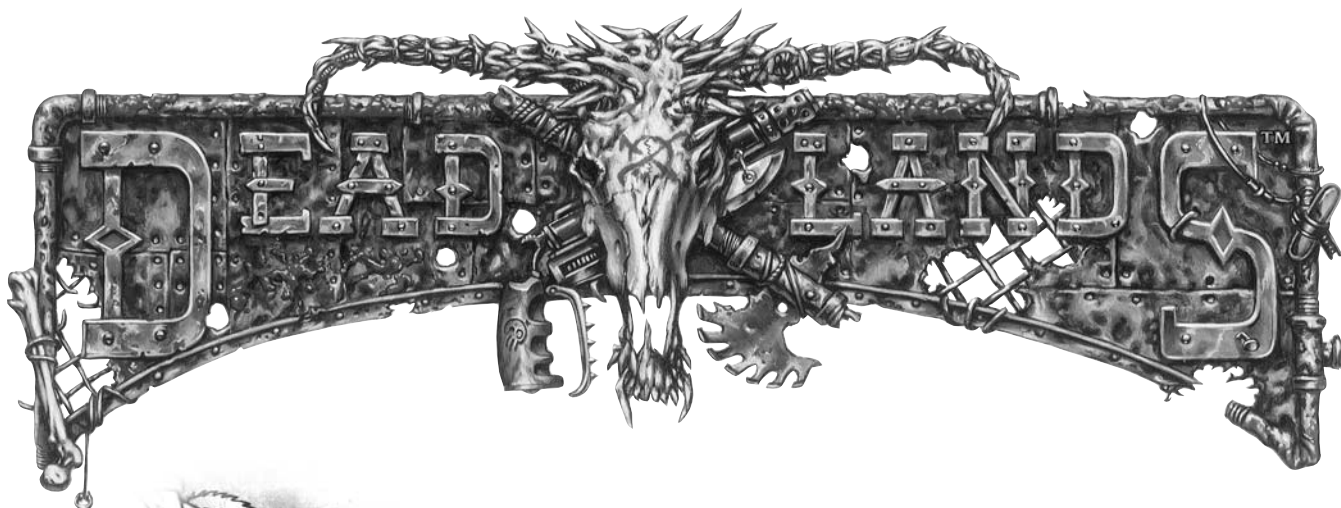


# Spirit Warriors



**HELL ON EARTH**  
John Hopley



Spirit  
warriors

By: John Hopler



# Spirit Warriors

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Dedicated to: My hometown—Middletown, NJ

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# Welcome to the Front Lines!

Your heroes may not know it yet, but there's another war going on. As if the Reckoners and the cybernetic legions of General Throckmorton's Combine weren't bad enough, a new threat now looms over the Wasted West: the toxic spirits. These supernatural baddies are out to turn the entire world into their own toxic playground—and they might just succeed!

Spawned from the interaction of the world's pollution and the supernatural energy released by the bombs dropped on Judgment Day, these nature spirits gone bad are on a recruiting drive. From the laziest litterbug to the world's most powerful polluters, the toxic spirits are willing to take anyone into their army of defilers. The Coyote Confederation has already been transformed into a

poisonous, barren wasteland and the rest of the world may soon follow unless these pestilent poltergeists are stopped.

*Spirit Warriors* contains everything you need to create your own frontline soldier in the battle for Earth's future. A new type of magician, the toxic shaman, fights on both sides of this desperate battle. As a Caretaker, can your hero turn the toxic spirits' own power against them and stop the Corrupters from spreading their insidious poison across the world? Or will he become the very thing which he is fighting?

The only way to find out is to dig in.

Chapter One gets you up to speed on what's been going down with the various Indian tribes of the Wasted West—what's happened to them since the Reckoning, and more importantly what's happened since the Last War. You'll learn all about the Great Summoning, the Great Wasting, the Children of the Dust, the Keepers of the Land, and the appearance of the toxic spirits.

Chapter Two has everything you need to make your very own toxic shaman or modern Indian brave. This chapter has some new Edges and Hindrances especially for these character types, as well as the low down on the low down toxic guardians.

Chapter Three is the meat of the book. It's got more than 100 new favors for all you budding shamans out there to sink your teeth into. It also has some guidance as to which path of power your new spook should take, a collection of relics, both old and modern, and rules for chuggin' down spook juice to recharge your shaman's batteries.

Chapter Four, as usual, is for Mr. Marshal. It contains all those dirty little secrets that we don't want you player types reading. In the case of toxic spirits, some of these secrets are dirty indeed. Find out all about the Changed Lands, Deadwood, the Sioux Nations' realm of nature, and the insect spirits' insidious agenda.

So what are you hanging around in the Introduction for? Those toxic spirits aren't going to clean themselves up. Get out there and give them what for!



# Posse Territory





# The Spirit Warriors

**Librarian's Note:** The following document is an interview with a toxic shaman named Dirty Waters, formerly known as John Eagle Claw. Interviews with other shamans can be found in files TS102, TS103, and SP230.5.

So, you wish to learn the story of the toxic spirits and the shamans who deal with them. Why?

I see. You're a collector of knowledge. The reason I ask is that if you were interested in actually learning the methods and rituals needed to contact these spirits, there are many tests and rites I would need to perform to satisfy my self as to your true motivations. I don't easily divulge the information needed to contact these spirits because in the wrong hands, the power can do much harm.

You seem surprised that I would even consider such a thing. It's not necessary to be a Native American to deal with the toxic spirits. Most of the people you call "spooks" are Indians, but a substantial portion are not. These malignant beings are relative newcomers to the spirit world, and like the tech spirits the junkers deal with, they operate under a completely different set of rules than the nature spirits my forefathers treated with. The relationship between nature spirits and my people was defined by ancient pacts forged so long ago their origin is lost to the mists of

time. These pacts created a relationship of mutual respect between the people and the spirits and each served the other.

The relationship with the toxic spirits is much different. Each side tries to use the other to further its own ends. Sometimes one group comes out ahead, sometimes the other. It's a continuous struggle for dominance, the outcome of which will have a major impact on the future of both this physical world we live in and the nature of the Hunting Grounds. The battle lines have been drawn, and eventually everyone must choose a side.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. If this account is to be of any use to you, I suppose I should explain this in an orderly manner and start at the beginning. First, let me introduce myself:

I am known as Dirty Waters. I once went by the name of John Eagle Claw, but that was a long time ago. In many ways it seems like it was a lifetime ago, and my memories of those days are simply a dream. I am a shaman of the Cherokee, one of the few remaining members of my tribe. I dance with the toxic spirits of the Hunting Grounds and I'm proud to number myself among the Caretakers. I'll explain that in just a moment.

Muddy Waters? No, I'm afraid I'm not familiar with his music.

# Back to the Future

In order to understand the state of things today, it's necessary to back up and review some history. The story begins with the Sioux Nations.

Yes, the first toxic shamans came from the Coyote Confederation, but to understand why, we need to talk about the Sioux. Who's telling this story anyway?

**Master Librarian's Note:** Please have someone review proper interviewing technique with Librarian McDowell. His enthusiasm is commendable, and the information he has recovered has been of major importance, but he must learn to conduct more structured interviews.

## The Sioux Nations

The Sioux Nations were formed not long after the event known as the Reckoning occurred. You know what that is don't you? You're looking at its effects all round you right now. Yes? Good.

Anyway, the return of the manitous caused the nature spirits to take a renewed interest in what was going on in the physical world (since it was a shaman by the name of Raven, that started all this mess in the first place). Native shamans found that spirits who had long been silent were now speaking with them again, and in some cases, they wouldn't shut up. Of course this meant the shamans' medicine was suddenly much more powerful.

Sitting Bull, and some other powerful chiefs like Crazy Horse, decided to use this power. While the fork-tongued devils were busy busting caps in each other—hey, I watched the same vids you did before the war, I never took the Old Ways Oath—they united the Lakota, Nakota, and Dakota tribes under their leadership, along with some of the Northern Cheyenne. Then they gave the boot to the few US troops in their traditional lands and set up their own nation. This new Indian nation covered most of Nebraska, the western half of the Dakotas, and a good portion of eastern Wyoming. Any paleface wandering into this area was shown his way back out right quick—if he didn't get an arrow in his backside.

## There Are No Sioux

Just to be accurate for your Librarian friends, I should point out that there is no such thing as the Sioux tribe. The word Sioux is a French adaptation of the Chippewa word *natawesiwak*, which means enemy. That's how many of our tribes were named by whites—by taking the word for "enemy" from another tribe. Of course, all this name-calling implies that we natives weren't all peace-loving tree-huggers like some people like to suggest, but that's a story for another time.

The tribes called "the Sioux" are actually the Lakota, Nakota, and Dakota peoples. These names mean "friends," "allies," and "to be friendly." All of these tribes spoke the same language but lived in different parts of the Plains.

## The Old Ways

Most, but not all, of the Sioux were followers of the Old Ways. This was a movement started by shamans who felt that the return of the nature spirits was a call to return to the faith of their ancestors and to forsake the white man's modern technology. Those who believed this often swore an oath to never use any modern devices and to use no technology that predated the arrival of the white man. Those who took this oath claim the nature spirits honored this commitment by more easily granting them favors.

I've spoken with a number of traditional shamans, and I believe this claim is true. In fact, I think the nature spirits planted the idea for the whole Old Ways thing themselves.

You see, time in the Hunting Grounds isn't like it is here. In the spirit world, it's possible to bend things a little and be able to look at the past or peer dimly into the future. Some shamans actually claim to be able to travel through time, but I think that's a load crap.

Be that as it may, most spirits are only interested in the here and now. I guess when you're an eternal entity (provided some other spirit doesn't gobble you up) yesterday, today, and tomorrow all sort of blend together. Most spirits don't bother to worry about what tomorrow will bring and only go peering into the future when some shaman starts shaking his Magic 8-Ball.

The point I'm trying to get to here is that some nature spirits did go gazing into the future—and they didn't like what they saw. They caught a quick glimpse of Judgment Day and the devastation it caused. They also learned that the tech spirits—spirits who live inside man-made objects—were involved in the shenanigans.

Oh, you've heard of them. Okay, I'll spare you all the gory details then. Suffice it to say, the nature spirits wanted to nip this in the bud and they went to war against the tech spirits. By encouraging the shamans to stay away from modern technology, they could at least prevent their closest allies from creating more of those damned tech spirits.

### The Deadwood Massacree

There was only one problem with the Lakota leaders' plans to live happily ever after as an independent nation—ghost rock. Near the center of the Sioux Nations' territory are the Black Hills, or *paha sapa*, a sacred site to the Sioux Tribes.

They also became sacred to the white man, but not for any spiritual reasons. There was gold in them thar hills, and ghost rock, and lots of it. The Black Hills boasted the largest deposits of that evil black rock east of the Great Maze. Once word of this got out, Sioux braves ran themselves ragged trying to catch and evict all the wildcat miners sneaking into the hills.

Things eventually turned ugly, and a number of people got dead. The miners, their numbers growing daily, banded together for defense and even went so far as to build a stockade at the edge of the hills along Deadwood Creek. Of course, the Sioux weren't about to sit back and let a bunch of miners desecrate one of their most holy sites, so it was only a matter of time before things got even uglier.

Against the wishes of the *wicasas*, the Sioux elders, a hotheaded brave by the name of Red Bear led an attack against the stockade and killed all but 10 of the 100 miners living there. If he had made a clean sweep of it things might have gone very differently. The ten who escaped managed to stumble back to US territory and tell their horrible tale to the newspapers. That's when things hit the fan.



A Sioux scout spies on the Union soldiers.

### Goldilocks vs. Sitting Bull

The US president, Grant I think it was, had been under pressure to "put those uppity Injuns in their place," but he had been reluctant to take action. He had more important things to deal with—like half of his country being in open rebellion.

The banner headlines about the massacre in the Black Hills forced his hand though, and he sent some cavalry into the Sioux Nations to teach Sitting Bull a lesson in humility. Unfortunately for Grant, it was to be the other way around.

To make a long story short, the expedition was a disaster for the palefaces. A column under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel George Armstrong Custer was surrounded near the Little Big Horn and wiped out by braves led by Red Bear and Crazy Horse. Only the illustrious Colonel managed to escape, and I've heard stories he didn't escape so much as he was let go, in order to send a message that any further expeditions into Sioux territory would meet a similar fate.



Custer makes his last stand.

Once again, the Sioux would have been better off to kill them all and let the Great Spirit sort them out.

When Custer returned to Wyoming, he immediately set about raising a unit of volunteers to return to the Sioux Nations and get revenge for the humiliation he suffered there. More importantly, news of what had happened was reported in all the papers. Soon the US public was clamoring for Sitting Bull's head on a silver platter with a nice garnish of grapes. Grant began to reluctantly organize a second expedition to send against the Indian nation.

### The Deadwood Treaty

Before this column got under way, however, Sitting Bull made an offer that headed off a full-scale war. He agreed to allow miners into the Black Hills under very specific conditions—number one being that the miners paid outrageous fees and taxes to the Sioux Nations.

This scheme was agreeable to both sides and prevented a lot of bloodshed, so the Deadwood Creek Treaty was quickly signed. The treaty created the city of Deadwood, the only place where whites were allowed to live within the Sioux Nations (I'm sure Sitting Bull just loved putting the palefaces on a reservation) and established areas within the Black Hills where the mining of gold and ghost rock were allowed.

It also designated a single railroad in and out of the city for use by the whites. Any paleface found elsewhere in the Nations could be put to death. Despite these draconian restrictions, the lure of easy money was too great and thousands of miners flocked to the place. Deadwood became a boomtown nearly overnight.

### Iron Dragon

Remember how I said that not *all* Sioux followed the Old Ways? Well, one of the most important Lakota leaders to reject this belief was none other than Sitting Bull himself. He knew the white man's inventions held power—power he wanted for himself. However, he knew most of his people had become Old Ways followers, so he professed to believe too. I guess you could say that Sitting Bull had learned the power of the white man's politics also.

He cut a deal with the Iron Dragon Railroad that allowed the outfit to build a line straight through the heart of the Sioux Nations—with a spur extending down to Deadwood. In exchange for this concession—Kang's railroad made a fortune hauling gold and ghost rock out of the Black Hills—and a cut of the money the Indians were making in taxes and fees from the miners, Iron Dragon trains made secret rendezvous with Sitting Bull's most trusted warriors to drop off loads of weapons

and ammo. Sitting Bull had no doubt that the US would attack the Nations once it was done dealing with the Confederacy and he wanted to be ready when that happened. While he couldn't deny the power of the Sioux shamans, he wasn't confident that the nature spirits and the bravery of his warriors alone would be enough to stop a regiment of Gatling-armed steam tanks.

### Custer Returns

This situation lasted for a few years, but growing tensions between the Sioux braves and the miners in Deadwood, and growing conflict between Sitting Bull and the other elders of the Sioux Nations, made for a very uneasy peace. This wasn't helped by the fact that Custer had supporters within Deadwood who agitated against the Treaty and looked for opportunities to provoke an incident which could once again draw the United States into the area.

Finally, it happened. Some Sioux braves, angered by attacks from some elusive snipers armed with buffalo rifles, attacked one of the larger mines outside the city and slaughtered everyone there. The next day, Custer's army of hired guns and money-hungry miners swarmed across the border. (No history I've ever read has fully explained exactly how Custer learned of the attack so quickly. Cynical types might suspect that he knew that it was going to happen ahead of time.)

Regardless of how the fair-haired general heard about it (he gave himself a promotion once he stopped following orders from Washington), the fight was on. His mercenary army, now swelled with fresh volunteers eager to avenge the latest massacre, drove deep into the Sioux Nations. The Lakota and Cheyenne braves were caught unawares and General Custer scored a number of easy victories before any sort of real defense could be organized to stop him.

Once news of Custer's assault reached Washington, a troop of cavalry stationed in northern Colorado was dispatched into the Sioux Nations to find Custer, arrest him, and return him to US territory for a trial. (A number of US Marshals had tried to arrest Custer previous to this—since he was technically a

deserter—but none of them had been able to penetrate the ring of hired guns around him. Even an Agency operation to bag the wayward general had failed.) In hindsight, this was a pretty bad idea, but tempers were running hot then.

### The Battle of 10,000 Arrows

The cavalry, under the command of Colonel Brook Manning, caught up to Custer about 40 miles southwest of Deadwood. There was only one small problem: Custer's troops outnumbered Manning's by about 4-to-1 and the general didn't feel like being arrested. There were also many men under Manning's command who sympathized with Custer and wanted to avenge the death's of the men of the 7th Cavalry.

When the two forces met, there was a tense standoff that lasted nearly two hours. No one knows exactly how it would have been resolved, because it was ended by the attack of a large Sioux force under the command of Red Bear. The hired guns and US troopers were forced to fight side-by-side to defend themselves from the fierce onslaught of thousands of mounted braves.

Although the Sioux warriors valiantly made charge after charge against the invaders, they were cut down time after time by volleys of well-aimed rifle fire. The few shamans who accompanied the hastily assembled force had not had time to prepare powerful medicine for the battle, and there was little they could do on the battlefield to sway the outcome. The Sioux warriors were eventually forced to retreat, leaving behind hundreds of dead and wounded.

Manning was killed during the battle, and his subordinates decided to throw in with Custer. All of the US troopers followed them. Although not all of them were sympathetic to Custer's cause, those who weren't didn't want to have to make the trek back out of the Nations alone and unarmed.

The West's newest Napoleon didn't waste any time. Instead, he pressed on toward Deadwood. He arrived there two days later, chasing away a force of Sioux braves who were besieging the city's hastily erected barricades.

The beleaguered citizens hailed Custer as a conquering hero. Once safely inside the city, the general opened up his supply wagons and passed out rifles and ammunition to anyone who wanted to join him—which was most. Between the deserting US troopers and the eager Deadwood citizens, Custer's force had grown by almost 1500 after crossing into the Sioux Nations.

### Playing His Hand

Custer's early victories and the relief of Deadwood made Sitting Bull very nervous. It would be days before enough warbands had gathered to form a force capable of meeting the general in the field. In the mean time, warriors attacked Custer's scouts and harassed his foraging parties.

Custer began moving north again before the warbands finished forming—Sitting Bull blinked. He ordered his braves to open the hidden caches of rifles, Gatling guns, and cannons and begin passing them out. Then he went before the assembled *wicasas* and told them of his plan.

Instead of hailing him as a savior, the elders were horrified by what Sitting Bull had done. After hours of debate, the council fragmented and dissolved. Those loyal to Sitting Bull remained, while the Old Ways elders and their warriors fled north to buy more time to prepare for their fight against Custer.

This left Sitting Bull with a well-armed force that was inferior in both numbers and experience to Custer's. He knew he had little chance of winning a pitched battle against the general's advancing column, but a big victory was exactly what he needed to regain the loyalty of his people. In desperation, he turned to a dangerous ally.

### The Dragon Awakes

Sitting Bull contacted Iron Dragon using the telegraph line running along the company's tracks. He promised Kang all sorts of concessions and a virtual monopoly over the ghost rock in the Black Hills if he would send help. Kang agreed, and within hours, Iron Dragon troops were being loaded on trains and rushed to the Sioux Nations.

Unfortunately for everyone involved, the Sioux Chief was talking on a party line. Wasatch agents had tapped the telegraph line many years earlier and recorded every word that passed between Sitting Bull and Kang. Before the first Iron Dragon troop train had left the station, word of the deal was on its way to Dr. Hellstromme in Salt Lake City.

Hellstromme couldn't allow Iron Dragon to gain complete control of the Black Hills, so he ordered his troops to saddle up and head out. He figured that if he helped Custer crush the Sioux Nation, a grateful US government would grant him the mining rights to the area, especially if his troops were already there—possession being nine tenths of the law and all that.

### Hell on Earth

Over the next month, the Sioux Nations was turned into a slaughterhouse. Ranks of automatons and steam tanks clashed against massed ranks of Chinese spearmen, kamikaze bombers, and ogres summoned from the depths of Hell. Custer's outriders scoured the countryside, destroying Sioux camps and torching stored food. The fires from burning villages and shattered ghost-rock vehicles caused the night sky to glow red. Neither side had a clear advantage, but one thing was obvious—the Sioux were the big losers.

### The Great Summoning

The warriors who had remained loyal to the *wicasas* and the old ways had retreated north across the Grand River. These braves, backed by powerful medicine from their shamans, were able to turn back any force which tried to cross the river, but they lacked the strength to move south and help the Sioux trapped in the middle of fighting. Any force that headed south would have to fight both Custer's and Sitting Bull's troops.

Word came that US troops were massing on the eastern border of the Sioux Nations and that Confederate raiders had slipped across the border from Colorado and were headed north. The *wicasas* decided that something had to be done to end this fighting before it escalated even further and everything they had worked for was destroyed.



The *wicasas* gathered all of the Old Ways shamans together in a great council and discussed the situation. After much talk and consultation with the spirits, it was decided that much as the Old Ones had been willing to pay the ultimate sacrifice to stop the Reckoners in the past, they must now be prepared to do the same to save their people from destruction.

Hundreds of medicine men gathered together to perform a massive ritual unlike any the world had seen in centuries or has seen since. They chanted, they prayed, they fasted, they gave burnt offerings and blood offerings. They scarred and mutilated themselves. Then they contacted the spirits—the spirits of the sky, the water, the earth, and of the animals. They searched out powerful ancient spirits, those who shamans had feared to contact for centuries; those who merely the sight of which could drive a man insane or even kill him.

This Great Summoning lasted for seven days. At the end of the last day, the drums were suddenly silent, the burning offerings sputtered out, and the remaining shamans collapsed from exhaustion. Less than a score of the more than 200 shamans and braves who had participated in the ritual had survived to the end, but it had worked.

### Reap the Whirlwind

When the last exhausted medicine man collapsed in a heap, there was a great peal of thunder, the ground shook, and a great wind blew across the Sioux Nations. Everywhere this wind blew, the enemies of the Sioux trembled in fear and technological devices suddenly ceased to work. Steam tanks clanked to a halt and the ghost-rock fires in their bellies went out, clockwork spiders skittered around in a manic frenzy and then exploded in hail of gears and springs, and kamikaze bombers hurled themselves at terrified enemies with broken guns only to find that their explosives wouldn't detonate.

Along the banks of the Grand River, the assembled Sioux warriors surged south with the wind. They slaughtered any of their enemies who tried to stand and fight and captured the rest. Custer and his personal body



A shaman participating in the Great Summoning.

guard were once again caught near the Little Big Horn, but this time he didn't escape—the general and his men were killed to the last.

The Old Ways warriors found Sitting Bull in the ruins of Deadwood. Like his rival Custer, the great Sioux chief fought to the death rather than allow himself to be captured. Warriors who had fought with him said he knew that he had brought great suffering upon his people and preferred death in battle than the fate which awaited him at the hands of the *wicasas*.

The vanguard of the US forces on the Nations' eastern border crossed into Sioux territory only to find that they had all been equipped with "defective" ammo. When a Cheyenne war party appeared, they quickly turned tail and headed back east across the border. When the leader of this advance party tried to explain why he had retreated, he accidentally shot one of his own men when his pistol suddenly began working again. The unfortunate lieutenant was court-martialled, but there was no US invasion of the Sioux Nations.



Coyote addresses the braves of the Confederation.

### Nature's Realm

The sacrifice of the Sioux shamans called forth the magic of some of the most powerful spirits of the natural realm. The powerful medicine they worked created an area within the Sioux Nation's borders in which no technological devices can function. Any tech spirits within this area endure such excruciating pain that it's as if they were in a coma—any device they inhabit simply won't work.

I'm sure you've heard all the statements the US government has put out over the years about its respect for the autonomy of the native peoples in the Sioux Nations (while still keeping many of the Northwestern tribes on reservations). The truth of the matter is the US couldn't have ended the Sioux Nations' autonomy if it wanted to—unless the soldiers were armed with bows and arrows. Within a few minutes of crossing the border, any hovertanks sent in their would become \$50,000,000 boulders. The government knew that and just stayed out.

Have you ever seen the totems along the highways and train tracks leading into Deadwood? Yeah, those. I've heard them described in documentaries as "colorful talismans employed by the superstitious Sioux to ward off the 'evil' spirits thought to inhabit modern devices." Well, they got it backwards. Those talismans actually keep the nature spirits in the Sioux Nations from jumping the tech spirits moving through those areas. They actually create small corridors into and around Deadwood in which technology still works.

I can tell from your look that you don't believe me. If you ever go through the documents at an airport, check the flight plans. Not one of them passes over the Nations, and it's not due to any national sovereignty issues or hidden Sioux anti-aircraft weapons. The Agency just did a Hell of a job of keeping the whole thing under wraps.

Aerial photos of the Sioux Nations? Yeah, I've seen them. I guarantee you they were taken by a plane just over the border or over one of the highways leading into Deadwood.

### The Ravenites

Speaking of Deadwood, that's where all of Sitting Bull's followers ended up. Once peace was restored in the Nations, the *wicasas* sat in judgment of those who had turned against the Old Ways. As far as they were concerned, the success of the Great Summoning, as it came to be known, was proof positive that the Old Ways were the *only* way. Those who refused to follow this belief had no place in the tribe.

Sitting Bull's followers were given a chance to change their ways. Those who willingly converted to the Old Ways were welcomed back into the tribe. Those who refused were exiled to Deadwood and those totems I mentioned were erected to allow technology to function within the city. The *wicasas* felt that in time these misguided souls would tire of the white man's playthings and eventually see the error of their ways. They were wrong—very wrong—but that's a story for later. These exiles were dubbed "Ravenites"—although few actually belonged to Raven's cult—because, like the evil shaman, they allowed their fear and hate to overcome their judgment.



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# Trouble a Brewin'

Okay, I can see you're thinking, "That's all very interesting, but what does it have to do with toxic spirits?"

Well, I told you that story so I can tell you this one.

As you mentioned earlier, the first toxic shamans came out of the Coyote Confederation. They came about because the Coyote shamans were jealous of what their Sioux brothers had managed to accomplish. But, once again, I'm getting ahead of myself.

## The Coyote Confederation

The Coyote Confederation was formed from the tribes that inhabited what was once known as the Indian Territory. This was basically a giant reservation for the tribes called the Five Civilized Nations: the Creek, my own people, the Cherokee, the Chickasaw, the Choctaw, and the Seminoles. All of these tribes had originally lived further east in Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Mississippi and were forcibly relocated by the US government. Besides the members of the Five Civilized Nations (subjugated is more like it) there were also Commanche, Kiowa, Arapaho, and Southern Cheyenne in the Confederation.

I'm sure you've heard of the Trail of Tears. My ancestors came west on it—nearly 16,000 of them. Many died along the way or were brutalized by the soldiers escorting them. Those who survived were forced to share the Indian Territory with the tribes already living there.

## The Tower of Babel

The great number of different tribes with different cultures was often almost the Confederation's undoing. As much as the tribes wanted to present a united front against the those who would kill them or steal their lands, the chiefs were only human. It was inevitable that some of these tribes would war against each other. This internal conflict prevented the Confederation from ever being as strong as the Sioux Nations.

Power in the Confederation was split between two groups of major tribes, one supporting the Old Ways movement and the other against it. The Old Ways were followed by the Southern Cheyenne, the Arapaho, and a number of smaller tribes. Those opposed to the Old Ways were the Commanche, Kiowa, Cherokee, and the minor tribes which followed their lead.

In the end, the anti-Old Ways faction won out. Individuals were free to believe as they chose, but the Confederation's government had a policy of arming its warriors with modern weapons and educating the people in the ways of modern science.

## The Border War

The reason for the lack of belief in the Old Ways goes back to the late 1800s.

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For reasons unknown, Coyote, the Confederation's mysterious and mystical leader, began a war with some of the smaller Plains tribes to the north of Coyote lands. The war started with just a few small-scale raids, but escalated quickly. As the fighting grew more intense, white homesteaders in the area were drawn into the conflict.

Most of the fighting took place near where the borders of Kansas, Missouri, and Nebraska come together. This area had been temporarily demilitarized following the war, but as more homesteads went up in flames, troops from both sides moved toward the border. With all the confusion caused by the guerilla war being waged by the Indians, it didn't take long before soldiers from both North and South started shooting at each. Both countries mobilized troops and it looked as if Round 2 of the Civil War was about to begin.

Neither side really wanted war, but it looked as if it might be unavoidable—neither could afford to pull out of the border area while the fighting continued. Finally, a Confederate general by the name of Horace Madison convinced the CSA government that the best way to end the fighting was to nip it in the bud by invading the Coyote Confederation. He was given command of four divisions, two infantry and two cavalry, and given a free reign to do as he saw fit within Confederation lands.



### "Massacre" Madison

Madison's advance into the Confederation made Sherman's March to the Sea look like a Sunday afternoon barbecue. He destroyed every settlement he encountered, putting the buildings to the torch and killing all the inhabitants—young or old, men or women, no one was spared. It was more the work of a butcher than a soldier, but it did the job. Once the Confederation's warriors heard what was being done to their homes, they gave up their raids along the border and rushed back. As the raiding stopped, the Union and Confederate troops were able to withdraw from the border and a second War Between the States was averted—for a time.

As more Coyote braves took the field against "Massacre" Madison, the general had to spend more time fighting and less time pillaging, but this didn't stop his steady advance north through Confederation territory. By the time Madison's troops reached the southern bank of the Arkansas River, the Coyote forces were on the ropes and they knew it. They were

outnumbered and outgunned, and there was no hope in sight. Even the power of their shamans could do little to even the odds.

A desperate appeal was sent to the Sioux Nations, but the *wicasas* refused to help them. Although many of the Sioux were sympathetic, they were still recovering from the effects of their own recent battles and could not spare any warriors. Many of the elders also felt that the Coyote Confederation's leadership was being punished for its rejection of the Old Ways.

### The War Council

While Madison paused on the banks of the Arkansas River to rest his men and water his horses, Coyote and Qanah Parker gathered the Confederation's medicine men and war chiefs together. Those belonging to the tribes which still followed the Old Ways were given new respect and allowed to speak at the war council.

These shamans, ever envious of what the Lakota medicine men had achieved, proposed that the Coyote Confederation save itself by turning to the Old Ways and attempting a Summoning as the Sioux had. For this attempt to work, they said, the tribes of the Confederation's conversion must be sincere; they could not simply put their weapons aside and then pick them up again later—they had to be destroyed.

This caused quite an uproar in the council. The thought of unilaterally disarming while the enemy was at their gates seemed to be nonsense to the assembled warriors.

The Old Ways suggestion was about to be dismissed entirely when a messenger arrived at the council. He brought news that Madison's troops were on the move again. Satanta had engaged the soldiers with some of his best warriors and the war chief had been shot. Whether he was dead or only seriously wounded was not known because the Coyote braves had broken and fled when their leader fell. His body was now in the hands of the Confederate troopers. Massacre Madison was now headed north with little to oppose him.

This news quieted the warriors and many began to seriously consider the Old Ways proposal. The council fires burned long into the night. When the dawn finally came, the



Massacre Madison at work.

decision was made. The Coyote Confederation would officially adopt the Old Ways and throw down their weapons and other possessions made by the white man.

### The Great Wasting

Messengers were sent to all the warbands and to the villages that had not yet been destroyed by Madison, telling them of the council's decisions. They were all to burn anything they possessed which had not been made with Indian hands.

**111** Bonfires burned throughout the Confederation that night as the people prayed to the spirits for deliverance. At the site of the war council, enormous pyres of weapons burned late into the night as the Confederation shamans, led by Coyote himself, began their long ordeal.

To the south, Madison saw the fire reflected on the clouds and wondered what the Hell the savages were up to. He was more right than he knew.

The Confederate troops advanced quickly. They were opposed now by only the Old Ways warriors with their bows and arrows and some new converts who fought with hastily constructed spears and clubs. It took them only three days to come within sight of the war council's location. That night Madison and his men camped in sight of the seemingly maddened shamans as they whirled and chanted around their fires.

The next morning, as the Confederate troops formed up into a line of battle, the Coyote shamans completed their rituals and invoked their favor. There was a loud clap of thunder and a tremendous wind that sounded like the spirits of the damned. It kicked up a dark, dust cloud that flowed over Coyote brave and trooper alike and spread across the countryside.

Many within the cloud died, both Indian and paleface. Those who survived claimed they could see spirits moving in its dark depths. Everywhere the cloud went people died. It killed mostly the very young and the very old, but it also took those who were sick or badly wounded as well.

The dark dust also did something to my people's land. It killed crops and cattle and it poisoned the soil. Once fertile fields became

dry, cracked, dust bowls that still yield little food to this very day and wells became tainted with foul-smelling sulphur. Pregnant women went into labor early. Many lost their babies, but those that survived were said to possess dark powers. It was as if the Coyote Confederation had been visited by every plague from the white man's Bible and then some.

When the dust cleared, the Confederate army was no more. The neat lines of troops had been reduced to little more than heaps of dust-scoured bones covered with scraps of uniforms. The Coyote Confederation had been saved, but at much too high a price.

As the dazed survivors took stock of what happened, they realized that the cloud had also claimed their leader—all that was found of Coyote were scraps of his vermilion cloak. The war chiefs felt that the spirits had played some form of cruel trick on them and they became enraged. The surviving Old Ways shamans fled for their lives as the angry chiefs and their braves fell upon them with clubs and spears.

Since the day of the Great Wasting, no member of the Coyote Confederation has ever openly acknowledged belief in the Old Ways.

### Rock • A Hard Place

After losing four entire divisions inside the Coyote Confederation, the Confederacy was understandably cautious about further actions against the Indian nation. Texas Rangers slipped in and out of the Confederation looking for clues to the fate of Madison and his men.

What they found surprised them. The tribes of the Coyote Confederation, despite their "great victory," were a broken and dispirited people. Those who had survived the Great Wasting were barely able to eke out an existence in the barren wastes. Once fertile land grew crops of weeds and thorns, and the tribes' herds were little more than walking skeletons that gave little milk and only tough, stringy meat. Water throughout the Confederation, although drinkable, tasted foul and brackish.

The people were in little better condition. Too proud or too stubborn to ask for help, the people worked long, hard days to merely grow enough food to get by. Starvation was common,

and even the "richest" tribes had only a few days supply of food between themselves and total disaster. It was obvious to the Rangers that despite the destruction of the Confederate soldiers, the Coyote Confederation was defeated.

Once the Rangers final report was made, the Confederate government sent representatives to speak with the Coyote chiefs. Their offer was simple: If the Confederation was willing to sacrifice its independence and become a territory of the CSA, the Confederacy would send shipments of food and medicine in return for the service of the Coyote warriors in the Confederate military. The thought of sacrificing their independence shamed and angered the chiefs, but they had little choice but to accept when one of their number keeled over from starvation during the council called to consider the offer.

### The Times They Are a Changin'

Things improved for my people after that. The Confederacy kept its promise and sent food and medicine. The tribes kept theirs and sent their young warriors off to serve as scouts for the Confederate Army.

Although things got better, the underlying problem remained the same: Coyote territory was a barren wasteland. Until that changed, the tribes of the area were completely dependent on the Confederate government for the necessities of life. Years passed, and the land showed few signs of recovery.

Coyote shamans found that the terrible blight that devastated the land had also reduced the power of their medicine. It seemed to many that the nature spirits had forsaken them. They could invoke minor favors, but the powerful medicine of their ancestors was lost to them. The medicine men looked for ways to cure their sick land, but they could find no solution.

Decades passed. Coyote warriors served with distinction in World War I and World War II. The food from the government continued to flow into the territory. The Coyote tribes grew and some even became fat. The people began to look to the future with hope once again.

Unfortunately, this state of affairs was not to last.

## The New Ways

Things turned for the bad following the end of the Korean War. The size of the Confederate military was slashed and the Army no longer needed all the recruits the Coyote Territory provided. Unemployment levels in the territory shot up to almost 30% as thousands of young men went without work. Many of these young braves got involved in alcohol and other drugs, causing the crime rates to soar as well.

To make matters worse, many of the Confederate states began to complain about the burden of supplying the growing Coyote tribes with food. Some hotheads wanted to cut the territory loose from the Confederacy altogether, and there was strong support in the Southern Congress for reducing the territory's support levels. In 1958, a measure reducing the tribes' support by nearly half passed by a large margin. As a territory, the Coyote tribes had no representatives in the Congress, so there was little they could do to stop it.

Starvation once again became a threat in the Coyote lands. Many public charities through out the Confederacy pitched in to make up the lost government support, but even this support dried up in 1964. That was the year two Coyote braves serving in the Confederate military—frustrated by their people's treatment by the government—were caught red-handed selling secrets to the Soviet Union.

### Not In My Backyard

Desperate to find jobs and food for their people, the Coyote chiefs began an active campaign to attract NIMBY (Not In My BackYard) industries to the territory. These are things like landfills, prisons, nuclear waste storage facilities, and the like. The chiefs offered the companies dirt-cheap land (it wasn't good for much else anyway), a work force that was willing to work hard for low wages, and minimal regulations.

The campaign worked better than the chiefs had ever dreamed. Landfills and prisons began popping up all over the territory. The Confederate government itself opened two nuclear waste facilities, a nuclear reactor, and

a bio-weapons research facility in the area. The Coyote people once again had food and jobs, but only at the cost of poisoning their land even more than it already was. The tribes had full bellies, but they also had the highest rates of cancer, miscarriages, and birth defects in the industrialized world.

As the years passed, the Coyote people slowly moved up from being merely employees of these industries to owners. When the Last War began, Coyote Chemical was one of the world's largest producers of pesticides, explosives, and household chemicals. The company employed nearly 30,000 people in Coyote Territory alone.

### Bad Medicine

Okay, I'd be willing to bet you can see where I'm going with this, and you're right.

You see, when the tribes' shamans lost their ability to work powerful medicine, they started looking around for other sources of power. At first they couldn't find *any*. Whatever went wrong with the summoning the earlier shamans tried, it had turned the Coyote Confederation into a desolate, spiritual wasteland.

Although the Hunting Grounds and the physical world don't correspond to one another on a one-to-one basis, what happens in one realm does impact the other. No one is sure whether the Great Wasting chased away the nature spirits and this manifested itself in the land or the devastation to the land chased away the spirits. It doesn't really matter, because the end result was the same—the nature spirits wanted nothing to do with anything connected to the Coyote Confederation.

### Who Goes There?

For a few of generations following the Great Wasting, the shamans of the Coyote tribes were nearly powerless. They searched the Hunting Grounds in vain for spirits who would speak to them. Their reception in the spirit world was about as warm as a leper who wanders into town ringing a bell and yelling, "Unclean! Unclean!"

Manitous would speak with the Coyote shamans, and at times seemed unusually interested in them, but most of the medicine men had better sense than to go down that path. Unfortunately, a few of the more power-hungry ones did. Some of them became powerful black magicians and practitioners of ghost medicine (a secret they hid from others of course), while others simply went mad. More than one of these insane medicine men went on killing rampages before they were put down by the tribal police.

I actually did some research into this before the Last War and made a startling discovery. Most of the shamans who were known to have turned to "the dark side" were descendants of the "Children of the Dust." That was the name given to children born on the day of the Great Wasting.

In time, however, a new population of spirits began to communicate with the shamans. Some of these were tech spirits who had found refuge in the desolation of the Coyote Confederation's aura, but since very few of the



A Coyote brave scouts for the CSA during the Last War.

medicine men had any form of technical training, they may as well have been Martians. The shamans couldn't make any sense of what they were saying and eventually stopped trying.

**Librarian's Note:** Please see Librarian Holmquist's report "The Junkman Cometh" for more details about the supernatural war between the nature and tech spirits.  
Files JU 358.1-JU 358.9

But there was a new form of spirit—that seemed vaguely familiar—that could communicate with the shamans. You guessed it! Toxic spirits. Most of these bad puppies had once been nature spirits until they were warped by the effects of man's pollution of the environment. Once they changed, they became spiritual outcasts, hunted by their former brothers and sisters. Like the tech spirits, some managed to find refuge in the spiritual no-man's-land created by the Coyote Confederation.

I say *most* of them had once been nature spirits because some were actually created by the pollution. As I mentioned earlier, the physical world has an impact on the spiritual world and vice-versa. In some cases, the corrupting influence of the pollution was strong enough to interact with the raw spiritual energy of the Hunting Grounds and actually give birth to these entities. Many of the industrial cities of the Northeast were breeding grounds for these spirits. I understand that portions New Jersey were damn near overrun with the things. As you'll see in a moment, this little fact had a profound impact on my people.

Regardless of where they came from, most of the Coyote shamans were overjoyed to see them. It took many years before the medicine men had established a rapport with these spirits, and it took even longer before they learned how to invoke their power to work magic in the physical world. During this time, the shamans in the know guarded their knowledge jealously and few people outside of their circle knew that such a thing as a toxic spirit even existed.

Let's fast forward a few years to the time when I first became involved with toxic spirits. It was way back before the war in the mid-2070s.

## Breeding Ground

My father, John Eagle Claw, Jr. (I was John Eagle Claw, III), was the president of Eagle Claw Petroleum. His company owned half the oil wells in the Coyote Territory, so I never wanted for much growing up.

I guess the year was 2075, or maybe it was '76. Times were good for the Coyote tribes; the economy was booming and unemployment was at a 50 year low. Provided you didn't mind dying an early death of cancer or from some strange blood disorder, Coyote Territory wasn't a bad place to live.

I had a medical degree from the University of Virginia and I had just completed my residency. My father got me a job with CEPA (Coyote Environmental Preservation Agency) as a medical researcher. I was looking forward to getting back to my home and helping solve the many medical ailments my people were plagued by. My sister had been born with a malformed arm, so I had been interested in the subject from a very young age.

## Nothing To See Here

I enjoyed my work at first. I even had a few minor successes, pinpointing sources of pollution that were causing health problems for various towns and villages. It didn't take long, though, for me to realize that I was bailing out the Titanic with a drinking glass.

There were a number of hot spots in the northeastern portion of the territory that it seemed to me were obvious pollution sites. Whenever I asked about them, I was always told, "Somebody's on it," yet nothing ever seemed to be done. I continued asking questions, and I was eventually told to keep my nose out of it or I would lose my job.

I've always been stubborn, so that just made me more determined to get to the bottom of it. I went up there on my own time and took some samples. The results of my analysis floored me. The air, water, and soil in the area were all contaminated with carcinogenic chemicals at many times the safe limit. When I presented my findings to my boss, he thanked me profusely and told me that he would kick my report upstairs. Two days later I was fired.

That night I got a call from my father. "John," he said, "I hear you've been asking questions in the wrong places. You should really let it drop." I had never heard my father sound scared before, and this convinced me to let well enough alone for awhile.

I started a private practice that did well, but every time I diagnosed a new case of cancer or treated a child with a birth defect I couldn't help but think of what I'd found. Eventually I decided to do some investigating on my own.

Unfortunately, my medical school training didn't include any instruction on infiltrating secure compounds. I was caught by Coyote Chemical guards my first night out. They roughed me up pretty badly before turning me over to the local police, who also worked me over pretty thoroughly. My father bailed me out of jail and didn't say a word to me on the ride home.

### The Keepers of the Land

After that experience I went back to my practice and kept my nose where it belonged. I had pretty much given up any idea of finding out what was going on up there.

Then one day one of my patients revealed his secret to me. He was a member of a group that called itself "The Keepers of the Land." This group was also investigating the pollution problems in the territory, and they had heard about my arrest near the Coyote Chemical plant. He gave me a time and place to meet him if I was interested in learning more.

I was scared, but my bullheadedness kept me going. I went to the meeting, talked with him, and arranged a second meeting. At the second rendezvous I met a few more members, learned more about the group, and decided to join. I had no idea how much that decision would change my life, but looking back on it, I don't regret it for a second.

During my time with the Keepers, I learned the secrets of the toxic spirits, how to contact and manipulate them, and what their agenda was. I also learned how deep their corrupting influence had spread among my people. Like the others in the group, I was dedicated to fighting this influence. That's how I became a known terrorist on the Texas Rangers' Most Wanted list.



The Keepers of the Land strike again.

### Coyote Chemical

I made a return visit to that Coyote Chemical plant a few years later. I was a full-fledged toxic shaman by then, and I had changed my name to Dirty Waters—both to reflect my new life and to spare my father some embarrassment.

Some fellow Keepers and I broke into the factory, stole records, and disabled as much machinery as we could. We discovered what we had long suspected. The factory was deliberately pumping tons of chemicals a day into the air, water, and soil around the facility.

Why? To breed more toxic spirits, of course. Some of the shamans who had learned to harness the spirit's energy weren't content with the small amount of power it gave them. They wanted more. They used the power they did have to gain wealth and influence. Then they used their material power to gain control of the polluting industries in the territory, and used these industries to poison the environment for their toxic buddies in the Hunting Grounds.

By the time I got involved in the fight against them, these power-hungry shamans' power was well established. They controlled entire companies, towns, and police forces. Trying to stop them by legitimate means was futile—they had the money and the influence to crush any sort of official investigation. So we went after them the only way we could—sabotage, bombs, magical attacks against their guardian spirits, and the like.

Eventually things got too hot for us in Coyote Territory and we were forced to flee to the US. We found places to hide in many Indian reservations throughout the west. In return for their help we shared with them our knowledge. Many disillusioned young braves joined our cause.

I don't know whether we could have made a real difference or not. Although the industries in the Coyote Territory were deliberately breeding toxic spirits, there were thousands of other locations throughout the world that were creating them inadvertently. All our attempts to make the public aware of the threat were thwarted by the Texas Rangers and the Agency.

In the end, the Last War began and it all became moot.

## Eco-Disaster

We were busy plugging holes in the dike when the Last War came along and blew the whole thing wide open. Even before Judgment Day, the war was an ecological disaster of incredible proportions. Burning fuel tanks and rubble factories poured tons of pollution into the air, ground, and water. Depleted uranium shells, ionized by the incredible velocities with which they impacted, spread radioactive dust, and the ruptured containment chambers of reactors leaked radioactive water and steam. Thousands of new toxic spirits were created before the first ghost-rock bomb dropped.

Judgment Day pushed it over the top. The destructive force of the explosions spilled all sorts of contamination into the environment. Then the massive amounts of G-ray energy released by the bombs warped many of the spirits which had survived the effects of this pollution. Overnight, the spirit world was hip deep with these malicious spirits.

# The Toxic Spirits

Yep, that's right, I said malicious. Whether they were once a friendly nature spirit or they just woke up one day from a sludge puddle, toxic spirits are all about bad attitude. They don't like other spirits or people and they're not shy about showing it—maybe it all goes back to Oscar the Grouch, I don't know.

## What Do They Want?

As far as anyone has been able to determine, the toxic spirits have only one real goal: to create more spirits like them and in the process turn the Earth into an uninhabitable toxic wasteland. The jury is still out on whether they want to utterly destroy the human race (except for the insect spirits, but I'll get to them in a minute), but the point is pretty academic—only the most powerful shamans could survive for more than a few minutes in a world run by the toxic spirits.



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## Shamans

The whole secret to shamanic magic is that the shaman gives the spirit something it wants, and in return, the spirit gives the shaman what he wants. In the case of nature spirits, they just want a show of respect and sacrifice on the medicine man's part. Tech spirits want a new body, so junkers build objects for them to inhabit. Toxic spirits want more of the same, so that's what toxic shamans give them.

How the shaman does this depends on whether he is trying to help or hinder the spirits' agenda. Confused? I thought you might be. There are two major types of toxic shamans: corrupters and caretakers.

## The Corrupters

Corrupters are the toxic spirits' willing henchmen. They are out to create the toxic paradise that the spirits dream of. When they invoke a favor from one of these spirits, they take some of the corrupted spiritual energy which surrounds these beings and channel it

into the environment around them. The more spectacular the favor, the more energy is leached into the physical world and the more pronounced the effect. This energy creates a pocket of permanent pollution in the world which in turn impacts the Hunting Grounds and causes the creation of more toxic spirits.

Although the visible impact of invoking a single favor may be slight, when you multiply it by many shamans casting many favors over time, it really adds up. Unless the corrupters are stopped, the toxic spirits will eventually get their wish.

Besides polluting by invoking favors, these jokers go out of their way to pollute in more conventional ways. They routinely throw their food wrappers on the ground, use styrofoam cups, and empty oil tankers into the Gulf of Mexico. I have yet to see one who can walk past a trashcan without kicking it over.

### The Caretakers

Opposed to the corrupters are the caretakers. These incredibly selfless shamans (okay, maybe I'm laying it on a little thick) are out to thwart the toxic spirits. They only deal with these supernatural baddies because it's the quickest to clean up the mess the toxic spirits have created.

Rather than channeling the spirit's corrupting influence into the environment and creating more pollution, we reverse the process. A caretaker absorbs the pollution's essence and pumps that into the Hunting Grounds, where the spirits feed on it. The toxic spirits know what we're up to, but they can't help themselves—the crap we shoot into the spirit world is like a Scooby Snack to them.

The theory behind all this is that if the caretakers can clean up enough of the world's pollution, the toxic spirits will eventually be weakened enough the nature spirits can kick their butts. This is a pretty tall order considering the world's current sorry state, but unless we try, the toxic spirits win by default. As those old PSAs use to say, "Give a hoot. Don't pollute."

Of course, caretakers do other things beside channeling raw sewage into the Hunting Grounds and hoping the spirits choke on it. Whenever possible we try to clean up pollution in more conventional ways.

### Spook Juice

Spooks, that's what a lot of people call us. You'll notice I hadn't used the term until you brought it up. I understand where the name came from, I just don't care for it.

Okay, here's the deal with the spook juice. When a shaman contacts the Hunting Ground to invoke a favor, he must have some way of attracting the toxic spirits' attention. The easiest way to do this is to corrupt your soul with pollution. In the old days, we used to do this by covering ourselves in pollution, entering a trance, and allowing the pollution's essence to mingle with our own. That still works, but spook juice is a lot faster.

You see, spook juice is made from ghost rock, and ghost rock is one of the most corrupt forms of matter on the planet. You look surprised. Yup, ghost rock, spiritually speaking, is pure filth and evil. I drink the stuff because I have to; I can't even begin to understand people who drink the stuff for "fun." Toxic shamans have learned to channel this stuff directly into their souls. To a toxic spirit, a



A corrupter gets more than he bargained for.

spook with a belly full of juice looks like a spotlight does to a moth. They can't help but come over and see what's going on. I guess all that bad attitude doesn't leave much room for a brain.

Do you want to see a toxic spirit? No, I'm not going to summon one up for demonstration purposes. The next time you fill up your car's tank with spook juice, take a few swigs yourself. Once things start changing strange colors, fire the engine up and watch the tail pipe. In a few seconds you'll see a bunch of "things" flitting around the back end of the car, sucking down all the toxic goodness it's spewing. You'll see mostly smog spirits, but depending on how dirty your engine burns, you might see a sludge spirit or even a trash spirit.

### Spheres

That brings me to my next subject, the spiritual spheres. The toxic spirits are tied very directly to the elemental spheres: Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. Only in their case, they represent the various polluted forms of these elements: Trash, Smog, Radiation, and Sludge.

Due to this affinity for the elements, toxic shamans must select the sphere they wish to "serve." It seems that the toxic spirits' bad attitudes extend to each other as well. The spirits are very protective of their spheres. They always try to make their sphere the predominant one and will have nothing to do with shamans who serve an opposed sphere.

I'm a sludge shaman, which means the spirits of polluted water are my buds in the Hunting Grounds. Although they're not crazy about it, I can call upon trash and smog spirits in a pinch, but radiation spirits will have nothing to do with me because radiation (Fire) is opposed to sludge (Water).

### Toxic Guardians

There is one other thing you can say about toxic spirits: they're ambitious. They're not content to just sit around and wait for the corrupters they deal with to finish poisoning the Earth for them. The toxic spirits actively seek out people who seem likely candidates and recruit them to their cause.

The recruiters are what we in the biz call "toxic guardians." Many shamans have one of these spirits buzzing around them. They have powers which they often use to protect or aid the shaman in some way.

Why?

Well in the case of corrupter shamans, I think they're just looking out for someone who is useful to them. The guardians around caretakers are in it for the candy. Every time a caretaker invokes a favor, the guardian gets a mouthful of the sweet pollution he's channeling. The guardians don't really care whether their hosts live or die, they're just interested in how useful the people are while they're still drawing breath.

The reason I call them recruiters is because they don't just latch onto shamans. They'll buddy up with anyone who looks to be a litterbug. Any person who performs an act of pollution—whether done deliberately or not—can suddenly find one of these spirits hanging around them.

Once the spirit has selected a "host," it performs little services for that person—until he stops polluting. When that happens, the person's spirit friend is suddenly absent when he needs it, and he begins to feel subtle urges to destroy the environment. Once he performs another act of environmental sabotage, the guardian returns and begins doing favors for his buddy again.

The guardians use this to condition their hosts into performing bigger and bigger acts of pollution. The more spectacular the act, the more powerful the favors granted by the spirit. I've encountered two shamans, both corrupters, by the way, who learned the rituals they needed to function as medicine men from their guardians—they had no training from any human teachers.

What did they do to earn this? One found an oil refinery that still had a few million gallons of crude in its tanks. He set the entire thing ablaze. The second opened the containment building at a damaged nuclear plant and allowed thousands of gallons of radioactive water to flow into the Missouri River.

How do I know this? They told me. It's not like we wear team uniforms or anything. I met them, we shared some spook juice and a few stories, and then I moved on.

What do you mean, what happened to them? What do you think? I said *I* moved on, not *we*.

## Equal Opportunity Polluters

For most of my little history lesson, I've referred to the toxic spirits from a Native American point of view. I should point out, though, that the toxic spirits don't give a crap about race. Most toxic shamans *are* Indians, but that's only due to our culture—we grew up with the spirit world as a very real part of our lives.

There are non-Indian toxic shamans (although I've yet to meet a traditional shaman who wasn't Native American) and their numbers are growing. There are even more non-Indians who have toxic guardians.

## Toxic Cults

A prime example of these types are the many toxic cults that have sprung up in the ruins of civilization. Most of these start with a single person who does something to attract the attention of a toxic guardian. She continues to grow in

113 power by repeated acts of pollution.

Somewhere along the way, she attracts some followers, who join in the mayhem. Her disciples' actions attract their own guardians, and the group's power grows.

Usually at this point one of two things happen. Either the group is wiped out because their actions have gained them a lot of enemies, or they are strong enough to defeat their enemies and go on to commit some truly heinous act of pollution that causes one or more of their members to develop into a full-blown shaman. Groups that reach this stage are extremely dangerous.

Most toxic cults follow a single sphere. In other words, all of the headcases have smog guardians, or they all have trash guardians, etc. I've encountered one cult that was of mixed spheres, and they nearly did me in. I thought I was dealing with a smog cult, when I suddenly discovered there were some sludge cultists in the group. Their guardians granted them immunity to most of the favors I knew, so my companions and I had to deal with them the old-fashioned way—acute lead poisoning.

You can run into these yahoos nearly anywhere, but they tend to be most common around urban areas. This is primarily because there is simply many more opportunities to cause mayhem in these locations.

I ran into a trash cult outside Dallas that spent each day draining the oil out wrecked cars and then pouring it in the dirt. They had been doing that each and every day for over two months. I have no idea how many gallons of oil they dumped, I just know it was a lot. Once I ended their little pastime, it took me nearly two weeks of invoking purification favors to clean the place up.

## Insect Shamans

There's one last type of toxic shaman I should mention: insect shamans. I'll warn you right now that I don't know much about them, so you'll have to take what I say with a grain or two of salt.

I had no idea insect shamans existed until I encountered one only a couple of years ago. He gave me the creeps. He was really quiet and

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Some cultists go to great lengths to cause pollution.

his eyes never moved. When he tracked something, he turned his entire head to follow it. He hardly ever blinked either. We got into a pretty heated discussion about toxic spirits and their agenda, and he started mumbling something under his breath. One of my traveling companions went for his gun, but before he could fire, the insect shaman dissolved into a carpet of roaches and skittered down a drain pipe. I still have nightmares about that at times.

I've talked to other, friendlier, shamans about these guys and here's what I've been able to piece together:

Their power comes from insect-related spirits that were warped by pollution or by the bombs on Judgment Day. This is unusual because most other warped animal spirits work with shamans of a related sphere—warped bird spirits work with smog shamans, warped fish with sludge shamans, warped raccoons with trash spooks, and so on. How the bugs rated their own personal shamans is a bit of a mystery.



The insect spirits have given birth to some strange creatures.

The only theory I've come up with is that the insects have a real mad on about something. Maybe they're tired of being stepped on for centuries, or maybe there were one too many documentaries talking about how the insects would inherit the Earth after a nuclear war and the bugs want hurry things along.

It has to be something similar to this, because the insects' agenda is a little different than that of the other toxic spirits. They still want the Earth to be polluted, so that new toxic insect spirits are formed, but that's only part of what they're after. Their ultimate goal seems to be the complete extermination of the human race.

This is borne out by the fact that insect guardians want their hosts to do more than just pollute. For an act of pollution to satisfy one of these supernatural baddies, the pollution has to kill someone.

Believe it or not, I actually met a second insect shaman who not only was a caretaker, but a pretty nice guy as well. He says he's careful to use his powers only against those who deserve to die, Black Hats, Doom cultists, biker gangs, and the like. When he runs out of bad guys, which he doubts will happen in his lifetime, he intends to end his gig as a shaman. I wished him well, and I don't doubt his intentions, but I can't picture the insect spirits letting him go that easily.

## The Cult o' Doom

As long as I've mentioned the Doomies, I suppose I should say a few more words about them.

They don't like toxic shamans, especially those who deal with radiation spirits. Our ability to work with radiation, and to cause or remove mutations, just throws all sorts of wrenches in Silas' theology. He has branded all toxic shamans as heretics and puts to death any his troops capture.

The schismatic Doomsayers are a little more tolerant, but they still don't trust us. I think that's because they've encountered mostly hostile corrupters, but also because some of us have the ability to make ourselves immune to their miracles for short periods of time.

# Indians Today

Well, that's my basic spiel about toxic shamans. Is there anything else you'd like to know?

A rundown on what's going on with Native American groups today? No problem. I warn you that some of my information may be a little out of date.

## The Sioux Nations • The Ravenites

After the Great Summoning, time pretty much stopped for the Sioux Nations. The United States learned not to mess around in Sioux territory and the tribes were left to live in peace. Since all of the tribes had become staunch supporters of the Old Ways very little changed over the years.

The biggest problem the Sioux elders faced was the followers of Sitting Bull they had exiled to Deadwood. The history of the Sioux and the Ravenites are inextricably intertwined, so I'll talk about them together.

### The Deadwood Corridor

Not long after the Great Summoning, the Sioux had their first problem with the Ravenites.

The region to which these Sioux had been banished included the area immediately around Deadwood and the portions of the Black Hills where mining was allowed. This was the same territory which had been established by the Deadwood Creek Treaty. Many of the Sioux chiefs argued against letting the Ravenites have access to the ghost rock, but the *wicasas* decided to follow the terms of the treaty—the white man could break treaties all he wanted, but the Sioux would honor theirs.

Within this area modern inventions worked just fine, but since the Ravenites had no way to get spare parts, they quickly wore out. There also wasn't much room for the people to grow crops, so the exiles were constantly begging their Old Ways neighbors for food. Finally, the

Ravenite leaders got together and petitioned the *wicasas*. They reminded the Sioux leaders that the treaty had also specified that there would be a rail line open to the city. Honorbound by their decision to follow the treaty, the Sioux elders had no choice but to place more totems and reopen the Iron Dragon line running through the Nations.

When the first train since the Summoning arrived in Deadwood, it ended all hope that the Ravenites would someday tire of their material possessions and return to the Old Ways. Once contact with the outside world was established some Ravenites left the city, but most stayed and made a fortune off the sale of ghost rock. Rather than return to the Old Ways, over time the Ravenites became some of the most materialistic and decadent people on the planet.

### Bright Lights, Big City

The Sioux elders eventually came to greatly regret their decision to exile Sitting Bull's followers to Deadwood. Over the years some young Sioux became disillusioned with the Old Ways and left the Sioux Nations to join their brothers in Deadwood. The Sioux tribes lost scores of young men and women to the bright lights of the treaty city. To prevent the possible corrupting influence that those who had been to Deadwood might have on the tribes, those who left were not allowed to return.

Most of those who left regretted the decision. The ability to shoot a bow and ride a horse were of no use in the high-tech society the Ravenites created. If they were lucky, they managed to find some sort of low-paying menial job, but most ended up homeless and destitute or forced into a life of prostitution (which was legal in Deadwood).

### The City on the Plains

Deadwood grew quickly. At first it grew outward, but it soon hit the edges of the treaty territory. The only direction left to grow was vertically. Deadwood was the first city on Earth to erect a modern skyscraper, beating out New York City for the honor by three days. That was only the beginning, by the time the Last War began the smallest building in Deadwood

towered over 100 stories above the ground and most had basements 20 levels or more deep. The city had elevated roads and trains running between the buildings, many of which were more than 50 stories above the ground—you really don't want to go through the guard rail that high up.

The tremendous wealth enjoyed by most Ravenites enabled many of them to own aircars—civilian versions of the VTOL aircraft pioneered by the military. Deadwood was the first city to have an integrated air control system for these vehicles and official “air roads” to regulate VTOL traffic. Only a few years before the war began, there was actually an air taxi service. The place looked like one of those cities everyone in the mid-20th century had predicted the cities of the year 2000 would be.

The city was supplied by a high-tech transit system that was tightly crammed inside the narrow corridor the Sioux had opened for the old Iron Dragon rail line. A double-tracked, three-tiered, mag-lev line ran in and out of the city side-by-side with a four-level, computer-regulated highway. Aircars zipped in and out of the city above all the traffic rushing along below them.

Here and there the transport system was pierced by massive tunnels and walkways that allowed the Ravenites' Sioux neighbors and their herds of buffalo and wild horses to move between the northern and southern halves of the territory.

### The Last War

Meanwhile, away from all the hustle and bustle and neon lights of Deadwood, the Sioux went about their lives in a manner not much different from their ancestors centuries before.

The Last War had very little impact on the Sioux Nations except for the pollution that drifted across the border from battles fought in Kansas. Troop and supply trains flew through the Indian territory on the tracks running through Deadwood, and Sioux braves often paused while hunting buffalo to watch spectacular aerial battles occurring just outside the Nations' borders, but other than that, the war years were as peaceful as the hundreds that had come before.

### Judgment Day

Judgment Day came early to Deadwood. Days before the bombs dropped, a charred figure wandered into town and ripped the place apart. How one man could cause the destruction he is a said to have wreaked is a mystery to me, but the ruins of Deadwood speak for themselves. I'll say more about that in a moment.

Some say this mysterious figure was none other than Raven himself, come to avenge himself upon his unworthy followers. I don't know if this is true, but after seeing the ruined city for myself, I'd say anything is possible.

Regardless of who or what caused the destruction, hundreds of thousands of people died as enormous skyscrapers collapsed into rubble. Those who survived fled the city as fast their limos could take them, at least until the highways became a mass of twisted, burning wrecks. Those who couldn't escape by car fled on foot into the Sioux Nations.

The Sioux were overwhelmed by this flood of refugees who outnumbered the entire population of the Nations many times over. The Sioux gave them shelter and fed them as best they could, slaughtering an entire herd of buffalo in the process, but the *wicasas* knew that the frightened masses from the city couldn't stay long without exhausting the Nations' resources.

To make matters worse, more refugees from the devastated cities around the Sioux Nations had begun streaming into the Indian nation. To this day, the edges of Sioux territory are ringed with the disabled vehicles left behind by these fleeing civilians.

### War

The elders' problem was solved by War. That's War with a capital “W.”

After he had finished demolishing what was left of Kansas after the bombs dropped, the Reckoner on the Red Horse turned north toward the Sioux Nations. The Lakota warbands—reinforced by volunteers from among the refugees—went out to meet him. Tremendous battles against War and his undead minions raged for many days. The



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Sioux had a slight advantage in that War's troops couldn't use their modern weapons inside the borders of the Nations, but the enemy still possessed powerful magic. The charred figure that was responsible for the destruction of Deadwood was said to have been seen in the thickest of the fighting.

The Sioux shamans unleashed powerful nature spirits against the undead army and the Lakota braves fought until they were exhausted and covered in gore from head to foot. Thousands of warriors—and most of the Sioux chiefs—died in the fighting, but eventually War recalled his troops and headed east across the Mississippi. Whether the Reckoner was driven off, as the Sioux claim, or he simply had better things to do, no one knows—and I for one am not about to go ask him.

### Tommy Two Women

A sad footnote to this whole tragic affair is the story of Tommy Two Women. Tommy was a successful arms dealer in Deadwood. His success came primarily because he was the sort of person who would charge a condemned man for his last meal.

When War's minions first crossed into the Sioux Nations, Tommy convinced a large number of his fellow refugees that they should help do their share of the fighting. He led them back to the outskirts Deadwood to a warehouse he owned. In it was a load of rifles, ammo, and other weapons he claimed had been about to be shipped out.

Surrounded by bodyguards, Tommy sold these weapons to the desperate refugees, forcing them to part with anything of value they still possessed—gold watches, hunks of ghost rock, even gold fillings—he took it all.

Once the weapons had been passed out, Tommy loaded his loot into a couple of cargo choppers. He flew overhead as the ragtag army marched out of the Sioux Nations along the western mag-lev line and then turned south to attack War's minions from the rear. However, once the undead horde came into sight, his choppers veered off to the west and disappeared from view.

What the remaining Ravenites were about to learn was that Tommy had lied to them. The warehouse he led them to held defective



Searching the ruins of Deadwood.

weapons that had been returned by his customers. When the ragged group attacked, the weapons quickly malfunctioned and the would-be warriors were cut to pieces. Hundreds died, but enough survived to spread the story. Many of these survivors are still hunting Tommy thirteen years later.

I don't know what became of Tommy, whether he's still alive or adorning someone's trophy room wall, but I do know that I wouldn't want to be in his shoes if he's ever caught.

### The Lakota Today

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

The population of the Sioux Nations is much smaller than it was just before the war. No one has taken an exact count, but the Lakota today number no more than 10,000. Of the seven major clans that existed before the war only four remain: the Hunkpapa, Oglala, Burnt Thigh, and Minneconjou. The Sihasapa,



The signing of the Deadwood Creek Treaty.

Itazipacola, and Oohenupa clans were wiped out in the struggle to defeat War. The few survivors of these clans were adopted into the others.

The clans normally break up into hunting parties of 30 families or so during the summer. They lead a nomadic existence across the plains, hunting buffalo and finding good grazing for their horses.

## Government

The government of the Sioux Nations remains much as it has always been. Each clan sends an elder to the tribal council to become a *wicasa*. The *wicasas* make all major decisions concerning the tribe. Their word is final, but nearly anyone affected by their decision can have their say before the council.

The current *wicasas* are White Cloud (Oglala), Bucking Horse (Hunkpapa), Broken Spear (Burnt Thigh), and Leaping Wolf (Minneconjou). White Cloud is the oldest of the *wicasas* and also a powerful shaman. (He also

doesn't appreciate jokes concerning his name and toilet paper. Be warned.) The other elders often defer to his wisdom.

The elders are committed to preserving the safety of the tribe and the Lakota's way of life. They will never make any decisions which would compromise either of these things.

## Visitors

The borders of the Sioux Nations are closed to those not of Native American descent. Any non-Indians found inside the Nations are asked their business. Unless they have a matter which needs to come before the tribal council, the intruders are politely asked to leave. If they refuse, the tribe's warriors show them to the border or bury them, as the situation warrants.

Visitors who can prove they are of Native American descent are welcome to stay as long as they are willing to take the Old Ways Oath. Provided they are willing to swear the Oath, the newcomers are adopted into one of the clans and become full members of the tribe.

The one exception to this is toxic shamans. Corrupters are attacked on sight, while caretakers are warmly welcomed. The reason for this is that portions of Sioux territory have been contaminated by radioactive fallout and toxic runoff from factories upstream of the Nations. Caretakers are welcome to remain in Sioux lands as long as they use their powers to clean up some of this pollution.

## Technology

If you want to do any interviewing in the Sioux Nations, you had better brush up on your shorthand. Any interviews you do will be recorded on a tanned deer hide with charcoal because your palmcorder won't work there. You'd better also be prepared to grow a beard because that fancy, solar-powered, electric razor I see sticking out of your pack won't work either.

I've heard some Sioux say that the medicine of the Great Summoning is not as strong as it once was, but it seems to work just fine to me. While I visited with the tribe none of the equipment I carried with me functioned, but as soon as I stepped back over the border it all came back to life and performed just fine.



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## The Coyote Confederation

They say you can never go home again. That's very true for me—I'm still a wanted outlaw among my people. I actually hesitate to call them that because many of the "people" who live in the ruins of the Coyote Confederation are barely recognizable as human, much less Cherokee, Kiowa, Commanche, or any other tribe. When I say that, I'm not talking about just physical appearance, but also behavior. The tribes that now live in that region are some of the most barbaric I have ever encountered.

### Mutation Nation

Before the Last War, the pollution being pumped into the environment by the original corrupters made severe mutations and birth defects common among the tribes of the territory. Most of these were fatal, or at the very least severely debilitating, but in instances where toxic spirits were up to their demonic work, these mutations could sometimes be beneficial or even grant the mutant supernatural powers.

On Judgment Day, Coyote Territory got nuked—hard. The territory was the site of many of the Confederate's nuclear weapon production facilities, and many of the factories on Coyote lands produced products vital to the war effort. Almost all of the big factories caught a ghost rock bomb, as did most of the major cities in the territory.

The sudden release of all this corrupting G-ray energy interacted with the tainted land, creating hordes of new toxic spirits and warping the land even further. All of the pollution which had been secretly pumped into the environment bubbled to the surface for all to see. The landscape erupted with piles of filth and bubbling pools of toxic goo; rivers and streams turned black with corruption, dead fish covered with oozing sores lining their banks; glowing clouds of radioactive debris floated on the winds and lighted the skies at night. Coyote Territory turned into a horrifying preview of what the entire Earth may someday look like if the toxic spirits are allowed have their way.

## The Tribes

The change wasn't limited to just the land. Those unfortunate enough to survive the bombs changed as well. The awful synergy of G-ray and pollution warped and molded the people into a horrible mockery of what they once were. Many died while going through the change and others went mad, but those who survived could hardly be called human.

These newly-made mutants formed into tribes. These tribes now hold undisputed control of what was once the Coyote Federation. Not that there are many who would want to dispute their hold on the place. The entire territory is a toxic wasteland totally inhospitable to normal humans.

There are five major tribes: the Bloody Spears, the Winged Serpents, the Growling Wolves, the Black Talons, and the Hunchbacks. All of these tribes are cannibalistic. They war on—and feed off of—each other, as well as sending raiding parties into surrounding areas to capture food and slaves (who eventually become food).

All of the tribe members are mutated in some way, and they are all extremely hostile to anyone who appears to be "normal." Their attitudes toward norms is simple: If the mutants think they are stronger, they attack; if not, they go for reinforcements and then attack. Norms who are killed go in the stew pot. Those who live serve as slaves until they die, then they go in the pot. Most slaves don't last more than a few weeks before being overcome by the harsh treatment and toxic environment.

## The Mutant King

The Black Talons are led by an enormous mutant who calls himself Blood Claw. He has granted himself the titles "Scourge of the Wastes" and "Champion of the Changed"—that's what the mutants refer to themselves as, "the Changed."

Blood Claw is an ambitious mutant who hopes to unite the various tribes under his leadership. He has already forced the Hunchbacks to accept his authority. This has caused the other three tribes to unite against them, but they lack strong leadership and



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A Child of the Dust is born.

spend as much time hacking away at each other as they do at their common enemy. I believe it's only a matter of time before Blood Claw achieves his goal. Once he does, the survivor settlements near Coyote territory had better be well-stocked with ammunition.

Blood Claw has somehow gotten his hands on a list of people involved with the Keeper's of the Land. He has declared these people as "the First Enemies of the Changed" because we tried to put a stop to the pollution that led to their transformation. Anyone on that list—including myself—who is taken by the Black Talons or the Hunchbacks can expect a slow, painful death.

The would-be king feels the same way about Doomsayers. He says they are false prophets sent to lead his people astray from the worship of their true source of power—the toxic spirits. Silas sent emissaries to Blood Claw a few years ago when he first heard of the great mutant tribes of the Coyote Territory. The mutant leader sent the rad priest's envoys back to Las Vegas minus their tongues and other sensitive body parts. Blood Claw wears them on a thong around his neck

## Toxic Shamans

As you might expect, there are many toxic shamans among the mutant tribes. As you might also expect, they're all corrupters. Their lives are dedicated to spreading filth and corruption across the planet.

The shamans teach that the toxic spirits are their saviors—only with the changes caused by the spirits could any of them have survived Judgment Day. They often lead "worship parties" outside of Coyote lands. These are groups of warriors whose sole purpose is to find a source of pollution and release it into the environment (any pollutants inside Coyote territory were released long ago).

Be careful of these fanatics if you journey inside Coyote lands. Within the borders of the toxic Hell the shamans call home, their favors are much more potent than normal. Their followers are dangerous as well—many of the mutants have toxic guardians.

## Traveling the Wastes

If you should ever have to travel inside Coyote territory, don't. No, really, don't go unless you have absolutely no other choice. If you do go, make sure you are well-equipped and well-armed.

Remember, the mutants and their shamans want nothing to do with the Old Ways—they can and do carry guns. Don't make the mistake of thinking "mutant equals stupid" either, they are just as cunning as any other human opponent—maybe more so since many of the Coyote braves served in elite Confederate military units.

Equipment-wise you'll want to take a Geiger counter, some sort of breathing apparatus like a gas mask or ventilator, and a Haz-mat suit, if possible. The mutants who live in the Coyote lands have a natural resistance to the toxins in the environment that normal humans lack. If you go in there without the proper protective equipment, you'll be dead within 24 hours.

The best way to ensure your survival is to take a toxic shaman with you—if you can find one crazy enough to go. He'll be able to spot hazards you probably never dreamed existed, and he'll be able to grant you temporary immunity to some of them.



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# The Apache

I'm sure you've heard the stories of how the Chiricahua Apaches held out in the Dragoon Mountains against the best the Confederacy could throw at them for over a century, and how it took the elite cyborg CEAL teams to finally put an end to their raiding along the highways in southwestern Arizona. I'm sure you've also seen the tabloid headlines: "Cochise Still Alive After 150 Years!"

Well, all of those stories are true to a point. Despite the Confederacy's best efforts, the Apaches under Geronimo's leadership managed to secure a stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains. From there they raided the Ghost Trail from California and the Bayou Vermillion rail line. No matter how high a bounty was offered or how many troops were sent into the area, they could never locate the Chiricahua's lair.

The raiding in southwestern Arizona continued long after Geronimo's death. Trucks laden with cargo would be found empty along the highway, but no evidence of the raiders could be uncovered. The mountains were searched with helicopters and even spy satellites, but they never found the Apache's secret stronghold.

Finally the Confederates sent their cyborg units into the mountains to put an end to the situation once and for all. Fierce fighting raged in the Dragoons for month. The Apaches were armed with the latest weaponry they had either stolen or purchased from Ravenite arms dealers, but the undead warriors didn't need to sleep or eat and they kept up a relentless pressure on the Chiricahua.

## Cochise

In the end, the battle was decided by Cochise's death. This ancient Apache warrior had been alive since the Chiricahua first fled into the mountains. His spirit had entered the Hunting Grounds and forced a powerful gan—a mountain spirit—to shelter his people from their enemies. The only catch was that Cochise's soul had to remain in the spirit world with the gan to force its obedience. His body remained in a coma in the physical world.

Cochise's body was tended night and day by the tribe's shamans. They used every bit of their arcane knowledge to maintain the warrior chief's body in good health, but after nearly 200 years, there was little even they could do. As his people battled for their lives against the CEAL teams, the life force slowly left his body. As his body died, so did the magic protecting the Apache warriors.

The braves fought valiantly, but they were eventually overwhelmed and defeated. The CEAL teams found their stronghold and the surviving Chiricahua were carted off to reservations in Texas—at least that's what the newspapers reported.

## Never Say Die!

In reality, a small band of braves, women, and children managed to fight their way free and escape as the stronghold fell. This group slipped across the border into Mexico, where they found refuge.

This group refused to end their feud with the Confederacy. They continued to raid across the border into the CSA, and during the border conflict between the Confederacy and Mexico they served as scouts for the Mexican Army. When the Last War began, they again volunteered their services. Apache warriors in power armor were some of the first troops to cross the Confederacy's border and they were some of the last to leave—it was their valiant rearguard action that enabled many of the Mexican troops to escape by hydrofoil when Ramirez was defeated.

## Matanza

The Apache today are led by a warrior named Matanza (Spanish for "bloodshed"). His people lead a nomadic existence, moving from place to place in a large caravan of cars and trucks. They have moved back into their old stomping grounds in Arizona and they live much as their forefathers did, raiding caravans and settlements for food and equipment.

Unlike many biker gangs, the Chiricahua are not bloodthirsty savages. If their enemies surrender, they simply take what they need and move on—they get no joy from raping and killing helpless victims.



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Matanza's band numbered less than 50 when he first crossed back into what was the Confederacy. Now his tribe numbers over 200. He has been joined by Apaches who migrated west from reservations after the war and by the survivors of other small tribes from the area.

The tribe is extremely well-equipped. Matanza and his braves served with the Mexican Army during the Last War as scouts, and many of them still have their power armor. Matanza himself wears a suit of Wolverine armor he scavenged from one of his fallen foes. It's hard to miss him in battle. He has painted his armor blood red and decorated it with feathers and other talismans.

# Deadwood

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Is there anything else you'd like to hear about before I vamoose?

Deadwood, huh? I could tell by the gleam in your eye you were going to ask that.

Okay. I can't give you much detail, because I didn't go into the actual city. Call me a coward, but what I saw from a distance was enough for me to know I didn't want to go there.

## It's Haunted

Pure and simple, the place is haunted.

I walked in toward the city on one of the mag-lev lines and stopped about a mile short of the city limits. I deal with spirits on a daily basis, so I'm not normally given to the heebie-jeebies, but that place gave me the creeps. There's no maelstrom around the place—I guess no one wanted to fling perfectly good nukes through the Sioux Nation's little Tech-B-Gone zone—but the place still moans. It's mostly an effect of the wind blowing through the shattered skyscrapers, but beneath that wind I could hear the muted voices of thousand of restless souls.

Some were whispering, some were talking, and some were screaming, but they all had one thing in common—they were angry. Angry

about being dead, I suppose. I don't normally drink spook juice for its intoxicating effects, but I did this time. Once I had taken a few swigs, I could see the city's aura was a deep, angry red that seemed to pulse like a heart as I watched.

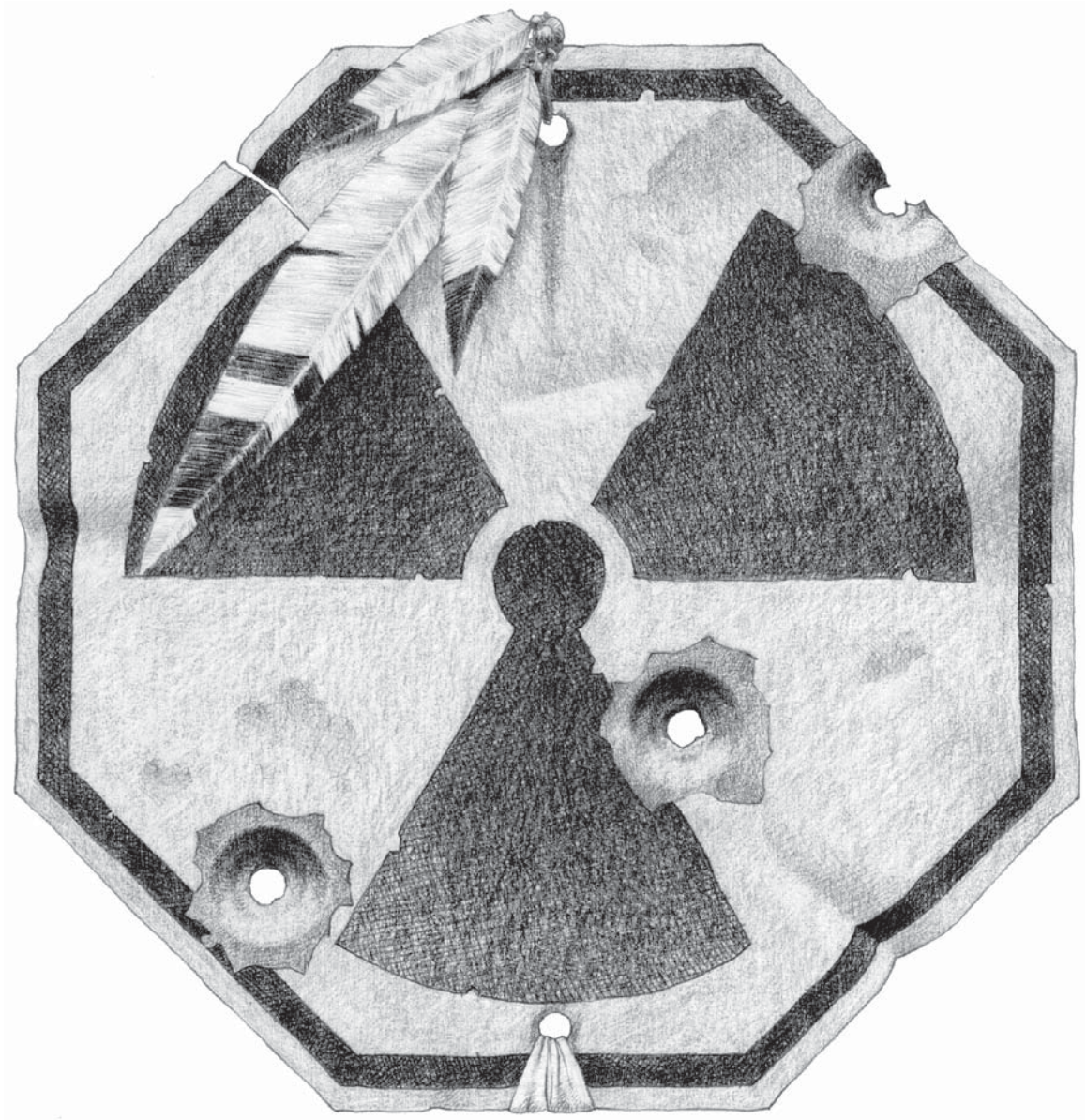
I've spoken to a few Sioux braves who claim to have actually entered the city. They reported seeing a number of strange creatures in the ruins, including some sort of inky, black bats whose shriek could stop a man's heart, and charred, walking corpses that attacked in packs. The braves also said that they felt as if they were being watched the entire time they were in the city, as if a thousand eyes were constantly upon them. That feeling could come from all the restless spirits in the city, or it could be that some unseen menace was actually stalking the warriors. I'll let you make that call.

Besides the supernatural threat the city poses, there are also very real physical dangers to contend with. When that, "thing," attacked Deadwood it actually caused entire skyscrapers to collapse and elevated roadways to fall. Those that remain standing are in bad shape. I could see from where I stood outside the city that a few buildings had partially toppled and were leaning against adjacent ones. Not exactly a stable situation.

My Sioux hosts reported that many times when a bad storm or heavy snow passes through the area, they can hear great cracking noises and rumbles from Deadwood as more structural members give way and portions of buildings come tumbling down. It sometimes doesn't take much to cause a collapse, some of these precarious heaps just need a little nudge. The warriors who went into the city caused a partial collapse simply by tossing a rock through a window. The top 10 stories of the building collapsed into the street from just that tiny shock. The braves barely escaped with their lives.

I'm sure there are all sorts of great salvage opportunities in Deadwood—especially in the Ravenite weapons factories and warehouses—but I don't plan on looking for them. Treasure doesn't do you a whole lot of good when you're dead. There are a whole lot of angry souls in Deadwood and I don't want to add my own to that number.

# No Man's Land







## Chapter Two:

# Makin' Spooks

Now that you know where spooks come from and what they're up to, it's time to make one for yourself. This chapter contains everything you need to know to create a toxic shaman or a warrior favored by the most virulent members of the spirit world.

### Spirit Warriors

Let's start with the non-shamans first. As *Dirty Waters* described, the toxic spirits are out to turn the world into a poisonous playground for their exclusive use. To that end, they are constantly looking for willing humans they can corrupt to their own ends. Anyone who shows an inclination to harm the environment can find himself the target of these malevolent spirits' attention. The toxic spirits latch on to these individuals and grant them minor favors in an attempt to entice them to further acts of environmental sabotage. Those who cooperate with these ghostly corrupters often find their powers grow. The hardest working of these polluters can often achieve the powers of a full-fledged toxic shaman.

What this means in game terms is that nearly any hero can buy a 1-point toxic guardian (see page 42). There are a few restrictions: Junkers with browser spirits and traditional shamans (see *Ghost Dancers*) with a guardian spirit cannot purchase a toxic guardian. Browsers and guardian spirits are a jealous bunch and they're not about to share their hero with some slimy, warped reject from a B-grade horror movie.


To purchase one of these spirits, there must be something in your hero's past that attracted it. This means your brainer has done something to harm the environment in a major way. This can be something done deliberately or by accident ("Gee, I had no idea that button would cause the holding tank to vent into the river!"). The event must match the type of spirit purchased, e.g. polluting a river gets the hero a sludge spirit, while releasing CFCs into the atmosphere attracts the attention of a smog spirit. Your hero might also want to  
pick Edges  
and

Hindrances associated with this event. *Enemy*, *outlaw*, and *renown* are all likely results of such an action. Although most people are too worried about survival to care about litterbugs, some people, like caretaker shamans, make it their business, and if your hero poisoned some settlement's water supply, the townsfolk aren't going to be too pleased with her.

## Dirty Deeds

The spirit's power comes with a price, however. In order to gain the benefits of the toxic guardian, your hero must continue his polluting ways. Each time your waster commits some act of pollution which matches his guardian's persuasion, he gains the use of the spirit's powers for one week. Once the week ends, the spirit refuses to aid the brainer unless he performs some more environmental sabotage.

The acts needed to gain the spirit's favor in this way are fairly minor. The toxic guardian views these as a means to wear down your hero's resistance to performing some truly big-time polluting. In game terms this means your waster must do something which has a significant impact on the environment in a small area, or which causes serious harm to living creatures in the vicinity. A few examples:

 **Radiation:** Spreading radioactive dust over an uncontaminated field. Removing the shielding from a radiation source.

**Sludge:** Pouring a few gallons of oil into a stream.

**Smog:** Venting an air conditioning unit's refrigerant into the atmosphere. Starting a small oil or ghost rock fire.

**Trash:** Pouring a drum of PCBs into an uncontaminated field. Spreading ten pounds or more of non-biodegradable trash in an otherwise pristine area.

Your Marshal has the final say on what it takes to make your toxic buddy smile.

## Movin' On Up

As we mentioned, the purpose of these little acts is to encourage your hero to move on to bigger and better things. By performing large-scale acts of pollution, it's possible for your brainer to increase the power of his toxic guardian.

For this to happen, the pollution must have a major impact over a large area (a 2-mile radius zone or larger), or cause serious harm or death to a large number of people (20 or more)—as far as the spirit's concerned, preferably both.

Once this act has been perpetrated, the hero must make an Incredible (11) *Spirit* roll. If the roll succeeds, the level of the hero's toxic guardian increases, i.e. a 1-point guardian becomes a three-pointer, and a three-point spirit becomes a five-point spirit. If the roll fails, the spirit's power does not increase, but the hero still gains use of its powers for a full month.

## The Big Plunge

There is one last threshold your hero can cross. Once her carcinogenic friend has reached the 5-point level, performing a further, and yet more destructive, bit of polluting can actually transform your waster into a full-fledged toxic shaman. This requires causing environmental damage on a large scale—we're talking things like venting a full oil tanker into the sea, causing a ghost-rock reactor meltdown, and the like. The pollution must affect an area at least 10 miles in radius or cause serious harm or death to 100 or more people.

Once your litterbug has wreaked his havoc, he must make an Incredible (11) *Spirit* roll. If the roll succeeds, he gains the *arcane background: toxic shaman* Edge and the *corrupt* and *immunity* favors (other favors must be learned as described on page 54). His pollution type is the same as his guardian's. Failed rolls still gain the use of the spirit's abilities for a full year.

## Insect Guardians

Insect spirits are both easier and harder to please. Since these warped specters are less worried about polluting the world than doing away with all the two-legs who like to stomp on their physical brethren, it doesn't matter what form the pollution takes as long as someone gets dead—the more the better.

Insect spirits require a weekly act of pollution, just like their toxic buddies. The only difference is that at least one human being must be killed by it. Acts to increase the spirit's level must off at least 20 people. Getting to become a shaman requires at least 100 deaths from a single act.

## I Need a Hero!

Toxic spirits sound like a lovely bunch, don't they? Heroes who gain their favor may sometimes be tempted to do things which are not exactly heroic in order to increase their personal power (which suits the toxic spirits and the Reckoners just fine). Just remember that player-controlled heroes are supposed to be the guys in the white hats.

How can I kill twenty people with pollution and still be a hero? Glad you asked. Toxic spirits don't care who gets hurt, as long as someone does. If the toxins your waster pours into a stream just happen to flow into the water supply of a Combine base, or the reactor you overload just happens to vaporize a tainted junker and his henchmen, you've eliminated a great evil while still pleasing the slimy creep looking over your shoulder.

Be warned that your Marshal will be keeping an eye on you. If your hero tries to increase his power at the expense of innocents, expect consequences. These may materialize in the form of angry shamans, bounty hunters, and vengeful friends and relatives. In the worst cases you may even inadvertently start your hero down the road to servitorhood. Heroes with toxic guardians are dancing with the devil, and they need to be ever vigilant that they're the ones calling the tune.



## Guardian Spirits

With the number of entities hostile to nature spirits—toxic and tech spirits—growing, the old spirits are desperately in need of allies. Despite this, they continue to limit themselves to working only with their traditional Native American allies. Toxic spirits, of course, could care less about the race of the heroes which they latch onto.

This is partly due to the many centuries of trust and cooperation between the spirits and the Indians, but also due to the fact that the other races have given the nature spirits no reason to trust them. In fact they have been the source of the very spirits with which the nature spirits are now at war.

Heroes of Native American descent can purchase guardian spirits using the rules found in *Ghost Dancers*. They may also gain the use of shaman favors requiring only one Appeasement Point to cast.

# Toxic Shamans

So, your brainer wants to run with the big dogs and be a full-fledged spook. Before your waster can start wrasslin' slime demons there are a few things your hero needs.

For starters, your hero must have the *arcane background: toxic shaman* Edge. He also needs the *faith: toxic spirits* Aptitude. You'll probably want to sink as many points as you can into *faith* because your spook starts with one favor for each level in this Aptitude.

Those are the basics. Your waster can also buy a toxic guardian (see page 42). Unlike the unwashed masses, spooks don't have to prove their loyalty to the goopier residents of the spirit world; the toxic spirits flock to the shaman's polluted soul. This means toxic shamans don't have to perform any acts of pollution to keep their guardians' favor. A spook's guardian must match his selected sphere (see below).

## Corrupter or Caretaker?

You should also decide which flavor of shaman your brainer is: corrupter or caretaker. Both types use the same basic mechanics for working their miracles, but your hero's choice affects the way other wasters react to her. Corrupters and caretakers mix about as well as Nazis and Libertarians, so you can count on having shamans of the opposing school giving your hero the shaft whenever possible.

Caretakers are out to protect the environment (hence the name). When they cast a favor, they channel some of the pollution in the environment around them into the Hunting Ground. Although the toxic spirits feed on this corruption, caretakers believe that by cleaning up the Earth they can eventually remove the ultimate source of the spirits' power and return control of the Hunting Grounds to the nature spirits.

Corrupters, on the other hand, channel some of the spiritual pollution in the Hunting Grounds into the environment around them. Most corrupters are down with the toxic spirits' agenda of turning the Earth into a giant chemical cesspool. These guys are usually evil with a capital "E," but there are also well-meaning shamans who believe that by siphoning off the toxers power in the spirit world they weaken them and give the nature spirits a better chance of victory in the Hunting Grounds.


Then, of course, there are the shamans who don't give a rat's behind about the metaphysical implications of their actions and are just in it for the power trip. Despite their indifference, they must still choose to be one or the other.

Your spook's school can have effects on the environment around him, so choose carefully. Your Marshal has all the details about this in his section of the book.

## Choose a Sphere

Your shaman must also choose a sphere. This is the form of pollution over which your spook has the most power. There are five spheres: Radiation, Sludge, Smog, Trash, and Insect. (Okay, insects aren't a form of pollution, but you get the idea.)

Your hero's sphere affects which favors your shaman can know and how easy it is for him to learn new ones. When choosing your spook's starting favors, each favor in his sphere, or from the general category, count as one choice. Favors outside his sphere count as two choices each. A toxic shaman cannot learn any favors from a sphere opposed to his own (check out the Sphere Table to see which spheres are opposed).

 Jason is picking favors for his new smog spook. His shaman has a faith of 5. This gives him five choices. He picks two from the Smog sphere, one general favor, and one favor from the Radiation sphere (which counts as two choices).

# Strain

Like most other magic-using heroes, the number of favors a spook can cast is limited by his Strain. The amount of Strain a toxic shaman can handle is equal to his *Vigor* die type. Unlike other spiritual types, though, they don't regain lost Strain by sitting around with their thumbs up the their tookasses.

## Regaining Strain

The most common method for toxic shamans to recover Strain is to down some spook juice—that's how they got the nickname spooks. Each pint of spook juice swallowed restores 1d4 points of Strain (don't reroll Aces). With eight pints to the gallon, that means a single gallon of spook juice is good for 8-32 points of Strain.

When a shaman drinks spook juice, he performs some presto-chango that infuses the liquid's corrupting influence directly into his soul, turning it into a beacon for the warped spirits he deals with. Doing this correctly requires a Fair (5) *faith* roll. The TN for this roll increases by +2 for each pint the spook downs in a 24-hour period. Failing the roll means that no Strain is recovered, the juice's energy simply dissipates into the Hunting Grounds. This is hard on the shaman's system and causes 1 Wind for every point by which the roll is missed. This spiritual Wind is recovered at the rate of 1 point per hour.

## Chuggin'

The process of turning spook juice into Strain takes concentration and about 10 minutes of time. In an emergency, though, it can be done faster.

Downing a pint of spook juice takes 3 actions in combat. Even this is sometimes too slow, so many spooks have learned to power drink. This requires the new *Vigor*-based *chuggin'* Aptitude. Downing a pint requires a Fair (5) *chuggin'* roll. The amount of time required to finish the pint off is reduced by one action for a success and by an additional action for a raise. Failing the roll means the pint takes a

## Makin' Spooks

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full 3 actions to down. Going bust on the roll means your brainer choked himself. He takes 1d4 Wind and spews most of his drink all over his buddies.

Once the juice is down the hatch, your spook has to make a *faith* roll as described earlier. The only catch is, since your shaman is guzzling his brew, the base TN for the roll jumps to Hard (9), plus any modifiers due to your brainer hitting the bottle earlier in the day.

Spooks can also drink spook juice for the effects described in *The Wasted West*. This doesn't require any special rolls, but the shaman doesn't recover any Strain while doing this. He does get a +2 to his *Vigor* rolls though, due to the tolerance his body has built up to the stuff.



## Pollution Spheres

Sphere	Opposed
Radiation	Sludge
Sludge	Radiation
Smog	Trash
Trash	Smog
Insect	None

### Absorption

Spooks can also recover Strain when in the presence of a large amount of their spheres' pollution. This has to be a sizeable quantity of the stuff; a puddle of acid rain won't do it, but an industrial holding tank full of dioxin will. Radiation shamans have it the easiest, they can draw from maelstroms and all the other radioactive fallout left behind by the Last War. Your Marshal has the final say as to whether a source of pollution is large enough for your shaman to draw Strain from.

Recovering Strain from a pollution source requires the shaman to immerse himself in the pollution and go into a meditative trance. This means the spook has to wade in the toxic pool, enter the reactor core, sit in a cloud of toxic gas, etc. The good news is that while meditating, the shaman is protected as if she had cast the *immunity* favor.

Once your brainer is wallowing in the filth of his choice, make a Hard (9) *faith* roll. If the roll succeeds, the spook gains 1 Strain for each 10 minutes spent in meditation. Failing the roll means the shaman is unable to trap the essence of the pollution in his soul and it passes through him into the Hunting Grounds. This causes 1 point of Wind for each point by which the roll was missed. As before, this Wind is recovered at the rate of 1 point per hour. Going bust means the shaman's immunity fails and he suffers the effects of whatever pollution he's bathing in.

## New Edges

Here are a few new Edges to give your spook a slimy pseudopod up on the competition.

### Extra Favors 2

Your toxic shaman can begin play with more favors than dictated by his *faith*. Every 2 points spent on extra favors gets your brainer an extra pick (which means that buying an additional favor which is outside your waster's sphere costs 4 points).

There's a limit, though. Your spook can only buy an additional number of favors equal to half his *Knowledge* die type. A shaman with a *faith* of 5 and a *Knowledge* die of 8, for instance, could start with up to 9 favors.

### Poisoned 1/3/5

Every one in awhile, the goop doesn't wash off and the toxic shaman's body pays the price. Your brainer's soul has collected some corruption that just won't go away and it has affected his physical being. Each level of this Edge purchased gives your waster additional Strain, but at a cost to his health (in the form of the *ailin'* Hindrance). Check out the Poisoned Table for the details.

The extra Strain granted by this Edge can be recovered through rest; the shaman doesn't need any spook juice or pollution. Each hour spent resting regains 1 point of this bonus Strain.

## Poisoned

Level	Strain	Ailin' Level
1	+2	Minor
3	+4	Chronic
5	+6	Fatal

### Spirit Metabolism 3

Your hero's soul is more receptive to the effects of spook juice than most. Each pint of the brew she downs restores 1d6 Strain on a successful *faith* roll.

## Toxic Guardian

1/3/5

Your spook or spirit warrior has a toxic buddy watching over him from the Hunting Grounds. This spirit occasionally grants the hero special powers. Non-shamans can purchase a guardian from any sphere, but a spook's guardian must match his pollution sphere.

A guardian's powers are activated by spending chips. The level of power available from a toxic guardian is dependent on the level at which it is purchased. The higher the level, the more powers are available (see the Toxic Guardian Table for details). The maximum level at which a non-shaman can purchase a guardian is level 1 (but this can be increased later as described on page 38). A toxic guardian's Legend chip power is available at all levels.

Besides the powers listed for each guardian type (see page 44), they provide an added benefit for toxic shamans: extra Strain. Spooks can choose to spend a chip to either activate the spirit's corresponding power *or* gain some bonus Strain—not both.

This Strain must be used immediately to cast a favor; it may not be stored up or used to replace the caster's Strain. White chips provide 1 Strain, red chips 2 Strain, blue chips 3 Strain, and Legend Chips 5 Strain. See the Toxic Guardian Table for the maximum amount of Strain which a spirit can provide.

All toxic guardians can also be used to provide the *immunity* favor for those they protect by spending a white chip. This ability lasts 10 minutes (although additional chips can be spent to extend this period) and may be used instead of the spirit's regular white chip power or gaining extra Strain. This ability is a favorite among the many toxic cultists with guardian spirits.

## Toxic Guardian

Level	Max Power	Max Strain
1	White	1
3	Red	2
5	Blue	5

## Makin' Spooks

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## New Hindrances

After you've loaded up on all the new Edges, you may find yourself short a few points. Here are some brand spanking new Hindrances to help balance things out.

### Chew Toy

5

For some reason, the toxic spirits like to shake your waster around like a ragged slipper. When checking for a toxic spill, draw one card for each point of Strain required to activate the favor. If any of the cards drawn come up a Joker, your brainer suffers a spill. Oh, and have a nice day.



## Clogged Pipes

2/4

Your waster's soul is resistant to the flow of toxic energy. He has to really push hard to work his mojo. The 2-point level of this Hindrance increases the Strain cost of all favors by +1. The 4-point level increases the Strain cost of all favors by +2. Beware that this can make life very difficult at times.

## Juice Resistant

3

Your waster doesn't get as much bang from spook juice as most. When rolling for the number of Strain points recovered by drinking spook juice, subtract 1 from each die rolled. It is possible to regain zero Strain.

A spook may not have both *spirit metabolism* and *juice resistant*.

## Limited Tolerance

2

Your toxic shaman can't handle his pollution. Every two points of this Hindrance taken reduces your waster's maximum Strain by 1 point.

## Mutant

3

Oops. Your brainer's *immunity* favor quit a few seconds too soon.

Many spooks have acquired mutations during their careers. This is an unavoidable occupational hazard when you're constantly mucking around with radiation, carcinogenic chemicals and the like.

## One-Trick Pony

5

Your brainer's powers are more focused than most. Your spook can only learn favors from his selected sphere and the general category.

## Slow Learner

4

Your waster must pay double Bounty Points whenever he attempts to learn a new favor.

# Toxic Guardians

As we mentioned earlier in the chapter, it's possible for a waster to acquire a toxic spirit as a sort of guardian angel. Calling them "guardians" is a bit of a misnomer. These spirits aren't so much concerned with keeping their charge safe as they are with tempting them into screwing up the environment more than it already is. If their "host" gets offed in the process, it's no slime off the spirit's nose.

The possible toxic guardians are listed below. Each entry contains a description of the spirit type and a list of the powers granted by the guardian. Each power is associated with a chip color. A chip of this color (or better) must be spent to activate the power.

Each entry also contains a list of suggested deeds that non-shamans can perform to stay in the spirit's good graces (remember that shamans don't have to perform deeds to get their guardians' aid). These lists are provided simply to give some examples, they're hardly exhaustive.

## Insect Spirit

**Deeds:** Insect spirits are satisfied with any of the deeds listed for the other spirits, as long as someone is harmed by them. Acts of pollution using insecticide cause the spirit to abandon its host for a full month.

These are the spirits of all the nasty creepy-crawlies that most people squash on sight—roaches, scorpions, maggots, spiders, that sort of thing. For centuries mankind has been trying to stomp out these bugs—often literally—and they're tired of it. Now they're looking for some payback. They're determined to make those predictions about cockroaches ruling the world after a nuclear war come true.

Not all insect spirits are out to do in the human race, but those who aren't are hard to find. The baddies that toxic shamans deal with are the ones who were warped by the corrupting blasts of the ghost rock bombs detonated on Judgment Day.

**White:** The spirit's host becomes more resistant to radiation and man-made toxins. This gives a +4 bonus to all *Vigor* rolls made to resist the effects of these things for an hour.

**Red:** Your brainer's eyes bulge out and gain multiple facets like an insect's compound eyes. This grants a +4 to all *Cognition* rolls to spot things visually and allows your hero to see up to 90° behind him on each side. This effect lasts for an hour.

**Blue:** Your hero gains the ability to climb vertical surfaces and hang from ceilings, cave roofs, and the like for 10 minutes. No *climbin'* rolls are required; until the duration of this power expires your waster can cling to any surface.

**Legend:** The host undergoes a minor transformation. His skin becomes hard and chitinous, granting him Armor 1, and a pair of razor sharp mandibles grow out from the sides of his jaw. This transformation lasts for 10 minutes.

The mandibles can be used to bite someone for *Strength* +1d6 AP 2 damage. If the attack causes at least one wound, your hero may also inject a powerful neurotoxin into the target. The unfortunate victim must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or be paralyzed for 1d4 hours.

## Radiation Spirit

**Deeds:** Anything which contaminates an area with radiation: sprinkling fallout over an uncontaminated field, dropping a chunk of uranium in a well, spraying radon gas inside a bunker, etc.

These are the spirits of fire and radiation: fire elementals and earth spirits associated with radioactive elements. They want nothing more than to see the whole world glow in the dark. They are also very malicious spirits that delight in causing death and destruction.

**White:** Your hero gains the ability to "see" radiation for 10 minutes. Radioactive areas glow when your brainer looks at them; the brighter the glow, the more intense the radiation. Doomsayers and other radiation shamans always emit a slight glow when viewed with this power.

**Red:** Your waster is granted x-ray vision. She can see through up to 1 foot of material, but anything which is protected by an inch of lead or more remains opaque. This ability lasts 10 minutes.

**Blue:** Your brainer can cause his weapon to glow with nuclear fire (this does no damage to the weapon). Fiery weapons do an additional 1d8 damage. This damage is not affected by armor (unless shielded against radiation) and occurs even if the weapon fails to penetrate. Living targets struck by an irradiated weapon must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll to avoid radiation poisoning. In addition, flammable objects struck by an irradiated weapon have a 1 in 4 chance of catching fire. This ability lasts for 1d10 rounds.



**Legend:** Your hero's skin and equipment begins to crackle with a sickly green glow. Anyone touching your hero takes 3d6 damage at the point of contact. In addition, your waster's eyes glow a bright green and gain the ability to shoot bolts of radiation energy. These bolts have a Speed of 1, ROF of 1, and a Range Increment of 10. Each bolt fired causes your hero 1d4 Wind. This ability lasts 1d6 rounds.

## Sludge Spirit

**Deeds:** Anything which pollutes a source of clean water: pouring chemicals in a well, releasing an oil slick into stream, pouring insecticide into a pond, etc.

A sludge spirit is a water spirit which has been warped either by man's pollution or the G-ray energy released on Judgment Day. The sludge spirits' goal is to see all water on the Earth become too polluted to support life—at least non-mutated life.

**White:** Webbing appears between your hero's fingers and toes. This grants a +4 to all *swimmin'* rolls (only +2 if your hero keeps her shoes on) and doubles her Pace in the water. This effect lasts for 10 minutes.

**Red:** Your brainer gains the ability to breathe underwater for 10 minutes. Very handy when paired with the white power.

**Blue:** Your waster's blood and saliva become highly acidic. Your hero can spit at people (Speed 1, ROF 1, Range Increment 1 foot) for 2d4 damage. In addition, roll 1d6 for anyone within one yard of your brainer when he takes a wound. On a roll of 5 or 6, they have been splashed with your hero's blood for 2d6 damage. Also roll 1d6 for any melee weapon which causes a wound. On a 5 or 6, the weapon loses 1d4 Durability steps (remember an item has only 5 Durability steps and that each one lost imposes a cumulative -1 penalty to the item's use).

**Legend:** Your waster is able to loosen his molecular structure somewhat, allowing things to pass through his body. Cutting and impaling weapons (swords, daggers) cause only 1 Wind per hit. Damage from impact weapons (clubs, bullets) is reduced by 4. This ability lasts for 2d6 rounds.

## Smog Spirit

**Deeds:** Anything which pollutes the air: starting an oil fire, releasing CFCs into the atmosphere, removing the catalytic converter from a working vehicle, etc.

Smog spirits are the corrupted air spirits. Some got that way due to prewar pollution, others got blasted with G-rays on Judgment Day and turned nasty. As you may have guessed, they're out to make the world's atmosphere into an unbreathable, choking soup of soot, toxins, and smoke.

They're also out to make sure the holes in the ozone layer get bigger and bigger. The smog spirits figure if they can't choke everyone to death, maybe they can at least cause them to get cancer.

**White:** The smog spirit guides any thrown or missile weapons (bows, crossbows, slings) launched by your brainer to their targets. This grants a +4 to all such attacks. The effect lasts for 1d6 rounds.

**Red:** The spirit creates a small whirlwind around a single target. The dust blown about by the twister makes it hard to see and imposes a -4 penalty to all attacks made by the target.

**Blue:** The spirit creates a toxic cloud 5 yards in radius up to 20 yards away. Anyone caught within this cloud without some sort of gas mask or other breathing apparatus must make an Incredible (II) *Vigor* roll each action they spend inside the cloud. Failing the roll means the brainer takes a number of Wind equal to the amount by which the roll was missed.

The cloud also obscures vision, imposing a -4 penalty to all ranged attacks made into or out of the cloud. The cloud lasts for 1d6 rounds before dispersing.

**Legend:** The spirit causes a small whirlwind that actually lifts your brainer into the air. Your hero can travel at a Pace equal to his *Spirit*. He can also adjust his height by an equal amount. The maximum height your brainer can achieve is 20 yards above the ground. The mini tornado lasts for 1d6 minutes.

## Trash Spirit

**Deeds:** Anything which poisons the ground: spilling oil or antifreeze onto the ground (at least a few gallons), burying canisters of poorly-sealed toxic waste, plowing a field with salt.

These are the spirits of the earth which have been corrupted by pollution or G-rays. Like the other spirits, they wish to pollute everything that falls within their sphere. Unlike their toxic brethren, trash spirits tend to be hard to stir to action, but are very powerful once they have started in motion.

**White:** Your brainer can nominate a single human-sized target for this ability. The earth rises up to pluck at the target's feet and legs, generally trying to impede the victim's movement. The target must make a Hard (9) *Strength* roll. A successful roll means the target has broken free of the earth's grasp and the power ends. Failing the roll means the target's Pace is halved and anyone attacking the target in hand-to-hand combat receives a +4 bonus to hit. The target also suffers a -4 penalty to any *dodge* rolls. The effect of this power lasts for 2d6 rounds or until the target breaks free.

**Red:** Your hero can burrow through the ground at a rate equal to his Pace. Your waster always knows which way is up, but he has no other knowledge of which direction he is headed. If your brainer is planning on moving long distances with this ability, a compass would be a good investment. The effect of this power lasts for 10 minutes.

**Blue:** Your waster can pick a single target within his sight. Rusted metal spikes erupt from the ground beneath the designated victim. These cause 3d6 AP 2 damage. This damage is normally applied to the target's legs, but may be rolled randomly if the target is prone.

To add infection to injury, the target must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid becoming infected. Failing the roll means the target gets tetanus. Symptoms appear 1d20+4 days later. The first signs are headaches and difficulty opening the mouth, 1d4 days later his facial muscles contract giving him a permanent sardonic grin. Each day after this he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid taking a wound to the guts (this can't be cured with *medicine*). He also suffers violent muscles spasms which double all wound penalties.

**Legend:** Your brainer's skin becomes encrusted with rusty metallic scales. These scales give your waster Armor 4 to all hit locations, but impose a -2 penalty to all *Nimbleness*-based rolls. This effect lasts for 2d6 rounds.



# Radiation Shaman

## Traits & Aptitudes

### Deftness 1d6

Shootin': pistol 3

### Nimbleness 2d6

Climbin' 1

Drivin': car 2

Fightin':  
brawlin'  
3

Sneak 3

### Strength 4d6

### Quickness

3d6

### Vigor 2d10

### Cognition 2d8

Scrutinize 2

Search 3

### Knowledge 3d8

Area knowledge:  
Home county  
2

Language: Native  
tribe 2

Language: English 2

### Mien 2d6

### Smarts 2d10

Survival: plains 3

### Spirit 3d12

Faith 5

Guts 3

### Wind 22

### Pace 6

### Strain 10

### Edges

Arcane Background:  
toxic shaman 3

Extra Favor 2

Toxic Guardian: radiation  
5

### Hindrances

Chew Toy -5

Curious -3

Heavy Sleeper -1

**Favors:** Energy form,  
healing, immunity:  
radiation, misdirection,  
rad blast, radar range

**Gear:** S&W .38 snubnose, 50 rounds of  
.38 ammo, can of Dr. Pepper, staff, 1  
gallon of spook juice, \$25

## Personality

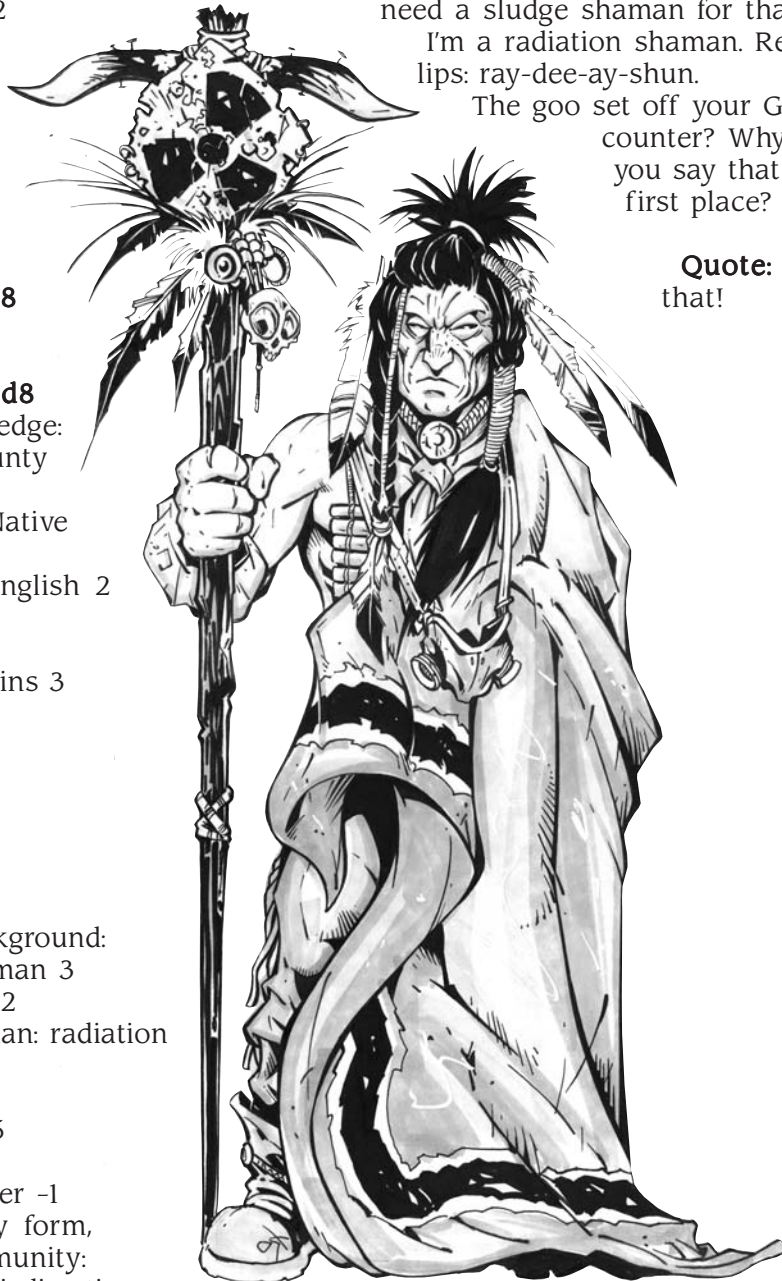
What do you want? Can't you see I've  
got a splitting headache?

No, I'm not interested in seeing the  
goo bubbling in your backyard. You  
need a sludge shaman for that.

I'm a radiation shaman. Read my  
lips: ray-dee-ay-shun.

The goo set off your Geiger  
counter? Why didn't  
you say that in the  
first place? Lead on.

**Quote:** Ow! Quit  
that!



# Sludge Shaman

## Traits & Aptitudes

### Deftness 2d6

Shootin': pistol 3

### Nimbleness 2d6

Climbin' 1

Fightin': brawl'n' 3

Ridin': horse 2

Sneak 1

### Strength 2d6

### Quickness 3d10

Quick draw 2

### Vigor 3d8

### Cognition 2d10

Scrutinize 2

Search 3

### Knowledge 1d6

Area knowledge: Home county 2

Language: Native tribe 2

Language: English 2

### Mien 2d6

### Smarts 3d8

### Spirit 2d12

Faith 5

Guts 3

### Wind 20

### Pace 6

### Strain 10

### Edges

Arcane

Background:  
toxic

shaman 3

Eagle eyes 1

Poisoned 1

Toxic Guardian: sludge 3

### Hindrances

Ailin': minor 0 (from  
Poisoned)

All Thumbs -2

One Trick Pony -3

Self-righteous -3

### Favors: Acid ball, blobs,

cleanse, immunity:

sludge, quicksludge

### Gear: Ruger

Thunderhawk, 25

rounds of .357 Magnum

ammo, 2 gallons of spook juice, 3

vials of sludge, \$20

## Personality

Hey, don't go pouring that down the drain!

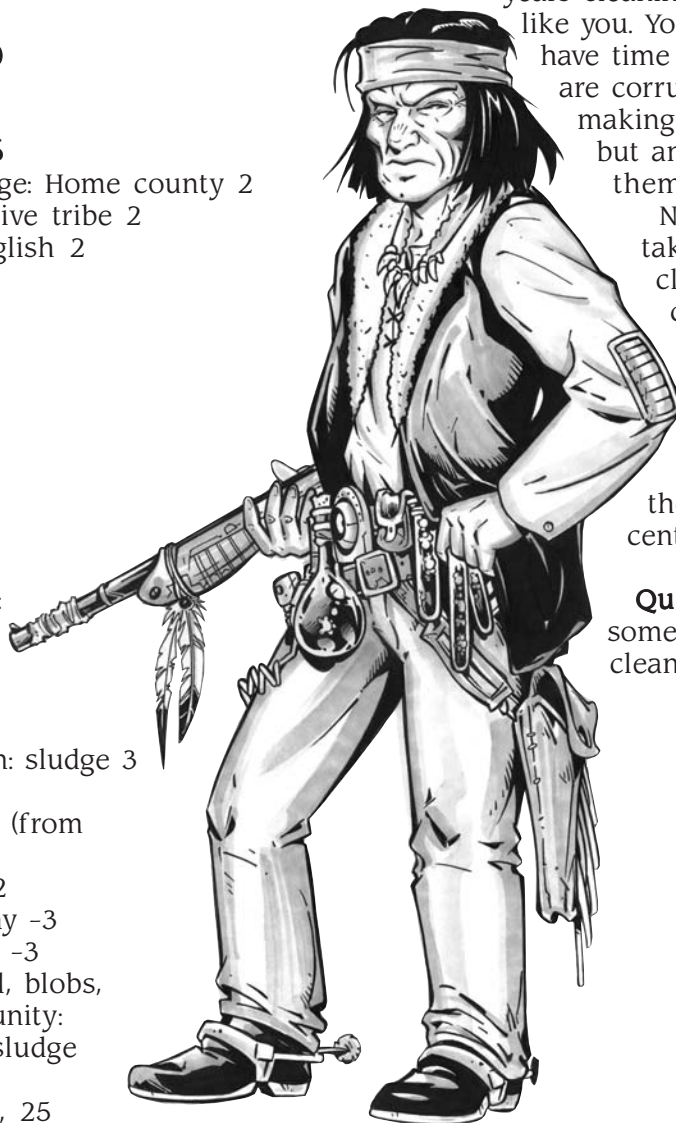
Do you have any idea what that's going to do to the environment. Great, now I'm gonna have to waste my energy slopping that up. Next time, think before you act.

Look, buddy, I don't need any lip from the likes of you. I've spent the last 10 years cleaning up after slobs like you. You think I really have time for that? There are corrupters out there making real messes, but am I chasing them?

No. I've got to take time out to clean up this crap because you're too lazy to dispose of your oil properly.

Yeah, I know the recycling center is closed.

**Quote:** I've got something that'll clean your drains!



# Smog Shaman

## Traits & Aptitudes

### Deftness 1d10

Bow 4

Throwin': balanced 2

### Nimbleness 3d6

Climbin 1

Fightin': brawl' 3

Sneak 3

### Strength 3d6

### Quickness 4d6

### Vigor 2d10

### Cognition 3d8

Scrutinize 1

Search 2

### Knowledge 2d6

Area knowledge: Home county 2

Language: English 2

### Mien 2d6

### Smarts 2d8

### Spirit 3d12

Faith 5

Guts 2

### Wind 22

### Pace 6

### Strain 10

### Edges

Arcane

Background:

toxic shaman 3

Toxic Guardian: smog 5

### Hindrances

Big Britches -3

Big Mouth -3

Intolerance:

corrupters -1

Lyn' Eyes -3

**Favors:** Cleanse, coffin nails, gas form, guiding wind, immunity: smog

**Gear:** Bow, 30 arrows, 2 gallons of spook juice, gas mask, staff and a small fan w/batteries, pack of cigarettes, \$40.

## Personality

Sure, I've been to the Changed Lands. Saw Blood Claw himself. He's not so tough. I woulda taken him down myself, but he had about twenty guards with him. Not that that's a problem, mind you, but there were also some innocent prisoners in my line of fire.

What? What color were Blood Claw's eyes?

Uh, brown.

Oh, okay, I didn't see Blood Claw and I haven't been to the Changed Lands either. But I want to.

**Quote:** Blow it out your rear!



# Trash Shaman

## Traits & Aptitudes

### Deftness 1d6

Shootin': rifle 4

### Nimbleness 2d6

Climbin' 1

Fightin': brawl'n', spear 3

Sneak 3

### Strength 2d6

### Quickness 4d6

### Vigor d12

### Cognition 3d8

Search 3

### Knowledge 3d8

Area knowledge: The  
Changed Lands 2

Language: Cherokee 2

Language: English 2

### Mien 2d6

### Smarts 2d10

Survival: toxic  
wastes 3

### Spirit 3d10

Faith 5

Guts 2

### Wind 22

### Pace 6

### Edges

Arcane

Background 3

Extra Favor 2

Toxic guardian: trash  
5

### Hindrances

Enemy: Blood Claw -2

Heroic -5

Mutant (have your  
Marshal draw) -3

**Favors:** Dumpster,  
garbage disposal,  
healing,  
invisibility,  
Jersey shore,  
junk wall

**Gear:** SA assault  
rifle, 20 rounds  
of 7.62mm ammo, and 1 gallon  
of spook juice.

## Personality

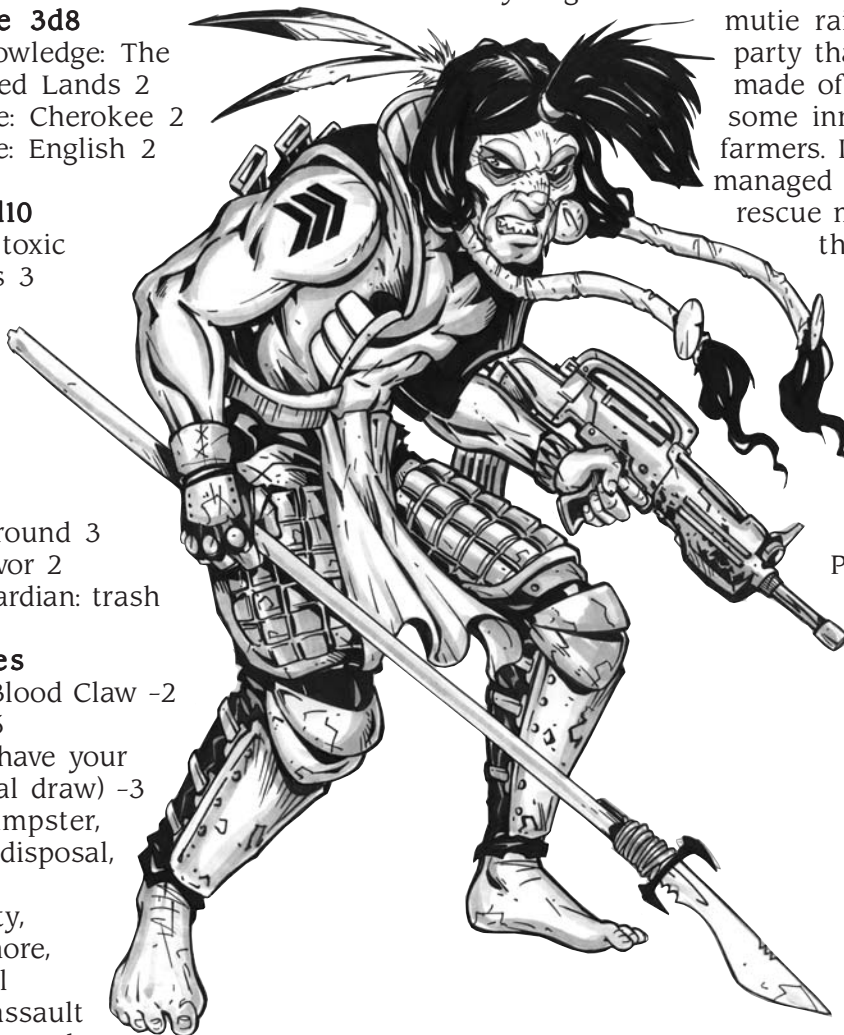
Yeah, I've been to the Changed Lands. Boy, did they change me. I picked myself up a mutation while I was down there.

I wouldn't recommend going there unless you've got some power over the toxic spirits. The landscape alone is enough to kill you, not to mention the mutant tribes and the strange animals that live there.

Why'd I go? I

was tracking a mutie raiding party that had made off with some innocent farmers. I managed to rescue most of them before they ended up in the raiders' stewpot.

**Quote:**  
Pick that  
up!







## Chapter Three:

# Favors & Relics

Now we've gotten to the good stuff—at least as far as budding spooks go—the favors.

This chapter contains complete descriptions of all the favors available to toxic shamans, as well as a short list of some relics associated with this form of magic and some relics associated with traditional shamans and Indian history. There's also a summary table of all the favors starting on page 100.

### Why Favors?

The “spells” used by toxic shamans are called favors because that's essentially what they are. The shaman does something for the spirit (caretakers feed the spirits pollution from the physical world, corrupters use corrupted spiritual energy from the Hunting Grounds to further poison the Earth and create more toxic spirits), and the spirit returns the favor by doing something for the spook.

Unlike the favors requested by traditional medicine men, there are no set rituals established for asking for them, so the magic of toxic shamans tends to be faster.

### Invoking Favors

Invoking a favor works much like it does for other heroes with *arcane backgrounds*. Your spook must spend the required amount of time listed to request the favor and then make a *faith* roll against the favor's Target Number. If the roll succeeds, the favor works as described and the hero must pay the necessary Strain—no Strain, no favor. If it fails, no favor is granted, but no Strain is used.

Going bust on a *faith* roll is bad news. When this happens some of the pollution your spook is dealing with has an effect on him and he gains a brand new mutation. Have your Marshal pick a random mutation for your brainer.

Of course, that's not the only bad thing that can happen to your waster while he's calling his toxic buddies down on his enemies. Turn the page and we'll enlighten you on this matter.



## Toxic Spills

Toxic spirits don't particularly care whether those who contact them live or die (there will always be some new power-hungry yahoos ready to take their place), and they are sometimes a little rough with those who attempt to channel their power. This can cause your waster all sorts of problems from physical damage to poisoning to misdirected favors.

To represent this, you must draw a card from the Action Deck each time your brainer casts a favor. If the card drawn is a Joker, something bad has happened. Have your Marshal roll on the Toxic Spill Table tucked away in her part of the book.

## Learning New Favors

Once your hero has accumulated some chips to spend, he might want to acquire some new favors. This requires your hero to spend some time communing with his toxic pals. Learning a new favor within your spook's selected sphere, or a general favor, takes 2d6 hours of meditation. At the end of this time, make a Hard (9) *faith* roll. Success means that your hero has learned a new favor and must cough up 5 Bounty Points.

Learning a favor outside of your hero's sphere is a little harder because he must deal with spirits with which he is unfamiliar. This takes 2d6+12 hours of meditation and another Hard (9) *faith* roll. If the roll succeeds, your brainer learns the favor and must pony up 10 bounty points.

In both cases, if the *faith* roll is failed, the time spent meditating is simply wasted (although your waster should be pretty relaxed), and no favor is learned. Under no circumstances can a spook learn a favor from an opposed sphere.

## Strict Teachers

As with invoking favors, the toxic spirits tend not to treat those seeking their knowledge with kid gloves. Communing with these slimy residents of the Hunting Grounds can be hazardous to your spook's health—they don't have much patience with slow learners.

Each time your waster attempts to learn a new favor (regardless of whether or not the *faith* roll was successful), you must check to see that his spiritual advisors didn't get out of hand. When learning a favor in your brainer's sphere, or a general favor, pull a single card from the Action Deck at the end of his period of meditation. If learning a favor from outside your hero's sphere, pull two cards. If any of the cards drawn are a Joker, your unlucky hero takes 4d10 damage to guts. If he's unfortunate enough to pull both Jokers, he takes damage from each one. The damage from each is applied separately, though.



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No Man's Land

# The Favors

Every favor has five important statistics:

**TN** is the Target Number the spook has to get on his *faith* roll to successfully cast the favor. If the *faith* roll equals or exceeds this number the favor takes effect.

**Strain** is the amount of Strain the toxic shaman must have available to power the favor. This Strain is lost if the favor is successfully cast. If your hero does not have the Strain required for a favor, he may not invoke it, regardless of how high he rolls on his *faith* total.

**Speed** is how long it takes to invoke the favor. If Speed is a number, this is the number of combat actions required. Noncombat favors can often take longer, sometimes minutes or hours.

**Duration** is how long the favor lasts. If it says "one round," the favor lasts from the time it is cast until the end of the round (after all actions are finished). If it says "Concentration," your spook can keep the favor going as long as she does only simple actions. It might also list something like "1/round." This means that your toxic shaman can keep the favor going for the cost of the specified amount of Strain each round. This Strain must be spent at the beginning of the round (while *Quickness* totals are being made) to stay in effect. Some favors may also give a choice, such as "Concentration or 1/round." This means your hero can choose either method on any given round.

**Range** lists the maximum distance the spook can be from the target, point of impact, and so on.

## Organization

The favor descriptions which follow are broken down by sphere. Favors in the general sphere are common to all types of toxic spirits and are available to shamans of any sphere. Remember that starting shamans can select a number of favors equal to their *faith* Aptitude, but favors from outside their sphere or the general sphere count as two choices.

## Favors & Relics

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### General Favors

These are favors known by all the toxic spirits and can be learned by shamans of any sphere. However, some of these favors are still sphere specific. *Immunity* for instance has different effects depending on which sphere it is associated with (the individual favor descriptions list these differences). Favors which are sphere specific must be learned separately for each sphere. A smog shaman, for instance, could learn *smog immunity*. This counts as a single pick because it is within his sphere. If he learned *sludge immunity*, this counts as two picks because it is outside his sphere. He could never learn *trash immunity*, because this belongs to an opposed sphere.

### Ask the Spirits

**TN:** Varies

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 1 hour

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** Self

Lost your car keys again? This favor helps you find them.

*Ask the spirits* allows the shaman to search for information in the spirit world. The difficulty of finding this knowledge, and the Strain involved, depends on the magnitude of the subject. Check out the *Ask the Spirits* Table below for details. Most spirits are only interested in the here and now, so the amount of Strain required is increased by 1 for every 10 years into the past or future the spirit must look to find the information.

Once the favor has been granted, the shaman must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll. On a success, the spirit is able to find an answer to the question. If the roll fails, the spirit isn't able to find any information of use. If the shaman goes bust, the spirit zips away and the shaman has to wait an hour before he can contact another one.

Before you Marshals out there start tearing your hair out, we need to stress that the spirits never answer in a clear-cut manner. Their responses are always vague and riddle-like. In adventures with a lot of investigation, it's a good idea to craft some responses to this favor *before* you actually run the adventure. This way you can avoid giving away any information inadvertently.

For instance, if the shaman's keys were snagged by a pack rat, the spirit might respond, "Search for the thief that walks on four legs." It's up to the shaman to figure out where to proceed from there. This favor should be used to give the posse clues, not to short-circuit an adventure.

One final thing, the spirit summoned by the shaman has no power to find information in an opposed sphere. For example, if a radiation shaman's keys fell in Sludge Creek in Junkyard, he'd be out of luck. The radiation spirit would be unable to locate them because they're in a realm dominated by sludge, radiation's opposed sphere. Likewise, a smog shaman trying to locate a body which had been buried in contaminated soil would also learn nothing.

## Ask the Spirits

TN	Strain	Question
7	2	<b>Minor Question:</b> The location of a missing item.
9	4	<b>Major Issue:</b> The identity of a murderer; the weakness of a creature.
11	8	<b>Extremely Major Issue:</b> The outcome of a major battle, the identity of the Boise Horror.

## Cleanse

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 1 per 10 cubic feet cleansed

**Speed:** 1 minute per cubic foot

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** Touch

This favor can only be learned by caretaker shamans.

*Cleanse* allows the spook to remove pollution from an area by channeling its corrupted aura into the Hunting Grounds. The effects of this favor are permanent only in that the pollution removed will not return; it does nothing to prevent future contamination.

*Cleansing* a patch of ground in the center of a nuked city removes the radioactive fallout from it, but it won't take long for the wind to blow fresh contamination into the area.

Even though it provides them with some fresh nourishment in the Hunting Grounds, toxic spirits are not crazy about performing this favor. Your brainer must draw two cards when checking for a toxic spill.

This favor is sphere specific. This means *cleanse radiation*, *cleanse smog*, *cleanse sludge*, and *cleanse trash* are separate favors.

## Corrupt

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1 per 10 cubic feet corrupted

**Speed:** 1 minute per cubic foot

corrupted

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** Touch

This favor may only be learned by corrupter shamans.

*Corrupt* is the opposite of the *cleanse* favor. It channels corrupted spiritual energy from the Hunting Grounds and uses it to pollute the physical world. This favor is only permanent in that the pollution created by it has no set duration.

Toxic spirits actually enjoy performing this favor, so when checking for toxic spills, your spook only suffers if he draws the Black Joker. The Red Joker has no effect.

This favor is sphere specific. This means *corrupt with radiation*, *corrupt with smog*, *corrupt with sludge*, and *corrupt with trash* are separate favors.

## Curse

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 5

**Speed:** 1 hour

**Duration:** Permanent until dispelled.

**Range:** Special

*Curse* gives your shaman the means to put the whammy on someone who's ticked him off. The exact nature of the *curse* depends on the sphere in which the favor is invoked.

The shaman must normally touch the person to be cursed, but if he possesses an item which belongs to the victim, he can invoke the curse from a range of 1 mile per level of *faith*.

Once the favor has been successfully invoked, the caster must win a contest of *Spirit* with the victim. If this is successful, the *curse* takes effect; otherwise it must be attempted again. Once *cursed*, the victim suffers its effects until the shaman who inflicted it decides to remove it or dies. It can also be removed by a shaman of an opposed sphere. This process takes an hour, at the end of which the shaman must succeed at an Incredible (11) *faith* roll. Failing the roll means that the shaman can never again attempt to lift that particular curse.

Drugs and healing magic which normally affect the symptoms shown by the *curse* victim are good for only temporary relief. A successful medical treatment or healing causes the symptoms to vanish for 1d6 hours, but they return after this period.

The exact effects of the curse depend on the sphere in which it is invoked:

**Insect:** The victim develops a painful parasitic infestation. This imposes a -4 modifier to all rolls and requires the victim to eat twice as much food as normal. Failure to do so causes 1 point of Wind which can only be restored by eating.

**Radiation:** The waster develops a bad case of radiation poisoning. His teeth and hair fall out, large sores cover his body, and he has chronic diarrhea. Treat this as if the brainer has the *ailin': chronic* Hindrance.

**Sludge:** The victim acquires a chemically-induced immune deficiency. She has a constant cold or other minor ailment that cause a -2 penalty to all

## Favors & Relics

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actions, and suffers a -6 penalty to all *Vigor* rolls made to resist infections and viruses.

**Smog:** The victim develops severe asthma. Whenever the brainer is in a stressful situation (combat always qualifies for this), tries to run, or is exposed to large amounts of smoke, pollen, or animal hair, he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or have an asthma attack. Each action the waster does anything but sit perfectly still, he suffers 1d4 Wind. He is incapable of running during an attack. A single attack lasts 1d20 minutes.

**Trash:** The unfortunate waster's body becomes riddled with cancer. Treat this as if he has the *ailin': fatal* Hindrance.

*Curse* is sphere specific.



## Healing

**TN:** Varies

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 1 minute

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** Touch

Although radiation and chemicals are normally bad for the human body, when used correctly they can also heal. This favor allows your shaman to heal himself and others.

The TN and the amount of Strain required to heal a wound depends on its severity. Each successful use of this favor completely heals a single hit location.

There's a catch, however. For each location healed, the recipient of the healing racks up an IOU with the spirit world—and he's only got one week to pay up. This means that for each wound location healed, the brainer must perform an act of pollution related to the healing shaman's sphere within the next 7 days. Failing to do so means the wound returns and its severity level is increased by one.

## Healing

TN	Strain	Wound Level
5	1	Light
7	2	Heavy
9	3	Serious
11	4	Critical
13	5	Maimed

## Immunity

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/5 minutes

**Range:** Self

This favor grants the user total immunity to damage from sources in the sphere in which the favor is invoked by channeling the pollution

through the shaman and into the Hunting Grounds. See below to see exactly what each sphere grants immunity to:

**Insect:** This sphere grants total protection against the venom of all animals. It is not limited to just insect venom, but also covers poisonous snakes, fish, and so on.

**Radiation:** This sphere gives protection from all sources of radiation. A shaman with this favor in effect could safely walk into a nuclear blast crater without danger of radiation poisoning. It also provides complete protection against any Doomsayer magic which is targeted directly at the shaman, i.e. it would stop an *atomic blast* but not a *nuke*.

**Sludge:** The spook gains complete immunity to all liquid poisons and acid. A shaman using this favor could safely go for a swim in Sludge Creek.

**Smog:** Your shaman has complete immunity to all airborne toxins.

**Trash:** This sphere allows your waster to consume contaminated food with no ill effects. He could eat vegetables grown in a field loaded with dioxin and have no problems.

*Immunity* is sphere specific. *Insect immunity*, *radiation immunity*, *sludge immunity*, *smog immunity*, etc. are each separate favors.

## Invisibility

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** Concentration or 1/round

**Range:** Self

This favor allows the shaman to blend in perfectly with elements of his chosen sphere:

**Radiation:** Radio waves pass right through the spook, making him invisible to radar devices. Also, his infrared emissions match his surroundings, making him invisible to thermal imaging devices.

**Sludge:** The shaman's body and equipment take on a watery appearance, making him invisible while submerged in water. Any portion of the spook's body which emerges from the water becomes instantly visible, however.

**Smog:** The shaman's body and equipment take on a smoky form. While in a smoke cloud, the caster is invisible. In clear air, he's still hard to spot, receiving a +4 to all *sneak* rolls.

**Trash:** All portions of the spook's body which are in contact with the ground are invisible. Any body part which leaves the ground immediately becomes visible.

Invisibility is sphere specific.

## Luck

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** Self

The toxic spirits can sometimes be called on to bestow luck to their favored servants.

A successful invocation of this favor gets the caster a white chip. Each raise the shaman gets on her *faith* roll increases the chip type by one level, i.e. one raise nets a red chip, and two raises snags a blue chip for the spook. It's not possible to pull down a legend chip with this favor.

A failed casting of this favor causes the shaman to lose his lowest chip.

A chip gained with this miracle must be spent on the hero's next action; it cannot be saved or spent as bounty points.

## Open Portal

**TN:** 11

**Strain:** 5

**Speed:** 1 hour

**Duration:** 1 hour

**Range:** 10 yards

This is some big time mojo. *Open portal* allows your shaman to create a temporary gateway into the Hunting Grounds. Your hero and his friends can use this portal to physically step into the spirit world.

Why would you want to do that? Well, we don't have room to detail everything it's possible to do in the Hunting Grounds in this book (if you're interested, you should check out the information in the *Deadlands* book *Ghost Dancers* or wait for the *Hunting Grounds* book which updates this information

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and discusses ways of using the Hunting Grounds to travel between the different settings in the *Deadlands* universe), but there are a few uses you can put this favor to right away.

The first is fast travel. Once in the Hunting Grounds, it's possible to quickly travel to another, existing portal and



skip all the abominations, road gangs, and other unpleasantness along the way. Of course, there's no guarantee that you won't run into some unsavory spirits while traveling the Hunting Grounds, but that's up to your Marshal.

Once your hero has entered the Hunting Grounds, finding your way to another portal requires an *area knowledge: Hunting Grounds* roll against a TN of 15. Failing this roll means your brainer wanders the Hunting Grounds for awhile and can then try again. Check out the Travel Time Table below to see how long this takes. If the *area knowledge* roll was successful, subtract the amount by which the roll exceeded the TN from the roll on this table. If the *area knowledge* roll failed, add the amount by which the roll was missed to the roll on the table.

If your toxic shaman doesn't know of a portal where he's trying to go, he can attempt to make one by invoking this favor again. This can be dangerous, because the spirits have never been good with geography. By paying just the base cost of this favor, you guarantee that a portal opens *somewhere* in the physical world (exactly where is up your Marshal). Paying double Strain allows you to pick a state to appear in. Paying triple allows you to specify a county in the state. By paying quadruple Strain, you can ensure the portal opens within sight of a specific landmark.

While in the Hunting Grounds, your shaman can also visit the dreams of people she knows (they have to be sleeping or unconscious at the time, of course). Finding a specific person's dream requires an *area knowledge: Hunting Grounds* roll against a TN of 17. A successful roll gets the shaman into the person's dream. Failure means the shaman can't try again for another hour.

Once in someone's dream, the shaman can simply watch (to perhaps gain some information or simply be a peeping Tom), or he can try to alter the

dream. Changing the dream requires the shaman to win a contest of *Spirit* with the dreamer. If successful, the shaman can alter the dream as he chooses, using it to send a message, cause a nightmare, or anything else he desires.

While in the Hunting Grounds, the shaman may keep his original portal open by paying more Strain, but keeping an unguarded portal open is not without risks. If left unattended, your spook has no control over who or what may use the portal in his absence. Many shamans who make use of portals work in pairs; one enters the Hunting Grounds while the other stands guard. Shamans with a conscience rarely open portals near any human settlements.

## Travel Time

1d20	Time
1-4	1d20 minutes
5-8	1d6 hours
9-12	1d20 hours
13-16	1d6 days
17-20	1d20 days
20+	1d6 weeks

## Pact

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 5 minutes per Strain spent

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** Touch

*Pact* allows a spook to spend Strain on a favor in advance and bind a spirit to redeeming that favor at a later time.

Casting this favor requires the shaman to prepare a fetish as a token of the pact. This fetish can be any small object connected in some way to the sphere of the favor being *pacted*. A nuclear plant worker's ID badge, for instance, would be a suitable token for a radiation favor. Preparing the fetish to receive the favor takes only 10 short minutes.

Once the fetish is ready, the shaman must cast the desired favor followed by *pact*. The Strain required for *pact* is equal to the Strain used to cast the favor being stored.

If *pact* is successfully invoked, the first favor is stored in the object. It can be redeemed later in a single action by anyone holding the fetish and succeeding at an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll. The redeemed favor uses the caster's original roll to determine its success. Once redeemed, the stored favor is gone, but the fetish may be used again to store another favor.

Spirits, especially toxic spirits, don't like being on call. Every unredeemed token a shaman has created imposes a -1 cumulative penalty to all *faith* rolls made to invoke other favors. Your brainer must also draw two cards when checking for a toxic spill for this favor.

## Resurrection

**TN:** 13

**Strain:** 15

**Speed:** 1 hour

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** Touch

It's possible to force the spirit of a recently deceased person back into its body. This is a very risky and dangerous process, but it's the only way to bring someone back from the Great Beyond.

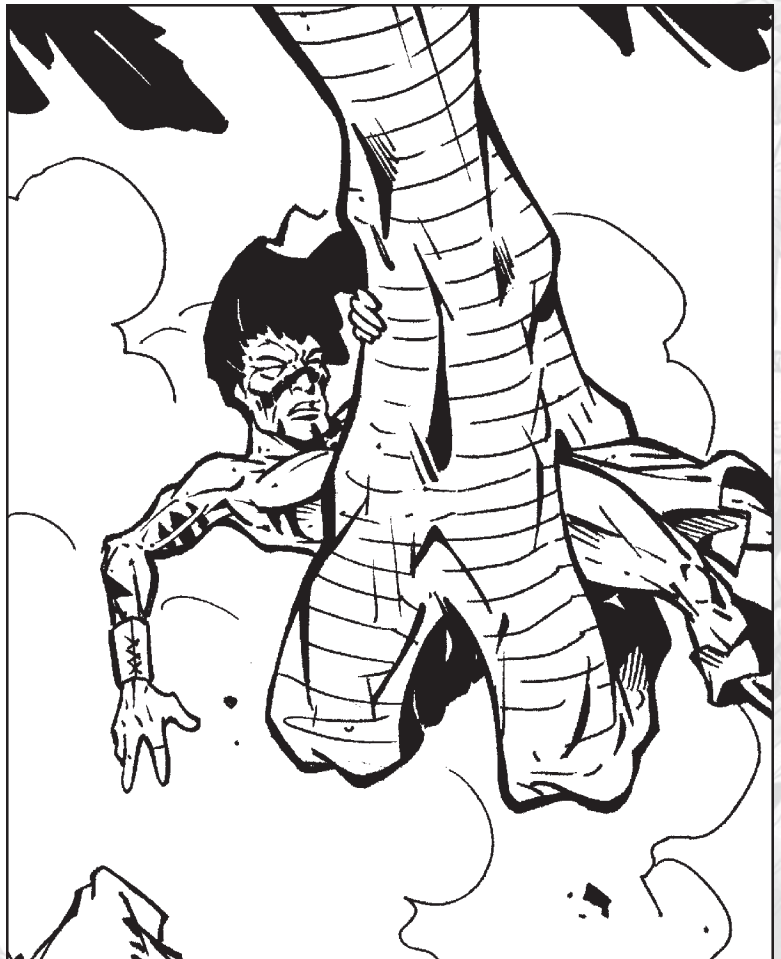
Once the favor has been successfully invoked, the first step is to convince the spirit to reenter the body. This requires the shaman to beat the deceased person's soul in a contest of *Spirit*.

If successful, the soul is returned to the body, but it quickly returns to the Hunting Grounds if the body is not healed from whatever killed it. In fact, the shock of returning to a badly wounded body can drive the resurrected person insane. The returned soul must beat his single worst wound's TN with a *guts* roll or gain a major phobia. Unless healed, the soul remains in the body for only an hour before returning to the Hunting Grounds.

If the contest of *Spirits* is failed, the spirit continues on to its just reward in the Hunting Grounds and no further attempts at reviving the deceased may be made. Although the room-temperature hero may still check to see if he returns Harrowed.

Should the shaman go bust on the contest of *Spirits* a manitou manages to slip back into the body along with the soul. The deceased returns from the dead as a Harrowed. The manitou begins with total Dominion over the deader's soul.

As with *healing*, there's an extra price to pay for those returned from the dead by the toxic spirits. The recently deceased person returns from the Great Beyond with a toxic monkey on her back. The resurrected brainer gains a 1-point toxic guardian. This guardian is unlike a normal one in that it actually maintains the link between its host's body and soul. The host must perform an act to gain the spirit's favor each week (even spooks must perform these acts). Failure to do so causes the spirit





to begin loosening the waster's soul's connection to the body. Each day a hero fails to perform an act of pollution to satisfy her guardian, she suffers 1 wound to the guts at sunset. This wound cannot be healed by any means. This continues until the waster pleases her guardian or she dies. Once she performs a satisfactory act, all wounds caused by the guardian are instantly healed.

If a resurrected waster manages to survive a full year of this blackmail, his soul manages to form its own links to the body. Once this happens, the pollution spirit can no longer cause wounds to the hero, but it does continue to function as a normal toxic guardian (the brainer deserves something for all the grief he has suffered).

## Spirit Guide

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1 destination  
**Range:** Self

There is very little meaningful geography in the Hunting Grounds, and it can often be hard for a shaman to find his way around. This favor allows the caster to ask the spirits for guidance.

When a spook is walking the Hunting Grounds with a spirit guide, he makes his *area knowledge: Hunting Grounds* roll as normal. The spirit summoned as a guide also makes a *Spirit* roll (pull a card to determine the spirit's *Spirit*, redraw any Deuces). The spirit's total is added to the shaman's roll to determine if the waster reached his goal. This combined total is also used when figuring the time it took to reach the destination. Once the shaman reaches his destination, the *spirit guide* splits.

## Spiritual Attack

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 3  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** 1/round  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

This favor allows a toxic shaman to put a hurtin' on opponents who also have spiritual pals—other spooks, junkers, traditional shamans, and the like.

When invoked, *spiritual attack* sics a pack of toxic spirits on any guardian spirit, browser spirit, toxic guardian, or other spiritual entity associated with the shaman's human target. This horde of gibbering slime has a *Quickness* of 3d8 and attacks on each of its actions for 3d10 damage. Roll the target's *Spirit* rating against this damage (draw a card to determine *Spirit* randomly if not known, redrawing Deuces). If the damage is higher, the target spirit takes the difference in damage. Once the target spirit has taken a total of 50 points of damage, it has been defeated. The character with whom the spirit was associated loses the use of its abilities permanently.

This attack takes place on the Hunting Grounds, so there is little the human target can do to help her spirit friend unless she can see into the spirit world. Even if this is the case, only attacks that can harm spiritual targets may be used against the attacking toxic spirits. The group of marauding spirits disperses once it suffers 50 points of damage.

## Summon Spirit

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 10 minutes

**Duration:** Varies/hour

**Range:** 10 yards

*Summon spirit* gives your spook the power to call forth a toxic spirit from the Hunting Grounds and force it to do her bidding.

The Strain needed to invoke and maintain this favor depends on the size of the spirit summoned by the shaman. See the Summon Spirit Table for details. The dice listed for each spirit size is used for all of the spirit's Traits and Aptitudes.

Successfully invoking this favor simply calls the spirit forth before the caster. The shaman must then win a contest of *Spirits* with the entity to be able to assign it a task. If this contest of *Spirits* is failed, the spirit returns to the Hunting Ground. Should the spook go bust on his roll, the spirit attacks the summoner.

A controlled spirit can be given a single specific task to complete. This task must have an obvious conclusion to it. The shaman should word his orders carefully. Toxic spirits aren't big on playing errand boy, so the summoned spirit twists its orders as much as it can to cause the shaman grief while still fulfilling the letter of the commands it received. The more raises the shaman gains in the contest of *Spirits*, the closer the spirit remains to the intent of its orders. It's up to the Marshal to determine exactly how the spirit behaves.

The spirit has no specific knowledge of the physical world, so the shaman must describe how to find or recognize any object or person the spirit is to interact with.

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Once summoned into the physical world, the spirits can only travel at their Pace, so conjuring up a spirit to attack someone hundreds of miles away can get very expensive Strain-wise. If the Strain to maintain the favor is not paid, the spirit is released from its service and returns to the Hunting Grounds.

The spirits summoned by this favor have some special powers in common as well as a few which are specific to the spirit's sphere. Check out the profile below for details. The Aptitudes possessed by the spirits are listed, but not the die types, because these vary with the size of the spirit summoned.

*Summon spirit* is sphere specific. *Summon insect spirit*, *summon radiation spirit*, *summon smog spirit*, etc., are all separate favors.

## Profile: Summoned Spirit

**Corporeal:** D:Varies, N:Varies, S:Varies, Q:Varies, V:Varies

**Fightin':** brawlin'

**Mental:** C:Varies, K:Varies, M:Varies, Sm:Varies, Sp:Varies

**Overawe, search, trackin'**

**Pace:** 12

**Size:** 6/8/10

**Wind:** Varies

**Terror:** 5/7/9 (Minor/Major/Greater)

### Special Abilities:

**Claws:** Strength+2d6. These can only be used against physical targets while the spirit is manifested.

**Immunity:** Physical attacks

**Insubstantial:** The spirit can pass through solid objects.

**Manifest:** The spirit can temporarily take on a physical form if needed to fulfill its orders. It takes an action for the spirit to change from one form to the other, and it can only remain in its physical state for a number of minutes equal to its *Spirit* each day. While manifested, the spirit loses its immunity to physical attacks and its ability to pass through solid objects.

### Sphere Abilities:

**Acid Glob (Sludge):** The spirit can project a glob of acid that splatters on impact. The glob has a Speed of 1, Range Increment of 5, a Burst Radius of 5, and does damage equal to the spirit's die type. The spirit can launch a number of these equal to its die type each day.

**Atomic Blast (Radiation):** The spirit can shoot bolts of atomic energy from its eyes. These have a Speed of 1, Range Increment of 10, and do damage equal to the spirit's die type. The spirit can project a number of these equal to its die type each day.

**Flight (Insect and Smog):** Pace 36

**Gas Cloud (Smog):** The spirit can cause a cloud of toxic gas 5 yards in radius to form around it. Anyone in this cloud must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll each round or suffer the difference in Wind. It takes the spirit an action to form the cloud, but it can maintain it indefinitely.

**Hurling:** The spirit can telekinetically hurl rocks and large pieces of metallic trash at its target. These hurled objects have a Speed of 1, a Range Increment of 10, and do damage equal to the spirit's die type. The spirit can hurl these objects as long as it has a supply of ammunition within 5 yards of it.

**Paralyzation (Insect):** On a successful *fightin' brawlin'* attack, the target must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or be paralyzed for 1d6 rounds. The spirit does not have to be manifested to use this ability.

**Description:** Summoned spirits appear as a wispy, transparent representation of their spheres. Insect spirits often look like mantises or wasps, radiation spirits appear as a sheet of flame or mushroom cloud, etc.

## Summon Spirit

Spirit	Dice	Strain
Minor	2d6	4+2/hour
Major	3d8	6+3/hour
Greater	4d12	8+4/hour

### Zombie

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 5

**Speed:** 3

**Duration:** 1 minute/*faith* level, then 1/minute

**Range:** Sight

The Reckoners aren't the only ones who can make zombies. This favor allows your spook to conjure up some supernatural helpers.

The *zombie* favor can be used to reanimate any human or animal corpse. The favor doesn't work on abominations, though it does work on the corpses of defeated abominations if they were once human or animal.

Zombies are tricky and diabolical creatures, but thanks to the favor they must follow the instructions of their master to the letter. Given the chance, though, they'll get into sinister mischief on their own.

Zombies can talk, but they don't have much to say. They know little about the Hunting Grounds, the Reckoners, and so on. They do know they love to eat brains however.

It possible to make a permanent undead servant by spending triple the Strain when the favor is invoked. This process takes considerably longer, 24 hours, and the body to be reanimated must be immersed in the sphere in which it is invoked. A sludge zombie, for instance, must be immersed in a vat of toxic goo, while a trash zombie must be buried in contaminated earth. The maximum number of permanent zombies a spook may have is equal to half his *Spirit* die.

Zombies made with this favor share some common stats but they also have special powers dependent on their sphere. Check out the profile on the next page for details.

*Zombie* is sphere specific. That means *insect zombie*, *radiation zombie*, etc. are each separate favors.

## Profile: Zombie

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

Climbin' 1d8, dodge 2d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, shootin': (any) 2d6, sneak 3d8, swimmin' 1d8

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

Overawe 5d6

**Pace:** 8

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** NA

**Terror:** 9

**Special Abilities:**

**Fearless.**

**Undead.**

**Sphere Abilities:**

**Burrow (Trash):** The zombie can tunnel through the ground at a Pace of 8.

**Radiation Touch (Radiation):** The touch of a radiation zombie causes 3d6 damage. Normal armor cannot protect against this.

**Slime (Sludge):** Sludge zombies excrete an acidic slime that coats their entire bodies. Anyone splashed with this stuff takes 3d6 damage. Anyone who the zombie hits with a *fightin' brawlin'* attack is automatically struck with the slime. Anyone within 2 yards of the zombie when it suffers a wound must make an Onerous (7) *dodge* roll to avoid being splashed. In addition, roll 1d6 for any weapons striking the zombie. On a 5 or 6, the acid begins to eat into the weapon and causes it to lose a Durability step.

**Smoker's Cough (Smog):** The zombie coughs a cloud of thick smoke into one opponent's face (no to hit roll is needed). The target must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or suffer 2d6 Wind.

**Surprise (Trash):** Any hero which has a trash zombie burrow up from beneath him must check for surprise.

**Swarm (Insect):** The zombie's bloated belly is filled with an angry swarm of insects. If the

## Favors & Relics

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zombie takes a wound to the lower guts, this swarm is automatically released forming a cloud of biting insects in a 5-yard radius around the zombie. Anyone caught in this swarm takes 1d8 Wind per round. The swarm is dispersed if it takes 30 or more points of damage from an area-effect weapon. The zombie can also breathe a stream of insects at individual targets within 10 yards. This requires a successful *shootin'* roll against a TN of 7. If the attack hits, the target suffers a onetime Wind loss of 1d6 points.

**Description:** Zombies created with this favor look much like any other except they exhibit differences based on their sphere—slime, insects, etc.



## Insect Favors

These favors are provided by warped insect spirits and reflect many of the abilities and powers of the insect world.

### Burrow

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 1  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1/round  
**Range:** Self

*Burrow* allows the shaman to tunnel through the earth like a burrowing insect. The spook can move through earth, but not solid stone, with a Pace equal to his *Spirit* die.

The shaman can dig as deep as he likes, but it's not a good idea to be below ground when the favor expires. Roll 1d6 if the shaman is underground when the favor ends. On a 6, the shaman's tunnel collapses on him, causing 1d6 damage for every 2 yards of dirt above him.

### Chitin

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1/round  
**Range:** Self

This favor gives the shaman the ability to cover herself with hard, chitinous armor like the exoskeleton of insects.

A successful invocation of this favor causes a hard, chitinous shell to form around the shaman's body. This shell has Armor 1 at all body locations, but the Armor level increases by 1 for every raise the spook gets on his *faith* roll.

This armor is somewhat bulky, especially at the joints. The shaman suffers a -1 penalty to all Nimbleness- and Deftness-related rolls for each level of Armor the favor provides. Armor 3 *chitin* for instance, causes a -3 penalty to these rolls.

### Dull Pain

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1/hour  
**Range:** Self

Insects have very rudimentary nervous systems, which means they do not feel pain as acutely as creatures with more complex systems. A bug being eaten alive may only sense a dull ache.

When this favor is invoked, the maximum wound modifier the shaman can be affected by is -1. Wound modifiers higher than this are completely ignored.

### Insect Form

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 4  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** 1 hour +3/hour  
**Range:** Self

This favor gives the shaman the ability to transform his body. He has two options when invoking this favor, he can transform into a giant mantis, or he can break his body down into a swarm of roaches (sounds nasty, but it can actually be quite handy). The shaman can return to his own form at any time.

**Mantis form:** The spook transmogrifies into a giant mantis (see the profile below). Clothing and equipment are not affected and are dropped unless they can be fitted to the shaman's new form.

**Roach Swarm:** The shaman's body transforms into a swarm of roaches. The spook can choose to retain his man-shape, or the swarm can break down and assume nearly any shape; allowing the shaman to travel through pipes, under doors, etc. While in man-shape, the shaman can still use any of his equipment as normal.

The shaman is also less vulnerable to damage in roach form: cutting and impaling weapons, and bullets, inflict only 1d4 Wind per strike. Crushing weapons still cause full damage. Insecticides cause 3d6 damage per dose administered to the shaman. An average can of bug spray has 20 doses.

## Profile: Giant Mantis

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

As per shaman

**Mental:** As per shaman

As per shaman

**Pace:** 10

**Size:** 8

**Wind:** Varies

**Terror:** 5

**Special Abilities:**

**Armor:** 2

**Barbed Limbs:** The shaman's forelimbs can strike for STR+1d6 damage. If the spook hits with a raise, the target is trapped between the mantis' limbs and can only escape by winning a contest of *Strength* with the shaman.

**Compound eyes:** The shaman can see up to 45° behind him on either side.

**Mandibles:** The mantis can strike with its razor-sharp mandibles for STR+2d8 AP 1 damage. If the target is trapped in the mantis' forelimbs, mandible attacks require only a Fair (5) roll to hit.

**Flight:** The shaman can fly with a Pace of 36.

**Description:** A giant praying mantis.

## Insect Speak

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 10 minutes

**Range:** Self

When this favor is invoked, the shaman is able to communicate with the members of the insect kingdom. In general, most insects don't have much of interest to say, but they can provide information on things which are of interest to them like sources of food and water.

They can also provide information about humans moving through their turf, but only in regard to numbers and direction of travel. Any requests for a description of the interlopers is only going to get the response, "Big." Insects are also handy for locating bodies, buried, hidden, or otherwise, because the rotting flesh is bound to attract all sorts creepy-crawlies looking for a meal.

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## Insect Strength

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** Self

Insects are capable of lifting many more times their body weight than larger creatures. This favor allows the shaman to tap into some of this strength. Your waster may not lift buses over his head, but he will be able to hold his own with some of the nastier abominations out there.

A successful invocation of this favor increases the spook's *Strength* die by two steps. Each raise achieved on the *faith* roll increases his *Strength* by an additional level.





## Iron Gullet

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 1  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1 hour  
**Range:** Self

Bugs eat some nasty stuff, and so can your shaman with this favor. *Iron gullet* allows your spook to digest nearly anything organic and gain nutrition from it.

Your hero can eat grass, paper, wood, dung, and the like, and be fully fed. This may not sound very appealing, but it beats starving to death. The favor also grants the shaman a +4 to all *Vigor* rolls made to resist any sort of ingested poison. Wash that rancid meat down with some drain cleaner!

## Maggot Infestation

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** 1/round  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

This favor causes the accelerated growth of maggots in any of the target's open wounds.

Once the favor has been invoked, the target must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll for each heavy wound, or worse, that he has. In each location where the roll is failed, the wound becomes infested with maggots which begin to burrow into the waster's flesh. At the beginning of each round following the infestation, the target suffers an additional wound in each infested location.

## Mantis Warrior

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** Concentration or 1/round  
**Range:** 5 yards

*Mantis warrior* allows the shaman to cause a partial transformation of himself or others. The target of this spell is infused with the essence of the mantis' spirit. The brainer's *Strength* and *Nimbleness* increase by two die types, and his skin becomes hard and chitinous, giving him 1 level of armor.

## Pestilence

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** 1d4 rounds  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

This favor summons up a cloud of biting flies and mosquitoes loaded down with all sorts of nasty germs. The cloud has a radius of 5 yards. Anyone caught in this cloud must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll at the beginning of each round or take the difference in Wind.

The long term effects of this favor can be scary. Anyone who suffered Wind damage from the cloud must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll after it disperses. Those who fail contract a

serious disease. They must make daily *Vigor* rolls against a Hard (9) TN or suffer a wound to the guts.

This continues until the waster buys the farm or he goes three days in a row without taking a wound. Until the hero has shaken off the disease, fever and chills impose a -2 modifier to all rolls.

## Scent

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Concentration

**Range:** Self

This favor grants the shaman a heightened sense of smell. This allows the spook to track a target by scent. Doing this requires the shaman to make periodic *Cognition* rolls to stay on the trail. A fresh scent normally requires a roll against a Fair (5) TN, but the Marshal can adjust this for old trails, windy conditions, or covering scents.

The shaman can also use this favor to lay down a scent of his own. This allows him to retrace his trail exactly for up to 24 hours. This is useful for exploring caves, underground complexes, and so on.

## Spider Sense

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/10 minutes

**Range:** Self

Certain insects are very hard to kill. It seems like they feel that swatter or foot coming before it even starts moving. This favor grants the shaman a similar sort of sixth sense.

While this favor is in effect the spook gains a +6 to all *Cognition* rolls made to avoid being surprised. In addition, if the waster is about to do something which could cause him personal danger, like cutting the wrong wire on a bomb or stepping onto a rotting bridge, he may make a Hard (9) *Cognition* roll.

If the roll succeeds, the shaman gets a sense that what he's about to do is dangerous. It's best for the Marshal to make these rolls for the shaman, so he is not aware of the roll's success or failure.

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## Stinger

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Varies

**Range:** Self

Invoking this favor transforms the tips of the shaman's fingers into stingers. These stingers inflict STR+1d4 in hand-to-hand combat. Depending on the amount of Strain spent on the favor, these stingers can inject either a paralyzing venom or a deadly toxin.

The paralyzing venom costs 2 Strain to invoke and 1 Strain per round to maintain. If the target takes any damage at all from the stingers, she must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or be paralyzed. A paralyzed waster may make another roll on each of his subsequent actions to recover.

The toxin costs 4 Strain to invoke and 2 Strain per round to maintain. A brainer who takes damage from the shaman's stingers immediately takes 4d8 damage to the guts. At the beginning of each round thereafter, the waster takes more damage. The amount of damage drops by one die each round, so on the second round the target takes 3d8 damage, on the third round he takes 2d8 damage, and so on.

## Stink Bug

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1 round

**Range:** Self

It's time to cut the cheese. Some bugs secrete nasty odors as a defensive measure. Now your spook can too!

When invoked, the shaman releases a cloud of noxious gas in a 10-yard radius directly behind him. Those in the cloud must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or lose their next action coughing and gagging. Those who make their roll still suffer a -2 penalty to all rolls for 1d4 rounds as their eyes tear up.

There's an additional danger: the gas is highly flammable. The cloud lasts from the action on which it was created until the end of the round. If any open flame hits the cloud it goes up with a whoosh, causing 3d6 massive damage to everyone unfortunate enough to be inside it.

## Summon Insects

1d8	Insect	Effect
1-3	Non-biting	No additional effect
4	Fire Ants	<b>Ouch!:</b> The intense pain of the ants' bites imposes a -4 penalty to all rolls.
5	Bees	<b>Ow, quit it!:</b> The numerous bee stings send the target into anaphylactic shock. The target must make a Hard (9) <i>Vigor</i> roll or take 4d6 damage to the guts. Going bust on the roll means the target dies.
6	Roaches	<b>Pop goes the eardrum!:</b> The target must make an Onerous (7) <i>Vigor</i> roll. Failing the roll means that roaches burrowing into his ears have punctured his eardrums. The target has the <i>bad ears</i> -3 Hindrance for the next two months.
7	Mosquitoes	<b>Tropical Disease:</b> The target must make a Hard (9) <i>Vigor</i> roll to avoiding contracting a disease from the mosquitoes. Failing means the target gains the <i>ailin': chronic</i> Hindrance.
8	Spiders	<b>Black Widow:</b> The target's system is flooded with spider venom. The brainer must make an Onerous (7) <i>Vigor</i> roll or die. A successful roll means the target takes 3d8 damage to the guts.

## Summon Insects

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

*Summon insects* allows the shaman to call on his small insect brothers to come to his aid.

Once the favor is invoked, the insects summoned by it don't arrive until the beginning of the next round. Once they do, however, they swarm all over the target biting, scratching, squirming into ears, noses, and mouths—generally making life very unpleasant. This imposes a -2 penalty to all rolls made by the brainer.

In addition, the insects may have other effects depending on the type summoned. The shaman has no control over what type of insects respond to his call. This is determined by rolling on the table below or the Marshal may pick what sort respond based on the spook's location. Check out the Summon Insect Table for all the details. Any rolls called for by a special insect type must be made at the beginning of each round in which the shaman maintains the favor.

The insect swarm can be dispersed with 20 points of damage from explosives or flame (although this is liable to do more damage to the target than the bugs). The insects also bug out if the waster is completely immersed in water or smoke (a smoke grenade works nicely for this).

## Termite

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level.

Want to see the definition of befuddled? Cast this favor on a trog's club just before he whacks someone with it.

This favor can be used on any wooden object. When successful, it turns solid wood into a papery, easily broken mess that looks as if a colony of Formosan termites had been gnawing on it awhile.

The amount of Strain required to pull this off depends on the size of the object. Check out the Termite Table for details. Once the favor has been successfully invoked, the object loses most of its structural integrity and is easily broken: clubs break the first time they impact, chairs shatter when someone sits on them, a light breeze causes a house to collapse under its own weight, and so on.

It's possible to affect larger objects, but the cost to do so is up to your Marshal.

## Termite

Strain	Object
1	Small club, jewelry box
2	Large club, small chest, chair
3	Average door, large chest
4	Rowboat, thick wooden door
5	Small shack
8	Small, single-story home
10	Two-story house

## Web

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Does whatever a spider can. Spins a web, any size, catches thieves just like flies...

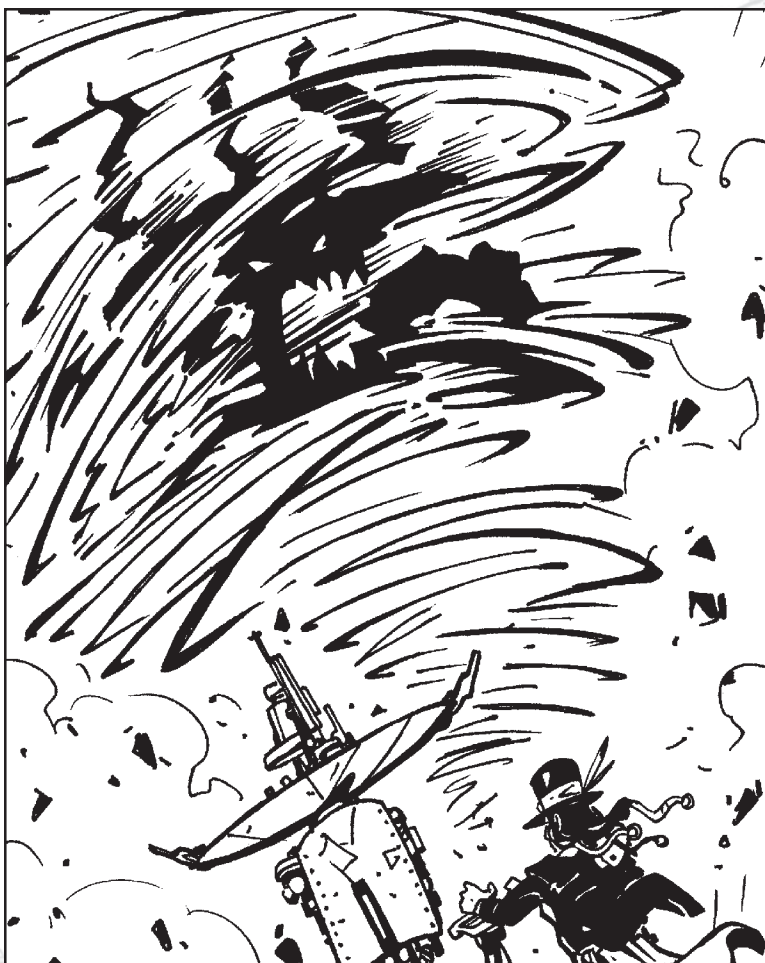
That song is probably a bit before your waster's time, but with this favor he can soon be shooting webs just like everyone's favor crimefighter.

Successfully invoking this favor causes spinnerets to form on the shaman's wrists. These can be used to shoot webbing out to the favor's maximum range. The webbing has a Speed of 1 and a Range Increment of 10. It can be used to anchor onto an object and swing or it can be used to entangle.

The web is extremely strong. It takes 20 points of damage from an edged weapon to cut through a strand.

When used to entangle, the target suffers a cumulative -2 penalty to all *Deftness*- and *Nimbleness*-based rolls for each time he is hit with the webbing. The target may make a Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll on each of his actions to attempt to wriggle free. Each success and raise reduces the webbing penalty by 2. If the penalty is reduced to 0, the target has gotten free of the web. Going bust actually increases the penalty by -2. If the penalty ever reaches -8, the target has been completely immobilized and may no longer wriggle free.

When the favor ends, the spinnerets disappear, but any web created by them remains. This means anyone caught in the web had better hope his buddies have a sharp knife.



## Wings of the Locust

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 10 minutes

**Range:** Self

Don't invoke this favor while your shaman is wearing his favorite shirt.

*Wings of the locust* causes a pair of long, insect-like wings to sprout from the spook's back. These allow the waster to fly with a Pace of 36. It's hard to sneak up on anyone with these wings. They beat constantly while airborne, causing a loud humming sound that can be heard for some distance.

The shaman's wings can be targeted in combat with a -2 modifier. Cutting and crushing weapons do full damage to the wings, but impaling weapons and bullets do only one quarter damage (they tend to simply punch right through, making only a small hole in the wing's surface.)

## Radiation Favors

Radiation shamans are sometimes mistaken for Doomsayers, but their power comes not from the Glow, but from the spirits of fire warped by the spiritual radiation released on Judgment Day.

### Cancer

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/action

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

This is a particularly horrific favor, most often used by corrupter shamans. When invoked, it causes a beam of black energy to shoot from the spook's hand toward the target. Hitting the target with the beam requires a successful Deftness roll against a TN of 5 plus 1 for every 10 yards of range.

Unless the shaman takes a called shot, the beam hits a random location. This location takes an immediate wound as a fast-growing cancer takes root. Armor has no effect against this.

On each of the shaman's subsequent actions, as long as he pays the Strain to maintain the favor, the black beam continues to infuse its corrupting energy into the area, causing the cancer to grow and inflicting an additional wound. This continues until the location is maimed or the favor ends.

Limbs which are maimed by this favor actually blacken and fall off. If the shaman ends the favor before a location becomes maimed, the cancer vanishes, but the wounds remain.

## Electrostatic Armor

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** Self

Invoking this favor causes the shaman to glow with a crackling green energy. Anyone who touches the spook or is touched by her takes damage from this energy.

The glow causes 2d6 damage, plus 1d6 for every raise the caster gets on her *faith* roll.

## Energy Form

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 5

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1 hour

**Range:** Self

*Energy form* allows a spook to transform himself into a being of pure energy. While in this form, the caster is immune to physical attacks. In fact, anyone who attacks the shaman bare-handed or with a metallic melee weapon must roll a contest of *Vigor* with him. If the attacker loses, he takes a number of Wind equal to the amount by which his roll lost.

The caster cannot directly affect the physical world while in this form, i.e. he can't use any equipment, move things, etc., but he can still cast favors. He can also travel through any conductive

surface (that means metal or water for you people in Rio Linda) at the speed of electricity. This means the shaman can effectively travel nearly instantaneously to any point on the surface (this can be a very fast way to travel if your waster can find a stretch of unbroken power lines).

The shaman can fire energy bolts from his hands. These have a Speed of 1, Range Increment of 10 yards, and do 1d8 damage for every point of Wind the shaman spends. The maximum damage for a single bolt is 5d8.

The spook has a significant weakness while in this form: water. Water grounds the brainer and causes his life force to leach away into the ground. Each quart of water thrown on the shaman while in energy form causes 1d8 damage (meaning a full gallon does 4d8).

## Energy Weapon

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 2/round

**Range:** Self

This favor allows your waster to energize his weapon with glowing plasma straight from the heart of a fusion reactor.

*Energy weapon* can be invoked on a melee or missile weapon. In either case, the weapon does an extra 2d10 damage on a successful attack. This damage is inflicted even if the weapon's normal damage is not enough to penetrate the target's armor. Roll 1d6 for flammable targets struck by an *energy weapon*. On a 5 or 6, the item catches fire.

## Glow Ball

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Concentration or 1/10 minutes

**Range:** 10 yards

*Glow ball* creates, well, uh, a glowing ball about the size of a grapefruit. This ball illuminates an area roughly 20 yards in radius. The ball hovers in midair. The shaman who created it can

move it anywhere within a 10-yard radius around him by concentrating on it (this requires an action in combat) or he can command it to follow him at a set height and distance.

## Glow Foe

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

Nuke 'em 'til they glow and shoot 'em in the dark—words to live by.

*Glow foe* allows your shaman to do just that. The favor outlines a single target with a bright green glow, eliminating all modifiers for poor lighting against that target.





## Heavy Water

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** Concentration or 1/round  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Heavy water—water containing deuterium or tritium atoms, hydrogen atoms with extra protons in the nucleus—is a vital component of nuclear research. Now your spook can make it a vital component of his enemies.

Successfully invoking this favor against a target causes the water in his body to become much heavier. This increased weight makes it difficult for the waster to move and imposes a -2 penalty on all rolls involving Corporeal

Traits. The target's suddenly increased weight makes it hard for him to defend himself, his *fightin'* skill is reduced by a like amount when calculating the TN needed to hit him in hand-to-hand combat. The brainer's Pace is also reduced by 2.

Each raise the shaman gets on his *faith* roll increases these penalties by an additional point. For example, a shaman who got a success and two raises on his roll would cause his opponent to suffer a -4 penalty to his rolls, have his *fightin'* Aptitude reduced by 4 for defensive purposes, and reduce his Pace by 4.

This favor only works against living creatures and other creatures that contain significant amounts of water.

## Maelstrom

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 5  
**Speed:** 3  
**Duration:** 1 round/*faith* level  
**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

The ghost-rock bombs that destroyed the world left raging maelstroms in their wake. These whirling cyclones of death contain debris, radiation, and the screaming souls of the damned once trapped in the ghost rock. With the help of some radiation spirits and a small hunk of ghost rock your spook can whip up one of his very own.

This favor requires the shaman to have a one-ounce piece of ghost rock. When the favor is invoked, this nugget is detonated to form the maelstrom. When the last action required to cast the favor is completed, the shaman throws the ghost rock to the point where he wishes the storm to form. This requires a successful *throwin': balanced* roll (the rock has a Range Increment of 5). If the throw is off target, use the standard deviation rules to determine where it lands. The maelstrom forms wherever the rock comes to rest.

The ghost rock detonates where it lands doing 3d20 damage with a 5-yard Burst Radius. It then forms a howling maelstrom with a 10-yard radius. Anyone inside this area takes damage and risks mutation just as if they had passed through one of these

supernatural storms (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook to see how damage is determined).

In addition to the spiritual damage, the wind-whipped debris and howling souls are very distracting. Everyone inside the maelstrom suffers a -4 penalty to all rolls. All ranged attacks against targets in the maelstrom also suffer this penalty.

On the round following the formation of the maelstrom, the shaman may move the storm at a Pace equal to his *Spirit*. The storm may not be moved beyond the favor's maximum range.

This favor is very similar to the Doomsayer miracle of the same name, and it's a source of controversy between the two groups. The added control this favor grants over the maelstrom causes rad spooks to claim they have greater power over the forces of radiation than the Cult of Doom—a claim the Doomies get pretty hot under the collar over.

## Mutate

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 5

**Speed:** 10 minutes

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** Touch

Some mutations, like an eye in the back of your head or hard, leathery skin, can be handy when you're living in a radioactive wasteland. Others, like a glowing body or loose teeth are less so. This favor allows your shaman to manipulate her own genetic code and that of others to give or remove mutations.

When *mutate* is invoked, the spook must decide whether she is adding or removing a mutation from the target. To add one, the target draws cards to determine his new mutation (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook). He may draw one card for each success and raise the shaman gets on her *faith* roll and select the one he wants (he must take one).

Removing a mutation is a little harder. After the favor is invoked, the target must succeed at an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll. He gets a +2 bonus to his roll for every raise the spook gets on her *faith* roll. If the *Vigor* roll is made, the waster's mutation vanishes.

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Should the shaman go bust while invoking the favor, she inflicts a random mutation on the target. The Marshal draws 1d4 cards and selects the worst of the mutations.

There is only so much poking around the spook can do with anyone's genes. A person can only have this miracle successfully cast on them once. Any further attempts automatically fail.

## Pulse

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2/5 yards of radius

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** Self

The electromagnetic pulse (EMP) caused by a nuclear explosion can short out electrical devices and destroy fragile electronic equipment. The *pulse* favor allows the shaman to temporarily recreate this effect.

When invoked, a powerful EMP blasts out in all directions from the shaman. This blast extends in a 5-yard radius for every 2 Strain spent on the favor. Roll 1d6 for each electrical device within the blast's area (if there are a lot, roll only for those which are likely to be used). On a roll of 3 or better, the device is knocked out for 1d4 rounds (roll this duration only once, all items knocked out by a single invocation of this favor are knocked out for the same amount of time). Devices which are shielded against EMP are only knocked out on a roll of 6.

## Rad Blast

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1-5

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

This is your basic blast of atomic energy—it's not fancy, but it gets the job done. *Rad blast* fires a bolt of glowing green energy from the shaman's outstretched hand.

The spook must aim to make his bolt hit the target, so compare his *faith* roll to the TN needed to hit the target (*rad blast* has a Range Increment of 10 yards).

If the favor is successfully invoked and hits the target, it inflicts 1d10 damage for each point of Strain pumped into it. This damage is AP 1, and the bolt's AP rating is also increased by 1 for each point of Strain spent on the favor. The maximum damage for a single bolt is 5d10 AP 5.

## Rad Rat

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 200 yards

This favor summons up a radiation spirit to work some rodent mojo for the shaman. This favor can be used to control a pack of rad rats or to turn a horde of normal rats into a pack of these bloodthirsty critters (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for stats and a description of rad rat tactics).

Once invoked, *rad rat* summons the nearest pack of rats or rad rats within the favor's range to the shaman. It's up to the Marshal as to whether there are any of these creatures living nearby. Rats of any type are fairly rare in the countryside or mountains, but large packs of both types are common in urban areas. If a pack is available, it normally numbers between 50 and 100 rats (40+(1d6x10)).

Once the rats arrive (how long this takes is also up to the Marshal), the shaman can direct them against any target within the favor's range. Ordinary rats which have been temporarily transformed into rad rats behave as described in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook, i.e. they flee after half their number has been killed. Rad rats possessed by the radiation spirit become extremely aggressive and fight to the last rat.

## Radar Range

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

This favor allows the shaman to beam radar waves from his body, but for a different purpose than *radar sight*.

When invoked, *radar range* allows the spook to lock his radar on a target of his choice within the favor's range. While "locked on" the shaman's brain serves as a targeting computer, correcting his aim. The shaman can ignore all targeting modifiers for range and target movement when firing a ranged weapon or ranged favor at the selected victim.

## Radar Sight

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Concentration or 1/minute

**Range:** 1 mile/*faith* level

When this favor is invoked, the shaman beams out high-frequency radio waves which his eyes can see when reflected by objects around him. This allows the spook to see in total darkness and through smoke, negating all lighting penalties. It also gives the waster the ability to detect distant objects, like flying aircraft, even when obscured by clouds.

## Radio

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1/10 miles of range

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 5 minutes

**Range:** Varies

Long range communication can be difficult in the Wasted West due to the interference caused by the radiation and atmospheric disturbances left behind by the ghost-rock bombs detonated on Judgment Day. *Radio* allows your shaman to reach out and touch someone when it really matters.

When invoked, the spook can establish contact with anyone he knows within the favor's range. The target of the favor must have a

working radio to receive the shaman's message, but the spook does not. His brain acts as his radio. Once contact has been established, the spook and his friend can converse normally for the duration of the favor.

The range of this favor depends on the amount of Strain spent on it. Each point of Strain extends the range 10 miles.

## Radon

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1 round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Radon isn't just for basements anymore. With this favor, the shaman can whip up a cloud of this dangerous gas just about anywhere.

Invoking this favor creates a deadly cloud of radon gas, many times more concentrated than that typically found in basements, bunkers, and other enclosed areas. This cloud has a radius of 10 yards. Everyone inside the cloud takes 3d8 damage to the guts. Armor doesn't protect against this unless it includes a sealed helmet, which blocks all damage. Gas masks and other sealed breathing devices also prevent damage from the cloud.

Anyone who suffers a wound or more from the cloud must also make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. Failing the roll means radon particles have become lodged in the waster's system. Once a month for the next year, the brainer must make another Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. Failing the roll means the waster has developed cancer and gains the *ailin'*: *chronic* Hindrance.

## X-Ray

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/minute

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* roll

*X-ray* allows the shaman to see through solid objects up to 1" thick per *faith* level. The favor has a limited ability to see through lead, but each inch of lead counts as 2" when determining an object's thickness.

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## Sludge Favors

These favors are provided by the tainted spirits of the world's waterways.

### Acid Ball

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* roll

Shamans with the *acid ball* favor can whip up some toxic badness and hurl it at their enemies.

The spook must actually aim the ball, so compare his *faith* roll to the TN needed to hit the target (the *acid ball* has a Range Increment of 10 yards). If the ball misses, use the standard





deviation rules to determine where it lands. When the ball impacts, it splatters over an area 5 yards in radius, causing 3d6 massive damage.

In addition to harming those in the ball's splatter zone, the acid is also hard on a waster's equipment. Roll 1d6 for each piece of equipment in the zone (if there are a lot, just roll for those likely to be used in the combat, like weapons, and roll for the other stuff later). On a roll of 6, the item loses 1d4 Durability Steps (remember that each Durability Step lost imposes a cumulative -1 penalty to the item's use).

Many spooks like to use this favor repeatedly because it quickly disarms their enemies (while turning them into toxic goo), but their buddies often aren't too crazy about it because it doesn't leave much to salvage.

## Acid Rain

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 10

**Speed:** 1 minute

**Duration:** Varies

**Range:** 10 miles

*Acid rain* is a powerful favor that affects a large area. It's most often used by corrupters, but some caretakers have found uses for it.

This favor can only be invoked during a rainstorm. When successful, sludge spirits corrupt the water held in the clouds, turning it to highly acidic rain. This rain kills plants and wildlife in the affected area (a circle 10 miles in radius around the spook), pollutes streams and ponds (water from these sources is undrinkable for 1d4 days), and damages exposed equipment.

The storm lasts for 1d6 hours. Anyone caught outside in the storm must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll for every 10 minutes of exposure. Those who fail suffer chemical burns causing 2d6 massive damage. Only completely sealed armor protects against this damage.

Roll a d6 each hour a piece of equipment is exposed to the storm. On the roll of a 5 or 6, the equipment loses a Durability Step. Exposed armor also loses a level of protection.

## Acid Weapon

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1


**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** Self

*Acid weapon* gives the shaman's weapon a little extra punch in hand-to-hand combat.

This favor can only be invoked on melee weapons, causing them to drip with powerful acid. The weapon does an additional 2d6 damage on a successful strike. Roll 1d6 for any armor struck by the weapon. On a roll of 6, the armor loses a level of protection in the affected area.

In addition, if a strike misses only by the defensive bonus of a target's weapon, the weapon may be damaged. Roll 1d6. On a roll of 6, the defending weapon loses a Durability Step.

 Dirty Waters swings his *acid weapon* at Theodora and misses by 2 points—the Defensive Bonus of the Templar's sword. He rolls 1d6 and gets a 6. Theodora's sword loses a Durability Step and now imposes a -1 penalty to all of her *fightin'*: sword rolls.

## Blob Form

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 4-6

**Speed:** 3

**Duration:** 1 hour

**Range:** Self

Using this favor allows a shaman to transform her body into an amorphous blob.

While in this form, the spook can alter her shape to flow through pipes, under doors etc. She can still cast favors and she can extend up to two pseudopods which are capable of grappling an opponent or swinging a melee weapon—they lack the fine motor control needed to operate a firearm.

The blob form is less susceptible to certain forms of damage. Impaling and cutting weapons (daggers, swords) do only one quarter damage. Crushing/impact weapons (clubs, bullets) do only half damage. Explosives and fire, however, do double damage.

In hand-to-hand combat, the shaman can glom onto her opponent by hitting with a raise. This completely entangles the body part struck, preventing its use. On each of her following actions, a successful melee attack allows the shaman to entangle an additional adjacent body location. Entangling the target's head prevents him from breathing and causes him 1d4 Wind per round.

The target can attempt to break free on his actions by winning a contest of *Strength*. Each success and raise in this contest frees one body location starting with the last one entangled.

This favor has a variable Strain rating because the shaman can choose between a basic blob form and an acidic blob form. The basic form costs 4 Strain, while the acidic form costs 6 Strain.

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The acidic forms secretes a powerful acid from the blob's pores. This causes an extra 2d6 damage to any pseudopod strikes and a like amount of damage to any entangled body parts (this damage is inflicted on each of the shaman's actions). The acid also has the same effect on weapon's and armor as described under the *acid weapon* favor.

## Blobs

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 5 minutes

**Range:** Touch

Time to animate some sludge! *Blobs* allows the shaman to infuse sludge with energy from the Hunting Grounds and temporarily bring it to life. The spook needs a small amount of sludge for this favor to work. Many shamans who know this favor carry small test tubes or beakers of the stuff, but sludge scooped from a nearby contaminated water source works just as well.

Once the favor is invoked, the sludge becomes animated under the shaman's control. He can direct the blob against any target he wishes, or he can hurl the blob (Range Increment 3) at a target with a successful *throwin'*: *unbalanced* roll.

Blobs are fearless little critters who attack their designated targets relentlessly until one or the other is dead.

## Profile: Blob

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

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 4d8

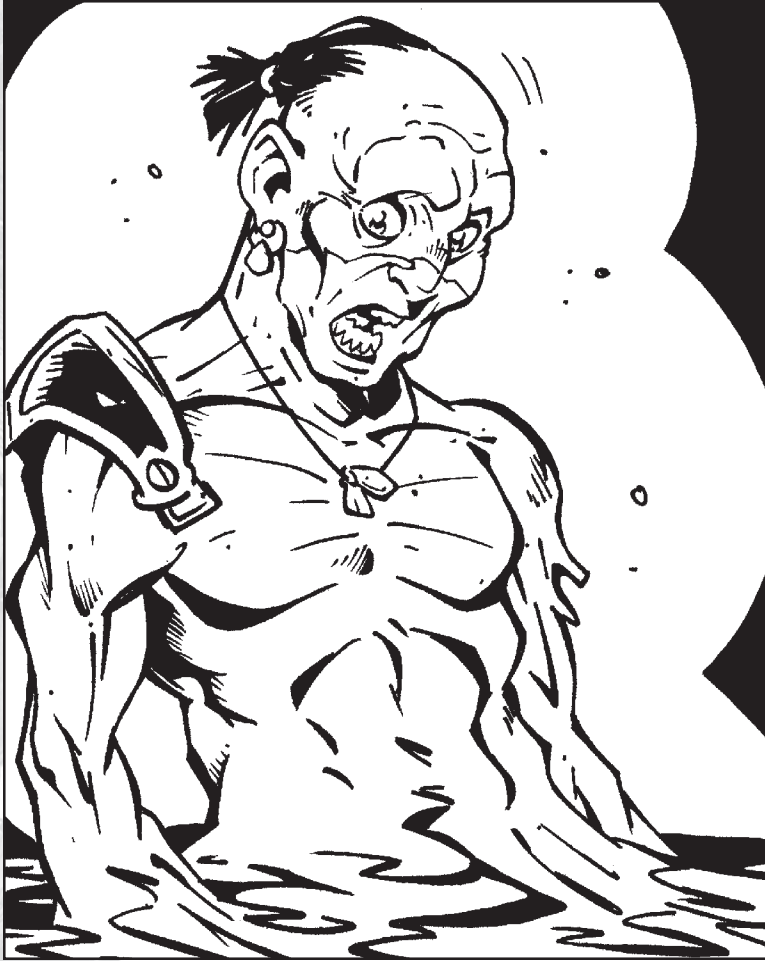
**Mental:** C:2d6, K:1d4, M:3d6, Sm:1d4, Sp:2d6

**Pace:** 8

**Size:** 2 (-4 to hit due to small size)

**Wind:** NA

**Terror:** 3



#### Special Abilities:

**Acid:** Blobs secrete a strong acid.

Anything the blob touches takes 1d4 damage, +1 for each round it has been attached (up to a maximum of +10). Figure damage when the blob first hits, and again at the beginning of each round.

#### Fearless.

**Leap:** Blobs can leap up to their Pace in a single action. To hit a living target requires a successful *fightin': brawlin'* roll. The target may use either *fightin': brawlin'* or *dodge* to avoid the attack.

**Sticky:** Blobs are sticky. They cling to anything they touch, and they can only be pried off with a Hard (9) *Strength* roll. The blob can also be washed off in 1d4 actions with a gallon of water.

**Description:** Blobs appear as small, gooey chunks of animated sludge dripping with a corrosive acid.

### Firewater

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 3+

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 10 minutes

**Range:** Touch

The old Greek alchemists have nothing on the shaman who knows this favor. It allows the spook to transform ordinary water into a toxic concoction that burns with an intense flame.

Each 3 Strain spent to invoke the miracle converts up to a pint of water into this devil's brew. Because the stuff ignites on contact with air, *firewater* can only be stored in sealed containers. Stored *firewater* lasts up to 10 minutes, after which it reverts back to normal water. Once ignited, burning *firewater* is consumed quickly. A pint burns out in only a round.

Each pint of *firewater* does 3d20 AP 2 damage to anything it comes in contact with. If a target is hit with multiple pints, roll a separate hit location for each. The *firewater* itself burns out at the end of the round, but flammable targets may continue to burn with a normal flame (2d10 damage per affected location, see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for more details). Roll 1d6. On a roll of 5 or 6, the *firewater* ignited the target. On any other result, the brew burned so quickly a regular fire was unable to catch.

Many shamans who know this favor carry small jars and beakers of water to hurl at their enemies. These *firewater*-filled missiles can be hurled at enemies with a successful *throwin': unbalanced* roll. The *firewater* ignites as soon as the container breaks, but they don't always shatter on contact. Roll 1d6. On a roll of 1 the container fails to break, and can be re-thrown by the target or anyone who cares to pick it up. The result on which a container fails to shatter may be adjusted by the Marshal depending on the target and the surrounding terrain. If fighting in a pillow factory, for instance, containers may shatter only a roll of 5 or better.

## Flush

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level

This favor is messy but effective. *Flush* allows the shaman to project a high-pressure jet of raw sewage from his palm.

Hitting a target with this stream of filth requires the spook to win a contest of his *Deftness* versus his opponent's *dodge*. If hit, the target must make an Incredible (11) *Strength* roll. Failing the roll means the target is knocked back 1 yard for each point by which the roll was failed and must make an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll to stay on his feet. Failing this roll means the target is knocked down and must spend an action getting back up.

In addition, anyone hit by the sewage suffers a -2 penalty to all actions for 1d4 rounds due to watering eyes and the retching caused by the filth's stench.

## GERD

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level

GERD stands for GastroEsophageal Reflux Disease, a condition where stomach acid backs up into the esophagus, causing a sensation much like that of a small alien burrowing out of your stomach.

This favor allows the shaman to inflict this condition on himself and others. When cast on the shaman, she can use the acid produced as a weapon; when cast on others it causes intense pain and internal damage.

When the shaman invokes this favor on herself, it causes her stomach to produce large amounts of acid (to which the spook is immune) which the shaman can projectile vomit at her enemies. Compare the *faith* roll used to invoke the favor to the TN needed to hit the target (the acid has a Range Increment of 3 yards). If the stream of acid hits, it inflicts 3d6 massive damage to the target.

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When cast on another person (it only works on the living, Harrowed and other undead are immune to this favor), the target must roll a contest of *Vigor* versus the spook's *Spirit*. If the shaman wins, the target takes 3d8 damage to the guts and suffers a -4 penalty to all rolls for 1d4 rounds due to intense pain and esophageal spasms.

## Gills

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/minute

**Range:** Self

Time for a swim.

When invoked, *gills* calls on the spirits of fish warped by pollution to grant your shaman the ability to breathe water.

## Oil Slick

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

*Oil slick* is a favorite of spooks who like to make their enemies look silly.

When invoked, this favor creates an oil slick 10 yards in radius. Anyone moving through this area must make an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll or fall down. Those who have fallen must make a Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll to get back up. Those who don't want to attempt this can crawl through the slick at a quarter of their Pace (rounded down).

Drivers of vehicles traveling through the slick must make an Onerous (7) *drivin'* roll (plus any modifiers for speed and the vehicle's Handling) to retain control.

If the shaman wishes to add injury to insult, the oil slick can be ignited. This is not part of the favor, and requires the shaman or one of his buddies to toss a match or other flame

on the slick. Anyone or anything within the flaming slick takes 3d10 damage when the slick flares up and at the beginning of each round they remain within the slick. The slick continues to burn for as long as the shaman spends the Strain to maintain the favor.

## Poison

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2/4/8

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 5 minutes

**Range:** 10 yards

*Poison* allows a spook to turn a single beverage into a toxic brew. The lethality of this potion depends on the amount of Strain spent on the favor.

For 2 Strain, the drink causes severe pain, but has no lasting effects. Anyone drinking it must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or be stunned. Even if the victim makes this roll, he still suffers a -4 modifier to all rolls due to severe pain for 1d4 rounds.

For 4 Strain, the shaman creates a damaging poison. Anyone unfortunate enough to swallow it takes 4d8 damage to the guts.

For 8 Strain, the potion becomes a fast-acting and lethal poison. The victim must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or die. If the roll is made, the target still suffers 4d8 damage to the guts.

## Quicksludge

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 3/6

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

*Quicksludge* turns a patch of open ground into a slimy, treacherous mess that can swallow people and vehicles alike.

When invoked, the favor creates a patch of *quicksludge* 10 yards in radius. This can only be created in an area of exposed earth; it doesn't work on paved or floored areas. Anyone caught within

it quickly sinks and must make a Hard (9) *swimmin'* roll each round or take the difference in Wind. While in the *quicksludge*, victims who succeed at their *swimmin'* rolls can move at the rate of 1 yard per action.

Vehicles which enter the *quicksludge* stop immediately and take damage as if they had suffered a collision at half of their current speed. Non-amphibious vehicles which are smaller than the sludge sink in 1d10 rounds.

Any victims which have dropped to zero Wind or less and any vehicles which have finished sinking, are trapped beneath the earth when the favor ends. Living targets trapped in this way suffer an additional 1d6 Wind per round until they expire or are freed from their earthen grave.

Conscious victims and still-sinking vehicles return to the ground's surface when the favor ends.

By paying double Strain, the shaman can make the *quicksludge* acidic. This inflicts 2d6 massive damage to all targets trapped in the sludge at the beginning of each round. Sealed armor protects against this damage, but loses one level of protection per round.

## Slime

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 5 minutes

**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level

Stand back, Linda Blair! This favor allows your shaman to vomit forth a stream of sticky green goo.

The shaman must hit her target with the stream. Compare the *faith* roll used to invoke the favor with the TN needed to hit the victim (the slime has a Range Increment of 5 yards). If the slime hits, it entangles the affected body part, imposing a -2 modifier to all rolls made using that location. If the slime is not washed off (this requires at least a quart of water), it hardens 1d4 rounds later, completely immobilizing the slimed location.

Once hard, the slime has an Armor level of 2, and takes 30 points of damage to remove. Any damage in excess of 30 is applied to the encased body part.

At the end of the favor's duration, all hardened slime crumbles into dust and falls away.

## Toxic Avenger

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** Self

*Toxic avenger* allows the shaman to turn his blood into a chemical stew that temporarily mutates him into a rampaging beast.

When invoked, the spook's *Strength* and *Vigor* die types are raised by two levels, plus a level for each raise achieved on his *faith* roll. In addition, his skin thickens, granting a level of Armor for each raise on the roll.

The downside is that the shaman's *Knowledge*, *Smarts*, and *Mien* die types drop by 2 levels (minimum of d4). The grotesque transformation the spook undergoes does grant a +4 bonus to all *overawe* rolls, however. The waster's *Cognition* remains unchanged.

When the favor ends, the shaman must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. Failing the rolls means the brainer wasn't able to completely purge his system of the toxic cocktail and he gains a permanent random mutation.

## Toxic Shock

**TN:** Opposed *Spirit* versus *Vigor*

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

How do you stop a bull from charging? Send him into toxic shock, of course.

This favor affects a single living target. If the shaman wins a contest of his *Spirit* versus the target's *Vigor*, he is able to manipulate the victim's blood chemistry and send him into toxic shock. The target is stunned and cannot act.

On each of his next actions, the victim may attempt another contest. As long as the spook wins, the target remains stunned. If the target wins, the favor ends and the victim can act normally on his next action.

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## Smog Favors

These favors call upon the spirits of the air—air elementals, bird spirits, and the like—which have been warped by pollution and G-rays.

## Call Weather

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** Varies

**Duration:** 1d4 hours

**Range:** 5 miles/*faith* level

The weather spirits can be powerful allies or terrible enemies. This favor can bring much-needed rain to a survivor settlement or hurricane-force winds to blow back Throckmorton's raptor squadrons.





Take a look at the Call Weather Table to see how much Strain and time is needed to call a particular type of weather.

Each level of storm requires the previous storm level to be in place. Therefore, storm clouds can't be summoned unless the winds are called, and so on. A *lightning strike* can be called from any weather except wind. Also, instead of summoning up the next level of weather, the shaman can call up a more powerful version of the existing weather. Therefore, if there was already rain, instead of a hurricane, the spook could call up torrential rains.

Note that it's not possible to call up weather that does not fit the season. Your spook can call up rain in the desert, but not a blizzard.

## Call Weather

Weather	Strain	Speed
Wind	2	10 seconds
Storm clouds	4	10 minutes
Rain	6	30 minutes
Blizzard/hurricane	8	1 hour

### Caustic Mist

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2+

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1d4 rounds

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

*Caustic mist* summons up a hazy, burning mist. The size of the area covered by it is 10 yards in radius plus an additional 5 yards for every extra point of Strain spent to invoke the favor.

All living targets within the mist without a sealed helmet or some form of breathing apparatus must make Onerous (7) *Vigor* rolls when first exposed to the mist and at the beginning of each round they are still within the cloud. Those who fail suffer 1d6 Wind.

In addition, the cloud's haziness reduces visibility. This imposes a -2 penalty on all ranged attacks into, out of, or through the mist. Victims in the cloud without some sort of eye protection suffer an additional -2 penalty due to watering eyes.

### Coffin Nails

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Cigarettes are sometimes referred to as "coffin nails." This favor allows your shaman to make this expression a reality.

Your shaman must have a supply of cigarettes for this favor to work. It doesn't matter how old or stale they are, as long as they're capable of being burned—your spook won't actually be smoking them, so taste is not a factor.

It takes 2 actions to get this favor rolling. The first action is spent lighting some cigarettes (your shaman can light up to 5 in a single action). The second action actually invokes the favor.

Once the favor is invoked, the spook can flick lighted cigarettes at his enemies. These *coffin nails* arrow straight at the target and bury themselves in the victim's flesh. Each cigarette has a Speed of 1, a Range Increment of 10, and does 2d8 AP 2 damage. Wounds caused by the nails don't bleed (the cigarette's glowing tip cauterizes the wound).

The shaman can continue to flick *coffin nails* as long as he has lighted cigarettes and pays to maintain the favor. As long as the favor is in effect, the spook may spend an action to light more cigarettes (up to 5 an action).

Shamans who have watched too many John Woo movies have been known to use this favor to light an *oil slick* filled with bad guys.

## Gas Mask

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/5 minutes

**Range:** Touch

*Gas mask* has the same effects as the *smog immunity* favor, but the shaman may use it to grant protection to others.

## Gas Form

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 4

**Speed:** 3

**Duration:** 1 hour

**Range:** Self

A shaman can use this favor to transform herself into a wispy, humanoid cloud of smoke. While in this form the spook is immune to all physical attacks and can change her shape to flow under doors, through ventilation shafts, and so on. She can still invoke favors while in *gas form* and is still affected by magical attacks and magical weapons. She is particularly vulnerable to any attacks involving wind or explosions, however. These attacks do double damage.

The spook has a special attack while in *gas form*. On a successful called shot to a living opponent's head with *fightin': brawlin'*, she causes 1d6 Wind as she prevents him from breathing. If the shaman should be lucky enough to get two raises on her attack, she has managed to flow down into the brainer's lungs—completely blocking his airways. On each of the shaman's actions, her opponent suffers 2d6 Wind. The asphyxiating waster can try to force the shaman out on each if his actions by winning a contest of his *Vigor* versus the spook's *Strength*. While inside her opponent, the shaman cannot be harmed without also harming her enemy.

The spook can compress her body to fit in very small spaces. An average-sized person (size 6) can squeeze into something as small as a one-gallon jug. The Marshal has the final call on what the waster can and cannot fit into. The shaman must do this with caution. If she is still inside a container smaller than her body when the favor expires, she could suffer serious damage or even death. The exact damage is up to the Marshal and depends on what the container is constructed of and how much smaller it is than the spook.

This favor does not affect the shaman's equipment or clothing. It simply drops to the ground when the spook transforms.

## Guiding Wind

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** Self

*Guiding wind* summons up a powerful wind spirit to guide the spook's missile attacks to their target. The shaman receives a +2 to all ranged attacks with thrown weapons or arrows. This bonus is increased by +1 for each raise the waster gets on his *faith* roll to invoke the favor.



## Gust

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 1  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** Instant  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

If your spook really wants to annoy his enemies, he should eat some garlic before invoking this favor.

*Gust* allows your shaman to launch a blast of air from his mouth. This stream of wind must be aimed. Compare the spook's *faith* roll to the TN needed to hit the target (the *gust* has a Range Increment of 10 yards). If it makes contact, the target must make a Hard (9) *Strength* roll. If he fails, he is blown back 2d6 yards and must make a Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll to stay on his feet.

A waster who is knocked down by the *gust* must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll to avoid being stunned.

## Lighter Than Air

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 3  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** 1/minute  
**Range:** Self

When invoked, this favor allows the shaman to float as if he were lighter than air. He may float upward or downward at a Pace equal to his *Spirit* die type.

Unless he's got a propeller strapped to his back, the spook has no power to propel himself forward or backward. He can only move by pulling himself with his hands or by being towed by someone on the ground.

## Lightning Strike

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 3+  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** Instant  
**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

This favor calls upon the spirits of the storm to strike the shaman's foe with lightning. Although powerful, this favor can only be invoked when storm clouds are present in the sky.

When invoked, the favor's target is automatically struck for 3d10 damage to the guts. Each extra point of Strain spent on the favor increases this damage by an additional 1d10.

## Misdirection

**TN:** 5  
**Strain:** 2  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1/round  
**Range:** Self

*Misdirection* creates a powerful wall of swirling wind around the spook. This howling shield is strong enough to cause even bullets to miss their targets. It imposes a -2 penalty to all physical attacks—both ranged and hand-to-hand—directed against the shaman. This penalty is increased by an additional -1 for every raise the spook gets on his *faith* roll.

## PCB

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level

When invoked, this favor creates a cloud of carcinogenic chemicals to surround the target. The victim must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or lose his next 1d6 actions vomiting and retching. The number of actions lost is increased by +1 for each raise the shaman gets on his *faith* roll.

In addition, should the unfortunate waster go bust on his *Vigor* roll, cancer sets into his body and he gains the *ailin': chronic* Hindrance.

Targets with sealed armor, a gas mask or other breathing apparatus, and those who don't need to breathe (like Harrowed and undead) are unaffected by *PCB*.

## Purple Haze

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2+

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1d6 rounds

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

This favor allows the spook to blanket an area with a thick, purplish haze. The area covered by this supernatural fog is a circle with a radius of 10 yards, plus another 5 yards for each additional point of Strain spent to invoke the favor.

Visibility within the *haze* is limited to 5 yards, and even within that range it is difficult to see. All attacks suffer a -4 penalty.

Unlike the other wasters in the cloud, the shaman can see just fine. He suffers no vision penalties and gains a +4 bonus to any *sneak* rolls.

## Smog

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1 round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

This favor creates a thick, choking smog. It covers a circle 10 yards in radius. Anyone caught inside it without

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some sort of breathing apparatus or sealed armor must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. Those who fail the roll lose their next 1d4 actions as they are wracked with a fit of extreme coughing that causes 2d6 Wind. The number of actions lost is increased by +1 for each raise the spook gets on his *faith* roll.

## Smoke Ring

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/minute

**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level

The shaman must have a lighted cigar, cigarette, or pipe to use this favor. When invoked, the favor allows the spook to blow a constrictive *smoke ring* at his target. This attack must be aimed, so compare the shaman's *faith* total to the TN needed to hit the target (the *smoke ring* has a Range Increment of 5 yards). The invoker may take called shots—as you'll see noggin hits can be dangerous.

If the ring hits, it immediately encircles the affected body location and begins squeezing. The *smoke ring* has a base *Strength* of 3d8 plus one level for every raise the shaman gets on his *faith* roll.

Encircled limbs feel as if they have been shackled in place. The target must win a contest of *Strength* to move the limb.

Encircled torsos and necks (noggin hits) have the air slowly crushed out of them. On each of the shaman's actions, roll a contest of the target's *Vigor* versus the *smoke ring's Strength* (the target gets a +2 bonus to his roll when the *ring* is around his torso). If the target loses, he suffers a number of Wind equal to the amount by which the roll was failed.

In either case, if the target ever beats the *smoke ring* with a raise, the *ring* is dispelled and the brainer is freed.

## Smoker's Cough

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2+

**Speed:** 3

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

*Smoker's cough* gives your shaman a limited ability to detect ambushes and infiltrators. When invoked, the favor causes tickling tendrils of smoke to waft out from the spook. These wisps cover a circle 10 yards in radius, plus an additional 10 yards per extra Strain spent, out to the favor's maximum range.

Anyone within this area who harbors hostile thoughts toward the shaman, and breathes some of the smoke, must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or be overcome by a fit of coughing.

Spooks should use this favor with caution, because it is far from foolproof. Just because no one coughs doesn't mean the shaman has no enemies present—they may just have resisted the favor's effects. Likewise, someone with asthma or tuberculosis might have a coughing fit simply because of the smoke. Marshal's should try to keep their players guessing with this one.

## Smokestack

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 4+2 per companion

**Speed:** 5 minutes

**Duration:** Special

**Range:** 20 miles/*faith* level

*Smokestack* provides a smog shaman with a quick and spectacular means of traveling.

A spook wishing to invoke this favor needs two things: a tall smokestack and a good supply of firewood, gasoline, or other flammable substance. The smokestack must be of the large industrial type—a living room fireplace chimney won't cut it.

The shaman must line the bottom of the stack with the firewood or other material he intends to use for his

bonfire. Then he, and any companions he wishes to take with him, must climb atop this material and join hands. At the conclusion of the ritual needed to invoke this favor, the bonfire ignites, incinerating the shaman and his friends in a blast of heat. Their ashes are belched from the top of the smokestack in cloud of dark, oily smoke and thrown high into the atmosphere.

Once airborne, the spook can control the direction in which their ashes drift, moving at a rate of 100 miles per hour. The shaman can choose to have their ashes land anywhere within the favor's range, even inside a building or other structure as long as there is a window or other opening for the ashes to drift through.

Once a landing spot has been chosen, the group's ashes waft gently down for a landing, forming a pile for each of the travelers. These piles slowly take on a human shape and eventually transform back into the people they once were. This process takes 2d6 rounds, so it's not a good idea to drift into the middle of an enemy's camp with this favor.

Going bust while invoking this favor is bad news. When this happens, the bonfire ignites, but the travelers are not protected from the flames. They each take 4d12 massive damage from the blast of heat and go nowhere.

## Suffocate

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 2 yards/*faith* level

"I find your lack of faith disturbing."

Your shaman too, can choke the living daylights out of those who lack faith in his powers. Proper application of this favor can ensure that no one will be making wisecracks about the true source of your smog shaman's power being a can of beans.

Invoking this favor causes a plug of tar to form in the target's throat, cutting off his air supply. This causes the victim to suffer 2d6 Wind. At the beginning of each of the following rounds, the target suffers an additional 1d6 Wind.

## Whirlwind

TN: 7

Strain: 3

Speed: 2

Duration: 2/round

Range: Self

It's time to ride the whirlwind.

This favor has a little bit of everything: offense, defense, and movement. When invoked, *whirlwind* creates a raging windstorm around the shaman. Any loose debris in the area gets swept up into this maelstrom to form a whirling shield around the spook.

The first effect of this cyclone is to make it harder to hit the shaman. The spinning dust and debris make it hard to target the waster and make it likely that attacks attempting to penetrate the twister are deflected. All attacks against the caster suffer a -2 modifier and those attacks that do hit have a 50% chance of being deflected. Roll 1d6. On a roll of 4 or better the attack simply misses.

The *whirlwind* can lift the shaman into the air and move with him. This allows him to fly at a Pace equal to twice his *Spirit* die type. The waster can adjust his height from ground level to 30 feet in the air (the height of the *whirlwind*) on each of his actions with but a thought.

Lastly, the spook can use his personal tornado to bash his opponents. All he has to do is move within 1 yard of them and the *whirlwind* does the rest. A target with a card remaining can attempt a vamoose action to get out of the way. This requires the target to win a contest of his *dodge* versus the shaman's *Spirit* (that's what the spook uses to steer the twister).

Anyone unfortunate enough to come in contact with the *whirlwind* takes 3d6 damage from flying debris and must roll a contest of *Strength* versus the shaman's *Spirit*. If the spook wins, the unlucky target gets tossed around by the wind. Roll 1d12 to find a random clock facing. The target is tossed 2d6 yards, +1 for each point by which the contest was lost, in this direction. He must make a Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll to land on his feet.

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### Trash Favors

*Whether it's dirty or dingy or dusty, I love it, because, it's trash.*

—From the collected writings of Oscar T. Grouch

These favors call upon the spirits of the earth—earth elementals, gan, and the like—that have been warped by pollution and G-rays.

Earth spirits are among some of the most powerful spirits, but like the Earth itself they often move slowly and nearly imperceptibly. It often takes much to get an earth spirit to act, but when it does, it often unleashes violence and power unlike anything the other spirits are capable of.





## Blight

**TN:** 9  
**Strain:** 10  
**Speed:** 1 hour  
**Duration:** 1 year  
**Range:** 1 mile/*faith* level

This powerful favor calls upon the earth spirits to poison the land, causing crops to fail and streams and ponds to turn bitter. You don't want to get a shaman who knows this favor mad at you.

When invoked, *blight* causes all plant life within the favor's range to wither and die. This is a gradual process that takes a few weeks. At the same time, all natural water sources in the area become bitter and undrinkable, smelling of sulfur.

This powerful magic is not without a price for the spook who invokes it. Because many spirits must work throughout the favor's duration to keep the land in its tainted state, they are less likely to heed the shaman's call in the future. For every *blight* favor a spook has in effect, he suffers a -1 penalty to all *faith* rolls made to invoke favors.

A *blight* can only be lifted by returning to the spot in which it was invoked and working the ritual in reverse (this has the same TN and Strain cost as the original ritual). This can be done by any shaman who knows the *blight* favor, but it must be performed in the exact spot in which the original favor was invoked.

## Cancer Cluster

**TN:** 9  
**Strain:** 10  
**Speed:** 1 hour  
**Duration:** 10/week  
**Range:** 200 yards/*faith* level

One of the ways in which illegal toxic waste dumps are located is to look for cancer clusters: areas in which people are getting cancer at rates much higher than the general population. Odds are, if you find a cancer cluster, there is something in the ground or water that shouldn't be there.

This favor allows the shaman to create a cancer cluster of his own. Once the favor is invoked, all living creatures within the favor's range must make a weekly *Vigor* roll against a Hard (9) TN. Failing the roll means the victim has developed a fast-growing cancer. He must make a daily Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or suffer a wound to the guts. These wounds can't be healed naturally while the victim still has the cancer.

Anyone living, but infected with cancer, when the favor ends must make one more Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. If the roll is successful, the cancer goes into remission and any wounds suffered from it can be healed naturally. The cancer remains in those who fail this roll. They must continue to make daily *Vigor* rolls until they either die or are cured. The shaman who invokes this favor is immune to its effects.

## Confound

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Although they've been warped by pollution and G-rays, many of these former nature spirits haven't forgotten their centuries-long feud with the tech spirits. This favor allows your spook to throw a wrench into junkers' plans.

When *confound* is invoked, the spook can target a single junker device within the spell's range. This device must make an immediate Stability check. The device's Stability is reduced by -2 for each raise the shaman gets on his *faith* roll to invoke the favor.

## Cuisinart

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 3

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 2/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

This favor lets your spook do some slicing and dicing. He must have a supply of small, sharp, metal objects (about 10 pounds worth) to invoke *cuisinart*. These can be found on the battlefield or provided by the shaman himself.

Once the favor has been invoked, these metal objects lift from the ground and begin to twirl, creating a whirling cloud of sharp metal blades. The spook can move this cloud on each of his actions at a Pace equal to his *Spirit* die type. The cloud can be moved in any direction, including straight up. Anyone or anything caught in this cloud takes 2d8 AP 1 massive damage. This damage is inflicted on each of the shaman's actions.

## Dumpster

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** Varies

**Speed:** 3

**Duration:** Varies

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

*Dumpster* allows your shaman to ride around in true style. She can use it to animate garbage cans, dumpsters, and

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even garbage trucks for use as her own personal transport. The Strain needed to do this varies with the size of the object. Check out the Dumpster Table for the details.

Once the favor has been invoked, the shaman can control the object with but a thought. The rate at which the object moves depends on its size (see the Dumpster Table). The object can move in any direction, including straight up. The exception to this is the garbage truck. Once animated, the truck moves as a normal vehicle, even if its engine is trashed, its tires slashed, and its fuel tank is empty.

The various objects which can be animated with this favor have the following stats:

**Garbage Can:** Durability 8/2, Armor -2.

**Small Dumpster:** Durability 25/5, Armor 2

**Large Dumpster:** Durability 35/7, Armor 3

## Garbage Truck

**Pass.**

3+20

**Accel.**

5 mph

**Wheels**

10

**Durability**

60/12

**Handling**

-2

**Top Speed**

90 mph

**Armor**

See below

**Armor:** Bottom 1, front 1, rear 3, left side 1/3 (cab/trash compartment), right side 1/3, roof 1/3

## Dumpster

**Object**

Garbage Can

Small Dumpster

Large Dumpster

Garbage Truck

**Strain**

2

3

4

5

**Duration**

1/minute

1/minute

2/minute

3/minute

**Pace**

4 x *Spirit*

2 x *Spirit*

*Spirit*

See above

## Earth Form

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 5  
**Speed:** 3  
**Duration:** 1 hour  
**Range:** Self

This favor gets your shaman in touch with his earthy side. When *earth form* is invoked, it transforms the spook into a hard, rocky statue of himself. His mineral-hard skin grants him Armor 4, but drops his *Deftness* and *Nimbleness* die types by a level. The spook is also able to tap into the earth's power—his *Strength* die type increases by 3 levels.

While in this form, the shaman can also burrow through the earth. He can move through dirt at a speed equal to twice his *Spirit*, and he can even move through solid rock at a Pace equal to his *Spirit*.

The spook has a special attack in hand-to-hand combat. Whenever he strikes someone with his bare fists, the target must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll or be stunned.

## Epicenter

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 3  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** Instant  
**Range:** 5 yards/*faith* level

*Epicenter* gives your shaman some breathing room. When invoked, it causes a shock wave to ripple outwards through the ground in a circle around the spook. This shock wave extends out to the favor's maximum range. Everyone caught within this area must make a Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll to remain on their feet. Those who fall down are stunned. On each of their following actions they can attempt an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll to recover.

The drivers of vehicles traveling through this area must make a Hard (9) *drivin'* roll (plus any modifiers due to speed and the vehicle's Handling) to retain control of their vehicles.

The rippling ground caused by this favor can also damage structures. Any buildings or other structures within the *epicenter* take 4d8 damage. This isn't enough to knock down most buildings (the average house has a Durability of 90-100), but it can cause already damaged buildings and unstable structures to collapse.

## Garbage Disposal

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 3  
**Speed:** 2  
**Duration:** Instant  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Some of the mob-controlled landfills of the Northeast contain more bodies than many cemeteries. This favor allows your shaman to add one more body to the trash pile.

When *garbage disposal* is invoked, it causes a 10' deep hole to open up beneath the shaman's designated target. If the target has any cards remaining, he may attempt a vamoose action to avoid falling in the hole. This requires a successful Hard (9) *Nimbleness* roll.

Once the target falls in or jumps out of the way, the hole slams shut. If the unfortunate brainer fell in, he suffers 3d8 massive damage from the collapsing hole. If he survives this, he may attempt to dig himself free on each of his actions. This requires an Incredible (11) *Strength* roll. Each success and raise allows the brainer to squirm 1' upward. He must burrow 10' up to reach the surface. At the beginning of each round he remains buried, the waster suffers 2d6 Wind.

## Jersey Shore

**TN:** 7  
**Strain:** 3  
**Speed:** 1  
**Duration:** 1 minute  
**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Ah, the New Jersey shore, the Riviera of the toxic spirit world. Portions of the Jersey shore have serious pollution problems. There is pollution from the oil refineries, red tides from New York City's sewage, and the occasional beach closing due to infected hospital waste

washing up in the surf. This favor allows your shaman to use this last bit of pollution as a weapon.

When *Jersey shore* is invoked, it causes a bunch of hypodermics to appear in the shaman's hand. He receives 1d6 needles, +1 for each raise he gets on his *faith* roll. All of these hypos are contaminated with supernaturally virulent strains of Hepatitis-B and other nasty diseases.

The shaman can fling the needles at his opponents with a successful *throwin': balanced* roll (the needles are supernaturally stabilized in flight). The hypos have a Speed of 1 and a Range Increment of 10 yards. The needles do *Strength*+1d6 AP 2 damage on impact.

The shaman can also use them to stab his enemies with a successful *fightin': brawlin'* attack, doing the same damage.

Any target who suffers a wound or more from one of these hypodermics must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid becoming infected with the needle's contents. A brainer who becomes infected is wracked with pain and fever as the supernaturally-enhanced bugs ravage his system. He must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll on each of his actions to even be capable of acting. If he is able to act, he suffers a -4 penalty to all actions.

The effects of this infection lasts until the favor expires or the target gets a raise on his *Vigor* roll to resist it. If the target ever goes bust on one of these rolls, the infection doesn't end when the favor does and the brainer gains the *ailin': chronic* Hindrance.

## Junk Wall

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1/Yard of wall

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** Permanent

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

*Junk wall* allows your shaman to whip up some instant cover. When this favor is invoked, it causes a tangled, waist-high wall of earth, rocks, and rusted metal to rise from the ground at the point designated by the spook. Each point of Strain spent on the favor creates 1 yard of wall roughly 1' thick. In the event that the wall is attacked, it

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has an Armor Value of 6 and a Durability of 20/4 per 1 yard section. The shaman can shape the wall into any configuration he likes, as long as he doesn't exceed the length set by the amount of Strain spent.

The barrier created by *junk wall* is permanent and persists after the favor ends.

## Magnetize

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

*Magnetize* can make your shaman's enemies look mighty foolish. When invoked, your spook can *magnetize* any



large piece of ferrous metal (it must be 50 pounds or more) within the favor's range.

Once the hunk o' junk has been *magnetized*, the fun begins. All ferrous metal within 10 yards of the new magnet is drawn to it. Anyone who is holding or wearing such an object must roll a contest of *Strength* against the magnet. The magnet has a *Strength* of 4d12, +2 for each raise the shaman gets on her *faith* roll.

If the brainer fails the roll, any items he is holding are torn from his grasp and pulled to the magnet. If he is *wearing* such an item, he is pulled 1 yard closer to the magnet for each point by which the contest was failed. If the waster is pulled against the magnet, this causes damage equal to the magnet's *Strength* plus a bonus determined by the Marshal (this depends on what else has been pulled onto the magnet).

In addition, any metal weapons fired or thrown through the magnet's area of effect suffer a -2 penalty to hit, as they tend to be deflected off course by the powerful magnetic field.

Objects larger than the object *magnetized* are not drawn toward it.

## Rumble

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/minute

**Range:** 1 mile/*faith* level

*Rumble* allows your spook to communicate with people over a long distance. When the favor is invoked, the shaman can pick as a target any person he knows within the favor's range or a specific location within range.

Once a target has been selected, the shaman speaks and his words are transmitted through the ground as shock waves. When these waves reach the favor's target, they cause the surrounding terrain to vibrate and

replay the spook's words in a deep bass rumble. Any response given by the target is transmitted back to the shaman in the same way.

When the message is sent to a specific person, the message is clearly audible to only the selected target. Others wishing to listen in must make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll (or higher at the Marshal's discretion) to hear. When the message is sent to a location, everyone within 10 yards of the site can clearly hear the message and respond to it.

## Shackles

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 1

**Duration:** 1/minute

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Having trouble getting people to listen to your shaman's environmental spiel? Use *shackles* to get a captive audience.

When this favor is invoked, it causes a pair of rocky hands to erupt from the ground and grab the shaman's target. These hands have a *Strength* of 4d12, +2 for each raise the spook gets on his *faith* roll. The hands normally grab the target's legs, but if the target is prone or crawling, the shaman can have them grab his arms or even throat.

Once the target has been snagged by the hands, he must win a contest of *Strength* to break free from them. In addition, if the hands have grabbed the target by the throat, the shaman can have them try to strangle his enemy. On each of the spook's actions roll a contest of the hands' *Strength* versus the victim's *Vigor*. If the hands win, the target suffers 1 point of Wind for each point by which he lost the roll.

## Shock Wave

**TN:** 7

**Strain:** 4+2 per companion

**Speed:** 1 minute

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 1 mile/*faith* level

*Shock Wave* is another speedy way for toxic shamans to get around the Wasted West. It's also a handy way of getting inside areas the shaman is not supposed to be in.

Before this favor can be invoked, the shaman must bury a quantity of explosives (a stick of dynamite or better) three feet below the area in which he performs the ritual. Then he and anyone traveling with him must stand atop the explosives while the favor is invoked. At the ritual's conclusion, the explosives detonate, causing a shock wave to travel through the ground at the speed of sound. The favor's magic transforms the travelers into energy that rides this wave to any location within the favor's range.

Travel to a selected destination is nearly instantaneous. When the travelers reach the end of their trip, they simply reform out of the ground in a single round. The destination can be any place directly impacted by the shock wave. For instance, the travelers could appear in the basement of a building (which is in direct contact with the earth the wave is moving through), but not an office on the sixth floor of that building.

Going bust on while invoking this favor is not a good idea. In this case, the explosives detonate, but the energy transformation does not take place. Everyone in the explosive's Burst Radius takes damage. The good news is that the earth tamped down over the bomb provides 1 level of Armor.

## Trash Bridge

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 2

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** 1/minute

**Range:** 10 yards/*faith* level

Now it's your shaman's turn to walk on water—or more precisely, floating trash.

When *trash bridge* is invoked, it causes bits of trash to bubble to the surface of the body of water the spook wishes to cross. These form a semi-stable platform for the shaman to walk on. Semi-stable because walking on the trash causes it to bob slightly. This effect isn't bad if the wasters using the bridge walk, but anyone trying to run across the trash must make an Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* roll on each action he runs. Failing the roll means the brainer ends up swimming.

## Trash Talk

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 1

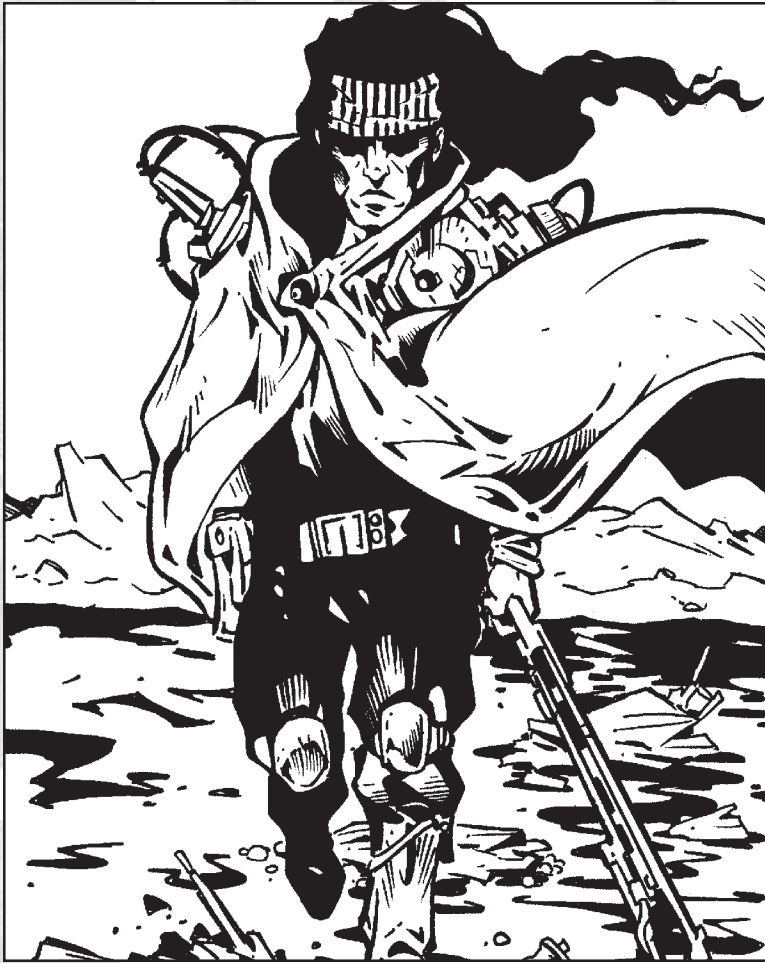
**Duration:** 1/round

**Range:** Self

You know who I am? You got any idea what I'm going to do to you?

*Trash talk* allows your shaman to propagate some serious noise pollution. For the duration of the favor, everything your spook says seems somehow more cutting and intimidating. This grants him a +2 bonus to all *overawe* and *ridicule* attempts made while *trash talk* is in effect. This bonus is increased by an additional +2 for every raise the shaman gets on his *faith* roll.





## Trash Track

**TN:** 5

**Strain:** 1

**Speed:** 2

**Duration:** Instant

**Range:** 20 miles/*faith* level

*Trash track* calls on toxic earth spirits to locate a person for the shaman. The spook must know the person being tracked or possess an item which belonged to him.

To invoke the favor, the shaman scatters some trash on the ground and then completes the ritual. If the person is within the favor's range, the trash rearranges itself into an arrow pointing in the direction the spook must travel to reach the person. If the person is out of range, the trash forms into a question mark.

Like *ask the spirits*, this favor can't track someone who is in an opposed sphere. This means it can't find anyone who is airborne, because the sky is part of smog's sphere.

## Volcano

**TN:** 9

**Strain:** 6

**Speed:** 4

**Duration:** 2/round

**Range:** 20 yards/*faith* level

If you really need to get someone's attention, this is the favor to use.

*Volcano* creates an honest-to-goodness, lava-belching inferno suitable for roasting enemies and virgin sacrifices.

The shaman can center the eruption anywhere within the favor's maximum range. The eruption begins with a blast of furnace-hot air and a cloud of poisonous gas. Everyone within 10 yards of the eruption site takes 3d6 Wind and must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll to avoid being stunned—a bad thing to be while standing next to a volcano.

At the beginning of the first round following the favor's invocation—as long as the shaman spends the Strain to maintain the favor—molten lava begins to flow from the *volcano*. This spreads in a circle that increases in radius by 5 yards each round the favor is maintained. Anything touched by the lava takes 4d20 AP 2 damage.

The *volcano* also spews random balls of lava and superheated rocks. Roll 1d6 for every person and vehicle within 100 yards of the eruption. On a roll of 6, that lucky individual won the lava catching contest. He gets nailed with a bit of pyroclastic debris that does 4d12 damage. If the debris hits a vehicle, treat this as if it were a light weapon (damage is divided by 5).

The *volcano* continues to erupt for as long as the invoking shaman can continue to provide the Strain needed. Once the spook stops, so does the volcano; it immediately becomes dormant. This doesn't mean the lava cools off immediately, though. It continues to damage anything which comes in contact with it, but the damage inflicted drops by a die type each hour after the *volcano* ceases to erupt.

# Relics

Besides the truckload of spook favors we just worked through, we thought we'd also include some new relics for you hero types to get your greedy mitts on.

These listings for these relics are a little different from those found in earlier books. For starters, each relic has a **Belongin's** rating. This is the number of points a starting character must pay in the *belongin's* Edge to purchase this relic. Some relics have "NA" listed here. This means that the object in question is either too rare or too powerful for a new character to have. These relics can only be acquired through adventuring.

The other change is that not all of the relics have all of their powers and possible taints listed here. Many of these things are the stuff of legend, and over the years many stories have sprung up around them. Many of these stories attribute the relics with powers they don't have while often not mentioning powers they do have. In these cases, the relic descriptions list the object's reputed powers and its true powers are tucked away in the Marshal's section. The only way for a hero to discover the relic's true powers (and taints) is through research (perhaps in the Hunting Grounds) or by actually getting his hands on the object.

## Bloodstone Shard

**Belongin's:** 4



**125** This is a portion of the rock on which Raven was tortured for over a century (see the *Wasted West* for all the details). When the shaman finally won his freedom, his first act was to vent his fury upon the rock, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

During the many years of Raven's torment, the rock became tainted with his foul body fluids. What was once a normal-looking rock has been stained a dark red and black.

**Powers:** The rock can be used to inflict great pain on an enemy. The user may designate any human target within 10 times the wielder's *Spirit* die

## Favors & Relics

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in yards. If the user wins a contest of *Spirit* with the target, the victim suffers a -4 penalty to all rolls due to intense pain. This penalty is increased by an additional -2 for each raise the user gets in the contest of *Spirits*.

The shard's wielder can maintain this pain at the cost of 1 Wind per round.

**Taint:** The shard's owner gains extreme versions of the *bloodthirsty* and *vengeful* Hindrances. Whenever someone insults, humiliates, or otherwise acts against the hero, he must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll or he is compelled to seek revenge against the person.

## Cochise's Musket

**Belongin's:** 5

This an old, black-powder musket that once belonged to the legendary Apache chief, Cochise. This weapon lay by his side for over a century as he struggled with the gan in the Hunting Grounds. It was captured by the CEAL teams that stormed the Apache stronghold and kept as a trophy.

When the Chamber (see *The Junkman Cometh*) took over the place after the Last War, the junkers did not realize the weapon's significance and traded it for some computer parts. Where the gun has traveled since then is anyone's guess.

**Powers:** Cochise's long struggle against the mountain spirit has imbued the weapon with the power to assist its wielder in persevering against seemingly insurmountable problems. Anyone holding the weapon gains a +4 bonus to all *Spirit*, *Strength*, and *Vigor* rolls made to resist the effects of hostile magic, poisons, fatigue, stun, and brawling damage.

The musket can also be used as a weapon. It's magical nature means rounds fired from the weapon can harm creatures normally immune to physical attacks. Its stats are on the following page.

# Relic Weapons

Weapon	Shots	Caliber	Speed	ROF	Damage	Range	Increment
Cochise's Musket	1	.58 C&B	2	1	5d8		10
Geronimo's Rifle	15	.45	2	1	4d8+2		20

**Taint:** The musket's owner is inspired by Cochise's selfless sacrifice and gains the *heroic* Hindrance. Should the hero ever fail to act in a situation in which heroism is called for (Marshal's call), the weapon no longer grants the owner any bonuses and won't even fire.

## Geronimo's Rifle

### Belongin's: 5

This is another weapon belonging to a famous Apache. During the tribe's long struggle against the Confederacy, the Chiricahua warriors became masters of the ambush—none more so than Geronimo himself.

**Powers:** The owner of this rifle gains a +6 to all *sneak* rolls made to hide for an ambush. As long as the user remains undetected, the called shot penalties for attacks made with this weapon are halved.

As with Cochise's weapon, this rifle can injure creatures which are immune to physical attacks.

This weapon only grants its powers to heroes of Native American descent.

**Taint:** The user gains the *bloodthirsty* Hindrance. In addition, when ambushing a foe, the shooter must make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll if he wishes to shoot the target in any location other than the head.

## Ghost Suit

### Belongin's: 3

This is a haz-mat suit in which someone died. The poor schmuck's soul has continued to hang around and acts as a guardian for whoever wears the suit.

**Powers:** As long as the entire suit is worn, it provides total protection against radiation, airborne toxins, biological agents, and acid for a limited time. This protection remains in effect no matter how many holes, tears, or cuts there are in the suit.

The total length of time a suit provides protection varies from suit to suit. Roll 3d20, rerolling Aces. This is the total number of minutes the suit provides protection. Only subtract from this total when there is actually a threat to protect against—simply wearing the suit doesn't use up time.

Once the suit's time is up it no longer functions.

**Taint:** The next time the hero attempts to sleep following a use of the suit's power, he is haunted by the previous owner. He has terrifying dreams in which he relives the other person's death. The hero must make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll or lose one of his chips (drawn at random by the Marshal).

## New Jersey Beach Sand

### Belongin's: 4

New Jersey beach sand is a highly sought after object by toxic shamans. Unfortunately, it's very hard to come by.

To get some, your brainer has two choices. She can cross the Mississippi, fight her way through a horde of undead and worse, and actually collect some sand from a beach in New Jersey or she can find a bit that some Westerner brought home as a souvenir. This isn't as strange as it sounds, a number of souvenir shops in Atlantic City, Ocean City, and other tourist traps often sold small bottles containing beach sand and a small amount of water from the Atlantic Ocean.

**Powers:** A shaman with one of these trinkets gains a +2 to all *faith* rolls made to cast trash or sludge

favors. In addition, the shaman can imbibe some of the bottle's contents. If she succeeds at a Hard (9) *faith* roll, she immediately regains 3d6 Strain.

An average bottle holds 4 doses of sand and sea. Once the bottle is empty, throw it away; its power is gone.

**Taint:** The owner of one of these bottles has an overwhelming desire to collect and listen to old Bruce Springsteen and Bon Jovi albums. She must make an Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll to pass up an opportunity to scrounge for these items in a record store. In addition, phrases like "fugedaboudit," "youse guys," and "am I funny to you?" begin to creep into the hero's speech.

## Raven's Spear

**Belongin's:** NA



125

Next to the Spear of Destiny—the spear Longinus is said to have pierced Christ's side with—this is one of the most sought after relics of the Wasted West. This is the spear which Raven used in his fight against the Old Ones in the Hunting Grounds. The head of the spear and most of the shaft is stained black with their blood.

**Reputed Powers:** Numerous powers have been attributed to this object. Many believe that anyone who possesses the spear will remain forever young like Raven. Others believe its bearer is immune to physical attacks and has a heightened resistance to magical ones. Still others claim that any mortal wounded by the spear is instantly killed.

**Taint:** Try it and see.

## Super Fund Slug

**Belongin's:** 3



125

This isn't so much a magical item as a complete guide to sites holy to toxic shamans (or unholy if your brainer is a caretaker). Both the US and Confederate governments had programs to locate and clean up hazardous waste sites within their borders. They set aside large amounts of money in Super Funds to be used for these clean ups.

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Super Fund slugs contain a list of these sites. They are ordinary slugs that can be used in any computer or palmcorder to display their contents. Each slug contains a list of either sites in the US or the CSA. If your brainer wants a complete list of the sites to be found around the Wasted West, he needs to have a slug from each country.

The last time a list was compiled by either nation was in 2079. After that, the destruction caused by the war was too great to keep up with all the toxic spills and the funds were needed for more important things like building cyborgs and hover tanks.

**Powers:** Many of these sites grant shamans of the appropriate sphere special powers.

**Taint:** None



# Spook Favors

Favor	TN	Strain	Speed	Duration	Range	Summary
<b>General Favors</b>						
Ask The Spirits	Varies	Varies	Varies	Instant	Self	Gain knowledge from the spirits.
Cleanse	9	1/10 cu. ft.	1 min./cu. ft.	Permanent	Touch	Purifies environment.
Corrupt	5	1/10 cu. ft.	1 min./cu. ft.	Permanent	Touch	Pollutes environment.
Curse	9	5	1 hour	Permanent	Special	Curses an enemy.
Healing	Varies	Varies	1 minute	Permanent	Touch	Heals wounds.
Immunity	5	1	1	1/5 minutes	Self	Grants immunity to pollution.
Invisibility	9	3	2	Conc. or 1/round	Self	Grants invisibility under certain conditions/
Luck	9	3	1	Instant	Self	Gain chip to spend on next action.
Open Portal	11	5	1 hour	1 hour	10 yards	Opens a gateway into the Hunting Grounds.
Pact	7	Varies	5 min./Strain	Permanent	Touch	Saves a favor for casting later.
Resurrection	13	15	1 hour	Permanent	Touch	Resurrects dead hero.
Spirit Guide	7	2	1	1 Destination	Self	Guides shaman in the Hunting Grounds.
Spiritual Attack	7	3	1	1/round	10 yds./faith	Attacks guardian spirits & browsers.
Summon Spirit	9	Varies	10 minutes	Varies	10 yards	Summons a spirit to do task.
Zombie	7	5	3	1 minute/faith	Sight	Creates zombie
<b>Insect Favors</b>						
Burrow	5	1	1	1/round	Self	Shaman can burrow through ground.
Chitin	5	2	1	1/round	Self	Creates Armor AV 1, +1/raise.
Dull Pain	5	2	1	1/hour	Self	Reduces pain modifiers.
Insect Form	7	4	2	1hour+3/hour	Self	Transforms shaman into insect.
Insect Speak	5	1	1	10 minutes	Self	Shaman can speak to insects.
Insect Strength	7	2	1	1/round	Self	Increases <i>Strength</i> by 2 dice, +1/raise.
Iron Gullet	5	1	1	1 hour	Self	Shaman can digest any organic material.
Maggot Infestation	7	2	2	1/round	10yds./faith	Maggots infest target's wounds, causing additional damage.
Mantis Warrior	5	2	1	Conc. or 1/round	5 yards	Increases <i>Strength</i> & <i>Nimbleness</i> by 2 die types.
Pestilence	7	2	2	1d4 rounds	10 yds./faith	Summons cloud of infectious, biting insects.
Scent	5	1	1	Conc.	Self	Enhances shaman's sense of smell.
Spider Sense	7	2	1	1/10 minutes	Self	Shaman is harder to surprise.
Stinger	5	Varies	1	Varies	Self	Shaman can sting with paralyzing venom.
Stink Bug	5	1	1	1/round	Self	Shaman farts noxious cloud.
Summon Insects	5	3	2	1/round	10 yds./faith	Summons horde of insects.
Termite	7	Varies	1	Permanent	5 yds./faith	Damages wooden objects.
Web	5	2	1	1/round	10 yds./faith	Creates an entangling web.
Wings of Locust	5	2	2	10 minutes	Self	Shaman can fly at Pace 36.

# More Spook Favors

Favor	TN	Strain	Speed	Duration	Range	Summary
<b>Radiation Favors</b>						
Cancer	7	2	1	1/action	10 yds./faith	Inflicts fast-growing cancer
Electro. Armor	5	2	1	1/round	Self	Shaman is covered with crackling energy.
Energy Form	9	5	2	1 hour	Self	Shaman is converted into a being of pure energy.
Energy Weapon	7	2	1	2/round	Self	Weapon does +2d10 damage.
Glow Ball	5	1	1	Conc. or 1/10 min.	10 yds.	Creates glowing ball.
Glow Foe	5	1	1	1/round	20 yds./faith	Eliminates vision penalties against a single foe.
Heavy Water	5	2	1	1/round	10 yds./faith	Imposes -2 penalty, plus additional -1 per raise.
Maelstrom	7	5	3	1 round/faith	20 yds./faith	Creates small ghost rock maelstrom.
Mutate	7	5	10 minutes	Permanent	Touch	Can inflict or remove mutations.
Pulse	7	Special	1	Instant	Self	Causes an EMP.
Rad Blast	5	1-5	1	Instant	20 yds./faith	Bolt of energy doing 1d10 per point of Strain.
Rad Rat	5	2	2	1/round	200 yards	Summons a pack of rad rats.
Radar Range	5	2	1	1/round	20 yds./faith	Negates targeting modifiers.
Radar Sight	5	1	1	Conc. or 1/min.	1 mile/faith	Allows shaman to see in total darkness.
Radio	5	1/10 miles	1	5 minutes	Varies	Allows long range communication.
Radon	5	2	1	1 round	10 yds./faith	Creates a cloud of radioactive gas.
X-Ray	5	1	1	1/minute	10 yds./faith	Grants x-ray vision.
<b>Sludge Favors</b>						
Acid Ball	5	3	2	Instant	10 yds./faith	Hurls acidic ball.
Acid Rain	9	10	1 minute	Varies	10 miles	Causes an acid rain storm.
Acid Weapon	5	2	1	1/round	Self	Coats weapon with acid for +2d6 damage.
Blob Form	7	4-6	3	1 hour	Self	Transforms shaman into blob.
Blobs	7	3	1	5 minutes	Touch	Animates sludge.
Firewater	7	3+	1	10 minutes	Touch	Creates flammable water.
Flush	5	1	1	Instant	5 yds./faith	Fires jet of raw sewage.
GERD	7	3	2	Instant	5 yds./faith	Causes damage to enemies or allows shaman to belch acid.
Gills	5	1	1	1/minute	Self	Shaman can breathe water.
Oil Slick	5	1	1	1/round	10 yds./faith	Creates a slippery oil slick.
Poison	7	2/4/8	2	5 minutes	10 yds.	Poisons a single beverage.
Quicksludge	5	3 or 6	2	1/round	10 yds./faith	Creates an area of quicksludge.
Slime	5	1	1	5 minutes	5 yds./faith	Creates sticky, entangling slime.
Toxic Avenger	7	3	2	1/round	Self	Transforms the shaman into a hideous, strong brute.
Toxic Shock	Opposed	2	1	1/round	10 yds./faith	Stuns opponent.

# Even More Favors

Favor	TN	Strain	Speed	Duration	Range	Summary
<b>Smog Favors</b>						
Call Weather	9	Varies	Varies	1d4 Hours	5 miles/ <i>faith</i>	Changes the weather
Caustic Mist	5	2+	1	1d4 rounds	20 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Creates a damaging mist.
Coffin Nails	5	2	2	1/round	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Shaman can flick cigarettes doing 2d8 AP 2 damage.
Gas Mask	5	1	1	1/5 minutes	Touch	Grants another immunity to airborne poisons.
Gas Form	7	4	3	1 hour	Self	The shaman transforms into a cloud of gas.
Guiding Wind	5	2	1	1/round	Self	Guides arrows and thrown weapons to their targets.
Gust	5	1	1	Instant	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Knocks opponents back with a gust of wind.
Lighter Than Air	7	3	2	1/minute	Self	The shaman can levitate.
Lightning Strike	7	3+	2	Instant	20 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Strikes enemies with lightning.
Misdirection	5	2	1	1/round	Self	Causes ranged attacks to miss.
PCB	7	2	1	Instant	5 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Causes opponent to lose actions
Purple Haze	7	2+	2	1d6 rounds	20 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Creates a blinding cloud.
Smog	7	3	2	1 round	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Creates a choking cloud.
Smoke Ring	5	2	1	1/minute	5 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Creates entangling smoke rings.
Smoker's Cough	5	2+	3	Instant	20 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Reveals the shaman's enemies.
Smokestack	7	4+2/companion	5	Special	20 miles/ <i>faith</i>	Allows the shaman to travel large distances.
Suffocate	5	1	1	1/round	2 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Chokes victim.
Whirlwind	7	3	2	2/round	Self	Creates whirlwind which spoils attacks and allows the shaman to fly.
<b>Trash Favors</b>						
Blight	9	10	1 hour	1 year	1 mile/ <i>faith</i>	Destroys crops.
Cancer Cluster	9	10	1 hour	10/week	200 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Causes cancer over large area.
Confound	5	2	2	Instant	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Causes Stability checks.
Cuisinart	7	3	2	2/round	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Causes 2d8 AP 1 massive damage.
Dumpster	5	Varies	3	Varies	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Animates trash containers.
Earth Form	7	5	3	1 hour	Self	Transforms shaman.
Epicerter	7	3	2	Instant	5 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Knocks opponents down.
Garbage Disposal	7	3	2	Instant	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Traps opponent in earth.
Jersey Shore	7	3	1	1 minute	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Hurls infected hypodermics.
Junk Wall	5	1/yd. of wall	1	Permanent	20 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Creates earthen wall.
Magnetize	7	2	1	1/round	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Creates a powerful magnet.
Rumble	5	2	1	1/minute	1 mile/ <i>faith</i>	Allows long distance communication.
Shackles	5	2	1	1/minute	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Binds the target to the ground.
Shock Wave	7	4+2/companion	1 minute	Instant	1 mile/ <i>faith</i>	Allows rapid travel through the ground.
Trash Bridge	5	2	2	1/minute	10 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Shaman can walk on water.
Trash Talk	5	1	1	1/round	Self	Bonus to <i>overawe</i> and <i>ridicule</i> .
Trash Track	5	1	2	Instant	20 miles/ <i>faith</i>	Tracks an individual.
Volcano	9	6	4	2/round	20 yds./ <i>faith</i>	Causes a volcanic eruption.

# The Marshal's Handbook







# Chapter Four:

# Spooky Secrets

Okay, you players know the drill.  
Take a hike. Scram. Skedaddle.  
Vamoose. Git!  
I'll tell your Marshal.  
That's better.

## Brass Tacks

All right, Marshal, now that those players are gone we can get down to business.

This chapter's overflowing with informational goodness. We've got the low down on all the juicy bits of the toxic shamans' history, the true powers of those relics we waved under the players' noses, all the information you need to know about what happens when the toxic spirits bite your spook's head off, the effects caretakers and corrupters have on the environment, the location of Jimmy Hoffa's body, and who really shot Kennedy.

Okay, we don't actually have those last two bits of information (yeah, like we'd tell you if we did), but the rest of it is all here. Although, if you dig around under Giants Stadium you might just be surprised at what you find.

## The Great Summoning

As you might imagine, the Great Summoning the Sioux shamans pulled off was some seriously big-time medicine. The shamans pulled out all the stops, used every ritual they knew (including some which had been banned centuries before), called in every spiritual marker they held, and they still damn near failed. Even success was costly—more than 90% of those involved in the mass ordeal failed to survive the experience.

What the Sioux shamans did was contact an Elemental spirit. That's Elemental with a capital "E," if you're paying attention. These enormously powerful spirits have been around since the world began—some say even before. Elementals have a strong connection to the Earth and they have the Earth's power at their command. Fortunately for the human race, these powerful beings have slumbered for millennia.

The Elementals' slumber is fortunate because when they are awake, things happen. Volcanoes erupt, typhoons strip islands bare, and tsunamis flood coastlines—all things that are bad for the people living near these disasters. The Elementals cause these events not because they have it in for the human race, but because it's what they do—it's as natural as breathing.

The Sioux shamans managed to make enough ruckus in the Hunting Grounds to get one of these spirits to open its eyes and look around. The Elemental wasn't too happy about being disturbed, but it figured that if granting the shamans' request would make them shut up and let it get back to sleep, it would.

Within the borders of the Sioux Nations the spirit created an area in which Nature ruled supreme. Inside this zone man's inventions and the tech spirits he created had little to no power—the nature spirits were in charge. Any tech spirits entering the Sioux Nation could be attacked by the

nature spirits, even inside their technological shells where they were normally safe.

## Tech in the Sioux Nations

So, what does this mean for a posse thinking about heading into the Sioux Nations? It means they had better learn how to use a bow and arrow because all of their high-tech toys are not going to function for very long.

The Elemental's magic has faded some over the centuries, but it is still quite potent. While inside the borders of the Sioux Nations, all technological devices must make Stability rolls every minute. If the roll is failed, the device stops working and won't work again until it has left the area. Junker devices use their normal Stability rating for this roll. Non-junker items within this zone are considered to have a Stability of 20. The only catch is that all devices in this zone have their Stability reduced by -6. This means a normal device rolls against a Stability of 14.

Unless the posse gets into a fight just after it crosses the border, don't bother rolling for all of their equipment. Just assume that after about 10 minutes, it has all stopped working.

What's affected by the Sioux's anti-tech whammy? Pretty much everything that wasn't made by hand from all-natural materials. Weapons, vehicles, and other high-tech gizmos are obvious targets, but it doesn't stop there. Modern combat knives lose their edge and the blade breaks if subjected to any stress; backpack straps continuously loosen and fall off the hero's shoulders; waterproof tents leak and the ropes and poles are easily broken—you get the idea. Some items may require you to get inventive, but the posse should quickly learn they cannot rely on any item that was not handcrafted from some plant, animal, or naturally occurring mineral.

For obvious reasons, cyborgs stay well away from this place. It's more than just having a few systems and limbs stop working—when the spirit fetter fails bad things happen. For starters, none of the deader's systems work even if they haven't failed yet. Roll 1d10 when the fetter fails. For every



2 points on this roll the cyborg gains 1 level of the *unfettered* Hindrance. If this causes the manitou's effective *Spirit* die to drop below a d4, the cyborg is dead.

## Junker Magic

Not many junkers travel to the Sioux Nations for one simple reason: their magic doesn't work there. Tech spirits stay as far away from this place as they possibly can, so junker heroes have no way of performing their powers or tool tricks. In addition, all of the junker's browser spirits desert him while he's inside Sioux territory. Familiars stop working also.

## Toxic Shamans

Corrupters are not welcome in the Sioux Nations and their magic does not work. As Dirty Waters described, caretakers are welcomed by the Lakota. Caretakers' magic only works, however, if they are granted a talisman by one of the Sioux shamans. These talismans are smaller versions of the totems set up around Deadwood. As long as the shaman possesses this talisman, the nature spirits leave him alone and allow him to work his medicine.

Toxic shamans without a talisman cannot invoke any favors and they lose the use of their toxic guardians, if any.

## Doomies, Sykers, and the Blessed

Since Domsayers, sykers, and the blessed channel energy directly from the Hunting Grounds rather than using spiritual intermediaries, their brands of magic work just fine inside the Sioux Nations.

## Traditional Shamans

Working their medicine is easier than ever for traditional shamans inside Sioux Territory. The area within the Lakota's borders has become a haven for nature spirits where they can flee the corruption caused by the war and the Reckoners.

All traditional shamans gain a +2 bonus to all of their ritual rolls (see the *Deadlands Player's Guide* or *Ghost Dancers* for more details on how this

# Spooky Secrets

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type of magic works). Medicine men who have taken the Old Ways vow get an additional +4 bonus within the Sioux Nations—giving them a whopping +6 bonus overall.

## Leaving the Nations

Once the posse decides to leave Lakota Territory, the heroes have a few last rolls to make. Each hero needs to roll a d20 for each of his possessions (just roll for important things like weapons, armor, and so on, don't bother with boots, toothbrushes, and things like that unless you want to). If he rolls a 20, the item's tech spirit didn't survive its stay. The item is permanently broken.

Likewise, junkers, toxic shamans, and anyone else who has some form of spirit buddy, need to roll 1d20 for each of these spirits. On a roll of 20, the browser, familiar, toxic guardian, or what have you, wasn't driven off—it was killed and the hero loses its use permanently.

## The Sioux Nations

### *Fear Level 2*

As long as we're discussing the Sioux Nations, we might as well talk about what your heroes are likely to encounter should they venture in.

The two most likely things for your posse to encounter is a scouting party or a hunting party. Which they run into is up to you, Marshal, but it should depend on how far into Sioux Territory the posse has traveled.

Scouting parties patrol the edges of the Sioux Nations looking for intruders. Only Indians wishing to join the tribe, individuals with business for the *wicasas*, and caretaker toxic shamans are allowed inside the nation's borders. All other are asked to leave. If they refuse, they're removed by force. A typical scouting party contains 5-1d6 braves. See the profile below for stats.



Hunting parties are found deeper inside the Sioux Nations. These are groups of 20 to 30 families and they may be found encamped or on the move following the buffalo herds. A typical hunting party has 20+3d20 braves, 1d4-1 shamans, and an equal number of old people, noncombatants, and children.

## Profile: Sioux Brave

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

Bow 4d6, climbin' 3d8, fightin': brawlin', knife, tomahawk 4d8, ridin': horse 5d8, sneak 5d8, swimmin 2d8, throwin': balanced 3d6

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

Area knowledge: Sioux Nations 4d6, search 4d8, trackin' 5d8, survival: plains 4d8, faith 3d8

**Edges:** Guardian spirit: wolf 1 (See *Ghost Dancers* for details on what this does.)

**Hindrances:** Oath -3: Old Ways

**Pace:** 8

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 16

**Special Abilities:** (Again, you'll need to consult *Ghost Dancers*.)

**Shaman Rituals:** Ritual 3: paint

**Shaman Favors:** Spirit warrior

**Gear:** Horse, bow, 30 arrows, flint knife or tomahawk.

## Profile: Sioux Shaman

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

Bow 3d6, climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin', spear 4d6, ridin': horse 3d6, sneak 3d6, throwin': balanced 4d6

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

Academia: occult 4d10, area knowledge: Sioux Nations 3d10, faith 5d12, guts 3d12, medicine 3d10, overawe 4d8, search 3d8, scrutinize 4d8, survival: plains 3d8, tale tellin' 2d8, trackin' 3d8

**Edges:** Arcane background: shaman 3, guardian spirit 4 (See *Ghost Dancers* for more details on this).

**Hindrances:** Intolerance: Corrupters -3, oath: Old Ways -3

**Pace:** 6

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 20

**Special Abilities:** (There's not enough room to detail all of these abilities here. Check out *Ghost Dancers* or assign them similar toxic shaman favors minus all the pollution trappings.)

**Shaman Rituals:** Ritual 5: dance, fast, pledge, scar

**Shaman Favors:** Healing, lightning strike, summon spirit, guiding wind, spirit warrior.

**Gear:** Medicine bag, spear or staff, flint knife, talismans, and various herbs and potions.

## The Ravenites

There were more true Ravenites—members of Raven's cult—among Sitting Bull's followers than Dirty Waters realizes. Their goal was to use Sitting Bull to turn the Sioux Nations against the Old Ways movement—a task they obviously failed at.

Raven was not pleased with what happened in the Sioux Nations and he was even more displeased that his followers turned away from his cause to pursue a life of decadence and greed in Deadwood. That was one of his primary reasons for destroying the place—that, and the fact that over a century of torture had put him in a really grumpy mood.

### Ravenites: The People

The inhabitants of Deadwood have scattered across the Wasted West. Some have taken the Old Ways Oath and joined the Lakota tribe, but most have headed out into the wastes to find fortune and fame. Many Ravenites have made it their life's goal to find Tommy Two Women and make sure he suffers for his betrayal of his people. Most have become mercenaries who work for the highest bidder regardless of the cause, and a few have even set themselves up as petty warlords.

More than one once-rich Ravenite has had dreams of leading a salvage team into Deadwood. A few expeditions have tried—including one which was backed by Throckmorton—but none has yet returned from the dead city. (See page 122 for details on what your heroes can expect in the ruins of Deadwood).

Tommy Two Women is still alive—and living under an alias, for obvious reasons. He's nothing spectacular stat-wise. Use the Ravenite archetype stats if your heroes encounter him, but bump his *Mien* and *Smarts* up to 2d12

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and give him a *persuasion* Aptitude of 6d12 and a *bluff* of 5d12. Oh yeah, he's also got a *gamblin'* Aptitude of 6d12.

### Ravenites: The Cult

Raven's followers aren't as numerous as they once were, but those who remain are as fanatical as ever. The cult is organized into cells of 11-30 cultists (10+1d20) led by a "Raven"—a leader who calls himself Raven, and whom many of the cultists believe is "the" Raven.

Different cells work in different ways. Some work openly, causing mayhem and destruction, while others have infiltrated some of the larger survivor settlements and work behind the scenes to spread disharmony and war between the groups.

The cells receive little guidance from Raven himself—he's busy with a little project east of the Mississippi—but the false Ravens recently had a vision from their leader. He warned them that he would soon return. Those who had served him faithfully would be rewarded, while those who had failed him would suffer greatly. This has spurred the false Ravens into a flurry of activity, as none of them wish to suffer Raven's wrath.

### Profile: Raven Cultist

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

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': brawlin', knife 3d6, shootin: rifle, pistol 3d8, sneak 4d6

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

Academia: occult 3d6, faith 4d8, scroungin' 4d6, search 3d8, survival: various 3d6

**Edges:** Friends in High Places 3 (can call on a false Raven and other cultists for help)

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance: Old Ways -5, vengeful -3

**Pace:** 6

**Size:** 6  
**Wind:** 16  
**Gear:** Assorted rifles and pistols.  
**Description:** All of the cultists are of Native American descent and have a tattoo of a black raven somewhere on their bodies.

### Profile: False Raven

**Corporeal:** D:4d8, N:5d10, S:3d12, Q:2d10, V:3d12  
Climbin' 3d10, drivin' car 3d10, fightin' brawlin', staff 5d10, shootin' rifle, pistol 5d8, sneak 5d10  
**Mental:** C:2d10, K:3d8, M:3d12, Sm:4d8, Sp:4d12  
Academia: occult 5d8, disguise 4d8, faith 6d12, guts 4d12, overawe 5d12, performin' 4d12, persuasion 5d12, scrutinize 5d10, search 4d10, survival: various 4d8  
**Edges:** Arcane background: toxic shaman 3, thick-skinned 3, toxic guardian: (various spheres, but Insect is most common) 5, the stare 1

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance: Old Ways -3, intolerance: whites -3, mean as a rattler -2, vengeful -3

**Pace:** 10

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 24

### Special Abilities:

**Armor:** Black magic grants the Ravens level 2 armor.

**Bolt o' Doom:** A Raven can launch a black bolt at his enemies with a Fair (5) *faith* roll. The bolt is Speed 1, Range Increment 10, and does 4d8 damage. Each bolt launched costs the Raven 1 Wind.

**Toxic Shaman Favors:** Corrupt, curse, healing, summon spirit, zombie, 3 others from a single sphere matching his guardian.

**Gear:** Black robes, staff, assorted rifles and pistols.

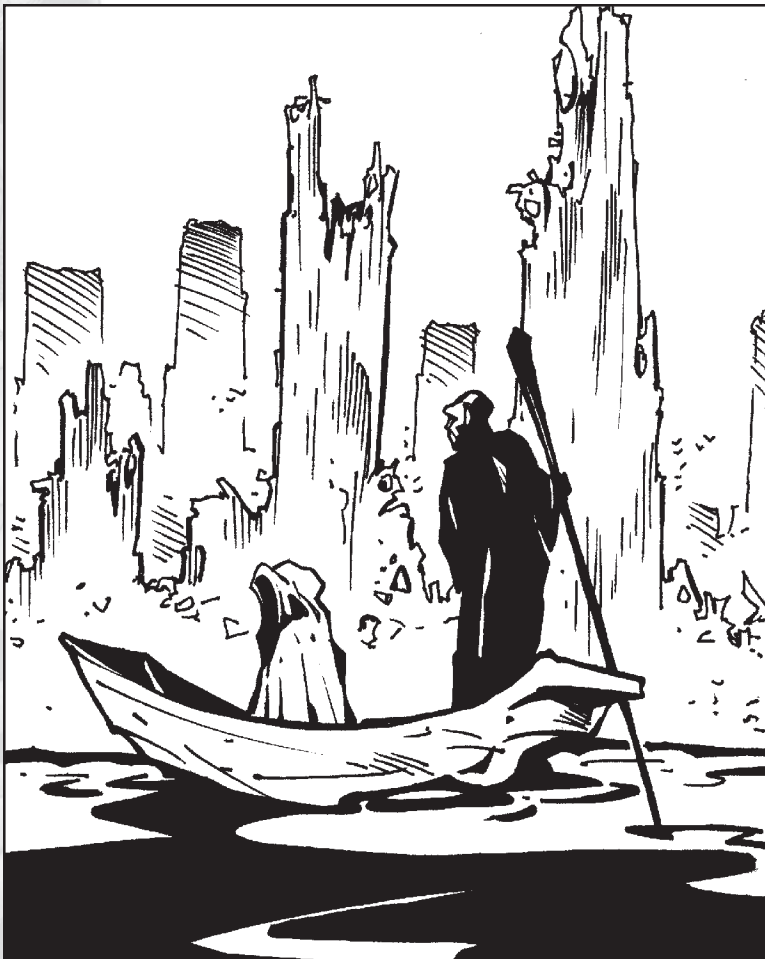
**Description:** When not in disguise, "Raven" wears a black robe and carries a large staff decorated with various talismans. Many Ravens have attempted to emulate their master's appearance by setting themselves on fire. Many of them are horribly scarred with burns from head to foot.

## The Border War

The border war sparked by the Coyote Confederation was actually the work of Raven. He finally succeeded in his plans to kill Isatai and assume his place as Coyote, the leader of the Confederation.

At this time, Raven was still a faithful servant of the Reckoners and he was trying to hasten their coming. He thought if he could cause tensions along the border and provoke another war between the US and the CSA, the jump in the Fear level would give him an opportunity to call them forth.

Madison's assault into the Coyote Confederation was unexpected, but it still gave Raven the opportunity he was looking for. As the tribes turned to him for help, he arranged for the Old Ways shamans to speak before the council. By twisting their idea he could kill two birds with one stone—he could summon the Reckoners and discredit the Old Ways movement.



# The Great Wasting

Unknown to the Confederation shamans who blindly trusted Coyote/Raven, all of the spiritual energy their rituals created was not being channeled to nature spirits which might have aided them, but to the Reckoners ever-faithful servants, the manitous.

When the ritual was completed, it opened a massive portal to the Hunting Grounds through which flowed manitous and things much worse. This spiked the Fear level in the Confederation, temporarily turning the place into a Deadlands. Evil spirits stalked the land killing, maiming, and causing general mayhem. Fortunately for the Coyote tribes, this momentary Deadlands wasn't strong enough for the Reckoners to chance coming to Earth at that time.

Unfortunately, the ritual did have a lasting effect. The Reckoners' corrupting influence flowed through the gate and spread back through the shamans' spiritual link to the land and their people to create a supernatural wasteland. The lands of the Coyote Confederation became a blighted landscape shunned by most nature spirits.

## The Children o' the Dust

Some of the most unfortunate victims of the Great Wasting were the youngest. As the manitous flowed across the land, they forced their way into the wombs of pregnant women. The lucky children died. The others had their still-forming souls warped and corrupted as manitous actually merged with them, creating an unholy human/manitou crossbreed.

These children defined the term "demon seed." As they grew, their evil side often manifested itself, causing death and destruction around them. It was never anything that could be directly attributed to the child, but many "unfortunate accidents" occurred around them. Even worse than the mayhem they caused, these "Children of the Dust" passed their demonic traits on to their offspring.

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The descendants of these original children are stirring up trouble today. Many remained in the Coyote Confederation—where they are revered by the mutant tribesmen who live there—but others have gone looking for excitement elsewhere. One of these demonic half-breeds can be found anywhere in the Wasted West.

A Child of the Dust appears human, but always exhibits some sign of its demonic side. Some have the traditional clubfoot while others have long, sharp canines or black eyes.

### Profile: Child of the Dust

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

Climbin' 3d10, drivin': car 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 5d10, shootin': rifle, pistol 5d8, sneak 5d10

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

Academia: occult 6d8, overawe 5d12, performin' 4d12, scrutinize 5d10, search 4d10

**Edges:** Sand 5, "the stare" 1, tough as nails 5, "the voice" 1

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty -2, mean as a rattler -2, vengeful -3

**Pace:** 10

**Size:** 6


**Wind:** 34

#### Special Abilities:

**Armor:** Black magic grants the Child level 2 armor.

**Bolt o' Doom:** A Child can launch a black bolt at his enemies with a Fair (5) *Spirit* roll. The bolt is Speed 1, Range Increment 10, and does 4d8 damage. Each bolt launched costs the Child 1 Wind.

**Choke:** The Child can telekinetically choke anyone who gives them lip. This power has a range of 20 yards, or 10 miles if the Child has an object which belonged to the victim. Roll a contest of the Child's *Spirit* versus the victim's *Vigor* at the beginning of each round. If the



Child wins, his target suffers the difference between the rolls in Wind. If the target wins with a raise, she has shaken off the effects temporarily. The Child cannot attempt to choke that individual again until 24 hours have passed.

**Claws:** The Child can sprout a set of nasty claws that do STR+2d6 damage.

**Illusion:** The Child can cause a single target to see things which aren't there. These are usually things which the man-demon knows frighten its victim or which could cause the target to injure themselves or another. Roll a contest of *Spirits*. If the Child wins, it can cause the victim to see nearly anything. Each round this illusion is maintained costs the creature 1 Wind. If the illusion is something which the victim has reason to believe is not there, she may roll a new contest of *Spirits* each round. If the victim wins with a raise, the illusion ends.

**Shove:** Oops, Mommy fell down the stairs. This power allows the Child to give someone a telekinetic shove or topple something over on an unsuspecting victim. It has a range of 50 yards. When shoving a person, roll a contest of the victim's *Strength* versus the Child's *Spirit*. The Child should get a bonus to his roll if the target is surprised by this sudden shove.

**Gear:** A wide assortment of weapons and armor. Many wear vests (AV 2) to supplement their natural armor. (How fair is that?)

**Description:** Children of the Dust outside the Coyote Confederation dress much like normal people and try to wear clothing that covers any deformities they might have. Those within the toxic wastes tend to wear robes and carry staves. They generally play the part of demonic cult leader to the hilt.

## Toxic Spirits

Dirty Waters is right on the money as far as the origins of the toxic spirits and how the magic of the toxic shamans works. He's a little off the mark when it comes to their motivations.

### What Do They Want?

He's right when he says that the toxic spirits want to turn the world into a polluted wasteland. They don't want to kill off the human race, though—with one exception, but we'll get to that in a moment.

The toxic spirits want to make the rest of the world like the Coyote Confederation. You can think of the toxic wastes there as a sort of model by which they judge the rest of the world by. They want to keep a portion of humanity alive, yet dependent on them for survival.

Why? Because without humanity to muck things up, nature will eventually cleanse itself. It may take months, years, or even millennia in the case of some radioactive contamination, but eventually the world will be clean again. When that happens the toxic spirits will lose most of their power (there's always some naturally occurring pollution), and be defenseless against attacks by the nature spirits in the Hunting Grounds.

As long as humanity is still around, though, the toxic spirits are confident they can always convince someone to make a mess of things somewhere.

### Insect Spirits

The exception we mentioned is, of course, the insect spirits. After thousand of years of being poisoned, squashed, zapped, and checked in, but not out, they want some payback. They don't care about what happens after the human race is exterminated, they're just concerned with reaching that goal. If the world returns to a pristine natural state, the insect spirits don't care—just so long as there are no more humans in it. The whole pollution gig is just a means to an end for them.

# Toxic Cults

As Dirty Waters mentioned, toxic cults have begun to spring up across the Wasted West. They can be found nearly anywhere, but they are most common around ruined cities because it is much easier to find sources of pollution to unleash on the environment.

Most cults are small, numbering between 2 and 12 individuals (2d6). These small cults rarely have a shaman among them, but the leader usually has a 3 or 5-point toxic guardian.

## Larger Cults

There are a few large cults. Most of these have between 21 and 40 members (20+1d20) and all are led by a toxic shaman. Most of these leaders were once cultists themselves and moved up through the ranks by performing ever greater acts of pollution. Use one of the toxic shaman archetypes for their stats.

There are two cults in particular which have made a name for themselves.

## The Burning Sky

A group called the Burning Sky is a smog cult in southeastern Texas. They have approximately 40 members and are led by a smog shaman named TB. This cult's specialty is starting oil well fires. They've touched off over a score of oil rigs in the past three years. Both Oil Town and OPEC have offered a reward for their demise: \$50 a head for each cultist and \$2000 for TB himself.

This group has proved very elusive—mainly because the prospective bounty hunters are looking in the wrong place. The group actually lives on an oil platform out in the Gulf of Mexico. They slip ashore to light a fire and then retreat back out on the water before anyone knows they were there.

Taking them out on their home turf is a tall order. The cult has a number of machine-guns mounted around the edges of the platform and the water around its base is mined. The group also routinely throws the bodies of prisoners overboard to attract sharks.

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## The Black Water Gang

A cult calling itself the Black Water Gang makes its home in the Great Maze. This group has nearly 50 members and is led by two sludge shamans, Slick and Red Tide.

The BWG pollutes the waters of the Great Maze with ghost rock. They hunt through the mines, wrecked ships, and abandoned outposts in the area for the stuff. Once they find some, they load it on their flagship, the Black Wave. This ship has a number of industrial-sized rock pulverizers on it that they use to grind the ghost rock into a fine powder. Once they've done that, they load the dust into large hoppers and sail up and down the channels leaving a wake of ghost rock powder behind them.





This method of distributing the ghost rock is highly effective. The small particles are easily digested by fish and other wildlife. Once in the animals' systems, the ghost rock's supernatural effects kick in. The areas visited by the BWG have shown a remarkable increase in the numbers of mutated fish and other wildlife. These vicious creatures are making life difficult for the survivor communities of the Maze.

Many of these towns have tried to put an end to the cult's pollution, but with little success. The group has established hideouts in a number of places in the Maze and rarely stays in one location for any length of time.

There will be more details about the Black Water Gang—and the towns they are terrorizing—in the upcoming *Shattered Coast* supplement.

## Profile: Toxic Cultist

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

Climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin 3d6, shootin': rifle, pistol 3d6, sneak 3d6, swimmin' 2d6

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

Faith: toxic spirits 3d8, search 3d6, survival: any 4d6

**Edges:** Thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 3, toxic guardian: (any) 1

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance: caretakers -3

**Pace:** 6

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 24

**Gear:** SA or NA assault rifle and 30 rounds of ammunition

## Profile: TB

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

Climbin' 2d6, drivin: boat, car 4d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, shootin': pistol 4d8, speed load: pistol 3d8, sneak 3d6, swimmin 3d6

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

Faith: toxic spirits 6d12, guts 3d12, leadership 3d10, overawe 3d10, scrutinize 3d8, scroungin': 5d8 professional: law 5d8, search 4d8

**Edges:** Arcane background: toxic shaman 3, spirit metabolism 3, toxic guardian: smog 5

**Hindrances:** Intolerance: caretakers -3

**Pace:** 6

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 22

### Special Abilities:

**Strain:** 10

**Toxic Shaman:** Strain: 10, Sphere: Smog, Favors: Coffin nails, gas form, healing, purple haze, suffocate, whirlwind

**Gear:** Armored vest (AV 2), S&W Model 683, 20 rounds of .44 Magnum ammo, Super Fund slug (CSA)

**Description:** TB was once a lawyer for the tobacco industry. He still dresses as if he's about to appear in court. He wears a nice designer suit (scavenged), expensive shoes (also scavenged), and carries his gun in a leather briefcase.

# The Coyote Wasteland

*Fear Level 5*

The former lands of the Coyote Confederation are a toxic wasteland hostile to human life. The area is ruled by five cannibalistic tribes that revere both toxic spirits and the Children of the Dust as gods.

Let's take a look at the tribes and the other hazards of traveling into this barren land.

## The Tribes

The mutant tribes that roam these wastes are the twisted descendants of the Indian tribes which were part of the Coyote Confederation. Not all of the inhabitants of the Confederation suffered this fate. Many fled after the land changed on Judgment Day. Some found refuge in the Sioux Nations, while others found safety with other tribes or in non-Indian communities. These refugees have one thing in common: they would like to return home someday and reclaim their lands. Many of them have become caretaker shamans.

Those who remained in Confederation territory were warped and twisted in the same way as their land. Some died from the "Change," but those who survived are some tough SOBs. The mutant tribes refer to themselves as "The Changed," and to their territory as the "Land of Change" or simply "The Changed Lands" (it sounds better in the Indian languages).

## Silas

These muties fully believe that the future belongs to the mutated, but they completely reject Silas' and the Doomsayers' theology. They want nothing to do with the Glow—toxic spirits are their gods.

Doomsayers found in the Changed Lands suffer a special fate. The cannibals serve them up one limb at a time and force the rad priest to partake

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in the feast. Caretakers caught in the muties territory suffer a similar fate, but they are often tortured first.

There are five tribes in the Changed Lands. Each one has chosen to worship a different sphere of toxic spirits. A profile of a typical mutie is provided after the descriptions of the tribes. This lists the muties' average stats and abilities. Given the random nature of mutations, though, any one mutie can vary greatly from this profile. All of the muties are naturally resistant to the pollution around them.

## Black Talons

The Black Talons are the largest and most powerful of the Changed tribes. They occupy the central portion of the eastern Coyote Confederation. The tribe is broken up into small raiding parties of 20 to 40 individuals that guard the tribes' lands and often raid norm settlements in western Arkansas. These parties lead a nomadic existence and have no permanent encampments.

This tribe worships the Insect sphere.

## Blood Claw

The Black Talons are led by Blood Claw, the self-styled "Champion of the Changed." This would-be mutant king has established his capitol in the ruins of Stunted Pines, a small town at the point where the Canadian River flows into the Arkansas River.

Blood Claw holds "court" in the auditorium of the local high school. He's guarded at all times by 20 of his most loyal warriors. Any outsiders captured in Black Talon lands are brought before the king for judgment. In most cases this involves the prisoners being turned back over to the raiding party that captured them after a few choice cuts of meat are taken for Blood Claw's table.

Doomsayers and caretakers brought to Blood Claw are normally tortured before the king for his amusement before being served up as dinner.

Blood Claw is a huge, hulking mutant who tends to speak in monosyllables. He's a big fan of the Conan movies and delights in hearing "the lamentation of the women." Few are his equal in hand-to-hand combat.

## Profile: Blood Claw

**Corporeal:** D:2d10, N:3d12, S:4d12+4, Q:4d10, V:3d12  
Climbin' 4d10, fightin': battle axe, brawlin', sword 7d12, ridin': horse 3d12, shootin': rifle, pistol, shotgun 4d10, sneak 4d12, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 4d10  
**Mental:** C:2d8, K:2d4, M:3d12, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d10  
Area knowledge: Changed Lands 5d4, faith 4d10, guts 5d10, leadership 3d12, overawe 6d12, search 3d8, scrutinize 3d8, survival: toxic wastes 5d6, trackin' 4d8  
**Edges:** Tough as nails 5, "the stare" 1, "the voice": threatening 1



**Hindrances:** Big britches -3, bloodthirsty -2, ugly as sin -3, vengeful -3

**Pace:** 12

**Size:** 9

**Wind:** 30

### Special Abilities:

**Armor:** Blood Claw's leathery skin gives him AV 1 at all locations.

**Berserker:** If Blood Claw suffers a wound he flies into a berserker rage. While in this state, he ignores all wound penalties and is unaffected by Wind damage. In addition, his *Strength* increases to 4d12+8. He must make a Hard (9) *Smarts* roll to recover from this rage. Until he does, he continues to attack in hand-to-hand combat, even if it means attacking his own warriors.

**Regeneration:** Blood Claw can make a healing roll for each of his wounds every 6 hours.

**Resistant:** The mutant king is naturally resistant to most toxins. He gets a +6 bonus to all *Vigor* rolls to resist them.

**Gear:** When going into battle, Blood Claw wears a heavy suit of crude platemail made from the remnants of a suit of power armor. It grants him AV 4 on the torso and head and AV 2 on his limbs. He carries a Ruger Thunderhawk with 30 rounds of ammunition and an enormous battle axe (Speed 1 (2 to anyone with less than 3d12 *Strength*), DB +2, Damage STR+2d10).

**Description:** Blood Claw is an enormous mutant who stands nearly 8' tall. He has dark, leathery skin and mismatched eyes (one is blue, the other is black) that give him an unnerving stare.

## Sickle Cell

As you might have guessed from Blood Claw's stats, he's not the sharpest knife in the drawer. The true organizing force behind the mutant king's drive to unite the tribes is a toxic shaman who calls himself Sickle Cell.

Sickle Cell is a weasely little man who is interested only in power. He's currently hitched himself to Blood Claw, but should he stumble, the shaman will

turn against him in a heartbeat—this might be the one thing that keeps heroes brought before Blood Claw out of the stew pot.

Unlike the other shamans in the Black Talon tribe, who are insect shamans, Sickie Cell is a sludge shaman. This has caused some mistrust, but none of the mutants dare speak against him while Sickie Cell has Blood Claw's ear—the few who did have ended up as dinner.

## Profile: Sickie Cell

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

Climbin' 2d6, fightin': brawlin', staff 3d6, ridin': horse 3d6, shootin': pistol 4d8, speed load: pistol 3d8, sneak 3d6, swimmin 3d6

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

Faith: toxic spirits 6d12, guts 3d12, leadership 3d10, overawe 3d10, scrutinize 3d8, scroungin': 5d8, search 4d8

**Edges:** Arcane background: toxic shaman 3, poisoned 3, spirit metabolism 3, toxic guardian: sludge 5

**Hindrances:** Ailin': chronic 0, intolerance: caretakers -3, lame -3, mean as a rattler -2, scrawny -5, ugly as sin -3, yearnin': rule the Changed tribes -5

**Pace:** 4

**Size:** 5

**Wind:** 22

**Special Abilities:**

**Strain:** 10

**Toxic Shaman:** Strain: 10, Sphere: Sludge, Favors: Acid ball, blob form, corrupt, curse, flush, immunity: sludge, poison, zombie

**Gear:** Armored vest (AV 2), Colt .45, 20 rounds .45 ammo, 1 frag grenade, 1 tear gas grenade, staff

**Description:** Sickie Cell is a short, thin man with a sickly complexion. One of his legs is shorter than the other, causing him to walk with a peculiar, rolling gait. One side of his face sags as if he has had a stroke. This causes him to speak with a pronounced lisp. The shaman also has chronic lung problems that cause him to cough frequently.

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## Bloody Spears

The Bloody Spears claim the northwestern portion of Coyote territory west of the Caney River and as far south as the Cimarron River. This tribe is the second largest in the Changed Lands and the biggest threat to Blood Claw's dreams of conquest.

The Bloody Spears' wily chief, Dennis Lacklegs has formed a rough alliance with the Growling Wolves and Winged Serpents. Despite his best efforts though, the three "allied" tribes continue to squabble amongst themselves while the Black Talons' power grows.

Dennis Lacklegs is a tough customer, and not someone the heroes should try to BS. He got his name because he was born with one deformed leg. He forced the tribe's shamans to amputate *both* his legs and he now zips around in a tracked, armored wheelchair built by a captured junker.

The Bloody Spears worship the Sludge sphere.

## Growling Wolves

The Growling Wolves control the southwestern portion of the Changed Lands from the Red River north to the Canadian. They are led by a female radiation shaman named Curie. She and her council of advisers maintain a permanent encampment just outside the ghost-rock maelstrom over the Red Rock Nuclear Weapons Facility.

This Confederate base took a hit from a conventional nuke as well as a ghost rock bomb, so the radiation levels here are very high—only Curie and her shaman advisers can withstand these levels for prolonged periods. The maelstrom here glows with an eerie green light at night.

Any heroes brought to this place need to make Hard (9) *Vigor* rolls every hour to avoid a case of the glows. They also need to wash their equipment thoroughly after leaving to keep from taking the contamination with them.

## The Hunchbacks

The Hunchbacks occupy the southeastern corner of the Changed Lands as far west as Muddy Boggy Creek. This tribe is the third largest, but it is poorly led. Many of the clans within the tribe fight with each other and occasionally against their allies in the Black Talons.

The Hunchbacks are led by an immense load of a mutant named Garth (his less respectful tribesmen refer to him as "Girth"). Garth has metabolic problems that cause much of what he eats to be turned to fat—he currently tops the scales at over 500 pounds. Despite this, he is immensely strong and a powerful warrior when he can summon up the energy to lift his butt out of his "throne."

Garth is more concerned with ensuring himself a steady supply of non-mutant slave girls for his steel-reinforced bed than uniting the tribes. His warriors spend as much time raiding survivor settlements outside the Changed Lands as they do fighting alongside the Black Talons.

Sickle Cell is currently plotting to have Garth meet with an accident—perhaps his heart will give out while sampling the latest prisoners.

The Hunchbacks worship the Trash sphere.

## Winged Serpents

The Winged Serpents are the smallest tribe, and with good reason—they inhabit the central portion of the Changed Lands between the Growling Wolves and the Hunchbacks. The tribes' warriors constantly fight both of these tribes, as well as occasional raids by the Black Talons.

The only thing which has allowed this tribe to survive is its strong leader. The Winged Serpents are led by Sidewinder, a female smog shaman who is also a Child of the Dust. Sidewinder is utterly ruthless and also

harbors dreams of someday ruling the Changed Lands and beyond. Should Blood Claw die, Sickie Cell will be at her doorstep the next day.

## Profile: The Changed

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

Climbin' 3d6, fightin': brawlin', spear 3d6, shootin': rifle, pistol, shotgun 3d6, sneak 3d6, swimmin' 2d6

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

Faith: toxic spirits 3d8, search 3d6, survival: toxic wastes 4d6

**Edges:** Thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 3, toxic guardian: (by tribe) 3

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance: caretakers -3

**Pace:** 6

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 24

**Gear:** Varies widely. About 10% of any group have a military rifle of some sort and a full clip, 40% have a selection of civilian rifles, pistols, and shotguns, the rest have an assortment of spears, clubs, and crude swords.

## Profile: Veteran Changed

These are Coyote braves who spent time in the Confederate military. They form the core of any war parties and serve as bodyguards to the tribe chieftains.

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

Climbin' 4d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 4d8, shootin': rifle, pistol 5d8, sneak 4d8, swimmin' 3d8

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

Faith: toxic spirits 3d8, search 4d8, survival: toxic wastes 4d8

**Edges:** Thick-skinned 3, tough as nails 3, toxic guardian: (by tribe) 5

**Hindrances:** Bloodthirsty -2, intolerance: caretakers -3

**Pace:** 8

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 24

**Gear:** SA assault rifle, 60 rounds of 7.62mm ammunition, infantry battlesuit, combat knife, and 2 frag grenades.

# The Toxic Wastes

If your posse gets its heart set on going to visit the remnants of the Coyote Confederation, you're going to need some idea of what they might run into. Any group who ventures in here had better be well-prepared to rough it.

## The Environment

The general environment within the Changed Lands is hostile to normal humans. Each day the posse spends within the wastes, each hero must make an Incredible (11) *survival: toxic wastes* roll or suffer 1d4 Wind. This Wind can only be regained by leaving the territory. Going bust on this roll means the brainer takes a light wound to a random location.

Wasters with gas masks or some other sort of filtration system can add +2 to these rolls. Fully-sealed armor or haz-mat suits add another +2 to these rolls.

Even the Harrowed must make *survival* rolls—the chemicals in the environment eat away at their dead flesh too. Deaders get a +2 to their rolls, but receive no bonus for air filters—they only breathe when they need to speak. They do however get the bonus for a sealed suit.

This assumes the group has brought their own supply of food and water with them. If the heroes are forced to drink the foul water or eat some of the warped animal life of the region, they suffer a -6 penalty to their *survival* rolls.

## Encounters

Besides the general nastiness of the environment, there are a number of other things your heroes may encounter while in the Changed Lands. Roll on the Changed Lands Table every 6 hours the posse spends traveling in this area, and once when they set up camp. If the group spends a significant amount of time camped in one location, roll once every 12 hours and ignore any results that call for a specific terrain type.

## Spooky Secrets

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## Changed Lands

1d20	Result
1-6	No Encounter
7-8	Raiding Party
9-10	Toxic Pool
11-12	Toxic Cloud
13	Rad Patch
14	Toxic Eruption
15	War Party
16	Quicksnudge
17	Trash Garden
18	Locust Swarm
19	Pale Horses
20	Buffalo

**No Encounter:** This means just that, the heroes don't run into anything out of the ordinary.

**Raiding Party:** The posse encounters a group of 2d6 Changed tribesmen. They are accompanied by 1d4-2 Veteran Changed.

**Toxic Pool:** The heroes find a large pool of water. Roll a die. On an odd result the pool is home to 1d6 toxic zombies. See the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for stats on the zombies (or use those from the *zombie* favor) and the effects of the pool on anyone who gets too close.

**Toxic Cloud:** A cloud of toxic chemicals blows over the posse. The cloud takes 1d6 minutes to pass. The heroes must each make a Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll each minute spent in the cloud or take the difference in Wind. The wasters get the standard bonuses for breathing gear and sealed suits. Wind caused by the cloud cannot be recovered while in the Changed Lands.

**Rad Patch:** The heroes have wandered into an area contaminated with radioactive fallout. If the group has an active Geiger counter, they notice the rads immediately and can avoid a case of the glows with a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll. If the patch is not

detected, the heroes blunder through the radiation and the TN to avoid poisoning goes up to Hard (9).

**Toxic Eruption:** The posse is on unstable ground over an underground toxic stream. Have all the heroes make Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* rolls. Those who fail puncture the crust and are covered in toxic slime that does 3d8 AP 2 damage. After their first encounter with such an area, future eruption sites can be spotted with Fair (5) *survival: toxic wastes* or Hard (9) *Cognition* roll.

**War Party:** The group encounters some muties with a mission. There are 5d6 Changed, 2d6 Veteran Changed, and 1d4-2 toxic shamans in the group. Determine the tribe by the posse's location.

**Quicksludge:** The heroes stumbled into some quicksludge. Have everyone make Incredible (11) *Cognition* rolls. Those who fail fall in. Treat this as the favor of the same name (see page 82). Roll a die. On an odd result, the quicksludge is acidic. Future encounters can be avoided as described above under **Toxic Eruption**.

**Trash Garden:** The heroes have found the site of an illegal landfill. The ground is covered with jagged pieces of rusted junk and garbage. The posse can detour around the place, but this takes them 2d6 miles out of their way. The ground is impassable to all but tracked vehicles, and even then the driver must make a Hard (9) *drivin'* roll to avoid getting hung up.

Walking through the area requires each hero to make two Onerous (7) *Nimbleness* checks. Failing either roll means the brainer has cut himself on a piece of junk. He takes 2d6 damage to a random location and must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll to avoid infection. If a body part becomes infected, the hero must make another roll against the same TN every 12 hours. Failing the roll means the infected area takes an additional wound. This continues until the waster succeeds at two rolls in a row, or the body part becomes maimed.

**Locust Swarm:** The posse is attacked by a swarm of carnivorous locusts. Roll 1d10 to determine the size of the swarm. It can attack one hero for each point of size. The swarm automatically hits each round for 3d4 massive damage. The swarm can only be affected by area effect weapons like explosives and flamethrowers. Every 20 points of damage done to the swarm reduces its size by 1 point.

**Pale Horses:** The heroes have encountered a herd of what passes for horses in the Changed Lands. These scrawny beasts are all the same color: a pale off-white. They are covered with open, running sores and are surrounded by a buzzing cloud of flies. Despite their appearance, they are fairly strong and their sharp hooves can deliver a nasty kick. There are 2d20 animals in the herd.

### Profile: Pale Horse

**Corporeal:** D:1d4, N:2d8, S:3d12, Q:1d8, V:2d10

**Fightin':** brawlin 3d8

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

**Search** 3d6

**Pace:** 20

**Size:** 9

**Wind:** NA

**Terror:** 3

**Damage:** Bite (STR), kick (STR+1d6)

**Description:** See above.

**Buffalo:** There are still buffalo in the Changed Lands—sort of. These beasts look sickly. Large patches of their shaggy hair has fallen out, their eyes are bloodshot, and great streams of snot flow from their noses. The meat of these piteous creatures is an acquired taste.

There are 3d20 animals in the herd.

### Profile: Changed Buffalo

**Corporeal:** D:1d4, N:2d8, S:3d12+4, Q:2d6, V:2d10

**Fightin':** brawlin 3d8

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

**Search** 3d6

**Pace:** 16

**Size:** 10

**Wind:** NA

**Terror:** 3

**Damage:** Bite (STR), head butt (STR+2d6)

**Special Abilities:**

**Trample:** If the buffalo's head butt attack hits with a raise or better, it knocks its foe down and can continue moving over him and perform an immediate trample attack that does STR+2d6 damage.

**Description:** See above.

## The Apache

Dirty Waters account of Apache history was on the money. What he doesn't know is that the tribe has a goal other than simply wandering the wastes looking for loot—they want to go home.

The Chiricahua want to return to their mountain stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains. There's only one problem. The Chamber (see *The Junkman Cometh*) has taken up residence there and they're not about to give the place up.

Matanza has asked the Chamber leaders once to leave. They refused, so now the Apache leader intends to live up to his name. His tribes' current wanderings are just biding time until Matanza feels they have the firepower needed to evict the junkers from their home.

The Apache have not taken any direct action against the Chamber's stronghold, but they do occasionally send raiding parties into the Dragoon Mountains to attack the junkers' scavenging parties as they return home with loot.

### Matanza

Matanza is a large, handsome Apache who commands the total trust of his people. He is quick to anger, and never forgets a slight or insult, but he is also doggedly loyal to his friends. His word is his bond—and he's vowed to reclaim the Apache's home.

The Chiricahua leader is a fierce warrior who always leads from the front. He's hard to miss in his bright red Wolverine armor bedecked with feathers and other talismans.

## Spooky Secrets

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### Profile: Matanza

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

Bow 4d10, climbin' 4d10, drivin': car, tank 4d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d10, ridin': horse 3d10, shootin': rifle, pistol, energy weapon 6d10, sneak 5d10, speed load: rifle 4d10

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

Area knowledge: the Southwest 4d8, leadership 2d10, overawe 4d10, scrutinize 3d8, search 5d8, survival: desert 5d8, tinkerin' 3d8, trackin' 5d8

**Edges:** Brawny 3, eagle eyes 1, level-headed 5

**Hindrances:** Loyal -3, oath: reclaim Apache home -5, vengeful -3

**Pace:** 10



**Size:** 7  
**Wind:** 18  
**Gear:** Wolverine armor with heartbeat sensor, helmet-mounted searchlight, and targeting system, an M-200 with 100 rounds of 20mm ammo, combat knife, and 2 frag grenades.

**Description:** See above.

## Apache Braves

The braves following Matanza are all committed to his cause. After years of living in a foreign land, he has restored their pride and given them a true sense of purpose.

The Chiricahua have traded in their trusty ponies for dirt bikes. Patrols of 2d6 Apache braves range out from the tribe's main body in all directions. It's their job to detect and report any threats to the tribe before they get close enough to be a danger. These patrols prefer to flee rather than fight—often leading their pursuers into a cleverly concealed ambush.

## Profile: Apache Brave

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

Bow 4d8, climbin' 4d8, drivin': car, motorcycle 4d8, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d8, ridin': horse 3d8, shootin': rifle, pistol 4d8, sneak 4d8, speed load: rifle 4d8

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

Area knowledge: the Southwest 4d6, overawe 3d6, scrutinize 3d8, search 5d8, survival: desert 4d8, tinkerin' 3d8, trackin' 5d8

**Edges:** Brave 2

**Hindrances:** Big britches -3

**Pace:** 8

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** 16

**Gear:** Infantry battlesuit, SA assault rifle with 60 rounds of 7.62mm ammo, combat knife, 2 frag grenades, dirt bike, walkie-talkie.

**Description:** See above.

# Deadwood

## Fear Level 6

There's a fortune in salvage to be had in the warehouses and bunkers beneath Deadwood's streets. The only problem is getting to it, and getting back out again. Besides all the supernatural badness waiting for the heroes, there's the problem of just physically transporting the goodies out.

There's not enough room to describe the city in detail—we'll cover that in a later supplement—but we can give you enough to convince your heroes that they should take Dirty Waters' advice.

## Gettin' There

If the heroes have been granted access to the Sioux Nations, they can simply walk or ride right past the totems and into the city. Coming out will still be a problem, because the Sioux don't want anything salvaged from Deadwood entering their lands.

If the group can't pass through Sioux territory, they are going to have to hoof it in via either the eastern or western highway. Unless the group has a tow truck and a lot of patience, there is no way to bring a vehicle into the city, the highways in and out are a tangled mass of wrecks and the roadway has collapsed in a few spots.

Driving along the mag-lev rails isn't much better. All of the tracks are blocked by stalled trains that stopped when the city lost power. It's possible to squeeze by on the maintenance walks, but nothing larger than a bicycle will fit through.

Walking in isn't exactly quick. Coming from the west, the posse has to cover nearly 120 miles to reach the city. The eastern route is double this. The best rate the group can make through the wrecks and rubble is about 10 miles a day on foot. That means it takes about 12 days to reach the city from the west and 24 days approaching from the east. Hope the heroes brought some food!

If the group is fortunate enough to own a helicopter or VTOL, it is possible to fly into the city along either of the rail corridors.

## Encounters

Those travel times don't include time to recuperate from getting whopped on. There are all sorts of nasty critters in the city and some of them wander out onto the highways.

While the posse is outside the city, roll for encounters twice a day on the Deadwood Table. Ignore results other than walkin' dead, veteran walkin' dead, and burned ones.

Once the heroes reach the city itself, roll for encounters once an *hour*. Deadwood is a dangerous place, and the heroes are going to learn that really fast.

## Deadwood

1d10	Result
1-4	No encounter
5	Walkin' Dead
6	Veteran Walkin' Dead
7	Burned Ones
8	Restless Spirit
9	Angry Spirit
10	Building Collapse

**Walkin' Dead:** Hundreds of thousands of people died when Raven attacked. A lot of them have gotten back up. The posse is attacked by a pack 20+1d20 walkin' dead. In a city run by some of the most successful arms merchants in the world, you can bet the zombies are armed. (See the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for stats.)

**Veteran Walkin' Dead:** Same story, better zombies. These are the bodies of cops, casino guards, and the like. There are 10+2d10. (See the *Wasted West*.)

**Burned Ones:** These are a new type of undead courtesy of Raven. They are the reanimated corpses of people who got crisped by the beams Raven used to topple the skyscrapers. There are 2d6 of these bad puppies.

**Restless Spirit:** The souls of many who died in Raven's attack still haunt the city. Some have vital tasks they must finish, others simply want to know what happened. They were eating breakfast when suddenly—wham—a building fell on their heads.

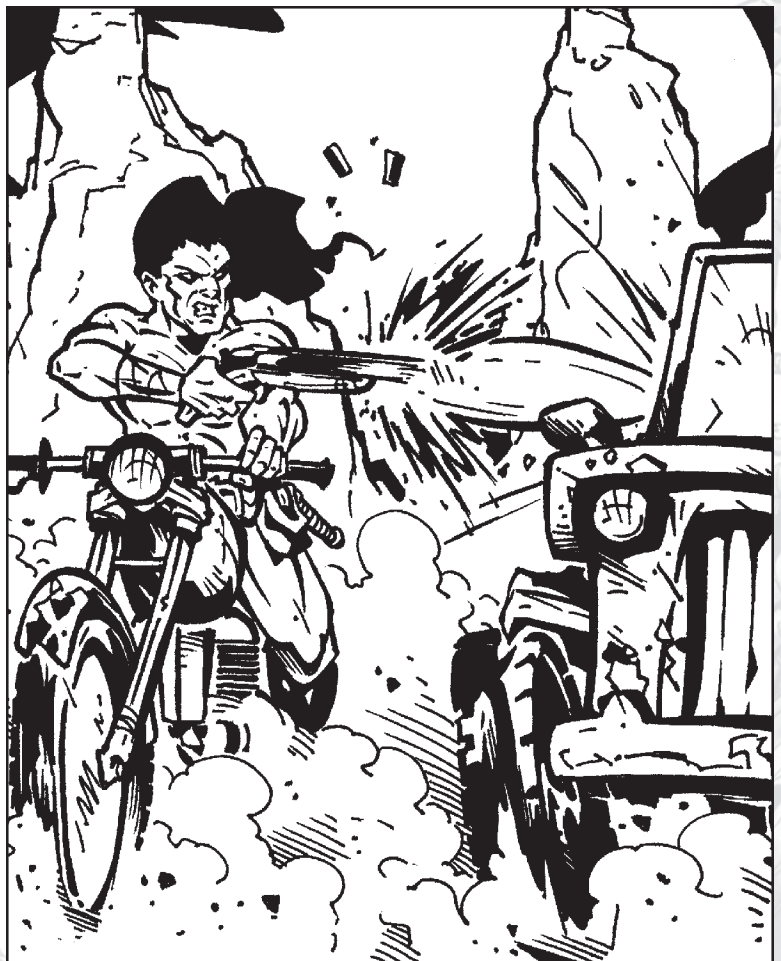
## Spooky Secrets

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One of these spirits manifests itself to the party and tries to communicate. This requires an Onerous (7) *guts* roll the first time it happens.

The constant fluttering around of the spirit is very distracting. Everyone in the posse suffers a -2 to all rolls while it's around. The ghost bothers the party for 1d6 hours and then gives up if none of the heroes attempt to communicate with it. Subjecting it to a magical attack can have unpredictable results. Roll a die. On an even result, it flees and never returns. On an odd result, it becomes an angry spirit (see below).

If the heroes communicate with the spirit, we leave it up to you as to what it's after (you can thank us later). It could be after information, or it may have a task for the posse (check out



the Fate Eaters in *Monsters, Muties, & Misfits* for some ideas on how to handle this situation).

**Angry Spirits:** These ghosts are ticked off—the heroes are living and they're not. They want to swap places.

Their anger gives them a small amount of power in the physical world. They can basically push and pull things. The angry spirit stalks the party (it's invisible) and watches for an opportunity to use this power to make one of the heroes buy the farm—like walking across a rickety catwalk 30 stories up. Let the heroes make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll. Those who succeed feel as if they're being spied on.

When an opportunity comes, the spirit strikes and gives the hero or a heavy nearby object a good shove. It has a *Strength* and *fightin': brawlin'* of 3d8. If it succeeds in killing the brainer, it instantly occupies the body and reanimates it. Unfortunately for the spirit, its new body only lasts 24 hours before collapsing in a heap.

Should the heroes somehow spot their invisible friend, 30 points of magical damage is enough to destroy it.

**Building Collapse:** This is the big one. A building collapses with the heroes in, on, or underneath it. The first time you roll this encounter, have a building nearby collapse—not close enough to hurt the heroes, but near enough to give them a good scare and a warning. If it comes up again, how you play it depends on what the heroes are doing. You could have the building they're in collapse, a building across the street fall over into their building, an elevated roadway come crashing down on their heads, and so on.

Regardless of the situation, you should provide the players with a few warning signs and a way to escape. Those *players* who immediately say they're looking for an escape route can make some rolls and vamoose. Those who act like deer in the headlights get squashed. Cruel, yes, but they were warned.

## Profile: Burned One

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

*Fightin': brawlin'* 4d8, *throwin': black fire* 4d6

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

Search 4d8

**Peace:** 8

**Size:** 6

**Wind:** NA

**Terror:** 9

### Special Abilities:

**Black Fire:** The burned ones can shoot bolts of black fire at their opponents with a successful Onerous (7) *Spirit* roll. Each attempt takes an action whether successful or not. These bolts are Speed 1, Range Increment 10, and do 3d8 damage.

**Claws:** The burned ones charred finger bones act as claws doing STR+1d6 damage.

**Focus:** Heart (-8 to hit)

**Immunity:** Physical damage. Only physical attacks against the creature's focus cause damage.

**Undead.**

**Description:** These creatures look like a human being who has been badly burned from head to foot.

## Corrupters & Caretakers

As we mentioned back in the player's section, the type of toxic shaman a hero is can have effects on the environment around him. In general, for every point of Strain spent on a favor, an area of an equal diameter in yards is cleansed of or corrupted with pollution of the favor's sphere.

If it's so simple, why did we stick it back here in the Marshal's section? Because this effect is meant to be an atmospheric thing; it doesn't always manifest itself in the same and we wanted to allow you Marshal's to have some fun with it. We knew if we put it in the player's section all the caretakers out there are going to be leaving little clean circles everywhere they invoke a favor—that's not what we wanted.

What do we want? Cool effects that fit the spirit of the character type. For instance, a shaman who invokes a big smog favor might feel a refreshing breeze that restores a few Wind to he and his friends, or a minor trash favor might leave a pair of clean footprints on a soot-stained floor. The homes of caretakers should be sparkling clean, while the lair of a corrupter has pollution dripping from the walls—that's what we're looking for.

This doesn't mean you have to come up with some dramatic effect every time a shaman invokes a favor. In fact, you'll often want to gloss over things to keep the action flowing, but since the effect is not hardwired you can have fun when you want to.

## Relics

Let's see what those pesky relics really do.

### Bloodstone Shard

The bloodstone shard has a hidden secret. Should the user ever crank the pain modifier up to -8 or greater, the victim must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll each round or die as his heart gives out.

Killing someone in this horrific manner has an effect on the user. Each time this happens, the bloodstone's wielder must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll or have his *Mien* die type permanently reduced by a level as his features are twisted into a cruel, heartless expression. If this would drop the hero's *Mien* below a d4, he gains a level of the *ugly as sin* Hindrance.

There is a slight upside to this, each level of *Mien* lost grants the stone's user a +2 to *overawe* rolls.

### Raven's Spear

Raven lost this spear when he was taken by the Old Ways. He wants it back.

**Powers:** Anyone wielding this spear gains a +6 bonus to resist any magical effects targeted directly at him. Any mortal wounded by the spear must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll or die. Each

time a person is killed by the spear, the user can heal 1d6 wound levels or bump his *Strength* or *Nimbleness* up by a die type for 1d10 minutes.

**Taint:** Each time a power of the spear is used, Raven becomes aware of its location. He won't come to recover it—at least not yet—but he does dispatch a cell of his Raven Cultists to find the user and retrieve his spear. The Ravenites are immune to the spear's powers unless it is wielded by Raven himself.

### Super Fund Slug

The slug doesn't have any special powers itself, but some of the places on the Super Fund list do. There are too many locations to list here, but we'll describe one as an example.

In 2070, the Pinewood Nuclear Reactor in northwestern Oregon came dangerously close to a meltdown. Radioactive steam was released into the atmosphere and one of the cooling towers was filled with contaminated water. The place was too hot to clean up immediately after the accident, so it was put on the list and left to age a bit.

The government never got around to cleaning the place up, and the cooling tower is still filled with radioactive water. The place is lousy with radiation spirits looking for a way to get all that water into the environment. Any corrupter who swims in the cooling tower for an hour, and then pulls the plug and lets the water out, gets a treat.

Have the shaman make an Onerous (7) *faith* roll. For each success and raise on this roll the shaman learns a new radiation or general favor free of charge.

Any caretaker who manages to purify the entire contents of the cooling tower gets the same treat. The toxic spirits aren't happy about the cleanup, but they're so drunk on the energy from the reactor, they don't care.

# Toxic Spills

1d20

## Result

- |    |   |    |   |
|----|---|----|---|
| 1  | <b>Strained:</b> The spirit granting the favor wants a little extra. Increase the Strain needed by 1.   | 11 | <b>External Corruption:</b> The spirits corrupt the favor to harm the shaman's friends. Damage-causing favors hit companions, healing spells do a like amount of damage, and so on. |
| 2  | <b>Grumpy:</b> The spirit's in a worse mood than usual. The shaman takes 2d6 Wind. If the spook passes out, the favor fails.                                | 12 | <b>What's Happening?:</b> A temporary overload shocks the spook. The favor fails, and the shaman is stunned for 1d6 actions.  |
| 3  | <b>Work Harder:</b> The toxic spirit is greedy. Increase the Strain required by 1d4 points.   | 13 | <b>Pollution:</b> The favor fails and an area 2d10 yards in radius is flooded with pollution corresponding to the favor's sphere.   |
| 4  | <b>Not Listening:</b> The spirits are playing hard to get. Increase the favor's TN by +2.   | 14 | <b>Greedy:</b> The favor fails, but the spook must pay the required Strain anyway.  |
| 5  | <b>Very Grumpy:</b> The spirits are in a very bad mood. The shaman takes 2d6 damage to the guts.  | 15 | <b>Fried Brains:</b> The shaman loses use of the favor for 1d6 days. The favor automatically fails.   |
| 6  | <b>Drained:</b> The greedy spirit gets it all. The favor works as normal, but your spook is reduced to 0 Strain.  | 16 | <b>Sphere Shift:</b> If the favor is of a sphere other than the spook's, the shaman's sphere changes to that of the favor. Any toxic guardians change sphere as well.               |
| 7  | <b>Boo!:</b> The spirits reveal themselves in their full corrupted glory. Your shaman must make a Hard (9) <i>guts</i> roll or roll 4d6 on the Scart Table. | 17 | <b>Migraine:</b> The spook takes 4d10 damage to the noggin. The favor fails.  |
| 8  | <b>Befuddled:</b> Part of your shaman's brain gets shorted out. He temporarily loses use of the favor for 24 hours.   | 18 | <b>Corruption:</b> The favor fails, but the spook gains a level of the <i>poisoned</i> Edge.  |
| 9  | <b>External Backlash:</b> A bolt of energy lashes out from the spook and strikes a random friend within 10 yards for 3d6 damage.                            | 19 | <b>Brain Drain:</b> The spook's brain gets fried. He forgets the favor permanently and loses 1 level of <i>faith</i> .  |
| 10 | <b>Personal Backlash:</b> The spirits have it in for your brainer. The shaman takes 3d6 damage to the   | 20 | <b>Possession:</b> Roll a contest of <i>Spirits</i> between the shaman and the toxic spirit (draw randomly). If the spirit wins, it possesses the spook's body for 10 minutes.      |

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