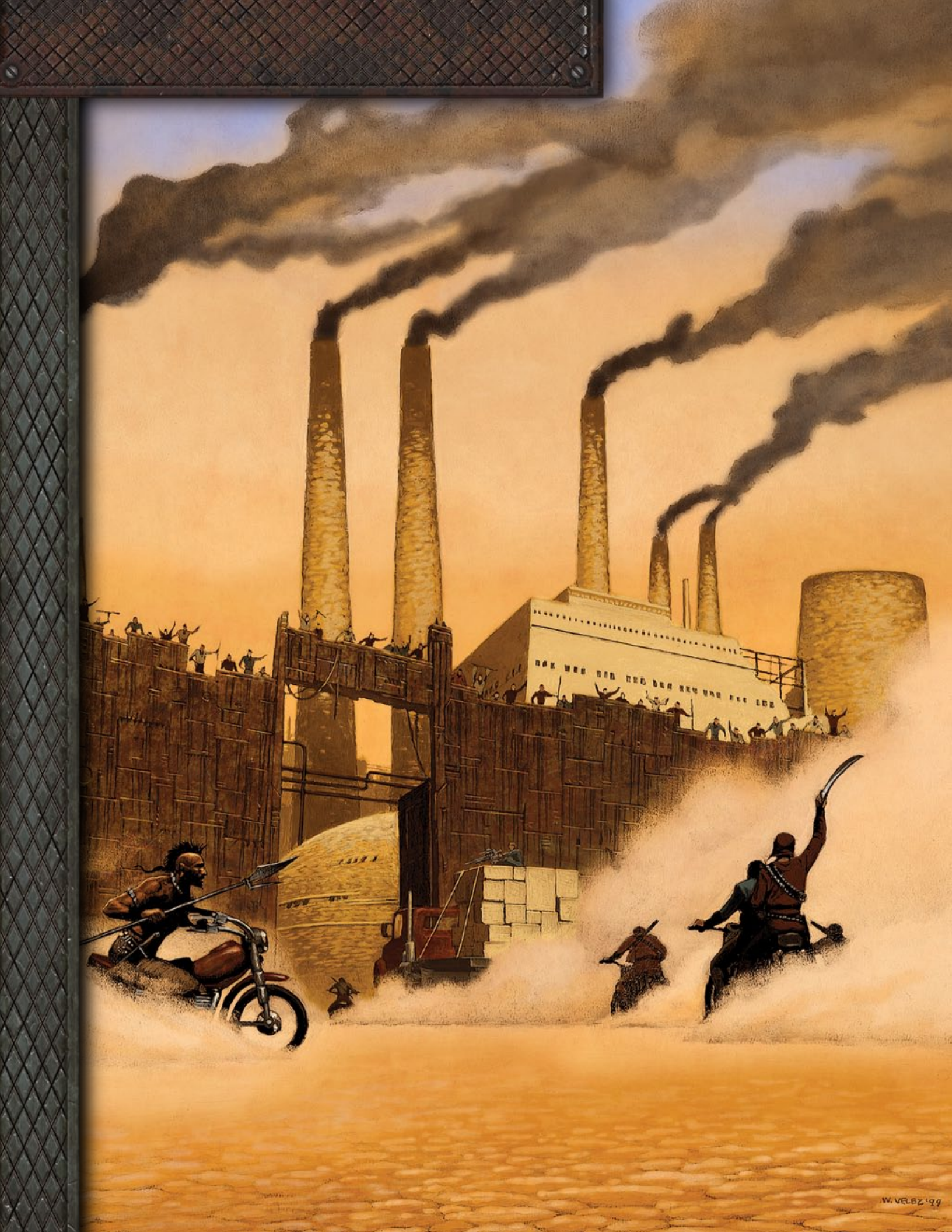
You players can ignore all that if you want. There's a customized road-hog out there with your name on it, or maybe a cache of ammo for your favorite shotgun and a six-pack of pre-war Bubbly Fizz Cola—"Good for what ails ya!" Scavenge around the wastes long enough and you might even find a relic from days long past, or a working suit of power armor, or even secret enclaves of other wasters trying to reclaim the world...or finish off what's left of it.

This isn't just a wasteland. It isn't just post-apocalypse. This is *Hell on Earth*.

—Shane Hensley

April 2012

Note: Changes have been made from the original *Hell on Earth* to better reflect events that happened since we first released it in 1998. It's a little more serious this time out, and there are some rule changes between this game and *Deadlands Reloaded* to reflect the state of the Wasted West, or because of our playtesters' comments. If you're familiar with *Deadlands*, you'll want to pay particular attention to the rules for Fear Levels, Guts, Grit, Fate Chips, and certain Harrowed powers.



INTRODUCTION

The year is 2097, but the future is not our own.

For over 200 years, a Cold War was waged between the United and Confederate States of America. The American Civil War ended in a stalemate in the late 1800s, leaving the South a free and independent nation. A long, tense peace was punctuated by brief spasms of violence and briefer moments of cooperation for a greater good.

The long Cold War came to an end on September 23, 2081, at 6:17 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. Judgment Day arrived on the wings of irradiated ghost rock bombs, leaving about six billion dead. Of the billion or so who survived, most fell victim to starvation, disease, random violence, and worse in the chaotic days following the end of the world.

What happened next? That's a long story, but before we get started, let's go back to the beginning.

THE GREAT SPIRIT WAR

Monsters are real. They always have been. Walking dead, werewolves, vampires, and even dragons have stalked the Earth since it was created. But around what Europeans call the Dark Ages—and a whole undiscovered continent away—a group of American Indian shamans from many different tribes came together.

The most powerful of the shamans—the Old Ones—learned that a great deal of the *supernatural* evil in the world was channelled through bad spirits the Indians called “manitous,” what Westerners call demons.

These beings served as conduits for magical energy to and from the world to the mystical “Hunting Grounds.” This power could then be used to augment the manitous’ chosen allies—monsters and black-hearted humans—or create all-new horrors from humanity’s worst fears and nightmares.

The Old Ones reasoned that if the manitous could be kept out of the physical world, the earth’s monsters would gradually die out. For this, the shamans turned to their ancient allies, the strange and distant nature spirits.

Besides many strange savage rituals, there was one additional cost: the Old Ones would have to remain in the Hunting Grounds and bar the doorways that kept the manitous trapped. Forever.

The ensuing battles came to be called the Great Spirit War and tore the Hunting Grounds asunder. In the end, the shamans and their allies were victorious. Afterward, the surviving nature spirits returned to their strange ways while the Old Ones turned to guarding the pathways to Earth. Thanks to their sacrifice and eternal vigil, the influence of the manitous in the physical world was greatly diminished.

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Enter Raven

The next few hundred years were pretty good for mankind. Demons did occasionally slip through and monsters still roamed, but their numbers and powers were shrinking rather than growing.

Unfortunately, the white man's arrival in the Americas set in motion a tragedy that would end with a literal Hell on Earth. A young Susquehannah shaman named Raven watched his whole village get wiped out by the pale-skinned invaders in 1763, and he carried a grudge to Hell and back—literally.

Though the nature spirits had grown even more distant since their bargain with the Old Ones, Raven still managed to become a powerful shaman. He discovered the secret of long life, found out the story of the Great Spirit War, and hatched a plan to undo the Old Ones' work and visit evil upon the white man.

Raven gathered up others who had suffered like him—the Last Sons—and entered the Hunting Grounds through a hidden portal in an ancient Micmac burial

ground, the same place the Old Ones had crossed into the Hunting Grounds centuries before.

Once on the other side, Raven and his band hunted down and murdered the Old Ones. With the ancient shamans dead, the gates were opened and manitous were once again free to enter the physical world.

The Reckoners

During his travels, Raven discovered that the manitous served greater forces of destruction that later came to be called the Reckoners by some, or the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse by others.

With the blood of the Old Ones on his soul, Raven became the first of the Reckoners' "servitors," willing and intelligent humans paving the way for the Four Horsemen on Earth. In exchange, Raven (and future servitors) received great power and near-immortality.

The Four Horsemen had been waiting for their chance to rise for millennia. The actions of the Great Old Ones panicked them and they knew they'd come close to being trapped in the Hunting Grounds forever.

So they became proactive. Each created a chosen servitor—War claimed Raven's soul—to champion their cause. They also tasked the manitous with creating monsters and mayhem wherever they found the tender beginnings of fear and misery.

Negative energy eventually "terror-forms" an area into a "Deadland." When enough Deadlands are created, they form a literal Hell on Earth that can sustain the Reckoners and allow them to walk upon it in the flesh.

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Ghost Rock

The Reckoners' "investment" in servitors and manitous returned rewards quickly, but that wasn't enough. They knew the best way to drive bloodshed and fear was to give mankind something to fight over.

Around 1868, Raven performed a ritual that shattered California into a labyrinth of mesas and channels stretching from Mexicali to Oregon. Within the walls of the "Great Maze" were veins of a brand new mineral. This new fundament burned a thousand times hotter than coal and screamed like the damned when set alight. It was quickly dubbed "ghost rock."

Soon after, ghost rock was discovered all over the world—though the majority of the largest strikes were in America. Within a year, ghost rock became the most valuable mineral in the world and people started fighting and killing one another just to get a hold of it.

Ghost rock is an incredible power source and soon gave rise to all manner of inventions—from steamships to vapor cannons. Most of these inventions were geared to destroy, but those who raised that issue were ignored in the face of "progress."

Hell on Earth—Almost

The destructive nature of ghost rock and the rising tide of fear in the world's backwater regions continued through the next century. Men like Hitler and Stalin accelerated the pace, along with world-wide economic depressions and tragedies, such as the Rape of Nanking, that spawned countless horrors and formed Deadlands all around the world.

By the time of World War II, it seemed the world was finally on the verge of Hell on Earth, but the hard-fought victory of the Allies gave the world hope. Despite the terrors living in the ruins and the monsters prowling the edges of civilization, humanity won out. It was helped greatly by secret societies of soldiers, agents, and civilians who fought back against these horrors. Most even kept their stories to themselves so as not to generate more fear.

THE NATURE OF FEAR

The Reckoners know they can't just throw a monster into a town and transform it into a Deadland. If everyone believes in monsters, they rally and begin to fight back. The most effective horrors are the ones no one *admits* believing in, but secretly dream about in their worst nightmares.

That's not to say a good massacre doesn't create a Deadland near overnight. That definitely happens, especially during wars. But it has to be done carefully or the Reckoners know they or their minions will be exposed and that will set them back greatly.

It's also worth noting that servants of the Reckoners (except the servitors) don't know they were given life or power by ancient evil beings. A werewolf just knows it wants meat and a murderous spirit just knows it wants to cause chaos and pain. They all forward the Four Horsemen's agenda to terror-form the world into a literal Hell on Earth, however.

Despite some close calls of the Cold War, bloody brushfire wars, and the rise of atomic and ghost rock-powered bombs, the world actually stayed intact. Countries rebuilt, economies rose, and electronics replaced machines.

A Whole New World

In 2044, Hellstromme Industries announced a project that would change the world. And another world on top of that. The geniuses at HI built something called "the Tunnel," which could propel a ship at faster-than-light speeds to other star systems. Within a few years, they even found a way

to a new system they dubbed "Faraway," complete with an inhabited planet called Banshee—for its howling winds.

Banshee was home to a race of purple-skinned creatures called "anouks," who seemed a lot like early American Indians to the first colonists who landed there. They traded with some, warred with others, and then made the discovery that would change everything. Banshee had ghost rock.

That became especially important in 2078 when a geologist named Gerhard Hauptman published the Hauptman Survey. He concluded the earth's supply of ghost rock would be exhausted in about 20 years.

Wealthier nations stocked colony ships full of miners—and soldiers—and paid Hellstromme Industries exorbitant fees to hurl them through the Tunnel to Faraway. War broke out literally hours after the first colonists arrived and the United Nations sent their first armed troops (and later starships) through to keep the peace.

Of course the less-developed countries couldn't afford colonies on Banshee, so they fought over what was left back on earth.

The War to End The World

Eventually these wars spread to the larger countries and their entangled alliances. Both the USA and CSA had treaties all over the world, and North America was hands down the continent with the richest ghost rock deposits.

When the American nations called on their allies, they came running and North America soon became the focal point for World War III.

The Northern Alliance consisted of the People's Republic of China, Deseret, France, the Latin American Alliance, South Africa, and the United States itself.

The Southern Alliance included the Confederate States, the Warsaw Pact (still a political bloc despite the dissolution of the Soviet Union nearly a century before), Great Britain, Canada, Japan, Germany, and Russia. By the end of 2080, America—along with the rest of the world—was awash in blood.

The Eye of the Storm

Just as they had in World War II, heroes rose. Some fought on the battlefield, some strove for peace, and others quietly fought the secret horrors rising in the violence of war.

Just before Christmas of 2080, President Mary Tremane of the United States, President Jonas Sothby of the Confederacy, and their allies agreed to a cease-fire. On New Year's Eve, the two presidents issued a joint press release declaring their intent to negotiate a more permanent peace.

Shortly after taking off from Denver on New Year's Day, Tremane's aircraft disappeared over the Rockies. Theories abound as to what happened to the presidential plane, ranging from a freak electrical storm to assassination by air-to-air missile. Sothby immediately issued his sincere regrets, but Tremane's successor, Andrew Bates, wasn't hearing it.

He believed the Southern Alliance had shot Air Force One out of the sky and said as much on national television. Peace talks disintegrated and Bates threatened to nuke a Confederate city every week until the Confederacy ceded Southern California as "payment" for Tremane's assassination.

It was the first time any nation had seriously threatened using the awesome power of a ghost rock bomb.

The Beginning of the End

Most folks knew "A-Bomb Andy's" threats were the beginning of the end and they were right. Fighting broke out all over the world within hours.

Germany invaded Mexico, the heart of the Latin American Alliance, and also mixed it up with French troops guarding their embassy in Mexico City. In retaliation, French forces in Europe marched across the Rhine to invade Germany, then turned around to repulse a British invasion across the English Channel.

Fiercely cruel battles broke out in Asia, Africa, and South America. Russia and Japan invaded China. South Africa charged north, carving through the smaller nations

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before butting heads with Egypt. The tremendous oil fields of the Middle East were set aflame as Iran and Iraq renewed their age-old enmity.

Still, no one had dropped a ghost rock bomb. A-Bomb Andy had started folks talking about it, but no one had actually yet had the nerve to do it. Then Pakistan launched a single tac-nuke against India and the nuclear genie was out of the bottle.

The Big Bang

The Pakistani nuke was the shot heard round the world. The unspoken rule had been broken and ghost rock bombs were now fair game. A few weeks later, Great Britain tossed a nuke at France's coastal defenses to pave the way for a new amphibious invasion, planned to coincide with a German counterattack against France. Russia came to France's aid and all of Europe erupted in flame.

In North America, the Canadians anted up with nukes of their own, directed against Union border defenses in Washington and New England. Within a couple days, the Canadians took Boston and proceeded south to rendezvous with a Confederate division for an attack on Washington, DC.

Suddenly, A-Bomb Andy was up against the wall. Worse, he turned out to have a case of the deep-down crazies. Some think he had a psychotic break thanks to the stress he'd been under since the death of Mary Tremane, but others now wonder if a more nefarious force had pushed him along to destroy the world.

Whatever the case, he lived up to his name and turned to his last resort: scorched earth. Scorched *planet* Earth.



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JUDGMENT DAY

The first Union bombs fell at 6:17 p.m. EST, September 23, 2081. The firestorm swept the globe. Andy launched the entire US arsenal, and CSA Strategic Command retaliated in kind. About half of the nations' nukes were aimed at each other and the rest were fired off at cities around the world. Most every important target on Earth was hit.

Ghost Busters

Most of the bombs that fell on Judgment Day were city busters, sometimes called "ghost busters" because of the ghost rock inside. These weapons were designed to kill everyone in a city without completely destroying its strategic value. Of course, that ignored the thousands of screaming souls unleashed on the earth and the damage they did in the resulting "ghost storm."

From ground zero to about five miles out, all but the biggest, toughest buildings were reduced to rubble, and pretty much everyone was flash-fried by ghost rock-fueled radiation. Around this area formed a solid wall of screaming souls—a ghost storm.

From the ten-foot thick walls of the maelstrom out to another 30 miles, the blast didn't do much to the landscape, but killed about half the population. Even a bomb shelter wouldn't save you, as what killed most folks outside of ground zero were the damned souls released by the bomb's ghost rock core. Those who weren't killed by this demonic whirlwind were warped or mutated by the supernatural and radioactive energy.

After everyone was done dying and mutating, the maelstroms remained. The spirits still swirl about the perimeter, but they no longer instantly kill or mutate anyone who passes through.



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The Deadlands

The worst part of the land around a blast site—usually confined by the maelstrom—becomes a Deadland. Plants die, creatures mutate into monsters, and horrors plucked right out of humanity's worst nightmares come to life. Few believed in the existence of magic and monsters before the war, but there was certainly no denying it afterward.

All together, the detonations occurring within the space of a week created thousands of Deadlands. Those closest together—the ones that fell in areas with high population densities like Europe, China, and the eastern areas of the USA and CSA—linked together, turning the Earth into one great big pit of fear.

This was the terrible outcome the Reckoners had been working toward all those long years.

Come the Horsemen

Shortly after the dust settled, the Reckoners themselves appeared on Earth, straight out of the Book of Revelations. The four entities of destruction first appeared in the American West, where the fighting prior to Judgment Day was at its worst.

War showed up in Kansas, raised an army of the dead, and then stomped his way through the Dakotas. Famine popped up in California, knocked what was left of the City of Lost Angels flat, and, despite losing her steed to the priests of the Free and Holy City, headed East with a trail of starvation behind her. Pestilence was a late starter, only appearing in Texas a couple weeks later. He quickly made up for lost time and led his army of plague zombies on a rampage through Texas, Louisiana, and points East. Death rose in Death Valley, leaving a trail of corpses all the way to the Mississippi.

The Reckoners spent fifteen years on a murderous world tour, leaving millions dead in their wake. When they finally returned to the Wasted West, however, they faced a reckoning of their own.

THE WASTED WEST

After Judgment Day, it didn't take long for folks to start building a new world from the ashes of the old. People are pretty resilient, and they quickly gathered in communities and groups of various sizes. Unfortunately, it's as likely as not these communities are dedicated to stomping on other communities and taking their stuff. It's a hard world out there.

City Livin'

Just about every major city in North America was destroyed on Judgment Day, with the exception of Salt Lake City and Denver. Even so, most are recognizable thanks to their famous landmarks. No one's really sure why things like the Sears Tower in Chicago and the Space Needle in Seattle are still standing, but there they are. Of course, most such landmarks are within maelstroms, so tourism isn't real popular these days.

Survivors who live in a city usually live outside the maelstrom that marks the outer edge of a ghost buster's blast radius. That doesn't mean they aren't vulnerable to lower levels of radiation common near the maelstroms. Therefore, most folks who live in these ruins are mutants. It's not that they like exposing themselves to the radiation and monsters common in the outskirts of the ruined cities, it's that building a new community is pretty tough for folks that are usually outcasts or exiles thanks to their mutations. The cities offer plenty of shelter and plenty of scavenging opportunities, and frankly, no one else wants to live there.

The 'Burbs

Ruined towns are usually in slightly better shape than the cities. Rather than having a nuke dropped on their heads, they simply fell apart in the ensuing riots, looting, and fighting, and were then abandoned. Most places have a few survivors hiding out here and there, but they're ghost towns for all intents and purposes.

Survivor Settlements

Places like this are where the bulk of folks live these days, and they come in all shapes and sizes. Some are built on rickety platforms over water, others on mesas in the Great Maze in California. Most common are those built up on the ruins of old towns. Those without natural defenses are almost always walled in. Some actually construct these walls out of brick and concrete, but most simply pile up wrecked cars and other debris. A few even set up camp with one side backed up against the Mason-Dixon Wall and the rest fenced in with whatever was on hand.

In any case, most survivor settlements are pretty picky about who they let in. Anyone suspected of spying for raiders or carrying some sort of disease is turned away at the gates, and those that slip through often wind up hanging from the walls as a warning to others.

Every survivor settlement has a leader of some sort, usually a mayor or sheriff. Sometimes it's a council or committee of folks who think they know what they're doing. Occasionally these folks are elected, but more often they're just wasters with some natural leadership ability or charisma out the wazoo.

HIGHWAYS

Back before Judgment Day, anybody who wanted to hop a plane to another city just had to buy a ticket (it was a little more complicated than that when flying over the Mason-Dixon Wall, but you get the point). These days, pretty much any flight you can find is indefinitely delayed. If you're going to do anything other than sit around in a survivor settlement farming irradiated dirt, you need to figure out some means of locomotion.

Hoofing It

Let's get this one out of the way first: It's a bad idea to walk. Even taking aside the fact that you have zero chance of escaping any horrors, road gangs, or other dangers you might run into on the road, walking anywhere takes an awfully long time. Good

luck trading for enough supplies to keep you going, brainer. Most folks can cover 20-30 miles in eight hours of travel, given a reasonably light load in their packs.

Trading for a horse and making like a cowboy is almost as bad, but at least you won't wear yourself out walking. Assuming you can keep your animal in feed and yourself from getting saddle sore, you'll clear about 40 miles a day this way. Even better, if you run out of milrats—that's "military rations"—along the way, you've got horse flesh to munch on. You'll get where you're going a little later, but at least you'll get there.

Get Your Motor Running

At the end of the Last War, there were a lot less people left in the world. A lot less cars, too, but the human population declined a lot faster than the four-wheeled variety. For a while, at least, those who remained had their choice of rides. Anyone who cared to could whiz through the ruins in the latest model.

Of course, these days, the latest model is about fifteen years old, and very few fuel stations have any spook juice left. Between the dangers of the road gangs (and worse) and the simple lack of spare parts, more vehicles lie rusting at the side of the road than speeding down it. Likewise, the roads themselves are in pretty rough shape. Fifteen years without any kind of maintenance means pavement is often cracked, broken, overgrown with plant life, and sometimes altogether destroyed.

Provided you can find enough gas to keep that motor running, most vehicles can cover about 150-200 miles a day as the crow flies. That said, the vehicle probably tacks a lot more than that on its odometer; all the ruined roads and abandoned wrecks mean anyone traveling this way frequently needs to double back and find a different route.

Head Out On the Highway

The last option is to hook up with one of the trade caravans that crisscross the Wasted West. With the destruction of the Convoy during the Harvest, you'll have to find one of the smaller operators. Some use

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trucks, while others are trains of horses, mules, or oxen hauling wagons. A few are a weird mix of pickup beds pulled by animals, wagons, and even grounded aircraft.

Whatever these caravans look like, they provide trade and communication between survivor settlements. Besides doing a lot of good, these convoys help you get from place to place. They're always in need of a few gun hands and road warriors to guard their wares against the road gangs, and the bigger ones even have the goods to pay a small wage.

Trade convoys tend to cover about 100 miles a day, or about 50 if they include beasts of burden. The drivers most often take shifts, which allows them to cover more ground, but the loaded-down vehicles need extra time to find the safest routes. Oh yeah—don't count on a trade convoy getting you exactly where you want to go. The bigger ones only stop at major settlements, and smaller outfits handle local trade.

WHAT IS THE LAW?

There's no national formal law. The Wasted West is a frontier just like the Old West was. It's up to each settlement to decide what their rules and regulations are. Some restrict the carrying of firearms while others embrace it. Some ban mutants, others ban cyborgs, and some even ban anyone who *isn't* a mutant or a cyborg or whatever they think is important.

Justice is generally harsh and fast in these towns. The town judge, council, or whatever they've established doesn't want to feed ungrateful mouths, so those who violate the local laws are usually exiled or executed.

A waster is encouraged to scout out any settlement he wants to enter for a bit before he goes in. Most towns are walled one way or another, and that makes it tough to escape a corrupt cop or a delusional mob.

DINERO

Back before the war, "dinero" was slang for money. These days, it's just as likely to actually be dinner. See, after Judgment Day, folks just don't have much use for paper

money. Well, okay, they do use it for one thing, but they don't call it filthy lucre for nothing!

Most trade in the Wasted West is handled through barter. Folks don't trade for things they don't need unless they can turn around and trade it off to someone else at a profit. Some items commonly traded are bullets, milrats, food, ghost rock, and a few luxuries that folks miss from before the war—like soda and chocolate. Jewelry and other luxury items are still worn, but most folks put more value on a bushel of corn than a diamond ring.

"Cash" folks carry these days is usually in the form of portable luxuries. Little things like this can usually be traded just about anywhere for more practical items.

Currency

That said, a few places have established standard currencies. This is mostly limited to the big survivor settlements, and their coins and paper money aren't good outside their borders. The actual physical shape the currency takes is as varied as the communities that issue it. One town might trade in bottle caps emblazoned with a particular logo, while the next might print scrip on tanned cowhide, or use pages torn from a particular book.

Thus far, only Junkyard (near old Salt Lake City) has managed to set up a system of currency that extends beyond its own borders, and this is due largely to the assistance of the many trade convoys that operate out of the city. Junkyard bucks, called "widgets," are usually good in major settlements that trade with the Iron Oasis in the former states of Arizona and Nevada, as well as what was once Deseret. Of course, if you hit a smaller settlement that isn't serviced by a trade caravan from Junkyard, you're on your own. Ike Taylor, the town's leader, would like to expand widgets to Colorado, Wyoming, and Idaho to strengthen the grip of the Iron Alliance with a common currency.

Like money back in the early 20th Century, widgets are backed by a supply of precious metal. Any time you want, you can march right up to the Widget Exchange in Junkyard

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and turn in your widgets for junk. The city's Widget Exchange is a central repository for any salvage that isn't immediately useful in the city's defense. You can find anything from an electric toaster to a guided missile here. Most folks don't bother, since widgets are accepted currency all over the area, but junkers and technicians often go junk diving for spare parts.

Likewise, any scavenger can trade his accumulated junk for a fistful of widgets. Don't expect to trade in a sack full of porcelain doorknobs for a fortune, though. The folks who run the Widget Exchange are shrewd hagglers. The "bounty" on various items can fluctuate wildly: an electric can opener that goes for \$15 one week might be worth only \$1 if a convoy comes through with a truckload of them.

COMMUNICATION

During the Last War, the electromagnetic pulses from both the atomic and ghost rock bombs knocked out most transmitters, computers, and the like. The blasts themselves destroyed telephone lines, cell towers, server farms, and routing centers. If you do find a working transmitter, you'll be lucky to get a radio signal out more than a few thousand yards. Technical types

say it has something to do with the nasty weather. Even so, short range radios still work pretty well, and command high prices on the barter block.

Junkyard has managed to establish some primitive telephone service, though you generally only find a single communal telephone every building or so. On the plus side, since there's no one outside of Junkyard to talk to, you don't have to worry about long distance charges.

Satellite Radio

Most communication satellites—most any satellites, really, including GPS—were knocked out during the war. That said, folks with the right equipment—we're talking military grade transmitters, brainer—have been able to contact the last remaining comsat pretty reliably.

Make that ComSat, with capital letters. Yeah, it's a name, more or less. ComSat is artificially aware. It's also apparently lonely, as it occasionally contacts folks out of the blue. ComSat doesn't usually let folks talk live, either to it or through it, but instead allows folks to post messages in its vast storage banks. The satellite then allows others to review these messages, but it's usually careful to grant access only to those for whom the message was intended.



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Occasionally, ComSat can be convinced to break its own rules, but only with a lot of sweet-talkin'. Want to talk live to an old friend back in the Maze? Better be prepared to make a fool of yourself whispering sweet nothings into your radio.

Trade Convoys

Trade convoys are usually more than happy to carry messages if the price is right. Here's a hint, though, brainer: write it down. Ever play telephone, where you whisper something to your buddy, and he whispers something to his, and so on for a dozen people or so? If you tell a trucker to pass on, "I love you, and the kids are fine," he's liable to tell a trader, who'll tell a kid, who'll tell the object of your affections, "I'll shove you, and break your spine." Ah, love.

Anyway, if you do decide to write a letter, expect to be charged an arm and a leg. Further, you better hope it's expected, because few trade convoys make mail calls. Usually, they just throw all that paper in a sack and leave it in the town square at each stop. In other words, you'll have total strangers pawing through your mail every step of the way, and it may never get where you meant for it to go.

Postmen

If it absolutely, positively, has to get there in the next few months or so, the postmen are your best bet. This isn't an organization so much as a job description, just a group of individuals who carry deliveries all over the Wasted West. Each postman usually has a specific route he follows, often limited to a particular region. In rare cases, two or more postmen might work together to form a network, allowing them to cover a wider area.

Most charge whatever they think they can get away with. You can generally bet it'll be \$5-\$10 per letter, and about \$100 for an easily carried package. They don't deal in anything larger. Finally, keep in mind that postmen rarely guarantee delivery. Rain, sleet, snow, and dark of night may not

stop these folks, but monsters, muties, and misfits certainly can. Since postmen trade on their reputation, you can usually expect undelivered mail to be returned. No refunds, though, brainer.

MOTHER NATURE IS A...

The end of the world made Mother Nature one mean bitch. Radioactive dust devils race across the deserts, black rain pelts the High Plains, and toxic fumes gather wherever the winds are still. If you've got 'em, you'd be well advised to roll your windows up; if not, you'd better find shelter fast.

Black Rain: Ghost rock deposits are burning all over the West. Occasionally, huge, black clouds from these fires coalesce and mix with thunderclouds. They drift for hundreds or even thousands of miles before they gather enough moisture to unleash a downpour. This deadly rain is pure black and filled with the damned souls let loose by burning ghost rock.

Dust Storms: The Last War did all kinds of crazy things to the planet's weather patterns. Dust storms often kick up in areas with lots of loose silt, dirt, sand, or ash. Once the wind starts swirling, smart folks get under cover. The dumb ones suffocate in seconds. The worst of these are radstorms, which have blown through bombed-out areas and are laced with radioactive fallout.

Hellstorms: These vicious storms are aptly named. They've got it all: searing hot winds, boiling rain, and violent lightning. If you run across one of these, brainer, you'd best head for a bomb shelter. Car hulks work in a pinch, but concrete buildings are better. Tents, trees, and so forth won't last but a few seconds in these tempests.

Toxic Clouds: With all the toxic nastiness out there, it's no surprise that certain areas are saturated with toxic fumes. Fortunately, they dissipate on windy days, and they're pretty easy to spot otherwise. Just stay out of any green, yellow, orange, or red clouds floating low to the ground.



HELL ON EARTH

WHO'S WHO?

Several powerful factions rose in the wake of Judgment Day. From groups of mutants to an army of robotic killing machines, the Wasted West has no shortage of interesting and amazing individuals bent on rebuilding, revenge, or just plain survival.

LAW DOGS

While there's no national law—or even a government to make it—there are individuals who take it on themselves to bring justice to the people. Most are former law enforcement officers who were duly authorized before the Apocalypse and saw no reason to stop just because the paychecks did.

One of these was Jane Swindall, a former Texas Ranger. She gathered every law dog she could find, whether Rangers, US Agent (the Rangers' former rivals), or traffic cop, and tasked them all with continuing their sworn oaths. The "Law Dogs" gained acceptance in most survivor settlements thanks to Swindall's cool head and fairness—and dedication to hunting down anyone who shamed their name.

Law Dogs are not a formal organization so much as a loose band of heroes sworn to protect the innocent. Any innocent. They aren't stuck up about it like the Templars (who we'll tell you about below) and don't distinguish between race, faction, or mutantdom. The law is blind, they say, and the Law Dogs—at least the majority of them—believe that's a sacred principle.

Law Dogs are a bit more varied in their *sentencing*, however. It's rarely practical to jail someone they see as an evil-doer in the nearest settlement since the natives would then have to feed—or sometimes *feed on*—the poor sap. Thieves are usually relieved of their goods (except for perhaps a few essentials) and the loot given to the nearest town (or the victims if they're known). Violent types are beaten and threatened viciously, and murderers are usually executed.

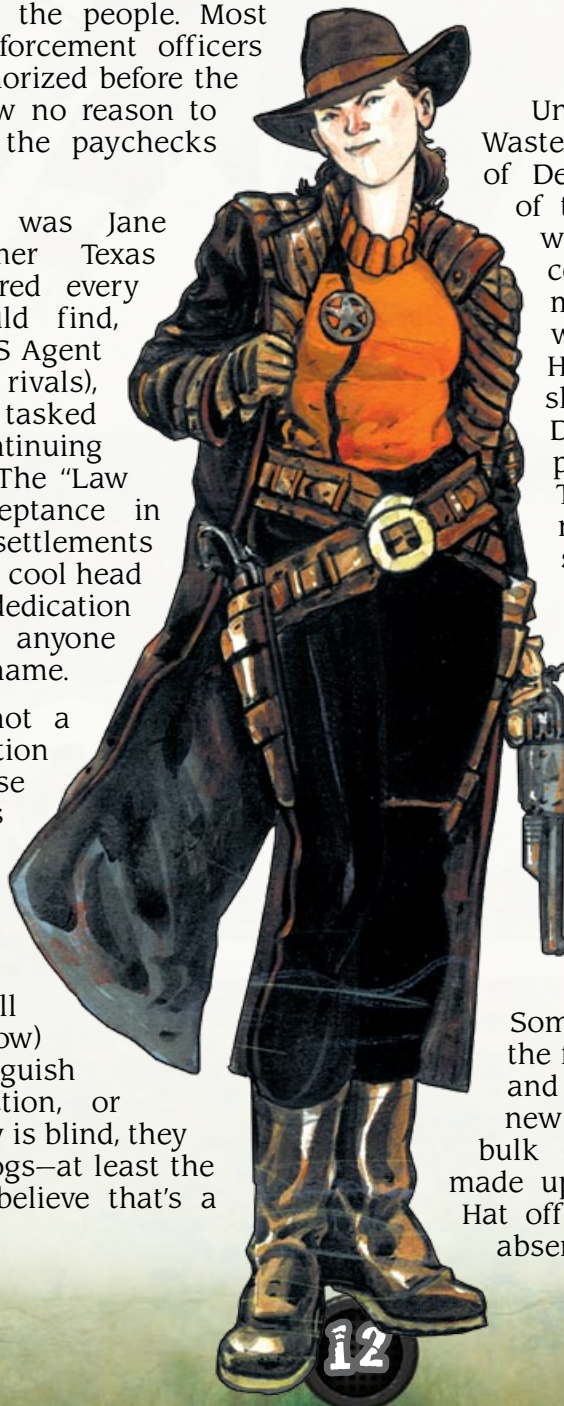
Most Law Dogs don't revel in this kind of eye-for-an-eye thing—it's just a necessity in the wastelands where there are no jails to feed or house these wasters.

THE COMBINE

Unlike most major cities in the Wasted West, the industrial sectors of Denver were spared the ravages of the Last War. Turns out this is where Dr. Hellstromme built the core of his company's automated manufacturing might, and he was a pretty paranoid fellow. He built state-of-the-art energy shields over his holdings in both Denver and Salt Lake City which prevented their destruction. The rest of Denver was hit by neutron bombs as well as some sort of bioweapon, and is now a giant graveyard of mostly intact buildings filled with rat-gnawed skeletons.

Before you get any bright ideas about heading up there to scrounge, a Confederate officer—a cyborg actually—beat you to it. He never learned to share, either. General Throckmorton is his name, and he and his troops rolled into Denver shortly after the Apocalypse.

Somehow, he managed to rewire the factories to obey his commands, and they started pumping out his new mechanized army. Though the bulk of Throckmorton's military is made up of Black Hats and their Red Hat officers—so called because in the absence of uniforms, they can be



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identified by their distinctive headgear—his most powerful forces are entirely robotic. Most are automatons, humanoid robots with the killing power of a tank squadron. These days automatons usually stick pretty close to Denver and protect Throckmorton's assets there. Any humans caught in and around the ruined city without the appropriate identification are enslaved or killed.

The Combine's human troops range a little farther afield. The hardcore elite, the Red Hats, are those who have been with Throckmorton since the beginning, as well as some of the more promising Black Hats who have been promoted. On the next rung are the technical experts. Known as Green Hats, these are the mechanics, doctors, scientists, and even a few junkers who swear allegiance to the Combine in return for a fairly cushy existence in the ruins. At the bottom of the Combine cesspool are the Black Hats, Throckmorton's foot soldiers. Recruited from the ranks of the wasteland scum to fill out the Combine's legions, these bullies, thugs, savages, and murderers patrol the region surrounding Denver and exact "tribute" from nearby settlements. The nature of this tribute ranges from food, to arms and ammunition, and sometimes even warm bodies to work as slaves in Denver's factories.

Lately, the Combine's appetite for slaves has grown even more voracious. Bands of "Chain Dogs," so called for the chains they wear around their necks, have been ranging farther and farther afield from Denver in the search for folks to help rebuild Denver after the Battle of Worms. If you run into these scum, be careful. They are some of the most vicious two-legged predators you're likely to meet. The good news is most of them are too ornery to let Throckmorton chip them, so their gear and vehicles can be scavenged without fear of explosive consequences.

Finders...Deaders

Just for the record, don't go trying to scavenge Combine equipment. Their ammo is an odd caliber and all their weapons and vehicles are booby trapped with a special chip. This chip destroys any important

COMBINE HIERARCHY

Red Hats: The Combine's officers.

Green Hats: Technical specialists, doctors, and scientists.

Gray Hats: Sneaky sorts who specialize in infiltration. Needless to say, they don't actually wear gray hats—that would kinda give 'em away.

Automatons: Undead cyborgs who technically report to the Red Hats, but are notoriously hard to control.

Black Hats: The Combine's foot soldiers.

It's well known that Combine weapons are outfitted with explosives that detonate if anyone besides a Combine soldier attempts to use them, so scavengers should beware!

equipment taken more than a few feet from its Black Hat owner. A Black Hat obviously can't carry a vehicle in his pocket, so they're rigged to blow if anyone without a Black Hat chip tries to use them.

MUTANTKIND

When people say "mutant" these days, most norms think of crazed three-eyed cannibals lurking in the city buster-blasted ruins. In actuality, the genetically altered are divided roughly into three major factions: Free-Range Mutants, the Cult of Doom, and Joan and the Heretics.

"Free-Range Mutants"

Throughout the Wasted West you'll find them, living in scattered pockets just like anyone else. The difference is mutants, or "The Chosen" (as they refer to themselves), live in areas that most norms shun due to high levels of radiation. Some were born into mutant communities. Others were kicked out of their settlements and into the savage wastes by their normal neighbors when their mutations were discovered.

The one thing all muties have in common, of course, is some sort of mutation. Maybe their teeth and hair fell out, they sprouted a vestigial tail, their bones deformed, or they've got unsightly boils on their skin. Whatever the defect, most are just ugly or a little deranged. Despite the fact that most norms hate and fear mutants because of a fear of weird powers, very few actually develop any. Unfortunately, many are insane and violent thanks to their mutations.

Many mutants take up residence in the ruined cities that dot the land. This is a bad idea, because most gain more mutations and become "troglodytes," or "troggs" for short. These losers are so messed up there's no reasoning with them.

These independent muties typically just try to get by the best they can, but the harsh conditions of the ruins, as well as a diminished intelligence that some suffer from, lead many bands to raid norm settlements for food and supplies, which begets a cycle of fear and hatred, just the sort of thing that Silas and the Cult of Doom cater to.

The Cult of Doom

The Cult of Doom is a collection of lunatics and mutants holed up in the ruins around Las Vegas. Surprisingly, Las Vegas itself came through the Last War relatively unscathed. For some reason, it seems the Confederates "missed" the City of Sin, and the ghost buster intended for Vegas actually struck the city's easterly suburbs.

Just about everyone east of the Strip died instantly. Those who survived farther west quickly fell under the dominion of the Vegas mobs and later the "Cult of Grendel," which worshipped a monster that laired in the ruins of the Tropicana. A couple years later, Silas Rasmussen showed up.

Silas was a professor before the Big Bang, and became a powerful mutant after arriving in Vegas. He claimed radiation should not be feared, but worshipped, and had an actual consciousness and will of its own. Maybe so, maybe no, but the upshot was that Silas was a powerful priest of this new god, which he called "the Glow."

He cemented his power by destroying the Grendel and therefore the power of the Cult of Grendel.

Silas capitalized on this new-found celebrity and the resulting power vacuum, building a new society in Vegas, with himself at the top, and his Doomsayers—radiation priests—serving as priests and enforcers. Mutants flocked to his banner from all over the Wasted West.

Most brought with them stories of atrocities and intolerance against mutants, perpetrated by norms. The story of two mutants hanged for the crime of mutation itself gave Silas the excuse he needed to flex his radiation-enhanced muscles. He gathered his Doomsayers and mutant legions and launched a crusade against Virginia City, where the unfortunate mutants were killed.

Virginia City didn't have a chance. Though many mutants died in the initial assault, Silas' shock troops—the Doomsayers in particular—carried the day. When victory was finally achieved, Silas ordered his followers to slaughter the surviving inhabitants of the city down to the last man, woman, and child. His new religion was baptized in blood.

Even with his victory at Virginia City, Silas' newfound bloodlust wasn't sated. He turned his eye to nearby Carson City, but this time things went differently. By now, Silas was convinced that norms were doomed anyway, and he was simply clearing the decks for the mutant population to take over. He turned his army loose on Carson City, once again led by his Doomsayers. By now, however, they had a new name: Doombringers.

Carson City was very well fortified, and Silas' forces had already suffered heavy casualties in the fighting at Virginia City. Thanks to the heroic efforts of a traveler named Teller, the Cult was soundly defeated, and forced back to Las Vegas to nurse its wounds. That was the last time the Mutant King himself led an attack. In the decade or so after Carson City, Silas sent his Doombringers across the West to lead local rebellions against norm settlements, waging a guerilla war that fanned the flames of hatred between norms

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and muties. The recent destruction of a norm-friendly mutant enclave in Armana, Idaho, in the fall of 2094, as well as the destruction of the Cult of Doom's holiest site at Yucca Mountain, Nevada, gave Silas enough propaganda to whip up his followers for the attack on Junkyard during the Harvest. When the long-foretold Harbinger appeared during the fighting and ordered the attacking mutants of Vegas to return to their holy city and await his arrival, they weren't about to say no. Silas was furious, but he couldn't exactly stand against the arrayed forces of the Iron Alliance without his mutant hordes for backup, so he went along.

Silas returned home to more than a few problems. When it turns out that the folks you called Heretics a few years back actually had the right of things, your followers tend to get a little restless. Silas began cracking down on anyone who dared raise a voice against him, and the Strip looks a lot like the old Roman Appian Way, just with casinos these days.

Joan and the Heretics

No, it's not a rock band.

A few of Silas' inner circle woke up after the "battle" at Virginia City and realized what it really was: a massacre. They tried to talk some sense into the mutant messiah, but he had gone round the bend by this point. Silas rounded up the most vocal dissenters—especially those once in his inner circle—and stuck them in hastily made prison wagons, labeling them heretics.

After Carson City and the retreat back to Vegas, he took a lot of his frustrations out on the so-called heretics. Silas executed several heretics a day, just to put the fear of the Glow into anyone else who might have second thoughts about his divinity—or his sanity.

Finally, the heretics made their move. A whole posse of them, led by a woman named Joan, managed to break out of Silas' fortress in the Luxor hotel. About 50 made a break for freedom, but only a dozen made it outside of Las Vegas city limits. Those who survived scattered.

DR. DARIUS HELLSTROMME

Dr. Hellstromme was the Deseret Mormons' leading citizen for over 200 years. You read right. Two hundred years. This scientific genius made most of his money during the Great Rail Wars of the American West, back in the late 19th century. He was the world's preeminent scientist, and he focused most of his genius on the advancement of ghost rock science.

Though his public image was all spit and polish, his private side was quite a bit darker. He was one of the few folks who realized the ultimate and inevitable end ghost rock science would reach, but he continued his work heedless of the danger, intent on some nefarious purpose of his own.

Sometime around 1900 Dr. Hellstromme disappeared for a bit. He was getting on in years, so most folks figured he'd up and died. He shocked everyone when he reappeared in 1917, and not just because he'd apparently returned from the dead. Hellstromme had returned in a robot body! Based on his own automaton design, the Doctor's new body sustained his genius by storing his brain in a preservative solution in a robotic skull. Around this time, Hellstromme seemed to turn over a new leaf, and developed dozens of new technologies that would ultimately benefit mankind. When World War II broke out, he threw in his lot with the Allies, and his inventions were the only thing that held the occult-powered German war machine in check.

After the war, traditional science began to trump mad science, and Hellstromme withdrew from public view, although he worked to develop a ghost rock alternative to atomic power. Though he continued to claim his inventions were intended for the betterment of mankind, it seemed that every single one could be—and was—turned to a darker purpose somehow.

HELL ON EARTH

Over the next few months, Joan and her followers resurfaced all over the Wasted West, preaching tolerance and understanding between mutants and norms. Though the heretics believe norms are doomed, just like Silas does, they contend that norms should be treated no worse than mutants. They are, after all, the mutants' forebears. Just because old-style humanity is on its way out doesn't mean the children of the atom have to give them a boot out the door.

The Doomsayers who follow Joan's philosophy of peace adopted purple robes to distinguish themselves from Silas' green-robed Doombringers. Labeled "heretics" by Silas and his followers, they spent the next decade or so protecting the world from their misguided brothers (who want to kill every unmutated human) and searching for a prophesied mutant messiah they called the Harbinger.

The Harbinger

Around the time Joan led her little revolution, she had herself a prophetic dream. In it, the Saints visited her and foretold the coming of the Harbinger, who would lead the world into a new golden age, the age of the Chosen (Chosen by the Glow, that is: mutants). The Harbinger would know this path thanks to his blazing red eye, and the people would know him by his silver-white skin. The search for the Harbinger became one of the cornerstones of the Heretic movement.

THE GRAND LIBRARY

Led by Head Librarian Marcus Liebowitz, the Librarians are an order dedicated to preserving the past to help rebuild the future. Holed up in a fortified complex on the outskirts of Sacramento, these folks have hundreds of data slugs that store electronic copies of books on just about every subject you can imagine. They also record interviews with folks who have the knowing of things, both from before the Last War and after. Among the luminaries the Librarians have recorded are Joan, leader of the Heretics; Shawn Connors, leader of the Denver Resistance; and Jo Wales, the Grand Master of the Templars.

Despite their crusade to preserve knowledge, the Librarians are pretty secretive folk. They don't issue library cards, for one—as far as Liebowitz is concerned, the knowledge in their vaults is to stay put until it's needed. Muriel Redwing enforces this policy as head of the Grand Library's security forces.

The Librarians consider themselves an order of monks, dedicated to the two tenets of their motto: "Fides Et Scientia" (Faith and Knowledge). These precepts are the Alpha and Omega of a Librarian's existence. Librarians see lives—even those of their own order—as expendable, if that is the price that must be paid to preserve even a tidbit of knowledge.

Most of the Librarians responsible for collecting and recording texts from across the Wasted West are Junior and Assistant Librarians. Before they are trusted with this vital duty, they must serve as Novitiates in the Grand Library itself, cataloging the findings of their comrades in the field. Those Junior and Assistant Librarians who excel—or are crippled in the line of duty—are eventually promoted to Librarian proper, then Head Librarian. Both of these ranks serve in the Grand Library, overseeing the day to day functions of the place.

THE CHAMBER

This collection of junkers was one of the first groups to join Ike Taylor's Iron Alliance. The Chamber was formed back in 2090 by a group of junkers who wanted to work together to study the full ramifications of the presence of the tech spirits in the Hunting Grounds, and to explore the depth of technical knowledge stored away in the Net. Led by a High Master who dresses in flowing, arcane symbol-covered robes like some character out of the Perry Hotter books, the Chamber runs an Academy that teaches prospective junkers not only the ins and outs of junker tech, but also basic classes in science and engineering. These techno-mages live in a mountainous walled research facility whose location is a closely guarded secret. Those who wish to join must first find the Chamber, then pass a whole slew of tests and an interview with the High Master, Earl Whitlow.

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Quests

What good would a bunch of wizards in a mountain stronghold be if they didn't send people out on quests occasionally? The Chamber often sends lower ranking members out, sometimes with students and guards, on mundane tasks like gathering components or recruiting new students. Less frequently they send members out on some task of great import like retrieving valuable books or relics. If the quest seems particularly dangerous, the member charged with the quest is sometimes authorized to hire heroes of good reputation to help out. The Chamber normally pays with junker tech.

THE TEMPLARS

This group of wasteland warriors is dedicated to fighting the good fight in the Wasted West. That said, the Templars don't throw their lives away on lost causes, nor do they die for those who don't deserve their efforts. The Templars are only interested in helping those willing to help themselves. Somebody up there obviously approves, because the Templars have all kinds of abilities they claim are a reward from the Powers That Be—the good ones that is!

The Templars are headquartered in Boise, Idaho, where the order was founded by Simon Mercer. Just to give you an idea of what kind of badasses these folks are, their headquarters is located inside the Boise maelstrom. This has a lot to do with their philosophies, in that only deserving folks will be able to get past the maelstrom looking for their help.

Yep, deserving. The Templars are pretty picky about whom they help, and no one outside the order is really clear on the criteria. Because of this, a lot of folks think the Templars are just a bunch of selfish jerks. Individual Templars have been known to turn their backs on entire survivor settlements, only to turn around and lay down their lives for a single child.

The Templars are a small order—only about 300 actual knights, along with a few squires and aspirants—but they're an important part of Ike Taylor's Iron Alliance.

ROAD GANGS

When Judgment Day rolled around, a lot more people died than cars. For starters, once you get a fair distance away from ground zero, folks get vaporized by a ghost buster while nearby structures suffer only minor damage. That means there are a lot of salvageable vehicles just sitting on city streets after their drivers disappeared one day. Getting them through a maelstrom wall can be tough, but there are vehicles aplenty to be had outside the ghost storms.

Admittedly, when most folks decided to get the Hell out of Dodge (or whatever city they were in on Judgment Day), most hopped in their cars and hit the highway. This of course, led to mile-long traffic jams, and those led to abandoned vehicles, ripe for the picking. For a while, every brainer and his brother had some wheels between him and the asphalt.

Then the fuel started to go. Suddenly, the only way to keep your vehicle moving was to steal from someone else or trade for homebrewed moonshine out of some crazy hermit's still. Eventually, junkers realized they could distill spook juice themselves and began offering that to those seeking go-juice. Still, since no one really likes dealing with crazy hermits or even crazier junkers, a lot of upstanding folk just abandoned their rides and climbed aboard the heel-toe express. The less than shining examples of humanity, however, formed road gangs. Though these groups burn a lot more fuel than a single vehicle, they also have a lot more firepower with which to steal other folks' fuel. They raid survivor settlements for food and spook juice, battle other road gangs for ammo and more spook juice, and pretty much take what they can, when they can.

A very few road gangs are a bit more noble, and trade their services as soldiers and guards to survivor settlements in exchange for fuel, food, and other supplies. Some even go after those gangers who ride the outlaw road, and steal only from those who steal themselves.

Finally, there were the gangs of Deseret and the surrounding area. Most of these gangs came to an understanding with Ike

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Taylor years ago. They'd trade salvage and food for fuel from the Junkyard's spook juice refineries. Most of these gangs, unfortunately, raided surrounding survivor settlements to gather these trade goods. For his part, Taylor turned a blind eye. He couldn't afford to alienate the road gangs.

THE IRON ALLIANCE

This alliance of disparate groups grew out of Junkyard's boss, Ike Taylor, and his realization that the only way that Junkyard would have a chance against Silas and his mutant crusade—to say nothing of Throckmorton's Combine—was to forge a coalition of like-minded folks. After a whole lot of diplomacy and more than a little bit of luck, Taylor managed to put together the Junkyard Summit. It took a hell of a lot of courting, but Taylor eventually managed to convince the junkers of the Chamber, Joan's Heretic mutants, the Templars, and a whole bunch of other groups that an alliance against the Combine was necessary. It took another few months to actually get them to agree on terms, but the hard part was over.

It was a good thing, too, because Throckmorton was just about ready for his coming out party. We'll tell you all about that under **The Harvest**, below.

THE HARVEST

The Combine's General Throckmorton had long set his sites on Junkyard. But to take down the home of the Iron Alliance he knew he'd need more than just his robotic automatons and Black Hats. It took a few years, but Throckmorton convinced Silas Rasmussen and his mutants to ally with his legions in exchange for free plunder of Junkyard.

The showdown came on New Year's Day of 2096. On one side stood Junkyard and her allies, called the Iron Alliance; on the other, the Combine and the mutant hordes of the Cult of Doom. Throckmorton called the attack Operation Harvest—later just

"the Harvest"—as a nod to his Combine threshing the chaff (the Iron Alliance) from the wheat (his troops and the mutants).

During the Harvest, Rasmussen's mutants attacked a blocking force composed of the Convoy and Joan's Heretics south of Junkyard. Just as it seemed the glowing horde would overrun the Iron Alliance's positions, the legendary Harbinger descended from the sky in a sleek black ship, and revealed himself at last...

...to be none other than Dr. Darius Hellstromme! He had returned from his long absence, and in a shiny white new body, to boot. More importantly, a blazing red electronic eye was mounted in the center of his robotic head. The mutants—both Heretic and Silas' faithful—were awestruck, and the attack on the Iron Alliance petered out as the mutant horde followed Hellstromme's orders to return to the City o' Sin and await



his arrival. Some of the more radical stayed to take part in the slaughter, but without the Mutant King's Cult of Doom, the Combine's "Harvest" broke on the walls of Junkyard.

Most in the Alliance wanted to call it quits there, but the Grand Master of the Templars, Jo, convinced the army to counterattack and pursue the Combine all the way back to Denver. The next big twist was a reverse of what happened at Junkyard. The Iron Alliance was on the outskirts of Denver when a new—actually very old—player emerged.

The Battle of Worms

Just as the Combine was on its last metallic legs, Raven showed up, marching from across the Mississippi at the head of an army of undead, Mojave rattlers, and wormlings!

This unholy horde smashed into the forces of the Iron Alliance besieging Denver, then proceeded to attack the Combine for good measure. Despite the high-tech weaponry wielded by their living foes, Raven's troops were handily winning the battle until the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse showed up to save the day.

That's right. The Reckoners.

Apparently, Raven and his dark masters had a bit of a falling out. It's unclear why they decided to fight it out in the middle of the Harvest, but before things got too far out of hand, Dr. Darius Hellstromme played one last card.

The world's most famous mad scientist somehow managed to capture the Reckoners in one of his infernal devices. He was badly wounded in the process and believed himself dying, so he turned the lockbox of evil over to a band of heroes. They vanished and that was the last anyone has seen of the Reckoners since that day.

The furious Raven kept up his attack on Denver and burrowed underneath the Mile High City, making tunnels for the legions of wormlings and undead following behind. The tunnels collapsed soon after and Denver has been a ghost town ever since.

AFTERMATH

After the Harvest, most of the major players went back to their homes to lick their wounds and regroup.

If you played or read the original *Deadlands Hell on Earth*, this is where the story stopped—right after the events described in *The Unity*. Everything from this point forward is brand new.

The Combine

Throckmorton's army suffered badly during the Harvest but it's still a force to be reckoned with. Throckmorton lost a big chunk of his robotic forces, so he doesn't deploy them outside of Denver anymore. Back in the day, Black Hats who got into trouble could count on backup from a squadron of automatons or worse. Now, folks can usually take down a squad of Black Hats without any real fear of reprisal.

The Muties

Following the events of the Harvest and the news of the Harbinger's arrival, mutants outside of Vegas are a little lost. They now know Silas isn't the mutant savior he claims to be and that's causing major dissension in the ranks.

For his part, Silas is cleverly recasting the fight at Junkyard as an attack by the Iron Alliance on all mutantkind. Casting the norms of Junkyard as a common enemy is working, albeit somewhat slowly. Silas just has to make sure Joan and her troublemakers are kept far from the city. His Doombringers are scouring the West doing just that—hunting and killing her heretics and hoping to catch Joan herself outside the walls of the Iron Oasis one day.

Librarians

Lately, the Librarians have been a lot more reclusive than usual. Though they weren't directly involved in the Harvest, several Librarian advisors had been dispatched to the Iron Oasis well before that massive showdown. Since the battle, these advisors have been recalled. Most folks chalk it up

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to the fact that the biggest battle this side of the Last War has been won, but some suspect something more sinister.

Whatever the case, the Librarians aren't talking. Further, the order now combs the Wasted West for manuscripts with fresh intensity, and has been known to ask after specific books. It's pretty unlikely these Librarians are looking for the latest installment in the Dusk teen vampire series, and they seem more and more desperate as time rolls on.

The Chamber

The Chamber provided a whole slew of high tech weapons during the Harvest to the Iron Alliance, and many of their acolytes served with the good guys during the defense of Junkyard. Not many took part in the chase back to Denver or were at the Battle of Worms so the Chamber came out of the war fairly unscathed.

With things worse off for most people than they were before the Harvest, more and more folks are looking to the junkers for help.

The Templars

About six months before the Harvest, Simon Mercer, founder and leader of the Templars, ventured to Junkyard to discuss its defense against the Combine. Simon was stubborn as always and could not tolerate Ike's willingness to work with the road gangs, but he was slowly being convinced to come down off his high horse and fight the greater evil when disaster struck.

A Combine infiltration group sent to sabotage the talks attacked the gathered officials and Simon was killed. There are various rumors as to the circumstances of his death. Some say he was gunned down by the Combine infiltrator cyborg. Others claim Simon was followed to Junkyard by the "Boise Horror" that plagued his hometown for years and it finally claimed the Grand Master. And there are some who even whisper that Simon secretly *was* the Boise Horror, and a group of unknown heroes ended his murderous existence.

After Simon's death, Templar Jo Wales was named Grand Master. It was she who lead the knights during the Harvest.

The Road Gangs

Ike's handling of the local road gangs paid off in spades during the Harvest. When Raven showed up to kick the snot out of both the Iron Alliance and the Combine, the road gangs were right up on the front lines. They suffered horrific casualties chasing Throckmorton's troops back across the Rockies and during the Battle of Worms, and most gangs are operating at only about a quarter of the strength they once had.

For the first few months after the Harvest, the gangs' survivors were pretty happy rolling around in their loot, booze, and debauchery. Taylor even let them celebrate



RAVEN AND THE WORMS

For a long time after the Last War, no one really knew what was going on east of the Mississippi. Turns out, Raven was over there wiping out the few survivor settlements that held out against the hordes and building up his own undead legions in the process. Most folks figured the undead would come rolling across the Mississippi sooner or later, but it was a hell of a shock when Raven was at their head.

His alliance with the worms, however, was an even bigger surprise. The worms first appeared back in the 19th Century, a little while after the Reckoning began. Folks just figured they were another kind of evil critter, since all sorts of new weirdness was popping up across the West. There were even different strains: Mojave rattlers in the southwest, Salt rattlers in Utah, and so forth.

It was obvious from the start the worms were cunning creatures, but no one guessed how smart they really were until they showed up during the Harvest. Turned out the giant worms believed themselves to be ancient gods now devoid of worshippers. By creating a new race of hybrid humans and worms through dark magic, they were essentially creating new worshippers and giving themselves power.

Or so the stories go.

When Raven's forces were finally defeated around Denver, the worms and their legions of wormling minions burrowed enormous tunnels into the Rockies. Raven and his undead horde followed, then closed the passages behind them. What happened after that is anybody's guess.

within the walls of Junkyard, a line the road gangs were never allowed to cross in the old days. As time has gone by, even the thickest heads in the road gangs are starting to notice they suffered the brunt of the casualties during the Harvest, and they've started picking fights with Yarders to make up the difference, as well as victimizing the refugees camped outside the walls.

The Iron Alliance

The Iron Alliance was badly battered by the Harvest. Ike Taylor and a few key leaders fear that the defeat of the Cult of Doom and the Combine was a pyrrhic victory for the good guys, one from which they might not be able to recover.

The Convoy, that traveling caravan that made the rounds of the Wasted West each year and provided a tenuous thread that connected hundreds of survivor settlements large and small, was basically destroyed in the fighting. The Sky Pirates lost a large number of irreplaceable high-tech military aircraft, as well as scores of converted civilian planes, gutting the force.

The one bright spot is that the city of Junkyard itself weathered the storm fairly well, only losing a few hundred during the Harvest and being untouched by the Battle of Worms outside Denver. The bad news is that a large and ever-growing refugee population is now camped outside the walls, as well as outcast mutants and the remnants of various road gangs. This volatile mix could explode at any time, with results that could devastate Junkyard.

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HELL ON EARTH

GAZETTEER

We've given you the who and the what and the why and even the when. Now it's time to talk about the where.

EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI

No one goes across the "Bloody Old Muddy" anymore. Why? Because the heavily populated East Coast was devastated by bombs with a death toll in the tens of millions. All those dead people mean lots of horrors and certainly millions of walking dead. Despite Raven's assault across the Mississippi during the Harvest, legions of walking dead still cover the earth within a few hundred miles of the east bank of the Mississippi. Maybe farther. Maybe as far as the coast. No one knows. Even the River Watch, a group of volunteers who man stations up and down the Mississippi, don't have a good handle on just how many deaders remain over there.

A few months ago a photo recon drone was sent by the Iron Alliance that beamed back pictures as far east as Tennessee until contact was lost. Its cameras revealed uncountable zombie hordes aimlessly shuffling across the landscape.

GREAT BASIN

Deseret (Utah), Nevada, Las Vegas

This part of the continent is about as hot as it gets, with hundreds of miles of blasted desert in all directions. The Basin was bad enough before the ozone layer vaporized in the Apocalypse. Now it's an oven.

There are dozens of great rattlers here as well. Beware the great worms and the pockets of wormlings they surround themselves with. Not all of these hideous creatures disappeared with Raven.

Junkyard

The ruins of Salt Lake City (Junkyard or the Iron Oasis) is the most advanced city left in the Wasted West and the capital of the new Iron Alliance. Junkyard can provide

just about anything a survivor needs in the way of pre- or post-war tech, as long as she has the dinero to pay for it.

The Iron Oasis sits at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains on a dry and dusty plain. From a distance, it looks exactly like its name, a jumbled pile of rusted metal. Up close, it doesn't look much better, but at least some signs of life are visible.

Since the Harvest, Junkyard is jam-packed with refugees living off algae and water handouts from Junkyard's Council, and their numbers seem to grow larger with each passing week.

Junkyard has a population of roughly 9,000 people, with a full-time militia of around 800 troops. Space is at a premium inside the city walls, but for the lucky ones who live there, there is running water, electricity, TV, phone service, and even a limited internet!

Another 5,000 folks are camped in the shantytowns that have sprung up outside the walls since the Harvest, as well as another 2,000 or more mutants in their own separate camp centered around a "Welcome Center." Joan and her Heretics set this up to indoctrinate the children of the Glow into the ways of "civilized" mutantdom.

Junkyard lays claim to all territory within 50 miles of its walls. Deseret Routes 80 and 84 are cleared and maintained, with checkpoints at the border. One peculiarity of Junkyard's territory is the Amnesty Zone. No one can be arrested or attacked for crimes committed outside the city's borders, which encourages peaceful trade with the many gangs that bring trade to the Iron Oasis.

Lost Vegas

Nearby, Las Vegas (sometimes Lost Vegas) is home to one of the main threats to the Iron Alliance—Silas Rasmussen's Mutant Kingdom. While the "Mutant King" may not be as popular as he was before the appearance of the Harbinger, a cornered radrat is the most dangerous, and Silas feels mighty cornered these days.

There are roughly 10,000 mutants in Las Vegas now, which is about half what there was before the Harvest. A few thousand

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have sought out Joan, but massive numbers of the genetically altered were slain in the battle. The city is patrolled by Silas' private guards. These include armed mutants and usually a Doomsayer. At the ruins of the Luxor, where Silas holds court, he is attended by a number of Doombringers he frequently sends out on some terrible mission or another.

THE GREAT MAZE

NorCal, SoCal, The City of Lost Angels

In 1868, California suffered a "Great Quake" that shattered most of the coast into a maze of flooded sea canyons. Ghost rock was discovered there soon after and it became a booming labyrinth of greed and death.

The Maze is much like it was 200 years ago. Towns once connected with civilization by phones, TV, and satellites now sit isolated. Many boomtowns still survive around active ghost rock mines, and a ragtag collection of ships transports the ore from the towns to buyers on the mainland. Most of it goes to survivor towns around the West, which need the fuel for power. The rest goes to the few towns that know how to make spook juice as fuel for cars, like Junkyard.

The Great Maze is home to many Asian communities. A long time ago, a Chinese warlord named Kang established a criminal empire the likes of which the world had never seen. He founded the three cities of Dragon's Breath, Lion's Roar, and Bear's Claw and filled them with immigrants from throughout Asia. This Oriental blend embraced everything from ninjas to samurai to kung fu masters and more, and eventually melded into a culture all its own.

Lost Angels

The old City of Lost Angels lies underwater with only the remains of the Rock Island Prison above water. The people who live on the outskirts of this sunken ruin call their town Perdition, and most make a living scavenging the underwater remains, often selling reputed relics of the old Church.

Actually, there are *two* sunken cities. The first City of Lost Angels was demolished in a massive flood in 1880 (for the full details, see *Deadlands: The Flood*). That wiped out what some say was a church and others say was a cannibal cult under Reverend Ezekiah Grimme.

A few years later, survivors of the congregation rebuilt parts of the city on what land remained. The church-going types were plagued by the surrounding "heathens," however, and eventually built a massive wall of pure obsidian around the inner city. At some point, they formally declared their independence as "the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels," much like the Vatican.

The surrounding settlement, Perdition, became a quasi-independent protectorate, but was more like a bastard step-child of the church than an incorporated town. Crime and bizarre occult happenings plagued the area right up until the bombs were dropped.

Perdition was leveled, but the inner city survived intact. Some say the walls—or perhaps the Almighty—even deflected some of the bombs outward (like onto the still-burning town of Purgatory). That didn't last long though, because Famine herself attacked the fortress with legions of Faminites and other horrors. The Reckoner finally breached the walls and all appeared lost when a mighty beam of light and energy struck down from the Heavens. The city was rubble into the ocean once again. Famine survived, but lost her undead steed and most all of her army. She staggered up out of the foaming brine, headed east, and was not seen again until the Harvest.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Idaho, Oregon, Washington

Following Judgment Day, volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, and tsunamis occurred all over the world. In the Northwest, Mount St. Helens and Mt. Rainier erupted. The eruptions lasted for the better part of six months—covering Washington, Oregon, and Idaho in a layer of choking gray ash. Go into a ruin or anywhere else the near-constant rain doesn't reach and you'll still see piles of the stuff. After the

eruptions, things went back to semi-normal. It rains three-quarters of the year west of the Cascade Range. Idaho is a bit drier, but since it doesn't get the warm Pacific winds it gets colder and has a lot more snow in the winter. Make sure to scavenge both a solid raincoat and a heavy winter coat when traveling this part of the country.

Survivor settlements in the Northwest are few and far between. The severe winters since the end of the war seem to have been especially vicious in this area. Many of the roads have been heavily damaged by frost and are nearly impassable.

Of course, Idaho is the home of the Templars, as detailed earlier. Portland has a survivor settlement based at a replica medieval Japanese fortress and only welcomes those of Asian extraction. Recently they launched a war of expansion into the Willamette Valley that has been surprisingly successful. Seattle has a number of strange sites that are better left undisturbed, although an enterprising aviator has set up a one-man airline for those looking for quick transportation.

THE HIGH PLAINS

Colorado, Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming

The High Plains cover a lot of territory. Mostly, they're covered in tall grass, low hills, and shallow gullies. A few areas are much more dramatic, like the Badlands or Yellowstone, but most of the High Plains are fairly flat. Sometimes they're called the Irradiated Plains because the fallout just keeps blowing around the flat prairies. Rain washes it down one day, then a week of hot sun dries it out for the constant breeze to kick back into the air. A wise traveler keeps a scarf over his mouth when crossing the plains. That keeps the worst of the fallout from getting in your lungs and might add a few more minutes to your life.

The eastern part of this region also has a lot of undead who crossed the river when Raven made his move at the end of the Harvest. If you stop to pick up hitchhikers, make sure they've got a pulse.

Splashed like a bloodstain across any map of this region is the area dominated by the Combine. Black Hats roam the High Plains demanding tribute from whatever settlements they can bully. Unfortunately for them, the losses suffered in the Harvest and the Battle of Worms haven't been made up for, so most Black Hat patrols are on their own with little chance of backup from heavier hitters like automatons and airborne raptors.

Groups of Combine slavers, called Chain Dogs, have been scouring the area since the Harvest looking for those with any kind of mundane technological know-how and "recruiting" them for the Combine's cause.

Those traveling through Montana will find survivors insular and xenophobic. Most belonged to anti-government groups before the Big Bang, and some fear wanderers are really spies for a New World Order government coming to assimilate them. For those looking for a more welcoming community with a bit of retail opportunities, check out the Mall of America outside the ruins of St. Paul. As long as you've got money, you can find just about anything you could want there.

LOWER MISSISSIPPI AND DELTA

Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri

The Mighty Miss flooded her banks sometime after the Apocalypse, and it's still flooded today. It's about 12 feet higher than it used to be and can get much worse during a good rain. That caused the Mississippi to shift its course, overrunning the levees and turning most of lower Louisiana into a vast, stinking swamp.

As if that isn't bad enough, during the Harvest the hordes of undead crossed the river following Raven to his battle with the Reckoners. While most went through Missouri like a swarm of army ants and on into Kansas, a general surge came across all along the river from Arkansas north to Iowa. Most moved on to points west, but Arkansas and Missouri are still crawling with all sorts of undead monstrosities.

Most of the cities along the river are drowned ruins these days. A survivor settlement clings to the ruins of Baton

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Rouge and a few crazies live in and around New Orleans, but most people to be found along the river are Cajuns who live in the trackless swamps that stretch for miles away from the river's edges. The easiest way to get around is by water, but travelers should be heavily armed to fend off both river pirates as well as the monsters that lurk below the murky, sluggishly moving surface.

THE WILD SOUTHWEST

Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas

The Southwest is just as hot and arid as you think it is. Probably worse.

One thing that surprises most folks, however, is how many different types of terrain there are in this area. You've got rocky canyons and narrow passes in New Mexico and Arizona, rolling hills and flat plains in Texas, and a vast, brushy expanse in Oklahoma. About the only thing all four states have in common is their dry heat. Here's a bit about the things you'll find in this mixed environment.

The Southwest rivals the Great Maze for the most road gangs. The reason for this is clear: the oil fields in Texas and Oklahoma draw just as many road monsters as the ghost rock mines of the Great Maze. By the early 21st century the oil industry got a major boost by legislation that was passed to lessen the effects of ghost rock emissions on Global Worming. Yup, Worming. This was a theory that the by-products from burning ghost rock were actually responsible for the increasing numbers of Mojave rattlers and their related species that seemed to be appearing around the world.

The use of oil to replace ghost rock was one way to lessen its effects, and the Confederacy's government went big into this alternative energy source both to reduce the worm population and also to boost jobs in the economic depression of 2010-2015. Most of the drilling sites and production facilities were badly damaged during the war by air strikes and cruise missile attacks, but determined oil company engineers were able to keep some sites open and the oil

flowing. Today the various fuel towns, as they are known, send their products as far as the Great Maze in heavily armed convoys.

THE INDIAN NATIONS

Before the Last War, two large political entities emerged from the First Civil War to stake a claim to territory for the original inhabitants of North America. In the Dakotas the Sioux took advantage of the Union's distraction with their rebellious neighbors to the South and booted the white man out of their territory. In Oklahoma's "Indian Territory" a coalition of Cherokee, Comanche, Creek, Seminole, Kiowa, Chickasaw, and Choctaw Indians saw the success of the Sioux and, longing for a similar degree of independence, decided to follow suit. This proud group of tribes formed themselves into a new nation, called the Coyote Confederation, and was led by an enigmatic figure known only as "Coyote."

THE SIOUX NATIONS

The Dakotas

Many Sioux had been preaching a return to the "Old Ways" since the Reckoning began, way back in the 19th Century. This movement basically requires all members of the Sioux Nations to use only natural tools, weapons, clothes, transportation, and so on. Using any sort of mass produced item, riding trains (and later cars), or drinking whiskey is taboo to these folks.

To enforce the Old Ways, and level the playing field with the white man, hundreds of medicine men gathered to perform a massive ritual over the course of a week. The Great Summoning was a success. With a great peal of thunder, a mighty earthquake, and a great gust of wind across the plains, the white man's technology no longer functioned within the borders of the Sioux Nations (see *Deadlands: The Last Sons*).

With the nature spirits' help, the Sioux were able to carve out a sovereign nation that covered most of the Dakota Territory, along with parts of Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska, where they lived as their ancestors had lived right up to and beyond Judgment Day. In the two centuries since

the formation of the Sioux Nations, the various tribes have intermarried so much that they now consider themselves only a single tribe—the Lakota.

The Sioux fared well during the Last War. They didn't get invaded, and nobody nuked them. Even their huge buffalo herds managed to escape the livestock plagues that wiped out so many cattle and cows. Big medicine. But then War headed into the Dakotas after he finished razing Kansas. The Old Wayers met him with bows, arrows, and tomahawks. In the ensuing battles, the Sioux were reduced to a few dozen small villages scattered across the Dakota wasteland, but they were still better off than most folks in the Wasted West.

Thirteen years later, the Sioux were more or less untouched by the worst of the Harvest as Raven's march west from the Mississippi took him quite a ways south of the Dakota territories.

These days most Sioux live roughly the same lifestyle they did 200 years ago. The population of the Sioux Nations is much smaller than it was just before the war. No one has taken an exact count, but the Lakota today number no more than 10,000. Of the seven major clans that existed before the war only four remain: the Hunkpapa, Oglala, Burnt Thigh, and Minneconjou. The Sihasapa, Itazipacola, and Oohenupa clans were wiped out in the struggle to defeat War. The few survivors of these clans were adopted into the others. The clans normally break up into hunting parties of 30 families or so during the summer. They lead a nomadic existence across the plains, hunting buffalo and finding good grazing for their horses.

The Ravenites and Deadwood

One of the terms of the treaty that outlined the borders of the Sioux nation in the 1800s was the foundation of Deadwood. This was an American city in the heart of Sioux territory, with only one rail line in and out. A lot of Sioux didn't much like the idea, but Deadwood was already founded by the time the treaty signing rolled around and the concession spared a lot of bloodshed.

Unlike some folks, the Sioux actually honored their treaty. Deadwood was spared the effects of the Great Summoning, as was the Iron Dragon rail line that carried folks to and from the treaty city. Over the years, Sioux who became disillusioned with the Old Ways found their way or were banished to Deadwood, giving it a large Indian population who were referred to as Ravenites.

Eventually, all mining of the Black Hills was turned over to the Ravenites, and the banished Sioux ruled the roost in Deadwood. They used their riches to buy up property in the treaty city, where they started all kinds of businesses, including casinos, arms factories, and ghost rock refineries.

The Ravenites were living high on the hog when Raven himself showed up just before Judgment Day. For whatever reason, Raven was pretty pissed at the people of Deadwood. He waded on in a few days before the bombs fell and laid waste to the place. Some folks think he was looking for something, but he didn't seem too concerned about blowing up anything he came across. The survivors fled into the wilderness, and a few days after the destruction ended, the world ended. Today Deadwood is a jumble of high rise ruins, but the old arms factories might contain treasure troves of firepower for those brave enough to enter.

THE COYOTE WASTELAND

Parts of Oklahoma (The former Coyote Confederation)

The Sioux Nations weren't the only sovereign territory the Indians carved out back in the 19th Century. The Coyote Confederation included most of the area of Oklahoma, the region once called Indian Territory. The Union didn't really recognize the place, but that didn't matter much since the Confederacy did.

Unfortunately, the tribes of the Coyote Confederation weren't as keen on the Old Ways as the Sioux. A few tribes hewed to the wishes of the spirits, but many ignored them.

Eventually, the Coyote tribes tried a Great Summoning of their own but something went terribly wrong. Thousands of Indians

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were killed and the land was irreparably damaged in an event later called the Great Wasting.

Things went from bad to worse after that. The Confederacy stepped in pretty quickly, ostensibly in the name of humanitarian aid. They helped out for a while, but part of the deal was the Coyote Confederation had to join the Confederacy as a subject nation in exchange for this aid, and they didn't get the benefit of representation in the Confederate government.

It wasn't long before life in the Coyote Confederation was even worse than on the reservations farther west. Poverty was widespread, and despite the efforts of a few ecological organizations, the effects of the Great Wasting never really got cleaned up. Worse, the Confederacy started using Coyote lands as a dumping ground for its ecological excesses. It was the ideal place for the rebel

nation to build its nuclear weapons facilities with no one in government to object to the nasty nuclear waste produced. This area soon became known as the Coyote Wasteland.

After Judgment Day, it's a thousand times worse than it was before the war. With all the nuclear facilities there, it was a popular target for Union city busters. The excessive radiation, combined with the environmental corruption from before the Apocalypse, makes the wastelands of the former Coyote Confederation completely hostile to human life. The area is ruled by savage tribes of Indians and corrupt toxic shamans tainted by the supernatural energies that bathe the area in evil. Monstrous mutants roam the area, looking for human meat. Even the forces of Silas are not welcome here in this bizarre mutant kingdom.





MAKIN' HEROES

Making characters for *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* is as easy as creating characters for any *Savage Worlds* game. Perhaps the hardest part is figuring out what kind of character to play. Once you do that, actually filling out your character sheet is a breeze.

Below are a number of common character types found in the Wasted West.

Adventurer: You have no real profession, at least not anymore. You simply wander the Wasted West looking for something better. You might have been a waitress or a lawyer, but whatever your trade, you find little call for it these days. You weren't the heroic type before the war, and may not have stepped up to the plate since. Sooner or later, though, Fate's gonna come knocking at your door.

Doomsayer: Most Doomsayers are evil right down to their irradiated hearts, but your hero is one of those who rebelled against the "Cult of Doom." All Doomsayers believe norms are doomed in this brave, new, radioactive world, but the Cult of Doom slaughters them by the hundreds to hurry things along. Heroic Doomsayers are members of a splinter faction led by Joan the Heretic. You still believe norms are doomed, but don't need to be hurried along on the path of extinction.

Gunslinger: You sell your guns to the highest bidder or those in need, depending on your personal code. Duels are still fairly common in the lawless lands of the Wasted West, so you're either quick or dead. The way things are these days, you just might be both.

Indian Brave: The shamans of the Native American "Old Ways" movement long ago foretold that technology was leading humanity to a bitter fall. Entire nations of Indians threw aside technology in favor of the ways of their ancestors, and were more prepared for Judgment Day than anyone else in the Wasted West. You rely on the tools of your ancient ancestors to battle the horrors of the Wasted West.

Junker: You wander the wastelands collecting junk with which to build your incredible gadgets. Some claim the inspiration for your infernal gizmos comes from the evil spirits responsible for bringing about the Apocalypse.

Law Dog: You've taken a solemn oath to return law and order to the Wasted West. You have no real authority other than that which you can exert with your six-gun and your will. Your enemies are many and the rewards are few, but someone must bring justice to the Wasted West.

Librarian: While some folks burn books just to keep warm at night, you dedicate your life to preserving knowledge that few others care about. You're convinced that man will someday need these secrets to rebuild all that was lost on Judgment Day.

Postman: Some folks would give just about anything to get a letter to Aunt Ethel down in Texas, but you only charge a fistful of bullets or a few milrats. There's not much left of civilization, but thanks to you the mail still gets through.

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Ravenite: You're an American Indian but you laughed at the "Old Ways." You embraced technology and became rich before the Big Bang, selling ghost rock from the once-sacred Black Hills of the Dakotas. Now you're a well-armed wanderer, forced to flee when Deadwood was destroyed by Raven himself. Some Ravenites refuse to acknowledge their part in the Apocalypse; others seek retribution against those who led them astray.

Road Warrior: You're always chasing the next tank of spook juice and one more sunrise. You often help towns plagued by highway marauders in exchange for goods, fuel, or ghost rock. The odds are often overwhelming, so most road warriors outfit their rigs with salvaged armor and heavy guns.

Savage: You have little or no memory of the world before the bombs. You might be part of a community where the elders

are reviled for destroying the world, or maybe you're an idealistic youth looking to become a great hero and perhaps discover a little of the old world you never knew.

Scavenger: You are one of the few brave enough to enter the blasted cities in the search for salvage. You brave ghost rock storms, irradiated battlefields, and the creatures of the Deadlands in your quest for the treasures left behind after the Last War. Most scavengers meet violent ends, but you plan to be one of the lucky few who become wealthy traders.

Soldier: Not everyone who wore a uniform was killed during the Last War. You survived because you were a deserter or coward, or perhaps because fate made you the sole survivor of a unit annihilated in the final days before the bombs. Now you wander the wastes, offering your grim services to those who feed you—or pay you enough bullets for the next fight.

Syker: You're a former soldier with incredible mental powers. You learned your amazing trade in government academies where you were made into a commando, spy, and assassin. In the years before the Apocalypse, you may have been deployed to the alien world of Banshee, or into the meat grinder of the Last War. At first, your specialized skills were used as intended, but you were later thrown into the front lines as the war expanded and generals became desperate. Now you're a wanderer, distrusted thanks to your mighty mental powers, and easily recognizable due to your complete lack of hair.

Tale Teller: Humanity cannot survive without hope. You join with other heroes to defeat the many evils of the Wasted West, and then make sure the locals hear tell of the victory. Some tale tellers are not so noble, instead performing only for a simple meal and a warm bed.

Templar: You travel the Wasted West searching for communities and individuals worthy of your aid, but you turn away from those who do not live up to your ideals. You travel in disguise to better judge local populations. Once revealed, you are a noble figure adorned with a white tabard emblazoned with a red Maltese cross.

Toxic Shaman: Called a spook because of the spook juice you drink, you draw power from the warped nature spirits that arose from the toxins and pollution that blight the land. You travel the Wastes, fighting evil and healing (or harming) the land.

Trader: You discovered, earned, or stole great treasures to barter with others. You now travel the Wasted West seeking new markets for your goods, and a lead on your next big score.

MAKING CHARACTERS

Once you've decided on a concept for your waster, it's time to figure out his statistics. You'll find a character sheet designed specifically for this setting both in the back of this book and at our website at www.peginc.com.

RACE

Humans are the only race allowed in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*. The good news is they get their free starting Edge as usual. You can choose any ethnicity you like. As in our own world, America was a melting pot of different cultures before Judgment Day. Further, The Last War involved forces from all over the world. A lot of the worst fighting went down in North America and left military units from every major nation stranded here when the world ended.

TRAITS

Next you assign your hero's attributes and skills. Your character begins play with a d4 in each of his five attributes: Agility, Smarts, Spirit, Strength, and Vigor. You have 5 points to distribute among these attributes as you choose. Raising an attribute by a die type costs 1 point, and you may not raise an attribute above d12.

After attributes, you have 15 points to buy your skills. Raising a skill by a die type costs 1 point, as long as it's no higher than the attribute it's linked to. It costs 2 points per die type to raise a skill above its linked attribute. Like attributes, skills cannot be raised above d12.

The following skills are available in *Hell on Earth Reloaded*:

SKILLS

Skill	Linked Attribute
Boating	Agility
Climbing	Strength
Driving	Agility
Faith	Spirit
Fighting	Agility
Gambling	Smarts
Healing	Smarts
Intimidation	Spirit
Investigation	Smarts
Knowledge	Smarts
Lockpicking	Agility
Notice	Smarts
Persuasion	Spirit
Piloting	Agility
Psionics	Smarts
Repair	Smarts
Riding	Agility
Shooting	Agility
Stealth	Agility
Streetwise	Smarts
Survival	Smarts
Swimming	Agility
Taunt	Smarts
Throwing	Agility
Tracking	Smarts
Weird Science	Smarts

LANGUAGES

Most folks in the Americas, regardless of where they hail from originally, have gone out of their way to learn the language of the land. That's English, waster.

SECONDARY STATISTICS

- **Charisma** is a measure of your hero's likability, and is added to Persuasion and Streetwise rolls. Your Charisma modifier is +0, unless changed by Edges or Hindrances.
- **Pace** is equal to 6".
- **Parry** is equal to 2 plus half your Fighting die.
- **Toughness** is equal to 2 plus half your Vigor die.

HELL ON EARTH

HINDRANCES

Now decide if you want Hindrances. If so, you may use those points to gain any of the benefits below. You may take one Major Hindrance (worth 2 points) and two Minor Hindrances (worth 1 point each). You may take additional Hindrances beyond this, but you do not gain points for them.

For 2 Hindrance points you can:

- Raise an attribute one die type, or
- Choose an Edge

For 1 Hindrance point you can:

- Gain another skill point, or
- Gain an additional \$250

GEAR

Each hero starts with the clothes on his back and \$250. Once you've purchased your initial equipment, your remaining cash is converted to trade goods for bartering (see Currency on page 41 for more information). You'll want to spend some of that on weapons, ammunition, and whatever equipment you want. You'll find a complete list starting on page 42.

BACKGROUND

Finish up by filling out your hero's background. Think about where he came from, where he was when the bombs dropped, and how he got where he is now. Consider his hopes and dreams, friends and foes, and any traits he might have.

You should also decide if your hero was born before Judgment Day. The bombs dropped on September 23rd, 2081. The massive battle called the Harvest occurred in 2096, and it's now summer of 2097. To remember the world before the bombs, your hero is probably 23 years old or older.

It's been 16 years for most since there were fast food restaurants, electricity, showers, and the ability to not believe in monsters.

WORST NIGHTMARE

It's relatively common knowledge now that certain really tough individuals come back from the dead as "Harrowed." The

Marshal will tell you more about that if your hero kicks the bucket, but just in case, think a bit about what his worst nightmare would be. It'll be important.

NEW HINDRANCES

All of the Hindrances listed in *Savage Worlds* are available in *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*, with the exception of Anemic, which is replaced by Ailin'. In addition, the following new Hindrances are available.

Ailin' (Minor or Major)

Brainers with this Hindrance likely have a cold grave in the near future. An ailin' character suffers a -1 penalty to all Fatigue checks, such as resisting radiation and disease (see **Hazards** in *Savage Worlds*). As a Major Hindrance, the penalty is -2 and is often radiation poisoning called "the glows."

Grim Servant o' Death (Major)

Your hero's a killer. His family's probably pushing daisies, his enemies are wormling food, and even a few friends have holes in 'em the same size as his own shootin' iron.

Only Wild Cards can take this Hindrance.

The good news is your hombre adds +1 to every single damage roll he ever makes, whether it's from Fighting, Shooting, arcane skills, Throwing things at people in a most inhospitable manner, or anything else.

The downside is that your hero winds up in the local survivor settlement's jail or on the run a lot. And there's worse. Any attack roll that comes up a 1 on the skill die automatically hits the nearest friendly character in sight. Player characters are always first choice, but an allied NPC will do in a pinch. A Benny may be spent to change the roll, but a Benny spent is a Benny burned, as they say.

Even hand-to-hand attacks hit allies when that nasty 1 comes up. This may require a little imagination, but either the weapon flies out of the hero's hand and strikes his friend, or the killer moves adjacent to his compadre and "accidentally" whacks him.

In either case, if the hero rolls snake eyes, he damages his ally as if he rolled a raise.

Heavy Sleeper (Minor)

Not even Judgment Day could wake this Dozing Doolie. Your hero subtracts 4 from Notice rolls made to wake up, as well as Spirit and Vigor rolls made to stay awake.

lyin' Eyes (Minor)

Lies just don't come naturally to this brainer. That sounds good, but often causes problems when dealing with more nefarious types. Subtract 4 from any Persuasion rolls where lies—even little white ones—must be told.

Mutant (Major/ Minor)

Somewhere along the line, your waster came down with a bad case of the glows and gained a mutation for his troubles. As a Minor Hindrance, draw one card off the Action Deck to determine the mutation (your Marshal has the skinny on the results on page 95). As a Major Hindrance, your survivor has likely picked up a more nasty mutation. Draw three cards off the Action Deck to determine the mutation and keep the lowest (Doomsayers take the lowest of two cards).

Whatever the case, the mutation is difficult to hide, and some folks out there don't look too kindly on mutants. Your hero suffers a -2 Charisma penalty when dealing with these narrow-minded norms.

Night Terrors (Major)

Your hombre doesn't sleep well. In fact, the Land of Nod is a constant nightmare for him. He tosses and turns like a demon on a rack, and likely keeps everyone within a dozen yards of him awake with his nightly torment. Each night, your hero must make a Spirit roll or suffer a level of Fatigue, which he regains the next time he beds down.

If the Marshal skips over long periods of time, such as during a trip, roll once instead of each night that would have passed.

Rad Intolerant (Major)

Radiation affects your waster more than most. He suffers a -2 penalty when resisting radiation (see *Savage Worlds*, **Hazards**).

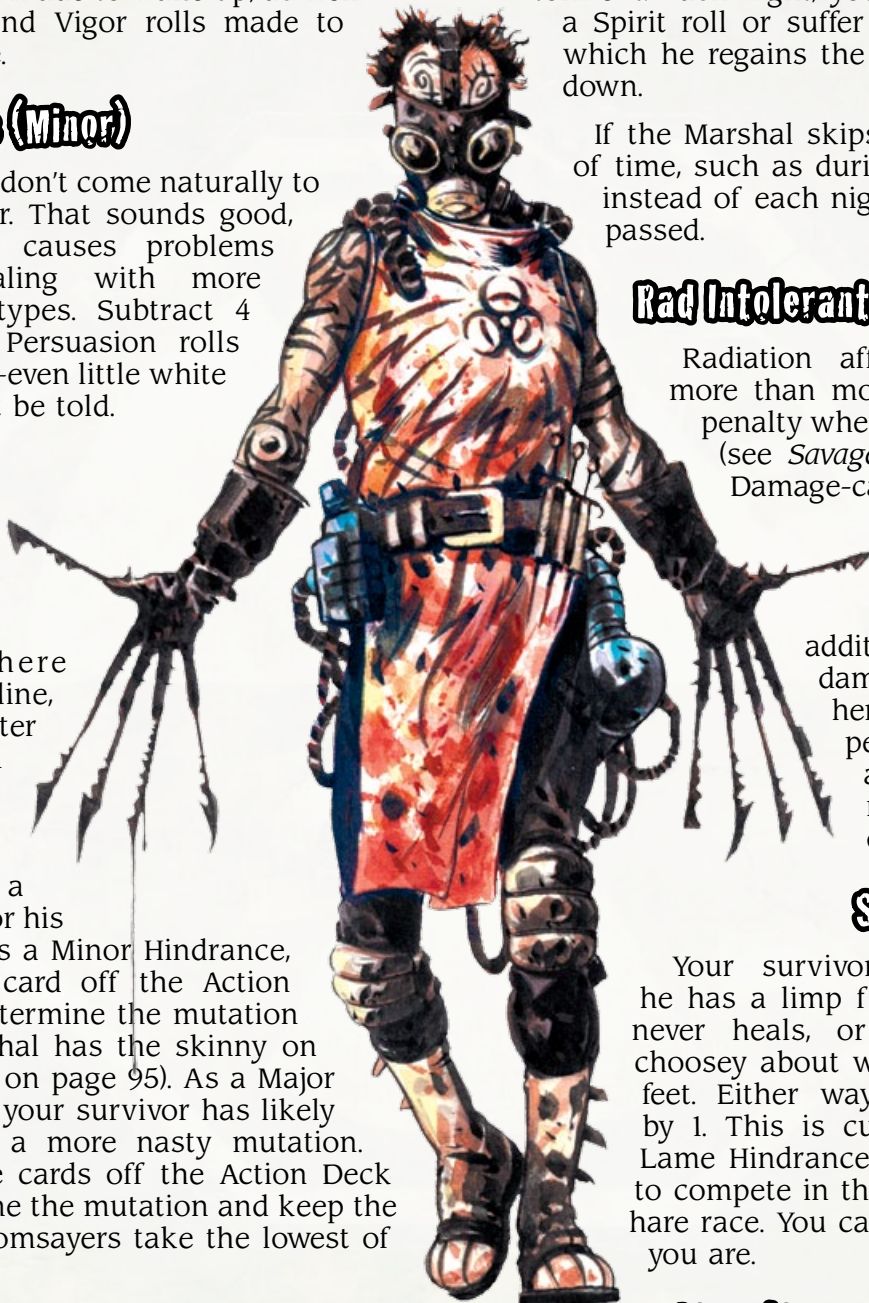
Damage-causing spells of the Doomsayers or other creatures of radioactive origin cause an additional 2 points of damage as well. The hero suffers both penalties against a power that is resisted and causes damage.

Slowpoke (Minor)

Your survivor is slow. Maybe he has a limp from an injury that never heals, or maybe he's just choosy about where he places his feet. Either way, reduce his Pace by 1. This is cumulative with the Lame Hindrance if you *really* want to compete in the next tortoise and hare race. You can guess which one you are.

Thin-Skinned (Major)

Every little ol' cut and scrape makes your waster whine for mama. As long as he has at least one wound, he suffers an additional -1 penalty to all his actions (so a hero with two wounds suffers a -3, for example).



HELL ON EARTH

NEW EDGES

The following Edges aren't used in *Hell on Earth Reloaded*: Any type of Arcane Background not listed in this book (nor any Edge requiring them) and Noble.

BACKGROUND EDGES

Background Edges can be picked up during play (remember that your hero can only have one Arcane Background, though).

Arcane Backgrounds

Characters may only take the Arcane Background Edge once (regardless of the type chosen), and he may only choose from those detailed in No Man's Land (page 69). Listed below is what most people know about each type of Arcane Background and enough information to decide if you're interested in reading more.

- **Doomsayers:** These mutant radiation-priests channel supernatural energy from the after-effects of ghost rock and nuclear bombs.
- **Junkers:** Mad scientists who scavenge old technology to make magical and infernal devices.
- **Syker:** Psionics trained in mastering mental energy and transforming it into incredible power.
- **Templars:** While some see these adepts as heroes, others see them as selfish and distant. Templars are strong and noble souls, but help only those they find deserving.
- **Toxic Shamans:** Spiritualists who have learned to communicate with new and mutated spirits that have arisen in the ruined world.

Operation Damocles Soldier

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Fighting d6+, Shooting d8+, Survival d6+, Throwing d6+, Marshal's approval

Operation Damocles was to be the US insurance policy in the event of a general nuclear exchange between the North and

South. Select Special Forces soldiers were cryogenically frozen and placed in storage vaults throughout the US along with their equipment. In the event of such a disaster, their mission would be two-fold: defeat any would-be warlords and help the survivors rebuild their communities.

A character with the Operation Damocles Edge has just woken up to find himself in a strange new world. Maybe his freeze tube malfunctioned, or maybe a wandering road gang found his Vault and looted it, leaving him for dead. Maybe a computer glitch activated the thawing process.

Operation Damocles soldiers start the game with +20 Experience Points and typically have four extra Advances. In addition to whatever Hindrances the character has of his own, he also has a Major Vow to restore civilization and the US, in that order. Those chosen for this program will give their lives for that cause. They don't have to be idealistic, but they are definitely driven.

These soldiers can never take the Arcane Background, Harrowed, Rad Resistant, or Veteran o' the Wasted West Edges.

Rad Resistant

Requirements: Novice, Vigor d6+

Your brainer could eat rads for breakfast. He gains +4 on Vigor rolls to resist Fatigue from radiation. Rad Resistant provides no benefit versus targeted or damaging effects.

Veteran o' the Wasted West

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Spirit d6+, Knowledge (Occult) d6+

Veterans o' the Wasted West start the game with +20 Experience Points and typically have four extra Advances.

There's a price, though. If you take this Edge, draw a single card from the Action Deck and show it to your Marshal. He'll check the table on page 96 to see just what kind of bad luck your hombre wandered into. If you draw a Joker, keep drawing until you get a red or black card and tell your Marshal which you got. If your deck has red and black Jokers, just use that instead.

Beware, because the results can be quite extreme—from serious maiming to insanity. Your Marshal has the details. You've been warned, tough guy.

Wheels

Requirements: Novice, Repair d6+, Rich

Your survivor has managed to scrounge up a vehicle of some sort. Even better, he's managed to keep it in working order! Whether he traded for it, fixed up a wreck abandoned on the highway, or took the keys of some no-good road ganger, he managed to snag himself some wheels.

You have \$5,000 to build a sweet ride (this includes any accessories you might want to tack on, as well as fuel). This gives you more than the usual points for additional starting funds, but also comes with the downside of owning a vehicle in a world without gas stations and repair shops.

First, your cruiser has to find gas or spook juice to keep it running. Second, many highways are clogged with wrecked and abandoned vehicles. Even clear roadways are a hazard as busted-up asphalt and debris-strewn streets tend to tear up a suspension. On the plus side, he'll never have to deal with the DMV. Maybe Judgment Day wasn't so bad, after all.

See Vehicles starting on page 56 to build your baby and for how the wear and tear of the Wasted West affects your new set of wheels.

COMBAT EDGES

Don't Get 'im Riled!

Requirements: Wild Card, Seasoned, Spirit d8+

Your hero adds his wound levels to both his Fighting rolls and the damage he causes from them. A hero with 3 wounds, for instance, adds +3 to his Fighting and Fighting damage rolls.

Kung Fu

Requirements: Novice, Martial Artist, Fighting d8+, Spirit d8+

Those who truly dedicate themselves to the martial arts often adapt very specific styles and specialties. Rather than list the hundreds of different styles such as Mantis or Drunken or Shaolin Temple, we've broken them down into general categories you can customize and describe for yourself.

A warrior may know multiple styles by taking this Edge additional times, though no specialty may be taken more than once. Combined with standard combat Edges such as First Strike and Frenzy, Kung Fu warriors can be phenomenal fighters.

- **Confusion:** This style emphasizes distraction, feints, or keeping a foe off-balance. The martial artist can make a Smarts trick and a Fighting attack with no multi-action penalty.



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- **Focus:** The martial artist focuses his mind to rule out all other distractions, increasing his accuracy over long distances. He halves range penalties for all Shooting or Throwing attacks (-1 at Medium and -2 at Long).
- **Defensive:** The martial artist moves in strange ways or perhaps senses where his opponent is about to strike. She gains an additional +2 to Parry when using the Full Defense maneuver (+4 total), and ranged attacks suffer a -2 to hit her when using the maneuver as well.
- **Power:** The martial artist considers his Strength to be two die types higher for Fighting attacks, whether attacking bare-handed or with melee weapons. This increases damage and counts toward the minimum Strength for using a weapon.
- **Precision:** The attacker looks for weak spots, pressure points, or other openings to increase the effectiveness of his strikes. This counts as +2 AP to all Fighting attacks. With a raise on a Fighting attack, the martial artist does +1d8 damage instead of +1d6.
- **Resilient:** This fighter has mastered mind over matter. He gains the Hardy monstrous ability (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Speed:** The warrior draws an extra Action Card for initiative. This stacks with Level Headed and Improved Level Headed.
- **Toughness:** Those who practice this style have learned to train their bodies and minds to ignore their body's pain. This grants them +1 to Toughness and Vigor rolls made to soak damage.
- **Trickery:** The martial artist adds +2 to in-combat Taunt rolls and Agility tricks.

PROFESSIONAL EDGES

Guts

Requirements: Veteran, Spirit d6+

Given time, a person can become jaded to even Hell on Earth. This character halves the Fear Level penalty (round down) when making Fear checks.

Law Dog

Requirements: Novice, Knowledge (Law) d6+, Shooting d6+, Intimidate d8+, Survival d6+, Major Vow (bring law to the Wastes)

"Law Dogs" is the name given to those who try to bring justice to the Wasted West. Some were actual local or state law enforcement personnel, a few might have been at the federal level, some might have even been Texas Rangers or US Agents (although most of these heroes died off in the Last War or the days that followed).

Whatever their history, they all seek to protect and serve those eking out a living in the Wastes. All carry badges of some sort, giving them authority over those who respect the law (and +2 Charisma). Exactly what this means depends on the situation, but most survivor settlements are happy to embrace an impartial, traveling Law Dog as judge, arbiter, and peace officer if there are problems.

The downside is that Law Dogs have vowed to protect and serve. Unlike Templars, they tend to help everyone they can.

Librarian

Requirements: Novice, Smarts d8+, Knowledge (Any) d8+, Notice d8+, Cannot be Illiterate

This person has joined the Librarians, an order dedicated to the preservation of the knowledge gained before the Apocalypse. He has gone through his initial training and has been sent into the Wastes to rescue information.

Librarians receive a free palmcorder when they join the Order to collect data. Librarian palmcorders store data on ghost steel versions of data slugs. Each is about the size of an AA battery and can store more information than a large library. If lost, ghost steel slugs cost \$10 to replace.

Librarians are expected to assist each other in acquiring data and to do whatever is required to recover lost information. Effectively, in addition to any other Hindrances, they also have the Major Vow (gather and restore knowledge).

MAKIN' HEROES

The training of a Librarian grants them the Investigator Edge for free. Additionally, their goal of preserving information also gives them a +2 Charisma when dealing with any intellectual or scientific people.

Their mission of recovering books gives them a unique opportunity when scavenging (page 66). Whenever the character draws an Ace, they can choose to trade the listed result for discovering some book on the Librarians' want list instead. They're rewarded with a Benny immediately and get 2d6 x \$100 on arrival back at the Grand Library with the volume (along with the accolades of their superiors).

All Librarians also have free access to the Grand Library in Sacramento, CA. Research performed there can find just about any information with a successful Investigation roll. The Marshal has more information on this (page 119).

Scavenger

Requirements: Novice, Notice d8+

Scavengers are those brave (or foolish) souls who enter the remnants of the ruined cities of the Wasted West searching for vital supplies—and the occasional luxury item. Skill in picking over the detritus of a devastated town is a prized ability in these difficult times.

Scavengers get a +2 to Notice rolls when scavenging. Additionally, if successful, they double the normal results, gaining \$2d6 x2 on a success or drawing two cards on a raise (see page 66).

Tale Teller

Requirements: Novice, Persuasion d8+, Charisma +1 or higher

A good storyteller not only entertains, he gives hope and comfort as well. The survivors of the Last War can use all the hope and comfort they can find.

When making a Persuasion roll to tell the tale of your posse's exploits and reduce the Fear Level, add +2 to your total. Further, where most tale tellers bungle the story when they roll a 1 on the skill die, you do so only on snake eyes.

Anytime a Tale Teller lowers the Fear Level, he automatically gains a Benny.

WEIRD EDGES

Harrowed

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Spirit d6+

Harrowed may only be selected at character creation.

Some wasters are just too tough to die, so they come back from the grave. The price is an eternal battle for their own soul with the demonic "manitous" that provide their incredible toughness and power.

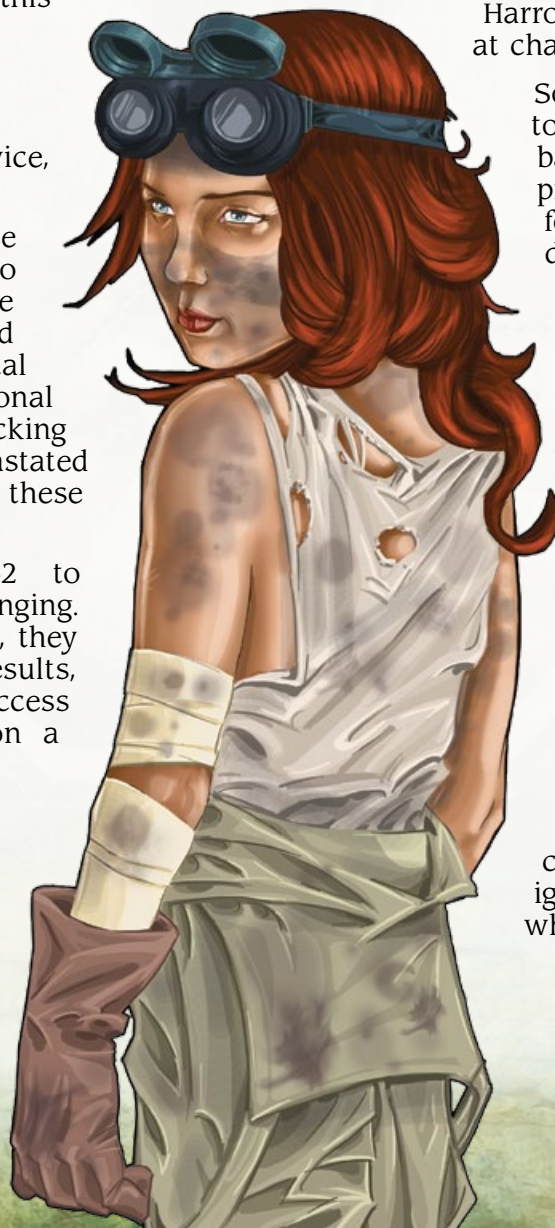
If your character has been reborn into this unlife, be sure to read the Harrowed details (page 72) in No Man's Land.

LEGENDARY EDGES

Grit

Requirements: Legendary, Brave, Guts, Spirit d8+

What you call Hell, he calls home. This character ignores Fear Level penalties when making Fear Checks.





EQUIPMENT

Only a fool or a madman ventures out into the wilds of the Wasted West without proper survival gear. Of course, the problem in a ruined world is that hardly anything works right. First you have to find what you want, then make sure it's got all its parts, isn't full of mud, and isn't going to fall apart the first time you bank it off some wormling's skull.

Equipment on the gear list is considered to be in good condition. Some other bozo has already cleaned it up, taped it together, and used it enough to know it probably isn't going to blow up.

CURRENCY

There's no standard currency in the Wasted West. Assume "dollars" are trinkets, small food items, bullets, bits of jewelry, a squirt or two of toothpaste, matches, and the like.

In general, think of these as currency and nothing else. In a pinch, the Marshal might let a waster roll to find something important in his "cash," like a match or one more bullet for his gun. This is based on what the character was smart enough to pick up, so he makes a Smarts roll at -2 applying the item's scarcity Streetwise modifier (see page 42). On a success, he has the item and deducts the cost from his "money."

SCROUNGING

Scrounging is the ability to find these little baubles and more in the ruins of the wasted world. This is such an important part of life in *Hell on Earth* that we've included special Setting Rules for it on page 66.

Selling Goods

Posses occasionally wind up with spare gear. A Streetwise roll in a settlement of fair size or larger allows the seller to dump the goods at a quarter the normal value. A raise nets half the list price. This roll may be attempted once a week per settlement.

Bartering of larger goods is trickier but tends to pay a little better. A working computer, for example, is useless to most wastelanders, even with a generator. A scientist with power and a lab, however, might pay dearly. Special cases like this usually require a little roleplaying to sell properly.

AVAILABILITY

The fall of civilization means your hero can't simply waltz into the local S-Mart and buy whatever he wants.

As such, goods are rated for scarcity, being Common, Uncommon, Scarce, Rare, or Very Rare. This represents how hard it is to find the item, as well as how many of a particular item can be bought or sold by the

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characters in a particular day. This includes all transactions within a 24-hour period, not just those conducted at a single shop or market—though if the shoppers travel to an entirely different settlement, they may try again. This limit does not apply during character creation. Some items listed here do not have a rarity, which means they are not generally available for trade.

To find a particular item, a character makes a Streetwise roll. This roll is modified by the scarcity of the item as well as the size of the settlement in which the player finds himself. Small but well-equipped stores (such as a traveling salesman) are simply treated as larger settlements.

RARITY TABLE

Scarcity	Streetwise	Number Available
Common (C)	+2	1d8
Uncommon (U)	0	1d6
Scarce (S)	-1	1d4
Rare (R)	-2	1d3
Very Rare (VR)	-4	1d2

POPULATION MODIFIERS

Population	Streetwise Modifier
Less than 500	-6
500-1,000	-4
1,001-2,000	-2
2000+	+0
Junkyard	+2

DAMAGED GOODS

Most anything except services can be bartered for cheaper than the listed price—if a waster is willing to settle for a little less quality. Common items such as clothes are ratty and torn, hats are crumpled, and dinged up playing cards can't be used anywhere except by the campfire. The effects of these items are usually situational, though many items can cause bigger problems...or become them!

Damaged vehicles go for 75% of the list price. Cheap guns, tools, and so forth—anything a brainer has to roll to use—malfunction when the player rolls a 1 on the skill die. Your warrior's dinged-up golf club, for example, might fall apart while whacking on some no good mutie.

Items that don't come into play for skill rolls might affect others' perception. A ratty leather jacket, for example, has blood stains, tears, and other signs that it might be fresh off a corpse. These items inflict a -1 Charisma modifier on your waster. Even after the Apocalypse a blood-stained wanderer gives others the creeps.

GEAR NOTES

AMMUNITION

Standard Rounds: Bullets are increasingly hard to come by, but a number of places, notably Junkyard, continue to manufacture them. Standard rounds cause the normal damage listed with the weapon types later in this chapter, but for weapons that fire standard cased bullets (not blackpowder or shotguns) other rounds are also available:

- **Armor Piercing:** This type of ammo is designed to pierce armor and obstacles, but does less damage against unarmored soft targets as the bullets don't deform as much and inflict less trauma. AP rounds gain +2 AP, but against targets without armor they subtract 2 from their damage. Armor piercing rounds cost 1.5 times more than normal rounds, and increase the rarity one step.
- **Brass:** The casings left over when a bullet is fired have value in the wastelands since manufacturing them these days is almost impossible. Shell casings are worth half the price of the base ammunition type (ignore the price of special types, like frangible or AP).
- **Frangible:** Frangible ammo is designed to break apart on impact. This reduces the chance of dangerous ricochets and (most importantly for wasters) increases

the amount of damage the bullet inflicts on living targets. Frangible rounds do +4 damage to unarmored targets. Against armor they lose the bonus, any AP value listed for the gun, and add +4 to the target's armor value. Frangible rounds double the cost of the bullet, and increase the rarity by two steps. Frangible rounds cannot fire through any obstacle (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Hollow Point:** These nasty killers are designed to flatten on impact, tearing a bigger hole in the target. Hollow point rounds cause +2 damage to targets with no armor, but against armor they lose the bonus, any AP value listed for the gun, and add +2 to the target's armor value. They can be made fairly easily from normal ammunition and a file. A Repair roll and 30 minutes "hollows" 5 bullets with a success or 15 with a raise. Failure grants only a +1 damage bonus against unarmored foes while a result of 1 or less means 1d10 bullets are ruined. Hollow point rounds cost 1.5 times more than normal rounds, but have the same rarity.

- **Tracer:** These rounds have small flares in the tail of the bullet which help the shooter see where it's going and adjust his aim based on where he sees the shots fall. Tracers negate the penalty for automatic fire, including using suppressive fire. In addition, the magnesium flare burns very hot. Targets hit by a tracer may catch fire (see *Savage Worlds*), and the damage counts as fire damage for creatures affected by such. Tracer ammo costs \$1 more per round than standard ammo, and increases the rarity by a step.

Gyrojet Ammunition: Introduced into the Last War by British Forces, the gyrojet is a small, self-contained rocket that causes little recoil when fired. The propellant in the slug continues to accelerate it after it leaves the gun, resulting in a bullet with an extremely flat trajectory and much greater effective range than an ordinary pistol round. The rounds are stabilized in flight by small fins which pop out after the rocket leaves the barrel.

The hollow slugs fired by this pistol deform easily on impact, which makes them unable to penetrate armor well (half

damage versus armored targets). These rounds are fully consumed in their firing and can't be reloaded, so this ammunition, already scarce, gets rarer with each pull of the trigger.

Caseless Ammunition: Standard issue to the Combine's troops, these rounds are difficult to come by outside of Denver. The caseless, solid propellant rounds are fired with an electric charge, leading observers to dub them "pulse" weapons. They leave no telltale casing on the ground after a firefight and thus can't be reloaded. The Black Hats hate being fired on with their own ammunition!

ARMOR

Civilian Executive Protection Armor: For the VIP who needs low key protection, this armor looks like thin thermal underwear, and can be worn under clothing with no one the wiser. It covers the torso, arms, and legs, and requires a Notice roll at -4 to spot unless it's the only thing worn.

Improvised Armor: Wasters try to put all sorts of things between themselves and incoming fire. Improvised armor can be made of tires, football helmets, stove pipes, or whatever else is on hand.

Infantry Battlesuit Helmet: Helmets worn by active duty military units of the North and South before and during the Last War were basically identical. The ferocity of the fighting means these items are extremely hard to find intact these days.

The helm is full-faced with mirrored visor, 0.5 mile radio that can run indefinitely off the body's bioelectric field, and a full respirator system. Unfortunately, most of the respirator filters have been removed and few of the radios work these days. The helmet grants +4 Armor against head shots. If the filters (which are rare) are in place, the helmet provides sealed protection against gases and airborne inhaled toxins.

Kevlar Vest: Kevlar offers 2 points of protection against most attacks. Kevlar weave "binds" spinning bullets and so negates up to 4 points of AP from bullets, and provides +4 protection from them as well.

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COMMON GEAR

Batteries: Some items require batteries. Small batteries require one hour of charging, medium batteries two, and large three—assuming one can find a generator.

Compass: This handy item adds +2 to Smarts and Survival rolls made to navigate the Wasted West.

Dr. Pepper: Urban legend from before the Last War reported that Dr. Pepper had certain curative properties in regards to rad poisoning. Thanks to the strange supernatural energy of the Reckoning, this became true. A waster who drinks a can of Dr. Pepper regains all Fatigue lost to radiation. The soft drink is anathema to Doomsayers, who must make a Vigor roll upon tasting the stuff or suffer a level

of Fatigue that can only be recovered by basking in radiation. An entire can kills a Doombringer outright—if one can force it down his throat.

Gas Mask: A gas mask negates airborne toxins and gases. The bulky mask, hood, and limited vision reduces Notice rolls by -1, however.

Geiger Counter: A Geiger counter detects the strength of radiation when activated. They run off medium batteries that last five hours of continuous use.

Ghost Rock Batteries: Ghost rock batteries exist for all sizes. These increase the usage (time or charges) by 50% but cost double the normal cost for that size battery.

Hatchet: Treat this as a knife when used as a weapon.



Laser Sight: Laser sights may be attached to any ballistic weapon. The user gains a +1 bonus to Shooting rolls against targets in Short Range unless using the automatic fire maneuver. If using an optic scope in conjunction with the laser sight, the bonus is good for all Ranges. The sight uses small batteries that last for roughly 100 shots.

Lockpicks: A waster who tries to pick a lock without these tools suffers a -2 penalty to his Lockpicking roll.

NBC Environmental Protection Suit: the Nuclear Biological Chemical ensemble or environmental protection suit (the civilian version) is designed to be worn over clothing and footwear and provides protection against everything from the common cold to biological agents to chemical weapons. Complete protection also requires that a gas mask be used with the NBC oversuit, while the civilian version has a full-face hood built in. The suits give +2 to Vigor rolls against normal radiation. If the wearer suffers any wounds, the suit is compromised and provides no protection. These outfits are hot and bulky, reducing Agility-related rolls by -1, and subtracting 2 from Vigor rolls made to resist heat.

Night Vision Goggles: Night vision goggles enhance any ambient light and allow the wearer to ignore Dim or Dark conditions entirely and treat Pitch Darkness as normal Darkness. It has no effect if absolutely no light is available at all (such as the total darkness found in caves). Also, when wearing the goggles, the user suffers -1 to Notice rolls due to his reduced peripheral vision. Night vision goggles require a small battery that provides about four hours of use. A bright light shined in the goggles forces the wearer to make a Vigor roll or be Shaken.

Pick: Picks make awkward weapons due to their weight and poor balance, but they can be used as a medium improvised weapon in a pinch (see *Savage Worlds*).

Radio: One of the only remaining ways to communicate over long distances (and an iffy one at that), radios come in all shapes and ranges. The price given is for

a hands-free set or walkie-talkie capable of broadcasting for a half mile. For every multiple of 4 the range is increased (2 miles, 8 miles, 32 miles, up to a maximum of 128 miles), double the cost and the weight of the radio and increase the scarcity by a level. Basic radios with an 8 mile or less range use small batteries lasting for two hours of total use; larger ones use medium batteries that last for four hours or can be connected to a vehicle for continuous use as long as the engine is operational.

Rope (20 yards): This rope can safely handle 500 pounds without difficulty. For every 100 pounds over that, roll a d6 every minute of use, or whenever the rope suffers sudden stress. On a 1, the rope snaps.

Scope: Scopes may only be mounted on rifles. When a shooter uses a scope, he gains +2 to Shooting rolls against targets at Medium or Long Range.

Suppressor: Suppressors impose a -1 penalty to Shooting rolls while using the suppressed weapon. On the plus side, characters within 5" (10 yards) of the fired weapon (and not in line of sight) must make a Notice roll to realize a weapon's been fired. Those beyond 5" suffer a -2 to this roll, beyond 10", a -4. Beyond 20", no roll is possible unless the character is looking at the user. In all cases, if someone is observing the shooter, the shooter may make a Stealth roll (opposed by Notice) to hide the use of the weapon, which incurs the usual multi-action penalty to the Shooting roll.

Water Purification Kit: A single dose of the chemicals in this kit instantly purifies enough water for a single person for one day. The water still tastes awful, though. A fully charged kit has 10 doses. Refills, which are scarce, typically cost \$25

Water Test Kit: A use of this kit and a successful Smarts roll determines if a body of water is safe to drink. This uses small batteries. A single small battery provides 20 tests.

Wood Axe: This axe is intended for chopping lumber and makes an awkward weapon, at best. If used in this fashion, it

HELL ON EARTH



acts like a large improvised weapon. On the plus side, it gets AP 2 against targets made of wood or using wooden armor.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT

Although all the countries involved in the Last War had scientists slaving away to find better and more efficient ways to destroy their enemies, they also had doctors hard at work looking for better ways to keep their own people alive. This had the benefit of not only preventing the loss of veteran troops, but it also boosted the soldiers' morale by letting them know they could expect the best medical care available in the event they were wounded.

Medchip: The US Army was the first force to use these chips, but others quickly adopted them. A medchip is a small chip implanted under the skin that contains a soldier's entire medical history and scans his vital signs. This chip can be read by a handheld scanner carried by most medics or a medboard (see below).

Early chips were implanted in the upper arm, but it was quickly found that this could cause a problem if the patient had lost the limb. Later chips were implanted at the base of the skull just below the hairline (anyone missing the chip in this case was more than likely beyond any help a doctor could give). Any hero who was a soldier before the Last War may have a working medchip if they desire (and the Marshal agrees). A working chip grants a +2 bonus to all Healing rolls made to treat the soldier by anyone with a medchip scanner or medboard. The medchips of many soldiers who survived the war no longer work because they were fried by an EMP on Judgment Day, so just because someone is an old soldier doesn't mean they have one.

Medchip Scanner: This is a small, handheld device about the size of a cell phone. It reads the information contained on a soldier's medchip. All information is displayed on a small screen. It uses one small battery for two hours of operation.

Medboard: This is a metal stretcher with built-in sensors and a number of video displays. It can read the basic vital signs of anyone lying on the board. If the patient also has a medchip, the board can scan this and provide even more detailed information. This grants a +2 modifier to any Healing rolls made to treat patients without medchips and a +4 modifier when treating patients with a chip. It uses one medium battery for one hour of operation (six 10-minute Healing rolls).

Medkit: This is the typical medical kit issued to most field medics. A fully-stocked bag contains a selection of scalpels, IV tubing, a manual respirator, 100 yards of gauze, a stethoscope, inflatable pressure cuffs, suture needles and thread, and a variety of basic medications. Healers with this item ignore the -2 penalty for not having basic supplies. If the user rolls a 1 on their Healing die, they run out of some item in the kit and suffer a -1 penalty until they restock it.

Sprayskin: Sprayskin comes in an aerosol can. It's a spray-on medication that contains a disinfectant, an antibiotic, a coagulant, and a painkiller. When sprayed on a wound, it forms a plastic skin over the affected area. The medications stop anyone who is Bleeding Out as if they made their Vigor roll. Sprayskin also grants a +2 bonus to all Vigor rolls made to resist infection and perform natural healing. Sprayskin also negates one level of wound modifiers for six hours. A full can holds 20 applications.

WEAPONS

Below is a sampling of weapons found scattered throughout the Wasted West. The Last War left many such relics.

The initials before certain weapons refer to the force that used them. NA stands for Northern Alliance, SA is Southern Alliance, IW refers to "Infantry Weapon", and HI is the abbreviation for Hellstromme Industries. "M" simply means "military," and is used by many nations' armies.

Boomerang/Sharpened Hubcap: Given the appropriate materials, these can be made with a Repair roll.

Grenades: These can be either thrown or fired from a grenade launcher. Individual grenades have special functions.

- **Beanbag:** This ammo was initially designed for nonlethal crowd control and police situations. Bean bag rounds are designed to be fired from any 20mm or 40mm grenade launcher; they cannot be thrown. When fired, they expand to a flat "bean bag" which smacks into the target

with stunning force. Bean bag grenades only affect a single target, and their damage is nonlethal. Due to their lack of aerodynamics, bean bag grenades halve the range increments for the launcher used.

- **Flare:** Fired from a grenade launcher, this round shoots a flare that bursts several hundred feet above the ground and floats down on its own parachute. The flare provides light in a two mile radius, reducing lighting penalties by two levels (Dim and Dark are negated and Pitch Darkness becomes Dim) for 4+1d4 rounds. If thrown, the area is greatly reduced, though still an impressive 100' radius. If shot or thrown at a target, a flare causes 2d6 damage for each round it burns, requiring a Strength roll at -4 to remove. Others can attempt to remove the grenade but suffer the damage before making the roll. Targets have the standard chance of catching fire (see *Savage Worlds*).

- **Flash Bang:** These grenades flash with brilliant light and stun with concussion. Characters within a Large Burst Template must make a Vigor roll at -4 or be Shaken.

- **Inferno:** "Hell 'nades" burst with little concussive force but plenty of flame. Targets have the standard chance of catching fire (see **Fire** in *Savage Worlds*).

- **Multiprojectile/Buckshot:** This "grenade" is a giant shotgun shell filled with steel balls and like the bean bag can only be fired from a launcher. The shooter places the small end of the Cone template adjacent to himself and the large end on his targets. He then makes a shooting roll. Any character under or partially under the template makes an opposed Agility roll at -2 to dodge out of the way. If the shooter gets a raise over the target, he gets bonus damage as usual.

- **Riot Control:** Strong tear gas pours forth from this grenade upon detonation. Anyone within the Medium Burst Template must make a Vigor roll at -2 (-4 if in an enclosed space). Those who fail are Shaken and remain Shaken while in the gas cloud. Once out of the gas, a

HELL ON EARTH

victim suffers a -4 to recover from being Shaken for three rounds. Characters with gas masks, creatures that don't breathe, or similar abilities are unaffected.

- **Smoke:** Smoke grenades are primarily used to provide cover for advancing troops, or to blind a fixed position such as a machine gun nest. The Medium Burst Template remains in play for 2d4 rounds (4d4 in an enclosed area). All attacks through the cloud suffer a -2 vision penalty.

IW-40: This rifle, which equipped British Army infantry squads, fires a .50 gyrojet round. Venting the exhaust through a compensator allows users to ignore the auto-fire penalty. Unlike the IW-91, the IW-40 cannot fire normal .50 bullets.

IW-91: Originally used by British forces in America, this is a six shot, smooth bore revolver that fires gyrojet rounds. The weapon may be fired with ordinary .50 rounds, but its Range is reduced to 6/12/24, and it does 2d6+2 damage, AP 2 (not halved vs. armor).

Mini-Chainsaw: With the advances in battery technology, many power tools went cordless, and with the Apocalypse, their use as weapons was unavoidable. Mini-chainsaws are the most common, but the same stats can be used any similar power tool (circular saws, masonry drills, etc.). Such weapons suffer penalties as improvised weapons (-1 to Fighting and Parry), which can be removed with the Improvisational Fighter Edge (see *Savage Worlds*). Mini-chainsaws can normally run for 2 hours off a large battery but aren't designed for combat. If a 1 is rolled on the Fighting die, the stress drains any remaining power in the battery.

NA M-42: The sniper rifle of the Northern Alliance, this state of the art weapon boasts a laser sight, bipod, and scope. In addition, the special electric trigger adds +3 when aiming rather than +2.

NA M-92 Officer's Sidearm: This was the standard sidearm for US officers. Its integral laser sight grants +1 to Shooting rolls made against targets in short Range.

NA XM-21: Originally developed for use on Faraway by sykers on extended recon patrols deep in the wilds of Banshee, the idea behind the XM-21 was to give the squads a weapon which could replenish its ammo supply from local materials. It does so by using 5.56mm slugs propelled by one-ounce chunks of ghost rock good for firing 50 slugs. A small casting kit is found in the butt to allow the creation of additional slugs in the field—usually from scrap metal.



EQUIPMENT

Ruger Redhawk: This pistol is chambered to handle .357 and .38 rounds.

SA XM-40 "Ripper": The XM-40 assault rifle was designed to be the first successful .50 caliber assault rifle. The secret to the weapon is its slower rate of fire combined with a battery-powered gyroscopic compensator. The weapon can be fired without an active compensator, but single shots suffer a -1 penalty to Shooting and any other use (double tap, three round burst, autofire, rapid fire, etc.) suffers an additional -2 penalty.

The XM-40 uses a small battery good for 20 shots. The battery is installed in the magazine, so reloading the weapon replaces the battery at the same time.

SA M-50: This Southern sniper rifle is equipped with a laser sight and scope.

DRUGS

Before Judgment Day, a bewildering array of drugs filled the pharmacies of the world. From pain killers to combat drugs, if you had a need, companies like Pentacorp or Smith & Robards could fulfil it with a pill, elixir, or salve.

The following list is by no means exhaustive, but contains those drugs most likely to interest wasteland survivors. Each drug is listed with an addiction modifier. When taking any substance with a modifier, the user must make a Spirit roll or gain a level of Fatigue for 24 hours after the drug wears off. If the brainer rolls snake eyes, she acquires the Habit (Major) Hindrance for that particular substance.

Brainburst

Addiction: 0; **Cost:** \$300/dose; **Scarcity:** Uncommon

Originally designed as a commercial pick-me-up, users quickly found high doses stimulated creative and cognitive thought. Of course, these high doses led to even longer mental short circuits, and the drug was carefully regulated before

the Apocalypse. Brainburst is the ultimate synaptic superjuice. The drug can be ingested (1d6 rounds to kick in) or injected for immediate results. The user undergoes a jolting brainstorm of logical and intuitive thought. One dose of Brainburst raises a hero's Smarts die type by 2 for 2d6 minutes, along with giving all Smarts-based skills a +2 modifier. Now for the bad news. When the drug wears off, the survivor's Smarts and Smarts-based skill rolls are made at -4 for the next 2d6 hours.

Hot Dog

Addiction: -1; **Cost:** \$50/dose;
Scarcity: Uncommon

Named for their brown color and rounded cylindrical shape, these diet pills simulate the consumption of food, making a person feel fully fed after the ingestion of just one tablet. One dose allows a character to ignore all Fatigue penalties due to lack of food for 24 hours. After one week of continual use the drug's beneficial effects are negligible for a week (when the drugs are finally out of the user's system).

Iron Man

Addiction: -4; **Cost:** \$150/dose;
Scarcity: Scarce

A combat drug widely used by both sides in the Last War, Iron Man adds +2 to the user's Toughness. The drug lasts 2d10 minutes.

Rad-Gone

Addiction: N/A; **Cost:** \$300/dose;
Scarcity: Scarce

This drug was designed as a chelator, a chemical that attaches to another and allows it to be removed. Rad-gone courses through the body, binding with any radioactive particles. These particles are removed from the body at the next visit to the outhouse.

A dose of Rad-gone cures a character of the glows (see page 95) in minutes. Doomsayers are affected in strange ways by Rad-gone. Any user of the Glow who is administered a dose of the chelator must make a Vigor check at -4. Failure causes the loss of 2d6 Power Points which can be recovered normally. Those who critically fail this roll actually have their meridians altered, suffering a loss of 5 Power Points until the Doomsayer sacrifices an Advance to recover them.

Vials of Rad-gone are commonly found in the ruins of military bases, nuclear power plants, or hospitals located near nuclear facilities.

Rad-Protect

Addiction: N/A; **Cost:** \$300/dose;
Scarcity: Rare

Another fine chemical from your friends at Pentacorp, this drug binds with the user's DNA, protecting it from damage caused by radiation. Any Vigor rolls caused by radiation poisoning are at +2. The effects of Rad-protect last for six hours before the chemical breaks down and is removed from the body.

Rushed through the approval process by Pentacorp execs, not all the kinks were worked out of this drug before the Last War. A critical failure on any radiation-induced Vigor checks while under the influence of Rad-protect indicates the drug has become fused to the DNA. This prevents the DNA from dividing normally. The long-term effect is the character gains the Ailin' (Major) Hindrance as her body is unable to repair itself. This effect can be removed with the *healing* power at -4 or *greater healing* at no penalty, but each healer only gets one attempt (one per power if they have both).

Rage

Addiction: -2; **Cost:** \$100/dose;
Scarcity: Scarce

Another combat enhancement popular among military personnel and private security forces, this drug boosts the user's strength at the cost of brainpower, turning him into a frenzied killing machine.

A dose of Rage gives the user the Berserk Edge for 2d10 minutes. Once the drug has worn off, the user must make a Spirit roll or suffer a loss of one die type in Smarts for 1d6 hours. Snake eyes on the roll results in the permanent reduction of Smarts by one die type.

Slo-Mo

Addiction: -3; **Cost:** \$150/dose;
Scarcity: Uncommon

Any character on Slo-Mo feels like the world is moving in slow motion around her. The user draws an additional Action Card (and may take the highest) in combat for 1d6 minutes, and her Pace is increased by 2. This stacks with Level Headed, Improved Level Headed, and Fleet-Footed.

Unfortunately, the drug works a little too well. Unless a Vigor check is made with a -2 penalty when the drug is taken, the user gets "the shakes," causing all Agility-based skills to be made at -2 for 1d6 hours.

Super Antibiotics

Addiction: N/A; **Cost:** \$150/course;
Scarcity: Rare

Heralded by pharmaceutical companies and medical experts as "the cure for the common cold" in 2050, these super drugs were expensive and rare, and have been made even rarer after being out of production for more than 18 years. A week-long course of Super Antibiotics allows a +2 to natural Healing rolls, or +4 to Vigor rolls if used to treat diseases.

EQUIPMENT



HELL ON EARTH

WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	Dmg	RoF	Cost	Avail	Wgt	Shots	Min Str
Bows								
Bow	12/24/48	2d6	1	\$25	C	3	1	d6
Compound Bow	15/30/60	2d6+1	1	\$50	U	7	1	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2</i>								
Crossbow	15/30/60	2d6	1	\$50	R	10	1	—
<i>Notes: AP 2; Reload 1 (for 2x cost, a levered version removes Reload 1)</i>								
Thrown Weapons								
Boomerang	4/8/16	Str+d4	1	\$15	U	2	1	—
Knife	3/6/12	Str+d4	1	\$10	C	1	1	—
Knife, Bowie	3/6/12	Str+d4+1	1	\$25	U	2	1	—
<i>Notes: AP 1</i>								
Sharpened Hubcap	4/8/16	Str+d6	1	\$10	C	3	1	d6
<i>Notes: AP 1</i>								
Shuriken	3/6/12	Str+1	1	\$10	U	1/2	1	—
Pistols								
Colt Peacemaker (.45)	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	50	R	2	6	—
<i>Notes: AP 1</i>								
Flintlock Pistol (.60)	5/10/20	2d6+1	1	\$25	R	3	1	—
<i>Notes: Reload 2</i>								
IW-91 (gyrojet)	24/48/96	2d6+2	1	\$300	R	9	6	—
<i>Notes: Half damage vs. armored target</i>								
Marlin Target Pistol (.22)	10/20/40	2d6-1	1	\$75	C	2	15	—
Police Pistol (.45)	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	\$100	U	4	7	—
<i>Notes: AP 2</i>								
NA Sidearm (9mm)	12/24/48	2d6	1	\$100	U	4	15	—
<i>Notes: AP 1; 3RB; see notes</i>								
Ruger Redhawk	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	\$125	R	4	6	—
<i>Notes: AP 1, fits .357 or .38</i>								
Ruger Thunderhawk (.357)	12/24/48	2d6+2	1	\$125	R	5	8	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2</i>								
SA Sidearm (.50)	15/30/60	2d8	1	\$150	U	8	6	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2</i>								
S&W .38 Snub	10/20/40	2d6	1	\$50	C	3	6	—
S&W 85 (.44 Mag)	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	\$125	U	5	7	—
<i>Notes: AP 1</i>								
S&W 683 (.50)	15/30/60	2d8+1	1	\$175	U	7	5	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2; Cannot Double Tap</i>								
Rifles								
Blunderbuss (8G)	10/20/40	1-3d6	1	\$50	U	15	1	d6
<i>Notes: Reload 2</i>								
Lever-Action (.30)	24/48/96	2d8	1	\$100	C	12	15	—
<i>Notes: AP 2</i>								
HI Damnation (10mm)	24/48/96	2d8+1	3	\$300	U	12	30	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB; Caseless ammunition</i>								
Hunting Rifle (.30-06)	24/48/96	2d8	1	\$150	C	10	9	—
<i>Notes: AP 2</i>								

EQUIPMENT

Weapon	Range	Dmg	RoF	Cost	Avail	Wgt	Shots	Min Str
Rifles (continued)								
IW-40 (.50 gyrojet)	50/100/200	2d10	3	\$450	S	26	20	d6
<i>Notes: 3RB; Half damage vs. armored targets</i>								
NA M-42 (.50)	40/80/160	2d10	1	\$800	R	11	10	-
<i>Notes: AP 2; Snapfire Penalty</i>								
NA XM-21 (5.56mm)	24/48/96	2d8	4	\$200	C	14	30	d8
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB</i>								
SA M-50 (.50)	40/80/160	2d10	1	\$800	R	11	10	-
<i>Notes: AP 2' Snapfire Penalty</i>								
SA XM-40 "Ripper" (.50)	24/48/96	2d10	2	\$500	R	16	20	d8
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB; See notes</i>								
Springfield Musket (.52)	15/30/60	2d8	1	\$30	R	11	1	d6
<i>Notes: Reload 2</i>								
Shotguns								
Scattergun	5/10/20	1-3d6	1-2	\$150	C	6	2	-
<i>Notes: +2 to hit; 12-Gauge</i>								
Double-Barrel	12/24/48	1-3d6	1-2	\$200	C	11	2	-
<i>Notes: +2 to hit; 12-Gauge</i>								
Pump or Semi-Auto Shotgun	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	\$150	U	8	6	-
<i>Notes: +2 to hit; 12-Gauge</i>								
Auto-Shotgun	10/20/40	1-3d6	3	\$600	R	15	20	d8
<i>Notes: +2 to hit; 12-Gauge</i>								
Submachine Guns								
HI Blazer (10mm)	12/24/48	2d6	3	\$125	R	10	30	-
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB; Caseless ammunition</i>								
HI Thunderer (10mm)	24/48/96	2d8+1	3	\$300	U	12	30	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB; Caseless ammunition</i>								
HK MP-20 (10mm)	12/24/48	2d6	3	\$150	U	10	20	-
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB</i>								
NA Commando	12/24/48	2d6	4	\$150	U	11	30	-
<i>Notes: AP 1; 3RB; 5.56mm</i>								
SA Commando (.50)	12/24/48	2d8	3	\$150	U	14	20	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB</i>								
Tokarev Machine Pistol (9mm)	10/20/40	2d6	3	\$150	R	7	15	-
<i>Notes: AP 1; 3RB</i>								
Heavy Machine Guns								
NA SAW (5.56mm)	30/60/120	2d8	5	\$750	S	29	60	d6
<i>Notes: AP 2; 3RB; Snapfire</i>								
SA SAW (.50)	50/100/200	2d10	3	\$1000	S	37	100	d8
<i>Notes: AP 3; 3RB; Snapfire</i>								
Other								
Armco Grenade Launcher (40mm)	75/150/300	**	1	\$2000	R	32	12	d6
NA M-720 (20mm)	50/100/200	**	1	\$2000	U	22	6	-
SA M-230 (40mm)	60/120/240	**	1	\$1250	U	27	1	-
Rocket Launcher (125mm)	30/60/120	4d8+2	1	N/A	N/A	51	1	-
<i>Notes: AP 3; LBT; AP 40; Heavy Weapon</i>								

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GRENADES

Type	Range	Damage	Cost	Avail	Wgt	Notes
Bean Bag	Half	3d6	\$50	U	1	Nonlethal; See notes
Buckshot	Cone	2d10	\$100	U	1	See notes
Flash Bang	See below	None	\$150	U	1	LBT; See notes
Frag	See below	3d6	\$100	U	1	MBT
Inferno	See below	3d8	\$150	R	1	MBT; See notes
Riot Control	see below	None	\$100	C	1	MBT; See notes
Smoke	See below	None	\$25	C	1	MBT; see notes

Notes: Hand Range is 5/10/20. The Range for a 20mm grenade launcher is 30/60/120, and the Range for 40mm grenade launchers is 24/48/96.

HAND WEAPONS

Type	Damage	Wgt	Cost	Avail	Notes
Axe	Str+d6	2	\$50	C	
Axe, Battle	Str+d8	10	\$75	U	
Axe, Great	Str+d10	15	\$150	R	AP 1; Parry -1; 2 hands
Bayonet	Str+d4	1	\$25	C	As spear when on a rifle
Brass Knuckles	Str+d4	—	\$25	C	
Club	Str+d4	1	\$25	C	
Knife	Str+d4	1	\$10	C	
Knife, Bowie	Str+d4+1	2	\$25	C	AP 1
Machete	Str+d6	4	\$75	C	
Mini-Chainsaw	Str+d6+2	10	\$200	U	AP 2; 2 hands
Spear	Str+d6	5	\$25	C	Parry +1; Reach 1; 2 hands
Sword	Str+d8	8	\$100	U	

AMMO

Caliber/Type	Cost per Bullet	Avail (25 rounds)	Wgt
Arrow	\$.50	C	1/5
.22, .38	\$.50	U	3/50
9mm, 10mm, .30, .30-06, .45, 5.56, 7.62	\$1	U	5/50
.50 pistol/rifle, 12-gauge shell, unusual calibers	\$2	R	8/50
.50 smg/mg, shotgun slug	\$5	R	8/50
10mm caseless, military calibers	\$10	S	5/50
Spare magazines for most weapons	\$20	U	1/2

ARMOR

Type	Armor	Weight	Cost	Avail	Notes
Boiled Leather Shirt	+1	3	\$100	C	Covers torso, arms
Boiled Leather Pants	+1	3	\$75	C	Covers legs
C. E. P. Armor	+1	2	\$500	R	Covers torso, arms, and legs; -4 to Notice
Cold Weather Gear	+1	15	\$200	C	Covers entire body; +1 to Fatigue rolls vs cold
Improvised Armor	+2	5	\$50	C	Per location; See notes
Infantry Battle Suit	+6	35	\$1100	S	Covers entire body
Infantry Helmet	+4	5	\$500	U	50% chance to protect vs headshot
Kevlar Vest	+2/+4 (bullets)	8	\$750	R	Torso only; negates 4 AP; see notes
Motorcycle Helmet	+2	3	\$250	U	50% chance to protect vs headshot

EQUIPMENT

GEAR LIST

Item	Cost	Wgt	Avail
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Clothes

Boots	\$100	4	U
Cowboy Hat	\$50	—	U
Duster	\$100	4	R
Jacket	\$50	2	C
Jacket (Leather)	\$200	3	U
Jeans	\$50	—	U
Pants (Handmade)	\$10	—	C
Shoes	\$25	—	C
Shirt	\$25	—	U
Shirt (handmade)	\$10	—	C
Sneakers	\$100	—	R

Food & Drink

Canned Goods	\$5	1	U
Dr. Pepper (12 oz.)	\$100	¾	S
Coffee (pound)	\$20	1	R
Fresh fruit (Piece)	\$5	½	U
Jerky (1 Meal)	\$1	1/16	C
Loaf of Bread	\$10	1	U
Milrats (1 Day)	\$20	2	U
Soda	\$50	¾	R
(12 oz. Can, not Dr. Pepper)			
Veggies	\$55	½	U
(1 Serving, Fresh)			
Whiskey	\$100+	4	R
(Bottle, Pre-War)			
Whiskey	\$10	4	C
(Bottle, Moonshine)			

General Equipment

Backpack	\$30	3	U
Battery, Ghost Rock	x2	By Size	R
Battery, Large	\$100	3	U
Battery, Medium	\$50	1	U
Battery, Small	\$20	½	C
Bed roll	\$15	10	C
Binoculars	\$100	3	R
Canteen	\$10	5 (full)	C
Cigar (Pre-War)	\$25	—	S
Compass	\$100	R	U
Drill	\$10	2	U
File	\$2	1	C
Flashlight	\$50	4	U
Gas mask	\$30	2	U
Geiger Counter	\$100	8	R
Guitar	\$100	6	U
Hammer	\$5	2	C
Handcuffs	\$20	1	U

Item	Cost	Wgt	Avail
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General Equipment (Continued)

Harmonica	\$5	—	C
Hatchet	\$10	2.5	U
Iron skillet	\$5	5	C
Lockpicks	\$50	1	R
Matches (100)	\$5	¼	C
Mess kit	\$15	3	C
NBC Suit	\$100	20	S
Night Vision Goggles	\$1,000	3	
Pick	\$10	12	U
Pipe	\$10	¾	C
Playing cards	\$5	—	C
Radio	\$40	1	C
Rope (per 50')	\$25	8	C
Shovel	\$10	5	C
Spook Juice (per gal.)	\$20	6	C
Sunglasses	\$10	—	U
Tent (2 Person)	\$100	4	U
Tobacco, chewing	\$10	1	U
(tin or pouch)			
Toothpaste	\$10	½	U
Watch, Wrist (Analog)	\$30	—	U
Watch, Wrist (Digital)	\$15	—	R
Watch, pocket	\$30	—	R
Water Purification	\$100	1	R
Kit (10 Doses)			
Water Test Kit	\$100	3	R
Wood Axe	\$50	5	U

Gun Accessories

Bandolier	\$10	1	U
Holster	\$30	1	C
Laser Sight	\$150	½	R
Scope	\$200	½	R
Suppressor (Pistol)	\$100	1	R
Suppressor (SMG)	\$150	4	R

Medical Equipment

Medchip	Free	—	Notes
Medchip Scanner	\$50	1	S
Medboard	\$250	7	S
Medkit	\$100	4	S
Medkit Restock	\$25	—	S
Sprayskin	\$200	½	U

Drugs

Brainburst	\$300	—	U
Hot Dog	\$50	—	U
Ironman	\$150	—	S
Rad-Gone	\$300	—	S
Rad-Protect	\$300	—	R
Rage	\$100	—	S
Slo-Mo	\$150	—	U
Super Antibiotic	\$150	—	R

HELL ON EARTH

VEHICLES

Here's a rundown of the more common vehicles in the Wasted West. Before we get into the nitty gritty of statistics, let's talk about fuel. Pretty much every vehicle in the Wasted West runs on spook juice. As a rule, they can generally travel about 20 miles on a gallon of go juice. That may seem low, but keep in mind it's tough to maintain a fuel-efficient speed on the wrecked highways. Some vehicles may get better or worse mileage (see the notes below) but typically, they are all designed to travel about 300 miles on a full tank. That means most tanks hold about 15 gallons, but a vehicle with Fuel Hog would hold 30 gallons and one with Light Weight would hold 10.

Vehicle Notes

- **Anti-infantry Charges:** Designed to protect the vehicles against enemy infantry, these charges are mounted on the outside armor. When triggered by a crewmember, this charge bounds into the air and explodes. Center a Large Burst Template over the vehicle. Anyone caught under it takes 2d8 damage.
- **Air Defense Radar:** This radar and targeting system is designed to track and engage high speed aircraft. It halves the movement penalty when firing against aircraft (see *Savage Worlds* vehicle rules).
- **Fuel Efficient:** These vehicles sip spook juice, and give 50 miles per gallon.
- **Fuel Guzzler:** These vehicles go through fuel like their gas tank is leaking, and barely make 5 miles per gallon.
- **Fuel Hog:** Fuel hogs guzzle spook juice, and make about 10 miles per gallon.
- **Fusion Powered:** The vehicle has a fusion-powered engine and essentially never needs fuel.
- **Hover:** Hover vehicles use huge fans to inflate a tough skirt of ballistic material and create a cushion of air that moves the vehicle. Hover vehicles negate penalties for rough terrain and water with one limitation—hills. The vehicle must remain

within 15% of horizontal to function. Passing over hills is next to impossible and requires two raises on a Driving roll. Hovertank drivers have taken to skimming the side of hills—a tactic to which their enemy is becoming accustomed. With a raise on a Driving roll, the skirt can be overpressurized, allowing the vehicle to clear an obstacle up to ten feet in height. Snake eyes on this roll damages the skirt, reducing the Top Speed of the vehicle by half until Repaired.

- **Laser Weapons:** Laser weapons can't fire if the vehicle's powerplant is turned off or disabled.
- **Light Weight:** These vehicles give you a lot of bang for your spook juice buck, and travel 30 miles per gallon.
- **Sealed:** This AFV is fully sealed against nuclear, biological, and chemical agents.

Vehicle Fatigue

All the rough roads in the Wasted West are tough on any vehicle, and scheduled maintenance is pretty much impossible. For each day traveling by car, the driver must make a Driving roll or the vehicle suffers a level of Fatigue.

Fatigue has the same effect on vehicles it does on people. Recovery requires a Repair roll and one hour of work per Fatigue level. On a success, the vehicle recovers one Fatigue level, two with a raise.

If a Repair roll is failed the Fatigue can only be recovered with 1d6 x \$100 worth of spare parts per Fatigue level (no roll required).

FIGHTING VEHICLES

Below is a rundown of the more common military vehicles in the Wasted West. The huge armored battles across the Great Plains destroyed many of each country's inventories of front line vehicles, causing each to throw obsolete models into the fray.

The US Army was the most highly mechanized force in the world and possessed more fusion-powered fighting vehicles than any other army. The fusion-hover AFV had only become widespread in

EQUIPMENT



CIVILIAN VEHICLES

Vehicle	Acc/TS	Toughness	Crew	Cost	Avail
Horse & Carriage <i>Notes: See horse in the Bestiary</i>	Animal's Pace	10 (2)	1+3	\$1-3K	U
Four-Wheel All Terrain Vehicle <i>Notes: Light Weight; 4WD</i>	10/30	10 (2)	1+1	\$1500	U
Motorcycle <i>Notes: Street bike; Fuel Efficient</i>	20/36	8 (2)	1+1	\$3000	U
Dirt Bike <i>Notes: +4 Toughness vs. jumps; Light Weight; 4WD</i>	15/32	8 (2)	1	\$2000	U
Hover Bike <i>Notes: Fuel Efficient, Hover</i>	25/55	8 (2)	1+1	\$8000	S
Compact Car <i>Notes: Light Weight</i>	10/36	10 (3)	1+3	\$5-14K	S
Mid-Sized Car <i>Notes: Air bags; luxury features</i>	20/40	11 (3)	1+4	\$20-60K	R
Van, Passenger <i>Notes: Fuel Hog</i>	20/40	12 (3)	1+10	\$5000	S
Jeep <i>Notes: 4WD</i>	12/36	12 (2)	1+3	\$12K	U
Pickup; Small	12/36	11 (1)	1+2	\$3000	R
SUV <i>Notes: Luxury features; 4WD; Fuel Hog</i>	20/40	14 (3)	1+7	\$20-60K	R
Sports Car	30/56	10 (3)	1+3	\$15-300K	VR
Semi <i>Notes: Trailer is Toughness 14 (2); Fuel Guzzler</i>	5/30	16 (4)	1+1	\$150-300K	VR

SPOOK JUICE

For a while, most industrial nations relied on gasoline for fuel, but when the 1973 Oil Crisis rolled around, the United States decided to rely more heavily on domestic fuel sources. It was pretty obvious North America lacked the easily accessible oil resources of the Middle East, so the US instead turned to ghost rock.

A few big brains managed to invent a process through which ghost rock could be melted without catching fire, and then figured out how to distill the good parts out as fuel. At the time, drivers needed to purchase a fuel converter for their vehicles to run on spook juice, but it didn't take long for Detroit to fall in step and start manufacturing cars that ran exclusively on the stuff. At first, spook juice multiplied noise pollution many times, but engineers pretty quickly figured out how to modify mufflers to stifle the screaming.

Technological espionage being what it was between the two nations, CSA spies quickly stole the process for refining spook juice. It wasn't long before first world nations the world over were refining spook juice and driving spook juice powered cars.

By the way, if you're stupid enough, you can drink spook juice. It's got twice the kick of any other hooch, but sometimes the kick is deadly. A pint of the stuff causes a level of Fatigue that takes 6 hours to recover. Unless you are a Toxic Shaman (page 90), draw a card for each pint consumed. If you pull a Joker, you die, amigo.

the 2060s, so much of the US and CSA's arsenals were still conventional wheeled and tracked vehicles.

The second-line models used by the National Guard and Confederate State Militias were almost all of conventional designs powered by gas or diesel engines. Many surviving fusion vehicles now exist as power plants for survivor settlements.

HMMWV

These rugged vehicles were used by NA and SA military units all over the West before Judgment Day. They were pretty popular among survivors right after the bombs fell, but their poor fuel efficiency means they don't see much use these days.

Acc/Top Speed: 12/36; **Toughness:** 18 (6); **Crew:** 1+7; **Cost:** \$10,000; **Availability:** R; **Notes:** Four Wheel Drive; Fuel Hog, Weapon Mount (swivel-roof)

M-26 Powell

The main hovertank of regular Army divisions for the US Army, the Powell was designed mainly for combat across the open plains of the Americas. This fusion vehicle provides nearly unlimited amounts of power, and has power ports on its upper deck that allow any infantry riding there to hook in and recharge or even fire their energy weapons off of the vehicle's powerplant. It also has a large power coupling on its stern that allows a heavy-duty cable to be run to a disabled tank. Both vehicles can run at half speed from a single tank's reactor. The Powell is highly prized by survivor settlements for its preexisting power couplings; a community can have lights in a matter of minutes by hooking into a Powell.

The main gun can fire either anti-infantry rounds (AI) against a variety of targets, or depleted uranium (DU) rounds against armored vehicles. The cannon has separate feeds for both types of ammunition, and can freely switch from one to the other.

EQUIPMENT

One laser can be set to automatic and fired by the tank's air defense radar computer with a Shooting skill of d8.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/40; **Toughness:** 140/90/70 (120/70/50); **Crew:** 3; **Cost:** \$1,000,000; **Availability:** R; **Notes:** Air Defense, Fusion Powered, Hover, Heavy Armor, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision, Radar, Sealed

Weapons: 125mm cannon, 10mm lasers (x3)

M-24 Schwarzkopf

An older main battle tank that was relegated to National Guard units by the time of the Last War, the Schwarzkopf was the last of the tracked internal combustion AFVs in the US inventory. Its excellent main gun, developed in conjunction with the German firm Rheinmetall, was retained for the M-26 Powell.

Acc/Top Speed: 8/24; **Toughness:** 100/70/40 (80/50/30); **Crew:** 3; **Cost:** \$1,000,000; **Availability:** R; **Notes:** Fuel Hog, Heavy Armor, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision, Sealed, Sloped Armor (-2)

Weapons: 125mm cannon, NA SAW (x2)

M-124 Liberator IFV

Designed to carry the standard US 10-man infantry squad, the Liberator was intended to get the squad to their objective, then support them with fire from the vehicle's weapons. It is equipped with a turret mounting a 15mm anti-vehicle laser and an M-95 missile launcher. The Liberator also has weapon ports along all sides but the front (4 per side, two in the rear ramp) allowing the squad to fight while within the vehicle. The missile launcher must be reloaded by an exposed crewman, and takes 2 rounds per missile.

Acc/Top Speed: 12/48; **Toughness:** 25/20/20 (15/10/10); **Crew:** 3+10; **Cost:** \$450,000; **Availability:** R; **Notes:** Fusion Powered, Hover, Heavy Armor, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision, Sealed

Weapons: 15mm AT laser, M-95 missile launcher, NA SAW

M-38 Sky Sweep Air Defense Vehicle

Taking advantage of the US's lead in the field of laser weaponry, the Sky Sweep was equipped with a high-performance radar system for detection of incoming aircraft and a high-speed turret mounting a 15mm beam laser. This laser differed from the usual laser in the US inventory in that it fired not a pulse of light, but a beam that could track onto the aircraft it was attacking. Gunners firing the AA laser count as if they Aimed the first round after they fire the laser at a target (+2 to Shooting). They lose the bonus if they ever stop firing at the target. The laser is temperamental and prone to overheating, though. If the gunner rolls a 1 on his Shooting die (regardless of the Wild Die), the laser shuts down for 1d6 rounds. For this reason, the Sky Sweeps were usually deployed in teams of two during the Last War.

Acc/Top Speed: 12/48; **Toughness:** 30/20/20 (20/10/10); **Crew:** 3; **Cost:** \$750,000; **Availability:** VR; **Notes:** Air Defense, Radar, Fusion Powered, Heavy Armor, Hover, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision

Weapons: 15mm AA laser, 10mm laser (x2)

T-12 Lee Main Battle Tank

Designed by the venerable Tredegar Iron Works, the Lee was the South's answer to the hi-tech composite armor of the Powell. Tredegar engineers designed an ingenious dual projectile system to crack open the Powell's armor. The leading projectile is a baseball bat-sized, depleted uranium slug, followed a few milliseconds behind by the main explosive round. The slug carried enough force to crack the sheets of composite armor, allowing the second explosive round to penetrate the hull and achieve a kill. The nature of the round allowed it to work equally well for anti-personnel usage. The gunnery computer and sights on the main gun allow the gunner to ignore

HELL ON EARTH

any penalties for movement of the target or light/smoke/fog, but not for movement of the Lee itself.

Acc/Top Speed: 8/32; **Toughness:** 105/75/55 (80/50/30); **Crew:** 3; **Cost:** \$1,100,000; **Availability:** VR; **Notes:** Fusion Powered, Hover, Heavy Armor, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision, Sealed

Weapons: 140mm cannon, 10mm laser, SA SAW (x3)

M-12 Stuart APC

The Stuart APC (armored personnel carrier) epitomized the Confederacy's military doctrine of overwhelming the enemy with firepower to make up for their smaller numbers of troops. While not heavily armored, the Stuart was expected to provide a substantial amount of support to its dismounted infantry squad with its variety of weaponry. The XL-99 pulse laser requires one round to recharge between shots. The M-240GL is an automatic grenade launcher mounted in tandem with the XL-99 (so it can be fired while the other recharges), and can be loaded with three different types of linked grenades, which can be selected with a thumb switch on the gunner's controls.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/30; **Toughness:** 40/35/20 (25/20/5); **Crew:** 3+8; **Cost:** \$750,000; **Availability:** VR; **Notes:** Fusion Powered, Heavy Armor, Hover, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision, Sloped Armor (-3)

Weapons: XL-99, M-240GL, SA SAW, Flamer

A-4 York Air Defense Vehicle

Named after the famous Southern hero of the First World War, the York was designed to provide close, battlefield, anti-air defense of the Confederacy's forward elements. Its rail gun fires clusters of metal flechettes in one burst to take down aircraft instead of rapid firing multiple shots. The designer was noted as saying, "You hunt birds with a shotgun not an assault rifle." The rail gun's main limitation was that it required both

ammunition and power to function. This vehicle was found to be an excellent weapon in the ground support role, and surviving Yorks are found almost exclusively in this mode.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/30; **Toughness:** 45/30/30 (30/15/15); **Crew:** 3; **Cost:** \$500,000; **Availability:** VR; **Notes:** Air Defense, Radar, Fusion Powered, Heavy Armor, Hover, Improved Stabilizer, Night Vision

Weapons: 8mm railgun, SA SAW, 10mm laser (x2)

PIMP MY RIDE!

Okay, brainer, now that you've got wheels, it's time to shine 'em up real nice. Well, nothing really shines anymore, but you get the idea. Here are a bunch of modifications you can make to your vehicle. Each modification has a listed cost and availability (which works the same as vehicle availability).

Each modification also lists a Repair roll modifier, which is the roll required to install the modification. Your wrench-monkey can do this work himself or he can pay double the cost and increase the availability rating by one step—if he has a mechanic to do it for him. If the character fails his own attempt, he'll need to find someone to show him how it's done. He may also try again if he later increases his skill level.

Air Dam

Cost: \$200; **Availability:** U; **Repair Roll:** -2 (2 hours)

An air dam is a funnel-shaped accessory installed beneath a vehicle. Its shape accelerates the air passing beneath the vehicle, lowering air pressure, and causing the vehicle to ride lower to the ground. This gives vehicles extra stability, adding +1 to Driving rolls at speeds of 20 and higher. Air dams may not be installed on two-wheeled vehicles.

Combat Shocks

Cost: \$200/wheel; **Availability:** R; **Repair Roll:** -2 (4 hours)

Combat shocks are designed to stabilize moving vehicles, allowing passengers to fire weapons with better accuracy. The vehicle's axles are cut in half and reconnected through a joint, which allows the individual wheels to compensate more easily for uneven terrain. While this doesn't do much for the chassis—the underside of the vehicle still gets beaten up during off-road driving—it reduces the unstable platform penalty by one when passengers fire weapons from a moving vehicle.

Extra Armor

Cost: \$500 per point of Armor; **Availability:** C; **Repair Roll:** 0 (1 hour/point of armor)

If you thought road rage was bad before the Last War, wait 'til you try to pass a road ganger on the right! For these occasions, smart wasters have begun bolting additional armor to their rides.

This modification could be anything from scrap metal to sandbags in the door panels. A vehicle can only add as many points of extra Armor as it has Armor to begin with, so an HMMWV could add a maximum of 6 points of armor, while an SUV is limited to 3. Either way, the vehicle's handling suffers under all that extra weight. Driving rolls are reduced by half the armor added (round up).

Fighting Position

Cost: \$100/person; **Availability:** C; **Repair Roll:** 0 (2 hours + 1 hour per person accommodated)

This accessory is basically a sandbagged bunker on the roof of a vehicle. It can only be applied to the largest of vehicles, like buses, campers, or semi trailers. A single fighting position can hold up to three people, or two people if the position includes a Weapon Mount. A vehicle can fit one fighting position for every 10 people it can fit inside the vehicle itself.

Fighting Positions give those inside Medium Cover, and also grant a +2 bonus to any rolls made to retain footing atop a moving vehicle.

Heavy Duty Shocks

Cost: \$50/wheel; **Availability:** U; **Repair Roll:** 0 (2 hours)

Heavy duty shocks decrease the risk of damage while driving off-road. This modification gives a vehicle the Four Wheel Drive (4WD) ability. Additionally, the vehicle gains a +1 bonus to avoid Vehicle Fatigue; this bonus can be gained by adding the shocks even if the vehicle already has the 4WD ability.

Hooch Converter

Cost: \$1,000; **Availability:** R; **Repair Roll:** -4 (4 hours)

Since Judgment Day, you can't just roll up to a gas station and top off your tank. Spook juice is often hard to come by in the Wasted West, and resourceful road warriors have found alternate sources of fuel.

A Hooch Converter enables your vehicle to run on either alcohol or spook juice. When fueled up with alcohol (regardless of quality), it gets only half the usual mileage. This is rough on the engine, so Vehicle Fatigue rolls suffer a -2 penalty when running on booze (see page 56).

Nitrous Oxide

Cost: \$600; **Availability:** U; **Repair Roll:** -2 (1 hour)

This system injects highly flammable gas from canisters right into the engine. A driver may activate it at the beginning of an action for free, doubling his vehicle's Acceleration and Top Speed for the round. A canister contains enough nitrous for six rounds, and refills go for \$200 (Scarce Availability: there are more systems lying around than unused canisters).

Ram Plate

Cost: \$250; **Availability:** C; **Repair Roll:** 0 (1 hour)

A ram plate is a heavy piece of metal welded to a vehicle's front end. Often, these nasty pieces of work include heavy spikes, or are sharply angled at the center, creating a wedge. When this vehicle rams another, it suffers 1d6 less damage than normal and the target suffers 1d6 more.

Sidecar

Cost: \$1000; **Availability:** U; **Repair Roll:** -2 (2 hours)

A sidecar increases a motorcycle's passenger rating by 1 but inflicts a -1 penalty to Driving rolls. For extra mayhem, sidecars can also carry one additional Weapon Mount. Sidecars can only be mounted on motorcycles.

Spoiler

Cost: \$200; **Availability:** U; **Repair Roll:** 0 (1 hours)

Spoilers deflect air passing over a vehicle, pushing it down and improving traction. This adds +1 to the driver's Driving roll at speeds of 20 and higher. Spoilers can't be fitted to motorcycles.

Supercharger

Cost: \$800; **Availability:** R; **Repair Roll:** -2 (2d4 hours)

A supercharger improves an engine's performance by forcing additional air into the pistons. This provides more oxygen for combustion inside the engine, increasing its power output.

Your vehicle's Acc/Top Speed is increased by +2/+4, and it gets five more miles per gallon of spook juice.

Weapon Mount

Cost: Fixed: \$250 + weapon; Swivel: \$750 + weapon; **Availability:** C/U; **Repair Roll:** 0/-2

Weapon mounts help your wasteland warrior do unto others before they can do unto him. These vital accessories come in two varieties: fixed mounts and swivel mounts. The statistics above indicate fixed mount information to the left of the slash, with the swivel mount information to the right.

A fixed mount, as the name implies, is in a fixed position relative to the vehicle. Usually this is forward, but more than one lucky waster has escaped a road gang by virtue of a SAW stuffed in his trunk. In any event, this weapon can only fire in the direction it is mounted, but since the fire controls are usually wired to the driver's steering wheel, he can fire it once each round without incurring a multi-action penalty. To make an attack, the driver rolls the lower of his Driving or Shooting skills.

Swivel mounts can be as crude as a hole hacked in a car roof or as sophisticated as a motorized turret, but always require a passenger to serve as gunner. This style of mount allows a weapon to be fired in any direction. Don't forget that unstable platform penalty, though.

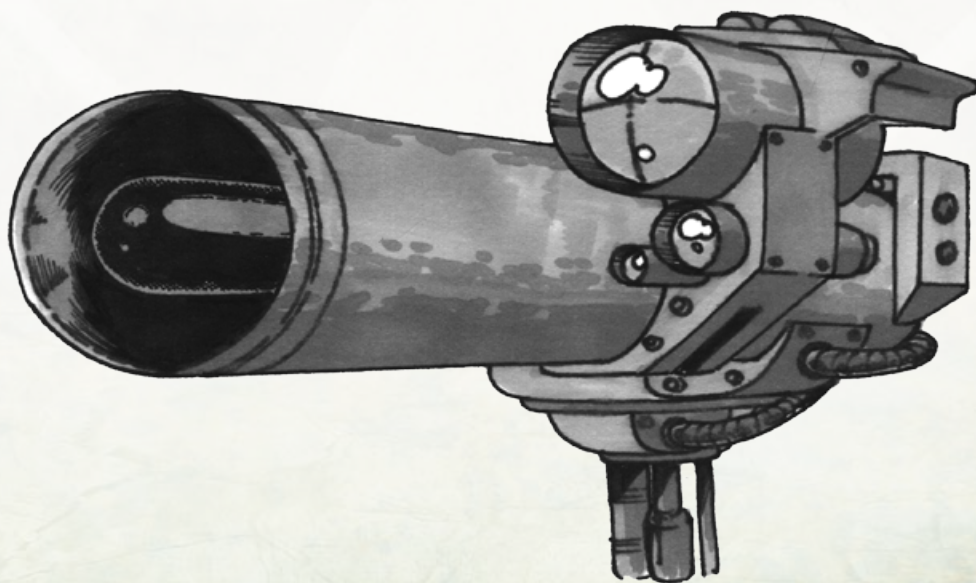
Vehicles can only carry as many weapon mounts as their base Toughness divided by 4, rounded down.

EQUIPMENT

VEHICULAR WEAPONS

Weapon	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Avail
8mm Rail Gun	200/400/800	3d10	1	\$8,000	R
Notes: AP 4, Heavy Weapon, Small Burst Template, 40 shots					
10mm Laser	100/200/400	3d6	3	\$12,000	R
Notes: AP 8, Heavy Weapon, unlimited shots with fusion reactor					
15mm AT Laser	150/300/600	4d8	3	\$20,000	R
Notes: AP 40, Heavy Weapon, unlimited shots with fusion reactor					
15mm AA Beam Laser	120/240/480	3d8+2	1	\$25,000	VR
Notes: AP 16, Heavy Weapon, unlimited shots with fusion reactor, see M-38 Sky Sweep Air Defense Vehicle notes					
125mm (AI Rounds)	120/240/480	3d8+2	1	\$10,000	VR
Notes: AP 80, Heavy Weapon, Medium Burst Template, 5 shots					
125mm (DU Rounds)	120/240/480	5d8	1	\$10,000	VR
Notes: AP 120, Heavy Weapon, 5 shots					
140mm	100/200/400	5d10	1	\$12,000	VR
Notes: Halves most armor, AP 60, Heavy Weapon, Medium Burst Template, see T-12 Lee Main Battle Tank notes					
Flamer	Cone	3d10	1	\$1,500	S
Notes: Ignores armor except sealed, unlimited shots with fusion reactor					
M-95 Missile Launcher	100/200/400	4d10	1	\$5,000	VR
Notes: AP 65, Heavy Weapon, Medium Burst Template, 2 shots					
M-240GL	100/200/400	By grenade	3	\$3,000	R
Notes: Firest 40mm grenades, 30 shots (3 hoppers of 10 each)					
XL-99	100/200/400	5d10	1/2	\$7,000	R
Notes: AP 30, Heavy Weapon, Small Burst Template, unlimited shots with fusion reactor					

Ammunition: Unless otherwise specified (such as the cost for grenades), ammunition for each weapon costs 10% of the weapon's cost for a full load of ammunition. For example, 40 shots for the 8mm rail gun cost \$800.





SETTING RULES

On the following pages are Setting Rules that alter the core *Savage Worlds* rules or add something new to them based on the harsh environment of the Wasted West.

The Marshal has a few more in his section, but you players should mind your business and stay out of there.

COUNTING COUP

The wastelands have a whole lot of nasties lurking around—Hell, your hombre might even be one of them! Most of these creatures have at least a spark of supernatural energy in them, and the most powerful have a whole lot. A hero who's been around a while might discover how to absorb the essences of the more powerful creatures when they expire.

This is called “counting coup” and results in your character gaining some strange new ability. Before the Apocalypse, only Harrowed could count coup, but now anyone near the fiend as its essence “bleeds” off can do so.

The Marshal has full details on how this is done on page 93. Just make sure your waster isn't too far away when a really wicked beast goes down. He might just walk away from the event with a little extra juice he can use when he runs into the *next* horror.

DEATH

The dead don't always stay that way in *Deadlands*. If your character goes on to that big paradise in the sky, draw one card for each of his Ranks from a fresh Action Deck. If he has the Guts Edge, add one draw, and if he has the Grit Edge, add another.

If any of your cards are a Joker, your hero is coming back as a Harrowed. See the No Man's Land chapter (page 69) for more information—but only after your waster kicks the bucket.

GHOST STORMS

When the bombs hit, each one left behind a whirling mess of screaming souls, called a “ghost storm.”

These fearsome tornadoes circle ground zero in a five mile radius. The “walls” tend to be about ten feet thick. They aren't quite as *physically* violent as a real whirlwind, but they're more dangerous to one's soul. Unfortunately for the scavengers of the Wasted West, every city that got hit by ghost rock bombs has one of these whirling hellstorms surrounding it. If a traveler wants inside, he has to pass through the ghost storm.

Doing so requires a Vigor roll at -4. Failure gives the waster a level of Fatigue that fades after one hour. If the victim rolls

HELL ON EARTH

FATE CHIPS & FEAR

These rules aren't the same in the Wasted West because it's a different place. Fate Chips are replaced by Bennies straight from *Savage Worlds*. This makes things a little smoother for the type of play more common in *Hell on Earth* than *Deadlands*.

Fear Levels are still used but instead of characters using the Guts skill, they make regular Fear checks (also described in *Savage Worlds*). Two new Edges replace the Grit system from *Deadlands*, named appropriately Guts and Grit. Both of these reduce the penalties Fear Levels usually inflict on these tests.

These rules weren't transferred to the Wasted West because it's a scarier era. Things changed after the Reckoning. Life is a little harsher for the average waster and most have learned to live with it a little better than those first experiencing the horrors of the Reckoners over two centuries past.

a 1 on his trait die, he immediately gains a mutation and suffers 2d6 damage as he sprouts a third eye, a few extra fingers, or worse. Only magical armor protects against this damage. Snake eyes on the roll results in 3d6 damage and two mutations. Have fun with that. The Mutation Table can be found on page 95.

SCAVENGING

Scavenging is the ability to find saleable bits or life's necessities in the ruins of civilization.

When the Marshal decides a location might have scavengable materials, each member of the party who chooses to search may make Notice rolls. With a success, the waster finds \$2d6 worth of saleable bits he can use as cash the next time he finds a trader. These bits are unnamed odds and ends good for nothing other than currency.

In addition, if the searcher gets a raise, he may also draw a single card from a fresh Action Deck. The Marshal has the scoop on what the scavenger finds on page 102.

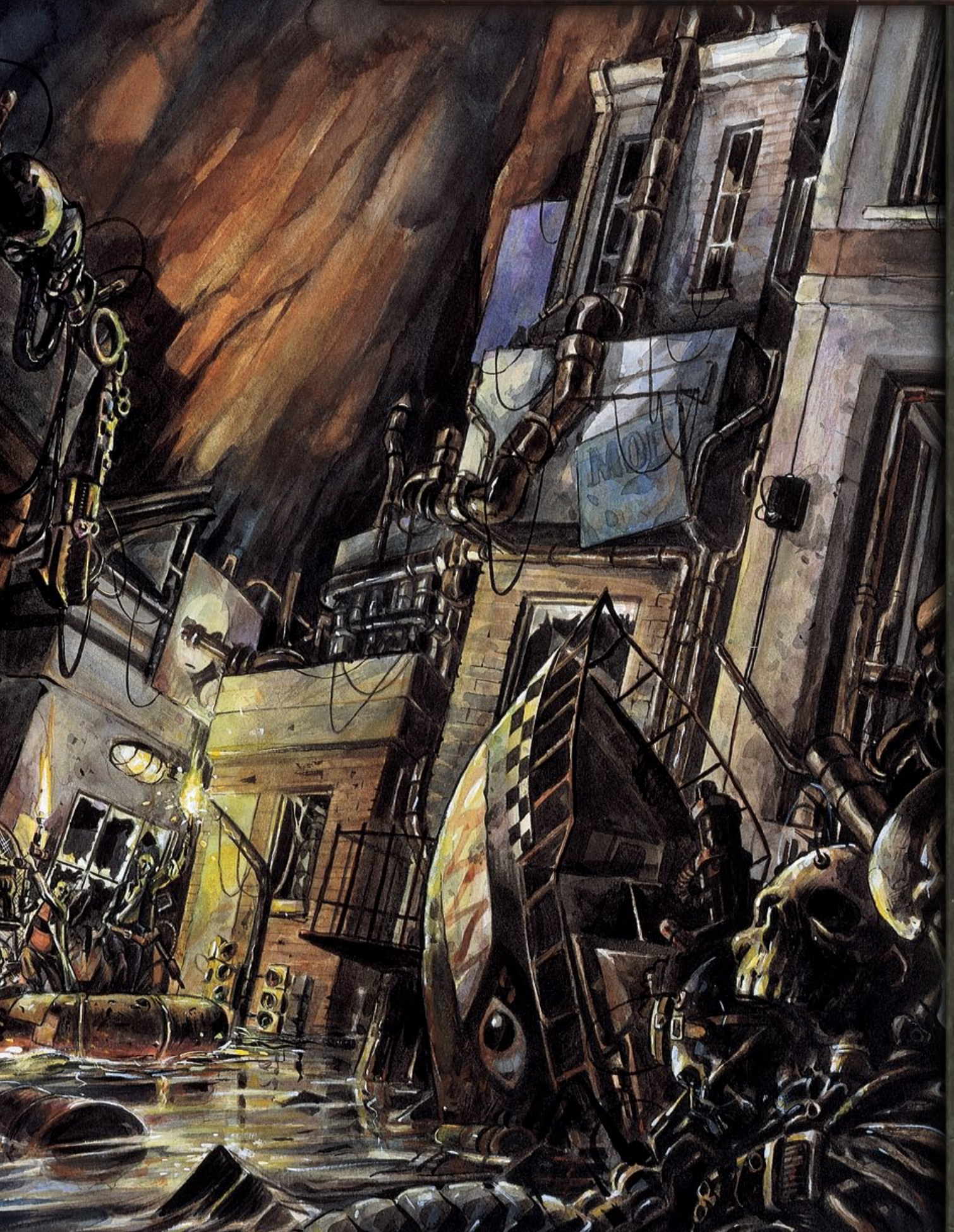
Naturally, most of the really good caches of loot have already been picked over in the 16 years since Judgment Day. The scroungers' Notice rolls are modified by the size of the find and whether or not it's already been picked over, as decided by the Marshal and using the Scavenging Table below as a guide.

SCAVENGING MODIFIERS

Modifier	Time	Location
-4	1d6 rounds	Corpse
-2	1d6 min	Civilian car, group of corpses
-1	3d6 min	Military vehicle, traffic pileup in a small town (a dozen cars or so)
0	1d6 hours	Home or small office, former battlefield, jetliner, traffic pileup in a large city (50+ cars)
+1	2d6 hours	Large office (up to 100 people)
+2	3d6 hours	Office building, department store, cruise ship
+4	1d6 days	Laboratory

Modifier	Condition
-4	Likely to have been picked over already
-2	Unlikely to have been picked over already
0	Untouched
+2	Organized cache (such as a survival shelter)

SETTING RULES



The Wasted West is a place of terror and violence, but it is also a place of power for those who know its secrets.

On the following pages are rules for playing those who have figured out some of this Hell on Earth.



NO MAN'S LAND

DOOMSAYERS

Edge: Arcane Background (Doomsayer)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Faith d6+, Spirit d8+

Arcane Skill: Faith (Spirit)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 2 plus *environmental protection*

Backlash: Should a Doomsayer roll a 1 on her Faith roll, she is Shaken. On a critical failure, she gains a random mutation and does not get her extra card draw (see below).

Available Powers: *Armor, barrier, blast, blind, bolt, boost/lower trait, burst, confusion, damage field, darksight, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, drain power points, elemental manipulation, EMP, entangle, environmental protection, farsight, fear, havoc, healing, intangibility, light/obscure, mutate, slow, summon ally.*

Special Rules:

- **Mutations:** Doomsayers begin the game with one random mutation (see page 95). Whenever a Doomsayer draws a mutation in play, she picks an extra card and takes the best result.

- **Recharge:** A Doomsayer who steps through a ghost storm (page 65) regains 1d6 Power Points or 2d6 if they get a raise on the Vigor roll.

HISTORY

The Cult of Doom is a mutant-led group of individuals who believe “normal”

humanity is doomed, and that mutants are the next branch of the evolutionary tree.

Some priests of the Cult believe “norms” should be wiped out to make way for mutant-kind. Silas Rasmussen and his green-robed priests—Doomsayers and the more powerful Doombringers—are intent on making humanity's exit as bloody as possible.

One Doomsayer, a woman named Joan, rebelled against the “Mutant King” and splintered from the cult. She and her “heretics” donned purple Doomsayer robes and are attempting to bring about a peaceful transition to the masses. Joan has genuine compassion for her non-mutated brothers and sisters, but is also smart enough to realize humanity is very well-armed and fearful of their impending doom. Those circumstances often lead people to do terrible things that will certainly cause more pain and suffering, and could even result in the extinction of mutants—or even all life.

Joan wants to foster good relations between the “Chosen” and the “Doomed,” and the heretics’ purple robes are the key. If enough purple-robed Doomsayers do enough good, she hopes norms will begin to see mutants in a better light. She doesn’t expect the Doomed to suddenly come around and believe all mutants are good, because that’s certainly not the case. In fact, mutants are more likely than humans to be a bit off kilter, or even downright crazy. Joan chalks this up to the Glow’s failed experiments. She does, however, hope

HELL ON EARTH



NO MAN'S LAND

that the good works of her followers will eventually convince the Doomed to give the Chosen a fair shake.

As such, Joan's followers prove themselves by doing good deeds for mutants and norms alike. They protect villages, cure rad sickness, heal the wounded, and—most important—lead resistance against mutant attacks. Yep, you read that right. The Chosen might be humanity's next branch on the evolutionary tree, but they haven't been "Chosen" to kill, ravage, pillage, and plunder. Doomsayers are the first to wade into a den of these deviant mutants and start blasting (reasonable mutants allied with Silas are given the chance to convert to a more peaceable way of life before they're nuked).

Silas' followers greatly outnumber Joan's, and their mutations cause many to be a bit unstable to boot. To make matters worse, a lot of norms don't understand the schism and think all Doomsayers are out to kill them. This makes life pretty difficult for these desert do-gooders.

Heretical Doomsayers are ordained by Joan or a select few of her original heretics and given a purple robe emblazoned with the symbol of the Cult of Doom: a combination of the Greek letters Alpha and Omega, superimposed over the flames of the Apocalypse. The symbol looks to many like that of a three-legged mutant.

DOOMSAYER EDGES

Oppenheimer's Chosen (Weird Edge)

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Doomsayer), Vigor d8+, Faith d8+

This priest of the Glow is blessed by one of the Nine Great Saints of the Cult of Doom. Unfortunately, the reactor that burns brightest also runs the greatest risk of melting down.

All of the Doomsayer's damage-causing powers, such as *bolt*, are increased a die type (so 2d6 becomes 2d8). However, should

he suffer backlash on any power, he is Shaken and suffers 3d6 damage. If this kills the Doomsayer, the last miracle goes off as if it were successful with a raise. He then explodes in a burst of radioactive energy that causes 4d10 damage to everything in a Large Burst Template centered on the priest. Those who suffer a wound or more gain a mutation as well!

DOOMSAYER POWERS

Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP)

Rank: Novice

Power Points: 2-10

Range: Spirit

Duration: 3 (2/round)

An electromagnetic pulse fries non-shielded circuits and electronics. It's a great way for a Doomsayer to level the playing field when faced with high-tech weapons and vehicles.

To use *EMP* the Doomie places a Medium Burst Template anywhere within range and then makes a Faith roll. The difficulty of affecting a target depends on any shielding it might have, as shown below. Affected electronics are fried and generally must be replaced.

- **Large Target:** For two additional points, the Doomsayer may affect everything in a Large Burst Template.

EMP TABLE

Cost	Affected Items
2	Handheld electronics
3	Home computers, vehicle ignition systems
4	Light military gear, industrial computers
6	Military computers, junker tech, shielded electronics, headbanger chips, cyborgs, normal robots
8	Heavily shielded electronics, automatons

HELL ON EARTH

Mutate!

Rank: Veteran

Power Points: 6

Range: Touch

Duration: Special

This insidious power is feared by “normals” and all but the craziest mutants. The Doomsayer must expend his Power Points and then make a successful touch attack against his opponent. With a success, he makes a Faith roll opposed by his victim’s Spirit.

On a success, the victim gains one random mutation for a period of a week. With a raise, the mutation is permanent.

- **Additional Effect:** By reducing the Power Points spent to 1, the Doomsayer can control the Glow so that the effects are temporary (about 24 hours). This bestows minor but very noticeable mutations such as boils, purple skin, scales, horns, and the like. This is usually used to give a norm an appreciation of what their mutated brothers and sisters go through each day. It counts as the Outsider Hindrance among other norms.

TRAPPINGS

Doomsayer powers are bright, flashy, and often explosive. They glow with pure green radiation that can sometimes leave after-effects such as redness or skin pustules on those affected by them.

A Doomsayer about to cast a power glows green with sizzling energy before unleashing it—a tell-tale sign to others that doom is nigh.

The “children of the atom” tend to call their powers names associated with radiation, nuclear war, or famous scientists who worked in the field of atomic energy. *Blast*, for example is *nuke*, while multiple *bolts* are called MIRVs (a type of warhead that stands for Multiple Independently-targeted Reentry Vehicle), and *lower trait* is the “Curse of Marie Curie.”

HARROWED

Edge: Harrowed

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Spirit d6+

Special Rules:

- **Dominion:** See below

History

Some individuals are just too ornery to lay down and die. But no human can do this alone. To come back from the grave, a deceased soul has to catch a ride with a demon—or a manitou as the Native Americans called them long ago. The manitou takes up residence in its host’s body and grants it power, such as walking and talking despite being deceased, healing, and more.

These undead heroes are called Harrowed, which means “dragged forth from the earth.”

A manitou in an undead host is slain if the brain is destroyed (one of the few ways they actually can be killed), so they only risk their otherwise eternal souls on those with exceptional abilities. Weak or infirm mortals are only resurrected temporarily (hence the monstrous walkin’ dead common to the Wasted West) so that they aren’t permanently destroyed.

The host and the manitou need each other to keep the body moving, but they don’t share this dwelling peacefully. It’s a constant and hellish battle for control.

For the most part, the manitou simply sits back and lets the Harrowed go about his daily unlife. From time to time, however, the demon tries to hop into the driver’s seat to do some dastardly deed. If the manitou is strong enough, it can take control of your hero for a while and wreak havoc among strangers and friends alike.

Dominion

When a Harrowed first returns from the grave he remembers suffering through his worst nightmare. The manitou puts him through its own little corner of Hell every night, hoping to weaken the host’s resolve.

Recently deceased characters who first become Harrowed start with a Dominion of 0, as do characters with the Harrowed Edge. The host and the manitou are on roughly even footing.

When the Marshal tells you to make a Dominion roll, make a Spirit roll and add your current Dominion. This is opposed by the manitou. Dominion can never go below -4 or above +4.

DOMINION TABLE

- **Success:** The Harrowed retains control and gains a point of Dominion, or two with a raise.
- **Failure:** The manitou takes over (and no doubt gets up to some evil shenanigans); you lose 1 Dominion point, or 2 if the manitou scored a raise.
- **Tie:** The manitou doesn't take control, but your hero is Shaken.

THE UNLIFE OF A HARROWED

So what's it like being undead? A mixed blessing. A walking corpse is a tough hombre to take in a fight, but he has trouble making friends.

Death Wounds

Whatever puts a fellow down the first time leaves a mark. The "death wound" is essentially healed but scarred or otherwise a deformity. A hero who was shot in the chest, for example, has a bullet scar there. One who was hanged might have a slightly crooked neck and a visible rope burn that never fades.

Decay

Undead have pale, sallow skin. They don't rot since the manitous sustain their bodies with supernatural energy, but they don't smell like roses, either. Anyone who gets up close and personal with a Harrowed picks up the smell of decay with a Notice roll.

Drinking a quart or so of alcohol "pickles" a Harrowed for a day or two. He'll smell like a drunk, but at least he won't smell like a dead drunk. Animals can always tell. Riding rolls or any rolls involving the cooperation of animals suffer a -2 penalty.

Harrowed can't reproduce, or even enjoy the attempt. Their blood doesn't flow south if you catch our drift.



Food and Drink

Harrowed need meat—fresh or carrion—to patch themselves up. Each healing roll attempted by a Harrowed consumes about a pound of flesh. The Harrowed must eat the meat, but he doesn't necessarily have to cook it first.

Harrowed don't need water, and while we're on the subject of libations, can't get drunk either. For that matter, Harrowed aren't affected by booze or drugs, and can't be poisoned or catch a disease (at least, not a normal disease). They are affected by supernatural radiation normally, however.

Fear

Being a walking corpse hardens the mind to horrific experiences. It doesn't get much worse than clawing your way out of your own grave. Harrowed characters add +2 to Fear tests.

Sleep

Whoever first said "he sleeps like the dead" obviously didn't know any dead folks. Harrowed themselves don't need sleep, but the manitou inside needs 1d6 hours of downtime out of every 24 to recharge the batteries, so to speak.

Unlike normal folk, Harrowed can't really push it to stay awake; when it's time to sleep, the manitou just shuts the Harrowed down. The Harrowed can try to resist, but he must make a Spirit roll every hour or keel over on the spot (and likely get buried again when folks discover his heart isn't beating). This roll gets tougher as the night drags on: each additional roll suffers a cumulative -1 penalty, to a maximum of -3.

For the record, sleeping Harrowed aren't completely oblivious. The manitou keeps one eye open for trouble, so Harrowed are just as likely as any other folks to wake up if trouble comes along.

Undeath

Harrowed are a pretty sturdy bunch. They don't suffer Fatigue from mundane sources, and non-lethal damage has about as much effect on them as a mosquito does on a

steer. Harrowed suffer wounds normally, but they can't be killed except by destroying the brain.

The only way a Harrowed dies is by a head shot. A called shot to the noggin will do it, as will a Head result on the Injury Table. In case of the latter, if he fails his Incapacitation roll he's dead for good this time.

Harrowed never bleed out and can ignore all effects thereof.

Harrowed Incapacitated by damage to other parts of the body are down for 1d6 days. They then regain consciousness and can basically crawl until they get enough meat to heal their wounds. This even regrows lost limbs.

Harrowed don't feel pain and they don't really bleed either. That's not to say they don't suffer wound penalties. In the case of the Harrowed, these penalties reflect damage to the Harrowed's muscles and bones, making actions more difficult—it's also a little distracting having your stinking, rotted guts spilling all over your boots.

HARROWED EDGES

The moment a character is Harrowed—regardless of the particulars of how it happens—he automatically gets one Harrowed Edge for free.

Cat Eyes

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

The character gains +2 to his Notice rolls to spot visual clues, and ignores penalties for Dim and Dark lighting conditions.

Improved Cat Eyes

Requirements: Seasoned, Harrowed, Cat Eyes

The Harrowed can see in the dark, ignoring all penalties for lighting. He can also see sentient beings' auras. With a successful Spirit roll, he can divine an Extra's attitude as defined by the Reaction Table (*Savage Worlds*). A raise tells the deader if the target is a supernatural creature of some sort.

Chill o' the Grave

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

They say the grave is damp and cold, and this Harrowed has mastered the ability to radiate that chill from the Hunting Grounds through his body, lowering the temperature around him noticeably.

The deader makes a Spirit roll to use this power, dropping the temperature 10°F within a Large Burst Template centered on the Harrowed. Anyone inside the template must make a Spirit check or become unnerved, essentially suffering Fatigue. A 1 on the Spirit roll means the victim panics.

The chill lasts a number of rounds equal to half the Harrowed's Spirit die type. This causes the Harrowed a level of Fatigue that is naturally recovered in one hour. He cannot use this ability if Exhausted.

Claws

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

The hero gains sharp claws that cause Str+d6 damage in combat. The claws may be extended or retracted at will.

Improved Claws

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed, Claws

The Claws inflict Str+d10 damage.

Ghost

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

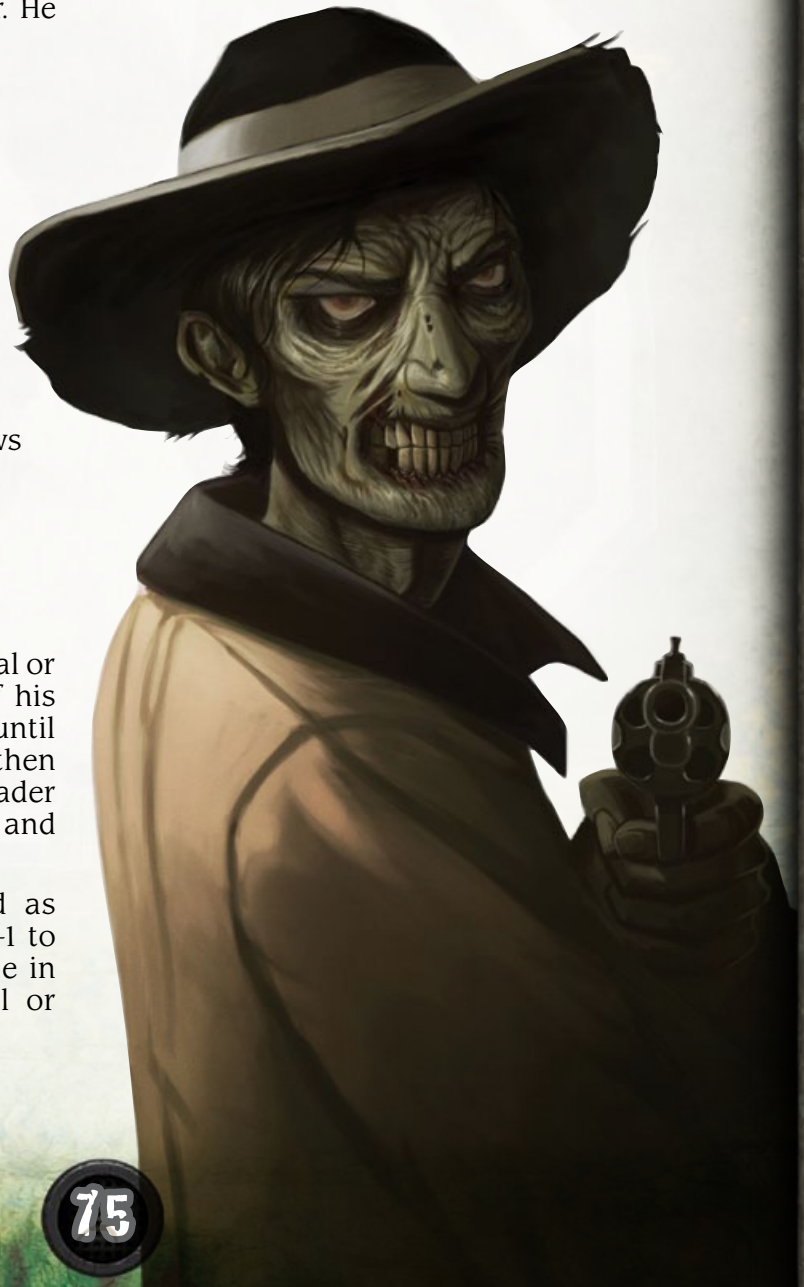
The Harrowed decides if he is corporeal or incorporeal at the beginning of each of his actions. He must remain in that state until his next action—he cannot attack and then go incorporeal. While ghosted, the deader is intangible, though he is still visible and magical attacks affect him normally.

The Harrowed may remain ghosted as long as he continues to concentrate (-1 to other skills). If he suffers damage while in this state, he must make a Spirit roll or become tangible.

Hell Fire

Requirements: Heroic, Harrowed

The Harrowed blasts raw fire drawn from the depths of hell from his fingertips. This acts just like a flamethrower (see *Savage Worlds*) and causes 2d10 damage. This uses the Shooting skill to hit the targets, and a 1 on the Shooting die type causes a Shaken result on the Harrowed.



Implacable

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

Most Harrowed take a while to get used to the fact that they don't suffer pain anymore. They still grunt when shot and limp when their ankle gets chewed by some unholy varmint. It's a mental thing.

Your Harrowed, on the other hand, has overcome this block. He ignores two points of wound penalties, cumulative with Nerves of Steel.

Infest

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

Insects also have spirits in the Hunting Grounds and manitous have learned a few tricks to control them. A Harrowed with this power can control swarms of biting, stinging insects. The creatures aren't created by the power, so they must be present in the surrounding area.

To summon the swarm, the Harrowed suffers a level of Fatigue. This gives rise to a swarm of insects (see *Savage Worlds*) under the undead's control. The Harrowed cannot use this ability if he's already Exhausted. The swarm dissipates when destroyed or after about five minutes.

Soul Eater

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed

A successful bare-handed attack with a raise allows the Harrowed to drain the life force of his victim, automatically inflicting a wound on any living being.

Each time the Harrowed causes a wound in this way, he may make a Spirit roll opposed by his victim. If he is successful, he repairs one wound. Even if the Harrowed causes multiple wounds (from a Wild Card, for example), he still only recovers one wound himself.

Alternately, the Harrowed hero may use the drained energy to recover a Fatigue level.

Spook

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

The Harrowed draws upon the power of the manitou within him to lend a little extra substance to his intimidating glare or grating voice. This adds +2 to his Intimidation rolls. In addition, Wild Cards who fail must roll on the Fright Table (see *Savage Worlds*). Extras are Panicked. The ability may not be used on the same target more than once in the same general encounter.

Stitchin'

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

A dead man with Stitchin' regenerates damage much faster than normal. He may make natural Healing rolls every day, provided he consumes a pound of meat for each attempt.

Improved Stitchin'

Requirements: Veteran, Harrowed, Stitchin'

The Harrowed may roll every hour.

Supernatural Trait

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

Supernatural Trait immediately improves any one attribute two die types (a d12 becomes a d12+2, and so on). This Edge may be taken up to five times, but only once for each one attribute.

Wither

Requirements: Novice, Harrowed

This terrible ability allows a deader to drain the life and years of some poor sod. With a touch, the Harrowed and the target make opposed Spirit rolls. If the Harrowed wins, the target's Strength is reduced one die type to a minimum of d4. With a raise, his Strength and Vigor are both reduced. This is a permanent loss but may be recovered by advancement as usual.

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JUNKERS

Edge: Arcane Background (Junker)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice

Arcane Skill: Weird Science (Smarts)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 1

Backlash: As Weird Scientists (see *Savage Worlds*).

Available Powers: All but *disguise*, *divination*, *greater healing*, *shape change*, and *summon ally*.

Special Rules:

- **Gadgeteer:** A junker automatically gets the Gadgeteer Edge for free, but it functions slightly differently (and he cannot take the normal version of the Edge). He can bind a tech spirit into his gathered components and create a device that replicates any power available to junkers a number of times per session equal to half his Spirit. The catch for this flexibility is that each device has a number of Power Points equal to the Components consumed in its creation (up to half the junker's maximum Power Points). Since the gadget binds a tech spirit into its construction, this takes place very quickly—one action instead of the usual 1d20 minutes required by the regular Gadgeteer Edge. The junker has to make a Weird Science roll to bind the tech spirit, and suffers a -2 penalty for each Rank the power is higher than his own. If the junker gets a raise on the roll, he only uses half the Components required.

- **Junkmen:** Junkers collect "Components" as they travel about the Wastes—bits and pieces of electronics, chemicals, mechanical devices, and stranger stuff they use to augment and create their weird devices. Components are gathered anytime the part is allowed to make a scavenging roll (see page 66). The junkmen gather the scavenged items as usual, but also find 1d6 Components with a success, 2d6 with a raise. Every five Components weighs one pound but are otherwise non-specific odds and ends with no other use.

- **Repairs:** Any time a junker's gizmo is damaged or needs to be repaired (such as from a Malfunction), he needs Components to fix it. Minor repairs,

equivalent to a Minor Malfunction, require 1d6 Components. Major repairs, as a Major Malfunction, require 2d6 Components. Total destruction, like a Catastrophic Malfunction, require a number of Components equal to the maximum Power Points in the device.

- **Spook Juice:** Junkers can make spook juice without a refinery. A successful Weird Science roll distills one pound of ghost rock into one gallon of spook juice in an hour. On a raise, the junker gets two gallons. Critical failure results in a spectacular explosion, causing 3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template.

- **Weird Science:** Junkers use all the rules for Weird Scientists in *Savage Worlds*, including the Malfunction Table.

History

Junkers are the techno-wizards of the Wasted West. With the help of the spirit world, they can build devices of incredible power out of the ruins of technology scattered about the wastelands. They depend on tech spirits to hold their devices together, ghost rock to power them, and salvage for the physical components of their inventions.

Junkers tend to keep to themselves. Some choose solitary lives but most are ostracized by survivors who want nothing to do with folks who willingly deal with spirits and ghost rock—it did destroy the world, after all. Of course, these misgivings often vanish when a junker shows up with some incredible device folks just can't live without—like a ghost rock-powered generator or alchemical healing salve.

A junkers' typically bizarre appearance only adds to most folks' distrust. Most wear techno-talismans made from discarded bits of machine innards and have arcane schematics stitched into their clothing—or even tattooed into their skin!

The Origins of Science!

In the years following the Great Quake of 1863, a new form of science appeared in the world. Its practitioners liked to call it "new science," but most non-eggheads referred to it as "mad science."

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The gizmos born of this science often seemed to defy reality to a point where they appeared almost magical. Their effects—when they worked—were spectacular; when they didn't, the explosions were even more so. Of course, the main reason folks called it mad science was that those who dabbled with it often became stark raving lunatics.

What these scientists didn't understand was that their technological insight was not a product of their own genius, but inspired by the manitous. The Reckoners sent their underlings to whisper in the scientists' ears as they slept, and their dreams were filled with bizarre and destructive devices. When they awoke, they turned their dreams into reality. These ghostly visions loosened the inventors' grips on reality and eventually drove them mad.

It turns out the Reckoners got what they wanted from the mad scientists on July 3rd 2063—200 years to the day after the Reckoning began—the first city buster ghost rock bomb was unveiled. The Reckoners now had the tools they needed to destroy civilization and terrorform the entire world into a Deadland.

Having attained their goal, the number of manitous whispering in the ears of mad scientists declined dramatically. Inventors the world over found their muses suddenly silent. Most eventually gave up their inventors' workshops and entered more ordinary technical professions. A few took their own lives.

When the Whispering Stopped

Not all the mad scientists who were abandoned by the manitous gave up their work. Some looked

for answers. The Sons of Sitgreaves was a movement that traced its roots back to 1876 and R. Percy Sitgreaves, the first mad scientist to discover the awful truth about his "genius." Since most mad scientists refused to believe their inventions came from anywhere except their own gray matter, Sitgreaves and his followers were outcasts in the scientific community.

But after Sitgreaves' revelation, a few of the Sons began studying other forms of magic in an effort to better understand the manitous and their goals. The demons would no longer willingly help an inventor, and in fact had nothing new to contribute. Their knowledge of future technology ended on July 3rd, 2063.

The spiteful things could be coerced into sharing past knowledge, such as how to create goggles that can see spirits or belts that project fields of energy, but their knowledge was shady and they certainly wouldn't power these devices.

But tech spirits would. These new creatures rose as man put a little of himself into his own inventions, and were typically tethered to the device which spawned them. The spiritual boom of Judgment Day freed the spirits, however, and now the Hunting Grounds are full of them. They don't get along well with nature spirits, who are frequent and savage enemies.

The junkmen of the Wasted West discovered these tech spirits willingly inhabited their infernal devices to hold them together and provide the magical "pilot light" to kickstart their various powers, but to really fuel the fire, they needed "ghost rays."



Ghost Rays

The energy given off as ghost rock burns—souls, basically—is similar to the energy of the Hunting Grounds itself. When first discovered by the Sons of Sitgreaves, the energy was called “ghost rays,” or “g-rays” for short. From this they developed the g-ray collector. It collects spiritual energy from ghost rock as it burns and stores it for later use in “spirit batteries.”

The full limits of this new technology had yet to be explored before the Last War began. A few junkers were drafted into government service—a junker was responsible for the first true cyborgs, for example—but their contributions to the war effort came too little, too late.

After the Bomb

Once the bombs stopped falling, junkers really came into their own. The world needed folks who could get machines running without a few vital components, and junkers fit the bill. But the inventors need a manitou's guidance, a tech spirit's soul, and g-rays to do the job—all wild chicanery that makes junkers pretty suspect.

Nonetheless, junkers are vital to keeping many survivor settlements running, and are therefore grudgingly tolerated. Only junkers have the arcane knowledge required to distill ghost rock into spook juice without the aid of a major refinery, a skill in high demand in the Wasted West.

JUNKER EDGES

The following Edges can be taken by anyone with the Arcane Background (Junker) Edge.

Scavenger Supreme

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Junker), Knowledge (any kind of science) d8+

These junkmen have a keen eye for odds and ends they can pull, cut, or yank out of the scraps they sort through. When a junker with this Edge is allowed to scavenge (see page 66), he gains 1d10 Components with a success, 2d10 with a Raise.

Tapping the Net

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Junker), Investigation d8+, Weird Science d8+

Tech spirits see the Hunting Grounds as a vast network of knowledge and information. A junker with this Edge has learned to get those spirits to do research for him. Once per game session, he can make a Investigation roll without any resources (books, computers, etc.) with a +2 bonus. Additionally, the spirits are constantly streaming him generalized information, granting a +2 bonus to Common Knowledge rolls.

TRAPPINGS

Junker powers take the form of devices assembled from pre-Last War technology. Weapons tend to be firearms of some sort, while defensive powers take the form of armor, force fields, or gizmos that obscure the caster. Utility powers might be alchemical creations like pills or balms, or energy beams that enhance a target's natural potential.



HELL ON EARTH

SYKERS

Edge: Arcane Background (Syker)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Psionics d6+, Smarts d8+

Arcane Skill: Psionics (Smarts)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 3

Backlash: When a syker rolls a 1 on his Psionics die, he suffers severe brainburn that causes 2d6 damage plus half the Power Points he was about to spend. If the ability required 4 Power Points, for example, brainburn would cause 2d6+2 damage.

Available Powers: *Armor, barrier, beast friend, backwash, blind, bolt, boost/lower Trait, confusion, deflection, detect/conceal arcana, disguise, drain power points, farsight, fear, fly, havoc, healing (self only), invisibility, mind reading, mindlink, mindwipe, puppet, quickness, slow, slow burn, slumber, smite, speak language, speed, stun, succor, telekinesis, telekinetic squeeze, wall walker.*

Special Rules:

- **Baldness:** Syker powers burn out the user's hair follicles. It can be regrown if the syker ceases to use his powers, but begins to fall out quickly the moment he resumes.

HISTORY

The governments of the world learned much in their long and deadly struggle against the Reckoning. In America, the Agency and the Texas Rangers captured numerous creatures, studied countless spellslingers, and eventually even learned of the Hunting Grounds and the dark secret behind ghost rock and mad science. These governments—along with others around the world—looked for ways to tap directly into this power and create a new breed of “super soldiers.”

The answer came in the form of Asian priests and martial artists. These individuals had managed to tap into the power of the Hunting Grounds directly, without dealing with manitous, nature spirits, or higher beings for their powers. Their power was channeled directly through their psyches and shaped by mental training.

After several world wars, it was clear sykers were powerful battlefield agents, but their real strength lay in intelligence, misdirection and obfuscation. By World War II, every major government employed these mind warriors as spies and commandos.

The Faraway War

In 2044, Hellstromme Industries opened the Tunnel, a gateway in space that allowed ships to fly through and come out in a distant corner of the galaxy called the “Faraway System.” Faraway had seven planets orbiting the local star, most of which were useless hunks of rock, but the fourth planet, Banshee, was inhabited by a primitive race called the anouks, or “grapes” for their purple color. More importantly, Banshee had ghost rock.

Mining operations started almost immediately despite frequent conflict with the anouks. But despite their prowess, the anouks didn't have a chance against the high-tech weapons of Hellstromme Industries and later the United Nations marines.

Not until the appearance of the Skinnies. These grotesque creatures appeared to be abnormally emaciated anouks, but it soon became clear they possessed supreme mental abilities. Embraced by the battered anouks, these terrible creatures wiped out colonial settlements and isolated military outposts at an alarming rate.

UN General Paul “Overkill” Warfield was tasked with stopping the growing “revolt.” Warfield realized the skinnies were extremely powerful psionics and called on the UN member nations to send sykers to Banshee. They were organized into the United Nations Syker Legion—or the Legion, for short.

Once the Legion arrived, the UN forces went on the offensive. Warfield's sykers were at the forefront of countless battles to exterminate the “grapes” and their skinny overlords. Sykers also infiltrated human sympathizer groups and used their mental manipulation to turn their rebellious followers on each other.

NO MAN'S LAND

Near the end, sykers wound up fighting alongside UN troops as they assaulted the anouk villages and eventually the skinnies' fortresses. The Legion had almost won when the Last War broke out and the nations of Earth recalled their conventional forces.

The Psychic Legion was left behind in a vain attempt to organize the colonists against the rebels and anouks, a force the leaders back on Earth rationalized as nearly defeated. Sykers and a handful of Colonial Rangers organized defenses all over Banshee, but the numbers were too great.

Then the sykers were recalled as well. Some went gladly, happy to escape the lost cause. Others resisted but were compelled to return by force or coercion and leave the colonists behind. In 2081, the last remaining sykers boarded a Hellstromme Industries ship called the *Unity* and returned home through the Tunnel. Shortly after, the Tunnel collapsed and the colonists on Banshee were left to their fate (a tale told in *Deadlands Lost Colony*).

The battered sykers became close in these final days. While in transit, they swore the "Oath of Unity," after the ship they traveled on. They vowed never to harm each other, no matter who gave them the order. Those who break this oath are called Oathbreakers, and those who declined to take it are called "Apostates." One very powerful syker, a member of the Voodoo Guru platoon, even managed to somehow burn a permanent "A" on these individuals' heads. There is no love lost between Oathtakers, Oathbreakers, and Apostates in the Wasted West. Most of them blast on sight.

The bombs fell while the Faraway sykers were in transit. They arrived in our solar system to find the Earth in ruins. Most eventually boarded drop pods and landed in Houston, Texas, then wandered on their own or in small groups from there.

Earth Sykers

While the Legion was battling anouks and skinnies on Faraway, desperate generals back on Earth threw their remaining sykers into traditional attacks and defenses. But

their powers of infiltration and subversion were no match for machine guns, laser guided bombs, and hovertanks. Even their ability to cloud minds meant little when faced with mindless warbots crawling across blasted battlefields.

The most talented sykers quickly developed new powers better suited to this style of war. Many became killing machines whose only purpose was to destroy everything in their path.

It's been said that if a Faraway syker is a knife, an Earth syker is a tire iron.



SYKER HINDRANCES

Apostate/Oathbreaker (Major)

Apostates are Banshee sykers who refused to take the Oath of Unity as it returned to Earth. All of the Apostates had a black "A" singed onto their forehead by a group of sykers called the Voodoo Gurus. This is permanent and cannot be removed.

Most Apostates are villains, but some refused for reasons of loyalty to their nation or because they didn't trust the other members of the "bald-headed brotherhood." Whatever the reason, if your character is an Apostate, other sykers who *aren't* are enemies. Most are likely to look for a reason to fight (to the death).

If your character swore the oath and later broke it, she's an Oathbreaker instead. She didn't get the black A on her forehead, but if a rival Oathbreaker discovers the treachery, he is honor-bound by the oath to kill her.

Oath of Unity (Minor)

Your character is one of the Faraway sykers who swore the Oath of Unity. He's vowed never to harm another syker who also took the oath except in self-defense.

PSYKER EDGES

Fortitude

Requirements: Novice, Arcane background (Psionics), Psionics d8+, Faraway syker

This was a skill perfected on Banshee to help the sykers of the UN Legion combat the supremely powerful skinnies.

A syker can suffer a level of Fatigue to gain +d6 Power Points, or two levels of Fatigue to gain 2d6 Power Points. This is a free action.

The syker may not Incapacitate herself with this Edge. Fatigue accumulated in this way may be recovered by silent, still meditation or sleep at the rate of one level every four hours.

Overkill

Requirements: Novice, Arcane background (Psionics), Psionics d8+, Earth syker

Earth sykers who found themselves thrown on the battlefields of the Last War were unprepared to fight battles against hoverships, hordes of infantry, and warbots. Those who survived did so by learning to boost their powers by spending bits of their souls.

A syker who has this Edge can increase the damage of a single psychic attack by incurring one level of Fatigue for an extra 2d6 damage, or two levels for an extra 3d6 damage. This must be decided before damage is rolled.

Bonus damage applies to a single damage total. If the power has multiple attacks (such as projecting two *bolts*), the syker may add the damage to two totals by suffering two levels of Fatigue (Exhaustion).

The syker may not Incapacitate herself with this Edge. Fatigue accumulated in this way may be recovered by silent, still meditation or sleep at the rate of one level every four hours.

SYKER EQUIPMENT

The various governments of the world developed a multitude of equipment to make their sykers even more effective. Added to that arsenal, mind freaks who fought on Banshee found a variety of psychic-boosting items that were used to level out the playing field when taking on the awesome power of the skinnies.

Amanitrol: This drug is made in crude syker-run labs from common mushrooms and fungi found throughout the world. It makes it easier for sykers to concentrate, allowing them to maintain multiple powers with no modifier to their Psionics roll for 2d6 rounds. It does dull the other senses, though, causing a -2 to all Agility-based skills.

Cost: \$100/dose; **Scarcity:** Uncommon.

Axor: This drug was developed by the Mexican government back in the 20th Century, but its secret soon spread, and

huge stockpiles were maintained by a host of nations, including the US and CSA. While impossible to make these days, there is still plenty to go around if you can find a stash. It makes it easier for sykers to concentrate, giving them a +2 to their Psionics rolls for 2d6 rounds.

Cost: \$100/dose; **Scarcity:** Scarce

Banshee Stones: A mineral found only on Banshee, sykolite was used by skinnies in a variety of types of jewelry or even hung from their necks by thongs. Experimentation by human scientists showed that this so-called Banshee stone acted as a sponge for psionic energy. These golf ball-sized stones have 2d6 Power Points when found or purchased. Sykers who wear them can access these Points for their own abilities. These Power Points return at the rate of 1/day, and if ever drained down to zero, lose 1 Point permanently.

Cost: \$1000/Power Point; **Scarcity:** Unique (only available at the Marshal's discretion)

Green Bird of Heaven: Developed by Chinese scientists in 2020 and distributed in sticks of incense, Green Bird of Heaven makes it easier for sykers to rest and recharge their meridians. When burned in an enclosed space, this incense allows a syker to regain Power Points at double their normal rate. Powerful headaches sometimes result, though. A Vigor roll must be made to prevent the mind freak from becoming Fatigued for 24 hours.

Cost: \$50/dose; **Scarcity:** Uncommon (Great Maze); Rare elsewhere

Red: First developed from a plant on Banshee, this drug soon became so popular with sykers that seedlings were sent back to Earth, where it was grown in secret government labs. Many a clash has been fought by sykers over this resource, not only due to the power it gives them, but also due to its addictive properties.

Red gives a syker 5 more Power Points that can be used in the next 2 hours, but is powerfully addictive. If used less than once a week, a brainiac needs to make a Spirit roll at +2 or gain a Fatigue level. If used more than once in a 7 day period, the Spirit roll is made normally. A 1 on this roll gains the hero the Major Habit Hindrance, which

in turn causes a -1 to all Psionics rolls when not under the influence of Red. Snake eyes requires a Vigor roll from the syker. Failure means she turns into a "Red Zombie" (use walkin' dead statistics but with red skin and the poor schmuck's Psionic powers—time to make up a new character).

Cost: \$200/dose; **Scarcity:** Rare

Sykoactive Helmet: The sykoactive helmet was issued to sykers of both sides. Ordinary helmets often interfered with sykers' abilities so a special helmet was developed. This helmet was made of specially tempered ghost steel that allowed the arcane energies used by the brainburners to freely pass through it.

The helmet has all of the features listed for the Infantry Battlesuit helmet and grants Armor +2 to the head. The downside to this helmet is that continued use eventually causes the metal to become brittle. Roll 2d4 each time a syker uses an ability while wearing the helmet. The helmet's Armor rating drops by 1 if the roll comes up snake eyes.

Cost: \$5000; **Scarcity:** Very Rare

TSAR: The Telepathically Sensitive Assault Rifle was manufactured exclusively by Hellstromme Industries before the war. The top part of the rifle is an ordinary assault rifle, firing 5.56mm rounds from a 30 round magazine (use NA Assault Rifle statistics). Slung under the barrel, however, is a gyrojet launcher from which the weapon gets its name. A syker plugs a cable into his head, which allows him to interface with the weapon's electronics, locking onto the brainwaves of the target and sending a gyrojet round out to seek and destroy the poor sucker's head.

The round will fly around corners, up and over walls, and even go through heavy cover to hit its victim. The syker must make a Psionics roll (modified by cover) opposed by the target's Smarts. If the syker wins, the round hits doing 3d10+4 damage (as a called shot to the head). On a tie, the round hits but does not get the head shot bonus. Harrowed can be targeted by TSAR rounds, but not walkin' dead.

Cost: \$3000 (ammo \$100/round); **Scarcity:** Rare (ammo: Very Rare)

PSYKER POWERS

Several of the powers below were developed by either Earth or Faraway sykers. By this time, however, the knowledge has been shared and either variety may use them.

Backwash

Rank: Seasoned
Power Points: 3
Range: Smarts x Miles
Duration: Instant

This dangerous and highly-specialized power allows a syker to send a powerful and dangerous surge along a psychic link from a target to its source. If an ally is the subject of *puppet*, for example, a syker could use *backwash* to send a mental blast back along the psionic link and attack the puppeteer.

The syker nominates a character currently affected by another characters' power. The syker and original caster then make opposed arcane skill rolls. If the enemy is anything other than another syker, the attacker suffers a -2 penalty.

If the target loses, he suffers 3d6 damage. If the attacker loses, he suffers a level of Fatigue instead. It may be regained by four hours of solid rest or sleep.

Mindlink

Rank: Novice
Power Points: 1+
Range: Smarts x 5
Duration: 30 minutes (1/10 minutes)

Mindlink allows a syker to create a limited telepathic connection between a group of people. The syker is automatically part of the group and pays 1 Power Point for each additional character in the link up to a maximum number of people equal to the syker's Smarts. The link is purely willing communication, no thoughts that aren't consciously transmitted are read. Those who do not wish to be part of the link make an opposed Smarts roll against the syker's Psionics result.

If any character in a mindlink suffers a wound or more, all other members must make a Smarts roll or be Shaken. If the linking syker is the one damaged, the roll is at -2.

Mindwipe

Rank: Novice
Power Points: 3
Duration: Permanent
Range: Smarts

Sykers rarely get embarrassed. If they do something they regret, they just scramble the witnesses' memories and make them forget it ever happened.

Mindwipe causes a target to forget a certain period of time defined by the syker. The power requires a full five minutes to cast, during which the victim must be conscious (and usually restrained).

Mindwipe literally erases the memories. The victim has no recollection of the time lost. He likely won't know this unless he has specific reason to note a hole in his recollection.

To use the power, the syker makes a Psionics roll opposed by the victim's Smarts. If the syker succeeds, the victim forgets up to five minutes of time, plus another five minutes per success and raise. The time lost doesn't have to be recent—it could be a childhood memory or something that happened recently.

Slow Burn

Rank: Novice
Power Points: 1-6
Range: 24/48/96
Duration: Instant

On the battlefields of Earth, traditional syker powers proved of little use against hoverships and armored personnel carriers. Left with little choice but to improvise, brainburners learned to hyper-focus beams of pure pyrokinetic energy that could eventually penetrate even the heaviest armor.

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A syker casting *slow burn* must be stationary. He cannot move or be on an unstable platform such as most vehicles.

The Power Points required depend on the Armor of the target, as shown on the table below. If a syker wants to burn through a vehicle with 70 Armor, for example, he must spend 6 Power Points, and causes 4d10 damage if his Psionics roll is successful.

The beam counts as a Heavy Weapon. The syker can't spend more points than required or increase his damage by spending more Power Points.

SLOWBURN TABLE

Armor	Power Points	Damage
1-4	1	2d6
5-10	2	2d10
11-40	4	3d10
41-70	6	4d10
71-100	8	5d10

Telekinetic Squeeze

Rank: Seasoned

Power Points: 3

Range: Smarts

Duration: Instant

This grotesque power uses telekinesis to squeeze, pull, and tear internal organs, bones, and other vitals. A good attack can kill a foe in one quick blast, leaving nothing but a mangled pile of bleeding flesh and busted bones. Sykers have been known to rip out hearts (they call this "Aztec surprise"), snap bones ("bone ripper") or subtly pinch off major veins and arteries ("the big one").

Regardless of the specific effect and reaction, the attack is an opposed roll between the syker's Psionics and the victim's Vigor. Such fine manipulation of an unseen object is very difficult—

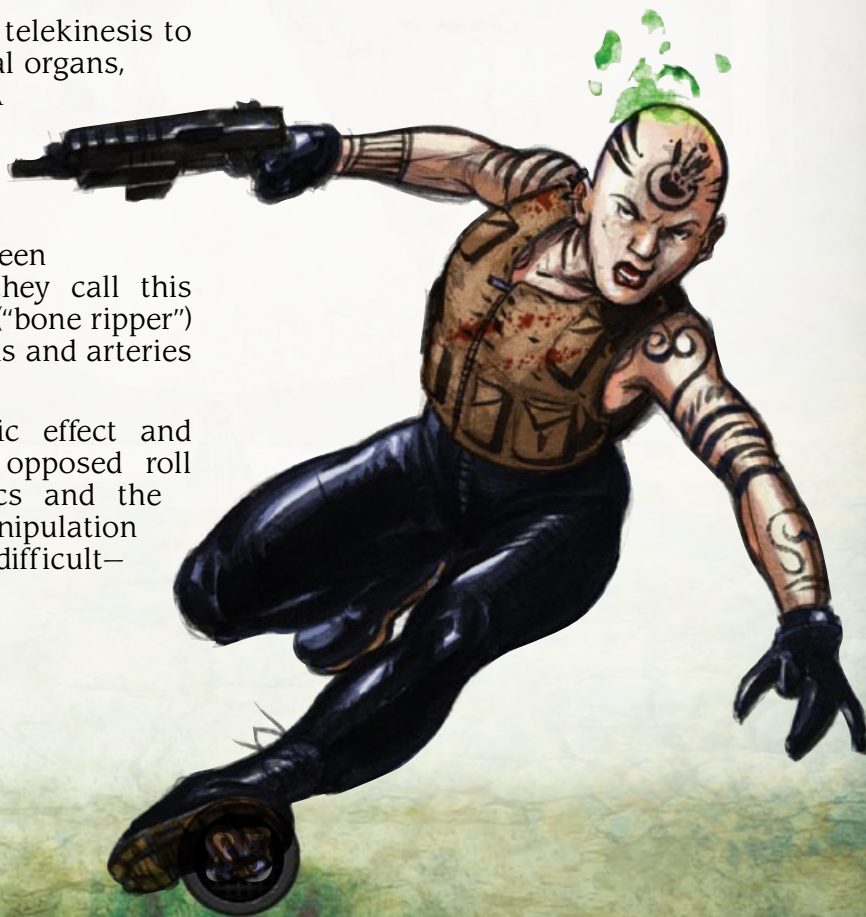
the Psionics roll is made at -2. It does not work on undead, constructs, or creatures without a beating heart.

Success inflicts 1d10 damage, plus 1d10 per raise. Only magical armor protects against this attack.

TRAPPINGS

Syker attacks are usually invisible unless they make use of pyrokinetic energy. Defenses are similarly difficult to detect—the *deflection* power is a vague, shimmering aura of energy, for example.

Other psychic tricks, such as mind reading or mind wipe, have no actual visual effects, but the syker must concentrate quite heavily to do so. The saying goes that if a syker ever looks you in the eye, he's probably in your mind.



HELL ON EARTH

TEMPLARS

Edge: Arcane Background (Templar)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Faith d6+, Fighting d6+, Spirit d8+

Arcane Skill: Faith (Spirit)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 1 + *healing*

Backlash: When a Templar rolls a 1 on his Faith die, he suffers a level of Fatigue. Fatigue lost in this way may be recovered with four hours of rest per level.

Available Powers: *Armor, beast friend, boost/lower trait, darksight, deflection, disguise, environmental protection, farsight, greater healing, healing, quickness, smite, speed, succor, warrior's gift.*

Special Rules:

- **Gear:** Templars begin play with a white tabard proclaiming their station, and a sword chosen from the equipment list as usual. This blade now has the Improved Trademark Weapon Edge for free. He cannot take the Edge again for this weapon, but could take it normally for others. When wielded by its owner, the blade can hurt creatures typically immune to normal weapons (except servitors).

- **Templar Powers:** Simon Mercer's knights may only use their powers on themselves, with the exception of *healing* and *greater healing*.

History

Simon Mercer was an accountant in Boise, Idaho living the American dream. He had a successful career, a nice family, and was active in his local community as a member of the Freemasons and a Boy Scout Troop Leader.

He was on a business trip on Judgment Day in eastern Washington when everything he lived for vanished in a skull-shaped mushroom cloud. Simon returned to Boise and confirmed what he already knew: his family was dead. From there he traveled the West for over a year, wandering from place to place, working for food while wrestling with severe depression.

One day, Simon was passing through a nameless 'ville somewhere in Colorado when General Throckmorton's thugs

showed up and demanded their tithes. The town paid up and Simon watched as the people went hungry. Then a tough female Law Dog named Jenny Hise showed up, and the town begged her for help. She agreed and set off after the Black Hats.

A few days later, she came riding in from the wastes on a motorcycle. She screamed for the townsfolk to open the gates and help fight Throckmorton's goons, but to Simon's horror, they refused, saying that if they let her in, the Black Hats would destroy them all. The Ranger cursed and screamed but stood her ground anyway, trying to protect the ungrateful town. She never had a chance. Simon thought it appropriate when the Combine troops overran the town after they were done with the stubborn Law Dog.

Simon managed to escape the carnage and returned again to Boise. During the trip, his depression slowly turned to anger. Hise had been a heroine, but she had thrown her life away for those who wouldn't even fight beside her to protect their own homes.

When Simon reached Boise, he crossed into the maelstrom, wandered through the ruins, and went to his old Freemason's Temple. A deep fever took hold as he lay in the dark, stone building. Days went by as he stared at the pictures of the old Knights Templar that had given birth to the Masons. His delirious mind dreamed of the knights of old and watched the pictures of their battles come to life.

When Simon finally awoke, he knew what he must do. He would become the first of the new Templars, a heroic figure who would protect the weak. He would draft others worthy of the title to join him, and they would bring order and compassion to this dark world. But these new Templars would not make the same mistakes as the noble but foolish Law Dogs. The Templars would not throw their lives away on lost causes. Nor would they die for those who did not deserve their efforts. Thus he would cull the guilty and preserve the righteous.

Simon took an ancient, ceremonial sword from its display case and made a tabard from an old sheet. Upon the tabard he painted the red Maltese cross—symbol of the Knights Templar.

The Last Crusaders

Simon cut quite a figure in his new uniform, and recruited a score of followers in the first year. A few were simply after the power he promised, but they were quickly rooted out by the crusader and his loyal inner circle.

Gradually, the supernatural energies of the Wasted West embraced the new Templars and they began to develop powers. Some developed preternatural speed, others could withstand incredible trauma and carry on fighting. All learned to heal with a touch. Some Templars believe their benefactors are the spirits of the original Knights Templar, others say it is God himself. A few believe their holy rewards are granted by the spirits of all the heroes who have fought evil and wickedness in the past.

It didn't seem to matter much where the power came from, because Simon and his followers quickly set out across the Wasted West to tussle with evil. They scored many incredible victories and soon attracted even more would-be warriors.

Trouble in Boise

Simon quickly realized that the fledgling order would need a central headquarters for communication and support. He returned to the Freemason Temple inside the Boise maelstrom, decorated the plain building with a single, large white flag marked with the red cross of Malta, and declared himself Grand Master of the Templars. A trio of other Templars formed his permanent council.

Then two events struck at the order that threatened its very existence. A splinter group broke off under a charismatic Templar named Brad Modeen. Calling themselves the Anti-Templars,

these dark knights felt the Wastes were to be ruled and quickly began to resemble the raiders and despots they had fought. Simon declared them exiles and Templars throughout the West were ordered to attack them on sight. Despite the eventual death of Modeen, a new leader of the Anti-Templars has arisen. The Brain, as he is known, has allied these black-tabarded scum with the Combine.

While the Anti-Templars threatened the Order outside Boise, within the maelstrom something began attacking Templars and their followers in their very headquarters. The Boise Horror, as this entity was known, thwarted the best efforts of those who attempted to hunt it down.

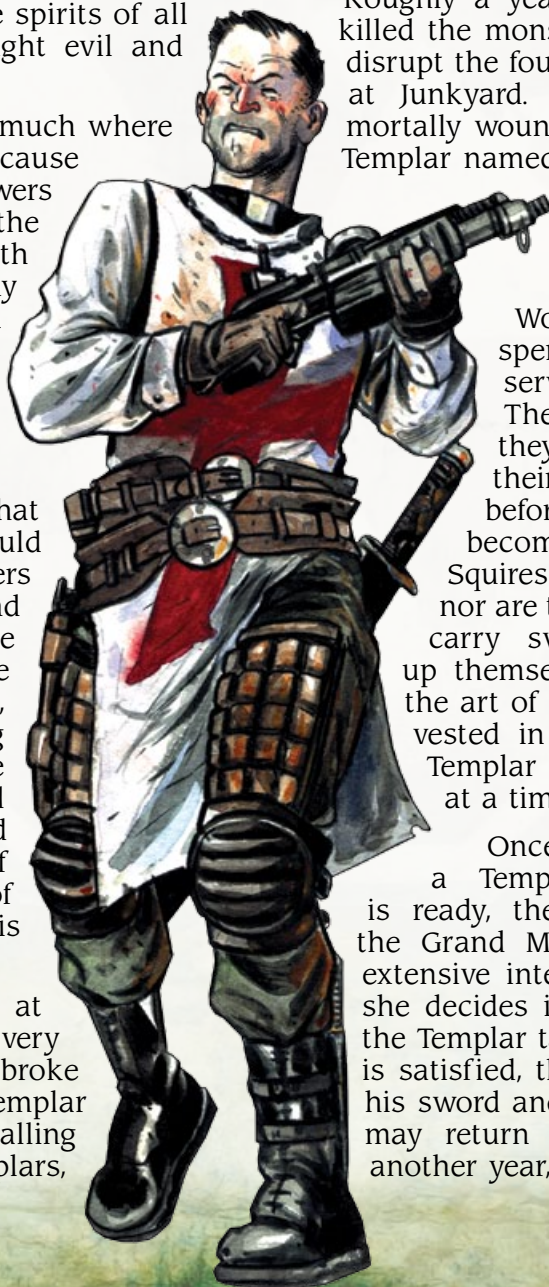
Roughly a year ago, Simon fought and killed the monster when it attempted to disrupt the founding of the Iron Alliance at Junkyard. The Grand Master was mortally wounded in the struggle, and a Templar named Jo Wales was named his successor.

Becoming a Templar

Would-be Templars must spend a year of their life in the service of another Templar. These "squires" serve until they die, leave the side of their mentor, or are brought before the Grand Master to become Templars themselves.

Squires wear no special uniform, nor are they issued any gear. Many carry swords they've scrounged up themselves for they must learn the art of swordplay before they are vested in the Templar order. Each Templar may only have one squire at a time.

Once the year is up, provided a Templar believes his squire is ready, the squire is presented to the Grand Master in Boise. After an extensive interview and testing phase, she decides if the squire is worthy of the Templar tabard. If the Grand Master is satisfied, the new Templar is issued his sword and tabard; if not, the squire may return to serve his master for another year, or go his own way.



After initiation, Templars are expected to visit the temple once per year or so. There, they meet with the Grand Master and inform her of their deeds and the state of the world. Those civilian petitioners who brave the maelstrom to reach the Temple are heard daily, and if they seem worthy, the Grand Master may assign a single visiting Templar to accompany them to their home. Once he arrives, the visiting Templar may deal with the situation as he wishes, or—if the petitioner or his people prove unworthy—not at all.

Templars consider hand-to-hand combat a sign of bravery, but they don't hurl themselves into a fray when a gun serves them better. They generally use their swords to save precious bullets, when they want their foe to taste the fear of retribution before they perish, or when they face overwhelming odds and want to go down swinging.

Templars don't like to lose their swords. If one is ever taken, they vow to get it back. They also revere their brothers' and sisters' swords. When one falls, other Templars eventually come to claim his sword. These are then taken to the Temple in Boise and hung in a place of honor.

The Test of Worth

Templars are a strange lot. A Templar might turn his back on an entire village one day, and give his life for a single child the next. Their philosophy is centered on worth, piety, and the greater good.

They protect those who they feel benefit the world with their lives. Those who do nothing to help civilization, who might even harm it, are not to be defended. Templars don't help the wicked, and they have no compunctions about "blackmailing" a settlement or individual into changing their ethics in return for the knight's aid. Some call them selfish, and there is a certain truth to that belief. Templars believe their own lives are valuable to the future of humanity, and they don't risk them without good reason.

A Templar's primary tool in deciding whether or not a person, family, or village is worthy of their efforts is to visit them

disguised as a mutant, an outcast, a diseased soul, or some other pitiful wretch. If those in need treat him poorly, he usually leaves before they even know they were on the brink of salvation. If, instead, they are sympathetic and compassionate to the disguised Templar, he may choose to reveal himself and pledge his sword to their cause.

The Pledge

Templars are sworn to protect the worthy souls of the Wasted West from evil, whether human evil or the more supernatural variety. This is not, however, the only tenet of the Templar creed. Templars and their squires also observe the Oaths of Poverty and Blood.

The Oath of Poverty requires a Templar to gather only those goods and provisions necessary to carry out his duties and survive (including vehicles).

The Oath of Blood has been the subject of some debate over the years. Once the Grand Master grants a Templar his tabard and sword, he gains all the powers of the order immediately.

It also seems it is impossible to rescind this blessing. Once granted, it seems, their rewards are permanent. For those who seriously abuse their power, through theft, murder, or cowardice, the Grand Master's only recourse to protect the honor and integrity of his order is to send other Templars out to hunt down the errant knights and kill them.

Keeping the Faith

Though Christianity was integral to the original Knights Templar (and the Freemasons as well) the Templars do not consider it a requirement in an individual Templar, nor is it the official creed of the organization. While both Simon and his successor, Jo Wales, were Christian themselves, they knew that in this day and age there are many faiths. Most denominations believe God has forsaken the world anyway.

What the Templars do require is faith, the belief that some "good" presence still watches over the world. There are many

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theories among the ranks, but the most common is that Templars are empowered by the spirits of fallen heroes of the past, called the Saints.

TEMPLAR EDGES

Templars believe the spirits of former exemplary heroes watch over them and grant them power. It may or may not be true, but certainly the powers of good reward these individuals as they battle the horrors of the Reckoning.

Blessing of the Saints

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Templar)

When the Templar spends a Benny to reroll a trait roll, he uses a d10 for his Wild Die. If he has the Master Edge, he uses a d12.

Chosen of the Saints

Requirements: Heroic, Arcane Background (Templar), Blessing of the Saints

When the Templar spends a Benny to reroll, he adds +1d6 to the result. This die can ace.

Shield of the Saints

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Templar), Spirit d8+, Faith d8+

Supernaturally evil opponents gain no Gang Up bonus on this Templar.

Simon's Blessing

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Templar)

Though Simon Mercer has passed on, some say he still watches over his flock from whatever spirit world the rest of the saints reside in.

With this Edge, a Templar can cast one spell on himself each round as a free action.

Sword of the Saints

Requirements: Seasoned, Arcane Background (Templar), Faith d8+, Fighting d8+

A Templar with this Edge does +2 damage with any Fighting attack against supernaturally evil creatures. Additionally, a raise on the Fighting roll against such a foe adds +1d10 damage instead of +1d6.



HELL ON EARTH

TOXIC SHAMANS

Edge: Arcane Background (Toxic Shaman)

Requirements: Wild Card, Novice, Faith, Spirit d8+

Arcane Skill: Faith (Spirit)

Power Points: 10

Starting Powers: 2

Available Powers: *Armor, banish, barrier, blast, bolt, burrow, burst, damage field, detect/conceal arcana, dispel, drain power points, elemental manipulation, entangle, environmental protection, farsight, fear, fly, growth/shrink, havoc, healing, light/obscure, pummel, shape change, smite, stun, succor, summon ally, wall walker.*

Backlash: When a Toxic Shaman rolls a 1 on his Faith die, he suffers a level of Fatigue. Fatigue lost in this way may be recovered with four hours of rest per level.

Special Rules:

- **Choose Your Poison:** The shaman must choose to be a caretaker or a corruptor, as discussed below. The two sides are typically violently hostile toward one another.
- **Spook Juice:** Toxic shamans can regain Power Points quickly by drinking spook juice (page 58). Each pint restores 1d6 Power Points (up to their normal maximum), but causes a level of Fatigue as the shaman gets drunk. It takes 4 hours to recover each level of Fatigue, which no magic or tech can aid (including powers such as *succor*). During this time, the Shaman cannot recover Power Points normally.

History

Nature spirits are a reflection of the physical world. With the coming of the industrial age, some nature spirits began to be corrupted into "toxic spirits." Judgment Day accelerated this "evolution" a thousand-fold. Mushroom clouds burning with fire and damned souls littered the globe. Burning fuel dumps and bombed-out factories poured tons of pollution into the air, ground, and water. Depleted uranium shells, ionized by the incredible velocities with which they struck, spread radioactive dust, and the ruptured containment chambers of vehicle reactors leaked radioactive water and steam.

Toxic spirits bred like wildfire in the aftermath, and each one wanted what all creatures want—to create more of themselves and the environment that gives them the most energy.

Corrupters & Caretakers

Some Indian shamans latched onto toxic spirits early, but for the most part they're a recent phenomenon. Some embrace the spirits and give them what they want in exchange for power, while others attempt to use the spirits to draw the toxins out of the world.

The latter breed of toxic shaman are called caretakers. When they cast a favor, they feed the corrupted spirits by channeling pollution from the world into the Hunting Grounds for them to feed on. This is the nature of their bargain. Caretakers hope that one day they will clean the environment and restore the balance. The distant spirits don't realize they're contributing to their own eventual destruction—they just know that irradiated goo sure tastes good.

The flip-side of the caretakers are the corruptors. These shamans are usually evil (or at least destructive), and war with caretakers on sight. There are also well-meaning shamans who believe that by siphoning off the toxic spirits' power in the spirit world they weaken them and give the nature spirits a better chance of victory in the Hunting Grounds, but these are few and far between.

The Power of the Wastes

Toxic shamans in a particularly deadly area may draw additional power into their bodies. If in an area that normally causes Fatigue or long-term effects due to pollution (see *Savage Worlds*, **Hazards**), they recover Power Points at twice their normal rate (2 PPs per hour barring Edges). If they are in an area that causes immediate damage, they also reduce the cost of their spells by 1 Power Point for each Raise on their Faith roll. This cannot reduce the cost below zero, and the toxic shaman must have the points available to cast the spell in the first place before rolling.

TOXIC SHAMAN EDGES

Toxic Guardian

Requirements: Seasoned, Wild Card, Arcane Background (Toxic Shaman)

A toxic spirit has manifested in the world and attached itself to the shaman. This “pet” is a source of power—and occasionally mayhem.

All toxic spirits have the same basic statistics. Its Special Abilities make it unique. A shaman picks one type of spirit, and only one, to bond to. This creature rises from a pool or pile of waste to join this unique human in the physical world.

If the spirit is slain, the shaman can visit an appropriate source of pollutant—an insect hive, an irradiated zone, a pool of sludge, a belching smokestack, or a pile of trash—and spend an hour resummoning it.

Toxic spirits have no mental link with the shaman, but do understand reasonably complex commands. They can be tasked to guard, to escort, or even to die for their ally (since “death” is a temporary state anyway).

Toxic Spirit

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** The spirit has claws—physical or otherwise—that cause Str+d4 damage.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken, no additional damage from called shots, immune to disease and poison.
- **Size -1:** Toxic spirits are generally 2' to 4' tall, or about the size of medium dogs.
- **Type:** Below are five types of toxic spirits that can manifest in the Wasted West. The shaman chooses which type is his “pet.”
- **Insect:** The spirit manifests as some kind of insect, or even a combination of several pests. Flies and roaches are common. The creature can fly at a Pace of 12" and has a Climb of -1. Insect spirits have some kind of stinger or weak poisonous bite; if they cause

a Shaken or worse on a foe with a Fighting attack, the target must make a Vigor roll or suffer a level of Fatigue. See Poison in *Savage Worlds* for rules on recovery.

• **Radiation:** These energy spirits look like small clouds of irradiated vapor with brilliant glowing eyes. They are not quite Ethereal, but have +2 Toughness against non-magical weapons and attacks. They have Shooting at a d6 and can fire weak radiation energy from their eyes at a Range of 6/12/24. Those hit who fail a Vigor roll suffer Fatigue. See **Radiation** in *Savage Worlds* for rules on recovery.

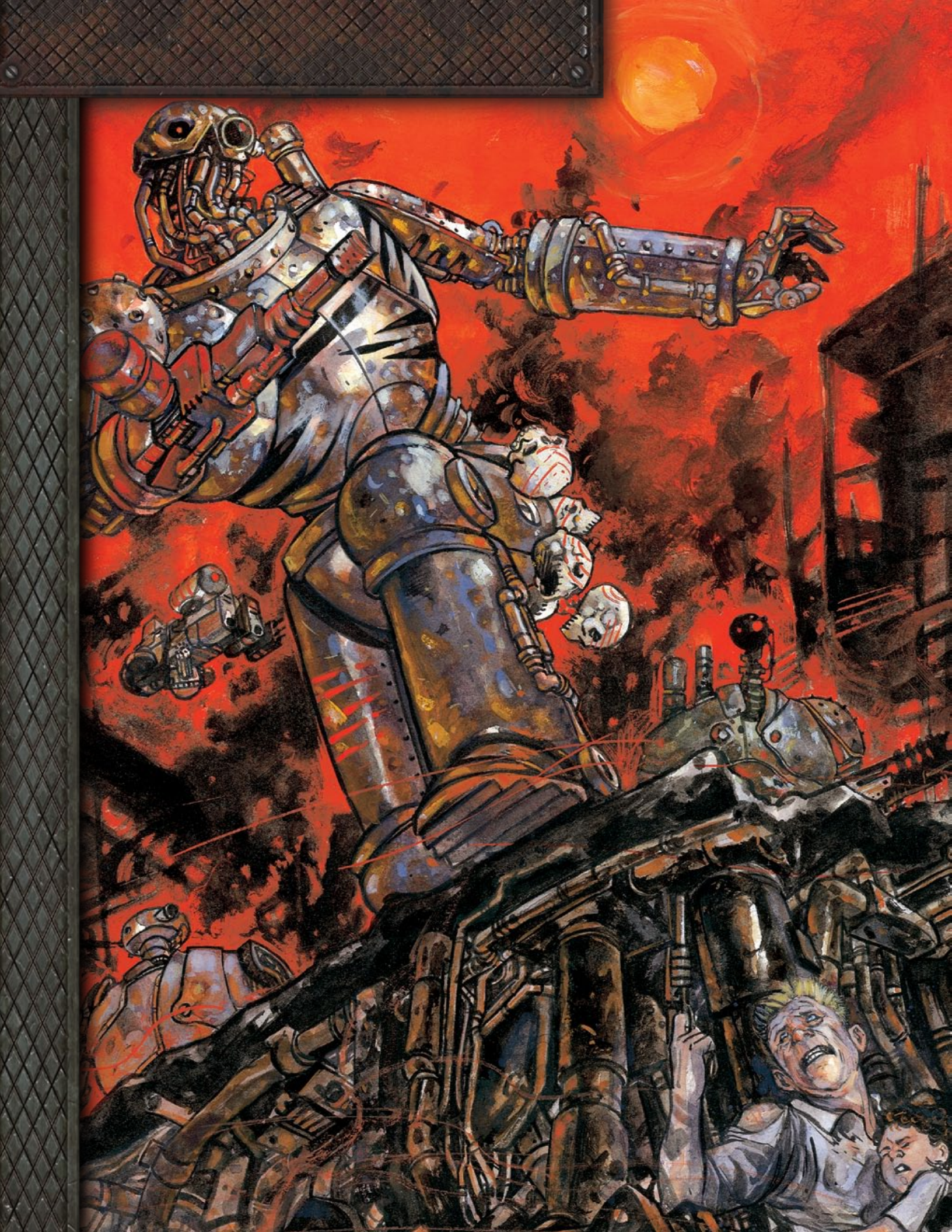
• **Sludge:** Sludge spirits are small, monkey-like creatures made of toxic goo. They have +2 Armor from their malleable bodies, and their sticky hands and feet grant them the Wallwalker ability. Sludge spirits can hide an object up to 5 lbs. of weight within their gooey bodies, though it may be a bit sticky when returned.

• **Smog:** Creatures of black, choking smoke. As an action, they can create a cloud of black choking gas centered on themselves equal to a Medium Burst Template. Vision in the area suffers a -4 penalty, and every living, breathing creature within must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken. Smog spirits can Fly at a Pace of 6" with a Climb of -2.

• **Trash:** Trash or “junk” spirits are small creatures made from piles of garbage. They can hurl bits of themselves at foes at a Range of 3/6/12 for 2d4 damage with a d6 Throwing. Trash spirits gain a +2 to Stealth in areas of junk or debris (which covers much of the Wasted West). Trash spirits can also sniff out the best junk; they get a +2 bonus to Notice when making a cooperative roll to aid their master in scavenging (see page 66).

TRAPPINGS

Offensive powers of toxic shamans might look like streams of filth, the spirits of rats, or a storm of metal debris. Defensive powers often look like chitin, a swarm of roaches that surround the host, sludge, or crackling green energy.



MARSHAL'S HANDBOOK

Howdy, Marshal. The rules back here are just for you. Some of 'em work with the rules back in the player's section, but these are our little secret.

COUP

There's another reward besides Bennies you can give your posse when they defeat a powerful abomination: coup.

Coup powers are creepy, supernatural effects gained from absorbing the essence of something creepy and supernatural. The nastiest creatures in the Wasted West have coup listed in their descriptions.

To count coup, a hero needs to be near the abomination when it dies (within game inches equal to the creature's Spirit die). Everyone present then makes a Spirit roll. Have each player roll and spend any Bennies on it secretly so that only you, the Marshal, know everyone's totals until the rolls are finished. The hero with the highest total gets the coup. Of course, the rest of the heroes might be upset they lost out.

RADIOS

One of the key weapons in creating an atmosphere of terror is isolation. What's a Marshal to do when his posse goes to Junkyard and outfits themselves with a bunch of fancy-pants radio headsets?

Radio reception in the wastes is an iffy proposition. The combination of terrain and radiation interference can cause even a reliable radio's range to vary.

In general, the flatter the terrain, the better. In places like the plains of Kansas, radios should work at the listed ranges. In mountainous terrain like the Rockies, intervening mountains cut the range to half. In cities or other urban sites, range is quartered. Underground, range might be measured in yards. In addition, any radios used within 20 miles or so of a nuked city have their ranges halved by the extreme background interference.

The swirling clouds of radioactive debris in the atmosphere also have an impact. To determine radio performance on any given day, pull a card from the Action Deck and check the suit. Spades mean normal performance, hearts halve range, diamonds quarter range, and clubs mean no reception at all. A Joker means a manitou is on the other end, and uses the opportunity to sow fear and confusion among these gullible mortals.

The effects of interference are cumulative with those for terrain and location. On a bad day, a radio may not carry as far as a hero can holler.

The important thing to remember, Marshal, is to not worry about these rules when it's not important. If the heroes just want to chat on the radio, let them. You only need to check in crucial situations like

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when the posse is calling for help or to see if the Combine column they just shot up can call for reinforcements.

THE VOICES

The swirling maelstroms left behind by ghost rock bombs exist in both the material and the spiritual world. Both worlds in the vicinity of one of these storms are warped and torn. This occasionally allows denizens of the spirit world to slip through the cracks and make themselves felt in the material world.

One of the easiest ways for a spirit to make contact is to speak through a nearby radio. The heroes may occasionally pick up transmissions from the netherworld on their radios when operating within 50 miles of a bombed city. These ghostly transmissions are your chance to introduce adventure hooks, have a dead relative talk to a hero, or whatever your evil imagination can cook up.

One last note. Radio waves are totally disrupted by maelstroms and radstorms. They cannot penetrate into, out of, or through such a storm.

WEIRD WEATHER

As if the end of the world wasn't enough, folks have to deal with crazy weather too! When Mother Nature runs amok, the best thing to do is know ahead of time. When one of the following effect is coming have the posse make a cooperative Notice roll. On a success, they have 30 minutes to find shelter or 1 hour with a raise (halve these times at night). Every 15 minutes, a Survival roll can be attempted at -2 to find protective shelter for 2d6 people, doubled on a raise. Fatigue loss from weather effects is regained at one level every four hours.

Black Rain: Those caught out in this nasty downpour must make a Spirit check every 5 minutes or gain a level of Fatigue. This continues until they die or the storm passes. Umbrellas or other overhanging cover give a +1 to the check, and only sealed armor or an intact structure provides immunity. Black Rain lasts for 1-2 hours. Harrowed take Fatigue from this phenomenon as if they were alive.

Duststorms/ Radstorms: The swirling dust causes a Vigor roll every 5 minutes to avoid being Fatigued. Those Incapacitated begin to choke on the dust, and must make the Vigor roll every minute at that point. Duststorms last 2d6 hours. Luckily, something as simple as a bandanna gives a +1 to Vigor rolls, and gas masks add +4. The fine particles are equivalent to Darkness for sight and penalties. Harrowed are not affected by duststorms other than the Darkness penalties. Radstorms are worse, applying a -2 to the Vigor roll, and if Incapacitated, the character gets a case of the glows (Ailin' (Major) Hindrance). Anyone who rolls snake eyes gets a random mutation. Radstorms affect Harrowed like everyone else due to the supernatural effect of the radiation.

Hellstorms: These are pure Hell and fury. For every 5 minutes, deal a card to each character without complete protection from the storm. On a Joker, that character is struck by lightning for 3d12 damage. Additionally, the hot rain and winds scald the flesh and raise blisters. All other exposed characters take 3d6 damage (cover acts as armor as for area effect attacks). The high winds rip flimsy things to shreds though, and only buildings, vehicles, or caves provide complete protection. Hellstorms last 1-2 hours.

Toxic Clouds: These caustic clouds grant a +2 to the Notice roll to see them, but are one of the worst to get caught in. They do 2d6 points of damage per round as they burn the lungs. A gas mask provides complete protection, and a wet bandanna provides 2 points of armor against the damage. Toxic clouds can dissipate almost instantly or stick around far longer than expected; they last 2d10 rounds.

MUTATIONS

Heroes and villains in the Wasted West can pick up mutations from a variety of sources, ranging from simple background radiation to the miracles of the Doomsayers. Just for the record, the radiation given off by ghost rock bombs is in part supernatural, so it affects Harrowed just like anyone else.

If a mutation grants an Edge or Hindrance a hero already possesses, the brainer gains the trappings of the mutation (see below) without any effect. Further, a waster who gains an Edge need not meet the prerequisites for that Edge.

When a character gains a mutation, have the player draw a card as instructed by the mutation source, then check the result yourself. Don't forget to give a little cackle, Marshal. The mutations listed here are similar to arcane Powers, in that they are purely mechanical. The mutation's trappings are up to you. In general, shoot for creepy rather than scientifically plausible.

A waster who gains a die type to Notice, for example, might get bat-like ears or find his eyes glow green, while a fellow who suffers a -1 to his Vigor die may have paper-thin skin. This goes for folks who gain Edges or Hindrances without a normal physical aspect as well. A mutant who picks up Yellow, for example, might have a rat-like face or reflexively cluck like a chicken. Regardless of the "trapping," the waster gains the Charisma penalty as the Mutan Hindrance (unless the mutation says otherwise).

MUTATION TABLE

Deuce: This waster cashed in his chips in the mutation casino. Whatever his mutation is, it alters his body so drastically that it kills him. Draw to see if he's Harrowed normally, Marshal, but if he comes back it's obvious to everyone that he shouldn't be walking or talking. He suffers -4 Charisma. If this comes up in character creation, redraw one card (no matter how many the waster drew originally).

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Three: The radiation twists the mutant's body or mind, and he loses one die type in a random trait (minimum d4).

Four: The mutant suffers some physical debilitation. Roll 1d6: 1=Ailin' (Major), 2=Bad Eyes (Major), 3=Elderly, 4=Hard of Hearing (Major), 5=Lame, 6=Small.

Five: Radiation bakes the mutant's brain. Roll 1d6: 1=Bloodthirsty, 2=Clueless, 3=Delusional (Major), 4=Overconfident, 5=Vengeful (Major), 6=Yellow.

Six: Radiation erodes the mutant's body or coordination. Roll 1d6: 1=All Thumbs, 2=Ailin' (Minor), 3=Bad Eyes (Minor), 4=Hard of Hearing (Minor), 5=Heavy Sleeper, 6=Obese.

Seven: The mutant gains some new insight, and by "insight" we mean a case of the crazies. Roll 1d6: 1=Cautious, 2=Death Wish, 3=Delusional (Minor), 4=Mean, 5=Stubborn, 6=Vengeful (Minor).

Eight: Some mutations are just flat out unappealing. The mutant gains the Ugly Hindrance.

Nine: The mutant suffers some handicap that penalizes him in a particular area. He loses one die type in a random skill.

Ten: The waster's mutation is purely cosmetic. He gains the Mutant Hindrance but no other effects.

Jack: The mutant gains some physical or mental advantage that grants him an advantage in a particular area. He gains one die type in a random skill, which could be a d4 in a new one.

Queen: Radiation sharpens the mind, granting the mutant an Edge. Roll 1d10: 1-2=Alertness, 3-4=Combat Reflexes, 5-6=Improvisational Fighter, 7-8=Level Headed, 9-10=Linguist.

King: Radiation enhances the mutant's physique, granting him an Edge. Roll 1d6: 1=Ambidextrous, 2=Brawny, 3=Dodge, 4=Fleet-Footed, 5=Nerves of Steel, 6=Quick.

Ace: The radiation enhances the mutant's body or mind, and he gains one die type in a random trait. Roll a d10: 1-2=Agility, 3-4=Smarts, 5-6=Spirit, 7-8=Strength, 9-10=Vigor.

Joker: The waster won big in the mutation lottery. He may choose any of the following mutations: +1 die type to any Trait, +2 Charisma, +2 Armor, or any Edge available through random mutation (see above). Moreover, his mutation is hidden or does not alter his appearance—he doesn't have the Charisma penalty from the Mutant Hindrance (though he doesn't lose it if he already had it).

VETERAN O' THE WASTED WEST

This is the table that lets you know how mean you get to be to the power hungry players who might just have bitten off more than they can chew. Cackle here, too, if you like. In some cases, though, you may want to keep the result secret.

VETERAN O' THE WASTED WEST TABLE

Deuce (Jinxed): This hombre ran into something that jinxed him bad. He gains the Bad Luck Hindrance. If he already has it, it stacks and he starts with two less Bennies.

Three (Hunted): The veteran didn't finish the job. Something is looking for him, and it wants him dead—or worse. The Marshal gets to whip up some nasty beastie to come looking for this poor bastard. It's something fairly powerful, certainly a Wild Card, and perhaps more clever than strong. It might look to make the hero's life a living Hell instead of just springing out of the darkness one night.

Four (Mutation): This brainer spent a little too much time getting a radiation tan. He gains the Mutant (Major) Hindrance. If he had it, draw again for another mutation.

Five (Addicted): The hero would like to forget the things he's seen. He has a Major Habit for alcohol, a drug, or possibly even spook juice.

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Six (Night Terrors): The cowpoke can never forget the horrors he's experienced. They even haunt him in his dreams, giving him the Night Terrors Hindrance.

Seven (Maimed): An encounter with a creature left one of the character's limbs maimed or entirely missing. Roll a d6. On a 1-3, he's Lame; on a 4-6, he lost his non-weapon hand has the One Arm Hindrance.

Eight (Cyclopean): One of the abominations the hero encountered caught him across one side of his face. He has the One Eye Hindrance.

Nine (Insane): This dude's run across the worst the Wasted West has to offer, and it left him with a Major Delusion.

Ten (Paranoid): This hero's seen things he shouldn't. He's afraid of the dark, afraid to wander out of camp to relieve himself, and so on. He gains the Yellow Hindrance.

Jack (Infected): The last creature this hombre tussled with left a mark that won't go away. The hero has some sort of strange wound or possibly the glows, giving him the Ailin' (Major) Hindrance.

Queen (Bollixed): This road warrior has a bad case of gremlins. These buggers infect every device the hero uses, including guns and any other mechanical or electronic item. Anytime the hero rolls a 1 on his trait die when using a device, it breaks, requiring 2d6 hours and a successful Repair roll to fix. Junker devices malfunction on a skill roll of 1 or 2!

King (Marked For Death): Some intelligent and evil abomination from the hero's past uttered a dying curse. All of the hero's Soak rolls are at -2.

Ace (Forsaken): Long ago, this brainer did something awful to survive an encounter with the supernatural. Ever since, the spirit



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world won't aid him on a bet. No beneficial magic works on him. Unfortunately, bad mojo works perfectly fine.

Black Joker (Cursed): The hero's very soul was damned by one of the insidious creatures of his terror-filled past. The player draws only one Benny at the beginning of each play session, or none if he has the Bad Luck Hindrance.

Red Joker (Eternal Hero): Fate chose this fellow to combat the forces of darkness across the centuries. He is her champion, and she does not want him to die—at least until he has fulfilled his destiny. The hero gains a +2 bonus to all Vigor rolls! This is not without tragic consequences, however.

Perhaps a dear friend or loved one takes the bullet meant for him instead; or while he is immune to a disease to which he is exposed, he becomes a carrier and infects everyone around him until he is cured. Any time his Wild Die comes up on 1 on a Vigor roll, the effect he rolled against rebounds in some way. Fate's a bitch.

THE HARROWED

Harrowed aren't made, they're born. Well, reborn, anyway.

Manitous don't go around blithely reanimating folks, especially heroes with hearts of gold. No, it takes something special for a body to get a manitou's attention. Specifically, manitous are only interested in those folks that can help generate more fear. Considering the original soul is liable to be in charge a good chunk of the time, it has to be a lot of fear to make up for the good the hero can do after coming back from the grave.

In short, the deader has to be one hard individual for the manitou to reanimate him, and it's even better if he's famous. Nothing's more fun for a manitou than ruining a shiny reputation.

Manitous are more likely to Harrow folks that have a bunch of experience under their belts. When a hero dies, shuffle up the Action Deck and deal one card for each of his Ranks. If he has Guts Edge, add one draw, and if he has the Grit Edge, add another. If a Joker comes up, the hero's on his way back from the boneyard. Keep in mind there are a few occasions when a manitou won't animate even the hardiest of heroes. Since a manitou needs somewhere within the body to focus its supernatural enemies and the brainpan is protected by the most bone, manitous prefer the noggin. Should the hero's noggin be destroyed by his death—or detached from the rest of his body—the manitous take a pass, regardless of what the cards say.

One more thing—it's rare a manitou Harrows an Extra. Don't bother dealing cards for those folks. On the rare occasion a manitou can do a lot of damage with an Extra's rotting corpse, just assume it goes ahead and hops on that gory gravy train.

HITCHHIKER FROM HELL

Now that you've saddled one of your heroes with a manitou, what do you do with him? For the most part, just let the hero go on as he did before he died. Manitous don't generally interfere in a hero's day to day life. It's just not interested in whether he orders whiskey or beer, for example. That said, if a manitou sees an opportunity to spread a little fear around, it'll jump on it faster than you can say "shiny new flesh puppet."

Just remember a manitou won't knowingly endanger its host, because if a Harrowed dies, the manitou dies along with him.

Once the manitou decides it's time to come out and play, here's how you do it. First, you have to ante up a Benny. Once you've paid the piper from Hell, tell the hero to make a Spirit roll opposed by the manitou's Spirit (a manitou's Spirit is always one die type greater than the Harrowed's), and make sure the Harrowed applies his Dominion modifier to this roll. If the manitou wins, adjust the hero's Dominion as described on page 73. Oh, and the manitou's in charge, too. The manitou keeps control for 1 hour. You can spend an additional Benny at the end of each hour the manitou is in control to keep the manitou in charge for another hour.

PLAYTIME

Now that the manitou's in charge, just what does he do with the poor waster's body? Whatever he wants, Marshal. Just remember Manitous aren't stupid, and they're very conscious of getting caught and killed for their misdeeds.

That in mind, a manitou's goal is chaos, mischief, and fear, but not necessarily death. They almost never make an outright attack,

instead preferring to rely on dirty tricks and subtle machinations. But if one of the Harrowed's companions is in a precarious and inescapable position, most Manitous won't be able to resist taking advantage.

For example, if a mad scientist friend of the Harrowed's stands looking over the edge of a deep pit full of hungry prairie ticks, no manitou could resist giving the poor fellow a little shove.

THE SLIPPERY SLOPE

Once a Harrowed hero starts losing Dominion, he begins down a slippery slope. For now, he may just lose control for an hour or two. However, if the Harrowed's Dominion is at -4, the manitou might have a chance to take permanent control.

Anytime the Harrowed goes to the Injury Table (and isn't killed by a shot to the noggin) when he's at -4 Dominion, the manitou may attempt to take permanent control. This works like the more temporary process described above, except that if the Harrowed loses, it's for keeps. You just gained a rotten new villain, Marshal!

HARROWED ABILITIES

We mentioned it above in passing, but it bears repeating: Manitous have all the abilities of their host. If a Harrowed syker loses Dominion, the manitou gets to take advantage of his mental powers. The only exceptions to this are powers of Doomsayers, Templars, or Toxic Shamans.

That doesn't mean, however, the hero can't use these abilities while he's in charge. Despite the demon squirming around inside his noggin, whatever allows the hero to manifest these extraordinary abilities still allows the wasters access to these powers when his Hellish houseguest is not in the driver's seat.

Just as Manitous can use a Harrowed's abilities, they cannot use any abilities the Harrowed lacks. A manitou is limited to the same bag of tricks as the hero he inhabits.

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Statistics aside, a manitou has a few more advantages. While the reverse isn't true, a manitou can see and hear what the Harrowed's does, even when the Harrowed is in control. This makes it nearly impossible to fool a manitou into revealing its true nature.

Even if a clever posse does manage to trick it somehow, interrogation doesn't net much information. Manitous know only that they served the Reckoners by sowing fear in the world, and those manitous still in spirit form harvested it and took it back to the Hunting Grounds. They don't know what's going on now that the Reckoners have been banished from the Earth, so they keep on sowing the seeds of fear and reaping the whirlwind.

Oh, and manitous aren't privy to the schemes of abominations or other manitous, either. They're not omnipotent, nor do they make up some sort of hive mind.

FEAR LEVELS

Even before the Last War, the Reckoners and their minions worked to terrorform the earth to bring about The Reckoning. Judgment Day was the culmination of their plans. Where before a servitor or abomination had to spend months or even years to raise the Fear Level of an area, the detonation of a ghost rock bomb created an instant Deadland. Areas not directly transformed into a Deadland by a GR bomb soon found themselves under assault by the minions of the newly-freed Reckoners.

The Wasted West is a terrifying place for the average brainer. An area's Fear Level—a measure of how scared the local populace is—actually reflects on the terrain. This, in turn, inflicts a penalty to all Fear checks equal to the local Fear Level. Additionally, in Hell on Earth, the terrain makes life harder, inflicting the penalty on Survival rolls for food and water as well. Each region of the Wasted West has an overall Fear Level, as noted in their entries in **The Wasted West** (page 105). That said, this can vary a great

deal in specific locations. Unless noted otherwise, assume locations found in a region share the region's Fear Level.

Fear Level 0

This is a place where people live in happy communities complete with freshly painted houses with white picket fences, the trees are green, the sky is blue, and folks aren't afraid to go out at night. If you find one of these places these days, let me know.

Fear Level 1

In these areas, wasters believe monsters exist, they just haven't seen any. The sky is still blue, but if you go out at night, it's smart to bring a buddy and some spare ammo.

Fear Level 2

No one goes near the creepy old ruins on top of the hill, and they've bricked up the sewers "just in case." The land looks about the same, but the shadows are just a little bit longer. It's not really safe to go out alone at night, but it's not a death sentence, either.

Fear Level 3

Things are starting to get a little weird. There's an occasional disappearance, and probably more than a few weird creatures live close by (though folks don't really talk about it). Don't go out at night without a weapon or a friend. This is the general prevailing Fear Level in most places these days.

Fear Level 4

There are mysterious disappearances, and when the bodies are found, it's piece by piece. The land itself starts to change: the shadows on the cliffs start to look like leering faces, or cornrows always seem to rustle as if something's hiding within. The winds of the High Plains might whisper your name.

Fear Level 5

There's no doubt something's amiss. Folks have seen monsters, and almost everyone's terrified. Most flowers die, but weeds have no problem thriving. Don't go out at night without an armed posse.

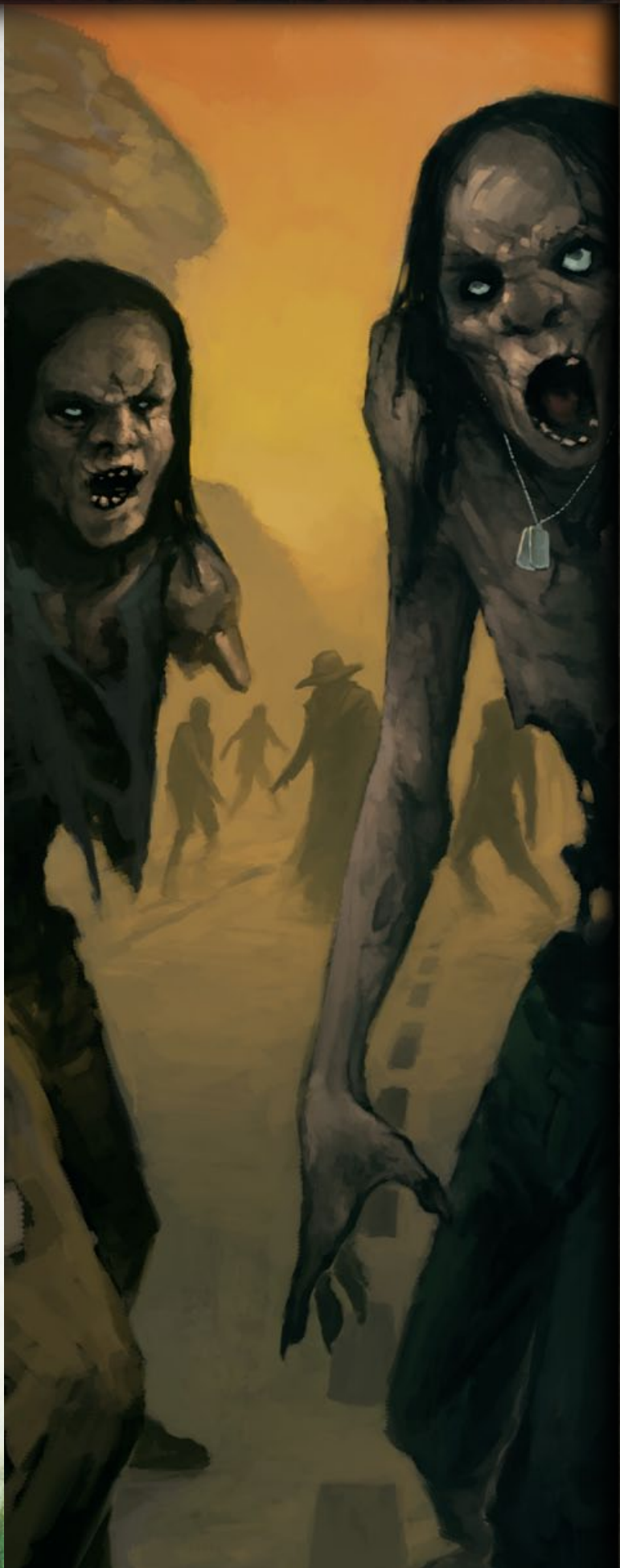
Fear Level 6 (Deadland)

This is as bad as it gets, Marshal: a full blown nightmare landscape. Monsters run rampant, rocks look like skulls, and not only do the winds of the High Plains whisper your name, they do so in your dead friend's voice. Anyone out at night is dead meat.

LOWERING THE FEAR LEVEL

Once the posse defeats a major evil, one of the heroes may make a Persuasion roll to tell the tale of the group's victory over the forces of darkness. This roll is modified by the Fear Level, and if successful, the hero's story reduces the local Fear Level by 1. Exactly how "local" this is depends on the hero's audience. If he spreads the story to the population of a small town, he probably lowers the Fear Level within that town only. If he manages to arrange for ComSat to broadcast his tale across the Wasted West, he might lower the Fear Level anywhere there's a radio to pick up the message of hope.

A poorly-told tale can be misinterpreted as confirmation of the awesome powers of the horrors that lurk in the night. If the hero rolls a 1 on his skill die, he actually *increases* the Fear Level by 1.



SCROUNGING

So your posse's looking for a little easy loot, eh? The tables here are guidelines on what they find. Don't be afraid to change the results to suit your campaign or your whim, Marshal. Oh, and just so you don't feel left out of the fun, you can draw for an encounter each day they waste poking around in the pre-war leftovers.

SPADES (WEAPONS & ARMOR)

The heroes hit the jackpot, and stumble across an abandoned military bunker, depot, or even the remains of a battlefield.

Deuce (Primitive Weapon): Roll 1d20: 1-3=bow; 4-5=boomerang; 6=crossbow; 7-11=knife; 12-15=compound bow; 16=bowie knife; 17-19=sharpened hubcap; 20=shuriken.

Three-Four (Pistol): Roll 1d20: 1=Colt Peacemaker; 2=flintlock; 3-4=IW-91; 5-6=Marlin .22 target pistol; 7-8=Police Pistol; 9-10=NA officer's sidearm; 11=Ruger Redhawk; 12=Ruger Thunderhawk; 13-14=SA officer's sidearm; 15-16=S&W .38 snub; 17-18=S&W model 85; 19-20=S&W model 683.

Five-Six (Rifle): Roll 1d20: 1-2=blunderbuss; 3-6=lever-action; 7-9=HI Damnation; 10-13=Hunting Rifle; 14=IW-40; 15=NA M-42; 16-17=NA XM-21; 18=SA M-50; 19=SA XM-40 "Ripper"; 20=Springfield Musket.

Seven-Eight (Shotgun): Roll 1d10: 1-3=Double-Barreled Scattergun; 4-7=Double-Barrel; 8-9=Pump Shotgun; 10=Auto-Shotgun.

Nine (Submachine Gun): Roll 1d10: 1=HI Blazer; 2-3=HI Thunderer; 4-5=NA commando; 6-7=SA commando; 8-9=HK MP-20; 10=Tokarev machine pistol.

Ten (Heavy Weapon): Roll 1d12: 1=NA SAW; 2=SA SAW; 3-4=Armco Grenade Launcher; 5-8=NA M-720; 9-11=SA M-230; 12=Rocket Launcher.

Jack (1d4 Grenades): Roll 1d12 for each grenade: 1=Bean Bag; 2-3=Buckshot; 4-5=Flash Bang; 6-7=Frag; 8=Inferno; 9-10=Smoke; 11-12=Riot Control.

Queen-King (Hand Weapon): Roll 1d20: 1-3=Axe; 4-5=Bayonet; 6=Mini-Chainsaw; 7-8=Brass Knuckles; 9-10=Knife; 11-12=Bowie Knife; 13-14=Machete; 15=Great Axe; 16-18=Spear; 19-20=Sword.

Ace (Armor): Roll 1d20: 1-3=Boiled Leather Shirt; 4-6=Boiled Leather Pants; 7-8=Cold Weather Gear; 9=Improvised Armor (Legs); 10=Improvised Armor (Arms); 11-12=Improvised Armor (Torso); 13=Improvised Armor (Head); 14=Infantry Battle Suit; 15=Infantry Helmet; 16=Civilian Executive Protection Armor; 17=Kevlar Vest; 18-19=Motorcycle Helmet; 20=NBC Suit.

HEARTS (FOOD & SUPPLIES)

The heroes stumble across a cache of food, fuel, or some other consumable.

Deuce (Preserved Food): The heroes find a cache of canned goods, boxed dinners, or other preserved food item. There's 2d20 meals' worth.

Three (Milrats): The posse finds an old military surplus shop, or perhaps a long abandoned reconnaissance camp. They find 2d20 milrats.

Four (Clean Water): 1d4 gallons of clean water.

Five (Soda): 1d6 cans of assorted sugary colas.

Six (Bubbly-Fizz Soda): The posse finds a case (24 cans) of Bubbly-Fizz cola. See page 172 for more on this stuff.

Seven (Dr. Pepper): 1d6 cans of Dr. Pepper (see page 44).

Eight (Batteries): 2d10 batteries. Roll 1d10: 1-5=small batteries; 6-7=medium batteries; 8-9=large batteries; 10=ghost rock batteries (reroll for size ignoring results of 10).

Nine (Raw Ghost Rock): The posse finds a small vein or cache of 10 pounds of ghost rock.

Ten (Spook Juice): The posse finds a cache of spook juice, or a wrecked vehicle with a full tank. Either way, they salvage 10 gallons' worth.

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Jack (Liquor): The scavengers find an old still or pre-war liquor store that hasn't been picked clean. Roll 1d4: 1-3=2d4 bottles of post-war rotgut; 4=1d4 bottles of the good stuff.

Queen (Tobacco): The posse finds d6 cigars.

King (Water Purification Kit): See page 45 for details.

Ace (Luxuries): The posse finds 1d6 x \$100 worth of luxury items.

DIAMONDS (EQUIPMENT)

The posse stumbles across an abandoned shipping crate or a store/warehouse that hasn't yet been picked clean.

Deuce (Camping Gear): Roll 1d4: 1=Bedroll; 2=Iron Skillet; 3=Mess Kit; 4=Tent (2 Person).

Three (Tools): Roll 1d10: 1=Wood Axe; 2=Drill; 3-6=Rope, 7=Hammer, 8-9=Shovel, 10=Pick.

Four (Leisure Item): Roll 1d4: 1=Guitar; 2=Harmonica; 3=Pipe; 4=Cards.

Five (Time Piece): Roll 1d6: 1-3=Digital Wrist Watch; 4-5=Analog Wrist Watch; 6=Pocket Watch.

Six (Survival Gear): Roll 1d10: 1-2=Backpack; 3-4=Canteen; 5=Compass; 6-8=Box of Matches; 9-10=Water Test Kit.

Seven (Personal Hygiene Supplies): Roll 1d6. 1-4=Soap, 5-6=Toothpaste.

Eight (Eyewear): Roll 1d6. 1-3=Sunglasses; 4-5=Binoculars; 6=Night Vision Goggles.

Nine (Salvage): Roll 1d6: 1-2=Flashlight; 3-4=Handcuffs; 5=Geiger Counter; 6=Lockpicks.

Ten (Motorcycle): Roll a d8: 1-2=ATV; 3-4=Dirt Bike; 5-6=Street Bike; 7=Motorcycle w/sidecar; 8=hover bike.

Jack (Weapon Accessory): Roll 1d8: 1-2=Bandolier; 3-4=Holster; 5=Laser Sight; 6=Scope; 7=Suppressor (Pistol); 8=Suppressor (SMG).

Queen (Vehicle): Roll 1d4: 1=SUV; 2=Van; 3=Tractor trailer; 4=Sports car.

King (Military Transport Vehicle): Roll a d6: 1-4=HMMWV; 5-6=APC.

Ace (Military Armored Vehicle): Roll a d6: 1-3=Tank; 4-6=Air Defense Vehicle.

CLUBS (AMMO)

The heroes find bullets (the caliber found depends on the value of the card drawn).

Deuce (Projectiles): Roll a d6: 1-4=Arrows, 5-6=Crossbow Bolts (3d10)

Three (.22): 20+2d10 rounds

Four (.38): 10+2d10 rounds

Five (9mm): 10+2d10 rounds

Six (10mm): 10+3d12 caseless rounds

Seven (.45): 3d12 rounds

Eight (.30/.30-06): Roll a d6: 1-3=.30; 4-6=.30-06 (3d12)

Nine (5.56mm): 4d12 rounds

Ten (7.62mm): 4d10 rounds

Jack (Magnum): Roll a d6: 1-3=.357; 4-6=.44 (3d12)

Queen (Shotgun Shells): Roll a d6: 1-5=12-Gauge Shells; 6=Slugs (3d12)

King (.50): Roll a d6: 1-4=.50 pistol/SMG; 5-6=.50 rifle/MG (3d12)

Ace (gyrojet): Roll a d6: 1-3=.50 pistol; 4-5=.50 rifle (3d10); 6=TSAR (1d6)

JOKER (MEMENTO)

The hero finds a memento that reminds him of his past. This might be a wind-up musicbox, a toy similar to one he bought a child before Judgment Day, or a postcard from a place he remembers visiting in better times.

At any given time, the hero can "expend" the memento for a Bennie. Once the Bennie is used, the memento no longer has any power. It may be kept or it may be lost or destroyed, but it has no game effect once triggered.



THE WASTED WEST

This chapter has the lowdown on all the major places your posse might go during their wandering of the blasted Americas, as well as plenty of places they'll wish they had never stumbled across. The Wasted West is a harsh mistress who doesn't give the weak a second chance.

The following pages give a rundown of the major regions of the wasteland, from the muddy water of the Mighty Miss to the blood-soaked shores of the Shattered Coast. This is where we give you, the Marshal, the real skinny on what's happening where, when, and to whom.

We dedicated entire books to some of these locales in the classic edition of *Hell on Earth*. If you'd like that kind of detail, visit www.peginc.com and pick up the setting you'd like to dig deeper into. The rules are different, but the additional background might give you ideas for your own campaign.

PLACES OF NOTE

Each regional description describes several places of note that lie within the area. Obviously there are plenty of places besides those described. These are simply some of the major settlements or significant locations of interest to wasteland wanderers. Feel free to add other places as you see fit. The list of ruins, survivor settlements, and just plain weird places is endless.

Encounter Tables

Each regional description in this chapter has an Encounter Table. This is a quick way to come up with a threat or encounter as your posse wanders the wastes. Significant regional road gangs are usually described there as well. Don't roll on these tables when the posse is in a survivor settlement—there's plenty of trouble for them to get into without using these tables.

EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI

Fear Level 6

If your posse is insane enough to go across the Mississippi, they're in for a shock. Despite Raven having led hundreds of thousands of undead of various sorts across the river for his big showdown, millions of the things remain. There's lots of loot lying around, but the pain-to-gain ratio is high. Raven has spent the last 13 years making sure there are few survivors, reducing the last stronghold in Minier, Illinois to rubble just before the Harvest kicked off. Only the dead and worse inhabit these lands.

No known settlements remain. Any living humans scramble around in small gangs or live underground in old sewers or caves. Even these are few, and extinction is a word the remaining scavengers repeat frequently.

HELL ON EARTH



GREAT BASIN

Deseret (Utah), Nevada, Las Vegas

Fear Level 3

Since the Last War, and especially since the formation of the Iron Alliance and the events of the Harvest, this area has taken on a greater importance in the wastelands.

The Mutant King attempts to consolidate his power by testing the borders of Junkyard while Joan's Heretics fight over the hearts and minds of the mutant population.

These great power struggles take place against a backdrop of increasingly frustrated road gangs who were once aligned with the Iron Oasis, as well as settlements who are now isolated more than ever with the destruction of the Convoy.

It is a time of troubles for Ike Taylor and the Council of the Wasted West's largest settlement, Junkyard.

ENCOUNTERS

Besides the inhospitable environment and general desolation of the region, there are a number of other things your heroes may encounter while in the Great Basin.

Roll on the Encounter Table every 12 hours the posse spends traveling in this area, and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in one location, roll once every 24 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

Black Rain (page 95): Black Rain douses the party.

Doombringer (page 170): The posse encounters a Doombringer and his retinue of 3d10x5 mutants.

Dust Storm (page 95): A massive dust storm approaches.

Hostile Mutants (page 194): A band of Silas' followers is out looking for sacrifices to the Glow. The group is made up of a raiding party of 2d10 mutants mounted on horseback (1-4 on a d6) or vehicles (5-6).

Mojave Rattler (page 180): The ground begins to tremble...

No Encounter: The heroes encounter nothing of significance.

Rad Patch: The travelers wander into an area contaminated with radioactive fallout. If the group has an active Geiger counter, they notice the rads immediately and can avoid a case of the glows with a Vigor roll. If the radiation is not detected, the heroes blunder through it with full exposure.

Road Gang: A road gang of 2d10 raiders (page 194) mounted on an assortment of motorcycles, pick-ups, and sedans draws near.

Road Orcs: The Road Orcs are one of the largest gangs in the west. This gang of ugly mutants has around 200 members and is based out of Shan Fan, but Silas has invited them into his territory around Vegas.

They travel in groups of 30 to 50, with the majority of the gang riding motorcycles, but they have a few larger vehicles as well. Their leader, Red Fang, drives a heavily modified sport-utility vehicle equipped with a fixed 125mm tank cannon scavenged off a Powell hovertank mounted on it. The Highway Patrol is offering 600 bullets, in addition to the 1,000 bullet reward posted by the Law Dogs, on Red Fang's misshapen noggin.

Toxic Cloud (page 95): A cloud of death approaches the heroes.

Trader Caravan: A convoy of 2d10 transport vehicles along with 2d4 outriders in pick-ups or motorcycles is spotted ahead. They are willing to trade with friendlies and have a decent assortment of goods. Draw four cards on the Scavenging Table (page 102), for some additional finds they might be willing to part with.

THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Fear Level 6

Lying off old Confederate Interstate 40 is an area of the Mojave called the Devil's Playground, so named because of all the strange rock formations in the area.

Government seismologists detected what they suspected was a huge lair of Mojave Rattlers under the weird rock formations, so the Confed military thought it would be the perfect place to station the Confederate 1st Armored Infantry. There the army tested their latest powered body armor against these giant creatures.

When General Harlow was chasing the LatAm troops to the coast during the opening stages of the Last War, the 1st Armored Infantry stopped at their home base for recharge and repairs. The vengeful worms were waiting for them. A score of rattlers and hundreds of wormlings burst out of the desert and swarmed the surprised Rebels. None of the humans survived, but they took a lot of worms with them.

These days dozens of crushed suits of power armor are scattered around the ruins, as well as destroyed vehicles and a decade's worth of rattler bones.

GREAT BASIN ENCOUNTER TABLE

1d20	Result
1-4	No Encounter
5-7	Road Gang
8-9	Doombringer
10-12	Mojave Rattler
13	Toxic Cloud
14	Rad Patch
15	Hostile Mutants
16-17	Road Orcs
18	Black Rain
19	Dust Storm
20	Trader Caravan

A waster with powered armor might find some spare parts out there, but it's impossible to put together a full suit from the pieces that remain. The rattlers still lurk below, nursing their wounds and replenishing their numbers. Anyone who follows one of the many subterranean tunnels is in for a world of hurt, encountering 1d6 rattlers, 4d20 wormlings and a quarter that number in wormling warriors (round down).

FORT 51

Fear Level 6

For over 200 years, Fort 51 was the US Army's top-secret weapons research laboratory. Everyone knew it existed; they just couldn't get close enough to see what was going on there.

Its isolated location in the southern deserts of Nevada ensured its privacy, and its proximity to the border allowed it to keep an eye on the Confederate base at Roswell and occasionally conduct secret raids or experiments on them.

Fort 51 got hit hard both by conventional ghost rock bombs and specially created enhanced-yield devices designed to tunnel hundreds of feet into the earth and detonate

below ground level. It had some sort of defense shield but apparently the system failed.

The surface of Fort 51 is a nightmarish sight. No less than five maelstroms overlap like some demonic Olympic symbol on a cosmic scale. More ghost rock bombs actually struck the installation, but several merged together to form the five seen today. Anyone entering these maelstroms finds them to be double the usual thickness. Far beneath the ruins are several levels of labs, storerooms, and living quarters. Initially the scientists and soldiers underground were safe until a horde of wormlings came through the walls and dragged them off to horrible fates, leaving a warlord's ransom in goods preserved in the complex.

If a way could be found to tunnel down to the intact installations hundreds of feet below ground (maybe through the wormling tunnel system), a group could find a veritable treasure trove of equipment, weapons, and goods of both a mundane and exotic nature. Fort 51 was the center of Northern research and development, so the equipment in the dusty storage vaults and laboratories is limited only by the Marshal's imagination.

There are still a few active defenses around the ruins. A passel of well-armed and armored veteran walking dead formed from the remains of an infantry brigade originally stationed here lie dormant and lifeless among the wreckage until living beings approach. A number of functioning warbots (treat as mechs from *Savage Worlds* armed with a M2HB and rocket launcher with both bunker buster and A-T rounds) keep curious scavengers a healthy distance from the ruins.

INDEPENDENT CITY OF LAS VEGAS

Fear Level 6, population 12,000

Smack dab in the middle of the desert sits a tarnished jewel that once drew millions to it like moths to a flame. These days it still does, but these moths usually have too many eyes or wings made out of excess skin. You see, Las Vegas is the heart of the mutant kingdom ruled by Silas Rasmussen, the leader of the Cult of Doom.

Way back in the late 1800s, Las Vegas declared itself a free city-state, playing the major powers of the USA and CSA against each other to maintain its independence. Before the Last War, the Independent City of Las Vegas occupied an area bounded in the east by the Colorado River, the south/southwest by the old California border, northwest by International Highway 15, and from the city to Boulder Dam along Route 95. Within the boundaries of Las Vegas could be found Boulder City, Searchlight, and Laughlin, as well as hundreds of square miles of parched desert.

International Highway 15 West divided NorCal and SoCal, with the Mason-Dixon Wall paralleling it to the north and south. Since its founding, the city served as a place where anything went, from sex to drugs to legal gambling, all under the watchful eye of the organized crime families who ran Vegas from the shadows.

The good times came to an end on Judgment Day when an enhanced ghost rock bomb detonated under the eastern suburbs of the city, throwing up a 20 mile diameter maelstrom and killing or mutating almost everyone in the city. In the following years the inhabitants vied for power until the appearance of Silas Rasmussen, who united the muties under his twisted ideology of the Cult of Doom, based at Heaven's Gate, the crater of the bomb that created what many now call "Lost Vegas."

Las Vegas is generally divided into the Strip and Downtown. Outside the Strip and the Downtown areas, most of the surrounding ruins have been heavily picked over by Silas' minions, with their contents brought back into the maelstrom for the cult's use.

An aqueduct runs from Lake Mead to the Strip, bringing a reliable source of water to the thirsty mutants of Vegas. Thanks to Boulder Dam, Vegas even has a reliable source of electricity, and at night the bright lights of the city can be seen for miles around.

Not everyone who lives in the City o' Sin is a devoted follower of Silas Rasmussen. Several groups have managed to survive the

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Cult of Doom's purges and work against the Mutie King's rule, either actively or passively.

Currency

Silas established a currency for his kingdom shortly after coming to power consisting of casino chips from the old Luxor resort. The idea caught on throughout the areas claimed by the Mutant King, and many moneychangers set up shop both in and outside of the maelstrom who gladly exchange outside goods and equipment for their value in "Lux's." Minus a ten percent fee, of course.

Rival Factions

Silas Rasmussen is the undisputed king of Vegas, but three other factions remain in the shadows. The least powerful are the

remains of the Cult of Grendel, followers of a monster Silas killed in his early days that established his rule.

Gangsters haven't entirely left Vegas either. A shadowy figure known as "The Don" leads a group of heavily-armed mob enforcers and crime family members from before the Last War.

The last faction is composed primarily of enforcers from the old Las Vegas Police Department. These anti-mutant norms claim to be Law Dogs, but most others don't accept them as such since they act more like militia for the walled suburbs they patrol.

These norms and mutants would like to return the city to the way it was before the bombs fell.

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The Maelstrom

The maelstrom that surrounds the city is significantly weaker than those that surround most other ruins. Silas drained it in a massive ritual to open a gate to Idaho. He and his army poured through and attacked a rival mutant's stronghold that threatened to further splinter the children of the atom.

Vigor rolls made to pass through the storm walls (see page 65) are made at -2 instead of -4.

The Strip

The center of Silas' Cult of Doom, the Strip, while heavily damaged by the ghost rock bomb on Judgment Day, is still remarkably intact. Most of the iconic casinos still stand in various states of disrepair. The Strip itself has been mostly cleared of debris, and rickshaws can be rented for those who don't like to walk to their destination in the hot sun.

The Strip contains the majority of the pre-war casinos, with Silas' capital at the Luxor. The mutants that make up the vast majority of Vegas' citizens these days are a wild and varied bunch, and those with similar mutations tend to congregate together. Birdmen flock to the Bellagio, aquatic mutants in the old Venetian, a recreated Roman legion dwells in the ruins of Caesar's Palace, animalistic mutants herd in the Mirage, and even some super-intelligent apes gather in Primate Paradise.

Silas encourages this form of tribalism, forcing the different gangs to compete for the scarce resources in the ruins is a way of enhancing the teachings of Saint Darwin—and perhaps keeping his followers pitted against each other rather than himself.)

Downtown

Wasters can find all kinds of trouble outside the environs of the Strip. Madame Toussaud's Wax Works is the source for all sorts of dark rumors. The remains of the Las Vegas Celebrity General Hospital, Forever U, and Siegel Station are just some of the prominent features to be found in the Downtown area.

Surrounding Area

When the sun goes down, all sorts of things come out from under the rocks they hide beneath by day and make the ruins of greater Vegas their own. Silas has enacted cleansing policies to make the Strip safe from the wandering horrors of the ruins, but his safe zone doesn't extend more than a few hundred yards off the Strip. As a result, the creatures which haunt this Deadland have learned to live in the surrounding ruins and do their hunting at night.

Heaven's Gate is the impact crater formed from the ghost rock bomb that struck the city, and is a conduit to Heaven according to the teachings of the Cult of Doom. The University of Las Vegas has been refurbished and its laboratories are now under the control of the Doomsayers.

JUNKYARD

Fear Level 4, population 16,000

Originally settled by the Mormons to escape religious persecution, Utah was part of the United States until the Civil War came along and made it one of the "Disputed Lands." Then Mormon leader Brigham Young declared Utah would become the sovereign state of Deseret until such time as the war was decided. Two hundred years later, Deseret remained its own country right up until the bombs fell. Its most famous resident (despite an absence around the turn of the 19th Century), was none other than Dr. Darius Hellstromme, whose smoke-belching factories gave the city its nickname of "The City o' Gloom."

Though Hellstromme was deported by the Mormons in 2044, he left a secret shield in place over his remaining factories. When the bombs fell, the part of Salt Lake City called Junkyard, with its mostly non-Mormon population, survived, while the city proper and about three-quarters of the Mormon population vanished in a skull-shaped mushroom cloud. Once the dust settled, every last surviving Mormon gathered their possessions, formed a massive convoy, and disappeared north into the wilds of Canada.

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After the Mormon exodus, the city fell prey to looters, bandits, and raiders. When food ran out, most Junkers (don't confuse Junkyard residents with the uncapitalized "junkers") left the city and joined the growing road gangs. A militia was organized and quickly established law and order, and eventually a former factory foreman, Ike Taylor, took up the reins of power.

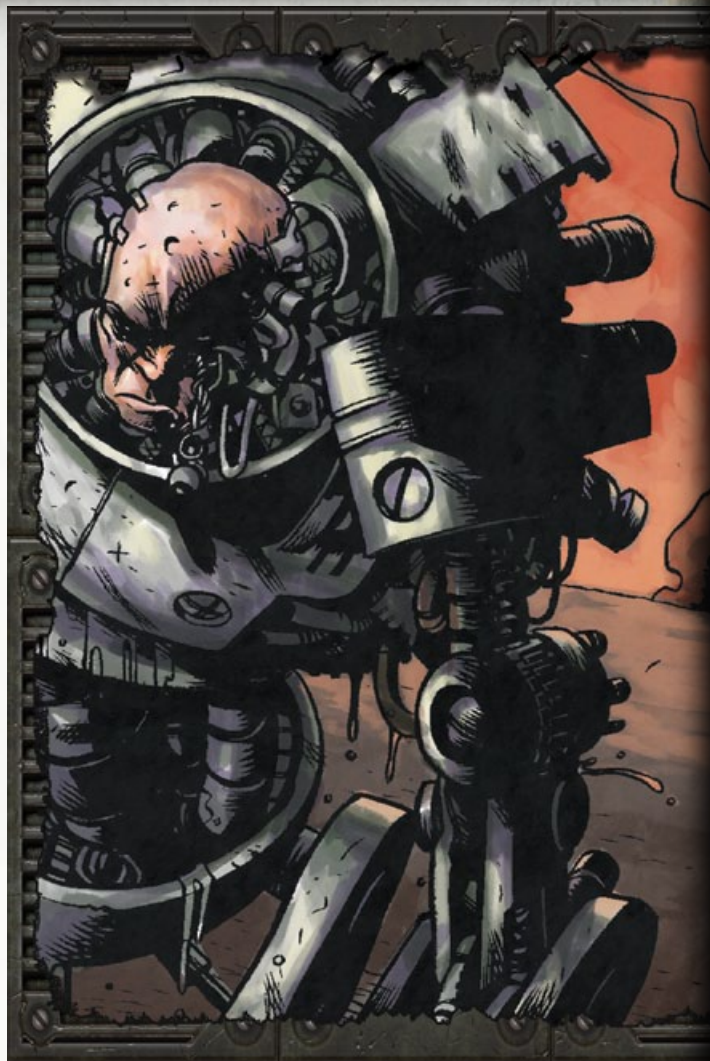
Ike came up with a unique plan. Instead of fighting the road gangs, he decided he'd join them. Taylor and his right-hand man, Doc Schwartz (who is a real junker), converted some of the surviving Hellstromme munitions factories into refineries. Then they hauled ghost rock in from the nearby Wasatch Mountains and distilled it into spook juice.

When the gangs inevitably came around, Ike invited them in and did the unthinkable—he actually showed them the city's defenses, including flamethrowers powered by spook juice, heavy machine guns, and even a few grenade and rocket launchers. Ike then told them if they could bring Junkyard food and other salvage, they'd give them spook juice for their vehicles. All the gangers eventually agreed, and Junkyard went from a besieged island in the desert to an iron oasis. Anyone, regardless of their morals, can come into Junkyard's territory to trade.

Now, six months after the Harvest, Junkyard is a city besieged and the Iron Alliance is in danger of shattering. Huge refugee camps surround the city, living off a daily dole of nutra-algae from the settlement's soy tanks. The road gangs are becoming restless and the dispossessed have started to prey on the weak and the helpless within the city's territory, despite the best efforts of the militia.

Just outside the gates (but still under the watchful guns of the walls), sits the Mutant Welcome Center set up by Joan and her Heretics. Unfortunately, it's become a focus for the prejudices of the norms living in the squalid camps surrounding Junkyard. The Iron Oasis is a powderkeg waiting for a spark.

There's only one gate into the city in the outer wall. Guards inspect travelers and their vehicles as they enter and collect entry fees of \$50 a head and \$100 per



vehicle for a one week travel pass. Once inside, a waster can trade salvage at the Junk Repository in exchange for the city's currency—the widget—a generic term for old bits and pieces of technology the city's junkers think might be useful.

Lost technology fetches a higher price here than most anywhere else because of the number of junkers or their representatives. There's always a buyer, and trade caravans full of junk arrive daily. Anything from toasters to highly experimental prewar government tech is a commodity in this busy place.

Outer Junkyard

Just inside the main gate is Outer Junkyard, a cleared field that was once downtown Salt Lake City before it was flattened by the bombs of Judgment Day.



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Outer Junkyard is bursting at the seams with tents, shelters, and even RVs in which live the more affluent refugees—at least until they can't afford to pay for their weekly travel passes. Then it's out to the camps huddled *outside* the walls.

Outer Junkyard is also home to the Market, a large warehouse where anyone can rent a booth or stall and go into business. Just about anything can be found here, from livestock to vehicles to junker gizmos, although weapons seem to predominate.

Also in this area of Junkyard is the Pit. This huge blast crater is surrounded by bleachers and ringed with a spiked metal fence. For \$5 fans can come watch gladiators battle each other or strange creatures of the wastes, as well as place bets with the house or anyone in the stands.

Inner Junkyard

Surrounded by the remains of the dome that once covered the factory district and the workers' ghettos, this is the part of Junkyard that the hordes outside aspire to live in. Inner Junkyard has electrical power, and therefore attracts scores of junkers looking for juice to power their bizarre experiments. A power outlet comes free with most apartments (which rent for about \$300 a month for a one room flat), or a brainer can rent a daily hookup at one of the factories for \$25 a day. One can also subscribe to cable TV (with its local feed of old movies or Junkyard news), Junkyard's internet (Junk Mail), G-ray power service, and even phone service. None of it works very well, but it's a step toward trying to recover what was lost after the end of the world.

A variety of hotels can be found throughout Inner Junkyard that cater to all types of visitors, from the high class Junkyard Hilton to the 'Yard Arms Hotel. Bars also run the gamut, and tend to attract like-minded folks to them, from bloodsport fans to Sky Pirates.

Junkyard Memorial Hospital is most likely the only working hospital left in North America, and the Darius Hellstromme Library holds nearly four million volumes

in its ten stories. Junker Row is where most of the city's junkers live, work, and sell their amazing creations. This is also where a brainer can find a body doc if he's looking to augment himself with a bionic system. Most customers are pit fighters, but unlucky wasters who have lost a piece of themselves to the horrors of the Wasted West often come here for a replacement as well.

Down Below

The Down Below consists of the two sub-levels of the city. Most access routes have been sealed or blocked off, the better to keep strange creatures the locals dubbed "Morlocks" (after the Jules Verne novel) from coming to the surface and abducting the good citizens of the settlement for a tasty snack. The Morlocks consist of feral humans, mutants, and worse. Rumors abound of the other things that lurk in the darkness, ranging from Combine infiltrators to abominations to lost Hellstromme Industries factory complexes from before the Last War.

JUNKYARD PRICES

Item	Price
Ammo	\$1-\$2/bullet
Arena Admission	\$10-\$25
Beer	\$5/bottle
Budget Hotel	\$45/night
Cable Service	\$25/month
Derelict Building	\$100,000+
Electric Service	\$25/day
Ghost Rock	\$160/pound
G-ray Service	\$100+/month
Junk Mail service	\$30/month
Junkyard Hilton	\$150/month
Phone service	\$20/month
Rent (one month)	\$300-\$2000
Soy Burger	\$5
Spook Juice	\$8/gallon
Steak, beef	\$75
Steak, rattler	\$35
Travel pass	\$50/head/week
	\$100/vehicle
Whiskey	\$2/shot; \$10/bottle

Food in Junkyard

The hottest topic throughout the Iron Oasis and the surrounding refugee camps is where the next meal will come from. Junkyard has always had a precarious position when it came to feeding its population, and the acquisition of food was one of the primary reasons the trade with the road gangs was started.

After the Harvest, with the decimation of the road gangs at the Battle of Worms, as well as the destruction of the Convoy and the influx of refugees fleeing Raven's hordes, the food situation is worse than ever. Junkyard sends out heavily armed aid convoys with soy products and water once a week, but the amount is much too little for the hungry masses. It's a situation reminiscent of the early days of the City of Lost Angels and Reverend Grimme. Readers of the Weird West Plot Point campaign *The Flood* know how well that went.

Bloodsports

The people of Junkyard have engaged in violent athletics called bloodsports almost since the founding of the city. After 2044 these games were the only big business left in Junkyard, with promoters trying to outdo each other with bigger, bolder, and bloodier events. This obsession has carried on to this day, despite, or perhaps because of, the misery the average waster experiences every day. The teams have high mortality rates, but if they get really good, they become the closest thing the world has to superstars.

Bloodsports are played all over the Wasted West, but their home was and is Junkyard. It's also where the skullchucker championships are held each September 23—the anniversary of

the bomb. Deathsports have also expanded to include a number of contests that revolve around motor vehicles. Every week there are demolition derbies, arena duels, full-contact drag races, and the like.

Bionics

Bionic augmentations were first pioneered in Junkyard. A lot of Junkers lost arms and legs in the factories, and replacing them with metallic constructs seemed preferable to going without. Of course some hacked off their limbs on purpose to to augment themselves with metal limbs or other accessories, and many did so to become stars in Junkyard's second biggest industry: bloodsports.

The body doc's bionics look like throwbacks to the 1800s. They're big and clunky and prone to jamming up just when needed most. That's why they call folks with bionics "scrappers," because it looks like their augmentations were made out of scrap metal.

If a waster loses a limb and buys a replacement, he should make sure he can pay the bill. The body docs sometimes make "loans" to folks who have a good chance at making money off the augmentation, but those who don't pay find themselves hunted by the body docs' hired thugs. The unfortunate debtors' bionics are amputated and they're left limbless and penniless in the understreets of Junkyard.

A few basic bionic parts are listed below. These gadgets were common enough in pre-war Salt Lake City that even the interns could install



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them. Reattaching a mechanical hand is still an incredibly complicated task, mind you. It's just that the Salt Lake City Workers' Memorial Hospital was the leading center for bionic replacements in the world. Only a couple of the real surgeons survived the bombs, but many more interns did.

Here's a list of the most common replacement parts even the least skilled surgeon can install. Note that these parts simply replace a normal limb. The loss of one's self is manifested by a decrease of a die type in the hero's Spirit for each part replaced. These bionics don't confer additional Strength, Pace, or so on.

There are other advantages, however. When the character is Incapacitated and fails his Vigor roll, if the location rolled for the injury is a bionic limb, the injury will

not cause a "bleeding out" effect. These replacement parts cannot be healed, but can be repaired with a -2 Repair roll.

If the Marshal wants to provide access to bionic enhancements, we suggest picking up the *The 1880 Smith & Robards Catalog*, available at www.peginc.com, and using the **Steam Augmentation** rules. The fuel may be irradiated ghost rock now, but the effects are the same.

REPLACEMENT LIMBS

Limb	Cost
Arm	\$1,000
Hand	\$6,000
Leg	\$4,000
Foot	\$4,000

THE GREAT MAZE

NorCal, SoCal, The City of Lost Angels

Fear Level 4

Ghost rock is the main reason anyone in their right minds would live in this inhospitable area, both before and after the Last War. The going rate on ghost rock around most of the West is \$10 an ounce but there's enough of it here to reduce the price to \$8 an ounce.

ENCOUNTERS

The Great Maze was a fairly inhospitable place before the Last War, but since the bombs dropped it's a nightmare region. Burning deposits of ghost rock send toxic clouds into the sky, the highways once connecting the various communities tumbled into the waters with the end of the world, and a variety of horrors openly lurk in the canyons and channels now that the Agency and Texas Rangers are no more.

California is one of the worst places for road gangs this side of the Mississippi. The main reason is the ghost rock that can still be mined in the Great Maze. Road gangs need ghost rock to make spook juice for their cars. Since most gang members are

THE WASTED WEST

way too lazy to mine the stuff themselves, they just hang around the source and wait for somebody else to dig it up. Then the road scum run them down and take it.

Black Rain (page 95): Black Rain douses the party.

Blood Wave (page 165): The party encounters a deadly wave of crimson gore.

Croakers (page 167): A hunting party of 3d6 evil fishmen led by a shaman is out to raid a nearby human settlement. They try to capture folks alive and drag them underwater to drown, but won't venture far from the water's edge.

Ghost Rock Miners: The posse finds a group of 3d20 ghost rock miners either in a typical mine (if on land) or hanging from the side of a mesa (if on the water). They are lightly armed, but may have sentries posted to guard their claim. There's one guard for every 10 miners. Use townsfolk (page 195) with their trade skill being Mining and a heavy weapon for every five guards.

Highway Patrol: Operating out of a hidden base up in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the Highway Patrol cruises the major highways looking to stomp road gangs and help people in trouble. Most patrols consist of four vehicles, mostly large sedans or muscle cars highly modified with armor, guns, and turbo-charged engines. They aren't real cops, but they sure have put a dent in CA's road gangs. Use the statistics for raiders (page 194).

Maze Dragon (page 177): If traveling along a waterway or near one, the party is attacked by a Maze Dragon. If inland, the posse is attacked by 2d6 (2d10 in SoCal) walkin' dead instead.

Maze Pirates (page 194): A group of 3d10 waterborne pirates man a variety of watercraft, usually small dinghies but with some jet skis for the more daring.

No Encounter: The posse encounters nothing of significance.

Road Gang: The posse is attacked by a gang of wasters mounted on an assortment of beat up pick-ups, cars, and motorcycles. There are three raiders (see page 194) for each posse member.

THE GREAT MAZE (LAND)

1d20	Result
1-4	No Encounter
5-8	Road Gang
9-10	Walkin' dead
11	Highway Patrol
12-13	Toxic Cloud
14	Croakers
15	Black Rain
16-17	Road Orcs
18	Shraks
19	Ghost Rock Miners
20	Trader Caravan

THE GREAT MAZE (SEA)

d20	Result
1-4	No Encounter
5-8	Maze Pirates
9-10	Maze Dragon
11	Highway Patrol
12-13	Blood Wave
14	Croakers
15	Black Rain
16-17	Salvagers
18	Shraks
19	Ghost Rock Miners
20	Trader Caravan

Road Orcs: The Road Orcs are one of the largest gangs in the west. This gang of ugly mutants has around 200 members and is based out of Shan Fan, but Silas has invited them into his territory around Vegas. Out on the road, they're most likely in groups of 30 to 50 at any one time. The majority ride motorcycles, but they have a decent assortment of larger vehicles as well. Their leader, Red Fang, drives a heavily modified sport-utility vehicle. The Highway Patrol is offering 600 bullets and the Law Dogs have posted a 1,000 bullet reward on Red Fang's sizable noggin.

Salvagers: A group of waterborne scavengers who make their living salvaging equipment from sunken vessels is encountered. Treat them as raiders (page

194), but they are willing to trade items they have found (1d3 draws on the Scavenging Table, page 102).

Shraks (page 167): Shraks are another kind of monster folks sometimes report fighting alongside the croakers. They look something like a humanoid shark, only tougher. The posse encounters a wandering hunting party of 1d6 of these merciless humanoids.

Toxic Cloud (page 95): A cloud of death approaches the heroes.

Trader Caravan: A convoy of 2d10 transport vehicles along with 2d4 outriders in pick-ups or motorcycles is spotted ahead. Draw 1d4 cards and consult the Scrounging Table to see what they have besides normal goods.

Walkin' Dead (page 187): A shambling group of 3d6 walkin' dead stumble upon the posse.

THE CANYON CAUSEWAY

The Canyon Causeway (Interstate 3) was built back in 2015 as a joint venture between the governments of the US and CSA and was a marvel of engineering. An enormous series of bridges and roadways, it extends out into the Maze and connects most of the larger mesa towns with the mainland.

An exact map of the Causeway would be inaccurate the moment it's printed as it changes constantly. Most figure about 600 miles of the original 800 are intact, but with numerous breaks due to battle damage, disrepair, or Maze Dragons.

Gangs frequent the Causeway and set up emplacements to collect tolls, and where there are large, road-wide breaches, shuttle services with cranes transport vehicles for \$50 each and passengers for \$10.

One permanent ferry is north of Purgatory where the entrance ramp was knocked down during the Last War. Entering the Causeway from this area requires the fees above, but at least that shuttle station is stable and reasonably friendly to strangers.

Despite the roadblocks by groups such as the "Causeway Collective" (who use tanks for their emplacements!), the Causeway is the best way to travel if one has a working vehicle.

THE FREE AND HOLY CITY OF LOST ANGELS

Fear Level 5, population 2000

Reverend Grimme founded the Church of Lost Angels right after the Great Quake of 1868. In the mid-1870s, he declared it a "Free and Holy City" modeled after the Vatican. That didn't last long though. In 1880, the good Reverend and his most loyal followers were killed when a flood of Biblical proportions leveled the city around 1880. If you're interested in the entire story, check out *The Flood for Deadlands the Weird West*.

The short version is Grimme was one of the first servitors—a servant of Famine. He kept the people of the Maze hungry so he could control them; and ate the ones he couldn't! Eventually, a party of unnamed heroes figured out how to put him down and did so—by levelling Lost Angels.

The church stayed flat for a while, and the nearby town of Perdition rose on the peaks overlooking the ruins. That lasted a while, then a new "City of Lost Angels" rose closer inland. The remaining congregation built black obsidian walls around the inner city and kept mostly to themselves for the next two centuries.

When the Last War really got hot, both the Northern and Southern Alliances stayed clear of the Holy City of Lost Angels. Then came Judgment Day. Miraculously, everything inside the walls was left untouched, even though scores of city busters leveled the civilian sprawl that had grown up around it.

Lost Angels suspiciously survived Judgment Day, but any sign the church was in cahoots with the Reckoners was dispelled soon after when Famine rode out of the burning Maze. The Horseman was accompanied by endless legions of faminites and laid siege to the inner city.

Famine's army finally breached the walls only to be met by a tremendous gout of searing white flame from above. It blasted the citadel into ruins and triggered a massive earthquake that dropped the sanctum and the surrounding city 10-15 feet. The ocean roared in and filled the crater. What little of the city that survived the city busters was finished off for good.

As the roiling water settled, the Reckoner walked out of the ocean, which remained forever after bloody and thick above the sunken sanctum. Famine's fabled horse was gone and was never seen again, but Famine herself staggered eastward, causing blight and starvation wherever she passed.

The Harvest

Around the end of 2096 there was a mass exodus of faminites and walkin' dead from Lost Angels. While they attacked those who were in their path, most of the deaders just up and headed east. What no one realized at the time was that Famine was summoning her minions to the climactic battle with Raven in Colorado. Of Famine herself, there was no sign.

LA Today

The holy blast in 2081 snuffed out the ghost-rock storms, and today none remain around the ruins of LA. Pretty much the whole city is under varying depths of water. In some places, it's only waist deep, and that's where most people live. Stilthouses sprang up where the water wasn't too deep, and those permanent structures acted as little magnets of civilization.

People moored houseboats nearby, as well as shacks and lean-tos built onto simple rafts. Soon, folks started to build floating docks and boardwalks in between their homes, and eventually these grew together into floating villages, called 'hoods, that covered two or three old city blocks. Lost Angels is filled with them now, each one running as its own community. There is some cooperation between the various 'hoods, but each one mostly looks after its own.

Some 'hoods are xenophobic and meet visitors with weapons drawn. Others are more open. These latter types act as floating bazaars, attracting wanderers from all over SoCal and further abroad, and some manage to grow into thriving little settlements.

New 'hoods spring up from time to time, and those that manage to survive the various threats posed by other 'hoods, scavengers, and monsters manage to carve out a territory of their own.

The Dead Pool

Fear Level 6

This area is a Deadland, but the Holy Fire that blasted Famine and killed her horse also cleared away the ghost storms. The area where the Cathedral stood is now called the Dead Pool by the locals.

The water over ground zero has turned to blood, and it swirls in thick clots, spiraling gently over the spot where Famine and her horse were struck down. Folks don't live there, and very few even go to that area to scavenge, though there's plenty worth salvaging down under that blood-dimmed tide.

A variety of relics the Church collected in its years of existence lie beneath the blood. Some of these items are technological and some magical. The bones of Famine's horse also lie below. There are a lot of bodies lying under those waters, and some bloats (page 187) and walkin' (swimmin'?) dead rise up from the depths to attack salvagers.

Along with the undead horrors, there are those who scavenge the scavengers themselves, the most brutal of whom are a gang called the Lakers of Rock Island Prison (see below).

Rock Island Prison

Fear Level 5

Despite being flattened by bombs on Judgment Day, the prison fared better than a lot of the city. It's still above water, for one thing, jutting out like a crumbling mountain of steel and concrete. The largest and best organized of the LA gangs is a

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group known as the Lakers, who run in the fastest boats in Lost Angels and operate out of the ruins of Rock Island Prison. The Lakers have converted the sub-levels of the prison into living quarters, with the old cells now acting as barracks for the scavenger gang. The group has also built up a massive hangar complex that juts out into the water. They use it as a docking bay and repair facility for their boats, and prey on scavengers diving down into the sunken ruins.

Unbeknownst to the gangers of LA, the Lakers are what remains of the old Church of Lost Angels. All of them are either priests or members of the Guardian Angels, the Church's old armed expeditionary force. They were organized by Father Walker Blake after the Big One, with the express purpose of protecting the sunken relics of the Church from scavengers.

This is why they nearly exclusively prey upon those who would come to rob the Dead Pool of its sunken treasures. Blake believes it's his mission to keep the relics where they are, for he has seen in a vision that it is the relics that keep Famine from returning and wiping Lost Angels from the face of the earth. To that end, the Lakers have a network of informants throughout the 'hoods who tell them of any expedition that seeks to recover artifacts from the Dead Pool. They attack the intruders and try to subdue them if possible. Murder is not acceptable to Blake; however, violence in response to violence is another matter.

Upon defeating an enemy, they strip them of weapons and whatever equipment the Lakers currently have need of, and return any relics to the deep. Any bodies are disposed of, and any prisoners (in the event of a subdual) are returned to one of the 'hoods.

Blake firmly believes the relics now keep Famine at bay, and doesn't believe the Reckoner was defeated after the Harvest. That means he'll do whatever is necessary to keep the relics exactly where they are.

Local Monsters

Croakers and shraks raid the 'hoods from time to time, either pulling folks down into their lairs or just killing people. The Maze has always had its monsters, and after the Last War, some of those monsters got worse.

Squids bigger than Rock Island swallow entire 'hoods whole. Schools of electric eels surround and fry boats. Patches of carnivorous seaweed like waterborne tumblebleeds, living toxic oil slicks that smother anything in the water, and worse can be found in and around Lost Angels.

Feast or Famine—Mostly Famine

Food is scarce in Lost Angels. Some 'hoods have gardens, some grow their stuff in hydroponic labs. Most 'hoods get their food by fishing. Net fishing is practiced locally, and some folks head out into the open sea to fish. Still, even with the hydroponics and the fishing, there really isn't enough food to go around.



THE WASTED WEST

That means most folks in the area are hungry the majority of the time. Most get enough food to keep them alive, but not enough to stop the hunger. Some don't even get that much. The constant level of hunger in the 'hoods acts as bait for faminites, who mostly come out of the area of the Maze called Purgatory.

THE GRAND LIBRARY

Fear Level 3, population 100

This is the home of the Librarians. They hole up in a well-protected complex of buildings on the outskirts of Sacramento. Some of the buildings are used as barracks for the Librarians. The central building, an old bank, contains hundreds of data slugs filled with every subject one can possibly imagine. The slugs are kept in the bank's vault and protected by armed guards at all times.

The Head Librarian is Marcus Liebowitz, a softhearted man who founded the order. The chief of security, a Ravenite named Muriel Redwing, is a hard ass who is the reason the Library has such great security.

Using the Library

The Librarians don't allow visitors into the library. Posses can, however, request information from them, and they'll assign a young librarian to research it. This can cost anywhere from \$10 to \$1,000, depending on how much time it takes them. If a character pays to have a question answered, the Marshal should just give them whatever information she cares to. A Librarian character may access the library herself, making an Investigation roll to find any information sought (the Marshal should apply a modifier based on availability). Each roll takes six hours; half that on a raise.

The Library also has a communications room and a transmitter capable of reaching ComSat about half the time, but that's better than the rest of the world. This is only available with special permission from Liebowitz, and that usually requires a favor. The Librarians also buy books, data slugs, and occasionally even stories. Pay is anywhere from \$10 to \$100. A very few rare textbooks have brought in \$1,000 or more.

The Librarians also collect tales of heroism in the Wasted West with a long range goal of collecting the stories together someday and publishing them to bring hope to the survivors. They pay about \$20 a story if they ring true. They also buy palmcoders taken from fallen Librarians for \$50.

LYNCHBURG

Fear Level 4, population 750

Lynchburg is an old mining town in the middle part of the Maze. It didn't get any bombs during Judgment Day and so survived relatively intact.

The town's main business is as a supply depot and stopping-off point for salvagers and ghost rock miners, with spook juice refineries running day and night. The people here don't get many visitors, so they welcome outsiders more than most places. It's a good place to replenish supplies and hire a guide to help find whatever it is a posse is looking for.

Lynchburg has a good harbor, an old US Navy yard, and a well-stocked marina at water level, and a \$25 elevator ride gets you up to the city on the mesa top.

In the city itself one can find St. Francis Medical Center, the closest you're going to find to a modern hospital in all of the Great Maze. All in all it's a convenient center for Maze-based adventures. Your posse can purchase supplies and rest up here for a reasonable price as long as they keep their noses clean. Sheriff Vonda Wright has no compunction about tossing troublemakers off the 100-foot mesa and into the sea if they don't behave.

MOVIE TOWN

Fear Level 3, population 500

Since the 1920s the suburbs outside Lost Angels have been home to the North American movie industry. Technology advanced in leaps and bounds since the start, and around 2020 they stopped using actual film and started using magnetic digital rods called slugs to record their epics (but they're still called "films").

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Before the Last War, some cities had the new Sensoround Megaplex Theaters where they wired a customer into the seat so they could feel, smell, and taste the slug as well, but these never really caught on except in certain "adult" markets.

The place where most of these epics were made was just outside Lost Angels in a series of massive studio lots. Some were in NorCal, others were just over the Mason-Dixon Wall in SoCal. Collectively, the lots contained about half a million workers. Most of the workers lived in squalid apartments right on the lots. The rest commuted in from the surrounding towns. The movie stars lived in deluxe high-rises in Star City, an exclusive, heavily guarded area between the movie lots.



When the two countries were at peace, movie stars, directors, crews, and the like were able to pass back and forth fairly easily. That all ended in 2078 when the US Agency found out renowned director Emille DeSalonto was actually a Confederate agent who was putting subliminal messages in his Sensoround movies.

During the War, both governments closed the borders and contracted directors to create stirring propaganda films designed to educate soldiers, increase enlistment, and ensure there was no sympathy for the other side.

Movie Town Today

Star City didn't catch a city buster but it was heavily bombed. All those gorgeous high-rise condos were turned into piles of gorgeous rubble during the Last War, but at least living there doesn't make a waster glow in the dark.

When things settled down, a group of surviving filmmakers regrouped in Star City and started making movies again. They've rebuilt a few of the smaller buildings on the western outskirts and even elected a mayor—"the Director."

Movie Town exists by trading slugs and viewers with towns across the West in exchange for food and supplies. Slugs usually cost \$500 and are the coin of the realm. Home-size players (monitor included) go for \$100 as the filmmakers figure a town with a player has to buy films. You can sell slugs to the town for \$100 if they already own a copy (most folks like to have backup copies), and \$500 if they don't. Salvaged players sell from \$10 to \$50, depending on their condition.

The slugs are delivered by private couriers or sold to trade caravans looking to sell them for a profit elsewhere. Some of the more established towns also show the films in old theaters for about \$10 a seat.

Movie Town has a small local theater for preview screenings of the latest slugs. Most of the old sets are still out there around the ruins of Star City and vary from a replica of Old Tombstone to a Depression-era Chicago street to a reproduction of New York's Times Square to the surface of

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the moon. Most of them came through the bombing unscathed and only took a little abuse from fallout or ground effects.

Most of the townsfolk are filmmaking flunkies such as camera operators, gaffers, costume designers, zombie wranglers, or set makers. The various film crews are always looking for fresh faces for their movies, which can be an adventure in itself for those posse members of a thespian persuasion.

The rest of Movie Town is made up storekeepers, bartenders, traders, and their families. They're fairly successful, so you've got a good chance of finding important common goods for sale here. Just expect to pay a 10-20% mark-up over standard prices.

The Director

The "mayor" of Movie Town is called the Director. He always wears bandages wrapped around his head to hide his face, and usually has wide sunglasses over his eyes. This is because he's actually former US President John Romero. Now he's making heroic movies to inspire people, to give them hope, and maybe erode fear throughout the West and help defeat the Reckoners.

The Pits

The Pits are where those extras who get shot up in the movies or play the walkin' dead come from. The crew sealed off about 200 yards of an old, underground storm drain with cement and left one hatch open. It's barred and locked most of the time, but when a couple of zombies or casualties are needed on a shoot, wranglers come out with long pole hooks and snag a few. There is usually a minimum of 25 zombies in the Pits, and desperate wasters can make money capturing deaders and selling them to the studio.

OLD PROSPERI

Prosperi is a blind man who lives in the ruins of an old Spanish mission in the hills overlooking the ruins of LA. The locals say he can heal better than a Templar or a Doomsayer.

Prosperi was one of the young priests sent into the hills when the Bishop of LA lured Famine into his trap. He was blinded when he saw the column of holy fire blast the Horseman. Prosperi also had a close encounter later with a servitor who calls himself the Bishop. That creature found the young priests and slaughtered most of them before retreating into the Maze.

The priest couldn't see what happened, but he knows a group called the Lakers showed up and ran it off. They helped him set up in the mission and told him the remnants of the Church would protect him. This is a great clue for a posse looking to interact with the Lakers. (see page 118)

Prosperi has d6 in all his stats except for his Spirit, which is d10, and a d12 Faith. His only power is *greater healing*, with 15 Power Points.

PURGATORY

Fear Level 6

The first thing you should know about the Maze is that a good chunk of it is on fire. A city buster intended for Lost Angels "missed" and landed north in a spot once known as Manitou Bluff, a haven for criminals, madmen, and reprobates. The blast cratered the mesa and set the ghost rock inside on fire. Within a few hours, the fire had spread outward, and today it burns about 100 miles in each direction except landward. The locals call the area that's still burning "Purgatory."

You'll never find darkness in Purgatory. There's a sickly glow to everything, sometimes from radiation and sometimes from burning ghost rock. Everything is cast in shades of orange and green, even the daytime sky. The fire burns along the seams in the middle of mesas, eventually causing them to collapse. It also burns in vast caves underwater, causing the ocean to roil and cook anyone who thinks the water will save them from the heat. Since most of Purgatory is water or rock, there are plenty of places a person can stay out of the flame and even tolerate the heat. What they can't survive are the fumes. That

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stuff poisons a person within a few hours; and that's assuming they stay away from any really thick concentrations.

Every hour spent in this miserable place requires a Vigor roll at -2 to avoid a level of Fatigue which cannot be replaced until the victim gets to fresh air or dons a gas mask (recovering a level in 10 minutes) or receives some sort of magical aid. Besides the environmental dangers, there is an abundance of Maze Dragons present and worse. On the plus side, there's a load of undiscovered loot waiting to be discovered. Many small towns and camps lie almost totally undisturbed since the bombs fell. A posse who finds a way to survive the heat, noxious fumes, boiling water, and monsters can become quite wealthy.



This region also has some of the greatest manitou activity in the Wasted West. When a hero kicks the bucket, the player draws three extra cards to see if she returns Harrowed.

SHAN FAN

Fear Level 6, population 100+ (Cult o' Doom)

Shan Fan was founded in the wake of the Great Quake of 1868. All the ghost-rock mining in the area back then (starting with the Ghost Rush, as they called it) assured Shan Fan's early years were prosperous ones. This prosperity continued into the 20th and 21st centuries, and when the bombs fell, it was the most populous city on the West Coast. It got nuked proportionately, so not much survived.

A few years later, a large number of mutants took up residence in the ruins inside the maelstrom. The muties are a nasty bunch and loyal to the Cult o' Doom (when it suits them). Their leader is a big brute who calls himself Shanghai, who grew an extra head out of his shoulder, and though it's dead, he claims it makes him twice as smart as anyone else. He's always surrounded by a pack of at least a dozen muties, though he "rules" over a tribe of 100 or more.

SOCAL

Southern California was facing a serious overpopulation problem before the Last War started. The CSA didn't have a lot of space to cram all their Mazers in. Then the Mexican army moved through. They didn't dare cross over into Deseret because the Mormon's Nauvoo Legion was one of the smallest but best armies in the world, especially with Hellstromme's leftover machines backing them up. So the Mexicans were forced to fight the Confederate forces in the narrow strip that was Southern California.

As you can imagine, having all the firepower of two high-tech armies in such a small space was devastating. When they were done, the whole area from the coast to the Las Vegas/Utah border was a pockmarked ruin of bomb craters and rubble cities.

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Thanks to the huge population that got in their way and died, SoCal has more than its fair share of walking dead. A lot of these are the tough kind—former Mexican and Confederate soldiers. These veteran walkin' dead are well-armed and armored, but these hordes mostly rise up at night. Travel during the day is safer unless travelers go into large ruins and other close quarters.

TURTLE ISLE

Fear Level 3, population 6,500

Turtle Isle was a floating casino before the Last War. It stayed in international waters—or at least claimed to—often enough to avoid getting closed down by the USA or CSA. A lot of espionage between the two nations took place on this “neutral ground” as well, so they were inclined to leave it alone.

After the war, the floating island remains and has embraced even more vice and sin under the command of a Laotian who calls himself “Manchu.” Manchu is a typical maniacal despot, feeding his enemies to the sharks that trail the city to feed off its garbage and sending his warriors out to raid the land for supplies and women when they don't feel like paying for them. Mazers know how bad Manchu is, but most won't pass up an opportunity to taste Turtle Isle's wicked temptations anyway. Pleasures of the flesh are too hard to come by these days to pass up the opportunity.

Raiding settlements, however, is nothing compared to Manchu's secret arrangement with the croakers. He cut a deal with these sea-devils a long time ago. These underwater abominations are the source of most of Turtle Isle's high-end defensive systems, which the croakers strip off sunken warships and trade with Manchu. In return, Turtle Isle provides the fishermen with human captives. Not just for sacrifices to their dark goddess, but also for experimentation.

Turtle Isle may look lightly defended, but Manchu managed to salvage quite a few military-grade weapons from a sunken USA destroyer after the bombs fell. Its helipads and onboard marina serve as staging areas for armed patrol vessels rather than

pleasure vehicles, with six retro-fitted helicopters and ten small boats armed with machine guns and rockets launchers.

It's pretty easy to get onboard and mingle even if a waster is not a kanger. There's been enough monkey-business on the island (before and after the bombs) to give a wide range of looks and skin tones to the 6,500+ population. There's also enough flow of people on and off the island that new faces aren't unusual. Just stay away from the Turtle Isle guards (raiders armed with Tokarev Machine Pistols and the Martial Arts Edge).

Turtle Islanders take outsiders (i.e., the posse and just about everybody else) for whatever they can get. That means all prices here run 120% or more above those quoted in the Gear section. However, they also respect a good haggle, so every success and raise on a Persuasion roll reduces that by 10%.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Idaho, Oregon, Washington

Fear Level 4

The mountains of the Northwest grow deathly cold in the winter. Survival is always a trial, especially the quest for food. When the chips are down, some humans engage in the horrible practice of cannibalism to survive. Should a hero ever resort to cannibalism while in the Great Northwest (for any reason), he must make a Spirit roll to avoid becoming a wendigo. He suffers a cumulative -1 penalty to this roll for each act of cannibalism, and a -2 if this occurs during the winter.

If he fails, the fallen hero becomes a wendigo under the Marshal's control. There's no way to get the hero back, so go ahead and tell the player to make a new one. For details on these nasty critters, see the Monsters & Misfits chapter (page 157).

The roads are so bad in this area all Driving rolls made for Vehicle Fatigue (see page 56) are made at -2.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

1d20	Result
1-3	No Encounter
4-5	Road Gang
6-10	Wendigo
11	Wolflings
12	Toxic Cloud
13-14	Overgrown Town
15-16	Anti-Templar Band
17	Spotted Owls
18	Hellstorm
19	Black Rain
20	Trader Caravan

ENCOUNTERS

Roll on the Encounter Table every 12 hours the posse spends traveling in this area, and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in one location, roll once every 24 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

Anti-Templar Band: An Anti-Templar (use Templar statistics from page 86 but carrying a battle axe) and his warband of 2d6 wanna-be black tabards (use raider statistics on page 194 but give each an axe along with firearms) is encountered by the posse.

Black Rain (page 95): Black Rain douses the party.

Hellstorm (page 95): Fiery clouds rumble in toward the posse.

No Encounter: The posse passes a peaceful twelve hours.

Overgrown Town: The abandoned buildings that made up this town have collapsed and become overgrown with

weeds and vegetation and are now little more than green mounds along the side of the road.

Road Gang: The posse encounters 2d12 raiders (see page 194) mounted on an assortment of vehicles and armed with a wide array of melee and missile weapons.

Spotted Owls: Environmentalists saved the spotted owl from extinction about a hundred years ago, but the Reckoning has changed them into creatures of terror. They swoop in by the scores and slice at their victims with razor-sharp talons before attacking with their beaks. Consider attacking owls a flying swarm (see *Savage Worlds*).

Toxic Cloud (page 95): A cloud of death approaches the heroes.

Trader Caravan: A convoy of 2d8 transport vehicles along with 1d6 outriders in pick-ups or motorcycles is spotted ahead. They are willing to trade with friendlies. For availability of goods, treat them as a settlement that's size equals 100 x number of transport vehicles.

Wendigo: The posse encounters a wendigo (page 189) looking for fresh meat. The wendigos are moving down from the mountains into the prime game areas where survivor settlements are. It's almost like they're slowly hunting the hunters to make it harder for the nearby 'villes to get meat.

Wolflings (page 189): A pack of 2d6 wolflings has taken up the trail of the posse. If the posse is mounted in vehicles, the pack follows them and attacks at their next rest stop.

BOISE, IDAHO

Fear Level 3, Population 400-500 (50-60 permanent residents)

First off, the Boise Maelstrom is slightly less dangerous than most because the Templars have lowered the Fear Level within it. Whenever anyone crosses through the storm, he makes a Vigor roll at -2 (no

penalty for Templars). Mutations are suffered only if snake eyes are rolled, and Templars never suffer mutations.

Boise is the home of the Templars. The heart of the order is the Temple where the Grand Master holds court. Other structures that make up the wasteland knights' home are the Hall of Heroes, where fallen Templars are laid to rest, the Hospice, where petitioners can stay, and the Barracks.

A solar powered water tower provides clean, safe water to the downtown's inhabitants. While the Templars are a grim and dour lot, the streets in between their buildings are filled with an almost carnival-like atmosphere. There's a large "black market" in smuggled goods (like Templar relics) flowing through the town. Most of these are sold quietly in the scores of booths, carts, and kiosks that fill the town square and surrounding streets.

CORVALLIS, OREGON

Fear Level 3, Population 4,000

Before the Last War, this city was renowned for being one of the most "green" cities in the US. Most residents biked to work, its energy came from hydroelectricity, solar, and wind farms, and organic farms in the surrounding area filled the local markets with produce. The city was also a center of innovation, technology, and research, with Oregon State University and a variety of computer businesses. The city was spared being bombed on Judgment Day, although the ensuing chaos, plagues, rioting, and depredations by roving gangs reduced the population by over 90 percent in the first five years.

Luckily for the remaining inhabitants, the city's pre-War green nature worked to their advantage, and it managed to maintain a fairly high standard of living under the leadership of a supercomputer named I-I. Power comes from the remaining hydroelectric dams, on which Corvallis stations garrisons and technical staff to maintain the flow of power.



The Library has a branch office here, and the Chamber maintains an outpost that liaisons with Oregon State University and the I-I super computer. It is run by a council composed of representatives of the faculty of OSU, the merchant's guild, the town militia, and I-I.

The town's armed forces include a troop of bicycle cavalry as well as heavy weapons teams armed with junker weapons. Talk in the settlement centers around the southward expansion of the racist samurai of Portland and how they can be stopped. A despot named Holnes attempted to conquer the city in the early 2090s only to be thwarted by the militia and the famous tale-teller known only as Teller.

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LEAVENWORTH, WASHINGTON

Fear Level 5, Population 50

This old tourist town sits high in the Cascade Mountains. Built to resemble a Bavarian village, Leavenworth has several gasthausen, multiple breweries, and a variety of restaurants. Its Nutcracker Museum had a collection of more than 5,000 nutcrackers, ranging from the cute to the macabre but has since been looted.

Although most people here are from the US, a fair number of real Germans, veterans who were deployed to America during the Last War, moved to Leavenworth after Judgment Day.

The isolated town is under constant assault by wolflings and wendigos. When the town's greatest defender was slain, the burgermeister, Harold Pinter, sent emissaries to both the Templars and the Iron Alliance. He pays mercenaries who wander into town generously for each wendigo (\$500) or wolfling (\$25) head.

NEW JEROME, IDAHO

Fear Level 5, Population 25

New Jerome is a small collection of ramshackle buildings at the edge of Jerome, Idaho. It's a tiny community of only 20 or so people and thousands and thousands of potatoes. They have recently contracted with several trading convoys to export their produce to the outside world, although with the demise of the Convoy their product won't be as widely distributed as they had originally planned.

There's a reason the inhabitants of New Jerome don't want their location revealed to the outside world. The potatoes they traded to the Convoy aren't your ordinary spuds. The town is run by 20 walkin' dead and five Harrowed under Pestilence's control, victims of the diseases that swept the town after Judgment Day.

While the vast majority of spuds grown on the hundreds of acres around the town are perfectly normal, some of their tubers are grown in the rich soil that covers the mass graves of the plague victims. These

special 'taters carry a supernatural infection, causing a deadly combination of cholera and dysentery in those who consume them.

Those who eat a diseased 'tater and fail a Vigor roll at -4 contract a Long-Term Chronic, Majorly Debilitating disease (see **Disease** in *Savage Worlds*).

Anyone who dies from the "potato disease" automatically comes back as a plague zombie. Anyone caring for these patients can also catch the disease, requiring a Vigor roll at -2 to avoid the very contagious supernatural bug.

Since the inhabitants of New Jerome mix these special spuds in with the ordinary potatoes they trade to passing travelers, getting one is purely random, which makes it difficult to trace back to the source.

THE RAIN FOREST

Fear Level 5

Olympic Forest is a lush rain forest famous for its towering trees, exotic vegetation, and rare animals. It's still there, and in fact, it's expanding daily. The "Living Jungle," as a local tribe of muties calls it, is moving eastward at the rate of 10 feet a day, due to the warmth provided by Mount Saint Helens and Mount Rainier.

When those two volcanoes blew their stacks, thanks to the supernatural influence of the Reckoning, the low-lying areas got warmer and the high mountains got colder. The jungle grows like kudzu, and anything and everything in its path eventually gets covered. It should stop on its own when it hits the foothills of the Cascades, but everything in between will be covered if it gets that far. The jungle is filled with killer bees, giant insects (treat as swarms from *Savage Worlds*), and most of all, carnivorous plants.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Fear Level 6

The city of Seattle and the surrounding areas caught several ghost rock bombs on Judgment Day, with several reserved just for

THE WASTED WEST

Macrosoft Corporate HQ out in Redmond (guess someone in the Confed Stratcom didn't like Windows 2075).

The downtown area is a jumble of concrete and flooded underpasses. The drains and city sewers clogged quickly with debris from the bombs and the constant Seattle rain turned the city into a nightmarish Venice.

SEATAC

Fear Level 6

SeaTac took a direct hit from a tactical ghost-rock bomb meant for the Air National Guard base at the airport. The surgical strike left most of the facility intact and the radioactive particulates washed away relatively quickly.

A former US Air Force pilot named Victor Germaine has restored enough of one runway furthest from the maelstrom to operate a small passenger jet service. He charges \$2/mile per person, and can range about 1000 miles in good weather.

It's expensive, but well worth it if a posse needs to get somewhere quick. Germaine can land anywhere there's a decent stretch of highway or small municipal airport. His Learjet can carry 10 passengers (use statistics from *Savage Worlds* if needed).

The Space Needle

Fear Level 6

The supernatural effects of the ghost rock bombs are evidenced by the Space Needle and the park surrounding it being intact even though it's within ground zero. Other structures inside the storm are demolished as you'd expect, but for whatever reason, the park remains standing.

The Reckoners wanted this structure to remain intact, because the inner core was designed as a giant "supernatural energy collector" by a mad scientist named Victor Steinbrueck. The plan was to gather this energy and broadcast it out to sites hundreds of miles away. If successful, power would have been beamed to everyone with a receiver and Steinbrueck would make a bundle in the process.



Unfortunately, Steinbrueck went mad, as mad scientists do, and threw himself from the top of the Space Needle. Steinbrueck's ghost was sucked into the partially completed energy-transmitter core, which turned the tower into a "fear" generator. The area around the Space Needle became a Deadland sometime in the mid-1980s. The Agency stepped in and closed the area soon after, citing "safety concerns."

After the bombs fell, Steinbrueck's ghost escaped the core. It now flits about the tower like a poltergeist which can only be put to rest through an exorcism (which is really only possible if a Blessed from the Weird West is around) or by tearing out the inner core of the tower.

Tearing out the core is a problem because large parts of it comprise the tower's radio transmitter, the only one in the area that can contact ComSat (see page 10).

The tower is inhabited these days by a paranoid junker named Clausenstein. The few people in the area who have seen him call him "Needle Hands" because of the syringes he wears on his leather gloves. He needs certain drugs to stay alive, and keeps the stuff in syringes built right into his gloves. That way when he forgets to take his medicine and has a seizure, the drugs are right there at the tip of his fingers.

Use junker stats (page 193) with a focus on chemical reagents. Needle Hands can be useful on occasion, especially with his knowledge of alchemy. He's weird and creepy, but if posses can get to him and convince him they're friends, he'll help out in return for some useful parts for his many experiments.

He is also one of ComSat's friends. Through it, he (or anyone else who is a friend of the satellite) can access billions of terabytes of information to aid him in his experiments. Clausenstein is working to complete the spirit collector under the guidance of Steinbrueck, who believes the only way it can escape limbo is for someone to complete the transmitter and "send" it to Heaven. He's wrong, of course, but he's a stubborn spirit.

Steinbrueck's Poltergeist

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Taunt d10, Stealth d12+4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

- **Hurled Object:** Str+d6
- **Ethereal:** Immune to normal attacks. Magic items, weapons, or supernatural powers affect him normally. If Steinbrueck takes any damage, he fades through the tower and hides somewhere normal folks can't reach.
- **Improved Rapid Recharge:** Poltergeists recover 1 Power Point every 15 minutes.
- **Telekinesis:** Although poltergeists can throw objects as per a standard ghost, they can also wield weapons, throw



people around, slam doors and such like. They have the *telekinesis* power, use Spirit as their arcane skill, and have 20 Power Points for this purpose only.

- **Weakness:** The *Deadlands Reloaded* *exorcism* power or tearing out the core of the Space Needle will permanently destroy this creature.

Spikers

Lurking in the eaves of the Space Needle are things the local survivors call “spikers,” which hurl themselves at anything that walks into the park. They look like a cross between spiders, sea-urchins, and porcupines, but made out of metal, and can clear about 200 yards out from the Needle without too much trouble. The spikers were created by Needle Hands to protect him against the constant intruders looking to loot the tower, but aren’t fully under his control. The poltergeist often takes control to keep the junker from being disturbed in his work. When left to their own devices, the spikers are cruel and ever-watchful hunters who twist their creator’s orders to fit their spitefulness.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climb d12, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Gear: Thrown objects (Str+d4)

Special Abilities

- **Armor:** +1
- **Bite:** Str+d6
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -1:** These creepy beings cause a Fear check at -1.
- **Poison -4:** The bite of a spiker causes paralysis for 1d20 minutes for those who fail their Vigor roll.
- **Wall Walker:** Moves at normal Pace when walking on metal surfaces thanks to their electromagnetic feet. Each one can carry up to 250 pounds of weight while doing so, even upside down.

The Wizard’s Tower

Ages ago, there was a big game company in downtown Seattle that produced a very addictive card game. Their success allowed them to build a 15 story game center covering several city blocks. Unfortunately, Federal officials found out the trading cards were laced with an addictive mind-control drug and closed the company. When the feds put the company out of business, their mammoth game center got bought by a group of anonymous investors and renamed the “Wizard’s Tower.” Using patented Dempseyworld animatronic robots, it was turned into a “virtual experience” where folks could feel like they were in real adventures set in any genre.

Judgment Day ended all commercial enterprises, but a being called the “Gamemaster” has taken up residence in the tower and uses the high-tech equipment to turn the complex into a much more dangerous game. He pays local mutie tribes to capture “players” for his entertainment, then forces them through his adventures by threatening to kill innocents (preferably someone close to the party) if they don’t comply—and in character to boot!

The Wizard’s Tower gives Marshals an opportunity to run posses through most any type of adventure, such as those in our other *Savage Worlds* settings. The parts of the other creatures, characters, etc. are played by either violent mutants dressed up to play the part or Dempseyworld robotic constructs. The posse shouldn’t feel bad about fighting their way through the “actors.” The bad guys are truly bad and want to prove to the Gamemaster they should play a larger part in the next scenario. Whatever adventure you run here should feature an occasional glimpse of the Gamemaster (through vidscreens of course—he never gets close to the action).

As for the Gamemaster himself, he died back at the turn of the millennium. Originally the owner of the company that built the game center, he secretly put together a new firm to repurchase the old building after the feds closed it and turned it into the Wizard’s Tower.

The undead Gamemaster can do most anything he wants within his tower. He's combined the best prewar technology with junker science and maybe a little black magic to create worlds in which even he can't always tell what's real. He's not truly evil, just a little nuts. He's also something of a ham. He loves to sneak into his games to play a bit part. He just can't resist the cameo as long as his guests aren't killing everything they come across.

The Shogunate of Portland

Fear Level 5, Population 2,500

This political entity was originally a small settlement based out of a Japanese steakhouse in Portland, Oregon. After Judgment Day, the owner, Iso Fujima, donned an ancient suit of armor from the collection in the lobby of the restaurant,

picked up his family's ancestral sword, and called for all survivors of Japanese descent to come to the fortress and serve him. Within a few years the old restaurant became quite a stronghold, complete with villages and rice paddies beneath the hilltop fortress and a cadre of samurai to protect the populace.

A few months before the Harvest, Daimyo Fujima was overthrown by Suki Alvarez, the captain of his guards, with the help of a Combine Grey Hat team. A fervent hater of all non-Asian people, she declared herself Shogun and quickly launched a war of expansion into the fertile Willamette valley, killing or enslaving all who stood before her as far south as Salem before running into organized resistance at Corvallis (see page 125).

Shogun Alvarez put out the word to kangers from up and down the Shattered Coast and her lands have swelled with those of Asian ancestry. A fervent hater of "round-eyes," the new ruler lines the roads with the crucified bodies of any non-Asians she can catch. Any who remain in her conquered lands are treated worse than slaves in her new world order.

Most of the Shogun's Asian subjects aren't so intolerant. They know they have a good thing going so they don't cross their ruler openly, but they usually sell rice or other goods to travelers who pass through the village quietly. But woe to any natives who are caught "consorting with the enemy."

Alvarez's brutal war of expansion caught the eye of War just before the Reckoner was trapped by Hellstromme. She attained servitor status just before the Harvest, and plans to continue her war of expansion in the summer of 2098. Suki's veteran samurai, the Dragons, use soldier statistics (page 195). They've trained themselves in the use of the katana but use H&K MP-20 SMGs when convenient. They wear infantry battlesuits modified to look like ancient samurai armor.



Shogun Suki Alvarez

Suki is a cold, relentless killer concerned only with gaining more and more power, land, and servants.



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Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12+2, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d10

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 12; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Arrogant, Bloodthirsty, Mean, Overconfident

Edges: Alertness, Acrobat, Ambidextrous, Assassin, Block, Combat Reflexes, Improved Martial Artist, Mighty Blow, Trademark Weapon.

Gear: Enchanted Katana (Str+d10, +2 to Fighting rolls, +2 Parry)

Special Abilities:

- **Coup:** Suki's essence grants supernatural defensive ability. The warrior counting coup gains +1 Parry.
- **Invulnerable:** As a servitor, Suki can only be killed by a weapon wielded by the man she overthrew, Daimyo Fujima.

HIGH PLAINS

Colorado, Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Wyoming

Fear Level 4

Since the Harvest, much of Iowa and Kansas has been overrun by the undead hordes that once shambled on the east bank of the Mississippi. A huge host was still heading west when Raven ended the battle of Denver and burrowed under the Rockies with his great worm allies. Once he disappeared, they lost their impetus to head toward the Rockies and began randomly wandering those areas in a broad, tapering swath from the Bloody Muddy to Denver. In the past 8 months, they have slowly diffused outward in groups of varying sizes.

ENCOUNTERS

Besides the inhospitable environment and general desolation of the region, there are a number of other things your heroes may encounter while in the High Plains. Roll on the Encounter Table once for every eight hours the posse spends traveling in this area, and once whenever they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount

of time camped in one location, roll once every 12 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

Black Hat Patrol: A platoon of 3d10 of Throckmorton's troops mounted in several trucks and SUVs. Use soldiers from page 195.

Black Rain (page 95): Black Rain douses the party.

Dogs o' War (page 170): An Alpha dog with his pack of 2d8 undead hounds.

Dust Storm (page 95): A massive dust storm approaches.

Glom (page 174): A pile of the many bodies generated by the Last War is looking to add new recruits to its mass.

Gorestorm (page 175): The travelers see a gorestorm heading their way.

Hellstorm (page 95): Fiery clouds rumble in toward the posse.

No Encounter: Nothing bothers the posse.

Road Ragers: These bozos are a typical road gang (of raiders from page 194) that happen to have an endless supply of the combat drugs Rage and Slo-Mo, thanks to a member who was a chemist at Miltech

HIGH PLAINS ENCOUNTER TABLE

1d20	Result
1-3	No Encounter
4-5	Glom
6-7	Black Hat Patrol
8-11	Walkin' Dead
12	Black Rain
13	Toxic Cloud
14	Road Ragers
15	Dogs o' War
16-17	Gorestorm
18	Dust Storm
19	Hellstorm
20	Slave Caravan

Pharmaceuticals before the Last War. The gang drives mostly stock vehicles in sorry states of repair and uses personal hand weapons in combat.

Slave Caravan: Decked out with gold chains around their necks like some pre-War gangers, these dregs of society provide the Combine with the bodies it needs to function. These Chain Dogs (use Raider statistics from page 194 armed with clubs, riot control grenades, and bean bag grenades) have 2d20 slaves in tow and are usually heading towards Denver with their catch.

Toxic Cloud (page 95): A cloud of death approaches the heroes.

Walkin' Dead (page 187): 3d6 walkin' dead (in Kansas, this will be 2d6 veteran walkin' dead armed with firearms).

NEW BILLINGS & WESTERN NEBRASKA

Fear Level 4; population 500 in Billings, 50-100 in smaller settlements

The Neo-Luddites were founded by Avis Quinlan, a car salesman before the war, who came to believe modern technology was the root of all evil, and specifically anything made after the Reckoning is tainted.

Avis began his crusade in the ruins of Billings, Montana, in 2092, and it didn't take long for him to find an audience for his anti-technology gospel. Within a few months he had nearly 100 followers; and within a single year he had almost 500 disciples. Today, almost all of the survivor settlements in western Nebraska belong to the Neo-Luddite movement.

To these folks, any technology that was developed after 1863 is sinful because it may be tainted by the manitous' influence. Junkers are considered the servants of Satan, and practicing junker magic is a stoning offense. Merely possessing junker technology calls for a severe flogging, which many don't survive. A second offense automatically calls for stoning.

The Neo-Luddites have commissioned the most fervent of their believers as witch hunters. These fanatics normally travel in pairs, and can be encountered nearly anywhere in the Wasted West. They search out junkers and those using junker technology and purify them with torture and flame. Treat these wanderers as soldiers (page 195), but their faith gives them 15 Power Points and access to the powers *armor*, *dispel*, *smite*, and *stun* (cast with their Spirit die). They use Springfield muskets and Colt Dragoon pistols (see *Savage Worlds*), as well as crossbows and swords.

DENVER, COLORADO

Fear Level 6; Population 2000 (500 Combine, 1500 slaves)

Denver is the home of the Combine.

The city itself is surprisingly intact, having been hit on Judgment Day by high air-burst neutron bombs which did little structural damage, followed by a fast-moving, highly lethal virus which killed 98% of its victims. With 99% of the population dead within days of the end of the world, wide-scale looting didn't occur, so aside from the ravages of time and the Black Hats, the city is a treasure trove waiting to be looted. Unfortunately, there's a little thing called the Combine in town.

The Harvest, combined with Raven's undead horde and its wormy allies, hurt the Combine badly. Throckmorton's forges and foundries suffered heavily in the Iron Alliance's bombardment of Denver. Thousands of Black Hats and hundreds of Red Hats perished before the walls of Junkyard, on the long retreat through the Rockies, and in the ruins of Denver. Hundreds of automatons of all models were destroyed or disabled, as well as many of the cyborgs in Throckmorton's ranks. While dead Black Hats are easy to replace, raptors, automatons, and other automated troops are not.

Repair crews are busy trying to get the smelters back on-line, but none of the Green Hats know exactly what they're doing and spare parts are scarce. They've begun a concentrated effort to find slaves with engineering experience and "promote"

them to Green Hat status in exchange for repairing and expanding the Combine's metalworking capabilities.

Throckmorton's remaining assembly lines are starved for high-tensile metal to rebuild these forces. Combine teams of Green Hats are scouring the wastes as far away as the Great Maze to find salvageable ghost steel. For now, the factories have cranked out automatons with shiny new armor made of flimsy material, which Throckmorton named "The Vengeance Brigade" (page 158) and ordered into the ruins as a show of force against the Resistance. Their numbers now stand at 150 of these shiny constructs.

Raven's forces also managed to break into Camp Freedom and chow down on the Combine's slave pool. The Denver Resistance also took this opportunity to strike, freeing those who hadn't become brain donors. Camp Freedom was basically emptied out, leaving the Combine with no slave workers for food production.

This led to serious food shortages for the Combine forces during the spring and early summer of 2097. There were rumors of cannibalism among both the few remaining slaves in Camp Freedom, as well as at some of the Black Hat watering holes in the downtown area. Throckmorton's Chain Gangs have been working overtime to restock their labor pool since the Battle of Worms, and now, combined with Dr. Barkley's food complex (see below), the famine has been averted.

The Combine Compound

The automated factories are on the outskirts of Denver, encompassing over 50 square miles of gleaming structures of glass and steel. A wall around the area consisting of old cars and trucks, chainlink fences, cargo containers, piles of rubble, and whatever else they could find served to repel Raven's hordes during the Battle of Worms.

The Compound is where Throckmorton's robots built barracks and other facilities for the higher-ranking humans, and sits on the shores of Lake McKay.

Camp Freedom, by the old Sager Reservoir, houses the Combine's slave labor force. Most work in the fields in an old suburb called Lafayette, raising crops for the rest of his troops. It's easy for these poor folks to escape into the ruins of downtown Denver, but it's nearly impossible to get further. Despite the losses to Raven's horde, the open fields surrounding the Compound are constantly patrolled by raptors, although this is one of the few places one finds these flying terrors these days.

A gleaming new compound was built in the HI complex during the spring by a force of heavy construction bots. Under the supervision of Charles "the Butcher" Barkley, a select few Green Hats operate a new cloning center and abattoir, nicknamed Doublemeat Palace.

Inside the complex lies a horror of giant cloning vats where, via some seriously demented junker science, fully mature animals are grown in days. These weak-limbed, undeveloped cows are then processed through an efficient but gruesome "assembly line of death," a series of conveyor belts, whirling knives, lasers, and "juice" sluices that turn them into hamburger in less than a minute. And yes, Marshal, exhausted slaves, Black Hat rejects, and captured Resistance fighters end up in the tubes of mystery meat churned out by Doublemeat Palace.

Downtown Denver

Downtown Denver is more of a nightmare than it ever was. Not only do you have to contend with Black Hats, feral automatons, automatons on "training and weapons calibration exercises," and the general nastiness found in a Deadland, but now many of Raven's horde who didn't accompany him underground wander through the streets of the ruined city.

With a general shortage of automatons, Throckmorton's forces tend to cluster in a few well-protected areas these days, leaving the majority of the ruins to the undead tourists from beyond the Mississippi. Not only are traditional walking dead found here, but also cast-offs from the Reckoner's armies who lost their direction when their

bosses were vacuumed up by the Harbinger. Basically, Marshal, if your fevered mind can stat it, you can give it a home in Denver.

The Resistance

The band of survivors and escaped prisoners who eke out a living in the ruins and sewers of Denver have found life even harder since the Battle of Worms. With the increase in nightmare creatures left over from the clash between the Combine and Raven, the Resistance finds it even harder to move about the city by day or night. And with Throckmorton too busy to worry about them, these partisans are not being supplied with cast-off weapons they used to surreptitiously get from the Combine to provide his automatons with real combat experience.

Despite this, the Resistance still actively attempts to sabotage the Combine's efforts, and still provides aid and intelligence to the Iron Alliance, such as the fact that the Combine has been heavily recruiting techies into the ranks of the Green Hats.

DEADWOOD, SIOUX NATIONS

Fear Level 6; Population 200 (Cult of Doom)

Deadwood was the home of the Ravenites, a bubble of technology in the tech-dead zone of the Sioux Nations. A mag-lev rail line and two highways running east and west ringed by totems allowed high speed travel into the city, but these corridors are filled with the rusted hulks of cars, trucks, and crashed trains.

Walking in isn't exactly quick. Coming from the west, the posse has to cover nearly 120 miles to reach the city. The eastern route is double this. The best route the group can make through the wrecks and rubble is about 10 miles a day on foot. That means it takes about 12 days to reach the city from the west and 24 days approaching from the east.

Status High and Low

Confined to an area about nine miles long and four wide, Deadwood was literally built from the mud up. By Judgment Day, Deadwood existed on many levels. The

bottom consisted of dirty, rubble-strewn streets that never saw daylight and housed the arms and ghost rock bomb factories. Above that were fabulous casinos run by technology-loving Ravenites. Above that sat the 50-story rooftop penthouses of the ultra-rich. These were connected by walkways to keep the rich from having to mix with the poorer folks down below.

Just before Judgment Day, everything came crashing down. A few days before the bombs fell, Raven walked into downtown Deadwood and started blasting the tangled maze of buildings. (Some of those who dwelled on the bottom cheered—before they were crushed by thousands of tons of rubble.)

The survivors fled into the wilderness and watched their city burn. A few days later, a city buster landed smack on what was left. Ironically, Raven's attack had likely saved lives—at least of those who had fled to the hills.

Today, the elevated highways, towering skyscrapers, and rooftop walkways lie in piles of rubble. A pack of night terrors live in the few high-rises still standing, and restless spirits haunt the ruins. The New Sioux, a violent tribe of mutants loyal to Silas and the Cult of Doom also lives in the debris. For whatever reason, they blame the Old Ways for their fate and hunt Indians for both food and sport.

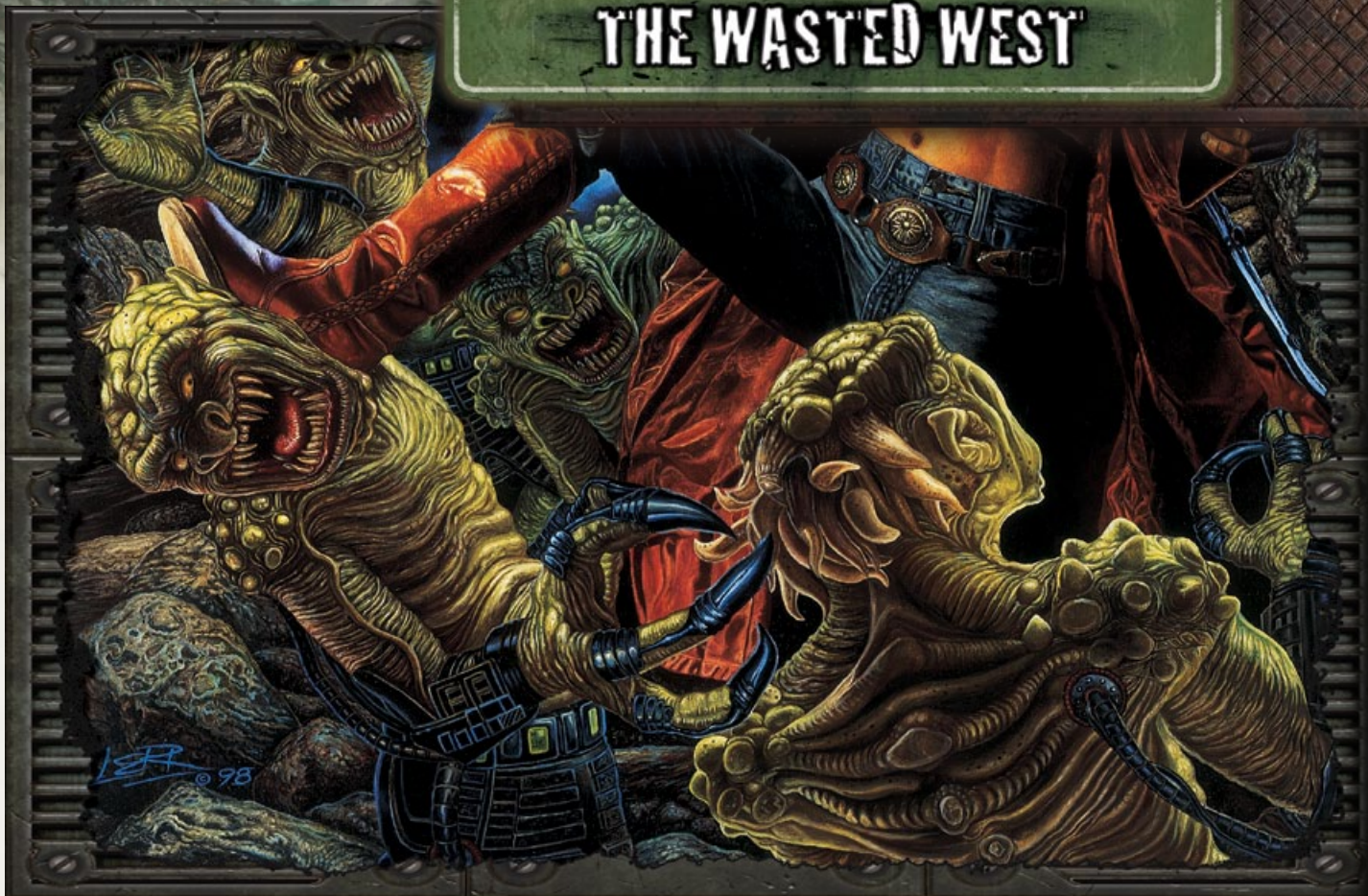
There's a fortune in salvage to be had in the warehouses and bunkers beneath Deadwood's streets. The problem is getting to it and back again. Besides all the supernatural baddies waiting for the heroes, there's the problem of physically transporting the goodies out.

DEVILS TOWER

Fear Level 4

Within a swirling maelstrom is a massive natural wonder of red stone standing almost 600 feet tall—at least the part that's left. The rest lies in 100-foot-tall piles around the base. This massive geological wonder is located in the Sioux Nations, in northeastern Wyoming.

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The tower had been inhabited for hundreds of years by a group of alien cross-breeds (as in alien beings from space), and contained a portal to the Hunting Grounds used to power their secret facility.

When the Indians enacted the Great Summoning ceremony that created the anti-tech zone across the Sioux Nations, the area directly around Devils Tower was unaffected, allowing the aliens to maintain their technological edge.

As word leaked back to the US government about the nature of the tower, a group of US scientists entered it in the mid-2000s and established a research facility. Unfortunately, Confederate spies learned what was going on and made sure it received a ghost rock bomb on Judgment Day. The bomb blew off the upper half of the structure but left most of the lower levels intact. That's where the crossbreeds were kept, and the overhead rock protected them from the worst effects. Those that didn't die by the storm were mutated, and the only thing worse than a mutant is a mutant alien.

Back in 2090 a group of junkers and Law Dogs moved into Devils Tower, pushed the alien mutants into the lower depths of the

complex, and even rigged up machinery to draw power off the portal. From this well-supplied and fortified base of operations, the Law Dogs cleared much of the surrounding area and actually lowered the Fear Level.

In early 2094 a man known as the Prospector and a group of Harrowed emerged from the Hunting Grounds here. Seven months later, the junkers sent an agent back in time in an attempt to change the past and defeat the Reckoners.

Unfortunately, blow-back from the time travel device washed through the upper levels, killing many of the junkers and their Law Dog allies. In the years since, the crossbreeds have broken out of the lower levels and now run rampant through the area.

The crossbreeds live in the ruins, fighting off devil bats, rattlers, and horrors from the portal. The crossbreeds always respected technology—now they worship it. When the chance to gather gadgets presents itself, the mutants rally violently to the cause. Some still have the fantastic tech of their past but such relics are few and far between, so they settle for human tech (and sometimes meat).

HELL ON EARTH

Alien Crossbreed

The aliens were once more diverse, but these days all that are left are the crossbreeds—rejects of alien and human DNA abandoned by their parent race. (If you're interested in the big backstory, check out *The Last Sons* for *Deadlands Reloaded*.)

Crossbreeds stand anywhere from three to five feet tall (averaging a little over four), and they weigh 100 to 200 pounds (averaging about 145). Their skin is green and scaly like a lizard. Their teeth are long and needlelike. Their eyes are almost all black, with some small variations in tone and color. They have long, sharp claws on their hands and feet. They've got faces not even their mothers could love, like a cross between a Mexican dragon and the backside of a monkey.



Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Gear: Crossbreeds carry clubs (Str+d6), and rarely (1 in 6) a stun stick. The weapon does Str+d4 damage, but anyone hit must first make a Vigor roll at -4 or be Shaken.

Special Abilities:

- **Armor 1:** Scaly hide.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d6

FORT BRIDGER, WYOMING

Fear Level 3; Population 200

Originally established as a waystation in southwestern Wyoming back in the early 1800s, Fort Bridger grew into a town a few decades later and was almost a city when the Last War came. The war damage to Fort Bridger was conventional, not nuclear, so the survivors of the area rebuilt it into an actual fort once again. It benefits from a level headed citizens' committee and frequent visits by Law Dogs.

Just like in the days of old, they trade goods with travelers and provide protection against several bands of bloodthirsty mutants who prowl the surrounding wastes. Basic supplies are there at listed prices, but some of the "independent" dealers who sometimes set up shop on the parade ground are only good for cheap and suspect goods.

These days the forces of the Combine are looking to Fort Bridger as a possible outpost, and groups of scouts have been infiltrating the town with an eye toward a take-over.

THE FREEMEN

Fear Level 4 in most settlements; Population 30-200 per settlement

Scattered across the hills of Montana, these survivalists and right-wing "patriots" who feared the Northern government before the Last War built a variety of bunkers and strongholds in anticipation of the Apocalypse. When Judgment Day arrived,

THE WASTED WEST

the Confederates, fearing these heavily armed anti-government forces, struck with nukes at the largest Freeman settlements.

There aren't many Freemen left, but those who are still around are well-armed and angry. They've got tons of heavy weapons, ammo, rockets, and even a few anti-tank missiles. They're mostly paranoid nutcases, and opted to sit out the Harvest despite deputations from both the Iron Alliance and Throckmorton.

The Freemen are divided up into "families." If there's a leader to be found, it's definitely Michelle Stockton. She was once a housewife, but after her husband died fighting mutants a few years back, she took over and has proven to be one of the toughest fighters in a group of ferocious warriors. She's real quiet, but when she speaks, everyone listens.

HELLTOWN

Fear Level 5; Population 250

This town looks out of place in the wastelands. For one, it has no walls to keep out marauders. For another, every building in town is painted red. Strangers are welcome here, and are free to buy, sell, and otherwise trade what they can, as well as relax in the town's only bar, the *Bull's Eye*. But anyone who gets out of hand finds every capable person in town acts as the law, and they're all well-armed with pistols, shotguns, and rifles. The bodies of those who misbehave are swinging from the old light poles outside of town. Mayor Tawana Wilkins runs this town with an iron fist and—much to the applause of the Templars—the people back her up.

Helltown can be a useful place to rest and resupply, with prices as listed and availability as if it has a population of 1500, as long as the posse keeps their noses clean.

MALL OF AMERICA, MINNESOTA

Fear Level 4; Population 275 (1,550 for scavenging checks)

This massive four story mall in St. Paul, Minnesota, had over 500 stores with over four million square feet of retail shopping

madness, including an amusement park and one of the largest shark aquariums in North America. It survived the Last War relatively intact, and local mobster Anthony "Fat Tony" Mulachi made sure it wasn't looted. He and his boys moved in to the mall just a few hours after the Apocalypse, shot the few looters who were already inside, and claimed it as their own.

These days, Tony and his feared gang of 50 goodfellas run the Mall of America like a pre-war paradise. The mall has defensive installations on the roof as well as junker-designed automated sentry guns hidden in the rusting hulks of cars that fill the enormous parking areas outside.

Paying the \$20 entrance fee transports a brainer back to a happier time. The area inside the mall is lit with fluorescent lights, plants line the halls, is climate controlled, and there's even Muzak playing in the background!

Currently there are 40 storefronts open, organized by category. You'll find guns in one area, electronic parts in another, and so on. Tony gets new items from anyone who brings them in, as well as the many trade caravans that go back and forth from here to Junkyard (after taking a long northerly route around Denver). Spook juice, ammo, and bullets of all calibers run 150% over list price, while anything else is marked up 25% more than normal. There's no haggling in MoA, and everything is clearly marked with one set price. There are even five different restaurants inside, three Italian, a steakhouse, and a seafood place, as well as a hotel with electricity and running water (rooms run \$75/night). The Sensoround Megaplex theater has been renovated and provides virtual reality experiences for a mere \$25 per show.

The largest indoor amusement park (before the Apocalypse) as well as an aquarium provide entertainment for the denizens of the mall. Sometimes Tony puts those he doesn't like in the rollercoaster without seat belts and sees how long it takes for the poor saps to come flying out. The aquarium not only provides seafood for his restaurant, but the shark tank is an after-hours source of gruesome amusement as well.

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Tony and his men leave folks alone while they're shopping unless it looks like they're loitering. Then he throws them out if they don't show they're buying something.

This place is probably one of the nicest, safest places in the Wasted West—as long as you stay on Fat Tony's good side. Anger him and a waster either swims with the sharks, dies on the rollercoaster, or winds up as the meat in the next spaghetti bolognese. For that little trick, Tony became a servitor of Death just before the Harvest.



Fat Tony Mulachi

Tony isn't particularly deadly on his own. It's his leadership and the constant group of deadly bodyguards who accompany him that are the problem. (Treat the bodyguards as five Wild Card soldiers, page 195. They're armed with SA XM-40 assault rifles and HI Thunderer pistols.)

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Gambling d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Curious, Greedy, Obese.

Edges: Command, Command Presence, Hard to Kill, Leader of Men, Natural Leader.

Gear: HI Thunderer (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8+1, RoF 3, AP 2).

Special Abilities:

- **Coup:** The hero who counts coup on Fat Tony gains the essence of his bulk, providing +1 Toughness. This does come with some weight gain, but a week or so of normal struggle in the wastes will take care of it for most folks.
- **Invulnerable:** Fat Tony must be eaten by sharks to meet his final demise.

NEAR WICHITA, KANSAS

Fear Level 6

In the irradiated ruins of Wichita lives a coven of 13 fierce, man-hating witches. The group hunts male travelers to the city. Men who survive their initial attack are slowly tortured to death, and their "parts"

are hung around the wreckage of the city. The witches have mostly cleared out the ruins for a distance of ten miles of any living humans, mutant or norm, although some scattered groups of women eke out a single-sex existence in their domain.

The woman who leads the coven was a radical witch named Jasmine Craft. Before the Last War she prowled the streets of Wichita as a prostitute, using her powers to kill men. She survived the bombs, but died a few months later from the glows, blaming men for starting the war with her dying breath.

She returned from death as a true abomination, and was rewarded by Death for her evil deeds with a peculiar breed of female walkin' dead that can cast spells just as she can.



Jasmine Craft and her Coven

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Spellcasting d10 (d12 for Jasmine), Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Beguiling:** Jasmine and her coven can appear as beautiful women when they desire, and they typically use this ability to lure unsuspecting men to their doom. This power gives them a +4 Charisma.
- **Dagger (Str + d4)**
- **Fear -2:** These creepy undead women cause Fear checks at -2 to any man who sees them in their hideous true form.
- **Immunity (Males):** Male heroes are at -2 to hit Jasmine with Fighting or Shooting attacks.
- **Spellcasting:** These undead have the following powers: *armor*, *bolt*, *entangle*, *fear*, *puppet* (15 Power Points); Jasmine also has *blast* and *fly* (30 PPs).
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness:** A male hero who is romantically connected to a female character in the posse deals double damage to Jasmine on successful attacks.



- **Coup:** Jasmine's essence is pure arcane power. A coup-counter with an Arcane Background gains +5 Power Points. A character with no Arcane Background can choose to take one on their next advance with the extra Power Points or immediately gain Arcane Resistance vs. Black Magic.

SKY PIRATES

The Sky Pirates were once a band of aerial raiders, scouts, and scavengers. They joined with the Iron Alliance during the Harvest and their numbers suffered greatly from Combine firepower.

Based out of Nocturne Field, a secret base literally carved into the side of a Colorado mountain, there were a couple hundred of aviators, flying anything from ultralights to Cessnas to the most advanced F-40 Tigersharks. Since January of 2094,

their numbers have dropped to less than a hundred with fewer than a dozen aircraft of all types remaining.

Several months after the Battle of Worms, the leader of the Sky Pirates, Dwight Price, aka Raptor, was killed by a fellow pilot named Snake. Snake has convinced his comrades that the Iron Alliance used them as cannon fodder, and has returned the Sky Pirates to their roots—aerial raiders who prey on the weak and helpless.

Nocturne Field was almost fully stocked when the bombs dropped in 2081 and still has a few million gallons of aviation fuel in sealed tanks, along with a supply of several tons of missiles, bombs, and guided munitions. Of the original 48 F-40s, only five survived the battle against the Combine and Raven. That's good news for the folks of the Wasted West now that the Sky Pirates have gone bad.

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THE SIOUX NATIONS

The Sioux who remain in the area follow the "Old Ways," shunning technology and manufactured goods. Those "Ravenites" who don't believe in the Old Ways have mostly fled due to the anti-technology zone (see below).

The Sioux are ruled by a council of elders and wise men called the "wicasas." Each major tribe has one, and either he or his representative sits on the council when all are called together to rule on important matters.

THE DAKOTAS

Fear Level 2; Population 10,000

The borders of the Sioux Nations are closed to those not of Native American descent. Any non-Indians found inside the Nations are asked their business. Unless they have a matter which needs to come before the tribal council, the intruders are politely asked to leave. If they refuse, the tribe's warriors show them to the border or bury them, as the situation warrants.

Visitors who can prove they are of Native American descent are welcome to stay as long as they are willing to take the Old Ways Oath. Willing newcomers are adopted into one of the clans and become full members of the tribe. The one exception to this is toxic shamans. Corrupters are attacked on sight, while caretakers are warmly welcomed. Portions of Sioux territory have been contaminated by radioactive fallout and toxic runoff from factories upstream of the Nations. Caretakers are welcome to remain in Sioux lands as long as they use their powers to clean up some of this pollution.

The anti-technology zone created by the Great Summoning still holds sway in the Sioux Nations. After about 10 minutes, pretty much everything that wasn't made by hand from all natural materials stops working. Weapons, vehicles, and other high-tech gizmos are obvious targets, but it doesn't stop there. Modern combat knives lose their edge and the blade breaks if



SIOUX NATIONS ENCOUNTER TABLE

1d20	Result
1-5	No Encounter
6-9	Sioux Scouting Party
10-14	Hunting Party
15	Dust Storm
16	Caretaker Toxic Shaman
17-18	Buffalo Herd
19-20	Horse Herd

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subjected to any stress; backpack straps continuously loosen and fall off the hero's shoulders; waterproof tents leak and the ropes and poles are easily broken.

Some items may require the Marshal to get inventive, but the posse should quickly learn they cannot rely on any item that was not handcrafted from some plant, animal, or naturally occurring mineral. Junkers are near powerless here—neither their devices (powers) or abilities function.

Since Doomsayers, sykers, and Templars channel energy directly from the Hunting Grounds rather than using spiritual intermediaries, their brands of magic work just fine.

A character who wants to play a traditional shaman from *Deadlands Reloaded* fits in here, but may find himself outgunned outside the anti-technology zone.

ENCOUNTERS

The open grasslands of the Dakotas give a timeless feeling to those who walk across their surface. Herds of buffalo and horses run free, evoking an image of earlier, happier times.

But there are still dangers. Roll on the Encounter Table every 12 hours (every 6 hours along the river itself) the posse spends traveling in this area, and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in one location, roll once every 24 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

Buffalo Herd: A herd of d10x10 buffalo. Use Bull statistics from *Savage Worlds*.

Caretaker Toxic Shaman: A single caretaker shaman (page 195) is discovered communing with the nature spirits.

Dust Storm: A massive dust storm (page 95) approaches.

Horse Herd: A herd of 2d20 horses. There is a 50% chance that a few young braves watch over the horses. See *Savage Worlds* for statistics.

Hunting Party: A typical hunting party has 20+3d20 braves (page 193), 1d4-1 shamans (page 195), and an equal number of elderly, noncombatants, and children.

No Encounter: Time passes quietly.

Sioux Scouting Party: Scouting parties patrol the edges of the Sioux Nations looking for intruders. A typical scouting party contains 5+1d6 braves (page 193).

THE BADLANDS

Fear Level 6

The Badlands are a weird stretch of land filled with tall, jagged ridges, steep cliffs, narrow chasms, and macabre-looking rock formations resembling people writhing in torment deep in the Sioux Nations.

Rattlers, young rattlers, and wormlings fill the Badlands, while enormous swarms of devil bats take to the night skies (typically numbering 5d20 or even more). The only reason a posse might go here is to put an end to the worm cult, for this is where all those wormlings are coming from.

WORM CANYON

Fear Level 5

Since the 1800s, the great rattlers have been worshipped by a cult of humans led by powerful priestesses. Unfortunately, its location within the Sioux Nations anti-technology zone frustrated every attempt by the Agency to stamp it out. After 200 years of a steady diet of human captives provided by their worshippers, a whole new breed of queen worm appeared, able to create human-worm hybrids called "wormlings".

Before the Harvest, there were thousands of wormlings in the Badlands and elsewhere. Raven's call to arms emptied the area of almost all its slimy inhabitants, but several of the queens remained. The Worm Cult still ranges near and far to serve them, gathering up sacrifices for the tentacled deities.

No maps exist showing the way to Worm Canyon. Wasters who follow the Cheyenne River into the heart of the Badlands and start looking for concentrations of rattler

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young are close to the home of the queens. A single trail runs through the region near Worm Canyon, and it's constantly patrolled by cultists looking for fresh meat in the form of lone travelers or wayward miners. A hereditary priestess always named Ursula presides over the coven of wormy worshippers. They sacrifice, cavort, and dye their skin purple in honor of their "gods."

Anyone who dies here is dead permanently. The soul of the victim is consumed in the process. He cannot return as a Harrowed, nor be resurrected by any means. Proof of his eternal damnation can be found in the hills and cliffs of Worm Canyon as the image of the victim appears in the rock over the next few hours.

LOWER MISSISSIPPI AND DELTA

Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri

Fear Level 5

ENCOUNTERS

The hot, miserable environment of the Mississippi Delta is not the only thing heroes have to deal with. The drowned landscape along the river has given rise to all sorts of abominations they may encounter along the Bloody Muddy.

Roll on the Encounter Table every 12 hours (every 6 hours along the river itself) the posse spends traveling in this area, and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in one location, roll once every 24 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

Black Rain: Black Rain (page 95) douses the party.

Dust Storm: A massive dust storm (page 95) approaches.

Giant Mosquitos: A cloud of these huge bloodsuckers is attracted to the heroes. Treat them as a swarm (see *Savage Worlds*).

Glom: A horrid conglomeration of corpses shambles forth (page 174).

No Encounter: The posse encounters nothing of significance.

Pirates: These waterborne scum use raider statistics (page 194). Traveling in a variety of small boats and using old paddlewheels as motherships, groups of 3d10 pirates attempt to swarm travelers on the larger tributaries with their superior numbers.

River Leviathan: A dreaded kraken of the Mississippi takes notice of the posse's vessel (page 181).

River Rats: Originally imported from South America, nutria weigh in at about nine pounds, have ratlike tails, webbed feet, and really, really big teeth. Of course, the mutant nutria, or mutria for short, are much worse than their prewar cousins. They've gained a few pounds, lost most of their fur, and have developed a taste for human flesh.

They hunt in packs of 30 or so and breed like mad. These animals live all along the banks looking for food. Sometimes they even follow a wounded riverboat and wait for it to ground. Then they swarm over it in scores and chew up the crew. Treat them as a swarm but increase the damage to 2d6.

Road Gang: The posse encounters 3d10 road gangers (use Raiders on page 194) mounted primarily in pick-ups, although they might own one or two motorcycles with sidecars.

Toxic Cloud: A cloud of death (page 95) approaches the heroes.

Trader Caravan: A convoy of 2d8 transport vehicles along with 2d4 outriders in pick-ups or motorcycles (or a large paddlewheeler with makeshift armor and several machine guns) is spotted ahead. They are willing to trade with non-hostile people they meet. For availability of goods, treat them as a settlement of size of 100 x number of transport vehicles or 1d6 x 250 for waterborne traders.

Walkin' Dead: 3d6 walkin' dead (page 187), or 2d6 bloats (page 187) if within two miles of the Mississippi or one of its tributaries.

THIBIDAU, LOUISIANA

Fear Level 5; Population 45

This small town 40 miles southwest of New Orleans would seem fairly insignificant to a casual traveler. What no one knows is the Confederate Strategic Oil Reserve (CSOR) was located in a network of stable salt dome caverns deep under the surface.

Originally conceived as a way to store huge amounts of oil during the great ghost rock embargo of the 1970s, the CSOR has lain forgotten since the end of the Last War. While the other three sites that made up the program along the Gulf Coast all caught ghost rock bombs on Judgment Day, Thibidau was spared, the missile targeted for it landing far out into the Gulf's waters.

The pumping stations and equipment are hidden in ordinary looking houses and storefronts, and the townsfolk keep evidence of their buried treasure well hidden from casual passersby. To passing road gangs, there is nothing of value in the town, but under the town hall a chemical engineer has set up a crude refinery to produce heating oil and diesel. This tiny usage over the last 13 years hasn't even made a dent in the roughly 227 million barrels of oil lying 1000 meters below the town.

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

Fear Level 3; Population 200

Baton Rouge was inundated by massive floods back in 2071 when the ground level dropped 50 feet, leaving it a jumble of abandoned, drowned ruins and a whole mess of mosquitoes. A few years after Judgment Day, Evelyn Reynard founded Nouveau Baton Rouge on the buildings still poking out of the river. With the help of former civil engineer Rupert Tinsdale, the buildings were connected by swinging bridges and floating boardwalks made from steel cables with wooden planking. The Miss protects it from threats from land, and a wall of rubble created by demolishing outlying buildings makes it hard for creatures or pirate vessels to assault it.

MISSISSIPPI DELTA ENCOUNTER TABLE

1d20	Result
1-5	No Encounter
6-7	Road Gang (land) Pirates (water)
8-11	River Rats
12	Glom (land) River Leviathan (water)
13	Toxic Cloud
14-15	Giant Mosquitos
16-17	Walkin' Dead
18	Dust Storm
19	Black Rain
20	Trader Caravan

Most of the town's population fish or farm the rooftop gardens. Others try to renovate and repair surrounding buildings or prowl the ruins of old Baton Rouge for salvage.

As long as they stay on Evelyn's good side, travelers sleep in one of the abandoned buildings for free up to three days, may trade with the warehouse, and can even watch the bi-weekly movie (they get slugs from Movie Town fairly regularly). The town's recyclers give the town a -2 Streetwise modifier when trying to find an item in the town's marketplace.

HELL SWAMP

Fear Level 5

Hell Swamp is well named due to the omnipresent heat and humidity. Travelers must make Vigor rolls at -2 every hour or suffer a level of Fatigue. If a posse insists on wearing any kind of body armor, the check is at -4. The water in the swamp ranges from just a few inches to over 60 feet deep. It's thick, it's green, and hides what lies beneath. Just walking through

HELL ON EARTH

MAMA TIBUTU'S GOODIES

Most of Mama's voodoo powers are subtle charms and wards. All of Mama's charms and wards take effect immediately. They cannot be "saved" for later use. Some that might be sought by the heroes (and the price Mama charges for casting) are:

Loa's Blessing: Keeps away swamp mosquitoes, snakes, and other small creatures for 1 week. (\$100)

Remove Curse: Removes most negative magical or spell effects. It's the Marshal's call if Mama's magic is more powerful than whatever condition the receiver seeks to alleviate. (\$500)

Tibutu's Talisman: Keeps supernatural terrors from directly attacking a single character for 1d4 days, though it could push a tree over on them, attack a companion, and so on. This takes her a month to create, and she never has more than one. (\$1,000)

the mess requires another Vigor check at -2 each hour to avoid Fatigue, and Pace is reduced to 1/3 normal.

Besides the water and mud, intruders into the swamp must contend with toxic mosquitoes, poisonous snakes hanging from every tree, and gators up to 60 feet long.

THE CAJUNS

Several communities of Cajuns brave the terrors of Hell Swamp. Some of the smaller towns are up in the huge cypress trees, each dwelling connected with ropes, boardwalks, and zip lines. Others are built on floating rafts tethered between trees.

The Cajuns live by hunting giant gators and other swamp critters from wooden canoes and an assortment of old aluminum boats. Houma, one of the more prosperous settlements, has swampboats converted to run off methane and trade their game with some of the river settlements further up the Miss, like Nouveau Baton Rouge. This is a good place to get a guide to take you into the lower swamps, by the way. Most of the Cajuns are fairly insular. Some of the cruder places full of mutants see intruders as meals on two legs.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Fear Level 6

Kansas City, Missouri, got hit with an honest-to-God, 10-megaton nuke. The blast flattened the city and everything within 11 miles. There's a lot of speculation about why KC got nuked for real. The most popular theory is kind of nuts, but it makes more sense than anything else. President Bates was a Raiders fan, and they got beat in the last Super Bowl by the Kansas City Chiefs. Now that's a fan.

The ruins are filled with low levels of radiation with pockets of high rad in pools and other collection points (see *Savage Worlds*).

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Fear Level 6, Population 1

New Orleans took it on the chin during the bombing. As the largest port in the Confederacy, it caught more than its share of the bombs. Worse yet, the bombings, combined with the aftereffects of the Baton Rouge quake caused the Mississippi to jump its banks upriver from New Orleans. The river now cuts almost due south through the swampland and into the Gulf of Mexico.

THE WASTED WEST

The shattered ruins of New Orleans no longer sit astride the mighty Mississippi. Instead, a stinking marsh nearly a mile wide cuts through the remains of the city. The first two floors of any building are beneath at least 20 feet of water, the bottom third of which is pure mud.

The ghost storms cause swirling waterspouts (1 in 6 chance per hour), and the ruins of New Orleans have plenty of monsters like silt demons, giant gators, and zombies, to name a few. No one lives in New Orleans these days, but scavengers are fairly common. They ply flat-bottomed scows through the flooded city and dive down into the water looking for salvage. Like any Deadland, this is fraught with peril from the nightmares given form in the ruins.

There is, however, a friendly voodoo priestess who's taken over several buildings in the old French Quarter. Her home, the fourth floor of an old five-story bank, is surrounded by charms and talismans that keep her safe from any supernatural horrors.

"Mama Tibutu" is well-outfitted and trades with some of the salvagers who venture into her domain (see the **Mama Tibutu's Goodies** sidebar). Most importantly, she has a range of healing poultices, curse removals and charms to protect a waster in the swamps. She'll sell them to a posse if she takes a liking to them. Those who don't treat Mama Tibutu with respect get cursed by her, gaining the All Thumbs Hindrance until she sees fit to remove it.

MARDI GRAS, LOUISIANA

Fear Level 5; Population 300

Some survivors of New Orleans banded together and came up with a unique way to ignore the world had falling down around their ears. Pushed on by a delusional reveler named Rex, the group celebrated...to death.

Now the party continues every night with Rex as the eternal Grand Master of the Parade. The parade consists of five still-functioning floats (of the original dozen) blasting Mardi Gras music from speakers hidden beneath long-dead flowers. Rex rules from an elevate palanquin in the middle.

The other four floats are driven by enslaved followers and surrounded by heavily-armed revelers covered in beads and party hats—firearms in one hand and bottles of various alcohols in the other. (The bottles refill each night as long as they're part of the parade.)

The party occurs from dusk til dawn. By day, Rex and his crew sit near-dormant in an old warehouse nearby. They come to life the moment they detect potential new revelers (a group Notice roll versus a character's Stealth). They automatically wake if attacked or interlopers don't try to remain silent.



Rex, the King of Mardi Gras

Rex is a strange, speechless man hidden by a mardi gras mask—beneath which is the maddened face of a gaunt lunatic. He is always surrounded by at least two dozen crazed revelers. Use Raiders (page 194) that are utterly immune to Tests of Will and fight to the death as long as Rex continues the party. They are armed with a variety of firearms which they occasionally fire off in dazed celebration, so 1 in 6 are completely out of ammo.

Attributes: Agility d16, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Taunt d12+4

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Delusion (Major: Believes the world is in a constant state of Mardi Gras)

Edges: Charismatic

Gear: Mardi Gras Scepter (Str+2d6 as a melee weapon when wielded by Rex, see below for further abilities)

Special Abilities:

- **Coup:** The character absorbs the King of Mardi Gras' ability to goad others to action and adds +2 to attempts to Taunt.
- **Invulnerable:** Rex serves Famine. He can only be truly slain if his scepter is removed from his hands. He may only be Shaken otherwise.
- **Scepter:** Rex may target a character within 24" by making an opposed Spirit roll. The target must be able to hear the music or be seen by Rex to be affected. If the target fails, he joins the parade as a

HELL ON EARTH

THE WILD SOUTHWEST

1d20	Result
1-5	No Encounter
6-7	Road Gang
8-9	Mojave Rattler
10-12	Doombringer
13	Toxic Cloud
14	Rad Patch
15-16	Beaded Horror
17	Desert Gator
18	Dust Storm
19	Black Rain
20	Trader Caravan

loyal reveler under Rex's complete control and may only be freed if Rex is slain. Revelers sustain themselves purely on the ever-full alcoholic drinks of the parade. Without food, most starve to death within 7-10 days.

The River Watch

The Law Dogs once manned a score of outposts along the Mississippi to watch for a possible invasion of the undead swarming on the far riverbank. These men and women were called the River Watch, but were little more than a speed-bump when Raven's horde crossed the river in the dead of night, covered by a fog that arose for hundreds of miles along the Bloody Muddy. While the vast majority of the deaders headed west for the Battle of Worms, plenty still shamble along the river and for hundreds of miles to the west. No one watches the Mississippi anymore. No one alive, that is.

The River Rats

Five years ago, the River Watch, Law Dogs, and Templars made an abortive attempt to land a large expeditionary force

across the Mississippi on a reconnaissance mission. Everything that could go wrong did. The troops mutinied, killed the leaders, and formed a pirate band.

The leader of the mutiny was a woman who calls herself Elvira, and she and her band of roughly 100 now raid all up and down the river, using artillery pieces to safely bombard medium or small settlements from a distance before going in for their tribute. They don't mess with the larger towns, but instead dock there and trade all the loot they've taken from other places up or down the river. Elvira knows it wouldn't take much for the towns along the river to get together and fight her, so she picks targets her spies tell her are isolated or have bad relations with their neighbors.

Elvira's cautiousness extends to her fleet's frequent encounters with river leviathans and other horrors as well. If there is any sign of such a creature, the fleet retreats.

THE WILD SOUTHWEST

Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas

Fear Level 4

The Southwest has the last major accessible oil reserves left on the continent, which makes it a site of strategic importance. While ghost rock can be used for fuel and power production, only oil allows for the production of plastics and other items essential for the rebuilding of civilization. Luckily for wasters, the increasing use of ghost rock and the worry about carbon emissions limited the use of petroleum products before the Last War, so the oil fields of east Texas and Oklahoma still have billions of barrels left in them awaiting extraction and refinement.

ENCOUNTERS

The varied environment of the Wild Southwest means a posse can encounter a wide variety of people and creatures. Roll on the Encounter Table every 12 hours the posse spends traveling in here and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in

one location, roll once every 24 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

Beaded Horror (page 162): A strange lizard is encountered.

Black Rain (page 95): Black Rain douses the party.

Desert Gator (page 168): The party runs into a hungry desert gator.

Doombringer (page 170): The posse is accosted by one of Silas' Doombringers and his entourage. He can be accompanied by a group of trogs or mundane mutants.

Dust Storm (page 95): A massive dust storm approaches.

Mojave Rattler (page 180): A deep rumbling presages the arrival of a Mojave rattler.

No Encounter: The heroes encounter nothing of significance.

Rad Patch: The heroes have wandered into an area contaminated with radioactive fallout. If the group has an active Geiger counter, they notice the rads immediately. If the patch is not detected, the heroes blunder through a high radiation zone (see **Radiation** in *Savage Worlds*).

Road Gang: A road gang of 2d10 raiders (page 194) mounted on an assortment of motorcycles, pick-ups, and sedans attacks the posse.

Toxic Cloud (page 95): A cloud of death approaches the heroes.

Trader Caravan: A fuel convoy of 1d10 transport vehicles along with 2d8 outriders in pick-ups or motorcycles is spotted ahead. They are willing to trade with wanderers. Gas goes for \$10 a gallon, diesel for \$8, and motor oil for \$15 a quart.

Fuel Towns

A portion of the Confederacy's oil rigs were destroyed during the ghost rock bomb swap on Judgment Day, but the remaining ones were quickly claimed and fortified by survivors. Experienced oil workers were (and still are) treated like royalty, and survivor groups warred over chemical

engineers who could get the refineries working again. Once the dust settled, what remained were a handful of well-fortified towns built around working oil wells and refineries, most found in a swath of east Texas 45 miles long by 5 miles wide. All of these places continue to pump crude oil and refine it into a variety of fuels and lubricants.

Road gangs hover around these towns like flies around a carcass. Some actually trade for their fuel, but most lie in wait outside of town for people who have just topped off their tanks.

Because of this, the roads outside of these settlements are littered with 13 years' worth of rusted wrecks and skeletal remains, the air smells of sulfur and other noxious chemicals spewing out of the refinery stacks, and the towns and surrounding countryside are covered with an oily grit from burned-off waste products.

The inhabitants of these places live under the constant threat of siege. The loyalties and alliances of the many gangs surrounding each town change every day, and the defenders never know when enough gangs might band together to completely cut off their outside supplies or actually assault the town. Since Judgment Day, most of the smaller fuel towns have changed hands a number of times. Some were starved into submission; others fell to organized attacks.

OIL TOWN, TEXAS

Fear Level 4; Population 2,000

Oil Town is the biggest of the fuel towns. It's located in Texas about 50 miles west of Waco, just north of Confed Route 84. It's the most stable of the fuel towns, helped by the presence both before and after the war of the 3rd Regiment, 25th Armored Division of the Texas State Militia, which survived Judgment Day relatively unscathed.

The oil company workers kept the rigs pumping and engineers were recruited to build a new refinery on the site. Soon the 3rd of the 25th was the proud owner of one of the largest operational oil refineries in the whole world. Civilian survivors from

HELL ON EARTH



the area migrated to the oil fields where they could be safe under the big guns of the 3rd's tanks.

The regiment's commander, Colonel Douglas "Tex" Meadows, became the leader of the largest survivor settlement in Texas. At present, nearly 2,000 souls call Oil Town home.

The unit's combat engineers have built a sturdy concrete wall around the place with firing ports for defending troops and prepared positions from which the regiment's tanks can fire while under cover. The area outside the wall is a maze of razorwire, mines, and camouflaged pillboxes. Surrounding the settlement for a 10 mile radius is the Oil Town Exclusion Zone, a free-fire zone for Oil Town patrols under the guns of the garrison's 155mm self-propelled howitzers.

The town has two hotels and a campground outside its walls called Merchant Field. There are three operational wells and a refinery inside the town walls, which operate around the clock. Although plenty of shipments, guarded by troops from the regiment, go out to a variety of settlements throughout the Southwest and beyond, there is ample fuel for sale in the town itself. Gasoline goes for \$5 a gallon, diesel for \$4, and even motor oil, which is nearly impossible to come by in some areas, can be had for \$10 a quart.

A six-seat town council handles the day-to-day details of administering the settlement. The voting council members are all elected by the citizens and consist of prominent traders and professional politicians. Colonel Meadows' aide, Major Al Stark, has a permanent, nonvoting advisory seat, and the Colonel has veto power over anything the council decides.

Since the Harvest and the mutant attacks in Texas, many members of the Council have been calling for the annexation of the towns that form OPEC (see below), a move that Meadows has vetoed several times. Discontent with the military governor among the town's oil barons is growing, although the average citizen realizes just how good they have it in Oil Town.

The regiment is still well equipped with 12 Lee tanks, 18 Stuart armored personnel carriers, 8 York air defense vehicles, and a host of military support vehicles, including self-propelled artillery pieces.

OPEC

A few of the larger fuel towns have formed a loose economic alliance to try to compete with their larger neighbor. There are five principal towns involved in the Oil Producing Economic Council (OPEC for short). Three of them, New Nacogdoches, Tyler, and Scroggins, are in northeastern Texas. The other two, Durant and Fort Towson, are in southeastern Oklahoma. A number of smaller fuel towns come and go from the alliance, depending on which road gang has captured their oil well this week.

OPEC members pool their production together and use their combined resources to ship their product to other survivor communities in the area. They target settlements that have standing trade deals with Oil Town in particular. OPEC trucks race to get to these towns ahead of the Oil Town caravans and sell their fuel at much lower rates.

During the Harvest, Silas' Cult of Doom launched several attacks against the members of OPEC in an attempt to cut off the supply of petroleum to the Iron Alliance. Aided by several infiltration teams from the Combine, the Cult overran many of the smaller fuel towns. Mutie attacks damaged production facilities in Durant and Fort Towson, and Scroggins was completely wiped out. A task force cobbled together from the various OPEC members retook it but not before Silas' minions torched the nearby wells and smashed the refineries. The alliance would pay good money for

anyone capable of putting out the well fires whose smoke has blackened the skies of northeastern Texas for the last six months.

While OPEC is still a going concern, all this damage has weakened the alliance; perhaps fatally. Many Oil Town traders cast covetous eyes towards the wells and refineries of OPEC, and despite Colonel Meadows' refusal to take some sort of military action against the OPEC settlements, several of the oil barons have been covertly hiring bands of mercenaries in a bid to pluck the more low hanging fruits of the fuel towns.

FORT APACHE, ARIZONA

Fear Level 2; Population 100

The Chamber has set up shop in what was once a CSA cyborg commando base high in the Dragoon Mountains of Arizona. The majority of the facility was built beneath an old Spanish mission to conceal it from detection by spy satellites. Beneath the old mission are state-of-the-art labs, barracks, and warehouses left over from its time as the home of CEAL Team 1, the Confed's premier cybernetic strike force.

These days the grounds inside the walls of the mission as well as a portion of the plateau on which it rests have been cultivated with a variety of crops. A small herd of goats and cattle are kept in a sheltered box canyon not far from the mission, and a well that taps a deep aquifer allows the facility to be self-sufficient.

Most of the upper-ranking Chamber members live in the lower portion of the complex, and about 40 initiates and students live above ground in the mission itself. The Tech Guard, a small cadre of 40 troops, defends the place. All are combat veterans equipped with the best junker weapons and equipment the Chamber members can create (use Soldiers from page 195 armed with infantry battle suits and SA XM-40 Rippers).

Deep in the heart of the mountain below the laboratories is a large chamber where Cochise entered the Hunting Grounds to do battle with the mountain's spirit. Only the highest-ranking members of the Chamber know this, and that Cochise forced the spirit to protect his Chiricahua Apaches from the

white soldier during their long war. When he finally died, his passing ripped a small hole in reality that allows those who are knowledgeable in the ways of the Hunting Grounds to enter the spirit world.

DEAD TOWNS

Every now and then, folks come across a town full of withered, dry corpses with massive wounds and strange holes all over them. The walls of the town show no signs of damage and there are never any survivors.

This is similar to something in the Weird West called the "Night Train," which brought nosferatu into towns (see the Weird West Dime Novel *Night Train* for the whole story). The cause of these modern day events is a convoy of tractor-trailers of death that

make up the "Night Convoy." Just before the end of the Last War, some pencil pusher in the Texas Rangers thought recreating the Night Train with a modern twist would be a great biological weapon to launch into the North. Unfortunately, as with many biological weapons, this one has come back to literally bite its creator in the tuchas.

The Night Convoys consist of three tractor trailers equipped with fusion engines, allowing them to run for years without refueling. There are 20 of these feral vampires per rig: 18 in the back and two up front. They pull into a sleeping town at night, unload, slaughter the populace, and enjoy a feast of blood. That's why bodies have holes all over them—because several nosferatu feed on each victim at once. All they leave behind are corpses and tire tracks.



DEMPSEY ISLANDS, TEXAS

Fear Level 6

Before the Last War, the Dempsey Corporation ran a chain of child-oriented amusement parks in both the US and Confederacy. Its creator and owner, Dempsey Wilton, was one of the most well-known entertainment moguls in the world, earning his fortune from designing and licensing cute and lovable characters for computer games and films. Even before opening his theme parks, Wilton's name was a household word across the globe. Dempsey Islands was the most popular amusement park in the CSA.

Built on a series of manmade islands a half-mile off the Texas coast in the Gulf of Mexico, the park had its own nuclear reactor and was staffed by a special line of entertainment robots based loosely on Hellstromme Industries' automatons.

These days the island is controlled by Wilton Dempsey's manitou-possessed head, cryogenically preserved when the entertainment mogul contracted an incurable wasting disease. He's attempting to boost attendance at the park by revamping it to make it more exciting—although a manitou's idea of excitement equals terminal terror to most people. A wandering posse dealt a defeat to Wilton a few years ago, but it's hard to keep a good servitor down and DempseyWorld robots have been out recruiting visitors to the park for the last few months.

A monorail line connects each of the islands of the complex, looping in a huge circle that begins and ends at the parking lot and ticket terminal on shore. An underground network of service tunnels honeycombs the area, allowing the park's inhabitants uninhibited freedom of movement when toying with their "guests."

Besides Magic Island, Dempsey Islands is made up of several other themed areas. "Cretaceous Park" is filled with animatronic dinosaurs that hunger for human flesh. "West World" is a fanciful recreation of an Old West town, filled with robotic gunslingers, Indians, and soiled doves. "Banshee Screams" recreates the planet

Banshee, allowing the customers to take on the role of a UN Marine, exploring the wonders of the Purple Planet and making the world safe for democracy by blowing away simulated anouks. "Dempsey's Movietown Studios" recreates a variety of blockbuster movies through rides like *Stellar Wars*, *The Magic of Dempsey Animation*, and *Escape from Cultist Mountain*, based on the Agency raid on the Cult of Atheron in Bonanza, Colorado back in 1999.

"Pleasure Island" was an adults-only venue filled with night clubs, bars, and casinos staffed with both human and animatronic workers only too willing to fulfill any needs of their customers. Of course, being a Deadland, all of these areas have become horrific, twisted versions of their original designs. Dempsey's robotic minions have become particularly nasty under its effect, seeming to take perverse pleasure in the suffering of the humans they once served.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Fear Level 6

Before the Last War, Houston was a major oil refinery hub terminal, but was best known as the home of the world famous Houston Spaceport and International Launch Center. Both the Soviet Union and the United States, along with every nation with a space program, operated out of this facility at one time or another. Hellstromme Industries leased large areas, and it was from here that the Tunnel was built in orbit, as well as the ships that discovered the Faraway system.

When the bombs fell on Houston, the ghost storms swept through the facility, killing almost all of the base personnel where they sat, stood, or slept. Within minutes, the Houston Spaceport went from a bustling facility to a massive tomb.

There's not much left there these days. Fires from the refineries raged for the better part of six months after Judgment Day, laying waste to most of the metropolitan area. Junkers scavenged most of the valuable parts left at the spaceport long ago. What no one has discovered, however, is the complex lying under the HI facilities.

HELL ON EARTH



These underground hangars, laboratories, and workshops provide a home to Dr. Darius Hellstromme, aka the Harbinger, when he's in town.

NEAR DALLAS, TEXAS

Fear Level 6; Population 30

The ruins of Dallas are virtually deserted these days. Before the Harvest, a servitor of Pestilence had refurbished an old Sensoround Megaplex theatre. Jeremy Kane used disguised plague zombies to spread various diseases among the patrons who got all hot and bothered watching the adult movies he showed in his theater.

Unfortunately for Kane, Dallas was used as a rallying point by the Cult of Doom during the Harvest. A huge force of mutants

descended on the mall which housed the Megaplex and put the plague zombies down. The rampaging horde smashed Kane's projector, rendering him vulnerable to their attacks, and killed him.

The theatre is now home to an extremely violent group of 30 or so diseased cannibalistic mutants, and the local survivors want them eliminated.

GLOBE, ARIZONA

Fear Level 4; Population 1,300

The small town of Globe looks at first glance to be just another survivor settlement. But it actually houses the New United Nations, a group made up mainly of ex-soldiers of all nationalities with a sprinkling of non-soldiers who possess important skills needed by the organization: computer repairmen, mechanics, and even a junker are part of the UN.

Formerly led by Colonel Leonardo Acquistapace, an Italian liaison officer serving with the Confederate military just before the Last War, the group changed command just before the Harvest when the colonel suffered a stroke, courtesy of his syker second in command.

This organized group tries to follow the tenets of the UN and hold with the ideals of pre-war government, but uses a "hearts and minds" approach as opposed to the iron fist method of Throckmorton. Concepts such as service, duty, and rank still hold very strongly with this group, and it is this sense of belonging to a greater whole that has attracted so many veterans.

The UN has sent scavenging expeditions into the Phoenix maelstrom for military gear with which to increase the range of their "peacekeeping operations." The rank and file troopers are dressed in scavenged military uniforms of various nationalities, and carry a variety of weapons. They all wear light blue hats (mostly baseball caps), and any helmets are painted a matching blue. All of the hats are embroidered with the old UN symbol, courtesy of a still functioning embroidery machine salvaged from Globe.

THE WASTED WEST

Towns that accept their offers of aid are protected, while those that turn them down are left to their own devices. Currently, the UN forces number around 200 ex-soldiers, stationed mainly in Globe, with small units deployed in "peacekeeping" operations in several smaller survivor settlements in the surrounding area. They have several scavenged armored personnel carriers, along with a single functioning T-12 Lee.

Despite their altruistic intentions, the group's new commander has sold them out to the Combine. Sergeant Major Brent Rachel decided to throw his lot in with Throckmorton's goons after a falling out with Acquistapace for his failure to devote more resources to finding and executing Banshee sykers who took the Oath of Unity. Rachel, a grizzled earth syker, views sykers who took the Oath to have performed an act of treason, breaking the oaths of service they made prior to leaving for Faraway to their own governments and the UN. Rachel hasn't openly announced the UN's new patron, but he is taking his marching orders from Throckmorton, and tribute caravans have been making their way to Denver since the summer of 2097. His last name is pronounced "rah-SHELL," and it really gets his goat when someone says "RAY-chel."

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Fear Level 6; Population 0

During the Last War, Phoenix was devastated by two battles and a number of city busters, leaving scores of bodies in the sun-scorched city. A few weeks after the bombs dropped, Death passed through the ruins of the city and raised the Phoenix dead for his horde.

To this day, Phoenix is crawling with Death's minions, making the recovery of all the military equipment left around the place by the various armies that clashed there difficult to say the least. If posses are brave enough to chance it, decrease the scarcity of military gear by a level, but treat anything found as damaged gear due to the neglect and exposure of 13 years of sun and sand.

Death's passage through Phoenix also marked it in a way that even the Last War couldn't. Anyone killed by walkin' dead in the city has a 50/50 chance of joining their ranks in 1d6 minutes.

THE COYOTE WASTELAND

Parts of Oklahoma (The former Coyote Confederation)

Fear Level 5

The former home of the Coyote Confederation is a toxic wasteland hostile to human life. In the 1800s the Great Wasting opened a massive portal to the Hunting Grounds through which flowed manitous and things much worse. This spiked the Fear level in the Coyote Confederation, temporarily turning the place into a Deadland.

Evil spirits stalked the land killing, maiming, and causing general mayhem. Fortunately for the tribes, this momentary Deadland wasn't strong enough for the Reckoners to come to Earth, but it did create a supernatural wasteland, turning the Coyote Confederation into a blighted landscape shunned by most nature spirits.

In their absence, hordes of new toxic spirits rose and warped the land even further. All of the pollution which had been secretly pumped into the environment bubbled to the surface for all to see. The ground erupted with piles of filth and bubbling pools of toxic goo; rivers and streams turned black with corruption, dead fish covered with oozing sores lining their banks; glowing clouds of radioactive debris floated on the winds and lit the skies at night.

The change wasn't limited to just the land. Back during the Great Wasting, horrid babies were born called Children of the Dust, and these creatures passed on their demonic traits to their offspring. On Judgment Day, those unfortunate enough to survive the bombs changed as well. The awful synergy of G-rays and pollution warped and molded the people into a horrible mockery of what they once were. Many died while going through the change

THE COYOTE WASTELAND

1d20	Result
1-5	No Encounter
6-7	Raiding Party
8-9	Toxic Pool
10-12	Toxic Cloud
13	Rad Patch
14	Toxic Eruption
15	War Party
16	Quicksludge
17	Trash Garden
18	Locust Swarm
19	Pale Horses
20	Buffalo

and others went mad, but those who survived could hardly be called human, and in fact most folks just refer to them as the "Changed."

These days the area is ruled by five cannibalistic tribes that revere both toxic spirits and the Children of the Dust as gods. They are all extremely hostile to anyone who appears to be "normal." Their attitudes toward norms is simple: if the mutants think they are stronger, they attack; if not, they go for reinforcements and then attack. Norms who are killed go in the stew pot. Those who live serve as slaves until they die, then they go in the pot. Most slaves don't last more than a few weeks.

A would-be mutant king named Blood Claw has arisen, and is attempting to unite the five tribes for a crusade against the norms who live outside the Coyote Wasteland. The would-be king feels the same way about Doomsayers as he does about the non-mutated. He says they are false prophets sent to lead his people astray from the worship of their true source of power, the toxic spirits.

Silas sent emissaries to Blood Claw a few years ago when he first heard of the great mutant tribes of the Coyote Territory. The mutant leader sent the rad priest's envoys back to Las Vegas minus their tongues. Blood Claw wears them on a thong around his neck. These Indians don't follow the Old Ways, so raiding parties from the Coyote Wasteland use any firearms they can scavenge or steal from their victims.

ENCOUNTERS

The general environment within the Changed Lands is hostile to normal humans. For each day the posse spends within the wastes, the heroes must make a survival check at -4 or suffer a level of Fatigue (this can cause death if exposure lasts long enough). This Fatigue can only be regained by leaving the territory. Snake eyes on this roll means the brainer takes a wound.

Wasters with gas masks or some other sort of filtration system add +2 to these rolls. Fully-sealed armor or environmental suits add another +2.

Even the Harrowed must make survival rolls—the chemicals in the environment eat away at their dead flesh too. Deaders get a +2 to their rolls, but receive no bonus for air filters—they only breathe when they need to speak. They do however get the bonus for a sealed suit.

This assumes the group has brought their own supply of food and water with them. If the heroes are forced to drink the foul water or eat some of the warped animal life of the region, they suffer a -6 penalty (total) to their survival rolls.

Besides the general nastiness of the environment, there are a number of other things your heroes may encounter while in the Changed Lands.

Roll on the Coyote Wastelands Encounter Table every six hours the posse spends traveling in this area, and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in one location, roll once every 12 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

THE WASTED WEST

Buffalo: There are still buffalo in the Changed Lands—sort of. These beasts look sickly. Large patches of their shaggy hair has fallen out, their eyes are bloodshot, and great streams of snot flow from their noses. The meat of these piteous creatures is an acquired taste—those who eat it must make a Vigor check at -2 or be Fatigued for a day due to vomiting and diarrhea. There are 3d20 animals in the herd. Use statistics for bulls from *Savage Worlds*.

Locust Swarm: The posse is attacked by a swarm of carnivorous locusts. Treat this as a swarm (see *Savage Worlds*).

No Encounter: The heroes don't run into anything out of the ordinary.

Pale Horses: The heroes have encountered a herd of what passes for horses in the Changed Lands. These scrawny beasts are all the same color: a pale off-white. They are covered with open, running sores and are surrounded by buzzing clouds of flies. Despite their appearance, they are fairly strong and their sharp hooves can deliver a nasty kick. There are 2d20 animals in the herd. Use statistics for normal horses from *Savage Worlds*.

Quicksludge: The heroes stumbled into some quicksludge. Have everyone make a Notice roll at -4. Those who fail fall in for 2d8 damage. Strength rolls at -2 are required to pull themselves out. Future encounters can be avoided with a Notice roll.

Rad Patch: The area is filled with low levels of radiation with pockets of high rad in pools and other collection points (see **Radiation** in *Savage Worlds*). A Geiger counter helps the group avoid the areas of high concentration.

Raiding Party: The posse encounters a group of 2d6 Changed tribesmen. The tribesmen are accompanied by 1d4-2 Veteran Changed. Treat them as Indian Braves and Veteran Indian Braves (page 193) but include damaged firearms in their gear.

Toxic Cloud: A cloud of toxic chemicals (page 95) blows over the posse. The toxic clouds here are particularly nasty. Due to the constant noxious haze, Notice rolls suffer a -2 penalty instead of a +2 bonus. Additionally, the duration of a toxic cloud

is doubled, and it does 2d8 damage. The wasters get the standard bonuses for gas masks or a wet bandanna (+2 Armor).

Toxic Eruption: The posse is on unstable ground over an underground toxic stream when it erupts. Any who fail an Agility are covered in toxic slime that does 3d8 AP 2 damage. After their first encounter with such an area, future eruption sites can be spotted with a Notice roll.

Toxic Pool: The heroes find a large pool of water. Roll a die. On an odd result the pool is home to 2d6 toxic zombies (page 188).

Trash Garden: The wasters have found the site of an old and (once) illegal landfill. The ground is covered with jagged pieces of rusted junk and garbage. The posse can detour around the place, but this takes them 1d4 miles out of their way. The ground is impassable to all but tracked vehicles, and even then the driver must make a Driving roll at -2 to avoid getting hung up. Walking through the area requires each hero to make two Agility checks. Failing either roll means the brainer has cut himself on a piece of junk. If he fails a Vigor roll, he suffers a Long Term Chronic, Major Debilitating disease (see **Disease** in *Savage Worlds*).

War Party: The group encounters muties with a mission. There are 5d6 Changed (), 2d6 Veteran Changed (), and 1d4-2 toxic shamans (page 195) in the group. Determine the tribe by the posse's location.





MONSTERS & MISFITS

Now you know the background of the Wasted West, who's who and where they are, and what's going on now that the Reckoners have been shanghaied off to Banshee. Your posse has loaded up their hoglegs, put on their rad armor, and gassed up their vehicles.

As your survivors get ready to head out on the highways, it's time to showcase the things they're going to meet out in the wastes. The world is a dangerous place, filled with malevolent creatures, power-hungry madmen, and all manner of deadly hazards of natural, supernatural, and man-made origins.

The following pages take you on a guided tour of the freak show that is the Wasted West. Contained in these pages are some of the deadliest and most terrifying abominations the Reckoning has spawned, as well as some of the more mundane enemies or allies your posse may encounter.

AUTOMATONS

The best known and most feared units of the Combine are easily those metal monstrosities collectively known as automatons. These steel warriors come in a variety of shapes and sizes with one thing in common--a hatred of their living brethren.

Automatons were first invented by Dr. Darius Hellstromme in the 1870s. For a long while, it was a great mystery how these "clockwork men" could think and react

to the input around them. When one was destroyed--typically in combat--it would detonate, destroying the head casing and whatever "thinking apparatus" was inside.

Eventually, a US Agent named Indianapolis Smith exposed Hellstromme's "secret of the automatons." The ghost rock-powered monstrosities were wired to the brains of dead men. In later years, Hellstromme obfuscated their origin by calling them "cyborgs" or "androids." But to anyone who's ever encountered the evils of the Reckoning, automatons are clearly powered by zombie brains. Walkin' dead brains, to be exact.

Walkin' dead, as discussed later, are corpses inhabited by lesser manitous--demons from the Hunting Grounds who use the mortal shell to cause as much mayhem as possible before their stolen bodies are destroyed.

In the modern era, Colonel Throckmorton of Denver has taken over Hellstromme's automatons. They are the backbone of his army, the Combine, and exist purely to dominate and subjugate the survivors of the Wasted West.

It's worth noting that Throckmorton's human troops--the Black Hats, Red Hats, and others--are frequent victims of the automatons' wanton love of destruction. In battle they tend to stay out of their line of fire, and only call them in for help if their foes are at least as dangerous as their backup.

Standard Automaton

Standard automatons are mean, crafty, and full of tricks. There's a manitou behind the steering wheel after all! Usually automatons are sent out in squads to patrol an area or attack a designated target. This model looks like a big human skeleton made out of metal, with glowing red eyes.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 15 (6)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +6:** Ghost steel casing.
- **Auto-Targeting:** +1 to all Shooting rolls.
- **Claws:** Str+d8, AP 2
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Automatons cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Integrated Weapon System:** Chain Gun (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 5, shots 120 (stored in torso), Auto, AP 2, Snapfire Penalty), Grenade Launcher (Range 24/48/96, Damage 3d6, 20 shots, Medium Burst Template, fired from tube in shoulder; can launch on the same action it fires at no multi-action penalty, fires 45mm grenades which aren't usable with non-Combine weapons).
- **Recoil Brace:** The automaton's arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore modifiers for autofire from automatic weapons.
- **Reconstruction:** Automatons "heal" naturally once per day via self-repair systems as long as the brain is intact. This is a normal Vigor roll, made at +2 if they have a reasonable supply of scrap metal nearby.
- **Self-Destruct:** When an automaton is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Large Burst Template.
- **Size +1:** Automatons are slightly larger than man-sized.

Vengeance Brigade Automaton

With the lack of high tensile ghost steel following The Harvest, new automatons, dubbed "The Vengeance Brigade," are much less robust than pre-Harvest models. They have weaker armor and no integral weapons.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11 (2)

Gear: Chain Gun (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 5, shots 120 (stored in torso), Auto, AP 2, Snapfire Penalty), Grenade Launcher (Range 24/48/96, Damage 3d6, 20 shots, Medium Burst Template, fired from tube in shoulder; can launch on the same action it fires at no multi-action penalty, fires 45mm grenades which aren't usable with non-Combine weapons).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Steel casing.
- **Auto-Targeting:** +1 to Shooting rolls.
- **Claws:** Str+d8
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Automatons cause Fear checks at -2.



- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Recoil Brace:** The automaton's arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore modifiers for autofire from automatic weapons.
- **Reconstruction:** Automatons "heal" naturally once per day via self-repair systems as long as the brain is intact. This is a normal Vigor roll, made at +2 if they have a reasonable supply of scrap metal nearby.
- **Self-Destruct:** When an automaton is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Large Burst Template.
- **Size +1:** Automatons are slightly larger than man-sized.

AUTOMATON-BATTLEHOUNDS

These automatons are used to patrol the lands around Denver and to infiltrate resistance camps.

Battle hounds are armed with razor-sharp titanium claws and teeth. Incorporated into their heads and bodies are suites of advanced sensors, including thermal imaging, the ability to detect the vibration of a heartbeat from a distance, and a superior sense of smell.

Battle Hound Patrol Model

Patrol models look like mechanical greyhounds the size of mastiffs. They have long steel claws, sharp jagged teeth, and glowing red electronic eyes. Patrol models have either the HI Hellblazer chaingun or a plasma rifle that operates off of the hound's internal power supply. The patrol models sport elaborate camouflage schemes.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Shooting d12, Tracking d8

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 10 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +4:** Metal exoskeleton.
- **Camouflage:** The battle hound's paint scheme gives it a +1 to all Stealth rolls.

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d6 AP 2
- **Communication System:** Military-grade radio, Range 100 miles. Capable of direct video feed to Black Hat patrols.
- **Detection:** Specialized sensors allow the battle hound to detect a human heartbeat within 50' with a successful Notice roll.
- **Fear -2:** Battle hounds cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Battle hounds roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Hive Mind:** The battle hound is in constant contact with all other battle hounds within one mile.
- **Integrated Weapon System:** Battle hounds are equipped with an integral HI Hellblazer Chain Gun (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 5, shots 120 (stored in torso), Auto, AP 2, Snapfire Penalty), or plasma rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8, AP 2, Small Burst Template).
- **Reconstruction:** Battle hounds "heal" naturally once per day via self-repair systems as long as the brain is intact. This is a normal Vigor roll, made at +2 if they have a reasonable supply of scrap metal nearby.
- **Self-Destruct:** When a battle hound is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template.
- **Sensors:** The optical, aural, and olfactory sensors of the battle hound give it +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls.
- **Size -1:** Battle hounds are relatively small creatures.

Battle Hound Infiltrator Model

The infiltration model looks like a living, breathing dog, but underneath it's a mixture of undead, canine, and the latest in robotics. Throckmorton uses these against resistance movements, and occasionally Junkyard itself.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Tracking d8

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

HELL ON EARTH

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Metal endoskeleton.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d6, AP 2
- **Communication System:** Military-grade radio, Range 100 miles. Capable of direct video feed to Black Hat patrols.
- **Detection:** Specialized sensors allow the battle hound to detect a human heartbeat within 50' with a successful Notice roll.
- **Fear -2:** Battle hounds cause Fear checks at -2 once their true nature is revealed.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Battle hounds roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Hive Mind:** The battle hound is in constant contact with all other battle hounds within a mile.
- **Infiltration:** Special systems allow the battle hound to pass for a living, breathing pooch complete with bad breath and bleeding wounds.
- **Self-Destruct:** When a battle hound is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template.
- **Sensors:** The optical, aural, and olfactory sensors of the battle hound give it +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls.
- **Size -1:** Battle hounds are relatively small creatures.



Automaton-Banshee

Based on the commercial version of Hellstromme Motor's Arrow hover bike, this chassis has been retooled to mount an automaton's upper torso. These cyborg killers are used as quick strike forces and their high-frequency encrypted radios make them ideal for scouting missions as well.

They get their name from the distinctive wail of the high-performance hover engine.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Driving d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Stealth d12, Shooting d12, Tracking d8

Pace: Acc/TS 8/32; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 16 (6)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +6:** Ghost steel exoskeleton.
- **Auto-Targeting:** +1 to Shooting rolls.
- **Claws:** Str+d8, AP 2
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Automatons cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Hover Bike Chassis:** Banshees are linked to a Hellstromme Motor's Arrow hover bike and their movement is treated as if they were riding the vehicle. The additional armor and weapons reduce the Acceleration/Top Speed to 8/32.
- **Integrated Weapon System:** Banshees are equipped with an integral HI Hellblazer Chain Gun (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 5, shots 120 (stored in torso), Auto, AP 2, Snapfire Penalty).
- **Recoil Compensators:** The banshee ignores the penalty for autofire.
- **Reconstruction:** Banshees "heal" naturally once per day via self-repair systems as long as the brain is intact. This is a normal Vigor roll, made at +2 if they have a reasonable supply of scrap metal nearby.
- **Self-Destruct:** When a banshee is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Large Burst Template.
- **Size +2:** Banshees are the size you'd expect from an automaton attached to a hoverbike. Bigger than the normal kind.



Automaton-Widowmaker

A widowmaker is a large four-legged metal monstrosity. It stands 15' tall and is capable of carrying a squad of ten men or five automatons within its cavernous body.

The four-legged design and wide feet allow it to traverse the roughest terrain, and its great weight allows it to stamp any shifting rubble flat, thus making it exceptionally sure-footed. Its weight of five tons is also its main disadvantage, as few bridges left in the Wasted West between Denver and Junkyard can support that much.

The menacing barrels of chain guns protrude from either side of its lower jaw. The cockpit of a widowmaker is wired to two automaton brains.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Driving d12, Fighting d10, Notice d10, Shooting d6

Pace: 10 **Parry:** 7 **Toughness:** 75 (60)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +60:** A widowmaker is basically a tank, complete with armor plating.
- **Auto-Targeting:** +1 to all Shooting rolls.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Dual-Brained:** Widowmakers can perform two actions each round with no multiple action penalty.
- **Fear -4:** Widowmakers cause Fear checks at -4.
- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Heavy Armor:** Only weapons marked as Heavy Weapons can affect a widowmaker, regardless of the damage roll.
- **Integrated Weapon System:** 2 Chain Gun (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 5, shots 120 (stored in torso), Auto, AP 2), 15MM Anti-Vehicle Laser on head that can fire in a 90 degree arc in front of the widowmaker (Range 150/300/600, Damage 4d8, RoF 3, AP 40, Heavy Weapon).
- **Large:** Attackers gain +2 to hit the widowmaker.
- **Low Light Vision:** Widowmakers ignore Dim and Dark lighting penalties.

• **Recoil Compensators:** The widowmaker ignores the penalty for autofire.

• **Reconstruction:** Widowmakers "heal" naturally once per day via self-repair systems as long as the brain is intact. This is a normal Vigor roll, made at +2 if they have a reasonable supply of scrap metal nearby.

• **Sealed:** The interior of the widowmaker is completely sealed. Gas, bioweapons, and the like have no effect on the widowmaker or its passengers.

• **Self-Destruct:** When a widowmaker is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d10 AP 6 damage in a Large Burst Template. This counts as a Heavy Weapon.

• **Size +7:** The widowmaker is 15' tall.

• **Stomp:** Widowmakers can crush infantry (and other individuals) underfoot as an action. The Widowmaker makes a Fighting roll against the target's Parry. If successful, it causes 2d12+10 damage.



Automaton-Raptor

One of the trademark creations of the Combine, the Raptor is a VTOL (Vertical Take-Off and Landing) cross between a flying vehicle and an automaton. The cargo space in the rear can carry ten humans or five automatons, while a winch in the belly allows it to sling-load heavy cargoes for transport.

Thermal imagers and high quality video surveillance equipment can be fitted to convert the Raptor for a reconnaissance role, though the undead brains piloting the crafts chafe at bloodless missions.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12+7, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d10, Piloting d12, Shooting d6

Pace: -- **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 21 (6)

Special Abilities

- **Armor +6:** Raptors have light armor plating.
- **Auto-Targeting:** +1 to all Shooting rolls.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Raptors cause Fear checks at -2.

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- **Fearless:** Immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Flight:** Raptors have a normal Flight Pace of 10, Climb 3. For long distance travel, they can activate turbine boosters that increase their Pace to 40, but using the boosters counts as an action as if Running.
- **Heavy Armor:** Only weapons marked as Heavy Weapons can affect a raptor, regardless of the damage roll.
- **Improved Stabilizer:** Gyroscopic stabilizers help the raptor maintain its balance. Raptors ignore Unstable Platform penalties.
- **Integrated Weapon System:** Chain Gun (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8, RoF 5, shots 120 (stored in torso), Auto, AP 2).
- **Large:** Attackers gain +2 to hit the raptor.
- **Low Light Vision:** Raptors ignore Dim and Dark lighting penalties.
- **Recoil Compensators:** The raptor ignores the penalty for autofire.
- **Reconstruction:** Raptors "heal" naturally once per day via self-repair systems as long as the brain is intact. This is a normal Vigor roll, made at +2 if they have a reasonable supply of scrap metal nearby.
- **Sealed:** The interior of the raptor is completely sealed. Gas, bioweapons, and the like have no effect on the raptor or its passengers.

- **Self-Destruct:** When a raptor is Incapacitated, it explodes for 3d6 damage in a Large Burst Template.
- **Size +7:** Raptors are 18' wide and 36' long.

BEADED HORROR

The beaded horror is a mutated form of Gila monster, a six-foot long, squat-bodied, lizard common throughout the deserts of the southwest.

The horrors are most often found in abandoned bunkers due to their appetite for gunpowder and other explosives. They seek out caches of such materials and lair around their favorite food source.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Scaly hide
- **Burrow:** Pace 1 through concrete, slower through metal.
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d6, AP 1
- **Fear:** Beaded horrors cause Fear checks.
- **Fiery Breath:** Beaded horrors can belch fire from the accumulated cordite in their bellies. At the beginning of an encounter, roll 1d6. This is the number of times they can attack with this ability before they run out of gunpowder and can no longer use it. This attack uses the Cone Template and works just like a flamethrower (2d10 damage, ignoring unsealed Armor).
- **Lockjaw:** If the beaded horror gets a raise on a bite attack, it causes damage as normal but clamps its jaws down and automatically delivers bite damage every round unless Incapacitated or Shaken. The victim is grappled until he breaks free (see Savage Worlds), but can only escape using Strength, not Agility.
- **Poison:** The beaded horror secretes a poison in its saliva. Anyone bitten with a Shaken result or worse must make a Vigor check or take a level of Fatigue, which can be recovered by one hour of rest.



- **Weakness (Combustion):** If a fire-based attack causes a wound to the beaded horror's torso, roll a d6. If the result is 4+, the creature expires in a massive explosion, causing 4d6 damage in a Large Burst Template.

BLACKHAT

The most common troops of General Throckmorton's Combine are collectively called the "Black Hats." They are bullies, thugs, savages, and murderers given the best arms available in the Wasted West by the robotic factories in Denver.

Black Hats travel in platoon-sized elements of 20-25 men and women. Black Hats who travel far from Denver tend to be disorganized rabble, but the ones closer to the city are highly trained in tactics.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(2), 9(4 vs. bullets)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean

Edges: --

Gear: HI Damnation assault rifle (Range 24/48/96, Damage 2d8+1, RoF 3, 30 shots, AP 2), frag grenade (Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6, MBT), combat knife (Str+d4), Kevlar Vest.

Special Abilities:

- **Booby-Trapped:** Black Hats have special chips implanted at the base of their skulls. The chips interface with their weapons and vehicles to keep the enemies of the Combine from using their high-tech gear. If someone without a Combine chip attempts to use the gear, the weapon or vehicle detonates for 3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template.

BLAST SHADOW

Those caught at ground zero of a ghost rock bomb explosion are vaporized instantly, but sometimes their terror-stricken outlines are burned into the surrounding terrain. And sometimes these outlines come to unlife.

Blast shadows feed upon the life energies of the living. They attach themselves to someone who looked like them in life and begin draining away his soul. When the host finally succumbs to the leach, the mournful shadow fades for a few days before rematerializing back at their outline.

Blast shadows are very difficult to notice when attached to a victim. At the Marshal's whim, and when the host is in light that obviously casts shadow, the host and all those nearby may make a Notice roll at -4 to spot the unnatural movement of the parasite.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Notice d6, Stealth d12+4

Pace: 10 (matches user once attached);

Parry: 2; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Ethereal:** Blast shadows are immaterial and can only be harmed by magical attacks.
- **Fear:** Blast shadows cause Fear checks when noticed.
- **Life Drain:** A blast shadow can attach itself to a victim automatically. Once it does, it causes one level of Fatigue per day. When the host reaches Incapacitated, he dies. A brainer killed like this never comes back Harrowed.
- **Weakness (Light):** Light-based attacks do double damage to a blast shadow and bypass its Ethereal immunity.

BLOATBELLY

While humanoid in appearance, bloatbellies could never be mistaken for men. Their skeletal arms are long and distended-like an ape's, ending in a trio of sharp-tipped claws. Their heads are fanged skulls, and their eye sockets filled with an eerie blue glow.

Bloatbellies move in large groups of a few dozen, searching for survivor settlements to destroy. Their attacks begin with small groups of three or four who infiltrate the town and try to cause as much havoc as they can. That's when the main body attacks: dozens of bloatbellies, swarming over walls and bunkers like rats. Victory in battle is not their objective. They seek only food to desecrate, to leave ruined

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and push the town towards the brink of starvation. Unprepared communities often won't realize their goals until it's too late.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d4, Stealth d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Breath:** The creature can belch up a small amount of gas (see below) at anyone adjacent to it. This affects one target for one round.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Fear -2:** Bloatbellies cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Gas:** If a bloatbelly takes a wound, it explodes in a toxic cloud the size of a Small Burst Template. Inhaling or contacting the gas with bare skin causes 2d6 damage every round contact is maintained. All food which the gas touches is destroyed. The gas lasts for 1d6 rounds; halve duration in high winds and double it in windless conditions.
- **Poison:** A bloatbelly's teeth and nails are coated with a rot-causing poison. Any hero taking a wound from these must make a Vigor roll or the flesh around the injury withers. The target suffers an immediate Injury (see *Savage Worlds*) until all their wounds are fully healed.



BLOODWOLF

Ever wonder what you get when you cross a werewolf and a vampire? The answer is the unholy creature known as the bloodwolf. This crimson-furred beast stalks the High Plains by the light of the full moon. Its bloodcurdling howl is enough to turn even the most stalwart hero's spine to ice. There are few folks even among the hard-bitten denizens of the Wasted West who can keep themselves from crawling into the nearest hidey-hole when they hear that savage call.

Most of the time, the bloodwolf is just a simple bloodsucker, a vampire whose biggest problem is finding fresh blood in the wastelands. When the full moon rises, though, the silvery orb transforms the thing into a vicious werewolf, causing it to take its horrible bloodwolf form.



Vampire Form

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Bloodsucker:** With a bite to the neck, the beast locks on. Every action after that it automatically drains a Fatigue level worth of blood. The bloody juicebox can only break free by winning a contest of Strength against the bloodwolf. Each Fatigue level from blood drain can be recovered in a day.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4
- **Fear -2:** Bloodwolves in vampire form cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The bloodwolf may make two attacks each round without penalty.
- **Invulnerability:** Bloodwolves can only be harmed by their Weaknesses. They may be Shaken by other attacks, but not wounded.
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.



- **Weakness (Sunlight):** The bloodwolf cannot tolerate direct ultraviolet light. They suffer a -2 penalty to all actions when exposed (but they do not burn like regular vampires).

- **Weakness (Wooden Weapons):** Weapons made of wood cause damage normally, and a wooden stake through the heart (a called shot at -6) paralyzes a bloodwolf in vampire form. It is invulnerable to silver weapons while in this form.



Bloodwolf Form

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12+1

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 11

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fear -4:** Bloodwolves cause Fear checks at -4.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The bloodwolf may make two attacks each round without penalty.
- **Invulnerability:** Bloodwolves can only be harmed by their Weaknesses. They may be Shaken by other attacks, but not wounded.
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness (Silver Weapons):** The bloodwolf suffers normal damage from silver weapons. It is invulnerable to wooden weapons while in this form.

BLOODWAVE

Bloodwaves are the nature spirits of the water in the Great Maze, driven to anger by pollution and bloodshed. The devastation of the Last War roused them from their slumber, and now they're looking to make folks pay. A bloodwave appears as a towering wall of crimson seawater with two great limbs and a hideous face springing from its bulk. It waits in ambush for boats, rising up to tear them apart and drown their crews.

Bloodwaves are bound by water and cannot manifest on dry land. Only large bodies of water (small lakes and larger) provide enough liquid to support their hate-filled forms.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

- **Fear -2:** Bloodwaves cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Grasping Limbs:** Str+d10, Heavy Weapon.
- **Hardy:** Shaken results do not cause wounds.
- **Fast Regeneration:** Bloodwaves can make a Vigor roll at the beginning of every round to recover any damage they've received as long as they're in contact with water; +2 to recover from being Shaken.
- **Size +2:** A bloodwave stands 8' tall.
- **Weakness (Arcane Powers):** Wounds caused by arcane powers cannot be regenerated.

BONEBOT

Bone bots are the size of matchboxes and made entirely from scavenged biological parts—bone and cartilage mostly, plus a few other nonperishable items of carrion. They're awkward and graceless with six or eight legs, and the design is always slightly different depending on the materials available when it is made or repaired.

Bone bots are the result of robotics experiments conducted by Professor Ruben Bombora at the Missouri Institute of Technology. Bombora and his team built the first SE-17s; miniature robots designed to mimic insect behavior. Though not intelligent, per se, their nanochips were able to learn from stimuli, with their chief aim being reproduction. They do so by stripping down biological components from organic sources, resulting in mutilations of cattle and sometimes unfortunate wasters.

Unfortunately, after the Apocalypse, they have no real orders other than to go forth and multiply.

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Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d6,

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Bone bots cause 2d4 damage to everyone in their template as the creatures strip the bone and cartilage from the body.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Bone bots cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Swarm:** Parry +2; cutting or piercing weapons do no real damage. Area effect weapons work normally, and a character can inflict his damage in Strength by stomping or smashing.
- **Tenacious:** A bone bot swarm starts as a Medium Burst Template. When it takes a wounding hit, it splits into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates).

BRAIN BUZZARD

With dirty black feathers, fleshy pink heads, and great hooked beaks, brain buzzards look like oversized vultures with oversized heads. They have the ability to generate electro-magnetic pulses (EMPs) that knock out all manner of electronics.

They attack such devices because they suffer pain from being in proximity to them, zeroing in on offending items to fire off an EMP just to make the pain stop.

Brain buzzards are more common down south in northern Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. They usually steer clear of Combine soldiers because of the headaches they cause. They're thick along the old Route 66 trail much to the consternation of the traders who convoy up and down the cracked remains of the CSA's I-40.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Electromagnetic Pulse:** Brain buzzards send out an EMP as an action that fries most any electronics within 20". Roll a d10 for each item affected. On a 10,

the item is unaffected, but on any other result, the item is fried, requiring a Repair roll at -2 and 30 minutes to fix. Shielded devices, such as Combine Headbanger chips, are fried only on a roll of 1-3. Heavily shielded electronics such as automatons are fried only on a 1 on the d10.

- **Fear:** Brain buzzards cause Fear checks.
- **Flight:** Pace 12, Climb 1.
- **Size +1:** Brain buzzards are *big* vultures.

CHOP BOT

These small robots are built by the Denver AI to salvage raw materials from blasted cities. The Combine finds itself short of raw materials for its automaton factories as it tries to replace the losses suffered during the Harvest and the Battle of Worms, so chop bots are more and more common outside of Denver.

They look like metallic spiders, complete with eight multi-jointed legs. Two multifaceted crystal eyes contain the sensors and radio antennae. The robot's legs end in small hooked claws which allow them to cling to nearly any surface. Where a spider has mandibles, however, the chop bots have a pair of circular tungsten carbide saw blades capable of cutting through most materials. They cut up cars, rebar, I-beams, or whatever they are programmed to recover, and put them in automated tractor trailers that trail along behind them. Chop bots don't usually attack creatures, but defend themselves if attacked in melee. If attacked by ranged weapons, they hide and radio for help. Combine troopers can command these small bots as desired. Chop bots are usually encountered in groups of 6 to 10.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Repair d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Chop bots have metal exoskeletons.
- **Circular Saw Arms:** 2d6 damage, AP 3.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; Immune to poison, disease, and suffocation; no additional damage from Called Shots.

- **Size -1:** Chop bots stand 3-4' tall.
- **Wall Walker:** A chop bot can walk up and along metal surfaces at its Pace if the structure will support its weight. It may also run.

CROAKER

Croakers are fishlike humanoids living in vast underwater communities across the Maze. Although croakers aren't abominations as such, they are a cruel and merciless race.

The fish men worship a dark sea goddess who demands frequent sacrifices. For several decades now, the high priests of their evil religion have claimed that the goddess demands human sacrifices. Victims are abducted from the survivor settlements around the Maze and given the ability to breathe water by injecting them with strange elixirs. Then they are pulled hundreds of feet below the surface and slowly murdered in the croakers' unholy rituals.

Typical raiding parties looking for sacrifices consist of 10-15 croakers armed with crossbows. A shamanic priest leads the school of warriors and lends support should the croakers encounter well-armed defenders. The group looks for small groups of humans and then attacks, killing all but one, who they then kidnap for their sacrifice.

Croaker Warrior

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d8

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8 (1)

Gear: Crossbow (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, AP 2, 1 round to reload).

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Armor +1:** Blubbery skin.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear -2:** Croakers cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Size +1:** Croakers are large and blubbery.



Croaker Shaman

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Faith d8, Stealth d6, Swimming d8, Throwing d6

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8 (1)

Gear: Crossbow (Range 15/30/60, Damage 2d6, AP 2, 1 round to reload), three single-use syringes of elemental protection (water) lasting 5 hours.

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Armor +1:** Blubbery skin.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear -2:** Croakers cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Miracles:** *Armor, bolt, deflection*; 25 Power Points.
- **Size +1:** Croakers are large and blubbery.

Shrak

Rumor has it these horrid abominations were created by Northern Alliance scientists to drive the Confederates out of the Maze before the Last War. Shraks now serve the croakers (see page 167), acting as hunting dogs or "shock troops" for their frequent raids on human settlements. The shark-like humanoids can move on land as well as water, and they can even climb sheer walls by driving their claws into the rock.

When not hunting or raiding, shraks patrol the waters around their master's vast lair. There are rarely any other large fish or predators where these voracious eaters roam.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d10, Tracking d10 (in water)

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Thick skin.
- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Fear -2:** Shraks cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Size +2:** Shraks are large and muscular.

DESERT GATOR

In appearance, the desert gator looks very like a natural gator, only on a much larger scale. Its coloration suits its new rugged environment: its back is dusky brown with green highlights and its belly is light tan.

Desert gators are extremely fast and have long, frog-like, sticky tongues that can lash out 16 yards or more and reel in some poor brainer. The reptile's speed/tongue combo is harsh—once within a desert gator's jaws there isn't much hope.

Desert gators only started popping up about 20 years ago in the West, but they've been lurking in Louisiana swamps for some time. They aren't naturally occurring mutants. They were cooked up in a lab by a team of scientists studying the effects of G-rays on living tissue. Intrigued by the new breed's resistance to dry heat, they dumped them in the wild for years just to see how they would adapt to their new environment.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+3, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 12 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Scaly hide.
- **Bite/Tail:** Str+d6. The gator knocks a person back 2" for every raise it gets on a tail attack.
- **Camouflage:** The gator's coloration gives it +1 to all Stealth rolls in desert environments.
- **Fear:** Desert gators cause Fear checks.
- **Fearless:** The desert gator is immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Desert gators have a d10 running die instead of d6, though only for up to three consecutive rounds. After that they may not run at all for another three rounds.
- **Radiation Resistant:** Desert gators gain +4 Armor and +4 to Trait rolls to resist radiation and radiation-based attacks, including all offensive Doomsayer powers.
- **Size +3:** Desert gators average about 15-20' long, although a good amount of that is snout and tail. Smaller and larger varieties exist.

- **Tongue Grab:** Desert gators can use their long sticky tongue to make a grapple attack up to 8" away. It can pull the victim to it at a rate of 4" per round. The victim can attempt to free himself from the sticky organ but only using Strength, not Agility. The tongue can be attacked with a Called Shot at -2; this bypasses the desert gator's Armor and releases the target on a Shaken result. The tongue is severed if an attack on it does a wound or more, but this does not cause a wound to the gator itself, which is only Shaken.

DEVIL BATS

First observed in the Badlands of the Dakota Territory, these creatures escaped being hunted to extinction because their main nests were in the anti-technology zone of the Sioux Nations. Covert forays against them by the Agency always ended in failure for the government forces.

Devil bats are nocturnal predators who hunt in packs. They attack by racing from the night sky and grabbing prey with their taloned feet. If the devil bat is successful, it races into the air and drops its prey from the apex of its swoop, hoping to dash it to death on the rocks below. The devil bats then settle down to devour the victim, whether he's dead or merely stunned.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8(A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+1, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d12+2

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4
- **Death From Above:** A flying devil bat that hits with a raise causes damage as usual. In addition, the devil bat grasps its prey in its claws and moves the remainder of its Flight Pace. The next round the devil bat drops its prey to the ground (see falling damage in Savage Worlds). Characters on Hold or who have not yet taken their action may attempt to hold on by making an opposed Strength roll. If successful, the prey continues to struggle. With a raise, the victim forces the devil bat close enough to a landing spot to jump free without taking damage.
- **Flight:** Pace 16, Climb 1.

MONSTERS & MISFITS

- **Quick:** Devil bats discard Action Cards of 5 or lower.
- **Weakness (Stillness):** Devil bats see by sonar. They must subtract 4 from their attack rolls if their prey stands stock still (assuming they detected it before the victims "froze"). Standing still when a devil bat is sweeping down requires a Fear check at -2. Failure means the victim flinches or moves, allowing the bats to "see" him.

DISCORD BUG

These mean-spirited insects feed on the energy of negative emotions: anger, fear, violence, what have you. In order to feed, the critter sets up a high-pitched hum audible up to twenty yards from its wings. The hum has the effect of setting most folks on edge, and given time, those same folks get downright ornery. Some are even driven to kill by the persistent drone, which suits the bug's unusual dietary requirements just fine.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength —, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d12, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** Tough carapace.
- **Bite:** Str.
- **Discord:** The discord bug uses its wings and Intimidation skill to instill feelings of paranoia and anger in all those within 10". All those hearing the hum must resist with an opposed Spirit roll every minute (add +2 to the roll for those with some sort of ear protection. Deaf characters are immune). The first failure turns a person surly and angry, giving them the Mean Hindrance. A second failure (or the first if the character already has the Mean Hindrance) counts a being under a puppet power with a command of "attack the nearest person with a wild attack." The only way to stop the character once he starts is to Incapacitate him, move him out of the area affected, or find and kill the discord bug.
- **Flight:** Pace 12, Climb 2. The discord bug cannot fly while using the Discord or Syker Interference abilities.
- **Piercing Wail:** The discord bug can make a sonic ranged attack doing 3d6 damage (5/10/20) with a high pitched whine. It uses the thorax to create this noise, leaving the wings free to use either the Discord or Syker Interference abilities.



HELL ON EARTH

- **Size -2:** Discord bugs are about 6" long and 2-3" thick.
- **Small:** Attackers must subtract 2 from their rolls when attacking a discord bug because of its small size.
- **Syker Interference:** Discord bugs can detect sykers up to 50" away by the telltale hum of their enhanced brains. Instead of using their Discord ability they can create a subsonic hum that only affects sykers, increasing the cost to use any syker power by +1 Power Point and inflicts a -2 penalty to Psionics.

DOGS O' WAR

Following the Reckoning, War stomped across Kansas and the High Plains battling the Sioux and scattering bands of soldiers and other heroes in his unholy wake. Behind the Reckoner trailed a pack of baying, bloodthirsty hounds that came to be known as the "dogs o' War."

These beasts were raised from death by War to hound those who escaped his ravages. Several packs were left behind to continue chasing lone travelers and cull the weak. Today, they are most common to the High Plains where War once roamed.

The dogs have a very simple and deadly form of attack. When they spy potential prey (anything that moves), the "alpha" (the pack's leader) gives off a mournful wail that unnerves all but the strongest souls. Then the rest of the pack bolts after the prey at a rush, not stopping until they or their victims are finished.

The alpha watches from a respectful distance. If his pack is destroyed, he leaves and forms another over the next 1d6 days.

Dog o' War

- Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8
- Skills:** Fighting d8, Notice d10, Tracking d8
- Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7
- Special Abilities:**
- **Claw/Bite:** Str+d4.
 - **Fear:** Dogs o' War cause Fear checks.
 - **Fearless:** Dogs o' War are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
 - **Fleet-Footed:** Dogs o' War roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.

- **Go for the Throat:** Dogs o' War instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly-armored location.
- **Size -1:** Dogs o' War are the size of mastiffs.
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.



Dog o' War Alpha

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear -2:** Dog o' War alphas cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Fearless:** Dogs o' War alphas are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Dogs o' War alphas roll a d10 when running instead of a d6.
- **Go for the Throat:** Dogs o' War alphas instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly-armored location.
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison. Alphas do not suffer wound modifiers.
- **Wail o' the Damned:** Alphas can emit a mournful wail that unnerves all but the strongest souls. Everyone who hears the wail must make a Fear check at -4. This may only be attempted once per encounter—usually just before the pack moves in to attack.
- **Coup:** The character gains +2 to Fear rolls while engaged in battle.



DOOMBRINGERS

Silas has many troops at his disposal, from mutants to radiation priests. His radiation priests are called Doomsayers, blessed with powers by the grace of the Glow. Hundreds still serve the Mutant King

despite their losses during the Harvest. These acolytes lead the faithful in the City o' Sin, as well as leading missionary caravans into the wastelands to bring more of the genetically altered into the fold.

The most vicious, powerful, and relentless of all Silas' followers are the Doombringers, the chosen of the chosen. These ugly, mutated creatures are more monster than human. They retain a feral human intelligence but are twisted and consumed by their hatred for norms, disloyal mutants, and especially heretic Domsayers. Even those within the Cult of Doom tremble at the mention of their name, and few outside the Cult have survived an encounter with them. Silas doesn't really want many of these wackos around, so he sends the worst of them off into the wastes to hunt down heretics.



Doomsayer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d4, Faith d8, Fighting d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Loyal (to Silas)

Edges: Arcane Background (Doomsayer)

Gear: Green robes

Special Abilities:

- **Powers:** *Blast*, *bolt*, and typically 2-4 more.



Doombringers

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d8, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Loyal

Edges: Arcane Background (Doomsayer)

Gear: —

Special Abilities:

- **Atomic Resurrection:** Doombringers can be "killed," but even if they're disintegrated, their atoms reassemble



in 1d6 days. The first thing most Doombringers do when they return is hunt down their killers.

- **Fear -2:** Doombringers cause Fear checks at -2 (on close inspection).

- **Powers:** Doombringers have 50 Power Points and 6-8 Powers, but almost always have *blast* and *bolt*.

- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison. Doombringers do not suffer wound modifiers.

- **Weakness (Doomsayer Powers):** Only a Doomsayer power that delivers a killing wound to the target's torso or head can permanently destroy a Doombringer.

- **Coup:** The character gets 2 additional points of Armor when resisting radiation-based attacks.

FATEEATER

Fate eaters are ghosts of people who died on Judgment Day with unfinished business to complete. They extort living victims into finishing that business for them by robbing them of luck. They promise to return this

mysterious force when the deal is done. The completion of the desired task usually allows the fate eater to end its existence as a trapped spirit on earth and go to its next reward.

The task in question might be ridiculous, poignant, or just plain deadly. Even the simplest task can be lethal in the Wasted West. The victim may be called upon to avenge a wrong, wrest a confession of mutual love from someone the fate eater worshipped from afar, or find lost treasure.

Fate eaters look like ghostly apparitions of their former selves. They're only rarely glimpsed outside their victim's dreams.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Varies based on the fate eater's former identity.

Pace: 6; **Parry:** Varies; **Toughness:** N/A

Special Abilities:

- **Contact:** Fate eaters can talk to their targets in two ways—through dreams and (with great effort) distant whispers of a few simple words. This is how they communicate their task.
- **Ethereal:** Fate eaters are incorporeal and can pass through solid objects.
- **Fear -2:** Fate eaters cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Invulnerability:** Fate eaters can only be Shaken; they cannot be Wounded.
- **Devour Fate:** The victim of a fate eater gets one less Benny per game session. Typically the only way to repair this is to complete the spirit's task. Sometimes this is counter-productive to the fate eater's quest, but the angry spirit has no choice in the matter.

FIZZERS

Fizzers are humans with pale complexions, glazed, sunken eyes and greasy hair. They typically wear pre-War t-shirts three sizes too small, peppered with holes and stained with Bubbly-Fizz Cola. Their skin is covered with oozing, volcanic zits that bubble and fizz from every inch of exposed flesh, with little daubs of dripping green goo that bead along their rancid gums where their rotted teeth used to be.

Fizzers are addicted to Bubbly-Fizz Cola. They kill for it. It's almost like they worship it. They live in chaotic, violence-prone wandering colonies whose only goal is survival and the acquisition of more B-Fizz. Individually weak, they are strong in numbers.

Fizzers are not, technically speaking, mutants. They're victims of a genetically engineered virus created a few years before the war by unscrupulous executives of the Bubbly-Fizz Beverage Corporation. The virus, planted in random batches of the cola, was meant to reinforce a brand preference for Bubbly-Fizz, with no other side effects. Funny how viruses engineered at the behest of unscrupulous executives always seem to go awry, isn't it? In this case, the virus not only significantly degraded the physical and mental health of its victims, but also induced an overwhelming psychological need for the product. In the aftermath of the war, the infected are doubly screwed, because B-Fizz is now a nonrenewable resource.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d4, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Gear: Various scavenged melee and ranged weapons.

Special Abilities:

- **Caffeine Overdrive:** For 24 hours after consuming Bubbly-Fizz Cola, they gain the Quick and Level Headed Edges.
- **Detect Bubbly-Fizz:** Can sense an open Bubbly-Fizz Cola within 100".
- **Fear:** Fizzers cause Fear checks.
- **Surge:** Fizzers gain the effects of the Berserk Edge the moment they detect their favorite beverage (Parry -2; +2 to Fighting, Strength, melee damage rolls, and Toughness; ignore Wound modifiers).

GALLOSTERRIBLES

Doctor Clarence Bachman was a Confederate virologist during the Last War, assigned to a remote research facility in the Arizona desert a hundred miles from nowhere. He hated the assignment. The work was boring and he was trapped indoors

by a violent case of herpetophobia—fear of reptiles. The Arizona desert's crawling with them: lizards, snakes, gila monsters, you name it and you'll find it. Bachman decided to clear the area of these 'fearsome' creatures using the skills he was best with: genetic engineering.

The indigenous roadrunners were the most common predators of reptilian desert life. Bachman set out to unlock the genes for size, speed, and aggressiveness in the otherwise inoffensive, flightless avian. After months of research, he eventually succeeded, and released the resultant species into the desert to develop without the interference of human beings. What he ended up with met all of his specifications, and then some.

The gallos terribles, as they're now called, evolved far beyond Doctor Bachman's initial projections. The radiation of the desert has destabilized their DNA and caused further mutations, causing them to grow as tall as a man, augmenting their already considerable speed, and worse yet, their foraging instincts. The creatures have regressed into a primeval, monstrous state driven only to hunt and bring down prey—reptilian or otherwise.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10(A), Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d10, Taunt d10

Pace: 12; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Tough hide.
- **Beak:** Str+d8, AP 2 (+2 damage if it can move 6" in a straight line before attacking)
- **Dust Storm:** Even though the roadrunners they're descended from are solitary creatures, for whatever reason, gallos terribles hunt in flocks. When large prey is detected in the desert, a flock of gallos kicks up a dust cloud for protection. The area of effect is equal to the number of gallos within the storm multiplied by 3" in diameter, and causes -2 to any attack rolls within (gallos have shielded eyes and do not suffer this penalty). Those without sealed eyewear may similarly ignore this penalty. While within the cloud, the gallos swarm over their prey, disorienting them with the dust and sowing confusion with their Taunt skill.

- **Fear:** Gallos cause Fear checks.
- **Size +1:** Gallos are over 10' tall, but thin with long legs.



GHOST ROCK WRAITH

Ghost rock consists of damned souls, trapped and sentenced to eternal agony within the mineral they inhabit. When the bombs fell, millions of these tortured beings were released and scattered in radioactive ash. Sometimes, a condemned soul has enough will, strength, or just plumb meanness to escape, coalescing from ghost rock dust to stalk the night and share the pain of its terrible existence.

Ghost rock wraiths haunt particular areas or sites, usually the places where they first manifested. They usually do not stray far more than a few hundred yards from their place of origin. A wraith appears before any interlopers who enter its territory as a man-shaped swirl of ghost rock dust glowing green with radioactivity. Their insubstantiality means only fire and certain holy incantations can damage them. They flee if sufficiently injured, but cannot be driven away otherwise.



Wraiths sometimes manage to show other damned souls the way out of their spiritual prisons. Travelers have reported finding entire areas swarming with the things.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Wraiths slash with burning claws for Str+d10 damage.
- **Ethereal:** Wraiths are incorporeal and can pass through solid objects.
- **Fear -2:** Ghost rock wraiths cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Fearless:** Ghost rock wraiths are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Invulnerability:** Ghost rock wraiths can only be harmed by their Weaknesses. They may be Shaken by other attacks, but not wounded.
- **Burning Aura:** Anyone in contact with a wraith must make a Vigor roll each round just as if he were in a high-radiation area (see *Savage Worlds*).
- **Weakness (Fire):** Fire causes a wraith to momentarily flash and lose its ethereal special ability until the beginning of its next turn. During that time they may be attacked normally.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Attacks by arcane powers of any kind cause normal damage.

GLOM

A glom (short for conglomerate) is a group of corpses joined together into a horrifying mass and animated by an especially strong manitou. The parts of the component bodies can be seen clearly, although they are merged inseparably into a single abomination. The creation of a glom requires at least two corpses. One corpse, in which the manitou houses its primary essence, must be relatively intact, but the others needn't be so tidy.

Most gloms are formed from considerably more than two corpses, usually at the site of a recent battle. Even more terrifying is the glom's ability to join additional corpses to its seething mass, increasing its power proportionately.

Gloms use their limbs and whatever weapons are handy to kill any living person in sight. Gloms can wield guns if available, though since its limbs often flail wildly, any shots fired by the thing suffer a -2 penalty.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Shooting d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Gear: Gloms may carry weapons according to the number of hands they possess.

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d4. Strength depends on the number of corpses in the creature (see below).
- **Fear -2:** Anyone viewing a glom must make a Fear check at -2.
- **Fearless:** Gloms are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Glom:** For every additional corpse after the second, the glom gains a die type each in Strength. For every doubling of the number of corpses (at four and eight), it gains a die type of Vigor and +1 Size. A glom suffers no multi-action penalties until it takes more actions in a turn than it has corpses in its mass. A glom may grow as large as ten corpses (Strength d12+6, Vigor d12, Size +3). Each doubling also increases the Fear penalty to -3 and -4 respectively.
- **Invulnerable:** Permanently killing a glom requires destroying its primary head. Hitting other body parts can Shake the creature but causes no wounds. There is a 1 in X chance that any called shot to the head is the correct one, where X is the number of heads. Potential wounds from an area effect weapon have a 1 in X chance of success as well.
- **Size +1:** A two-corpse glom is Size +1.
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.

GLOW WORM

This creature begins "life" as a glowing mass of six inch long, wiggling worms. After a period ranging from seven days to a month, the glow worms merge and encyst, forming a tough cocoon of melted concrete, asphalt, and metal slag. The chrysalis

swells to five times its original size over the next three to five days, after which time the adult form, known as a voracipede, emerges and begins protecting the hive.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d6

Pace: 3; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Glow worms automatically cause 2d4 damage to everyone in the template.
- **Fear:** Glow worms cause Fear checks.
- **Immunity (Radiation):** Immune to radiation and radiation-based powers.
- **Radiation:** Characters within 3" of a glow worm swarm are exposed to high radiation (see Savage Worlds).
- **Swarm:** Parry +2; cutting or piercing weapons do no real damage. Area effect weapons work normally, and a character can inflict his damage in Strength by stomping.
- **Weakness (Alkaloids):** Certain alkaloids such as salt and chlorine (at least a half pound) cause 2d6 damage per round of contact as it dries out the worms.



Voracipede

The voracipede is a 20' long anthropoid creature resembling a nightmarish fusion of centipede and praying mantis with scythe-like forelimbs, razor-sharp horns, a wicked set of mandibles, and a central eye capable of emitting a concentrated beam of energy powerful enough to vaporize steel.

This predator exists to devour animal life for the purposes of self-fertilization. After a number of months of hunting, the voracipede seeks out a suitable amount of contaminated water and radioactive waste away from the main hive. Like a paper wasp, it builds a subterranean lair out of whatever materials are on hand and entombs itself. After a period of a month, the nest splits open releasing a swarm of larval glow worms to begin the process anew.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 16 (5)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +5:** Thick carapace.
- **Burrow (12"):** Voracipedes can disappear and reappear on the following action anywhere within 12".
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d8, AP 2. On a raise the creature does normal damage and has grappled its target.
- **Eye Beam:** Range 5/10/20, Damage 3d6.
- **Fear -2:** Voracipedes cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Size +3:** Voracipedes are 20 feet long and 4 feet tall.
- **Wall Walker:** Pace 10.



GORE STORM

These particularly nasty beings, a joint creation of War and Death, came to Earth with the Reckoners, and have been salted throughout the Wasted West's worst Deadlands in order to keep their despair and terror quotients up in the stratosphere.

Gore storms appear as screaming twisters of gore and flesh, a bubbling vortex of blood and muscle and bone. Although they often seem to possess a malign intelligence, and they apparently enjoy toying with their victims before finishing them off, gore storms are creatures of instinct. They exist only to feed upon the flesh of their victims.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d4

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities:

- **Fear -4:** Gore storms cause Fear checks at -4.
- **Invulnerability:** Because of their fluid nature, gore storms can only be Shaken by attacks other than their Weaknesses.
- **Size +3:** Gore storms are large masses of whirling viscera. They grow exponentially larger after killing living prey, adding +1 to their Strength and Size for roughly every five bodies assimilated (killed), until they max out at Size +11 and Strength d12+8.
- **Weakness (Area Effect Attacks):** The gore storm takes normal damage from area effect attacks.
- **Weakness (Magic):** Attacks by arcane powers of any kind cause normal damage.

• **Whirlwind:** Gore storms take up a Medium Burst Template (Large at Size +6 and higher), and anyone in or adjacent to it automatically takes Str+d8 damage from razor-sharp bones slicing through the air. Due to the spiritual nature of its attack, it can't damage vehicles, machines, or other inanimate objects. Cyborgs take only half damage from its attacks.



HEAD CASE

A head case is an undead syker's head encased in a helmet-like contraption with miniature rocket boosters to allow flight, and has small stunted manipulator arms.

The heads were kept in a US Army research lab somewhere near Denver, and were gathered from the corpses of both Earth and Faraway sykers. The brains of these powerful psis were tested, measured, scooped, and eventually given artificial life via alchemical and arcane means.

The undead souls are given animation by manitous just like all walkin' dead, but the core group of head cases are evil enough that the demons are happy to leave the mortal in charge (those who resisted were destroyed or fled early on). The remainder now wander the West with a horde of



psionically-dominated slaves and an intense desire to suck the life from any psionist they meet.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Psionics d12, Repair d8, Shooting d8, Taunt d8

Pace: 1; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Head cases have a plastic and metal casing.
- **Brain Drain:** Head cases may make an opposed Psionics test versus any other psionically-endowed creature as an action, draining a Power Point for every point they beat them by if they win. If the target is drained to 0, the head case may initiate another brain drain that causes Fatigue for every success and raise. If this Incapacitates the victim, he's slain and the head case permanently adds five Power Points to its own supply.
- **Construct:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots (even to the head—since that's all there is); immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Causes Fear checks at -2.
- **Flight:** Jet packs allow the head case to fly at Pace 8 and Climb 0.
- **Manipulator Arms:** Str+d4.
- **Psionics:** Head cases typically have a dozen powers and 40 or more Power Points.
- **Size -2:** Head cases are slightly larger than human skulls.
- **Small:** All attack rolls against a head case suffer a -2 penalty.

LURKER

Blast zones of the Wasted West are filled with blast architecture—girders that look like twisted claws, building facades resembling leering skulls, and piles of debris that look like corpses or monsters waiting to pounce on unsuspecting trespassers.

Lurkers grew from such fears. Each one is a huge, hulking abomination made of metal beams and other scraps of rusted, jagged metal. It sits atop something of value scavengers cannot resist and patiently waits for prey.

When an unwary scavenger comes to collect the bait, the lurker comes to life. Its metal body shrieks from the stress, and heavy spider-like arms of steel flash down in an attempt to impale the surprised victim. The lurker then drains its victim of its blood (presumably drawing out all its iron and other minerals) and moves on to another hunting site.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+3, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d12+2 (when not moving and unnoticed)

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11

Special Abilities:

- **Fear -4:** Lurkers cause Fear checks at -4.
- **Fearless:** Lurkers are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Hardy:** A second Shaken result does not cause a wound.
- **Impaling Limbs:** Str+d10.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Lurkers gain the Improved Frenzy Edge, allowing them to attack with all four limbs at no penalty.
- **Screeching Limbs:** Once the lurker moves, the stressed metal of its body screeches so loudly that normal conversation is impossible. Those who yell can only be heard on Notice rolls at -4.
- **Size +4:** Lurkers average 15' tall but are quite spindly.
- **Coup:** The hero gains +2 to Stealth rolls made when hiding in urban areas full of twisted metal and other debris. He just seems to blend in with the stuff.



MAZE DRAGON

All kinds of strange creatures emerged when California fell into the sea back in the 1800s. One of the biggest is the California Maze dragon. These tremendous creatures were almost hunted to extinction by the 1960s, but the Endangered Species Act made it illegal to attack them and they made quite a comeback by the time of Judgment Day.

Unfortunately, Maze dragons have now proliferated to such an extent that they pose a constant hazard to anyone navigating the waters of the Shattered Coast.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 20

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 10.
- **Armor +2:** Scales and a tough hide.
- **Bite:** Str+d12.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor; maze dragons count as Huge, +4 to attacks by man-sized creatures; maze dragon attacks are Heavy Weapons; add Size to damage when stomping.
- **Size+11:** These massive serpents can range up to 50 yards long!
- **Swallow:** A dragon that hits with a raise swallows man-size or smaller prey whole. The victim suffers 2d6 damage every round from the crushing gullet and acidic bile. The only way to get out is to kill the beast. On the plus side, the hero can still attack the Maze dragon from the inside, where the creature doesn't benefit from its scaly, Heavily-Armored hide!
- **Coup:** Maze dragons are ferocious beasts, and impart +1 Toughness to heroes who absorb their essence.

MINDBITER

Physically, a mind biter resembles a green floating ball ringed with eye-like biosensors and scores of small tentacles hanging on its underbelly. It can maneuver itself quite adeptly, changing direction on a dime and reaching speeds equal to a man at a full sprint.

Mind biters came about as part of the countless genetic experiments performed in the days before the Last War. Their creators were concerned about unstable or openly hostile sykers returning from the war on Banshee. The biters were imbued with an overriding urge to kill any sykers they encountered, and equipped with the tools to do the job.

Mind biters are genetically engineered beings, and require little in the way of sustenance. They tend to lurk near population centers or in the ruins of old communities where sykers are more likely to be found. They think only to hunt down sykers; normal humans hold no interest for

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them, although they attack if confronted or if prevented from completing their "mission." A syker's allies won't be spared the biters' tender ministrations.

Mind biters tend to operate alone, simply because not many of them survived. They were originally designed to work in teams together, and two biters in one place can cause devastating damage. Thankfully, such cases are few. Biters are linked in a common hive mind despite the great distances between them. If one of them is destroyed, the others know about it and move to avenge their fallen brethren. A syker who dispatches a mind biter may find herself hounded by the species for years to come.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d12, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Notice d10, Psionics d12, Stealth d8, Tracking d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Fear -2:** Mind biters cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Psionics:** Mind biters have *burst*, *dispel*, *stun*, and 20 Power Points.
- **Size -2:** Mind biters are slightly larger than a human head.
- **Small:** Because of its small size, attacks on the mind biter are at -2 to hit.



NIGHT HAUNT

Night Haunts are solitary hunters and twisted shadows with an unholy appetite for living souls. They appear only as dark shadows with jagged edges (like thorns) and elongated clawed hands. They appear at dusk, following scavengers and other travelers until they decide to strike.

Night haunts cannot abide light. If their prey has none, they're more than happy to tear into prey and rely on their ethereal ability to keep them safe.

If a victim does have illumination, the night haunt uses its powers of mimicry to try and draw them out of it. This is difficult as few travelers approach a strange noise without light, but night haunts are amazingly successful at simply whispering for their prey to douse their lights—there's a sucker born every minute.

Once the victim is in darkness, the night haunt strikes with rending claws. Night haunts sup on the victim's soul, so someone killed by a night haunt cannot return Harrowed.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d4, Persuasion d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 12; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d10. The night haunt's claws ignore armor.
- **Ethereal:** Night haunts are immaterial and cannot be harmed by normal weapons.
- **Fear -2:** Night haunts cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Fearless:** Night haunts are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Flight:** Pace 12 Climb 3.
- **Weakness (Light):** Night haunts are creatures of shadow and cannot exist in light. Illumination as intense as a lantern or campfire within twenty feet causes them to make a Spirit check or suffer a wound each round. Brighter light such as a powerful flashlight or bonfire causes a -2 to this roll, and intense light like a floodlight or flare inflicts a -4 penalty.



- **Coup:** A night haunt's essence gives a character a dark, shadowy appearance. He may add +2 to Stealth rolls when in Dim or Dark visibility.

NIGHT TERROR

Night terrors are hideous, harpy-like creatures that live on the tops of ruined skyscrapers. They range far and wide, looking for prey and dragging the soft bits back to their bone-covered lairs.

Besides picking off lone travelers and scavengers in the streets below, they've been known to land on aircraft wings and rip into the thin metal with their terrible claws. The night terror then follows the wounded craft to the inevitable crash site in hopes of an easy meal.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear -2:** Night terrors cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Flight:** Pace 12 Climb 1.
- **Screech:** The night terror's unearthly screech causes everyone within a Large Burst Template to make a Vigor check at -2 or be Shaken.

NINGYO

Ningyo are Japanese mermaids. They are beautiful Asian women from the waist up and fish with shimmering tails from the waist down.

Ningyo eat any form of meat, but their preference is human flesh, especially when flavored by intense fear. When about to feed, the ningyo's jaws unhinge, exposing their shark-like mouths, and their eyes bulge out in greedy anticipation of meat.

Humans are just as keen to dine on the ningyo as the ningyo are to dine on them. This is because the ningyo are immortal, and eating their flesh can turn the diner immortal as well. What few of these pursuers realize, however, is that most people who dine on ningyo flesh become immortal by

turning into ningyo themselves. Only rarely does someone eat of the ningyo and retain his own humanity.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Swimming d8, Tracking d8, Throwing d6

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 10.
- **Beauty:** Ningyo are beautiful women, and have a +2 Charisma bonus when dealing with those attracted to the fairer sex.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Fear -2:** Ningyo cause Fear checks at -2 (when revealed).
- **Immortal Flesh:** If someone consumes the flesh of a ningyo, they must draw seven cards from a full deck. If both Jokers are drawn, the person becomes immortal but remains human. Otherwise, he mutates into a ningyo over the course of a week.



PREDAVORE

This feared creature is in fact a completely natural beast, and one native to the planet, though not to the current era. The predavore is actually a pteranodon, the ancient flying dinosaur. The predavore owes its return to the folks at Pentacorp, who decided in the 2070s to experiment with fossil DNA and examine the possibility of cloning ancient beasts from such material. Interestingly enough, most of the dinosaurs proved difficult to reproduce, but the pteranodon sternbergi proved more amenable than its cousins the velociraptor and the tyrannosaurus. Pentacorp's scientists were able to create several of the ancient fliers from the original fossilized remains. More standard breeding procedures were then used, and eventually Pentacorp had entire aeries of the creatures hidden from even their own lower level personnel. Then the bombs dropped.

The predavores are now loose in the Wasted West, and one of the many reasons smart people avoid wide open spaces at night. Predavores are deadly hunters, with excellent night vision, the ability to glide

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almost noiselessly for long distances, and lethal accuracy with their long, spear-like beaks. Predavores make their nests in tall trees or at the top of cliffs and carry their prey home to feed.

Predavores are flying reptiles, with an average wingspan of 25-30 feet. Their heads are close to six feet long, with spear-like beaks and prominent crests. Their claws are twice the size of a man's hand—useless as weapons, though excellent for climbing.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d10, Stealth d12

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 15 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Thick hide.
- **Beak:** Str+d8.
- **Death from Above:** A flying predavore that hits with a raise causes damage as usual. In addition, the thing skewers its prey on its spear-like beak, swoops into the air, then lets go before it can be hit by its victim's flailing. The drop is typically from 20 yards, so the damage is 2d6+10. Characters on Hold or who have not yet taken their action may attempt to hold on by making an opposed Strength roll. If successful, the prey continues to struggle. With a raise, the victim forces the creature close enough to a landing spot to jump free without taking damage.
- **Fear:** Predavores cause Fear checks.
- **Flight:** Pace 10 Climb 0.
- **Large:** All attacks on the predavore are at +2 to hit because of its large size.
- **Low Light Vision:** Predavores have very good night vision, ignoring penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.
- **Size +6:** The predavore is a very large creature with a massive wingspan of 20'-30' and weighing over 3000 lbs.

RADRAT

Radrats are regular rats that survived the Last War and became radioactive and far more intelligent. These nasty little buggers roam in packs of a hundred or more, stalking prey through ruined city streets. At the first sign of weakness such as a stunned or downed hero, or when a big weapon obviously runs out of ammo

(they're very smart), they scramble from thousands of hidey-holes and swarm over the unfortunate victims.

Radrat claws rend and their sharp teeth rip strips of flesh. Then suddenly, they retreat! What the victim may not know is that he's very likely contracted a severe form of radiation sickness that kills him in minutes. After that, the radrats move in for the easy meal. In the rush to beat their brothers and sisters to the gravy train, they often begin consuming their victim before he actually passes on.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d8

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claws:** Radrats automatically cause 2d4 damage to everyone in the template.
- **Fear:** Radrat swarms cause Fear checks.
- **Infection:** When a character is Shaken or wounded by radrats, he must make a Vigor roll or contract radiation sickness (see **Radiation** in *Savage Worlds*). Treat the infected as being in constant low level radiation (the victim must roll every hour). Since the radiation is in the blood, only arcane *healing* can stop its effects (but does so immediately).
- **Swarm:** Parry +2; cutting or piercing weapons do no damage; area effect weapons work normally, and a character can inflict his damage in Strength by stomping. A radrat swarm fills a Medium Burst Template.
- **Tenacious:** When a main swarm of radrats take a wounding hit, it splits into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates).

RATTLER

They call these great worms "rattlers" because a person's teeth start chattering as the rattler rumbles through the earth beneath him. Though they are most common in the Mojave, rattlers are also found in isolated flatlands in Montana and Utah. The rattlers of each region tend to have their own colors and even personalities.

Mojave rattlers go straight for the kill, while the ones in Montana are skulkers. Utah rattlers are smaller but faster, and they absolutely love to chase steam wagons across the great Salt Flats. Like Maze dragons, rattlers are accepted near the regions they terrorize. Folks Back East think Westerners exaggerate, but the locals know better.

The greatest secret of the rattlers is that they're not creatures of the Reckoning. They were awakened by it, however. Long ago, the rattlers were a race of near-gods, ruling over the primordial creatures of Earth's past. Their reign ended under mysterious circumstances, but they have been slowly attempting to recruit new worshippers from the odd creatures (humans) who now tread upon their former domain.

When a rattler moves in for the kill, it bursts up through the earth and tries to snag its prey with one of its tentacles. Though they have many tentacles, they never attempt to capture multiple targets unless their intended victims are very close together, such as a horse and rider, preferring to focus on a single quarry.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 26 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** The worms are covered in thick, scaly skin. Clothing made of rattler hide (available only through a few merchants in the Southwest for hundreds of dollars per article) grants Armor +1.
- **Bite:** Str+d12.
- **Burrowing:** 18".
- **Fear -2:** Rattlers cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. Rattlers count as Huge, +4 to attacks by man-sized creatures. Using its massive bulk, a rattler can slam itself down upon a foe or an obstacle. Add Size bonus to Strength for damage. Rattlers can affect an area equivalent to a Cone Template with their slam attack.
- **Seismic Sensors:** Rattlers sense their prey by vibrations in the sand. They can detect the movement of a man up to 100" (200 yards) distant. This is an opposed

Notice versus Stealth if the prey is trying to step lightly (-2 if running), otherwise just a Notice roll for the rattler. Horses are detected at double the distance, vehicles at triple.

- **Size +15:** The great worms are well over 50 yards long!
- **Tentacles:** Rattler tentacles are 20" long. Once they grapple a target, they begin dragging them toward their maw. Each success and raise on an opposed Strength roll drags the victim 1d6" closer to the hungry mouth. Each tentacle can take a single wound, but has a Toughness of 12. Bullets and impaling weapons cause half damage, while blunt attacks inflict no damage. Wounds inflicted on tentacles do not harm the rattler.
- **Weakness (Nerve Cluster):** Rattlers have a cluster of nerves deep in their bodies at the nexus of their tentacles. If targeted with a called shot (-6), damage ignores both the Size modifier and Heavy Armor of the rattler. Of course, the danger is in getting close enough to the rattler to take the shot!
- **Coup:** Whoever counts coup on one of these great worms gains the ability to burrow up to 5 x their Spirit (as per the Monstrous Ability).

RIVER LEVIATHAN

The river leviathan, sometimes known as a "river fiend," is an octopus altered by the Reckoners into a monster about 40 feet across, with tentacles about 20 feet in length. Most of the time, this critter sits on the bottom of a river, tentacles extended upward to grab prey. It can also rise to the surface of the water, and sometimes adopts a wrecked ship or other large object as an improvised shell before it goes off in search of prey.

Whether the leviathan is actively hunting or lying in ambush, it first attacks with its long tentacles. In fact, many victims see nothing of the critter but the tentacles, which they sometimes believe are black, eyeless snakes. Those who live past their capture, though, might just catch a glimpse of the leviathan's body before the tentacle deposits them in the thing's mouth.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d12, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+4

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 24 (5)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 12.
- **Armor +5:** Shipwrecks or waterfront houses.
- **Fear -2:** River leviathans cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Gargantuan:** Heavy Armor. River leviathans count as Huge, +4 to attacks by man-sized creatures. As an aquatic creature, it cannot bring its full weight to bear when stomping (using a tentacle to slam). Instead, add only half Size (round down) to damage when stomping.
- **Size +9:** These gigantic abominations average some 40' across with tentacles over 20' long.
- **Swallow:** A leviathan that hits with a raise on its tentacle attack automatically grapples its target. The victim has two rounds to escape before the leviathan pops the poor cowpoke into its maw. Characters dragged into the water while grappled must succeed at a Vigor roll every round or start to drown (see Savage Worlds rules). Those swallowed whole suffer 2d6 damage per round from the thing's digestive juices. If the leviathan is killed, any surviving swallowed victims are likely to drown unless they can make an Agility roll to escape the vile beast's now slack gullet.
- **Tentacle:** Str+d10, Reach 10.

RIVER WORM

River worms are found in the Mississippi and its larger tributaries. They look like black rubbery serpents close to twelve feet in length and three to five inches around. They hatch from silvery eggs the size of golf balls, which are deposited at the bottom of a lake or river and sometimes get washed downstream by storms or strong currents.

River worms cluster in groups of a dozen or more and lay in the deepest and coldest part of their river or lake. As soon as the water above them is disturbed, the pack moves at full-speed toward the surface and their potential dinner. The monsters attack by swarming over their prey and ramming it with their blunt, hard heads

until it's stunned. Then they begin to bite with savage teeth. When blood is drawn, the entire group frenzies, squirming in the water until it turns to reddish foam, attacking again and again until nothing but bones remain.

River worms have an additional weapon they use if their prey seems particularly resistant. They can deliver an electric shock strong enough to stun a full-grown human. Even larger creatures, like actual Maze dragons, avoid river worms when possible—the combination of numbers, teeth, headbutts, and electricity is more than the slippery serpents are worth.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d10, Swimming d10

Pace: 1; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Electric Surge:** 3d6 damage in a Medium Burst Template.
- **Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fear -2:** River worms cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Headbutt:** Str+d8.
- **Improved Frenzy:** When a river worm detects blood in the water (typically after causing a wound to a living creature), it gains an additional attack each round with no multi-action penalty.
- **Size -1:** River worms are long but thin.

RUST MITE

Rust mites are tiny insects with sharp-edged carapaces the color of rust. The creatures travel in large groups, creating a reddish cloud roughly ten feet in diameter. Fortunately, this and the loud buzzing noise from their wings make the rust mites easy to spot from a distance.

Rust mites are not actually dangerous to people since they have no interest in flesh. They eat metal instead, and always target the largest metallic object in their vicinity. They can detect metal up to a quarter mile away, and always descend in a full swarm.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d6

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** Rust mites cause a Fear check (-2 to the roll for Junkers).
- **Metallophagic:** Rust mites automatically cause 2d8 damage to every piece of equipment made of metal in the template. If the target is inanimate the damage does not ace as usual. Metals softer than steel typically have a Toughness of 8, steel 10, hardened steel 12, harder metals like titanium 14, and ghost steel 16.
- **Swarm:** Parry +2; cutting or piercing weapons do no damage; area effect weapons work normally, and a character can inflict his damage in Strength by stomping. A rust mite swarm fills a Medium Burst Template.
- **Tenacious:** If a swarm of rust mites takes a wound, it splits into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates).
- **Weakness (Magnets):** Magnets repel rust mites, with small magnets (kitchen magnets) setting up a barrier equal to a Small Burst Template and larger magnets up to a Medium or Large Burst Template.



SCRAWLER

Before the Last War, graffiti was common in most large cities: urban youth would scrawl strange, stylized words and images on walls, billboards, and street signs, marking their territory and often sending messages to one another. Government officials often stated that the graffiti was a sign of urban disease, visible proof that all was not right within the city's confines.

Then the Last War came and Pestilence strode the earth. The Reckoner decided that these scrawls could be some form of disease, and claimed them as such. It created a servitor dubbed the Maestro, and unleashed him to create new and monstrous scrawls across the land.

A scrawler looks like a disturbing piece of urban graffiti, usually a scene of death and violence. These roughly ten-foot square murals are alive and attack anyone foolish enough to step in range. The scrawler can grow long tentacles, complete with fangs, mouths, stingers, and other nasty bits, and these can reach up to five yards away.

Once caught, prey is dragged up to the wall and devoured. Scrawlers only consume organic materials, so most have a pile of equipment at its base, the legacy of previous victims and a lure for future ones.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Notice d6, Stealth d12

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 13 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** Scrawlers are composed of the concrete walls they're painted on.
- **Claws/Teeth/Stingers:** Str+d10, AP 1, Reach 2.
- **Construct:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fear -2:** Scrawlers cause Fear checks at -2 once they come to life.
- **Improved Sweep:** Can attack all creatures within reach of its tentacles.
- **Size +2:** Scrawlers usually take up a 10' square section of wall.
- **Urban Camouflage:** Scawlers look like disturbing pieces of graffiti, and gain +3 to Stealth rolls to surprise prey.

STORM CROW

Storm crows are flocks of crows crackling with supernatural electricity. They tend to appear in the wake of hellstorms or other violent atmospheric phenomena.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Intimidation d6, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Bite/Claws:** Storm crows automatically cause 2d4 damage to everyone in the template.
- **Flight:** Pace 24, Climb 2.
- **Short Circuit:** Anyone who suffers a wound or more from a storm crow swarm must roll 1d4 per wound taken, with the result being the number of gadgets that are damaged and must be repaired. This die does not ace.
- **Swarm:** Parry +2; cutting or piercing weapons do no damage; area effect weapons work normally, and a character

can inflict his damage in Strength by stomping. Storm crows fill a Medium Burst Template.

- **Tenacious:** If a swarm of storm crows takes a wound, it splits into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates).
- **Weakness (Water):** Water disrupts the electrical aura of the storm crow swarm. Water can be thrown as an improvised weapon (see Savage Worlds). A pint is considered small, a quart is medium, and a gallon is a large improvised weapon.

TEXAS RAZORS

These deadly creatures first appeared in the Texas panhandle, hence their name, but some have been sighted (and fought) in Kansas and Oklahoma. Razors delight in causing havoc and destruction, and race across the plains searching for farms and other isolated buildings to destroy. They particularly enjoy carving people into the smallest bits possible.

Razors resemble oversized pit pulls with massive chests and longer front legs. Their rear legs are built like those of a jackrabbit with elongated feet. This allows them to run at extremely high speeds. The entire creature is made of some biological metal alloy, alive but as durable as aluminum, and coils of razor wire hang at either side. The razors can uncoil these wires at will and lash out with them like whips, striking at people or even tightening to rip prey to shreds. The beast's wide mouth contains several rows of sharp metal teeth which can strip a body bare of flesh in a matter of seconds.

Razors rarely attack large cities or fortified communities, preferring to target smaller settlements or single buildings. They enjoy causing fear and deliberately hit the outer buildings first to let the survivors regroup and watch the devastation. When everyone is terrified, the razors regroup and charge into the center of the area killing anything in their path.

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d8, Notice d6

Pace: 12 **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 12 (3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** Razors have metallic flesh.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Fear -4:** Texas razors cause Fear checks at -4.
- **Improved Fleet-Footed:** Razors can run as a free action and have a d10 running die.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Texas razors can make an extra attack with their razor wire at no penalty.
- **Razor Wire:** Str+d8, AP 1, Reach 2.
- **Size +2:** Razors are brawny killers.



THUNDER SPAWN

Thunder spawn are essentially giant jellyfish, vast amorphous blobs of gelatinous flesh with 60' long translucent tentacles below. The thunder spawn have large air sacs at top, vast bladders filled with lighter-than-air gasses. These allow them to float through the air as easily as a jellyfish moves through the water, not only rising and descending but shifting sideways as well.

Thunder spawn cannot survive in dry air or heat. They live within thunder clouds surrounded by cool moisture. The only time they emerge is during storms when the rain and clouds have dropped the temperature and raised the humidity to acceptable levels. Then the thunder spawn come down to feed.

The creatures are vaguely purplish with pulsing veins throughout and great black saucer-like eyes, but the storms provide cover and make them difficult to spot until they swoop in for the kill. Each creature has three long, bone-white beaks on its belly, and these snap hungrily as it descends to hunt.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8(A), Spirit d10, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d8, Stealth d12 (from air)

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 17(3)

Special Abilities:

- **Acid-Coated** **Tentacles:** Thunderspawn have 10 tentacles coated in acid, dealing Str+2d6 damage each, Reach 10".
- **Armor +3:** Thunder spawn have tough, leathery hides.
- **Beak:** Str+d8

- **Fear -2:** Thunder spawns cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Flight:** Pace 10, Climb -2.
- **Large:** All attacks against the creature are at +2 because of its large size.
- **Size +7:** Thunder spawns have bodies the size of a compact car.
- **Tentacle Grab:** If a thunder spawn gets a raise on its Fighting roll, it grabs the victim in addition to doing normal damage. It then starts pulling the prey to its maw, which occurs at the beginning of its next action. The victim needs to get a raise on an opposed Strength roll to free himself. A tentacle can be attacked with a Called Shot at -2; this bypasses the thunder spawn's Armor and releases the target on a Shaken result. The tentacle is severed if an attack on it does a wound or more, but this does not cause a wound to the creature itself, which is only Shaken.
- **Weakness (Bladders):** The thunder spawn's air bladders are extremely delicate. A hero who causes a wound from a called shot targeted at the bladder (-2 to hit) causes the beast to plummet to its death. Unfortunately, they can only be targeted from above the creature.
- **Weakness (Heat):** Thunder spawn are extremely susceptible to heat, sunlight, and dry air. Any fire or heat-based attack causes +4 damage.

TROG

Trogs are the most pitiable mutants. They are lost souls who have become deformed beyond belief but are too stupid and stubborn to die. They do not breed, but simply wait for less-mutated souls to eventually succumb to the Glow's warped embrace. Then they are ready to join the trogs' numbers.

Trogs gather in large groups of a hundred or more, bowing to the strongest and most fearsome of the lot. Ferocity is a commodity in their savage tribes. Settling things peacefully means screaming at the top of their lungs, beating their chests, or smashing rubble with their clubs. When that doesn't work, trogs fight to the death while the rest gather around and watch the carnage.

Silas Rasmussen, the Mutant King of Las Vegas, uses trogs as expendable shock troops, absorbing the brunt of a resistant community's ammunition before sending in more valuable mutants. Over 1,000 trogs live in the ruins of old Las Vegas. If not for Silas ordering them into suicidal charges, that number would be growing by the day.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Survival d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9

Gear: Thrown chunks of rubble (Range 3/6/12, Damage Str+d4), large club with nails (Str+d6).

Special Abilities:

- **Fear:** Trogs cause Fear checks.
- **Immunity (Radiation):** Trogs are immune to regular radiation and have Improved Arcane Resistance versus Doomsayer powers.
- **Size +1:** Trogs are large and muscular.



URBAN WYRM

Not every dangerous beast was created by the ghost rock explosions. Some had existed for a long time, and the urban wyrms are among those. These enormous creatures live far below the surface, digging tunnels through rock and dirt and snatching up food with their long tentacles. When the bombs fell, the wyrms felt the tremors and investigated. To their delight, they discovered exciting new tunnels already dug for them and filled with tasty soft-skinned prey.

The body of the urban wurm is two or three stories tall and encased in a steel-hard shell like those of undersea tube worms. The shells are anchored firmly to the rock around them, and are almost impossible to move. Most people never see the urban wurm's body, however. What people encounter are the creature's tentacles. Each wurm has ten to twenty, and the tentacles themselves are thousands of yards long, mottled gray, and end in hinged jaws wide enough to swallow a man whole. The tentacles possess their own sensors and dig or explore tunnels around the wurm, searching for food.

HELL ON EARTH

Urban wyrms only send one tentacle at a time down any particular corridor. Because of this, and because their bodies are buried so deep in the earth, most people think each tentacle is a separate creature, like an underground version of the river worm.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 24; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 24(6) and tentacle 16(2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +6:** Steel-hard shell.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Fear -2:** Urban wyrms cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Gargantuan:** The main body of the urban wyrm has Heavy Armor. Urban wyrms count as Huge, +4 to be hit by attacks by man-sized creatures.
- **Size +10:** The wyrm's body is three to four stories tall! Its tentacles are Size +6, being thousands of yards long.
- **Swallow:** If the wyrm tentacle gets two raises on an attacker, it does normal damage and swallows the target whole. The victim takes 2d6 each round from digestive juices. The only way out is to

make a hole with a shotgun or cutting weapon, requiring a Wound on the tentacle's Toughness.

• **Tentacles:** The urban wyrm's tentacles act independently of the body, only have Armor +2, and one can be destroyed by causing a Wound to it. The tentacles are also Large, not Huge, giving a +2 bonus to attacks against it.

• **Coup:** The urban wyrm is such a large beast that it imparts +1 Size to the hero who absorbs its essence.

WALL CRAWLER

Since the days of the Civil War, these creepy creatures were a threat to anyone who walked through a canyon or under a cliff. Since the Last War, some of them have remained in those old locations, but many others have migrated into the cities and taken up roosts on the sides of ruined skyscrapers or shattered office buildings.

Wall crawlers look like a mix between a spider, a lizard, and a coil of organic barbed wire, all legs and tails and teeth and sharp edges. They rely primarily on their stealth and speed, lurking completely motionless



until prey is directly below. Then they sprint down the wall at them, the only sound the faint click of their claws against the metal or stone.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8 (2)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +2:** Wall crawlers have thick spiny hides.
- **Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Charge:** Wall crawlers charge on their first round of attack, gaining +2 to hit and damage as they scramble down from their high perches.
- **Fleet-Footed:** Wall crawlers roll a d10 when running instead of d6.
- **Quick:** Wall crawlers discard Action Cards of 5 or lower.
- **Wall Crawling:** Wall crawlers can move over any moderately rough vertical surface at their normal Pace and can even move along overhangs at half Pace.

WALKIN' DEAD

There are a lot of corpses lying about the Wasted West. Don't be surprised when some of them get up and start chasing folks.

Walkin' dead are animated corpses temporarily inhabited by manitous. They're very common in ruined cities, creepy old graveyards, mausoleums, battlefields, or any other large concentration of bodies. Regular walkin' dead are mainly civilians animated by manitous, while veteran walkin' dead are raised from a battlefield, a military cemetery, or the like. Both forms are fast and mean. Sometimes they act like the slow, arms-out type, but that's only to fool folks into letting them close enough to bite.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Gear: Guns (various)

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fearless:** Walkin' dead are immune to Fear and Intimidation.

• **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots (except to the head), immune to disease and poison.

• **Weakness (Head):** Attacks to a walkin' dead's head are +2 damage for a total of +6.

Veteran Walkin' Dead

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Gear: Guns (various)

Special Abilities:

- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d4.
- **Fearless:** Walkin' dead are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness (Head):** Attacks to a walkin' dead's head are +2 damage for a total of +6.

Bloat

Bloats are waterlogged walkin' dead that have been submerged in water for at least a year. The water reacts with the corpse's tissues, turning most of it into a waxy, soap-like substance called adipocere. Adipocere is lighter than normal flesh, but also a good deal bulkier.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d4, Stealth d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear:** The bloat's flesh is pale and distended, hence the name bloat. The swollen features make the creature's eyes look like foggy black marbles, and in general, their appearance is quite repulsive compared to regular walkin' dead.
- **Fearless:** Bloats are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Stench:** The adipocere causes a bloat to reek with an overpowering stench. Anyone adjacent to a bloat must make

a Vigor roll or be Shaken from violent retching. The roll is made only once per encounter.

- **Undead:** +2 Toughness, +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Immune to disease and poison.
- **Weakness (Alcohol):** Bloats are particularly susceptible to alcohol, which causes their flesh to bubble and burn on contact like acid. If hit with at least 8oz or more of strong alcohol, a bloat is automatically Shaken.
- **Weakness (Head):** Shots to a bloat's head are +2 damage.

Toxic Zombie

Desperate travelers who drink and die from toxic ponds sometimes rise as walkin' dead tainted by the poisons that killed them. Their stained flesh drips off them in soggy rivulets, and corroded finger bones poke through what remains of their hands to form deadly claws. Toxic zombies lurk just below the surface of these ponds and attack any who come too near their lair. When a traveler approaches to test the water, the zombies rise all around, hurling toxic goo dredged from the sludge of their home. If the prey survives and runs, the toxic zombies give chase, but rarely more than 30 yards or so from their pond.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d8

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Acid:** If a character is Shaken or wounded by a toxic zombie, roll a d6. On a 1, a randomly chosen piece of equipment is damaged by the toxic zombie's touch and must be repaired.
- **Claws/Bite:** Str+d8.
- **Fear -2:** Toxic zombies cause a Fear check at -2.
- **Fearless:** Toxic zombies are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Goo-Bombs:** These are blobs of acid and other hazardous waste scooped from the bottom of their putrid homes. Goo-bombs have a range of 3/6/12 and cause 2d8 damage.

• **Undead:** +2 to Toughness; +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; immune to disease and poison.

• **Coup:** If an entire lair is wiped out, there is no permanent coup, but all who attempted to count coup may drink from the sludge pond as if it were clean water for the next 1d6 days.

The Reckoners' Touch

The arrival of the Reckoners on earth allowed them to infuse their own foot soldiers, the walkin' dead, with more of their personal power. These walkin' dead have abilities tied directly to the one they serve. Once distinguished from "normal" walkin' dead, these creatures all have the Fear ability. Otherwise, use the normal walkin' dead stats with the specific additions below.

Death: Death's walking dead are animated by more powerful manitous than others. They are all Wild Cards with a Spirit of d8 instead of d4. These guys are nasty, Marshal.

Famine: Famine's walkin' dead are known as faminites. They can increase their ranks with frightening speed.

• **Infection:** Anyone so much as nicked (Shaken or wounded by bite or claw) by a faminite joins their ranks in 24 hours. Wild Cards can avoid this fate with a successful Vigor roll (-2), but Extras are doomed to become faminites. During this time, the victim becomes increasingly hungry and thin. Her fingernails lengthen and turn into sharp, infectious claws. Only death, healing at -2, or greater healing can stop the disease's progress. If the character using the power fails the roll, she has to make her own Vigor roll (-2) or become infected as well.

Pestilence: Pestilence's walkin' dead are commonly called plague zombies. They spread sickness wherever they appear.

• **Plague Touch:** If a victim is Shaken or wounded by direct contact with a plague zombie, he must make a Vigor roll. Failure indicates transmission of a necrotic rotting disease (Short Term, Lethal). Anyone who comes in contact with the victim, must also make a Vigor roll or

contract the disease as well. Needless to say, plague zombies should be avoided at all costs, and dealt with by ranged weapons if unavoidable.

War: The walkin' dead of War are most commonly reanimated soldiers, with better weapons and armor than other walkin' dead. Shooting and Fighting are increased a die type plus they have Throwing at a d6.

• **Combat Mastery:** All of War's walking dead have the Edges Frenzy and Rock and Roll. Veteran walkin' dead have Improved Frenzy and Marksman in addition.



WENDIGO

Winters can be very tough in the northwestern reaches of America. The cold is so savage it can drive men and women to resort to the unthinkable to survive: cannibalism. But there is a price to be paid for such a feast, and it's a high one.

Wendigos are the damned and twisted spirits of those who consumed their fellows to survive. Their eerie howls can be heard in just about any cold climate, particularly in the Cascade Mountains of the Northwest. They might also appear in more southern areas during harsh winters, but return north as it grows warmer. Wendigos crave one simple thing: human flesh to feed the gnawing hunger in their bellies.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d12, Intimidation d12, Notice d10, Swimming d10, Stealth d10, Throwing d10, Tracking d10

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities:

- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear -1:** Anyone encountering a wendigo must make a Fear check at -1.
- **Fearless:** Wendigos are immune to Fear and Intimidation.
- **Immunities:** Wendigos are immune to cold and cold-based attacks or effects.
- **Night Vision:** A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as if daylight.
- **Weakness (Hot Tallow):** A wendigo is instantly killed if someone manages to pour hot tallow down its throat. Good luck with that one, friend.

• **Coup:** A waster who feasts on a wendigo's essence gains immunity to cold and cold-based attacks.

WOLFLING

Survivors who live near the Cascade Mountains tell of the wolflings, predatory half-man half-wolf beasts with pure white coats. These feral creatures live in the lost valleys of the Cascade Range and venture out only to prey upon mankind, although in the years following Judgment Day the wolflings and their masters the wendigos seem to be ranging further and further afield. The wolflings have honed their pack hunting tactics to a fine bloody point. The pack creatures differ from werewolves in that they do not change from human to animal form, but remain savage beasts regardless of the phases of the moon.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Survival d8, Swimming d10, Tracking d12

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Go for the Throat:** Like wolves, wolflings instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, a wolfling hits its target's most lightly armored location.
- **Improved Frenzy:** The wolfling may make two Fighting attacks each round at no penalty.
- **Pack Tactics:** Wolflings gain a damage bonus on their attack roll equal to their gang up bonus.



WILLOW WIGHT

Not every manitou selected an animal or a person as its home. Some chose flora instead, sacrificing mobility for stability and camouflage. These spirits settled into the hearts of young willow trees and altered them as they grew, corrupting the trees until they became full-fledged willow wights—undead trees.

HELL ON EARTH

A willow wight's branches are twisted and gnarled into unnatural shapes, its bark black and shot through with pulsing green veins; its trunk distended with evil-looking tumors oozing a faintly glowing green sap.

The malevolent trees cannot move, but that doesn't make them any less dangerous, for willow wights possess the power to animate and control the dead. Any creature buried in reach of the tree's roots falls under its spell and reanimates as one of its faithful walkin' dead.

The tree can sense events within its root system, a few hundred feet around it, and knows when people are nearby. The tree then casts its illusions. First it conceals itself as a normal tree, then it creates an illusion of warmth and security suited to its new audience. Its undead servants are masked as well, and become the characters in this twisted performance. A troop of weary soldiers might find a welcoming campfire with fellow soldiers gathered around it. A lonely traveler might find a pretty young lady sitting beside a picturesque lake.

The willow wight can only create illusions—the images have no real substance—but by laying its images over its own servants, it gains actors for the part: the man kissing the young lady is holding a real woman, although she is dead and rotting now, and the soldiers around the fire can help their companions tether horses and set aside equipment, though their skulls are stripped of flesh and their real uniforms only moldy tatters.

The goal of such performances is to set the newcomers at ease. When they relax, the undead turn on them. Any who are killed are buried at the base of the willow wight to add to its "cast."

Fortunately, willow wights have one major weakness. They are powerless from dawn to dusk, and can neither create illusions nor animate their servants during that time.

Attributes: Agility -, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength -, Vigor d8

Skills: Intimidation d12, Notice d10

Pace: -; **Parry:** -; **Toughness:** 18 (4)

Special Abilities:

- **Animate Dead:** Willow wights can create walkin' dead out of corpses buried among its roots. They can control a number of walkin' dead equal to their Spirit die type, with a range of up to 12" per die type.
- **Armor +4:** Thick bark.
- **Fear -2:** Willow wights cause Fear checks at -2 once its true nature is revealed.
- **Huge:** Attacks made on the willow wight are +4 due to its immense size.
- **Illusions:** Willow wights can create illusions that take in everyone within 10" per die type (with d8 being 80"). These illusions can include audio and visual aspects and can be projected onto objects, structures, or its undead servants. Cameras and other recording devices aren't fooled by it, but if inspected within range of the illusion, the willow wight might fool a viewer into seeing a playback consistent with the illusion. Those affected by the illusion get a Smarts roll at -6 every hour



or if a player states they are suspicious. On a success, something seems off, on a raise they see through the entire illusion.

- **Size +8:** Willow wights are immense gnarled trees. Some grow larger, up to Size +10. For each additional point of Size increase the willow wight's Spirit a die type.

- **Weakness (Daylight):** Willow wights go dormant in the daylight hours. If located during the day, the willow wight is at the mercy of its enemies.

WORMLING

Most people have no idea where wormlings come from, and they don't care. New wormlings aren't popped out of their mama, they don't hatch from eggs, and they're not brought by the stork. New wormlings are created from human beings.

Not all humans captured by wormlings end up as a snack. The unlucky ones are cocooned in the queen's chamber and turned into fresh wormlings. The queen pulls off this nifty trick by ramming one of her oversized tentacles down the victim's throat. The tentacle provides nourishment to the wormling-to-be and also floods his system with a viral form of DNA that transforms the unfortunate victim into a wormling in 3-5 days.

Wormlings are divided into two major types: workers and warriors. Workers are the grunts of the wormling hierarchy and are the most commonly encountered by surface dwellers, normally hunting in packs of 6 to 10. They are responsible for gathering food for the warriors and queens and capturing new "recruits" for the nest. Besides being able to use their acid as a weapon, "worker" wormlings can also use it as a powerful tool. They use the acid to dissolve the bones of their victims, and then they mix the resulting slop with a mouthful of dirt. They can regurgitate this glop and use it as a building tool. Once it dries, it's nearly as hard as concrete. They use this to shore up the main passageways of the nest and also to cocoon prisoners while they undergo transmutation into wormlings.

Warriors are seldom seen by the outside world. Their sole duty is to guard the nest and to protect the queen from harm. They rarely leave the nest except in times of emergency.

Larger than the workers, warriors favor their Mojave rattler ancestors and lack legs. Instead, they hump along inchworm-style. Warriors can produce the same cement-like glop the workers do, but instead of building with it, they use it for personal protection. Warriors cover the segments of their body with the stuff, and it dries into a hard, armored shell. They also fashion crude weapons out of it by secreting it on the tip of a human leg bone or staff and sharpening it on a nearby rock.

Most wormling "nests" stake out a territory as their hunting grounds and defend it against all comers—human, wormling, or otherwise. Hunting grounds are studded with pit traps lined with bits of jagged metal and sharp rocks. Anyone stepping on one of these areas falls in and avoiding these traps requires a Notice roll at -2.

In urban areas, wormlings sometimes set above-ground traps by using their acid to weaken a building's structural girders. Anyone placing any strain on these undermined buildings (say, by walking through them) causes them to collapse.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d10, Tracking d6

Pace: 6 (4 for warriors); **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7, and 11(4) for warriors

Gear (warriors only): Bone axe (Str +d8).

Special Abilities:

- **Acid:** Wormlings produce a powerful acid which they can spray from their mouths. This is normally used when burrowing through soil, but it can be used as a weapon as well. The wormling uses Shooting (2/4/8) and if it hits it does 2d8 damage. The acid quickly neutralizes a few seconds after contact with air and does not do any continuing damage.

- **Armor +4:** Wormling warriors have hardened saliva coating their bodies, giving them 4 points of armor.

HELL ON EARTH

- **Burrowing (4"):** Wormlings can move through soil (although not solid things like rock). They like to use this to sneak up on prey and grab them from below (most likely with The Drop).
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Fear -2:** Wormlings cause Fear checks at -2.
- **Size +1:** Wormlings are nearly 8' tall with long spindly limbs.

HUMANS

Not all of the threats in the Wasted West are spawned by the Reckoners. Here's a selection of the various types of individuals found throughout the ruined world. As a rule, the statistics presented here are a baseline. Don't be afraid to give a slick-talking scavenger the Persuasion skill, for example.

Unless otherwise stated, Arcane Background (Black Magic) works exactly like Arcane Background (Magic) from Savage Worlds.

CULTIST

Dark cults that worship a variety of evil entities can still be found throughout the Wasted West. The rank and file cultist is blindly dedicated to his faith and happily murders for his dark gods. These days most worship openly since they don't have to worry about the Agency or Texas Rangers, but sometimes they infiltrate a community and worship in secret until their evil plans come to fruition.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Knowledge (Occult) d4, Knowledge (Trade) d4, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Outsider

Edges: Arcane Resistance, Brave

Gear: Cultists are usually armed with hand weapons, often ritual daggers or similar implements. That said, they're not above resorting to gunplay.



Cult Leader

Following the destruction of the world, many dark secrets hidden in the vaults and recesses of museums and government warehouses were dragged into the light of day by scavengers. Following their exposure to things Man Was Not Meant to Know, some of these scavvies became imbued with dark power, and they naturally set about gathering followers for their dark master's worship. These deluded evil people consort with the manitous (whom they believe are dark gods) in exchange for even darker powers. Often, cult leaders become pillars of the community in their daily life—Law Dogs, Mayors, and other notables.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Faith d10, Fighting d10, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Mean, Outsider, Overconfident

Edges: Arcane Background (Black Magic), Brave, Command, Fervor, First Strike, Improved Arcane Resistance

Powers: Bolt, deflection, stun, and one more; **Power Points:** 20

Gear: Cult leaders frequently carry ritual weapons imbued with evil (inflicting an extra +2 damage for the cult leader only).

GUNMAN

Most folks around the Wasted West carry a gun or two, but these men and women make their living with one, and often give names like Vera or Lux to their favorite weapons. These unscrupulous mercenaries typically work cheap and aren't too worried about the big picture as long as their ammo is paid on time.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: -

Edges: Brave, Quick Draw

Gear: Gunmen carry a variety of firearms, and armor as they can afford it.



Gunman, Veteran

These shootists have been around a while. They know the business of killing and staying alive and charge a pretty caliber of ammo for their services. Most are worth every bullet.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Shooting d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: -

Edges: Brave, Marksman, Quick Draw, Rock and Roll!

Gear: Veteran gunmen carry a variety of firearms. Some wear Kevlar vests and helmets as well.

INDIAN BRAVE

Bands of Old Ways braves can be found throughout the anti-tech zone of the Sioux Nations, dressed and equipped just as their ancestors were in the 1800s. Occasionally they ride out of their lands into the Wasted West to see if the "white men" have been eliminated yet.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vow (Old Ways Oath), Stubborn

Edges: Block, Brave, Fleet-Footed

Gear: Bow (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, ROF 1), tomahawk (Str+d6), horse.



Indian Brave, Veteran

Veteran Indian warriors have survived many battles against both the survivors of the Last War, the evils of the Reckoners, and in a few cases, the Reckoner War itself.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Vow (Old Ways Oath), Stubborn

Edges: Block, Brave, Fleet-Footed, Improved Frenzy

Gear: Bow (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, ROF 1), war club (Str+d6), horse.



JUNKER

Most folks can pick out a junker from a country mile. Some wear lab coats or have crazy hairdos and every other word is some sort of technical jargon, but all carry weird contraptions.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Science) d8, Notice d4, Repair d8, Shooting d6, Weird Science d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Curious, Delusion, Quirk.

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Gadgeteer, Power Points.

Powers: Tachyon generator energy shield (*barrier*); junkgun (*burst*), neural pathway accelerator (*quickness*); **Power Points:** 15

Gear: Gadgets, tool kit.



LAW DOG

Some of the bravest heroes in the Wasted West are no doubt the Law Dogs. They usually operate on their own, constantly on the move and looking for wrongs to right and evil folks to bring to justice. A great number of Law Dogs died in the climactic Battle of Worms, and their de facto leader, Cole Ballard, was killed by Raven himself.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Investigation d6, Knowledge (Occult) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Streetwise, d6, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Overconfident, Vow (Bring law to the wastes)

Edges: Brave, Danger Sense, Law Dog

Gear: Police Pistol (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6+1, RoF 1, AP 2), horse or van, some sort of pre-War law enforcement badge. Most Law Dogs also carry a rifle or shotgun, and maybe even some grenades for very dangerous critters.

MARTIAL ARTIST

The huge populations of Kangars found along the west coast of the Americas kept alive the martial traditions of their native Asian countries. These skills can mean the difference between life and death in the wasteland.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Brave, Martial Arts

Gear: Martial artists carry a variety of gear, from melee weapons to firearms.



Martial Artist, Superior

A few martial artists have dedicated their lives to the pursuit of the philosophies of their art. Thanks to their dedication, they have learned to channel the energies of the Hunting Grounds into their maneuvers, making them a force to be reckoned with.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Edges: Brawler, Counterattack, First Strike, Improved Martial Artist, Kung Fu, Quick

Gear: Martial artists carry a variety of gear, from melee weapons to firearms.

MAZEPIRATE

The channels of the Shattered Coast are crawling with pirates of every description and background. Norms, muties, and everything in between fill the scurvy crews

who haunt the channels of the Maze, looking for those weaker than themselves to rob and kill.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d6, Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Greedy, Mean

Edges: Steady Hands, Two-Fisted

Gear: Maze pirates carry a variety of scavenged weapons. Most carry machetes (Str+d6) or large knives (Str+d4).

MUTANT

Like normal humans, mutants range from those who just want to live in peace to those who are persuaded by the teachings of Silas to go on the warpath against any norms they can find. Unfortunately, since many live in the ruins and are continually exposed to ghost rock radiation, many tend to degenerate to mindless tregs.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Hindrances: Illiterate, Outsider (to non-mutants)

Edges: Brave

Gear: Spear (Str+d6), Club (Str+d4), pelts/leather armor +1.

RAIDERS

Wasteland scum live by their own code that might makes right. They're much the same throughout the Wasted West, whether found on the mesas of the Great Maze or on the highways of the High Plains: butchers, ravagers, and plunderers. It's brainers like these who keep the wasteland wasted.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty

Edges: Brave, Quick Draw

Gear: Raiders can carry just about any weapon imaginable, but will usually have both a firearm and a melee weapon.

SOLDIER

These folks are either old troopers who survived the Last War or have been trained by a military organization since the bombs fell. Members of Junkyard's Nauvoo Legion are a well-known example in the wastes, but the Chamber's Tech Guard also falls into this category.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Streetwise d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Stubborn

Edges: Combat Reflexes, No Mercy

Gear: Soldiers' gear varies by the resources of their employers, and these days most aren't equipped to a uniform standard except for the most advanced settlements (like the Nauvoo Legion of Junkyard).

TOWNSFOLK

The common man lives in survivor settlements scattered throughout the wastes. They do what they need to do to live another week, but are generally law-abiding (whatever the law of their town may be). A few older ones remember what the world was like before the Last War. With the destruction of civilization, many professions that were important hundreds of years ago, like blacksmiths, coopers, and wagonmakers, are now in practice once again.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: —

Edges: —

Gear: Townsfolk have a variety of gear appropriate to their trade. Many own a firearm, or at least a knife.



TOXIC SHAMAN

These folks have learned to channel the power of toxic spirits to do their dirty work. The profile below is for a corruptor, the most likely kind of toxic shaman to be found opposing most posses.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Faith d8, Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Mean, Mutant

Edges: Arcane Background (Toxic Shaman), Toxic Guardian

Powers: *Blast*, *bolt*, and two or more others; **Power Points:** 20

Gear: SA Assault Rifle, 40 rounds of 7.62mm, 1 gallon of spook juice.

PERSONALITIES

The Wasted West has more than its fair share of legendary individuals. Many can be found in leadership positions in the wastes, but some are well-known road gang leaders who have made their presence known far and wide by their deeds, good or bad.



DARIUS HELLSTROMME

One of the most famous people of all time, Dr. Darius Hellstromme has been a household name since the late 1800s. This world-renowned "New" Scientist was even awarded a Nobel Prize in the mid-1900s for his work. Little did anyone ever imagine that he would be responsible for the coming of the Four Horsemen through his development of ghost rock bombs.

The doctor, who began sporting a metal body in the early 1900s, vanished at the time of the Last War and many thought he had been killed, but his reappearance during the Harvest and subsequent capture of the Reckoners has gone a long way to righting his previous wrongs.

HELL ON EARTH



Note that while Hellstromme was once a servitor, and still has some of the powers he developed over the last 200 years, the Reckoners stripped him of that particular mojo when he bottled them up and shipped them off to Banshee.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d12+6, Spirit d12, Strength d12, Vigor d12

Skills: Boating d8, Driving d12, Fighting d6, Healing d8, Intimidation d12, Investigation d12+6, Knowledge (Astrophysics, Biology, Chemistry, Occult, Physics) d12+6, Notice d12, Persuasion d12, Piloting d12, Repair d12, Shooting d10, Stealth d6, Streetwise d8, Swimming d6, Taunt d12, Throwing d12, Weird Science d12+6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 16 (6)

Hindrances: Curious, Overconfident, Vow

Edges: Arcane Background (Weird Science), Charismatic, Connections, Filthy Rich, Gadgeteer, Great Luck, Improved Arcane Resistance, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Improved Trademark Weapon (Any Gadget or Gizmo), Marksman, McGyver, Mr. Fix It, Rock and Roll!, Steady Hands, Strong Willed

Powers: see below, **Power Points:** see below

Gear: 40-watt phased plasma rifle (Range 30/60/120, Damage 2d8+1, RoF 3, Shots unlimited, AP 3, Auto, 3RB), flamer (Cone Template, Damage 2d10, ignores armor), industrial diamond buzzsaw on arm (Str+d6, AP3).

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +6:** Hellstromme's robotic body is constructed of the highest grade ghost steel.
- **Construct:** +2 to recover from being Shaken; no extra damage from called shots; never suffers from Wound modifiers; immune to disease and poison.
- **Fearless:** Having been to Hell itself (several times), as well as having brain chemical modifiers wired into his brain-case, Dr. Hellstromme does not suffer from Fear effects and can't be intimidated.
- **Mad Insight:** Hellstromme's gizmos count as infernal devices and never malfunction or run out of Power Points so long as he wields them. Further, given an hour in his lab, he can invent (and build!) a new such device to reflect any Power he wishes.
- **Reconstruction:** Hellstromme's robotic body boasts a self-repair system that grants a +2 to Vigor checks to recover after a battle as long as the head and torso are mostly intact and there is a supply of parts nearby.
- **Robotic Body:** The doctor replaced his organic body with a metallic one in 1917 and has upgraded it continuously since then. It is equipped with a 100 mile range radio and a third red eye that acts as a targeting computer (+1 to Shooting) with Low Light Vision (ignores the penalties for Dim and Dark lighting).
- **Size +2:** Hellstromme's robotic body stands 10' tall and is very bulky.



DOC SCHWARTZ

Ike Taylor's right-hand man in Junkyard is a junker named Doc Schwartz. If Ike is all seriousness and concentration, Schwartz is the comic relief. A mad alchemist before he became a junker, Doc is the key to Taylor's power through the spook juice refineries he set up in the Iron Oasis.

The junker has the unfortunate habit of talking too much and sometimes gives away things Ike would rather keep secret, but he's a true genius when it comes to designing new machines. Doc's the stereotypical mad scientist, with wild white hair, a bushy mustache, and taped-together spectacles that have been broken a hundred times.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Repair d12, Shooting d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Ailin' (Minor), Big Mouth, Curious, Overconfident

Edges: Arcane Background (Junker), Brave, Connections, Gadgeteer, Guts

Powers: *Armor, detect/conceal arcana, stun.*

Power Points: 15

Gear: Spare tools.



IKE TAYLOR

Once a lowly factory foreman, Ike Taylor rose to the leadership of one of the only cities to survive Judgment Day through sheer force of will. The leader of Junkyard is not quite as clean as he'd like to be—both literally and figuratively—but he has managed to maintain the only settlement in the West that's large enough to be called a city. He's had to make deals with some of the worst desert scum to do it, but he sees it as the price of life with Hell on Earth.

His foresight led to the creation of the Iron Alliance and his plans managed to fight off the forces of not only the Mutant King but the Combine as well. Unfortunately, his plans didn't extend to the post-war environment, and now Ike is seeing what he built beginning to slip away without the bonding influence of an overwhelming common enemy.

Ike is a tall, lean black man with piercing green eyes. He usually wears a soot-stained white shirt, jeans, and suspenders.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Battle) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Shooting d6, Streetwise d10,

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7

Hindrances: Cautious, Loyal (to Junkyard)

Edges: Brave, Brawny, Charismatic, Command, Connections, Guts, Inspire, Natural Leader, Strong Willed

Gear: Wrench (Str+d4).



JENNY QUAID

Jenny was a waitress at a biker bar in Arizona before the Apocalypse. She had occasional boyfriends who taught her how to ride, but she was shy and demure until the world ended. Then her wild side came out and she founded a gang called the Queens of the Road.

Fortunately, the good-natured girl inside her won out over the bad girl she appears to be most of the time, and her all-girl road gang prefers to rob their victims and leave them alive.

Since the Battle of Worms and the loss of her Queens of the Road, Jenny is haunted by the visions of the final battle and has been drowning her sorrows in the watering holes of the shantytowns outside Junkyard since the Harvest.

Jenny is everything a male chauvinist pig looks for in a "biker babe." She's large chested with a skinny waist and loves to wear corsets and tight vinyl pants. She knows it too, and she uses it to her best advantage, which is how she's stayed in liquor since the loss of her beloved gang.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Trade) d8, Notice d6, Shooting d4

Charisma: +6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal

Edges: Ace, Brave, Charismatic, Fleet-Footed, Guts, Level Headed, Scavenger, Very Attractive

Gear: Street bike, pump shotgun (Range 12/24/48, Damage 1-3d6, RoF 1, +2 to hit), Bowie knife (Str+d6, API).



JOAN, LEADER OF THE CULT OF DOOM HERETICS

At the time of Judgment Day, Joan was a poker dealer and New Age devotee in Las Vegas. She was working on the Strip when the bomb went off, and gained several minor mutations as the warped spiritual power washed over her. She elected to stay in the city rather than flee into the desert in search of help, and did what she could to help out her fellow survivors.

Joan tried to stay out of the way while the Cult of Grendel ruled the city, but Silas' arrival awoke something inside her and she became a close confidant of the newly-crowned King of All Mutants. Following the Virginia City massacre, however, she broke with Silas and founded the purple-robed Domsayers.

Her prophesy of the coming of the Harbinger, as well as her doctrine of peaceful coexistence between norms and muties, made her enemy number one of the Cult of Doom. Since the Harvest, Joan has come out of hiding and founded a mutant embassy and welcome center in Junkyard.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Faith d12+2, Fighting d4, Knowledge (New Age mysticism) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Shooting d4, Survival d8

Charisma: 6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Hindrances: Cautious, Enemy (Major-Cult of Doom), Pacifist (minor)

Edges: Arcane Background (Doomsayer), Brave, Charismatic, Grit, Guts, Level Headed, Rad Resistant, Very Attractive

Gear: Purple robes.

Powers: *Armor, blast, bolt, boost/lower trait, deflection, environmental protection, heal, stun.* **Power Points:** 25

Special Abilities:

- **Oracle of the Glow:** Joan sometimes enters a trance in which she receives premonitions of the future. On a successful Faith roll she receives a premonition of future events. The visions are extremely vague and subject to interpretation. Joan can only attempt these visions once every six months.

- **Pheromones:** One of Joan's mutations allows her to release powerful pheromones that calm everyone within a Large Burst Template. Wasters exposed to these airborne chemicals must make an opposed Spirit roll. Those who fail put away any weapons and sit quietly for ten minutes and blissfully contemplate the psychedelic colors swirling around them.



JO WALES, GRANDMASTER OF THE TEMPLARS

No one who knew the soft-spoken suburban wife and mother would recognize her as the hard-bitten leader of the Templars. The crucible of the Last War and Hell on Earth have changed Josephine Cordelia Wales beyond recognition.

Following Simon's death, Jo was nominated to the position of Grandmaster. Her leadership style and philosophy was quite different from the old Master's, and she was struggling against propaganda from a variety of sources both within and without the Iron Alliance that questioned the ultimate worth and goals of her organization. Within a few months of assuming the position, Jo had had enough and returned to the life of the wandering Templar. She can be encountered anywhere in the wastes, fighting the good fight, often against impossible odds.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d10, Faith d10, Fighting d12, Healing d10, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Occult) d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 13 (6)

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Heroic, Loyal, Stubborn

Edges: Arcane Background (Templar), Blessing of the Saints, Brave, Charismatic, Chosen of the Saints, Command, Connections, Grit, Guts, Harder to Kill, Improved Block, Improved Level Headed, Improved Trademark Weapon, Inspire, Marksman, Mighty Blow, No Mercy, Quick Draw, Shield of the Saints, Simon's Blessing, Strong Willed, Sword of the Saints

Powers: *Armor, boost/lower trait, darksight, deflection, disguise, healing, quickness, and smite.* Jo has not mastered *greater healing*, but she's working on it. **Power Points:** 30

Gear: Infantry Battle Suit, NA Officer's Sidearm (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, AP 1), 60 rounds 9mm ammo, sword (Str+d10+2).

Special Abilities:

- **Jo's Sword:** Jo's husband was a self-described "gaming geek" and had a collection of medieval armor and weapons to go along with the hundreds of games and other paraphernalia Jo grudgingly put up with. After his death, Jo took a long sword from her husband's collection and has had it ever since. It has become imbued with her essence, adds +2 to hit and damage, and acts as a supernatural/blessed weapon against creatures of the Wasted West.



MARCUS LIEBOWITZ

Before the Last War, Marcus Liebowitz was the Head Librarian at University of NorCal-Sacramento. Shortly after the bombs fell, looters broke into his library and began destroying the books. Liebowitz tried to stop them and was nearly beaten to death for his efforts. As he lay there bleeding among his ravaged stacks, he vowed that if he survived, he would never allow such a thing to happen again.

True to his word, Liebowitz began recruiting like-minded people to help in his crusade as soon as he had recovered. Even now, thirteen years after the war, he has not let himself forget his near-death experience and the mindless destruction of knowledge he witnessed. He uses the fury it kindles within him to maintain his determination to succeed at the Herculean task he has set for himself and his followers. Liebowitz is a thin, balding man in his mid-fifties.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Knowledge (Geography, History, Medicine, Occult, Science) d12, Notice d8, Shooting d4

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Hindrances: Bad Eyes, Curious, Pacifist (minor), Vow (major)



Edges: Charismatic, Guts, Librarian, Scholar (+2 to History and Occult)

Gear: Palmcorder



MURIEL REDWING

Muriel is the head of the Grand Library's security forces. Prior to the war she was head of security for Tommy Two Women, an infamous arms dealer in Deadwood. Her last action in this capacity was to escort him to safety just prior to the massacre of the Ravenites outside of Deadwood. She was so disgusted by Tommy's actions and her own part in them that she attempted to kill him, but was prevented by the very security detail she once commanded.

Muriel fled west to the Great Maze where she met Liebowitz. The order had only a few members at the time and they were failing badly at their goal. Being peaceful, bookworm types, they just lacked the sand and firepower to accomplish their mission. Muriel changed that, giving them combat training and "procuring" weapons for them.

Muriel now commands the armed Librarians who guard the order's immense collection of knowledge. She takes her duties seriously and often argues with Liebowitz over security matters. He feels she is sometimes overzealous, while Redwing believes that despite his experience, Liebowitz is horribly naive when it comes to restricting access to the stacks. Muriel descends from the Lakota Sioux, and has short-cropped, black hair, coal black eyes, and the body of an Olympic athlete. She also wears the Librarian's signature pin.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d12, Gambling d8, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Law) d6, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Riding d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 12 (6)

Hindrances: Heroic, Loyal, Stubborn, Vengeful (Major)

Edges: Brave, Command, Grit, Guts, Hard to Kill, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Inspire, Librarian, Luck, Marksman, Quick Draw, Strong Willed

Gear: Infantry Battle Suit, NA Officer's Sidearm (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d6, RoF 1, AP 1, +1 Shooting in short range), SA Commando SMG (Range 12/24/48, Damage 2d8 damage, RoF 3, AP 2, Auto).



SILAS RASMUSSEN, MUTANT KING

The self-proclaimed "King of All Mutants" was once a simple physicist before the Last War. Unfortunately for the Wasted West, he was one of those who felt no one appreciated him in life, scoffed at him for his lack of social skills, and stole his ideas and work before the Last War.

The mutants of Lost Vegas provided the raw materials his superior intellect would forge into a hammer capable of smashing the old order and rebuild the world as it should be—with Silas Rasmussen as its head. Unfortunately for him, the world turned upside down with the arrival of the Harbinger during the Harvest. Now the Mutant King plots and schemes to speed up evolution despite the interference of the norms and their misguided mutant allies.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Faith d12+2, Fighting d8, Intimidation d12, Knowledge (Physics) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 11 (4)

Hindrances: Arrogant, Mean, Vengeful (Major), Vow (Rule the World)

Edges: Arcane Background (Doomsayer), Brave, Charismatic, Command, Connections (The Combine), Danger Sense, Fervor, Grit, Guts, Harder to Kill, Inspire, Rad Resistant, Strong Willed.

Gear: Kevlar under robes (AV4), glow stick (Str+d10).

Powers: See below. **Power Points:** See below

Special Abilities:

- **Prophet of the Glow:** Silas embodies the religion of the Glow, and can draw power directly from maelstroms. Within 10 miles of a maelstrom, the Mutant King can cast any power of the Glow with unlimited Power Points. If actually within

the walls of a maelstrom, all Faith rolls and damage rolls are at +2. If outside the radius of a maelstrom, he can choose any ten powers with 20 Power Points.



SAMUEL THROCKMORTON

General Samuel Throckmorton came from a family with a long and proud history of service to his nation. A Confederate Special Operations officer who quickly rose through the ranks, he was killed in a LatAm airstrike at an airfield in Yuma in 2081. Due to his prior command of cyborgs and special operations forces, the decision was made to reconstruct him as a cyborg. Throckmorton was assigned to Camp Summers, a mobile POW compound along the old Mason-Dixon Wall which also served as a repair depot for battle-damaged vehicles brought in from the front.

When the bombs dropped on September 23, 2081, Camp Summers was spared destruction. Throckmorton realized this was a chance to reunite these two great nations, and outlined his plans for unity to those soldiers, North and South, under his care. Most agreed to go along with the plans for a new Combined America, and Throckmorton set their goal as the Northern city of Denver, from which they would be able to extend the Combine out across the plains while the Rockies would protect their back against any threats from the Maze.

Prior to arriving at Denver the newly integrated troops performed admirably against the mutants and abominations they encountered, saving several survivor settlements. Arriving in Denver, the Combine troops began the process of clearing the walkin' dead from the city and helping the surviving Denverites as best they could.

Unfortunately, when the General interfaced with the Denver AI things went all to hell. The AI easily took the General over, and with a pawn in command of thousands of well-equipped troops, it saw a way for its plans of techno-conquest to succeed.

Following the takeover of the General, the tone of the Combine subtly changed, and those who voiced any reservations

about its new direction died of a plague or under other mysterious circumstances. The implantation of the headbanger chips to protect against "mutant influences" helped secure a loyal force of soldiers.

The huge losses of the Harvest have set back the Denver AI's plans for world conquest, with an ultimate goal of supplanting organic lifeforms with mechanical ones, but it realizes this is just a blip in its long term goals.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d12, Intimidation d10, Knowledge (Battle) d12, Notice d8, Persuasion d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Survival d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 9 (2)

Hindrances: Stubborn, Vow (Reunite the US and CSA)

Edges: Alertness, Brave, Charismatic, Command, Danger Sense, Grit, Guts, Hard to Kill, Hold the Line!, Improved Dodge, Improved Level Headed, Inspire, Luck, Strong Willed

Gear: As needed for the job.

Special Abilities:

- **AI Puppet:** The General is controlled by the Denver AI. It has supplanted the original programming, deleting all of Throckmorton's Rules of Engagement and imposing its own—namely, to conquer the Wasted West by whatever means necessary. The Denver AI has a Spirit of d12+6, used whenever the General tries to override its directives.

- **Bodyguard:** The General never goes anywhere without a Personal Security Detachment of two infiltrator and two heavy combat model cyborgs.

- **Light Combat Chassis:** It's obvious General Throckmorton is a cyborg. He has a target eye (+1 to Shooting), radio, and subdermal armor (AV2).

- **Weakness (Haunted):** Throckmorton caused the death of his friend Daniel Masters and it still haunts him. If he is shown an artifact of Daniel Masters—a photo, weapon, dogtag, etc.—the General overrides his AI for a full five minutes. Then the hateful thing takes vengeful charge once again. This will work not more than once a year.

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