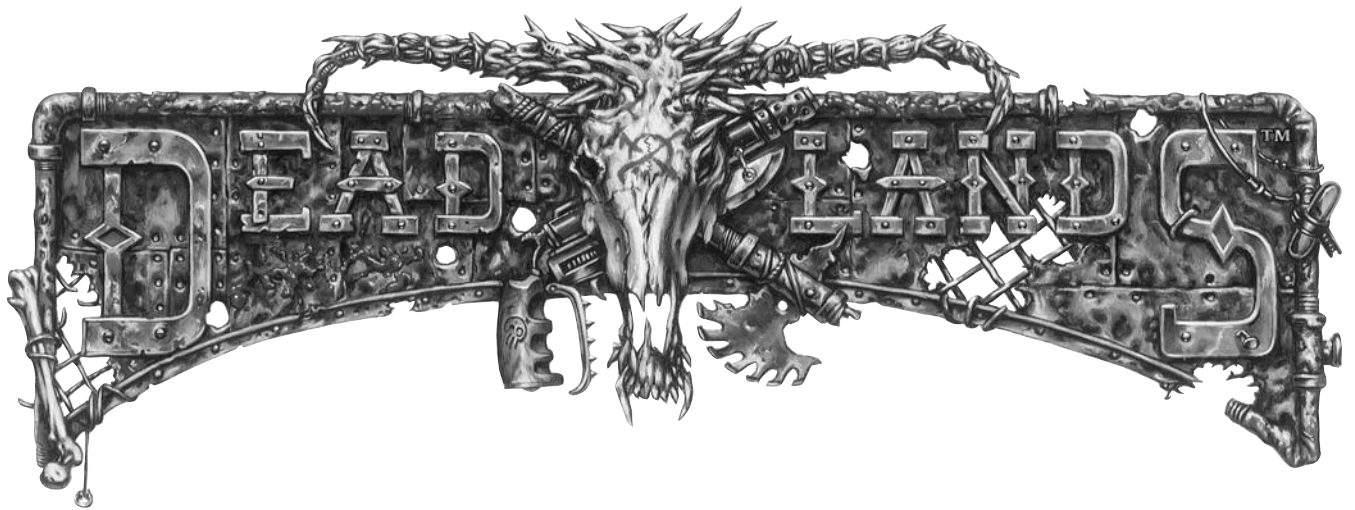


City o' Sin



HELL ON EARTH
Teller



City o' Sin



By: Teller



City o' Sin

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Deadlands created by Shane Lacy Hensley.

Dedicated to: The men who built the Hoover Dam and allowed the desert to flourish. Their work stands as a monument to human achievement.

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Table o' Contents

Viva Lost Vegas 4



Posse Territory 5

Chapter One:

Bright Lights,
Big Evil 7

The Good Ole Days 7

Silas Comes to Helltown 14

Lost Vegas 16

The Strip 17

Downtown 29

Greater Vegas 31

Beyond the Maelstrom 32

The Resistance 33

Environs of Lost Vegas 33

Boulder City/

Boulder Dam 34

Davis Dam 34

Searchlight 35

Indian Spring AFB 36

Reno 36

Fort 51 36

Yucca Mountain 37

New Carson City 39

Downtown 40

The Destruction

of Armana 41

Archetypes 42



No Man's Land 44

Chapter Two:

Gifts of
the Glow 45

New Edges &

Hindrances 46

Mutations 'R Us 47



The Marshal's
Handbook 63

Chapter Three:

Backstage 65

The Resistance 67

City o' Sin Environment 68

Beyond the Maelstrom 87

Indian Springs AFB 90

Fort 51 91

Yucca 92

Carson City 92

The Big Picture 96

Taking Out
the Genetic Trash 97

Chapter Four:

Minions
of Doom 87

Chapter Five:

Jihad! 109

The Story So Far 110

Chapter One:

The Belly
of the Beast 111

Chapter Two:

Road Trip 115

Chapter Three:

Honeymoon in Vegas 115

Chapter Four:

Mount Doom 120

Chapter Five:

Take Me to the
Volcano! 123

Index 128

Viva Lost Vegas

Blossoming from the arid desert like a shimmering mirage, Las Vegas was once a mecca drawing pilgrims from around the world in their quest for a quick buck. In the Wasted West, Las Vegas is still a shining beacon for pilgrims, but the green these pilgrims bring is on their backs—the robes of green worn by the Doomsayers. While these mutants can't approach the Combine in terms of technological superiority, their radioactive powers coupled with fervent religious fanaticism make them as much a threat to the survivors of the wastes as Throckmorton's forces.

This sourcebook focuses on the ruins of Las Vegas and its current inhabitants, the Cult of Doom, a militant organization of mutants bent on world domination. The sourcebook *Children o' the Atom* laid the groundwork for much of what is

discussed in this book, and possession of the *Children o' the Atom* book is necessary to fully understand some of the concepts put forth in the following pages.

Chapter One gives an overview of the city by a former citizen of Las Vegas. Within the Chapter you will find a brief history of this desert miracle and its surroundings, find out who and what occupy positions of power in the City o' Sin, and get a guided tour of some of the major landmarks.

Chapter Two is No-Man's Land. Within these pages, those touched by the blessing of Oppenheimer can find some new mutations to aid them in their wanderings across the Wasted West. No longer do the Chosen of Darwin have to subject themselves to the vagaries of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. Now your mutie can decide for herself the ways in which the Glow has altered her body and soul.

Chapter Three is for Marshals only. This chapter lets the Marshal in on what's really going on in Las Vegas, who's who, and what Silas has in mind for the norms and his precious "elevated." To balance out all this Doombringer badness, we'll also let you in on what Joan and her loyal Doomsayers plan on doing about their evil brethren.

Chapter Four is an overview of the Cult of Doom. We give you the lowdown on the military structure of the Doomsayers, what kind of troops Silas has been recruiting and creating, and how they are deployed. This chapter also serves as a bestiary of the creatures that are used to fill the Doomsayers' ranks.

Chapter Five presents your posse with quite a challenge. Silas and his fanatics have discovered the old U.S. nuclear storage facility at Yucca Mountain, and the High Priest has decided to make a pilgrimage to this holiest of atomic sites in preparation for a renewed jihad against the non-irradiated. The posse must intervene or the desert sands of the Wasted West will run red with the blood of those Silas deems unworthy—which is anyone not wearing the green robes of his fanatic cult!



Posse Territory





Bright Lights, Big Evil

Librarian's Note: Librarian Steven Smith recorded this account while traveling down the Colorado River. Outside the Vegas maelstrom, Smith found a guide who referred to himself only as "Cabbie." Claiming to be a longtime resident of the city, Cabbie proved to be an excellent source of information.

Welcome to Las Vegas, better known as the City o' Sin. Me, I've lived in this city a long time, baby, and seen plenty of people come and go. Been drivin' this here cab so long we've become inseparable. It seems like the bright lights and glitter always attracted plenty of desperate people, like moths to a candle. And like moths, those folks would get too close and get burned, their dreams turning into so much ash. If they were lucky they'd get to go home with their skins intact. If not, the city would eat them up and spit them out. Plenty of people ended their days dumped as late-night snacks for coyotes out in the surrounding desert. Nowadays this city is a beacon again, but this time the moths come to the glow of radiation, not the lights of the Strip.

I don't get as many fares as I used to, so I've spent some time down at the library researching my adopted hometown. As crazy as things are today, they're about normal for this city; it has always had a bit of a wild over-the-top history.

The Good Ole Days

Millions of years ago, Southern Nevada was a virtual marsh of abundant water and vegetation. By the time European settlers arrived, the once teeming wetlands had turned into a parched, arid landscape that supported only the hardiest of plants and animals, except for some springs that bubbled to the surface. Hidden for centuries from all but Native Americans, the Las Vegas Valley oasis was protected from discovery by the surrounding harsh and unforgiving Mojave Desert.

Mexican trader Antonio Armijo, leading a 60-man party along the Spanish Trail to Los Angeles in the winter of 1829, veered from the accepted route and made a startling discovery. While Armijo's caravan was camped Christmas Day about 100 miles northeast of present day Las Vegas, a scouting party rode west in search of water. An experienced young Mexican scout, Rafael Rivera, left the main party and ventured into the unexplored desert. Within two weeks, he discovered Las Vegas Springs. He was the first known non-Indian to set foot in the oasis-like Las Vegas Valley. The abundant artesian spring water discovered at Las Vegas shortened the Spanish Trail to Los

Angeles, eased rigors for Spanish traders, and hastened the rush west for California gold. Between 1830 and 1848, the name "Vegas," as shown on maps of that day, was changed to Las Vegas, which means "The Meadows" in Spanish.

There Goes the Neighborhood

Some 14 years after Rivera's discovery, John C. Fremont led an overland expedition west and camped at Las Vegas Springs on May 13, 1844. Fremont was followed shortly by Mormon settlers from Salt Lake City, who began the construction of a fort to protect the Los Angeles-Salt Lake City mail route.

The Mormons planted fruit trees, cultivated vegetables and mined lead for bullets at Potosi Mountain, but abandoned the settlement in 1858, partly because of Indian raids.

Las Vegas remained a speck on most maps throughout the early years of the First Civil War until the construction of Fort 51 to the north. Las Vegas was the only site for a settlement of any size for hundreds of miles, and acted as a magnet for the soldiers stationed there. The tent town called Las Vegas sprouted saloons, stores and boarding houses to deal with the influx of soldiers, prostitutes, gamblers, and other human flotsam eager to make a quick buck. Close to the U.S.-C.S. border, the town also became a hive of espionage activity as Confederate spies tried to get information from Fort 51's off-duty troops. The growth of the town acted to siphon desperately needed supplies from the people of Lost Angels, strengthening the grip Reverend Grimme had over the populace, who began to see the city in the desert as a symbol for all that was evil.

Grimme's Crusaders

Las Vegas became a target for the fire and brimstone preaching of Lost Angels' Reverend Grimme, who not only saw Las Vegas as a modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah but also recognized its significance as a railroad waystation. Grimme's followers began to enter the town in increasing numbers, and were blamed for the slow progress that the railroads made toward the town. This religious fanaticism came to a head in the red-light district on

Christmas Eve two years later, when all Hell broke loose. Drunken reports claimed that a huge demon ran amok, but more reliable witnesses stated that fighting broke out between Grimme's missionaries, Mormons, and Confederate troublemakers. Whatever the cause, the downtown was leveled and hundreds were killed or wounded in the confusion.

Las Vegas languished after the "Christmas Rioting." Many fled the town, and Grimme's forces seemed firmly entrenched, even going so far as to declare the city an independent city-state, separate from Nevada. When the state government made moves toward the city, the Confederacy threatened to intervene, and mysterious acts of sabotage against Union forces in Nevada ended the campaign before it began. The city was allowed to move into the orbit of the Church, and bit off the southern tip of Nevada as its own. Being largely desert and in the middle of nowhere, neither side made much of a fuss about this annexation.

Bigger and Better

Rails were finally connected to Las Vegas in the late 1800s, and an influx of outsiders began to flood the city. Over the following years the power of the Church of Lost Angels declined. The triple evils of gambling, alcohol, and prostitution proved more powerful than the fire and brimstone of the Church, and soon the first freely elected town council took office, removing the last remnants of the Church and replacing the Guardian Angels with a town Sheriff. Although no longer an outpost of the Church, the new masters of Las Vegas were in no hurry to come back into the Union fold, and this attitude was hardened when, at midnight, Oct. 1, 1910, a strict anti-gambling law became effective in Nevada. It even forbade the western custom of flipping a coin for the price of a drink. With no such law in Vegas, people flocked to the city to indulge their vices. This angered the conservatives who had sponsored the bill, and Vegas was seen again as a pit of iniquity run by a cabal of Satanists. Growing pressure on the state and federal government by anti-gambling and temperance leagues to do something about the "City o' Sin" raised serious concerns within the desert city about its future as an independent entity.

The Big Payoff

The city fathers of Las Vegas realized that with Nevada and the power of the U.S. government arrayed against them, there was little they could do to resist a military takeover of their fair municipality. Instead, they did what they knew best—they gambled on a long shot. Councilman Matthew Broadstone offered a deal to Nevada. In return for the state government's acceptance of legalized gambling in Las Vegas, the city would help raise needed taxes for Nevada public schools (yeah, I know, that's what all pro-gambling proposals promise—it's an easy sale).

A gambling tax was imposed, with the proceeds going directly into the state's general fund. By the time of the Last War, more than 43 percent of Nevada's general fund was fed by gambling tax revenue and more than 34 percent of the state's general fund was pumped into public education (and a not inconsiderable amount into certain legislators pockets).

Prohibition in the United States also gave a boost to the city, where alcohol was plentiful and cheap. Organized crime families found the desert heat of the arid, independent city preferable to the heat from the Federal investigations of their bootlegging empires. Many desert mansions were built during the US's dry period by notorious underworld figures such as Al Capone and others, and their gang wars and rivalries sometimes followed them to Vegas.

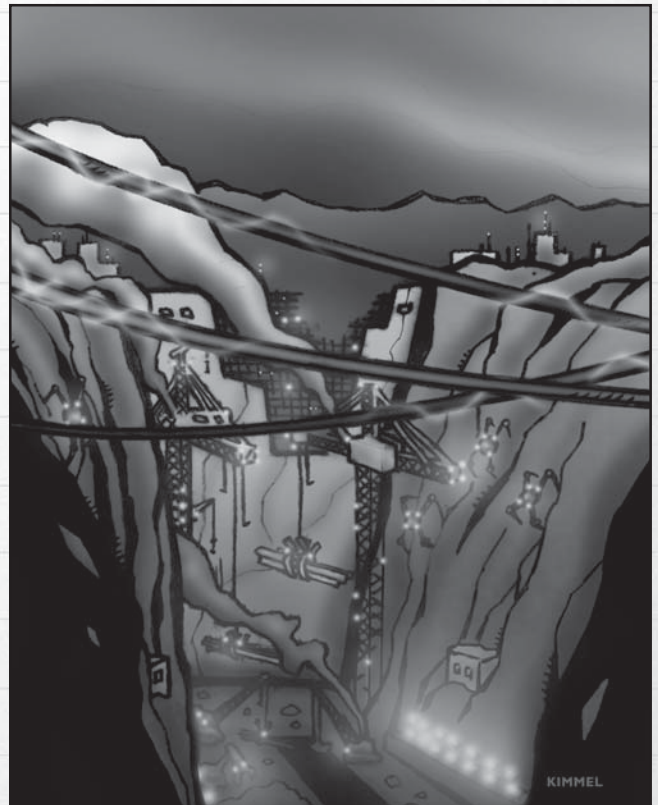
Dam Good Deal

The worldwide slump of the Great Depression struck both the Union and the Confederacy. The frontier town of Las Vegas was insulated from the economic hardships that wracked most Americans, North and South, in the 1930s. Jobs and money were prevalent because of railroad development, gambling, and the construction of the Boulder Dam 34 miles away in Black Canyon on the Colorado River.

A joint project of the U.S. and the Confederacy, the dam provided a needed boost to the economy of the two nations, employing 5,128 people at its peak and requiring equipment and materiel from across the two countries. With the influx of workers came a

new element to the Vegas scene. Organized crime families from New York and Chicago, their pockets bursting with money made during Prohibition, came to the city to fleece the workers of their hard-earned wages. An undeclared war was waged in the back alleys and basements of the town as these crime syndicates fought for control. By the outbreak of World War II, the Back East Mobs were firmly in control.

With the completion of Boulder Dam in 1936, the town fathers of Las Vegas offered the US federal government the then-outrageous sum of \$5 million for the government-built town of Boulder City, overlooking what would soon become Lake Mead. The town had been built to house the Union complement of dam workers, and had been run as a government facility. With construction of the dam finished, the Feds were only too happy to sell what was seen in certain circles as a useless piece of real estate. With the purchase of Boulder City and the road to it, Las Vegas acquired a much-needed land corridor to the Confederacy.



The Hoover Dam under construction.

Defenders of Democracy

During World War II, nearby Indian Springs Air Force Base in Nevada grew into a key military installation. Originally built to train B-29 gunners for the US's war against Japan, it later became the training ground for the nation's ace fighter pilots.

As part of the US's Lend-Lease Program to Britain and the Confederacy, large numbers of foreign airmen and soldiers came to the desert installation to train, and found their way to the brothels and bars of Las Vegas to play. With this flood of military personnel, Vegas was one of the few nonindustrial cities to prosper during the War, and money from each nation poured into the coffers of the controlling crime families.

World War II also jump-started major resort growth in Las Vegas. The seeds for future expansion were planted in 1941 when hotelman Tommy Hull built the El Rancho Vegas Hotel-Casino. The success of the El Rancho Vegas triggered a huge building boom in the 1940s, which included construction of several

hotel-casinos fronting on a two-lane highway leading into Las Vegas from Lost Angels. This stretch of road evolved into today's Las Vegas Strip.

Shooting Stars

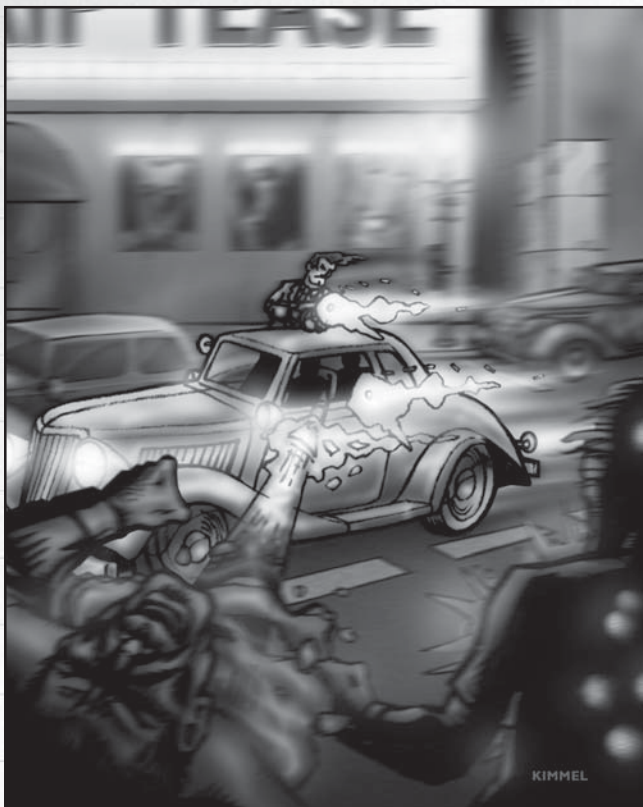
The booming business that the War provided to Star City reached out across the desert to Vegas, as bored stars and starlets sought a place of refuge from the demands of their art in California. It was this influx of film elite that changed the face of Vegas from a dusty camp town to the desert jewel that people before the Last War knew.

By far the most celebrated of the early resorts was the Flamingo Hotel, built by mobster Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel. The Flamingo, with a giant pink neon sign and replicas of pink flamingos on the lawn, opened on New Year's Eve 1946. While the El Rancho Vegas and other early 1940s resorts followed a western ranch-styled theme, the Flamingo was what Siegel called a "carpet joint." It was modeled after resort hotels in Miami, and set the stage for the future of the Vegas casino-resorts.

Six months later, Siegel was reported murdered by an unknown gunman who fired a shotgun blast as he sat in the living room of the Star City home of his girlfriend, Virginia Hill. Siegel miraculously survived, however, and wrought a bloody vengeance on his enemies over the next four weeks. A gang war of unprecedented dimensions broke out, and when the smoke cleared Siegel was left as the top dog of the Vegas crime families.



65



The law • Gangland Style.

Bigger is Better

Under Bugsy's watchful eye, Las Vegas blossomed during the post-War prosperity of the US and CS. Resort building continued to accelerate in the 1950s, and each new casino seemed to be bigger and better than the last. The Riviera Hotel became the first Strip high-rise at nine stories, but each succeeding decade saw the skyline rise higher and higher into the desert sky. In 1976, when casino-style gaming was legalized in Atlantic City, NJ, it

became apparent to Las Vegas casino owners that their city could no longer claim exclusive rights to gambling casinos. It perhaps hastened the beginning of another era for the Strip—the megaresort. This race for the ultimate resort was fueled again when the town of Deadwood began to tout itself as a gambler's paradise, and built a strip of its own to attract gamblers from around the world. By the turn of the century, some of the resorts in Vegas had surpassed the 50-story mark, and most of the more prestigious ones fronted several blocks along the Strip.

That's Entertainment!

Hotel-casinos in Vegas began the race to become full-blown destination resorts for travelers, vacationers, gamblers, conventioners and all members of the family. Bugsy Siegel's son, Bugsy Jr., did what he could to help, and with his influence prostitution was officially legalized in Las Vegas in 1980. The Benjamin Siegel Sr. Sports Arena was erected in 1995, and quickly became known as a world-class bloodsport venue. The Las Vegas Convention Center went through several facelifts between 1959 and 2081, each time getting bigger and better. By the time of the Last War, 3.5 million conventioners came to the city every year from across the globe for a wide variety of conventions.

It was this increase in entertainment, along with gambling, that built Las Vegas' reputation as the playland getaway of the world. The search for the ultimate "crowd draw" led the resorts to try all sorts of exotic things. Animal acts, dolphin shows, stage spectaculars, Sensoround™ experiences, even a zoo filled with creatures from *Banshee* were built to attract more and more customers and their money. Don't be surprised to run across a mutated lion or tiger or worse in the ruins. Those darn things survived the bombs pretty well, and they've bred like rabbits, especially with the plentiful supply of two-legged food.

The government of Las Vegas also signed agreements with the United States and the Confederacy to take death-row prisoners. It was these unlucky slobes who provided entertainment at such places as Excalibur, Treasure Island, and Caesar's Amphitheater

(more on that later) in the decades before Judgment Day. This relieved those governments of the onus of actually executing prisoners, and brought excitement and cash into Vegas' coffers. Depending where the prisoner ended up, he might have a chance at parole if successful enough at his new job.

All Aboard!

A high-speed mag-lev railway from Vegas to Lost Angels was completed in 2010. It paralleled International Highway 15, which ran from Star City to the City o' Sin, bounded on each side by the Mason-Dixon Wall. Mag-lev spurs to Reno, Salt Lake City, and Phoenix were completed by 2050.

This easy access from the movie capital to Vegas gave the casinos an almost limitless supply of pretty young men and women to feed the insatiable hunger of these resorts and their productions. The connections to the US, CS, and Deseret brought in even more people to the city. This huge concentration of people from many nations led to Vegas being called the "modern-day Casablanca," which I'm told was a reference to an old, black-and-white 1900's movie.

Spy vs. Spy

This multinational melting pot provided a rich source for potential intelligence and espionage, both industrial and governmental. Cheap alcohol and drugs, high-priced call-girls and -boys looking like they just stepped off a magazine cover (which they did, in many cases), and huge sums of free-flowing cash made the City o' Sin the perfect place to seduce secrets out of people and turn even the most hard-core patriot against his country.

While the US had forbidden personnel from Fort 51 from visiting the city, and the CS followed suit with its "secret" base at Roswell, there were still plenty of vacationing scientists, officials, and military personnel in the city. Organizations like the Union's Agency, the Confed Intelligence Bureau, and the Deseret D-13 had permanent safehouses scattered throughout the city. A clandestine war between the intelligence agencies was waged for years, often disguised as Mob violence

outbreaks. The controlling crime families even got into the act occasionally, acting as go-betweens for the various spymasters and doing much of the dirty work.

I Am the Law!

While it might sound as if Vegas was some lawless free-for-all, nothing could be further from the truth. The Las Vegas Police Department was a force to be reckoned with and came down hard on lawbreakers. Dressed in black body armor with face-concealing helmets, the officers of the LVPD were empowered to act as judge and jury on the spot.

While tales of street executions were wildly exaggerated in rags like the *Tombstone Epitaph* (I only saw three in all my years as a cabbie before the Last War), the Enforcers, as they were known, were a brutal and efficient means of providing order in an environment like Vegas. The Enforcers saved the city the cost of a judicial infrastructure, and cut down on the time required for the whole process. A perpetrator would be tried and convicted in less than 5 minutes and on his way to prison in less than 30 minutes. The city's top cop, Enforcer Sledge, was once said to have processed 300 criminals in one day!

Like most things in Vegas, money talked in the justice system, and most Enforcers could be persuaded to accept a fine rather than a prison sentence. This system did cause some problems, such as when Confederate President Jackson's son, traveling incognito, was sentenced to the bloodsport arena for killing a prostitute. The teenager managed to survive two fights before negotiations finally arranged his release.

War=What's It Good For?

When the increasing tensions of the Cold War finally blossomed into full scale fighting between the Confederacy and the LatAm, Las Vegas remained studiously neutral. The Enforcers even made a big show of cracking down on suspected safehouses run by the various intelligence agencies to enhance the appearance of neutrality. While the US still permitted flights to Vegas from south of the Mason-Dixon Wall, it moved troops into Boulder City and severed the City o' Sin's land connection with the Confederacy.

The seizure of North LA by Southern forces in '78 seriously impeded the flow of tourists from that direction, but the people still in Vegas acted as if nothing was wrong. The casinos still ran day and night, and none of the shows missed a curtain call.

When the shooting war finally broke out between North and South a few months later, the Las Vegas Valley was remote enough that little actual fighting took place in the area. Neither side took any action around the Boulder Dam for fear of damaging it. Confederate aircraft launched attacks on Indian Springs Air Force Base and Fort 51, and an errant cruise missile actually veered off course and struck a Union Express shipping terminal at the North Las Vegas Air Terminal, but all in all, life continued as normal.

The city did suffer food shortages, and the price of a meal went through the roof, but people weren't too worried. We had no military forces, no strategic value, and provided a meeting ground if the two sides decided to conduct peace talks. The city council watched nervously as A-Bomb Andy began to pound his nuclear podium, and some of the movers and shakers left the city for villas in the surrounding desert.

Curtain Call

On September 23, 2081 radio and Tri-D shows were interrupted by emergency broadcasts as the bombs began to fall across North America. Throughout the evening the citizens of Vegas held their collective breath, hoping against hope that they would be spared the flash of irradiated ghost rock fire. A skull-shaped mushroom cloud rose above Indian Springs AFB at 3:45 pm local time, the blast shattering the outer northern suburbs of Las Vegas that sat against the Vegas-US border. As the sun set, a missile streaked down from the heavens, impacting at the eastern end of Sunset Road. The warhead burrowed down into the ground before exploding, creating a huge crater and throwing out a maelstrom a full 10 miles in radius. Most of the eastern suburbs of the city were flattened, their inhabitants dying instantly in the swirling blast of spiritual radiation.



66

The Strip was six to seven miles away from ground zero, and damage to the structures from the blast and shockwave of the warhead was minimal, but the wash of the Glow wrought its own special havoc among the survivors. The lucky ones died instantly, or were turned into mindless masses of mutated flesh.

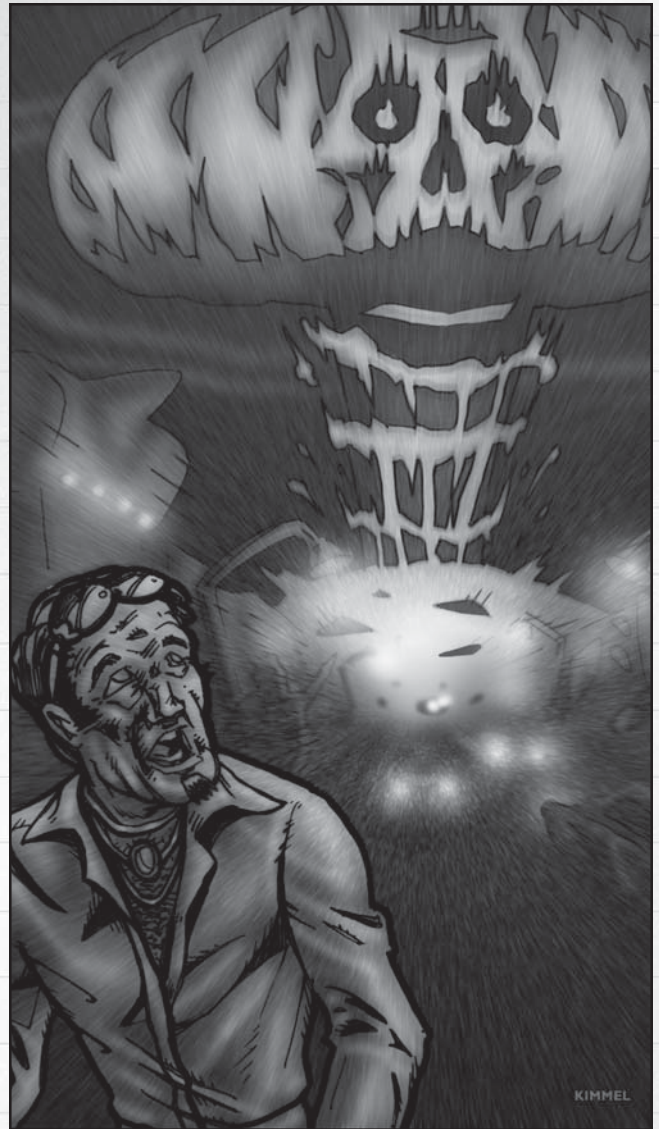
Most of the survivors were changed to some extent, except for those on the far west side of the city. A city of one million was changed in an instant into a vast graveyard populated by people mutated beyond recognition and filled with horrors straight out of your worst nightmare. The enhanced warhead's ghost rock radiation wasn't like normal radiation. While many died right off, and others sickened and died within a few days, the majority transformed over the span of hours to days into strange mutations that defied the laws of science. Many believed that those who died were the lucky ones.

Married to the Mob

Bugsy Siegel V survived the Last War, staying in the city rather than fleeing into the desert like some of the other Families' bosses. Bugsy, along with those underworld leaders and enforcers who survived the bombing, tried to pick up the pieces, and those who had fled to their desert retreats came back to town within a few months as their supplies began to run out. Despite their organization and firepower, trying to bring order to this ruined chaos was like trying to fly a kite in the maelstrom.

The horrors that the Vegas Deadland spawned didn't help matters. As the months passed, though, the Mob did bring some order to the city. They already had a power structure, firepower, and the will to use it. The families set about finding food and supplies in the ruins and distributing them to the survivors as a means of cementing their position of authority. The survivors weren't too happy with the arrangement, but it beat starving.

Bugsy even hit upon an idea to dispense justice and keep one of the worst horrors in check. The Tropicana hotel was home to a horror that came to be called Grendel for its habit of attacking people in the middle of the



Panic on the Strip.

night. Bugsy's people began staking those who didn't follow their rules out in front of the hotel to placate the creature. This became so effective that crime dropped among the survivors, and the Mob began raiding other groups who wouldn't bow down to their authority in order to provide food for the creature. The fear of Bugsy's family and their pet monster became so great that the terrified people began to refer to them as the "Cult of Grendel."

It didn't hurt that some of their enforcers had developed strange powers as a result of their exposure to the ghost rock radiation,

displaying abilities straight out of an old Tri-D science fiction movie. The leaders of the cult began to spread rumors that their incredible powers came from the monster itself to keep the others from developing similar powers by chance. Those who didn't buy this explanation quickly ended up as a snack for the Cult's "pet."

Curtains for Bugsy

As the Cult gained strength, an internal power struggle broke out between those who exhibited mutant aptitudes and those who did not. Buggy was one of those without these strange new powers, and he rallied other norms and "normal" mutants to his side to form a resistance movement against the spreading cult. The struggle ended in a win for the rad-slingers and Buggy's opponents. They laid siege to and destroyed the mobster's posh headquarters in the Flamingo and killed him and his lieutenants.



Joan clears her head.



67

Silas Comes to Helltown

Two years after the Big Bang, Las Vegas was a city of mutants ruled in large part by the "Cult of Grendel." Then a guy named Silas Rasmussen appeared out of the Wastes. His story is well known and told elsewhere (Librarian's note: See Librarian Goodwin's transcript "Tales o' Doom"), but the short and sweet of it is that Silas killed off Grendel and broke the power of the Cult, and by default the Mob. I've heard that the Resistance supported him in this endeavor, but once the Cult of Grendel's power was broken Silas simply replaced it with a cult of his own and cut the Resistance out of the deal.

The Rise of the Cult of Silas

Rasmussen had been some kind of physicist before the War, and he seemed to have an inherent knowledge of the ways of the Atom. Within a year of coming to power, Silas developed a mythology to explain his incredible abilities, set up an organization with titles and levels, and sent missionaries into the Wasteland to bring more mutants into his radiated fold.

If I didn't know better, I'd swear the guy had been a pyramid-scheme king before the War. Heck, maybe he was, with his obsession with the old Luxor resort, rebuilt as his personal residence with the sweat of thousands of slaves, I mean worshippers. Don't look at me like that. I ain't no damn Doomie. I've lived in this city long enough to see plenty of flash in the pan religions come and go. Hubbardians, Ghost Rockers, sun worshippers, UFOlogists, it don't matter. Just like all the others, I'm sure Silas' group will eventually go the way of the dodo.

Virginia City or Bust

Like all religious dictators, Silas decided to whip up support for himself with a holy war. In 2085, the Mutie King resolved to clean house and strengthen his support by waging war on the norms. Scouts reported that Virginia City was the closest sizable survivor



68

settlement to Rasmussen's kingdom, and a group of Doomie spies that were caught and killed in the town provided the Prophet with the excuse he needed to attack.

Unfortunately for the majority of the Chosen's foot soldiers, Virginia City was a tough nut to crack. Silas' troops fought with the devotion of fanatics, and despite horrific losses the mutants were victorious. Buoyed up by this win, Silas attempted to continue his crusade to cleanse the world of the non-mutated, but his luck ran out at Carson City when the well-armed survivors managed to fend off the battered remnants of his mutant army.

Evolution Revolution

The failed assault on Carson City caused a rift in the ranks of the Cult of Doom. Even some of the higher-ranking priests spoke out against the Prophet, much to their detriment. When the army returned to the city, Silas made a big show of slowly killing those who disagreed with his plans. His theatrics backfired when a group of these "heretics" managed to break out while the Prophet was slowly microwaving one of their number.

I even gave a ride to the maelstrom to a lady named Joan, who became the heretics' leader. I knew her from before the War. She had been a blackjack dealer in the Excalibur, and was into all sorts of New Age stuff—healing crystals, pyramid power, UFOs, you name it she had experimented with it. I can see why Silas' canon messed with her vibes. Despite what many might consider a flaky outlook on life, her personality was well suited to lead a following like the "good" purple Doomsayers. She even told me she picked purple as her color because it dominated green in a geo-karmic sense.

Unlike the green variety of Doomsayers, Joan's followers believe that norms should be allowed to die off in their own due time, which is in contradiction to Silas' forced extinction policy. No one knows where Joan is these days, although I've heard rumors that she and her cohorts are holed up in an old missile silo somewhere in Nevada. Needless to say, Silas hates her with a passion and has offered exorbitant amounts for her capture or death.

Despite the best efforts of his Doomsayers, Joan and her heretics have increased in numbers, although the Vegas-style Doomies are by far the most numerous.

Hit and Run

The decade or so following the Carson City defeat was a time of rebuilding for Silas and his Cult. He has spent the years building up his forces both inside and outside of Vegas. I'll talk about his forces inside the city later, but outside he has taken a page from history and used it to good effect. Realizing that there's still plenty of firepower out there in the hands of norms who are too stupid to roll over and die as evolution dictates, Silas has instead turned to a guerrilla campaign.

His missionaries have fanned out across the Wastelands, carrying the Cult of Doom's message of hatred to any mutant enclaves they can find. Some settle in strategically located villages, acting as priests to the locals and converting as many as they can into Silas' camp. Particularly promising young mutants are sent back to Las Vegas for indoctrination into the ways of the Atom, while the rest are urged to wage warfare on any norms in the area.

The Cult of Doom has been very successful in this campaign, and violence has flared up across the west between mutants and norms. This has also had the effect of bringing even more mutants into Silas' fold, as retaliatory strikes by the non-mutated don't distinguish between Doomies and their non-Cult brethren. In the words of many in the Wasted West, "the only good mutie is a dead mutie." The legions forming in Vegas are never in want of new recruits.

Back to the Future

Well, that brings us to the present. Silas continues to plot the overthrow of the norms and the assumption of his rightful place as the inheritor of the Saints' evolutionary glory. New recruits flow into the city, more Doomsayers are made each day, and the future of the old world looks grim. Now, how about a quick tour of Las Vegas? No, not in the cab, you think I'm crazy, or something?

Lost Vegas

The City o' Sin is surrounded by desert, and has the temperatures to prove it. In the summer the city can swelter, despite the fact that the maelstrom cuts down on much of the sunlight that reaches the ruins. Summertime temperatures usually hover around 100°, while in the winter the temperature stays in the low-to-mid-40s. The wind can also kick up, howling through the ruins like a lost soul at up to 40 mph.

Water is scarce, and clean water is even scarcer. Many groups in the city set up over sources of water, and fights often break out over this precious resource. Silas and his commanders don't intrude, seeing these struggles as a way to ensure that only the fittest survive to carry forth the gift of the Atom into the New Age. Travelers setting out for Vegas should ensure that they have plenty of water, and vehicles should be thoroughly checked before setting out across the desert.



A friendly disagreement.

Even before the Last War people still died in the desert when their econo-boxes broke down.

The Essentials

Being smack dab in the middle of the desert, food and water are always in demand in Las Vegas. The ghost rock bomb shockwave on the city was of such a magnitude that most water mains ruptured. The pumping stations of the artesian wells that supplied much of the city's water had their computer systems fried by the EMP or the wells collapsed; existing water stockpiles were exhausted within days of Judgment Day.

Control of water supplies became a major factor in the power struggles that erupted in the city after the War ended. Silas realized that with water came power, and after completing his palace at the Luxor he turned the efforts of his followers to another project. Although it took almost five years, the Mutant King's subjects completed an aqueduct from Lake Mead to the Strip, bringing a reliable source of water back to Vegas for the first time since the bombs fell. This feat more than anything else cemented Silas' power among the hordes of his followers.

Food is also a problem here in Vegas. The city was never self-sufficient, and relied on daily deliveries from the US and CS to sustain its population. Even with 90% of the prewar population dead, food was scarce from day one, and the huge influx of mutants hasn't helped matters. The days of the \$1.99 Vegas buffet are long gone. Silas has worked to get agriculture going in the many gardens of the former resorts, and some of his high priests have proved adept at altering plant life to make it more heat and drought resistant and more fruitful. Rat is the main meat dish at the buffet these days, although some groups are rumored to serve prime cuts of meat from two-legged sources.

The Lay of the Land

Las Vegas is generally divided into the Strip and Downtown. The Strip contained the majority of casinos, although slot machines and video poker players could be found in

every convenience store, laundromat, and even gas station, throughout the city. The Downtown lost most of its casinos under a revitalization plan by Bugsy Siegel IV in the 2050s, with the buildings being converted to professional offices and support industries. Although there is more to the city than these two areas, much 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.

Birds of a Feather

The muties that make up the vast majority of Vegas' citizens these days are a wild and varied bunch. Ghost rock radiation does strange things to those exposed to it, twisting the mind and body in ways that would be considered impossible by the most fevered science fiction writer's imagination. One thing I've noticed, though, is that muties with similar mutations tend to congregate together. Those with aquatic-oriented mutations hang out together in the old Venice resort. Animal-like creatures live in the old Mirage, while winged muties soar from the heights of the Bellagio.

Silas even encourages this "tribalism," forcing the different gangs to compete for the scarce resources as a way of enhancing the teaching of Darwin. I've heard of mutant gangs with themes outside Vegas, like the Road Orcs out in California. I guess there is a sense of brotherhood among the Chosen who are twisted in similar ways.

Com o' the Realm

Silas has even established a system of currency for his mutant kingdom. Back in the good old days, each resort had chips emblazoned with a holographic symbol of their casino, color-coded for amount. Silas has encouraged the use of chips from the old Luxor, and the idea has caught on, so much so that the Newtonians have copied the idea and moneychangers have set up shop both inside and outside the maelstrom. "Luxs" will buy you just about anything while in an area claimed by the Mutant King, from a rickshaw ride through town to a fabulous buffet at the Riviera.

The Strip

The Strip, while heavily damaged by the ghost rock bombs on Judgment Day, is still remarkably intact. Maybe it has something to do with the weird metaphysics of the whole G-R bomb thing. I've heard pilgrims describe buildings still standing in other blasted cities that should have been destroyed, like the Space Needle in Seattle. More likely, I guess it's because the bomb detonated underground. It's beyond me. Suffice it to say that while it's not as pretty as it was before Judgment Day, a veteran gambler could still find his way around the Strip.

The Strip itself has been mostly cleared of debris. Vehicular traffic except for electric taxis like mine was banned back in '55, and monorails ran down both the west and east side of the Strip behind the casinos, so there aren't a lot of wrecked cars like you'll see in other ruined cities. These days some entrepreneurial muties have cobbled together rickshaws, which they run up and down the Strip in exchange for food, which makes it nice for those whose mutations have made mobility difficult.

I'll start at the north end of the Strip and work my way down. These aren't all the hotels and casinos from before the War, mind you. There were scores of others, but they were either destroyed or heavily damaged on Judgment Day or they have been torn down to build shanties or repair the resorts that I'll tell you about in the next few minutes.

Stratosphere

The tallest building west of the Mississippi, the Stratosphere also boasted the world's highest roller coaster and a free-fall ride reaching speeds of 45 mph.

Although badly damaged on Judgment Day, Silas took up residence here while awaiting the restoration of the Luxor. Today the tower is home to some of the Cult's Adepts, who use the old Top of the World restaurant as a sanctuary in which to study the mysteries of the Atom.



68

As a crowd draw, the entire hotel including the rides was revamped before the Last War to provide the ultimate in thrill rides. The Stratosphere roller coaster had a nasty reputation for killing its riders due to its literally heart-stopping drop of 909 feet after the redesign, and riders were required to sign waivers before boarding.

Silas has had the ride repaired, and now uses it as a torture device for those who have displeased him. Several loops are usually enough to reduce the hapless captive to a fear-stiffened corpse, although some have survived only to be switched over to the Big Shot. This ride, a free-fall that thrusts up and down the tower at speeds of up to 45 miles per hour, has been adapted for the Cult's use. Now the Adepts repeatedly drop their prisoners until they decide to end the ride by allowing the capsule to smash into the ground.

Sahara

The Sahara was one of the original casinos on the Strip, built way back in 1952, and it underwent many renovations before the Last War. The Moroccan theme was emphasized when it was bought out by a group of North African businessmen in 2060, but the renovations they performed did little to dispel the feeling of shabbiness that the resort had acquired through the years.

The hotel tried to project an image of an adults-only venue, but strangely didn't take down the roller coaster that had been installed around the turn of the century. The price range remained in the upper-moderate range, which also didn't help fill the rooms. It's almost as if the owners didn't really want to make money.

These days the Sahara sits mostly empty, an empty shell around which the rusting remains of the roller coaster twist like a garrote around the neck of a dried corpse. Without a source of available water, the hotel serves mainly as a temporary shelter for new pilgrims when they first come into the city, or as a hiding place for the few people in town who haven't thrown their lot in with the Cult of Doom.



69

Riviera

The Riviera was one of the most expensive casino-hotels on the northern Strip, and prided itself on being an adults-only venue. Going against the attempt to restyle Vegas as a family destination, this resort prided itself on being a throwback to the good old days of the City o' Sin.

Opened in 1955 with a ribbon-cutting ceremony presided over by the famed pianist Liberace, the Riviera had one of the world's largest casinos, as well as a variety of nude shows for both sexes. Room service was complete in every sense of the word. A long-running feature of the resort was "La Cage," a show made up of female impersonators. As the years progressed, the hotel became a gathering spot for those of alternative lifestyles. While the ruling crime families were never known for their tolerance, they realized that the Riviera provided an outlet for some very rich folks to spend money, and turned an otherwise bigoted eye away from the alternative-themed hotel.

After the bombs fell the resort became a haven for those whose exposure to radiation had left them altered sexually. Hermaphrodites, eunuchs, those with missing or altered genitalia, you name it, all sorts of oddities can be found in the halls of the Riviera. These mutants are led by a Cult of Doom Adept named Joan (no, not *that* Joan) who was once the star of La Cage. While everyone here is a follower of the Mutant King, these muties aren't so rabidly aggressive toward outsiders as most of Silas' cultists are (with the exception of those whose mutations have left them with a huge surplus of testosterone or other raging hormones).

All sorts of perverse pleasures can still be found here, as many of the original staff from the hotel remained after Judgment Day and they still practice their original profession. If you're looking for a place to relax in this hellhole, you won't find a better place to get a drink and find some companionship (provided you're not too picky about the appearance of your companion).



70

Circus Circus

Before the Last War, Circus Circus was the place to stay if you had a passel of screaming kids in your family. The resort was set up to take your children off your hands and let the grown-ups go across to the Riviera for a little "adult" entertainment. The circus-tent-shaped casino had a gallery with midway games and rides for youngsters, as well as a water theme park called Grand Slam Canyon on five acres adjoining the Circus Hotel-Casino.

The entertainment park, a takeoff on the Grand Canyon, included 140-foot climbing mountains, a 90-foot Havasupai Falls, and a river. Adventuresome guests could raft down river rapids, plunge over a 50-foot waterfall, fly through the canyon and caverns in a double-loop, corkscrew roller coaster or lounge on beach-rimmed, lagoon-like pools. The entire wholesome family experience was enclosed in a climate-controlled, pink, space-frame dome.

The structure survived Judgment Day well thanks to its location on the west side of the Strip, shielded from the blast by distance and the bulk of the mega-resorts on the east side. The requirements of the water park had prompted the resort management to sink an artesian well below the casino, and this survived the War intact, giving the survivors a supply of fairly clean water.

After coming to power Silas had all the orphans of the city under the age of twelve placed in an orphanage established here. As more and more Grundies began to appear among the youth of the city, they were placed here, where their feral nature could be controlled and their minds molded into the service of the Cult of Doom. A maternity hospital has also been established here, open to anyone who wishes to use the service. Prenatal care is also offered to the expectant mothers. Believe it or not, Silas has managed to find a few doctors among his flock and has placed them in charge of the old resort. The Mutant King touts this as part of his public works system to better the lives of the inhabitants of the ruined city.



71

Circus Circus is off-limits to casual examination. There was a rash of child killings soon after the orphanage was established, and the no-visitors policy was put in place to protect the children. It seems to be working, as no more murders were reported.

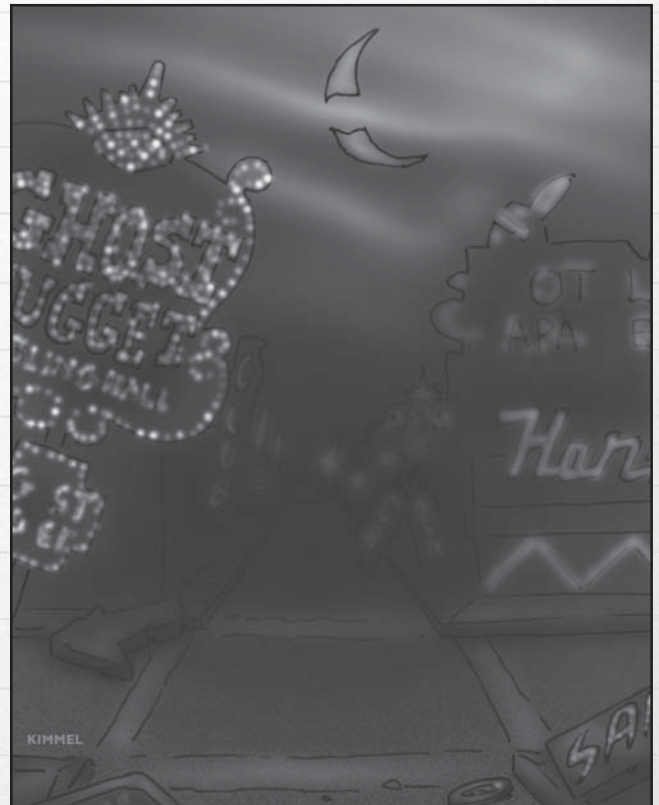
Stardust

The Stardust was another casino that had its origins in the beginning of the Strip in the 1950s. While not one of the mega-resorts that began to crowd out the older casinos in the early 21st

Century, the Stardust did draw its share of fans. This was due to the timeless draw of its longest-running star entertainer, Wayne Newton. Mr. Newton had signed a lifetime contract with the Stardust back around the turn of the century, and no expense was spared to keep him up and about as he continued to fill the showroom year after year. A serious illness knocked him off the stage for



73



The Strip after Judgment Day.

a year, but he came back bigger and better after a convalescence in Salt Lake City. Many of the tabloids reported that he had been replaced by an impersonator, a Dempsey entertainment robot, even a space alien. Some of the more far-out conspiracy nuts even claimed that he had signed a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. Whatever the truth, his adoring public continued to come to Vegas. As a matter of fact, a Wayne Newton convention was in town on Judgment Day, and the 139-year-old "King of Vegas" rallied his fans during the aftermath of the bombing. People flocked to the Stardust as an island of order in the sea of chaos.

Battle Royale

The Stardust became a bastion of civilization in the rubble. Newton was everywhere, rallying the people, organizing food and medical supplies, and opening the resort to the homeless. The Cult of Grendel attempted to shake down the small community in the year after the Big Bang, but the Newtonians, as they called themselves, were organized and armed sufficiently to refuse the Cult's offer. The Stardust's location at the opposite end of the Strip helped their resistance. As crazy as it sounds, word got out of Vegas that Wayne Newton was still alive, and people trekked across the desert to join his community. I guess "fans" is just another four letter word for "nuts."

The coming of Silas and the fall of the Cult of Grendel shook up the fragile power structure in the ruins. Those living in the ruins flocked to the new Messiah, finding solace in his message of evolutionary hope and supremacy. His charisma was almost as strong as Newton's, and many feared that there could be only one "King of Vegas." A year after coming to power, Silas approached the Stardust and asked to speak to Mr. Newton privately. No one knows what was said, but after the meeting Silas announced that Wayne Newton would reign as the King of Vegas under the protection of the Cult of Doom. Since that time the Newtonians have been left alone, with new recruits occasionally arriving to join the retinue of the everlasting star.

**73**

Frontier Hotel

This quiet hotel and casino appealed to the budget-conscious traveler, and its government rates and convenient location to the Convention Center made it the destination of an array of multinational visitors to the City o' Sin. A new casino was being built across from the Frontier on Judgment Day, and the hotel was badly damaged by flying debris from the construction site. The hotel these days stands empty, inhabited only by the trogs that haunt both the Frontier and the Fashion Show Mall next door. Like many of their kind, these trogs are cannibals, and the chewed remains of their victims can often be seen sprawled in the ruins of the buildings.

**74**

Treasure Island

Built in the late Twentieth Century, the 2,900-room Treasure Island drew huge crowds outside its property several times each day. The hotel featured Buccaneer Bay, where a full-scale pirate ship and British frigate engaged in a battle of cannon fire. In the end, the pirates blasted the British and the frigate slowly sank beneath the churning waves. Always on the lookout for ways to increase the bottom line, the hotel management under the control of the Belasario syndicate crime family undertook a half billion-dollar renovation of the casino in 2030.

This renovation moved Buccaneer Bay into the center of the property, hiding it from the view of the nonpaying public along the Strip. The theatrical firearms and actors were replaced with real working muskets and cannon and condemned prisoners. An admission price of \$15 per head was implemented, and increased to \$50 when the waiting list to see these bloody naval battles stretched out to four weeks. Prisoners who survived ten battles were given the choice of freedom or a paying position on their ship. As crazy as it sounds, some of the more rabid prisoners gloried in the bloodletting, and a few stayed beyond their prison terms. The captain of the British frigate, Arthur Gladstone, was one such nut.

When a skull-shaped mushroom cloud rose over east Vegas, the prisoners and guards of Treasure Island found themselves with a nice arsenal of both archaic and modern weapons. They fortified the entrances to the resort and began raiding up and down the Strip for food and slaves. The hotel manager, Vito Belasario, was murdered by Arthur Gladstone, who set himself up as the Captain of this scurvy crew.



76

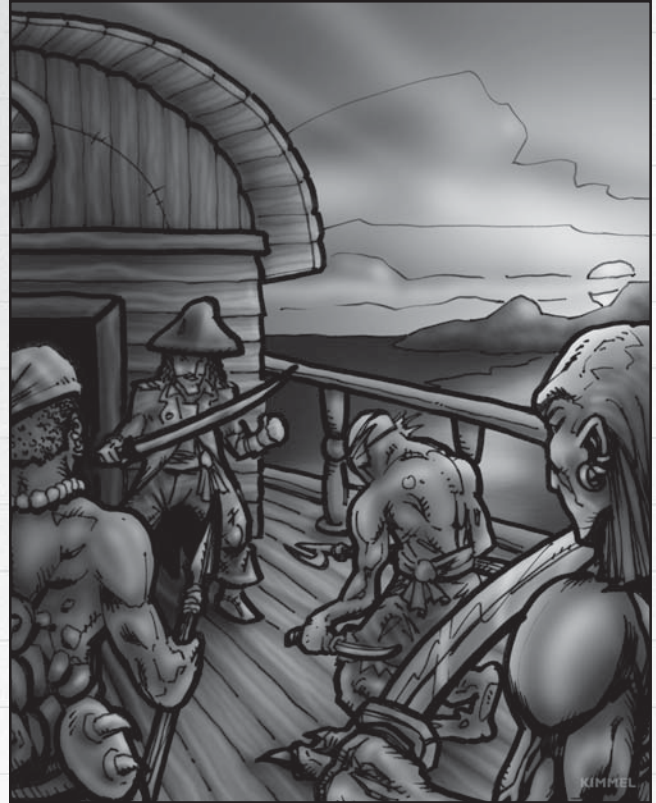
Gladstone was no fool, and when Silas came to power he swore fealty to the Mutant King in return for a measure of autonomy. One of Silas' High Priests was installed as Gladstone's First Mate, and the power arrangement has remained like this through the succession of several pirate captains.

Treasure Island draws its share of weirdos these days. The members of this tribe still duel on the high seas of Buccaneer Bay to keep their skills up, and they all take this piratical persona to heart. Visitors to this hotel had better be prepared to fight at least one duel of honor if they mingle with these desert seadogs.

The Venetian

The old Venetian was one of the premier symbols of the architectural decadence that characterized the City o' Sin. Originally constructed with an interior that resembled the Italian city of Venice, it was complete with everything but the stench of the canals. The whole canal theme was so popular that the hotel was renovated in the 2030s and canals were installed throughout, including many of the guest floors.

A complex elevator mechanism was even designed to allow a gondola rider to cruise from one floor to another through a type of lock system. To provide the thousands of gallons of water needed, the hotel sunk their own artesian well, and placed pumps in the basement that kept the water level constant throughout the system. The cheap bastards that owned the hotel even installed solar panels across the roof to provide free power for this system.



The pirates ready for action.

The structure of the hotel was massively reinforced to accommodate the weight of the canal system during the renovation. The hotel shrugged off the shockwave of the Judgment Day bombing with minimal damage, although some cracks did appear throughout the structure. Leaks can be found in many areas, creating a dank and mildewy environment, but the solar-powered pumps keep the water replenished in the canals on most levels.

Remember earlier how I said that birds of a feather flock together? Well, in the old Venetian hotel it's more like fish of a fin swim within. This resort has become a haven for those poor saps who entered the maelstrom and found their mutation more suited to the waters of the Great Maze than the deserts of the Southwest. Aquatic-oriented muties make use of the canals and pools throughout the Venetian, and a High Priest by the name of Billy Bass ministers to the school of the Blessed of the Atom that swim and crawl through the drowned halls of the Venetian. Bass has some strange ideas from his days as

a game designer before the Last War. The aquatic motif of the flooded halls, with the moldering wallpaper and strings of slime and ferns hanging from the sagging ceilings have led the High Priest to redecorate in a decidedly strange theme. Talk of weird elder gods, drowned cities, and a pilgrimage to the Great Maze are tolerated by Silas as long as his High Priest provides troops for aquatic operations against norm settlements.



76

The Mirage

This huge resort featured a white tiger habitat, a dolphin pool, an elaborate swimming pool and waterfall, and a man-made volcano that belched fire and water. Known as an environmentally friendly resort, the Mirage was devastated when its world famous animal trainers divorced and left Vegas forever. Several environmental groups stepped forward, and donated huge sums of money to revitalize the venue. Special habitats were built for a number of critically endangered species, and the Mirage became known as a world-class zoological park.

When Judgment Day shattered the city many of the animals escaped, either through the destruction of their enclosures or the well-meaning intentions of their keepers. Some of the employees thought it would be better to let the animals fend for themselves, and many of these idiots ended up as dinner for their previous charges.

The Mirage became a haunt for the more animalistic mutants that the city produced. Silas' control of this area was tenuous until a mutant by the name of Jennifer Rivera appeared on the scene. This animalistic mutant had been a rabid Greenpeacer before the War, and had engaged in several acts of eco-terrorism before the world went to Hell. The destruction of the War and her mutations drove her a bit mad, and she had reverted to a feral state when some mutants on their way to Lost Vegas found her. Silas' Taskmasters recognized the potential of this new recruit, and under their critical eye Rivera became a powerful rad-slinger. After the failed assault

on Carson City, Rivera found herself promoted to the inner circle of the Mutant King. He rewarded her loyalty with a fiefdom in the Mirage.

Once ensconced in the ruins, the mutant began restoring the animal habitats, and even recruited some former members of environmental groups by sending envoys to their remote camps. She's very charismatic and persuasive, and many a norm has come willingly into the city to follow her twisted environmental logic. She has incorporated the green robes that the Doomsayers wear into a "Green Movement." If you ask me, those nuts in the Mirage are wackier than most in this city of wackos.

The ruined habitats and overgrown exhibits make many of the more animalistic mutants feel at home, and Rivera has a way with these unfortunates, like a green-robed Doctor Dolittle. The unit that the High Priestess leads is a powerful one indeed, made up as it is of animal-like muties called Moreaus, augmented by huge numbers of trogs.



77

Rio

Originally built by a consortium of Caribbean and Confederate businessmen, Rio touted itself as the ultimate "carnival" experience. An adults-only venue, Rio featured a hectic, crowded, non-stop party with three of the hottest nightspots in a town of hot nightspots. The Voodoo Lounge, Club Rio, and Mambo's all catered to the jaded thrill-seekers who came to the opulent Rio.

For a lucky few, entrance could be gained to the upper floors of the hotel, where rumors of bizarre orgies and even stranger happenings could be neither confirmed nor denied by the press. What was reported, however, was that Rio was partially owned by Dominica Entertainment, a subsidiary of Bayou Vermillion Transportation, Inc.

When the summer heat became too oppressive in New Orleans, the LaCroix family and their entourages would come to the dry heat and air-conditioned comfort of their Lost Vegas getaway.

These days the Rio is a dark place. A palpable aura of fear and horror seems to hang over the area. A Doomie High Priest by the name of Damon Plaguebringer runs the place now, and he doesn't exactly encourage tourism in his part of town. The nightlife in Rio these days consists of screams like tortured banshees that ring out throughout the night. Even the stupidest trogs stay away from this damned place.



77

Caesar's Palace

One of the oldest casinos still standing on the Strip, Caesar's always was famous for hosting boxing and other fighting events, so it was natural that during the renovation frenzy of the mid-twenty-first century the management would build an exact replica of the Coliseum in which condemned criminals could battle it out with animals and each other, although the animal fights were phased out after animal-rights protesters picketed the resort.

This place was fairly decadent, and the higher priced rooms came with their own staffs of slaves and other period servants. Legionnaires and praetorian guards patrolled the halls, while toga-clad waitresses served drinks in the casino.

Today a High Priest by the name of Augustus runs the place, and the muties here are organized along the lines of an idealized Roman Empire. Despite nominally belonging to the Cult of Doom, I've heard heretical whispers that they actually worship something called the Sarlooon. Whatever the truth, as long as their superbly trained legionnaires keep filling the Cult of Doom's ranks Silas can overlook a little heresy.

The Flamingo

The original "carpet-joint" that started it all, the Flamingo prospered for well over one hundred years under the watchful



78

eye of the Siegel family. Bugsy's progeny stayed in the family business, and Benjamin Siegel V was the manager of the Flamingo and defacto mayor of Las Vegas at the time of the Last War.

After the Big Bang, Bugsy based his operations out of the Flamingo as he strove to rebuild the city and bring order to the ruins. His opposition in the Cult of Grendel made their bid for power and attacked his headquarters in the casino late one night. The battle raged into the next afternoon, a contest of firepower versus weird powers, until a mutant named Undertaker brought the building down in a burst of green fire. Bugsy's body was never recovered from the rubble. Undertaker got his a few months later when Silas broke the power of the Cult and set himself up as the new King of Vegas.

The ruined resort sits empty now. Silas had much of the rubble removed to be used in the rebuilding of the Luxor, and his workers found many empty rooms and vaults in some of the sublevels. Those who displease Silas are often



A Flamingo showgirl.

crucified on the grounds to show Silas' contempt for the memory of Bugsy. Some of the bodies mysteriously vanish—proof, some say, that Bugsy's ghost still haunts the area looking for revenge upon the Mutant King.

Bellagio and Paris

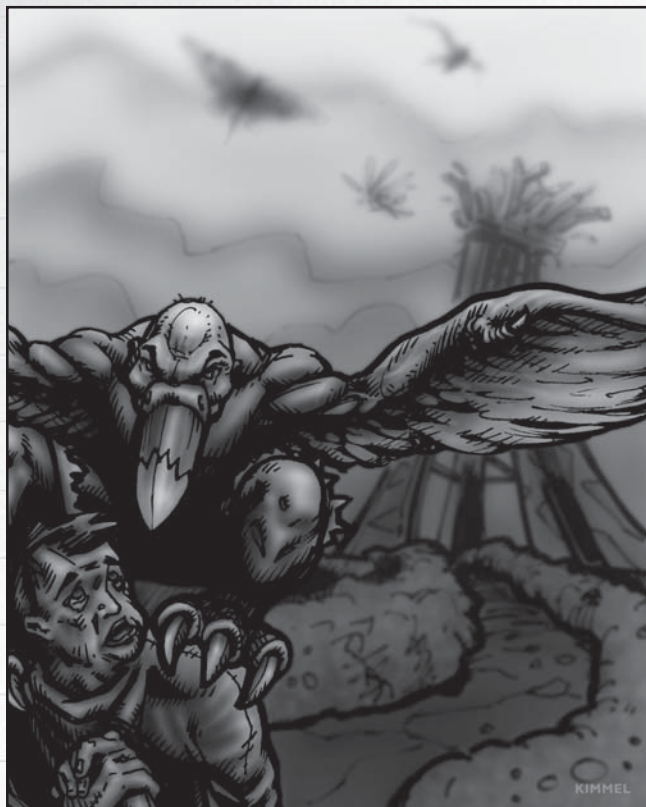
The Bellagio, built around a 10-acre lake complete with an Italian lakeside village, had everything for the upper-scale vacationer, including six swimming pools and a concourse of shops whose price range would bankrupt many Third World countries. Across The Strip from Bellagio was Paris, fronted by replicas of famous French landmarks including a half scale replica of the Eiffel Tower. Both of these resorts towered over the surrounding buildings, so I guess it's no wonder that a tribe of bird-like mutants would take up residence here.

Once best known for its nighttime choreographed water fountain show, the lake is now a source of wealth for its owners. Until Silas completed construction of the Lake

Meade aqueduct, this body of water was the biggest source of the precious liquid on the Strip. Many a mutant died fighting over possession of the lake. The winning tribe, the "Birdbrains," as they are called by some of their jealous neighbors, is one of the richest tribes on the Strip due to the lake in front of the Bellagio.

We Can Fly!

The flying muties that make up the Birdbrains are some of the toughest fighters in Las Vegas, having had their weaklings killed off in the past few years during the incessant water wars. Silas even had to rescind his policy of allowing the internecine warfare, due to the heavy losses his subjects were taking over the water rights. Three years ago he granted the Bellagio and Paris to Falco, the leader of the winged mutants. Silas even encourages large families amongst the tribesmen, hoping that the flying genes breed true. The flyers can be seen at all hours of the day and night, soaring around the resorts and up and down the Strip, practicing their roles as spies and scouts for the Mutant King.



A flying mutie drops in for a bite.

Aladdin

Originally the hotel where Elvis Presley and Priscilla were married, the old Aladdin was torn down at the end of the Twentieth Century and rebuilt along grand lines. The new resort was a monster both physically and architecturally, having enough elevators that the resort bragged that guests were never more than seven doors from an elevator.

In 2041, the casino was sold to a consortium of Arab businessmen, who reemphasized the Middle Eastern theme with a variety of authentic trappings such as furniture, knickknacks, and even palm trees brought from the Arabian Peninsula. After a year of refurbishing and renovation, including the demolition of some sections, and the rebuilding of others, the resort reopened. The staff was even replaced with authentic Arabs, except for some of the entertainers. The Aladdin became a place where any wish would be fulfilled—for the right price. The manager, a guy by the name of Omar Hakul,

catered to the wishes of the Middle Eastern elite, who would come here to escape the harsh rules of their native lands for a week or two, dropping hundreds of thousands of petrodollars during their stay. If a few of the staff died fulfilling their sometimes cruel, sometimes bizarre whims, there were plenty more to take their place.

The Wiz

After Judgment Day, Hakul rallied his staff, and they barricaded themselves within the bizarre architecture of the Aladdin, expelling anyone not of Middle Eastern origin. A few assaults by the tattered survivors from other resorts shortly after the Big Bang were met with a hail of gunfire and strange powers. It seems that old Hakul was one of the first to learn the secrets of the Atom. He never did make a bid for power, though, and when Silas was declared the Mutant King, Hakul was quick to offer his services to him. I've heard that it was Hakul who taught the Cult how to make spook juice as well as a variety of other useful things. Today Hakul is one of Silas' most trusted advisors, and I've heard that he heads his intelligence organization across the Wastes.

The Aladdin today has been restored to a weird semblance of its pre-War greatness. It actually functions as a hotel/casino of sorts, with rooms available for \$15, food in its restaurants, and even access to the swimming pool complex. The only thing missing is the lights and noise of the slots. I've been in there once, and the nostalgia was overwhelming.

Primate Paradise

Formerly the Monte Carlo, this resort was bought out in 2033 by a coalition of animal rights groups and turned into a preserve for monkeys and apes rescued from laboratories around the world. Derided by its detractors as a high-priced zoo, Primate Paradise allowed visitors to see a variety of species in their natural environment, and even had areas where guests could personally interact with the apes.



78

The primates' origins were as varied as the people who came to see them. Some had been used in research and rescued legally or illegally, some had been bought from zoos, a group had even been used in the Hellstromme space program and were the first earthlings through the Tunnel. As the years passed and attendance began to slip, new investors changed the attractions to include monkey waiters and performers in the casinos, much to the chagrin of the original investors.

A much publicized "revolt" by the apes in 2063, and sporadic attacks on the guests, made occasional headlines in such rags as the *Tombstone Epitaph* and *Confederate Enquirer*, all denied by the resort. The new investors even barred the founding animal rights groups from entering or investigating the living and working conditions of the primates. By the time of Judgment Day, Primate Paradise boasted the world's largest collection of monkeys and apes assembled in one place.

Damn Dirty Apes

The wash of supernatural radiation from the ghost rock bomb hit the monkeys and apes as hard as it hit anyone else in the city on Judgment Day. Twisted by the vagaries of the Atom, some of these poor creatures gained a semblance of sentience, with some even becoming capable of speech.

Led by a gorilla calling himself Napoleon, the primates banded together and took over the ruins of the resort. At first Napoleon and his followers waged a—pardon the pun—guerilla war on the human survivors of the city, retreating to the upper levels of the resorts when the Mob and later the Cult of Doom made things too hot for them. They proved adept and vicious fighters, able to take on men six times their weight. Soon the resort and surrounding hotels became known as the Jungle. They even charged a toll to people moving up and down the Strip. Recently, however, Silas met with the gorilla general and formed an alliance. An adept I gave a ride to a few weeks ago boasted that Napoleon's forces would be joining the Cult when Silas next marches out of Vegas to wage war on the norms.

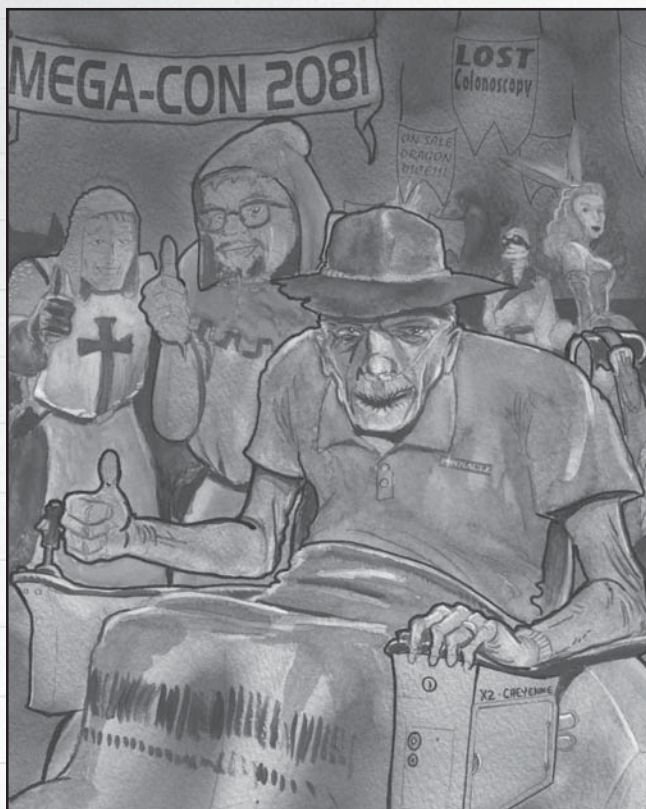


81

New York=New York

New York, New York was built to highlight the best the "Big Apple" had to offer. The property's skyline featured replicas of such New York City landmarks as the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building, and even had a roller coaster that ran around the landmarks and into the hotel. Rumor had it that some of the original buildings were shipped here and rebuilt after the cultist terrorist bombings of 2070 reduced much of the real city to rubble.

Packed full of theaters, shops, and casinos, the place was so massive, so maze-like, and filled with so many people that many visitors felt like they were actually Back East. And like the real Big Apple, the resort seemed to draw its share of "unique" people, even after the Last War. Maybe it gave all those Easterners a sort of psychic anchor in the chaos, a little piece of home. Or maybe the one third scale Statue of Liberty still standing drew in the wretched refuse from the ruins.



Shawn Hanson, Gaming God of the Excalibur Knights

Whatever it was, NY-NY's ruins these days are the unofficial looney-bin of the Cult of Doom. All sorts of crazies haunt the halls of the hotel. Delusionals, paranoids, gamers from Excalibur who have slipped over the edge, you name the psychosis or syndrome and you'll find it here. I've seen everyone from Napoleon to Caesar to Elvis to Lady Godiva on the balconies of the rooms facing the Strip. A High Priest called Gonzo runs New York, New York. A former psychologist whose mutations allow him to project a sense of calm, he ministers to "The Lost," as unfortunates are called. He keeps the loonies fed and looked after. He marshals them for exercises in preparation for the Cleansing, when the Chosen will sweep the norms into the dustbin of evolution.



81

MGM Grand

The largest resort hotel in the world, the MGM Grand highlighted the Movie Town image of this famous studio. The resort boasted a 33-acre theme park as the center piece, complimenting the 5,005-rooms, a 171,500-square-foot casino, 12 theme restaurants, a 1,700-seat production showroom, a 630-seat production theater, three swimming pools, five tennis courts, a child care center and a 215,000-square-foot, 15,200-seat special events arena for concerts, sporting events and exhibitions. This place was so monstrous that the staff was assigned to specific areas, and I don't know anyone who actually knew their way around the whole place. Since the Last War, the MGM Grand was jokingly referred to as the Roach Motel, because people went in but they didn't come out. It didn't help that it was right next to the Tropicana, with all of that hotel's badness within easy walking, slithering, or crawling distance.

Since the Cult of Doom has come to power, Silas and his minions have converted the immense structure into a deadly maze into which are thrown fledgling Doomsayers. The huge lion's head that formed the main entrance has been resculpted into a grotesque caricature of Silas' head, and entry is through



82

his open mouth. Those who survive at least 24 hours and make it out are inducted into the Cult with the full privileges of a green robe. Those who don't make it out become monster food for whatever lurks inside.

Excalibur

The Excalibur, a 4,000-room colossus, opened late in the 20th Century and underwent several face-lifts as the tastes of the public changed over time. Originally some floors were devoted solely to non-gambling entertainment for children and the young at heart, with court jesters performing in public areas and a showroom featuring jousting on horseback by knights of King Arthur's court.

As the years passed, entertainment robots from Dempsey World were brought in, designed to look like goblins, ghouls, and other medieval fantasy creatures. For a higher admission fee, a guest could even take on a persona and kill these creatures with sword or bow as they met them in designated areas of the resort. For the more sedentary, bloodsport jousting replaced the actors of King Arthur's Court. Here in the bowels of the hotel a guest could sit back, eat a medieval-themed dinner, and watch the blood and limbs fly. The Excalibur became a popular site for gaming conventions with the introduction of these improvements.

Knights o' the Round Table

Judgment Day occurred during the week-long extravaganza known as Mega-con, the world's biggest gathering of science fiction and fantasy fans and gamers of all sorts. While many of the 30,000 fans died in the bombing and chaos that followed, enough survived to form the core of a group that decided to put their gaming experience to good use. Led by Mega-con's Guest of Honor, the wheelchair-bound 112-year-old godfather of gaming Shawn Hanson, these societal outcasts formed a group modeled on a variety of fantasy and sci-fi novels. Those who wouldn't follow the group or whose minds cracked under the strain of post-apocalyptic life were banished to New York, New York. "The Knights," as they called

themselves, took the armor and weapons from the resort, and the many swordsmiths and armorers from the exhibition hall proved their worth by equipping the ranks of the gamers with weapons.

By the time Silas arrived on the scene the Knights had conquered or absorbed many of the mutants living on the south end of the Strip, and had managed to stay aloof from the Cult of Grendel. When Silas proved his power and began offering to teach it, many of the less physically endowed Knights became "wizards," learning the ways of the Atom and dressing in star and symbol-covered green robes with pointy hats. Years of exposure to the Glow have mutated most of the original survivors to one extent or another, and after the death of their Gamemaster in 2083 most of the Knights joined the ranks of the Mutie King. They provide a well-trained, well-armed force that acts with surprising chivalry on the field of battle.

Tropicana

Once known for its lush tropical stylings, including birds and wildlife, the Tropicana suffered under a number of indifferent managements before a new theme was hit upon. By the turn of the century much of the hotel was fairly shabby, the main draw being the cheap price of its rooms and the extensive pool area. This all changed in 2057 when Vanessa Entertainment bought out the Tropicana and renovated the hotel, again giving it the look and feel of a tropical paradise. This paradise, however, was like nothing on Earth. The plants and animals that filled the arboretum and grounds of the Tropicana were almost all imported from Banshee, and the gimmick was an overnight success. By 2061 the hotel was the highest grossing property on the Strip, and held this position for the next 20 years until Judgment Day ended the tourist trade for good.

Welcome to the Jungle

The maelstrom seemed to hit the Tropicana especially hard. The plants mutated into fearsome shapes, and a kudzu-like plant soon



82

covered much of the building—inside and out. Adventurous scavvies who went in didn't come out.



82

Soon after Judgment Day some *thing* began coming out of the Trop at night and carrying people away. Sometimes it would stop to snack on its groceries, and leave a nice blood trail back into the

overgrown resort. Sometimes others would just vanish without a trace. Even the most heavily barricaded hovels in the ruins weren't proof against this nocturnal stalker. Fear began to rule the city instead of the Mob. Finally Bugsy gathered up some of his toughest enforcers, armed them with the best weapons in his arsenal, and sent them in. Everything was quiet for the next hour until one of their heads came rolling out of the main entrance.

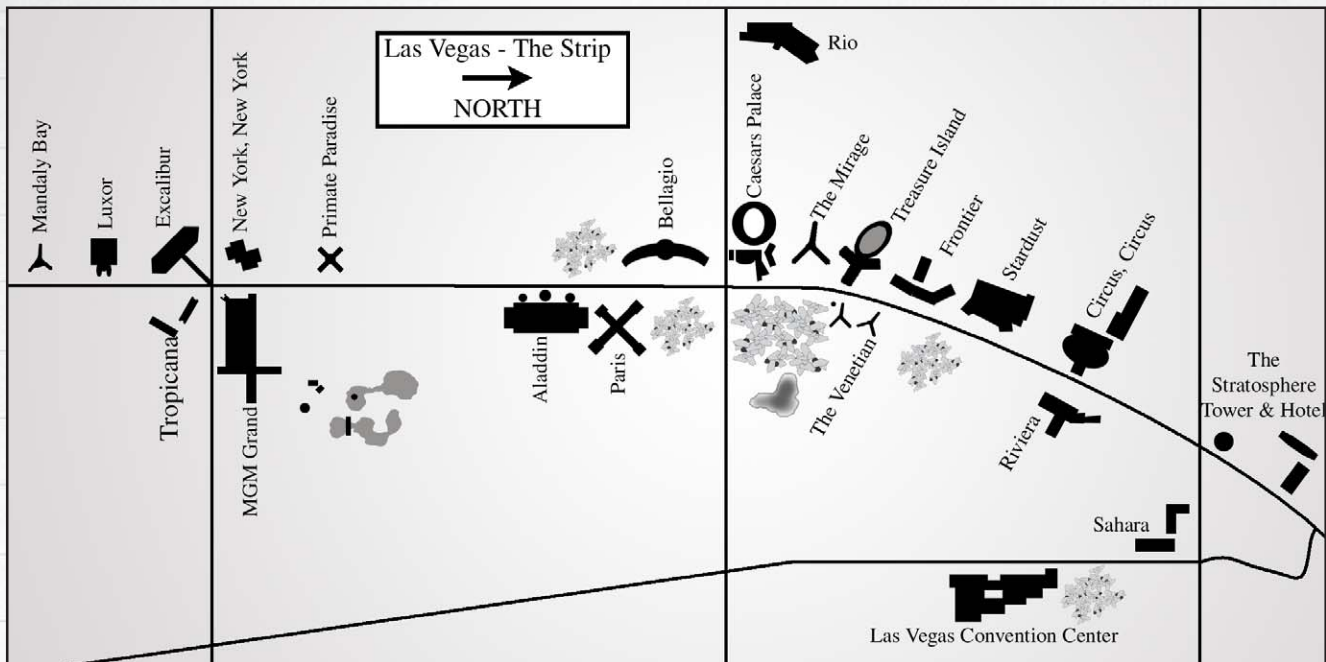
After this failed attempt, the Mob began staking people outside, and the rest, as they say, is history. This practice led to the rise of the Cult of Grendel, and Bugsy's fall from power. It was here that Silas met and defeated Grendel, emerging with the creature's head a week after assuming the role of Mutant King. The ruins were declared off-limits for fear of generating another Grendel, but despite this

edict occasional attacks still occur at night that have all the telltale signs of the creature. Due to their infrequency, though, Silas has refused to investigate, blaming the attacks on norms, rebels, or whoever he happens to hate most at the moment.

Luxor

This 2,526-room, pyramid-shaped resort was regarded as a modern marvel of the 21st Century, behind the Vanessa Hellstromme Memorial Skydome in Salt Lake City. The Luxor was linked to the Excalibur by monorail, and as its name implies, featured an Egyptian theme.

The original and subsequent owners spared no expense making the guests feel as if they were in ancient times. The Luxor features a full-scale reproduction of King Tut's Tomb, along with statuary brought (some would say looted) from sites along the Nile. The world's most powerful beam of light shone from the top of the pyramid, visible to planes hundreds of miles away coming in for a landing in Lost Angels, and could be seen from orbit on Manassas Station and Sherman Orbital. The smaller sphinxes lining the entryway were



The Las Vegas Strip

actually real statues brought from the Valley of the Kings. Authentic mummies filled display cases throughout the resort.



83

Shortly after he took power, Silas decreed that such a mighty structure was fit for a Mutant King. He had hordes of slaves toil day and night to repair the damage sustained on Judgment Day. He even rounded up a mutant bodyguard composed of muties who looked like figures from Egyptian mythology, calling them his Pantheon Guard. The bird-like leader of a splinter mutant group up north was actually one of these guards. He was intended to play the role of Horus before he, pardon the expression, flew the coop to start his own group.

Silas spends most of his time in the Luxor. Entry is restricted to High Priests, Adepts, and a small inner circle. For public spectacles and speeches, a stage is usually erected in front of the Great Sphinx at the entrance to the pyramid.

Mandalay Bay

Located at the extreme southern end of the Strip, this resort was actually two hotels in one, with the exclusive Four Seasons occupying the top five floors of Mandalay Bay. Extensive gardens surrounded the resort and the pool area featured a huge wave pool.

One nice thing about Mandalay Bay was management's policy of providing space in one wing for homeless people. This shelter gave down-on-their-luck people a place to shower, rest, and get back on their feet. While not exactly in the middle of the rest of the hotel, it was still a nice gesture in a city that too often swallowed without a trace those who found themselves in desperate straits.

These days the resort is still a study in contrasts. Some of the most luckless muties are allowed to stay here, while many of the Cult of Doom's High Priests and Adepts live in the posh resort. Silas says this mixing of the classes proves the equality of all before the power of the Glow, or some such other touchy-feely b.s.



84

Downtown

There's more to the City o' Sin than just the Strip.

Madame Toussaud's Wax Works

In a Deadland, what could be worse than a building full of wax dummies? Too many cheesy horror movies ingrained the potential terror into the population's collective psyche for the Reckoners to pass this up.

Once located on the Strip proper in one of the major resorts, Madame Toussaud's Wax Works had a falling out with its landlord and moved into the revamped Downtown in 2038 as part of the revitalization effort. It had the largest collection of figures in North America, and depicted not only celebrities but famous historical atrocities, criminals, and other unsavory subjects in their dioramas in a bid to attract an increasingly jaded public.

Some even said that the rumors of dark happenings after hours were spread to keep attendance up. All I know is that people avoided the place after dark, and the Enforcers finally moved in, raiding the place the morning the bombs fell on Judgment Day. The midday news reported the raid was the result of an undercover narcotics sting, but a cabbie friend of mine in the neighborhood said he heard some pretty horrible things over the police radio in his cab.

Today this area is avoided by all but the stupidest troggies. It's said that shadowy shapes move with superhuman speed and silence through the dark, cool hours of the night, leaving bodies in their passing, many with the classic trademark signs of the likes of Jack the Ripper, Charles Manson, and Lizzie Borden and her famous axe.

LV Celebrity General Hospital

By the time of the Last War, Las Vegas was almost as famous for its cosmetic surgery facilities as it was for gambling. People from all over the world came here for relatively cheap nose jobs, liposuction, breast augmentation,



84

and a host of other procedures. If you needed a body part enlarged, reduced, or removed, chances are you could get it done here. Stars from Movie Town generally came to the Las Vegas Celebrity General to be pampered in their "Star Tower," but no one with the right money was turned down.



85

Even before the War there were rumors of strange goings-on in the Hospital, and the stories have intensified since Judgment Day. Silas at first thought to use it as a

hospital for his Cult, but after several patients were found dead under strange circumstances he moved his people out and sent troubleshooters in. When they failed to return he had the place abandoned. Scavengers have gone in from time to time, and some even come back with salvage occasionally, but in general the place is shunned.

Forever U

This facility was built to house the mortal remains of those who were rich or crazy enough to want to be brought back to life when a cure could be found for their cause of death. For a substantial fee Forever U promised to keep the remains frozen and ready for a new lease on life. Celebrities from Star Town became the biggest clients, probably because they disdained the strip mall cryogenic facilities that were so popular among the working class. The place even became a tourist stop on the Vegas tour, with guides eager to point out the not-so-final resting place of a plethora of actors, musicians, and other famous people.

When the bombs fell the swirling supernatural energies awoke these corpses. The more mobile of the former stars disappeared into the wastes and rubble, but many found themselves stuck in the building. It seems that some of the celebrities and elite had been shortchanged, so to speak, and had only been frozen as a head. You think some of those people were a pain in the ass alive, you should see them minus most of their good parts!



86

Scavvies eventually discovered the heads, locked up screaming in their cryo-tubes. Some were destroyed outright, but others were allowed to "live." A tribe of older muties called the Numbskulls has taken up residence in the ruins of the facility, and actually ministers to the heads. It seems that stardom has extended beyond the grave, and a passing junker even fixed some up with mobility platforms. They even put on shows, with some of the former stars singing and giving dramatic readings for a fee.

As crazy as it sounds, people pay good money to see some of these freaks, and the Numbskulls are one of the richer bands in the city. I went to one of the shows once. The sight of the bodyless cast of *Four's a Crowd* putting on a performance was just too much to bear!

Siegel Station

A monument to gaudy bad taste, this eastern terminus of the Lost Angels-Las Vegas high speed mag-lev train was built in 2010. A towering edifice built in the Neoclassical style, it was expanded in 2050 when service was extended to the North and South, its sprawling halls display a bewildering array of styles to reflect the themes of the various casinos along the Strip. Genuine Egyptian artifacts sat in cases next to Parisian gargoyles and Venetian gondolas. There were even live animals on display from the Mirage and MGM Grand's habitats.

The station suffered minor damage in the bombing, but has been looted by some of the city's inhabitants. Now many of the showcases stand empty, and dust and cobwebs fill the once brightly lit specialty boutiques. Outcasts from the Cult of Doom hide out here, along with the occasional newcomer to the city from the rail line. These scavvies are pretty brutal, fighting over the smallest scraps of food, and I wouldn't recommend going there if at all possible.

With power out, the mag-lev line can't be used as designed, but some scavvies have rigged up solar or sail-powered rail cars to travel between Las Vegas and the Great Maze. Most of the line is intact, although stranded trains from Judgment Day block the tracks in several places.

Greater Vegas

The area surrounding The Strip and Downtown is generally referred to as Greater Vegas. Before the War, this area housed the hundreds of thousands of peons like myself who worked in the casinos and resorts and generally kept the city running.

There's not much left there now, especially on the east side of town where the bomb landed. The west side is mostly warehouses and light industry that stand abandoned and forgotten by Silas and his followers. During the day, some scavenging parties of muties can be found here, both Doomies and nonaffiliated mutants.

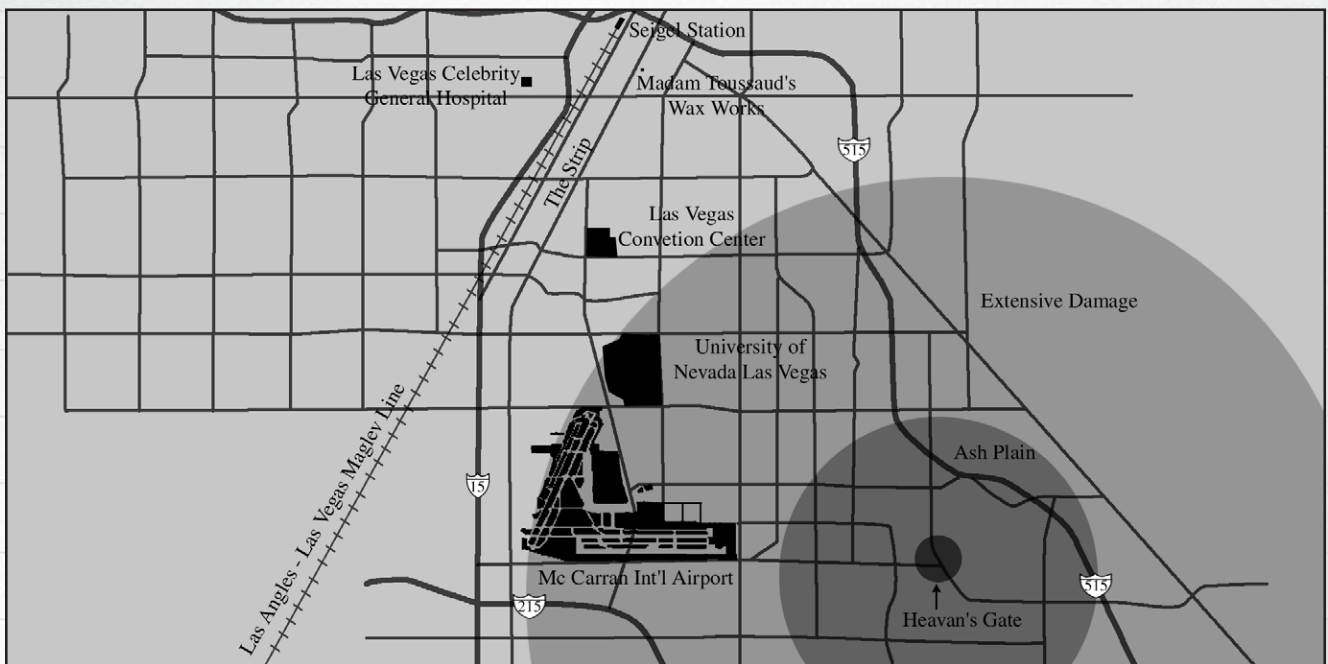
When the sun goes down, though, all sorts of things come out from under the rocks that they hide beneath and make the rubble their own. Silas' cleansing policies to make the Strip safe for his people don't extend more than a few hundred yards off the Strip. As a result, the creatures which haunt this Deadland have learned to live in the surrounding ruins. They forage at night among the dim lights of the resorts for tasty mutie-snacks like some sort of nightmarish raccoons.

Heaven's Gate

The impact crater of the nuke that fell on Vegas, this site is the holiest of holies for the Cult of Doom. As its name implies, Silas' teachings tell that this is a conduit to Heaven from whence comes the holy Glow that began the rise of Darwin's Chosen. All Doomsayers who pass the initiation test at the MGM Grand are brought through the blasted zone to the crater, where they are inducted into the ranks of the Doomsayers and receive their green robes. I guess Silas' talk about the benevolence of the Glow has some truth to it, because those that go to ground zero don't mutate like they used to, although it's still not a place I would picnic.

LV Convention Center

This huge silver-domed structure has over 1.6-million-square-feet of exhibit space, and it was the largest single-level facility in the world before the Last War. Lightly damaged by the ghost rock bomb strike, today this gargantuan building acts as a vehicle depot for the Cult of Doom. Silas has any vehicles brought into the city by missionaries taken here, where they are refurbished, repaired, and



Caption for illo goes here.

stored. I hear he's got hundreds of vehicles there, ranging from Specks to tractor-trailers. Along with the spook juice made at the U of LV, I guess he's planning on motorizing his mutant forces if he ever makes a move against Carson City or the outside world again (troggs may be tough, but they're not particularly quick on their feet).

University of Las Vegas

The major center of higher learning in the City o' Sin, ULV was heavily damaged on Judgment Day, with over 80% of its buildings destroyed. When Silas came to power he had much of the rubble cleared, and declared that it was fit ground to train his new legions of Doomsayers in the mysteries of the Atom. Unfortunately for the norms of the wasted West, the chemistry and physics buildings survived the destruction more or less intact, including the small nuclear reactor in the basement of the physics building. It is in these buildings that Silas has his more learned Adepts work to make spook juice, irradiated spook juice, and the elixir of change used by his mutant hordes.

After new Initiates are run through their paces here by the Taskmasters under the stern gaze of High Priest Adolph Zane, they are sent through their rites of passage in the MGM Grand.

Beyond the Maelstrom

Although I don't go outside the ghost rock storm very often, I still give rides to people who do, and I've heard of a few places outside the maelstrom that a visitor to the old City o' Sin might be interested in.

There is a sizable mutie population camped outside of the maelstrom proper. Many of them are newcomers to the area, people converted by Silas' missionaries who have come to join the Cult of Doom. While most missionaries have instructions to convert the blessed of the Atom in their home settlements, the most promising students and those with needed skills are sent back to the city for the greater glory of the Mutant King and his Cult. These

encampments vary in size and permanence, but many an entrepreneurial mutant has set himself up to provide for the needs of these newcomers.

The Farms

With the demise of civilization, Vegas lost its only source of food—the outside world. The mutants scrounging through the ruins began to exhaust what little packaged food remained, and one of Silas' first steps towards consolidating power was to establish a series of farms on the many golf courses and country clubs that dotted the metro area.

These satellite farms outside the maelstrom don't have problems with the creatures typical to the Deadland, and the food seems to grow much better outside the maelstrom. Places such as Rhodes Ranch, Spanish Trail, Canyon Gate, Angel Park, and many others now support the Cult of Doom with crops grown in their fertile soil. The importance of this can be seen in that Silas has even appointed a High Priest to be in charge of waste pickup up and down the Strip. These "honey wagons" transport night soil out through the maelstrom to fertilize the fields where tycoons once played golf.

North Las Vegas Air Terminal

Recently the Cult has begun to clear the debris away from the old freight terminal to the northwest of the maelstrom. Before the Big Bang the NLVAT served as a major shipping point for incoming goods from across the world for such firms as Union Express and Confed Parcel Service, as well as being the receiving terminal for the condemned criminals that poured into Vegas on their way to places like Treasure Island and Caesar's. Accidently struck by a Southern cruise missile during the Last War, the runways and structures took almost no damage on Judgment Day, being well outside the blast radius of the bomb. Why Silas is interested in this airport is a mystery known only to his inner circle, but it does not seem to bode well for those living outside of the City o' Sin.



87



87

The Resistance

While I've never personally met anyone who claimed to be a member of the Resistance, I do hear a lot of things that go on in this city. My sources tell me that the Resistance is split into several factions, each claiming to be the true opposition to Silas.

On one hand, the original Cult of Grendel that Silas smashed to become the Mutant King is still around, although nowhere near as powerful without the threat of their nocturnal terror to hold the populace in check. This group is mainly made up of a bunch of muties who learned to harness the power of the Atom without the quasi-religious trappings that Silas attached to them. Basically these guys would like to take over and rule the ruins in the Prophet's stead.

Another group is made up of norms and mutants who were part of the mobs' organizations before the Last War. They are led by a shadowy figure called "The Don." They would like a return to the way the city was run before Judgment Day and the coming of the Cult of Doom. This was the original Resistance, formed to free the city from the Cult of Grendel, and is probably the most legitimate of the factions.

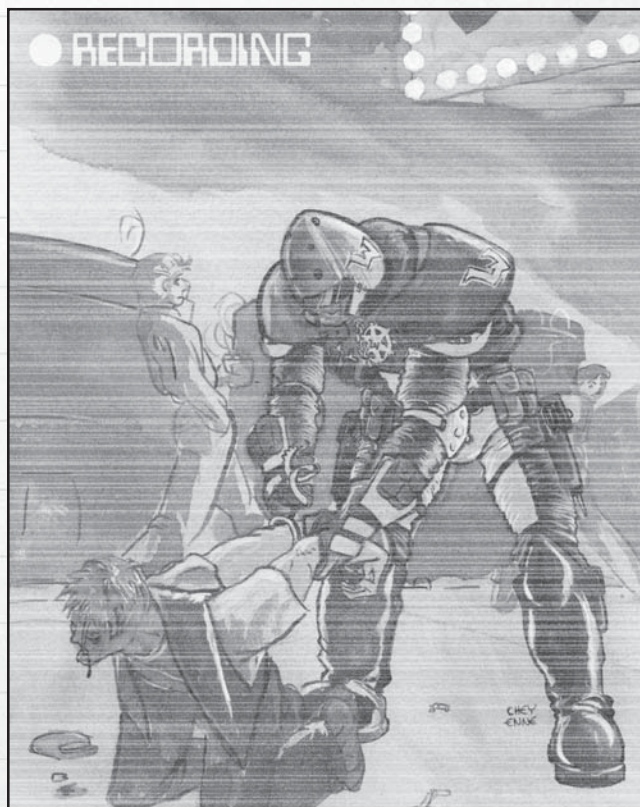
A third, much smaller group is composed of Enforcers from the old Las Vegas Police Department. Led by the top cop Enforcer Sledge, this bunch probably doesn't number more than a couple of dozen, and mutants and wielders of the Glow are not welcome. In fact, they would like to see a mutie-free Vegas. As you can probably guess, this group is mainly active in the outer ruins outside the maelstrom, although I've heard rumors that they have a hideout on or near the Strip. I think the arbitrary form of Silas' rule and his refusal to codify any laws is what really sets Sledge off and encourages him to continue his campaign to dethrone the mutant King.

Although small in numbers, the Enforcers weapons, training and discipline allow them to hold their own in encounters with Silas' minions. They also know the city like the back of their hands and can avoid a fight when they need to. Rumor has it that they use old tunnels constructed for their use before the War.

Environs of Lost Vegas

Officially, the Independent City of Las Vegas encompassed 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.

Like I said before, I don't do much traveling outside of the maelstrom, but I talk to a lot of people who do. They've clued me in on a number of places of interest in the territory that once belonged to the city.



Footage from a security camera of the LUPD busting a perp.

Boulder City/Boulder Dam

Built between 1931 and 1936 as a joint project between the North and the South to control flooding along the Colorado River and supply electricity to the Southwest US and CS, the Boulder Dam was called one of the Seven Wonders of the modern world. A massive curved wall, 660 feet thick at the base and 45 feet thick at the top, the dam stands 726 feet tall and holds back 9.2 trillion gallons of water in Lake Mead. The dam supplied power to Arizona, Nevada, and a variety of cities in the Maze. The multinational staff was housed in an elaborate complex tunneled into the walls of the canyon, since daytime temperatures at the dam often rose to 125° F.



One of the biggest tourist attractions associated with Vegas, tales of ghostly sightings of the nine men killed during construction of the Dam

87

continued until the Last War. An attempt by cultists to destroy the Dam as part of a millennium plot at the turn of the century resulted in restricted entry to the bowels of the Dam, where many of these ghostly sightings occurred, although tourism at the dam still flourished.

Neither side took any action around Boulder Dam during the War, for fear of damaging this huge structure and its electrical generating and flood control capability. The employees, a mixed crew of Northerners and Southerners under the command of a Virginian by the name of Melody Olinger, decided to stay at their posts when the Last War broke out. Having worked and lived at the Dam for years, they realized that the Dam would be more important to the two countries when the War finally ended than any sense of nationalism any of them had. Electricity was supplied to both sides up until Judgment Day and beyond. Once the bombs fell Olinger sent the Dam's security forces into Boulder City to round up all the weapons they could find. The Union garrison commander in the town, Colonel Robert Weir, also realized the importance of the Dam to the rebuilding of civilization, and struck a deal with the Dam management to provide protection in return for power and access across the river.

When Silas came to power the enclave at Boulder City and the Boulder Dam were the first targets of his evolutionary crusade. In 2084 Silas led his Cult to the east and their first step in their crusade to rid the world of its old masters. The waves of mutants managed to overwhelm the town, but were unable to force their way through the rough terrain surrounding the Dam itself. The military hardware made the norm positions a tough nut to crack, and an envoy sent to the Mutant King threatened the destruction of the dam if the attacks continued. A truce of sorts was reached, and power has even been sent to the city as a form of tribute. This is an uneasy peace, and each side prepares for the day when the assault will be renewed.

Silas has founded a peaceful fishing village on Lake Meade called, appropriately enough, Silasville. This settlement not only provides a home for those whose mutations tend toward the aquatic but it also supplies Vegas with a source of food. Fish are dried and sent to the ruins to help sustain the Mutant King's growing population of followers.

Davis Dam

The Davis Dam and Powerplant facility was constructed by the Confederate Bureau of Reclamation in Pyramid Canyon, 67 miles downstream from Hoover Dam. The site is about 10 miles north of the point where Arizona, Las Vegas and SoCal meet, and approximately 2 miles upstream from the remains of Laughlin.

The dam was named in 1941 in honor of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, who led the South to independence from the United States in the First Civil War. Completed in 1953, Davis Dam was an earth and rock-fill embankment with a concrete spillway, gravity structure, intake structure, and electrical powerplant.

Located on the Arizona side of the river, the Davis Dam Powerplant was immediately downstream from the dam embankment. The powerplant added substantially to the Colorado River hydroelectric energy pool by generating 1 to 2 billion kilowatt-hours annually, the power being supplied solely to the Confederacy's

Southwest to turn the wheels of industry and pump water from wells to irrigate farmlands and water livestock.

While the Dam was garrisoned during the Last War to prevent Northern sabotage, after the bombs fell the garrison withdrew into Arizona. The Davis Dam staff remained behind to keep the powerplant generating for survivors in the area. These brave souls were able to hold off the few roving gangs that attacked the dam with the help of a militia detachment from the survivor settlement of Kingman, Arizona.

Rebuffed at Boulder Dam, Silas turned his battered horde to the south. Marching down International Highway 95, the mutants fell on the lightly garrisoned Davis Dam and massacred the norms to the last man. Using the power of the Atom, Silas shattered the Dam, allowing millions of gallons of water to surge down the Colorado River. The tiny town of Laughlin, a few miles down river, was totally swept away. Survivor settlements in western Arizona and eastern SoCal were plunged into darkness, making them all the more susceptible to the attentions of the Cult of Doom.

Searchlight

A small town founded on a moderate ghost rock strike in the 1800s, the town council of Searchlight tried to go the casino route of Vegas in the mid-1900s. This didn't last long, as the crime families in the city proper put the kibosh on this venture within a few months. A rash of mysterious fires ended the town's aspirations to greatness, and it seemed as if Searchlight was destined to fade into the dust from which it arose.

In 2020 a music star from Back East arrived. Micah Flaxton, the self-proclaimed Prince of Pop, bought the town lock, stock, and barrel and built his own private retreat. Micah was the most successful sibling of a musical family, and the Flaxton family was a staple of the tabloids. Whispered tales of the father making an infernal deal for his family's success, rumors of child abuse, and a reclusive, seldom seen mother all led to a front page story on the Flaxtons when other news of the bizarre

was slow. Micah began his stage career at an early age, and tried with all his might not to grow up, constantly associating himself with child stars even as his own youth and looks faded.

The remains of Searchlight were bulldozed and architects from DempseyWorld brought in to supervise the star's dream home. Named Nevernever Land, the ranch sported an amusement park, a private zoo, and a huge mansion. Flaxton, who had his start as a child star, had a fascination with children, and he opened his estate to poor children from Las Vegas and the surrounding communities.

Disturbing tales in the tabloids told of the star's peculiarities, especially his obsession with youth and the supernatural. When charges of child abuse and even darker allegations surfaced, the celebrity withdrew into his private sanctuary. Despite occasional stories of his purchase of oddities like the Elephant Man's bones, Micah Flaxton had faded into obscurity by the time of the Last War. He had not appeared in public since 2060



A Road Orc on patrol.

at the age of 65, when his bizarrely altered appearance shocked even his most diehard fans.



88

Some scavengers who have been to Nevernever Land in search of salvage have reported seeing lights in some of the buildings, although security robots have driven off their halfhearted

attempts to breach the perimeter.

There's no telling what sorts of strange artifacts might be lying around in this weirdo's fantasyland.

Indian Springs AFB

Situated some 40 miles to the northwest of Las Vegas was one of the US Air Force's biggest installations. Originally founded in World War II as a training base that took advantage of the wide-open spaces and unpopulated wastes of southern Nevada, Indian Springs became the premier center for pilot training for not only fighters and bombers,

but also unmanned aerial vehicles. Its 20 miles of runways and hundreds of hangers, repair shops, and support buildings made it a city unto itself.

While no tactical or strategic forces were stationed at Indian Springs during the Last War, it was struck several times in the conventional phase by cruise missiles, and caught a ghost rock bomb on Judgment Day that landed on the main flightline. I've met a few survivors from the base's population who say that destruction of anything of value was complete. I've also heard rumors within the last few months that a scavenging party was attacked by some sort of security robots. Maybe the base housed some sort of secret facilities whose guardians have finally dug themselves out. Whatever the answer, I'm sure more heavily armed parties will be heading up old International Highway 95 to find out the answer.



90

Reno

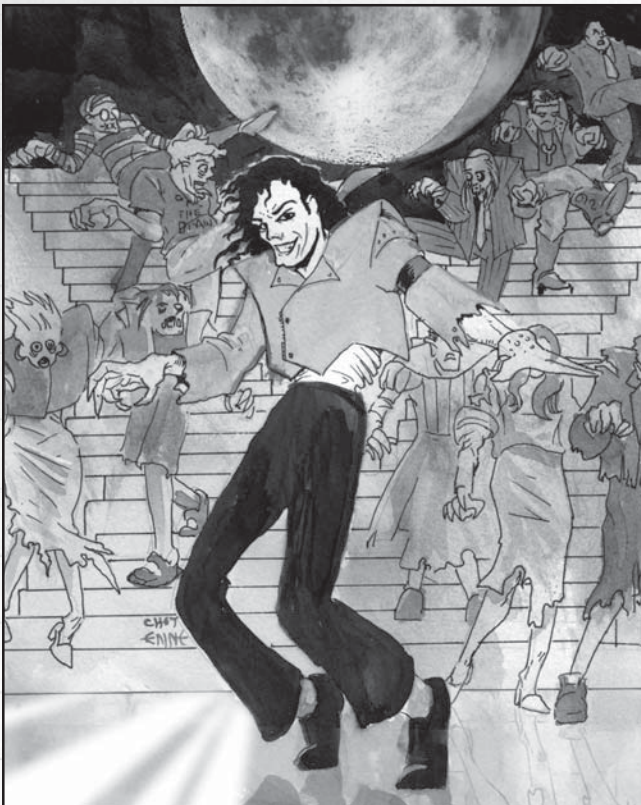
Reno was sometimes called "The Little Vegas" due to the gambling establishments that sprouted up in an attempt to steal business away from the real Las Vegas. Despite the best efforts of the city fathers, however, Reno just couldn't match the glitter and bloodsports that the City o' Sin could offer the jaded thrill seeker. I guess some Confed targeting analyst lost a bunch of money in Reno, because I understand that it received no less than three city-busters on Judgment Day. There's nothing left of the city these days but a glowing sheet of glass surrounded by one of the meanest maelstroms this side of the Mississippi.

Fort 51

There are a few places you just don't go these days. Across the Mississippi, Denver, some places in the Maze, and Fort 51. The post got hit hard both by conventional ghost rock bombs and specially designed



90



Caption for illo goes here.

enhanced-yield devices designed to tunnel hundreds of feet into the earth and detonate below ground level.

Not only do you have to contend with multiple, overlapping maelstroms, but a passel of walkin' dead from the garrison as well as a few warbots whose circuits weren't fried in the explosion. I don't know anyone who claims to have been there and returned, but I've met plenty of people who say they know scavengers who have set off for Fort 51 and never returned.

Yucca Mountain

This huge facility was designed to hold the nuclear waste generated by the United States before the Last War. Built in a salt dome under Yucca Mountain, the US Nuclear Waste Facility (USNWF) consisted of a series of tunnels deep underground in a geologically stable formation. Unimpressive when viewed from the air, the facility had miles of corridors filled with both low- and high-level nuclear and irradiated ghost rock waste.

A plant in the upper levels put the waste through a vitrification process, in which it was encased in molten glass and formed into blocks. These blocks would then be placed in long term storage (say, a thousand years in some cases).

Despite the fears of Confederate and Las Vegas environmentalists, the USNWF never had an accident, but if it did its location would have ensured that any radioactive fallout would have blown south across the border and out of the United States.



92

Shortly after coming to power, Silas incorporated the USNWF into his theology, describing it as a holy site, and requiring a pilgrimage to it at least once in a mutie's lifetime. The Mutant King has a cadre of priests and guards who live permanently at the site, protecting it from any infidels as well as ministering to the needs of pilgrims making the arduous journey.

A small tent city has sprung up near the entrance to the site where pilgrims can rent temporary lodging. A number of enterprising merchants also sell food and equipment to travelers.

New Carson City

Librarian's Note: The following is an interview with Allan Linkous, a minor functionary in the Carson City government.

Welcome to the capital of the great state of Nevada. First settled by whites as a trading post in 1851, by 1861 Carson City became the capital of Nevada Territory. It was retained as the seat of government when Nevada entered the Union as a state.

The growth of Carson City was stimulated by the discovery and subsequent working of the great silver deposits in the nearby Comstock Lode, and later the discovery of ghost rock. Rapidly eclipsing Virginia City, Carson City served as a portal to California for the Denver-Pacific Railroad via the Donner Pass. Besides acting as a seat of government until California stabilized itself with the division between NorCal and SoCal, the city also served as the location of a United States branch mint and a military center. Fort Chamberlain and later Reynolds Air Force Base established a US military presence close to contested California and pumped millions of dollars into the Carson City economy. By the time of the Last War the metro area had a population of 75,000.

The Big Bang

The Last War saw Carson City take a pounding from the air as the Confederacy attempted to disrupt both the government and transportation network. The city survived Judgment Day by the skin of its teeth.

A Confederate MIRV split high in the stratosphere over the doomed city. Its deadly payload arced down, one ghost rock bomb detonating on Fort Chamberlain, just to the north of the city on the shore of Washoe Lake. Another exploded in the main area of Reynolds Air Force Base, home of the 248th Missile Wing, to the south of the city. Bracketed by ghost rock maelstroms to the north and the south, the downtown area of Carson City was struck by the last nuke of the MIRV, the deadly projectile crashing right through the dome of the State Capital building. Miraculously, the bomb did not explode for some reason.

In the days that followed Judgment Day, most people fled Carson City for the surrounding small communities for fear of the unexploded ordnance in the city center. This caused a variety of problems as people overwhelmed the capability of these towns, and fighting broke out in several instances. Over the next few weeks, people trickled back into Carson City. A ghost rock bomb technician from Reynolds examined the bomb and declared it safe, and soon a small group of people began to call the bomb a holy object, a miracle, and the savior of the city.

Rebuilding

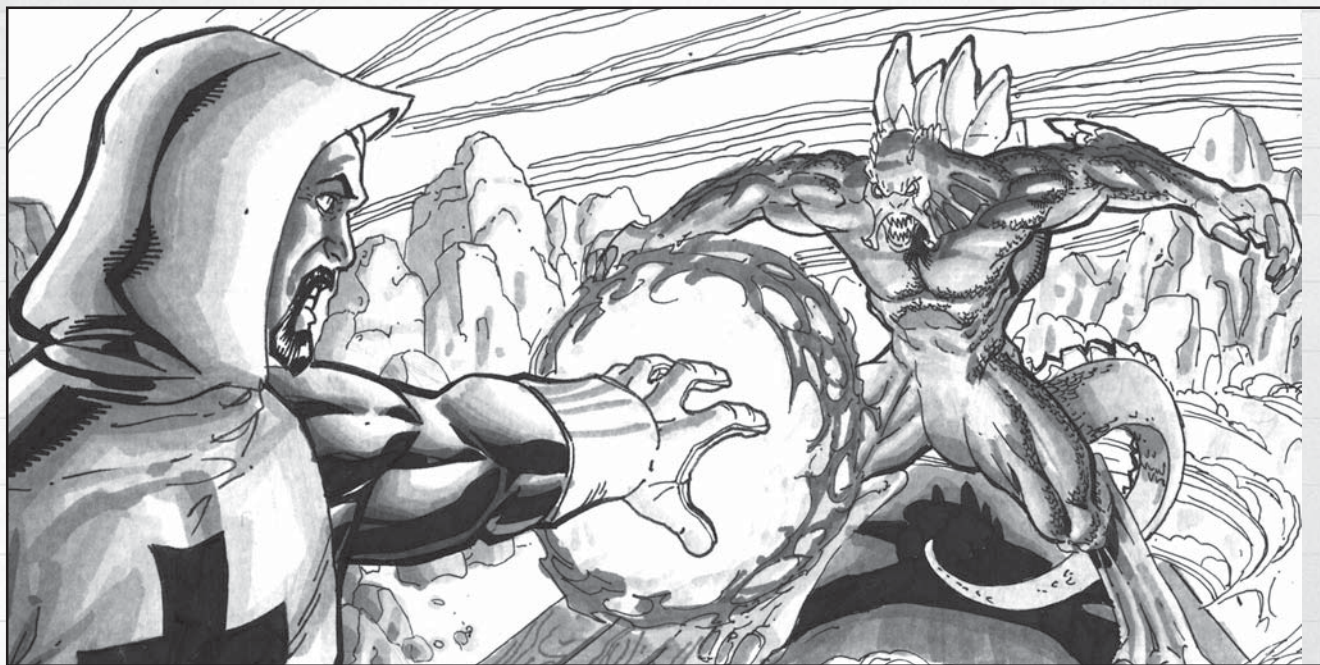
Despite assurances of safety, the majority of the population of Carson City elected to rebuild the town in the southern suburbs, abandoning the Downtown and its slumbering ghost rock demon.

Before the Last War the city was known for its golf courses, and it was to these that people moved for the easily farmed land. Two country clubs and their golf courses to the east of the city formed the basis of New Carson City, with a militia formed from military personnel who had escaped the holocausts at Chamberlain and Reynolds.

Since many of their comrades had been mutated by the energies of the bombs' detonations, mutants were accepted from the beginning in the city. This acceptance was made law since the first mayor of the newly founded city, Colonel Chuck Tedder. Tedder made sure that his fellow servicemen and women were taken care of. A sizable mixed normal and mutant population lived downtown, followers of a charismatic preacher by the name of the Deacon. These nuts actually believed that the unexploded bomb was an earthly manifestation of the Messiah, and came to call themselves the Fellowship of MIRV.

Silas Comes Knocking

Carson City was just getting back on its feet when the Cult of Doom appeared out of nowhere and destroyed Virginia City. Thankfully the country clubs that formed the basis of the new settlement had catered to the Movie Town elite before the War, and were well fortified to keep out the riff raff. We had also added in our own barricades when we tied the two sites together. A call went out to neighboring towns, carried by a charismatic wanderer by the name of Teller, and soon



Silas takes on Grendel.

militia troops, road gangs, and even the mutants from the Fellowship downtown swelled our ranks. By the time that Silas attacked, we were ready for the attack, and we sent the Mutant King and his lackeys home with their tails between their legs (literally in some cases).

Gem of the Sierras

As things stand today, Carson City is the largest survivor settlement in the area with a population of 3,500, and acts as a center of power for the surrounding smaller communities. Mutants and normals live in relative harmony, and the town celebrates this brotherhood by commemorating the defeat of the Cult of Doom each year as a joyous public holiday.

The City

The following is a brief description of the places of interest for wasters wishing to visit Carson City. Carson City is divided into New Carson City (usually just called Carson City) and Downtown.

The city actually has a limited central power grid, courtesy of Bigelow's Produce. The main part of New Carson City consists of the enormous clubhouse that once housed the Eagle Valley Country Club. It is here that the town government and upper class works and lives. The rest of the town is scattered throughout the bungalows and support buildings that surround the clubhouse and the neighboring Empire Ranch Country Club.

A 10' tall adobe wall pierced by six gates surrounds the buildings. The town center is surrounded by several golf courses that have been transformed into pasture for the town dairy herd and the ever-present flocks of sheep and goats. During the day the gates are open and guarded by four guards armed with hunting rifles. The streets have a mixture of internal combustion vehicles and animal drawn conveyances, and a fair number of people move through the streets. All in all, this seems to be a fairly bustling trade ville. Buildings listed with an * are electrified.



92

Jose's Cantina

This cantina is the source of most of the populace's entertainment. Occupying the Olympic poolhouse, this three-story building serves as both a bar and hotel for the working folk of the community. Julio Ramez and his wife Ana run it. Tequila is readily available for \$4/shot, and local beer goes for \$1/glass (sorry, no bottles). Relatively clean rooms and food are also available, for \$10 and \$7 respectively.

The 18th Hole*

This bar located at the old clubhouse is usually frequented by the town's upper class, along with many of the scavengers who have struck it rich in the surrounding ruins. Hopkins the barkeep runs a respectable establishment with prices to match: beer \$5/bottle, whiskey \$7/shot, meals \$15 (meat included). Most of the important people in town can be found here after dark. A casino in back allows the posse an alternate way to lose their money.

Garage*

Carson City actually has a fair number of vehicles present, and the Parkinson brothers do an admirable job at repairing and renovating rides out of the old grounds keepers' motor pool.

Doc Martin's*

Dr. Henry Martin runs this clinic, the local equivalent of a hospital. Doc Martin is supposedly a real pre-War doctor, and does a good job despite the lizard-like tail he's got. Mutants like him do wonders for norm-mutant relations here in Carson City.

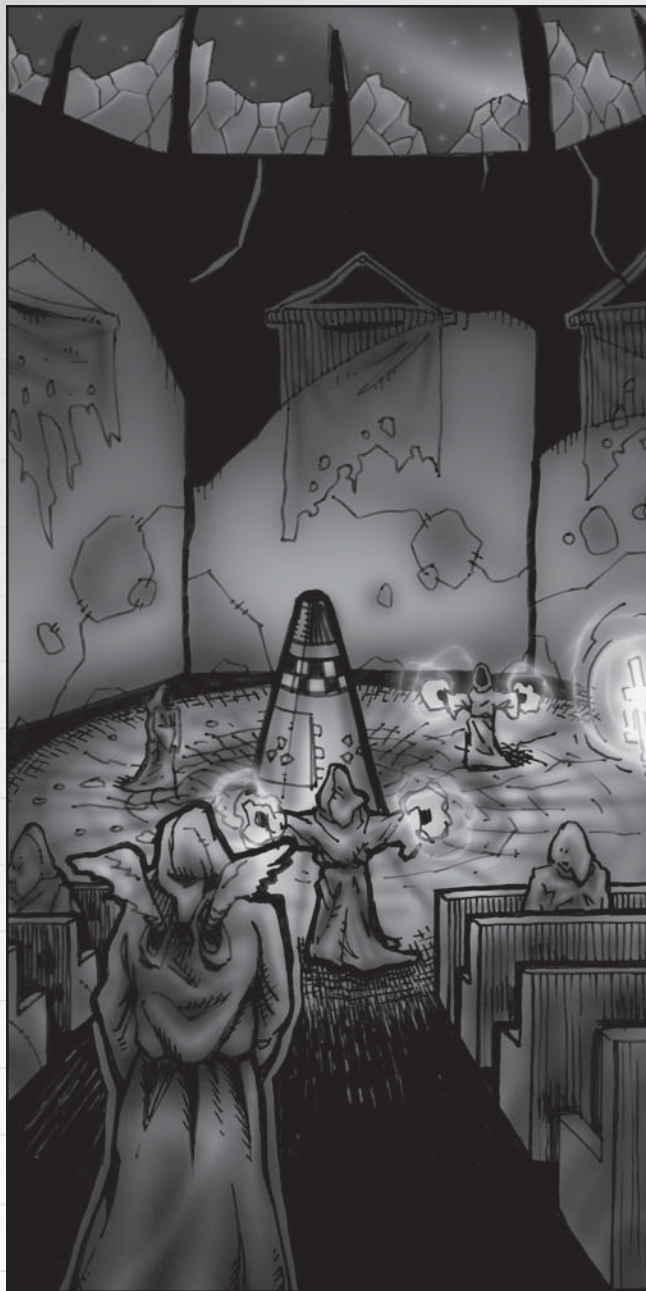
Dry Goods

Hector Arrenas runs the closest thing Carson City has to a department store. Within the walls of this store can be found almost any piece of gear, except that of a strictly military nature. Hector knows people from all over, especially the various scavenger bands that mine the ruins of Fort Chamberlain, Reno, and

Reynolds AFB. It's said that if you need to talk to the purple variety of the Doomsayers he's the one to talk to.

Bigelow's Produce*

This large structure is the headquarters of the concern that trades with the surrounding communities, and from there to other survivor



The Temple of the MIRV.

communities throughout the area. Needless to say, this is quite a large building complex. It includes a motor pool capable of handling 18-wheelers, and a cold storage area for the fresh fruits and vegetables brought into New Carson City.

Several generators looted from the ruins of old Carson City and Reno provide power not only to Bigelow's but to the rest of the settlement. Jake Bigelow heads this organization. Bigelow's fleet consists of an armored truck, two converted pickups, a minivan, a Hummvee, and an 18-wheeler pulling a refrigerated van, manned by seven of his people. This is the most important piece of equipment he owns, because it allows the town to bring in the fresh fruits and vegetables in good shape from surrounding settlements.

Sheriff's Office/Militia Headquarters*

This office located in the clubhouse serves as a combination Sheriff's Office and Militia Headquarters. Sheriff Hewlitt is the local Law Dog, a former cop from Carson City, and Colonel Thompson, an ex-US Air Force officer, runs the NCC militia.

Downtown

The Downtown area is the home of the Deacon's followers and other whackos that worship the unexploded bomb there. I called this area home for a while right after the war ended.

The Library

The old public library has been renovated and acts as a Branch headquarters for a group of Librarians recently arrived from California. They see Carson City as a successful template for survivor settlements of the future, and are studying the community in an attempt to duplicate it in other places around the Wasted West. Their leader, Librarian Proper Ellen Peterson, pays pretty well both for information of the location of pre-War information caches as well as actual books, slugs, and other media.

The State Capitol

The capitol building was constructed in the 1870s from native sandstone and is the second oldest capitol building west of the Mississippi River. It is also the holiest of holies for the Fellowship of MIRV, a religion that blends Christianity and Cult of Doom tenets in a weird mishmash. The Fellowship welcomes both normals and mutants into their fold, and regards the inert ghost rock bomb lying in the rotunda of the Capitol building as an earthly incarnation of their God—a literal fallen angel. So great is their faith that some of the flock have exhibited supernatural powers. They are led by an enigmatic figure known only as the Deacon. The Deacon's heavy robes prevent his identification as either a norm or mutie.

The Railroad Museum

The Nevada State Railroad Museum is located at the south end of town next to the Visitors' Center. Before the Last War it displayed a collection of restored historic Denver and Pacific Railroad equipment. The rolling stock and engines have been refurbished, and tracks have been laid to some of the outlying settlements, with an eye toward eventually expanding the rails to Sacramento and beyond.

Fort Chamberlain

This once-proud installation was home to the 88th Armored Division and a host of support units. Nothing remains of the main post of the installation these days, although some of the mutant scavvie bands do venture into the maelstrom in search of trade goods.

Reynolds AFB

Reynolds AFB was home to the 248th Missile Wing. The main part of the installation was fairly small, with base housing for 125 families and 200 single service members. The majority of the base was underground, spread out over 3,000 acres of missile farms. Reynolds acted as a command and control center for 100 ghost rock-tipped ICBMs nestled in their hardened silos.

Today the main base sits surrounded by a maelstrom from which horrors sometimes emerge. The silos all sit empty, but persistent rumors say that Joan, the leader of the "good" Domsayers, has a hideout somewhere amongst the numerous underground installations.

The Destruction of Armana

Librarian's Note: The following interview was garnered from a mutant missionary in Kingman, Arizona.

Ever since Judgment Day and the dawning of the New Era, the Doomed have hated and feared the Blessed of Holst and Oppenheimer. They have hunted us down throughout these lands that rightfully belong to us and our progeny. Only through the Blessing of the Atom and the teachings of the Mutant King Silas have we been able to survive as Darwin prophesied.

Now a new menace has reared its ugly head. The peaceful mutant settlement of Armana was a beacon of Blessed light second only to Las Vegas, but it was a light whose purity was tainted by the presence of norms. Their leader, Avatar, was as misguided as Joan and her heretics, believing that mutant and normal could coexist, and now they have paid for that mistake with their lives.

The viper nestled against their breast has reared back and struck, and the peaceful mutant community is no more, the very bricks torn asunder and the ground sown with salt. The norms allowed to live there, the Helots, betrayed their masters in a swift orgy of death and destruction, and now norms across the wastes have followed suit, waging a campaign of "genetic cleansing" against the blessed of the Atom. We must strike back before all is lost! Heed the words of Silas—we are engaged in a Holy War for the very survival of our kind! Mutants of America unite!

Librarian's Postscript: The only facts that are undisputed are that the mutant enclave known as Armana in Idaho was totally destroyed by forces unknown several weeks before this transcript was made.



94

Mutant

Deftness 2d8

Shootin': Crossbow 3

Nimbleness 4d8

Climbin' 4

Fightin': Knife/Spear 2

Sneak 3

Quickness 3d6

Strength 2d6

Vigor 3d10

Cognition 3d8

Search 2

Trackin' 3

Knowledge 2d6

Area knowledge: Lost

Vegas 2

Mien 2d8

Smarts 3d6

Gamblin' 2

Scroungin' 3

Streetwise 2

Survival: urban 2

Spirit 2d8

Guts 2

Edges:

Blessings o' the

Atom

(Braniac:

empath 1,

chameleon

skin 1)

Light Sleeper

Hindrances:

All thumbs

Mutant (have your

Marshal draw a card

from the mutations

table)

Outlaw (Cult of Doom)

1

Poverty

Thin-skinned

Pace: 14

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Equipment:

Tattered

clothing,

water

purification kit, small battery, big

knife, crossbow with 10 bolts, 10

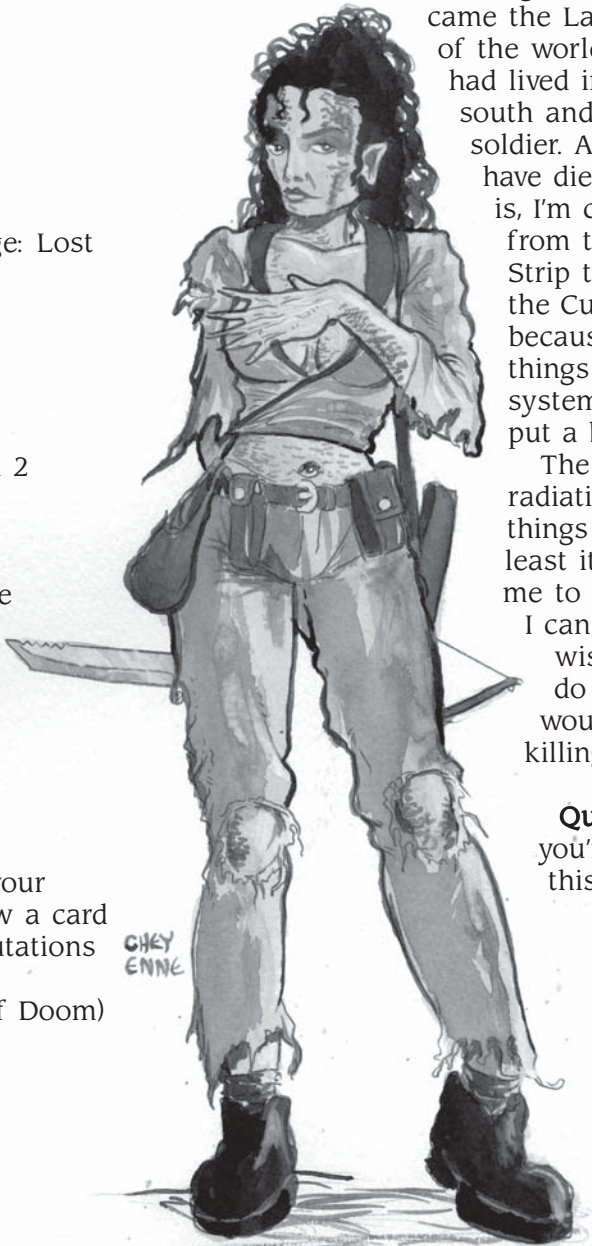
Luxes

Personality

I used to be one of the top blackjack dealers along the Strip. No, really, I've got a plaque that I was given at the 2079 Vegas Casino Deal-off. Then came the Last War and the end of the world. Sometimes I wish I had lived in the north or the south and been drafted as a soldier. At least then I might have died a quick death. As it is, I'm constantly on the run from those nuts along the Strip that call themselves the Cult of Doom. Just because I said some harsh things about their belief system, they have to go and put a bounty on my head.

The damn ghost rock radiation has done strange things to my body, too. At least it makes it easier for me to hide, and know who I can and can't trust. I just wish I had been able to do this before the War. I would have made a killing at the poker tables.

Quote: "I'll just bet you're not happy about this, are you?"



Vegas Enforcer

Deftness 2d12

Shootin': shotgun/pistol 3

Nimbleness 2d10

Climbin' 1

Drivin': motorcycle 3

Fightin': brawl' 2

Sneak 1

Quickness 4d8

Strength 2d6

Vigor 1d10

Cognition 3d8

Search 3

Trackin' 2

Knowledge 2d6

Area knowledge:

Las Vegas 2

Mien 2d10

Overawe 3

Smarts 3d6

Survival: urban 2

Scroungin' 2

Spirit 3d10

Guts 3

Edges:

Brave

Law dog 1

The Stare

The Voice

(threatening)

Hindrances:

Heroic

Intolerance (Cult of Doom) 3

Stubborn

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 22

Equipment: Police

vest, police helmet, auto-shotgun, 15 12 ga. shotgun shells, police pistol, 20 10mm rounds.

Personality

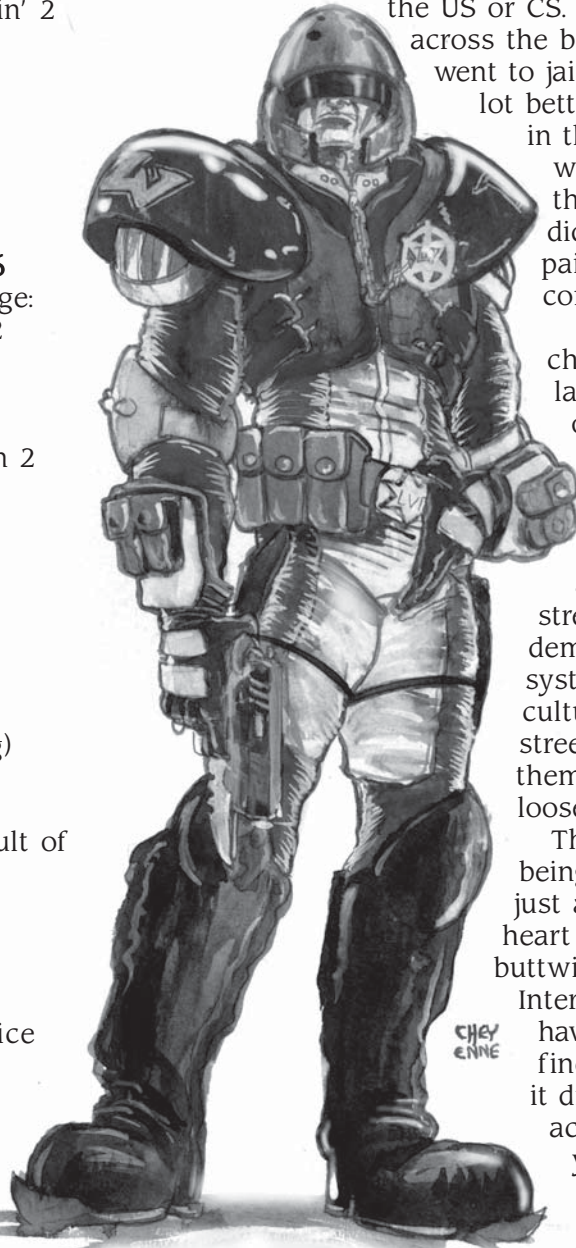
Before the Big Bang I was the law in this city. The LVPD had the right idea. None of that liberal crap you had in the US or CS. Criminals ran rampant across the border, and if they ever went to jail they had it a hell of a lot better than they did back in the 'hood. I'll tell you what, bub, if you broke the law in Vegas you didn't get an all-expense paid vacation to some comfy prison.

We were trained from childhood to uphold the laws. Imagine if you can one man or woman filling the role of police, judge, jury and sometimes executioner. It wasn't an easy job, but the streets of Vegas demanded a unique system for a unique culture. I patrolled these streets with the best of them before all Hell broke loose.

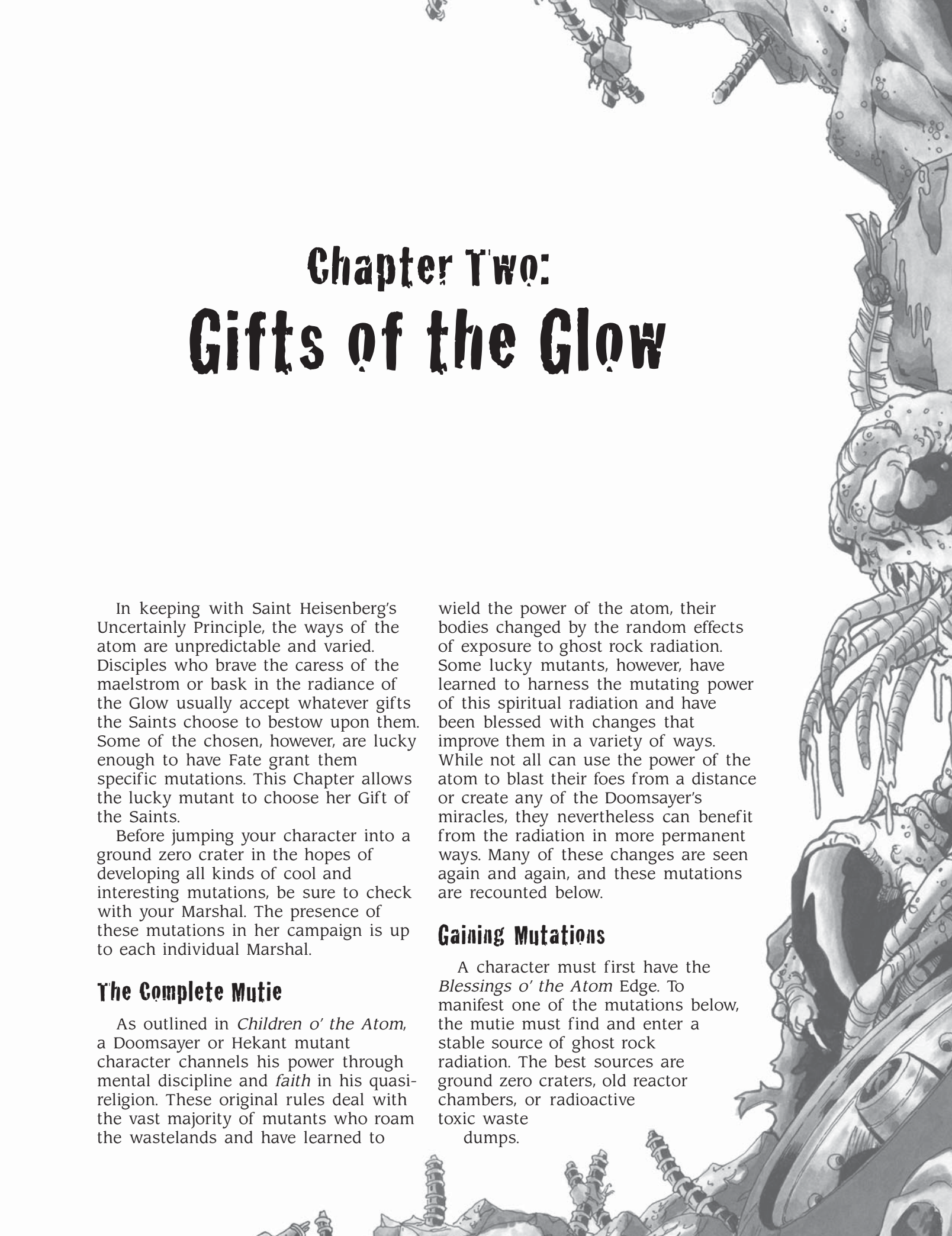
Those stories of us being run by the mob were just a bunch of bleedin' heart liberal crap from those buttwipes in Amnesty International. Sure, I might have lowered jail time to a fine once in a while, but it didn't go into my bank account. I don't think you'll find an Enforcer who lined his pockets with fines in excuse for a just punishment.

I ain't got nothin' against muties, but this Silas nutjob has changed the old City o' Sin. He makes up his own laws, and changes them as it suits his whims. That can't be allowed to happen!

Quote: "You have been judged."







Chapter Two: Gifts of the Glow

In keeping with Saint Heisenberg's Uncertainly Principle, the ways of the atom are unpredictable and varied. Disciples who brave the caress of the maelstrom or bask in the radiance of the Glow usually accept whatever gifts the Saints choose to bestow upon them. Some of the chosen, however, are lucky enough to have Fate grant them specific mutations. This Chapter allows the lucky mutant to choose her Gift of the Saints.

Before jumping your character into a ground zero crater in the hopes of developing all kinds of cool and interesting mutations, be sure to check with your Marshal. The presence of these mutations in her campaign is up to each individual Marshal.

The Complete Mutie

As outlined in *Children o' the Atom*, a Doomsayer or Hekant mutant character channels his power through mental discipline and *faith* in his quasi-religion. These original rules deal with the vast majority of mutants who roam the wastelands and have learned to

wield the power of the atom, their bodies changed by the random effects of exposure to ghost rock radiation. Some lucky mutants, however, have learned to harness the mutating power of this spiritual radiation and have been blessed with changes that improve them in a variety of ways. While not all can use the power of the atom to blast their foes from a distance or create any of the Doomsayer's miracles, they nevertheless can benefit from the radiation in more permanent ways. Many of these changes are seen again and again, and these mutations are recounted below.

Gaining Mutations

A character must first have the *Blessings o' the Atom* Edge. To manifest one of the mutations below, the mutie must find and enter a stable source of ghost rock radiation. The best sources are ground zero craters, old reactor chambers, or radioactive toxic waste dumps.

Maelstroms are not suitable due to their inherently unstable and unpredictable nature.

The mutation can be bought by spending Bounty Points for the price listed for each. Most mutations have between three and five levels. Subsequent levels in a mutation are also bought with Bounty Points for the value of the new level times the original cost of the mutation. Raising a mutation that originally cost 5 Bounty Points from level 1 to level 2, for example, would cost 10 additional Bounty Points. A mutation cannot be raised more than one level in any given radiation exposure, nor can more than one mutation be manifested or enhanced.

Accepting a gift of the Saints is not without hazards. First the waster must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. If the roll is failed the mutant takes the difference as wounds to the guts. A bust on this roll results in a draw on the major mutation table. If the *Vigor* check is passed the mutant manifests the desired mutation after 1d10 hours of meditation and immersion in the radiation.

When buying a power, the Chosen should also draw a card. If the Black Joker is drawn the unfortunate mutie has his *Spirit* reduced by a die type. If the Red Joker is drawn the Saints have smiled on this individual, allowing them to gain another mutation for free. If this exceeds the mutant's maximum number of mutations, reduce her *Vigor* by a die type. A child of the atom can have a number of mutations from the following list equal to their *Spirit* Coordination without harm.

Oh, one more thing. If the mutie is exposed to radiation and gains a mutation from the minor or major mutation tables that contradicts an existing mutation, the new mutation takes precedence. Sorry, it's that darned Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle in action.

New Edges & Hindrances

We've got a few new Edges and Hindrances for your mutie to give him a leg (or two) up on the competition.

Blessings o' the Atom 3

Your mutant is fortunate enough to have received the blessing of being able to choose how stable sources of supernatural radiation affect her body structure upon exposure. Before purchasing this edge, the character must first be a *super mutant* or have taken the *mutant* hindrance (non-mutants need not apply).

Once purchased, a character with this edge may gain a number of mutation powers from the Blessings o' the Atom table equal to her *Spirit* coordination. This edge itself does not confer any mutations, but rather enables the character to gain them through the expenditure of Bounty Points, under the proper circumstances as detailed above.

Blessings o' the Atom

Mutation	Cost/lvl
Ankle Spurs	1
Brainiac	5
Chameleon Skin	1
Elastic Bones	5
Electric Touch	3
Exoskeleton	3
Forked Tongue	1
Fur	1
Gills	3
Head	5
Heat Vision	3
Mandibles	1
Pheromones	1
Phenotypes	5
Pit Viper Senses	2
Prehensile Tail	1
Screecher	1
Sentient Hair	2
Sniffer	1
Talons	1
Wings	5

Mutations 'R Us

Listed below are the new mutations available through the *blessings o' the atom* Edge. The cost listed for each mutation is the cost in bounty points to purchase the first level of the power. The level listing is the maximum level at which the mutation may be purchased.

Ankle Spurs

Cost: 1

Levels: 3

Usually considered an avian trait, *ankle spurs* are sharpened, curved bony growths that emerge from the mutie's skeletal structure around the ankle region below the calf. Similar to talons, the size and amount of damage these spurs are capable of are determined by the level of the mutation: at level 1, ankle spurs add a base +1d4 to *Strength* rolls whenever your mutant kicks using her *fightin': brawlin'* skill.

Subsequent levels increase this bonus by a die type (maximum of 1d8). The biggest problem with *ankle spurs* is that they make it impossible to wear footwear that comes up past the ankle or clothing that comes down to the ankle without major modification. The good news is that your mutie can make a good living as a cock-fighter in some of the seedier establishments in Las Vegas.

Brainiac

Cost: 5

Levels: 3

Mutants with the *Brainiac* mutation are wired a bit differently than other folks, and due to the effects of the Glow have developed surprising mental powers. Those seeking this blessing must first meet the additional requirement of having a minimum *Smarts* coordination of 1d10 (the radiation needs good raw material to work with). The *Brainiac* mutation develops in the form of one of five possible paths. When purchasing this mutation, the mutant must choose which path he's going to take—any given mutant may only choose one.

Gifts of the Glow

49

Dualist: The mutant is excellent at multi-tasking, and is capable of rapidly performing dissimilar actions at once. We're talking way past walking and chewing bubble gum here. For all intents and purposes, the mutant is *two-fisted*, and may perform a number of short tasks (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook) per action without penalty equal to her current level in the mutation (at level 2 she can perform a total of 3 short actions without penalty).

The mutant also receives less of a penalty from using two weapons at once than most folks, gaining a bonus to her attacks equal to her current level in the *brainiac* mutation. At level 1, the standard -2 penalty is reduced to -1. At level 2 she receives no negative





modifiers from using a weapon in either hand. At level 3, she actually gets a +1 bonus.

Empath: The mutant is capable of intuitively gauging other individuals' attitudes and emotions and using the information to her advantage. After observing an individual for at least one action and successfully making an Onerous (TN 7) *Smarts* roll, she gains a bonus to all *Mien* checks pertaining to that individual for the duration of the encounter. This bonus is +2 per current level in the mutation. Once the *Empath* has successfully used her power on an individual, he is much easier for the *Empath* to "read" again in the future; it only requires a Fair (TN 5) *Smarts* roll to gain these bonuses on the individual at another time.

An *Empath* can also attempt to alter or enhance another's emotions. Once again, after observing an individual for at least one action, the *Empath* must successfully make an opposed *Smarts* roll vs. the target's *Spirit*.

The *Empath's Smarts* roll in this case is modified depending upon the situation and her current level in the mutation. Firstly, some emotions can be ignored in a given situation (in other words, don't bother). Simply enhancing an existing emotion however would receive no modifier. Attempting to reverse an emotion on the other hand can incur a -4 modifier or higher depending on what's going on (Marshal's call). The second modifier depends on the mutant's current level in the mutation. Changing emotions is much more difficult than reading them. At level 1, the mutant has a -4 modifier to her *Smarts* roll in this capacity. At level 2, the modifier reduces to -2. At level 3, the modifier reduces to 0.

If successful, the degree of the effect upon the target depends upon the *Empath's* roll. On a success, the desired emotion is aroused to a low or average level. One raise arouses strong emotions. Two or more raises indicate extreme emotions. The *Empath* has no control over what an individual does when these emotional states are aroused—it all depends upon the circumstances and the Marshal's call.

Kineticist: The mutant has the ability to physically move objects through a limited form of telekinesis. The overall *Strength* of this ability is equal to the mutant's *Smarts*, while the maximum range in yards is equal to 10 times the current level of the mutation. To lift an object the mutant must make a successful *Smarts* roll vs. the object's weight in pounds. To do this, consult the Load Chart in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook.

An object with a weight falling under the category of a load of "none" supplies a base TN of 5. Each load type raises this TN a step (an object with an equivalent weight of "heavy" would be an 11). A lifted object can be moved at a pace equal to the mutant's *Smarts* trait (modified by weight—again, consult the Load Chart). Throwing an object once lifted requires a bit more finesse. A

Kineticist may throw a mentally lifted object with a Deftness of XdY, where X equals the level of the mutation, and Y equals the mutant's *Smarts* die type. Throwing objects in this fashion is most definitely considered "unbalanced."

For example, a level 2 *Kineticist* with 3d10 *Smarts* may lift things with a 3d10 mental "strength." Once lifted, she could move objects (load of "none") at a Pace of 10, up to a range of 20 yards away. If she wanted to throw a mentally lifted object, she could do so with an equivalent *Deftness* of 2d10.

A *Kineticist* cannot use her ability for fine manipulation as if it were another "pair of hands," and the ability does not allow her to lift herself. Similar to the Syker *Telekinesis* ability, a *Kineticist's* power is not a "force field;" it can't be used on its own to block an attack, hold liquids or gasses, or in itself be used to perform a physical attack. Mentally lifting, moving and throwing objects that (generally) weigh less than the *Kineticist* herself is pretty much the extent of this mutation.

Psychometrist: The mutant has the ability to sense the history of objects she comes in contact with, and can sometimes locate an object's previous owner. By touching an object with her bare hands and making an Onerous (TN 7) *Smarts* roll, a *Psychometrist* can gain information about how an object was used (if its function is unknown), who used it last, what it was used for, etc.

The full amount of detail given should be left up to the Marshal—give enough to make it useful, but not enough to ruin your plot. Psychic impressions fade with time; the span of information available to the mutant depends upon the success of her *Smarts* roll. See the Psychometry Table for details.

Each level of the mutation after the first lowers the base TN for the *Smarts* roll by a step (at level 2, it only requires a Fair (TN 5) roll).

Once a *Psychometrist* has successfully "read" an object, she can attempt to locate any of the individuals she knows handled it. While maintaining physical contact with the object, the mutant can "scan" an area

Gifts of the Glow

51

for specific individuals, based upon the residual psychic energies left on the object.

The range of this ability is equal to the current level of the mutation in miles, and works on anything with a *Spirit* that the mutant knows handled the object. To activate this ability, the *Psychometrist* needs to make an additional Onerous (TN 7) *Smarts* roll (no, this one doesn't get easier at higher levels). If successful, the mutant can find the individual in question (if they are within range) to within a few yards, so long as she maintains physical contact with the object.

Psychometry

Roll

Success
+ 1 Raise
+2 Raises
+3 Raises
+4 Raises

Time

past 24 hours
past week
past month
past year
past 5 years (each
raise thereafter
doubles
previous time:
10, 20, 40, etc.)

Telepath: The mutant is able to communicate her thoughts mentally and read minds to a limited extent. The range of the ability is equal to 10 times the current level in the mutation in yards, and the *Telepath* must be in line-of-sight with her target. In order to communicate mentally with a person, the *Telepath* must first establish a link. To form a link, the mutant must observe the desired target for at least one action, and then make an Onerous (TN 7) *Smarts* roll. If successful, she can maintain the link so long as she is in line-of-sight. Only one such link may be formed at a time, and the link is "send only"—the mutant can't receive the target's thoughts back to her (that's coming up in a moment).

Once the *telepath* has successfully used her power on an individual, he is much easier for the *telepath* to connect to again in the future; it only requires a Fair (TN 5) *Smarts* roll to establish a link with the individual at another time. If the link is to an "unwilling" target (i.e. the *telepath* is playing "voices in your head" with a guard), the target is allowed an Onerous (TN 7) *Spirit* roll to block out or sever the link.

A *telepath* is also capable of reading an individual's thoughts. Range for this ability is the same as sending thoughts, and once again the target has to be in line-of-sight. After once again observing a target for at least one action, the *Telepath* must successfully make an opposed *Smarts* roll vs. the target's *Knowledge* to read the target's thoughts. This roll is modified by the mutant's current level in the mutation. Going into someone's head and reading what's there is more difficult than just stopping by and leaving a message. At level 1, the mutant has a -4 modifier to her *Smarts* roll in this capacity. At level 2, the modifier reduces to -2. At level 3, the modifier reduces to 0.

If successful, the *Telepath* knows what the target is currently thinking, but just in a "surface thoughts" capacity. On one or more raises, the *Telepath* gains more detail into the target's current thoughts, as well as the feelings behind them.

Chameleon Skin

Cost: 1

Levels: 5

Similar to the lizard of the same name, the mutie's skin can mimic the colors and patterns that make up the background she's standing against. If a mutant with *chameleon skin* stands perfectly still for one minute, her skin adopts the coloration of her surroundings making her much harder to detect. Opponents trying to see the mutant using normal methods receive a

-2 cumulative penalty for each level in *chameleon skin* she possesses (at level three, the mutant's opponent would receive a -6 penalty).

This penalty assumes that the mutant's skin is more or less completely exposed (read as naked or nearly naked) and is only in effect so long as the mutant stands perfectly still—if she moves, the penalty is lost. Also similar to the lizard, this skin change is involuntary—every time the mutant stops moving for even brief periods, her skin starts to take on the shades of her surroundings. Folks with this mutation usually like to get rid of excess body hair, as it doesn't possess the chameleon ability of the skin.

Elastic Bones

Cost: 5

Levels: 3

Now don't get too excited. This power doesn't turn you into "Plastic Man." Rather, the mutant's bone structure undergoes a transformation, losing its rigidity and becoming more cartilaginous and flexible than normal. Her movements become much more fluid and sinuous, almost appearing serpentine in action. Each level taken in *elastic bones* increases the mutant's *Deftness* and *Nimbleness* by a die type.

Furthermore, the character is able to contort his body much further than normal, gaining an additional +2 bonus to rolls involving slipping from bonds or squeezing through tight openings. This bonus is not without its cost, however. The transformation of the mutant's skeletal structure creates a weakening in muscular support. Each level taken in the mutation also lowers the mutant's *Strength* by a die type.

Electric Touch

Cost: 3

Levels: 3

Utilizing her own bioelectrical field, your mutant can naturally store electrical energy and can generate shocking electrical pulses, similar to that of an electric eel. While there are no external signs of this mutation, the mutant's central nervous system changes to compensate for the

additional storage of the generated energy. The degree of electrical damage these shocks can do depends upon the level of the mutation: at level one, *electric touch* does a base 1d10 of electrical damage. Subsequent levels add an additional d10 to the damage.

This damage capability is not infinite or automatic however. A mutant with this ability is limited to storing and generating a number of electric shocks equal to her *Vigor* coordination per 24 hour period.

Each time she desires to release an electrical shock upon a target, she must first be touching the target or successfully strike it using her *fightin' brawlin'* skill. Then she must make a successful Easy (3) *Vigor* roll to actually release the charge. This TN is increased a step for each previous attempt at releasing a shock that day without physical rest (minimum of four hours sleep).

A failure on this roll results in a failure to release the charge (the TN for the next attempt still raises however). A bust on the roll results in the mutant taking full cumulative damage from all stored and unused electrical charges to all locations as she accidentally releases it unchecked as feedback into her own nervous system (treat this as massive damage). For example, if a mutant with level 3 in the ability busts on her *Vigor* roll to release a charge while still having the capability of releasing 2 more charges that day before rest, she'll take a full 6d10 as massive damage. Shocking, isn't it?

Exoskeleton

Cost: 3

Levels: 5

It was predicted before the Last War that insects would rule the planet, and mutations like this seem to bear that prophecy out. The mutie with this power has her body covered to varying degrees with a hard, chitinous shell, similar to that of an insect or crab. While offering protection, the exoskeleton also inhibits movement to a degree, making *Nimbleness* and *Deftness* checks more difficult. At higher levels the mutie's face actually begins to take on an insectile

Gifts of the Glow

53

character, making social interactions with all but insect toxic shamans difficult. For each level above two, there is a -1 to all *Mien*-based Aptitude checks. At level 5 your mutie can't run, but can crab-walk like a pro.

Exoskeleton

Level	Armor	Deftness	Nimbleness
1	-2	0	0
2	-4	0	-1
3	1	-1	-2
4	2	-2	-1 Step
5	3	-1 Step	-1 Step





Forked Tongue

Cost: 1

Levels: 5

Another mutation whose origin lies in the reptilian end of the gene pool, *forked tongue* is exactly what it sounds like. The mutant's tongue becomes slender and elongated, forking at its tip like a serpent.

When talking, the mutant has a pronounced hissing lisp as her tongue flutters in and out past her lips. Around most non-mutie folks this can be a bit unnerving. She receives a -2 penalty to all *persuasion* rolls in such situations (you remember the old Indian adage about "speaking with a forked tongue" don't you?).

With *forked tongue*, the mutant's olfactory and taste organs become more developed, granting her a heightened sense of taste. First of all, this mutation conveys a +2 bonus to all *Cognition* checks involving taste (such as the detection of poison in food). Secondly, by flickering her tongue, the mutant is able to "taste" the very air around her, giving her an increased perceptual sense of her surroundings. Airborne odors such as sweat, musk, blood, decay and the like can all be detected with this ability utilizing a normal *Cognition* check, modified by current weather conditions. The greater the success on the roll, the more detailed the sensory detection (direction, intensity, etc.). The base range of this ability is 20 yards, with each subsequent level doubling the previous range (level 3 is 80 yards).

Fur

Cost: 1

Levels: 5

Don't bother wearing a coat. Your mutie's skin is covered with fur (coloration and patterning varies). Like most mutations, this has some advantages and disadvantages, based around one simple truth: the higher the level, the thicker the fur. For each level in *fur* a mutant has, she gains a cumulative -1 armor value, and a +2 bonus on *survival* rolls when resisting cold temperatures. Unfortunately, she also gets a -2 penalty per level on *survival* rolls when resisting hot temperatures.

Gills

Cost: 3

Levels: 5

This mutation reverses the development of the human form, creating membranes along the mutant's neck that allows him to extract oxygen from water. *Gills* first appear as almost vestigial structures much like those seen on a fetus. The *gills* grow in size and robustness for each level taken in the mutation. The table below shows the length of time the mutant can stay underwater for their *gill* type. On the downside, these gills look very out of

place on a person, causing a -1 to all *persuasion* rolls for each level of gills. The mutant must declare whether these *gills* are fresh or salt water. Using the *gills* in the wrong type of water causes 1d8 Wind per round.

Gills

Level	Time Underwater
1	1 min
2	5 min
3	10 min
4	20 min
5	30 min

Head

Cost: 5

Levels: 3

Calm down, pardner, we're not talking about *that*. Radiation has caused another head to sprout from the mutie's shoulder (right or left is your choice). At first it is half the size of a normal human head, but grows in size as the mutie progresses in level of this Gift. While this comes with some advantages, the brainer will never be mistaken for a norm again in any situation but the darkest night. Normal pre-War armor must be specially modified (*tinkerin' TN 11, profession: armorer TN 9*), and use of power armor is out of the question. If the additional head is ever killed (takes five Wounds) the mutie must make an Incredible (II) *Vigor* roll or die also. If the mutie survives the shock of having its symbiot killed, the head must still be removed (Hard (9) *medicine: surgery*) within 24 hours or the mutant will succumb to the wound.

Level 1: The head at this point is not fully developed, and while it has the normal features associated with a human, it is incapable of speech, and tends to drool a lot. It is aware of its surroundings, and will mewl a warning if it sees anyone (treat the mutant as being *keen*). The extra head at this point is half the size of a normal head. When the mutie takes a head shot, roll a d6. On a 1-2 the second head is hit instead. The head is too small to fit adult-sized helmets.

Gifts of the Glow

55

Level 2: The head looks mostly like an adult head, and attempts to mimic the mutie when he speaks (-2 to all *Mien*-based Aptitude checks). On the plus side, it is a *light sleeper* and forms a rudimentary sort of telepathy/empathy with the host. Four eyes and ears are better than two, giving the mutie the *big ears* and *eagle eyes* Edges. Regular helmets will fit the head.

Level 3: At this point the head is a fully functioning human head, complete with personality. Draw cards for its Mental Traits. The head gains Bounty Points whenever the main body does, and these can be spent to increase its Mental Traits and Aptitudes (not those of its host). The head has a separate personality that may be run by the player or Marshal at her discretion. One of the heads will be struck in combat on a 19 or 20 on the hit location roll. Roll a die, on an even roll the host head was struck; on an odd, the symbiot.

Heat Vision

Cost: 3

Levels: 5

This mutation allows the mutant to store solar radiation and release it in a controlled burst, usually through the eyes.

The mutant's skin becomes a photovoltaic capacitor, storing solar energy that can be replenished by exposure to direct sunlight. The higher the level of this mutation, the more storage capacity and control over this "heat ray" the mutie has.

Each "burst" of energy that the mutant can release must be replenished by an hour of full body exposure to bright sunlight. The ray has a Range 5, Speed 1, ROF 1. On the downside, the unique twisting of the eyes' lenses to focus this mutant power causes the brainer to have the *bad eyes: myopic* (3) Hindrance.

Heat Vision

Level	Damage	Bursts
1	1d4	2
2	1d6	2
3	1d8	3
4	1d10	3
5	1d12	4

Mandibles

Cost: 1

Levels: 3

Sprouting from the mutant's lower face are a pair of insect-like mandibles. The ant-man has full control of them, and is able to use them to bite with or open them wide enough to allow the mutie to brush his teeth.

Obviously, a freak like this is *Ugly as Sin* (-3) to any humanoid except an entomologist who sees him. Wearing a helmet is also out of the question unless it is open faced. As the mutie gains levels in this mutation the mandibles increase in strength. Using the mandibles in hand-to-hand combat requires a successful *fightin': brawlin'* attack.

An experienced brawler (level 3 or higher) can make an extra attack with his mandibles that is addition to any regular melee attack made with a handheld weapon or with the waster's hands themselves.

The mandibles always do lethal damage.

Mandibles

Level	Damage
1	1d4
2	1d6
3	1d6, API

Pheromones

Cost: 1

Levels: 5

Animal attraction—your mutie has it. Her natural scent sends brainers of the opposite sex into a sexual frenzy. For every level she has in the mutation, your mutie gains +2 on all friendly *persuasion* rolls toward members of the opposite sex. At level four and above treat all members of the opposite sex within a five-yard radius as if they had the Hindrance *randy*. Unfortunately, members of the same sex as your mutie don't like the way you smell one bit. She suffers a -1 penalty on *persuasion* rolls against folks of her gender for each level of the mutation she has.

Phenotypes

Cost: 5

Levels: 3

This mutation allows traits of other species buried in a human's DNA strands to come to the surface to one degree or another. These mutation packages give the mutant the traits of a specific creature, with more attributes showing at higher levels.

Avian

Level 1: The mutant's hair changes in form; close scrutiny reveals it to be similar in structure to fine layers of feathers. His facial structure changes slightly, his nose becoming hooked and more prominent, while his overall face becomes more angular. He develops an intense wide-eyed countenance, and doesn't seem to blink as often as other folks do. This, combined with a rapid and "jerky" way of moving his head about, creates a rather unsettling effect when talking with folks (-2 to all *Mien* checks except *overawe*). On the upside, this effectively also gives him "*The Stare*," and his overall vision improves, imparting the *Eagle Eyes* edge.

Level 2: The mutant's body becomes completely covered with feathers (coloration/pattern vary). Facial features become decidedly more avian (structure begins to evolve toward the creation of beak, external ears begin to diminish in size, etc.). The mutant's hands and feet develop *talons* (Level 1—

may be increased) and he develops wings (Level 1—may be increased). He also develops an inexplicable obsession with small “shiny and sparkley” objects (tends to focus on them, likes to collect them, etc. (treat as a -1 *Loco*).

Level 3: The mutant's head and facial structure become obviously that of a predatory avian. In lieu of an external nose and jaw, a hard, hooked beak develops (bite: STR + 1d6). This unfortunately makes your waster *Ugly as Sin* (-1) to all except other avians or bird lovers.

This change to his mouth and overall facial structure also makes him a bit difficult to understand when he talks, and his speech is punctuated by birdlike screeches (additional -2 to friendly *persuasion*, but +2 on *overawe* checks).

While still bipedal, bone and musculature of the leg changes to reflect a more avian body structure. The mutant develops *spurs* (Level 1—may be increased), his *wings* increase a level, and his *Nimbleness* increases a step. His appetites make a definitive change; he now only eats raw, uncooked meat or carrion (treat as a -3 *Habit*). Psychologically, the mutant changes a bit as well; he now suffers from claustrophobia, and can't stand to be in enclosed spaces (treat as a -3 *Loco*).

Canine

Level 1: The mutant's countenance seems “shaggy,” and her ears become slightly tapered and pointed. She gains Sniffer at Level 1 (can be increased) and a +2 bonus on all *scroungin'* rolls. She also develops a *Habit* (1) of panting when hot.

Level 2: The mutant gains Fur at Level 1 (can be bought up) and her facial features become obviously more canine (nose begins to taper into muzzle, ears increase in size and stand out from head, etc.). Her fingers and toes shorten and thicken as the soles and palms thicken with padding and she develops claws (treat as Talons at Level 1, and can be bought up). A short, fur-covered vestigial tail develops at the base of her spine.

Level 3: The mutant's head and facial structure become obviously canine. Her jaw structure changes, along with the development of sharp

Gifts of the Glow

57

teeth (STR+1d6). The mutant's voice becomes gravelly, and she becomes capable of barking, growling and howling (+2 on *overawe* checks).

While still bipedal, the bones and musculature of the legs change to reflect a more canine body structure, and the tail lengthens and becomes fully developed. This tail moves almost of its own volition when the mutant is emotional or excited, in a sense broadcasting her current feelings to anyone that sees it (-2 to all bluff rolls). The mutant becomes much more energetic; this is reflected by her *Vigor* increasing a step.

Feline

Level 1: The mutant's eyes take on a feline appearance, and her ears become slightly tapered and pointed. She gains



the ability to see in all but complete darkness without penalty. Her movements are markedly more light and stealthy, and she receives a +2 bonus to *Sneak* rolls. She develops an obvious fastidiousness about her appearance (-1 Habit for personal cleanliness).

Level 2: The mutant gains Fur at Level 1 (can be bought up) and her facial features become obviously more feline in appearance (nose begins to taper to a snout, whiskers start to develop, ears increase in size and stand out from head, etc.). She gains a +2 bonus to all *Cognition* rolls involving hearing things. Her fingers and toes shorten and thicken as the soles and palms thicken with padding. She develops retractable claws on her hands and feet (STR+1d4), but she now suffers a -2 penalty to all *Deftness* checks due to the change in hand structure. A short, fur-covered vestigial tail develops at the base of her spine.

Level 3: The mutant's head and facial structure become obviously feline. Her jaw structure changes, along with the development of fangs (STR+1d6). The mutant's voice takes on a purring, soothing timbre (+2 on *persuasion* checks).

While still bipedal, bones and musculature of the legs change to reflect a more feline body structure, and the tail lengthens and becomes fully developed. She moves with a more pronounced grace and economy of movement. This is reflected by her *Nimbleness* increasing by a die type. The mutant also only takes *fallin'* damage for every 10 yards instead of every 5. If not already in possession of it, she also develops an insatiable curiosity (*Curious* hindrance).

Frogger

Level 1: The mutant's eyes take on a bulging, bulbous appearance and her mouth widens slightly, her lips thickening. Her skin toughens, developing warty bumps. Overall, this

makes her *Ugly as Sin* (-1). Her skin change also gives her an AV of -1, however. The warty mutant's overall senses sharpen, giving her the *keen* Edge.

Level 2: The mutant's loss of body hair becomes more evident, as her features become more obviously frog-like. She begins to walk with a slightly "hunched over" posture and experiences a thickening in the neck and torso, while her appendages elongate slightly and become more spindly. Her fingers and toes elongate, develop webbed membranes and sticky pads, which add +2 to her *swimming* and *climbing* rolls. Unfortunately, they also hamper fine manipulation (-1 to *Deftness* rolls). She also finds that it's easier for her to hold her breath under water for extended periods (when dealing with drowning, she only takes half Wind).

Level 3: The mutant loses all body hair, and her skin tone develops a greenish tinge. Her head and facial structure becomes obviously frog-like. Her mouth doubles in size, and in lieu of teeth, the mutant now has bony ridges capable of a crushing bite (STR+1d4). She also lacks facial expression; her facial muscles and lips lose their elasticity. Outside of her eyes she's only capable of an unsettling opening and closing of the mouth (*Ugly as Sin* increased to -3).

This change to her mouth and facial structure also makes her a bit difficult to understand when she talks, and her speech becomes punctuated with an odd guttural "croaking" sound (additional -2 penalty to friendly *persuasion* checks). She develops an elongated, prehensile, sticky tongue, capable of entangling and adhering to targets within melee range on a successful *fightin': brawlin'* roll. The tongue adheres on a successful roll and entangles on a raise. An opposed *Strength* check is required to break free or be hauled toward her mouth.

Despite the mutant's limbs' spindly appearance, her overall musculature develops further, increasing her *Nimbleness* by a die type.

Ichthyian (Croaker)

Level 1: The mutant's eyes move farther apart and bulge slightly from their sockets, giving her an unsettling,

wall-eyed appearance. Her mouth widens slightly, her lips thickening. The mutant's hair thins and her skin becomes oily and blubbery to the touch. Close scrutiny of her skin reveals a faint patterning of scales. Overall, this makes her *Ugly as Sin* (-1). Her skin change grants a +2 bonus toward escaping wrestling holds and the like due to its slipperiness, however. The mutant also gains *Gills* at level 1 (which can be increased through Bounty Points).

Level 2: The mutant loses all body hair. Her skin reveals obvious patterning of scales (patterns/coloration vary), and her pores exude a fishy smell. Her features become more "fish-like;" her mouth structure continues to change, and external ear structures and nose reduce in size. Her eyes move to opposite sides of her head—while this does wonders for peripheral vision, seeing straight ahead becomes more of a challenge (treat as having *Bad Eyes* at -3). These changes don't do much for her looks either (*Ugly as Sin* raised to -3). The mutant's fingers and toes elongate and develop webbing, which give her a +2 bonus to *swimming* rolls and to her overall *Pace* when swimming. Unfortunately they also hinder her fine manipulation skills (-1 to all *Deftness* checks). The mutant's level in *Gills* also automatically raises to 5.

Level 3: The mutant's appearance is a twisted blend of fish and human. In fact, anyone failing a knowledge roll that has seen or heard of such things before mistakes the mutant for a Croaker. Her neck thickens and shortens, blending the head with the torso. External nose and ear structures are nonexistent, and the mutant's mouth widens further and becomes filled with sharp, pointed teeth (Bite: STR+1d4).

Fine control of facial muscles diminishes, inhibiting facial expression. This change to her mouth and facial structure also makes her a bit difficult to understand when she talks, and her speech becomes alternately punctuated with wheezing gasps and deep, watery coughs (additional -2 penalty to all *Mien* checks except *overawe*). Her fingers and toes also develop claws (treat as *talons* at Level 1—which may

Gifts of the Glow

59

be increased). While in the water, the mutant's other senses develop further to compensate for her loss in visual acuity, granting a limited form of sonar (treat as *Screecher* at Level 1 - which may be increased). Her *Nimbleness* also increases a step while in the water. Both of these mutational bonuses are lost when out of the water, however.

The mutant's gills develop past mutation to become fully functional - the mutant can now breathe underwater for an unlimited period of time. However, this unfortunately means that the mutant is now fully a creature of the water and suffers the effects of "drowning" when out of the water for extended periods of time. First off, this means that when out of the water (as in "not fully immersed"), the mutant



cannot recover Wind from resting. For each hour out of the water, the mutant must make an Onerous (TN 7) *Vigor* roll, increased a by step for each hour after the first. Failing this roll causes the difference in Wind to the mutant.

Insect

Level 1: The mutant begins to lose all body hair. Her eye structure changes, spreading farther apart, becoming multifaceted, and bulging slightly from her head (treat as having the *Eagle Eyes* edge). A set of spindly antenna sprout from her forehead, and provide the mutant with additional sensory input (treat as *keen*). The overall effect these changes make cause the mutant to be *Ugly as Sin* (-1) to non-mutants.

Level 2: The mutant's body takes on additional insectile characteristics. Her limbs become spindly and slightly elongated (particularly the arms), and she loses some of her body mass as her endoskeleton begins to change (treat as having the *Scrawny* hindrance).

The mutant's body becomes covered with an armored carapace (treat as having *Exoskeleton* at level 1—may be increased). Some body hair remains, but only sparsely in the form of tufts at joints in her exoskeleton. *Wings* form on her back (level 1—may be increased), and her mouth structure changes as *mandibles* develop (level 1—may be increased). Insecticides sprayed on the mutie do 1d10 Wind per 6 ounces.

Level 3: While still walking upright, the mutant's body develops into a distinct head, thorax, and abdomen common among insects. She develops an additional pair of functional arms. Firstly, this changes hit locations as follows: 1-4 legs, 5-8 abdomen (lower guts), 9-11 lower arms, 12-14 upper arms, 15-19 thorax (upper guts), 20 head (there is no specific weak "gizzards" area any longer). The additional pair of arms allows the mutant to perform an additional "free" task or attack on her actions. Her eye structure changes

further still. They increase in size, harden, lose their lids and now resemble multifaceted orbs. This does wonders for her senses (raising her *Cognition* by a step) but nothing for her looks (raise *Ugly as Sin* to -3). Insecticides sprayed on the mutie do 1d20 Wind per 6 ounces.

Moreau

Cost: 6

Levels: 3

This mutation is named after a famous fictional character that lived on his own little island, conducting experiments in combining humans with various beasts. This bizarre phenotype package gives the mutant traits of up to three different diverse species. Here's how it works:

The mutant starts by getting one of the phenotype packages as usual. However, when it comes time to advance to the next Level, he must choose an additional first Level of a different phenotype instead. Bounty cost for another "species" is only 4 Bounty Points times the level. When a second species is chosen, the mutant needs to sit down with the Marshal and determine the "look" of the mutant, resolving any differences that might come up as a result of the combination.

A Moreauvian mutant at Level 3 consists of a bizarre mishmash of 3 separate Level 1 phenotypes (at a cost of $6+8+12=26$ Bounty Points). A player choosing the Moreauvian phenotype must say so when they initially take a phenotype. When determining the "look" of the mutant in dealing with different phenotype combinations, the Marshal always has final say. As a rule of thumb, when presented with two conflicting effects, go with the most desirable. If all effects complement well (without becoming overpowered—Marshal's call), allow them.

For example, if the mutant began as a Feline phenotype, but then purchased a level of Avian, the result might be this:

"The mutant has eyes which, while feline in appearance, are wide open most of the time and she doesn't appear to blink as often as other folks do. This, combined with a rapid and

"jerky" way of moving her head about, create a rather unsettling effect when talking with folks (-2 to all *Mien* checks except *overawe*). On the upside, this effectively also gives her "*The Stare*", and her overall vision improves, imparting the *Eagle Eyes* edge. She can also see in all but complete darkness without penalty. Her ears are slightly tapered and pointed, and her body hair changes in form; close scrutiny reveals it to be similar in structure to fine layers of feathers. Her facial structure changes slightly, her nose becoming hooked and more prominent, while her overall face becomes more angular. Her movements are markedly more light and stealthy, and she receives a +2 bonus to sneak rolls. She develops fastidiousness about her appearance (-1 habit for personal cleanliness)."

Porcine (Orc)

Level 1: The mutant's amount of body hair decreases and thins, her facial features thickening and broadening. She develops *sniffer* at Level 1 (can be increased) and gains a +2 bonus on *scroungin'* rolls. She also increases in size, gaining *Big 'Un* at 1.

Level 2: The mutant's skin toughens and thickens, giving her a natural AV of -2 and her facial features become obviously more porcine (nose begins to taper into snout, ears decrease in size and stand out from head, etc.). Her teeth become quite sharp, capable of delivering a nasty bite (STR +1d4). Her hands become composed of three digits, the fingers fusing and thickening, hampering her fine motor ability. This is reflected in a decrease of her *Deftness* by a die type. Her feet become similarly cloven. The digits on her hands and feet terminate in hardened bone (treat as *talons* at Level 1, and can be increased in level). She becomes stronger, gaining a +2 on all *Strength* related rolls.

Level 3: The mutant's head and facial structure become obviously porcine. Her snout and jaw structure changes, and while she retains her sharp teeth, she also develops tusks jutting upward from her lower jaw. These bony structures can be used to gore a target utilizing the mutie's *fightin': brawlin'* skill (STR+1d8). Unfortunately, they also make her *Ugly*

Gifts of the Glow

61

as *Sin* (3). The mutant's voice becomes winery and punctuated by squeals (+2 on *ridicule* checks). While still bipedal, bones and the musculature of the legs change to reflect a more porcine body structure. Finally, her *Vigor* increases by a die type, reflecting an increase in her general hardness.

Reptilian

Level 1: The mutant's body hair becomes sparse, and his skin takes on a dry and scaly appearance. His mouth widens and his lips thin. Overall, he's now *Ugly as Sin* (-1). However, he also gains both *Pit Viper Senses* and *Forked Tongue* (both at Level 1—may be increased).

Level 2: The mutant loses all body hair as her skin toughens, becoming thicker and leathery in texture (treat as AV -2). Her facial features become obviously more "lizard-like" (nose tapering into a snout, mouth widens, external ear structure diminishing in size, etc.). Her fingers and toes develop *talons* (Level 1—may be increased) and a short, vestigial tail develops at the base of her spine.

Level 3: The mutant's head and facial structure becomes obviously reptilian. Her jaw structure changes, along with the development of sharp teeth (bite: STR+1d6). This, combined with everything else, unfortunately makes her very unattractive to non-reptilians (raise her *Ugly as Sin* to -3). These changes make her a bit difficult to understand when she talks, and her speech is punctuated by deep, rattling grunts and wheezing hisses (additional -2 to friendly *persuasion*, but +2 on *overawe* checks).

While still bipedal, the bones and musculature of the leg change to reflect a more lizard-like body structure and the tail lengthens and becomes fully developed. The tail, in fact, is quite strong and can be utilized as an additional "free" attack when in melee by thrashing it about (tail: STR+2, -4 to hit). The mutant's overall *Strength*

increases by a step. While not exactly cold-blooded, the mutant becomes affected by changes in temperature; she suffers a cumulative -2 penalty to all Corporeal Aptitude checks for every ten degrees below 50 degrees Fahrenheit the temperature gets unless the mutie is sufficiently bundled up against the cold.

Ursine (Bear)

Level 1: The mutant's amount of body hair increases, giving her a rough, unkempt appearance (-2 on friendly *persuasion* checks). She gains *sniffer* at Level 1 (which can be increased through Bounty Points) and becomes stronger, gaining a +2 on all *Strength* related rolls.

Level 2: The mutant gains *fur* at level 1 (which can be increased) and her facial features become obviously more ursine (her nose begins to taper into muzzle, her ears increase in size and stand out from head, etc.).

Her fingers and toes shorten and thicken as the soles and palms thicken with padding and she develops claws (treat as *talons* at Level 1, and can be bought up). She also increases in size and girth, gaining the *Big 'Un* Hindrance at level 1.

Level 3: The mutant's head and facial structure become obviously ursine. Her jaw structure changes, becoming massive and filled with sharp teeth (Bite: Strength+1d8). The mutant's voice becomes deep and layered with a persistent growl and is capable of elevating to a booming roar or menacing growl (+2 on those *overawe* checks).

While still bipedal, the bones and musculature of the leg changes to reflect a more ursine body structure. She once again increases in size, her *Big 'Un* Hindrance increasing from level 1 to 2, but she also becomes considerably stronger. This greater muscle mass is reflected by her *Strength* die increasing by one full die type.

Pit Viper Senses

Cost: 2

Levels: 3

It's said that human DNA is more than 90% the same as reptile DNA. Maybe this is why so many of the mutations of the Children of the Atom show reptile-like changes. The mutant's cheeks develop slits below the eyes, with a faint tracery of iridescent scales across the brow ridges. The eyes themselves are deep amber in hue, with centered, black vertical pupil slits and an additional transparent protective nictating membrane. The mutant gains an unfortunate susceptibility to bright light, and suffers a -2 (noncumulative) penalty to all actions under such conditions without some form of eye protection, such as sunglasses. Snakeboy is also *ugly as sin* (-1) to non-reptile humans.

With *pit viper senses*, the mutant is able to visualize differences in temperature as various colors through the pits in his cheeks. The mutant's vision is unaffected by smoke, fog, or other vision-distorting effects, and also allows her to see heat signatures through walls up to one brick in thickness. Any *trackin'* rolls of warm bodies may still be made for up to 30 minutes after the object has passed. This enhanced vision does not allow the mutant to see room temperature objects in the dark, such as walkin' dead or other thermal-neutral abominations. Each level of *pit viper senses* gives the mutant a cumulative +2 bonus to all relevant visual *Cognition* checks in situations as detailed above. Range is limited to the mutant's normal visual range.

Prehensile Tail

Cost: 1

Levels: 3

The weird radiation given off by ghost rock has caused your mutie to grow a tail. Not only does it allow you to show how happy you are when the rest of the posse comes home, but you can perform some pretty cool tricks.

Level 1: At this level, the tail is a hairless, thin thing, about as thick as the mutie's pinky finger and a foot

long. The tail does have some fine motor control, and can manipulate objects as if it had a *Deftness* of one less step than the mutant. The tail can lift small (one pound) objects. Tight pants are out without some painful rearranging. Anyone seeing the tail treats the mutant as if he was *ugly as sin* (-1).

Level 2: The tail becomes a bit more robust. *Deftness* is equal to the mutant's, and the tail elongates to two feet. The tail can hold objects of up to ten pounds.

Level 3: The tail thickens and is covered with hair. The length is now three to four feet. The tail can either support great weight (equal to the mutie's weight plus 30 pounds) or becomes very sensitive (mutant's *Deftness* increased one Step). The type of tail that develops is up to the monkey-mutant.

Screecher

Cost: 1

Levels: 5

Drawing upon the abilities of some nocturnal or perhaps aquatic creature on some distant branch of the genetic tree, your mutie has gained the ability to detect and generate ultrasonic sound waves—in effect developing a form of sonar.

The only outward physical change your mutie experiences is a slight increase to her ears' size, and each ear tapers gently to a point. Your mutant's hearing is expanded to include both ultrasonic and subsonic sound range and her normal hearing range is doubled, conferring a +2 bonus to all *Cognition* rolls involving hearing things.

Furthermore, by generating an ultrasonic "screech" and listening for sonar "bounceback," she can function normally in complete darkness, limited only by the range of the mutation. The base range for this power is 5 yards, with each subsequent level doubling the previous range (level 3 is 20 yards).

Unfortunately, this sensitivity is a doubled-edged sword. As a result of this power, your mutant becomes vulnerable to very loud noises. Without some form of ear protection around such things as gunfire, she suffers a -2

Gifts of the Glow

63

(noncumulative) penalty to all actions. You might want to find some good earplugs.

Sentient Hair

Cost: 2

Levels: 3

Ever think your hair had a life of its own? A mutie with this tonsorial mutation has the real article: a full head of thick, loosely flowing (slightly precognizant) hair. Careful observers note that the mutie's hair seems to move on its own, waving and curling about her face in medusa-like fashion. Other than being an interesting conversation piece, *sentient hair* has the odd additional benefit of being able to warn of impending danger. If something unsuspected is about to happen to the waster, the hair knots and curls tightly up around the mutie's head.

In game terms, anytime the mutie has to roll to see if she's surprised, she can make the check at one difficulty step lower than normal for each level of the mutation she has. On the downside, this hair is extremely sensitive. It can't be tied up in a ponytail, pushed back with a headband or crammed up beneath a hat or helmet without causing extreme discomfort to the mutant (-2 to all actions and no surprise check benefit). You might be able to get away with a hood, but that's about it.

Furthermore, whenever the mutie takes a hit to her head in a region covered by the hair, she must make appropriate stun checks at one level higher than normal. Actual damage to the hair itself (singeing or cutting it for example) is extremely painful to the mutant. In such situations, the mutie must make a stun check relative to the severity of the damage (Marshal's discretion). Barbers are a definite no-no unless all you're after is a wash and rinse.

Sniffer

Cost: 1
Levels: 3

Are you any relation to Cyrano, perhaps? Your mutie's nose has increased in size—a nasal monument of epic proportions that unfortunately makes her *Ugly as Sin* (1) and the butt of endless jokes.

On the upside, once again sensitivity comes with size—your waster is very adept at picking up scents. For each level of *sniffer* a mutie possesses, she gains a +2 to her *trackin'* rolls. Unfortunately, malodorous smells affect you just as much. If making a *Vigor* roll to resist the effect of a bad smell, increase the difficulty by one step for every two levels (round up).

Talons

Cost: 1
Levels: 5

Your mutie has drawn upon a genetic descendant for some self-defense. The last metacarpal and metatarsal bone in each of your mutie's fingers and toes lengthens and tapers into a bony talon.

The length and overall nastiness of the talons depends upon the level of the mutation as shown on the table below, adding additional damage to your *Strength* roll whenever your mutant hits or kicks using her *fightin' brawlin'* skill.

Talons are a change to your mutant's bone structure however, and are not retractable. This can make your fine motor skills a bit awkward at times as well as making it impossible to wear standard footwear or gloves. Each level in *talons* conveys a cumulative -1 penalty to all of your mutie's *Deftness* checks (at level 3, the *Talons* would do 2d6 damage, but the mutant would have a -3 penalty to *Deftness*). Either way, let's hope you don't have a nose-picking habit.

Talons

Level	Damage
1	+1d4
2	+1d6
3	+2d6
4	+1d8
5	+2d8

Wings

Cost: 5
Levels: 3

The darn thing's got wings! Yes, indeed, your mutant is a radiation-spawned Icarus. His bone and muscular structure is changed to accommodate a pair of wings sprouting from the area of his back near his shoulder blades (bird or bat and coloration is your choice). The level of the mutation dictates size, benefits, and restrictions as indicated below.

Level 1: The mutie's wings are small, almost vestigial, with an individual wingspan of about 3 feet. When closed, the wings fall to just above his waist. While fairly easy to conceal beneath a robe or cape, they aren't capable of flight. The mutie can use them to glide, however—he takes no damage from falling if he makes an Onerous (TN 9) *Nimbleness* check.

Level 2: The mutie's wings increase to an individual wingspan of nearly 6 feet, falling to his posterior when closed on his back. Very difficult to conceal, these wings do allow the mutant to fly around at his normal Pace.

Level 3: The mutie's wings are truly magnificent, with an individual 9 foot wingspan. They fall to the backs of his thighs when closed and are impossible to hide.

These wings allow the mutant to fly at twice his normal Pace, and he gains a +2 to his *dodge* rolls while flying. However, to allow this flight capability, the mutant's bone structure has gone through a necessary metamorphosis, becoming lighter and less dense. While he does not change in actual size, he now takes wounds as if he were one size smaller.

The Marshal's Handbook







Chapter Three: Backstage

Howdy Marshal. Ready for your backstage tour of Vegas? What's that? You're not a Marshal? Can't you read, pal? If you want to be able to walk on both legs down the Strip, you better move on back to your own area, buster. We don't take kindly to people being where they ain't supposed to be—if you catch our drift. You'd better, or you're gonna catch a swift one upside your head.

That's better. What we're gonna discuss is the truth about the City o' Sin, Silas and his green robes, and what your posse can do to help out the White Hats—and believe us, Marshal, the good guys are gonna need all the help they can get!

History

Cabbie knows his way around Vegas, and earned plenty of money by answering the questions of wide-eyed tourists. He probably knows as much as anyone alive about the history of Vegas, but the operative word here is *alive*. Here's the stuff he doesn't know about that's going on behind the scenes.

The Godfather

Bugsy Siegel, supposedly killed in California in 1946, and again in 2081, is still very much alive (well, still in existence) today. This power-hungry, bloodthirsty gangster was too evil for the Reckoners to let pass quietly into his own special place in Hell, so they brought him back Harrowed in the 1940s.

Having run into the Agency's operatives while alive, Bugsy was careful to keep his undead status a closely guarded secret from all but his inner circle. Siegel quickly rose to the pinnacle of the Vegas underworld, and he virtually ruled the city single-handedly until Judgment Day turned out the lights on the Strip. Silas' position of power grates on the Harrowed gangster's nerves like a rotten tooth, and Bugsy would like to see the mutant king die in a very slow and painful way. He has been the driving force behind the anti-Cult Resistance in the City o' Sin.

Profile: Bugsy Siegel

Corporeal: D:4d8 N:3d6 Q:3d10 S:2d6
V:3d10

Climbin' 1, dodge 3d6, drivin' car 5d6,
fightin' brawlin' 2d6, shootin' rifle/
pistol/SMG 4d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d8 K:4d6 M:2d12 Sm:2d6
Sp:2d10

Area knowledge: Las Vegas 2d6, bluff
3d6, gamblin' 5d6, guts 5d10,
leadership 4d12, overawe 4d12,
scrutinize 4d8, streetwise 4d6

Grit: 3

Dead: 148 years

Manitou/Dominion: Greater manitou
(2d10)/Harrowed 7, manitou 3

Harrowed Powers: Claws 3, death
mask 3, eulogy 4, marked for death
2, soul eater 4

Edges: Rad-tolerant 5, renown 3, the
stare, the voice (threatening)

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, greedy, mean
as a rattler, randy, vengeful

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Equipment: S&W Model 85 .44 Magnum,
30 frangible .44 rounds, civilian
executive protection suit.

Apocalypse Whoops!

Neither the Confederacy nor the United States had Las Vegas on their nuclear hit list. In fact, both governments had discussed peace talks taking place in the city before Tremane's disappearance on board Air Force One over the Rockies (see the *Denver* sourcebook for more details).

Unfortunately for the City o' Sin, a programmer for the Confed Missile Command was not much of a typist, and while entering the coordinates for an enhanced bunker-buster intended for Fort 51 he transposed the last two digits in the coordinates. This placed the missile right at the intersection of East Sunset Road and Mountain Vista Street in east Las Vegas. This missile

carried a special warhead designed to burrow into the ground and release an enhanced burst of ghost rock radiation into the surrounding areas in the hopes of neutralizing the extensive underground bunkers of the Union's premier military installation. The good news for the city was that the warhead detonated 100 feet underground and most of the blast damage was directed downward. The bad news was that the augmented warhead created a maelstrom 10 miles in radius instead of the typical 5 miles, and the radiation was enhanced to cause more death and disability.

Ground zero consists of a crater 500 feet across and of an unknown depth. The crater, which Silas refers to as Heaven's Gate, is surrounded by a blasted zone two miles in radius, which consists of a gray ash plain. Out to five miles the damage is fairly extensive, after which the damage drops off out to the ten-mile mark, which is formed by the roaring wall of the maelstrom. The Strip, six to seven miles from ground zero, sustained damage but is still recognizable from before the blast.

The peculiar radiation from this augmented warhead has caused an unusual form of walkin' dead to arise. These restless corpses are charged with the Glow, and are a threat to anyone they attack, not only from their claws and teeth but from the radiation they exude. These things can be found as far away from ground zero as the Strip, and some groups of Silas' cultists actually worship these as ascended Chosen, keeping some of them in cages and basking in their radiation.

Profile: Glowin' Dead

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d6, S:3d8, Q:3d8,
V:2d8

Climbin' 1d6, dodge 2d6, fightin'
brawlin' 4d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d10, K:2d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4,
Sp:1d4

Overawe 5d4

Wind: NA

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

The Glow: These things literally glow with lethal radiation. Anyone within 1 yard (typically hand to hand combat) must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check. If the roll is failed the character takes 1 Wind per point that the roll was missed. This Wind can only be recovered by magic or waiting a day after a clean shower. On a bust, the unfortunate waster has picked up a case of the glows (*ailin': chronic Hindrance*).

Slowpoke: These creatures shuffle along, and aren't as quick as your typical walkin' dead, hence their Pace of 6. Being in no real hurry, they don't (or can't) run.

Fearless

Undead

Vulnerability: Unlike normal walkin' dead, destroying the head of a glowin' dead will not put them down. These undead must be totally destroyed to be stopped. Five wounds to the guts destroys their mobility, but individual parts continue to flop around. Severed limbs continue to attack as long as the head can see the target.

Description: These creatures look like walkin' dead with much of their features melted and their skin a sickly green color. They shuffle along, and their eyes seem empty of intelligence, unlike the evil glint of typical walkin' dead. At night they glow with a greenish hue like a chem-light. Their brains have been fried by the radiation, and what intelligence they might have had is long gone. Creatures of instinct, these things are driven by an insatiable hunger for brains, but they have none of the cunning of normal walkin' dead.

The Resistance

The Resistance in Las Vegas has split into three factions, each seeking the overthrow of Silas and his Cult of Doom. The original Cult of Grendel still seeks to reassert itself. Bugsy Siegel, under the alias of "The Don," runs what was the original resistance, founded to free the city from the

clutches of the Cult of Grendel. Bugsy's goals now are the elimination of all mutants from the city, an aim that many in his organization see as an impossible goal.

The third faction is composed primarily of Enforcers from the old Las Vegas Police Department. They seek a return to the days of a "democratic" form of government. The Enforcers would like to see themselves established as the rulers of the ruins. New people have been inducted into their ranks since Judgment Day, and some of the Enforcers leave the city and wander the Wastes as Law Dogs, gaining valuable experience before returning to the City o' Sin to carry on the fight against the Cult of Doom.



Saint Holst

As related in *Children o' the Atom*, Silas launched the attack on Virginia City after obtaining information that the First Saint, Megan Holst, was in the settlement. Unfortunately for the Mutant King, Holst was not in the town, and thus escaped the carnage that followed. Silas still lives in fear of the Saint's return, and his Doombringers have standing orders to kill any "impostors" that they might find during their journeys.

City o' Sin Environment

Needless to say, Vegas within the maelstrom (the Strip, Downtown, and most of the locations described in this book) is a Deadland (Fear Level 6). Creatures of nightmare stalk the streets at night (and sometimes in the day), despite the efforts of the Cult of Doom to clear the ruins out. Even the midday desert sun has a hard time penetrating the gloom of the swirling wall of damned souls, ash, and sand. The 20-mile diameter cyclone sucks debris up and into the atmosphere, leaving an umbrella of dust and grit over the city that the hot breeze only slowly dispels.

A strange side effect of the years of Glow-slinging in the city, not to mention the opening of the Stargate, has been to reduce the overall level of background radiation. At ground zero (Heaven's Gate) a character must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll each hour. Within the blasted zone (ground zero to two miles) the TN is 5 every six hours. Between the blasted zone and the maelstrom a character must make a Foolproof (3) *Vigor* check once per day. Silas and some of his most trusted High Priests are aware of this fact, and Damon Fiske has used this fact as a sign that the Saints are removing their

blessing from the Mutant King. Rasmussen has come up with a plan to reverse this trend, and restore his kingdom to its former glowing glory (see Chapter Five).

Tapping

Another side effect of the weakened maelstrom is the difficulty Glow-slingers find in tapping since the Stargate was opened. A mutant attempting to *tap* the power of the maelstrom must make a Hard (9) *tapping* roll. A success draws no power. A raise lets the mutie draw one extra point of Strain, plus one for each additional raise. Some muties have noticed this, but those who have voiced their doubts have disappeared into the night, dragged off by Grendel or Silas' secret enforcers.

Stratosphere

This hotel was designed to channel and store fear by a "new science" practitioner once in the employ of none other than Doctor Hellstromme. Joshua Thompson was one of Hellstromme's most promising protégées when a rival railroad's gang attacked the Wasatch train he was riding in back in 1877. Thompson and everyone on board were killed and left to rot along the tracks. Thompson awoke the next day with a manitou firmly in charge. From his rebirth until Judgment Day, the Harrowed mad scientist worked to cultivate fear in new and creative ways. Having worked on Hellstromme's "fear rails," he became the premier amusement park ride designer in both the US and the Confederacy. Thompson bought his way into the Stratosphere during its renovation in 2030, and redesigned the roller coaster and building's ghost steel structure to act as a giant conduit for the fear thus generated.

Anyone riding the roller coaster must make a *guts* check against a Terror TN of 7. The ride has a malign sentience, and speeds up if left unattended. This has the effect of increasing the TN by a Step for each consecutive circuit of the ride.

The network of psychoactive girders terminates in a still-like apparatus in a subbasement. This device distills the fear generated by the ride into an elixir. This dark fluid doubles the Strain of those who imbibe it for 10 minutes if an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check is made. Those who fail the *Vigor* check take a wound to the Guts. Going bust on this roll causes the loss of a Coordination in the waster's *Spirit*. Harrowed who imbibe it must make an immediate Dominion check. If lost, the manitou gains twice as many Dominion points as normal. A successful check earns the undead a free permanent power at Level 1.

If a character is reduced to a negative Strain level when the juice wears off, he takes damage to the guts equal to the amount by which his Strain dipped below 0.

Silas' Adepts have found this fear distillery, and are using the roller coaster not only to execute prisoners but to build up stocks of this Strain juice for Silas' eventual attack on Carson City.

Sahara

The Sahara has had a long and checkered past, as might be expected for a building hosting thousands of people a year over a hundred-year history. Suicides, murders, illicit affairs, you name it, the Sahara has seen it. Add to this a mass suicide-murder at the dawn of the Twenty-first Century by a millennium cult, and you have a building that only a demolitions expert would love.

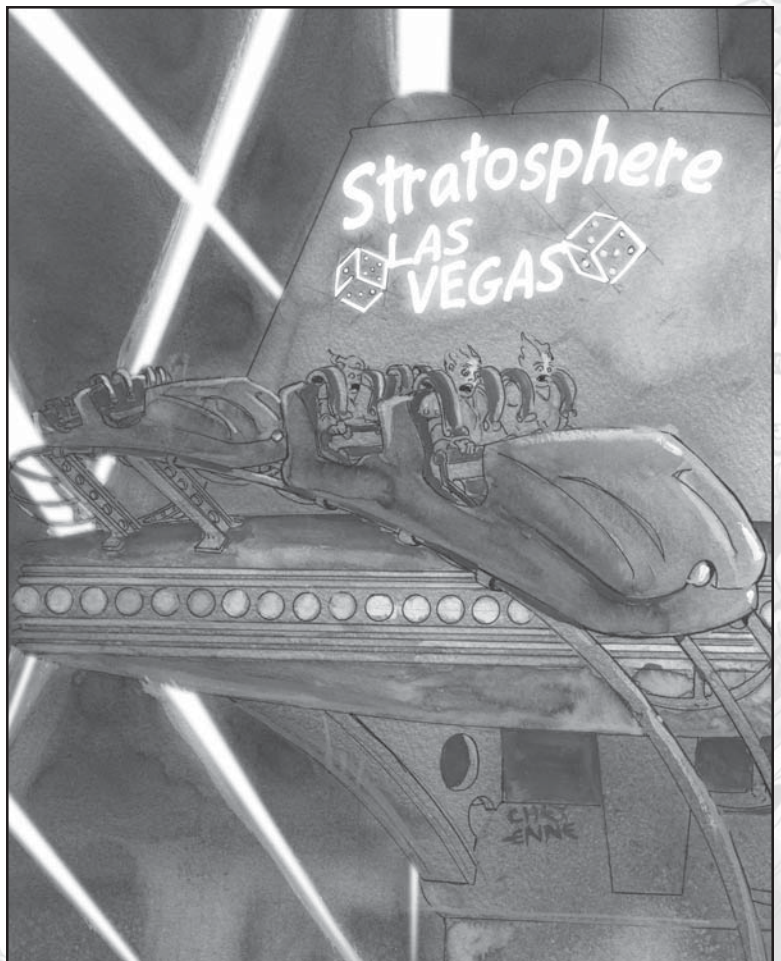
The United States' Agency bought the resort lock, stock, and barrel under the front of a Moroccan consortium in 2060. The renovation of the building actually disguised the addition of many features needed by the spy organization. The Agency was successful in eliminating many of the supernatural presences in the building before the bombs fell. The Sahara became the Las Vegas branch office, and served as a safehouse, meeting place, and holding area all hidden behind the facade of a fading casino-resort.

Backstage

71

The Last War ended the Agency's presence in Vegas. Those agents who survived the bombing left for the US, and the building has sat empty ever since. In 2090 a scavenging mutie found the secret levels beneath the hotel, and disrupted a supernatural containment field, setting loose a number of creatures that had been awaiting transfer to the Denver headquarters.

It is these beings, along with a number of old spirits awakened when the Deadland sprang to life, which have given the Sahara its fearsome reputation. Any number of spirits and apparitions can be found in this hotel by a posse seeking refuge here. If chased by a group of Vegas residents, they will not enter the building for fear of what lurks within. Pursuers instead



wait outside for several hours, giving the haunted resort a chance to kill off any trespassers.

If you have *Rascals, Varmints and Critters II* from our companion line *Deadlands: Weird West* you can find a whole passel of critters to torment your posse with in the Sahara (and elsewhere). If you don't have this fine product (shame on you!), we've provided statistics for a haunt, the most common type of ghost found here—there are plenty of others, though!

Profile: Sahara Haunt

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d6 S:3d8, Q:3d6, V:3d10

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:3d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Overawe 3d8, ridicule 3d6

Wind: —

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Chill Touch: Haunts can touch corporeal beings and inflict Wind damage by chilling them. A successful *fightin': brawlin'* attack does 2d6 Wind to the target. If the victim is reduced to 0 Wind he passes out for 1d6 minutes as well as suffering the usual effects of having no Wind.

Fear Attack: A haunt can inflict fear upon any human within 10 yards. This requires an opposed *Spirit* roll against the target. If the target loses, he must roll 3d6 on the Scart Table (or at the Marshal's option, flee at top speed for 1d8 minutes). For each raise the haunt gets, add an additional die to the roll on the Scart Table.

Ghostly Form: Intangible.

Immunity: Immune to Wind or physical damage. Only silver, enchanted, or *consecrated* weapons can hurt it.

Description: These ghosts are usually dressed in casual clothes, although some might be in more formal wear or dressed as entertainers. They will often rise from the floor and attack any intruders.

Riviera

Before the Last War this resort was known as a center for debauchery that rivaled the fleshpots of Bangkok. Whatever your desires, if you had the money the management was only too happy to make your wishes come true. This resort had the highest employee turnover rate of any resort on the Strip without a bloodsport arena.

All sorts of decadent things happened in the rooms of this complex, some of them involving blood and death. The stars of La Cage were actually a family of ten skinwalkers, horrid creatures able to impersonate people by skinning them and donning their skins. The "costumes" of the revue's stars consisted of the skins of a variety of celebrities. Most of these creatures survived Judgment Day, and they are now in charge of the mutants that find shelter here. Silas isn't aware of the true nature of these creatures, and the skinwalkers are currently debating how best to deal with the Cult of Doom. Joan (again, not *that* Joan) is in favor of replacing the Adepts, with an ultimate goal of replacing Silas and ruling in his place.

The skinwalkers welcome anyone to their hotel, and make a decent living charging for things like alcohol, carnal pleasures, and food, although the food is usually choice cuts of some of the previous guests. A distillery in the basement turns out more alcohol than all other sources in Vegas put together, and the Riviera never lacks for guests and visitors.

The tribe of sexually-altered mutants under the skinwalker's control numbers almost 200 people. They even exchange goods for Luxs at the very reasonable rate of five percent. They can afford to do this because they often recover their payouts from guests that are selected to be the next night's main course.

Profile: Skinwalker

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d10, S:1d10, Q:3d8, V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10, skinnin' 6d12, sneak 6d10

Mental: C:1d8, K:2d8, M:1d8, Sm:3d12, Sp:3d6

Bluff 5d8, **disguise** 6d8, **persuasion** 3d8

Wind: NA

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: 9 (without "skin")

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4), Claws (STR+2d6)

Disguise: A skinwalker in disguise gives all *scrutinize* tests to detect it a -2.

Immunity: As long as a skinwalker wears another's skin, it is impervious to physical harm. Once a total of 30 points of damage have been dealt to it, however, it sloughs off the destroyed skin. This is a disgusting sight in itself, and witnesses must make an Incredible (11) *guts* check. Once its true form is exposed, normal weapons can harm it.

Gear: Whatever is suitable for its disguise; when skinless, none.

Description: A skinwalker's natural appearance is very similar to a skinless human body. Retractable claws extend from the index and middle fingers of each hand. Its tongue is rough and rippled.

Circus Circus

As with so many things in the Wasted West, Circus Circus is not as it seems. It does serve as the orphanage for the ruined city, and with a high maternal mortality rate due to malnutrition, lack of sanitation, creatures of nightmare, and a host of other hazards, there are plenty of orphans in the city.

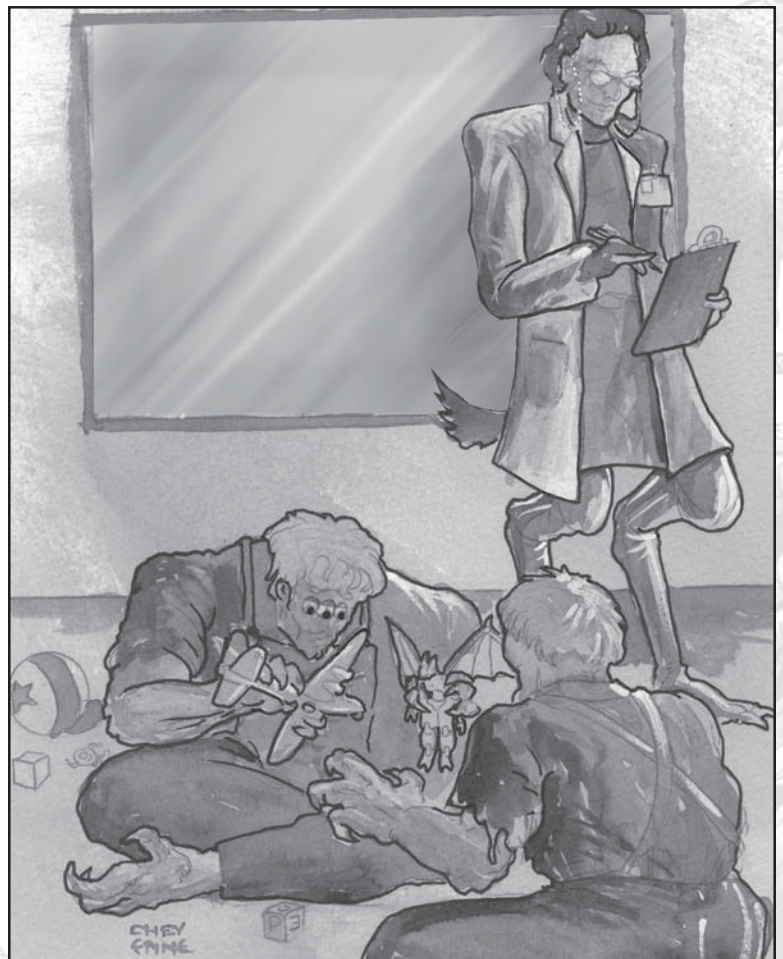
The Cult of Doom has even started raiding norm settlements for their children, and most satellite settlements are instructed to spare any children they come across in their war against the norms. The main purpose of all of this is to provide a pool of subjects

Backstage

73

from which to create Grundies. As explained in *Children o' the Atom*, children afflicted with the Grundy Syndrome age at five times normal speed, their cells growing and dividing at roughly five times the normal rate. Unfortunately, their emotional maturity does not match this accelerated growth, so they have the mind of a five-year-old in an adult's powerful, well-muscled body.

Silas' Taskmasters raise these unfortunates, teaching them to hate the normals of the world and to worship the Mutant King. The stories of the child-killings were a smokescreen to allow the Cult of Doom to close the complex to outsiders and institute their Grundy breeding scheme.





Solomon Grundy Comes to Vegas

The truth of the Grundies can be found in the twisted mind of Doctor Amanda Lucas. An employee of Pentacorp, she was in charge of a program to develop a radiation-resistant soldier for sale to the highest-bidding government.

Based in the Pentacorp-owned Mandalay Bay, she found a partial answer to the problem just days before Judgment Day. By thickening the DNA strand with a micropolymer, the subject's cells were rendered impervious to all but the most high-energy heavy particle radiation. Unfortunately, a side effect of the micropolymer was to cause rapid division of the DNA strand, even in stable non-dividing cells.

Before Lucas could work to correct this problem, the bombs fell and ended her work. Although she survived the Big Bang deep in her underground lab, she was twisted by the ghost rock radiation when she finally emerged from her shelter. When Silas Rasmussen appeared in Vegas two years later, Amanda Lucas was one of his first converts, quickly rising in the Cult to eventually become an Adept of the Mutant King. With her specialty of genetic engineering, Adept Amanda provided her Prophet with the perfect shocktroops—the Grundies. The old laboratories under Mandalay Bay were reopened, and the Grundy micropolymer went into production. By adding a touch of Silas' Glow to the mixture the chemical was found to even protect against the spirit-twisting effects of ghost rock radiation.

And the Children Shall Lead

The Grundy drug, under the guise of prenatal vitamins, was administered to the pregnant women of the Cult, where the rapidly dividing cells of the fetus drew the micropolymer like a buzzard

to roadkill in the Texas sun. The resulting baby showed rapid growth and radiation resistance.

Administration of the drug to children under the age of three caused the Syndrome, but without the radiation resistance. The maternity program was touted throughout the City o' Sin, as Lucas tried to get as many children into her program as possible. Currently about 70% of the pregnant women in the ruins are found and brought into the program, and roughly half of them are given the Grundy drug. Of those women dosed with the drug, almost 100% of their children exhibit signs of the Solomon Grundy syndrome.

Once the baby has been identified as a Grundy, he is taken away from the parents and enrolled into Silas' army in Circus Circus. Here they are trained by the Taskmasters to lead the way for the Prophet's armies. All of the norm children taken by Cult raiding parties are dosed with the drug when they arrive in the city.

Elementary, Doctor Watson

Not all children fall into the hands of the Cult. Some women are given the chemical during prenatal exams, but give birth out in the ruins. Not everyone trusts Silas' Cult and their motives. A doctor by the name of Francis Cullier tried to determine the cause of the Syndrome, but was run out of town when the Cult discovered his dangerous research.

Anyone trying to discover the cause of the Syndrome by physical examination of a Grundy would have to be able to check the subject's DNA, requiring equipment not readily available in the Wasted West. An epidemiological investigation would show that a disproportionate number of those born whose mothers took part in the prenatal program exhibit the Syndrome, but tracing what exactly causes the condition is difficult. The "vitamins" containing the micropolymer don't affect those over three years of age, so posse members who take the pills are unaffected. See Chapter Four, Minions of Doom, for more details on Grundies.

Stardust

Wayne Newton signed a lifetime contract with the owners of the Stardust way back in 1999. What Mr. Newton didn't realize at the time was that the mobsters with whom he had signed intended to get every penny they could out of the singer. As he got older with no decrease in his drawing power, the Malucci Family began to cast about for a way to keep their golden egg-laying goose forever. The answer was found in the spirit fetters developed by the Agency to create cyborgs. A tidy sum paid to a vacationing cyborg expert was enough to ensure that Newton would be able to sing long after most of his current fans were dust. Although it took the star several months to reconcile himself to what he had become, he was above all an entertainer and realized the advantages that this surgery afforded him.

The cyborg singer really does care for his fans and those who flocked to him after Judgment Day. Unfortunately, his AI was programmed to keep Newton in Vegas, so the entertainer, and by default, his followers, are stuck here. The bargain he struck with Silas promised the Mutant King that Newton would never challenge the authority of the Cult of Doom. In return, Silas allows safe passage to the singer's fans, and allows this enclave of norms and muties to live outside the structure of the Chosen. Those Newtonians who degenerate into mindless savagery are taken into the ranks of the Cult of Doom. Newton holds occasional concerts at other tribes' holdings, where he uses his tale-tellin' in an attempt to decrease the Fear Level.

Profile: Wayne Newton

Corporeal: D:2d6 N:3d6 Q:3d8 S:2d6 V:3d10

Dodge 3d6, drivin': car 2d6, sleight o' hand 2d6, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:2d12 K:3d8 M:4d12+4 Sm:2d10 Sp:1d8

Area knowledge: Las Vegas 2d8, bluff 3d10, gamblin' 3d10, leadership 4d12+4, overawe 3d12+4, performin': singin' 6d12+4, persuasion 3d12+4, professional: entertainer 4d8,

Backstage

75

scrutinize 2d12, streetwise 4d10, tale tellin' 3d12+4

Wind: 18

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Edges: Dinero 5, purty, renown 5, the voice (soothing)

Hindrances: Law o' the West, obligation (to fans) 5, pacifist 3

Cyber Systems: Chameleon, CPU, facemaker, infiltrator, self-repair unit, spirit fetter.

Manitou/Power: 4d10/10

Gear: Stylish clothing, civilian executive protection Armani suit, sunglasses, NA Officers' pistol w/3 full clips

Description: Wayne Newton looks amazingly good for a singer of 152 years. He typically appears as he did when he was in his late 40s.



The Frontier

The Frontier was bought from the Siegel family by the Confederacy in 1995, and run with funds from the Confederate Intelligence Agency and the Texas Rangers. A number of successful operations, both mundane and supernatural, were run out of the hotel. Unlike the Agency's Las Vegas operations, the Confederacy didn't keep abominations in the lower levels of their installation, instead shipping them out as soon as possible via the government-owned Air South airlines.

A major operation mounted by the Rangers just before Judgment Day was Operation Lipstick. A band of mostly female vampires had sought refuge in Vegas after being routed from a bordello in west Texas. The Rangers didn't have enough time to track down and destroy these creatures of the night before the bombs fell, and a captured agent divulged the location of the headquarters after being turned by the brood's leader.

In the post-bombing chaos, the vampires attacked the Frontier, killing or driving away most of the Confederate personnel. In an ironic twist, the brood has set up a nest in the ruins of the former Texas Ranger stronghold. They range up and down the Strip by night, never feeding in the same place for long. Silas' Doomsayers have been searching for these bloodsucking abominations for years now without success. The vampires' leader, a sultry seductress by the name of Jenny Hickam, has been around since shortly after the Reckoning and is a formidable foe.

Although Jenny and her brood are not affected by the ambient radiation, she detests ugly things, and the pickings for new recruits in Vegas are pretty slim these days. Unfortunately, since Judgment Day vehicles have been hard to come by in the City o' Sin. The

searing desert that surrounds the city has effectively trapped these bloodsuckers in the ruins. If able to procure transport out of the city, Jenny is more than willing to pick up and move to greener pastures, like Junkyard, Lynchburg, or maybe even Denver.

Profile: Jenny Hickam

Corporeal: D:5d10, N:5d12+2, S:4d12, Q:6d12+2, V:5d12+2

Climbin' 4d12+2, dodge 5d12+2, fightin' brawlin' 6d12+2, shootin': pistol 3d10, sneak 8d12+2

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d10, M:5d12+4, Sm:3d10, Sp:4d12+4

Academia: occult 3d10, area knowledge: American West 4d10, bluff 3d10, disguise 4d10, gamblin' 5d10, language: Spanish 4d10, overawe 5d12+4, persuasion 5d12+4, ridicule 5d10, scrutinize 4d10, search 2d10, streetwise 4d10

Wind: 36

Pace: 14

Size: 6

Terror: 9 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+Id6). A raise on a *fightin':brawlin'* attack allows Jenny to bite her victim for (STR+Id4) brawlin' damage.

Hypnotic Gaze: Jenny can command a victim to do her bidding by winning an opposed contest of *Spirit*. If she gets a raise on the roll, she can order them to perform even obviously harmful acts. This takes an Action Card to activate and she must maintain concentration to exert her will on a victim. Jenny gains a +4 on her *Spirit* roll when attempting control over other vampires.

Infection: Anyone who has taken at least one wound from Jenny's bite can sense her general location, no matter the distance between them. Anyone slain by her bite arises in three nights as a lesser vampire. She has full control over these thralls—although if you have *Rascals*, *Varmints*, and *Critters II* you might want to give the player a chance to resist, Marshal. See Chapter Four in that tome for some rules on how to handle this.

Regeneration: Every six points of Wind Jenny drains completely heals one wounded location she has suffered.

Shapechange: Jenny can assume the form of a massive bat (Size 3) or wolf. Use the appropriate animal profile, but increase the Corporeal Traits by a die type. Either change requires one Action to perform.

Weakness: Wood, garlic, holy water, roses, sunlight. Garlic and roses repel Hickam—she must make an Incredible (11) *Spirit* roll to bypass them. Driving a stake through her heart paralyzes Jenny until it's removed. Holy water does 2d6 damage when splashed on her. Sunlight does 3d6 massive damage to her.

Undead: Focus—heart. The only way to truly kill Jenny Hickam is to drive a stake through her heart and behead her.

Description: Jenny Hickam appears as a pale-skinned, blonde woman of incredible beauty. Her clothes are well maintained, and her manners are very genteel, until she attacks. Then her eyes glow red, her nails lengthen, and a malevolent aura becomes apparent.

Profile: Lesser Vampire

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:4d12, S:4d12+2, Q:4d12+2, V:4d12+2

Fightin': brawlin' 4d12, dodge 4d12, climbin' 5d12, sneak 6d12, shootin' pistol/rifle 4d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d10

Overawe 4d12, **scrutinize** 3d10, **search** 4d10

Wind: 22

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Terror: 9 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d6). A raise on a *fightin':brawlin'* attack allows the vampire to bite its victim for (STR+1d4) *brawlin'* damage.

Infection: Anyone slain by a vampire's bite arises in 1d6 nights as a lesser vampire.

Regeneration: Every six points of Wind drained by the vampire

Backstage

77

completely heals one wounded location it has suffered.

Speed: Vampires are incredibly fast. They can move up to four times their Pace on *each* action.

Weakness: Wood, holy water, beheading, sunlight. Beheading or driving a stake through the heart kills the vampire. Holy water does 2d6 damage when splashed on them. Sunlight does 3d6 massive damage each round to a vampire.

Undead: Focus—heart.

Description: These lesser vampires appear much like normal humans, which is an oddity in Las Vegas. They usually dress in robes or concealing rags to hide their lack of mutations.





Treasure Island

Currently led by Captain Jake Nelson and First Mate/High Priest Xavier, the inhabitants of Treasure Island provide the forces of the Cult of Doom with some impressive firepower. All of the swashbucklers train with cutlasses and both archaic and modern firearms. The pirates also have the only heavy artillery of the Cult of Doom, and the cannons from the ships have been mounted on carriages designed to be hauled overland long distances for the Mutant King's next campaign.

The workshops under the resort meant to keep the battles in Buccaneer Bay going have provided a valuable resource for this tribe. The seagoing muties have been able to cast their own cannons and make muskets as well as cutlasses and other melee weapons. An old chemistry professor who was on death row for child molestation and rape has put a gunpowder factory in production in the bowels of the casino, so Nelson and his men have plenty of powder for both "training" and battle.

Muskets: Shots: 1, Ammo: .58 caliber cap and ball (muzzle-loader), ROF 1, Damage: 5d8, RI: 10, three actions to reload.

The Venetian

William Bennet was a designer for one of the last remaining non-computer game companies before the Last War. Meticulous about researching the products he wrote, Bennet delved into ancient texts and manuscripts, and partook in a variety of ceremonies of an exotic nature.

Research into the many cults of the late 20th and early 21st Centuries also added to his knowledge of things man was not meant to know. Judgment Day found him in Vegas attending Mega-con after a road trip in the Great Maze. It

was in the Maze that the young man had acquired a statue of supposedly nonhuman origin.

Mutated by the bomb, Bill wandered the ruins of the city, marveling at the changes the war had wrought, his mind slowly unraveling under the strain. When Silas appeared, Bennet was only too happy to join the Cult. Bill's aptitude for the ways of the Atom, coupled with his fertile imagination, allowed him to quickly rise through the ranks of the Cult. High Priest Bill's latest mutation forced him to confine himself to the Venetian, where he found the perfect setting in which to start a worship of a pantheon of aquatic deities. The statue from the Great Maze would be the centerpiece of his new religion, with the Mutant King as a co-equal, of course.

These days the Venetian is a dank and dark place, lit by flickering greenish light from the slime-covered light fixtures and skylights. Strange shapes glide through the foul-smelling waters of the canals that fill most levels. The current inhabitants of the resort all have been blessed with aquatic mutations of one sort or the other, and some are easily mistaken for croakers or shraks, among other things. While most are unable to leave the watery confines of the hotel, Silas has built or salvaged a number of water tankers to move his aquatic troopers across the arid wastes to areas where they can be used.

Creatures from the Black Canal

The strange idol that Billy Bass and his minions worship is actually an antediluvian representation of the croaker's goddess. Apparently she has some real power, for her worshippers within the Venetian are breeding true, passing on their fishy mutations to their children instead of spawning a random mutation like most muties in Las Vegas. Each new generation born under her veneration becomes more fish-like and less and less human. Bass' minions have taken to raiding surrounding hotels for breeding stock, especially on the nights of the full moon when the unseen pull of the tides is greatest.

Treat any muties encountered in the resort as having the *Blessing o' the Atom* mutation ichthyian at a minimum of level three (See Chapter Two).

The Mirage

Jennifer Rivera and the rabid environmentalists, or Greenpeacers as they call themselves, are convinced that the Atom has mutated them to force mankind to abandon technology and return to the embrace of the Earth-Mother. Many of the "Greenies" were former eco-terrorists that Rivera knew before the War, and these fanatics make a hard-core unit for the mutant King.

Use the Mutant template, with a phenotype "Moreau" at level three. Hundreds of these animalistic muties make their home here, as well as the largest concentration of trogs anywhere in the city. Rivera feels that these unfortunates are her special charges, as the ultimate proof of man's desecration of the planet. Dead bodies are routinely dumped outside on the Strip in front of the Mirage as a "food" donation for these hungry creatures.

Rio

The consortium of New Orleans backers for the Rio was actually a front for Francois LaCroix, the great-great grandson of the infamous Baron Simone LaCroix. The huge influx of transient people through Las Vegas made it the perfect place for LaCroix to "recruit" people into his organization, as well as using it to engage in governmental and industrial espionage. The management was staffed with a variety of bokkor from the New Orleans organization, hiding in the open behind the motif of the Voodoo Lounge high atop the resort. These voodoo priests were employed to both extract information from guests, as well as turning influential businessmen and public figures into pawns of the LaCroix organizations through their black arts.

Judgment Day closed the hotel for good, and many of the bokkor left the city for their native home of New

Backstage

79

Orleans, but a few under the leadership of Marie DuBois stayed in the ruined hotel.

The voodooists managed to stay aloof from the desperate struggles that characterized the early city, protecting themselves with zombies of their own making. With the coming of Damon Plaguebringer the bokkor found a new and powerful ally. It was Marie who worked with the then-Doomsayer to create the undead abominations that are the Doombringers. Twisted by the subtle influence of the Deadland, Marie DuBois has become a servitor of Death, sacrificing her fellow voodoo priests in the process. This has greatly enhanced her formidable voodoo powers with an array of powers from her new overlord. She and Damon rule their small empire together from atop the Rio, creating an army of undead abominations. While neither fully trusts the other, for now they are content to work together.

Profile: Marie DuBois, Servitor of Death

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:4d6, V:2d8

Dodge 5d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, shootin': pistol 3d6, sneak 4d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:3d10, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:4d12+4

Academia: occult 3d10, bluff 3d8, faith: black magic 6d12, gamblin' 5d8, guts 5d12, language: French 4d10, persuasion 5d10, scrutinize 4d8, search 2d6

Wind: 24

Pace: 6


Size: 6

Edges: Purty, arcane background: black magic, the voice: soothing

Hindrances: Scrawny, superstitious, bloodthirsty, mean as a rattler

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Spells: Bolt o' doom (Speed 1, ROF 2, Range 5, Damage 3d12), cloak o' evil (-4), stun, zombie.



Immunity: Marie can only be killed by the skulls (thrown or wielded as clubs) of her fellow bokkors who remained behind in Lost Vegas with her after Judgment Day. She keeps them on a shelf above her bed in the penthouse suite.

Gear: Marie typically wears clothes of the finest make, and carries a poisoned dagger on her person.

Description: Marie Dubois appears as a light-skinned Creole, with a conjure bag around her neck at all times.

Caesar's Palace

Augustus was a lowly convict sentenced to die in the Coliseum when Judgment Day changed his world forever. His mutation gave him a new voice and mesmerizing eyes that allowed him to assume leadership of the band of villains in the resort's dungeons. The new "emperor" enlisted the help of the centurions who trained the convicts for battle, and soon had a well-trained military force to deal with the rabble that tried to take the hotel away from them.

Six months after the end of the Last War, disaster almost struck. The War had knocked out many of the subterranean emitters that kept Mojave Rattlers at bay, and one burrowed under the Coliseum, attracted by the noise of the training legionnaires within. When it broke to the surface for dinner, part of the Coliseum collapsed on it, pinning its body under the rubble. The giant abomination would have been easy meat for the muties, but Augustus decided to spare its life and keep it as a pet. Now the Augustians feed the Mojave rattler, which they have named the Sarloon, ritual sacrifices to keep it alive.

Augustus has 200 well-armed and armored muties in his tribe, and enjoys cordial relations with Silas and his

neighbors. Patrols of legionnaires police the nearby Strip, enforcing a Pax Augustus on the unruly crowd and allowing commerce to flourish. Those who get out of line are fed to the Sarloon each Sunday.

The Flamingo

The Flamingo is not much more than a gaping pit surrounded by some rubble piles. The old basement and sub-levels do conceal more than meets the eye. Bugsy Siegel had a variety of entrances to the underground system built, many of which remain hidden to this day. The Resistance uses these entrances to move between the surface and the Below, and occasionally rescue those Silas has had crucified. These lucky souls are inducted into the ranks of the Resistance and offered the chance to give the Mutant King a little payback.

Aladdin

The Aladdin was bought out in 2041 by a consortium that served as a front company for the Cult of the Djinn, led by the undead sorcerer Akul Hasazim, known in Vegas as Omar Hakul. Akul was the head of this cult of assassins and dark scholars who sought to become the behind-the-scenes rulers of the Middle Eastern states and move the world toward the dark designs of their masters, the djinn (manitous to you and me).

Since the 1800s the Cult of the Djinn had meddled in affairs in the West, sowing evil and discord wherever it suited their leaders. Akul himself had been foiled in the 1870s in a bid to gain an ancient artifact in the American West (see "Abracadabra and an Arab Cadaver" in *Deadlands The Weird West's Hucksters and Hexes* for more information), but the evil sorcerer managed to recover from his defeat. The Aladdin was the perfect cover for the Cult to gain influence over a variety of Arab leaders, and indirectly influence events away from the prying eyes of their archenemies, the Eyes of Osiris, a holy sect devoted to opposing the Cult of the Djinn.

With the coming of Silas to Lost Vegas, Akul saw a perfect chance to become the hidden power behind the throne of one of the new powers in this blasted world. With much of his homeland a flaming wasteland from ghost rock bomb ignited oil fields, Akul is content to remain in the Wasted West and resurrect the Cult of the Djinn without the interference of the Eyes of Osiris.

Indeed, it was Akul who molded the raw, insecure Silas Rasmussen who first stumbled into Lost Vegas into the confident leader who appeared from the shadows to defeat Grendel. Silas stayed in the Aladdin, and Akul sensed the power simmering within the ex-physicist. Silas was a quick learner at the wizard's feet. A simple spell of Akul's cast from the shadows allowed Silas' powers to effect the monster. With his dark powers and knowledge of alchemy, it was child's play to teach the secrets of spook juice to the Cult of Doom's leader, as well as a host of other inventions that have come from the labs of ULV and from under Mandalay Bay. Silas realizes his debt to Akul and would love to find a way to rid himself of the sorcerer. He can't be completely secure in his power until he does.

Guests staying at the Aladdin are pumped for information by the staff, who are willing to go to any lengths for their dark master. There are many artifacts scattered in the crumbling museums across the former U.S. and C.S. that Akul would like to get his hands on. Occasionally a useful bit of information will come from a scavvie relaxing in the pool or on the massage table on the whereabouts of just such a prize.

Around the pool is a lush grove of palms, imported from a special oasis deep in the Arabian desert. These palms have a malevolent intelligence, and were planted here by the Cult of the Djinn both as a means of gaining information and disposing of their enemies. Anyone going for a relaxing late-night dip may find themselves prey to these creatures, as well as anyone who Akul deems to be the holder of valuable information that may aid his quest for power.

Backstage

81

Profile: Akul Hasazim

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:1d8, S:2d6, Q:1d8, V:2d12+4

Dodge 5d8, fightin': knife 3d8, filchin' 3d8, sleight o' hand 3d8, throwin' bolts o' doom 5d8

Mental: C:2d12 K:512, M:4d6, Sm:4d12 Sp:4d12

Academia: occult 7d12, faith 6d12 (Cult of the Djinn), language: Arabic 5d12, English 4d12, Latin 3d12, Ancient Egyptian 2d12, overawe 5d6, scrutinize 4d12, science

Edges: Arcane background: cultist, rank (vizier), dinero

Hindrances: Bad luck, loyal (Cult of Djinn)

Pace: 8





Size: 6

Wind: 26

Equipment: Jambiya (Arabian knife)

Special Abilities:

Vulnerability: Akul long ago transferred his soul to an amulet, which he keeps locked in the main safe in the lobby of The Aladdin. If his mortal remains are destroyed, his followers will perform a ceremony to reincarnate him into a new body (probably a hapless guest at the resort).

Immunities: All.

Black Magic: (full rules for Black Magic can be found in the *Deadlands: Weird West Marshal's Handbook*, but the individual powers' effects are summarized below. Basically, Akul must make a

Foolproof (3) *faith* check to successfully cast a power). Bolts o' Doom 5 (Damage: 5d20, RI 50, Speed 1), cloak o' evil 3 (-6 to hit), dark protection 2 (AV 2), pact 4, puppet 5, spook 4

Description: Akul looks like a sophisticated Arab businessman, even down to the perfectly tailored and clean Armani suit he wears. When acting as Silas' vizier, however, he wears a standard Doomsayer cloak with deep hood and wraps his face in bandages.

Profile: Hangin' Palm

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:1d4, S:3d12+2, Q:4d10, V:2d12

Fightin': brawlin' 4d12,

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:1d4, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d10

Wind: N/A

Pace: 2 (can uproot itself and slowly move in emergencies)

Size: 11

Terror: 7 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Palm noose (STR+1d4), saw-toothed frond (STR+1d8), coconuts (shots 10; Speed: 1; ROF 1; RI: 5; Damage 3d6).

Fronds: The jagged-edged fronds of the palm can attack targets up to 10' away.

Hang'em High: If the Hangin' Palm surprises its prey and gets a raise on a *fightin':brawlin'* attack it has snared its victim and pulled them up into its foliage. The victim must make a Hard (9) Vigor roll (-4 if a big'un). Failure means the character's neck has snapped and he's dead. If the character is still alive he must make a Hard (9) Vigor roll each round. If he fails, he takes the difference in Wind. The palm noose is tough and fibrous, requiring an opposed Strength roll at -2 to break free. The noose itself is AV -4 and can take 10 points of damage.

Pod People: The palm can reanimate its victims by inserting a seedpod into the body. Originally developed to help spread the terror of these plants to other oases, these palm zombies are treated as walkin'

dead. The hangin' palms at the Aladdin keep several around in poolside lounge chairs as guardians.

Weakness: Fire. Hangin' Palms take double damage from fire-based attacks.

Description: At first glance these creatures look like a large palm tree topped with a lush mass of foliage at the top. A close examination of the mulch that surrounds their bases may reveal bone fragments, as well as small items of the former victims.

Primate Paradise

The primate population of the resort was originally composed of apes and monkeys from across the world and from a variety of settings. As the years went on and the novelty wore off, management looked for ways to attract crowds, and hired a former employee of the Hellstromme space program, Doctor Mario Bravo. The good doctor had been one of the team who had developed the "super-apes" who piloted the first craft through the Tunnel and into the Faraway system.

Bravo was even able to bring some of the super-apes with him once the Tunnel was proven safe for human use and their use was terminated. The super-apes were allowed to live a life of leisure, breeding as they chose, while Doctor Bravo tinkered with their intelligence through genetic manipulation. What no one had realized, however, was what exposure to the early Tunnel prototype had done to these apes.

It's Not Nice to Fool Mother Nature

No one knows what exactly happened in the early Tunnel, but something changed these monkeys and apes who flew the first flights. Already bred for low-level human equivalent intelligence, they became *aware* through their experiences and passed this on to their offspring. Soon the primate population was full of creatures who only looked cute and friendly.

Backstage

83


A preemptive revolt by some hotheads before the war taught the cooler heads the futility of trying to fight the power of the Las Vegas Enforcers, but Judgment Day was what the apes had been waiting for. With their human masters dead or dying, the apes sprang into action, taking over the resort and much of the surrounding area. Primate Paradise, the small hotels on both sides, and the surrounding stores are nowadays all ape-held territory.

Napoleon, grandson of one of the original Tunnel flyers, isn't stupid. His followers can't seem to exhibit the powers of the Atom, so they are at a great disadvantage when taking on Silas' cult in a stand-up fight. That's why he has sworn fealty to the Mutant King. In the end, though, Napoleon and almost all of his followers hate all humans, mutant and normals, for what they have done to the world and the apes, and will work toward their downfall. For his part, Silas realizes what a fierce weapon these primates will make in the upcoming war on the norms. See Chapter Four for statistics on a typical ape warrior.

New York-New York

The muties of NY-NY are a wild and varied lot whose only thing in common is their insanity. For some strange reason the skyline of the resort seems to draw crazies to it like flies to an open latrine, and once there, the many shops and theatrical areas allow them to indulge their fantasies. This is a good place to let your imagination run wild, Marshal. Play these folks up for laughs.

New York allows a posse a place of refuge from the Mutant King's hordes. Even Gonzo, the High Priest in charge, is a little off his rocker, and won't automatically turn in strange people who don't seem to belong. After all,



after seeing a hallway full of Elvis impersonators, dungeoneers, and Marilyn Monroes, a typical posse won't look so out of place.

Gonzo is actually Doctor Raoul Duke, a Union Earth syker who fled here when the horrors of the Last War became too much for him. Originally a member of the support staff at the US Psionic Academy, Duke was drafted into a frontline squad late in 2080 and deserted 7 months later. While not a radslinger or even a mutie, Silas has accorded the syker High Priest status for his unique abilities. Use the mind freak archetype with the powers *hallucination*, *lunacy*, *manipulator*, *mind reader*, and *peace of mind*.

MGM Grand

The site of the "Final Rites" test that all aspiring Doomsayers must go through, the MGM has been extensively renovated to be a veritable death trap for those who enter. From the old security office deep in the bowels of the ruined resort, Silas' High Priests and Taskmasters orchestrate each initiate's experience, testing their resolve and hatred of norms.

Those who fail the tests are conveniently killed off by shunting them to a particularly deadly section. The tests change as new taskmasters and High Priests are assigned here, but most involve problem-solving skills, encounters with norm prisoners, wild animals from pre-War zoo exhibits, and abominations captured from the ruins of the city. An old service tunnel closed off by heavy blast doors leads from the underlevels of the Tropicana to the basement of the MGM Grand, and this is occasionally opened to provide a snack for the Grendels. Silas occasionally sets loose enemies of the mutant state in here as well, and watches their eventual demise via closed-circuit tri-D.

Excalibur

The ex-gamers of Mega-con have all grown up in the harshness of the Lost Vegas Deadland, and have exiled their comrades who continued to live in a fantasyland across the street to New York, New York. While some are still likely to go across for a game of *Sorcery: The Grouping* now and then, for the most part these Knights are some of the most hard-bitten warriors in Silas' kingdom. Use the mutie archetype, but add a sword or axe and chainmail armor (AV 1, 2 vs. melee weapons).

Tropicana

The entrepreneurs who revived the fading Tropicana in 2057 could never have foreseen the consequences of their actions 26 years later. As will be explained in our companion game *Deadlands: Lost Colony*, the planet Banshee influences the life forms native to it. By removing plants and animals for exhibition on Earth, this stabilizing influence was lost. Add to this the warping power of irradiated ghost rock and mutations wilder and more vicious in nature appeared, as if the organisms were driven into a frenzy by this exposure. The Tropicana has become a Deathland within a Deadland, everything within inimical to Earth lifeforms. Even breathing the spore-laden air within the structure requires a *Vigor* check against a 3d10 per hour, failure causing the difference in fatigue damage.

The most hostile lifeforms in the resort are the Grendels. Brought to Earth in the form of harmless squirrel-like creatures, the lack of Banshee's guiding worldforce and the mutating power of irradiated ghost rock has created terrifying killing machines. Within three months of Judgment Day, a single Grendel had killed its way to the top of the food chain in the Tropicana, and began preying on the tasty muties along the Strip. Some she killed and ate outright, swallowing them whole and leaving no trace except for bloodspots. Others she

brought back with her to serve as incubators for her offspring. As a powerful brood mother, she was even able to assimilate her victim's intelligence on a rudimentary scale. This knowledge helped her understand her prey's fears, tactics, and defenses.

When Silas came to power and entered the lair, he quickly learned the truth of the Grendels. Sensing the Mutant King's power, the queen subjugated herself to him, and an unholy alliance was soon struck. Food is still provided to the Grendels, either through unfortunate Doomsayer initiates in the MGM Grand or political prisoner or dissidents from the dungeons of the Luxor. When the Awakening comes, Silas plans to use these alien creatures as shock troops, or better yet, infiltrators into norm strongholds like Junkyard and Oil Town. See Chapter Four for statistics on the Grendels.

Besides the Grendels, the Tropicana is filled with alien plant-life hostile to anything not of Banshee origin. Death Blossoms are commonly found, as well as a plant similar to the Banshee Blossom found in *Air Force One is Down!* in the Denver sourcebook.

Luxor

Under the influence of the undead sorcerer Akul Hasazim, Silas caused the Luxor to be rebuilt as a fitting tribute to his greatness. Enjoying the comparison to the pharaohs and always having been a fan of the ancient kingdom, he even molded a bodyguard patterned after the gods of Egypt, which he called his pantheon. Now mortal mutant incarnations of Anubis, Set, Sebik, Horus, Bast, and Thoth serve the new King of the Strip.

Unfortunately for the world, the Luxor's designers' passion for authenticity set in motion a chain of events destined to bring misery and suffering to thousands in the Wasted West. Many of the artifacts stolen from Egypt and installed in the resort were powerful relics from a time when the flow of energy from the Hunting Grounds was much greater. With the coming of Judgment Day and the

opening of a Deadland these items were once again brought to life. The worst is a sphinx, cursed into stone form by an ancient sorcerer, now released from its prison. During the day this ancient creature stands along the procession into the hotel along with its inanimate brethren, but when night falls it often takes flight into the city to hunt for food and pleasure. As it stands at the end of the line of statues, it is difficult to notice it's missing upon casual observation. Many nocturnal attacks blamed on the Grendels after Silas' rise to power are actually due to this abomination.

Profile: Sphinx

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:2d10, S:3d10, Q:4d8, V:3d12

Fightin': brawlin' 4d10

Mental: C:4d8, K:5d10, M:2d8, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d6

Academia: occult 4d10, bluff 4d10, guts 3d6, language: ancient Egyptian/Latin 4d10, language: English 1d10, overawe 3d8, persuasion 4d8, scrutinize 3d8, trackin' 2d8

Wind: 18

Pace: Flying 18 (10 on ground)

Size: 12

Terror: 7 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4), claws (STR+1d8).

Armor: 3

Riddle Me This: The sphinx enjoys riddles, and can be persuaded to engage in a riddle contest with a Hard (9) *persuasion* check. It asks the riddles, though. Make one up, or roll a contested *bluff* versus *scrutinize*. Losers get eaten.

Immunity: All.

Weakness: Silver, *consecrated*, or magic weapons. Reading a curse from the *Book of the Dead* (found in a display case in the Luxor) will negate the sphinx's immunities for one month.



Description: This creature appears as a winged lion with the face of an Egyptian pharaoh, complete with spiked beard.

Mandalay Bay

Always on the lookout for new venues, the Board of directors of Black River Industries bought this property in the mid-21st Century. The sprawling resort, with its exclusive Four Seasons section and large transient population, was the perfect place to install a Pentacorp facility. While BRI received acclaim from the City Council for its aid to the homeless, the Pentacorp labs received all the human research subjects they needed for their experiments.

A wide variety of biological research was carried out here under the watchful eye and keen mind of Doctor Amanda Lucas. Lucas was caught here on Judgment Day. Always an opportunist, she sided with Silas as soon as it was apparent that he was the new force to be reckoned with in Lost Vegas.

Now the labs under Mandalay Bay and in the Four Seasons churn out a variety of creations for the Cult of Doom, as well as distilling the special enzymes used for the elixir of change from unfortunate muties. Most norms captured in Cult raids are brought here as material for the labs, as well as homeless mutants fresh to the city. Lucas even has specially equipped bands of slavers that she sends into the squatter communities outside the maelstrom to harvest subjects. See Chapter Four for a selection of the lab's successes.

Downtown

Let's see what's happening off the Strip.

Madame T'oussaud's Wax Works

Actually Cabbie is wrong on this one. Despite all the rumors and bad horror movies, no minion of the Reckoners ever called the Waxworks home before or after Judgment Day. The Enforcer assault on the place was actually a drug bust directed at a rapture lab in the basement. After the War, the place sat empty until Bugsy and his Resistance moved in. A few rumors of evil things in the night have kept most folks away, and Silas and his Doomies have never even come close to finding the Rebel stronghold. The bodies occasionally found outside are either those who have crossed the Resistance or Resistance fighters killed in raids, their bodies mutilated to appear as if some abomination had killed them. The Resistance has rigged up a number of traps and "special effects" for nosy scavengers. Combined with the rumors that they spread, these made the waxworks a place shunned by even the stupidest trogs.

LV Celebrity General Hospital

The old saying “you get what you pay for” should have been engraved on the lintel over the main door to LVCGH. The quacks that ran this hospital had much more charisma than medical training, and were only too happy to fleece those stars and celebrities needing cosmetic surgery.

The staff of the hospital, led by the Chief of Staff Dr. Julius Wesserman, actually performed more than mundane surgery in their operations. Wesserman headed up a cabal who drew their skill and power from a pact they made with the darker denizens of the Hunting Grounds. In exchange for the occasional “anesthetic death” sacrificed to their dark god, the staff of LVCGH was actually able to turn back the hands of time for their wealthiest and least ethical patients.

Occasionally, criminals looking to change their faces would meet their end when their enemies would make the staff a better offer. An accidental slip of the suction wand would be enough to suck the brains out of a patient in moments, and ensure that they would never return to unlife. Of course, the Reckoners always have a hidden clause in any agreement, and the blatant evil performed here in this hospital had repercussions that are still felt today.

Wesserman is still “alive” today, and serves Silas as the Surgeon General of Vegas. He lives in the Luxor, where he can better attend his king. Unfortunately for the doctor, the Reckoners exercised their option in the pact they made with the chief of staff, and Wesserman now finds himself the victim of his many works. Treat the doctor as a glamour puss (see *Monsters, Muties, & Misfits*).

The fat globs sucked from the bodies of their patients during liposuction were dumped unceremoniously into the sewers without regard for medical waste regulations, along with the occasional liquefied mobster brain. Over the years primeval creatures formed, and under the influence of the Deadland above these have coalesced into creatures of malign purpose. These lipid blobs have

Backstage

87

a form of mobility, and seek out new life and new sentiences to devour. Being made of slippery, bloody fat gobbets, these blobs can go almost anywhere and slip through anything, and most defenses set up to stop these nocturnal raiders have proven ineffective.

Profile: Lipid blobs

Corporeal: D:4d12, N:4d12, S:4d12+2, Q:4d12+2, V:4d12+2

Climbin' 5d12, dodge 4d12, fightin': brawlin' 4d12, shootin': pistol/rifle 4d12, sneak 6d12

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d6, M:4d12, Sm:4d6, Sp:3d10

Overawe 4d12, scrutinize 3d10, search 4d10

Wind: 22

Pace: 12

Size: 6

Terror: 9 (once revealed)

Special Abilities:

Damage: Pseudopod (STR+Id4). A raise on a *fightin':brawlin'* attack allows the blob to smother its victim for (STR+Id4) brawlin' damage.

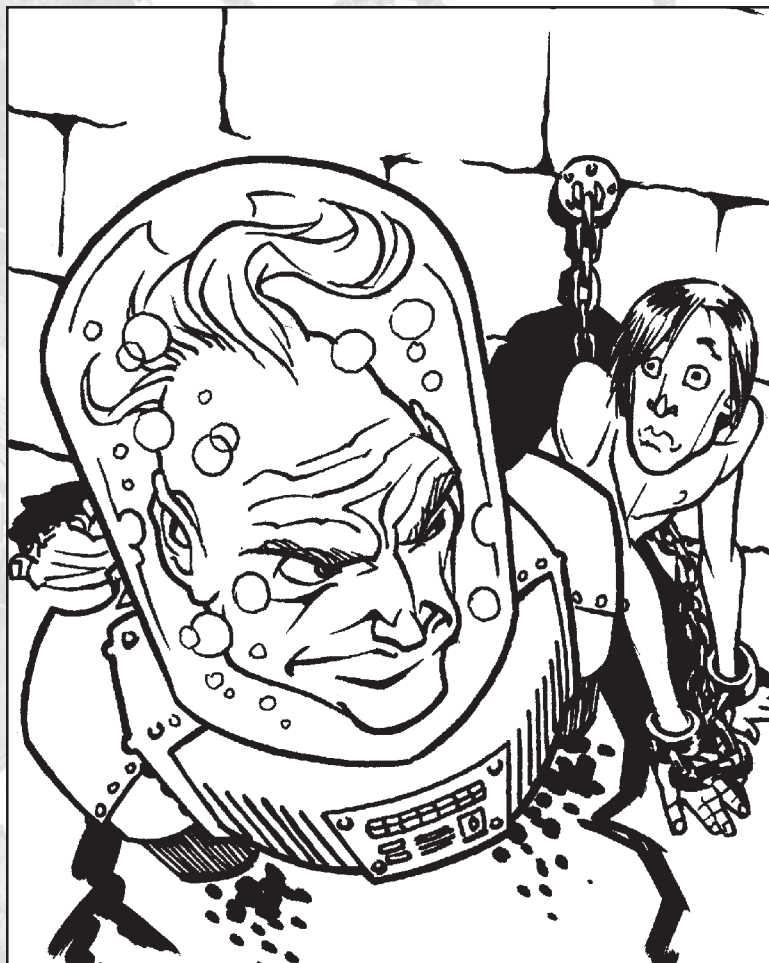
Squishy: These nasty globs of fat are not affected much by puncturing weapons. All gunfire and other stabbing/puncturing weapons' damage is reduced by one die.

Suffocate: Lipid blobs kill their prey by smothering them. If they get a raise on an opposed *fightin':brawlin'* they do 2d6 Wind damage as they clog up their victim's nose and mouth with semisolid grease tendrils.

Weakness: Fire. These things really sizzle when exposed to flame. Triple flame-based damage done to them.

Bloppy: These creatures have no gizzards or noggin.

Description: At first glance these creatures look like a bloody mass of fat lumps, as if a fat person had had



one too many wafer-thin mints and exploded. Despite this appearance, these things can slither surprisingly fast, and seem to somehow sense attacks directed against them.

Forever U

Those stars cheated by their agents and frozen in the "head only" plan at Forever U are the real power behind the Numbskull tribe. The experience of waking up in a cryo-tube sans body has left many of these former celebrities insane, but then most stars are a bit eccentric to begin with. A total of 15 head cases (see *Monsters, Muties, & Misfits*) rule over the 100 muties of the Numbskull tribe. The thawed heads put on a variety of shows as the mood

strikes them, usually in exchange for food or electronic parts. Their nominal leader, Bryce Cambden, has long term plans to dominate Lost Vegas (everyone wants to be a warlord), once automaton-like bodies can be built for his "production company."

Profile: Head Case

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:1d4, S:1d4, Q:2d6, V:2d6

Climbin' 4d4, shootin 2d4

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d8, M:3d8, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d10

Bluff 2d8, guts 4d10, ridicule 5d8, leadership 4d6, overawe 4d8, persuasion 4d8, performing: acting/singing 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, search 2d8

Wind: —

Pace: 4

Size: 2

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Bolts o' Doom: Brain popper: Speed 1, ROF 1, Range 10, Damage 3d8.

This psychic attack automatically targets the noggin with no called shot penalty.

Damage: Manipulator arms (STR+1d4).

Crawling Chassis: The head case is mounted on a chassis equipped with six to eight multi-jointed arms. These allow it to not only crawl along, but they can cling to sheer surfaces including ceilings and walls.

Mental Stun: The head can fire a stunning bolt (Range: 10 yards) which requires a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to resist.

Weakness: Only one hit location; all hits are noggins hits and gain bonus dice to damage.

Undead

Description: These are the heads of minor pre-War celebrities from Tri-D and film, as well as music. Each head is encased in a glass helmet-like contraption from which sprout multi-jointed legs. Small manipulator arms capable of using tools and one-handed missile weapons are also present. These celebrities look the worse for wear, with freezer burn and a general unhealthy pallor to them.

Beyond the Maelstrom

There are all sort of shenanigans going on outside Silas' little kingdom in the sun as well. Let's take a look at some of them.

North Las Vegas Air Terminal

Two things of interest are going on at the old freight terminal. Before the War, the LVPD had a significant presence here for the processing of the criminals that came through on their way to their just desserts in the many tourist venues. The terminal buildings sit atop a sprawling complex that included underground subway tunnels that moved freight to Downtown and Strip distribution points, and also to Enforcer substations where the criminals would be parceled out.

This fact has led the Enforcer faction of the Resistance to choose the old NLVAT as their headquarters. Led by top dog, Enforcer Sledge, the 50 or so Enforcers and their supporters have sealed off many of the old accessways and live fairly well off the civil defense pod stocks and by raiding the nearby farms of the Cult of Doom.

Recently, however, the Cult of Doom has moved in and begun to clear the runways and restore some of the buildings. Careful surveillance by the Enforcers has revealed that many seeming norms are working with the muties—norms who wear a variety of black headgear!

Silas has allowed the Combine access to the old airfield for now, and part of the ongoing bargaining being worked out between the Prophet and Colonel Jones (see page 90) concerns the stationing of a substantial Combine task force here in Lost Vegas. This advance group from Detachment Gamma (see Indian Springs AFB on page 90) numbers two Green Hats, a platoon of 17 Black Hats, and six chop-bots. The Enforcers have currently adopted a wait and see attitude with regards to these trespassers, with opinion divided between moving the rebel headquarters or attempting to take out the Doomies and their human friends.

Backstage

89

Hot Dam!

Fear Level 4

Boulder Dam was originally constructed to drown the lower reaches of the Colorado River, where several sites of great evil were located. Both the Texas Rangers and the Agency had tried for decades to end the supernatural threat posed by these sites, and neither was able to find an effective countermeasure to this malevolent presence. The flooding of the river and subsequent creation of Lake Mead placed these sites beyond the reach of most cultists, as well as denying access to the Earth by otherworldly forces.

A force of 50 technicians and their families, as well as the remnants of the US force garrisoning Boulder City (about 75 troops) currently hold Boulder Dam. This community of roughly 250 people is well-armed with military-grade weaponry including 3 functional M-26 Powell MBTs, 8 M-124 Liberators, and 2 Sky Sweep Air Defense Vehicles.

This military force is one of the largest outside of the Combine, and Olinger and Weir have been repeatedly approached by Junkyard with offers for their equipment. No deals have been made, however, because the Dammers realize how tenuous their peace with Silas is. These people are ready to fight for what they consider the heritage of the new world.

Silas has founded a "fishing village" at the northwestern corner of Lake Mead as a source of food for his mutant kingdom. While plenty of fish are caught and dried at Silasville, the real reason for the existence of this outpost is to breed aquatic mutants for an assault on the lake side of Boulder Dam. Once a sufficient force is trained, the norms at the Dam will be destroyed once and for all. Besides the devastation caused by the water, this will uncover areas of power best left hidden.



Bizarro World

Fear Level 6

Micah Flaxton was a man obsessed with youth and aging. The star spent considerable amounts of money in a search for the fountain of youth, trying fads ranging from hyperbaric oxygen therapy to injections of embryonic human stem cells. When he came into possession of what was reputed to be the bones of a freak known as the Elephant Man, Flaxton finally found what he had sought. The bones actually belonged to a creature called the Bargainer, a servitor of the Reckoners killed in the Dark Ages. The creature's consciousness still resided in the bones, and the creature whispered dark rites into the receptive mind of the star. Soon the staff was dismissed, replaced by automatons from his good friend Dempsey Wilton.

The tabloid stories of child abuse and other, more perverse things were mostly true, but huge amounts of money paid to the parents and authorities in Las Vegas ensured that investigations never bore fruit.

Judgment Day coincided with a blood ceremony being performed at Nevernever Land, and Flaxton was fully transformed into what he had sought for so many years—an undying, unaging creature.

Nevernever Land is a Deadland, inhabited with all types of animals bred in the zoo as well as entertainment automatons and Flaxton's walkin' (or dancin') dead fans. Deep in the bowels of the mansion lie the bones of the Bargainer. Anyone who comes in contact with them will be telepathically contacted by the creature. Those contacted must make an Incredible (II) *Spirit* check or become a willing servant of the abomination. Those who resist its effects are offered a variety of Black Arts powers. Each "gift" that is accepted requires the supplicant to reroll his *Spirit* check.

Profile: Micah Flaxton

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:4d12, S:3d4, Q:3d10, V:4d6

Dodge 5d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, sleight o' hand 3d8, sneak 3d12

Mental: C:3d8, K:2d6, M:4d12+4, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Academia: occult 3d6, animal handlin' 3d12, persuasion 4d12, performin': singing/dancin' 5d12, tale-tellin' 4d12

Edges: Fleet-footed, purty, renown 5, the voice (soothing)

Hindrances: Loco (pedophile) 5,
scrawny

Pace: 14

Size: 5

Wind: 16

Equipment: Sequined jumpsuit,
sunglasses, Micah Flaxton's Glove

Special Abilities:

Vulnerability: If Flaxton's Glove can be removed, he loses all immunities. If shown his face in a mirror, Micah loses his next 1d6 Actions.

Immunities: All.

Star Power: The Reckoners have enhanced the singer's charisma. By spending an action the Prince of Pop can attempt to beguile anyone viewing him. Treat this as the syker power *meat muppet*, with a range of 5 yards. Flaxton must make an opposed *Mien* check versus the target's *Spirit*. The Hindrances *bad eyes* or *bad ears* actually gives the Waster a positive modifier to her roll because she can't hear or see his attempts at domination.

Stop the Music!: Flaxton can focus his voice into a wave of destructive energy (ROF 1; RI: 5; Damage 3d8).

Thriller: Micah can reanimate the corpse of anyone who has heard his music in life. Anyone born before the War has a 50% chance of having heard his songs. These walkin' dead have statistics as shown in the Hell on Earth rulebook, and remain animated for as long as the star desires. He often dresses them in outlandish outfits from the wardrobes of his palatial estate, and has a particular fascination with walkin' dead made from children. Treat these pint-sized undead as having a Terror of 11.

Description: Micah Flaxton looks like a thin young man of indeterminate age and race. His facial features look almost melted due to the many plastic surgeries the star underwent to preserve his youth. Flaxton always dresses in sequined outfits and dark hats and glasses, and is never seen without a white glove on his right hand.

Backstage

91

Micah Flaxton's Glove

This relic appears as a sequined white glove that the star wore constantly from the age of 21. This glove was worn by Flaxton while he performed the darkest of rites, and has become imbued with both the evil of the acts and a piece of his dark soul.

Power: The glove increases the wearer's *Mien* by two die types, and increases *persuasion* and *performin': singin'/dancin'* by +2 (or gives those Aptitudes at 2).

Taint: Anyone wearing the glove must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* check when in the presence of children. If the wearer fails the check the glove takes possession its bearer that night and attempt to kill at least one child.

Profile: Security Robot

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d4, Q:1d8, S3d12,
V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d4, shootin': SMG/
shotgun/taser 3d6,

Mental: C:2d6, K:1d6, M:1d4, Sm:1d4,
Sp:2d6

Search 3d6

Wind: —

Pace: 4

Size: 6

Armor: 2

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Hellfire SMG: Ammo 10mm; shots 100; Speed: 1; ROF 6; RI: 5/10; Damage 3d6. The robot's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers. This weapon is carried in its right arm.

Auto Shotgun: Ammo 12 ga.; shots 30 pellet; Speed: 1; ROF 6; RI: 10; Damage 1-6d6. The robot's iron arms act as a brace, allowing it to ignore recoil modifiers. This weapon is carried in its left arm.

Taser: Ammo Special; shots 10; Speed: 1; ROF 1; RI: 2; Damage Special

(make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or be stunned). A stunned target may make another *Vigor* roll to recover on each of her following actions against the same TN. The taser is carried on a small arm that extends from the front of the chassis.

Fearless Bot

Description: Security bots look like a stereotypical robot, with a thin two-armed torso rising from a set of treads. A spindly arm extends from the front of the chassis between the treads. A head with dual sensors completes the robot. The weapons mounted on the arms dispel any illusion of a friendly robot, though.

Profile: Entertainment Robot

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:4d10, Q:3d8, V:2d12

Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, shootin': pistol/SMG 4d6, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:3d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Area knowledge (Nevernever Land) 3d6, search 4d8

Wind: —

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: N/A

Special Abilities:

Damage: Fists (STR+1d4)

Tough Skin: The skin of these robots is made of Kevlar. Treat these robots as having light armor -4.

Equipment: These robots are equipped according to their duties, but can all be armed with weapons from the estate's security office. These include pistols, rifles, and SMGs from the SA.

Description: These bots are dressed as butlers, maids, clowns, faeries, ballerinas, and other friendly, whimsical beings. They always have a smile on their faces, and are extremely friendly, even when trying their best to ventilate the posse.

Indian Springs AFB

Fear Level 6/5 in Combine camp area

Despite the maelstrom that engulfs the flight line and most of the structures of the base, some remote areas of this huge training base are still more or less intact. It is in one such area that Detachment Gamma of the Combine has set up shop. Sent here six months ago to begin negotiations with the mutants, the Detachment lost 20 troopers and two automatons before the muties got the message. Now this "embassy" acts as a forward staging ground for Throckmorton, sending messages via satellite back to Denver on the progress of the talks with Silas and his minions. The possible cooperation of these two groups spells big time trouble for Junkyard and the Pact of Iron.

Indian Springs also acts as a far forward operating base for Gray Hat detachments heading to the Great Maze and Mexico. Currently housed in one of the base housing neighborhoods, Detachment Gamma is surrounded by remote sensors to detect the approach of intruders. Silas has even dispatched a detachment of trogs under the command of a Doombringer to protect his new allies and keep their presence here a secret from spies sent from Junkyard.

The Detachment Commander, Colonel Wanda Jones, is a tough old bird who was Throckmorton's original provost marshal in Camp Summers. When Throckmorton founded the Combine, Colonel Jones, always a pragmatist went along with her old commander's new ideas body and soul—and may have damned herself in the process.

Detachment Gamma consists of the following Combine forces:

One Red Hat platoon, now down to 18 troopers

Three Green Hats to provide maintenance and tech support to the Detachment

The following automatons: five drones, one Archer, one standard automaton, and two Raptors.

Fort 51

Fear Level 6

On the surface 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 foolish enough to enter the storm finds the walls to be 20 yards thick, not the usual ten. The Marshal should draw three cards, the values of which are added together to determine the amount of spiritual damage the poor brainer takes. If the red and black Jokers are both drawn, the character develops a major and a minor mutation and takes 5d12 damage.

Once inside the maelstrom, intrepid scavengers find hordes of well-armed walkin' dead, equipped with the best armor and weapons of the North, wormlings, and a few EMP-hardened warbots that have mutated from years of exposure to the Deadland. 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 your imagination.

Warbots

These robotic fighting machines were designed to be used on the nuclear battlefield, when conditions precluded the use of human operators, although a command suite was located deep in the chassis for a single commander whose job was to ensure that the AI wouldn't go berserk. These operators were actually sykers who were directly machine headed into the warbot's AI as a failsafe. The Fort 51 warbots are now commanded by undead abominations, horrific fusions of machine and syker whose only goal is the destruction of life in the defense of the installation.

Backstage

93

Corporeal: D:4d10, N:3d12, S:4d12+4, Q:3d8, V:4d10

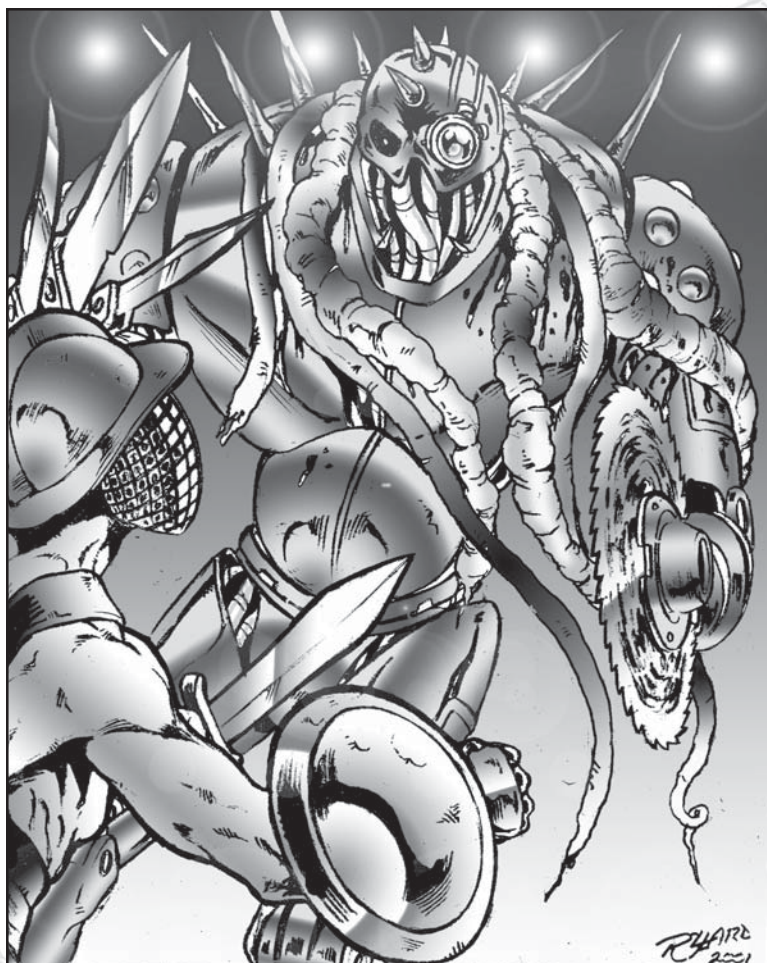
Drivin': hover 4d12, shootin':MG 3d10

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d10, M:1d4, Sm:4d12, Sp:4d12

Artillery: cannon 5d10, search 4d10

Cost	Crew	Engine
NA	0	Fusion
Gas Tank	MPG	Suspen.
NA	NA	Tracked
Wheels	Top Speed	Pace
NA	60 mph	150
Accel.	Durability	Armor
2.5 Mph	100/20	See below
Handling	Size	Load Limit
-2	+4	100

Armor: Bottom 4, front 8, rear 7, left side 7, right side 7, turret 10



Warbot Weapons

Weapon	Mount	Location	Arc
125mm cannon	Fixed	Turret	360°
.50 M2HB	Articulated	Turret	360°
NA SAW	Articulated	Bow	Front 90°

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	ROF	Range	Damage
125mm	HEAT	1	3	250	4d20 AP4, Burst 5
	SABOT	1	1	200	6d20, AP8

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Multi-tasking: The warbot's AI was built to handle a variety of combat situations at once, and its undead driver adds to its killing potential. It can fire all its weapons per Action.

Auto-targeter: The warbot adds +4 to all *artillery* and *shootin'* rolls, and can ignore modifiers for target movement.

Hardened Circuits: These computers were built to operate on the nuclear battlefield, and had the heaviest shielding known to modern science. When resisting an EMP or other circuit-damaging attack, the TN to affect the AI is 15, and costs Doomies seven Strain.

Fearless

Weakness: Commander. The undead syker has melded with the machine, becoming a vital part of the AI. If destroyed (say by a syker attack) the warbots will grind to a halt. Unfortunately, these things are so deep in the warbots that direct attacks are impossible unless someone were able to teleport into the command deck.

Description: Warbots look like a sleek tracked tank. Despite the tracks, these things are unnaturally agile, and don't have the hesitation that a human-crewed vehicle sometimes

seems to have. These warbots relish the chase and kill, and will toy with their prey, grinding their enemies into the ground, crushing a limb if they can. The more pain that they can inflict, the better.

Yucca Mountain

Fear Level 4

The United States Nuclear Waste Facility today sits baking in the sun, forgotten by the world at large. Deliberately built in a desolate area, with warning signs designed to last 10,000 years posted around it and no visible above-ground installations to loot, it has been left alone since its staff left on September 24, 2081.

While the US government wasn't stupid enough to store anything like weapons-grade radioactives, there are plenty of control rods and other assorted equipment that a Doomie might find useful.

Recently the Cult of Doom has moved into the old facility in force. Silas has even assigned one of his High Priests to the installation. Known only as Pimp Daddy, this fearsome mutant was once an Enforcer for the LVPD. He has gathered a cadre of mutated former cops around him. See Chapter Five for more details on the site.

Carson City

Fear Level 4

Okay, Marshal, I know what you're thinking. What in tarnation is Carson City doing in a book about Las Vegas? Dang, it sits at least 400 miles away from the Strip.

Well, you see, Carson City is important to the happenings in the City o' Sin for two reasons. First, it's the base of operations for Joan and her Schismatics. Secondly, and hold onto your hat, the First Saint of the Cult of Doom, Megan Holst, makes her home here. As you can imagine, Carson City could have quite a pivotal role to play in the future of the Wasted West. Let's take a look at some of the fine establishments that can be found in the city.

Jose's Cantina

Anglos and other non-Hispanics are treated coolly here, as most of the clientele consists of the Hispanics of the settlement. Non-Hispanics have to make a *persuasion* roll at +2 to coax any rumors from the locals, +4 if they don't speak Spanish.

Garage

The Parkinson brothers can install any of the vehicle upgrades listed in Road Warriors for 150% of the listed price, and buy vehicles for 80% of list price. They also have limited amounts of fuel for sale (50 gallons of spook juice for \$25/gallon; 75 gallons of gasoline for \$30/gallon; 150 gallons of ethanol for \$10/gallon).

They also have five horses for sale for \$450 each (tack not included) in a corral around back. The Parkinson brothers have a weakness for the ladies, however, and any haggling done over price nets the lady a +2 to her *persuasion* roll (+4 if *purty*).

Doc Martin's

Doc Martin is a real pre-War doctor (*medicine:general* 5/*surgery* 4) who does a bustling business with supplies occasionally brought in by scavengers. Services cost \$50/wound level treated (no insurance accepted). No drugs are for sale, although Martin is quick to buy any offered.

Dry Goods

Hector Arrenas runs the closest thing Carson City has to a department store. Within the walls of this store can be found almost any piece of gear, except that of a strictly military nature. Hector knows people from all over, and it's said that if you need to talk to the purple variety of the Doomsayers he's the one to talk to.

Bigelow's Produce'

Bigelow's fleet consists of an armored truck, two converted pickups, a minivan, a Hummvee, and an 18-wheeler pulling a refrigerated van,

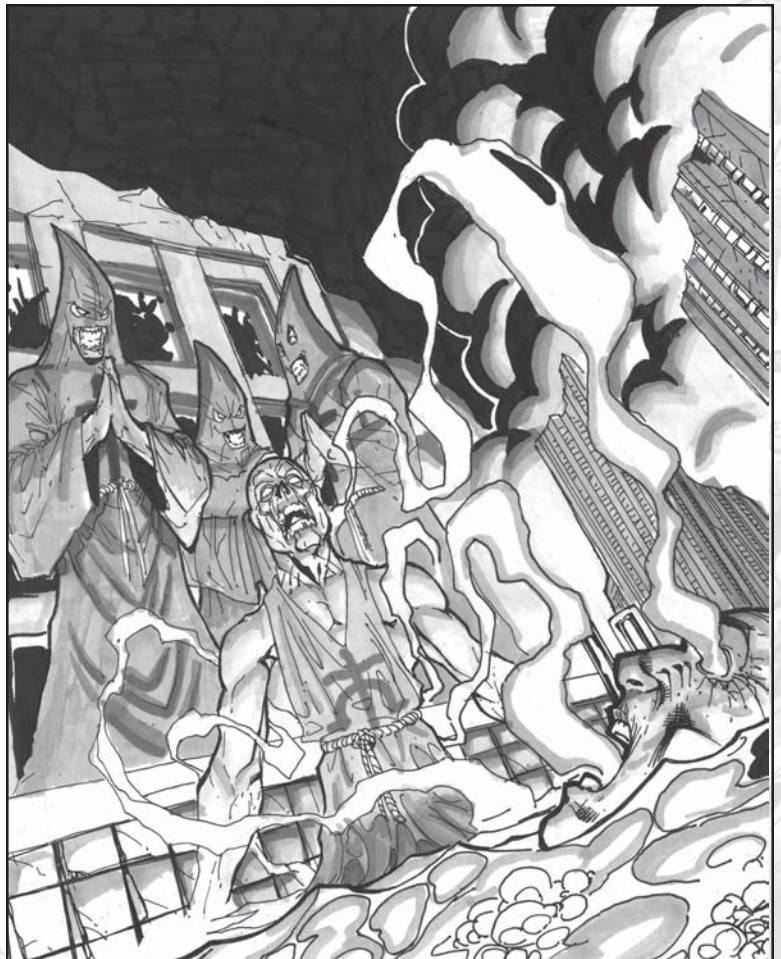
Backstage


95

manned by seven of his people. This is the most important piece of equipment he owns, because it allows the town to bring in the fresh fruits and vegetables in good shape from surrounding settlements.

The Library

A research librarian before the Last War, Librarian Proper Ellen Peterson, Carson City Branch Chief, is concerned about the Mutant Kingdom to the south, having seen the devastation at Virginia City firsthand. She's sent report after report to the Grand Library in an effort to convince Liebowitz of the danger, but has received little guidance in return. Being fairly headstrong for a Librarian, she is willing to sponsor





posses for reconnaissance missions to the City o' Sin, and will pay handsomely for information about Silas' forces, motives, and anything else of value. She has put out feelers to the town council about joining the Iron Alliance, and is a strong proponent of the organization.

The State Capitol

The Fellowship of MIRV is led by none other than—drum roll please—Megan Holst, the First Saint of the Cult of Doom. Professor Holst was on her way back to MIT from a consulting trip at Fort 51 when the world ended. She was actually touring the State Capitol building when the bomb smashed through the dome and came to land yards from her. Her skepticism of a higher power was dispelled when the bomb failed to detonate.

As Professor Holst approached the shattered casing she was bathed in its radiation, which wrought changes to her both physically and mentally. She could almost feel the meridians open in her mind, as her skin turned a golden color, an eye appeared on her forehead, and winglets sprouted from her back. Seeing herself in a mirror, she felt that she had been transformed into an earthly representative of a greater being, spared from its wrath to spread the word of truth and light.

Megan changed her name to Deacon, and began preaching a faith in which her studies of eastern religion, mysticism, yoga, and biofeedback blended with a dose of pseudo-Christianity to form a new faith in which norms and mutants were welcome. The faith of some followers, coupled with the teachings of the Deacon and low-level ghost-rock radiation exposure from the inert bomb have combined to allow some MIRVers to exhibit powers of faith not seen since before the coming of the Reckoners.

Fort Chamberlain

Chamberlain was mostly above ground, and housed an armored division along with the Ninth Special Forces Group. The ghost rock bomb destroyed the majority of the installation, and the maelstrom has brought the dead back to life as veteran walkin' dead, as well as some living war machines. While persistent scavvies might find buried arms rooms filled with some weapons, most of the 88th Armored was at the front, and the stockpiles at the end of the War here were basically nonexistent. There are better ways to die than scrounging around this Deadland.

Reynolds AFB

Despite persistent rumors to the contrary, Joan does not have a base here. She and her inner circle travel around the environs of Carson City, making a living as scavengers. Sadie, as she is known in town, has several letter drops in the area. Several of the silos have been set up as traps for any Domsayers or Doombringers who manage to track Joan to this area, and the Schismatics have managed to destroy several of Silas' minions in this way.

The Stargate

The victory at Armana was the culmination of years of planning by Silas, and is a prime reason why Joan and her heretics keep on the move. The Hekants of Avatar carried a message that was antithetical to Silas' creed, and the Lectors weren't afraid to stand up to their green-robed brethren. In the mind of the Mutant King, the corrupting influence of the Hekants' message stole mutants away that could be better used for his cause.

Silas and his High Priests and Adepts spent the last few years plotting the downfall of the Avatar and his community of Armana. The town's location, north of the stronghold of the Templars and almost 1,000 miles away from Vegas, seemed to provide it with an unassailable position. A sophisticated system of magical early-

warning monitors along with a well-armed normal population gave the inhabitants a sense of security.

What the Avatar and his followers didn't reckon with was the depth of hatred that Silas held them in. Years of research and plotting finally gave the Cult of Doom a solution. A miracle of the Atom would be brought forth that would make everything done to that point pale in significance. A tunnel through space would be ripped open, into which his soldiers could step in Vegas and step out of in Idaho.

Thus the stage was set. On a hot fall morning in 2094, Silas' stormtroopers, the Doombringers, along with a horde of trogs, gathered around the crater on the east side of Vegas while the High Priests conjured their greatest magics. A swirling hole appeared in place of Heaven's Gate, through which a blast of cold air poured. Beyond the shimmering portal could be seen the quiet town of Armana, still sleeping in the early morning light. Silas' hordes leapt through the rift to wreak his vengeance.

The attack was so swift and violent that few of Avatar's people survived. The Oracle was captured and returned to Vegas, the sacred grove cut down and burned, and the Pantheon and Ground Zero Oracle's temple demolished by the power of the

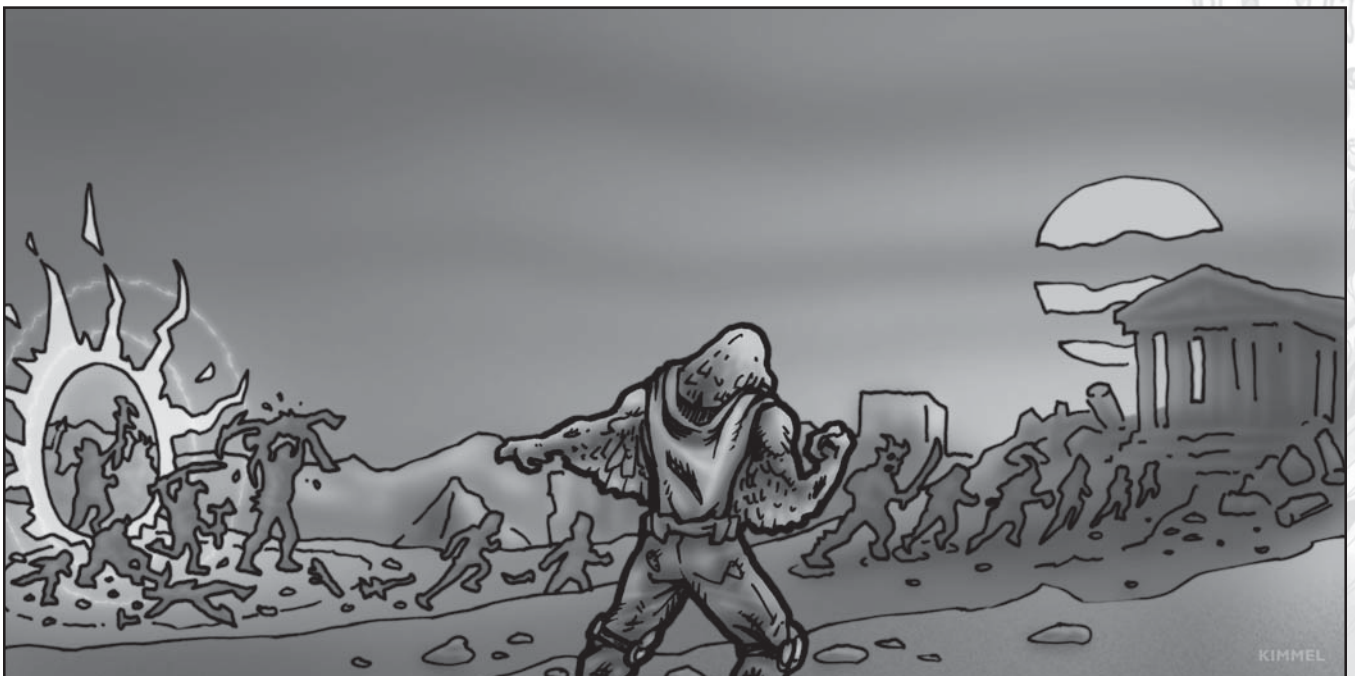
Backstage

97

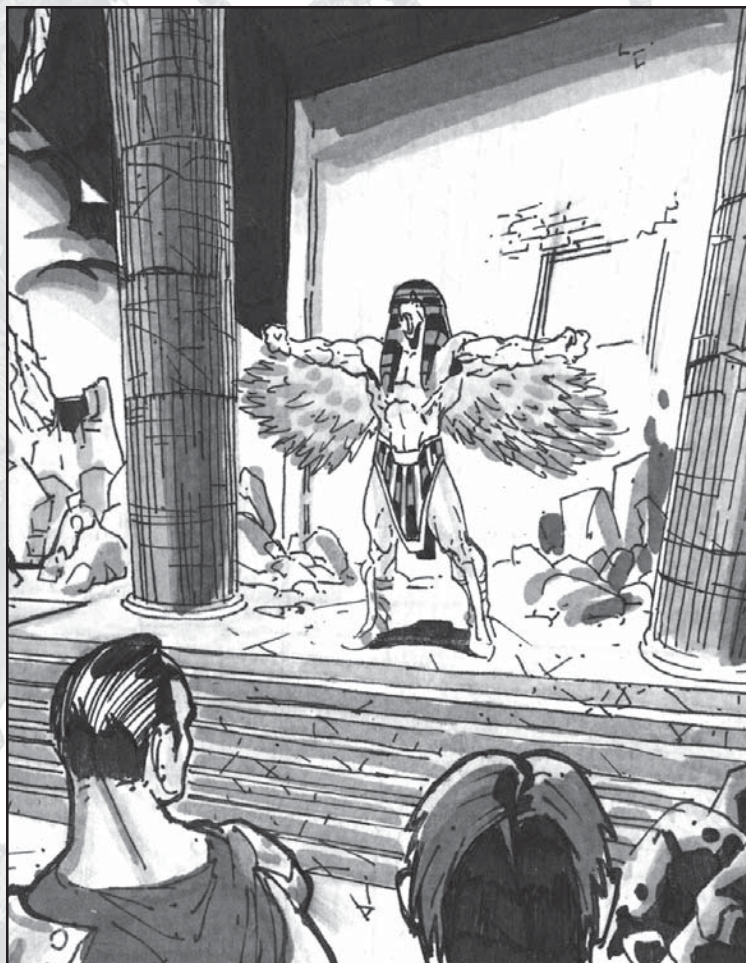
Doombringers. Sleeper now resides as a prisoner in the dungeons of the Mutant King. The Helot once known as The Major, now the Domsayer Vengeance, was one of the few survivors.

Counting the Cost

The cost of this attack to the Cult of Doom was an undetermined number of trogs, all killed at the end of the attack to keep the truth quiet, four Doombringers and, more importantly, five of Silas' High Priests and a score of Adepts, spiritually drained to dry husks while keeping the gate open. The very fabric of the Vegas Deadland was altered (see Environment above), and this even gave pause to Silas in his madness. The loss of five High Priests is almost too much for the Cult to bear, and it will be quite a while before the Mutant King's power is restored enough to try this again. While Silas sees this power as the perfect way to destroy such norm strongholds as Junkyard or Denver, it will not be repeated in the near future.



KIMMEL



droves, however, to spread the word of the betrayal of the unwitting fools of Armana. Some blame the Iron Alliance, some the Combine, but whatever the twist, the norms are the bad guys. Mutant tribes across the West have been inflamed into attacking norm settlements, creating an escalating cycle of violence, retribution, and retaliation that only feeds the Cult's anti-human flames. The wastes are burning, and Silas cheerfully warms his hands over the flames and plots his next moves.

Armana and You

What the destruction of Armana means to your campaign is up to you, Marshal. Officially, the Hekants have been destroyed as a power group. Avatar is dead, his community destroyed, and the Ground Zero Oracle a prisoner or dead beneath the Luxor. Although some Lectors still wander the Wastes and were away from Armana when it fell, the hierarchy has been totally destroyed. This should give any surviving Lectors and their Helots in your posse of heroes a great reason to seek some vengeance on the Cult of Doom.

The Pay-off

The destruction of Armana has done two things for Silas and his plans for domination of the Wasted West. First, it has removed a major thorn in the side of the Cult of Doom. Avatar and his teachings, along with his acceptance of norms, drained away mutants that could otherwise have been recruited into the Cult. The good deeds of the Hekants promoted goodwill between norms and mutants, something that Silas just couldn't tolerate. Secondly, it has provided a major propaganda tool for the Mutant King. No one knows the truth but Damon Plague Bringer and his cadre of Doombringers. Silas' missionaries have left the city in

The Big Picture

Silas is well aware of the Combine's plans for Judgment Day 2, or "The Harvest." As a matter of fact, Throckmorton has been in contact with the Mutant King for at least six months. Truth be told, the Denver AI has no use for humans, irradiated or not, especially irradiated humans who can short out its equipment with bursts of EMP. What the AI and Throckmorton do have use for is a diversion in the Iron Alliance's backyard, something for which the Cult of Doom is admirably set up to do. Black Hat and Grey Hat teams began working their way into the Southwest a few years ago, while other Combine agents attempted to infiltrate mutie settlements led by Domsayers. It was a difficult time, but the expended equipment and personnel finally paid off with an embassy into the City o' Sin itself.

Silas sees the Combine as just another bunch of evolutionarily dead norms. To his worldview, the only good norm is a dead norm, despite the color of headgear they wear. But, the Combine makes a powerful ally in the Awakening, and what sweet irony to have dinosaur destroy dinosaur in the Darwinian scheme. Thus Silas has agreed to strike the first blow with his mutant uprising. What are a few dead mutants sacrificed to the holy cause of the Saints when it means the lopping off of a huge branch of the family tree and the ascendancy of the Mutant King's empire? If the Combine wins it will be easy enough to EMP it out of existence. If the Iron Alliance should win, their powers and hidden reserves will be exposed and weakened, making them easy prey for the Chosen.

Taking out the Genetic Trash

Silas has his own plans for world domination, of course. The Awakening, the first part of his master plan, involves the triggering of a mutant uprising from the banks of the Mississippi to the Great Maze more or less simultaneously. As the green flames of war rage across the land, his mutant army will surge forth across the desert from the City o' Sin—motorized this time.

Instead of taking weeks to reach their destination, now the strike force will take days. New Carson City is the first target of the Mutant King's vengeance. From Carson City the mutant horde will resupply, then move eastward along old US Route 80, expecting to pick up followers along the way. Once in the eastern part of the state, they will be well set to threaten either Junkyard or north into Idaho to strike at the heart of the Templars.

Force W from Silasville on Lake Meade will make an overwhelming attack on Hoover Dam, with the goal of capturing the facility. Failing this, the mutants will do their best to destroy the mammoth structure. Although all the attackers would be killed in such a strike, they have been assured by Silas

Backstage

99

and his priests that the Glow will elevate them to Sainthood if their lives are given for the Cult in such a heroic manner.

In the east, meanwhile, Silas has instructed his minions to destroy any norms in their individual areas, then congregate in Dallas. Once a mutant horde has gathered in Dallas, they will move toward the oil-rich towns of OPEC, burning any wells they capture and destroying any refineries they come across. This prong is mainly directed at denying these precious resources to Throckmorton and his mechanized legions.

Past these initial plans, Silas relies on the Glow to show him the way.

I Need A Hero

So what, you might ask, are Joan and the Schismatics doing about Silas? Unfortunately, not a lot.

Joan is above all things a pacifist, and a recent dream she had has convinced her that the Harbinger is soon to arrive, "born from a great upheaval, a spasm of proportions the likes the world has not seen since the last days of the Last War."

Joan's few spies who have made it into and back out of Lost Vegas tell of the military preparations that Silas is undertaking. Many of Joan's inner circle, including Peter Vladamir, are convinced of the impending attack, but the rebel leader believes this is the upheaval foretold to her that will bring forth the Harbinger. She fears any action taken by the Schismatics to curtail it will abort the Harbinger or disrupt its arrival, so for now her more proactive advisors have to content themselves with minor victories. One such was the attendance of the purple robes at the founding of the Iron Alliance. Another is the commissioning of a small reconnaissance group to investigate the alleged waning of Silas' power in the City o' Sin.





Chapter Four: Minions of Doom

Silas and his top general, a High Priest named General Karnage, have been busily organizing the Cult of Doom for the Awakening and subsequent Cleansing. More mutants have been brought into the city until the food supply is desperately strained, weapons have been developed, and equipment stockpiled.

The Road Orcs have been expanded and brought into the ruins to act as an elite scouting force and heavy cavalry. General Karnage realizes his troopers don't have the firepower their enemies do. In fact, the Cult of Doom resembles a medieval peasant army more than a fighting force of the late 21st Century. What they do have over their enemies is a religious zealotry that burns as bright as a runaway nuclear pile, and the power of the Atom. With these two advantages, how could the Cult of Doom fail?

The bulk of the Cult's foot soldiers are the Vengants. The majority of these muties, under the command of High Priest Adolph Zane, have undergone rudimentary training in weapons, small unit tactics, and basic soldier skills,

but it doesn't take a lot of skill to mindlessly charge a machinegun emplacement. What the Vengants get is a lot of religious indoctrination into the superiority of the Cult of Doom and a fanatical hatred of the normals of the world. More elite units of Vengants do exist. Special longbow and crossbow units equipped with syringe-tipped arrows filled with elixir of change have been formed, along with more conventionally equipped units with modern firearms. The legionnaires of Caesar's Palace, the Knights of Excalibur, and the swashbucklers of Treasure Island are also examples of elite Vengants.

Below the Vengants are the Grundies. Their numbers have been rebuilt since the failed assault on Carson City through the efforts of Doctor Lucas and Circus Circus. Gathered and trained at Circus Circus, the Grundies are now the second most numerous troop type in the Cult's organization. This formal training, along with the distribution of

"prenatal vitamins" to many of the satellite communities, means that the next war waged by the Cult of Doom will be a modern-day Children's Crusade.

At the bottom of the Cult's military are the trops. These mutated messes have lost most capacity for reason, being little more than two-legged animals. Special Taskmasters gather and herd these pathetic creatures into transports, where they are taken to the battlefield and set loose. While capable of little more than mindless frontal assaults, the trops make great bullet-catchers, allowing the more valuable troops to close with and destroy the infidels.

Satellite communities of the Cult have been instructed to stockpile weapons and ammo, and when the mutant horde spills from Vegas these depots will serve to replenish the army not only in bodies but in supplies as well.

The Cult of Doom has been busy under the direction of Silas developing a variety of biological weapons to use in their war for dominance of the planet. Using their Glow-given powers to create a variety of mutations, the Mutant King's Adepts have been successful with the various animals and plants found in the ruins. Two of the former resorts have been converted to act as laboratories for these experiments. The Mirage, with its well-equipped laboratories from before the Last War, is the center of animal-based research. Mandalay Bay, Pentacorp's secret research installation, provides the Cult of Doom with extensive gardens for manipulation of plant life. The list of creatures that follows contains some of the Cult of Doom's creations, along with abominations found in Lost Vegas that they have "tamed" and plan to use in the Awakening. Poses who spend much time in the City o' Sin, especially at night, may encounter these monsters on their own.

Ape Warrior

The apes of Primate Paradise can sometimes be found out hunting for sport in the ruins. Silas plans to use these creatures as scouts and shock troops when the Awakening begins.

Profile: Ape Warrior

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:4d8, S:3d12, Q:3d10, V:2d10

Climbin' 5d8, dodge 4d8, fightin' brawlin' 3d8, sneak 4d8, throwin' balanced/unbalanced 5d6

Mental: C:1d4, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:1d6

Overawe: 4d6, scroungin' 3d6, search: 3d4, trackin': 4d4

Wind: -

Pace: 8/12

Size: 5-8

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d6)

Armor: These apes were simple leather armor (AV -2)

Leap: These apes are capable of fantastic leaps of up to 10' in height and 20' forward on a Fair (5) *Nimbleness* check. Add an additional five feet for each raise.

Description: The ape warriors from Primate Paradise are a mix of chimpanzees, orangutans, and gorillas. These are smart enough to know the danger of firearms, and equip themselves with armor scrounged from the battlefield, as well as grenades, clubs, and other simple weapons.

Glow Bats

Glow bats are a mutated form of the southwestern vampire bat. They are approximately the size of a good-sized house cat, with a five-foot wingspan. They radiate a green, phosphorescent glow. They are attracted to warm-blooded prey just like their non-mutated cousins, but possess a much more voracious appetite, matching their increased size (each Bat requires a minimum of 2 wounds worth of blood per night). Glow bats roost in large numbers (colonies of up to 100 are not uncommon), but only in areas with

high levels of environmental radiation. This latter fact is the only concession preventing widespread panic across the Wasted West; it appears to be the only thing stopping the quick breeding mutants from spreading everywhere. Nocturnal flights of these creatures are truly a sight to behold...from a safe distance and behind thick glass.

Profile: Glow Bats

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:3d10, S:2d4, Q:3d10, V:2d6

Climbin' 2d10, dodge 2d10, fightin' brawlin' 3d10, sneak 3d10,

Mental: C:2d12, K:1d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d4, Sp:2d6

Overawe: 3d4, search: 4d12

Wind: 12

Pace: 5 (ground), 20 (flying)

Size: 2

Terror: 5 (7 when seen en masse)

Special Abilities:

Radiation Immunity: Glow Bats are immune to normal forms of radiation and only take half damage from damaging attacks from the Glow.

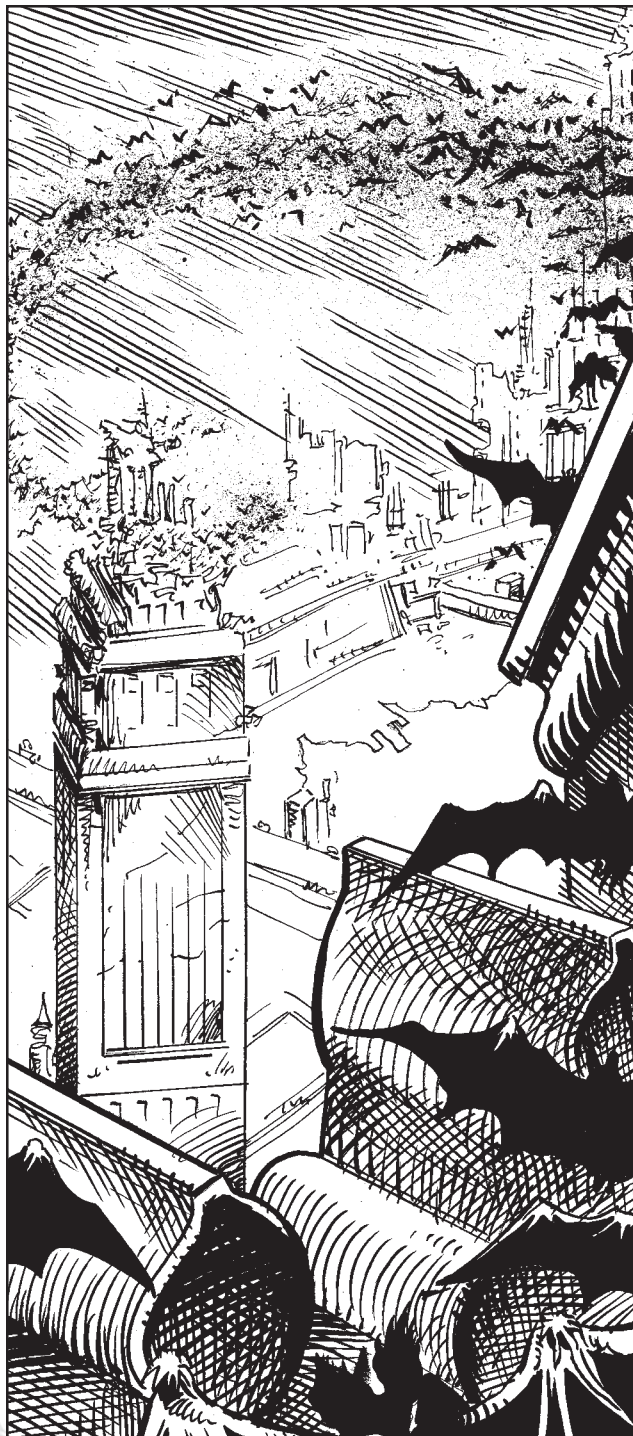
Damage: Bite (STR+1d4)

Radioactive Venom: The bite of one of these critters carries a potent side effect. Anyone taking a wound from a glow bat's bite must make a Fair (TN 5) *Vigor* roll or suffer the effects of radiation poisoning. This venomous bite can have a positive side effect if the afflicted happens to channel the Glow. If the target happens to be a Doomsayer or Lector and they make the *Vigor* roll, the venom actually restores 1d6 Strain. Glow bat venom can be "milked" by someone with the facilities and know-how (usually someone with a crude lab setup and at least background in zoology or paranaturalism and a good *animal handlin'* skill) from live specimens at a rate of 1d4 "doses" per bat, per day. The venom can then be injected (just like a juice jammer) or swallowed (1d12 minutes before desired effect). Doomies taking this stuff on a regular basis are prone to become addicted (Addiction: Onerous (7)/severe).

Minions of Doom

103

Toxic Guano: Glow bats always roost en masse around sources of radioactivity in fairly enclosed spaces. Their collective spoor in such an area not only reeks from





high ammonia content but also contains concentrated radioactive matter. In such an area, those without breathing apparatus must make Hard (TN 9) *Vigor* rolls just to breathe. Failure causes 2d6 Wind loss and -4 to all actions while in the area. The radioactivity of the guano also raises the TN for saving rolls versus poisoning due to environmental radiation in the area up a step. The air in such areas also tends to be highly flammable. If an open flame is exposed to the air, the atmosphere in the bat's lair spontaneously combusts, dealing 1d20 massive damage to all targets in the area for every 5 feet of cubic space in the lair.

Night Light: Both glow bats and their spoor glow with a pale green phosphorescent shine. This not only makes it fairly easy to see in their lair, but also makes the Bats themselves easy to spot. There are no minuses due to lighting when fighting glow bats in the dark, and the Bats receive a -4 to their *sneak* rolls when not in their lair.

Description: Bats the size of a good-sized house cat, with a five-foot wingspan and glowing a phosphorescent green.

Gluttons

One thing Vegas was known for before Judgment Day was the cheap buffets that could be had at all hours of the day. Indeed, some people came to Vegas just for the food, which by the 2070s had reached such ludicrous proportions that many complained that the Third World starved due to the excesses of the City o' Sin.

Whatever the truth to this, these strange creature appeared in the ruins of Vegas after Judgment Day. Apparently upset at the end of the endless buffets, some of their most ardent consumers became what are now referred to as gluttons. Weighing in at over 500 pounds, these creatures are rumored to be some sort of minion of Famine. These things live (and kill) to eat. Many roam the ruins, but Silas has had several captured and placed in specially built pens, where they are kept in a state of near-starvation. Sometimes one is transported just outside a norm settlement and released, but most are kept in preparation as shock troops for the Awakening.

Profile: Gluttons

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:4d10, S:2d6, Q:3d12, V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 3d10

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d6, M:3d12, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Area Knowledge (home territory): 5d6, overawe: 4d12, search: 6d12, trackin': 4d12

Wind: -

Pace: 20

Size: 8

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Rolls o' Fat: All that fat under their skin acts as AV 3.

Blubbery: Due to the immense nature of these creatures and their layers of fat, they take no Wind damage.

Down the Hatch: If a glutton gets two raises on its *fightin': brawlin'* roll it has stuffed the hero in its mouth and attempts to swallow her. Roll a contest of *Strength* on the next action. If it wins it swallows the hero, who takes 2d6 damage to all locations each round from the digestive juices.

Mouth-waterin': If the glutton can smell food (Onerous *Cognition* (7) check if food is nearby) it breaks into a lumbering run that seems impossible for a creature of its bulk. Increase its Pace to 12.

Fearless

Weaknesses—Fire

Description: A glutton looks like an incredibly obese human whose body has been horribly distended by the gases of decay. The most horrifying feature of the glutton is its enormous mouth. Like a snake's, the creatures jaw can become unhinged to allow itself to swallow large prey—like humans—whole.

Grendels

Without the influence of the Banshee worldforce, these once docile animals have become malignant monsters whose sole purpose is to kill Earth lifeforms. Exposure to the twisting force of the Deadland has further enhanced the killing ability of these creatures. Led by their brood queen, the grendels form a matriarchal tribe deep in the bowels of the Tropicana. Statistics in parentheses are for the brood mother).

Profile: Grendels

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:4d12+4, S:3d12 (4d12+4), Q:3d10 (4d12), V:2d10 (2d12)

Climbin' 2d12+4, dodge 3d12+4, fightin': brawlin' 5d12+4, sneak 4d12+4

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d4 (3d8), M:3d6 (2d10), Sm:2d4 (3d8), Sp:2d10

Minions of Doom

105

Overawe: 4d6, guts 4d10, search: 6d10, trackin' 2d10

Wind: 20 (22)

Pace: 16

Size: 7 (9)

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d8), bite (STR+2d6)

Fearless

Scaley: The tough hide of the Grendels acts as AV 2.

Nocturnal: The Grendels see in total darkness as well as daylight, and function equally well in all light levels.

Predator: The skin of the grendels can blend in with its surroundings. Anyone trying to spot a Grendel before it attacks must make a contested *sneak* versus *Cognition* to see them, regardless of where they stand.

Immunity: Radiation (includes Glow-based miracles).

Hell Bell

A creation of the Mandalay Bay gardens, the Cult of Doom has spread these deadly cacti throughout the desert regions of the post-War American Southwest.

These plants possess an extensive shallow root base as well as an impressive tap root extending far into the ground. This root system affords the cactus both with an abundant water supply and a terrifying self-defense system.

Water can be successfully harvested from a Hell bell with great care, and these plants can be found scattered along routes planned to be used by the Cult when they spill from Lost Vegas. Assuming an individual gets past the plant's Alarm System, a successful Onerous (TN 7) *Deftness* roll, coupled with enough damage to cause one wound with a sharp instrument can yield about x cups of water per day (x =



2 x Hell bell Size). Failing the *Deftness* roll or causing more than one wound in this way automatically sets off the plant's *dead ringer* ability.

An industrious waster with some tubing and tinkering can set up a longer term collection device that can gather a number of gallons of water per week equal to the cactus' Size. The only bad side effects the plant suffers in such a case is an inability to heal the tapping wound, and a two-week turn around time for reuse of the Dead Ringer ability.

Other creatures have been known to utilize the distinctive whistling sound of the cactus' *dead ringer* ability as an early warning system. Hell bells typically grow in colonies of five to ten, spread out over a large area (every 20 feet or so), all originating from one large main plant. The farther away from the main plant, the smaller the size of the cactus. They tend to monopolize what little water exists in such areas, and there will be a noticeable absence of other forms of desert plant-life.

Profile: Hell Bell

Corporeal: D:NA, N:NA, S:NA, Q:NA, V:2d8

Mental: C:5d12, K:NA, M:NA, Sm:NA, Sp:2d8

Wind: 16

Pace: NA

Size: 3 to 5

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Tough Skin: AV -4.

Alarm System: The Hell bell has an extensive shallow root bed that is very sensitive to movement. Anyone approaching within ten feet of a Hell bell must make an opposed *Nimbleness* check at -1 x the Hell bell's Size versus the cactus' *Cognition*. If an individual specifies stealth in their movement, they may roll their *sneak* instead without the penalty. Failing this roll activates *dead ringer*.

Dead Ringer: If a Hell bell's Alarm System gets tripped, the cactus literally explodes into action. The cactus reflexively uses a portion of the water stored under high-pressure within its body to forcibly expel a cloud of the dangerous barbed spines from its body. Treat this "explosion" as a massive damage attack (damage: 2d6 x Hell Bell Size, frangible, burst radius: 10).

The hollow spines make a loud, distinctive whistling screech when launched from the cactus in this manner. The *dead ringer* ability can only be utilized by the cactus once per week, assuming it can fully regain its water. This allows it to rebuild pressure and regrow spines.

Description: The Hell bell is an oddly “bell-shaped” green mutant form of cactus, standing nearly as tall as a man in some cases and covered with wicked, long, barbed spines.

Neon Wisp

“Eat at Joe’s” was never so sinister. The neon wisp is a malevolent spirit found in and around the ruins of Lost Vegas. Reminiscent of the legendary will o’ wisp, the neon wisp takes the form of a neon sign (either steady or blinking intermittently), and attempts to lure unsuspecting travelers into out of the way and dangerous areas of the city in hopes of trapping them.

A favorite tactic of the Wisp is to entice an individual into a decrepit building in hopes of the structure collapsing and burying the stupid brainer alive. Once the spirit perceives that its prey is trapped it moves in for the kill, making its true form known: a neon-lit outline of a horrible, tentacled nightmare. It then begins to draw the life from its unwitting prey with brightly shimmering tendrils of spiritual energy.

Profile: Neon Wisp

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:4d10, S:2d6, Q:3d12, V:2d8

Fightin’: brawl in’ 3d10, sneak 4d10,

Mental: C:3d10, K:2d6, M:3d12, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d10

Area Knowledge (home territory): 5d6, overawe: 4d12, search: 6d12, trackin’: 4d12,

Wind: -

Pace: 20

Size: Variable (1 to 9)

Terror: 11 (only when true form is revealed)

Special Abilities:

Immunity: All
Insubstantial

Weaknesses—Fire, Magic: Though insubstantial, the body of the neon wisp is highly flammable—all damage from such attacks is doubled. Magic attacks cause damage to the wisp as normal.

Malleable Form: The neon wisp has the ability to change both its appearance and size. It can take the form of any of a variety of neon signs, and can modify its Size up or down 1 every five minutes (this lends to its appearing closer or farther away at times, even when it hasn’t moved).

Tendrils: The wisp’s tendrils can afford it multiple attacks per turn depending upon its current Size. It has a number of attacks equal to its current Size/3 (rounded up).

Life Drain: The ghostly tendrils of the neon wisp ignore normal armor. On a successful hit, the Wisp drains 2d6 Wind from the target.

Description: These creatures take the form of a neon sign and only appear at night.

Slots

Another by-product of the Deadland, these abominations are conglomerations of slot machines fused together into an unholy parody of life. These things have “faces” made up of the brightly colored logos that adorned the top of each machine, and claw-like arms made from the fused levers that once earned them the name of “one-armed bandits.” Now these creatures seek to return the abuse they suffered at the hands of disgruntled gamblers.

Junkers theorize that these bizarre monstrosities are the product of tech spirits that were warped by the blast of ghost rock radiation that bathed the Strip on Judgment Day. Regardless of their origins, there is no doubt that they certainly have a mad on about something.



Profile: Slots

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:2d8

Shootin': 4d8

Mental: C:3d4, K:2d6, M:1d4, Sm:2d4, Sp:2d10

Wind: -

Pace: 6

Size: 7

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Armor: The slots' metallic hides give them an AV of 2.

Damage: Claws (STR+1d4)

Jackpot!: Slots can spit out a high velocity stream of coins and tokens (Shots: 50, ROF 3, Range 5, Damage 2d6)

Fearless

Weakness: Money. If tokens from any casino are thrown at it, the slot loses its next 1d4 actions gathering them up.

Description: Slots appear as large, metallic humanoids constructed from components of battered slot machines. They move with a lurching, clanging walk.

Weretigers

A strange creature has appeared in Lost Vegas since Judgment Day, although some learned people in the ruins suggest that the original weretigers may have been a pair of famous Vegas animal trainers who divorced early in the 21st Century. Once they went their separate ways, the bond to each other that may have kept them in check was broken, thus paving the way for each to create more of their kind. Whatever the origin, the streets of Vegas are now stalked by beings who shift their shape from man to ravenous tiger on the nights of the full moon. Some are rumored to be in the city who can control their shapeshifting despite the phase of the moon.

Profile: Weretigers

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d12+4, S:2d12, Q:4d12+4, V:2d10

Fightin': brawlin' 6d12+4, dodge 4d12+4, sneak 4d12+4

Mental: C:2d12, K:2d4, M:3d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8

Overawe: 4d10, search: 3d12, trackin': 4d12

Wind: 18

Pace: 24

Size: 7

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR+1d8, AP1), bite (STR+1d8, AP2)

Infection: A character bitten by a weretiger must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check. If he fails he becomes a lycanthrope himself in 1d6 days. From that time on he transforms into a weretiger every full moon. The character isn't in charge during these episodes, and doesn't remember what happened the next day.

Rake: If the weretiger gets a raise on its *fightin' brawlin'* roll, it has grabbed the character and begins to rake her with its rear claws. This automatically does an additional STR+1d8 damage each action until the victim wins an opposed *Strength* contest.

Immunity—Normal damage:

Weretigers take half damage from normal attacks.

Weaknesses - Silver: Silver weapons cause normal damage to weretigers.

Camouflage: The striped coat of the weretiger blends in with many backgrounds. When not moving, the weretiger gets a +4 to its *sneak*.

Description: Weretigers look like a horrible hybrid of man and tiger. Some look more man-like, while others favor their animal side.

Silas' Pantheon

Shortly after coming to power in Lost Vegas, Silas realized that the Luxor would be a fitting palace for the King of the Mutants and the Prophet of the Cult of Doom. As Silas spent more time in the Luxor, he became fixated on the ancient Egyptian artifacts around him, even going so far as to learn the secrets of hieroglyphics so he could read the many scrolls that filled the display cases. Soon he decided to form a royal bodyguard for himself. This would be no ordinary bodyguard, however, but one made up of the Egyptian gods themselves. What better way to show the world his might and power than be served by the pantheon of one of the greatest civilizations known to history?

Minions of Doom

109

The Pantheon are all powerful Domsayers, as befits the bodyguard of the Great Mutant King. They don't depend on the Glow alone for firepower, though. All of them pack cutting-edge modern weaponry for that extra edge in combat.

Profile: The Pantheon

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, S:2d8, Q:4d10, V:2d10

Dodge 4d10, *fightin' brawlin'* 4d10, *shootin' pistol/rifle* 4d8

Mental: C: 2d10, K: 2d8, M: 2d6, Sm: 3d6, Sp: 2d12

Area knowledge: Lost Vegas 3d8, faith: The Glow 6d12, leadership 3d6, overawe: 4d6, scrutinize 2d10, search: 3d10

Wind: 22

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Edges: Blessing of the Atom (phenotype 1), Child o' the Atom 5

Hindrances: Loyal, mutant

Strain: 17

Special Abilities:

Miracles: The Pantheon each have eight miracles. They all possess a mix of offensive and defensive miracles.

Equipment: Landwarrior II system, Southern Alliance assault rifle with 90 rounds of 7.62mm or a flamer with 2 extra fuel tanks or an advanced combat rifle with 90 rounds of 5.56mm and 10 rounds of 20mm.

Description: These mutants' mutations make them look like the deity after which they are named: Anubis has a jackal head, Thoth has the head of a crane, Bast the head of a cat, Sebek the head of a crocodile, Set has a snake-like head. Horus, also known as Avatar, fled Silas' service and founded the mutant enclave of Armana—an action he and his followers have since paid the price for.





Chapter Five: Jihad!

Howdy, Marshal. Things are heating up across the Wasted West, and we don't just mean the temperature! While most eyes in the Iron Alliance are turned eastward toward the looming threat of the Combine, a danger just as great has been growing throughout the Allies' backyard.

Most strategists have dismissed the Cult of Doom as a bunch of religious fanatics, led by a madman far away in the desert. Reports from the City o' Sin are vague and infrequent, and it is this very intelligence failure that may doom the forces of good as events rush toward the final showdown in the Wasteland. Just goes to show that you should never underestimate your enemy.

The scenario runs best if the posse is in good standing with the leadership of the Iron Alliance. If they have been through *Air Force One is Down!*, *Urban Renewal*, or *The Boise Horror* they should be a shoe-in for this mission. This adventure is set in the time period after *Air Force One is Down!*, and makes references to events that happened in that epic story. If your posse hasn't run through that yet,

either send them through or implement the changes to the world detailed within that adventure.

If your posse is made up of good Doomsayers they also have a good reason to want to participate in *Jihad*, namely a personal request from their leader, Joan! If the posse hasn't worked for the Iron Alliance before or has no Doomsayers, you need to find a reason for them to be recruited.

This adventure, while structured, leaves the individual Marshal plenty of leeway, and is a great way to get them to spend at least a week in the City o' Sin, so your gaming dollars will be well spent. Feel free to add encounters and other subplots to the basic adventure structure in order to work the scenario into your campaign.

This mission segues almost directly into the storyline finale presented in *The Unity*, so buckle your seat belt, hang onto your hat, and enjoy the ride. We don't think you (or your posse) will be disappointed!



The Story So Far

For years Silas has nurtured a hatred of those who didn't appreciate him in life, who scoffed at him and stole his ideas and work before the Last War. The mutants of Lost Vegas provided the raw materials the former physicist, through his superior intellect, would forge into a hammer capable of smashing the old order and rebuilding the world as it should be—with Silas Rasmussen as its head.

Thus has Silas plotted and schemed, and gathered power unto himself and a select few. One by one his enemies have fallen, until the time seems ripe for the final stage to be set. Dubbed the Cleansing, Silas will unleash his widely scattered followers in an orgy of destruction across the West, while his mutant hordes pour from the desert like an irresistible flood. With the power of the Atom and religious fanaticism behind them, they won't be stopped until the green banner of Silas waves across the Americas—and perhaps beyond.

Not So Fast

Silas has only one problem. Despite the elimination of his rival and the resulting propaganda coup that the destruction of Armana gave him, it also robbed him of much of his power. Unknown to anyone before the ceremony, an unintended side effect of the opening of the Stargate was the overall reduction in background radiation in Lost Vegas.

If the common mutie, or Darwin forbid, Joan's followers, were to find this out, the Prophet could very well lose his carefully built kingdom. This, combined with rumors of the Doomsayers' involvement in the destruction of Armana, could topple the Mutant King and replace him with his archenemy, Joan.

Mohammed and the Mountain

Silas still has an ace up his green robe, though. The U.S. Nuclear Waste Facility under Yucca Mountain, Nevada has enough radiation in its tunnels to power ten Cities of Sin. Silas' Adepts have been hard at work on a ritual that can transmute, transport, and diffuse large amounts of radiation. Silas plans on using this to revitalize the Lost Vegas maelstrom. Although this will most likely have the unfortunate side effect of destroying the USNWF, it will give Silas yet another atrocity to blame on the norms. This cowardly norm attack on the Cult of Doom's most holy site will be the justification Silas needs to unleash his unwitting mutant hordes on the Wasted West.

The Setup

The posse can start out at either Junkyard or Carson City, whichever is most convenient for your campaign, Marshal. If your posse hangs out in the Iron Oasis, not a problem. Hopefully they're the hero types and they are well-known to the Council, especially if they've completed *Boise Horror* or *Air Force One Down!*

If this is the case, the posse is approached by familiar agents of the Iron Alliance and asked to participate in a mission of great importance. Of course, if they have just finished *Air Force One is Down!* they might be wondering what could be bigger than that, but their contact does not explain any further. Posses who agree to participate are flown via a Sky Pirate-operated military transport to Carson City, Nevada. This should impress on everyone the seriousness of their mission.

If your posse usually spends their time in the Great Maze or the Southwest, find a reason for them to head to Carson City. Maybe they hire on as guards for a caravan or Convoy group. Maybe they hear about the miracles of the MIRVers and want to check them out. Doomsayers might get a letter drop with instructions to report to Carson City. Getting them there is up to you, pardner.

Chapter One: The Belly of the Beast

Carson City, Nevada—Fear Level 4

The posse arrives in this outpost of civilization of their own will or via air from Junkyard. Poses coming from anywhere but Junkyard are met by a representative of the Iron Alliance during their stay in the town, and offered a chance for high-paying work. However you set it up, once the posse agrees to work for the forces of good they are taken to the Library around noon for their briefing.

Enter the Iron Alliance

Once at the Carson City Branch Library, the posse is introduced to the local Iron Alliance agents, consisting of "Big Jim" Hartman of the Convoy, Isabella Rodriguez from Junkyard, and a purple-robed, snake-like mutant named Sleeth. Once introductions are over, the representatives thank the group for their past help and open another door into the conference room in which they sit.

You Can't Handle the Truth!

A short man enters the room at a gesture from Sleeth. He wears the purple robes of a Doomsayer. Sleeth introduces him as Initiate Vengeance. As he pulls back his hood, you see that his eyes are dead black, with white pupils swimming in the middle. He takes the butt of a cigar from his mouth, sits down, and relates the following:

"You think the Combine is the worst thing out there? Way wrong. Silas is the one to worry about. You want proof? Proof of the Mutant King's power was recently demonstrated all the way out in Northern Idaho, almost one thousand miles away from Las Vegas.

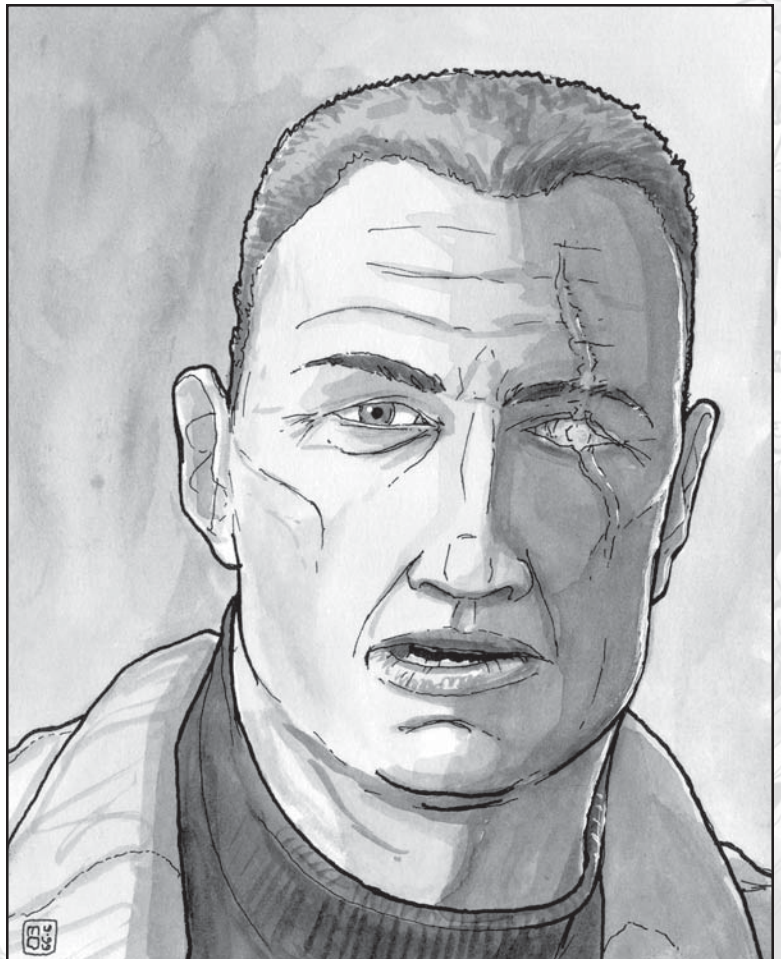
A survivor settlement near the ruins of the city of Coeur d'Alene held a sizable mutant population with a religion based

Jihad!

113

on ancient Egyptian mythology. Don't look at me so funny. I've seen a group of norms that worship oil in Texas. Anyway, Silas had a major hatred for this group, whose leader, a bird-like mutant named Avatar, had once been a lieutenant of his. In the fall of 2094, a huge mutant horde led by a large contingent of green-robed Doomsayers attacked Armana. Despite physical and magical defenses and a substantial garrison of norms and mutants, the inhabitants of the town were put to the sword after a six-hour battle.

So how did the horde get from Southern Nevada to northern Idaho? The power of the Atom.





No, really, I saw it myself. You see, at that time I was a Helot, a norm in the service of one of Avatar's Lectors, or priests. My Lector was a huge bear-like mutant named Black Ursa. We had just returned to Armana the day before all Hell broke loose. In the predawn hours of the next day suddenly there were green-robos and trogs everywhere. The priests at the watching pool, a magical surveillance system we had, never gave a warning, and the few guards at their posts were slaughtered where they stood.

Despite the surprise, we fought back with everything we had. Atomic fire lit the landscape, and explosions, gunfire, and the

screams of the dying filled the air, but nothing seemed to affect those greenies, and most of the screams were ours. We fell back to the Pantheon, Avatar's temple, but we couldn't hold them off. Even a counterattack by the norms at the nearby town of Sybaris failed to stop Silas' horde. I fell beside Black Ursa, and as the Avatar called down a rain of nuclear fire on the temple I was knocked unconscious by a trog's club.

I awoke later that day to a gentle touch. A Doomsayer, one of Joan's in disguise, had used her power to heal me. She explained that she was a spy and was doing what she could to help. I quickly donned a robe from a nearby corpse and headed out of the temple, leaving my benefactor behind.

What I saw outside turned my stomach. The trogs were making a huge pile of heads in front of the Pantheon from the fallen, while others impaled the headless bodies along the street leading up to the edifice.

Avatar's feathers had been plucked, he had been disemboweled, and strung up from the colonnade of the Great Temple like a Thanksgiving turkey. As I moved among my enemies in a daze, a call went forth to return to Vegas. The trog horde fell into rough ranks near a shimmering "hole" by the lake, while the green-robed crowd stood on the other side, cackling insanely at the destruction they had wrought. At an unseen signal, they rained nuclear fire on their own trogs, incinerating them where they stood. As I stood there stunned, the greenies moved towards the hole. Carried by the crowd, I went along, and found myself sucked into the hole, one moment in Idaho, the next in the suffocating heat of the Nevada desert.

The Mutant King himself met us as we stepped through the portal. He stood atop a reviewing

stand in the middle of a barren ash waste. He made a stirring victory speech, and then formed us into a rough formation. I wanted nothing more than to rip his head off his shoulders, but I still had enough sense to realize that I wouldn't get within ten feet of him in this surging, jubilant mob.

The Mutant King seemed mighty pleased by this victory. He had the food stockpiles opened and distributed to anyone who cared to partake. I found that the Doomie who had healed me had left me with a gift of Atom, or the Atom as it's called down here, and I was able to blend into the crowd for the next few days. I never did get a shot at taking out Silas. Missionaries began leaving the city in droves after the massacre to spread the word of the destruction of Armana, only in Silas' version the norms were to blame.

I left with a group heading north. I left them the next night, and after a few weeks hooked up with one of Joan's heretics outside of Carson City, who taught me how to wield the power of the Atom. Silas and his sick religion must be stopped, and it's my goal to make sure that they are."

As the mutant finishes, another purple robe steps from the adjoining room. Letting her hood drop, this woman introduces herself as none other than Joan, leader of the Schismatics.

She tells the posse that along with Vengeance's information comes the rumor that Silas' personal power is waning. Apparently the ritual he engaged in to transport his troops tapped too much power from the Vegas maelstrom and its (and subsequently his) power has been noticeably lessened. There are rumored to be rumblings within his own organization as to his continued fitness to lead the Cult of Doom, and a shift in the balance of power in Lost Vegas may be imminent.

Jihad!

115

Mission Impossible?

Along with the Iron Alliance, Joan and the Schismatics are naturally very interested in this as well. The representatives of the Iron Alliance gathered here recommend a covert intelligence-gathering mission to Vegas to determine the current situation. The posse will be getting into the city as part of one of the many bands of mutant pilgrims that go into the area. If a posse member isn't a mutant, Vengeance, who will be accompanying the posse as Joan's personal representative, makes them a "Mutie for a Day". While the effects aren't permanent, it should pass muster enough to get the group into the city.

"Big Jim" Hartman says the Convoy is willing to provide the group transportation to a point about 40 miles north of the city, where they will be dropped off and picked up on their way back. They leave tomorrow morning. For the more mercenary in the group who have been wondering, Isabella Rodriguez informs the posse that she is authorized to offer them 100 widgets per day each for accepting this mission.

Joan finishes with a personal plea:

"Silas is one bad dude, as I'm sure you all know. His dark vibes can be felt from the Great Maze all the way to the Mighty Miss. My people are too scattered and lack experience in this sort of operation. If you can find out what we need and maybe help us topple Silas, you not only help remove a danger to the Iron Alliance but you help mutants everywhere throw off the dark prejudice of his wicked teachings. Go in peace and good karma, and take these as a token of my appreciation and that of the loving light of the Glow."



With this, she hands each member of the posse an amulet. For Doomsayers and other wielders of the Glow, it is a stylized atomic symbol. For norms it is a phoenix rising from a flame.

Profile: Vengeance

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:3d8, S:4d6, Q:2d10, V:4d10

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, fightin' brawlin'/knife 5d8, shootin': rifle, SMG 5d12, sneak 1d8

Mental: C:1d8, K:1d6, M:2d6, Sm:1d6, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Northern Idaho 4d6, artillery 3d6, scroungin' 2d6, search 2d8, survival 4d6, trackin' 2d8, faith 5d6

Edges: Arcane background: Doomsayer, sand 3, two-fisted

Hindrances: Enemy-3: Cult of Doom, loyal -3, oath -5: to avenge Armana

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Strain: 10 (14)

Special Abilities:

Miracles: Atomic blast, EMP, ground zero, mutie for a day, tolerance

Equipment: Heavy robes, NA assault rifle with 120 rounds 5.56mm, large knife, police vest, Joan's Amulet

Description: Vengeance is a short, stocky fireplug of a man whose eyes bulge out to twice the size of normal. His ears are pointed and protrude from the sides of his head, and his nostrils are large and flared (these mutations give him the *keen* Edge).

Joan's Amulet

For Doomies, this amulet acts as a Strain battery, similar to a syker Banshee stone. The amulets hold 4 points of Strain. Once used, they return at the rate of one every 12 hours.

For norms, the amulet acts as if the miracle *Tolerance* had been cast on its bearer, negating the background effects that come from being in a Glow-contaminated area (like a Deadland). It also acts as light armor -4 against damaging radiation powers for folks who can't channel the Glow.

The Streets of Carson City

The posse has the rest of the afternoon and evening to explore the settlement, equip themselves, or relax before the big mission. This is a good time to have them become familiar with the settlement and its people, and maybe even pay a visit to the Temple of MIRV. As a regional trade center with a population of 3,500, characters looking for that special gizmo should get a -1 modifier to their TN when looking for a piece of equipment on the Availability table. If the posse thinks to ask for a radio, the Iron Alliance can provide a military NA PRC-177 (range 50 miles). Hartman has a vehicle unit in his truck that can reach from Carson City to Junkyard on a good day.

Chapter Two: Road Trip

The posse meets up with Big Jim Hartman and Vengeance at dawn after an evening on the town in Carson City. The posse is loaded into a beat-up panel van whose battered exterior conceals a powerful engine and armor plating, as well as a roll-away roof for easy weapons access and a nice breeze. The back of the van has extra gas tanks installed, and is loaded with plenty of water and spook juice for the 400 mile trip across the wastes. Big Jim estimates that on the fairly empty and well-preserved roads in the area it'll take about eight hours to get to the ruins of the Air Force Base.

Hartman's Van

Cost	Pass.	Engine
\$6000	8	V-8
Gas Tank	MPG	Suspen.
80 Gal.	25	Standard
Wheels	Top Speed	Pace
4	100 mph	250
Accel.	Durability	Armor
2.5 mph	45/9	See below
Handling	Size	Load Limit
-2	+3	24

Armor: Bottom 1, front 3, rear 3, left side 2, right side 2

Over the Desert...

The fairly open and well-preserved road between Carson City and Indian Springs means that Hartman can make good time. Unless you really want to give the posse a hard time, Marshal, the first 100 or so miles (two hours) is fairly uneventful, until the posse swings south around Waller Lake and passes the ruins of Hawthorne, Nevada. Suddenly a gang of motorcycles and rustbuckets roar onto the highway in pursuit of the group's ride. As the raiders draw closer, it's plain to see from their bestial faces that these are a pack of the dreaded Road Orcs. Fellow muties or not, they want loot and will attack the posse regardless of any disguises.

Jihad!

117

The Road Orcs consist of two bikers on dirt bikes per posse member, plus two dune buggies (treat as SUVs) with four Road Orcs mounting a NA SAW each. If they take 50% casualties or both buggies are destroyed, they ride off.

Profile: Road Orc

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:3d8, S:4d6, Q:3d8, V:2d6

Dodge 4d8, drivin':motorcycle/car 5d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, quick draw 2d8, shootin': pistol/rifle/MG 5d8, sneak 2d8, speed load 2d8, throwin': balanced/unbalanced 2d8

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6

Scrougin' 3d6, search 4d6, survival 3d6, tinkerin' 4d6, trackin' 3d6

Wind: 14

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Edges: Thick-skinned, blessings o' the Atom (porcine phenotype 1-3)

Hindrances: Loyal (Red Fang) 3, mutant

Equipment: Assorted pistols, rifles, shotguns and crossbows with 10 rounds of ammo each, a large knife, and a boiled leather shirt and pants set.

...And Thru the Wastes

Once the Road Orcs are destroyed, allow the posse members to make an Onerous (7) *area knowledge: Southwest/Great Maze* check (Law Dogs can make a straight *Knowledge* check). Those who pass realize that the Road Orcs have never been reported this far from the Great Maze. This could be an ominous development.

As the posse continues to drive south they run across a broken down bus in a desolate area. The hood of the battered bus is up and a mass of mutants is huddled in what little shade the vehicle provides. Many of the group appear to be children and teenagers, but all are obviously mutants.



What happens next is entirely up to the posse. They can confirm Silas' propaganda about norms and massacre the stranded motorists (none of them are Doomsayers and only a few have some dilapidated firearms). They can drive on past. Or they can stop to help their fellow human beings out of a serious jam.

If the posse is obviously normal, the muties are cautious about accepting help, and may recognize the posse later in Chapter Three to the group's detriment. Fellow mutant help is welcomed, however. The bus' radiator is leaking and overheated and can be fixed on an Onerous (7) *tinkerin'* check. If the vehicle is repaired and water is shared, the posse has made friends for life.

Once the breakdown is dealt with, the rest of the journey is uneventful until the posse is a mere 30 miles outside of Indian Springs. Have each posse member make an Onerous *Cognition* check. Those who make it spot a flying speck in the distance, which quickly resolves itself into the deadly shape of a Combine Raptor. It quickly overtakes the posse's ride and continues southward down the highway. Strangely enough, unless fired upon it ignores the posse. If seriously damaged as it passes (weapons fire actually penetrates its armor), it swings around and engages the group until they or it are destroyed. If the posse is stupid enough to engage this flying death machine, use the statistics in the *Denver* sourcebook.

Are We There Yet?

Once the Raptor passes or is destroyed, the posse pulls into the ruins of the town of Indian Springs, the nearby Air Force Base's maelstrom swirling ominously in the distance. Hartman suggests beginning the 40-mile hike into Vegas in the cool of the night.

If the posse insists on poking around the ruins of the Air Force Base, have them make a *Cognition* check against a 4d10. On a successful check they run into Silas' troops, consisting of a Doombringer and a horde of 20 trogs. If the posse gets a raise they have found the hidden Combine encampment. For details on what kind of badness they find there, see Chapter Three, page 90. Any combat with the Combine troopers brings Silas' covering force into the fray.

Bounty

Posse befriends Deacon in Carson

City: 1 White Chip each.

Posse defeats Road Orcs with

minimal damage to van: 1 White Chip each.

Posse stop to help stranded muties: 1 Red Chip each.

Posse lets Raptor pass unmolested: 1 White Chip each.

Posse doesn't get involved in a major battle with Detachment Gamma: 1 White Chip each.

Chapter Three: Honeymoon in Vegas

Jihad!

119

As the posse makes its way down old International Highway 95, they begin to meet other groups of pilgrims making their way to the city. Most of these groups are burdened with carts full of possessions, but some are made up of walking mutants urged on by green-robed Doomsayers.

Around 4 a.m. a truck slows down on the highway and offers a ride to the posse, mistaking them for another group of pilgrims. Unless they are obviously not mutants, accepting this offer shouldn't be a problem. If the posse refuses the ride, it takes them a good 16 hours to heel-toe express it into the city limits. Due to the daytime temperatures, each character must make a *survival* check at TN 13 if they travel throughout the day. Anyone failing takes the difference in Wind, which can only be regained by resting in a cool place—but at least it's a dry heat. See *Wasted West* for more details on environmental extremes.

The City that Never Sleeps

As the posse enters the outer ruins of Lost Vegas, they meet many newly arrived mutants camped in the ruins, as well as passing outward bound groups of green-robed missionaries leading bands of faithful to bring the word of the Atom to the heathens. Most leave the posse alone unless they are obviously norms, but the Doomsayers check out those they meet, requiring Fair (5) *persuasion* or *disguise* checks to avoid detection (no check if the posse has been "*Mutied for a Day*").

If these fail, Marshal, it's up to you what happens next. Reactions can range from a stern lecture about the Cult of Doom to an outright attack if norm "spies" are found out (if this happens a band consists of one Doomsayer and 10 Vengants).

A wide variety of folks camp in the ruins, from simple muties waiting to cross over to snake oil salesmen, con artists, and vendors of all sorts. Strangely, there is little fighting, and


unlike Denver no one seems to care much who comes and goes. The posse is free to cross the maelstrom whenever they wish.

If the posse spends any time in the ruins outside the maelstrom, they are spotted by one of these local conmen, a mutie by the name of "Casino Carl." This odd-looking mutie, whose eyes are actually on stalks that protrude from his eye sockets, offers to guide the posse into the city on a Casino Carl Tour, adding "*More bang for your buck! I'll show you the way if you're down on your luck!*"

Carl offers to guide the posse for the equivalent of one milrat per day. True to his word, Carl knows the ins and outs of Vegas, but sells the posse out to Silas if it looks to be to his advantage. If the posse is leery about following a mutie through the ruins, Carl offers to sell them a vidslug of the tour that fits in any palmcorder. For a mere \$100, this slug provides the posse with info on the various power groups in the ruins, along with local references. A posse who views this info gets a +4 to any *persuasion*, *bluff*, or *disguise* checks while in the city, and should basically be given the information presented in Chapter One on the city proper. Librarians should be particularly interested in this little gem. Carl can also direct the posse to one of the many moneychangers around the periphery, who gladly exchanges outside goods and equipment for their value in "Luxs," minus a ten percent fee, of course.

Mutie Nation

Those who have crossed maelstroms before notice that the Vegas storm doesn't seem to have the teeth that such a phenomenon normally has. Wasters passing through the wall of the storm draw three cards and use the lowest when determining spiritual damage suffered from the maelstrom.



Once inside the ghost rock storm, the posse finds muties coming and going through the streets, although this is mainly limited to the Strip and the surrounding ruins during the daytime. Outside of this central area, most areas of the city seem to be abandoned, as does the Strip at night. The posse won't be in town long before they hear that the Mutant King is making a proclamation of great import in front of the Luxor in a week's time.

If the posse decides to stay in town for the week, accommodations can be found in many of the old resorts or out in the ruins. Those who choose to stay on the Strip can find suitable lodging for 10-20 Luxs per night, with food available for an additional 30 Luxs. Despite the risk that the posse runs of being discovered as norms, and therefore enemies of the Mutant King, this is the safest place to stay. Those who decide to hole up in the ruins run the risk of not only encountering feral trogs and unaffiliated muties, but also chance encountering many of the denizens of the Vegas Deadland (now's a good chance to introduce your posse to the creatures described in Chapter Four, Marshal).

Sodom and Gomorrah

If the posse uses the time before Silas' speech to check out the City o' Sin, they find it to be quite different from, say, Denver. The streets are thronged with mutants of all shapes, sizes, and deformities. The Strip bustles with activity, with some sections as neutral ground and others claimed by various tribes. Unless the posse has a copy of Casino Carl's Vidslug Tour, they may inadvertently find themselves under attack for trespassing (especially around the territory of the birdmen of Bellagio). This time offers the posse a chance to recon the city, get a feel for the Cult of Doom, and interact with its inhabitants. Newcomers are always

flocking to the city, so stupid questions are not looked at any differently (unless the asker is an obvious norm).

During the week the following may happen:

Any tale-tellers of renown (*tale-tellin'* 4 or greater or with the *renown* Edge) may be approached by the Newtonians, who always enjoy a good performance. A Hard (9) *tale-tellin'* check (modified by the Fear Level of 6) earns an audience with Wayne himself, and a place to stay while in the city.

Outlaw posse members may be approached by the Resistance after a few days, as might characters who make an Onerous (7) *streetwise* check. Posse members who are discovered to be norms and forced to flee into the ruins may also be saved by the Resistance, although how this turns out depends on which particular faction of the Resistance the posse has encountered.

Law Dogs may be contacted by the remnants of the LVPD and taken to their headquarters under the old North Las Vegas Air Terminal. Sledge and his fellow Enforcers can be a great source of information for the posse, and it is here that they can learn more about the Combine presence in the City o' Sin.

Posses who hole up for the week can miss out on the glory that is Lost Vegas in relative security if they make a Hard (9) *streetwise* check, although a malicious Marshal might introduce them to some of the more *exotic* inhabitants of the City o' Sin presented in Chapter Four.

Hail to the King

After a week in Vegas, the day of the Mutant King's pronouncement arrives. Scheduled for high noon, the entire Strip is declared neutral territory, and mutants begin to flow southward toward the rearing bulk of the Luxor, where a stage had been erected the previous night in front of the Sphinx. Explosive minded posses will be disappointed by the guard of Doombringers that has guarded the area since the day before, preventing any placement of explosives or other unpleasantness directed towards Silas' holy person.

The Strip and cleared land across from the massive resort fill with mutants displaying the dazzling array of mutations that exposure to ghost rock can bring, and the crowd seethes with a religious fervor reminiscent of an old-fashioned tent revival. Circulating green-robed Doomsayers whip the crowd into frenzy by the time noon arrives. A huge gong is struck atop the MGM Grand, and Silas steps onto the stage, to the cheers of his misshapen worshippers. He raises his arms, and a voice like that of an angry god reverberates across the sea of adoring muties.

"My children. We are here today to take the next step in the holy path put forth by Saint Darwin. As you all know, our brethren in the Glow in Idaho, the mutant community of Armana, have been massacred by the hated norms in a misguided attempt to turn back the natural path of obsolescence that is their destined lot. While they may have been misguided, the children who followed my old friend and servant Avatar were mutants nonetheless and cry out for vengeance.

As your King and his councilors planned their answer to this atrocity, the norms struck here in our desert jewel! Agents of Junkyard, those foul techno-wizards, planted devices around the periphery of our fair kingdom and drained the very essence of the Glow from its children, then sent in agents of the heretic Joan to spread the rumor that I was losing the favor of the most blessed Atom!"

Here the Mutant King gestures, and slaves bring out an assortment of junker-looking devices, all topped with glowing green spheres.

"Luckily, alert Initiates found these devices before they could complete their wicked deed, but damage has been done to the very Glow itself! Fear not, however, my children, for if the


Jihad!

121

Glow will not come to Silas, Silas will go to the Glow. Yucca Mountain, a godhead of the Glow, will provide us with the power we need to place the Cult of Doom at the pinnacle of power!

Yucca, the place where the norms sought to imprison the most holy Atom before Judgment Day, will be the spark that burns away the genetic garbage from the face of the Earth! Tomorrow the chosen of the cult will embark on a holy pilgrimage to that most holy of sites and evoke the blessing of the Saints! Pray for our success, for when we return the heel of evolution will grind the norms into the





*dust that is their only true legacy.
Now feast, and prepare yourselves
for the Awakening of the Cult of
Doom!"*

His speech completed, Silas *Quantum Leaps* away in a brilliant flash of green light, and the crowd breaks into a riotous celebration as servants bring forth platters of food from within the Luxor and distribute them to the cheering crowd.

Those Pesky Posses

Now Marshal, we know posses as well as you do, and we realize that some might not be content to sit and listen to this mutie madman. You'll realize that we haven't provided statistics for Silas. As you might guess, we've still got a role for him to play, and it's not in the cards for him to die yet, so if your posse insists on attacking him in front of thousands of his fanatical, Glow-wielding worshippers, do your best to help him survive.

A blessing of the Atom especially devised by Silas himself allows his body to soak up the power of the Atom, so any destructive miracles of the Glow simply wash over him, causing no damage. Snipers on nearby rooftops will have to hide from patrolling birdmen, as well as the sharp gaze of the Pantheon Guard arrayed around the stage. Any attack taken against Silas here in the heart of his empire without proper planning is foolish and should result in some dead heroes.

Bounty

Posse buys Casino Carl's guide: 1

White Chip.

Posse finds out about Combine activity in Las Vegas: 1 Red Chip.

Posse spends the week reconning Las Vegas: 1 White Chip.

Posse records Silas' speech: 1 Red Chip.

Chapter Four: Mount Doom

So now the posse knows that the Cult of Doom is planning to do something with a place called Yucca Mountain, whatever that place is. Posses who bought Casino Carl's Vidslug Guide are out of luck, as it's not mentioned in that information. Domsayers or Lectors who make an Onerous (7) *faith* check know the approximate location, as does anyone with *science: physics* who makes a Fair (5) check. Librarians might have heard of it (Hard (9) *Knowledge*), as well as any posse member who has a background in the nuclear power industry (Fair (5) *Knowledge*).

Success gives the posse a location approximately 100 miles to the northwest of the City o' Sin. Asking around among the muties of the Strip reveals (after several tries) that Yucca Mountain is the most holy of sites for the Glow, second only to the Mutant King's Holy City around Heaven's Gate, but no one knows exactly where it's located. Posse members who think to find an old library can find the location with an Incredible (11) *scroungin'* check, Onerous (7) if they have a palmcorder.

Now that the posse hopefully knows what Silas plans to do, the question is what will they do with this information? The characters have a variety of options to thwart the Cult of Doom at this point, and we'll give you an idea of what you can throw at them along the various paths that they may choose to follow.

Let's Nuke It—It's the Only Way to be Sure

Posses who successfully completed *Air Force One is Down!* and know that the Iron Alliance has access to the nukes aboard the *U.S.S. Ronald Reagan* might think that the safest and easiest thing to do is nuke Yucca Mountain. Contacting Junkyard requires the radio in Hartman's van and that the posse be at least five miles away from the interference caused by a maelstrom.

This is a decision for the main council in Junkyard, not their reps in Carson City. It's roughly 360 miles to the Iron Oasis, and assuming they can contact the Iron Alliance (see *Wasted West* for radio use) they find they have a hard sell. Ike Taylor and Jo think enough damage has been done without using any more nukes, and this, coupled with a fear of the armored forces of the Combine, make it very unlikely that a nuke will be authorized.

Posses who insist can make a *persuasion* roll against a 5d8, and need to get three raises for the IA to authorize a nuclear strike. Unfortunately, they still need the posse to go to Yucca Mountain and get a grid coordinate for the strike. Once transmitted, the missile will be on its way. Hmm, maybe this wasn't such a good idea...

Send it up the Chain

If you're one of those rare Marshals with a cautious posse, they may decide to pass the buck up to the Iron Alliance Council. Contacting the IA delegation in Carson City or going straight to the top in Junkyard gives the posse the same answer. The Iron Alliance asks the posse to go to Yucca Mountain to gather more information and if possible stop whatever it is that Silas has planned.

Gimme that Old-time Religion

Posses who spent some time in Carson City and discovered the secret of MIRV may think to use the fallen angel to destroy Yucca Mountain and the upper echelon of the Cult of Doom in one fell stroke. If the posse decides to go to Carson City and get MIRV they'd better hurry—Silas' High Priests take four days to get to Yucca Mountain, and they leave the day after Silas' big speech. If the posse gets there before the delegation they still have Pimp Daddy and his Boyz to deal with at the site before they can set up MIRV.

Deacon has led a sheltered life, rarely hearing news of the world outside the walls of the Capitol. If told of the excesses of Silas and his twisted religion, she may agree to help. A raise

Jihad!

123

on a *persuasion* check versus a 2d12 means that Deacon agrees to let the posse have MIRV. Two raises indicate that Deacon comes along with the posse to stop Silas personally and put an end to his corruption of her holy work.

If Deacon accompanies the posse and the Marshal has access to *Fire and Brimstone* from *Deadlands: The Weird West* use the Monster Hunter archetype for Deacon (without Vet of the Weird West) and add the *lay on hands* miracle. If you don't have access to that fine publication, use the Lector archetype (without atomic blast), but since Deacon uses miracles as a blessed, the powers cost her no Strain to invoke, and those with a duration last her *faith* in rounds.



Force Ten from Junkyard

Many posses will decide to go to Yucca Mountain themselves to recon the site and/or stop Silas' plans in their glowing tracks. If your posse decides to take this straightforward route, all they need to do is get to the Mountain, either by learning its location or following the Cult of Doom entourage as they travel.

Getting There is Half the Fun

Once the posse decides to get out of the city, they have several choices. If they have wandered around the city and found the vehicle depot in the Convention Center, they can attempt to liberate wheels for the drive northward. If they decide to try this, there are two mutie guards for each posse member scattered throughout the cavernous building, with a Doomsayer overseer in charge of each shift. If the posse gets into a fight that lasts more than 20 rounds, reinforcements begin to arrive at the motor pool. Each round thereafter, 1d6 guards and 1d4-2 Doomsayers arrive to prevent the theft of vehicles.

A successful vehicle theft here nets the posse pretty much any type of vehicle they want, from an econo-box to a tanker truck used to haul aquatic muties. Posses who decide to destroy the mobility of the Cult by taking out their wheels set Silas' Awakening plans back a bit, but the group heading for Yucca Mountain has their own vehicles stored under heavy guard at the Luxor and so are unaffected. Use the stats for Road Orcs presented above for any guards encountered at the Convention Center.

If the posse didn't stir up the Combine at Indian Springs, they find Hartman and their ride ready and waiting when they leave the Vegas area. Given directions, he gladly takes the posse to the muties' holy site.

Bandits!

Unfortunately for the posse, Silas has directed Red Fang (or his successor if the posse has dealt with him earlier) to put his gang out in force around Yucca Mountain. When the posse gets within 50 miles of the old US Nuclear Waste Storage Facility they are spotted and engaged by a Road Orc patrol consisting of 10 motorcyclists, who radio off a warning before engaging the trespassers. These raiders wander far and wide, and a posse heading back to Carson City will also be attacked by two separate biker patrols going to Carson City *and* coming back to the Mountain.

The Road Orcs have been briefed that an entourage from Lost Vegas is coming, and an alert posse making a Hard (9) *Cognition* check may notice the patrol checking them out in the distance before attacking. If the posse tries to bluff their way past, they'd better have green robes and some fast-talking skills. *Disguise* and *bluff* checks against the leaders' 4d6 *scrutinize* are necessary. On a success, the bikers call in the reaction force to confirm the posse's story. This requires another set of rolls against a *scrutinize* of 3d8. On a raise they let the posse through but radio ahead to the site. On two raises they let the posse through, completely convinced of who they are. They even tell the posse that Pimp Daddy and his gang have everything well in hand at the site and are waiting for them to arrive.

Once the bikers are dealt with, the main reaction force shows up ten minutes after the conclusion of the fight with the bike patrol. This group consists of 4 pickup trucks filled with six Road Orcs each, along with two gunships (jeeps mounting M2HB .50 cal machineguns on a roof ring mount) crewed by four Road Orcs.

Accompanying this band is a junior Doomsayer (use stats in the *Hell on Earth* main rulebook) in one of the pickups. Fortunately for the posse, these muties are a little too cocky, and won't radio back to Yucca even if defeat seems imminent.

Once these road scum are dealt with the road to Yucca Mountain is open.

Bounty

Posse finds a map to Yucca Mountain in library: 1 White Chip to finder.

Posse member knows where Yucca Mountain is: 1 White Chip to member.

Posse destroys vehicles in Convention Center: 1 Red Chip.

Posse bluffs their way past Road Orc patrols: 1 Red Chip.

Posse learns of Pimp Daddy and his gang: 1 White Chip.

Chapter Five: Take Me to the Volcano!

The ritual that Silas plans to enact will suck Yucca Mountain and the radioactive waste contained within into the Hunting Grounds, where it will be transmuted and transported to Lost Vegas, reenergizing the maelstrom. Not only will this strengthen his holy Glow and dispel any rumors of weakness, but the destruction of this most holy of sites of the Cult of Doom will be another thing to blame on the norms, inflaming mutants across the Wasted West and allowing the Mutant King to begin the Awakening, the mutant war on the unirradiated.

US Nuclear Waste Facility

Yucca Mountain, NV Fear Level 4

Above ground, the USNWF is fairly unimpressive. Set in a shallow bowl, the various buildings are in poor repair. Dominating the scene is the vitrification plant, where nuclear waste was encased in liquid glass. The encased waste was hardened into blocks for transport and storage deep underground. Two main entrances exist into the storage facility proper. The North and South Ramps are gently sloped and have accommodations for both vehicles and a rail system that runs throughout the extensive network of tunnels.

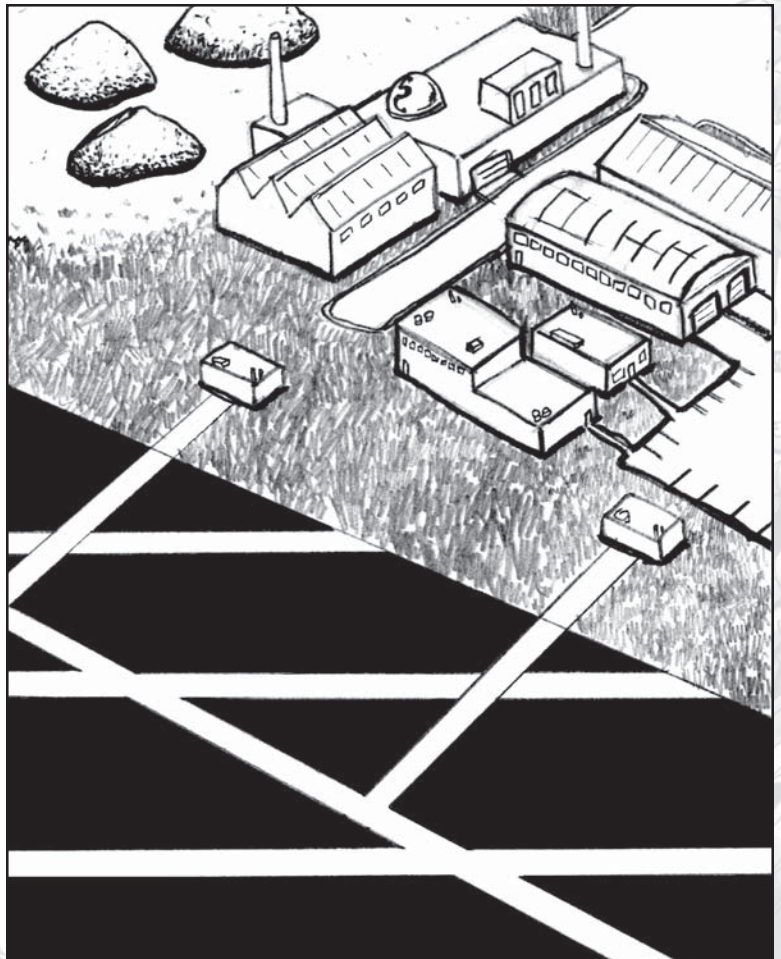
Currently an ex-LVPD Enforcer now known only as Pimp Daddy is in charge of security at the site. One of Silas' first adherents in the City o' Sin, Pimp Daddy quickly gathered other cops who had

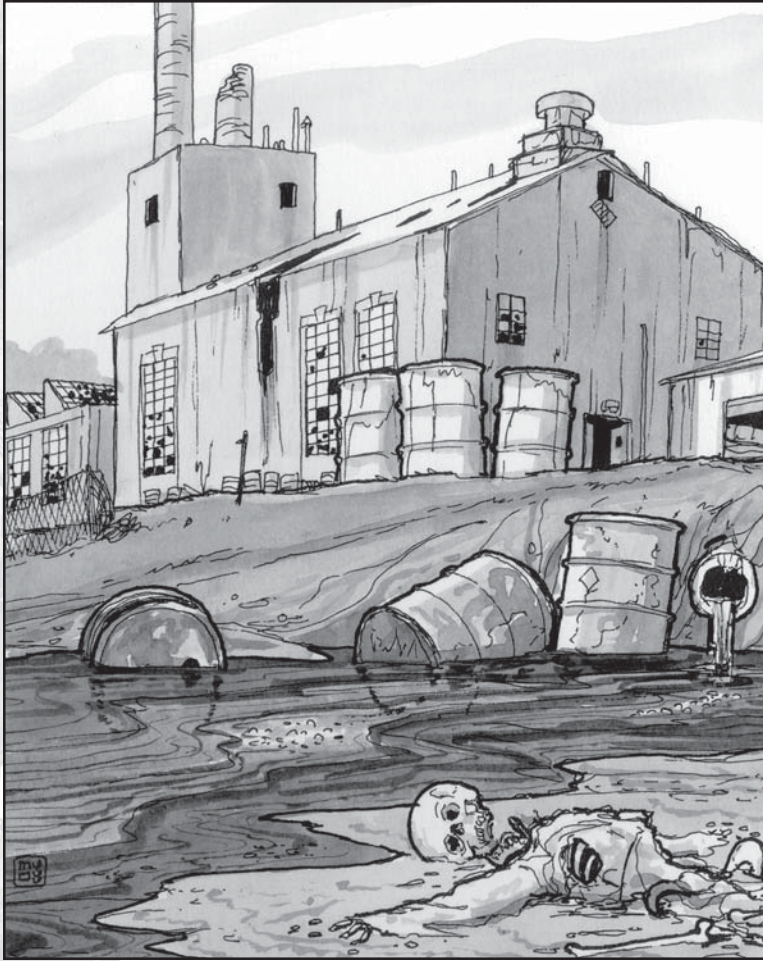
Jihad!

125

mutated and convinced them that the new power in the ruins was Silas. Unlike their brethren under Enforcer Sledge, these mutants revel in their new lifestyle as members of the Cult of Doom, and gladly embrace their new employer. "The Boyz," as they are known, have mutated in a variety of ways, but all are adept at conventional combat and in using the miracles of the Glow.

This group of thugs takes their responsibility to guard this holy place seriously, if for no other reason than that they've seen what Silas does to those who fail him. If the posse exhibits suspicious behavior, the Boyz give the heroes a very hard time and try to detain them until the group from Las Vegas arrives.





Profile: Pimp Daddy

Corporeal: D:2d12, N:4d8, S:3d8, Q:3d10, V:4d10

Dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin'/knife 4d8, shootin': pistol/rifle 5d12, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:1d8, K:2d6, M:4d8, Sm:4d8, Sp:4d10

Area knowledge (Lost Vegas) 2d6, bluff 3d8, faith 5d10, leadership 5d8, scrutinize 4d8, search 2d8, survival: urban 3d8, b scroungin' 5d8

Edges: Arcane Background: Doomsayer, level-headed, sand 2

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, big'un 1, closed circuit, intolerance (non-mutants) 3, lifetap

Pace: 6

Size: 7

Wind: 20

Equipment: Heavy robes, sunglasses, police pistol w/45 rounds 10mm

Special Abilities:

Strain: 10

Miracles: Aegis, atomic blast, EMP, ICBM, mutate, powerup, sustenance, tolerance

Description: This burly mutie's facial muscles have turned transparent, revealing the skull beneath except for that portion covered by a huge handlebar mustache. Pimp Daddy wears a large, wide-brimmed, green felt hat with a large, yellow feather sticking from the hat band. He also sports a number of large gold chains around his neck. His two front teeth are inlaid with his initials, "P.D." in gold.

Profile: The Boyz (9)

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:2d8, V:3d8

Dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin'/knife 3d6, shootin': rifle/pistol 3d8, sneak 3d6

Mental: C:1d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge (Lost Vegas) 3d6, faith 5d8, scrutinize 3d6, search 2d6, survival: urban 3d6, trackin' 3d6

Edges: Sand 5, thick-skinned

Hindrances: Loyal (to Pimp Daddy and other Boyz), mean as a rattler

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Equipment: Heavy robes, sunglasses, S&W Model 85 .44 Magnum autos w/ 21 rounds of .44 mag, H&K MP-20 w/ 120 rounds 9mm each, one NA M-42 sniper rifle w/20 rounds

Special Abilities:

Strain: 8

Miracles: Atomic blast, ICBM, nuke, sustenance, tolerance

Description: These muties are a mixed lot, their green robes being the only thing they have in common. "Sticky" has hands that are covered in tiny suckers. "Drake" looks like a bizarre cross between a man and a goose. Short Bus, Baby Face, Tommy Nine Fingers, Queenie, Buckethead, Gasser, and Jugs round out the Boyz, each being named for their most obvious mutation.

The Warning Signs

Set at 200 yard intervals in a one-mile radius around the facility are warning obelisks. Intended to last ten thousand years and costing the federal government five million dollars to design, these markers were meant to warn away anyone who might come across the site long after the United States were dust but the waste within was still hot.

Taking a page from his archenemies in Armana, Silas had his Adepts recreate the Lectors' warning system with these totems. Any moving object of Size 4 or greater that comes within 100 yards of an obelisk activates the old security cameras in the guard shack, where a picture is shown of the intruder. Unfortunately for the mutants, this only detects things at ground level. Anything moving 15 feet or more above the ground is not detected. If shot at, the obelisks are AV2 and can take 40 points of damage before being destroyed. Shooting at the obelisk has the unfortunate side effect of activating it, however.

Security Building

During the day most of the garrison stays in the air-conditioned comfort of the security building. At least one mutie is on duty 24 hours a day, watching for any sign of intruders on the old video monitors that are now slaved to the warning obelisks around the facility. The mutants also have a military base unit radio set up here to communicate with Silas back in Lost Vegas.

Whenever an obelisk is activated, roll an Onerous (7) *Cognition* check for the guard on duty each round it is active to see if he notices the posse's movements.

Hospital

This was actually more of a clinic, but is now used as a barracks by Pimp Daddy and his Boyz. While most of the equipment has been smashed for the sheer joy of it, an Onerous *scroungin'* check turns up 1d4 doses of rad-protect and 1d6 doses of rad-away.

Jihad!

127

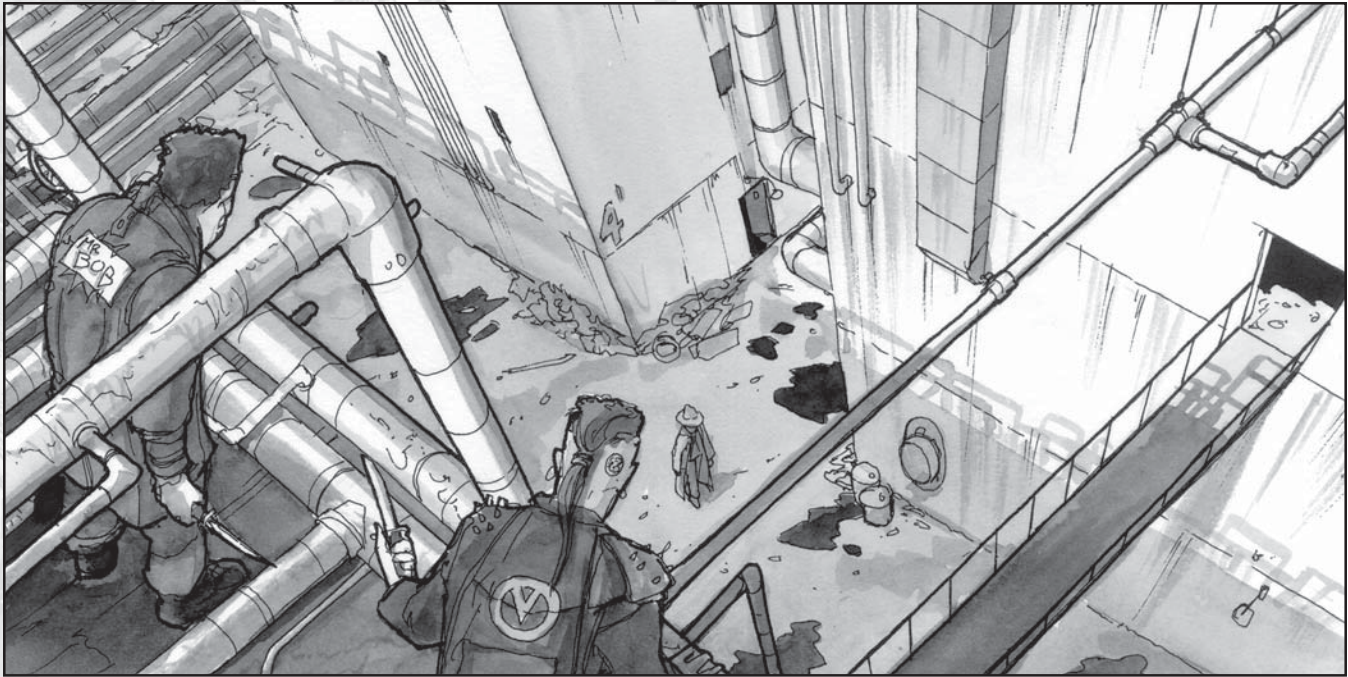
Vitrification Plant

The largest building on site, the vitrification plant took sand, melted it into glass, and poured the liquid glass into molds along with the radioactive waste, encapsulating it for eternity. Sand was dug up from the surrounding area and brought here to the smelters. There are several pieces of earth-moving equipment scattered around this building.

The power plant for the facility is also located in this complex. When the original staff abandoned the USNWF they put the nuclear plant in standby mode, and amazingly the Cult of Doom was able to get the plant up and running shortly after taking over the site. The core is a Hanford K1000. It has a failsafe device that drops the core into the complex below if the system becomes unstable. Poses looking for a quick fix by blowing the powerplant will be disappointed at the lack of pyrotechnics.

Machine Shop

The machine shop holds a variety of equipment for repairing many of the systems at this remote location, especially the rail system in the tunnels far below. Rails run from the mineheads to the machine shop building. The building has been trashed by the garrison as a form of entertainment during the long desert days. While a junker would go crazy at all the parts and bits in here, most normal people only see a bunch of hi-tech trash. A determined posse may find several sticks of TNT with a thorough search. A Hard (9) *scroungin'* check turns up two sticks, plus one for each raise. Junkers can turn up 1d8 mechanical components, 1d6 chemical components, and 1d10 electronic components with a Hard (9) *scroungin'* roll. Each component type requires a separate roll and search attempt.



Motor Pool

This cavernous building has facilities for vehicle maintenance, storage, and also acted as a central warehouse for the USNWF. These days it houses the Boyz' three battered SUVs. Each SUV mounts a NA SAW with 60 rounds of 5.56mm each. Two or three Boyz can usually be found in here during the day. Forklifts, propane tanks, and other assorted equipment can be found here.

Mineheads

These two bunker-like buildings cover the entrance to the storage tunnel system 800 feet below. Each bunker has a changing facility, locker room with 11-20 radiation suits, showers, and a rail terminus that allows the loading of the electric railcars that go into the bowels of the mountain. The access tunnels, named the North and South Ramp, are 20 feet in diameter and have two sets of rails along with a walkway laid into the floor. Heavy blast doors seal off the Ramps from the mineheads.

The Tunnels

The five or so miles of underground storage vaults and corridors hold thousands of blocks of glass-encased radioactive waste, and the site is fairly radioactive. Anyone entering without radiation protective gear or the Doomie miracle *tolerance* must make a *Vigor* roll with a TN of 11. Those who fail take the difference in Wind loss. Those who bust pick up a bad case of the glows. Treat this as the *ailin': chronic* Hindrance. This check must be made every ten minutes spent in here. It is also hot, a dry choking heat that causes posse members to make a Hard (9) *survival* check or take the difference in Wind.

First Impressions

If the posse arrives in the daytime the complex sits baking in the desert sun, seemingly deserted. When the posse crosses the line of warning signs, they automatically trigger the warning system unless they take precautions. A suspicious posse that tries to approach unseen should make a *sneak* check versus a 2d12. Success indicates that they have come in through a blind spot in the system. Destroying an obelisk creates a hole in the system 400 yards wide, and as long as the shooters stay 200 yards away they won't trigger the

system. If the alarm is triggered Pimp Daddy sends out four Boyz to man two of the SUVs as a mobile reserve, and keeps the rest in the security building, from which they sally forth to attack any intruders they spot. The bloodthirsty mutants consider this a great bit of entertainment in an otherwise boring day.

If the posse approaches at night they notice the facility is brightly lit with floodlights, and may see shapes moving within the security building. The Boyz don't have any type of roving guard at night, secure in the obelisk system for advanced warning.

If the posse waits for Silas' entourage to arrive, it gets to Yucca Mountain right on schedule, four days after Silas makes his pronouncement. It consists of an honor guard of 10 trogs and 10 Grundies on foot, 5 Vengants armed with NA assault rifles (use Road Orc statistics), two Doombringers, and an armored car carrying the 10 Adepts and three High Priests that are slated to perform the great transformation. These Adepts and High Priests are mainly intellectuals. Their miracles are geared towards research and esoteric uses of the Glow, and they don't take part in combat if they can help it.

Stopping the Transformation

The posse can stop the transformation ritual in several ways. If they can collapse the tunnels or otherwise deny access to the radioactive stockpiles below, the Cult is unable to carry out the ritual. Unless the tunnels are totally destroyed, however, they will eventually be dug out. Blasting the tunnels requires a Hard (9) *demolition* check. A success equals enough damage to require four weeks of digging to reopen, with another four weeks added for each raise. Three raises indicates total collapse, with no chance of reopening that ramp any time in the near future. Each ramp must be individually collapsed.

Ambushing and killing the ritual party sets the plans back two weeks, just long enough for Silas to send in a much heavier armed group to complete the transformation.

Jihad!

129

Nuking the site shuts it down for good, but adds fuel to Silas' anti-norm fire (see below).

Posses who sit and watch see the ritual party enter the tunnels with their guards, while the Boyz take up protective positions above ground. Twelve hours later, the whole of Yucca Mountain shimmers and then vanishes, leaving a greenish dust in the air over a glowing crater two miles wide and one half mile deep. The Vegas maelstrom is fully reenergized if this is allowed to occur.

Bounty

Posse infiltrates without setting off alarms: 1 Red Chip.

Posse partially collapses tunnels: 1 White Chip.

Posse completely collapses the access tunnels: 1 Blue Chip.

Posse kills the entire ritual party: 1 Red Chip.

Success?

Whether the posse manages to destroy Yucca Mountain or the transformation is completed, Silas has won a propaganda coup. The norms are blamed for the destruction and Silas' unsurpassed propaganda skills turn the mutant population of Lost Vegas into a bloodthirsty horde eager for revenge.

Final preparations are made for the exodus from the City o' Sin and the Awakening of the Cult of Doom. Messages are sent out to the many missionaries scattered in mutie communities throughout the Wasted West, and the fury of the faithful builds like a green tidal wave. The West will soon see the flickering glow of nuclear fire across the horizon once again as the Mutant King leads his followers on one last great Jihad to determine the truth of his twisted creed.



Index

- 18th Hole 39
Agency 11, 69
Aladdin 24, 78
Ape Warrior 100
Armana 41, 96
Armijo, Antonio 7
Arrenas, Hector 39
Augustus 23, 78
Bass, Billy 21, 77
Bayou Vermillion 22, 77
Bellagio 24
Bigelow, Jake 40, 93
Birdbrains 24
Blessings of the Atom 46
Boulder City 9, 34, 87
Boulder Dam 9, 34, 87
Broadstone, Matthew 9
Buccaneer Bay 20
Caesar's Palace 23, 78
Church of Lost Angels 8
Circus, Circus 19, 71
Combine 87, 90
Cult of Doom 14, 15
Cult of Grendel 13, 14, 28, 82
Cult of the MIRV 37
Davis Dam 34
DuBois, Marie 77
Excalibur 27, 82
Falco 24
Flamingo, The 10, 23
Flaxton, Micah 35, 36, 88, 89
Forever U 30, 86
Fort 51 8, 36, 91
Fort Chamberlain 41, 94
Fremont, John C. 8
Frontier Hotel 21, 74
Glow Bats 101
Glowin' Dead 66
Gluttons 102
Gonzo 26, 81
Grendels 103
Grimme 8
Hakul, Omar 24, 25, 78, 79
Hangin' Palm 80
Hanson, Shawn 27
Head Case 86
Heaven's Gate 31
Hell Bell 103
Hickam, Jenny 75
Holst, Megan 68
Indian Springs AFB 10, 12, 36, 90
Joan 15
Joe's Cantina 39, 93
Knights 28
Lake Mead 16, 87
Lipid Blobs 85
Lucas, Amanda 72
Luxor 28, 83
Luxs 17
LV Celebrity General Hospital 29, 85
LV Convention Center 31
LVPD 12, 32, 67
Madame Toussaud's 29, 84
Mandalay Bay 29, 84
Martin, Henry 37, 93
Mirage, The 22, 77
MGM Grand 26, 82
Mutations 44-62
 Ankle Spurs 47
 Brainiac 47
 Chameleon Skin 50
 Elastic Bones 50
 Electric Touch 50
 Exoskeleton 51
 Forked Tongue 52
 Fur 52
 Gills 52
 Head 53
 Heat Vision 53
 Mandibles 55
 Moreau 59
 Pheromones 54
 Phenotypes 54
 Pit Viper Senses 60
 Prehensile Tail 60
 Screecher 61
 Sentient Hair 61
 Sniffer 62
 Talons 62
 Wings 62
NLVAT 12, 32, 87
Napoleon 25, 81
Nelson, Jake 76
Neon Wisp 105
New Carson City 37-41
New York, New York 26, 81
Pantheon 107
Paris 24
Peterson, Ellen 40
Primate Paradise 24, 81
Railroad Museum 41
Ramirez, Julio 37, 93
Rasmussen, Silas 14, 15, 17, 27, 38
Reno 36
Resistance 32, 67
Rio 22, 77
River, Jennifer 22, 77
Rivera, Rafael 7
Riviera 18, 70
Sahara 18, 69
Searchlight 34
Siegel, Bugsy 10, 11, 13, 23, 65, 66
Siegel Station 30
Skinwalker 71
Sledge, Enforcer 12, 32
Solomon Grundy Syndrome 72
Sphinx 83
Stardust 19, 20, 73
Stargate 94, 95
Stratosphere 17, 68
Thompson, Joshua 68
Treasure Island 20, 76
Tropicana 27, 82
UNLV 32
Venetian, The 21, 76
Virginia City 14, 15
Voodoo Lounge 22, 77
Weretiger 106
Yucca Mountain 37, 92
Zane, Adolph 32