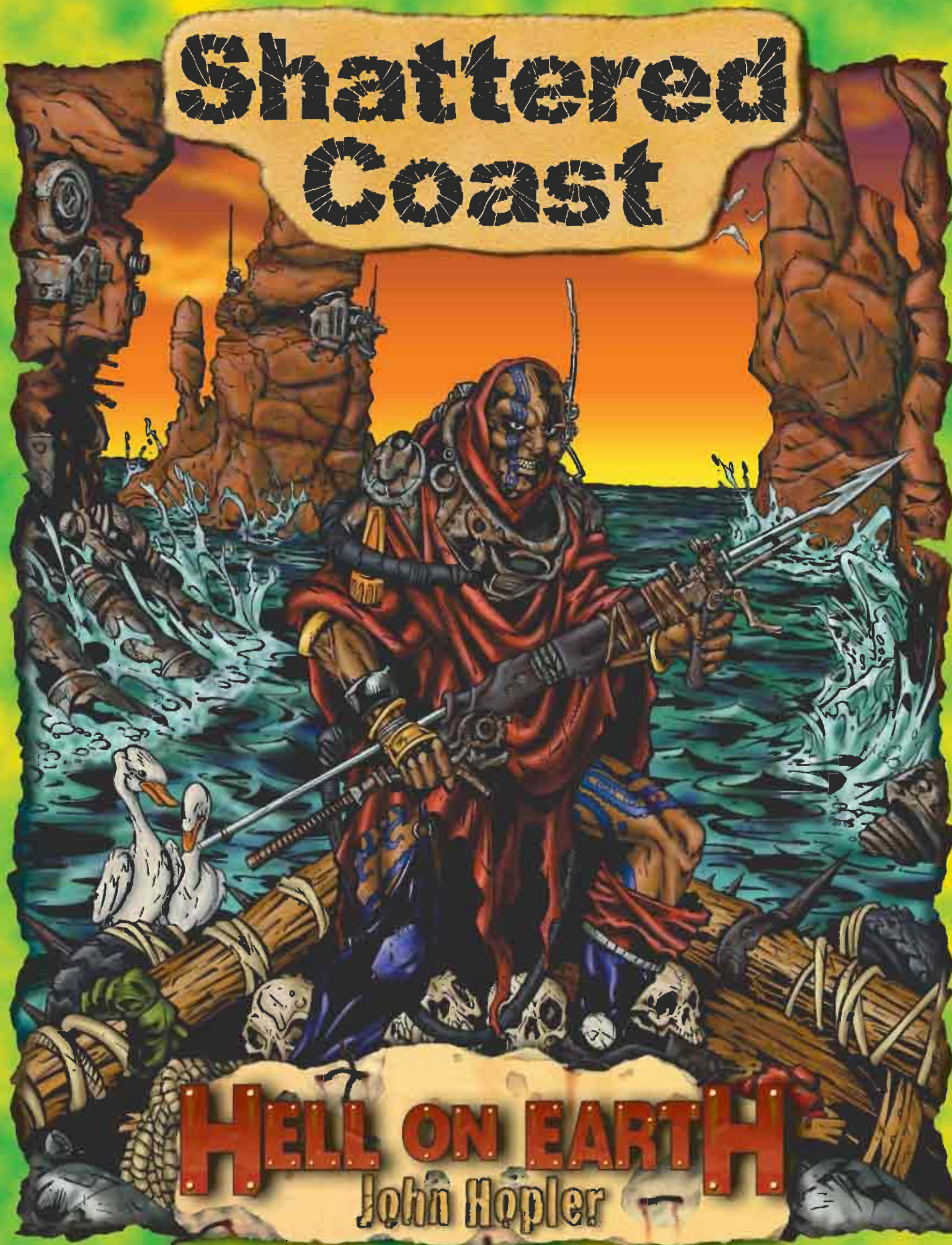
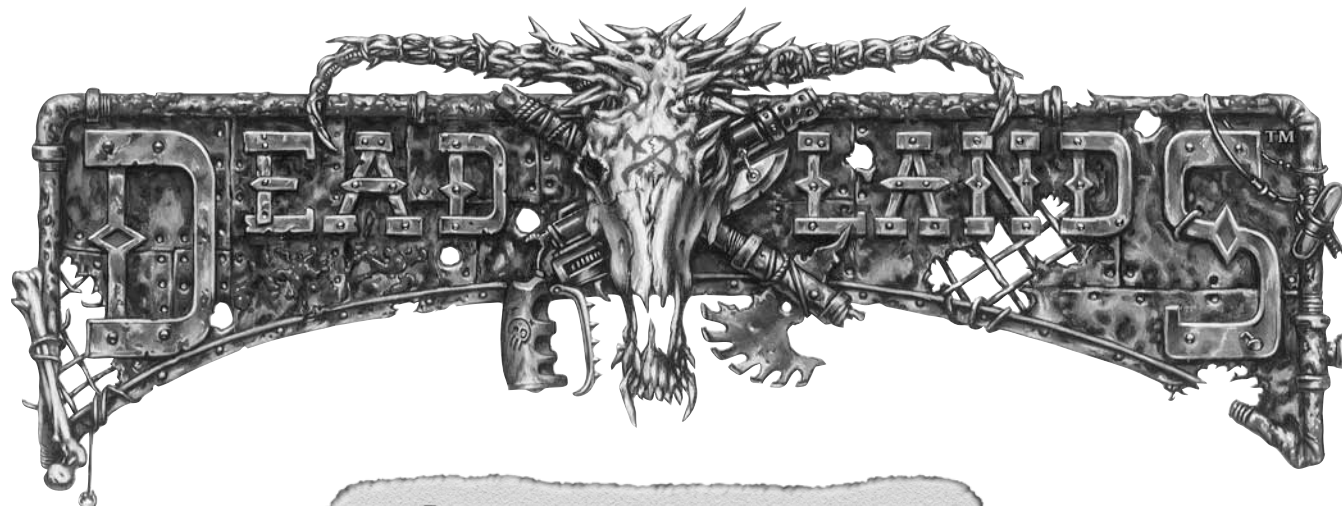


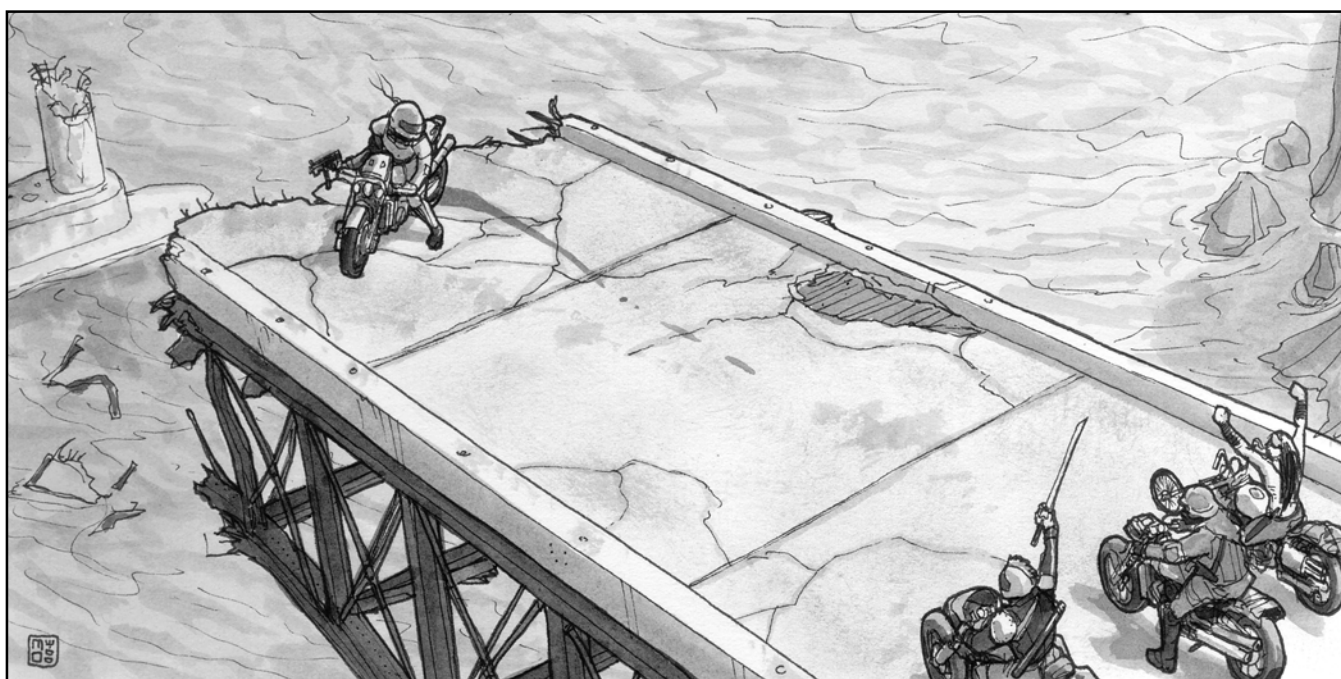
Shattered Coast



HELL ON EARTH
John Hopler



Shattered Coast



**By: Zach Bush, John Goff, John Hopley, James Maliszewski
& Gareth Skarka**



The Shattered Coast

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Dedicated to: Everyone living on the San Andreas fault.
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The Maze Awaits

It's been more than 200 years since California first fell into the sea, and despite humanity's best efforts, the shattered coastline it left behind is still as untamed as it ever was. Pirates and sea serpents roam the narrow waterways looking for prey while desperate ghost rock miners spend their days clinging to sheer rock faces and their nights drinking enough to work up the courage to do it again in the morning.

This is the Great Maze, one of the wildest, most dangerous areas of the Wasted West. Between the hazards of Nature, Man, and the Reckoners, there are more ways to die here than anywhere else on the face of the Earth. Does your hero have the guts and the grit it takes to survive this savage region?

In Chapter One we take a guided tour of the Great Maze courtesy of the Librarian's and some of the area's more

knowledgeable inhabitants. Along the way we stop in at Lynchburg, the Maze's largest survivor settlement, take a cruise aboard Turtle Isle, and visit the floating 'Hoods of Lost Angels. Wanna know where you can find the skull of Ronan Lynch? You can find out right here.

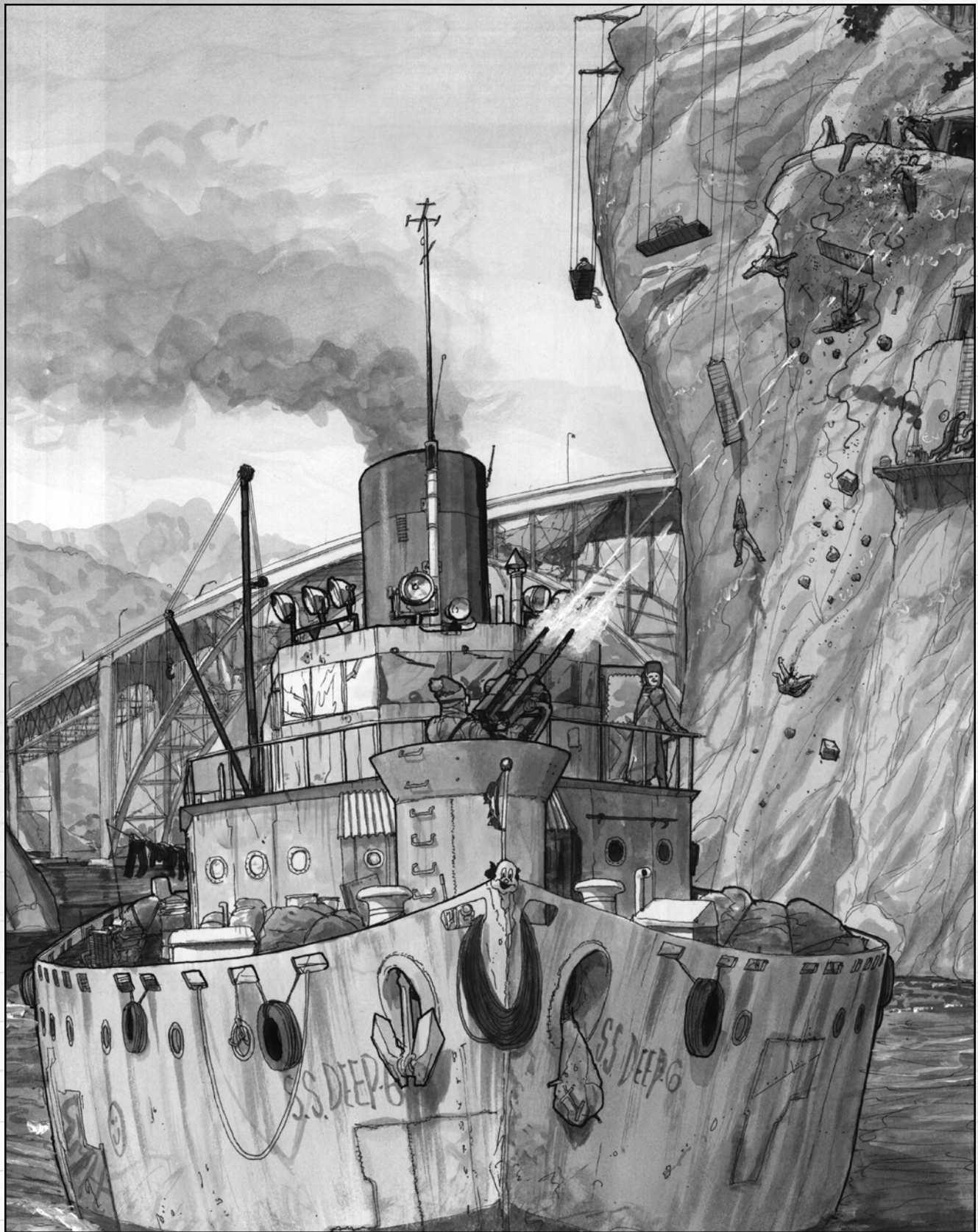
Then we're off to Chapter Two and No Man's Land. This section has more details on the Grand Library for players who have Librarian heroes. Besides some behind the scenes dirt, you can find out all about the Library's new agenda, and pick up some new gear and abilities for your hero.

Chapter Three is all about the Maze's primary form of transportation: the boat. This section has all you need to know about working watercraft into your *Hell on Earth* battles. Due to space considerations we weren't able to include a vehicle record sheet or counters like we have in past books that deal with vehicles, but keep your eyes peeled for these to appear in an upcoming edition of the *Epitaph* or possibly even on our website at www.deadlands.com.

As usual, Chapter Four is in Marshal Territory. This section contains all the dirty secrets of everyone you met on your tour of the Maze, as well as stats for the area's abominations, raiders, and personalities.

Posse Territory





Shattered Lands

Librarian's Note: Following reports of Librarian Knudsen's disappearance in Junkyard, a search of his quarters turned up a number of files he had collected for a report he was preparing on the Great Maze area. Since our organization has presented reports on nearly every area with the exception of our own backyard, so to speak, I have submitted these reports to our general database. I have arranged these reports in geographical order from north to south. The first entry deals with our own order.

•Librarian Morris

The Librarians

Welcome, Novitiate. I am Junior Librarian Quinn, and I am to help you familiarize yourself here at the Grand Library during your first few months with us. I'm sure by now all of this must be quite overwhelming for you. I know that after I took my vows I felt as if I had been caught up in a whirlwind. I kept expecting to be deposited in Oz, just like those lovely children's books by L. Frank Baum.

You've never read them? Oh, you should, they're wonderful. There are copies available in the fiction section of the stacks. You really should make a point to check them out. Wonderful, full of tales of hope and of heroism....

But I digress. You will forgive me, Novitiate. I do tend to meander off-topic from time to time. Part of my nature, I'm afraid. The result of

many hours spent reading late into the night. You'll do the same, I'm sure. One cannot be surrounded by the fruits of the mind and not take a bite now and then. It's one of the things that makes us Librarians! It is as it says on our emblem—the books, wrapped safely in chains, and the motto: FE ET SCIENTIA—"Faith and Knowledge."

Now then, you've seen the city outside, right? Of course you have. You had to come up through it on your way to the Library. Stupid question. Well, as you may have noticed, Sacramento was spared the worst of the damage during the Last War. I suppose that there were other more viable targets in the area—Lost Angels, for example, or Shan Fan up the coast. As the Master Librarian (may he always be blessed with knowledge) always says: Our enemies didn't consider Sacramento to be worth the effort.

That is what allowed this grand structure to survive the war unscathed. The Master Librarian saw this as a sign that the knowledge preserved within these walls was to be saved for future generations. Thus began our holy mission to safeguard the knowledge of the past so that it may be recovered in the future. We are like the monks of the first Dark Ages, who illuminated books by hand, passing the rare information within from monastery to

monastery, so that the knowledge would not be lost to the ravages of time. Of course, nowadays we use Palmcorders instead of brush and quill, but the charge is basically unchanged—and surely this age in which we live is as dark as any in history.

But wait, I'm sure you heard all of this in your initial indoctrination, didn't you? Of course you did. No one who wishes to become a Librarian would do so without knowing what it is that we do. Again, another silly excuse for me to chatter along—sometimes it must seem as if I'm in love with the sound of my own voice. To be sure, I have spent so much time in the field alone, that it is a comfort to have someone to talk to. You'll forgive a little loquaciousness on my part.

The Beginning

Well, fast-forward a few years. The Master Librarian has formed the order, and others have flocked to his standard, like the Knights of the Round in Mallory's *Le Morte D'Arthur*—another excellent story, by the way. Write that one down, you'll want to remember to take a look at it. He established this Library as a bastion of knowledge against the crushing tide

of fear and ignorance that threatened to extinguish the candle of civilization. The compound was created, and the walls constructed, and the training in defense began for those first Librarians who would stand at the ramparts and keep the knowledge safe—standing sentinel against the darkness saying “Here we stand and none shall pass.” Well, no, they didn't literally say that. I read it somewhere, and I liked the sound of it. Now if only I could remember where I had read that. I really need to pay more attention.

Where was I? Ah yes, the Master Librarian organized us, and set us to our task. We travel out in the Wasted West and record information as we find it, in any form—printed, recorded, spoken—and then we bring it back here to Sacramento to upload it for storage in the stacks.

Over the next year, as you study here, you will see the members of our order come and go. In rare instances, you might see the same Librarians twice over the course of your year here with us. The rest of the time, they are out there in the wilds, fulfilling our duty. Sometimes, when they come back from an expedition, they choose to stay, taking up service here at the Library for a time. That was the case with me.



The audience chamber of the Grand Library.

Other times, well, they don't come back at all. It is a dangerous world out there, Novitiate, and by our very nature we must throw ourselves into the belly of that beast, and in such cases, it is inevitable that some will not find their way back out again. We do what we can to preserve their memories in our hearts, but in the end, it is the Great Work that must take precedent. A fallen Librarian can be replaced by another—the same cannot be said for lost knowledge.

Organization

Like all orders, we have a structure, which I suppose is the first thing with which you must familiarize yourself. It will serve you well to know where each Librarian you meet fits into the overall scheme of things. Obviously, as a Novitiate, you occupy the lowest strata of the order. You are not even considered a Librarian yet. You will study with us here for a year and help in the storage and retrieval of information. Along with other Novitiates and some Junior Librarians, you'll take your turn at the wall, defending the compound if and when any attacks occur. You will be trained in the use of weapons for that duty, which should stand you in good stead later in your career, I can assure you. During this year, not only will you have the opportunity to see if our work suits you, but your superiors can gauge whether or not you have the dedication and mettle to become a full member of the order.

After your period of novitancy, assuming that you meet our standards, you will be ordained as a member of the order, with the rank of Junior Librarian (my rank). After that, promotions are based upon merit, with increased responsibility as the reward for excelling in your duties. There are 3 ranks above Junior Librarian: Assistant Librarian, Librarian Proper, and Head Librarian. Of course, above that level, there is only Liebowitz, and he is the Master Librarian. He is the most senior of us all, and inherited the mantle of the Master when the first one died some years ago.

Junior and Assistant Librarians do the bulk of the collection work of the order, for there are more of us than of any other rank. When

you encounter a Librarian in the field, it is most likely that she is one of these. Those that survive against the dangers that fill the Wasted West and succeed in their collections, saving the knowledge of the past from the ravages of the present, are rewarded with the rank of Librarian Proper. Know that a Librarian Proper has proven himself beyond question—they are the most resourceful, most skilled and most capable of our order. A Librarian Proper has little to fear in the wilds, for they have seen almost all that the Wasted West can throw at them, and have beaten it back. They are the true heroes of our kind.

At the lofty heights above the Propers, are the Head Librarians. These were originally limited to the members of Master Liebowitz' advisory council, where they helped the Master Librarian run the day to day operations of the Library. Now, however, with the initiation of the Branch plan, Head Librarians are chosen from the ranks of the Propers to run their own library in another city.

The Branch Plan

The Branch plan is the latest evolution of our cause. As the Grand Library became more and more important a repository, the Master Librarian realized that a danger existed in, as he so quaintly put it, "putting our eggs in a single basket." He realized, in his wisdom, that any strike against the Library by the forces of evil could not only cause massive damage to our order in casualties alone, but might also cause irreparable damage to our cause since all of the knowledge we have been accumulating is stored within these walls.

To that end, the Master Librarian devised a plan. The order has begun opening Branch Libraries in cities and towns all over the Wasted West. This process has several benefits: the decentralization of our storage (like the cell system of old resistance networks—you can read about them in the History section), the ease of uploading for our Librarians (Who now may have a location closer than Sacramento to report to. With our access to satellite communications, all information uploaded at a Branch can be sent as data to the Grand Library.), and, perhaps most



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importantly, the placement of the information closer to the hands of the people (rather than making a pilgrimage to Sacramento, anyone interested in research can simply access the information at their local branch). If people get used to the idea of the libraries, then our jobs become much easier—the people themselves will assist us in our charge.

Or that is the hope, at least.

Advisors

Some of our Head Librarians have also been dispatched to act as advisors to leaders of some of the largest settlements of the Wasted West, like Taylor of Junkyard, and Col. Meadows of Oil Town. These Librarians impart the benefits of our accumulated knowledge to the leaders, so that they might lead more efficiently. Having Librarians permanently stationed in such population centers also makes our collection efforts that much easier. These centers of civilization draw people to them like magnets, attracted by the safety in numbers and the shelter from the dangers of the wilds. All of these people have stories—some might even have books.

But such things are far in your future, Novitiate, and nearly as far in mine, for that matter. For now, simply devote yourself to the duties in front of you, and leave other, weightier matters to your betters.

Instruction

Here is the chamber where you will sleep during the next year. You will share these quarters with two other Novitiates. However, each of you will be given differing assignments over the course of your studies. This isolation of duty prepares you for the day when you leave the Library and venture out into the world. Librarians travel alone, to better spread our resources, and you must come to rely solely on your own abilities, rather than getting used to depending upon the support of comrades. When you find yourself facing down some Horror in a blasted desert, you will be thankful of the training that made you self-sufficient.

Your instruction over the coming year includes technical training in the operation of a palmcorder, which will become your most critical tool in your future efforts. You'll also receive training in the operation of the Library's computer and communications systems. The subbasement of the Library, beneath the stacks, contains perhaps the most sophisticated computer equipment remaining in the Wasted West but novitiates are seldom allowed down there. Even I, as a Junior Librarian, can count the number of times that I have been privy to those operations on the fingers of one hand. Such sophisticated technologies are the purview of those who have been specialized in their use and those are usually Librarians Proper.

Communicating

Our communications equipment allows us to contact our Branches, and also any Librarians in the field possessing the correct equipment. It is a satellite communications system, and subject to the interruptions of service and general unreliability that has plagued such networks since the Last War. Our brothers who specialize in communications are slowly recovering the knowledge necessary to get the process back up to its prewar efficiency, but it is a precise, meticulous effort, and one that will not be complete any time soon—if ever, without the ability to repair some of the damage done to the satellites still in orbit we may never have completely reliable communications.

For one thing, there is an intelligence that must be reasoned with up there. One of the communications satellites, ComSat, is an artificially intelligent computer, and now essentially runs the most of the network, or so one of my comrades in Communications told me last week over morning meal. The computer has a personality, and it must be negotiated with for the favor of accessing its systems.

It is a strange world in which we now find ourselves, to be sure. I asked my friend to take care, because a great many of the books which I have familiarized myself with in the fiction section are cautionary tales of such computers. I especially directed his attention to

2001: *A Space Odyssey* by Arthur C. Clarke, and *Neuromancer* by William Gibson. I certainly hope that he heeds my warning.

But again, I digress.

In Closing

I hope what I have revealed here has not dampened your ardor to be a member of our order, but if it has, it is best you speak now. We have neither the time or resources to waste on training someone who is anything less than wholeheartedly committed to our cause. Do you still wish to become a Librarian? Good, I thought I saw that spark of determination in your eyes.

This is our life. We alone stand as a beacon in these new Dark Ages, preserving the accumulated knowledge of our civilization so that it can be rebuilt at the end of this horrible time. We have great faith. We must. Faith that our world will be put right, and that humankind will again crawl from the darkness back into the light. Faith that our efforts will be enough to safeguard all that we have learned. Faith that we, as a people, deserve another chance.

Sometimes, faith is all you need.

Faith, and knowledge.

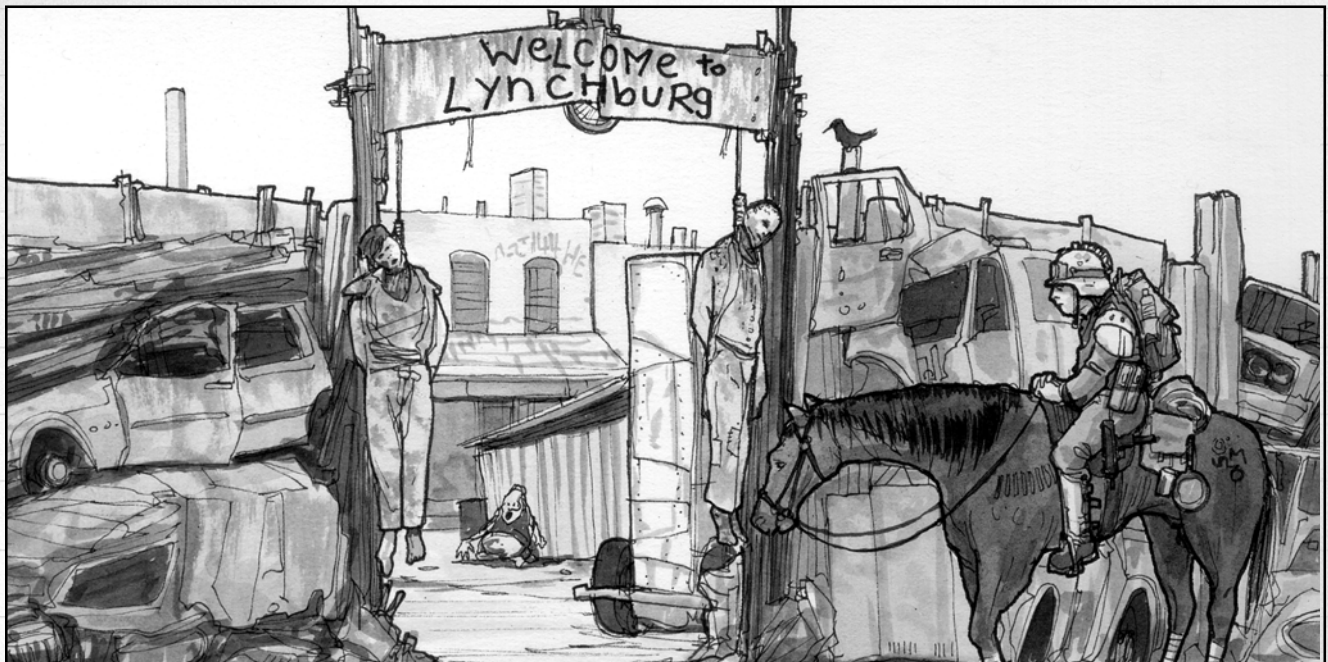
Necktie Oasis

Librarian's Note: The following is a report on one of the largest survivor settlements in the Great Maze compiled by Librarians Lubbock and Browne.

—Librarian Morris

Greetings, fair reader. I bring you these words from what is colloquially known as the "Shattered Coast"—more accurately, the remnants of the Great Maze. Thousands of pillars thrust from the watery deep like the accusatory fingers of the dead, directing their blame at a callous God who dropped them to their collective doom two centuries past. One wonders if each towering mesa contains a soul trapped within, or whether the ululation of the wind is the sound of the tormented begging for release. Perhaps if these souls are freed, the vileness clouding this region like the ghost rock storms over Shan Fan shall finally diminish.

I intend to get to the heart of the matter before my fact-finding expedition to the Maze concludes. The town of Lynchburg, my first stop, is but three hours distant. From there I shall foray to SoCal, skirting the ruins of Lost Angels on the way to Purgatory. The residents may provide me with insight I seek in discovering the Great Maze's Great Mystery.



The outskirts of Lynchburg.

It is my hope that when people think of the Great Maze, they remember the name Gerald HURRRK—



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Librarian's Note: "HURRRK" is the sound you make when a croaker envelops your head and removes it from your neck. We'd never know this if Gerry hadn't been lounging against the railing of the boat, nor if his assistant Alyssa Browne hadn't witnessed it firsthand. We have her to thank for completing Gerry's assigned areas of Lynchburg and Purgatory, and we welcome her as our newest Librarian. You have to hand it to Gerry. He did everything a Librarian shouldn't. He spent more time waxing poetic than paying attention to his surroundings. He set out to prove a crackpot theory of his rather than following procedure: observation first, transcription next, and interpretation last. Worst of all, he ignored his assignment in favor of making a name for himself. There's no room for ambition, folks. The assignment is the bottom line. Completion is dependent upon you returning alive, for most of you. If something takes you out, we lose a set of eyes and ears and we're out a palmcorder. So when you think of the Maze, you should definitely remember Gerald Lubbock. His close encounter with a croaker's gastrointestinal system should remind you to keep your guard up.

•Librarian Connie Pratchett

Lynchburg

Howdy folks. Name's Alyssa Browne. I've spent the past month poking around Lynchburg, which prides itself as the "only city in the Maze to avoid massive destruction in the horrors of the Last War." Interesting spin on "no strategic importance," but the important part for its inhabitants is that most of the city still stands.

Lynchburg estimates its current population at 5,000 people and a transient population of roughly 1,000. I say "estimate" because there are so many ways to get your ticket punched here that it doesn't really pay to keep a running tally. The birth rate is down and the death rate is up, yet people flow through this place like brains through the walkin' dead. You can thank a poor understanding of mathematics for this, although if you really want to lay blame somewhere, you need to know a thing or two about this place's checkered history.

Originally a ghost rock boomtown, Lynchburg's name is a throwback to its origins. It seems things were so rough in the old frontier town that a saloon owner began stringing up anyone who got out of hand. Most accounts suggest justice was entirely subject to her personal whim rather than any concept of fairness, in any sense of the word.

Lynchburg might have remained rough-and-tumble if a man named Hieronymous J. Kent hadn't seen an opportunity to bring in money from miners looking to do more than cool their heels in the local saloon. Kent was a sharp businessman who spent the next two decades turning Lynchburg into the most convenient point-of-return for miners who wanted to sell their ore or to restock without heading all the way back to Shan Fan.

Time passed and the town grew. Newly-built refineries allowed mineral processing, bringing jobs and people to fill them. Completion of the Ulysses S. Grant Memorial Bridge linked the mesa—known as the "Castor Formation" or "Castor Mesa"—to the U.S. interstate system, allowing easier shipping of ghost rock and supplies. Due to the volume of ghost rock and precious metals flowing through the town, the U.S. Navy built a small harbor at the base of the mesa to protect the town from raiders.

The Tech Rush

While ghost rock has always kept the town alive, silicon was what put it on the map. This whole region is known as "Silicon Alley," named for the large concentration of silicon in the mesa walls. Some bright folks in Shan Fan figured out how to process this metal in such a way to create microchips, an invention that was more efficient for computer processing than the transistors of the time. Another ambitious man—one Thaddeus J. Kent—purchased the patent to their invention and then began microchip production. Five years and hundreds of business deals later, the Tech Rush hit Lynchburg and the surrounding area like a ghost-rock bomb.

Hundreds of technology-related companies sprang up within the decade; electronics factories covered the landscape like a fast-growing fungus. They soon spread throughout the entire mesa, turning the area into a technological wonderland. Popular opinion declared the incredible advances had ushered in an "Information Age." The next forty years saw the stock market swell to ludicrous proportions, but much like the Ghost Rush of the 19th century, the cost of living in these technological boomtowns also grew to be equally ludicrous.



One of Lynchburg's watering holes.

Cars cost four times as much; coffee was ten times what you'd pay in New York City. The mining companies couldn't afford the costs and quietly pulled out. The poverty line slipped to the lower six figures, yet stock prices crept higher and higher.

Bloody August

I'll be the first to admit I don't fully understand how the stock market worked. In fact, I get a headache when I try to puzzle out the intricacies of the thing. The basic premise was that companies sold imaginary portions of themselves to the public—that's stock. If they made lots of money, the stock increased in imaginary value. If they lost money, imaginary value decreased and people were out their initial investment.

I keep saying "imaginary" because you only made money if you sold your stock for whatever the market said it was worth. If this is starting to sound like a huge swindle, you should be happy you were born with common sense.

As far as I can tell, the stock market was a legal form of gambling for the rich and well-to-do. (Yes, gambling used to be illegal!) It sounds silly to pay somebody to play with your money, but things were different then.

If they were still around, these people would no doubt tell me I'm vastly oversimplifying things. They'd surely take issue when I state that a company taking money from people for a possible increase in future imaginary value is the biggest scam I've ever heard of. It's a shame those people can't tell me anything, because all of them are dead—good riddance. These jokers and their imaginary values were much to blame for the Last War, after all.

The reason I mention this is that somebody in the U.S. government woke up one day, realized the economy was turning into a financial Tower of Babel, and panicked. Multiple corrections soon led to massive overcompensation, turning Tech Rush billionaires into millionaires overnight. They called that time "Bloody August" due to the riots, shootings, and suicides that swept the country. The U.S. economy suffered terribly, but Confederate aid, economic protections, and new stock laws helped correct the market.

Lynchburg and its surroundings were hit hardest—anybody older than twenty remembers the famous video of the riots from every "century in review" retrospective on television. It got so bad that President Isaacson declared martial law and brought in the Army. When the smoke cleared, the Tech Rush was dead in the water. Unfortunately, so was Lynchburg.

Urban Wasteland

The city was in physical and economic shambles. Jobs dried up overnight. Those with money fled for greener pastures; those without suffered. The cost of living dipped, but didn't drop fast enough. Grocery and supply shipments dwindled when stores couldn't pay distributors.

Lynchburg's unemployment rate jumped from .02% to 78% by the end of the year. A desperate city council tried to bring back the mining companies, but they weren't interested. The government dipped into disaster relief funds to help, but it was too little, too late.

Lynchburg never recovered. For decades it suffered from "negative growth"—the polite way to say "rats leaping from a sinking ship." The media referred to the region as the Sand Belt.

They probably called it that because sand and silicon have a connection, but I like to think they were talking about the money that flowed out of the region like sand from an hourglass. It's a dumb name, but what can you do? History is written by those who talk the loudest and the most.

The Last Quake

The town wasn't destroyed when the bombs fell. Nevertheless, it wasn't entirely untouched by the Last War. The bombs that slammed into the Maze cities lit off immeasurable amounts of ghost rock throughout the mesas below. This created a number of massive earthquakes throughout the region that are collectively known as the "Last Quake."

Lynchburg was lucky to escape the worst of it, but the town suffered earthquakes reaching 7.1 on the Richter Scale. Initial damage was contained to the downtown area, most notably where the Deutschbank building on 3rd Avenue collapsed, taking out part of I-99 and much of the surrounding blocks. The city-wide loss of water pressure sent fires sweeping through the suburbs, razing whole neighborhoods to rubble.

Widespread panic led to rioting and looting. Those who tried to flee Castor Mesa by way of I-99 found Grant Bridge ripped from its moorings and dropped into the channel below. For three days, Lynchburg was in total anarchy.

Picking Up The Pieces

Some bright apples were able to restore partial power and water to the city, but it was former cop Vonda Wright who got the idea to break into a radio station and organize the remaining townsfolk. She played an automated message for all survivors to head to a high school near the geographic center of town. With the help of volunteers, she managed to pull people together and keep them calm.

Within a few short months they were able to confirm the nation's destruction and form a new city government. To keep things from devolving into endless arguments, they agreed to refer to old Lynchburg laws on the books when points of contention came up.

Vonda Wright was near-unanimously elected Sheriff and given free reign to determine the town's laws and legal system. Former librarian Hank Bemis became the new Lynchburg's first Mayor due to his suggested social programs and his knowledge of the town's history. Two elections have occurred since, but both have done a good enough job rebuilding the town that they've remained in office.

Life in Lynchburg

There are two kinds of people in Lynchburg: outsiders and citizens.

Outsiders are watched closely by Vonda's Irregulars, the town's police force. They're restricted from leaving Downtown unless they have a special pass, available at City Hall.

Citizens have certain rights and privileges afforded to them by the town. These include housing, utilities, one free meal per day, health care, protection, the ability to vote, and access to community events.

Yeah, you read that right. Free housing, power, and hot water do exist in the Wasted West. It isn't free, of course. If you're a citizen, you have certain obligations.

You're required to work and you must tithe a percentage of your earnings to the town—it varies from 10% to 25%, depending on the job. You're also required to take a part in defending Lynchburg if it's attacked by what City Hall calls "organized external forces." Presumably they mean the Combine, but it's vague enough to be applied to just about any threat.

Regardless, citizenship requires you to settle and live by Lynchburg's rules. If you're still set on the hot baths and free meals, Mayor Hank Bemis has outlined a process for an outsider to become a citizen.

First, you have to work a job provided by City Hall for one year. Second, you tithe a whopping 50% of your earnings to cover the housing you're provided with. Third, you're required to spend one day of your week at Sanctuary, Lynchburg's post-War community center, where you'll learn about the town.

After a year you undergo review by City Hall, your supervisor, and citizens with whom you've interacted. If they vote you in, you attain full citizenship status. Otherwise they extend your trial period for another six months, at which point you undergo another review. Some folks are rejected entirely, but as long as you're a good worker and do your best to get along with people, they let you in.

Of course, every rule has an exception. Mayor Bemis introduced a provision that a special version of citizenship be granted to outsiders who have "gone above and beyond the call of duty to defend the citizens and town of Lynchburg from external harm." This is entirely up to the whim of City Hall, but these "honorary citizens" are presented with

the benefits of citizenship without any obligations beyond the call to defense. Sweet deal, if you can pull it off.

Mayor Bemis

When anybody refers to City Hall, they're really talking about Mayor Bemis. The former librarian is responsible for what you see of Lynchburg today. In another life he'd be a kindly old man, but in this one he has stones of diamond. He's made a lot of hard choices. He's also kept the town alive and thriving for 13 years, so he must be doing something right.

Mayor Bemis firmly believes that knowledge is the key to reclaiming civilization. That's good news for Librarians! If you can prove that the Great Library sent you, he'll set you up with free room and board during your stay in return for copies of your data slugs.

Swift Justice

Sheriff Vonda Wright has reinstated the tradition that gives Lynchburg its namesake. The good news is she's fair and the Irregulars follow her lead. The bad news is you only get one chance before she's fitting you for a California necktie.



You can find nearly anything in Lynchburg.

Lawbill

Hanging Laws: Murder, torture, sex crimes, willful destruction of comestibles, willful destruction of knowledge, conspiracy, sabotage, grand theft, assaulting an Irregular, trafficking illicit substances.

Labor Laws: Manslaughter, murder in self-defense, simony, slavery, theft, assaulting a citizen, battery, misleading an Irregular, willful destruction of property, abuse of illicit substances, disorderly drunkenness, disturbing the peace.

Fining Laws: Fraudulent business practices, failure to tithe, wanton waste of public comestibles.

Ignorance is no excuse, because bills outlining these laws are posted everywhere: on every lamp post, at every street corner, in the windows of every public building, at eye level in every bathroom—you name a flat surface, and you can count on a “lawbill” stuck to it somewhere.

Can’t read? No problem! Before they let anybody on the Elevator, an Irregular reads the laws aloud. You have to agree to abide by them if you want to head up into town. If you have any questions, the Irregulars are always more than happy to give you a rundown.

The citizens are actually reassured by Vonda dangling lawbreakers at a moment’s notice. The town has gained a reputation for harsh punishment, making outsiders think twice before upsetting the status quo. This usually keeps citizens safe from troublemakers like drunken miners or shifty travelers looking to take advantage of the people.

Lynchburg divides laws into three categories: hanging laws, labor laws, and fining laws. The name describes the punishment: breaking hanging laws leaves a waster swinging, while breaking labor laws lands the guilty a stint as an indentured servant. Fining laws only apply to citizens, and require payment of goods or services to City Hall.

Severity is determined on a case-by-case basis, with Vonda or the Mayor required to authorize all punishments. Labor typically lasts days for minor infractions, months for

significant ones, and years for major violations. Fining is usually a small sum or tithe increase, depending on the crime.

Vonda Wright

Known as Sheriff Wright to outsiders, Vonda is the closest thing to law enforcement Lynchburg has. She’s a hard woman and can be incredibly blunt, but if you keep your nose clean she’ll leave you alone. Her ability to stay calm in the worst of situations is legendary. Most of the citizens treat her like a god walking the earth; those who’ve seen her in action understand why.

Two days after my arrival some huge waster gilled up on an Iron Man/Rage cocktail and smashed through Downtown, sending four people to the hospital and two to the morgue. Accounts place Vonda on the scene, standing right in his path and carving his hands off with her sidearms. Witnesses swear that when he was right on top of her she leapt onto his shoulders, riding him piggyback and blasting into his braincase until he fell over. Then she backed away and blasted some more until he quit twitching.

I didn’t see it for myself. I showed up while they were cleaning up and got the tale from onlookers. Normally I’d call it a load of bull, but there wasn’t much time for it to grow legs.

The spookiest part is that this is one of the tamer stories about Vonda. Word of advice: stay on her good side.

Vonda’s Irregulars

The Irregulars is a good name for Lynchburg’s police force. You’re liable to see folks of all ages, colors, sizes, sexes, and shapes among the ranks. Even muties are allowed, which is certain to hork off some folks.

Vonda doesn’t seem to care. She handpicks her Irregulars from Lynchburg’s citizens, though she occasionally invites “honorary citizens” to join the ranks. Those selected count it as a great honor to “wear the green,” although it’s acceptable to refuse. Vonda looks for people she thinks can enforce the law the way she does: fairly and swiftly, without playing favorites.



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The City

For those of you intent on visiting, I've divided Lynchburg into five areas of interest:

Poe Harbor is Lynchburg's access point by sea. Only wasters who can fly or scale the mesa walls will ever miss this area, so this is recommended reading.

If you're visiting Lynchburg you'll spend most of your time **Downtown**. Also recommended reading.

The Burbs contains the homes of Lynchburg's citizens. It surrounds Downtown and is generally off-limits to outsiders.

The mutie community of **Freaktown** is in the northeast portion of the Burbs. It serves as home to Lynchburg's large mutie population and accepts all comers.

Factory Row lies half a mile southwest of Lynchburg proper and contains all of the town's remaining industry.

Poe Harbor

The first thing you see when you approach Lynchburg by sea is the Twins. These lighthouses tower at the ends of artificial

breakwaters sheltering Poe Harbor, named for a remarkable naval commander from the early 21st century. The Twins rotate in opposite directions to indicate the harbor's safe entry point. Due to thick fog that often covers the water surrounding Castor Mesa, the Twins' light always shines.

Once you've passed between the Twins you're in Poe Harbor. It's mostly a stopover for miners and folks who don't have any business in Lynchburg proper. The interesting thing about the Harbor is that the town's laws don't apply while you're here—the Irregular's reach is only as far as the surface of Castor mesa. This can make it dangerous, but no more than any small town you'll find in the West.

Naval Yard

The scary-looking docks and gunboats are part of an old U.S. Navy outpost. I'm sure it had a real name at one point, but now everyone just calls it "the Yards." Commodore Thomas Parker is the former Northern Alliance officer in charge of the base and the "Lynchburg Naval Defense Force." This area is off-limits to anybody but Navy personnel, so it's best to avoid this side of the harbor unless you want to answer questions at gunpoint.



Gong up!

Librarian's Note: Commodore Parker requested that we omit specific mention of Lynchburg's Naval defenses from Alyssa's general report. We have complied in an effort to prevent the unscrupulous from abusing this information. Access to file AAB32708 is restricted and must be authorized by Head Librarian Marcus Liebowitz.

•Librarian Connie Pratchett

Lynnhearst Marina

Lynnhearst Marina was popular with the ultra-rich at the height of the Tech Rush. Now it keeps ghost rock flowing into Lynchburg and spook juice flowing out of it.

All ships dock at the Marina. For the smaller boats, slip rental is \$20 a night or \$50 for a full week—that gets you power hookups and dock security watching your boat. Otherwise you moor at the “Hitchin’ Post,” a stretch of dock along the waterfront that’s first come, first serve.

The Clubhouse is a trading post, but they can really milk you. If you’re trading in bulk, you’re better off heading up the Elevator to Kent’s Wholesale. Two of the old restaurants have been converted to saloons. One fills up nightly with off-duty LNDF jarheads who don’t like obnoxious outsiders bothering them; the other fills up nightly with surly miners who don’t like obnoxious outsiders bothering them. Both crowds appreciate and have come to expect a nightly bar fight. Bring your brass knucks.

Most of the townhouses are rented out as hotels. Some function as brothels, and they’re always looking for new talent. Need to make a quick buck, waster?

The Elevator

There’s only one Elevator in Lynchburg—at least, only one that matters. Between the Yards and the Marina is a cave hollowed out of the mesa walls, three stories tall and over 200 yards deep. Inside is a series of freight elevators large enough to hold semi trailers. Smaller, people-sized elevators are accessible behind a door guarded by a few marines and Irregulars. Outsiders have to pay \$25 to use the Elevator and must agree to live by Lynchburg’s laws while they’re up there.

The shipping works like this: ghost rock is loaded into semi trailers at the docks and sent to the Elevator. Then the trailers are backed

into large freight elevators, the tractors disengage, and they return to the docks. The elevators go up to the mesa top where they arrive in a huge black building that’s in Downtown. Large garage doors open to loading areas, where tractors wait to transport them to Factory Row. The same thing happens with tankers full of spook juice, only in reverse.

This flow is what keeps Lynchburg alive and kicking. That’s why the folks on the “Juice Run” take their jobs so seriously. They tend to be rather paranoid while they’re on the job. I don’t know why; even if somebody stole a truck loaded with spook juice, it’s not like they’d have anywhere to go. Still, it’s best for one’s health to stay away from nervous people with guns.

Downtown

Most of the buildings here are condemned and marked off-limits. The few that aren’t have been refurbished and converted into businesses that cater to outsiders and citizens alike. Below I’ve listed some that stand out, but I encourage you to explore—the citizens have managed to do a lot with just a little.

Kent’s Wholesale

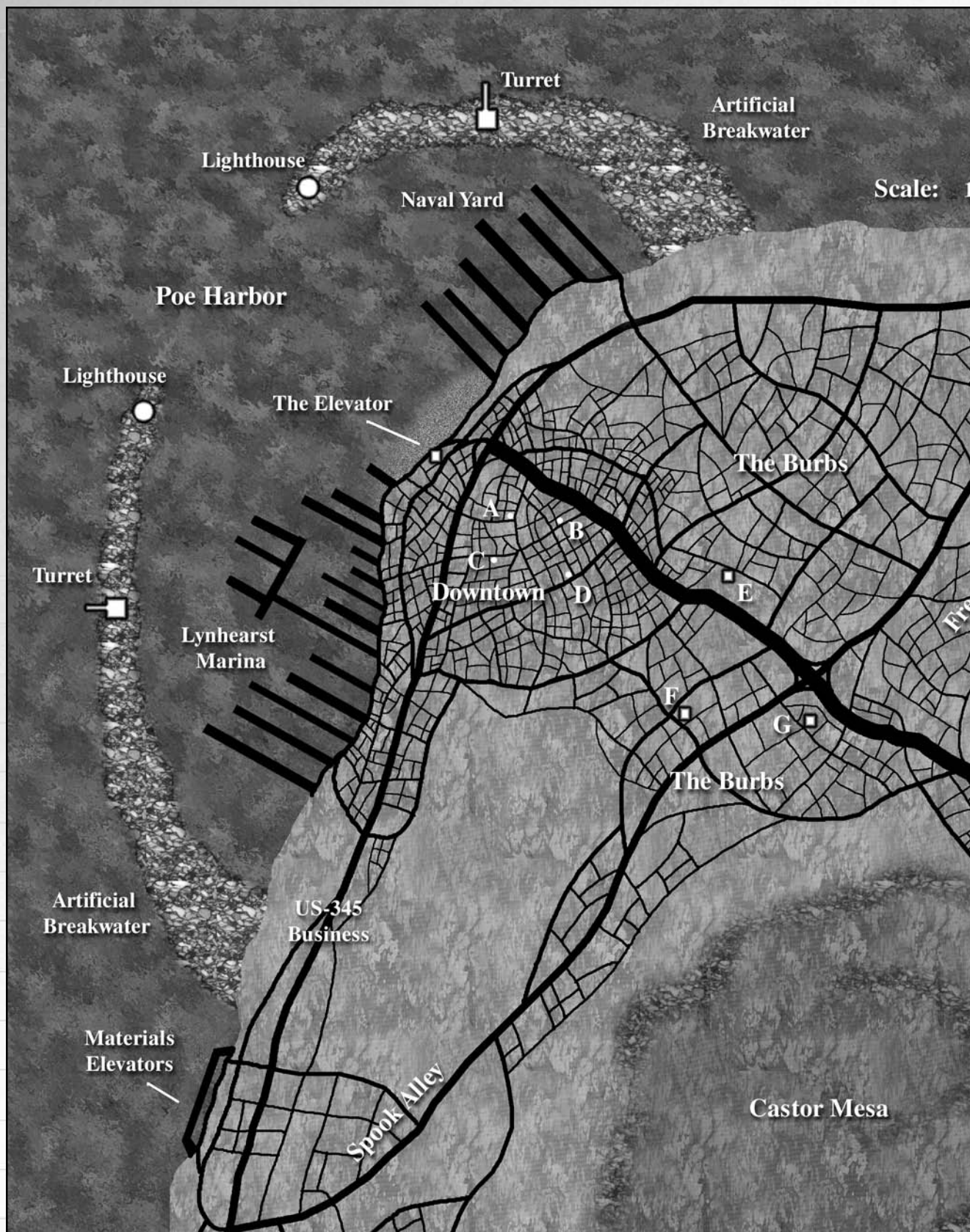
This store should be your first stop in Lynchburg. They’re fair traders and have just about anything you can think of. More importantly, they’ll buy things that no waster would ever use but that the locals are looking for: drawing supplies, spice racks, bowling balls, guitars, discs of old music, cast iron pans—even scented soaps. Check the “bounty list” inside to see what people are looking for.

If you’re looking to make a quick buck, Kent’s hires security guards. Enough wasters have tried to knock the place over that guard duty pays \$100 per day to stand around and look threatening. Easy work, if you can get it.

A.J. Kent

The owner of Kent’s Wholesale, A.J. Kent, spends most of his time away from the store. Before the War he was some kind of millionaire—something to do with





computers. He lives in a mansion overlooking Lynnhurst Marina and spends most of his time riding around Castor Mesa. Nobody knows what the A.J. stands for, and he gets downright mad if you ask him. Wish somebody had warned me.

Lynchburger's

What's a town without a good saloon?

While a few bars remain in Downtown, Lynchburger's is by far the largest. It's been around since the late 20th century and shows no sign of ever closing down. Bartender Jonas Honeycutt says he tries to keep the place lively so folks can forget about their troubles and enjoy themselves for the evening. He's not kidding—every night it's packed with people looking for good food, home-brewed drinks, and occasionally, music.

City Hall

Formerly the Lynchburg Public Library, this old stone building became the new center of government after the old City Hall collapsed in the '81 quake. The books were packed into the basements to make room for the Irregulars, who converted the first floor into their HQ.

The upper levels hold the Mayor's office, where you'll go if you want to get a pass out of Downtown. They're pretty free with these as long as you're honest with them, and they cost \$10 per day of use.

No weapons are allowed beyond the front doors—some dingus tried to take out the Mayor after losing to him in the last election, so now they're playing it careful.

The Shark Club

I mention this bar because it serves to a select clientele. If you're obviously a mutie, the best advice I can offer is to walk back out and head over to Lynchburger's. The regulars are all citizens unhappy with Freaktown in general and muties in particular, so watch your step. They're too smart to start anything, but they're not above provoking a fight so they can get muties and sympathizers charged with assault.

If you can get beyond the atmosphere, the drinks aren't too expensive.

Gil Saxon

Gil Saxon is the most vocal of the bunch at the Shark Club, arguing that muties who revel in their mutations are dangerous to the remnants of civilization. He maintains that muties who consider themselves to be separate from humanity shouldn't receive the same treatment as humans. The Doomsayers are frequent subjects of his rants, and he's publicly debated with Alphonse Castenada on multiple occasions.

Gil frequents the Shark Club on weeknights and is making noises about running against Mayor Bemis in the next election. If he wins, you can bet that Freaktown will get the worst of it.

The Burbs

Lynchburg's suburbs used to be a conglomeration of various communities and neighborhoods that catered mostly to the rich. The old maps show such strikingly inane areas as Ashburn Park, Woodburn Park, Ashlawn, Woodlawn, Lakewood, Lake o' the Woods, Lake on the Lawn, Hillcrest, Crestwood, Hillwood, and Woods on the Hill by the Lake.

Now they're the Burbs.

Most of Lynchburg's citizens live here. They're off-limits to outsiders who aren't escorted or who don't have a pass from City Hall. The Irregulars are always watching for scavies picking through this area. They usually let them off with a warning and an escorted trip Downtown, but repeat offenders risk being brought up on theft.

St. Francis Medical Center

St. Francis is the closest you're going to find to a modern hospital in all of the Great Maze. This complex of buildings is just outside of Downtown, right off of I-99. St. Francis is currently staffed by twenty doctors, all of who are hideously overworked. They're mostly set up to handle trauma cases, though they can treat minor diseases and ailments.

The most experienced doctor on staff is Doctor Luka Chernov, the de facto director of St. Francis. Doc Chernov is known for his



Security ain't what it used to be.

warped sense of humor and his thick accent. He spends what little free time he has watching movies at the Gigaplex.

Stay away from the popcorn. I went through half a bottle of scotch trying to get the taste out of my mouth.

Sanctuary

Vonda's Last Quake radio message referred to Lynchburg Magnet School as "Sanctuary." After reorganization, the name stuck.

Sanctuary is Lynchburg's community center and central meeting point. The theater now houses the city council meetings, and the gymnasium was converted into a large cafeteria to feed citizens their free daily meal. The classrooms are still used to teach Lynchburg's children.

Occasionally community events such as baseball and football games are held outside. Outsiders can pay \$20-30 for tickets, depending on the event.

Reeves Gigaplex

Lynchburg has a working movie theater in the southern part of the Burbs. It opens every evening and has a wide selection, including many of Movie Town's latest. Outsiders are shuttled in for \$20, while citizens get in for half price.

Freaktown

The area north of I-99 and east of US-345 is technically a part of the Burbs, but everybody calls it Freaktown. Not very flattering, but apparently the muties who first showed up called it that, so Freaktown it is. Despite the name, Freaktown isn't a mutie separatist community. Some muties live in the Burbs, and there are even a few norms living in Freaktown.

Freaktown doubled in size after the Typhoid Chris incident of 2090. Some waster showed up in Lynchburg putting out rads like a mutie hooker with the rent due. Seems he was some kind of Reckoner foot soldier, because he deliberately infected a good number of people. By the time they found him, killed him, and dropped him into concrete, 83 people had died and over 500 developed serious mutations. Needless to say, this caused some hard feelings among the norms. Most of the new muties found Freaktown to be more accepting of them and moved in.

Alphonse Castenada



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Story has it that about seven years ago a green-robed Doomsayer waltzes into town and walks up to Mayor Bemis. The Doomsayer says he's heard

Lynchburg's home to a large number of muties from all over the Maze. He says he's come to lead them home to Silas, who will welcome them into his fold like brothers. He says a few things more, but he's real polite and nice, complimenting the Mayor on his city's treatment of muties.

Mayor Bemis is stunned—by all accounts a green-robed Doomsayer would have already begun leveling the city. He questions the Doomsayer for a few hours, asking him about his boss, his message, and whether or not the name “Virginia City” means anything to him. The Doomsayer is perplexed. Eventually Mayor Bemis explains things to the Doomsayer, bringing up all he knows about Silas' followers.

The Doomsayer doesn't believe anything at first, but Mayor Bemis backs it up with accounts on data slug and a viewing of *Virginia City Massacre* at the Gigaplex. The Doomsayer is horrified and eventually comes to believe Mayor Bemis. He says he'll stay with the muties in Lynchburg until he can find out what's happened to the Cult since he left.

True or not, there's a green-robed Doomsayer named Alphonse Castenada living in Freaktown. He was instrumental in stopping Typhoid Chris, earning the town's grudging respect. His nightly sermons in Freaktown are packed, and I was lucky enough to attend one of them. The message he preaches is more about finding joy in post-War life than a proclamation of doom and damnation. It's interesting to see what Silas' message would've been if he hadn't gone bad.

Jack o' Shadows

The closest thing Alphonse has to a rival is a fellow calling himself Jack o' Shadows. Seems this mutie wears Road Orcs' colors and has come to Lynchburg to recruit for his gang. The muties don't like to talk about him, though it seems some of the younger Freaktown kids have sided with Jack. The Irregulars would love to have a chat with him.

Factory Row

Maze mining conglomerates constructed ghost rock processing plants south of the city over a century ago. Elevators built into the mesa walls allowed for the rapid transfer of materials from the shipping docks below. Today the elevators are silent—after the Big Bang, massive waves tore through the Maze and smashed the shipping docks to pieces. Poe Harbor got off lucky; while there was damage, the breakwaters kept it relatively safe.

If you can imagine a maze of looming metal buildings belching clouds of smoke day and night, you're thinking of Factory Row. This area is the home of all the factories, warehouses, and manufacturing plants remaining on Castor Mesa. “Spook Alley” is a stretch of US-345 surrounded by ghost rock refineries, processing factories, and spook juice plants. The stuff is made here and shipped all over the place, helping keep road warriors rolling through the Wasted West.

One interesting thing to note is that despite the large amount of ghost rock mined in the area, much larger than that scratched out of the hills around Junkyard, Lynchburg's spook juice production is still less than that of the Iron Oasis. I spoke with a few of the refinery managers and they had no explanation for this. Their best guess is that the techno-mages in Junkyard must have come up with some more efficient process to make the stuff.

The people who belong in Factory Row are laborers keeping the plants active and a few junkers overseeing the creation of spook juice. The ones who don't are squatters looking for free housing, fugitives on the run from the Irregulars, and the occasional critter. It's easy to get lost in Factory Row, but it's even easier to get “disappeared.” Watch yourself.

Many inhabitants found guilty of violating labor crimes end up spending a lot of time here. The days are long and the work is hard, but criminals working here are fairly well treated; the factory managers are not allowed to abuse the criminals assigned to them. In fact, not long ago, a manager himself was sentenced to 20 years of labor in the factories after some criminals assigned to his work place died of heat stroke due to being overworked.

The Causeway Collective

As part of my travel to Lynchburg, I encountered a group that calls itself the Causeway Collective.

Librarian's Note: Additional information on this group appears in Librarian Sterling Holmquist's report "Road Warriors." File CWM1220.5.

This group has closed off the few standing entrances to the Canyon Causeway: the entrance ramps at Fort Lincoln, Shannonsburg, and Lion's Roar. (For you brainers born after the War, the Causeway is a high-speed interstate that runs from mesa top to mesa top along the seaward edge of the Maze. It originally spanned from Fort Lincoln in the north to Lost Angels in the south.) They charge tolls from anyone who wishes use the highway to enter the Maze. Typical prices are \$50 in trade goods for most cars and small trucks, but big rigs have to cough up \$100. Pedestrians get off light; the price is only \$10. The Collective backs up their tollbooths with the guns of some old MIA2 tanks.

Happy Motoring!

Although some people balk at paying these tolls (and are now entombed in smoking wrecks bulldozed off the approach ramps), the Causeway is one of the best ways to travel through the Maze if you have a working vehicle. Off the road's 800 prewar miles, nearly 650 are still in operation. The southernmost 150 miles near Lost Angels pass through Purgatory (a stretch of Maze engulfed in ghost rock fires) and are undrivable.

The highway runs along the western edge of the Maze. There are numerous small access roads that branch off from the Causeway to mesas in the Maze's interior. Many of these small roads have collapsed in disrepair (including the one to Lynchburg), but enough remain standing that I'd estimate about 60% of the major mesas north of Purgatory can be reached by road. The Causeway itself has collapsed in two places, requiring a ferry ride across the breach. The price for this shuttle service is usually about \$50 a vehicle.

All is not wine and roses out on the Causeway, though. Road gangs have made their homes on some of the mesas and they prey on unwary travelers.



Trapped on the Causeway.

Turtle Isle

Librarian's Note: The following is an interview with Chad "Hazard" Simpson, Maze salvage scow operator.

Even before the Last War, Turtle Island was a sight you never forgot. If you haven't caught a glimpse of this steel leviathan yet, it's almost worth a trip to the Maze to see.

Turtle Isle is just about a hop, skip, or maybe a jump too extravagant for words to totally encompass, but, since that's what you're paying for, I'll give it a shot.

Now That's a Ship!

Imagine, if you will, a ship tall enough to plow the old hydrofoil *Gigantic* under its prow and feel little more than a slight bump. Turtle Isle stands nearly 15 stories from the waterline to its main deck—and the upper decks reach another 15 stories above that! It's top-heavy, but impressive.

All told, the ship stands more than 400' above the waves at its highest point. Add to that a dank and dingy four decks below the surface of the water and you've got one *huge* vessel.

At its widest, Turtle Isle is less than 200' across, and usually it's closer to 100' in width. Lengthwise, it's just a tad over 800' from bow to stern. The end result is one odd-looking vessel to say the least.

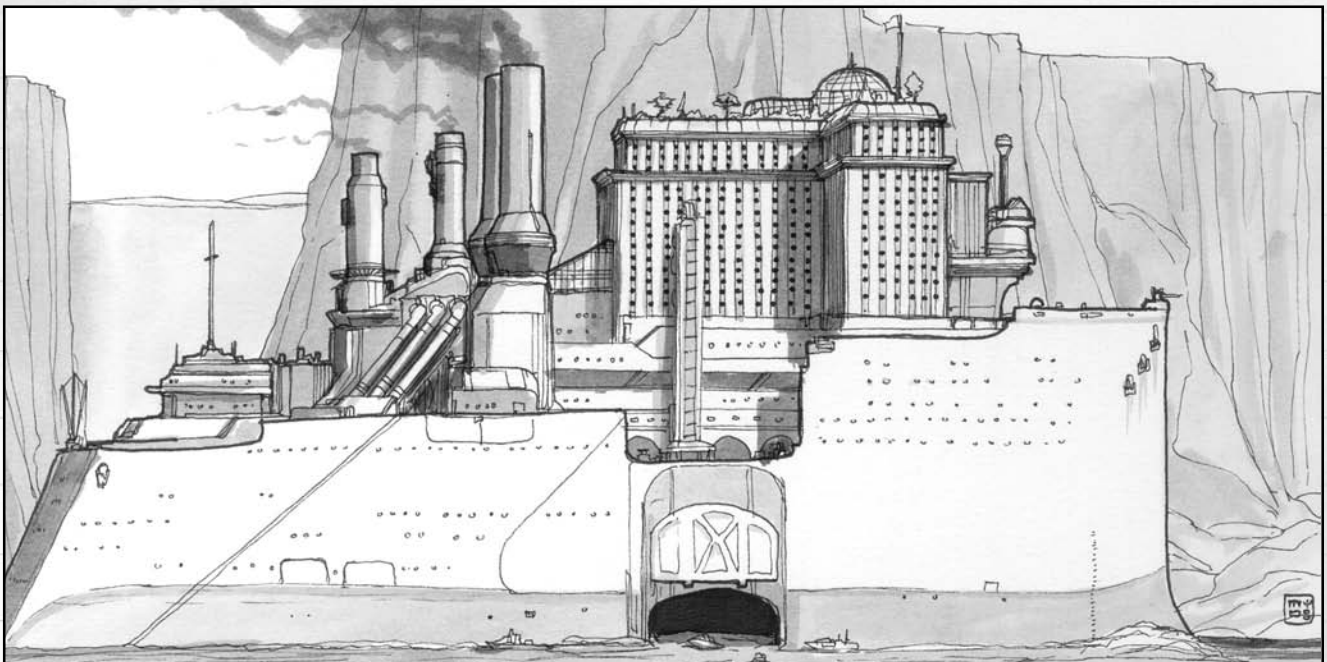
And not particularly seaworthy, either.

Turtle Isle was designed to navigate the wider channels of the Maze; its builders never intended for it to cruise open water. While rough seas play havoc on the top-heavy behemoth, it's well suited for maneuvering in the tight waterways of the Maze.

In fact, nearly three-quarters of Turtle Isle's water jet propulsion systems can rotate 360° like a tugboat's. That means the ungainly, tublike ship can juke and dodge its way through spots that might stymie a vessel almost half its size!

Turtle Isle is an amazing piece of work, made even more so by the fact it still works pretty much exactly as designed nearly a decade and a half after the Apocalypse. And you can bet it cost a pretty penny to float, too. If I remember correctly, the price tag for the ship was in the billions.

If you're wondering why on earth anyone would waste the time, effort, and money on such a unique, yet limited-in-purpose, ship, read on...



Turtle Isle underway.

Kang

Back over two centuries ago, just a few years after the first Great Quake, the governments of the United States and the Confederacy touched off a competition to stimulate the private railroads to push for the ghost-rock rich Maze. The prize: a 10 year exclusive transportation contract for the winning company.

Needless to say, this brought out the worst in most of the competitors and in short order, only the toughest, meanest, or smartest were still in the running. One of those remaining was owned by a displaced Chinese warlord (don't ask me—I'm just writing what I heard!) named Kang, and by all reports, he was a member of the second category of unsavory survivors.

Nobody knows much about Kang's motivations for going into the iron-horse business in the first place anymore—Hell, few people these days have even heard of the "Great Rail Wars" as they were called back then. I know I can't say off the top of my head what particular rail baron ended up winning that race.

Regardless, Kang eventually turned his attention from laying tracks across the prairie toward a grander scheme.

Kang set his sights on forging an independent empire in northern California. Needless to say, the Union wasn't all too thrilled with this endeavor and made that quite clear—with extreme prejudice, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, Kang's days of kingdom building were over, but he was a clever old warmonger, if nothing else. He managed to spin the whole affair not as his own attempt to seize a portion of Union soil, but instead as an example of Union anti-Oriental bias.

Indentured Immigration

To be truthful, there was more than a small share of that back in the late 19th century. Lots of Westerners had issue with Chinese workers who took jobs for far less than a fair day's wage. These cheap laborers often undercut the other folk's payroll and left them unemployed.

Of course, what most Westerners didn't realize is that those immigrants were in reality little more than slaves to folks like, oh, say...Kang. Those unscrupulous sorts brought them over under a "contract" that was actually indentured servitude. Then, they sold their services to other railroads, shipping companies, and so on, for far less than a free man could afford to work.

Needless to say, nobody knew, or at least understood, the whole story and it ended up causing a whole lot of bad blood between Westerners and Orientals back in the days of the Wild West. Add to that the vast differences between Oriental and Western cultures and the Great American Melting Pot became more of a fondue serving tray.

"Kangers"

Kang fed these suspicions and prejudices. In retrospect, the Union's success in stopping his bid for power actually played to his advantage.

Up to now, you probably notice I've only spoken of Chinese immigrants, but there were representatives from just about every country on the far side of Pacific in the Maze by this time. Vietnamese, Korean, Japanese, you name it—and generally, these folks got along about as well as a bunch of wet cats tied in a burlap sack. Which is to say, not at all.

However, they were strangers in a strange land and suddenly all those differences didn't seem quite as important. Especially when most Westerners didn't seem to care if a person was from the Land of the Rising Sun or the Land of the Morning Calm; everyone from that side of the ocean was just a "Chinaman."

Kang's propaganda fed off that. In less than a generation, he and his descendants forged a community of Oriental culture that crossed national and traditional banners. More importantly, they were spread up and down the Maze, with communities in virtually every city of any size, especially Shan Fan.

They had no homeland, but this new multinational group soon earned a name for itself—"Kangers." Of course, by the late 20th century, the preferred term was New Asian-American, but people being what they are, most folks continued to call them kangers—at least when nobody important was listening.

A Floating Home

Since they had no true homeland, nearly half a century ago, the Kangs pooled their resources and built themselves one—Turtle Isle, an enormous floating city.

Well, at least that's what the press releases said, anyway. Those didn't fool folks for very long, especially when they noted how many casinos and bars the "homeland" had on board. I think the crowning touch was when they actually moved the Dynasty Casino building, the most popular and profitable casino in the Maze—all 15 stories of it—onto the ship!

If the truth were known, most people were probably happier with a floating gambling house than a real home for the New Asian Americans.

Kang might have been dead, but his legacy lived on. Turtle Isle was little more than a money-laundering scheme for the crime syndicate he left behind. It moved up and down the Maze between the three cities Kang himself had founded during his "empire-builder" phase, making it hard for law enforcement authorities to effectively police it.

Its mobility is also the reason Turtle Isle is still around today, when Dragon's Breath, Lion's Roar, and Bear's Claw—Kang's cities—are

radioactive, flooded craters. When the bombs started falling, Turtle Isle, and most of the upper echelons of the kanger syndicate, chugged off into the Maze.

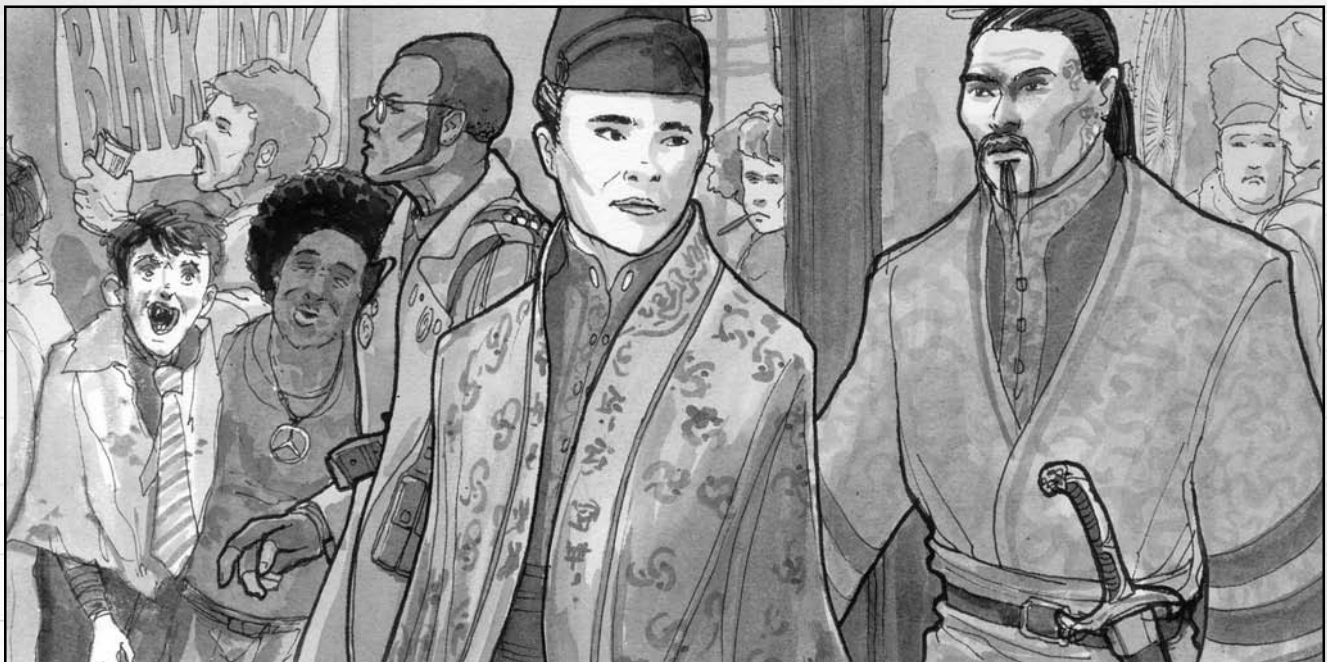
Turtle Isle Today

Turtle Isle is one of the largest examples of pre-War constructions still functioning (actually, now that I think about it, it's probably *the* largest), but it's not the same waterborne pleasure palace it was before the bombs fell.

Now it sports enough weaponry to give one of the old battle cruisers a run for its money. Its helipads and onboard marina serve as staging areas for armed patrol vessels rather than pleasure vehicles.

Not that the ship necessarily needs that much firepower. I seriously doubt there's anything left afloat that could pose a real threat to a vessel of Turtle Isle's size, but then again, you never know.

The onboard population has actually grown since all Hell broke loose—possibly the only place on Earth that can make that claim honestly. When the Isle rolled out of Dragon's Breath that last time, everyone who could jumped on board. Most of those folks still call the ship home.



Manchu and his enforcer.

Yet, in spite of its post-Apocalyptic bodywork and passengers, Turtle Isle still performs much of the same functions it did prior to the Last War. That is, it cruises the canyons of the Maze taking money from folks through hook, crook, and even sometimes legitimate business dealings.

There is still a thriving gambling enterprise aboard and nearly as many bars as during the Isle's heyday. Not everyone on the vessel is a purveyor of blackjack or bourbon. A number of merchants and tradesmen have set up shop on the promenades of the former luxury decks.

The Ship's Ruler

Yes, you read that right—not captain, ruler. The man in charge of Turtle Isle knows less about ships and seamanship than my dead grandmother.

Turtle Isle is a seagoing feudal kingdom as far as politics are concerned, led by the head of the remains of the kanger syndicate.

He's known simply as "Manchu" and he says he's a direct descendant of good old Kang himself. Now, I can't speak to the truth or falsehood of his claim, but if Kang was anywhere as...prolific as Manchu is, he's certainly got a good case for it.

Like Father, Like Sons and Daughters

There are at least 20 of his sons and daughters running around Turtle Isle, each jockeying for position over the other. Apparently, power in the Kanger syndicate is at least nominally hereditary and every single one of them intends to be the next ruler of Turtle Isle.

The real catch is Manchu maintains a court of concubines and has never married, so none of the kids has any more claim to his "throne" than the next. I suspect this illegitimacy is part of his plan to make sure little Billy doesn't decide to give daddy a Columbian necktie for Father's Day.

This makes Turtle Isle a hotbed of political maneuvering and plotting that more often than not ends up with one sibling's pawns in the shark fishers' chum buckets.

The Iron Fist and Velvet Glove

Manchu is the undisputed ruler of Turtle Isle; his very thought is law. Sure, he's got a corny name and he even dresses the part, looking like some poorly-enlightened movie producer's idea of what Genghis Khan might have looked like, but make no mistake: Cross this man and you *will* live—long enough to regret it and then some. Rumor has it that his torturers know techniques so painful they make a branding iron feel like a cool drink of water in Death Valley.

Backing him up are the ship's security force and his own personal enforcers, a bunch of thugs with enough martial arts knowhow in their little fingers to slap the macaroni out your mouth and dare you to frown. His chief headbanger—some low-browed bruiser named Li Ho—has never been taken in a fight, fair or otherwise.

The Kangers on board even whisper Manchu's got an undying Chinese sorcerer serving him like some sort of lap dog from Hell. Take care with that doubt you're no doubt experiencing. Folks that really get on his bad side do have a really disquieting habit of vanishing—and not in that make-an-example sort of way you'd expect from a ruthless crimelord.

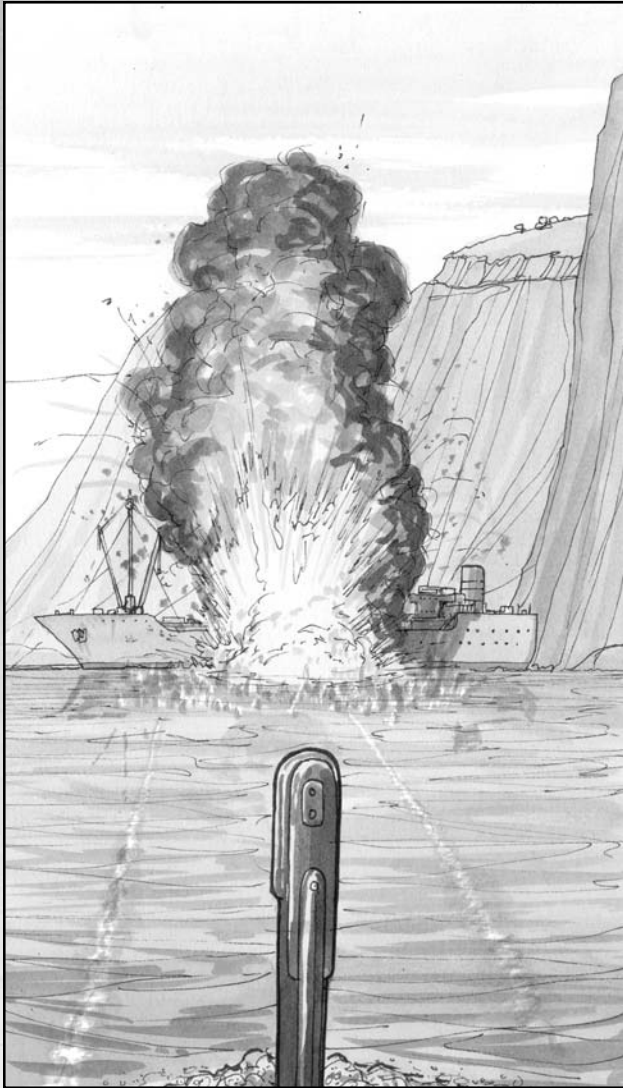
Whatever happened to the good old days when evil overlords kept those nasty, squash-faced Pekinese rat-dogs for pets?

In short, you enter Turtle Isle and you play by his rules. The good news is, he's not got too many rules.

By the People•One Way or the Other

Manchu might be the baddest man on the water right now, what with his army of killers and, if you buy the stories, undead magician, but he's got well over a thousand other folks riding his boat with him. Tradition demands they pay him homage and follow his commands, but even so, it doesn't pay to push things to far.

An awful lot of things went up in smoke in the Last War, and Manchu's not foolish enough to try to find out the hard way if traditional respect was one of them—the warlord has seen *Mutiny on the Bounty*.



One of the few things Turtle Isle fears.

That doesn't mean he pussy-foots around Turtle Isle. Not by a long shot. Nobody risks his wrath; he is the alpha male on that boat. Hell, most of the passengers—or citizens, I'm not sure what the right term is—won't even meet his gaze.

However, Manchu is more than savvy enough to know he can squeeze one person, or even fifty people, at a time. But if he tries to push them all around, he's running the risk of sleeping with the fishes himself.

After all, an awful lot of the folks on Turtle Isle were members of the syndicate before the war. A little blood doesn't bother them. Hell, a lot of blood probably wouldn't bother some of them.

For the most part, he lets the people do what they will as long as it doesn't cause him any grief.

To some extent, this "benevolence" extends to outsiders visiting the ship as well. After all, those wasters are the chief customers for Turtle Isle's main commodities: gambling, liquor, and trade. Without that income, Turtle Isle would be hard pressed to keep its people fed.

And if the people aren't fed, the people get unhappy....

The Citizens

There are four classes of folks on Turtle Isle—well, five if you count visitors—and you can bet that everyone knows where they stand, who they stand on, and who can step on them.

The Royals

At the very top of the ladder sit Manchu, his kids, and his "court." By court, I mean the people he pays to break arms, pull triggers, or keep him and his thugs happy. They're usually referred to as "Royals" onboard—at least when they're out of earshot. I've pretty much told you all you need to know about this bunch.

If you didn't catch the unspoken warning before, let me spell it out: Avoid these people like rabid plague zombies with rusty razor blades instead of teeth. The best you can hope is that they'll ignore you; the worst is they'll involve you in some no-win plot to seize power or just kill you for breathing in at the wrong time.

The Trangs

The Trangs are the rest of the "made men" and their families that jumped onto Turtle Isle back at Dragon's Breath. The name is a bastardization of a derogatory term for the Triads, a crime organization that Kang's bullyboys took over in the late 20th century.

Now, pretty much bereft of their old armies of gunmen, they've been relegated to middle-management on Turtle Isle. You're probably asking yourself, what do they manage?

The answer is trouble. These hoods have insinuated themselves into the most profitable "services" the ship offers on its trade stops: gambling, liquor, mercantile, and good, old prostitution. The four most important Trang families and the areas in which they hold the most sway are the Hwan (gambling), Kim (liquor), Ngyuen (firearms and ammunition traders), and Huong (prostitution).

They handle the day-to-day grind and pay a tribute of their earnings to Manchu. In exchange, he doesn't crush them like bugs. On the other hand, he encourages competition between the families, particularly the bloody kind. It helps keep them from getting big enough britches to start eyeing his spot at the top.

If you need to scrape up some serious dirt on someone or something in the Maze, or you're looking for some high-end or rare weapons, you're going to have to deal with Trangs. Just make sure you cover your back when you do.

The Salaries

These are the bulk of the people on Turtle Isle. They and their parents before them managed the shops and businesses on the vessel. The term "Salaries" comes from their origins as rank-and-file workers in legitimate businesses.

In keeping with the "homeland" story, they technically own their individual cabins and business fronts. In reality, they pay a weekly—and sometimes daily—rent on those properties. Usually in the form of protection money to one of the Trang families' enforcers. Failure to pay means an unpleasant "visit" from the Trang thugs.

For the most part, these are good folk. If they have a failing, it's their blind subservience to a tradition that lets criminals and murderers leech their lives away.

By the way, the ship security forces, unlike the other crew members (see **Dents**), are considered Salaries. Probably because they carry guns.

Try and keep your business dealing to the Salaries, if possible. Don't get me wrong; some of them will sell your hide for a song, but most of them have a fairly rigid code of honor.

The Dents

These are the poor saps who serve as the crew of Turtle Isle. Before the war, some of them had some pretty prestigious jobs. For example, the Captain was the nominal head of the ship.

When Manchu took over, he did away with all that. Manchu didn't want to run the risk of anyone holding a position anywhere close to his own. Now the Dents (short for indentured), are the bottom of the heap. Even the Captain is lower than the poorest of the Salaries.

The upper decks Dents have it bad enough, but those below the waterline envy the dead. Some of those poor souls have been down there so long, they're as pale as albino cave fish and nearly as blind.

Rumor on the Promenade has it that some of them have sunk so far that they steal children from the Salaries and stew them up, but I suspect that's just bogeyman stories. I couldn't find a single person who personally knew a family this happened to.

Now, outsiders, that's a whole other story.

Outsiders

That's you, me, and anyone else who doesn't live on Turtle Isle. Doesn't matter what your name is, what color your skin is, or how much ghost rock you're carrying, if you're not one of the four groups above, you're an Outsider.

What does that mean, exactly?

Well, first it means everyone (with the exception of the Royals) on board the ship is going to be extra-special nice to you, at least at first. Turtle Islers give a whole new level to polite. You're the "target customer" after all, and if word gets around that the Isle treats customers badly, business suffers. Hell, even the Trangs are downright civil when they're pulling out your fingernails.

On the other hand, unless you know the folks you're dealing with, they're as likely to fleece you as give you the time of day. If they can get away with it. Once you get to know them, they're as trustworthy as anyone else in the Wasted West, maybe even more so. But until then, sleep with one eye open, one hand on your wallet, and more than one way out of the room.

The Grand Tour

Now that you know a little something about the background of the Isle and its people, let me tell you a little more about the ship itself.

First off, you can't help but notice how many weapons Manchu has loaded on the decks of Turtle Isle. There are machineguns and autocannons strategically placed along the main deck and Dynasty levels, a couple of honest-to-God SAM launchers, and he's retrofitted the hull to carry a couple of smaller 6" gun turrets.

Trade must be going quite well for him to cut the deals these beauties must have cost him.

The Dynasty Decks

The top fifteen decks on Turtle Isle is actually the old Dynasty Casino I told you about before. The building had some serious modifications made to it prior to its transplant; most multistory buildings aren't too seaworthy after all.

The upper five Dynasty decks are occupied by Manchu and his court. His enforcers also have rooms on these levels, mostly so he can keep them close in case of a coup attempt. Are you getting the idea Manchu is just a little paranoid?

Anyway, I've never been up there, but I hear tell he's got a couple of swimming pools, his own private sensoround theater, and a rooftop park up there.

The five decks immediately below those are divided up among the various Trang families. The higher the section the family controls, the more influential. Right now, the Hwan family has the suites closest to the elevators to Manchu's decks.

The bottom five Dynasty decks are devoted to the high-roller casinos, the best bars, and a few choice brothels. There are also quite a few suites available here for wealthy Outsiders to rent for short visits. This area caters to the got-rich-quick ghost rock miner or lucky salvager, so don't be surprised to see elegant tuxedos right alongside torn, stained, and muddy work clothes.

To the front and rear of the Dynasty decks are the ship's service areas: the bridge, engineering, and so forth. Since these are manned by Dents, they're nowhere near as nicely furnished as the Dynasty. They're closer to, say, an unrefurbished Port-a-Potty.

Finally, there are two helipads located at Turtle Isle's stern. The ship has three old Union antitank helicopters for air cover and Manchu has a nearly mint-condition French Gazelle chopper for his own excursions ashore.

If you're lucky enough to be able to pay the Dynasty level prices, I recommend you hit Deck Four. Like all the Dynasty decks, it's a trip to the opulent past, with a huge open atrium running through the center of the deck up to Deck Six and down to floor level.

There's even piped-in music to take you back to the days when Vegas was a place where you went to meet high-rollers, not one-eyed, one-armed, green-robed people eaters.

Oh yeah, the slot's on Deck Four are looser than anywhere else on the ship.

General Chang's Libations

This is probably the best bar on Turtle Isle. Or at least the best of those Outsiders can get into. The drinks here have a smaller percentage of seawater to alcohol than elsewhere, and the General's Private Stock does the best imitation of a Tennessee sour mash whiskey this side of the end of the world.

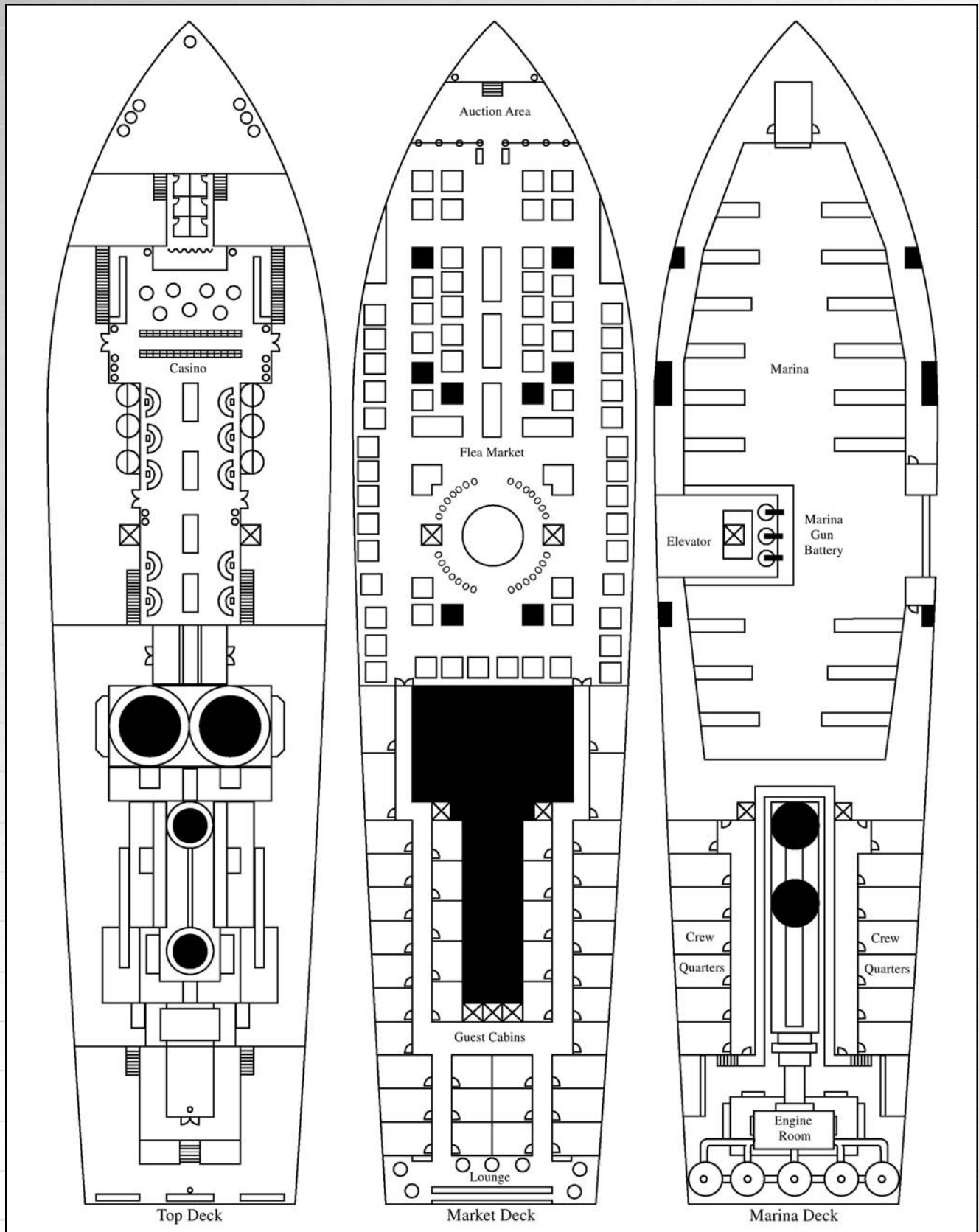
It's also a neutral ground like many of the bars on the Dynasty levels—the Kim family earns more money by neutrality in its establishments than partisanship. If you're cutting deals with Trangs, you're probably fairly safe here. After you walk out the door, you're on your own though, so step lightly.

One thing—stay away from the Bloody Marys. I don't know what they put in them, but it's nothing that's supposed to be there.

Lilith's Garden

This is one of the few, uhm, "sitting rooms" not controlled by the Huongs that's worth—or even safe enough to consider—a visit. More surprisingly, it's among the best of this sort of "entertainment" Turtle Isle has to offer.

Shattered Lands



Madame Lilith's caters to all tastes, so whatever a waster's gender—male, female, mutated-beyond-recognition—chances are he/she/it can find a suitable partner.

One thing I never understood though was how Lilith was able to keep operating without Huong interference. Word on the decks has it she's got Manchu's blessing from way back, but I've never heard of him getting directly involved in a Trang family's business before.

The Promenade Decks

To narrow that down just a tad bit further, Promenade Deck 8 is where Outsiders spend most of their time on Turtle Isle. The rest of the Promenade Decks are devoted to Salaries' cabins or citizens-only businesses that always seem to be closing just as an Outsider shows up at the door.

By the way, all the decks are numbered according to their distance from the main deck. That means when you're on the Dynasty decks, the greater the number, the higher you are. On all the others, which are below the main deck, the higher your number the closer to the waterline.

Deck 8 runs the greater part of the ship's length and is open from port to starboard walls of the hull. This is where the ship used to host sporting events like basketball, hockey, or even football games, formal balls, and other large gatherings. The decks two levels above it are open and staggered to serve as stadium seating.

Now, it's the town square and common market for Turtle Isle. Or at least the one they let Outsiders into.

The whole Promenade looks like what you'd imagine Shan Fan did at its height, provided, I guess, that the entire city was inside and confined to an area about 800' by 150'. While the atmosphere is nice and exotic—especially during Chinese New Year when they get a dragon parade going—the real reason to visit is the shopping.

It's got the best selection of goods this side of Junkyard, if you ask me. You want it, odds are you can find it on the Promenade. If not, the Trangs are more than happy to step in and answer your needs.

Lo Fat's Eatery

If you're looking for genuine old-school Chinese takeout, you aren't going to find anywhere that beats Lo Fat's. Come to think of it, you probably aren't going to find anywhere else at all, but that's beside the point.

He even has a stack of old menus for you to salivate over when you're stuck out in the middle of nowhere looking at another can of dog food for dinner. Most people think it's a waste of time, but me, I think it's damn smart marketing. I know I hit this place every time I'm on the Isle.

He's also got the lowdown on recent Outsider visitors of note. If you're looking for someone in the Maze, check with Lo Fat. If they've been on the Isle, he's the most likely man to know.

Wang Chen's Curios

This old coot has collected more useless paraphernalia and doodads than anyone I've ever seen. I don't know too much about the occult or hocus-pocus, but I've got a contact or two who tell me this is the place to go if you're looking for that sort of thing.

I guess he stays stocked up on eye of newt or whatever...

Crazy Eddy's Firearms

Short of cutting a deal with the Ngyuen Trangs, you'll have a hard time finding a better selection of guns in the Maze. Well, maybe Movie Town, but I've heard stories they don't even have bullets for half the guns there anyway.

One look at Crazy Eddy tells you he probably is. This little guy has a broken set of spectacles we used to call BCGs—or Birth Control Glasses—when I was in the Army, 'cause there's no way anyone could find you attractive in them. And, true to form, he's got them wrapped in the center with a big wad of white tape.

Add to that permanently uncombed hair and you'd have a poster boy for pre-War geekdom—if it weren't for that wild look in his eyes anytime he sees a gun and the constant twitching of his left hand.



Now, the Ngyuens let Eddie deal your run-of-the-mill slugthrowers and even most mil-grade small arms. You can even find some of that weird British gyrojet ammo here from time to time. His stock is never certain though, and if you want the really big stuff—grenade launchers, manpack surface-to-air missiles, and the like—you're going to have to talk to the Ngyuens.

The Lower Decks

Below the Promenade levels, you're getting into the real guts of Turtle Isle. The majority of what goes on down here is pretty standard keep-the-ship-floating stuff: multiple engine rooms, fuel tanks, buoyancy chambers, and so forth.

Of course, those fuel tanks are largely empty now, with what little gasoline that remains used mainly to power the helicopters and one or two of the really high-performance pursuit boats in the Armada. Turtle Isle itself runs on a combination of ghost rock and spook juice for the engines and solar cells for much of the electricity. I've heard that the engine room has some old-style ghost rock boilers—complete with sweaty stokers.

The rest of the lower decks, save two areas I'll get to in a moment, serve as living quarters for the Dents. I'd wager even the Underground in Junkyard has nothing on Turtle Isle's lower decks when it comes to squalor and filth.

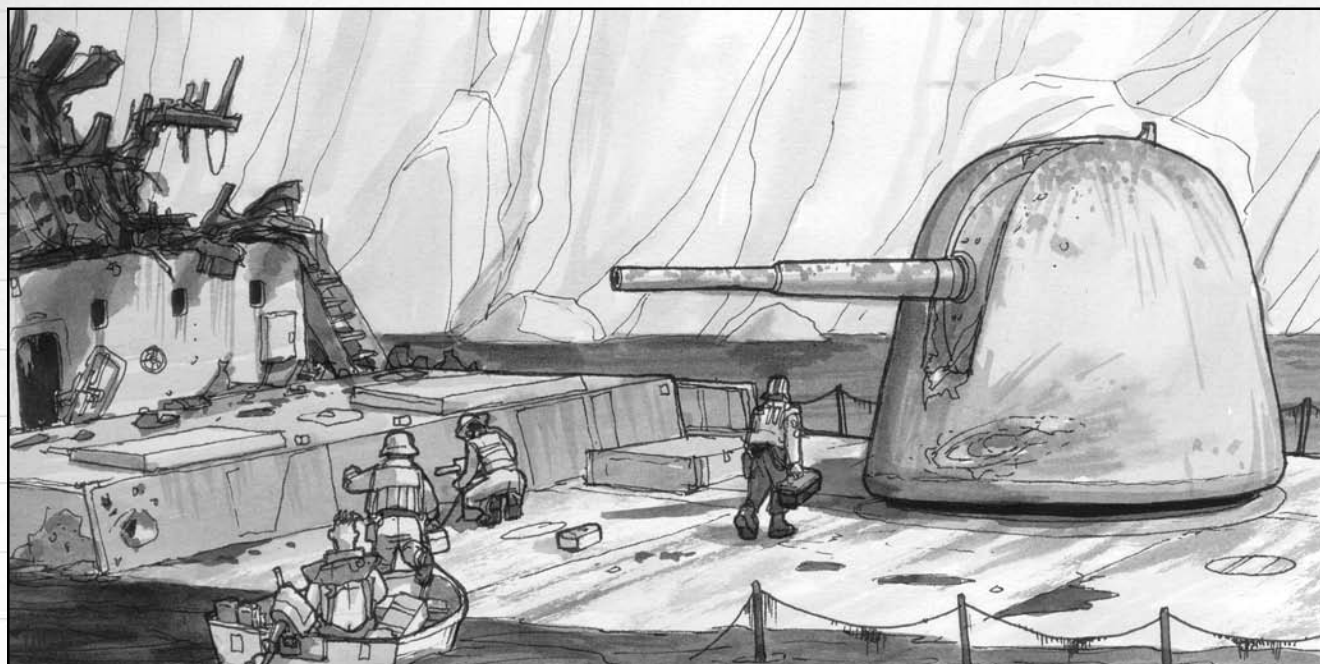
The Marina

Amidships at the water level, Turtle Isle has a fair-sized docking bay for smaller craft. Back in the days of pleasure cruising, these were used by fat cat millionaires to store their speed boats and to allow passengers to board from transport boats at shallow ports.

Now, this is just about the only way for Outsiders to get aboard. Turtle Isle stops far enough offshore to be safe from an ambush raid and trade boats come out to meet her. The marina has a couple of dual-mounted 20mm autocannon at the entrance to dissuade any snatch-and-grab runs by sparky locals.

The Armada

Earlier I said the Isle was too big for anything still afloat to pose a serious threat. That's true as far as the "big picture" goes; I doubt there's a vessel left that can stand toe-to-toe with Turtle Isle—at least in the Maze.



Scavengers at work.



However, the ship can get nickel-and-dimed by pirate raiding parties too small to fend off with the Isle's main weaponry yet powerful enough to overcome the marina's defenses. To combat those, a goodly number of smaller craft have been converted to gunboats and operate out of the marina. These are also used to guard the ship's blind spot: its deck-mounted weaponry can't be brought to bear on small ships which run in close to the Isle's tall sides.

The Armada, as Manchu likes to call it, runs the gamut from cabin cruisers to cigarette boats, all armed to the teeth with aftermarket weaponry. He's even managed to dredge up an old Confederate Fast Patrol Boat, complete with a few sonar-guided torpedoes. A group of these boats hover around the Isle like homicidal ducklings at all times and scout groups patrol ahead of the ship and up any side channels it passes.

The pirates might manage to force their way onto the Isle, but they never get far with the booty. I hear that's one place Turtle Isle "supplements" its legitimate income: looting dead pirates and their bases.

Of course, give the background of the Trangs and Royals, I'd be surprised if they didn't sponsor a little "privateering" of their own.

The Bilges

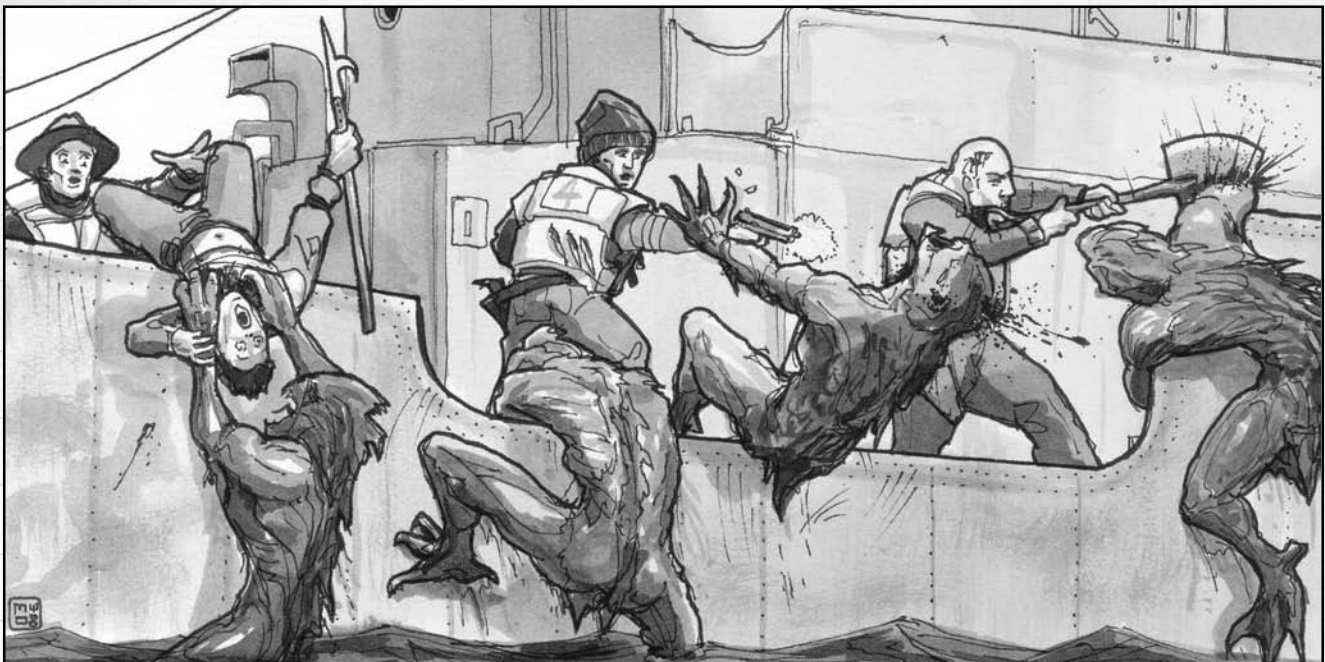
The very bottom of the ship is taken up with the vessel's bilges. There aren't too many ways into the bilges, and even less reasons to go there.

Over the years, this sub-deck has taken on a few feet of fetid seawater and muck. About the only folks who crack one of the hatches to this area do so to dump sewage or the occasional body. If someone goes missing on the ship, this is the place to look—if you've got the guts.

Rumor on the Promenade has it that the Trangs don't usually strip the bodies before they dump them. There's said to be a small fortune in personal goods like watches and other items in the bilges.

Personally, I doubt that. The Trangs don't strike me as the wasteful sort, at least when it comes to property. The story is probably just an urban legend. Not that I'm going to check it out. I can't imagine the amount of money it would take for me to wade around in a low-ceilinged, flooded chamber, bumping into half-submerged dead bodies with only a flashlight to see by.

Gives me the willies just thinking about it and I do just that for a living!



Croaker attack!



Croakers

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No discussion of waterborne travel in the Maze would be complete if I didn't at least mention the "croakers."

I'm not talking about people who've ended up in Davey Jones' locker, either.

Croaker is the common term for an underwater creature common to the Maze. If you ever saw the old movie *Creature from the Black Lagoon*, you've got the start for a good idea what one looks like. Add about 50 pounds, a longer, fishlike tale on the rear end, and some wicked spines along the back and you've got a croaker.

Sound nasty? It should—especially since these things are almost *never* encountered alone. Usually they attack small groups near the water, although they occasionally swarm over entire coastal villages.

In either case, their tactics seem to be the same: Have two to three times the attackers as there are victims and leave no one alive.

This strategy works pretty darn well, but luckily it seems the croakers can only go so far from the water. Running inland usually shakes them before too long. Good thing too, because otherwise word probably wouldn't have gotten out about them. If you ask me—and you did, remember?—A lot of the disappearances blamed on pirates and road gangs around the Maze can probably be laid at the croaker's doorstep (cave entrance?) instead.

Mutant or Not?

One thing nobody's sure about is where these suckers come from. The popular (and easy) answer is that they're mutations of some sort.

Me, I'm not sure I buy that one.

Looking through some old newspaper archives I dug up in the ruins of Barstow, I found a couple of reports in an old tabloid called *The Tombstone Epitaph* that talked about things fitting the croakers' description back in the late 1800s.

Personally, I think they've been around all the time, but they've just been hiding out until man went and blew himself all to Hell. I wish they'd go back to their hidey-hole.

Movie Town

Librarian's Note: This excerpt was taken from an interview with Kristen Burke, independent truck driver.

Yeah, I guess you're right—you can't really talk about the Maze without mentioning Movie Town. I've done some stunt driving there on occasion and I'll tell you what I can.

It's definitely its own place, but then, it always was, if I remember my supermarket tabloids correctly. There was always some sort of scandal going on and everybody had an ego the size of west Texas there in the old days. In that respect, nothing's changed.

Sure, it wasn't called Movie Town back before the Big Bang. I seem to recall an equally silly name, like Star City or some such. Doesn't matter much anymore, though, I suppose.

The Director



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There used to be so many producers and directors running around that place that you couldn't swing a dead cat without hitting one. If you ask me, that would have been a waste of perfectly good dead cat. Most of them were artsy prima donnas or upscale versions of a used-car salesman looking for the next big marketing score.

Now, there's just one guy running the show thereabouts. I've only ever heard him called "the Director." You'd think a few hundred nuclear explosions would have knocked the pretentiousness out of humanity, but I guess not.

Since he keeps his face bandaged, no one even knows what he looks like. For all I know, he could be Cecil B. DeMille back from the dead.

Anyhow, his movies aren't likely to win any Academy Awards—especially since there isn't an Academy left. But you've got to give the man one thing: he knows how to film an action flick. Something about the way he works a camera can have an audience up and cheering by the end of one of those sappy movies of his. You'd think most people would get their fill of death and violence in real life, but they seem to love these pics.

Critically Wounded

Of course, not everyone's a fan. Even after the Apocalypse, there are movie critics still running around. Kinda fits I guess, since I always heard cockroaches could take a lot more rads than a human, and most movie critics seem a lot closer to cockroaches. Most of them wouldn't know a good film if it fell from the sky on them.

Anyway, as anyone who'd seen one of his films could guess, critics hate them. I'm not sure if it's because they don't need subtitles or nobody lets a phone ring 50 times without answering it in one the Director's movies or what, but generally, they hate the damned things.

Well, apparently someone disagrees with them, because every so often one of them turns up murdered in Movie Town. More often than not, the murder is tied in some way to a film. It used to be pretty straightforward, along the lines of strangled with the latest film they'd panned.

Now, however, the killer's taken a slightly more deranged bent and rumors have it he (or she) is mimicking murders in those old slasher vids from the late 20th century.

That's pretty obscure stuff these days, given that they weren't that good when they were released. I'd guess it's somebody tied to the movie industry from way back.

Lots of folks are pointing the finger at the Director himself, but that just seems too obvious to me. Why go to all that trouble to stage these elaborate—and pretty darn gory—murders when you're the number one suspect?

Doesn't make sense to me.

Downtown Movie Town

There's not much to say about the place really. Star City didn't catch a city buster, but it still got the bejeezus bombed out of it. Everyone's a critic, you know.

All those gorgeous high-rise condos were turned into piles of gorgeous rubble during the Last War, but at least living there doesn't make you glow in the dark.

The western outskirts are where most of the Director's crew hang out. They've rebuilt a few of the smaller buildings there and the Director uses an old Quickie Mart as his headquarters. They've even cleaned up a small local theater for preview screenings of the latest slugs.



A typical day in Movie Town.

Com of the Realm

Those slugs are a vital commodity these days, in case you've been living under a rock for the past half-decade or so. It's brought a number of traders, scavengers, and other "entrepreneurs" into the area. There's a thriving market economy running there now and most local merchants deal one way or another in slugs.

The most common set up is that the merchants swap their goods to the Director's group for slugs. Then, they swap the slugs to the Convoy or other independent traders like myself for a profit. They scoop their cut from the prime booty and swap the rest for slugs.

The Director and his gang can find use for nearly anything in a film, so the merchants are likely to consider most items for trades. Outside of basic needs like food and clothing, though, the needs of the crew vary from film to film, so a merchant may find what's golden one day is lead the next.

As a result, you can find nearly anything available for trade, but expect to pay dearly for it. The local economy is used to dealing with "stars." Yeah, right. Actually, they're just used to fleecing folks for slugs.

The Sets

Most of the old sets are still out there around the ruins of Star City. Transportation was a lot easier to come by in the old days, so some of them are 50 miles or more out. With cratered roads, bandit gangs, and the occasional roving horde of faminites, that can sometimes take a crew the better part of a day to make the journey.

So, more often than not, the Director's gang stays "on-site" until the film's done. If you're hard up you can always find a job as "set security."

Those old sets can knock you for a loop if you're not expecting them. Out there in the hills you might stumble across a replica of Old Tombstone, a Depression-era Chicago street, a reproduction of New York's Times Square, or even the surface of the moon.

Most of them came through the bombing unscathed and only took a little abuse from fallout or ground effects.

Nobody lives in them—well, at least nobody's supposed to, but it wouldn't surprise me to find some scavs holed up near the O.K. Corral. The crew only hits a set when they're using it for a movie; the rest of the time they're abandoned.

The Pits

There's one other place near Movie Town that deserves mention. The locals and crew just call it "the Pits." It's short for "Zombie Pits" by the way.

If you've seen any of the Director's slugs, no doubt you've noticed he always seems able to come up with cannon fodder that dies in extremely believable ways. Well, the Pits are where those extras come from.

The crew sealed off about 200' of an old, underground storm drain with cement and left one hatch open. It's barred and locked most of the time, but when a couple of zombies or casualties are needed on a shoot, they come out with long pole hooks and snag a few.

Adds a new meaning to the term "gaffer" doesn't it?

Anyway, from time to time, their stock runs low and they hire out scavengers or bounty hunters to round up a pack of them. It's not bad money, around \$50 a head—and body—with the stipulation they have to still be "living."

I've farmed my truck out for a couple of these runs. Mostly it's easy money; you don't have to put on kid gloves to bring in the walkin' dead. Just gut shoot them until they fall and load 'em up with pitchforks. Those things can heal most anything but a good, old head-shot. My only real complaint is that I've got to hose down the inside of my truck really well and let it air out good after one of these runs.

And of course, you've got to be careful, because by the time you get back to Movie Town, some of those things may be back on their feet and waiting by the door!

A word of warning: Movie Town has no use for faminites. Those things are just too infectious! You'd better check any corpse you bring down twice to make sure you're not wasting your time and effort; the crew won't pay for them and they won't even let you leave the things nearby.



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I Want to Be in Pictures!

You know, it never ceases to amaze me that after everything on the planet has gone straight to Hell in a pneumatic tube, some people still get stars in their eyes when you mention Movie Town.

I've worked there on a couple of flicks and believe me, it's not glamorous by a long shot. Still, I figure you want this sort of information, so I'll give you as much of the lowdown as I can.

You usually need some sort of technical skill to get hired on full-time. The Director can always use another camera operator, key grip, or sound tech.

Stunt drivers and extras—you know, the guys that play "Road Ganger #1"—can find pretty steady work, but they're also expected to do a lot of the lifting and other grunt work around the set. That's why I only signed on for a couple of gigs. I've got real skills, you know?

Folks looking to land a starring role are usually picked based on looks. Even now, people still want their heroes dashing and their heroines beautiful I guess. If you don't look the part of a movie star, chances are you aren't going to be one. Sorry.

If you've got a good voice, though, sometimes you can grab a spot as a narrator or even as a voice-over dub. Not all the pretty boys and girls have such pretty voices. You'd be surprised what the guy that usually plays Cole Ballard really sounds like!

One last group of folks the Director is happy to hire on are junkers. He's experimenting using junker-tech for special effects simulators I hear. He's also on the lookout for demolitions experts, so if you can blow stuff up real good, you might consider the movie business.

Have Gun. Will Act

Surprisingly, Movie Town isn't too interested in muscle or gunmen. Those sorts can find work on a case-by-case basis, but seldom does anyone land a lasting position like that. I suspect it has something to do with the ammunition shortage around Movie Town.

Wait—you're sure this won't get into road gang hands, right?

You see, early on, the Director went hot and heavy on his special effects. Too hot and too heavy—he used up most of the ammunition in the area, including blanks.

Now, they do most of their shooting like those old science fiction shows. You know the ones where the actors shook around a lot like the ship was under attack? Well, they fake recoil and the crew techs add in sound and a few mods to the film itself to look like gunfire.

They've got enough ammo to get by and trade well for more, but at any given time it's a safe bet that half the guns on the set are completely empty! Fortunately, the road gangs and muties don't know that, so they keep their distance.

All it would take is one bunch of foolhardy gangsters to put a serious hurting on what's left of the entertainment industry, though!

Purgatory

You'll never find darkness in Purgatory. There's a sickly glow to everything, sometimes from radiation and sometimes from burning ghost rock. Everything is cast in shades of orange and green—even the daytime sky.

The general weirdness seems kicked up a notch in this region. Beware of humping Maze dragons—the whole area seems to be some kind of dragon mating ground. Fire has a mind of its own, and I mean that quite literally. In some places the water burns. Yeah, I know that shouldn't happen.

This hellhole exists because a City Buster intended for Lost Angels was a bit off the mark and scored a direct hit on Manitou Bluff, a town across the bay from the city. In the grand scheme of things this would normally be considered a Good Thing—Manitou Bluff was a Haven for criminals, reprobates, and, if the tabloids were right, much worse things. The place was so dangerous that the Guardian Angels (Lost Angels police force) refused to patrol the place—although they did cordon the place off so that the evil prowling the town's streets didn't spill out into the surrounding countryside. Manitou Bluff was an open sewer of sin and violence and a blotch on the Free City's otherwise sterling reputation.

Unfortunately the cleansing flame that blasted this cesspool from the face of the earth ignited a seam of nearly pure ghost rock beneath the town—a seam that no one had suspected existed. This ghost rock burned with such an intense flame it melted much of the surrounding rock and ignited seams in nearby mesas. This caused a chain reaction that set much of the southern portion of the Maze alight—a fire that still burns today.

I'll be blunt: don't go to this hellhole unless you want to die. There's death by salamander, death by fire, death by asphyxiation, death by drowning, death by decapitation, and death by regurgitation if you're really down on your luck. The strange thing is that only one or two people ever seem to die at a time—almost as though the land is slowly trying to pick you off.

Oh, who am I trying to fool? The land does indeed pick people off, keeping the rest alive to wonder who'll be the next to go. The odds suggest you should go to Purgatory in large groups, but I don't recommend traveling with anyone you call a friend.

Some of you might write this off as superstition. I suggest these skeptics take this as a challenge to travel to Purgatory and prove me wrong, because I hate skeptics nearly as much as I love irony.

The Firemen



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If you can't get it out of your tiny reptile brain that poking around in Hell's toilet is going to find you anything but crap, you'll want to travel with the Firemen. They are an organized group of scavvies who have made it their business to pick the place clean. They're also the only people I've ever heard of returning from Purgatory on a semi-regular basis.

The Firemen aren't your typical scavvies. For one thing, they haven't had to worry about organized competition. Their monopoly on Purgatory keeps them from having to enforce their turf, which in turn keeps them from turning into savages who'll kill you for your ammo clip.

For another, they spend so much time fighting the land itself that they tend to focus their anger (and weapons) on Purgatory itself. I got a real "striking a blow for humanity" vibe from them. This doesn't mean they're above striking a blow *at* humanity when the humans in question try to ambush them and steal their haul, but after dealing with the hazards of Purgatory, stomping raiders for them is just a way of blowing off steam.



The flames of Purgatory have spawned some unusual creatures.

Joining the Firemen is easy; remaining one is the hard part. The death rate is so high that they're always looking for warm bodies to fill the ranks. You start out as a trainee, relegated to fairly menial tasks: transferring material to the boats, swabbing the poopdeck, bagging the dead, and just about anything else unpleasant they can think of. You're allowed a pistol, but usually the heavier weaponry and defense of the boats falls to the Firemen.

"Taking the silver"—becoming a full-fledged Fireman—usually takes at least ten hauls, though some have been known to do it in seven. Firemen get a percentage of the loot instead of a trainee's flat payment and are expected to commit to at least 25 hauls. The payoff can be amazing, but there are better ways to get rich that aren't nearly as dangerous. I guess it just depends on whether you're okay about working with masochists and fatalists.

Your best bet is to catch them in Lynchburg. They usually show up once every month, though occasionally they're late if their haul is big or their trip was particularly dangerous. As long as you're fit and don't have a weird shape to your body, they'll give you a suit and start working you bloody.

For those looking to make a career of this, lasting beyond your first haul is key. They're grueling, deadly, and have been known to drive people insane. Most trainees get off the boat and never go back. I know I never will. I'm no coward, but I know where to draw the line.

Jacob McCandles



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The man responsible for this insanity is Jacob McCandles, formerly a captain in the Confederate Merchant Marine. His people refer to him as "Chief" and speak of him in such glowing terms that I'm surprised he isn't a mutie. They love him because he has more balls than a juggling clown, and he's more than willing to get his hands dirty alongside the newest trainee.

Some of the Firemen used to serve with him before the Big Bang, and these old-timers tell me that McCandles was in the process of running a Northern Alliance blockade south of Lost Angels when the bombs fell. Sheer luck placed his boats far enough behind a mesa to protect them when the waves from the Lost Angels impact rolled in, capsizing the NA pursuers and scattering them towards the ocean.



A priest by the name of Old Prosper lives in the Maze near Lost Angels.

He eventually made port in Lynchburg and spent the next few years scavenging the surrounding areas dry. Then he had the idea to loot Purgatory, and after a serious retooling of his operation, he proved himself crazy enough to do it. He's managed to survive and thrive for nearly a decade now, so he's either blessed, damned, or some combination of the two.

Lost Angels

Librarian's Note: The following is an interview with a gang member from the small community that lives near the ruins of the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels.

For the record, the name's Cube. This here Library-man says that he wants me to record everything I can tell him about Lost Angels.

The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels. That's a joke, isn't it? Nothing left there that's free or holy, if you ask me. 'Course, I grew up after the Big Bang, ya know? Don't have much in the way of knowledge of how things used to be. I'm a banger, born and raised. South central, ya know what I'm saying?

Nothing really left of the place after the Big One—it's pretty much all water now. I hear some of the OG's (that's Original Gangstas—the founding bangers, if ya didn't know) talking about how things was back in the day when the city was all dry land. Sounds boring. There was a bunch of folks here back then, from what they say. The Church of Lost Angels set up the place a long time ago—back around 1900. (**Librarian's Note:** Cube is obviously referring to the official formation of the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels, not the City of Lost Angels which was founded by Reverend Grimme shortly after the Great Quake of 1868.)

The Bangers

The Bishop of Lost Angels, a fella named Dominic D'Angelo, ran the place for a long time. Mostly the city ran as a big shelter, feeding the hungry—that sort of thing. You know the drill: faith, hope and charity, right? Well, if there's one thing that we've got tons of here in the Maze, it's hungry folks. Folks were hungry then, and they're hungry now—things don't change that much.

Sometimes, there would be food riots and stuff, so the Church would have to fall back on what they called "Guardian Angels." Ain't it funny that the minute you give people power, even for the most humane and charitable of reasons, the guns start to come out? The Guardian Angels were pretty much the reason that the bangers started out.

OK, fine, since this is for "posterity" (whatever that means), I'll tell you that bangers is short for "gangbangers." Gotta be precise, I guess. Whatever, you Librarians pay pretty good, so I guess you call the tune. The bangers started out as protection for people living in the 'hood against the Angels. The bangers would help them store food, and in some cases grow their own. The Guardian Angels didn't take kindly to that. They figured that any food grown in LA became the property of the Church, to be distributed among the population as they saw fit. Course the people didn't see it that way, and the bangers did their best to make sure that the people's wishes were honored.

After a few decades, rivalries started, like you'd expect. Rivalries over territory, over influence. Before too long, somebody gets killed, and then the rivalries become matters of payback. You end up falling into a cycle of revenge, and nobody remembers how the things started in the first place. Anyway, the bangers spent almost as much time fighting each other as they did fighting the Guardian Angels. Hell, the Angels spent most of their time for the last century or so back behind the big black walls of the inner city. I guess they figured after a while that it was easier to defend their own territory than it was to try and "pacify" the 'hood. That pretty much left the streets to us bangers.

Not as much of a problem as it used to be, of course. The Last War took care of that. The bombs dropped, lighting up the whole area. Most of the bangers got wiped out in the initial blasts. The city-busters cracked this town open like a walnut, but the Cathedral and the inner city stayed intact—not sure how. Some folks say it was through the prayers and fasting of the Bishop and his priests, but who really cares, after all? Same thing that always happens: them that has keep having, and them that ain't get dead.

Small groups of bangers lived, though. Some were underground when the bombs hit, in cellars and the metro tunnels. Some had found their way into the protected perimeter of the inner city. Those survivors became the core of the bangers of today. After the War, survival became a helluva lot more important than any matters of turf or pride. It didn't matter what your set was—East Side, South Central, West Side—none of that. You were just a survivor. One of the ones that was left. The OG's banded together everybody that they could, just to keep on living. Why fight against each other when there was a much bigger problem to fight, ya know? The head of my set was one of them. South Central is pretty proud of our heritage, ya know? Our head is one of the OG's, and there ain't many of them left nowadays.

Famine saw to that.

Famine

The OG's tell of what it was like to face down one of the Reckoners, backed by her starving faminite horde. I'm glad I wasn't there. I can't stand running into faminites now, let alone the thousands of them that threw themselves against the obsidian walls of what was left of the city. The folks inside were slowly being starved out, but that was still better than the fate of the folks in the 'hood. Within a few days, anyone who wasn't killed outright had been turned into one of those faminites and had joined the horde scraping their claws bloody on the hard stone walls.

Famine and her servants finally managed to break down the walls and get inside, but their victory didn't last long. Folks say that the Bishop and his surviving priests prayed harder than anyone ever has and called down a column of fire from the heavens. Real wrath-of-God, Old Testament type stuff. It blasted away the storms that had raged since the ghost-rock bombs dropped, and wiped out the army of faminites. That was the good news.

The bad news was that Famine herself walked away from the blast. Minus her horse, sure, but still alive, or whatever you'd call it that Reckoners are. The other bad news is actually old news for anyone who's lived in the

Maze, an earthquake hit. However, this wasn't any normal ground-shaker. We've had those by the thousands. No, this was the Big One that the OG's had been warned about from the time they were little. The whole city just dropped like it was being flushed into a huge toilet. The waters rushed in, and Lost Angels has been mostly underwater ever since.

What happened to Famine? Hell if I know, Mr. Library-man. She wandered out East. Good riddance. We've got enough trouble here without worrying about the Reckoners.

L.A. Today

Pretty much the whole city nowadays is underwater. In some places, it's only wading-depth, and that's where we live. Bangers don't mind living with wet feet, and besides, it gives you something to build on. We've built stilt-houses, floating docks, and houseboats, because even though wet feet can't kill ya, some of the stuff in that water can.

That's what the city is made up of now. Stilt-houses sprung up where the water wasn't too deep, and those permanent constructions acted as little magnets of civilization. People moored houseboats nearby, or what could pass for houseboats (more often than not, they were just shacks and lean-tos built onto simple rafts).

Soon, folks started to build floating docks and boardwalks in between their homes, and eventually these grew together into floating villages, called 'hoods (short for neighborhood, if I've gotta be specific) that covered two or three old city blocks. Lost Angels is filled with them now, each one running as its own community. There is some cooperation between the various 'hoods, but each one mostly looks after its own.

Some 'hoods are kinda overprotective, and meet any visitors with weapons drawn. Others are much more open. They act as floating bazaars that attract wanderers from all over SoCal, and even from further abroad than that. New 'hoods spring up from time to time, and the ones that manage to survive against the threats posed by the other 'hoods, scavengers and monsters carve out a territory of their own.

The Dead Pool



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However, nobody but nobody builds in the area where the Cathedral was. The water over ground zero has turned to blood, and it swirls in thick clots, spiraling gently over the spot where Famine and her horse got the holy smack-down. Folks don't live there, and very few of us bangers would even go to that area, if it weren't for outlanders who pay for guides to bring them there. Seems like some folks think that there are things worth salvaging down under that blood-dimmed tide. I've brought a couple of groups out there myself, but after the last time, I don't go there anymore.

Last group I brought out to the Dead Pool (Did I mention that was what we called it? I didn't? Sorry.) was looking for the bones of Famine's horse. They seemed to think that a bunch of old bones was something worth dying for. Turns out, that's exactly what they did. You see, there are a lot of bodies lying under those waters—remember that Lost Angels was a pretty big city, after all. Thing is, some of those bodies haven't stayed quite dead enough for my liking. They rise up from the depths and the next thing you know, your boat has pattered its way into zombie central.

The folks I brought out there didn't have a chance. Hell, I barely got out of there myself, and I lost a good boat in the process. The things that I saw done out there made sure that I'm not ever going to go there again.

I guess the chance at bringing up some valuable stuff is enough to make people face that kind of danger, and I have seen some incredible things brought up from the depths. The Church had a horde of what they called relics: some of them were technological, some of them were magical. Some folks say that it was those relics that protected the Cathedral area from the ghost-rock bombs, or made it possible for the priests to call down the wrath of God upon the scabby ol' heads of the faminites.

I saw a group of adventurers come up from under with skull. They claimed that it was the skull of Ronan Lynch. You know, the guy from all those movies? Well, I don't know if it was the real deal or not, but do I know that the skull had these powers.

The boat that they were in got attacked by a bunch of undead. Well, one of these brainers brandishes the skull at the creepy-crawlies, and damned if this bright light doesn't come pouring out of the eyeholes! Whenever the light touched the undead, they disintegrated. I



Relic hunters or dinner?

don't know whose skull it was, but it definitely must've been someone who had it in for the undead. Thing is, though, it didn't offer much help against anything else. They were attacked soon afterward by a group of Lakers (I'll tell ya about them in a minute). The skull ended up sinking back down to where it came from—along with a bunch of them, and the wreckage of their boat.

This necklace? You noticed that, did ya? Yeah, it's the emblem of the old Church. All the priests useta wear them. Now, I'm not what you'd call religious or anything, but my OG gave this to me. It was brought up from the Cathedral itself. He tells me to always keep it on, and I ain't never taken it off since. I'm not sure if it's what you'd call a holy relic or whatnot, all I know is that as long as I've been wearing it, it's protected me from becoming a faminite, no matter how many of the buggers got their claws into me.

Other folks aren't so lucky. One scratch from one of them faminites, and pretty soon you're a faminite yourself. Now, I've been scratched (and worse) a bunch of times, but I've never turned. I don't know what you'd call that, or how you can explain it, but my OG says that it's because of this necklace, and so I'll leave it on.

The Priests

The Church was sitting on a treasure-trove, that's for sure. I'm sure a lot of it was probably destroyed during the Big One, but some of it's still there. That's what brings most people into Lost Angels. The hope of the big score. There are all sorts of other things down there, but none of it is easy to find. That tends to scare off all but the most serious of fortune hunters. You pretty much have to know where to look, and even then you've got to contend with all of the stuff in the water that's between you and your prize. But if you can fight your way down there, not drown, find what you're looking for, and fight your way back, then it's yours for the taking. The only people who might have objected were the priests of the Church of Lost Angels.

Well, the priests have all gone now. Not many of them managed to survive after the Last War and those few that did just went away. I guess they gave up. I mean, when you call down a column of fire from Heaven to smite one of the Four Horsemen, and it doesn't work...well, that's gotta shake your faith to the core, doesn't it? Doesn't really give you a whole lotta confidence that you're fighting on the right side. What priests were left didn't stay



Marco!

long, and those that did stay usually managed to get themselves killed, trying to help the remaining people of Lost Angels. When you put yourself in between the helpless and whatever scavenger, monster or restless dead is threatening them, you usually don't tend to last long.

The restless dead aren't the only thing that ya hafta look out for here in Lost Angels. We've got more than our fare share of trouble. Some of that trouble is human, most of it isn't.

Pirate Problems

Naturally, like any other settlement in the maze, we've got problems with pirates. They pretty much work their way up and down the coast, and Lost Angels is just another stop on their route. We don't get as much trouble from them as you'd expect though, since I guess there are plenty of settlements all throughout the Maze that aren't Deadlands, ya know? What? Yeah, I know what that means. Some hero types who passed through town a while back kept blathering on about it. Anyway, like I was saying, why run the risk of running into the undead, or worse, when you can simply raid another town? Still, we do get some. Maybe they're braver than most, or bolder. Or, maybe, they're just not too bright.

Biggest problem, human-wise, comes from the scavengers. They're all over Lost Angels, thicker than the blood in the Dead Pool. Some of them are here trying to salvage relics from the old city.

The worst ones, though, are the ones that are here to scavenge on the scavengers themselves. Most of the folks coming to Lost Angels to hunt relics are pretty well equipped, or at least better equipped than those of us in the 'hood. There are gangs of scavengers who prey exclusively on these adventurers.

The risks are greater, but the potential rewards are also greater. These gangs are the worst of the worst, roaming the waterways of Lost Angels in fast, predatory speedboats like they're in some kind of Hong Kong action vid, ready to pounce upon the wary and unwary alike. Occasionally, they turn their attention to the floating communities, but since most of these are pretty poor, this doesn't happen too often.

The Lakers

The largest and best organized of these gangs is a group known as the Lakers. The Lakers run in the fastest boats in Lost Angels. They're kept in pristine condition by their mechanics, who use parts stripped from their victim's equipment for repairs and upgrades. The high-pitched whine of their jet-assisted engines echoing across the waters of Lost Angels is a sound that we've all come to fear. They patrol in squadrons, setting upon their victims, running them down with superior speed, and then subduing them with superior weaponry. They are not ravenous murderers, but if faced with any opposition, they meet it with a ruthlessness that is frightening to behold. In those circumstances, they rarely leave any survivors.

Their chief is a man who calls himself Blake. Not much is known about him, but stories about this origins are the usual fare at cantinas all over Lost Angels. Some say that he used to be a Red Hat for the Combine. Others that he's a former priest of the Church of Lost Angels. Another story says that he's a Templar that's gone bad. Other stories are even more farfetched than that. My favorite tale is the one that says Blake ain't even human, that he's the most advanced model of old Doc Hellstromme's automatons. That one is a complete hoot.

Rock Island

The Lakers operate out of the ruins of Rock Island Prison. The prison fared better than a lot of the city—its still above water, for one thing. It sits on an island in the middle of what was once Prosperity bay. When the quake hit, and the water came rushing in, the island lost sank a bit, but the center of the island, which housed the prison, still juts up above water like a crumbling mountain of steel and concrete.

The Lakers have converted the prison into living quarters, ironically enough, with the old cells now acting as barracks for the scavenger gang. The group has also built up a massive hangar complex that juts out into the water. They use it as a docking bay and repair facility for their boats.



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I once talked to a Laker, who was ripped on spook juice at a South Central cantina. He told me that the Lakers stay to the upper levels of the old prison. Apparently the lower levels are off limits to the Lakers, for their own safety. He told me that Blake had the entrances to the bowels of the prison sealed. General scuttlebutt among the Lakers is that the lower levels are flooded, and home to croakers, shraks, and worse.

Local Monsters

Over in the 'hoods, we've got our own problems with the croakers and shraks. They raid the 'hoods from time to time. The croakers pull folks down into their lairs, deep under the waters of Lost Angels. Their servants, the shraks, mostly just kill people. Folks around here pretty much agree that you're probably better off with the shraks. Nobody really knows what it is that the Croakers do down there. Mostly 'cause nobody who's been taken down there ever comes back. But it can't be good.

The croakers and shraks aren't the only dangers lurking in the water. The Maze has always had its monsters, ya know, and when the whole city of Lost Angels went into the drink, those monsters found their way here. 'Course, after the Last War, some of those monsters got worse, believe it or not—exposure to the rads, I guess. I've seen a squid bigger than Rock Island swallow an entire 'hood whole. Just came up underneath it, wrapped it up in its huge tentacles, and pulled it under. I've seen schools of electric eels generating enough power to run Doc Hellstromme's factories surround and fry a scavenger crew and their boat. I've seen patches of carnivorous seaweed, which I think might be the waterborne version of the tumbleweeds that you sometimes run into on dry land—living, toxic oil slicks that are drawn to motion and smother anything in the water—and then there's the dolphins.

I hear that before the Big One, the dolphins were sea mammals that used to be seen up and down the Maze. People thought they were cute and smart; used to throw them fish, and teach them to do tricks. Exposure to the rads changed all of that. The dolphins of Lost

Angels are intelligent—as smart as you or me. Smarter, even. Y'see, the dolphins, every last one of them, are sykers. Yeah, just like those bald freaks in the vids from Faraway. They can speak to your mind, or fry it. Not much is known about them, because they tend to mindwipe anyone who has dealings with them.

All that we do know is that they hunt in packs. Sometimes they hunt croakers and shraks, which can make it seem like they're on your side, especially when a pack of them come to your rescue. Sometimes, though, they hunt people. We don't know why. Maybe it has to do with territory, maybe it has to do with the things they read in our heads, or maybe they're just pissed that we don't throw them fish anymore. Who knows? All I know is that when I see a pod of them leaping through the waves, I head in the other direction. It's much safer that way.

I've also heard some stories about some kinda creature living out in the Tar Pits. You know, where they use to have museum where you could go see all those dead animals that were stupid enough to wander into the pits and get stuck. No wonder they're extinct now. A scavenger who was passing through town told me some wild tale about the creatures out there coming to life and attacking people. Yeah, right. I think he was just trying to push up the price of the Tar Pit T-shirts he was trying to unload. No, I ain't checked it out myself. My mama didn't raise no fool.

The Fishermen

Now, before you think that life in Lost Angels is just a bunch of sitting around and waiting to get killed by scavengers or eaten by monsters, let me tell ya that we can handle ourselves. The average banger is a pretty rough customer, ya know. There's even some here in the city that are even badder than that.

The Fishermen are a group of Law Dogs that are unique to Lost Angels. They're our first line of defense against the death that waits for us, in and on the water. You'll know a Fisherman by the harpoon he carries. They use other weapons, of course, but the harpoon is traditional, sort of a badge of office. A Fisherman patrols alone, in his own craft,



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moving from 'hood to 'hood, defending those who need defending, dispensing justice where justice needs doing. Mostly, though, their job is monster hunting—there are few people in Lost Angels stupid enough to take on a Fisherman.

There's one Fisherman, goes by the name of Damian. He travels the waterways of Lost Angels in an old Confederate Navy hydrofoil. It's easily one of the fastest craft in the city, faster even than some of the Laker's ships. Big guy, too—6 foot 6 if he's an inch—and burly as hell. You can see him standing at the controls of the 'foil, one hand on the wheel and the other hand wrapped around the hilt of a harpoon that he made from a steel support beam. Quite a sight.

I once saw him take on a group of pirates that had been laying siege to one of the richer 'hoods. That old Navy 'foil of his came flying in, guns blazing. He had hulled half of the pirate vessels before anyone knew what was happening. Then he jumps off the 'foil, and onto the lead pirate ship. He worked his way through the crew in short order before fighting the pirate king single-handedly with his harpoon. The pirate ended up shish-kebobbed, and Damian was in his 'foil and away before anyone in the 'hood had a chance to say thank you. Fishermen are like that.

Muties. Too!

We've got our share of mutants here, too. Lost Angels has always been a melting pot of different types of folks. Sometimes we got along, sometimes we didn't. Pretty much the same thing nowadays.

Tolerance of the mutants (and their tolerance of normals, for that matter) largely depends on what 'hood you're in. Some of the larger 'hoods—the ones that are devoted to trade, for example—mutants and norms mix without a second thought.

'Course, some of the more standoffish 'hoods don't welcome mutants. Once, a group of those Doomsayers (the freaks that follow that Silas guy out in Vegas) tried to set up their own 'hood—mutants only, ya know? That didn't last long. A bunch of us took them out. Hell, we were even backed up by some of those anti-Silas mutants. Proof that we can all come together when we have to.

Most people are content to live and let live, there's enough stuff out there to do a body in without having to worry about your neighbor stickin' a blade in you when you're not looking. Troublemakers who try to get people riled up against each other don't last long around here 'cause we got each other's backs.



Does the Tar Pit Monster really exist?

Tradin' Days

We come together especially during trading days. It's sort of an excuse for a festival. People trade their goods, and there's lots of drinking and carrying on. There are races (usually boats and jet skis), where the folks who brag about having the faster craft can prove it to the crowd. Very cool stuff, the craft jetting around the waterways of Lost Angels, throwing up huge wakes behind them. Almost as much fun to watch as it is to participate. I've only been in a couple; 'course, now I have to find a new boat, since I lost the last one. Oh, and of course, there are the post-fighting matches.

You've never been to one? Man, you haven't lived. You ought to get out of that library of yours more often. Post fights are totally wicked. Two combatants face off in hand-to-hand combat—no weapons. Their arena consists of a dozen or so dock posts, sticking up out of the water at different heights. They have to balance on those posts, and fight their opponent at the same time. The first person to fall into the water is the loser. Lots of betting goes on during those fights and a good post-fighter can really make a good living for him or herself.

For the most part, Lost Angels is a tolerant community. We've got more to worry about than ways to hate each other. We've got to find our next meal, for one thing. That's one thing that never changes about life in the Maze. There's just not a helluva lot of food out here. We've got some 'hoods that run gardens, grow their stuff in hydroponic labs. Those are some of the richer folks in Lost Angels. They bring their harvests to market and make a pretty income on it. Of course, a lot of that loot is just immediately turned around to pay for hiring folks to keep watch over the gardens and shoo away any beasties or scavengers that might want to make off with the crops.

Most 'hoods get their food through fishing. Net fishing, mostly—it's the easiest way to get the most fish—and anything big enough to cause you any trouble will usually just rip through, so you don't accidentally bring something up that's more interested in eating you. The smart folks head out into the open sea to fish. There's a lot less chance of bringing up a body that would rather stay down, for one thing. 'Course, deeper water can mean bigger predators, but that's the chance you take. We bangers call these folks Harvesters, to set them apart from the Fishermen that I told ya about earlier.



The Bishop and his minions attack a mining camp.

Feast or Famine. Mostly Famine

Still, Lost Angels attracts a lot of people, and even with the hydroponics and the fishing, there really isn't enough food to go around. That means that most folks are hungry the majority of the time. Most of us get enough food to keep us alive, but not enough to stop the hunger—there are some that don't even get that much. They don't stick around, though, for obvious reasons.

I've got a theory, in fact. I think that the constant level of hunger in the 'hoods acts as bait for the faminites, believe it or not. I think that they're attracted to hunger. That's why we've never been rid of them, even if Famine herself left the city alone. The bad thing is, sometimes it's hard to tell the difference between a person who's just starving and a person who's in the early stages of faminite infection. You've just gotta keep an eye on them, I guess. The minute that they start eyeing you like you're a double special with cheese from Biggy Burger, you cap their ass and have done with it. Maybe they were a faminite, maybe they weren't; but if you wait around to find out, you mind end up a faminite yourself.

Most of the faminites come out of the area of the Maze that we call Purgatory. Used to be a big ghost rock vein, but during the Last War, all of it ignited, and it's been burning ever since. Flames lick the sky, and reflect this hellish glow off the bottoms of the thick clouds of smoke that are always there.

If you've ever seen ghost rock burn you know that there's a constant wailin' noise, and sometimes you can see things in the smoke. So, pretty much, all of that is happening all the damned time over in Purgatory. That's one of the big reasons why the people of Lost Angels don't have nothing to do with it. Another big reason is the Bishop.

Da Bishop

The Bishop is some kinda monster, I guess. Never seen him myself, thank God. The OG tells me that he's all fat, like some kind of overfed spider sitting in the middle of a vast web; only the web is the Maze, and we're the food. He dresses himself in the robes of a

Bishop from the old Church of Lost Angels, but I don't know if anyone knows whether or not he actually was the bishop or not. Anyway, he holes up in a big ol' temple that sits smack dab in the middle of the flaming pit that is Purgatory, surrounded by thousands of his faminite followers.

The Bishop used to send his faminite army out to attack Lost Angels on a regular basis for a long time. He'd throw them at us, and we'd band together and fight them off. Some of us would get killed, but way more of them would get destroyed. After a while of this, I guess he got tired of throwing his followers into the meat grinder. Although, if ya ask me, he stopped doing it that way because banding together for defense like that gave us hope. Things like the Bishop don't like hope; they only like fear.

Nowadays, he's a lot more crafty about it. He'll send in one or two faminites like some kinda infiltration unit. They try to infect as many of us as they can before they get discovered. I guess he figures that if he can get a faminite epidemic started, we'll devour ourselves from the inside. 'Course, that plan also keeps us on edge all the time. Things are pretty tense when you don't know when you're gonna be surprised by a starving zombie.

Thing that worries me the most about this tactic, though, is that I can't for the life of me figure out what he's doing with the thousands of others that he used to send after us. I start to get the creeps when I even think about it. I mean just think about it. Thousands of shriveled, starving things just lurking out there waiting to make you their next meal. There ain't much that scares me anymore, but that just gives me the willies. If you really want to know more about the Bishop, you should talk to the Firemen; they head out into Purgatory all the time.

Yeah, you might say life is hard here in the Lost Angels. Let's be up front about it, though—life is pretty much hard as hell every where in the Wasted West, and anyone who tells ya otherwise is a brainer. Me, I'd rather live here than anywhere else. Here, I know that I've got my set to back me up if I need help. Out there, you're on your own.

I love LA.



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Natural Hazards

Librarian's Note: These are the words of Travis Wilkes, a ghost rock prospector in the Great Maze.



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Traveling through the Maze is no walk in the park—certainly not since the Big Bang. Forget about all the monsters and minions of the Reckoners for a minute. We'll get to them soon enough. Even without 'em, the Maze is damned unfriendly. Sometimes, I almost think the place has got a mind of its own and is makin' up new ways to kill a man.

I guess that's to be expected. I mean, the Maze is a valuable piece of real estate. Folks have been fightin' over it for over two hundred years now. It wouldn't surprise me one bit if the Reckoners were doin' their level best to make it hard for anyone to hold on to it for long—not that people stop tryin'. I think the nature of the place backs me up whole hog on this.

Like I said, things seem to change a lot in the Maze. Still, I can warn you about a few of the natural hazards I've run into while prospecting. I just can't guarantee they'll be the *only* ones you'll find if you're fool enough to follow in my footsteps.

Rock Slides

I don't know a prospector that hasn't encountered a rock slide or two in his time. That's because they can happen almost anywhere. The Maze was never all that stable to begin with, and all those bombs during the Last War certainly haven't made matters any better.

There are basically two kinds o' rock slides, neither of much fun. The first is your "traditional" rock slide, the kind you used to read about in dime novels or see in movies. You'll be moving up an incline, or even along a flat area, and all of a sudden you hear a rumbling sound as tons of rock come falling down on you. In cases like that, look for shelter until it's over. Don't try to outrun the slide, because you'll end up deader than a norm at a Doomsayer cookout.

The second kind happens when the ground gives way beneath you and sends you tumbling over the edge along with the rocks. There's not much you can do about that except hope to God you can grab on to something on the way down. Otherwise, you'd better be pretty tough, because that's about the only thing that'll save your hide.



Rock slides are an ever present danger in the Great Maze.

Waterspouts

As you know, the Maze is filled with lots of channels and waterways. Some of them are pretty narrow, while others are damned wide. I'm told that when you find the wider ones in areas with high canyon walls, you can get these weird little pockets of weather. That's where you'll find waterspouts.

Waterspouts are these whirling columns of air and watery mist. They're definitely not something you want to run into when you're in a little boat or raft. Between the high winds and water everywhere, they can be pretty dangerous even to larger boats. Experienced pilots can usually steer clear of the worst of them, but they're often so big that that's not an easy task.

I won't even mention that a lot o' Maze monsters use waterspouts as a cover for their attacks. You've got enough to worry about as it is.

There's a second kind of waterspout that's got nothing to do with the wind. They're caused by just the right combination of underwater caves and changing tides. When the conditions are right, water starts flowing through these caves, picks up speed, and then comes squirting out like a giant super soaker. I've seen ships as big as a tugboat get tossed 50 feet in the air by one of these things.

Most of these spouts come up from underneath you, but I've seen some that squirt out of the sides of mesas, too. You'd better have a good hold of something if you get hit with one or you're going for a swim.

Undertows

Another water-related danger in the Maze is an undertow. An undertow occurs when you've got a strong tide that's opposed to other currents. What you get is a whole lot of water turbulence—which can lead to a whole lot of trouble for anyone unlucky enough to get caught in one. The turbulent current tends to pull things under and keep them there. I've seen undertows strong enough to pull medium-sized boats under. A swimmer in one of those is a goner for shore.

Undertows are much more predictable than waterspouts. If you know the Maze well enough, you're probably familiar with places where you'll find them. That's why it's a good idea to take along an experienced guide until you know your way around. Believe me, it'll save you a heap o' trouble in the long run.

Flame Slicks

I'm assuming you know all about spook juice, that ghost rock extract junkers use for fuel. Well, we've got something like that in the Maze too, but it's not really something you want to mess with. See, some veins of ghost rock "bleed" off this sticky oil-like stuff. It doesn't really have a name; we just call it "ghost rock oil." The oil smells awful and it doesn't mix with water. It just floats on top of it.

It's also flammable as hell. If it gets in contact with just a little bit o' flame, it catches fire faster than you can say "Judgment Day." We prospectors call lighted patches like this flame slicks, because that's pretty much what they are: great big pools of floating green flame. They're unfortunately common in some waters of the Maze, especially near that hellhole they call Purgatory. The place took a bomb intended for Lost Angels during the War and has been burning ever since.

Some junkers I know—mostly ones who work with spook juice a lot—think the oil could be used as a powerful explosive. They're probably right. The big problem is finding enough of the stuff for them to experiment with. Most of the time I come across it, it's already on fire. The other times, it's just not enough to really collect. Still, a fella could probably make himself some dinero if he found a way to do it. I know plenty o' junkers who'd be mighty interested in getting some for their experiments.

Soul Storms

What do you get when you drop a bunch of ghost rock bombs in an area already loaded with the stuff? Soul storms, of course—at least if you're in the Maze.



A deadly waterspout.

Soul storms usually kick up without any warnin'. They're like little glowin' green twisters that howl as they move across the ground. Sound like the souls of the damned, they do. My junker friends tell me that's not the case. Maybe so, but I sure as Hell don't wanna ever hear that sound again.

Of course, that might also be 'cause these storms cut you to the quick—literally. Get caught in one of these and you feel like your soul's being cut with a thousand little knives. It ain't a pleasant experience, let me tell you.

You can mostly avoid soul storms by stayin' away from canyons rich in ghost rock. I don't know all the details; I'm not a scientist. Seems like it has to do with how radiation from

bombs in the Last War reacted with ghost rock deposits underground or somethin'. Like I said, I'm no scientist, but I know enough to avoid soul storms. You should too.

Brimstorms

This is another kind o' weird weather condition you'll find in some places. Basically, it's a cloud of yellow gas and dust. You'll mostly find them around places with lots of caves and fissures. As I hear it, gas from beneath the earth seeps out and gets caught up in a kind of wind tunnel or something, on account of all those crevices and so forth. I don't really understand it, but I try to stay away from places like that—just in case.

The problem with brimstorms isn't the wind or the dust. There's worse out there than these. The trouble is the sulfurous gas they spread. If an hombre's not careful, he'll be overcome and die in a couple of minutes. Covering your mouth and nose helps a mite, but it only buys you a little more time. Gas masks and the like might work, I guess. Of course, I've never known anyone with gear like that, so I won't vouch for their effectiveness.

Riptides

Last, but not least, you've got your riptides. These occur in narrow canyons when the tide changes. The channel funnels the water as it moves in and out, sometimes accelerating it to incredible speeds. Boats caught in one of these fast-moving currents are simply carried along for the ride. A good skipper with an agile boat can sometimes ride them out, but more often than not boats get slammed against canyon walls or jutting rocks and ripped to shreds—I guess that's why they call 'em riptides.

Some places have predictable riptides that happen with every change of the tide. Others happen only at low tide or high tide. Some only occur at high tide during a full moon, while still others appear to be on a two or three month cycle, and some are just completely random. It just goes to prove that unless you know what you're doing, you shouldn't muck around out there.

Pirates

Librarian's Note: The following are the words of Tobias Westerlake, a guide with extensive experience in the Great Maze.



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The Maze is a great place to hide if you don't want to be found. Not surprisingly, it's always attracted more than its fair share of criminals and roughnecks. The Last War didn't change that fact. If anything, it made it even truer.

The waterways of the Maze play host to several pirate bands. Consider yourself lucky if you never run into any of them, because these boys are real pieces of work. You thought overland raiders were bad? You ain't seen nothin' yet.

The Colonel's Men

By far the largest and most powerful pirate group is The Colonel's Men. They take their name from their leader, a tough hombre who calls himself "The Colonel." Straightforward, ain't it? They say he was a Confederate officer who decided to use his military training to make himself rich after the War.

If so, the Colonel's plan seems to have worked. His wealth is supposed to rival that of Manchu, the despot of Turtle Isle. That's probably a tall tale, but The Colonel *is* loaded. He even controls several boomtowns and survivor settlements with his dinero. Of course, it helps that his Men are brutal and efficient, more like commandos than your typical pirates. He's not someone you want on your bad side.

Luckily, The Colonel's something of an eccentric (ain't they all?). He's also secure enough now that he doesn't automatically assume a posse entering his turf is a threat. Treat him with the proper respect and tribute—he really gets off on it—and the Colonel's more likely to hire you than kill you.

Notice I said "more likely." Remember, this fella's still basically a pirate. He's not a nice man and he's certainly not to be underestimated. The Colonel didn't get where he is today by being a sucker. I'd counsel against dealing with him at all if possible.

On the other hand, The Colonel knows a lot about the Maze. He's also no friend of the Reckoners, having fought against their critters for years. That makes him a valuable source of information. Poses from all over the Wasted West seek him out 'cause of that.

Now, a pirate as successful as the Colonel's got a lot of enemies. Hardly a week goes by that some bad ass with delusions of grandeur doesn't try to stick it to him—not that they've got a chance in Hell of coming even close to doing it. Like I said, the Colonel's tough as nails and as wily as they come.

That's cold comfort to the Colonel's lieutenants and other hangers-on, who often wind up taking bullets meant for him. The same could happen to you too if you're not careful. That's why I don't deal with the guy. Nothing personal, mind you. I'm just not ready to say adios to life yet.

The Wako

You remember the kangers, right? Well, the Wako are kanger pirates and a particularly unpleasant bunch of them at that. See, the Wako don't just raid for loot; they're also looking for warm bodies, if you know what I mean. They're the worst kind of pirate: slavers.

Wako slave ships attack settlements throughout the Maze, preferably isolated ones that won't be missed. They've depopulated entire towns. They don't care whether they capture norms or mutants; an able body is an able body, whatever it looks like.

Don't think for a minute the Wako are pushovers just 'cause they single out remote settlements. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Their leader, Wen Shihao, has trained these pirates extensively in both melee and hand-to-hand combat. Some Wako even know martial arts, I'm told. I certainly wouldn't want to tangle with them.

Wen cultivates an air of mystery about the Wako. Their attacks come without warning and no one—at least no one I've talked to—knows the location of their base, or if they even have one. Hell, no one even knows what they do with all the slaves they capture. There are a lot of theories, of course, but nothing anyone's been able to prove.

Doom Sailors

There's worse than the Wako in the Maze—like the Doom Sailors, for instance. Cute name, huh? Sadly, there ain't nothin' cute about this outfit. These mutie pirates are cruel, ugly as sin, and—as you can probably guess—they belong to Rasmussen's Cult of Doom.

The leader of the Sailors is a religious fanatic, a wiry little mutant named Zakoor. Some folks say Zakoor fled Vegas after a failed attempt to replace Silas as Mutant King. I can't speak to that. To be honest, I'd be surprised if old Silas would let a traitor like that escape—even if he did hide in the Maze. Whatever the case, there's no doubting Zakoor's complete dedication to the goals of the Cult.

Naturally, the Doom Sailors have it in for us normal folk. They prefer to raid norm settlements, but they'll just as soon attack muties who don't share their beliefs. What makes them really happy, though, is recruiting mutants to help bring about the doom the Cult's always going on about. That's why people say Zakoor's got more on his mind than simple raiding. After all, how many muties ya need for a successful pirate fleet? He seems to do a lot of recruiting in the ruins of Shan Fan.

Me, I could care less. I don't get involved in matters of religion, even one as loco as the Cult of Doom. I just steer clear of the Sailors. Unfortunately, that's not as easy as it sounds. These raiders add more muties to their fleet every day. I even heard tell that Zakoor's got his grimy paws on some old military vessels too. I don't buy it, of course, but anything's possible—especially in the Maze.

The Black Hand

The Black Hand are about as close as you're gonna get to good old fashioned Movie Town variety pirates. Don't get me wrong. They don't have peg legs and eye patches and say "Arrrr!" all the time (at least most of 'em don't). I mean the Black Hand are in it solely for loot and plunder. They don't have an axe to grind or a Grand Plan or anything like that. They're just a bunch of waterborne robbers, nothing more.

In a way, I can almost respect that. Folks got a make a living somehow, right? Too bad the Black Hand decided to make their living off me one day. Yeah, you heard me right; I was taken by the Black Hand. They attacked a ship I was on, a charter out of Lynchburg. Believe me, it was nothing special.

The pirates just sidled up next to us, fired a couple of warning shots, and sent over a boarding party. They took whatever they wanted and left with a minimum of fuss and no bloodshed. I'm not saying the Black Hand are saints or anything, but they're not psychos either. Give them what they want and no one gets hurt. Given the stories of their early days, I think that's good advice.

The Black Hand doesn't really have a leader. Each of their ships—I think there are five—has her own captain who acts more or less independently. Each captain is pledged to support the others when needed, but that's the extent of their coordination. Oh, that, and they all fly flags with a picture of a black hand on them. That's how they got their name.

I'd avoid messing with these guys if I were you. If you run into one of their ships, just hand over your valuables and thank God they weren't the Doom Sailors or the Wako. Sure, you'll be out some cash and trinkets, but you'll have your life.

Tolls



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Who says the entrepreneurial spirit died in the Last War? Guess they never told the Mazers. With all the narrow channels and twisting waterways—not to mention all that ghost rock—a lot of enterprising folks have set up tolling stations at various chokepoints. You heard me, I said tolling stations. Just 'cause there's no government doesn't mean there ain't no taxes.

Now, before you get your panties in a twist, let me explain something. Tolling stations ain't all that common, but there *are* a couple you should know about beforehand, 'cause they're in places you're gonna probably want to go. I mean, that's part of the reason why folks set 'em up there in the first place—that, and greed, of course.

Commerce Station

This is one of the bigger tolling stations you're likely to find in the Maze. It's located near the ruins of Lost Angels, where one of the channels gets pretty narrow. That channel's the easiest route to a canyon rich in ghost rock. It don't take a genius to see how it might be profitable to take control of the channel. That's how Commerce Station was born.

Of course, to have the gumption to do something like that, you've gotta be mighty strong, mighty crazy, or both. I'll leave it to you which best describes the gal who set up the place, Liz Langley. I'm not really sure what Liz did before the Big Bang. Hell, I'm not really sure what she does now. What I do know is that she and her gang got hold of a lot of firepower and they don't hesitate to use it.

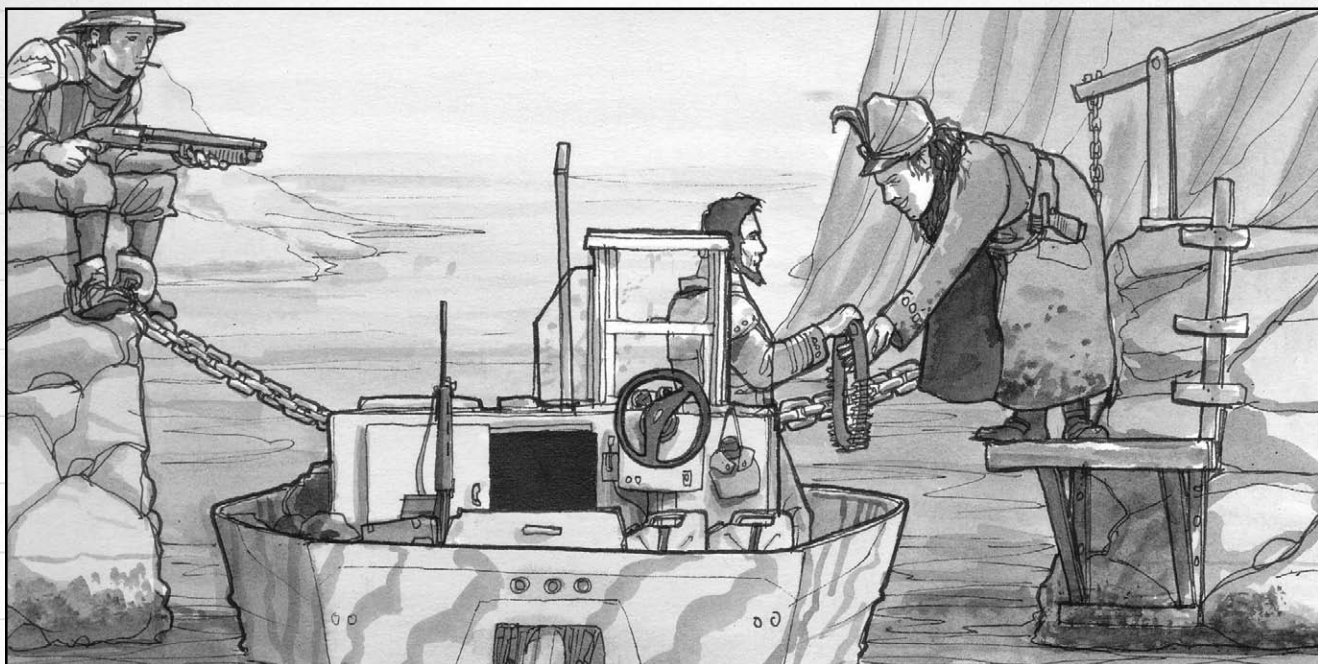
Commerce Station's really a collection of makeshift buildings that straddle both sides of a narrow waterway. The buildings may look like they couldn't take much punishment, but, believe me, they can. Liz and her gang have reinforced 'em with the best materials they could find. We're not talking military-grade stuff here, but it's good enough to keep away

raiders and croakers stupid enough to try to enter the canyon without paying the toll. 'Course, the machine guns and rocket launchers probably help too.

Anyway, Liz and her gang ain't strong enough to control the whole valley. 'Sides, they're not interested in the ghost rock—at least not for themselves. Mostly, they want weapons and ammo as toll fees, but they'll take anything they think'll help 'em guard the canyon from 'undesirables,' which is to say anyone Liz doesn't want in.

I know that seems a little loco. Why guard a canyon full of valuable ghost rock and charge only enough toll to keep on guarding the canyon? Don't ask me, compadre; ask Liz if ya ever get the chance. Maybe she won't blast your sorry hide for asking such things like she does most folks who get too nosy. Me, I hold my tongue and smile politely. No sense in ticking off someone with as big an arsenal as Liz.

What? Is there anyone in the Maze I would stand up to. What are you implying? Look, I'm a ghost rock prospector. I find the stuff, dig it up, and sell it to those who have a use for it. It's awful hard to turn a profit when you're working underground at a daisy farm. Besides, I'm a lover, not a fighter.



Some entrepreneurs and their toll gate.

Miramar

Unlike Commerce Station, the reasons behind Miramar's toll are pretty obvious. See, Miramar's near the infamous "Channel of Doom." Never heard of it? How long ya been wondering the Wasted West, amigo? The Channel of Doom's the site of a major battle of the Last War. From what I remember, the Rebs ambushed a whole mess of Mexican troops there. All these years later, you can still find the wrecks of ships and planes in the channel. Junkers and other interested folks come from all over hopin' to find something they can use in all that wreckage.

So, the leaders of Miramar—they call themselves the Council of Five, pretentious bastards—got this big chain they draw across the channel and they charge anyone who wants to pass. The cost of the toll varies from week to week and the whim of the Council, but it's usually around \$200 in goods. I know that's a pretty penny, but the Channel of Doom holds a lot of potential loot. Even I think it's worth paying to get a shot at it.

That chain contraption's some kind of junker device and I wouldn't try to get around it. For one, it's big and blocks even movement

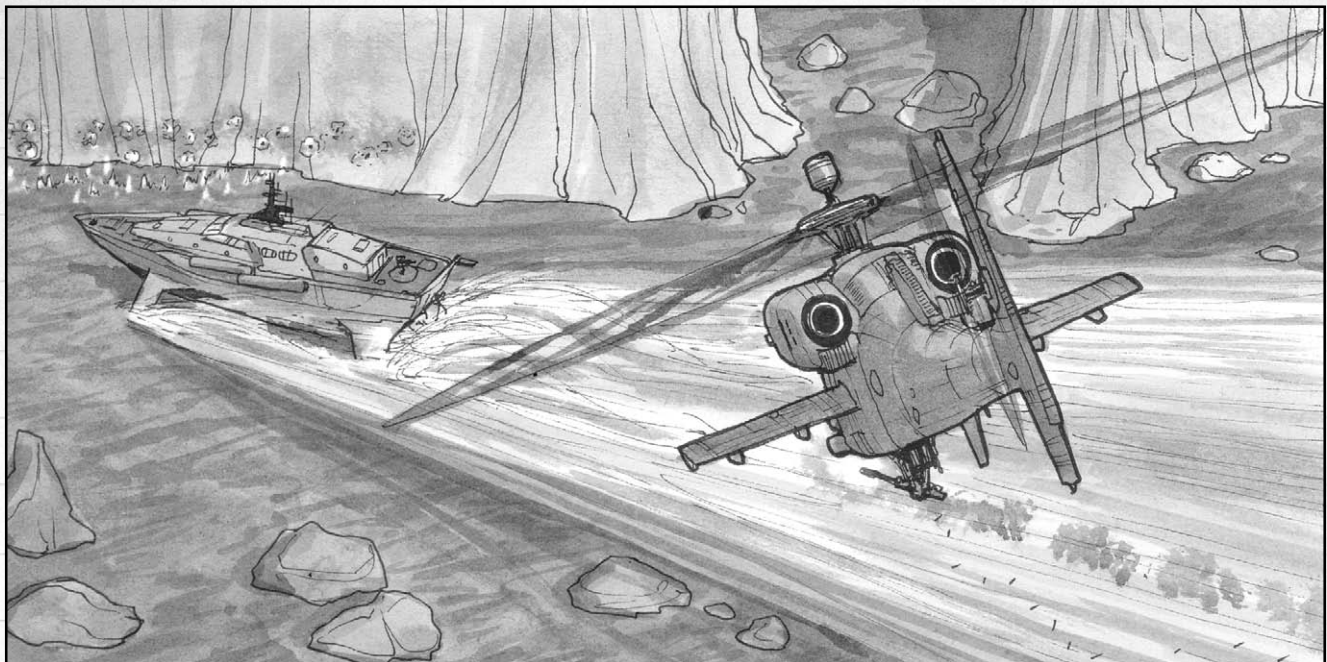
beneath the surface of the water; there's a strong ghost steel net hanging off of it. For another, the toll's manned at all times by trigger-happy guards who'd love an excuse to pump uppity strangers full of lead.

Miramar itself isn't the most hospitable of places. Because of all the outsiders who come to the channel, and the creatures they stir up looking for treasure, the Council of Five's got a lot of tough laws on the books. Most of 'em result in fines, but some are harsher than that. If he's not careful, a fella could end up dead or worse. Think about that before you let dreams of wealth go to your head.

The Colonel's Tolls

Ya didn't really think you'd seen the end of him, did ya? Like I said before, the Colonel may help out posses now and then, but he's still in it for the money—and there's money to be had in tolls.

Since the Colonel's got so many men, he can afford to scatter 'em all over the Maze and set up tolls wherever it suits him. Well, maybe not *all over* the Maze, but sometimes it feels like it. Why, I remember being fleeced by the Colonel's tolls three times in a single day.



Cat and mouse battles like this were commonplace in the Maze during the Last War.

In general, the Colonel's tolls consist of a couple of his men who stake out a canal and demand payment from anyone who wants to pass. The Colonel's tolls are usually pretty fair, especially when you compare them to places like Miramar. Expect to lose about \$10 in goods at each toll unless you're willing to file a grievance with the collectors. I wouldn't recommend it, though. Most of 'em carry assault rifles and know how to use them.

Monsters o' the Maze



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Librarian's Note: Here is more of the collected wisdom of Travis Wilkes, ghost rock prospector.

Rich veins of ghost rock weren't the only things revealed by the Great Quake of 1868. Sometimes I wish they were. Ever since California took a dive into the Pacific, the Maze has been home to more monsters than you can shake a rat on a stick at. At first, folks thought some o' these monsters were just ordinary animals no one had ever seen before, like the Maze dragon, for instance. No one thinks that anymore.

The bombs that fell during the Last War—never mind the appearance of Reckoners—created even more abominations. Seems like you can't go anywhere in the Maze without running into one monster or another. I exaggerate a bit, mind you. Things aren't *that* bad, otherwise folks wouldn't still be going into the place. Still, a trip to the Maze isn't a pleasant experience for most people. If you're not prepared for what's there, you might not even live to regret it, if you know what I mean.

Cryote

A good example o' what I'm talking about is the cryote. It'd be an unusual creature for the Maze just for its appearance if nothing else. See, it looks almost exactly like an ordinary ol' coyote. If you've got good eyes, though, you can tell the difference. The cryote's got a slight

bluish tinge to its fur. It's also got these soulless black eyes without any whites. You see either o' these telltale signs and you'd best hightail it as fast as you can.

Up close and personal, the cryote's not much more dangerous than the everyday variety. Cryotes don't travel in packs, although they sometimes cooperate with a couple others in hunting. The problem is you're not likely to get close enough to a cryote anyway. These creatures howl like nobody's business. The sound isn't just annoying, it's positively fear-inducing. I've seen really tough sons of bitches turn yellow just at the sound of a cryote's howl. If you're not careful, you'll be so paralyzed with fright, you're easy pickings for whatever decides to take advantage of the situation.

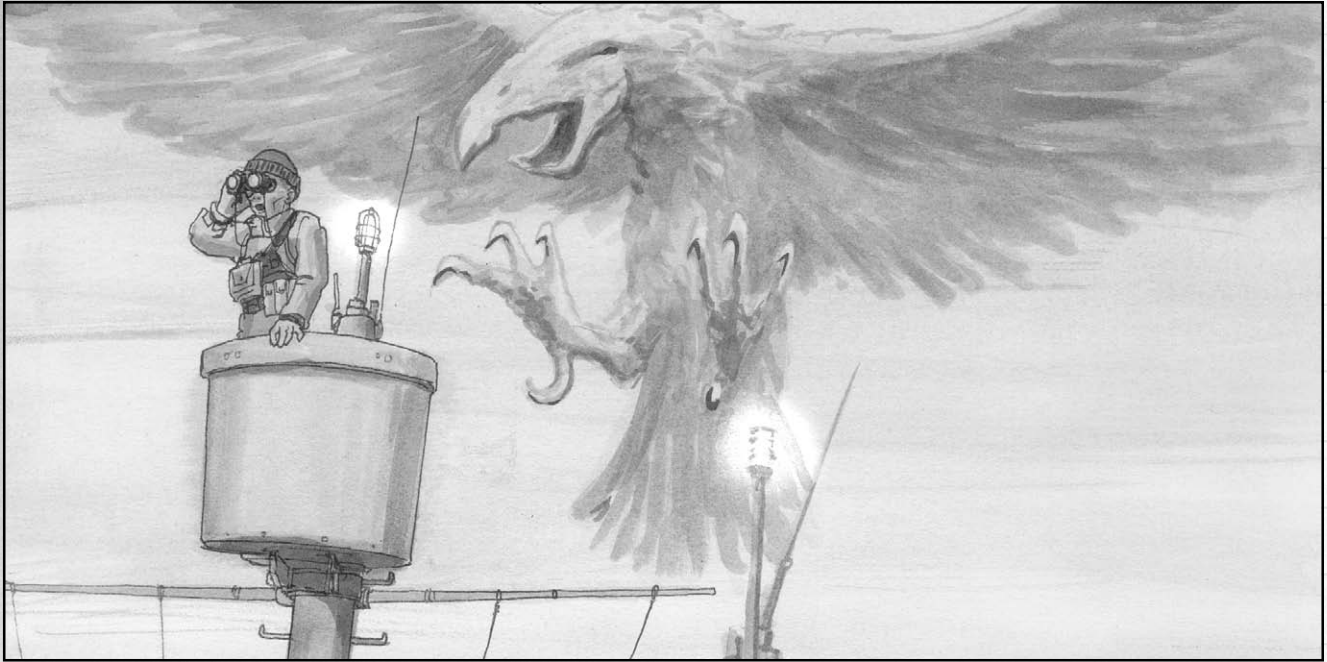
See, that's another thing you gotta worry about. Some of the cleverer monsters of the Maze use cryotes as a kind of trap for their prey. Once the howls have stunned a waster, these things move in for the kill. The cryotes don't seem to mind. As long as they get a chance to pick the bones of what's left over, they're pretty happy with the arrangement.

Before you ask: I don't know any way to protect yourself from the effects of the howls. As far as I can tell, an hombre's either made of the right stuff to take it or he's not. No amount of preparation or precautions will change that. I'm not just bragging. This is the truth, partner. My only advice is to be on the lookout for these devil dogs before they can get close enough to do any harm. Failing that, pray to God someone in your posse's made of strong stuff—or else you're done for.

Rubber Chicken Man

I don't know if you remember 'em, but they used to sell these rubber chickens in joke shops before the War. Pretty stupid things really. They didn't do anything at all 'cept flop around and stretch a bit. I'm not really sure why folks figured they were funny. I never had much use for them myself, but then people say I haven't got a sense of humor.

Anyway, there are these things in the Maze that kinda remind me of those rubber chickens. Of course, they're not chickens,



He's not much of a lookout.

they're people—or at least they *were* people. As I understand it, ghost rock bombs can do a lot of weird stuff, especially if they hit a target that's already a little warped to begin with. Well, the Maze has been warped for 200 years now, so you can imagine the stuff those bombs mighta done.

In the case of the rubber chicken men, those bombs totally melted away their bones. You'd expect something like that to kill an hombre, but it doesn't. The rubber chicken men—yeah, I know it's a stupid name—somehow kept on ticking, but it's not a pretty sight. Just like those stupid chickens I was talking about, these things flop around and stretch their way around some of the canyons of the Maze. When I first saw 'em, I wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry. Now I know the best thing to do is run.

The rubber chicken men may not have bones, but they're still a very real threat. They can deliver a pretty good wallop if you get too close to 'em. They can also—and I know this sounds funny—bounce off a solid object and right into a fella. Hurts like hell, let me tell you. I suppose they might be able to wrap themselves round you like a snake, but I've never let one get close enough to me to find out.

Worse part is their skin is tough and rubbery. It's damned hard to hurt them. Bullets, knives, even fire don't do them much harm. That's really why these things aren't as laughable as they appear. Get cornered by one and you might just end up dead.

Maze Ant

What would a huge mess o' canyons, caves, and tunnels like the Maze be without giant burrowing insects? A Hell of a lot safer, that's for sure.

I'm not all that clear when the ants first appeared. I'm pretty certain they didn't have them back before the War. Of course, when you're dealing with the Maze, it's hard to tell. Whenever they appeared, the ants have been a great big thorn in the side of prospectors ever since. They're attracted to ghost rock, they say. That's why they're always popping their ugly heads out of the ground and attacking folks trying to mine the stuff. At least that's the story I've heard. I've never had any problems with 'em myself, but maybe I've just been lucky. Then again, I can't imagine what a bunch of giant bugs would want with ghost rock anyway, so maybe this is just another tall tale.

Maze ants look like giant ghostly white ants. They have a slightly “sinister” look to ‘em if that makes any sense. Something about their eyes, I think. They don’t appear to be creatures of the Reckoning, as such, so I figure they’re probably mutants of some kind. Except for their enormous size and attraction to ghost rock—assuming that’s true, that is—they don’t have any other weird traits you should know about it.

Actually, that’s a lie. Maze ants do have one more peculiar trait: their hatred of Mojave rattlers, wormlings, and others of their ilk. I figure it’s some sort of territorial thing. Whenever the ants find any of those other subterranean beasties moving in on their piece of the Maze, they work together to deal with the problem. The ants are real good at working together, you see. The way I hear it, they trick the rattlers into falling off cliffs or into water and the like. I’ve never seen it, mind you, but if it’s true, the ants can’t be all bad.

Brine Bones

Considering all the fighting that’s been going on in the Maze for the last couple centuries, it’s no wonder its waters are littered with dead bodies and skeletons. I hear the so-called Channel o’ Doom is pretty bad this way. As you might guess, some of these bodies decide not to stay dead. The ones that don’t come back as what they call “brine bones,” on account of their salty odor. I suppose being in the water all that time doesn’t do a lotta good for a fella.

Brine bones are skeletal creatures. What meat they still have is usually pretty pale and fish-eaten. A lot of them wear the tatters of military uniforms, mostly Reb and Mexican stuff from what I’ve seen. They don’t seem to use firearms much, which is what you’d expect, them being former soldiers and all. Instead, most of them use their bare hands or makeshift weapons like clubs to attack. I’ve even heard of some that’ll bite if nothing else is available.

For the most part, brine bones are a lot like other kinds of walking dead. There’s a couple of big differences, though. For one, they’re not quite as tough individually. Maybe all that salt

water made their bones brittle, or maybe they didn’t get enough milk as a kid, who knows. Problem is you never encounter just one of them. Brine bones always appear in large groups, and I mean *large*. Coming across 20 or 30 at a time isn’t unusual at all.

Most important of all, these things seem pretty intelligent compared to other zombies. Must be a vestige of their old military training. That’s why there’s stories going round the Maze about ships crewed entirely by brine bones. Let me be honest here. I’ve never seen such a thing. Still, I wouldn’t put it past ‘em. You’d be making a big mistake to think brine bones are just your average walking dead. That’s a mistake that could cost you, believe me.

Ferryman

While we’re talking about boats and such, I might as well bring up the ferrymen. Ferrymen are mysterious creatures. They are these cloaked, mummified corpses that punt around the Maze in little wooden boats. They always seem to be surrounded by swirling mists, even when the weather’s pretty clear all around them. What really gets to folks is that no one knows what they’re up to. The ferrymen just paddle around and don’t really go anywhere – not that anyone’s been able to figure out anyway.

There are lots o’ theories, naturally. The most popular one—and the one that gave ‘em their name—says that they’re a taxi service to the Hunting Grounds! It’s pretty hard to swallow, I know, but all bets are off since the Apocalypse. Almost anything’s possible if you’re willing to look hard enough.

That’s why the ferrymen are such a mystery. Lots of folks have seen them, but I’ve never met anyone who’s ever talked to one or taken a ride in his boat or anything like that. It’s pretty weird actually. I mean, the Maze is full of taletellers. You’d figure at least one or two of them would have stories about the ferrymen, but they don’t. Not a one. Makes me think there really *is* something weird going on here. Of course, I guess they might be a *one way* taxi service, in which case their customers won’t be telling any tales.

Green Leaper

Some creatures don't seem to recognize the difference between land and water. They do just fine in both, which makes them twice the threat to people wandering in the Maze. The green leaper is one of the more unpleasant examples of these amphibians.

Green leapers look like some unholy cross between a frog and a lizard. They're about as big as a large dog, covered with a tough leathery hide, and have powerful hind legs—which is how they got their name. They've also got a huge mouth full of razor-sharp teeth. That mouth is something you'll wanna steer clear of. Leapers might not be as big as your average waster, but they can open up pretty wide if they set their mind to it. I know a couple fellas who lost limbs to leapers. Don't let it happen to you.

Those hind legs are what makes a leaper as terrifying as it is. These varmints spend most of their time in the water, floating around near the shore. When they see prey coming their way, they take a big gulp of air and submerge themselves beneath the water. Then, they lie in wait until their victim is close by and they leap out of the water, ready to attack. Leapers don't waste any time and use surprise to their advantage. As soon as they're out of the water, you've gotta act quickly before they've sunk their fangs into you.

As if that weren't bad enough, Leapers are pretty good swimmers too. That's those hind legs again, compadre. So, you can't escape 'em by diving in the water. They'll get you just as good as they do on land—maybe better.

Cliff Diver

Another monstrosity that's as much a threat to you on water as it is on land is the cliff diver. Divers are man-sized creatures that look a little like big lizards or snakes or something like that. They've got scaly bodies and large flaps of skin they use to glide on air. That's how they got their name. They climb to the top of cliffs and wait for some unwitting brainer to pass beneath them. That's when they swoop down on them and do their dirty business.

And that business is pretty nasty stuff. See, cliff divers are creatures of the Reckoning. I say that because they just don't seem to serve any other purpose except to spread fear throughout the Maze. Any fella unlucky enough to get bitten by a diver can contract a weird disease that slowly turns him into a diver over the course of a few hours. It's a painful transformation, let me tell you. Without the proper antidote, it's probably better to put the poor waster out of his misery.

By "proper antidote," I really mean only one thing: laying on hands by a Templar. I don't know anything else that can save you if you've contracted the diver's disease. Anything less just won't do. Since the Templars don't work their wonders for just anybody (you gotta be "worthy" or something), you might really be in trouble. That's why it's always good to wear a fit bit of armor when traveling through cliff diver territory. It can't protect you one hundred percent, but it's better than the alternative.

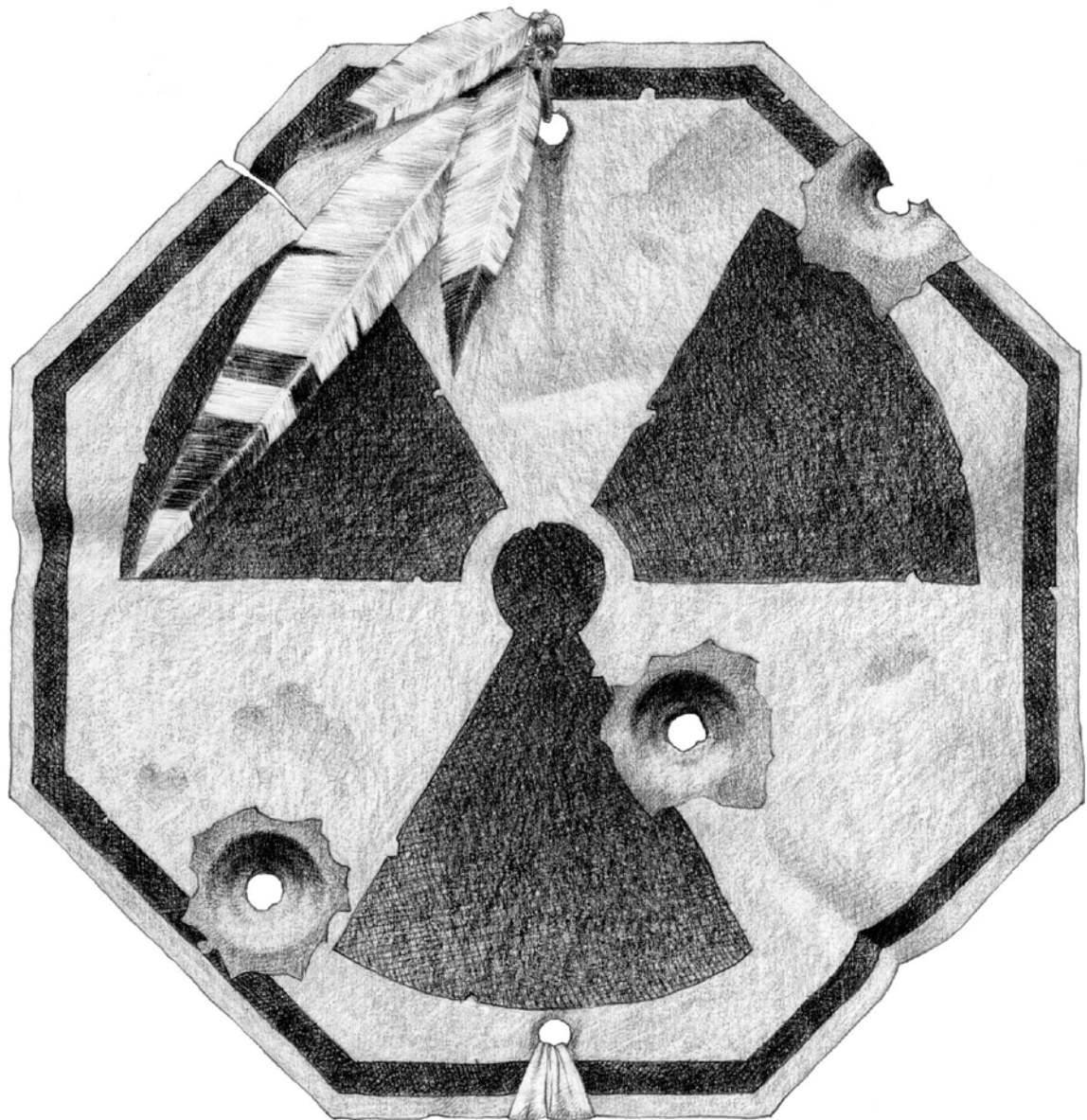
Cliff divers hunt in groups. I guess those a diver infects stay with their sire after they've been transformed, creating perverse "extended families" of these beasts. That means you can tell how successful a diver group has been based on its numbers. It doesn't really bear thinking about, except it's a good way to keep yourself alive. In my book, that's always a good thing.

Snatchers

No one's ever seen one of these creatures, so I can't say for sure if they even exist. According to the stories, a snatcher is a big, sharp-taloned bird of some sort. It gets its name from the fact that it silently snatches its prey off the decks of ships at night and in bad weather. Anytime someone goes missing on a boat, their mates say, "Snatcher got 'im."

I don't know, between croakers, slippery, pitching decks, and the drinking habits of your average Mazer, I can think of plenty of reasons why people might disappear off a boat at night besides giant birds looking for a snack. I've seen enough weirdness out there that I'm not about to call anyone a liar, but I think of all the tales I've heard, this one needs to be taken with the most salt.

No Man's Land







Chapter Two: The Grand Library

You may be wondering why this chapter is in No Man's Land. The answer is simple: The Librarians are a secretive order and very little is known about them by the average survivor. The general view held by most brainers is that they're a bunch of bookworms and monkish intellectuals who risk their lives to save old, musty books.

While that holds true for many members of the order, there is much more to the Librarians and their desperate cause. This isn't general knowledge because the order prefers it that way—people are less likely to interfere with an eccentric book collector than someone with an agenda for saving the world.

The information in this chapter is know only to Librarians, a few privileged friends of the order, and the leaders of the large survivor settlements the group is trying to influence like Junkyard and Oil Town. Nosy player types who are not playing a Librarian should keep their schnozzes out of here unless given permission by their Marshals. (YES, we mean you!) Okay, the rest of you can come on in.

A New Plan

Librarians are the wandering academics of the Wasted West—part Indiana Jones, part crusading monk, and part bookworm. They spread out from the Grand Library in Sacramento like the runners of a vine, feeding the information they retrieve back to the central blossom. They are the foremost intelligence agency of the world, but share their knowledge with no one.

From the Grand Library, Master Librarian Liebowitz directs the efforts of the order. What was once an insular effort to catalog and preserve the knowledge of human civilization has now become much more proactive, opening branches throughout the West, and sending Librarians out as advisors to the most important leaders.

The reason for this change in outlook is the highest secret of the order, kept even from the Librarians of lesser rank.



The Computer

The super computer that occupies the sublevels of the Grand Library is the most advanced piece of technology in the Wasted West. The computer is capable of operating both in the physical plane and in the Hunting Grounds—specifically an area of the grounds known as the Net: the domain of the technological spirits. This computer has the ability to process information fed into it, and through complex calculation of mathematical probabilities and metaphysical influences, give the user a projection of future events based on current reality. This computational clairvoyance has allowed the inner circle of the Librarians to look into the future and check on the efficacy of their efforts.

However, what they found waiting for them filled them with fear. What the computer showed them was a world devoid of all life. Completely barren. The prediction was not clear, an indication that the events leading up to this

horrible fate were still in flux. This vision of what lies ahead shook Master Librarian Liebowitz to the core. Not only did it appear that the efforts of his Librarians were for naught, but the fate of the world was far, far worse than even the most pessimistic Librarian ever imagined. If things continue as they are, the world will be devoid of life within the next twenty-five years.

The Plan

Liebowitz decided that with this knowledge came an accompanying responsibility. If the Librarians were the only ones in the world privy to the eventual fate of humanity, it was their charge to try to prevent it—assuming that such a thing is possible.

The first change in Librarian policy made in reaction to this knowledge was the establishment of the Branch offices. These new chapters allowed both for the decentralization of the Librarians, making it less likely the orders mission would fail in the event of something catastrophic happening to the Grand Library, as well as placing groups of Librarians in locations where they can react quickly to events as they unfold.

The second change was much more controversial, and was only adopted after much debate within the inner

council of the Librarians. It was decided that not only would the Librarians attempt to preserve what remains of human civilization, but, for the first time, they would try to direct it—from behind the scenes.

The best and brightest of the Librarians would be sent to act in advisory capacities, offering the benefits of their accumulated knowledge to the rulers of the most important settlements, while at the same time attempting to subtly influence those rulers policies and decisions. In this way, the Librarians hope to steer humanity away from the dire fate that appears to await them.

Back at the Grand Library, processing of the information continues. Recent computations have indicated that Raven may have some involvement with the situation, although what specific role he plays is not clear. Librarians have been dispatched to the East with the goal of looking into this possibility.

These efforts are taken largely by the upper echelons of the order, although rank and file Librarians may find themselves involved by the orders of their superiors, unaware of the full picture.

The Grand Library

The Grand Library in Sacramento is where all Librarians are trained. It is a walled compound, with a number of outbuildings within the perimeter, surrounding the Library itself. The walls are fixed at regular intervals with watchtowers, manned by Librarians and novitiates who defend the compound from any who wish it harm.

The complex is the most secure location in the Maze. To gain entrance, you first approach the gates under the sights of armed Librarians in the towers. Then, at the great gatehouse that is the only entrance in the wall, you must give your reason for entry. The only people who are admitted into the compound are potential novitiates or people wishing to do research at the Library. All others must wait as their request is forwarded up to a more senior Librarian, who then makes the decision regarding the petitioner's entry.

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Once entry is approved, the petitioner must relinquish all weapons at the appropriate station within the gatehouse. They are then issued a chit so that they may reclaim their property upon leaving the compound itself. No weapons of any sort are permitted within the walls of the compound, save those carried by the Librarians themselves.

In addition, to protect against the offensive powers of Doomsayers, Sykers and the like, all visitors are assigned an armed Librarian escort who stays with them throughout the duration of their stay. These escorts report directly to Muriel Redwing, the chief of security, and they are trained to meet any unusual activity by shooting first, and then never asking questions. The protection of the information stored within the Library is paramount.

Layout

Within the compound, there are a number of outbuildings. These include a mess hall (with kitchens), an infirmary, a vehicle pool (mostly land vehicles, although the mechanics are attempting to get some VTOL craft in working order, and hope to have them up soon), and barracks. Only Librarians of Proper rank or higher get to stay within the Library itself (it is considered one of the perks of rank)—the rest stay in the barracks.

The original structure, the Grand Library itself, is at the center of the compound. It houses not only the vast stores of information known as the stacks (which are kept under constant surveillance by armed guards), but also the living quarters of the senior librarians, the satellite communications gear, and, perhaps second only in importance to the precious stacks themselves, the vast super computer in the subbasement that gives the order its predictions of the earth's impending fate.

Librarian Rank

Rank	Level	Minimums
Assistant Librarian	1	academia: research 2, faith 2
Librarian Proper	3	academia: research 4, faith 4, renown 1
Head Librarian	5	academia: research 6, faith 6, renown 3

Becoming a Librarian

When a person decides to become a Librarian, she is given a battery of tests. These tests determine literacy, IQ, and general temperament. These tests are screened, and those that pass are offered positions as novitiates at the Grand Library.

Novitiates labor at the Library for a year, receiving instruction in the duties of a Librarian, and offering assistance in menial tasks for the library itself. They wash dishes, clean linens, cook food, and serve their turns at guard duty in the towers. During that year, the novitiate is observed, with his superiors taking note of the novitiates suitability as a Librarian. The novitiates are encouraged to use this year to examine the duties of a Librarian closely, and to determine whether or not this is a life they wish to lead.

After the year is up, those novitiates who choose to remain, and who are deemed suitable by their superiors, are offered a position within the order, and the rank of Junior Librarian. Often, these Junior Librarians venture immediately out into the Wasted West, to start upon their calling. Others,

however, stay at the Grand Library to take positions as permanent staff, whether in research assistance, communications, security, or even mundane duties like services, which is responsible for the upkeep of the Library and its grounds.

Playing a Librarian

It ain't easy being an academic in a world where physical survival must take precedence over intellectual pursuits. A Librarian must have at least 2 levels in *academia: research* and 1 point in *Faith*, just to be eligible. All Librarian characters are considered to be Junior Librarians (Rank 0), having recently passed their period as Novitiates, and coming out into the field for the first time.

Characters who wish to start at a higher rank must purchase the Rank edge. Additional ranks also require minimum scores in certain Aptitudes and Edges. See the Librarian Rank Table for details. These guidelines can also be used by Marshals to determine whether a Librarian character should be given a promotion during play.

The minimums listed are only the barest necessities to determine eligibility for advancement, but they give players who wish to start characters at that rank an idea of what numbers they need to have. For a Librarian to be promoted during play, certain deeds must also have been accomplished for advancement.

Promotions

The promotion from Junior (rank 0) to Assistant (rank 1) is simply a matter of time served. Once a Junior has proven herself dedicated to the order, and has demonstrated her ability in the field, the promotion to assistant is perfunctory. To move from Assistant to Librarian Proper (rank 2), however, the Librarian has to have recovered a major source of information—such as saving the contents of an entire library from destruction. This action carries with it a certain recognition among the Librarian community, hence the accompanying award of a single level of Renown.

If the movement from Assistant to Proper is a difficult one, the advancement to Head Librarian is even more so—so much so that many Librarians can serve their entire lives without ever seeing this rank. To achieve the rank of Head Librarian, the character must have achieved something that few Librarians ever do: the recovery of knowledge that was heretofore feared entirely lost (for example the uncovering of the operational principles of the satellite communications system), or to have not only saved a critical source of information, but to have returned that information into common use by the people (insuring it will never be lost). Needless to say, this is an extremely rare occurrence.

Librarian Faith and the Oath

As Junior Librarian Quinn stated in his orientation of the Novitiate, all Librarians must possess faith. The Librarians have faith in the belief that civilization is worthy of preservation. This is an unshakable belief that the current state of the world is a new Dark Age which must be endured before an eventual recovery and return to the former level of civilization—perhaps to even exceed this level due to the trials of the ordeal.

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This faith is echoed in the Librarian's Oath, which all Novitiates take upon their arrival at the Grand Library, and which they reaffirm each time they achieve a new rank.

The Librarian's Oath

*Knowledge is the fruit of civilization,
which we must not allow to die on
the vine.*


*I will give my self to preserve that
knowledge, and my inheritors will
thrive.*

*I will give my life to prevent its loss,
and my inheritors will live.*

*I will give my soul to the cause, and my
inheritors will reclaim their
birthright.*

This Oath charges the Librarian to sacrifice himself if necessary to prevent the loss of knowledge. There are stories of Librarians facing down entire hordes of scavengers to prevent the use of a library's books as kindling for their campfires. As the Master Librarian says, a Librarian can be replaced—the books cannot.





This devotion to their cause makes the Librarians a fearsome foe in a battle, for they fight with no sense of self-preservation when their Oath is called into effect. If the outcome of a battle might result in the loss of knowledge, whether through the destruction of a source like a library or a school, a Librarian throws herself into the defense of that source with a furious abandon, not caring whether she lives or dies, as long as the knowledge is secured.

As any warrior can tell you, there is no opponent as fearsome as one who has lost his or her fear of death.

Who's Who

Before we move on to talk about some of the new goodies we've got for Librarians, let's take a quick peak at some of the movers and shakers inside the order.

Marcus Liebowitz

Liebowitz is the order's founder. Before the Last War, he was the Head Librarian at University NorCal Sacramento. Shortly after the bombs fell, looters broke into his library and began destroying the books. Liebowitz tried to stop them, and was nearly beaten to death for his efforts. As he lay there bleeding among his ravaged stacks, he vowed that if he survived, he would never allow such a thing to happen again.

True to his word, Liebowitz began recruiting like-minded people to help in his crusade as soon as he had recovered. Even now, thirteen years after the war, he has not let himself forget his near-death experience and the mindless destruction of knowledge he witnessed. He uses the fury it kindles within him to maintain his determination to succeed at the Herculean task he has set for himself and his followers.

Muriel Redwing

Muriel is the head of the Grand Library's security forces. Prior to the war she was head of security for Tommy Two Women. Her last action in this capacity was to escort him to safety just prior to the massacre of the Ravenites outside of Deadwood (for more details check out *The Wasted West* and *Spirit Warriors*). She was so disgusted by Tommy's actions, and her own part in them, that she attempted to kill him. She was prevented by the very security detail she once commanded and she was forced to flee.

Muriel traveled west to the Great Maze and met Liebowitz. The order had only a few members at the time, and they were failing badly at their goal. Most of them were peaceful, bookworm types and they just lacked the sand and the firepower to accomplish their mission. Muriel changed that. She gave them combat training and "procured" weapons for them (read "pried them from the fingers of dead bikers").

Muriel now commands the armed Librarians who guard the order's immense collection of knowledge. She takes her duties seriously and often argues with Liebowitz over security matters. He feels she is sometimes overzealous, while she believes that despite his experience, Liebowitz is still sometimes horribly naive when it comes to restricting access to the stacks.

Everett Stump

Stump holds a unique position in the order. While technically a Librarian, he falls outside its rank structure. He's the genius who created the super computer in the order's subbasement.

Stump is a junker. He first came to Sacramento to do research in the stacks. In return for unlimited access to the information in the Grand Library, he agreed to repair the order's computer. While making repairs he became intrigued with the Librarian's mission and was inspired to create the incredible machine that is capable of processing in both the physical and spiritual world.

He is now a permanent resident of the Grand Library. He spends his time tinkering on the computer and assisting the Librarians in running their projections. He also builds the order's prognosticator units and any special equipment needed for vital missions.

Gordon Lester

Lester, who ran a large retail bookstore before the war, was one of Marcus' first recruits. He is one of the six Head Librarians and he is one of the Master Librarian's most trusted followers. He has been selected to be the order's advisor to Ike Taylor, Junkyard's leader.

Lester is a quiet man who prefers to bring people around to his point of view by convincing them it was their idea rather than through direct debate. This makes him an ideal candidate for dealing with the plainspoken, but hardheaded, Ike Taylor.

Deborah Librescu

Librescu is another of Liebowitz's most trusted followers and she is also a Head Librarian. She's been tapped for the job of advising Oil Town's leader, Colonel Meadows. The Colonel was at first reluctant to allow a Librarian

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presence in his domain, but Librescu's no nonsense presentation of the order's findings eventually convinced him of the need for a liaison with the group. Now she just needs to convince him to join the Pact of Iron.

Clyde Greger

Greger is also a Head Librarian, but that's where his similarity to Lester and Librescu ends. He's an outspoken opponent of the Liebowitz's new policy. He is firmly committed to the order's mandate to preserve human knowledge, but he believes that the new policy may bring ruin to the order.

The group has few real enemies at the moment, but Greger fears this will change if the order abandons its nonpartisan policies. As strong as the Grand Library's defences are, they are unlikely to be able to hold up against an organized attack by the Combine or the Cult of Doom.

Greger runs the day to day operation of the Grand Library and oversees the training of the novitiates.



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Librarian Gear

Everything about a Librarian's life is not doom, gloom, and self sacrifice—they get some neat toys to play with. Let's take a look at some of a Librarian's playthings.

Palmcorders

The ubiquitous tool of the Librarian is the palmcorder. This device is used to record information, as well as upload that information at the Grand Library in Sacramento. The Palmcorder can record audio as well as scan text, which makes it usable to record personal oral histories and information. The storage capacity of the Palmcorder is immense—so much so that it's not really possible for a hero to fill it. The exception to this general rule are things like large databases, sophisticated software and the like.

Most Librarians tend to upload the information to Sacramento long before their palmcorders get filled, simply because they are aware that if anything happened to them, the information in the devices would be lost forever. The Grand Library trains the members of the order to upload information as soon as possible to avoid just this sort of loss.

With the proper equipment, a palmcorder can connect with a satellite communications systems and broadcast its data. All Librarians have been trained to use satellite upload stations to send the data from their palmcorders to the systems of the Grand Library. Obviously, working satellite upload stations are exceedingly rare, so most of the Librarians have to make a journey across the Wasted West, back to the Library at Sacramento.

With the establishment of the Branch Libraries, the inner council hopes to prevent the need for such long treks. Each Branch is being equipped with a storage system similar to the

larger one at the Grand Library, with a full satellite uplink that allows for information from the Branch to Sacramento. Eventually, a Librarian will be no more than a two-day journey from a Branch, making it much easier, and much less dangerous to upload their accumulated information.

The Prognosticator

Another tool is only issued to Librarians of Proper Rank or higher. The prognosticator is a palmcorder-sized device that contains its own satellite uplink—of sorts. Satellite communications are iffy at best in the Wasted West, so this junker device sends its signal through the Hunting Grounds to the Librarian's super computer. This method of communication isn't 100% reliable, but it's a good deal better than conventional signals. It also doesn't require any special equipment, the Librarian can make contact from nearly anywhere.

Prognosticators have two uses. The first is that it can be plugged into a palmcorder and used to send information and messages to the Grand Library in Sacramento. If the Library has any messages for the Librarian these are automatically downloaded into his palmcorder when contact is made. Sending or receiving a message burns 1 point of energy from the device's 20-point powerpack for each slug's worth of material transmitted.

The second use of the prognosticator, and the one which gives it its name, is its ability to tap into the mainframe's projection abilities and give a limited forecast of future events that involve the Librarian. This ability isn't foolproof and it's also a bit of an energy hog. For each day into the future the Librarian forecasts, 2 g-rays of energy are burned from the powerpack.

Operating the prognosticator requires a successful *science: computer programming* roll. The TN for this roll is Fair (5) for simple communications and Hard (9) for forecasting the future. Your Marshal has all the details of what might go wrong with the prognosticator in his chapter. Most of Stump's units have a Reliability of 18.



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Librarian Rewards

The more experienced Librarians have developed supernatural powers through intensive devotion to their art. These rewards augment their abilities, making them even more dangerous and capable than their lesser ranked brethren. Rewards are measured in levels from 1 to 5. The higher the level, the more powerful and beneficial the reward. Beginning at the rank of Assistant Librarian (Rank 1), a character can spend Bounty points on any of these Rewards.

A new reward can be bought at level 1 for 5 Bounty Points, but the first time an existing hero purchases a reward, he must also pay 3 points for *arcane background: Librarian*. Improving a reward costs double the new level. For example, raising *hush* from level 1 to 2 costs 4 Bounty Points. As with Traits and Aptitudes, only 1 level in a reward can be raised between game sessions.

It's possible to buy rewards when creating a new Librarian character. The hero must have at least 1 point in *rank* and the *arcane background: Librarian* Edge. The reward itself costs 3 points to purchase at level 1. You must then pay 2 points per level above this. This means that buying level 3 *bibliopathy* for a starting hero costs 7 points (3+2x2).

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Bibliopathy

Bibliopathy, perhaps the greatest ability in the Librarian's arsenal, is a power by which a Librarian can channel the personality and abilities of a fictional character. The Librarian must meditate for a turn, at which point they are imbued with the skills and knowledge of any fictional character they are familiar with. The Librarian's physical appearance does not change, and the channeling does not permit physical changes (for example, a Librarian channeling Superman does not gain prodigious strength or the ability to fly). The changes are purely limited to personality and skill.

Bibliopathy requires more than merely a passing familiarity with the character in question. The Librarian must be completely immersed in all of the minutiae of the fiction, and because of this, a limited repertoire of characters may be prepared. This repertoire increases as the Librarian advances in *bibliopathic* power.



The player must make a list of the fictional characters that her Librarian has access to, along with a list of the Aptitudes available to those characters. The Aptitudes are rated on a points basis. To determine how much a skill costs, multiply the number of dice by a second number based on the type of die. Each concentration in an Aptitude costs an extra 3 points.

Aptitude Cost

Die Type	Multiplier
d4	2
d6	3
d8	4
d10	5
d12	6

So, for example, an Aptitude rating of 3d8 would be worth 12 points, a skill of 4d12 would be worth 24 points, and so on. The total number of characters available to the Librarian is actually a rating of the total number of points available for the creation of that character's skills. Each rank in this power confers upon the Librarian more available points (and hence more characters).

Aptitude Points

Rank	Skill Points
1	80
2	160
3	240
4	320
5	400

Keep in mind that these points are for skills to be spread out among multiple fictional characters. There is no way that a Marshal should allow a Librarian with level 5 Bibliopathy to channel a single fictional character with 400 points worth of skills!

In addition, fictional characters can possess any non-physical Edges or Hindrances, which must be figured into the total as well.

Each character in a bibliopath's repertoire should be created in advance, and is a permanent part of the Librarian. Bibliopathic Librarians are not able to change the characters that they channel—once they have been committed to memory, that's it.

A couple of example fictional characters:

D'artagnan, from *The Three Musketeers* by Alexandre Dumas

Personality: Heroic, but with an excess of pride and youthful exuberance

Aptitudes: fightin': brawlin', fencing 4d12, ridin' 4d12, overawe 4d6, shootin': musket 3d8, language: French 3d8

Hindrances: Big britches, heroic, loyal

Total points value: $24 + 3 + 24 + 12 + 12 + 12 = 87$ points, -11 points in Hindrances makes a total of 76 points

Sherlock Holmes, from the series by Arthur Conan Doyle

Personality: Cold, calculated, precise and distant

Skills: Academia: anthropology, history 5d12, scrutinize 4d12, search 5d12, disguise 3d8, science: chemistry 3d12, performance: violin 2d6, fightin': brawlin' (baritsu) 3d8, shootin': pistol 2d6

Edges: Eagle eyes, keen

Hindrances: Hankerin' (mild but serious—an occasional dabbler in cocaine, in a 7% solution with water).

Total points value: $30 + 3 + 24 + 30 + 12 + 18 + 6 + 12 + 6 = 108$, plus 4 point in Edges, minus 1 point in Hindrances makes a total of 144 points.

To assume another character a Librarian must be undisturbed for 5 minutes while she "gets into character." She must then succeed at a Fair (5) *faith* roll. The Librarian's personality becomes that of the fictional character

immediately—although they retain all knowledge of their situation and their own experience. The Librarian still has access to her own skills, except for where they overlap the channeled character. A Librarian channeling Sherlock Holmes, for example has a 2d6 *shootin': pistol* Aptitude—not someone to channel just before a gunfight.

There is a danger, however. The longer a Librarian remains “under,” the harder it is for her original personality to reassert itself. This is made worse by channeling particularly strong fictions. The maximum amount of time a Librarian can stay “in character” is equal to 10 minutes times their *bibliopathy* level. This time is reduced by the power of the character being channeled (see the Safety Limit Table below).

Safety Limit

Character Cost	Time	Modifier
1 to 50	None	0
51 to 75	-10 min.	+2
75 to 100	-20 min.	+4
100 to 125	-30 min.	+6
126+	-40 min	+8

Ending a channeling within the safety limit requires 5 minutes of concentration and a successful *faith* roll against a TN of 3 plus the modifier listed in the Safety Limit Table.

If your hero should go over the time limit, things get harder. The TN for the *faith* roll to return to the Librarian's real personality jumps up to 9 plus the modifier listed in the Safety Limit Table, +2 for every full 10 minutes your hero has exceeded the limit. The good news is that your hero can add her *bibliopathy* level to her roll. Each attempt to end the channeling takes 5 minutes. Your hero can continue trying to end the channeling until she goes bust or the TN to end it hits 25. If this happens, your hero is in some deep dog doodoo.

For this reason, only experienced bibliopaths should try to channel extremely powerful fictions—their level bonus largely cancels out the penalties associated with these characters.

If the player goes bust on the roll, or the TN to end the *bibliopathy* hits 25, the fictional personality becomes the dominant personality of the Librarian—permanently. This means that all of the Librarian's Aptitudes and non-physical Edges and Hindrances are lost. These are replaced by those of the channeled fiction. The Librarian's personality is also lost. He is no longer a Librarian playing the part of Sherlock Holmes; he *is* Sherlock Holmes!

This situation can only be reversed by months of psychotherapy (how common is that in the Wasted West?), or through the efforts of a skilled syker (the exact nature of this healing process is left to the Marshal, as it can form the basis for an interesting adventure in its own right.). At the Marshal's discretion, the hero may also make a *Spirit* roll against a TN of 25 when confronted with an object or place with which the hero has strong memories.

Bo, with a *bibliopathy* level of 4 decides to channel Sherlock Holmes, a 144 point character. He can do this safely for 0 minutes (level 4 x 10 minutes -40 minutes). He spends 20 minutes as Holmes looking over a crime scene and decides to come out of it. Since he's 20 minutes over his limit, the TN for his *faith* roll is 21 (9+8+4), but he can add +4 to his roll for his *bibliopathy* level. If he doesn't nail it the first time, things get worse. Since each attempt takes 5 minutes, the TN for the next one jumps to 23 because he's now 30 minutes over the limit. He has only 1 chance after that to avoid spending a lot of time as the British sleuth.

Lastly, a Librarian's *bibliopathy* level is the maximum number of characters the hero can channel in a single day.

Eidetics

This power gives the Librarian's mind the ability to store and instantly retrieve massive amounts of information, essentially making the Librarian into a living palmcorder. This power is especially useful in those situations where a Librarian has lost, or does not have access to his palmcorder, but is faced with a source of information that must be recorded. The amount of information that may be stored is dependent upon the level of Eidetics possessed by the Librarian. See the Eidetics Table below.

This information is stored exactly as it appears, word for word. It can be either printed information (which the Librarian must speed-read, a technique learned as part of this power), or spoken. In the case of printed materials, the Librarian can speed-read at a rate of roughly 1 book every 1 minute or so. Thus, reading and storage time for a trilogy is roughly 3 minutes, an encyclopedia takes approximately 12 to 20 minutes, a small library takes around about 1 week, and a major source of information, like a large library for example, could be committed to memory in 2 to 3 months.

The information stored by the Librarian is not available to be used by that Librarian; to them, it is simply data that needs to be stored. In fact, this disassociation from the content is one of the techniques that allows them to remember it exactly. So, a Librarian could not use a textbook on electronics to replace the *science: electronics* skill. He can store all of the information in the textbook, but he can only recite it as written, not draw conclusions based on it.

Once the information has been repeated, it is no longer stored in the Librarian's brain. Obviously, retrieval of the information takes much longer than the initial storage—limited by how fast the Librarian can write, or speak into a recording device.

Stump is working on a retrieval system that can remove the information from Librarian's brain in seconds, but he has not yet perfected a device that can do this without causing damage to the subject.

More short-term, practical applications of this power allow for the Librarian to repeat anything he or she has heard, verbatim, with all of the appropriate inflections, to commit maps to memory for retrieval as needed at a later date, or even to act as a messenger, relaying the exact words of the message, kept inviolate in storage within the Librarian's brain.

If a Librarian has filled his noggin to capacity, he can't memorize any more material until he dumps some. Any information that gets dumped is irretrievable.

Eidetics

Level	Information
1	A single book or equivalent
2	A trilogy of books or the equivalent
3	An encyclopedia set or the equivalent
4	The entire contents of a minor source (small library or bookstore)
5	The entire contents of a major source (large municipal or academic library)

Hush

Silence is another tool of the Librarian. Anyone who has ever been in a library can attest to that fact. The pervading sense of quiet that descends over these institutions is a direct result of the focused power of the Librarians, who have a special relationship with silence.

This power allows the Librarian to focus and direct that silence. At lower levels, this control over quiet is largely focused upon the Librarian herself, but as she gains levels, she is able to direct this power outward to affect others as well.

This power begins merely as the results of a Librarian's complete control over their own body, but as the level of power increases, it becomes a preternatural relationship with the essence of silence itself.

Take a gander at the Hush Table to see what your Librarian can do. Your hero can activate this power a number of times per day equal to his level in the reward. The effects of the power last for a number of minutes equal to his level in the reward.

Hush

Level	Ability
1	The Librarian is able to move in complete silence. This grants a +4 to all <i>sneak</i> rolls.
2	The Librarian is able to mask the sounds of any equipment he is using. This includes loud noises like guns, jackhammers, and the like.
3	The Librarian is able to mask the sounds of movement by any willing participant within 20 feet. A willing participant means someone who is aware of the attempt, and is helping in his own way—this does not work if the person chooses to talk, fire a weapon, or otherwise break the silence.
4	The Librarian is capable of generating a zone of complete silence, 20 feet in all directions.
5	Not only can the Librarian create areas of complete silence (which extend out to 50 feet), but he can also control the sounds within that zone: muffling some while allowing others to pass, redirecting the sounds so they appear to be coming from another direction, etc.

Librarians

75

Find

Librarians have an almost unerring ability to locate what they're looking for. They can navigate the most chaotic assortment of shelves and files, and find exactly the piece of information they sought with an almost uncanny accuracy. In most cases, this is simply due to the Librarian's familiarity with the material and the filing method. In some cases, however, it is because of the Librarian's ability to *find*.

Find is the power that allows a Librarian to find nearly anything. Normally, this is reserved for the ability to locate a specific piece of information when faced with an overwhelming amount of sources (for example, looking for one fact in an entire university library full of moldy books, no longer even organized by subject).

However, the Librarians have discovered that the applications of this power go far beyond the shelves and stacks of a library. They came to realize that the power allows them to unerringly locate *anything* they're looking for, no matter where in the world it is. If the object of their search is on the other side of the planet, the Librarian feels something drawing him in that direction.

This reward works in two ways. The first is to by give the Librarian a permanent bonus to his *scroungin'*, *trackin'*, and *search* rolls. The catch is that the Librarian must know what he is looking for. The hero wouldn't get this bonus to notice strange tracks, but once he has noticed them, he would get the bonus when using his *trackin'* to follow them. Distance or location does not limit the power. The bonus to the roll is equal to the level of the power (from +1 to +5).

The second way in which this power can be used is to gain a vision of a sought object's whereabouts. This requires the hero to spend 10 minutes meditating upon the object and then succeeding at a *faith* roll. The TN for

this roll depends on the distance between the Librarian and the object. See the Find Table below.

As with the reward's first use, the Librarian must know exactly what he is looking for. Simply saying "I'm going to *find* the clue we're looking for" won't cut it, but saying "I'm trying to *find* the knife that was used as the murder weapon" works.

A success gives very basic information about the object's location. Each raise the Librarian can manage on the roll, more detail is given in the vision. Looking for a key hidden in a desk for instance might just reveal that the object is somewhere dark. A raise may show the desk itself, while two raises may zoom out to show the room, and three may go farther and show the building in which the desk rests. The visions include both sound and smell, so the Librarian may pick up other clues in that fashion.

Some Librarians have managed to make this power the cornerstone of a rather sophisticated surveillance technique. They leave a small personal item in a location, and then use *find* to receive visions of the object on a regular basis. If they get a clear enough vision, they can look in on what is occurring around the item. So far, this has been used to keep tabs on what is going on in Denver, since Throckmorton has managed to thwart the Grand Library's attempts to infiltrate a Librarian into the upper ranks of his growing army.

Find

Distance	TN
Within 10 yards	3
Within 100 yards	5
Within 1 mile	7
Within 10 miles	9
Within 100 miles	11
Within 1000 miles	13

Withdraw

The ability of Librarians to collect information has fast become the stuff of legend in the Wasted West. This power is a facet of that legend. At its lower levels, it is used to facilitate the collection of information from people through interviews (much like the various tales recorded on palmcoders seen throughout this book). At its upper levels, it allows a Librarian to withdraw information from the subject with or without that subject's permission.

At higher levels, a Librarian using *withdraw* can force a subject to divulge information sought by the Librarian, even if the subject is unwilling to give it up. A successful *persuasion* roll results in the subject spilling his or her guts, seemingly driven to give the Librarian any information they desire, even though the subject is fully aware that they do not want to divulge it. It's almost as if they cannot help it. There's a few catches though. First, the target of this power must be engaged in normal conversation—no forced confessions while trading bullets. Second, the Librarian can only use this power on a person once per day. Third, the Librarian can only use this power a number of times equal to his level in it per day.

As with any attempt at *persuasion*, the roll is made in opposition to the targets' *scrutinize* attribute. If the Librarian succeeds, he gets the information that he was seeking.

Withdraw

Level	Power
1	+1 to any <i>persuasion</i> attempts to get a subject to tell their story.
2	+2 to above and -1 to <i>persuasion</i> attempt against unwilling subject.
3	+3 to above, and make <i>persuasion</i> roll as normal, against unwilling subjects.
4	+1 to <i>persuasion</i> roll against unwilling subject.
5	+2 to <i>persuasion</i> roll against unwilling subject.

Veteran Librarian

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6

Lockpickin' 3
Shootin': shotgun 3

Nimbleness 4d6

Climbin' 1
Sneak 3

Strength 1d6

Quickness 3d6

Vigor 3d6

Cognition 2d10

Search 3

Knowledge 3d8

Academia: history 2
Academia: occult 5
Area knowledge 4
Language 4

Mien 4d10

Tale-tellin' 4

Smarts 2d12

Scroungin' 5

Spirit 1d8

Faith 2
Guts 3

Wind 14

Pace 6

Edges:

Arcane Background: librarian 3
Brave 2
Gift o' Gab 1
Librarian 2
Rank 2
Veteran o' the Wasted West (Be sure to have your Marshal draw for you.)

Hindrances:

Bad eyes -3
Cautious -3: But when books or other media might be destroyed, you're reckless when it comes to saving them.
Greedy -2: For books and information.
Stubborn -2

Rewards:

Bibliopathy 3
Eidetics 1

Gear: Pump-action shotgun with 20 shells, palmcorder

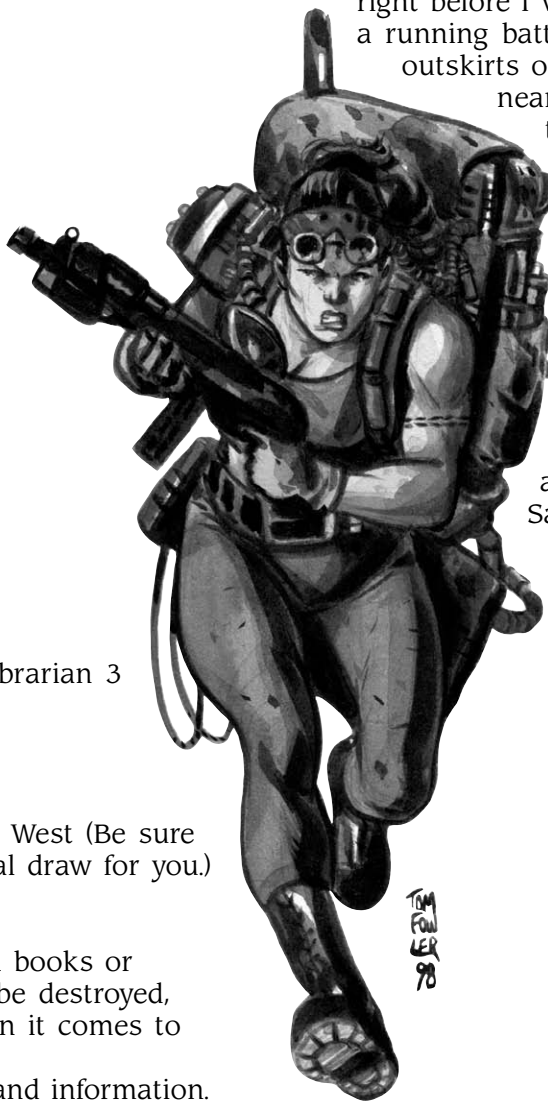
Personality

Yeah, I've saved a few books in my day. I don't like to brag, but...

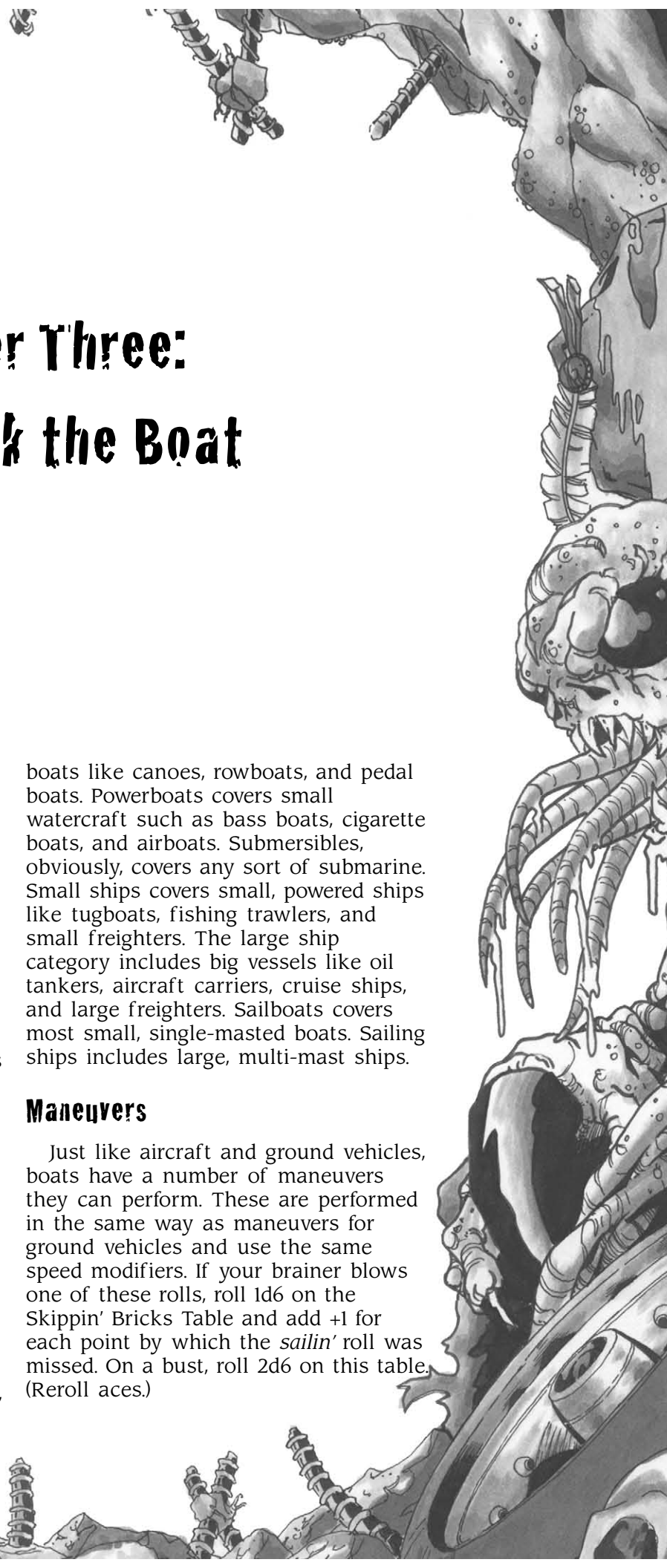
Ah, Hell. Yes I do. Last year I looted the books out of UNLV right under the Cult o' Doom's nose. They caught on right before I vamoosed. We had a running battle through the outskirts of the city—damn near got nuked. In the end, we made it out of there with nearly two full tractor-trailer loads of books and data slugs.

Quote:

"What do you mean those aren't giants, Sancho?"







Chapter Three:

Don't Rock the Boat

If your heroes spend much time in the Great Maze, sooner or later they're going to end up in a boat. This chapter gives you rules for incorporating boats into the standard combat rules. To save space, these rules assume you're already familiar with the vehicle damage and movement phasing systems introduced in *Road Warriors* and reprinted in *Iron Oasis*, so that information is not repeated here. What this chapter does have is a list of maneuvers available to watercraft, rules specific to waterborne movement, and a junker power for building boats.

Let's weigh anchor!

Sailin'

Takes me away to where...Okay, let's not go there. Time for seagoing heroes to learn a new Aptitude. The *sailin'* Aptitude covers everything your hero needs to know to drive his watercraft of choice. *Sailin'* is broken down into concentrations by boat type: unpowered, powerboats, submersibles, small ships, large ships, sailboats, and sailing ships. Unpowered covers muscle-propelled

boats like canoes, rowboats, and pedal boats. Powerboats covers small watercraft such as bass boats, cigarette boats, and airboats. Submersibles, obviously, covers any sort of submarine. Small ships covers small, powered ships like tugboats, fishing trawlers, and small freighters. The large ship category includes big vessels like oil tankers, aircraft carriers, cruise ships, and large freighters. Sailboats covers most small, single-masted boats. Sailing ships includes large, multi-mast ships.

Maneuvers

Just like aircraft and ground vehicles, boats have a number of maneuvers they can perform. These are performed in the same way as maneuvers for ground vehicles and use the same speed modifiers. If your brainer blows one of these rolls, roll 1d6 on the Skippin' Bricks Table and add +1 for each point by which the *sailin'* roll was missed. On a bust, roll 2d6 on this table. (Reroll aces.)

A driver can attempt a maneuver at any time during her boat's movement (except for acceleration or deceleration, which must be performed before the vehicle moves). A driver can make more than one maneuver in a phase if she uses a sleeve card for an extra action. In addition, certain maneuvers (accelerate, decelerate, etc.) are simple actions that require no *sailin'* rolls and can be combined with a second maneuver at no penalty.

Each maneuver has a number of common characteristics. *TN Modifier* is the amount by which the base TN for the *sailin'* roll is increased when attempting the maneuver. *Ships* lists the types of water vehicles that may perform the maneuver.

The base TN for *sailin'* rolls depends on the water conditions; it's a lot easier to maneuver your ship on a calm glassy pond than in six foot swells. Check out the Sailin' Conditions Table for the details.

Sailin' Conditions

Condition	TN
Calm	3
Light swells	5
Choppy, large swells	7
Stormy, whitewater	9
Hurricane	11

Moving in Reverse

Watercraft can move backwards up to a maximum of 20 mph. All maneuvers attempted while moving in reverse have their TN Modifiers increased by +2.

Accelerate

TN Modifier: 0

Ships: Any

Your brainer can give his rocket sled the gas each movement phase. This increases the boat's speed in 5 mph

increments up to the craft's Acceleration rating. This must be done before the boat actually moves. The boat may not accelerate beyond its maximum speed.

Accelerate is a simple maneuver and may be combined with other maneuvers.

Change Depth

TN Modifier: 0

Ships: Submersibles only (at least voluntarily)

Like altitude for aircraft, depth for ships is measured in inches, where each inch is equal to 15 feet. Most ships stay at a depth of 0" unless they're headed for Davy Jones' Locker, but submersibles can change their depth voluntarily.

Simply using the ballast tanks, a sub can change its depth by 1" per round. If the sub is also moving it can alter its depth by 1" up or down for every 2" of movement it has.

Changing depth is considered a simple maneuver and can be combined with other maneuvers.

Decelerate

TN Modifier: 0

Ships: Any

A ship can decelerate by 5 mph each movement phase as a simple action. This can be combined with other actions.

If the pilot spends an action to decelerate by putting the craft's engines full astern, the ship may decelerate 5 mph plus the boat's Acceleration rating.

Donut

TN Modifier: +4

Ships: Boats with an Acceleration rating of 10 mph or more.

This maneuver can be performed by a craft that is moving at 20 mph or less and which has an Acceleration rating of 10 mph or more. If the *sailin'* roll is successful, the boat may be turned to face any direction. Its speed drops to 0 mph, but it may move off on its new facing on the following movement phase.

Emergency Blow

TN Modifier: 0

Ships: Submersibles

This maneuver uses reserve tanks of compressed air to quickly blast the water out of the sub's ballast tanks and head for the surface. As long as the tanks haven't been ruptured, the sub's depth decreases by 2" per movement phase after the blow is attempted. This is in addition to any depth change caused by movement.

Pivot

TN Modifier: +2

Ships: All powered craft

Most watercraft are capable of spinning in place. Small outboards do this by putting the wheel hard over, while larger, multi-screw ships accomplish it by running their props in opposite directions. This maneuver allows a ship to pivot around its stern. The vessel can pivot up to 45° in a movement phase for each 5 mph of Acceleration it possesses. Simply rotate it around the center of the rear of the boat's counter.

The boat must have a speed of 0 mph to perform this maneuver.

Slide

TN Modifier: 0

Ships: Any

A slide allows the boat to drift to one side while moving forward. For each inch the watercraft moves forward, it may slide up to 1/2" to one side. Reversing the direction of the sideslip requires a separate maneuver.

If the driver has a sleeve card, he can use a slide maneuver as a vamoose to make it more difficult for his enemies to blow him out of the water. Sacrifice the sleeve card and perform the maneuver. If it's successful, immediately slide the boat 1/2" to one side. The TN for the attack being dodged is increased by +2, plus another +2 for each raise on the *sailin'* roll.

The dodging ship can continue the sideslip on its next movement phase without needing to roll for the maneuver, but this counts as its maneuver for the phase.

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Turn

TN Modifier: +2

Ships: All

This maneuver is handy for avoiding rocks, angry Maze dragons, and the like. If performed successfully, the boat may change its facing. Rotate the craft's counter around either of its rear corners up to 45°.

Skippin' Bricks

Roll

1-3

Effect

Slow Down: Your brainer is forced to slow down to keep control. The maneuver works, but the boat's speed drops by 5 mph.

4-6

Not Answering: The ship is not responding to the helm. It continues moving in a straight line for the remainder of the current movement phase.

7-9

Swamped: The maneuver fails and your brainer's sloppy driving causes the boat to ship some water—it immediately suffers 1d6 flooding damage. If the craft is sealed, like a jet ski or a submarine with the hatches closed, treat this as **Not Answering** above.

10-12

Structural Damage: The strain placed on the boat causes something to give way. The ship suffers 1d6 damage.

13+

Capsized: The boat rolls over. Anyone inside the craft must make a Hard (9) *Strength* roll or take 2d6 massive damage. Anyone on deck or in an open boat is now swimming. The boat suffers 2d6 flooding damage each round until it sinks or is righted (whether this is possible depends on the size of the boat and is at the Marshal's discretion). Sealed craft don't suffer the flooding damage, but cannot move until righted.



Sailing

Ships with power can go in any direction without trouble, but it's a little harder when you have to depend on the wind to get around. Wind-powered craft suffer a few restrictions.

For starters, regardless of the boat's listed maximum speed, it can't go any faster than the wind is blowing—and that's only when you're traveling in the same direction as the wind. If the ship is moving at more than a 45° angle to the wind's direction, it can only move at 75% of that rate. If the boat is sailing into the wind, its maximum speed is reduced to only 50% of the wind's speed.

The boat's Acceleration is affected in a similar manner. It gets its full Acceleration when traveling with the wind, but only 50% when traveling at an angle to the wind or directly into it.

When figuring these numbers, always round to the nearest 5 mph for ease of figuring movement rates.

High Winds

Using sails to move can be dangerous in high winds. Once the wind speed exceeds the boat's maximum speed, the stress placed on the mast and sails can break things.

Each round (each hour when not in combat) a ship moves at over half of its maximum speed in these conditions, the helmsman must make a *sailin'* roll. The TN for this roll is Fair (5), +2 for each 10 mph by which the wind speed exceeds the boat's maximum. Failing this roll means the ship's rigging has suffered damage that reduces its top speed by half until the damage has been repaired. Its new top speed is used to figure further damage caused by the wind.

Going bust on the roll means that the boat has been dismasted—it can't move at all until the damage has been repaired.

Damaging Ships

Like other vehicles, boats have a Durability rating and a Durability step. Once a ship has taken damage equal to its Durability, it sinks. Once this happens, it takes 1d6 rounds for the vessel to go completely under. Also like other vehicles, rolls made to operate the craft suffer a cumulative -1 modifier for each multiple of its Durability step it takes in damage.

Flooding

There's a catch though. Unlike aircraft and ground vehicles, boats can sink.

Once a ship has taken damage equal to its Durability step, it begins to take on water. This flooding damage is added to any other damage the boat has suffered at the beginning of each combat round. Once the combined total of flooding damage and regular damage equals the vessel's Durability, it's headed for Davy Jones' Locker. If flooding damage causes another Durability Step in damage, the rate of flooding increases. Check out the Flooding Table for details.

Pumps

Unlike normal damage, flooding damage can be stopped, and even reversed. Many larger ships are equipped with pumps that remove the water coming in and boats without pumps can still be bailed by hand.

Ships equipped with pumps have a rating listed in their vehicle descriptions. This amount of damage is subtracted from the flooding damage a boat suffers each round. If the result is negative, the difference is subtracted from existing flooding damage. Manual bailing gets rid of 1 point of flooding damage per bailer (as long as they have a bucket or other bailing device).

Zach's boat suffers 6 points of flooding damage at the beginning of the round. His pumps stop 8 points. The 2 extra points are subtracted from any previous flooding damage.

Flooding Damage

Durability Step	Damage
1	1d4+1
2	1d6+2
3	1d8+3
4	1d10+4

Torpedoes

One of the unique weapons of naval warfare is the torpedo. Unlike a bullet or cannon shell, torpedoes don't usually impact their targets on the same action on which they're fired.

When a torpedo is fired, divide the distance to the target by the torp's running speed. This gives you the number of rounds it takes the fish to reach its target. Once this many rounds have passed, the torpedo impacts at the end of the last round.

Spotting Them

The only real defense against a torpedo is detecting it and getting out of its way. Each round between launch and impact, anyone on the target ship who is looking for such a threat has a chance of detecting them. This requires a Hard (9) *search* or *professional: sensor operation* (if using sonar) roll.

Impact

If the target is unaware of the torpedo, hitting the target with unguided torpedoes simply requires a Fair (5) *artillery: torpedo* roll. The TN for this increases by +2 for every 100 yards of range. Torpedoes are often fired in spreads to increase the hit probability, so each additional torpedo in a spread adds +2 to the roll. Each raise on the roll means an additional torp hit the target.

Guided torpedoes simply have to succeed at a Foolproof (3) *sensor* roll to hit.

If unguided torpedoes are spotted, roll a contest of *artillery: torpedo* versus the skipper's *sailin'*. The shooter's total must beat both the TN to hit for the range and the captain's *sailin'* roll for a

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torpedo to hit. The shooter gets +2 per torpedo as before. However, all raises are figured from the helmsman's total, even if this is lower than the range TN (a clueless captain may accidentally steer into a torpedo).

To avoid a guided torpedo, roll *sailin'* against a Fair (5) TN. Each success and raise on this roll adds +2 to the torpedo's *sensor* roll TN. If the torpedo makes the roll it still hits. Guided torpedoes don't get the spread bonus.

Ships of the Maze

Lastly, we've got the stats for a few of the ships your hero is likely to encounter while traveling in the Great Maze.

Rowboat

This is your garden variety aluminum rowboat, roughly 10 to 12 feet long. It relies entirely on muscle power to move, so its performance depends on who is rowing. When figuring Acceleration and Top Speed, always round to the nearest 5 mph.

Rowboat

Cost	Passengers	Durability
\$100	4	10/2
Accel.	Top Speed	Size
STR/2	STR	0
Handling	Pumps	Fuel
0	None	Food
MPG	Armor	
NA	0	

Torpedoes

Torpedo	Sensor	Speed	Damage	Cost
Mk 62	None	200"	4d20	\$1000
MK 80	4d8	200"	4d20	\$2500

Jet Ski

These are a popular mode of transportation in the Maze.

Jet Ski

Cost	Passengers	Durability
\$300	2	10/2
Accel.	Top Speed	Size
15 mph	30 mph	0
Handling	Pumps	Fuel
+2	None	3 gal.
MPG	Armor	
10	0	

Speedboat

This is a typical motorboat with an outboard engine.

Speedboat

Cost	Passengers	Durability
\$1000	6	20/4
Accel.	Top Speed	Size
10 mph	40 mph	+2
Handling	Pumps	Fuel
+1	None	10 gal.
MPG	Armor	
5	1	

Mini Sub

Many of the channels of the Maze are much too shallow for conventional submarines to operate in. Both sides made extensive use of mini subs to attack shipping, perform espionage, and transport small commando teams to their targets.

Some of these subs still lurk beneath the waters of the Maze today. A typical mini sub has a pair of torpedo tubes mounted in the bow, a periscope, and an air supply large enough to remain submerged for up to 12 hours.

The stats for Top Speed and Acceleration list both surface and submerged rates. The sub's batteries can power its electric for up to 12 hours. Each hour spent submerged requires an hour on the surface to recharge the batteries.

Mini Sub

Cost	Passengers	Durability
\$20,000	4	30/6
Accel.	Top Speed	Size
10/5	20/10 mph	+2
Handling	Pumps	Fuel
0	1d6+3	30 gal.
MPG	Armor	
10	1	

Sailboat

This is an average 20' sailboat

Sailboat

Cost	Passengers	Durability
\$5000	8	30/6
Accel.	Top Speed	Size
5 mph	30 mph	+2
Handling	Pumps	Fuel
0	1d4+1	NA
MPG	Armor	
NA	1	

Patrol Boat

This is typical of the many small craft used to patrol the Maze during the Last War. Many carried machine guns, grenade launchers, and deck-mounted torpedo tubes.

Patrol Boat

Cost	Passengers	Durability
\$15,000	10	40/8
Accel.	Top Speed	Size
10 mph	40 mph	+3
Handling	Pumps	Fuel
+1	1d6+3	40 gal.
MPG	Armor	
10	2	

The Marshal's Handbook







Chapter Four:

Shattered Secrets

Lynchburg

Fear Level 3

Gerald Lubbock

Poor Gerry didn't meet his end in the croaker's belly. In fact, he's still around and kicking, in a manner of speaking.

A none-too-bright manitou followed Gerry for months, recognizing his natural talent for expression as a force the Reckoners could use to their advantage. Gerry presented it with many opportunities for corruption, but it waited patiently for a chance to count the young Librarian amongst the Harrowed. When the croaker attacked, the manitou gleefully surged into him and gained control of his body—or would have, if his body hadn't remained in the boat.

This shock was enough for Gerry to wrest control away, at which point he screamed, spat, and bit at the dark prison he found himself trapped within. The terrified croaker swam to the

surface and spat him onto a nearby beach. Now freed, he realized his predicament. He spent the next two days screaming at the top of his lungs, or rather, "as loud as he could."

Four months gave Gerry time to adjust. He's learned how to get around by rolling, and has figured out that he can chew the ground for purchase should he need to. His newfound mobility hasn't prevented an overall bitterness, however. Steep inclines and deep water keeps him from traveling far. He tried calling out to passing boats, but the brainers took potshots at him. His manitou has settled into a state of severe depression, leaving Gerry to his own devices. To top that off, a hermit crab tried to burrow into his ear.

The situation has filled him with anger and bitterness. He's become quite surly, pessimistic, and incredibly lonely. He talks to hear his own whispers, frequently launching into bitter tirades that last hours at a time. He'd give anything to find Alyssa, if he had anything to give.

Profile: Gerry Lubbock

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

Dodge 3d4, fightin': bitin' 3d4, sneak 3d4

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

Academia: history 4d8, area knowledge: Sacramento 2d8, bluff 2d12, faith 3d6, guts 1d6, language: English 4d8, overawe 2d8, performin': singing 4d8, professional: journalism 3d8, ridicule 6d12, scrutinize 3d8, search 1d8, tale tellin' 3d8

Pace: 1

Size: 2

Edges: Big ears, eagle eyes, keen, light sleeper, sense of direction, "the stare," "the voice" (grating)

Hindrances: Big mouth, lame: crippled, mean as a rattler

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Harrowed

Harrowed Powers: Fangs 4, spook 3. For all intents and purposes, fangs can be treated as claws. This represents Gerry's ability to grow sharp canines that inject venom into a target.

Description: The croaker's stomach acids dissolved most of Gerry's hair and skin, leaving a patchwork skull with bulging eyes and a tongue. His inability to blink or make basic facial expressions is downright unsettling.

Law of the Land

These laws may seem open for interpretation—that was Vonda's intention. This allows Irregulars to apply leniency as they see fit. Surrounding circumstances factor heavily into sentencing. For example, killing somebody in self defense could land a person as much as ten years of work in Factory Row or as little as one day of filing forms in City Hall. Note that citizens typically receive shorter and more lenient sentences than outsiders.

Mayor Bemis

Hank Bemis has come far from his lonely job in the archives of the Lynchburg Public Library. He applied his large body of knowledge to rebuilding Lynchburg and has seen much success with the social restructuring of his hometown.

He's also dying of stomach cancer. He's kept it quiet from everybody but Doc Chernov and Vonda, who know that he's likely to pass within the year. In the meantime, he's trying to get all of his long-term plans in order. He wants Lynchburg to affiliate with the Grand Library, possibly as a backup location for their files.

Profile: Mayor Bemis

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

Climbin' 2d4, dodge 1d4, drivin': wheeled vehicles 2d4, sneak 2d4

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

Academia: history, sociology 4d12, area knowledge: Lynchburg 7d12, bluff 3d10, faith 3d8, guts 5d8, leadership 5d10, overawe 2d10, persuasion 4d10, scrutinize 4d8, search 3d8, tale tellin' 4d10

Pace: 4

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Edges: Keen, renown 3: Castor Mesa, "the voice" (soothing)

Hindrances: Ailin: fatal (cancer) -5, bad eyes: near blind -5

Gear: glasses, palmcorder, small club (cane)

Description: Hank's hair is a thick silvery-white. He has a warm smile and piercing eyes. He uses a cane to help him walk, and he's blind without his glasses.

Vonda Wright

Alyssa doesn't know that Vonda Wright is a mutie. The only person in on the secret is Doc Chernov, who treated her after the Typhoid Chris incident. She asked him to keep quiet about it because she's worried that people would try to use her as a political figurehead.

Profile: Vonda Wright

Corporeal: D:3d12, N:5d6, S:4d8, Q:2d12, V:4d10

Climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 6d6, quick draw 2d12, shootin': pistol, shotgun 4d12, sneak 2d6, speed-load: pistol 3d12

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

Area knowledge: Lynchburg 6d6, guts 2d8, leadership 3d8, overawe 3d8, professional: law 2d6, scrutinize 3d12, search 3d12

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Edges: Brave, law dog, luck o' the Irish, nerves o' steel, "the stare," "the voice" (threatening)

Hindrances: Obligation: Lynchburg, ugly as sin, yearnin': rebuild Lynchburg

Mutations: No flight reflex (+2 to *guts* checks, but she must make a Hard (9) *Smarts* roll to back down from a fight)

Gear: Irregulars uniform, .357 Ruger Redhawk, Tokarev machine pistol, 50 rounds of ammo for each.

Description: Vonda was once an attractive black woman before hideous burn scars covered the right half of her head. She keeps the part of her head that can grow hair shorn at all times. Her uniform has captain's bars.

Vonda's Irregulars

All Irregulars shave their heads out of respect for Vonda. She had nothing to do with this tradition, but quietly enjoys the symbol of respect. There are currently 100 Irregulars on active duty.

Vonda tries to pick the more perceptive to fill the Irregular's ranks, so any related edges such as *keen* or *eagle eyes* work to a citizen's favor. More important to Vonda is the ability to think objectively, know the intricacies of the law, and apply them fairly to citizens and outsiders alike. Consequently, she won't select anybody with the *vengeful*, *intolerance*, or *mean as a rattler* Hindrances unless they do a good job of hiding it from her. Because the Irregulars are effectively above the law, she's quick to punish

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any that abuse their authority. That she's only done so twice since 2082 is testament to her astute judgment of character.

Irregulars uniforms are old infantry battlesuits repainted dark green. A stark white V.I. is painted on the shoulder guards above the Irregular's last name and rank. They are specifically tailored to the individual, so heroes attempting to wear a stolen uniform suffer a -2 *Nimbleness* penalty. If the hero is a different Size than the Irregular, the uniform doesn't fit.

Profile: Irregular

Corporeal: D:1d10, N:4d8, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d10

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 4d8, drivin': car 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, quick draw 2d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, shotgun 3d10, sneak 3d8

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

Area knowledge: Lynchburg 4d6, bluff 3d6, guts 4d8, leadership 2d6, overawe 3d6, persuasion 2d6, professional: law 2d6, scrutinize 3d8, search 3d8, streetwise 2d6, trackin' 2d8

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18


Edges: Brave, eagle eyes, law dog

Hindrances: Loyal (to Vonda), obligation: Lynchburg, oath: uphold the law

Gear: Brass knuckles, Irregulars uniform, police pistol, pump shotgun, 20 rounds for each.

Naval Yard

Captain Parker was at a loss of what to do after the Big Bang. Extensive conversations with Mayor Bemis led to the creation of the Lynchburg Naval Defense Force in early 2082, with Captain Parker installing himself as Commodore. Nearly all of his men signed on, having nowhere else to call home.



The Yard was last retrofitted in 2038 and is only equipped to handle smaller military vessels. It has returned to serving its original purpose: deterring Maze pirates from hijacking fuel shipments. Manned turrets on the breakwaters serve as stationary defense. As for ships, three NA gunboats, seven old transport ships, one captured SA cruiser, and two captured SA marine transports call the Yard home. Two gunboats are always on patrol, while the cruiser, two supply ships, and the remaining gunboat remain in a state of readiness. The rest of the boats have remained docked since 2082.

Use the Old Soldier Archetype for the marines, but replace the *greedy* and *death wish* Hindrances with *obligation: Lynchburg* and *oath: LNDP*.

The Elevator

Ten marines and five Irregulars are stationed at each end of the Elevator. It's guarded so heavily because it also controls Lynchburg's water supply. Saltwater enters through intakes in Poe Harbor and travels through hundreds of pipes to the mesa surface, where it's routed to a desalinization plants.

A.J. Kent

Aloisius Jurisprudence Kent showed remarkable aptitude with computers in his youth. He's just old enough to remember when most of his inheritance disappeared during Bloody August. His father Caleb was a wise enough investor that the Kents were still the richest family in town after the market crisis, but their remaining wealth was only a fraction of what it had been.

A.J. has quietly looked into restarting Porpoise Computer Systems, a leading producer of palmcorders in the 2060s. If he can manage to rebuild and tailor the AI to his specifications, he plans to create an "Illustrated Primer to the Wasted West"—essentially a palmcorder

that is capable of teaching anybody that picks it up how to read, how to survive in the wilderness, the history of the region, where to go and where to avoid, and most importantly, what the Reckoners are and theories on how to fight them.

His long-term plans see him producing it in bulk and seeding it throughout the Wasted West for everybody to use. He's carefully documented what he's doing, how he's doing it, and what needs to be done should he die before completion of the project. He hopes to finish before the Reckoners catch on to what he's doing.

Profile

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

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': wheeled vehicles 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, ridin' 3d8, shootin': rifle 3d4, sleight o' hand 2d4, sneak 3d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:3d12, M:3d6, Sm:3d12, Sp:1d12

Academia: occult 3d12, area knowledge: Castor mesa 4d12, bluff 5d12, guts 3d12, leadership 3d6, medicine: first aid 1d12, overawe 2d6, persuasion 4d6, science: occult engineering 3d12, scroungin' 3d12, scrutinize 5d12, search 3d12, survival: Maze 2d12, tale tellin' 4d12, tinkerin' 3d12

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 20

Edges: Arcane background: junker, dinero: large personal fortune, mechanically inclined, renown: Castor mesa

Hindrances: High-falutin', obligation: Kent family legacy, pacifist: self-defense

Powers: Sensor, trait (If you own a copy of the Junkers sourcebook, *The Junkman Cometh*, you can replace these with AI, brains, commo, sensor, and tool tricks: finish).

Gear: Horse (named "Market Crash"), .30-06 hunting rifle, Porpoise Palmcorder.

Description: Kent is whip-thin and wiry. He's balding and keeps his remaining hair cut short. He typically wears flannel shirts, jeans, and work boots.

St. Francis Medical Center

Only six of the medical staff were full doctors before the Big Bang; the rest are interns. Doctors have *medicine: general, surgery* 4d10, while interns have *medicine: general, surgery* 3d8. Interns usually treat patients with minor injuries.

Gil Saxon

Gil is dangerous because he's rational and he thinks he's doing the right thing. Use the Tale-Teller Archetype for Gil's statistics, but replace his *hankerin'* Hindrance with *intolerance: muties*. His intolerance shows in his carefully constructed arguments against norms and muties living together. He's willing to pay for information indicating that Alphonse Castenada is up to no good, but he wants legitimate information—he's too moral to set Alphonse up.

Alphonse Castenada

Originally a professor of theology at UNLV, Alphonse was driving to a religious conference in Salt Lake City when the bombs hit. He returned to find his home destroyed and he went nuts. He didn't remember much of anything until Silas declared himself the Mutant King. When Silas sought people to spread the doomed word, Alphonse jumped at the chance and became one of the first Doomsayers. He was delighted to have once again found a higher calling.

He traveled west by foot, likening his foray through the wilderness to a biblical prophet. He spent the next four years spreading Silas' initial message of evolution, completely unaware of the changes that had occurred since his departure. Some towns he encountered would drive him away forcefully at the sight of his green robes, but in each case he thought the populace was afraid of travelers.

Alyssa's account of Alphonse's arrival in Lynchburg is accurate. Since his arrival he's sought any information about the Cult o' Doom past 2083. He knows about Joan but isn't comfortable joining her group until he's certain Silas

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is irredeemable. He continues to preach Silas' original message to the denizens of Freaktown.

Alphonse is ultimately a peaceful man, which is why Gil Saxon and Jack o' Shadows are causing him so much trouble. A true academic, he sincerely believes that people see reason in his message and will eventually come around to his way of thinking.

Profile

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

Shootin': pistol 2d6, sneak 2d6

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

Academia: philosophy 4d10, area knowledge: Great Maze, Freaktown 4d8, bluff 3d12, disguise 3d8, faith 4d10, guts 3d10, persuasion 5d8, professional: theology 4d8, scrutinize 2d10, search 1d10, streetwise 3d12

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 22

Edges: Arcane background: doomsayer, eagle eyes, keen, "the voice" (soothing), tough as nails

Hindrances: Oath: Cult o' Doom, obligation: Freaktown, pacifist: self-defense

Powers: EMP, flashblind, Geiger vision, sustenance, tolerance, touch of the Doomsayers

Mutations: Eyes glow bright green (+2 to *overawe* checks; equivalent to a flashlight at half power), slow metabolism

Gear: Doomsayer robe (green, with purple trim), Ruger Thunderhawk, 20 rounds of ammo, welder's goggles

Description: Alphonse wears his Doomsayer robe and goggles when he's outside of Freaktown. Amongst fellow muties, he removes the goggles and throws back the hood to reveal close cropped black hair and a thin moustache. He's quick to smile and would have kind eyes, if they weren't glowing green.

Jack o' Shadows

Jack isn't actually a Road Orc, but he sure wants to be. He plans to gather recruits and bring them to Red Fang. He's not sure what will happen then, but hopes to weasel his way into a position of power amongst the ruthless Orcs.

Jack isn't afraid to play dirty to get what he wants. He has half-formed plans to attack Gil Saxon or another Shark Club regular in order to flare up norm/mutie hatred, but he hasn't yet figured out a way to keep the Irregulars from figuring out his ploy. For now, he's biding his time.

Profile: Jack o' Shadows

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

Climbin' 3d6, dodge 4d6, drivin': wheeled vehicles 3d6, fightin': club 3d6, shootin': pistol, SMG 2d6, sleight o' hand 3d6, sneak 4d6

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

Bluff 3d6, guts 1d6, leadership 2d8, overawe 2d8, persuasion 2d8, ridicule 3d6, search 2d6, scrutinize 2d6, streetwise 3d6

Pace: 8

Size: 5

Wind: 26

Edges: Fleet-footed, thick-skinned, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: Greedy, intolerance: norms, scrawny, ugly as sin

Mutations: chameleon's skin (blends in with surroundings if nude and completely still; +2 to sneak in bright light and +6 in darkness)

Gear: big club (police baton), robes, SA officer's sidearm, 10 rounds of ammo.

Description: Jack looks like a goblin out of a children's story. He has pointed teeth, large eyes, and a green cast to his skin. Those unfortunate enough to see him naked notice a stubby tail at the base of his spine.

Turtle Isle

Before we get into the bowels of the Turtle, we need to make a quick rules stop.

Martial Arts?

Marshal, you're going to see that a couple of the NPCs we detail in this section have the Edges *martial arts training* and/or *enlightened*. This might draw some confused looks as we've not released the rules for martial arts in the Wasted West yet.

However, Turtle Isle just cried out for martial artists to be aboard, so we've gone ahead and issued them the abilities.

Never fear, we've got a few options for you to deal with this.

The Old Way

First, if you've got access to *The Great Maze* boxed set for the Weird West, you can use the rules there until we update them for Hell on Earth (You can get some idea on how we're changing them by looking at Li Ho's profile, by the way).

Just use the enlightened artist's *ch'i* Aptitude level for all his power levels and work everything else by the rules presented there.

The New Way

If you're a stickler for doing it by the book, you can either pick up *Hexarcana* for the Weird West (due out soon) or hold out for *Waste Warriors* coming later this year. Both are identical in system and update the *enlightened* Edge to a Strain-based system.

Or Neither Way

If you want to forego either solution above, that's fine too. Here's a couple of quick rules to help you still depict the relevant NPC's heightened abilities.

Anyone with *martial arts training* does an additional +1d6 damage in bare-handed combat. She can choose to do

either normal brawling damage or do actual lethal damage with her hands and feet.

Characters with the *enlightened* Edge (they must have *martial arts training* to take this, by the way), can spend a Strain point to reroll a *fightin'* *martial arts* attack or damage roll just as if it were a white Fate Chip. They can do this as many times as they want, but Strain only returns at the rate of 1 point per hour.

Manchu & His Flunkies

Manchu is not even an indirect descendant of Kang. However, no one on the ship is going to bring that up and any Outsider who does won't be around to back it up. He grew up a street urchin in Dragon's Breath and clawed his way through three different Trang families, eventually positioning himself to seize Turtle Isle when the bombs fell.

There's nothing "hereditary" about his position. It didn't exist before he created it. Nonetheless, it does help buffer him against some of the more ambitious Trangs; they know they have to not only kill him, but also his twenty-some children.

Nor does he have an "undead sorcerer" at his beck and call. Manchu has gathered a small amount of arcane

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knowledge himself—mostly from books he's found in old Wang Chen's shop—and the rest of the strange disappearances are the work of his croaker allies.

He keeps a skull in his inner sanctum that once belonged to Hung Hsiu-ch'uan, a famous and powerful Chinese rebel and reputed sorcerer. Actually, it's just the sun-bleached head of one of his earlier opponents, but, like the "hereditary title," it keeps folks looking in the wrong direction.

Profile: Manchu

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

Climbin' 1d8, fightin': martial arts, sword 5d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, SMG 4d8, swimmin' 3d8

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d8, M:2d12, Sm:2d8, Sp:1d10

Academia: occult 3d8, bluff 3d8, faith: black magic 3d10, gamblin' 4d8, guts 5d10, leadership 4d12, overawe 6d12, persuasion 3d12, ridicule 4d8, scrutinize 4d10. streetwise 5d8



Edges: Brave, level-headed, martial arts training 3, sand, "the stare," "the voice": threatening

Hindrances: Mean as a rattler, vengeful

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 22

Special Abilities:

Black Magic: Fortune Telling.

Manchu's got the hang of spying on his enemies through ancient arcane methods. Basically, Marshal, this is a plot device so that you can keep him on top of maneuvers to unseat him.

Gear: IW-91 pistol, 2 spare clips, Chinese sword (STR+2d8), various occult talismans, and a Kevlar vest under clothing (he's no fool).

Description: Manchu makes an effort to look the part of an old Chinese warlord. He wears his hair and beard long and in loose braids. He favors dark clothing, fitted and cut to allow him to fight if necessary. The fingernails of his left hand are nearly 3" long, while those on his right are neatly trimmed. He favors little jewelry, and what he does has the appearance of some occult significance.

Li Ho

Li Ho is Manchu's "number one guy." He's probably the only person on Turtle Isle—and thus anywhere—that the feudal lord trusts completely.

And with good cause. The two grew up on the streets of Dragon's Breath, dodging the cops and robbers both. Manchu was the brains of the pair and Li Ho the brawn.

Li Ho knows full well he enjoys his position thanks to Manchu and should his old friend fall, he won't be far behind.

Of course, with Li Ho watching out for him, that's not likely to happen. The rumors are right: Li Ho has not lost a fight in memory.

Profile (Li Ho)

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:2d10, Q:3d12, S:3d10, V:4d12

Climbin' 2d10, fightin': martial arts, spear, staff, sword 8d10, shootin': pistol, SMG 3d8, sneak 4d10, swimmin' 3d8, throwin': balanced, unbalanced, bullet 3d8

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

Ch'l 4d8, guts 6d8, overawe 4d8, search 3d8, scrutinize 2d8, streetwise 4d6

Edges: Arcane background: enlightened 3, brave, brawny, martial arts training 3, sand 2, thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 2

Hindrances: Big britches, bloodthirsty, loyal (Manchu)

Pace: 10

Size: 7

Wind: 24

Strain: 12

Special Abilities:

Enlightened: Closing the gate, devastating ape strike, leopard and her cubs, merciful sparrow, seize the pearl o' death

Gear: Usually just the clothes on his back; that's all he needs to kick butt. If he's expecting trouble he sometimes wears a Kevlar vest beneath his clothes (he's no fool either).

Description: Li Ho is a big man, closer to 7' than 6' in height, with a healthy load of muscles to match. He keeps his head largely clean-shaven, except for a single, tightly braided ponytail in the back. His arms and chest bear several tattoos of dragons and other Oriental symbols.

Manchu's Thugs

The standard security forces are equipped with NA officer's sidearms most of the time. In times of trouble, they can break out a stash of old Thompson SMGs—"tommy guns"—with 50-round drums. They have 3d6 in all Traits and relevant Aptitudes.

Manchu's private enforcers are cut from a different cloth. All are trained in martial arts and carry old NA military weapons 'round the clock. They are also well compensated for their loyalty to the warlord.

Profile: Manchu's Enforcers

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

Climbin' 1d8, fightin': martial arts 3d8, shootin': pistol, rifle, SMG 4d8, swimmin' 3d8

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

Area knowledge: Turtle Isle 2d6, gamblin' 2d6, guts 3d6, leadership (officers only) 2d8, scrutinize 2d6, search 2d6, streetwise 3d6

Edges: Martial arts training 3

Hindrances: Obligation (Manchu)

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: NA officer's sidearm, NA Commando SMG. 2 clips for each.

Description: These guys run the spectrum of appearance, but all dress in black uniforms, loose enough to allow a boot to the head, but tight enough to still look paramilitary. All told, there's about 30 of them on Turtle Isle.

The Promenade

The heroes can find most anything here if they look long enough, but since the selection varies so much, what's available one visit may be sold by the next.

Turtle Islanders take Outsiders (i.e., the posse and just about everybody else) for whatever they can get. That means all prices here run 120% or more above those quoted in the books. However, they also respect a good haggle, so every success and raise on a *persuasion* roll against a Fair (5) TN reduces that by 10%. It's possible for a really good talker to get a bargain on Turtle Isle, but it's hard.

Wang Chen

This old man does get his hands on real occult items from time-to-time, and you can use him to slip interesting artifacts and relics into the posse's hands if you want, Marshal. For example, this might be a good place for a questing Witch to find a second volume of *To Serve Man*.

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However, Wang Chen is just as likely to pass off worthless crap to Outsiders as a real gem—or, worse yet, a relic with a curse or taint to it. Whatever he's hawking, Wang Chen always expects *top dollar*!

Crazy Eddie

The Nguyen's don't really ignore, or even countenance, Eddie's business. He's actually a front for another, smaller Trang family, the H'siens, who're trying to move into the Nguyen's business.

Every so often, Nguyen heavies move in, clean the stall out, and serve Crazy Eddie up to the sharks. The Crazy Eddie in the stall now is actually the third or fourth one to bear the name—and the glasses—of the business. That's why the poor guy looks so unsettled; he knows it's only a matter of time before he gets a guided tour of a Great White's digestive tract.

The Bilges

This is one of the most unpleasant areas on Turtle Isle. There's nearly 120,000 square feet of darkness, muck, and stagnant seawater here. It stinks of brine, mildew, and rot—and more than one of the Trang families uses it for a dumping ground for bodies—minus their valuables, of course, the Trangs aren't that stupid.

No doubt anyone gutsy enough to poke around in the disgusting waters could turn up a few small items of value, but no Turtle Islander will brave the task. You see, not all the dead stay that way.

Stumbling around in the waist-deep water is eventually going to bring some brainer face-to-distended-face with a bloat or two. Not to mention getting wounded while down here is surefire way to get a really nasty infection. Have any heroes who get wounded make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid one.



Profile: Bloats

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d8, S:3d8, Q:2d10, V:2d8

Fightin': brawlin' 4d8

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

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 12

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR); a bloat's hands are too swollen to use as claws, although it may use them to batter an opponent for painful brawlin' damage.

Immunity: Most guns and piercing weapons only do half damage; shotguns do full damage due to their spreading impact. Alcohol dissolves the waxy flesh and does 2d10 to any location hit by the liquid. This damage continues at the beginning of each round, but is reduced by a die type each time. Once the damage is reduced to less than 2d4, it ends.

Stench: Any human within 10 feet of a bloat must make an Onerous (7) Vigor check to avoid being sickened by the overwhelming odor. Those who fail lose 1d6 Wind and are at -2 to all rolls for the encounter. Characters only have to make this roll once per encounter.

Undead: Focus—Head.

Weapons: A bloat's fingers are usually too swollen to manipulate a trigger or other device requiring fine manipulation, but they may have other simpler weapons, like clubs, large rocks, and dead cats if available.

Description: The corpse is grossly swollen and distended. Its flesh is of a consistency similar to soap-sludge and has a glistening, pale white sheen. The eyes appear as tiny black marbles in its bloated face. This swelling also often pulls their faces into a sardonic grin.

Croakers

These things have indeed been around a long time—longer than man, in fact. Back when Man was nothing but a wannabe rat, croakers were the undisputed top dogs...uh, fish on the planet.

Millennia ago, changes in the Earth's tectonic plates gobbled up nearly all of the croakers' vast underwater empire. On the coast of the present-day Maze, a number of their cities were entombed by the collision between plates along the major fault line.

The croakers' dark magics couldn't prevent these upheavals, but they did succeed in shielding those few cities from the worst of the damage and locked most of the inhabitants into a state of stasis.

Then along came Raven and opened up those ancient tombs...

Waking Up to a New World

Man wasn't even a twinkle in the planet's eye when the croakers went down for the count. So, when the monsters awoke to the noise and tumult in the waters of the Maze from miners and salvage jockeys, they laid low for a few decades to see where they stood in the grand scheme of things.

Once they figured out the score—and that human flesh was mighty good eaten, even if it's not batter-dipped—they decided the whole thing was a punishment and test by their goddess. By the way, she resembles a cross between a giant squid and a shark, with all the worst traits of both aquatic predators.

The croakers figured that they had somehow failed their goddess. To reclaim their former place as masters of the planet they needed to appease her. And what better way to do it than by sacrificing the usurpers to their goddess?

Prior to the Big Bang, they were cautious about it. Religious fanatics they might be, but the surface dwellers appeared to have powerful devices capable of destroying their few remaining cities.

Croaker Cities and Culture

The underwater population centers of the croakers are totally alien to the few humans unlucky enough to visit them. Of course, no one makes it back to tell the tales of them; the only people who see them go as prisoners and eventual sacrifices to their goddess.

Most of the cities are still partially encrusted with the rocks of the Maze, a fact that helped hide them from discovery. Rather than a group of individual buildings, croaker cities are closer to a single, huge coral reef than they are to their human counterparts.

Living with free movement along all three axes of travel, portals and windows appear in ceilings and floors as often as walls. The creatures have no sense of claustrophobia at all, and many passages and rooms are so constricted anyone traveling through it must squirm and wiggle.

Croakers are divided into three distinct castes: workers, warriors and priests. Priests lead the populace, warriors protect it, and workers do everything else.

In each, there are various levels of influence and authority, usually determined by age, and a young priest may be overruled by a sufficiently older warrior.

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Older croakers are invariably bigger, stronger, and faster than the younger members of the species. Croakers can live a very long time indeed; some make it to hundreds of years old.

Older and Better

To represent the creatures' increase in power over the years, use the profile found in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for any croaker under 40 years old—which is the vast majority. For every 40 year increment above that, increase each Trait by one die type and raise each Aptitude by one level. To reflect their ever-toughening hides, at the first increment above 40, they gain genuine AV 1 instead of light armor, and it increases by one level each increment after that to a maximum of AV 3.

So, a 100-year-old croaker has d10s in all its Traits and its Aptitudes are 2 levels above those listed in the book. For example, its *fightin': brawlin'* is now be 5d10. It also has AV 2.

Note that few croakers older than 100 years ever break the surface of the water.





Fish Out of Water

Croakers remaining out of saltwater for more than 2 hours suffer dehydration, oxygen-starvation, and decompression effects. Every 10 minutes after that 2 hour period, the monster loses 1 die type in all its Traits; once a Trait drops below d4, it dies a gasping thrashing death.

Devils in the Deep Blue Sea

The recent raids on Turtle Isle aren't the work of a clever group of pirates. Instead, they're the work of croakers slipping aboard the ship. And, to make matters worse, the monsters have a man on the inside aiding them.

That man is none other than Manchu himself.

He cut a deal with these sea-devils a long time ago. These underwater abominations are the source of most of Turtle Isle's high-end defensive systems, which the croakers strip off sunken warships and trade with Manchu.

And what, you ask, could croakers want in return?

Human captives—and not just for sacrifices to their dark goddess. Sure they can always use another bit of altar-bait; that's where a lot of Manchu's enemies mysteriously disappear to. But they're working on something far more sinister.

The Argos

Years ago, the croakers overran a research vessel called the *Argos*. Well, at least it claimed to be a research vessel. Actually, it was a military ship developing weapons—the shraks, a man-shark hybrid.

The croakers captured the crew, liberated the shraks, or rather subjugated the beasts themselves, and sank the *Argos* in a shallow, dead-end canyon in the Maze. After days of torture and interrogation in their

underwater cities, the croakers learned much of the genetic experimentation the humans had been conducting.

They also learned of a secret Union project, known as HAARP, which study for High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program—whatever that means. Working under a cover story about ionospheric research, it was actually designed to bounce microwaves off the earth's magnetic fields onto targets thousands of miles away.

Unfortunately, the equipment worked too well and the staff discovered, just in time, that it could cause a chain reaction resulting in destruction of the ozone layer and global warming on a scale capable of melting the polar ice caps in a few short years.

Not to mention a bad case of sunburn for us surface-dwellers.

I Want to Walk Like You...

That all sounded pretty darn fine to the croakers, who'd been the dominant life form on the planet long before humans came along. They would like to reclaim the title. However, those selfish humans had never activated the nifty device. If the croakers could do it themselves, they'd be in fish-face heaven.

The only problem was the installation is located hundreds of miles inland somewhere in Alaska. No croaker can travel that far from saltwater and survive.

Luckily, the croakers hadn't done away with most of the geneticists they'd taken from the *Argos* yet. If the humans could make a shark man, why couldn't they make a croaker that could survive the journey?

Raw Material

The human geneticists resisted at first, but after one or two of them were disemboweled in a feeding frenzy in front of the others, the rest caved in pretty quick.

They were balked by the croaker gene sequences though, which were unlike any others they'd seen. After a year of failures, the croakers were about fed up—and fed on—the geneticists.

Then one had an epiphany. Why not splice human genetic codes onto croaker ones to create a completely different creature that combined aspects of both? A little experimentation revealed it worked, but only with certain genotypes.

Since then, the croakers raid the surface to gather folks that fit the scientists' shopping list. Manchu, as part of his bargain, keeps an eye out for wasters with the traits the croakers are hunting at any given time. He has no idea what they are using them for; he assumes it's some sort of fish-food.

Hybrids

Occasionally, one or two of these gill-men are sent to the surface to see how they fare. It might be particularly disturbing for a posse to encounter a croaker hybrid that exhibits traits similar to a former friend!

Profile: Hybrids

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:1d6, S:3d6, Q:2d6, V:2d8

Dodge 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': crossbow, pistol, rifle 3d6, sneak 3d6, swimmin' 5d6

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

Faith 2d6, guts 3d6, overawe 3d6, search 3d6, trackin' 3d6 (by smell of blood, in or out of water!)

Pace: 6

Size: 7

Wind: 14

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Amphibious: These creatures can breathe underwater as well as above it. They're not capable of remaining out of salt water for more than a day—yet.

Armor: Blubbery, scaled skin -2

Damage: Claw (STR), bite (STR+1d4)

Weapons: A hybrid is likely to carry a firearm of some sort. After all, the surface is the only place it can get any target practice with a gun!

Description: These disgusting creatures vary in appearance, ranging from manlike fish to fishlike men. All have gray, scaly skin, lidless eyes, and gills, in addition to their inhuman claws and teeth. They usually shun clothing of any sort, which is really often the worst thing about seeing one!



Movie Town

We've given you the secrets behind the Director and his plans way back in *The Wasted West*. We won't waste any time rehashing old news here.

Let's All Go to the Lobby...

He's made some progress in perfecting his techniques, mostly thanks to a couple of junkers on his crew. He's experimenting with enhancing the subliminal messaging used by DelSanto by means of junker-tech. So far, his experiments have been largely successful.

Any town viewing one of his more recent movies is affected exactly as if a successful *tale-tellin'* roll had been made. In other words, its Fear Level drops by 1. The only catch is that it can't reduce an area's Fear Level below a 3...yet.

...And Have Ourselves a Scream

What the Director doesn't know is that one of his junkers, Delilah Winston, is Harrowed and from time to time loses control to her manitou. When she does, the tech works on subtly sabotaging the subliminals to make them oddly disturbing, like subsonic nails scratching on a blackboard.

The effect of these tainted slugs is exactly the opposite of the Director's intended response. They *raise* the Fear Level by 1 in any town viewing them, to a maximum of 5.

The manitou has only been able to twist but a few slug copies so far, but Delilah is on the downward slide in the Dominion battle. Soon, the spirit will have free reign.

Profile: Delilah Winston

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d8, Q:3d6, S:2d6, V:2d10

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': car 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, sneak 4d8

Mental: C:4d10, K:2d12, M:2d6, Sm:2d12, Sp:1d8

Academia: occult 3d12, guts 2d8, science: occult engineering 5d12, scroungin' 3d12, tinkerin 4d12

Edges: Arcane background: Junker, mechanically inclined

Hindrances: Heavy sleeper, unnatural appetite -3 (bugs)

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Special Abilities:

Dominion: Harrowed 3/manitou 5 (2d10 *Spirit*)

Harrowed: Charnel breath 3, duct tape 2, nightmare 2.

Junker Powers: Flash Gordon, generator, gunsmith, light, sensor

Gear: Plasma pistol, toolkit (in cluttered toolbox), flashlight with 2 small batteries.

Description: Delilah is fairly unremarkable in appearance, about 5' 3" tall with light brown hair and eyes. She seems somewhat shy or socially inept, but it's mostly because she knows she's dead and is afraid someone else will discover the fact.

Death of a Critic

We spilled the beans about Jean Girard back in *The Wasted West*, but things have gotten a little worse since then. Jean's taken a serious downturn in his sanity and begun modeling his murders after some of the most gruesome slasher films made.

Given that the Director is actually starting to have an impact, the Reckoners have given Jean a bit of a power boost as well. Now, as long as he takes the time to don the appropriate makeup and costume of one of those splatterpunk killers, he effectively becomes the monster.

Although his appearance (and weapon choice) changes according to which murdering fiend he appears as, his profile is fairly consistent as far as stats go.



When not in slasher-form, Jean has 2d6 in his Traits and any appropriate Aptitudes.

Profile (The Slasher)

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

Climbin' 3d8, fightin': axe, brawlin', chainsaw, etc. 5d8, sneak 6d8

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

Guts 5d6, overawe 4d10, search 4d10, trackin' 3d10

Edges: Brawny, sand 5, "the stare," thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 4

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, loco (homicidal maniac), ugly as sin

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 24

Special Abilities:

Armor: 2 (thick hide, signature clothing, hockey mask, etc.)

Damage: Any hand-to-hand weapon (STR+2d8). That's the minimum damage he does with any weapon; more powerful ones do their normal damage.

Fearless

Immunity: Normal weapons and magic. He takes damage from these and can be stunned, but recovers one wound level and 5 Wind at the beginning of each

round. Although the wounds remain visible, he suffers no penalties. He can recover from even a Maiming wound this way! When Jean Girard removes his makeup, he's unscathed.

Inescapable: No matter how much faster the victim is than the Slasher, he can keep up by making a Fair (5) *trackin'* roll. The quarry may lose sight of him occasionally, but he soon shows up, trudging along at his normal pace.

Vulnerability: Once his makeup is removed he's little Jean Girard and easily handled. A hero can remove it with a Fair (5) *Deftness* roll and a bottle of alcohol or other solvent. This takes 5 rounds to accomplish; each raise reduces the time by a round. It's a good idea to put him down before attempting it!

Gear: Clothing and other gear appropriate to persona, a variety of unpleasant hand weapons.

Description: Pick your favorite slasher movie villain!

The Pits

At any given time, Marshal, there are upwards of 25 walkin' dead down in the Pit. Given the shortage of ammunition in Movie Town, if those things were to get out somehow, the cast and crew might have a tough time!



Purgatory

This region has some of the greatest manitou activity in the Wasted West. When a hero kicks the bucket, the player draws five cards plus the hero's Grit to see if she returns Harrowed.

The Firemen

Statistics for a typical Fireman and their suits are in the *Wasted West*.

Jacob McCandles

McCandles grew up in the Great Maze. One lazy summer morning during his teenage years he stole a powerboat with two friends and spent most of the day joyriding. His partners in crime were Daniel Masters and a young Samuel Throckmorton.

Eventually they found themselves near an abandoned ghost rock mine north of Manitou's Bluff and did some exploring. They separated briefly and Masters found a very deep drop-off. He peered over the edge, glimpsing a large pile of human skeletons. He screamed for McCandles and Throckmorton to join him.

Boo!

Throckmorton thought it would be a great gag to leap out and scare the stuffing out of the easily spooked Masters. Unfortunately Masters was so frightened when Throckmorton did so, that he stumbled back and fell into the ravine. McCandles and Throckmorton rushed to the edge to see their friend's broken body atop the pile of skeletons.

Their fear became terror as Masters turned dead eyes upon them and moaned "Why?" They saw the skeletons stir, and Masters' body sank into the pile as their bony arms wrapped around his body and pulled him within.

They panicked and ran, hopping in the boat and opening up the throttle for a full hour before they stopped to figure out what they should do.

The Pact

The terrified pair made a pact to take the secret to their graves. Upon returning they admitted to stealing the boat, but concocted a story about a strange creature sweeping Masters off the boat and eating him. They were convincing enough that their parents and the authorities believed them. McCandles and Throckmorton avoided each other for the next few years and then went their separate ways—Throckmorton to the Confederate military and McCandles to the Merchant Marine.

After Throckmorton's death in Yuma and subsequent conversion to a cyborg, he sent a message to McCandles. Throckmorton said the terror he'd lived with at the look on Masters' face was so great that he'd somehow cheated death. He took his second chance as a sign that he should correct his life's mistakes, and begged his old friend for forgiveness. McCandles never had time to respond, for two weeks later the bombs fell.

McCandles eventually heard enough rumors of the Combine and a "General Throckmorton" to realize the general was none other than his old friend. He suspected that Throckmorton was driven mad by the Apocalypse, and decided to look for the only thing he felt could shock Throckmorton back to sanity: Daniel Masters.

He converted his fleet into what's now known as the Firemen to look for the mine which he knows is somewhere in Purgatory. He's searching for the cave and Masters, who he presumes is Harrowed. He doesn't know what he'll do if he finds his old friend, but he hopes to either convince Masters to travel to Denver or to grab him if words don't work.

Convincing his men to help him transport Masters to Denver for a confrontation with Throckmorton is a whole other matter. McCandles suspects he will need outside help when that time comes (hint, hint).

Profile

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

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sailin': boat 4d8, shootin': pistol 3d8, sneak 2d8, swimmin' 3d8

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

Area knowledge: Great Maze 4d8, bluff 2d8, gamblin' 3d8, guts 6d8, leadership 5d10, overawe 3d10, persuasion 3d10, scrutinize 3d12, search 3d12, survival: Great Maze 5d8, trade: seamanship 4d8

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 18

Edges: Brave, level-headed, nerves o' steel, sense of direction

Hindrances: Big britches, big un: husky, yearnin' (redeem Throckmorton)

Gear: Harmonica, Heckler & Koch MP20A, helmet, silver suit

Description: McCandles is a burly, bald man with hard eyes, thick moustache, and a grim smile.

The Betrayed

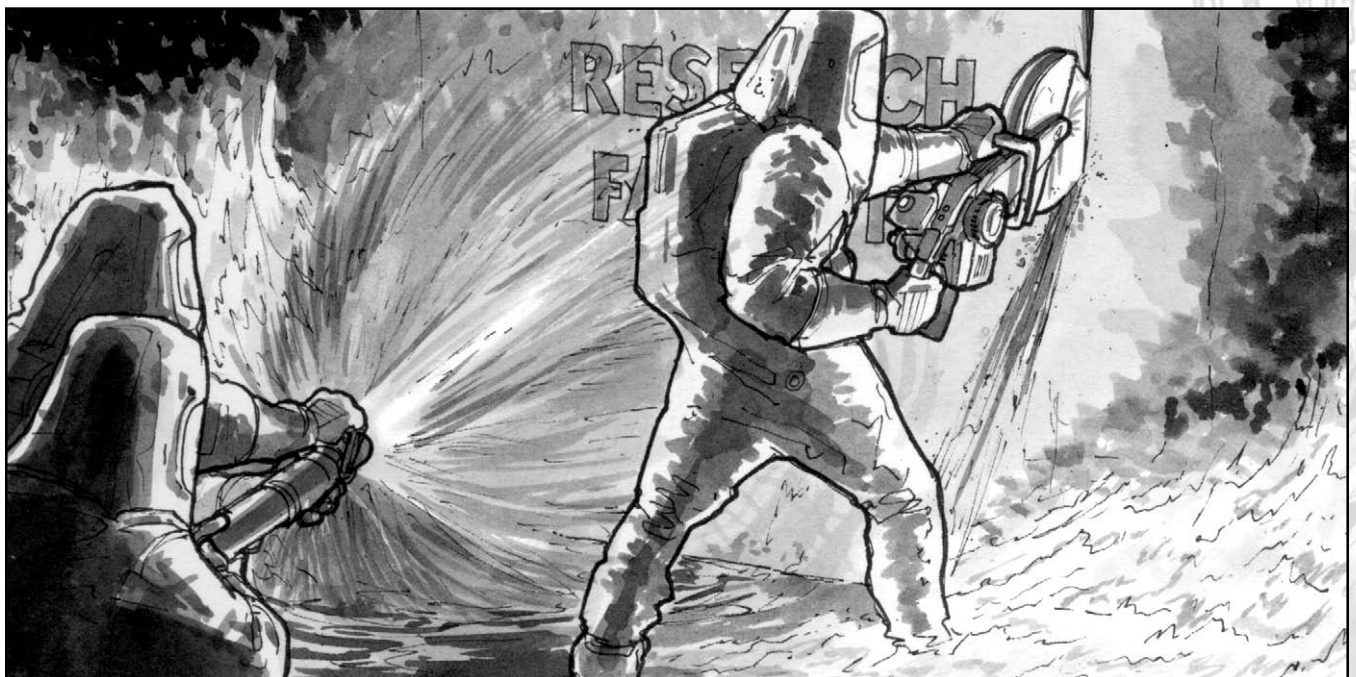
At the height of the Ghost Rush, a group of immigrant miners was trapped in a cave-in outside of Manitou's Bluff. Their cowardly crew boss ignored their cries for help and left them to die,

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fearing that an attempt at rescue would lead to another cave-in on the rescuers. It took days before their screaming ceased.

When Daniel Masters' blood spilled on their bones two hundred years later, the circumstances of his death combined with theirs formed an abomination known as the Betrayed. Physically it's a large mass of bones that slowly writhe around each other like bees in a hive. Masters' body is the only one visible in the heap that isn't pale yellow bone.

The Betrayed is an odd abomination. It never physically attacks anyone and attempts to retreat from anything causing it harm. It speaks through Masters' body, but calls anybody it sees "Sammy" or "Jake." Its conversations are distorted and bizarre, revolving around times that McCandles or Throckmorton betrayed Masters throughout his youth—from talking about him behind his back to dating his ex-girlfriend to his death in the mine, the Betrayed endlessly accounts injustices and endlessly asks why his friends would want to hurt him.





Profile: The Betrayed

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:2d4, S:1d4, Q:1d4,
V:4d12+6

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

Persuasion 3d12+2

Pace: 2

Size: 12

Wind: NA

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: If a hero reaches into the Betrayed, the perpetually moving bones cause 2d8 crushing damage to the submerged limb.

Fearless.

Immunity: Even if the Betrayed appears to be completely destroyed, the fragments of its bones reassemble in Purgatory within three months.

Paranoia: Make a *persuasion* test for anybody within a mile of the Betrayed, no more than once per day. When unnerved, a hero believes her companions don't want her around anymore, and are plotting to take advantage of her behind her back. Those who are distracted worry that their friends are going to leave them for dead at the first available opportunity. If broken, a hero is irrationally convinced that her friends are actively out to kill her. These reactions last until the hero moves out of range, but returning causes the reactions to return. Those with the *loyal* Hindrance treat the Betrayed's successes as one level lower than they actually are. It's hard to force players to act out these feelings of their heroes, so reward any that do with Fate Chips.

Weakness: The Betrayed can only truly be put to rest by its living betrayers, McCandles and Throckmorton. Should both of them die (and stay dead), The Betrayed dies as well.

Lost Angels

Fear Level 5

Cube's story is pretty typical for the average Lost Angels resident. At any given time, figure that only about 30 to 40 percent of the people in the city are actually residents, the rest are there for refuge, trade, or to scavenge what relics they can from the Dead Pool.

Bangers

The majority of Lost Angels residents are bangers. This, as Cube correctly informed the Librarian, is short for gangbangers. The gangs of LA were the people prepared for survival after the Last War. Life for them was pretty much a combat zone from before the war, and immediately following the Big One, they banded together to help each other survive in the face of what seemed to be insurmountable odds.

Now, the old ways are starting to return. The bangers have gone back to associating with members of their own set and living in discrete 'hoods apart from one another. The old rivalries between the sets are starting to rear their heads again, but so far, violence between them has been limited to some particularly brutal boat races and post-fighting matches. The people of Lost Angels know, however, that it's probably only a matter of time before random attacks start up again. The level of tension in Lost Angels is too high, and sooner or later, someone's gonna lose it.

Profile: Average Banger

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

Climbin' 2d8, dodge 2d6, fighting:
brawlin' 3d6, sailin': boat 2d6,
shootin'; SMG 2d8, sneak 3d8,
swimmin' 4d8, throwin': balanced,
unbalanced 2d8.

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

Area knowledge: Lost Angels 4d6, guts 3d6, leadership (OG only) 3d8, overawe 2d6, scroungin' 3d6, scrutinize 3d6, survival 3d6, trackin' 2d6.

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: NA

Gear: Varies from banger to banger.

Most carry some kind of weapon, usually a SMG and a knife. Many have access to a water craft (boat or jet ski).

‘Hoods

The residents of Lost Angels live on floating communities known as ‘hoods. Each ‘hood is essentially its own self-contained village, with homes, places of business and recreation, etc. You could, if you wished, live your entire life without ever leaving the confines of a particular ‘hood. Assuming, of course, that it didn’t get overrun by faminites, burned to the waterline by scavengers, eaten by a giant squid or otherwise made unsuitable for human (or mutant) habitation.

Physically, the ‘hoods are a hodgepodge of maritime construction: a chaotic mishmash of houseboats, floating platforms, crude rafts, stilt-houses and rope bridges, lashed together like a ball of twine after a run-in with a particularly exuberant kitten. Little effort is made at “city planning”—a new person ties their addition on to the main body of the ‘hood, and, assuming that the current residents don’t cut the lines, that addition becomes a new part of the whole. Think of it as the ultimate expression of democracy in social order.

Each ‘hood has its own flavor. Some, as Cube noted in his report, are very open to visitors. These are usually centered around some kind of bazaar that depends upon trade for survival. These ‘hoods are the ones where your players will most likely be spending the majority of their time in Lost Angels. These are the floating equivalent of a frontier town of the Weird West. They’re wild, wooly and rough, with opportunities for adventure lying around every corner.

Some ‘hoods, however, are best avoided by outsiders. Insular communities that at best shun strangers, and at worst blow them out

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of the water before they can dock. If you’re a particularly mean-spirited Marshal (and let’s face it, aren’t we all from time to time?) you might have your players come upon one of these more restrictive communities as a way to introduce them to Lost Angels. Note that this can be especially fun if your posse has a Doomsayer, or any others who display noticeable mutations.


There is room enough within Lost Angels for you to create your own unique hoods, tailored to the needs of your campaign. However, we’d like to provide you with a few of the more well-known ‘hoods, as examples, or for you to use as you see fit.

West Side

One of the ‘hoods that lies closest to the main channels of the Maze, West Side is caught on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, its proximity to the channels makes it one of the first ‘hoods encountered by vessels coming in to Lost Angels looking to trade, which gives it the potential to profit as a rich port. However, that very proximity also makes West Side an easy target for pirates marauding up and down the coast. Because of a particularly brutal series of raids during the past 9 months, West Side residents currently have no trust of strangers, and actively discourage anyone from docking at the ‘hood. This discouragement is firm, but not violent—unless they are provoked.

East Angels

Perhaps the most violently insular of all of the ‘hoods in Lost Angels, East Angels is adamantly anti-mutant. Any vessel approaching the ‘hood that appears to contain a Doomsayer or any other character possessing an obvious mutation is fired upon by the ‘hood’s four guard towers—five-story tall, wooden, observation platforms that



mark the four outside corners of the 'hood. Each tower always has a minimum of three guards on duty, all of whom are very well armed. The leader of East Angels, Edgar Torres, whom the others call El Jefe, is, in fact, an unbalanced Syker who suffers from posttraumatic stress and delusional visions regarding mutant plots to take over the world.

South Central

One of the two largest 'hoods in Lost Angels (the other being Downtown). South Central is viewed as the 'ancestral home' of banger activity. More bangers say they come from South Central than actually do—it's become a sign of pedigree among the bangers. (Like saying that you're from Malibu if you're a surfer. For the record, though, Cube is telling the truth—South Central, born and bred). The 'hood features one of the busiest markets in LA, where anything can be bought or traded. It is a good place to hire guides to take you through the city, and bodyguards to keep you from being killed by things that you find along the way. The post-fighting matches held here every Friday Night are considered the best in Lost Angels.

Freeway

The only 'hood in Lost Angels that is built entirely on dry land, Freeway stretches across the remains of a stretch of road—an overpass that still rises almost two stories above the water. As such, the 'hood is probably the most secure in the City—the concrete supports offer protection from attack from below, and its elevated position gives it a commanding view of the surrounding area. Culturally, the 'hood is wary of strangers, but does not bar them from entering. Visitors to Freeway are assigned a "guide," whose role is to escort them while they're in the 'hood and to make sure that they don't cause any trouble.

Downtown

The second of the two largest 'hoods, Downtown is also the one closest to the old center of the City, where the sunken Cathedral and the Deadpool is now found. Its proximity to the Deadpool makes it the busiest of all of the 'hoods, with adventurers and scavengers using it as a base of operations from which to plan expeditions to recover relics from underwater. Downtown runs a thriving business in the guide service—local bangers who hire themselves out to ferry outlanders back and forth to the Deadpool, and keep them apprised of the dangers there. More than any other 'hood, Downtown is a rough and wild place, where the unwary can find themselves in as much danger as any that they find out under the water.

The Dead Pool

Fear Level 6

At the center of the city, over the spot where the Cathedral of the Church of Lost Angels sank beneath the waves, the water has turned to blood—thick and clotted, swirling ever so slowly. The bodies of the slain rise here, regularly. Somewhere below, the bones of Famine's horse lie where it was blasted from the Earth by a bolt from Heaven. This is what's known as the Dead Pool.

The Dead Pool is the epicenter of the Deadland that is Lost Angels. The blast that killed Famine's horse and caused the great earthquake that sank the city also blew away the ghost storms that raged around the area. Without those storms, sometimes it's easy to forget that central Lost Angels is a Deadland—until you come to the pool. The Dead Pool is a cesspit of gore and bodies; nothing lives within the waters. Note that we didn't say that nothing was in the waters—just that nothing lives. The Dead Pool is home to the highest concentration of evil outside of Purgatory; undead, their bones dripping and coated with the blood of the pool, rise from the sanguine depths and attack those who are foolhardy enough to trespass.

Relics

For those brave enough to face the dangers, there are certainly things beneath the water worth diving (and some would argue dying) for. The ruins of the Cathedral hold the remnants of the holy relics accumulated by the Church of Lost Angels, as well as the bones of the priests themselves, as well as those of Famine's horse, all of which possess arcane powers:

Anyone successful in overcoming his fears and fighting off the walking (or rather, swimming) dead still faces a *search* roll against a TN of 15 to locate anything useful in the thick red tide.

Lost Angels Holy Symbol

These were the medallions worn by the priests of the Church. They are very small, and as such, are very difficult to find among the silt and sediment at the bottom of the Deadpool (*search* against a TN of 19).

Power: Anyone wearing one of these emblems is protected from the infection carried by faminites and even that of the Bishop himself, as long as the attack occurred while the necklace was worn. The medallion won't cure a preexisting infection, however.

Taint: None

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The Skull of Ronan Lynch

Yep, you guessed it, this is the honest-to-god skull of everyone's favorite gunslinger. Now that Ronan's gone off to his reward, you'd think that he'd be finished fighting the good fight, now wouldn't' ya? Hell no. His skull became one of the most prized relics held by the Church, due to its awesome power. Maybe it's blessed, or maybe it's just infused with the huge amounts of whup-ass that Ronan exuded in life, but the skull acts as a powerful weapon against the undead.

Power: In the presence of the undead (including Harrowed, but only if they are under the control of their manitou), the skull emits a powerful beam of light. Any dead flesh caught under the glaring light takes a whopping 5d12 damage every turn that they are exposed to the light. This effect radiates out in a 15 yard radius from the skull.

Taint: Anyone who has touched the skull has no chance of coming back from the grave Harrowed. None. Zero.





Bones of the Priests

As mentioned in *The Wasted West*, the bones of any priest of the Church of Lost Angels can be used as a powerful weapon against the Bishop. If the servitor of Famine can be made to consume the bone, he bursts from the inside, and finally explodes. Remember the old adage: The monster isn't defeated until it has exploded.

Bones of Famine's Horse

Possibly the most sought-after relic of Lost Angels, the earthly remains of Famine's Reckoner-steed has so far eluded discovery. Wild rumors abound regarding the bones, and the most widely-told tale is that if they are used to make a soup, then the soup could feed everyone in the Maze, and no-one would ever go hungry again.

Power: This, in fact, is true. If a soup is made with the bones, it becomes a magical concoction, constantly replenishing itself as it is served. A single pot of soup never empties, as long as the bones remain within. This miracle could be used to feed everyone indefinitely, except for one problem: anyone eating the soup is never hungry again. Ever. Not only are they not hungry ever again, but all drive to eat leaves them. They feel no need to consume food.

Now, I'm sure your posse might think this is great—except that their heroes' bodies still need food. Victims, however, don't know that. There are no hunger pains, no midnight munchies, no nothin'. A victim may think that due to the miraculous nature of the soup, that they somehow no longer need to eat to survive. When they start shedding pounds like sweat, they realize otherwise; which is when the real horror starts. Not only have they lost the desire or need to consume food, but they have also lost the ability, as well. Yep, you guessed it. Anything they eat comes right back up, undigested.

This, of course, leads to the victim's eventual death, as they start to lose 1d4 Wind per day that they don't eat (2d4 if they don't drink, but nothing's stopping them from drinking, though). But hey—they're never hungry, ever again for the rest of their lives.

So, what you do when your heroes pull up the bones and feed the entire population of Lost Angels soup? Well, if you're a hardhearted Marshal, you can let them all die to reinforce how tough life is in the Wasted West. If you're a softie, you can let them perform some sort of quest to end the curse.

The cure is a two-step process. First the victim must allow himself to be infected by a faminite to restore his hunger (this won't actually cause him to turn), and then he must eat another soup made from the bones of a slain servitor of Famine (like, say, the Bishop).

Other Relics

There are numerous other relics to be found under the bloody waters of the Deadpool; more than enough for a Marshal to insert one of his own creation, tailored specifically to the needs of his Posse and his campaign.

The Lakers

The big secret of this group of waterborne marauders that prey on the scavengers and treasure-seekers who come to LA is a whopper: The Lakers are what remains of the old Church of Lost Angels. All of them are either priests or members of the Guardian Angels, the Church's old armed expeditionary force.

They were organized by Father Walker Blake after the Big One, with the express purpose of protecting the sunken relics of the Church from scavengers. This is why they nearly exclusively prey upon those who would come to rob the Deadpool of its sunken treasures. Blake believes that it is his mission to keep the relics where they are, for he has seen in a vision that it is the relics that keep Famine from returning to exact vengeance upon the city.

He firmly believes that if all of the relics are removed, Famine will return and wipe Lost Angels from the face of the earth.

To that end, the Lakers have a network of informants throughout the 'hoods, who tell them of any expedition that seeks to recover artifacts from the Deadpool. They attack the intruders and try to subdue them if possible. Murder is not acceptable to Blake, however violence in response to violence is another matter.

Upon defeating an enemy, they strip them of weapons and whatever equipment the Lakers currently have a need of, and they return any relics to the deep. Any bodies are disposed of, and any prisoners (in the event of a subdual) are returned to one of the 'hoods.

Profile: Laker

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

Climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, quick draw 2d10, sailin' (boats) 3d6, shootin': pistol, rifle 3d12

Mental: C:4d6, K:2d6, M:1d8, Sm:2d6, Sp 3d6

Area knowledge: LA 3d6, guts 3d6, leadership: 3d8, overawe 4d8, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6, survival: Maze 2d6

Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Gear: Kevlar vest, SA Commando SMG (ROF 6, Dam 4d6). Occasionally, Lakers carry other personal weapons.

Blake

The leader of the Lakers, and a priest of the Church of Lost Angels.

Profile: Blake

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

Dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 2d10, sailin': boat 4d10, shootin': pistol, SMG 3d10, swimmin' 2d10

Mental: C:2d8, K:2d6, M:1d10, Sm 2d6, Sp 4d8

Academia: occult: 3d6, area knowledge: LA 4d6, faith 7d8, guts 5d8, overawe 4d8, survival 3d6, scrutinize 2d8

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Pace: 6

Wind: 14

Edges: Arcane background: blessed, brave, sand 5, two-fisted

Hindrances: Superstitious, oath (protect the relics) 5

Special Abilities:

Miracles: Consecrate armament, exorcise, feast, lay on hands, mighty fortress, protection, sanctify, smite

Gear: (as Laker, above), plus a Lost Angels Holy Symbol.

Rock Island Prison

Blake decided upon the use of Rock Island prison as the Laker's base of operations due to its defensibility from attack, and its proximity to the Deadpool. He and his men converted the cell blocks to living quarters, and retooled the docks to accommodate their vessels.

Blake discovered the secret vaults far below the prison containing the evidence of the horrible crimes committed by Reverend Grimme and his followers. However, unlike the creature who would become The Bishop, this revelation did not destroy Blake's faith—it only hardened it. Blake decided that the "original sin" of Grimme had poisoned the nature of the Church, and it was this impurity that caused the failure of the Church's attempt to destroy Famine.

Blake has vowed that his efforts to protect the relics will be free from that taint. He walled up the entrances to the lower levels with a few of his most trusted lieutenants assisting him. They spread the story among the other Lakers that the lower levels were home to croakers, shraks and even worse creatures. This story, and the devotion that all of the Lakers feel for Blake, has ensured that the lower levels have remained completely undisturbed since that time.



Syker Dolphins

Both the US and Confederate Navy had programs that used dolphins for ordnance retrieval, installation security, and sabotage. The Rebs took their program a step further than the US research. They began using syker handlers for the animals, figuring the telepaths could give the dolphins more exact instructions mentally than they could with words and hand signals. To their surprise, they found that some of the creatures possessed latent syker talent.

A few mind probes and some psychoactive drugs later, and each of these dolphins had become a syker. These new psychic dolphins were used to spy on US and Mexican naval installations, and, in a few cases, they actually managed to infiltrate the facilities and steal secrets from the minds of the humans there. When the bombs dropped some of these animals managed to get free of their holding pens and escape into the wild.

They blame the humans (rightly) for their condition, which they know is unnatural (other, normal dolphins shun them, which is a brutal existence for these social creatures). They roam the Maze in and around Lost Angels, and often find themselves battling other sea creatures such as the croakers and shraks, who are their deadliest enemies.

However, sometimes they come after humans. Especially if the dolphins suspect that the human is engaged in the same sort of monkey-brained activity that got everyone into this mess to start with. What goes into their thought processes can be a mystery, but the simple fact of the matter is that these dolphin outcasts are simply roaming around, spoiling for a fight—which they take where ever they can.

Quite a change from the benign, wise creatures of the sea that your posse might expect them to be. The dolphins might make great allies, if only they can be convinced of the worthiness of the cause. The dolphins have developed an innate ability to send and receive thoughts, so if the hero's can get one to stop and listen to them, it is possible to communicate. The dolphins can read the thoughts of involuntary subjects. If they scan a hero, have the brainer roll a contested *Smarts* roll. If he wins he detects the creature rummaging through his mind.

If he gets a raise or more on the roll, he is able to evict the dolphin from his mind. The animal can't try to enter the hero's mind again against his will for 10 minutes.

Profile: Syker Dolphin

Corporeal: D:1d8, N:3d12, S:3d8, Q:3d8, V:4d10

Dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d12, swimmin' 4d12

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

Area Knowledge waters around LA 3d12, blastin' 3d12, guts 3d6, overawe 2d6, search 3d6, survival 1d10,

Edges: Arcane background: syker, nerves o' steel, tough as nails 5

Hindrances: Intolerance (humans), mean as a rattler

Pace: 10

Wind: 26

Size: 8

Strain: 6

Special Abilities:

Syker Powers: Brain blast, chameleon, fleshknit, mindwipe, slow burn

Fishermen








Protecting the people of Lost Angels is a specialized job that requires a special group of people. The Fishermen are a variety of Law Dogs that are unique to the City of Lost Angels. Players interested in playing a Fisherman should take a look at the Law Dog template, and be sure to add *sailin': boat* as a skill. Under gear, Fishermen always have a watercraft of some kind and each one also carries the Fisherman's badge of office: a long harpoon (Speed 1, Range Increment 5, Defensive Bonus +2, Damage STR+2d6).

There is a loose organization of Fishermen, despite the fact that each one works alone. The first and most important factor of this organization is their first credo: "Only a Fisherman can make a Fisherman." Simply picking up a harpoon and cruising around LA doesn't make you a Fisherman; the true Fisherman has been bestowed with that honor by another. This makes for a nice reward for one of your posse if a

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Fisherman extra thinks so highly of her that he crafts a harpoon for the player and initiates her as one of the seagoing Law Dogs.

In full, the credo of the Fishermen:

-  Only a Fisherman can make a Fisherman.
-  Respect the waters. She is our mother.
-  Give up your harpoon only in death.
-  Protect those that need protecting. Impart justice where justice is needed and punishment for those who deserve it.
-  Your word is unbreakable. Do not give it lightly.
-  Your vessel is your wife. Treat her accordingly.
-  A call of distress cannot be ignored.

Damian

The Fisherman that Cube mentioned in his tale is one of the most respected Fishermen in all of Lost Angels. He primarily patrols the area between Downtown, Freeway and West Side, offering assistance where needed. He never takes a room at any of the 'hoods, preferring to bunk down within the security of the *Memphis Belle*, his vessel—a 50-year old Confederate Navy surplus hydrofoil. The sight of the huge man at the controls of the daub-gray military jet boat, with one hand on the tiller and one hand wrapped around the hilt of his 7-foot long harpoon, has been the source of hope for many residents of the city, and a sight to fear for many pirates and scavengers.

Profile: Damian

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

Climbin' 3d10, dodge 3d10, fightin':
brawlin' 2d12, sailin': boat 5d10,
shootin': shotgun, MG 3d10, swimmin'
3d10

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

Area knowledge: LA 4d10, artillery 3d8,
guts 4d8, leadership 4d8, overawe 4d8,
survival 3d6

Pace 6

Wind 14

Edges: Brawny, Law Dog: Fisherman,
Renown 1

Hindrances: Heroic

Gear: Scattergun (Speed 2, Range
Increment 5, Damage 1-6d6), Harpoon
(Speed 1, Range 5, Damage STR+2d6),
armored duster, *Memphis Belle*
(Durability: 40/8 Passengers 10
Handling +2, Armor 2, Acceleration 10
mph, Top Speed 70 mph. The boat is
armed with 3 SA SAWs that can be
fired remotely from the cabin (1
forward/port, 1 forward/starboard,
and 1 aft quarter), as well as a rocket
launcher (bow, Speed 2, Range
Increment 20, Dam 5d20, AP3)


The Races


The water races of Lost Angels are one of the few forms of entertainment in an otherwise stark existence. They are usually held in conjunction with Market days, when bangers and visitors from all over Lost Angels and the surrounding areas of the Maze come together to trade and barter. They are open to anyone with a boat, and the entrance fee—which varies—depends on who is running the particular race. As you might imagine, wagering on the races is heavy, with the odds running heavily in the favor of the home drivers.


If the posse is lucky enough to gain entrance to the races as contestants, they face a supreme challenge of their


boating skills. The races usually follow a circuitous course around the local area near the 'hood—a situation which heavily favors local drivers. The courses usually also feature many dangerous obstacles to navigation, which adds to the excitement for the audience.

Not only do the players need to match the *sailin': boat* rolls of their opponents just to keep up (assuming they have a craft that can match the pace of the lead craft), but you should throw the occasional obstacle at them must be avoided (TNs should vary, just to keep things exciting.). Here are a few examples:

 The tops of old buildings jutting up above the waterline, which must be slalomed through. (TN 5)

 An open-water pen filled with sharks, which must be jumped (a large ramp is provided for just this purpose) (TN 9)

 The race suddenly crosses through a group of walking dead as they rise from the depths! TN 5 to avoid hitting one. Any struck by the boat climb aboard and attack the crew—a great surprise for players who try to run them down on purpose!

 The race passes under a highway overpass which clears the water with barely enough headroom for the racers. TN 9 to time your passage with a low ebb in the waves, otherwise lose windshields, antennae, or anything else that is sticking up.

In short, indulge yourself, and throw everything you've got at the posse.

The survi—er—winner of the race becomes an instant celebrity in the 'hood, in addition to winning whatever prize was put up for offer. If one of the posse is the winner, this is a great excuse for someone to approach them looking to hire someone with “just that sort of skill” for a relic-hunting expedition, to protect a 'hood against pirates, or similar adventures.

Post Fighting

The second popular form of entertainment in the 'hoods, post fighting is exactly as Cube described it in his tale. The combatants must pass a Fair (5) *Nimbleness* check to maintain balance each combat round, in addition to worrying about attacking and defending. In addition, any maneuver that takes you from pole to pole requires an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll. Combatants also have to make a check when struck by their opponents (TN 9).

More experienced post fighters are extremely dangerous and have learned to use the posts to their advantage. They use higher ones to block attacks while standing on lower ones, slide down poles to quickly move to a lower level, etc. These veterans receive a bonus of +3 on all rolls for balance, maneuvering, attack and defense during the fight, due to their experience with the form.

Anyone failing a check falls to the water below, which, although humiliating, isn't fatal. The loser can expect a few scrapes and bruises from bumping into the poles on the way down, but the drop into the water shouldn't kill anyone—unless something else is waiting down there (which has been known to happen).

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The Bishop and the Faminites


Sounds like a bad New Wave band, doesn't it?

Statistics for the Bishop can be found in *The Wasted West* book so we won't bother repeating the here.

What the heck is the Bishop doing in his temple in Purgatory? As Cube told us, he has stopped throwing hordes of faminites at the people of Lost Angels, instead relying upon the terror generated by stealthy infiltration and infestation of one or two faminites at a time. But why?

The Bishop is unhappy in his role as a servitor of Famine. Specifically, he feels that Famine is unworthy of service, that the Reckoner has abdicated its responsibility by abandoning its assault of Lost Angels





and the loss of its steed. When Famine wandered out into the East, the Bishop was content to serve, but as the weeks marched on, turning into months, with no sign of the Reckoner's return, the Bishop's discontent grew.

He now believes that he should replace the failed Reckoner as the new Famine. To that end, he is preparing for his apotheosis; his elevation to what he believes to be Godhead.

He is carefully manipulating the level of fear in Lost Angels through tension and apprehension, rather than the overwhelming desperation of a mass attack. In the meantime, his faminites are growing more and more vicious, feeding on each other and on any unlucky travelers he manages to capture. The cavernous hallways of the Temple echo with the pitiful wails of the hundreds of faminites confined within. The Bishop sits in the center of the Temple, listening to their cries, and dreaming.

When the Bishop feels that the level of fear is at its highest, he will open the floodgates of the Temple and his ravenous horde of faminites will descend upon the hapless city. The Bishop hopes this will push the level of fear to a high fever pitch, sparking his grand change from servitor into Reckoner.

The guy in the pointy hat is in for a big disappointment. In all honesty, he's totally of his nut (yeah, most servitors are, but the Bishop is a little whacked even by their standards). There's a lot more to being a Reckoner than causing fear, but that'll be of small comfort to the people of Lost Angels when the Bishop unleashes his slaving hordes upon them.

Until then, the Bishop bides his time, and waits for the right moment to begin his ascension. Bides his time, and hopes that Famine is indeed gone for good, for if the Reckoner returns, it will be displeased with the traitorous acts of its servitor—then there will be a Reckoning of another sort.

Natural Hazards

Below are the details for some of the Maze's natural hazards. The first entry is the *Area Covered*, indicating how much of the terrain is affected by the hazard.

Next is *Duration*, which tells you how long the hazard is likely to last.

Visibility is the number of yards a waster can see through the hazard. It mostly applies to storms, so some hazards won't have this entry.

The *TN* is the *survival: Maze* or *Cognition* (use whichever is higher) roll a hero needs to spot the hazard. The number after the slash is how often a character is allowed to check again if he doesn't succeed at spotting it the first time.

Warning Time is the total amount of time that passes from the first sign of the hazard until it starts causing the trouble listed in its description.

Rock Slides

Area: 1d20 yards

Duration: 1d6 rounds

TN: 3 (unless your hero is completely clueless)

Warning Time: 1 round

"Traditional" rock slides do a variable amount of damage based on the size and number of the rocks that fall on a waster. Rock slides last 1d6 rounds. Each round, roll a die on the Rock Slide Table for every hero and vehicle exposed to the slide. Heroes and moving vehicles with an active driver can attempt to dodge the rock with their names on it by making an Onerous (7) *dodge* or *drivin'* roll.

The second kind of rock slide is even worse. A brainer who fails to make an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll gets pitched over the side of a Maze wall and suffers falling damage like that described in the rule book. If the Marshal's feeling really mean, the unlucky character might suffer damage from falling debris as well or the hero might land on some particularly pointy rocks.

Rock slides are definitely to be avoided when possible.

Rock Slides

1d6	Result
1	Got lucky!: No rocks this round.
2	Small rock doing 2d6 damage.
3	Large rock doing 3d8 damage.
4	Small boulder doing 3d10 damage.
5	Big boulder doing 3d20 damage.
6	Roll twice on this table, ignoring this result.

Waterspouts

Area: 1d6x10 yards

Duration: 2d20 minutes (Type 1), 1d6 rounds (type 2)

Visibility: 10 yards (Type 1)

TN: 7/1 minute

Warning Time: Sight (Hearing)

The first type of waterspouts are only a threat to boats that pass through them. The average waterspout is 10 to 60 yards in diameter (1d6 x 10). Successfully navigating through a waterspout requires an Onerous (7) *sailin': boat* roll each round the craft is within the spout. Failure means that the boat suffers 2d4 flooding damage. The high winds can also blow anyone or anything that is not tied down off the ship. Heroes who are not secured in some way must make a Hard (9) *Strength* roll to avoid going for an unwanted swim.

While dangerous in themselves, their biggest danger is obscuring visibility. Many monsters of the Maze use waterspouts as a cover for their own attacks. Croakers are especially fond of this tactic, something characters should bear in mind while navigating the waterways of the region.

The second type of waterspouts are a little more dangerous. The only warning of an undertow coming from beneath is a small patch of roiling water, then, wham, you're flying. Boats with a Durability of 40 or less, and any people, caught in a vertical waterspout are lifted 1d4x10 yards into the air. They then come crashing back down to the

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ground and suffer falling damage (remember that heroes can make Fair (5) *Nimbleness* roll to reduce the damage as long as they fall back into the water).

Horizontal spouts are a bit different. The pilot of the boat must make a Hard (9) *sailin': boat* roll to avoid being slammed into the opposite wall of the canyon at the boat's current speed. Everyone on deck must make an Incredible (11) *Strength* roll to prevent being blasted overboard by the stream of water.

The warning signs of a horizontal spout are often a rumbling sound (sometimes mistaken for the beginnings of an earthquake), and water beginning to stream from cracks and holes in the sides of nearby mesas as the pressure builds.

Undertows

Area: Varies

Duration: Permanent

TN: 7/1 minute

Warning Time: Sight

Undertows are mostly a threat to boats or characters swimming through them. Passing through an undertow successfully demands an Onerous (7) *sailin': boat* roll to avoid suffering 3d6 flooding damage, although the Marshal can increase or decrease the TN as he sees fit. Swimmers must make Hard (9) *swimmin'* rolls each round they are in the undertow or suffer 2d6 Wind damage.

Flame Slicks

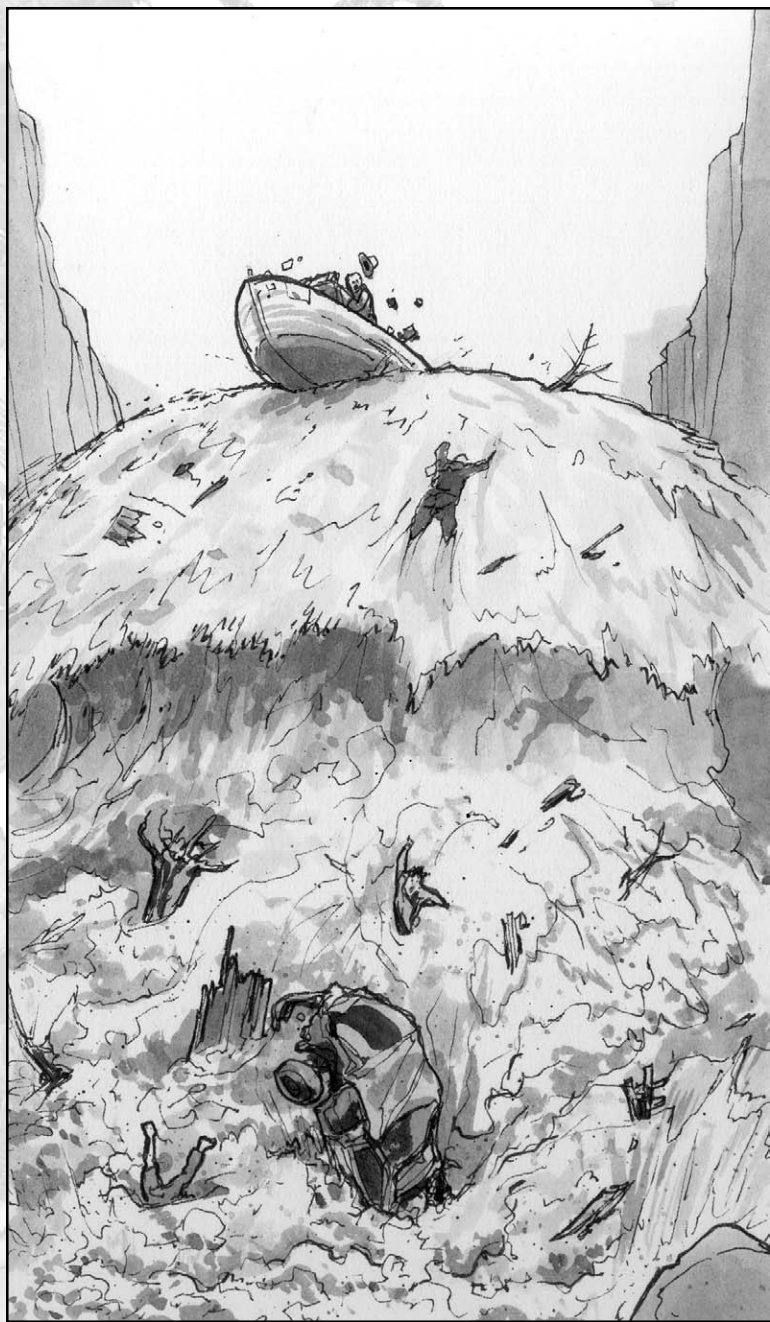
Area: 1d20 yards

Duration: 1d6 hours

TN: 3/10 seconds

Warning Time: Sight

Flame slicks are only a real threat if you're swimming or piloting a boat through one. Like more conventional spook juice, they don't generate a lot of smoke. For that matter, they don't even put out that much heat (1d10 damage



every round to anything within the slick). Unfortunately, the ghost rock oil is sticky. Once it's on you, it burns for 1d6 minutes before going out. The only way to put out the flames is to completely smother them. Burning people can hop in the water, but putting out a boat fire can be problematic.

Ghost rock oil is rare and hard to obtain. Very few ghost rock veins "bleed" enough to produce it in large quantities—at least that anyone knows about. The oil that creates flame slicks originates in veins deep under water that are heated by ambient radiation. Whether characters would be able to obtain enough to make an explosive is left to the Marshal's discretion.

Soul Storms

Area: 1d6 miles in diameter

Duration: 1d4 hours

Visibility: 50 yards

TN: 3/30 minutes

Warning Time: 1d20 minutes

It's hard for a waster to shield himself against a soul storm. Anyone caught inside a storm takes 1 Wind every round, regardless of the amount of Armor he's wearing! The only real protection from one is to get into solid shelter like a sealed building or a cave. Non-sealed vehicles offer limited shielding, reducing the damage to 1 Wind every other round.

Anyone killed by a soul storm has no chance of returning as a Harrowed and cannot be resurrected using junker or blessed magic. The hero's soul has been literally torn to shreds by the storm's spiritual energy.

Brimstorms

Brimstorms are just really nasty toxic clouds (see *The Wasted West*) that occasionally get caught near the Maze's many cave systems. There were a couple of noteworthy incidents involving them over the years and legends started growing up about them, like those Travis mentioned. Of course, they're still every bit as dangerous—whatever name you call them by.

Riptides

Area: 1d20 yards

Duration: 1d20 minutes

TN: 7/10 seconds

Warning Time: 1 minute

The first danger sign of a riptide is a sudden increase in the speed of the current in a channel. Really strong riptides may also be preceded by a loud

roaring noise and the sound of rocks and other debris being smashed together.

The only defense against a riptide is to get out of the channel before it arrives. If that's not possible, the only thing left to do is ride it out! Riptides have current speeds of between 30 and 60 mph (20+1d4x10). Anything caught in the current is sucked along at this speed.

Each minute a boat is caught in the current, its skipper must make a Hard (9) *sailin': boat* roll. Failing the roll means the ship takes 1d4 damage for every 10 mph of current from being scraped along walls and battered with debris. Swimmers unfortunate enough to be caught in one of these tides must make a Hard (9) *swimmin'* roll or take the difference in Wind and 1d6 damage for every 10 mph of current.

A merciful Marshal may allow your hero to try and maneuver down a side channel as he's being swept along. This requires a *sailin': boat* or *swimmin'* roll against a TN of 7, +1 for every 10 mph of current speed. Failing the roll means, your brainer is stuck in the current and takes damage as described above.

Most riptides are caused by the change in tides, but a similar phenomenon is caused by offshore earthquakes. These cause tsunamis. A boat at sea may notice a large swell, but once it reaches the narrow channels of the Maze, the wave rears up into a towering wall of water that sweeps all before it.

These waves have a current speed of 70 to 120 mph (60+1d6x10). Use the rules above for determining the survival of any caught by one.

There's only one catch. Before you can ride the wave, your hero needs to get on top of it. This requires an Incredible (11) *sailin': boat* or *swimmin'* roll.

For a boat, failure means that it has capsized—have a nice swim. Failure for a swimmer means the hero gets bounced around inside the wave with all the debris it's carrying—it's sort of like being in a rock tumbler. The poor brainer takes 2d6 massive damage each round until he succeeds at an Incredible (11) *swimmin'* roll to pop up behind the wave crest.

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Pirates

As if it's not bad enough that the land is out to do your hero in, there are plenty of human hazards wandering the Great Maze as well.

The Colonel's Men

The Colonel was indeed a Confederate officer during the Last War. More importantly, he was a supporter of General Throckmorton as he attempted to restore order to the Wasted West. Once Throckmorton declared martial law, the Colonel (whose full name is Lt. Col. Horatio Ignatius Layton) and some loyal soldiers decided enough was enough. They tried to put an end to Throckmorton's reign of terror.

They failed in their assassination attempt, but escaped with their lives. The Colonel and his surviving men fled as far from Denver as their stolen aircraft would take them. He then set himself up near Lost Angels as a pirate—both to hide and lay the groundwork for his eventual return to Denver.

The Colonel wants to overthrow Throckmorton and restore the general's original vision. That's why he's training his men so hard. That's also why he gets regular visits from Black Hats hoping to beat him to the punch. Throckmorton fears the Colonel might discover some way to destroy him.

Use Black Hat statistics for the Colonel's Men, including those collecting tolls. However, most carry SA or NA assault rifles instead of the usual Hellstromme-made weapons.

Should the Colonel and Jacob McCandles ever learn the other's secret, they could prove valuable allies against Throckmorton. Of course, that would require the posse to actually talk to the Colonel and get him to open instead of getting in a shooting match with him.



Profile: The Colonel

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

Climbin' 2d6, dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': pistol, SMG 4d8, sneak 3d6, speed-load 4d6

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

Area knowledge: Maze 3d8, artillery 2d8, demolitions 2d8, guts 5d10, leadership 4d12, overawe 4d12, scrutinize 4d8, survival 3d8

Edges: Brave, level-headed, nerves o' steel

Hindrances: Enemy (General Throckmorton) -3, vengeful

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Gear: SA officer's sidearm with 6 extra clips, SA Commando SMG with 4 extra clips, Kevlar vest.

Description: The Colonel appears every bit the soldier. His posture is ramrod straight; his hair is in an officer's cut. His rugged features command respect and perhaps even a little fear. At the same time, he can be amiable—even jovial—among those he trusts. Outsiders sometimes find the dichotomy peculiar, but it's won him the everlasting loyalty of his men.

The Wako

Despite their appearances, the Wako aren't really slavers. They're former members of Manchu's entourage who became lost in the Maze near Purgatory. Unable to find their way back to Turtle Isle and low on rations, they turned to cannibalism to survive. This brought them to the attention of the Bishop, who made them his minions. For now, The Bishop hasn't transformed them into faminites. He believes they're more useful to him and his mistress, Famine, as normal—if somewhat depraved—humans.

No one's found the Wako's base because they call Purgatory home these days. Between the fire and the faminites, it's not a popular place for outsiders to visit. There's nothing special about the Wako's ship. Wen Shihao simply prefers to attack stealthily by night, a plan the Bishop believes will spread greater fear throughout the inhabitants of the Maze.

The Wako have had a few run-ins with the Firemen and the came off second best each time. The last encounter with McCandles and his men nearly cost them their ship. Theu now go to great lengths to avoid the men in silver suits.

Use the raider statistics for Wako pirates (see *The Wasted West*), but add *fightin': sword, club* 3d6 and *survival: Maze* 4d6.

Profile: Wen Shihao

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

Climbin' 1d10, fightin': knife, martial arts, sword 4d10, shootin': pistol 2d8, sneak 4d10, swimmin' 2d8, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 3d8

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

Ch'i 4d8, guts 4d8, leadership 4d8, overawe 5d8, scrutinize 2d8, streetwise 4d6

Edges: Arcane background: enlightened 3, martial arts training 3

Hindrances: Loyal (to the Bishop), mean as a rattler

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Strain: 8

Special Abilities:

Enlightened: Devastating ape strike, leopard and her cubs, seize the pearl o' death

Gear: Sword, large knife, police pistol with 2 extra clips, boiled leather shirt and pants.

Description: Wen Shihao is a thin but well-muscl'd man with closely cropped hair and a severe expression. He dresses in black leather attire and is never without his knife or sword. Kicking off his boots is one of the first things he does in combat, as he prefers to fight barefooted.

Doom Sailors

While Zakoor is a psychotic dedicated to the extermination of norms, he thinks too highly of Silas Rasmussen to consider overthrowing him. In fact, Silas handpicked Zakoor to spread the Cult's influence into the Maze. This mutant pirate is powerful and charismatic. In fact, he's recruiting mutants to build an army to lead on a "crusade" against the norms in the Maze. Consequently, the Sailors spend much of their time near the mutant community of Shanghai. Zakoor and Redfang don't see eye to eye on things, so fights between the Sailors and the Road Orcs

Zakoor is indeed hoping to acquire working military vessels for his holy war. He hasn't managed to get one yet, largely due to their rarity. Consequently, his current plan is to salvage one and repair it—a goal that will eventually bring him into conflict with Miramar and its guardians.

Profile: Zakoor

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

Climbin' 1d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, shootin': pistol 3d6, sneak 3d6, swimmin' 2d6

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

Academia: occult 3, area knowledge: The Maze 4d6, faith 6d10, guts 5d10, leadership 4d8, persuasion 4d8, scrutinize 3d8, survival: Maze 2d6

Edges: Arcane background: doomsayer, "the stare"

Hindrances: Intolerance (Norms) -3, loco -3, oath (Cult of Doom), self-righteous

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Strain: 8

Special Abilities:

Armor: -2 (tough, leathery skin)

Spells: Atomic blast, EMP, flashblind, molecular bonding, mutate, nuke, sustenance.

Gear: Police pistol with 4 extra clips, armored duster, journal filled with his ravings against norms.

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Description: Zakoor is a short, wild-eyed little man with tanned, leathery skin. His thinning hair is long and unkempt. He favors long, dark clothing and large boots that add to his diminutive height.

Profile: Doom Sailors

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

Climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin', sword 4d6, shootin': pistol 2d6, quick draw 3d6, sneak 2d6, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 3d6

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

Area knowledge: the Maze 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 3d8, search 3d6, streetwise 3d6, survival: Maze 3d6

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 16

Strain: 10

Special Abilities:


Armor: -2 (tough, leathery skin)

Gear: Police pistol with 2d6 rounds, sword, boiled leather shirt, boiled leather pants

Description: All Doom Sailors are obviously mutants. Like Zakoor, they have tough leathery skin. Many are covered in boils and other disgusting eruptions. Others possess grotesque physical deformities, none of which limits a Sailor's ability to fight or perform his duties.

The Black Hand

The Black Hand doesn't really exist, at least not as the large pirate fleet many believe it to be. In fact, there's only one Black Hand vessel with a rotating crew. Over the years, the Black Hand became so successful that many of its members retired from the raiding life and moved on to greener pastures. They then sold their shares in the ship to newcomers, who carried on the tradition of the Black Hand.



Current Black Hand pirates maintain the ruse of their being several ships in the fleet as a way to guarantee success. After all, who wants to mess with pirates who can call on lots of buddies for help. So far, the charade has worked, but the advent of more ruthless pirates like the Doom Sailors and even the Colonel's Men has begun to affect the Black Hand for the worse. In time, they'll either have to return to "the old ways" or be swept away.

Commerce Station

The story of Commerce Station is a bit more complicated than Donovan realizes. Before the Last War, Elizabeth Langley was an arms dealer from Lost Angels. She made a fortune selling weapons across North America. She even distributed Hellstromme's wares on occasion. When Judgment Day arrived, Langley knew she was as much to blame as anyone else. If she survived the carnage, she vowed to make amends for her wasted life.

Like nearly everyone else in Lost Angels, Langley died during the Last War. Unlike them, she came back as one of the Harrowed. She was appalled to see men still fighting over ghost rock. She understood ghost rock had its uses, but feared a repeat of the Last War.

So Langley gathered up a band of followers and a huge cache of weapons and set herself up as guardian of one of the Maze's richest canyons. She and her gang keep a close eye on anyone who comes looking to mine ghost rock. Provided they pay their toll and provide a nonviolent explanation of what they want with the ghost rock, they'll be fine. Woe to anyone who lies or tries to enter the canyon by force. Liz has a mean streak and a long memory.

Use the raider statistics (*The Wasted West*) for Liz's men. However, they're armed with a variety of weapons, including heavy machine guns, grenades, and rocket launchers.

Profile: Liz Langley

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

Climbin' 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 3d10, shootin': MG, pistol, rocket launcher 4d6, sneak 3d10, speed load 4d6, throwin': unbalanced 3d6

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

Artillery 2d10, bluff 3d10, demolition 2d10, guts 5d10, leadership 4d8, overawe 5d8, persuasion 5d8, scrutinize 6d10, search 3d10, streetwise 3d10, survival 2d10, trackin' 3d10

Edges: Brave, "the voice" (threatening)

Hindrances: Obligation (defend the canyon) -2, vengeful

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 18

Strain: 8

Special Abilities:

Harrowed

Harrowed Powers: Claws, Marked for Death, Spook

Miramar

Fear Level 4

Miramar's not as bad a place as it seems. Sure, the Council of Five charges exorbitant tolls for access to the Channel of Doom, but they use the fees to maintain order in this growing boomtown. With all the wasters and weirdos who come through looking for lost riches, order is at a premium.

The Council of Five is made up of five junkers who want to ensure the channel is protected from marauders. They never show themselves in public and only their top lieutenants in the local militia know their identities. Sometimes, they travel incognito into the channel looking for parts for their latest experimental devices.

The Channel of Doom is a treasure trove of equipment and salvage materials. With effort and perseverance, a posse could make a lucky find. After all, a lot of military vehicles went down in the channel during the Last War.

Use raider statistics for the Miramar guardsmen. They typically wear Kevlar vests and are armed with SMGs.

Monsters o' the Maze

Not to be outdone by humanity and Nature, the Reckoners have sprinkled the maze with a liberal helping of abominations.

Cryote

The cryote is a dangerous animal, but it's also a cowardly one. By nature reclusive, cryotes are easily frightened, especially when confronted with a larger group of opponents. Provided a posse's big enough, they don't pose much of a threat.

However, cryotes do use their baleful howl to spook solitary prey. Despite what Travis says, the howl doesn't always paralyze a foe. Its effects vary from person to person, but it can prove deadly against a gutless waster. He was right that there's no real defense against it. Anyone within earshot of the howl is susceptible to its effects.

The stories of their being used by other creatures are just another tall tale. Cryotes are too skittish for that. Of course, it's not impossible. A mutant or Servitor with command of animals might be able to press them into service, but that's the exception to the rule.

Profile: Cryote

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

Fightin': brawlin' 2d6, sneak 5d6

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Search 2d8, trackin' 3d8

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 10

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4), claw (STR+1d6).

Howl: Produces an unearthly wail that requires an Incredible (11) *guts* check by anyone hearing it within 90 yards. This ability is usable once per hour.

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Description: The cryote looks almost identical to a normal coyote, except for a bluish tinge to its fur and completely black eyes. A Fair (5) *Cognition* check alerts a hero to these differences.

Rubber Chicken Man

The disgusting rubber chicken Men are basically what Travis believes them to be. They're the unfortunate victims of ghost rock radiation whose bones melted away but somehow managed to stay alive. This unfortunate accident has left them insane and filled with a hatred of normal humans and mutants—which is to say anyone with bones.

The rubber chicken men don't serve the Reckoners directly. Of course, their horrifying appearance and abilities make them excellent fear-mongers. They're most common near the ruins of Lost Angels and have recently claimed the lives of several posses exploring the area.

Profile: Rubber Chicken Man

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:1d8, Q:1d10, S:2d10, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 3d8

Mental: C:1d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Search 3d6, trackin' 2d6, survival 2d4

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: 10

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bounce (STR+1d8). The rubber chicken man's only effective attack is to bounce at an opponent with great force. The attack is usable against any opponent with 5 yards of the rubber chicken man.

Immunity—Normal Damage: Normal weapons and attacks do only half damage against its rubbery flesh. Magic and fire affect it fully.

Description: Rubber chicken men look like human beings without any bone or cartilage in their bodies. Their features are warped and grotesque, their flesh twisted and stretched almost beyond recognition. They flop along the ground using what muscles they still possess. This bouncing movement looks pathetic, even comical. Yet, they are deeply unnerving to see and deadly to engage in combat.

Maze Ant

Maze ants are some of the most dangerous creatures in the Maze—at least if you have any interest in ghost rock. The mutant insects are strongly attracted to ghost rock deposits and attack anyone that attempts to mine the stuff. They're also relentless and immune to fear. Once they become aware that there's ghost rock in an area, they won't give up until they've either got sole possession of it or their entire nest is dead.

Maze ants need ghost rock in order to reproduce. Their monarchs are giant, immobile creatures that "process" ghost rock into a jellylike substance that nourishes its eggs. Without ghost rock, the ants are doomed. Their average life span is less than five years. They need to get hold of large quantities or face inevitable extinction.

The stories of the ants' enmity with Mojave rattlers are somewhat mistaken. It's true the ants do occasionally work to destroy any rattlers entering their territory, but it's nothing personal. They'd do the same to any predator—large or small—they viewed as a threat to their survival. In most cases, it's mankind that gets the bulk of their attention.

They do have a real grudge against wormlings, however, because these creatures consider Maze ants eggs a real delicacy.

Profile: Maze Ant

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d10, Q:2d10, S:3d12+4, V:3d8
Fightin': brawlin' 3d10, sneak 2d10
Mental: C:2d6, K:1d4, M:2d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4
Search 2d6
Pace: 10
Size: 8
Wind: 12
Terror: 7
Special Abilities:

Armor: 2

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4)

Detection: Maze ants can detect ghost rock deposits at a range of 100 yards, although hard rock like granite blocks this ability.

Fearless: Maze ants never make *guts* checks and cannot be surprised or stunned for more than one round.

Description: Maze ants are huge, pale, white ants about the size of pack mules. Their carapace is mildly translucent, revealing some of their internal organs to observers.

Brine Bones

Brine bones are a special type of walkin' dead. Like Travis says, they're found mostly in the Channel of Doom, where they were killed back at the beginning of the Last War. Although they were on opposite sides during the War, brine bones don't seem to carry their grudges beyond the grave. It's not uncommon to see brine bones wearing Confederate and Mexican military uniforms working side by side.

Brine bones are extremely intelligent undead beings. A brainer would be making a big mistake assuming they were as dim as other types of walkin' dead. They retain vestiges of their military training as well. Brine bones coordinate their attacks quite effectively. Some squads of them even lay ambushes for their opponents.

The stories of them commanding entire ships are just that, though. Brine bones are smart and disciplined, but they're not that good. Besides, military vessels are rare enough in the Maze that groups more powerful than brine bones are sure to take them.

Profile: Brine Bones

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

Dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 3d8

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

Overawe 5d6, search 1d10

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR), punch (STR+1d4)

Fearless

Undead

Description: Brine bones look like other forms of walkin' dead, except that their uniforms are usually soaking wet and covered in seaweed. They also smell powerfully of salt water.

Ferryman

Travis is completely off base on the ferryman. No such creature travels the waterways of the Maze.

All stories of the ferrymen are mistaken, being either outright lies or the misidentification of other waterborne creatures. However, this fact shouldn't stop a Marshal from using the legend of the ferrymen to good effect. Many posses will have a keen interest in these elusive beings—and their supposed abilities to enter the Hunting Grounds. This makes ferrymen perfect hooks on which to hang a tale or two of the Wasted West.

Green Leaper

Green leapers are unpleasant amphibians that are even more dangerous than most tales suggest. They're crafty, skilled at ambushing their prey, and hunt in large numbers. Most encounters are with upwards of a dozen of these beasts. That's one of their greatest strengths. Consequently, green leapers prefer to overwhelm their opponents with numbers whenever possible. They normally appear in groups of 11-30 (10+1d20).

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Fortunately, these creatures are rare in the Maze. They are attracted to warm waters, meaning they're most common around the ruins of Lost Angels and Purgatory. They're almost nonexistent in the northern portions of the Maze. A waster wanting to avoid them would do well to stay away from southerly regions or areas where warm waters are common.

Profile: Green Leaper

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

Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, sneak 4d12

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

Pace: 12/18 (water)





Size: 5

Wind: 10

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6)

Surprise: If it isn't detected, a leaper starts the fight with one Action Card "up its sleeve" and makes its first attack at +4.

Swimming: Pace 18

Description: Green Leapers are dog-sized amphibians that look like frogs with unnaturally large hind legs. Their skin is leathery in appearance—more like a lizard's—and deep green in color.

Cliff Diver

Travis got most of the details right about the cliff divers. They're a reptilian race that attacks by swooping down on their victims from great heights. They use surprise effectively and are formidable fighters even on the ground. In addition, cliff divers hunt in packs of four to six individuals.

However, their most fearsome ability is their poisonous bite. While extremely painful, it does not turn those infected into Cliff divers. That is simply a tall tale told by old Maze hands.

Profile: Cliff Divers

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

Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 3d12, sneak 1d12 (4d12 from the air)

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

Overawe 3d8

Pace: 12/36 (air)

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+Poison), Claws (STR+1d6)

Gliding: Pace 36

Poison: Roll *Vigor* versus a TN of 9 or suffer 2d6 damage per hour for 2d4 hours.

Surprise: If undetected, the cliff diver starts a fight with one Action Card "up its sleeve" and makes its first attack at +4.

Description: A cliff diver is an ugly reptilian humanoid with scaly green-brown flesh and leathery wing flaps. Its hands and feet are clawed and its elongated snout contains razor-sharp teeth.

The Grand Library

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Most of what you need to know about what's up with the Librarians can be found in Chapter Two. All except for one thing: There is a very high-placed mole inside the organization.

Let's Get With the Program

Clyde Creger has been very public about his disagreement with Liebowitz over the Librarians' new direction and a small group within the order support his stand. Creger has done more than just disagree with the Master Librarian, however, he has actually crossed the line to full blown treason. He has been secretly funneling information on the group's activities, as well as information the group has gained from its new allies like Junkyard and Oil Town, to Throckmorton.

The Most Dangerous Game

Liebowitz and Muriel Redwing know all about it, and even encourage these activities. You see, the truth of the matter is that Creger is a faux mole (didn't they use to make coats out of that?). He actually is wholeheartedly behind the Library's new path and is simply pretending to dissent for the benefit of any enemy spies that might be lurking in the Grand Library.

Liebowitz knew that Throckmorton would never willingly accept a Librarian advisor and that trying to infiltrate an organization where everyone has a small AI chip in their skull to ensure loyalty would be nearly impossible. However, he believes that if the Library is to have a chance of averting the future catastrophe the projections predict, the order must have some sort of influence over all of the Wasted Wests' major factions—including the Combine.

Since Throckmorton would never take direct advice from the Library, Liebowitz decided to try and influence him indirectly. He and Muriel came up with a plan and then approached Creger. He immediately agreed to help.

Creger began to vocally disagree with the other Librarians on the council and express his discontent loudly among the lower ranks. It wasn't long before one of the Combine's spies approached him. The infiltrator offered the Librarian a deal: If he kept the Combine up to date on the Library's activities, he would be made Master Librarian when Throckmorton conquered the Maze.

Since that day, Creger has been funneling information to the Combine. Some of it is bona fide intelligence, but most of it is disinformation concocted by Liebowitz and Redwing to influence Throckmorton's decision-making process.

Therein lies the plan's greatest risk. For Throckmorton to come to rely on information passed by his "mole" in the Library, much of it needs to be true. Creger has passed real information on Junkyard's and Oil Town's defences to the Combine. All of the info has been things it is suspected Throckmorton already knows, but the information is sensitive enough, that should the Library's allies find out it had been compromised, there could be serious repercussions.

A Herring!

You can use this little plot to have some fun with your posse. Perhaps they notice Creger's suspicious activities and decide to investigate, and after compiling evidence of his betrayal they confront Liebowitz with it. He could let them in on the secret, or, if he doesn't trust them, he may play the game out and have the posse continue to investigate this "reprehensible treason."



The Prognosticator

The prognosticator units created by Stump are powerful new tools to aid in the Librarian's cause. They have two primary uses: communication and prognostication.

Communication

Due to their special nature, prognosticators are not subject to the problems suffered by conventional radio transmissions. What makes them so special is that Stump has developed his own version of the *commo* power. Rather than using g-ray energy to beam the messages back and forth, something which would be extremely energy intensive over long distances, Stump has been able to recruit some computer spirits to act as go-betweens on the Hunting Grounds—this effectively gives the prognosticator an unlimited range because the Hunting Grounds touches upon the entire Earth.

Although it performs much better than a conventional radio, the prognosticator is not 100% reliable. Whenever a Librarian attempts to contact the Grand Library, pull a card from the Action Deck. If you pull a Joker, something has gone wrong. If the card is a Red Joker, it simply means that no tech spirit was available to handle the Librarian's message; the hero can try to make contact again in an hour. As an alternative, you might have the hero contacted by a deceased friend or relative.

If the card is a Black Joker, you get to have some fun, Marshal. This card means a manitou has answered the Librarian's call. This evil spirit does its best to cause trouble. It may alter the messages sent by the Librarian, the messages sent by the Grand Library, or both—or it may simply make up its own message. Do whatever you think might cause the most havoc and mayhem and watch the sparks fly.

Also, don't forget that the prognosticator is a junker device and must make Reliability checks like any other device. Prognosticators cannot communicate directly with each other; they can only relay messages through the Grand Library's computer.

Prognostication

The device's second use is to forecast the future. It does this by tapping into the super computer back at the Grand Library and using a small fraction of its processing power to run short range projections on the Net.

Before you panic, Marshal, let us say that the prognosticator is not 100% reliable at telling the future. You shouldn't feel that any response you give absolutely has to be the way things play out. Think of it as a high tech Magic 8-Ball that is right more often than it is wrong.

If the Librarian succeeds at his roll to operate the device, pull a card. If a Black Joker comes up, a manitou has gummed up the works; feel free to give the prediction that causes the player the most problems. Otherwise, give the hero a vague prediction about the event in question. The more raises the Librarian gets on his roll, the more exact this prediction should be.

The best way to handle this is to give the outcome of the event without giving any details. In this way, the details can be worked out through play, and the details still seem to be in keeping with the predictions made on the prognosticator.

For example, if a Librarian wants to know what will happen in her conflict against a scavenger band, a successful roll might tell her that the scavengers will no longer be in the area within the week. This might mean that the Librarian has run off the scavengers, or killed them, or that they actually defeated the Librarian, and simply moved on. The outcome has been given, but not the details. The future is a tricky thing. It sometimes doesn't show you what you ask to be shown. The Prognosticator doesn't control the future, but merely reports upon it—not in precise detail. The future is always fluid.

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