

RADZ



APOCALYPSE WITH ATTITUDE.

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RADZ™

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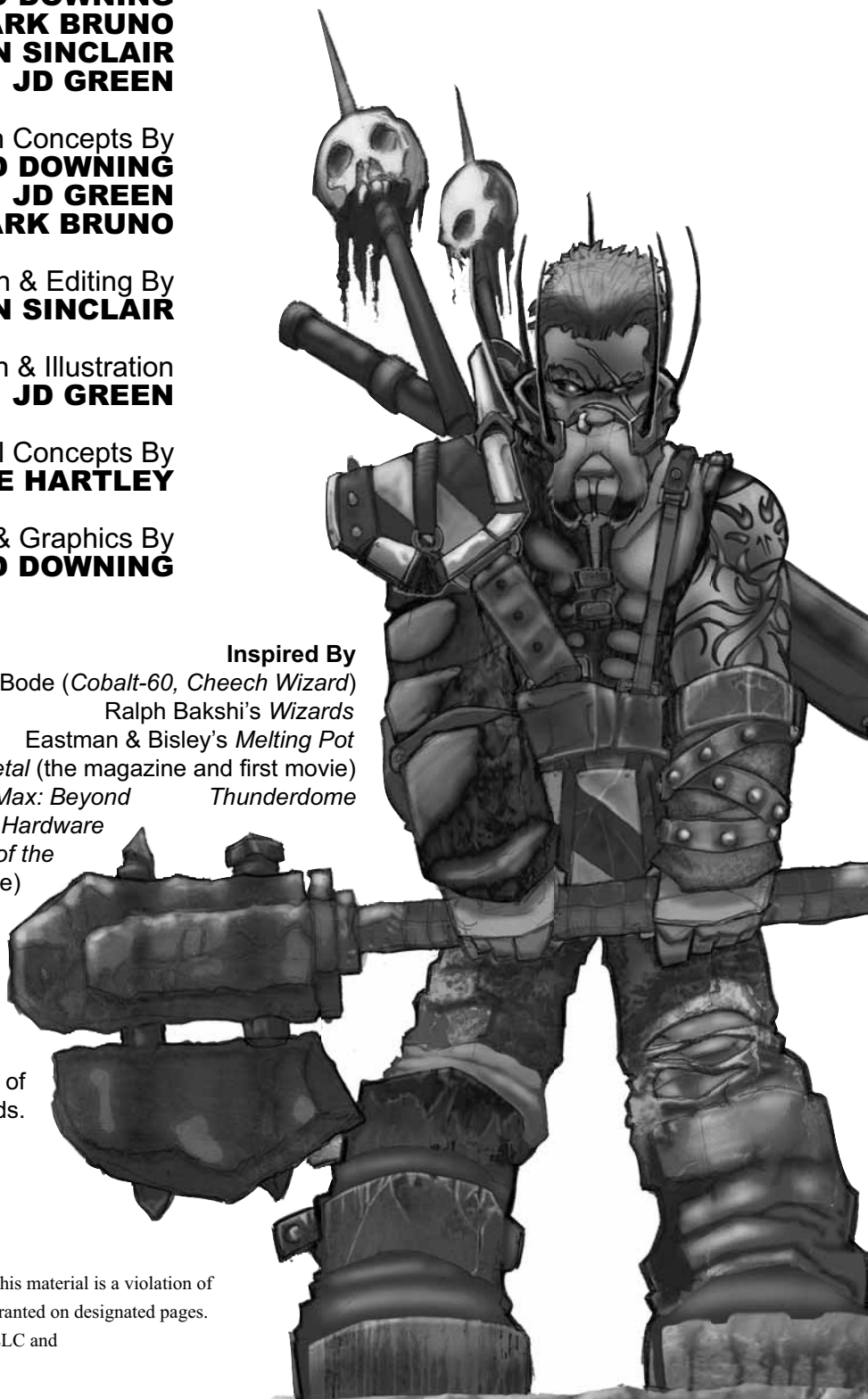
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The Road Warrior & *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*
Hardware
Hokuto no Ken (aka *Fist of the North Star* - the anime)
Kaze no tani no Naushika
(aka *Nausicaa of the Valley of the Winds*)
Ministry, Powerman 5000,
CKY, Clutch, Killing Joke,
Black Sabbath, Soundgarden,
Alice in Chains, and tons of
other crunchy aggro bands.



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HOW IT IS

by Vaughn Skullmonger

Nobody knows when it happened. Nobody knows why. The Brainz say there was another world here once, another civilization. They say a different race of men ran things, and that they got too smart for their own good. And one day, they blew everything up in the biggest display o' powerz you ever seen. Must've been some kinda farkin mad kewl party, that.

Not that I care one way or 'nother. All I know is what to feed my mount, what kinda ammo goes in my boom stick, and how to run the zones without getting' a Trog pick in my skull. No prey, no pay. No pay, no life worth livin'.

Welcome to my world. Now get lost.

Still there? Boy, you ain't the keenest blade in the scabbard, are ya? Alrighty then, you can tag along. But try to keep up. I ain't runnin' no farkin pleasure cruise for tardz here. You kinda remind me of myself, actually, from a long time back. Like you, I was a wide-eyed, pasty-faced kid from the vault, lookin' like an armadillo in the headlights two seconds before "metamorphosis roadkill". Yeah, it's that obvious. See, when you spend all that time livin' under artificial light and breathing reprocessed air, you get a look about you. A look that any Trog, Sprawler, or ROM Gypsy can peg a mile away. Some call it naiveté, others call it innocence, but most call it 'easy pickins'. You probably couldn't read the graf on the wall if it was painted in fat caps.

Like the rest of us, you managed to survive the Big Boom, or at least your ancestors did, and now you get to inherit what's left of it; whatever the hell 'it' is. Well, don't be too glad. I'll bet the farm that you'll wish your great great grandpappy had died on the spot.

So what we got, in basic terms, is a big ol' world full o' nothin'. Nothin' but baked earth, sad lookin' vegetation and the dregs of anything that once lived and thrived here. Includin' humanity. Not that it was any big loss, if I remember my history right. And to tell ya the truth, today's model may be a bit unconventional in comparison, but homo sapiens version 1.0 wouldn't have lasted a day out here. Mutation kept us alive, bro-ham.

So where do we start? Prolly with them that are the bridge between what we are and what we were...



BRAINZ



They're pasty and gray and smart in ways that can't be good. From what they tell us, original humans discovered some sort of secret code to the workings of the body and mind. The "genome", or somethin'. And like a kid who's just discovered his happy zone, they couldn't stop playing with it.

Eventually, they got to where they could copy themselves... and copy... and copy... and they wound up sterile.

So while the Brainz are way smart and way old and way a lot of other things, their time here is a-tickin'. In a few more copied generations, they'll be dust. In the meantime, they hand down the laws and keep the secrets of the old world for the few they feel are worthy to receive it. Brainz have got the goods, where science is concerned—you don't mess with them, aight? Cuz if you do, your ass is hossmeat. Even the biggest, toughest, baddest Skar knows better to pick a fight with the Brainz.

They don't come round for social calls much—they just stick to their walled compounds out in the middle o' who-the-hell-cares, and you go to them. If you have a pressing enough reason, or they feel like slumming, they might even say hello.

What's that? No, you can never hope to actually become a Brain. And why would you want to? They may be all oracle-like and crap, but talk about a boring existence.

Trust me—we have a lot more fun out here, even if we burn out quick.





FLAGZ

Prolly the closest thing to homo sapiens version 1.0 left out here. The descendants of old world military, Flagz seek order in the chaos of the zones, enforcing their will with an iron fist. Awhile back, they found the old army hardware, fixed it up and created these co-op enclaves, sort of like the frontier forts of the ancient west. Their society is based on military pecking order, and they can be pretty nasty in a mosh of five or more. Flagz are tough and hardy, and tend to be more trustworthy than your average Sprawler. As a culture, Flagz adhere to an unspoken code of conduct, and treat any Flag enclave as one of their own.

They're constantly on the lookout for leftovers—whether it's an old tank or a previously hidden vault full o' fresh recruits. Flagz will even go so far as doing deals with Trog prospectors for vault-fresh meat. They see it as savin' the tardz from a fate worse'n death—bein' sold to a sprawl gang for "recreation", or somethin'. And maybe they're right. As a member of the Flagz, you got bros, respect, hardware and three squares a day. More than a lot o' folk. But you also gotta take orders, and that's where more'n a few of us get our feckles up. It ain't like Flagz never come around and hang in the sprawl. You can catch 'em in groups o' two or more (let's hear it for the buddy system!), chillin' at the bar or whatnot.

Folks tend to give 'em a wide berth—after all, no one wants the Fort Crazy Horse Armored Farkin Cavalry knockin' at the gate to find out what happened to their bros who went missin' the other day...

Flagz start with Pilot at 1 and Survival at 2, and the Asset of Network. See Assets (page 24) for details.

Gear: Combat fatigues, armor vest (AV6 torso), survival knife (WR2), basic boomstick (WR3). 1D6x20 dukkits to buy shite.



GLEANERZ



Nobody knows how these folk mutated to the density o' engine blocks, but don't be fooled by the height—or lack thereof. Gleanerz are like your storybook dwarves, pumped up with steroids an' a bad attitude. Dudes run about 1.5 meters, bitches a little less—and have the market cornered on bigguns, if yer into that kinda thing. Seems like every bloody one of 'em is mechanically inclined. I ain't never seen a Gleaner who couldn't take apart a rusty Ford pickup, and hand you a working boom stick and suit o' armor in about four hours flat. Amazing, those folk. If anyone's got hold of the scrap trade, it's them. If you want something—any farkin thing at all—go see a Gleaner. If he can't find it, he'll spot-weld you one in no time. About the only thing they can't replicate is a woman, but then again Gleaner wenches are so very willing to bargain for that kinda time-wastin'. Be assured, tard, Gleaner whores don't need no pimp. If'n the reason ain't plain enough, maybe you need to find out firsthand how easy it is to snap a tard's collarbone with Gleaner thighs.

Gleanerz, as a species, get on pretty well in Sprawler society. No one gives 'em shite fer dinner, cuz they're so damn valuable to have around—make sure if you wanna go makin' trouble with a Gleaner that he don't have the local Sprawler king as a patron. If not living and working inside a sprawl, Gleanerz live in camps found on the very outskirts of urban areas, lookin' like old fashioned wrecking yards. They often have Trog tunnels close by—lots o' trade going on between them folk. Gleanerz are a surly lot, and tough as plate steel welded over more plate steel. Very trustworthy and good to have in a scrap, as well as building the stuff you scrap with.

Gleanerz start with Craft or Repair at 2 and +1 to SHRUG.

Gear: Clothes, hard armor (AV5, choose 3 locations), handcrafted Lo-Fi weapon (WR2), handcrafted boomstick (WR4). 1D6x20 dukkits in trade goodies.





LAW DAWGZ

One legacy the Brainz won't let die is the old law. Not in caps or anything, just the ancient rules for living that used to be so concrete—bein' as how people actually respected the law, once upon a time. Well, even in this pisshole of a place to live, the Brainz won't let us chew each other into oblivion. Sometimes I kinda think, "more's the pity", but that's a moot point when the Brainz, in their infinite wisdom, have given us the Law Dawgz. I dunno the first thing about what it takes to become a Law Dawg, but I do know I ain't got it. If you get selected, you get to go hang with the Brainz in one of their isolated compounds and get all Zen and crap, learning about law an' karma an' eighty ways to kill someone with yer left pinky fer askin' directions in a tone you don't like. You end up with a screamin' suit o' armor and the kewlest gear outside a Brain compound itself. What's more, you get mad props—folks with any smarts don't pick a fight with a Law Dawg (unless they gots serious boom to back it up, aiiight?). They are the eyes, ears and hands of the Brainz, and their authority is unquestioned. Be that as it may, the shiny badge doesn't always keep 'em safe from those of a less scrupulous nature. A Law Dawg is respected, but he ain't invincible. A smart Law Dawg don't go into a corrupt sprawl an' call out the warlord to go peaceful. Discretion, son.

One o' the main charges of the Law Dawgz is to round up any Wikkid they come across. See, Brainz let the RAD magic out o' the bag, and now they're tryin' to cover tracks by reprogramming those stray Wikkid who are on the verge of the big mutation—more on that later. Safe to say a Wikkid in the company of a Law Dawg is a rare sight, unless the Wikkid is on the payroll, so to speak. Law Dawgz can be any humanoid species, from any prior occupation. But once a Law Dawg, always a Law Dawg.

You get buried in yer boots an' badge, and that's about all the sendoff anybody can expect. Sometimes a Law Dawg will come along and "deputize" a skullmonger or some other tard to ride posse with him on a job. I done that a fair number, and the bennies ain't all that bad.

You nod a lot and say, "yessir". And if you can keep from getting' roasted, you may just end up with some dukkits or goodies for the next sprawl trip.

Law Dawgz trade in their racial benefits for a RAD-resistant suit of depleted uranium armor (AV10 all locations), which will protect the wearer from exposure in the RADZones, as well as adding +2 Resist against Wikkid magic. In addition, the Law Dawg gets a Lo-Fi melee weapon of choice, a basic boomstick of choice (Jefé's approval), and the Wikkid-specific Chem-Cannon.

See Law Dawg gear listings (page 45) for details. Don't bother rollin' fer dukkits. Law Dawgz usually get room & board fer free.

REDHANDZ



So when sapiens 1.0 farked up the world, Nature wanted to get her own back. Course, the folk who'd historically been her custodians got special treatment. Redhandz are those tribal enclaves who keep to the Red Road—the path of nature and balance. They get along in the wilds without much in the way of fancy hardware or special breathing filters or that stuff. Some can wander a RADZone for weeks without so much as a mild rash. They're highly resistant to fallout, and spend most of their time spirit dancing in the wilderness, protecting the Earth Mother as she heals the wounds of her most recent ordeal. Devout, spiritual, and coiled like snakes in a bag, ready to strike—that's the Redhandz, who incidentally got their name from this habit of sneakin' up behind an enemy and leavin' him with a red clay handprint... just because they can. Personally, I'd just kill the tard, but the Redhandz seem to attach some sort o' mystical value to this "counting coup" or whatever.

That's not to say they fight their battles by smackin' handprints everywhere. They're hella deadly with their mad fightin' skillz and tommyhawks, and can be a real asset to a mosh in areas like scouting, recon and very quiet neutralization. If they have a problem with anyone on a large scale, it's the Skarz. Mostly cuz the big galoots compete for territory and resources, without due reverence for Nature, which, if yer a Redhand, is job one. You can find the odd solo Redhand cruising the sprawl, but it ain't too likely he's staying long. Not real urban folk, aiight? Enclosed spaces and lots o' heavy tech make 'em a bit twitchy. But if you need a guide for the zone, there ain't any more qualified for the gig.

Redhandz start with Awareness of 1, Survival of 1, and an inherent RAD LEVEL bonus of +1. That means that if a Redhand character is ever forced to make a RAD check for mutation or wounds, +1 is added to the die result of the check. In addition, Redhandz always have perfect direction sense—treat as having the Direction Asset.

Gear: Leathers (AV2 legs), bone armor (AV3 torso), tommyhawk (WR3), survival knife (WR2). 1D6x10 dukkits worth o' trinkets to trade.





ROM GYPSYZ

Right, so some jack-knuckle with a mosh o' bros has run off with yer sister and they're all tryin' to marry her at once like. You wanna get yer sis out, and you wanna get even, but you ain't got the kinda cash that'll pay for a decent skullmonger to go bash some heads on a little weenie of a vendetta. Limited options, yes? Not so fast, Timmy. You just go to any decent sprawl, and you hire yourself a ROM Gypsy. Usually gathered into small caravans or garages in the blasted out city husks, Gypsyz build and operate some mad kewl botz they call ROMz. Remotely Operated Manhunter, Marauder, Muthafarker, something like that. Anyway, you pay 'em some cash and a Gypsy gets in the control pod and sends his ROM to go do what needs doin'. ROMz is hella bad news, I assure you. I know this one family in Last Chance that runs a brute they call the Blue Eyed Pixie. Thing must be four meters tall and weigh tons—many tons of terror inducing, grab-ye-ankles hurt. ROM Gypsyz are friendly enough folk, quick with the hooch and vittles, and amicable to just about any business

venture with decent odds and/or payoff. But, like with most tribez, you wanna think twice or maybe three times before tryin' to cross one.

ROM Gypsyz is technical folks, gifted with all sorts o' gear that has wires and chips and so forth, whether it runs on anything from ethanol to atomic power packs to magic fairy dust. They're like the granddaddy of all puppeteers, able to drive what amounts to a walking tank into places where even Trogz fear to tread. They're good with sensors and monitors and everything that's hard to come by and very expensive. They're good at workin' trades and deals with everybody who is somebody, to make sure they always have a ready supply of that hard to come by, very expensive equipment.

ROM Gypsyz start with a Repair of 1 and the Asset of Network. See Assets (page 24) for details.

Gear: Clothes, survival knife (WR2), basic boomstick (WR3), tools (+1 Repair), control pod, 1D6 passive recon drones (10km range). ROM Gypsyz start with no dukkits, as all their cash is tied up in their shop and gear.



SKARZ

Once upon a time, the military of a great nation decided to start messin' around with the "genome", as we were talkin' about with the Brainz. Reasoning was that if they could make a body bigger, stronger, faster and more durable, it'd be quite the thing on the battlefield. Well, as might be expected when you look to the military for sound ideas, things went kind of awry. Eventually, some of these superhuman soldiers got loose, and not all the remote neutralizers worked. As time went on, it was shown pretty clearly that they weren't sterile like the white coats had said they would be. When the world went to hell in a hand basket, the Skarz thrived. It prolly ain't too surprising that dudes who were designed to survive the Big Boom... survived the Big Boom.

Skarz congregate out in the zones, the only folk outside the Redhandz who don't seem to be affected by the fallout, least not in a negative way. They compete with the Redhandz for what meager resources can be found, and often end up... shall we say, at odds. Skarz, who can top two meters in height and are covered in their ritual namesake, have made the hunting of Redhandz their ultimate badge of honor. Females are just as scary, tell ya the truth. They've evolved a pretty tribal culture themselves, except that instead of putting Nature back together, they're simply in it for survival. Aside from Redhandz, they tend not to get on with Flagz too much—unless there's a common goal to be had. Other than that, if you can negotiate a deal with one, you can be sure it'll be honored. Brutal, yes. Cheaters, no. Just don't piss 'em off, lest you get a pair of bolos round yer windpipe.

Skarz start with a Brawling skill of 1, Survival of 1 and a +1 to SAVE.

Gear: Clothes, armor (AV 5, choose 3 locations), survival knife (WR2), bolos (stun or entangle on successful hit). 1D6x10 dukkits to buy shite.





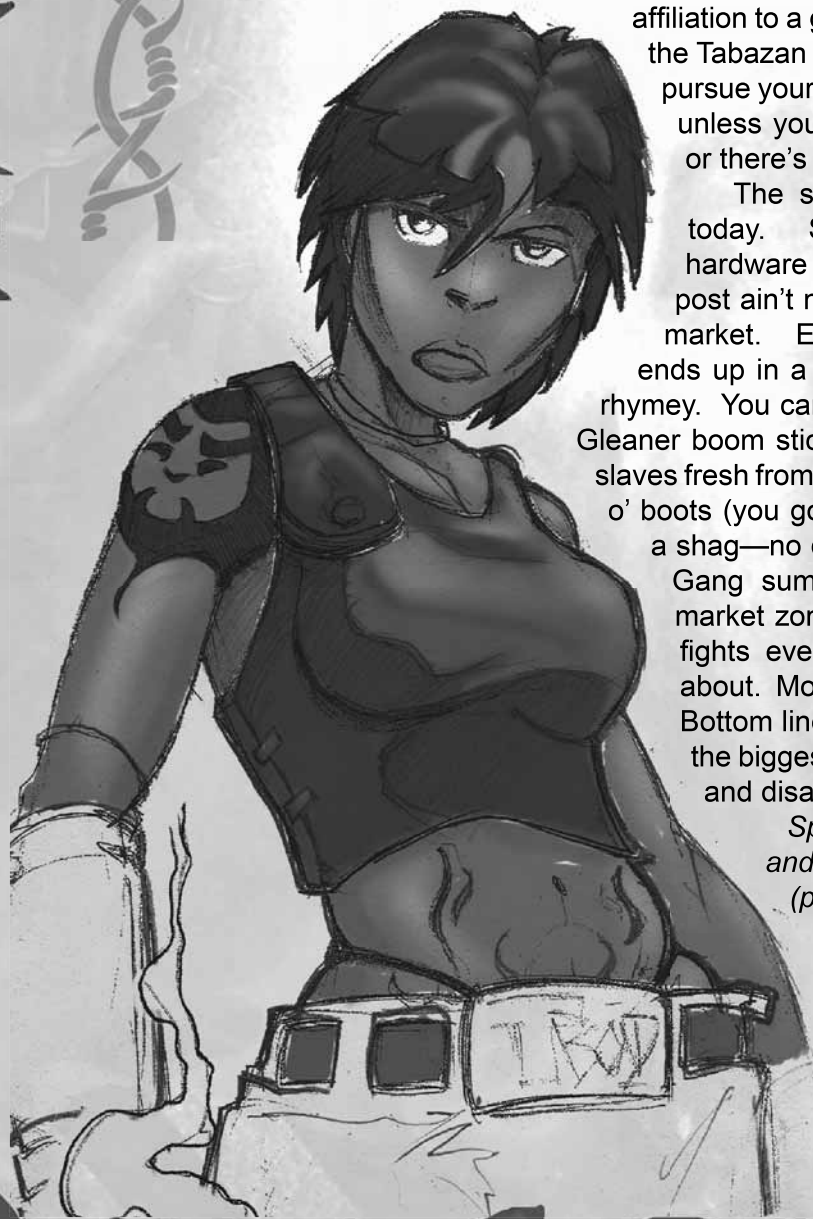
SPRAWLERZ

By far, the most varied and cosmopolitan group o' folks alive today. These are the rough-n-ready that came out o' the Vaultz lookin' like pasty-faced tardz an' reclaimed the bombed-out, burned-out cities. Some laid claim to impressive portions of real estate and created independent micro-kingdoms. The rest formed turf gangs. Every sprawl is different—you always gotta be on red alert. Whether it's the Diamond Dogs from Last Chance or the Killing Joke from Tabazan, you best be prepared to pay for safe passage. Thing is, if you come up in the sprawl—like I did—you'll already have a gang brand. And that brand actually wins you props from allied gangs in a different sprawl. Once you got yer affiliation to a gang, clan or civic organization (like the Tabazan Royal Guard), you can pretty much pursue your living, unmolested by rival gangs... unless you wander into their turf by mistake, or there's a war on... which there usually is.

The sprawl is the center of commerce today. Sure, you can trade scrap and hardware with the Flagz, but a fort trading post ain't nowhere near the scale of a sprawl market. Everyone with something to hawk ends up in a stall in the sprawl—hey, I made a rhyme. You can find anything from a Flag APC to Gleaner boom sticks to ROM Gypsy service to Trog slaves fresh from the can. You can buy a hoss, a pair o' boots (you gotta clean the blood off), a meal or a shag—no questions asked, no refunds given. Gang summits are also held in the public market zone, and so are the ever-popular pit fights everybody gets all hot and bothered about. Money to be made in the pits, fer sure. Bottom line is, if you wanna blend in, head to the biggest sprawl you can find, take a brand, and disappear.

Sprawlerz start with any 3 skillz at 1, and the Asset of Network. See Assets (page 24) for details.

Gear: Clothes, 2D6x100 dukkits to buy shite.



TROGZ

Subterranean bastards to a one, the Trogz own the underground. Whether they mutated before they went below or after is up for debate, not that anyone but the Brainz much care. But they definitely *are* mutants, each generation becoming uglier and more vicious. Lovely folk, I assure you—just maybe have a short think before inviting one over for tea and biscuits. Hunched over to a max height of maybe one and a quarter meters, covered in thick gray skin, and blind as a bat in bright light. That's why I always warn tardz like you to keep an "ace" up yer sleeve—meaning an acetylene torch. Trogz hate that. Course, most of the high rankers in a Trog mosh have mad kewl shades that keep 'em from getting' blinded by tricky stuff like strobes and shite. Nobody but the Trogz themselves know how far their underground culture extends. Estimates run into the thousands of miles of tunnels and subterranean compounds. As a people, Trogz are by far the most organized in large numbers.

Their economy is slave based—no species is without value in their estimation. Vaulterz are especially sought after, and unfortunately Trogz have the easiest access to most of the buried "humans-in-a-can". They tunnel in, breach the vault, and round up the fresh-packed tardz for sale in the nearest sprawl market before any of 'em know what's what. Good thing about solo Trogz is that they're not too concerned with revenge—there's metric buttloads of 'em, aight? They're good trackers and tunnelers, decent in a fight, and can often be found pimpin' their talents in any sprawl market from here to Last Chance. Just watch yer goods. Odds are by the time the mosh breaks up, someone's gonna be short a few zeros.

Trogz start with a Climb and Repair of 1 and the Asset of Network. See Assets (page 24) for details. In addition, Trogz have Awareness +2 in low-light environments and -2 in daylight (or brighter) environments.

Gear: Clothes, armor (AV5, choose 4 locations), survival knife (WR2), basic boomstick (WR3), netter (entangle on successful hit; can also fire canister grenades – see Boomz, page 47).





VAULTERZ

Lunchmeat. Man-in-a-Can. Vac-Pac. All of these apply to the folk still locked up in their protective underground shelters, waiting for the rad levels to drop safe like. They're fresh like sealed rations, and have that new human smell that endears 'em so much to the Trogz. Some of 'em drop dead the moment they see a Trog crew come tunneling in—in all truth, they prolly have the best lot in what's to come. If you don't keel over at the sight o' meter-tall, pointy eared mutants assaulting yer home, you can look forward to getting' wrapped up in a "cager", tranqued up nice so's you won't try to run, and slow marched to the nearest Gleaner clearance center for sale at the sprawl. If yer still alive once you hit the market, you can expect a wide variety of clients to bid on your ass (and all parts attached to it). You'll prolly be separated from your Vault

family—don't raise a fuss, you ever wanna see em again, aight? Keep it cool, Timmy. Once yer bought, what happens to ya is between you and your new "patron". You might be forced to work (both day and night type, if ya catch my signal). You might just be given a gang brand or a rank in the local Flag enclave. You might be cut loose—lucky you.

Although the odds are not in your favor at bein' turned out on yer own, it sure ain't unheard of. There's plenty a fresh Vaulter can do... survive, for one. One day on yer own in a sprawl, even money you start yearnin' for the protection of bein' the local warlord's boo-boo-bunny. But if you can stick it out, lose some o' that shiny newness off yer mug, link up with some bros, you just might stand a chance in this bad ol' world. And I guess that's the key—safety in numbers, broham. Get yerself a mosh goin', you got a lot more eyes watchin' out for yer sorry ass. At that point, you ain't a Vaulter no more. Yer whatever you make yerself. It ain't pretty out here, no sir. But I'll wager it's a lot more interesting than spending your life in a glorified septic tank.

To symbolize their advanced book learning, Vaulterz start with 5 extra points to distribute into skillz (or buy Assets with).

Gear: Clothes, Lo-Fi melee weapon (WR2). 1D6x10 dukkits in trade goodies (Jefé's approval).



WIKKID



Stand back, son. Let me give you some lowdown on these folk. See, the Brainz wasn't always locked up in their compounds. In the old days, some of em went walking out among the survivors, tryin' to help fix the mess they'd made. Some of em knew this ancient mathematical process for drawing power from the elements, and this secret got passed on to some of the more inquisitive folk livin' in the sprawl. These wizards suck their magical energy right outta the ambient fallout, makin' for some downright frightening fireworks. Course, there were two problems. One, they didn't always use their knowledge for the betterment of all humanity—the Brainz called em Wikkid because of it. Two, the more power was used, the more a Wikkid would mutate. After a certain amount of fallout channeled

through a living body, it'd basically self-destruct, either vaporizing a blast zone twenty meters wide, or leeching concentrated radiation like a living dirty bomb. I once saw a psalm scrawled on the side of an old bus barn in Tabazan. It said, "If you would be happy, never walk with the Wikkid." Course, I ain't happy—I have walked with some Wikkid in my day, and they've got me out of more'n a few scrapes. I ain't never seen one go nova, but I have seen my share get hauled off by a Law Dawg.

So you think that's where you wanna go lookin' for yer calling in life, eh? Well I ain't gonna try to talk you down, Timmy. But just keep in mind, you go gettin' Wikkid an' shite, you end up signing up for premature burial, aiight? That, and the Brainz will take a lot of interest in your whereabouts and goings on. Oh yeah—the Law Dawgz will be checkin' you every so often to make sure you ain't goin' nova any time soon. If it looks like yer close to the big mutation, you'll get taken back to a Brainz compound and "decontaminated", which means yer body will be cleansed of the accrued rad by-products, and a little piece of yer brain will get snipped out so you can no longer use the knowledge of RAD magic. Course, if'n you don't go peaceful like, the Law Dawg's charge is to take you out away from the sprawl and put you down with a nice chem bath.

There's more on the Wikkid. We'll talk about it when I tell you about Powerz.

Wikkid start with RAD Magic skill of 1, RAD LEVEL 2 and the Asset of Reputation. See Assets (page 24) for details.

Gear: Clothes, survival knife (WR2), pack. 1D6x20 dukkits to buy shite.





WINGZ

Okay these folks are weird. Somehow, a whole bunch o' people from the mountains got hold of some dino-DNA, merged it with some mutant reptile leftovers and wound up with these kickass flyerz. They stick to the mesa tops and aerie spires of the deserts, using their superior vantage to scout, map and scavenge. If the Wingz locate something they want, they swoop in—a giant flock o' leather an' scales an' scree. A whole lot o' scree, actually. That noise the flyerz make is like an antique Mack truck stripping a gear, and if you ain't prepped and ready, it might just make you soil yer dungarees. If not on flyerback, they got silent gliderz and ethanol-powered planez, blimpz and personal rokkit-boardz. Some o' the larger aeries might even have one o' them giant flyin' fortresses—part dirigible, part triplane, all very impressive.

On the ground, Wingz are out of their element, and tend to keep pretty quiet. Once again, you could mess with a solo Wing in town, but you'd bring the whole aerie down on top of the sprawl, and that'd be less than ideal. It's common knowledge that the Wingz and Flagz have a long-running rivalry goin' on. Been nippin' at each other's happy zones for ages now, with

neither faction getting' the upper hand. Both tribez are way mobile, both well equipped, both too proud to back down from a fight. While Flagz are always after fresh recruits, Wingz aren't above raiding a sprawl penthouse or solo farmstead to replenish their genepool. They're generally small and light (makes for good flyin', aight?), but real scrappers in the thick of it. When yer out in the wildz, keep an eye on the sky—you can thank me later.

Wingz start with Climb of 1 and Riding (or Pilot) of 2, and the Asset of Network. See Assets (page 24) for details.

Gear: Flight leathers (AV2 all locations), survival knife (WR2), saddlepack. Wingz have spent all their money on their rides: choose Flyer or Rokkit Board (see entries in Critterz and Gear, starting on page 42).



NUTZ & BOLTZ

Okay, the world is broken up into zones. You got yer sprawlz and you got yer wildz. Most Brainz and Flagz compounds are out in the wildz. So are the Wingz, Skarz and Redhandz. The sprawlz have been cleaned up some, so the potential for rad-sickness has been reduced. Out in nature, things are still a bit hazardous. The Brainz were nice enough to point out most of the contaminated areas with signs marked RADZ—stands for RadioActive DeadZone. If ya gotta go through, don't be stoppin' to smell the corpses. Unless yer a Redhand or a Skar, you'll take a wound every hour of exposure. Yer mount will take a wound every two hours. Rad armor will offer some protection—so will breath filters. Specific values are listed with the gear.

If'n the radiation or chemical contamination don't kill ya, there's plenty o' critterz out there to pick up the slack. From mutant bugz to grendelz to multipeedz to rogue flyerz to ogrez, all are bad news for the unwary tard. Get me? Some are artificial creations, some are mutations on the old animals in the picture books. Each and every one is nature's way of sayin', "yer done."

Like I always say, it ain't much, but it's home. And home is where the harm is.

So you survived the birthing process from the vault, found yerself a real ident. You got geared up, you got yer mosh together, and yer lookin' like you could take on King Tabazan himself. So what's next? Come on, Timmy, get stuck in! Find a gig—you gotta have income, one way or 'nuther. Whether cash or barter, you can't get by without tradin' somethin' fer somethin'. You and yer bros could end up bein' the hottest mosh o' skullmongers in all of Last Chance. Or, hook up with a family o' ROM Gypsyz and start a protection racket. Link up with a Wingz aerie and launch a courier service. Start runnin' Trog slaves to the sprawlz. Become a distributor o' fine Gleaner alcohol. The possibilities are only limited by yer own gray matter. So start thinkin'. I'll fetch the kindlin' and you get the coal.

In case yer wonderin' how to get stuff done, here's some graf on the subject.



GAME TERMS FOR RADZ

Campaign – A word used to describe a long-term game or über-plot. A campaign is usually a number of single adventures using the same characters and strung together in with a plot arc or goal in mind. Some campaigns may take as few as two or three adventures, while some may last years.

Character – The player's "playing piece". A character is the imaginary personality the player guides through the roleplaying adventure, trying not to get it killed if at all possible. Characters played by the players are called Player Characters, or PCs. Characters played by the Jefe are Non-Player Characters, or NPCs. See PC and NPC.

Character Sheet – A record of the character's vital statistics, skill profile and assorted gear. In this case, the character sheet is the Ident Sheet, located in the back of the book.

Combat/Melee Round – An abstraction of the time in which cinematic action occurs. In *RADZ*, a Combat Round is roughly three seconds within the game environment.

D – Fourth letter of the English alphabet. The common abbreviation for "die", meaning the singular "dice", not what will happen if you try to cheat a Gleaner mechanic at cards. In context, the D will be preceded by a number, which indicates how many dice to be rolled. It will also be followed by a number, which indicates how many sides the dice should have. *RADZ* exclusively uses 6-sided dice.

D6% – The method for generating a shortened percentile value by rolling two 6-sided dice (2D6). One die is nominated as the tens, and the other is nominated the ones before rolling. Results range from 11-16, 21-26, 31-36, 41-46, 51-56, and 61-66.

D3 – The result of a single 6-sided die, halved (round up). 1 and 2 would result in 1, 3 and 4 would result in 2, and 5 and 6 would result in 3.

D6 – The common designation for the 6-sided die. 1D6 means a single 6-sided die, 2D6 means two 6-sided dice, and so forth.

Jefe – Game Master, Storyteller, Da Man. In this case, the referee in charge of running the game. The Jefe governs the interactions of the Player Characters (PCs) and Non-Player Characters (NPCs), as well as any creatures and personalities encountered.

NPC – Non-Player Character. Any character not being portrayed by a player is referred to as an NPC and falls to the Jefe to portray. NPCs can include allies, enemies, friends and monsters (although monsters are usually referred to as "critterz", they are still technically NPCs).

PC – Player Character. Any character being portrayed by a player other than the Jefe.

RPG – Role Playing Game (alternately, Role-Playing Game or Roleplaying Game). A game wherein players portray various characters in an adventure scenario (see Scenario), usually moderated by a referee of some kind (see Jefe). Also, Rocket Powered Grenade (but that's not important right now).

Scenario – A story or plot used as a guideline for the Jefe to successfully moderate the game. Scenarios give the players goals to achieve, problems to solve, and challenges to overcome. Also referred to as an "adventure", or together as "adventure scenario". Think of it as the equivalent of a television episode. When the scenario is over, the music comes up and the credits roll. See you next week.

Seed – A short premise used as the basis for a roleplaying scenario. Usually no more than a paragraph or two, adventure seeds are the building blocks of fully fleshed-out adventures.

Session – The time in which the players and Jefe meet to roleplay. A session may be sufficient to conclude an entire scenario; alternately, some scenarios may take multiple sessions to complete. Campaigns almost certainly take several sessions' worth of play.

Skill Check – The method of determining whether a character succeeds at the use of a given skill. Rules for the skill check are found in the **RADZ Rulez** section (page 28).

Skills – Any of several quantifiable areas of expertise in the character's profile. Each skill is tied to a predominant Stat (see Statz). Skills can be learned, instinctual, or a combination thereof. For more information on the use of skills, see **Skillz** (page 20).

Stats – Any of the areas of raw ability listed in the character's profile, having a number of subordinate skills tied to it. In *RADZ*, character Stats are: AGILITY, DEXTERITY, STRENGTH, PERCEPTION, INTELLIGENCE, WILLPOWER and RAD LEVEL.

Target Number – The number by which the success of a Skill Check is measured. The Target Number is the sum of the skill in question plus the stat it falls under. The player must roll equal to or under this number on 2D6 to succeed.

XPG – Deep7's proprietary game system used to facilitate *RADZ* (and others). XPG is a relatively simple, cinematic game system that relies on two 6-sided dice for randomization. It is also used in *Mean Streets*, Deep7's film noir game, as well as products like *Bloode Island XPG* and *Red Dwarf – The Roleplaying Game*.

RADZ SLANG

Aiight – Old bastardized contraction of “alright”; used to drive home a point with a rhetorical question, similar to “understand?”

All Hell And Gone – Completely out of control.

Amigo – Benign address “dude”; more inclusive than the original Spanish.

Bonesetter – Doctor or healer (especially Wikkid).

Boom – Destruction, a quantity of destructive power.

Boomstick – Any firearm.

Bro – Teammate or compadre.

Buck – Young man of any background.

Bunk – Any place or equipment for sleeping.

Bunkroll – Sleeping bag, bedroll.

Chuffer – Braggart.

Chugger – One who drinks copious volumes of alcohol.

Compound – Home.

Cornfed – A large and/or muscular person.

Cracklin’ – Happening, i.e. “What’s cracklin’, cornfed?” or “Something cracklin’ over in Last Chance, I hear.”

Critter – Animal.

Dirty – Radioactive or chemically contaminated.

Dood – Pronoun used in place of “he”, i.e. “Dood’s a wobbly chuffer, gets my feckles up.”

Dukkits – Coinage; cash.

End – Common term “to kill”.

Farkin, Fuggin – Expletive; bastardization of the ancient F-word.

Feckles – Dander, i.e. “That jack knuckle really gets my feckles up.”

Frag – Common term “to kill”.

Fugg Me Runnin’ – Common term of disbelief.

Go Nova – To self-destruct.

Goodies – Trade goods.

Graf – The written word; derived from “graffiti”.

Gringo – Someone visibly out of place in a given location.

Gypo – Familiar term for ROM Gypsy.

Hi-Fi – Any weapon more complex than a basic melee implement.

Hooch – Alcohol.

Hoochmill – Distillery.

Hoss – Horse; interchangeable with “mount”.

Ident – Name; identity.

Invert – To lay an opponent out. “By the time we got there, dood was already inverted.” “Dood almost inverted me.”

Jack Knuckle – Annoying or unpleasant person.

Liquid Sunshine – Any chemical with combustible properties.

Lo-Fi – Melee weapon.

Love – Respect; conversely, “no love” implies a lack of respect or street credibility.

Lunchmeat – Vaulter, or other inexperienced person.

Machine – adj. Technical utterance of approval. “That ROM is fuggin machine!”

Mad Kewl – Amazing; Impressive. Mad is often used solo to mean “crazy”, and kewl is a simple bastardization of “cool”.

Mosh – n. A cadre of bros with whom one may hand out beatdowns using various & sundry shooty and pummely implements; a gang or posse.

v. To riot or rumble.

Mosquito – A hanger-on; a leech or sycophant.

NFZ – Nuke Free Zone.

Nub, Nubbin – Sex, i.e. "I'm off ta gets me some hot Sprawler nubbin."; literal bastardization of "lovin".

Okely-Dokely – General affirmation of stability.

Pig-Sticker – Any pointed weapon or implement.

Pitch (a fastball) – To cast Wikkid magic, i.e. "Cornfed was pitchin' fastballs all hell and gone 'til the pork showed up."

Pork – Slang for Law Dawg.

Pork Roast – A showdown between one or more Wikkid and one or more Law Dawgz.

Powerz – Magic or seemingly magic (super-tech) abilities.

Props – Respect; honor.

RADZ – RadioActive DeadZone; usually posted on warning signs surrounding hazardous areas in the wildz.

REMF – Military reference "Rear Echelon MoFo"; derogatory term for anyone fighting from the perceived safety of the back.

Ride – Transportation.

Roadkill – Someone murdered cheaply or without cause.

Ronin – Solo; used more as an adjective than noun, i.e. "He went all ronin and shite."

Scree – A loud noise, yell or battle cry; a quantity of said noise.

Shite – Excrement; especially used as an expletive or meaningless addition at the end of a comment (see Ronin).

Skullmonger – Headhunter; a collector of bounties.

Sugar Shack – Reference to the remains of malls and convenience stores that litter the landscape.

Tag, Tagged – To mark or be marked with some distinguishing feature or epithet.

Tapped – Recruited; summoned for service.

Tard – Derogatory epithet; implies slowness or ineptitude.

Timmy – Familiar derogatory epithet; implies youth and naivete.

Tweener – A Wikkid who teeters between the healing and destructive powerz.

Ultra – The pinnacle, i.e. "That wagon is the ultra ride, amigo."

Vac-Pac – Vault.

Wheelhouse – Expertise in a specific area; i.e. "You're in my wheelhouse" or "That ain't my wheelhouse."

Wheeljack – professional larcenist.

Wigsplitter – One who erupts randomly into homicidal outbursts.

Wikkid – Mage; also a reference to anything magical.

Wobbly – Unpredictable and/or unreliable; common slang for drunkenness.

Wordsmith – Scribe; writer.

Yer Done – Game over.

Yum Yums – Rations.

IDENT

Can't live life until you got yerself a personality and a skillset, aight? Don't worry, Timmy. I'll hold yer hand. Just follow the steps and you'll do just fine...

STEPS TO CREATING A CHARACTER

1. Choose an Archetype.

Work with the Jefe and other players to determine which enclave you belong to.

2. Pick a Name & Gender.

Both are up to you. Make sure yer name is one that'll inspire respect in the sprawl or the wildz. Little Timmy Gonadz is prolly not the best choice. Vaughn is cool. Jax Wigsplitter is downright dangerous. You get the point.

3. Distribute Points into Stats.

Distribute 25 points among the stats listed on page 19, bearing in mind a starting max rating of 6 and minimum rating of 1 in any stat.

4. Distribute Points into Skillz.

Distribute 30 points among the skillz listed on the character sheet. The descriptions of these skillz start on page 20. Do not put any more than 4 points into a single skill, unless you want a Law Dawg breathin' down yer neck. Some archetype bonuses will boost a skill above 4, and that's all legal like. There is no max to skill improvement over time.

5. Determine Personality.

Decide on the character's Assets, Liabilities and Behavior Tags, if any. Descriptions begin on page 24.

6. Fill Out Vital Statistics.

Height, weight, eye color, hair color, all that normal stuff. Don't give yerself any mutations right off the bat—there'll be plenty o' that going on later.



SKILL PROFILE ~ THE BASICS

First, take a look at the skill section on the character ident sheet. You'll notice that *RADZ* characters are really just a group of numbers distributed among six statistics (or stats, for short), and a host of dependent skills (or "skillz", if yer trying to keep the *RADZ* vibe). Stats are the bold entries. Skillz fall under the stat most appropriate for its use in the game. Each stat has a rating from 1 to 6 (the Stat Rating), while each skill has a rating of 0 or higher (the Skill Rating). When combined, they help determine whether using a skill succeeds or fails.

Right now, we're just going to worry about the stats. Each stat governs an area of raw talent or ability, attributes that every player character possesses.

Start by distributing 25 points into the seven primary stats, which are:

AGILITY (AGL): General physical prowess and gross motor function. It influences things like fighting, driving tanks and ridin' a hoss.

DEXTERITY (DEX): Fine motor skill and hand-eye coordination. It covers things like repairing stuff and firing gunz.

PERCEPTION (PER): General cognitive ability, from the passive (Awareness) to the active (Con, Tracking).

STRENGTH (STR): Raw muscle. This stat governs things like Climbing and Swimming, and comes in handy when you have to brace the door against that ogre outside.

INTELLIGENCE (INT): Gray matter. Raw brainpower. A blend of instinctive knowledge and book learnin'. This stat covers skillz like Survival and Science.

WILLPOWER (WIL): Mental and emotional stamina. This stat helps you keep your Cool, or Resist the effects of fear or psychological tampering.

RAD LEVEL (RAD): A double-edged blade, to be sure. While it's handy for Wikkid to cast rad-magic, it also makes mutation easier. If'n yer not a Wikkid, take care with this one.

DERIVED STATS

Once ye've used up your points for the Primary Stats, you'll need to determine your character's Derived Stats, which are listed at the bottom of the skill section. These stats are INITIATIVE, SHRUG and SAVE.

INITIATIVE (INIT) is the sum of the character's PERCEPTION and AGILITY. INITIATIVE is a value that determines how quickly your character responds to stimulus, or how fast he springs into action. The concept is explained more fully in the *RADZ Rulez* section (page 28).

SHRUG is the average of the character's STRENGTH and WILLPOWER (rounded up). It indicates the character's ability to ablate incoming damage, like in them old ninja movies. SHRUG is detailed further in the *RADZ Rulez* section, on page 28.

SAVE is the sum of the character's STRENGTH and WILLPOWER. It dictates how tough and resilient the character is when faced with bodily harm. SAVE is detailed in the *RADZ Rulez* section beginning on page 28.

LUCK

Everyone gets 1 extra point to place into LUCK. LUCK is kind of a cosmic piggybank or karmic value. You may use one or more points of LUCK at any time during the course of the game to do one of the following things:

1. Re-roll a failed skill check or wound save. The second roll must be adhered to (unless another Luck point is used). Add +1D6 for each point spent to the Target Number of a skill check before the dice are rolled.

2. Get the Jefe to let you in on a tidbit of vital information that nobody else knows. This is totally up to the Jefe—he doesn't actually have to tell you anything.

Luck points spent during one session return at the start of the next session. Extra luck may be purchased with character points accrued through experience, at a cost of 5 character points per Luck point. Your Jefe may also grant extra Luck points as a result of gameplay he feels to have been exemplary in some regard (in-character banter, heroic actions, etc).

SKILLZ

Now that you've placed points in your character's Primary and Derived Stats, it's time to decide what your tard is good at, if anything. All *RADZ* characters have special skillz based on their chosen archetype, and start with 30 additional skill points to put wherever the player wishes, using the following guideline:

Place no more than 5 points into any individual skill. You can place up to 5 points into a skill that already has points in it (from archetype or racial skillz), if you wish.

SKILL SPECIALIZATION

Many skillz in *RADZ* are general in scope (such as Awareness and Stealth), but some can be specialized further into a particular subset of a skill. Specialization is good for boosting a few key skillz beyond their starting limits, but comes at a cost as other interests fall by the wayside. Specialization is completely optional, and works like this:

Choose a Specialization for a particular skill and write it in parentheses next to the skill listing. For instance, Missile Weapon (Bolas).

Every skill check falling under the specialization receives a +1 bonus to the base Target Number.

Every skill check falling under the skill but outside the specialization suffers a -1 penalty to the base Target Number.

SPECIALIZATION EXAMPLE

Eric wants his Skar, Ransom, to be adept at racking up Redhandz scalps. He chooses the specialization Bolas, writing it in next to Missile Weapon, which is currently at 4. With an *AGILITY* of 4 and a Missile Weapon of 4, his base Target Number would be 8. If he were to possess the Missile Weapon skill alone, Ransom would be able to shoot bows, crossbows, throw spears and knives equally well at a Target Number of 8. However, since Eric's chosen to specialize in Bolas, Ransom has forgotten a lot of his other training. Every time he throws bolas at an enemy, his Target Number is 9, but while trying to use any other missile, the base Target Number decreases one point to 7.



SKILL RATING

Life in the *RADZ* world is broken up into the following skill sets, and the character is given a skill rating. The skill rating key is as follows:

- 1 – Tard
- 2 – Timmy
- 3 – Gringo
- 4 – Okely-Dokely
- 5 – Kewl
- 6 – Ultra
- 7 – Brain
- 8+ – Chuffer

AGILITY SKILLZ

Brawling: Various styles and theories are encompassed in this general fighting skill. The finer points of Tae Kwon Do versus Thai Kick-boxing are completely set aside in favor of pounding the shite out of one's enemy.

Dodge: The ability to move one's keester out of harm's way.

Melee: The ability to use swords, knives, clubs and other hand-held weapons effectively. Optional specializations include Sword, Knife, Club, Pipe Wrench, etc.

Missile: The ability to use thrown or bow weapons for ranged combat. Optional specializations include Crossbow, Compound Bow, Bolas, etc.

Pilot: The ability to drive or fly any number of vehicle types. Optional specializations include Gyro, Cycle, APC, Wagon Team, etc.

Riding: Proficiency in riding living mounts of all kinds. Optional specializations include Hoss, Saddlesaur, Flyer, etc.

Stealth: The ability to sneak, prowl, hide, and move without being noticed.

DEXTERITY SKILLZ

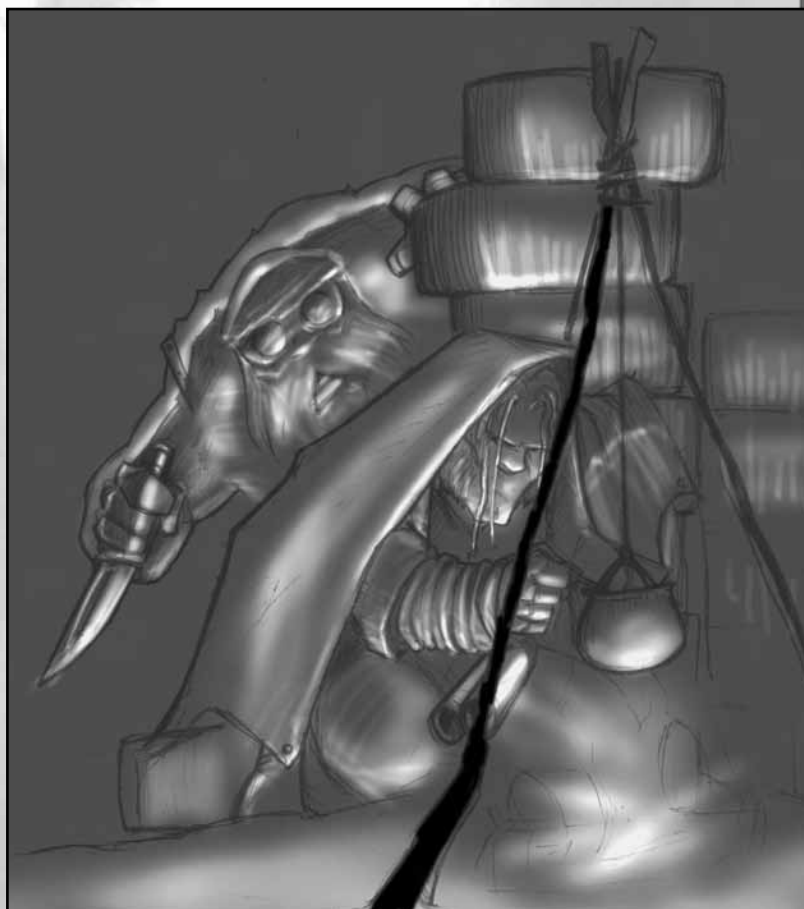
Boomstick: Basic skill in the operation and maintenance of modern ballistics weaponry. Includes use of pistols, submachine guns, and automatic rifles.

Craft: Ability to create works of both functionality and aesthetic merit. Optional specializations include Tattoo, Woodwork, Metalwork, Painting, Sculpture, etc.

Demolitions: The ability to set, detonate, and defuse explosive devices commonly used in both mining operations and warfare.

Mechanics: A variety of mechanical repair techniques, covering a multitude of drive systems, military equipment, and weapon apparatus. Optional specializations include Engines, Electrical Systems, Armor, Plumbing, Heavy Weapons, etc.

Remote Op: The ability to pilot drones and other remotely operated vehicles. Common among ROM Gypsyz.



STRENGTH SKILLZ

Climbing: Skill in scaling walls, rocks, ropes, ladders, and other obstacles.

Endurance: The level of resistance to physical hardship such as food and water deprivation, weather exposure, or forced marches.

Heavy Weapons: The ability to effectively fire tripod-, harness-, or vehicle-mounted weapons. Optional specializations include Heavy Machinegun, Grenade Launcher, Missile Launcher, Railgun, etc.

Strength Feat: The ability to perform amazing tricks, like bending steel bars or breaking a hooch mug over one's own head without flinching. Jefe may assign a modifier based on how superhuman the feat being attempted actually is.

Swimming: The ability to propel oneself through liquid without drowning. Basic aquatic survival included. Only common in coastal areas—duh.

PERCEPTION SKILLZ

Awareness: General knowledge of the subject's own condition and whereabouts, and the level of readiness to react to stimulus within the general vicinity. It is also valuable for searching up lost or hidden items.

Con: The ability to lie or deceive through distraction, charisma, or affecting an amusing voice. It's also the skill to use when trying to determine if your character is being conned.

Gambling: Skill at games of chance, betting systems, cheating, and general tricks of the trade. Gambling often goes hand in hand with Con. Optional specializations include Poker, Craps, Blackjack, and even casual boardgames like Risk and Scrabble. If you can put odds on it, it fits here.

Performance: The ability to emote theatrically in front of an audience. This skill covers Acting, Singing and Speech. Optional specializations include any of the three.

Survival: Skill in staying alive in wilderness areas, from tracking to snaring, locating food and water, and making shelter from available materials.

INTELLIGENCE SKILLZ

Area Knowledge: Provides familiarity with a specific geographic area roughly 10 square kilometers in size. The character knows the place like the back of his hand. It usually centers on the character's home location.

Tech: Covers all ancient technical abilities such as electrical engineering, computer programming, security systems, etc. Optional specializations include any of the above, and more.

History: Knowledge of the great events of humanity's past. The advantage of this skill in the context of *RADZ* is that the player can turn common pop culture from the current era into mysterious, arcane data from Earth's shadowy past. Optional specializations include any era from the dawn of recorded time.

Medicine: At rating 1, the character can bind and/or cauterize wounds—basic first aid stuff. At 2, create poultices and herbal remedies. At 3, set bones and stitch wounds. At 4, the character is fully qualified as a doctor. At 5+, the character is skilled in difficult diagnosis and surgery.

Science: This covers all the common sciences utilized in the modern (and postmodern) world: Biology, Zoology, Botany, Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Physics. Optional specializations include any of the aforementioned sciences.

Tactics: The ability to plan an attack – as well as to second-guess an opponent. The successful use of this skill should give the PCs a bonus equal to the margin of success to the first actions of their maneuver/attack (see *RADZ* Rulez, page 28).

WILLPOWER SKILLZ

Cool: The ability to control one's base impulses and project an air of confidence. Denotes self-control, self-assurance, and mental stability. See Fear Checks (page 28) for more.

Intimidation: Inspiring fear or compliance in another through aggressive speech or demeanor.

Resist: Mental defense against the psychological effects of drugs, sleep deprivation, magic, fear or torture. See Fear Checks (page 28) for more.

RAD LEVEL SKILLZ

RAD Magic: The art and science of culling ambient fallout and using it to power devastating effects. Only used by the Brainz and a handful of folks known as the Wikkid. For more on RAD Magic, see Powerz, page 37.

FINAL NOTE ON SKILL SELECTION

If, for some reason, you don't find a skill or Specialization listed here that you really want your character to have, by all means consult with the Jefé and write it in.



PERSONALITY

While the player makes up most of a character's psychology on the spot, there are a few quantifiable aspects to the character's personality that can serve as reminders to the player. While the purpose these bits and bobs serve is mostly in the realm of fun, they also serve to balance out the character in a numerical manner. There are three categories in the Personality section of the character sheet. These are Assets, Liabilities, and Behavior Tags.

Assets are benefits the character possesses. They can be purely psychological or material (which still act as a psychological benefit). Each Asset has a point cost associated with it, based on how beneficial it is to the character. Assets must be purchased with points gained from taking Liabilities or Behavior Tags.

Liabilities are aspects of the character that tend to hamper his progress in life. They can be internal or environmental in nature. Each Liability has a point benefit associated with it, based on how detrimental it is to the character. Taking Liabilities allows the player to buy Assets, or add points to skillz. Just remember that no skill can start higher than 4. Also remember that the character's personality must be roleplayed.

Don't create a character so flawed that he becomes fundamentally unplayable. If your fellow players can't stand your character, he may be sucking gunmetal post haste.

Behavior Tags are little quirks the character displays, from cracking knuckles to going a bit twitchy when things get tough. Each Behavior Tag is worth 1 point toward Assets or rounding out skillz. Again, players should use caution to make sure the character is playable.

ASSETS

Acute Sense (1-3): The character has an extremely heightened sense. Choose one of the five senses: Hearing (2), Smell (2), Sight (3), Touch (2), or Taste (1). The character receives a +2 bonus to the Target Number of any Awareness checks when applied to the chosen sense. You may purchase more than one Acute Sense separately.

Ambidexterity (3): The character can use either hand with equal proficiency.

Charisma (2): The character oozes self-confidence and sexual magnetism. Add +2 to all Con and Performance Target Numbers when performing a skill check.

Courage (3): The character knows no fear. He passes any normal Resist check for fear, terror, or encountering horrible critterz, unless boxcars are rolled, in which case he'll immediately gain a Liability (see Liabilities, page 25) and run screaming into the hills.

Direction (1): The character always has a bearing on his current direction. Also adds +1 to Area Knowledge skill checks.

Double-Jointed (1-3): The character can pop joints out of place and contort for the purposes of escape or amusement. Choose the level of ability: Fingers and Hands (1), Arms and Legs (2), or Spine (3).



Material Wealth (1-3): The character has a few chocolate bars, cartons of smokes or crates of hooch stored away for a rainy day. There is no hard and fast scale of riches; everything should be proportionate within the group and the adventure. Consult with the Jefe for the wealth appropriate to the game's scope.

Network (2): The character has access to cash, materiel and/or personnel via an interconnected web of associates. The network can be family, gang, or simply connections made through bribery or intimidation. When the Jefe determines the availability of certain items, this Asset should weigh heavily into the equation.

Rank (1-3): The character holds some level of command rank in the accepted authority structure. 1 point would indicate a minor officer or mosh leader, 2 points would indicate a mid-level officer or gang leader, while 3 points might denote a high-level officer or sprawl champion. Rank should be appropriate to the scope of the game, and is at the Jefe's discretion.

Reputation (1-3): The character is known for his deeds within an area appropriate to the level taken. 1 indicates a single city sprawl or otherwise local area, while 2 indicates an entire region, and 3 indicates world renown. Usually the level of the Asset is added to the Target Number of appropriate skill checks, such as Intimidation, Con or Perform. Other bonuses are at the Jefe's discretion.

Stoicism (1-3): The character possesses a toughness and resilience to physical trauma. Each point spent on Stoicism (up to 3, maximum) increases the character's SAVE Stat by 1. This will help keep him conscious and upright when wounded.

Tinker (2): The character has an affinity for jury rigging, taking things apart, and putting them back together again. This Asset does not necessarily mean the character has any true technical ability, but whenever he "fixes" something, it tends to eke out a few more miles or minutes of operation. If a character with this Asset fixes a broken piece of equipment or mechanical apparatus, it will work at 50% efficiency for 2D6 minutes before breaking down again. For a weapon, that means it only does half its WR at half its range, a vehicle goes half as fast with half its maneuverability, and that sort of thing.

Unusual Talent (1-3): Perhaps the character is an accomplished impressionist, or can guzzle a quart of Gleaner hooch and remain upright. The more valuable the talent, the more it costs. For instance, the ability of the character to hang upside down and hit a bullseye with a throwing blade is a fairly useful talent and therefore would cost 3 points. The ability to play "knifey" without hitting a single finger, while impressive, is nonetheless almost completely useless in the scope of an adventure, and therefore would be in the area of 1 point. Use common sense and consult with your Jefe.

LIABILITIES

Addiction (+1 to +3): The character can have a dependency ranging from the mild (caffeine, chocolate) to the severe (smokes, hooch). The degree of addiction purchased becomes the penalty to the Target Number of any Skill Checks attempted while without the chosen substance. Withdrawal occurs at different times for different addictions, so common sense and Jefe discretion is essential here.

Age (special): The character is past his prime, and the young bucks can smell it. For every 10 years of actual chronological age beyond 30, the character must reduce any one Stat by 1 point. For every point taken from a Stat, the character gains 3 points to assign to skillz or toward purchasing Assets.

Bad Sense (+1 to +3): The character is hampered by a deficient sense. It can range from a ravaged palette (+1), to a missing eye or deafness (+2), to total blindness (+3). Choose one of the five senses: Hearing (+2), Smell (+2), Sight (+3), Touch (+2), or Taste (+1). Use common sense – a character with keen eyesight isn't going to have a sight deficiency as well.

Cowardice (+2): The character jumps at his own shadow, faints at the sight of blood, or flees in abject terror at the sight of a hoss (no Fear Check needed). The character will avoid combative or dangerous situations at all costs (both to himself and his compatriots). The Jefe should be realistic here; you can't have an entire group full of cowards and run an interesting adventure – not with everyone hiding behind the bar until the danger passes.

Delusion (+1 to +3): The character carries a mistaken impression of his own talents and abilities, or those of his friends. Point benefit is based on the severity of the delusion. It can range from the character believing he channels Goku (+1), to considering himself the reincarnation of General McArthur (+2), to believing he is indestructible and godlike, putting himself (and his mosh) in plenty of danger (+3).

Fanaticism (+1 to +3): The character harbors rabid feelings and opinions about some specific topic, and is not afraid to share them with everyone whenever possible. It can range from a harmless belief in human treatment of Vaulters (+1), to support of a celebrity, gang leader or pit fighter (+2), to a fervent and unwavering devotion to the Cult of Brainz (+3). The more obnoxious and intrusive the issue, the greater the points benefit.

Gullibility (+2): The character's default behavior is to believe what he's told by the other characters, no matter how foolish such information is. He's easily tricked into believing any initial impression or visual image. The character must make a successful Con check to determine if he's being duped, and is at -2 to any opposed Con checks when trying to avoid being fooled.

Intolerance (+1 to +3): The character will not put up with something or some type of person, from bugz on his greenz (+1) to ancient pre-Boom culture (+2), to Skarz, Flagz, Trogz or the like (+3).

Missing Limb (+1 to +4): The character is missing a chunk of his body that makes certain things difficult to do. It can be as small as a finger (+1), a hand (+2), mid-sized as an arm (+3) or as large as a leg (+4). Loss of a finger or hand reduces all DEX based Skill Checks by -1 or -2 respectively (for skillz requiring the use of two hands). Characters missing arms or legs take a -2 penalty to all AGL based skill checks. Please note that cybernetic replacements are not necessarily common and are often inferior to the natural counterpart.



Moral Restriction (+1 to +3): The character has a prohibition on certain behavior. It can be as mild as "not drinking" (+1), to a more moderate "not causing harm to others" (+2), to the extreme "will not under any circumstances go into battle without my lucky undies" (+3). If the character ever engages in the restricted behavior, he becomes flooded with self-doubt and uses the level of the Restriction as a Target Number penalty for any skill checks until the situation is resolved and the Restriction is back in place.

Obesity (+1 to +3): The character is overweight. Ranges from slightly pudgy (+1) to The Big Guy (+3). The points benefit is also subtracted from the character's movement in meters, as well as any Endurance checks.

Obsession/Compulsion (+1 to +3): The character must engage in a certain behavior to function normally. The points benefit is directly proportionate to how invasive the behavior is. It can be a mild compulsion to brush after every meal (+1), an obsession with pre-Boom culture (+2), or a compulsion to do a surgical scrub-in every time someone passes gas around the campfire (+3).

Phobia (+1 to +3): Almost everyone has a mild phobia, from fear of heights (acrophobia), to fear of others (xenophobia), to fear of enclosed spaces (claustrophobia), to fear of spiders (arachnophobia). Choose one for each selection of this Liability and assign it a point benefit based on how invasive and severe the fear is.

Skinny (+1 to +3): Skin and bones. Stick. Beanpole. Scarecrow. Skeleton. These are all names the character has acquired over the years. Select the point benefit based on the severity of the character's underweight status. The point benefit is also used as a penalty to the Target Number of any SAVE checks.

Social Retard (+2): A Social Retard is prone to make inappropriate comments, blather on about nothing in particular, and generally make a nuisance of himself.

Speech Impediment (+1 or +2): The character has problems communicating on one of two levels: He's either possessed of a small but noticeable slur, lisp, or strange inflection (+1), or is almost completely unintelligible (+2), due to injury, genetic mutation or the like. Remember, things like Speech Impediments must be roleplayed.

BEHAVIOR TAGS

All Behavior Tags have a point bonus of +1 and should be roleplayed as much as is appropriate at the gaming table.

Optimism: No matter how dire the circumstances, a character possessed of this trait will always become a cheerleader for the team (Let's go, guys. We can win this one, guys. It's only a minute or two naked, exposed to the fallout, guys!).

Cynicism: No matter how good the circumstances, the cynical character will always be able to find the black cloud to the silver lining (That'll never work. We're doomed. We're dead as that dude without a head back at the sugar shack at Last Chance).

Fidgeting: The character is constantly moving some part of his body in a harmless, yet potentially distracting manner. From cracking knuckles to hand wringing, to leg vibrating, nose-picking, bouncing on tiptoes, chin-rubbing, or tapping a fingernail on a tin mug.

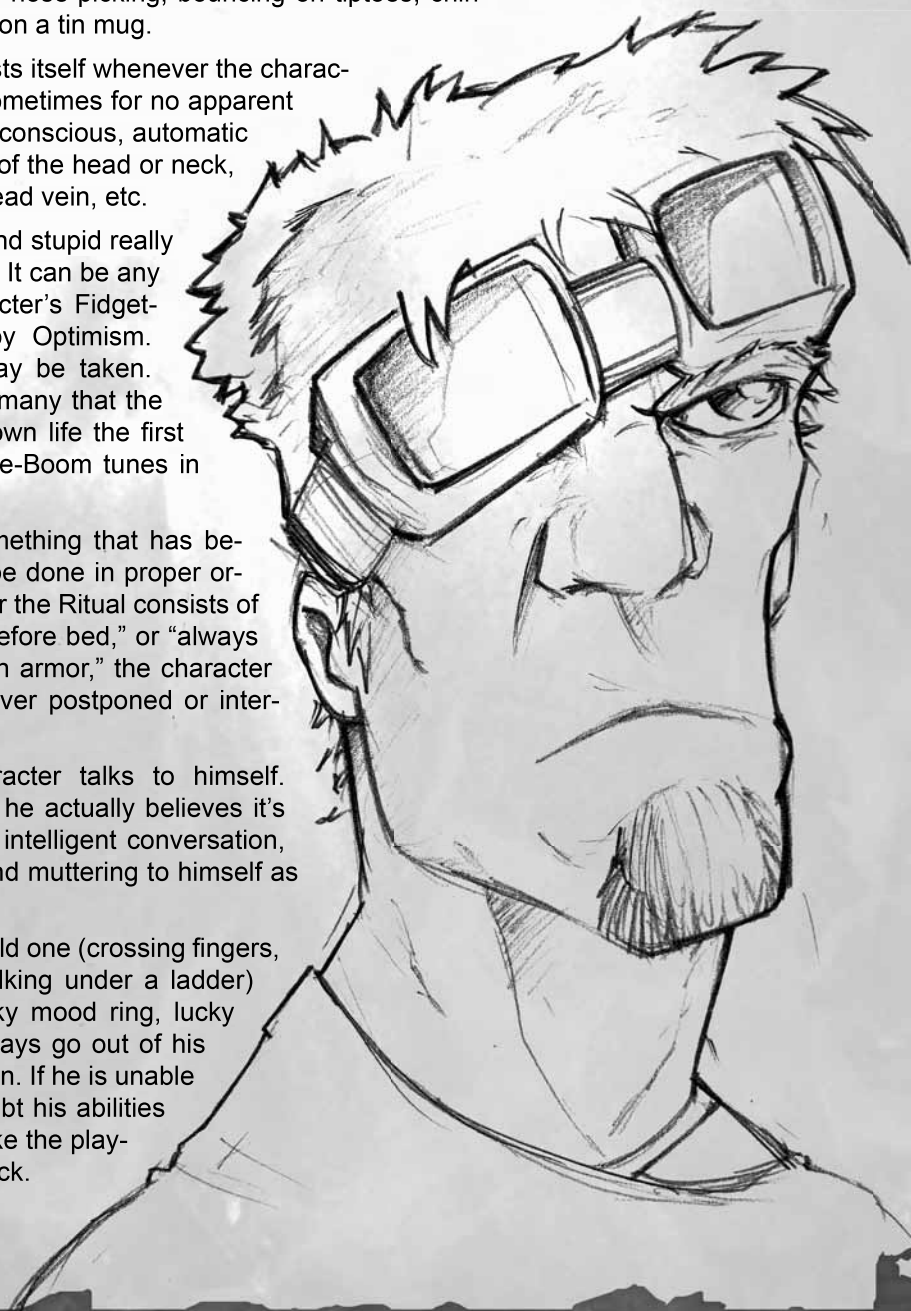
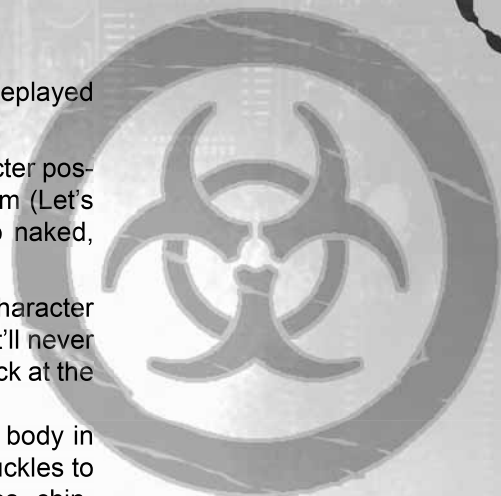
Nervous Tic: This trait manifests itself whenever the character comes under stress (and sometimes for no apparent reason whatsoever). It is an unconscious, automatic muscle spasm in a visible part of the head or neck, like a twitchy eye, wiggly forehead vein, etc.

Pet Peeve: Something small and stupid really gets the character's feckles up. It can be any one thing, from another character's Fidgeting, to someone else's Chirpy Optimism. More than one Pet Peeve may be taken. Just remember not to take so many that the character ends up taking his own life the first time his bro starts whistling pre-Boom tunes in the shower.

Ritual: The character has something that has become a daily habit, and must be done in proper order, with proper timing. Whether the Ritual consists of "always has a swig of hooch before bed," or "always brushes teeth before putting on armor," the character will begin to get surly if it is ever postponed or interrupted.

Self-Conversation: The character talks to himself. Whether this is out of habit or he actually believes it's the only way to be assured of intelligent conversation, the character can often be found muttering to himself as he goes about everyday tasks.

Superstition: Whether it's an old one (crossing fingers, salt over the shoulder, not walking under a ladder) or an individual mandate (lucky mood ring, lucky shades), the character will always go out of his way to adhere to the superstition. If he is unable to, the character begins to doubt his abilities and the Jefe can randomly make the player re-roll a successful Skill Check.



RADZ RULEZ

Playing a character in *RADZ* is a shared fantasy set in a kill-or-be-killed environment. It's brutal and rough and characters' lives are cheap—in other words, *RADZ* is a great way to blow off steam on a rainy afternoon without actually breaking furniture and blowing up the neighbor's SUV. In addition to this rulebook, you will only need your copy of the *RADZ* ident sheet, a pencil, and two standard six-sided dice (referred to as 2D6).

SKILL CHECKS

Successful skill use is determined by making a skill check. To make a skill check, add the skill you want to use with the stat it falls under. This is the base Target Number – the number you'll need to roll equal to or under with 2D6 to successfully use the skill. That's right, in *RADZ*, rolling low is a good thing. On most skill checks, a simple success is satisfactory. In combat, the margin by which you make your roll becomes important. Obviously, the lower you roll, the higher your margin of success. A natural result of 2 (snake-eyes) is always a success, and a natural result of 12 (boxcars) is always a failure.

Modifiers may be added by the Jefe, thereby altering the required Target Number. For instance, hitting a fast moving target may require a -1 modifier. Assembling a catapult while under fire might have a -2 modifier. Tying your boots with the help of clearly written instructions and detailed line drawings might warrant a +1 modifier. Even if a Target Number rises above 12, it is still possible to fail miserably. Subsequently, even if it falls below 2, it is still possible to succeed.

FEAR CHECKS

When confronted by big gunz, slobbery critterz and/or scary Wikkid powerz of the DIFF2 or DIFF3 variety, best have the PCs make a Fear check (unless their background specifically says not to bother).

Simply make a Resist or Cool check as per normal (whichever is higher), with a modifier based on the size, deadliness or threat factor of the scary thing in question (Jefe's discretion, usually -1 to -3, or more if particularly gruesome).

Active and Passive Skill Checks

An Active Skill Check is anything the character does that takes time, concentration, or utilizes a physical skill. A Passive Skill Check is anything the Jefe mandates as a reaction to the character's environment, like Awareness, Endurance, Resist, etc.

Unskilled Checks

If a character has a Skill Rating of zero, he may still attempt to use the skill in question. The Target Number is simply the appropriate Stat Rating, plus the skill rating of 0. In this case, the character is relying on raw talent. If the Stat is 2 or less in such a case, only a simple success will be possible because the Target Number is too low to provide a margin.

Preparing

Players may choose to take time to prepare for a Skill Check. The unit of time spent should be appropriate to the task and is up to the Jefe. Combat oriented Skill Checks take extra combat rounds to prepare (see Initiative and Combat Actions), while non-combat Skill Checks might require minutes or even hours for preparation. For each unit of time the character prepares the action, he receives +1 bonus to the Target Number, up to a maximum of +3. If the character is interrupted by taking damage or engages in any other Active Skill use, the preparation bonus is negated.

Critical Success/Failure

If the result of a Skill Check is snake eyes (a natural 2), the character has had a critical success. Re-roll the Skill Check and add the margin of success (if any) to that of the first. This can really make a difference, especially in combat. If the result of a Skill Check is boxcars (a natural 12), the character has had a critical failure – not only did the character fail, he failed spectacularly, tripping over bootlaces or shooting a hole in his foot, etc. Jefes should use discretion here. Dropping a weapon or falling down and losing one's next action are usually warranted; severing one's own head or sitting on a live grenade are usually not.

Initiative and Combat Actions

In *RADZ*, each combat round constitutes roughly 3 seconds of "in-game time." When the Jefe calls for combat rounds, each player makes an INITIATIVE check. Roll 2D6 vs. the number in the box labeled INITIATIVE. The player with the highest margin acts first and may perform one action, then the player with the next highest, and so on.

Every player gets one action per round. Multiple actions are possible by including the following restrictions:

1. The player must declare the total number of intended actions on his own turn during the first pass through the play order.
2. For each subsequent action beyond the first, the character applies a -3 penalty to each Target Number. This penalty is cumulative, so a second action would be -3, a third would be -6, etc. This penalty is in addition to any Target Number modifiers due to environment or Wound Status (see page 32).

Once all players have resolved their first actions for the round, players who declared further actions may then resolve them, continuing down the line once more. Play continues in this manner until all actions for the round have been resolved. An action consists of one of the following:

- Making an Active Skill Check.
- Making an attack or dodging.
- Falling prone or rising from a prone position.
- Moving the character's AGILITY in meters.
- Drawing and readying, or reloading a weapon.

Performing a Passive Skill Check (i.e. Awareness, Resist and similar receptive skillz) and parrying a melee attack are considered reactive, and do not cost an action.

Players who critically fail their INITIATIVE perform their actions last in the round. Players who roll a critical success perform their actions first in the round (regardless of margin). If more than one player critically succeeds on INITIATIVE, their characters should go in order of highest margin of success to lowest, although their actions are considered simultaneous. If more than one player critically fails INITIATIVE, they can "dice off" (roll 1D6, highest roll wins) to see in what order they go last.

A player may always decline to take a declared action. Once an action is taken, however, its effects are binding unless LUCK is invoked (see page 19). Or the Jefe suddenly reverses time to correct the horrendous player mistake, which may have wiped out all life on earth... again.

Opposed Rolls/Melee Combat

When a player wants his character to engage another or an NPC in melee combat, the player rolls a Skill Check vs. the character's appropriate Target Number (AGILITY + Brawling, DEXTERITY + Boomstick, etc). Be sure to add the weapon accuracy (WA) of the weapon to the Target Number (and the defense roll, if applicable). The defending character must make a Skill Check vs. an appropriate defense skill (usually Brawling to parry a melee attack, or Dodge to move out of the way of a ranged attack). The character with the highest margin of success is the winner, and has either landed the hit or avoided getting hit. If the defender is successful, the attack is completely negated, parried, or avoided, and no damage is done. Ties go to the defender.

For game purposes, parrying is considered passive (a reactive skill check), and therefore does not cost an action. Ranged attacks can not be parried. A character can attempt to parry any number of attacks from visible opponents without penalty. However, there's always the danger of that tard hitting you from behind with an axe handle, and you can't parry (or dodge) what you can't see.

RAD SAVES

For every hour spent in a RAD-saturated environment, make a Resist check minus the character's RAD rating. A failed roll means a trip to the Mutationz Table on page 41.

RESISTING MAGIC SPELLS

A spell that can be resisted says so in the individual spell description. If a spell is cast successfully, the target must make a successful Resist check (at any penalty stated in the spell description) to avoid the spell's effects. If the Resist check fails, the spell has full effect.

Ranged Attacks

Throwing a grenade, shooting a firearm, heavy gun, or other missile weapon is treated like any other Skill Check, with possible modifiers for distance, size, and movement of the target. Although dodging a bullet is unlikely, diving aside still lowers the likelihood of being hit, and thus opposed rolls are called for (Dodge can be used for avoiding a ranged attack). Area effect weapons (explosives and the like) may not be dodged as a general rule, although if we follow cinematic precedent, hitting the deck will cut the WR of the weapon in half (round up). If the ranged attack is successful, multiply the margin of success by the WR of the weapon. Ranged weapons do not receive the STRENGTH bonus that melee weapons do. Nor do they usually require one to make a character spread himself across three counties in very small pieces.

A character can throw a knife, axe, grenade, small farm animal or other projectile STRENGTH x 5 in meters.

Calling Shots

Unless otherwise declared, any successful attack will hit the torso (undoubtedly the largest target on the body). There are occasions, however, when you may want to aim for a much smaller target, like your opponent's weapon hand, or his wedding tackle. The general range of modifiers for a called shot is as follows:

- 1 for the arms or legs
- 2 for the head, hands, weapon, or pleasure zone

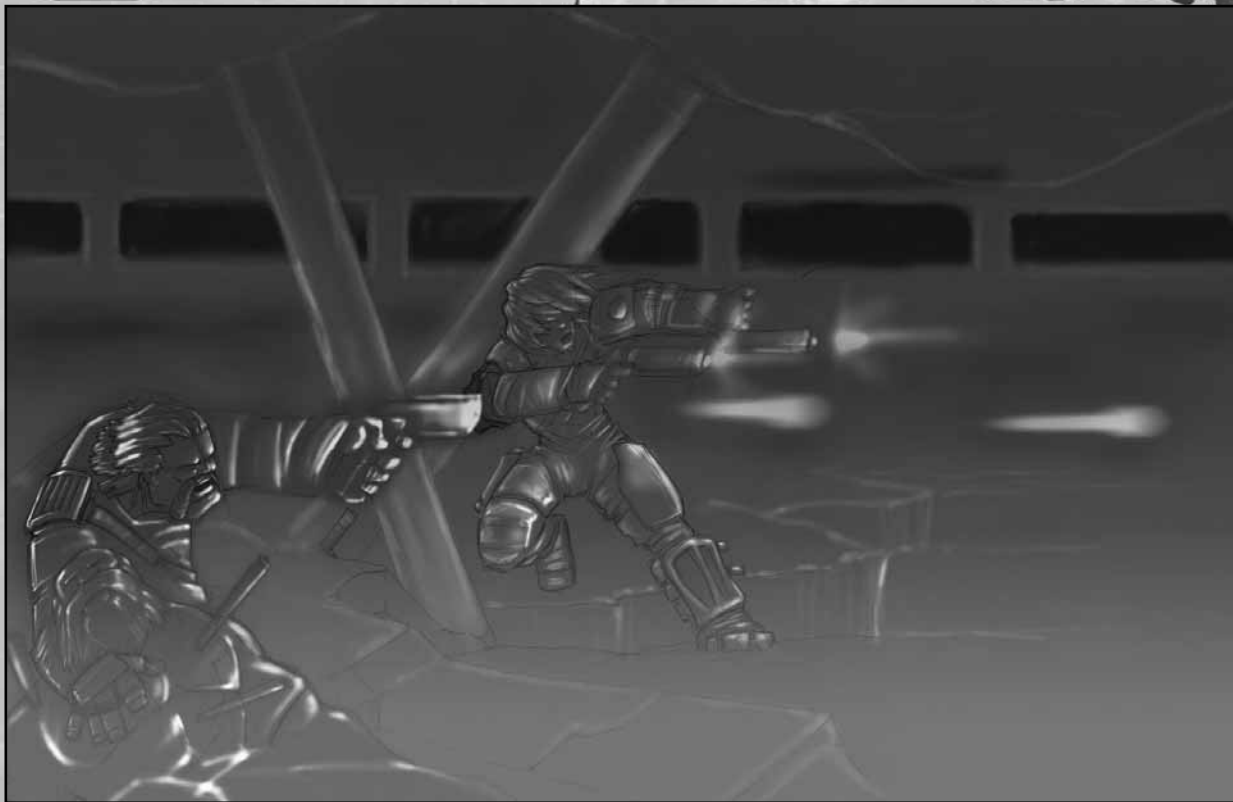
Targeting Modifiers

It's relatively easy to shoot a stationary target a few meters away, unless you're a complete tard. Fortunately, you don't have to look a complete tard when there are all sorts of variables (and they are cumulative) upon which to blame your constant missing. For instance:

- 1 if the target is moving
- 1 if the target is moving quickly
- 1 if the target is really hauling ass
- 2 if the target is behind cover

Note that if the target is an actual player character and not just a Sprawler mosh, it may be best to try to avoid the incoming fire by dodging, explained in the next section.





Dodging

A character may try to evade a specific incoming attack by diving aside, hitting the deck and otherwise making himself a harder target to hit. See **Ranged Attacks** for details. Dodging counts as an action, but doesn't need to be declared ahead of time. *If a character decides to dodge, any subsequent actions or Skill Checks during the round are at the cumulative -3 penalty.*

A full dodge is when the character attempts to avoid the entire mosh of Sprawlerz shooting at him down a narrow alley. The player accomplishes the maneuver by making a single dodge roll (Brawling or Dodge skill check), and using the margin of success as the penalty for all enemy fire to hit the character that round. A character performing a full dodge may not perform any other skill checks during that round (including parries) and cannot declare additional actions.

Surprise

If a character succeeds in surprising another (opposed rolls: Stealth vs. Awareness), the sneaking party gets one free combat action before combat rounds officially begin. The surprised party gets no dodge, parry, or other defensive action, but may perform actions as normal once combat rounds begin.

Running Fire

A character performing a basic combat move (AGILITY in meters) may attempt running fire, snapping off a single ranged attack. The penalty for running fire is -1 to the combat skill's Target Number in addition to any penalties to called shots or automatic fire.

Auto Fire

Some weapons allow automatic fire. This is usually in the form of either a three-round burst or full auto (where the goal is to hose down an area with a hail of hot death). A three-round burst applies a -1 penalty to the combat skill's Target Number, hits a single location, and does three separate applications of damage. A character may fire full auto at -3 to hit, emptying up to 50% of the weapon's magazine. If the shot is successful, roll 1D6 for every 10 rounds fired. The result is the number of hits to be distributed among targets as the shooter wishes. The margin of the first roll is used to calculate damage.

Damage

If the attacker is successful, subtract the defender's margin from the attacker's and multiply the result by the weapon rating (WR) of the weapon being used. No need to roll randomly; the damage is a direct result of the precision of the hit and the weapon being used. If the weapon has a damage bonus (DB) listed, add that to the damage result. If the weapon is a melee (non-ranged) weapon, add the attacker's STRENGTH to any damage.

If the defender is wearing any clothing with an armor value (AV), subtract the AV from the damage.

Finally, apply the remaining damage to the character's SHRUG.

If the damage result is less than SHRUG, the character takes no wounds.

If the damage result is equal to or greater than SHRUG, the character suffers 1 wound, and should mark the appropriate box in the Current Medical Condition area of the character sheet.

If the damage result is equal to or greater than twice SHRUG, the character suffers 2 wounds, and so forth. See Wound Status for more information.

Treat unarmed combat attacks as WR0 (for punches) and WR1 (for kicks). Treat the attacker's STRENGTH as the damage bonus (DB).

Wound Status

Each level of damage taken is represented on the Current Medical Condition chart, a gradually worsening representation of the character's physical state. If the character has taken 1 wound, he is at condition 1, or Scathed. If the character takes 2 wounds, he is at condition 2, or Roughed Up. This Wound Status is cumulative, i.e. if the character is currently Scathed and takes another 2 wounds he's now at condition 3, or Worse For Wear.

Medical Conditions are as follows:

1. Scathed: The character feels euphoric, stoned, and slightly woozy; however, there are no Wound Penalties at this level.

2. Roughed Up: The character has some mild cuts, abrasions, bruises, and feels dizzy. At this level, the character has a -1 Wound Penalty.

3. Worse for Wear: The character has broken bones, bleeding wounds, and may be in shock. At this level, the character has a -2 Wound Penalty.

4. All Fugged Up: The character has internal bleeding, shattered bones, and is spitting teeth onto the floor. At this point, the character is likely unconscious, or at least demonstrating the intellectual agility of a hoss on methadone. The character has a -3 Wound Penalty.

5. Incapacitated: The character is comatose, has ruptured organs, and cannot take any actions until revived. At this level, the character has a -4 Wound Penalty.

6. Near Death: The character is clinically dead, no visible life signs, but retains a small enough spark of life to be revived. At this level, the character has a -5 Wound Penalty.

7. Dead: This level is self-explanatory. If the character gets to this point, there are no Target Number penalties, because there is no character left to perform any action. So, raise a toast to the dead and make a new character.



Saves

When a character has been wounded, the player must make a Wound Save. This is done by rolling 2D6 vs. the number indicated in the box labeled SAVE. As long as the player rolls a simple success, the character remains upright and kicking. If the SAVE is unsuccessful, the character falls unconscious from wound shock. He may continue to attempt making SAVE rolls as normal during his turn in the combat round, but the character simply cannot make any other skill checks or take any combat actions. When the player has rolled a successful SAVE, he revives and may act as normal (minus any wound penalties) in the next full combat round.

Wound Penalties

When a character has been wounded, he or she will suffer a Wound Penalty (the negative number in parentheses next to the wound level). This negative modifier is applied to any skill check as long as the character remains in his wounded state. This includes SAVE checks and INITIATIVE, as well as any physical or mental skill checks. Although a character may have a Target Number less than 2, the player may always attempt to roll a critical success.

Non-Lethal Damage

There are many times when attempting to knock out a character is preferable to blowing him to smithereens, usually when your buddy becomes possessed by a RAD-power-gone-bad and begins using the mosh hideout as a shooting gallery.

To knock a character unconscious, the player must declare his intent to do so, and must be either unarmed or carrying a blunt instrument (pistol butt, axe handle, large rock, etc). The attack is made as normal, but instead of marking off wound damage, the defender must make a SAVE to keep from getting knocked out. Damage is figured normally (see Damage, page 32), but instead of dealing wounds to the character, he simply makes a SAVE, minus the appropriate Wound Penalties. To be clear: the character is not actually wounded. He's been thumped on the head and, if the SAVE fails, will be dozing for 1D6 hours. When awakened, the character will function as Scathed for the amount of time spent unconscious.

Stabilizing a Wounded Character

Any player may attempt to stabilize a wounded character by performing a Medicine check, modifying the skill's Target Number by the Wound Penalty for the appropriate wound level. In this case, the Wound Penalty is treated as a difficulty modifier and subtracted from the aiding character's Medicine skill.

If the Medicine check is successful, the character is stabilized and will not worsen unless he is wounded again. If the Medicine check is unsuccessful, the character will remain just as wounded as before. If the Medicine check is a critical success, the character is not only stabilized, but improves by one level. If the Medicine check is a critical failure, the character automatically downgrades one level (and is not stabilized). Once a character has been stabilized, subsequent successful Medicine checks will upgrade the character's condition by one level each (but only at a maximum rate of one level per day).

If a character takes cumulative damage that puts him in a Sorry State, his condition will degrade by one level for every 5 minutes of game time due to blood loss and internal trauma unless stabilized.

Healing

A stabilized character will heal one wound level per week in addition to any outside medical attention. While not entirely realistic, it gets the character's lazy butt out of the bonesetter's tent and back to work with a minimum of lazing about eating the mosh yum yums all day.

Death

When a character has been reduced to Wound Status: Dead, it's time to say a few words and raise a cup o' rotgut to your comrade's passing. Death is fairly common in *RADZ* (at least it is if you're playing it right), and it usually happens in a big way. Have fun with it. Go out in a blaze of glory, cursing your enemies with the vendetta of your gang and any profanity you'd care to add. Your character's deeds may become legend in the *RADZ* world, whispered about in the saloons by hard Skullmongers and lunchmeat Vaulterz for years to come. It ain't time to get all mushy and blubbery over your imaginary friend. It's time to make a new character and get back into the game while yer mosh still needs ya!



Character Improvement

Each game session in which a character participates will earn him some sort of experience, which the Jefe will award the player at the end. A good rule of thumb for a single session is roughly 10 Character Points (to each player). Gaining a Liability or a Behavior Tag also adds the appropriate number of points to the pool. After the Jefe has awarded the base points, he may decide to award additional points to characters he feels overcame an obstacle, solved a problem, or achieved part of the character's personal goals. An additional 1 to 3 points are considered a good range, depending on the circumstances for which they are being awarded. More on experience and the awarding of character points can be found in the Jefe Section (page 80).

The player may use the awarded points to buy Assets, purchase new skillz, improve existing skillz, or even boost Stats.

Assets are purchased at 10 times the point cost listed.

New skillz (those not taken during character creation) may be learned at a cost of 10 points for a Skill Rating of 1.

Skillz may be improved using the following rules:

To improve a skill already possessed by the character, he must spend an amount of character points equal to the next skill level up, x2. (i.e. raising a skill from 2 to 3 costs 4 points, from 6 to 7 costs 14 points, etc). At higher skill levels, it takes much longer to improve.

Points may be saved over multiple sessions or spent between games as the character sees fit. In addition, the Jefe may want to mandate that only skillz that the character actively used or made a point of studying within the session may be improved.

Improving skillz or learning new skillz under the instruction of a teacher costs half the normal points. A teacher must already possess the skill and can only help the student improve as far as the teacher's own skill level.

Raising Stats is also allowed in the game, but at a much higher cost—the current rating times 10 (i.e. raising a stat from 4 to 5 would cost $4 \times 10 = 40$ points). In addition, stats may not be raised more than 2 points beyond their starting value, and cannot exceed the stat cap for the character type. Although the raising of non-physical Stats is questionable in our modern world (one may lift weights 'til the cows come home, but one's IQ is basically static for life), characters in RADZ can improve them through artificial means. It makes no difference to us how the player justifies raising a non-physical stat. Just make sure the Jefe buys it or you just might stay stupid.



Vehicle Combat

When characters engage in vehicle-based combat, things get loud, fast and very scary. Each vehicle is rated for Speed (SPD), Maneuverability (MAN), Armor Value (AV), Hull (HUL) and weapon data (WA/WR/DB) by type. When piloting a vehicle, add the SPD and MAN ratings to the character's applicable Pilot skill. When using an automated vehicle mounted weapon, add the WA to the character's Computer Ops. skill. When using manually fired turret or platform mounted vehicle's weapons, add the WA to the character's Heavy Weapon skill. Armor is considered to be any protection beyond the hull itself, and is subtracted from incoming damage. The ship's HUL rating acts as the vehicular equivalent of SHRUG.

For vehicle combat, players roll INITIATIVE as normal. A character may perform one of the following for each combat action he has declared: Close with or pull away from an enemy vehicle; take evasive action; fire one of the vehicle's automated weapons. If the craft has multiple manual or turret weapons, other characters may be needed to man them.

Close or Pull Away

The pilot must make a SPD roll to determine whether it closes with or pulls away from the opponent craft. Add the SPD rating to the character's Pilot skill and make a Pilot skill check. The vehicle closes or draws away up to the margin of success in grids. A grid in RADZ is 10 meters.

Evasive Action

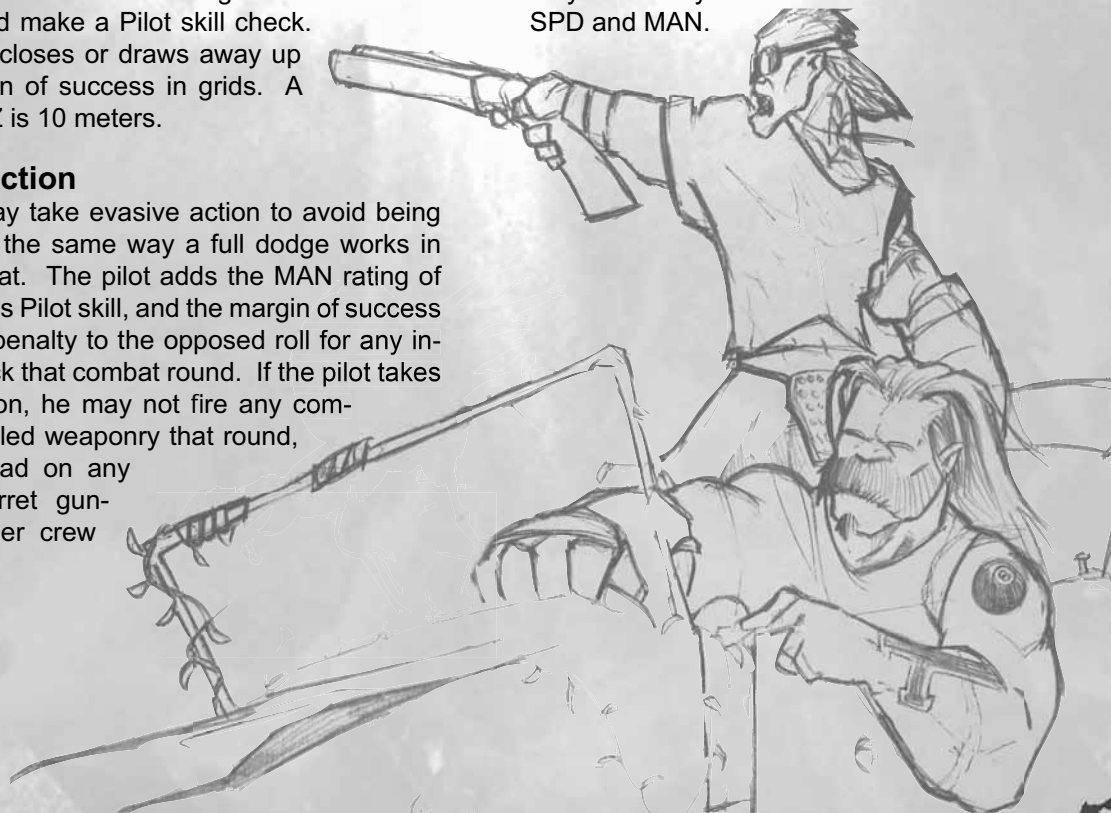
A vehicle may take evasive action to avoid being hit, in much the same way a full dodge works in melee combat. The pilot adds the MAN rating of the craft to his Pilot skill, and the margin of success becomes a penalty to the opposed roll for any incoming attack that combat round. If the pilot takes evasive action, he may not fire any computer-controlled weaponry that round, relying instead on any pintle or turret gunners, or other crew for defense.

Weapons

A piloting character may use an action to fire automated weapons that are tied into the vehicle's main control systems (but not if he took evasive action). The vehicle must be within weapon range of the target. Add the weapon accuracy (WA) to the character's Computer Ops. skill. Any additional non-linked weapons on a vehicle or craft must be manned by additional personnel and use the Heavy Weapons skill. Weapon accuracy (WA) bonuses still apply to the gunner's skill.

Armor

When a vehicle is hit, any ablative armor will automatically dissipate the energy from the incoming attack. Not all vehicles are equipped with armor, as the quality—and quantity—of scrap metal necessary can be cost-prohibitive. When a vehicle takes a hit, subtract the AV from the incoming damage before factoring damage vs. HUL. If incoming damage is greater than the AV rating of the vehicle, the armor has been penetrated and AV gets reduced by 1. Once AV has been reduced to zero, the vehicle's armor is punched full of holes and is no longer effective. Any subsequent hit to the vehicle will go directly to the hull. Heavier armors may adversely affect a vehicle's SPD and MAN.



Collision & Ramming

If one vehicle collides with another, both take damage. Add each vehicle's HUL and AV together, then use the difference between the two vehicles' result as the WR, with a minimum of 1. For the multiplier, use each ship's current SPD for the amount of damage done to the other ship.

Vehicle Damage

Just as in personal combat, figure vehicle damage by subtracting the defending craft's margin of success (for evasive action, if any) from the attacking craft's margin of success (for any successful weapon shots), and multiply by the weapon rating (WR) of the weapon used. Apply the result to the defending vehicle's HUL rating.

If the damage result is less than the vehicle's HUL, no damage is taken. If the damage result is more than HUL, 1 damage level is taken. If the damage result is more than twice HUL, 2 damage levels are taken, etc. Damage Penalties are applied to the craft's SPD and MAN ratings, as well as to the WA rating of any computer controlled weapons.

Repairing Damaged Vehicles

Repairing a damaged vehicle is much like healing a wounded character. The person doing the repairing makes a Mechanics skill check at the Damage Penalty required by the craft's current Damage Level. Each additional character assisting the first reduces the penalty by 1.

If the Mechanics check is successful, the vehicle is repaired one Damage Level. If the Mechanics check is unsuccessful, the craft will remain just as damaged as before. If the Mechanics check is a critical success, the vehicle improves an extra Damage Level (in addition to the normal one). If the Mechanics check is a critical failure, the vehicle automatically downgrades one level (if a Disabled Hulk already, the vehicle will explode in a Vapor Cloud). Successful Mechanics checks will upgrade the vehicle's condition by one level each (but only at a maximum rate of one level per day).

Damage levels are as follows:

- 1. Shaken:** The vehicle is bounced around like a kernel of corn in a pan of Jiffy Pop. No Damage Penalty.
- 2. Lightly Damaged:** Seat hydraulics out, drive system sputters momentarily. -1 Damage Penalty.
- 3. Moderately Damaged:** Several small fires break out in the cockpit. The vehicle is now leaking oil (or atomic waste) and the engines are starting to whine. -2 Damage Penalty.
- 4. Severely Damaged:** Fires ignite throughout the vehicle. The craft creaks and pitches as the engine begins to overheat. -3 Damage Penalty.
- 5. Engine Shutdown:** All systems switch to emergency power as the engine shuts down automatically. -4 Damage Penalty.
- 6. Disabled Hulk:** Party's over, Timmy. The engine is completely done. There's no light, no battery power, and no radio. SPD and MAN drop to zero. -5 Damage Penalty (to anything left).
- 7. Vapor Cloud:** The vehicle explodes in a brilliant pyrotechnic display. Anyone on board is blasted away from the craft 1D6 x 10 meters (taking an automatic wound level) and must make a successful Dodge skill check to avoid taking an additional wound level for every 10 meters traveled in the blast and/or fallen.

POWERZ

RAD Magic works a bit differently than other skillz. Most skillz do not require intervention on the part of the Jefe (unless something extraordinary is going on), while powerz are always given their associated penalties. Each power comes with its own difficulty modifier (DIFF). The reason for this is simple: it's more difficult to cast a spell than it is to kick in a door or stick a tard in the face with a lo-. The difficulty number listed after the magic spell's name is the modifier applied to the character's Magic skill check.

Failing a RAD Magic skill check requires the Wikkid to roll 2D6 and add the DIFF of the power used. On a 9 or greater, the Wikkid gains a mutation (see Mutationz, page 41). A critical failure indicates a massive power overload, giving the Wikkid 1 wound and an automatic mutation (see Mutationz, page 41). A critical success doubles the base effects of the power, before they are affected by the margin of success. More on skill checks and critical results in the RADZ Rulez section, page 28.

Note that there are only a few basic types of powerz, listed very generally. All Wikkid characters have access to all powerz listed, and effects followed by * indicate that they are to be multiplied by the margin of success. All spells are line-of-sight unless otherwise noted.



DIFF	NAME	EFFECT
1	Absorption	Character can absorb a type of energy damage and can even heal wounds with it. Only one of the following can be absorbed (choose between kinetic, re/heat, electricity, or radiation). Character can absorb 1 Wound of attacks from their chosen energy, and can use it to heal 1 Wound if they have taken damage.
1	Adaptation	Character can immediately adapt to a harmful environment (poison gas, being underwater, radiation) for 1D6* rounds.
1	Alter Self	Character can make their skin take on properties of inanimate objects (wood, brick, etc) for 1D6 rounds, giving them AV1* and increasing their weight x3. Note that it is just the skin that changes -- bones and internal organs stay the same.
1	Circle o' Power	Creates a 1m* circle that the caster stands within to gain +1* to the target number of his next spell. Duration: 1min* or until the next spell is cast (whichever comes rst)
1	Concussion	Creates a concussion shockwave from body out to 5m*. Anyone caught in the wave must make a successful SAVE or take an automatic Wound and be knocked down.
1	Increased Senses	Character can improve a single sense for 1D6 rounds; possibilities include thermal vision, telescopic vision, parabolic hearing, tracking scent, and more.
1	Minor Illusion (can be Resisted)	Create a human-sized (or smaller) illusory effect (invisibility, mirror image, light/darkness, etc). Intangible. Duration: 1D6* min (or until a new power is used).
1	Neutralize	Neutralizes radioactivity & toxins in a 3m* diameter (including contaminated biological tissue). Effects are permanent.
1	Nullify (can be Resisted)	Can make another Wikkid unable to use any Powerz for 1D6 rounds.
1	Personal Shield	Creates a particle shield (AV1*) around a single human-sized target. Moves with target. Duration: 1D6* rounds.
1	Pheromones	Character can exude pheromones that influence the emotional state of others within a range of 5m* unless they Save. Wind can blow pheromones away.
1	RAD Fire	Project energy from own body against target (5m* line-of-sight). WR1*
1	Rainbow in the Dark	Causes a dazzling light show within a 5m* radius. Those with eye protection are at -2 to hit anything in the area of effect, and those without eye protection are effectively blind (no attacks)
1	Remote Sense	"See" image of a 5m* diameter anywhere in local vicinity but out of line-of-sight. Duration: 1D6* min (or until a new power is used).
1	Summon	Calls living 1* living creature to the caster's location under normal locomotion.
1	Telepathy (can be Resisted)	Character can send their thoughts to any unshielded mind within line of sight or 10m*. Characters can read the thoughts of another within the same distance if they overcome resistance; target is allowed new resistance roll every 3 rounds.



DIFF	NAME	EFFECT
2	Alter Other (can be Resisted)	Transform an object into a different form (+1 DIFF if the target is organic). Duration: 2D6* min
2	Big Shield	Creates a 3m* radius particle shield (AV2*). Moves with target. Duration: 1D6* rounds
2	Them Bones	Accelerates healing to 1* Wound Level per day.
2	Conjure	Creates solid inorganic matter from fallout in desired shape (up to 2m x 2m in scale). Finished object is non-contaminated. Effects are permanent.
2	Dominion Day (can be Resisted)	Caster takes mental control over intelligent target. Potentially suicidal commands get an additional Resist. Duration: 1D6* rounds
2	Flight	Character can fly for 2D6 rounds. Flight is 10 km per hour per point of RAD; character can carry personal gear but no more.
2	Future Sense	Ask a question regarding a character or event. Jefe awards written response of 1* word.
2	Major Illusion (can be Resisted)	Create a larger-than-human illusory effect (+1 DIFF if the effect is organic looking as opposed to geometrical). Intangible. Duration: 1D6* min (or until a new power is used).
2	Master of Puppets	Animates a single non-living object to the will of the caster. Duration: 1* minute (add +1 DIFF if the object is larger than human-sized)
2	Shapeshift	Character can morph their body into the form of another biological-based creature for 1D6* rounds. Damage taken in the alternate form is retained upon changing back.
2	Telekinesis	Manipulate and move objects with the power of thought. Character can move 10 kg for every point of RAD they possess.
2	Teleportation	Character can instantly teleport anywhere they wish within their line of sight. Character's gear comes with them, and they can teleport one additional being (with gear) for every success rolled, up to 250 kg. If a character teleports "blind", they must make a save or be killed by teleporting into a solid object.

DIFF	NAME	EFFECT
3	Astral Assault	Caster projects astral form at opponent. WR1*, armor, barriers and clothing have no defensive value. Caster's body goes momentarily slack – if not held upright, the caster will awaken prone.
3	Mathematics of Chaos	Creates a swirling spatial distortion (5m* radius) that causes panic and temporary insanity. Those caught in the distortion must make a successful Resist or gain an automatic Liability. See Liabilities, page 25.
3	Nova	Last stand, fatal for caster. Creates a nuclear explosion 10m* radius. Does caster's SAVE in WR. Those caught in the blast must make a successful SAVE or get knocked unconscious. Anyone caught in a Nova blast must take a minimum of 1 Wound and make a RAD Level check to keep from gaining a mutation.
3	Time Manipulation	Can move backward or forward 1D6 rounds in time. This ability can be used only once a game session.
3	Weather Manipulation	Can alter the weather (force it to rain, etc.). Large changes (blizzard in the desert during summer) require multiple successes, and a failure means character automatically takes a wound.



MUTATIONz

3D6	Mutation	Effect
3	Additional Limb	(1D6) 1: Arm (+1 to all DEX checks); 2: Leg (+1 to all AGL checks); 3: Tentacle (+1 to all AGL checks); 4: Horn (WR2); 5: Pseudopod (+1 to all DEX checks); 6: Extending Jaw (WR2).
4	Toxin Gland	(1D6) 1-3: Acid Gland (can spit acid 1D6 meters; Target Number STR+6, WR 2 for 1D3 rounds). 4-6: Venom Gland (Target Number sam as Acid Gland; WR3 for 1D3 rounds, range is touch/bite, can be Resisted)
5	Chitin (+2 AV)	(1D3) 1: Plates; 2: Scales; 3: Bumps
6	Cellular Breakdown	-1 SAVE (+1 CP)
7	Gills	Can breathe underwater.
8	Horns / Quills / Spines	WR1
9	Immuno-Compromised	-1 Resist (+1 CP)
10	Increased Bone Density	+1 SAVE
11	Limb Loss <i>See Personality for Character Point bonuses</i>	(1D6) 1: Left Hand; 2: Right Hand; 3: Left Arm; 4: Right Arm; 5: Left Leg; 6: Right Leg ; Arm/Hand: -1 to all DEX checks; Leg: -1 to all AGL checks
12	Ori ce	(1D6) 1: Respiratory (+1 Endurance); 2: Auditory (+1 Intimidation or Con); 3: Nutrition Intake (+1 Resist); 4: Entangling (+1 Fighting when entanglement is attempted); 5: Air Filter (+1 Endurance/+1 to RAD target); 6: Gas Vent (+2 Intimidation/-2 Social)
13	Sensory Loss <i>See Personality for Character Point bonuses</i>	(1D6) 1-2: Olfactory (-1 to smell or taste-based Awareness checks); 3-4: Hearing (-1 to hearing-based Awareness checks); 5-6: Sight (-1 to sight-based Awareness checks)
14	Sharpened Teeth	WR1
15	Skin Hardening	+1 AV (roll hit location - the result is the location affected by the skin)
16	Additional Eye	+1 to sight-based Awareness checks
17	Tactile Sensor	Can gauge temperature and cellular/composite make-up simply by touching (+2 to touch-based Awareness checks)
18	Random Mutation	(1D6) 1: Modified Stat (roll randomly to determine Stat, then roll high/low to modify Stat by +1 or -1); 2: Permanent Wound (character remains Scathed as default status); 3: Hardiness (character reduces Wound Penalties by -1); 4: Feral Features (+1 Intimidate); 5: Fungoid* ; 6: Death**

* Character's cell structure becomes fungoid. The character sheet is taken by the Jefé and used as an NPC until neutralized by the party or an external influence.

** The character's cells superheat as if in a microwave oven, exploding in a sickening red, chunky fountain. Serves you right for rolling four sixes in a row.

CRITTERZ

Animals in *RADZ* have comparatively few statistics: **Size** (S, M, L, XL), **Value** (in Dukkits), **COM** (combat Target Number), **WR** (Weapon Rating of any natural weapons - teeth, claws, kick, etc), **Shrug** (for Wound reference), **Wounds** (number of wound levels the creature can take before it is killed), and any **Special Abilities** it may have. Note that monsters such as Grendels have a value attached only as a bounty and not because you can walk into any sprawl and buy one... 'cause that'd be silly.

DAWG

Size: S-M
Value: \$50+
COM: 7
WR: 1 (+3 STR)
Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4
Wounds: 4
Special Abilities: +2 smell-based Awareness checks, +1 sight-based Awareness checks, fast (-1 to hit)



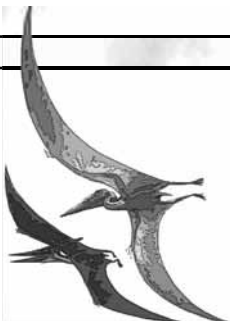
DRAGG

Size: M-L
Value: \$200+
COM: 9
WR: 3 (+5 STR)
Shrug: 4 (+AV3) = 7
Wounds: 6
Special Abilities: Some Draggos have a Toxin Gland (see Mutationz table for details)



FLYER

Size: M-L
Value: \$500+
COM: 7
WR: 2 (+5 STR)
Shrug: 3 (+AV2) = 5
Wounds: 6
Special Abilities: Winged flight (up to 200kg additional load)



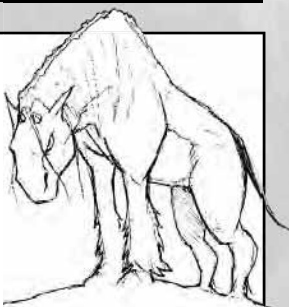
GRENDDEL

Size: L
Value: \$3000+
COM: 10
WR: 3 (+5 STR)
Shrug: 5 (+AV2) = 7
Wounds: 8
Special Abilities: +2 hearing-based Awareness checks, -1 sight-based Awareness checks



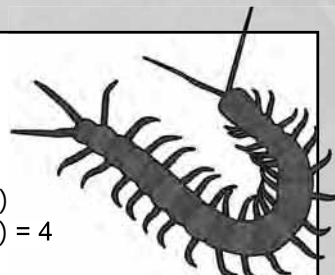
HOSS

Size: L
Value: \$75+
COM: 7
WR: 1 (+4 STR)
Shrug: 4 (+AV1) = 5
Wounds: 6
Special Abilities: +2 smell- and hearing-based Awareness checks, can carry up to 300kg loads
Note: Hoss come in several breeds of both quadruped and biped mount



MULTIPEDE

Size: L
Value: \$150+
COM: 7
WR: 1 (+3 STR)
Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4
Wounds: 4
Special Abilities: Can carry up to 250kg loads, fast (-1 to hit)



BASILISK

Size: S-M

Value: \$500+

COM: 8

WR: 2 (+3 STR)

Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: Spits toxin up to 10m which the target must SAVE vs, or become paralyzed for 1D6 hours; fast (-1 to hit)



GIANT SPIDER

Size: M-L

Value: \$10 - 100+

COM: 9

WR: 2 (+5 STR)

Shrug: 4 (+AV1) = 5

Wounds: 6

Special Abilities: Toxin Gland (see Mutationz table); webbing (entangles & holds for 1D6 days).



GIANT SCORP

Size: M-L

Value: \$25-150+

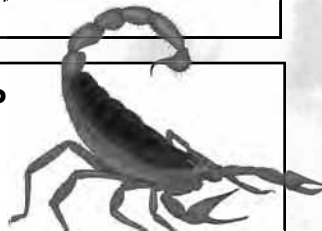
COM: 10

WR: 3 (+5 STR)

Shrug: 4 (+AV2) = 6

Wounds: 6

Special Abilities: Toxin Gland (see Mutationz table); pincers can entangle/hold, which gives Scorp +2 to attack with stinger.



RATTLER

Size: S-M

Value: \$5+

COM: 6

WR: 1 (+3 STR)

Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: +2 smell- and hearing-based Awareness checks; Toxin Gland (see Mutationz table)



RHINODILLO

Size: L

Value: \$300+

COM: 10

WR: 4 (+7 STR)

Shrug: 5 (+AV3) = 8

Wounds: 8

Special Abilities: Stampede (any loud disturbance near a herd will cause 2D6 of the animals to stampede), those in the path of the stampede will suffer 1D6 trampling attacks, each an opposed roll as per normal attack. Horn and trample attacks do same damage.



DRAGONFLY

Size: L-XL

Value: \$5 - 200+

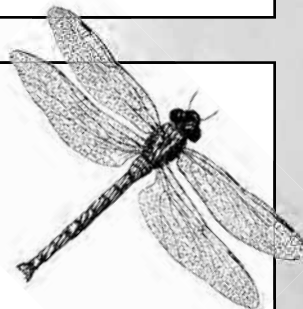
COM: 8

WR: 2 (+6 STR)

Shrug: 4 (+AV1) = 5

Wounds: 7

Special Abilities: Toxin Gland (see Mutationz table); The bite of the giant dragon fly is toxic to most animals and humanoids. In addition, these giants can carry prey or loads up to 200kg. Some Wingz aeries keep detoxified dragon flies as "bombers" or evac lifters.



SADDLESAUR

Size: M-L

Value: \$250+

COM: 7

WR: 1 (+4 STR)

Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4

Wounds: 6

Special Abilities: +2 smell-based Awareness checks; +1 sight-based Awareness checks, fast (-1 to hit); carry up to 150kg loads

Note: While Hoss can be any mammalian quadruped or biped mount, Saddleosaur are specifically bipedal reptilian mounts (while a Dragg is quadruped)



BLIGHTER

Size: S (10-15cm)

Value: \$0

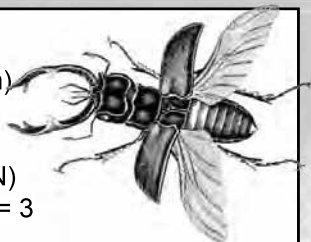
COM: 9

WR: 1 (+5 TOXIN)

Shrug: 2 (+AV1) = 3

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: Fly; poisonous bite (different from Toxin Gland, only delivers 1x on contact); swarm (1D6x20); fast (-1 to hit)



STINGER

Size: S (20cm)

Value: \$0

COM: 9

WR: 2

Shrug: 2

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: Fly; Toxin Gland (see Mutationz table); swarm (1D6x20); fast (-1 to hit)



VULTURE

Size: M

Value: \$20+

COM: 6

WR: 1 (+3 STR)

Shrug: 3

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: +2 smell-based Awareness checks; +1 sight-based Awareness checks



DESERT BAT

Size: S-M

Value: \$15-50+

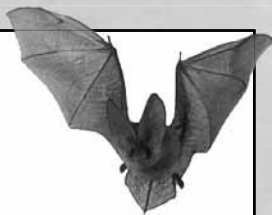
COM: 10

WR: 1 (+2 STR)

Shrug: 3

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: Fly; Sonic Stun (successful Endurance check, or ultrasonic shriek renders target unconscious for 1D6 rounds); swarm (1D6x20); fast (-1 to hit)



CUCARACHA

Size: S (10-20cm)

Value: \$0

COM: 10

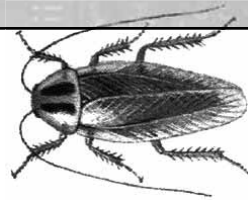
WR: 2 (+3 cutting

strength)

Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4

Wounds: 5

Special Abilities: These giant cockroaches are carnivorous and in a swarm can render a human devoid of flesh within a few minutes; swarm (1D6x100); fast (-1 to hit)



COUGAR

Size: S-M

Value: \$20-100+

COM: 8

WR: 2 (+3 STR)

Shrug: 3 (+AV1) = 4

Wounds: 4

Special Abilities: +2 smell-based Awareness checks, +1 sight-based Awareness checks, fast (-1 to hit)



FLYTRAP

Size: M-L

Value: \$10+

COM: 8

WR: 1 (+3 STR)

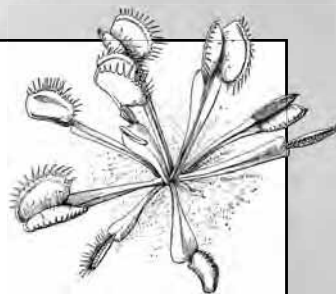
Wounds: 50

Special Abilities:

Carnivorous

plants such as

the Flytrap have no SHRUG, only a finite number of wounds before the plant itself is destroyed (or at least rendered harmless)



GEAR

Okay, Timmy. Here's yer basic assortment of "shite-that's-good-to-have-around". Quality and price will vary from sprawl to sprawl, so the prices listed are only an average guideline. Personal gear is listed first, followed by weapons, vehicles and whatnot. Weapons are rated for Weapon Accuracy (WA), Weapon Rating (WR), Effective Range (RNG), Damage Bonus (DB), Ammunition Capacity (AMMO) and Cost. Happy shoppin'!

ARMOR, LO-FI

Cost: \$20, \$30 or \$40 per location

AV: 2, 3 or 4

Description: Leather, chain, old sports padding and/or welded metal plates form a sturdy (but heavy) exoskeleton for the intrepid zone runner.



ARMOR, HI-FI

Cost: \$100-

\$200 per

location

AV: 5 to 8

Description:

Synthetic

ber weaves

and high-

impact plasticeramics make these armors

the choice of successful Skullmongers and

wealthy Sprawler Warlords.



ITEM	COST
Bunk (per night)	\$10
Room (per night)	\$35
Hot Bath	\$12
Beer	\$4
Shot o' Hooch	\$5
Bottle o' Hooch	\$60
Cigar	\$10
Pack o' Smokes	\$26
Fresh Fruit (per kg)	\$25
Candy Bar	\$50
Whore (per hour)	\$20 - \$100
Fresh Water (per liter)	\$4
MRE Rations (per day)	\$20
Warm Bowl o' Stew	\$5
Hot Dinner w/Fixin's	\$20
Postage (letter)	\$2
Postage (package, per kg)	\$3
Courier Service (main road)	\$4/km
Courier Service (overland)	\$10/km
Courier Service (hazard)	\$20 - \$50/km
Medical Help (per Wound)	\$50

LAW DAWG GEAR

Law Dawg gear generally ain't for sale, lessen some sort o' bad ass knocked one over and took his shite. But here's what you can count on in terms of what your friendly neighborhood Law Dawg'll have...

DEPLETED URANIUM ARMOR AV10

CHEM CANNON* WA+1 WR4

** If a Wikkid is hit with the Chem Cannon, all Powerz are at a penalty equal to the Law Dawg's margin of success (in addition to normal DIFF).*



ITEM	COST
Arrows (10)	\$20
Bolts (10)	\$12
Pistol Ammo (20)	\$20
Rifle Ammo (10)	\$20
SMG Ammo (25)	\$25
Flamer Canister (10 bursts)	\$25
Bandolier	\$20
Gun Belt/Holster	\$20
Bolt/Wire Cutters	\$10
Camping Gear	\$50
Canvas Tent	\$50
Gas Mask	\$25
RAD Suit	\$120
Battery Charge	\$20
Fuel Alcohol (per liter)	\$5
Generator (100 liter, 72hrs)	\$250
Solar/Crank Radio	\$45
Flare Gun	\$15
Signal Flares (ea)	\$2
Woven Cord (per meter)	\$3
Binoculars	\$60
Reading Glasses	\$135
Canteen (1 liter)	\$2
Portable Water Filter System	\$15
Acetylene Welding Torch	\$35
Gas Canister (30mins use)	\$5
Welding Wire (per meter)	\$4
Tool Kit (standard)	\$20
Tool Kit (mechanic)	\$60
Tool Kit (tech)	\$100
Geiger Counter	\$75
Air Diagnostics Sensor (ADS)*	\$120
Water Condensor**	\$85
Wool Blanket	\$30
Datapad (8hrs, rechargeable)	\$250
Wireless Comlink (12hrs, rechargeable)	\$50ea

* Reads local atmospheric makeup and air quality.

** Solar powered. Yields 1 liter per day of continuous use.

BOOMZ

LOW

HIGH

ITEM	WA	WR	RNG	DB	AMMO	COST
Knife, sm	+1	1	---	0	---	\$10
Knife, lg	0	2	---	0	---	\$25
Machete	0	3	---	+2	---	\$40
Chain	0	2	---	+1	---	\$10/meter
Spear	+1	2	---	+1	---	\$20
Polearm	0	3	---	0	---	\$50
Sword	+1	3	---	0	---	\$100
Axe	0	3	---	+2	---	\$30
Shovel	0	2	---	0	---	\$15
Pickaxe	0	3	---	+1	---	\$20
Cudjel/Club	0	2	---	0	---	---
Recurve Bow	+1	3	30m	0	1	\$40
Compound Bow	+1	4	60m	+2	1	\$100
Crossbow	+1	3	50m	+1	1	\$75
Double Crossbow	+1	3	50m	+1	2	\$150
Crossbow Pistol	+1	2	20m	0	1	\$35
Fiston	+1	3	---	+2	---	\$150
Air Pistol	0	3	30m	+1	10	\$20
Auto Pistol	0	4	50m	+2	10	\$160
Shotgun	*1	4	30m	+1	5	\$120
Revolver	0	4	25m	+1	6	\$90
Ri e	+1	5	500m	+2	15	\$200
Flamer	*2	3*	20m	0	10	\$160
SMG	0	4	60m	+3	25	\$350
Gas Gun	+1	5	30m	+3	4	\$300
Trog Netter	+1	---	20m	0	3	\$250
Smoke Grenade	0	---	STRx3m	0	---	\$3
Flash Grenade	0	---	STRx3m	0	---	\$5
Frag Grenade	0	4	STRx3m	+2	---	\$6
Canister Grenade	0	3**	STRx3m	+1	---	\$10

*1 = +1 WA at 1/2 range or less, -1 WA at more than 1/2 range.

*2 = +2 WA at 1/2 range or less, -1 WA at more than 1/2 range.

* = WR3 damage - 1st round, continues burning for 1D6 rounds, doing same damage each round.

** = WR3 damage in choice of Stun or Net canister, both of which neutralize target for 1D6 rounds.



WHEELZ

ATV

Cost: \$500
Range: 300km alcohol/battery
Capacity: 1
SPD: 2
MAN: 2
AV: 2
HUL: 4

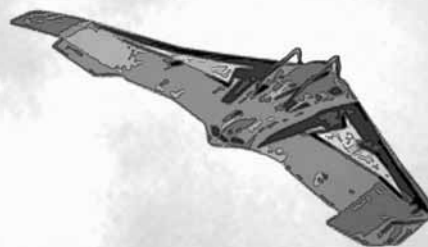


BUGGY

Cost: \$600
Range: \$300km alcohol/battery
Capacity: 2
SPD: 2
MAN: 3
AV: 2
HUL: 5

ROKKITBOARD

Cost: \$1200
Range: 800km alcohol booster
Capacity: 1
SPD: 5
MAN: 4
AV: 2
HUL: 4



TRUKK

Cost: \$1000
Range: 250km alcohol
Capacity: 2 (+4)
SPD: 3
MAN: 2
AV: 8
HUL: 10

ROVER

Cost: \$1200
Range: 400km alcohol/battery
Capacity: 6
SPD: 2
MAN: 2
AV: 10
HUL: 10



BIKE

Cost: \$800
Range: 300km alcohol
Capacity: 2
SPD: 4
MAN: 4
AV: 2
HUL: 4

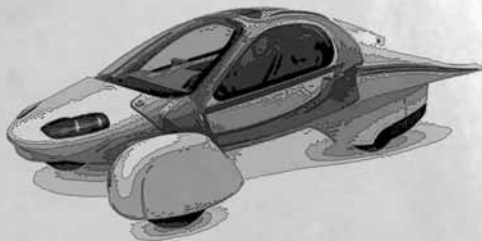


GYRO

Cost: \$1100
Range: 500km alcohol
Capacity: 2
SPD: 4
MAN: 3
AV: 2
HUL: 5

MUSCLE CAR

Cost: \$1000
Range: 250km alcohol
Capacity: 5
SPD: 3
MAN: 3
AV: 8
HUL: 8



LECTRICAR

Cost: \$2000+
Range: 600km battery/solar
Capacity: 2
SPD: 2
MAN: 3
AV: 4
HUL: 5

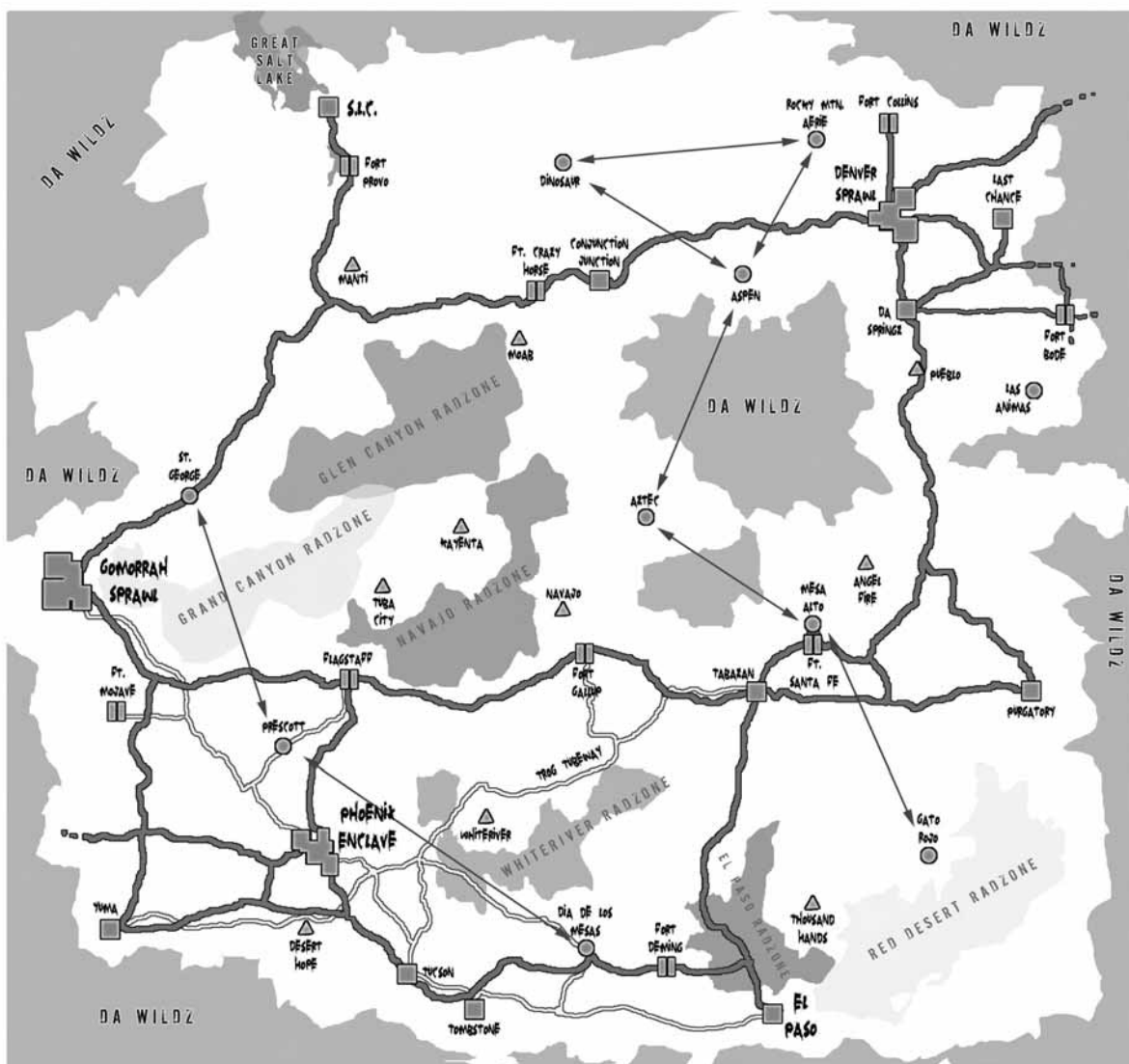
APC

Cost: \$20,000+
Range: 200km alcohol
Capacity: 4 (+4)
SPD: 2
MAN: 1
AV: 12
HUL: 15



DA WORLD

The world of *RADZ* is a desolate wilderness, punctuated by sprawling human settlements resembling acne on the fleshy, bloated arse-cheeks of what was once the American Southwest. There is a larger map at the back of this book, and you can download the color version to print full size from www.deep7.com. Map & gazetteer follow...



- CITY
- AERIE
- ▤ FORT
- ▲ VILLAGE
- ⊞ SPRAWL
- NAVIGABLE ROAD
- ~ TROG TUBEWAY
- ↔ WINGZ TRADE ROUTE

DA WORLD
(SUCH AS IT IS)

50 MI
100 KM

RADZ™

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PLACES (A RADZ GAZETTEER)

Angel Fire

Angel Fire's an okay village, if'n you don't mind it lled with Skarz. A bit rough, but merchants and traders are allowed if they mind their manners. Rumor says the place got the name from some of old space technology or satellite that fell nearby. Nobody knows if the Skarz have it, but it might fetch a fancy price from the right buyer – if it even exists.

Aspen

This aerie, built on the remains of the resort town, is damned dif cult to get to for those that can't y 'cause all the roads are gone. The Wingz up there are happy, what with vaults of goodies left over from fat cats of old. There's plum pickin's for anybody who can get up there, but the Wingz don't take kindly to visitors.

Aztec

As aeries go, Aztec is more of a pit stop than anythin' else. Wingz use it as a restin' place between Aspen and Mesa Alto, but it's said that there's hardly anybody there most of the time. Good place to hide, iffen ya need it.

Da Springz

If'n ya ask me, Springz is downright creepy. White picket fences, small houses with mowed lawns, children playin' in the streets – completely unnatural. Folks there are hell-bent on livin' like before everythin' went into the latrine, and they can sorta do it thanks to the tech and other goodies that comes out in drips and drabs from nearby NORAD. The price, however, is swearin' allegiance to NORAD and havin' a behavior chip drilled into yer head. It's remained kinda neutral to Denver, despite Queen Ali and Professor J gettin' on each other's nerves. Best place to go if'n ya need to buy tech, but you'll need your life savin's.

Denver Sprawl

Largest kingdom in the northeast frontier – or queendom, given it's run by Cast Iron Kate. Tad more civilized than the other northeast towns (Hell, it's got a damned opry house), but still pretty rough. Easy for a buck to nd work, especially servin' in the army, as Denver and the Phoenix Enclave have all but declared war on each other.



Desert Hope

Redhandz village, and a sadder place is hard to nd. Name is ironic, given how much the occupyin' Phoenix troopers beat them up. Folks there believe some day some kinda savior will come to deliver them from their sufferin', so they're always sendin' out scouts to look for 'em.

Dia De Los Mesas

This aerie is built under an overhang, right inside the sheer cliff of a mesa, with the buildin's lookin' like an old kiva system. Pays tribute to Phoenix to stay alive, and Phoenix uses their Wingz for recon ights over Fort Demming. More damned Wingz get shot down that way, iffen ya ask me.

Dinosaur

Built on the bones of a research park near Dinosaur National Monument, this is where the Wingz began. Considered their "homeland", it's sacred to the Wingz and they'll all do anythin' to defend it, regardless of their differences. Stories are bein' passed 'round that the Wingz have a Brain up there workin' on the dino-dna from other dinosaurs, seein' if other dino folks can be made.

El Paso

This is what's left of El Paso military base and Juarez, Mexico. El Paso is the only town in the southeast area that can put up a ght against Phoenix troopers. El Paso is a thorn in Phoenix's side and they hate each other like poison, somethin' Denver plays on a lot. Their troops have access to chemical warfare weaponry, but they're barely holdin' on.

Fort Bode

Bode (pronounced boh-day) sits smack on the borders of Da Wildz, next to what used to be Kansas. The Flagz at the fort take their role of guardin' the eastern border seriously, somethin' both Denver and Da Springz reward by sendin' 'em supplies and food. Been known to get occasional explorers from kingdoms to the east, but usually hunts down raiders or gangs of Wikkid.

Fort Collins

Covered in the description of Colonel J. Diesel, see page 59.

Fort Demming

This Flagz fort is loosely allied with nearby El Paso, so it's under siege by Phoenix troopers. Every Flag in Demming's got real stones on 'em, what with Phoenix troops parked on their doorstep. They've gotten pretty good at getting' supplies in past the blockade, but they always could use a hand. Iffen a buck managed to bring 'em some yum-yums without gettin' fragged in the process, they'll make a whole lotta new friends.

Fort Gallup

This is one of the few truly independent group of Flagz out there. They're allied with nobody other than themselves, so everybody considers them fair game – either for makin' nice with diplomats or tryin' to kick their ass. So far they're keepin' a low profile and the fort commander is keepin' her mouth shut.

Fort Mohave

Completely in the pocket of the Emperor of Gomorrah sprawl, the commander of Mohave will do whatever Gomorrah tells him to. Flagz patrol the surroundin' area for bandits with a large assortment of old artillery, but every tard knows they're just a show of force to deter their "ally", the Phoenix Enclave.

Fort Provo

Allied loosely with Salt Lake City, Provo defends their outer border. It's known for havin' a navy of sorts -- mostly a large stock of old hovercraft, plus some converted sailboats and barges that have wheels stuck on underneath. These craft look somethin' stupid, but they're damned effective.

Fort Santa Fe

Santa Fe's one of the few independent forts that's also relatively open. It's a doozy of a fort, almost a city in it's own right, and at the tops of some nearby skyscrapers is a colony of Wingz called **Mesa Alto**. A lot of trade goes on here, and Santa Fe's known for brewin' some of the best hootch around. 'Course, that means a lotta bar ghts.

Gato Rojo

This aerie is largely independent, but the occasional Wingz passes through from Denver to give info or aid to El Paso. Also one of the few aeries to not up in the air -- this one is situated underground near old artesian wells and the Wingz colonize it like giant bats.

Grand Junction

Grand Junction gets paid by both Salt Lake City and Denver to patrol the roads between them, and they've made piles of dukkits off the bounties (not to mention sellin' off the equipment of those they capture). They tend to grab first and ask questions later, so's it's best not to draw attention while in the area.





Gomorrah Sprawl

The Gomorrah Sprawl lives up to its name, as the only laws there are in place to keep trade goin' and little else. Any form of depravity can be bought or sold here, so be careful where you go and who you talk to. Despite this, it's a wealthy, well-organized and tightly controlled place, filled with endless layers of bureaucracy and jack-booted "cultural administrators" who maintain enough peace so business can continue. Don't piss 'em off, or you might end up in the emperor's slave pens.

Kayenta

If the Redhandz had a capitol, it would be Kayenta. They don't have much of a standin' army 'cause they rely on the surroundin' radzones to keep most people out, but they're pretty effective in a scrap. It's said the place is a hodgepodge of buildin's, with everythin' from tipis next to cement bunkers. Non-Redhandz can come in only if'n they have an invite, and even then they're expected to finish their business right pronto and leave.

Las Animas

Las Animas keeps to itself, even to the point of not communicatin' with other Wingz aeries. Nobody knows what's goin' on there, but rumor says they're protectin' a terrible or valuable secret, so everybody wants to know what it is.

Last Chance

This here's a new town, as in just a few months old new, built by speculative investors from Denver. Wild place, fulla fresh cut wood, dryin' paint and tards shootin' at each other all day. Folks there need *everythin'*, so merchants make mighty ne pro ts there. Vaulters are also bein' dug up by the handful, so there's lotsa fresh meat to go around. *See also the entry for T-Bone on page 60.*

Manti

Manti's a Skarz-only village, and proud of it. Has a neutrality pact with SLC and Fort Provo, but they've been known to help out when there's a Big Problem in the area.

Mesa Alto

See the entry for Fort Santa Fe.

Moab

Moab's a nothin' place, little more'n a stain on the map. What makes it interestin' is that it's got a spring or a well that has healin' waters. No foolin'. Nobody but the locals know where it is, and anybody who's tried to look for the spring just up and disappears. Other would-be conquerors have tried to take over the village, but their armies took sick or went crazy – every last trooper. Now folks leave Moab alone, lessen' they all banged up and in need of healin'. They'll x ya up if'n ya need it, but they ask for weird stuff in return, like a full china tea set or a set o' bongos.

Navajo

This Redhandz village has an uneasy truce with Phoenix, somethin' often broken by both sides. One might think that somethin' as big as Phoenix would roll right over them, but Navajo raises and trains a kind of smart, telepathic mutant diamondback rattlesnake as pets. Nasty critters too, if'n they's mad at ya.

NORAD

See the entry for Professor J on page 69.

Phoenix Enclave

Also called Burnt Bird and The Ashpit, Phoenix is the biggest sprawl on the map, and the nastiest to boot. Sure, in Gomorrah you'll see things that'll make ya want to bleach yer eyes, but they're positively re ned compared to the low-life livin' here. Phoenix is basically a gargantuan free-for-all trash pit ruled by strength of arms. Phoenix produces little, preferin' to use its armies to take everythin' from somebody else. Don't know why anyone would go there, lessen' to see the gladiatorial ghts in the arenas.

Prescott

It's funny – with the Wingz roostin' in the old Victorian buildin's up there, they look like giant birdhouses. Prescott is second to Dia de los Mesas in airpower for the desert, providin' most of the air cover for the troops from the Phoenix Enclave.

Pueblo

The Rehandz village of Pueblo is the most friendly of all the villages, to the point of bein' annoyin'. Situated on a major trade route, the village is basically a gigantic tourist trap where they sell all sorts of useless crap to unwary strangers. It's a great place to get info or deals on expensive items, but often visitors get eeced.

Purgatory

Not a bad place...in fact, oddly peaceful now and then. Purgatory makes its money producin' goods, includin' art -- it's home to scores of Romz and Gleanerz, plus potters, glass blowers and weavers. That might make it sound like an easy target, but it's got this huge wall built 'round it to keep out critters and bandits from the wastelands, plus it's protected by hundreds of mercs hired by merchants who want to keep a good thing goin'.

Rocky Mountain Aerie

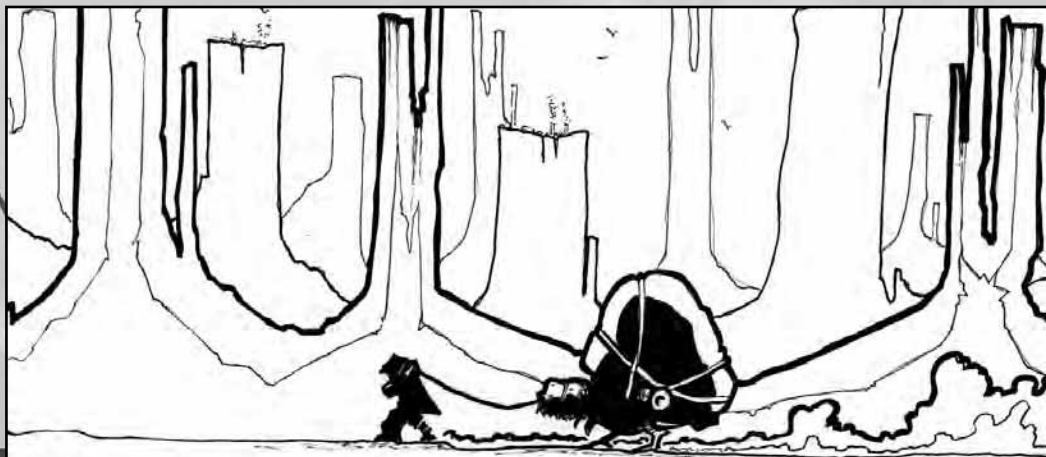
Allied pretty tight with Fort Collins, the Wingz of Rocky Mountain sometimes send their kids to "socialize" with non-wingz down in the fort. Probably one of the least insular aeries, 'ceptin' Mesa Alto. Does a lot of recon work over Da Wildz to the north.

Salt Lake City

SLC is an orderly, well-maintained town, but the populace is ruled with an iron st. A council of elders decides everythin' for everybody, includin' who does which job and who marries whom. They're keen on expandin' so they send out well-armed missionaries to explore Da Wildz, but very few -- if any -- ever return alive.

Saint George

Saint George is another underground aerie where the Wingz roost like bats. The Wingz get paid some dukkits from Gomorrah to keep watch over the road to the north. Sneaky bastards, preferin' to follow people like vultures and attack 'em while they sleep.



Tabazan

The crossroads of the world, Tabazan is the town where it all happens. The king hasn't allied with anyone and walks a razor line to keep Denver, SLC, Phoenix and Gomorrah at bay. An edict was passed down back a spell, sayin' that anyone who's an enemy of the other sprawls can't come to Tabazan, yet everybody does. It's the best place for info, 'cause so many trade caravans travel through it.

Thousand Hands

The largest Redhandz village in the southern area, Thousand Hands has done well by stayin' out of the ghtin' 'round them. Known for breedin' the nest hosses anywhere. They've also got a racetrack where any buck with a hoss can race for a fat bag of dukkits.

Tombstone

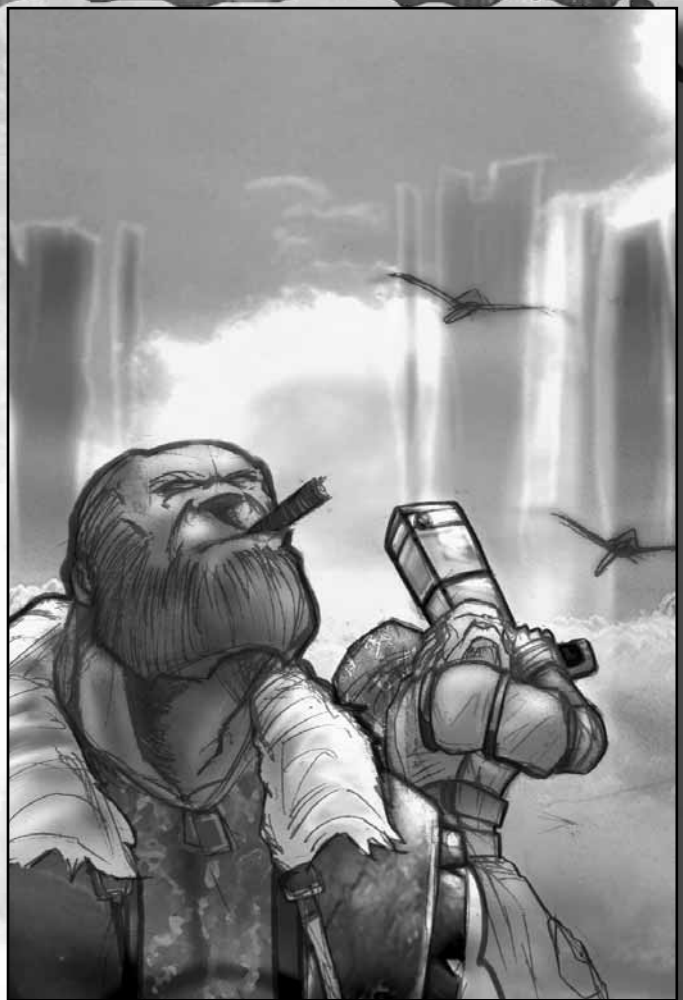
This place used to be little more'n a roadside bar and latrine until a bomb explosion uncovered a lode of silver. Now it's a prosperous minin' town like it was long ago, llin' Phoenix's war coffers. Tombstone's totally occupied by Phoenix troops, but the Tombstone Resistance has been makin' dents here and there. Countless slaves work the mines, and many croak from the radiation -- or, if they turn inta Wikkid, get recruited by Nu-Man.

Trog Tubeways

These dank tunnels stretch for miles in every direction, with the major arteries hookin' up with most villages and towns in the southwest. Trogs like diggin' in the desert, cause the stone's softer and there's less chance of oodin' from rain. Stories tell o'some places down there are downright comfy, tarted up with all manner o' nery brought in from above. Don't go in without a guide, though, or you'll get lost n' die.

Tucson

Tucson is a smaller version of the Phoenix Enclave, sort of an unwillin' yes-man. The Baron there won't stand for open rebellion, but it's known he wouldn't mind none to see Phoenix fall on its face.



Tuba City

Redhandz village, known for growin' radioactive lemons. Makes most folk sick, but these lemons are prized by Wikkid.

Whiteriver

This was a Redhandz village, but now it's completely overrun by fungoidz. Those mindless critters are all over the area, so there's no use goin' unless you *really* need that bounty.

Yuma

Yuma's on the border of the wastelands, but folks are happy to leave them be. There's a huge (really *huge*) cult there that worships somethin' they call "The Phallus of Destruction," which is rumored to be a fully functional hundred-megaton nuclear missile, somethin' they revere as a god of strength of some sort. Phoenix troopers have tried to steal it, but the cult is too strong. Probably a good thing, too, 'cause if the nuke was stolen, just about everybody would be crappin' bicycles, whatever they are.

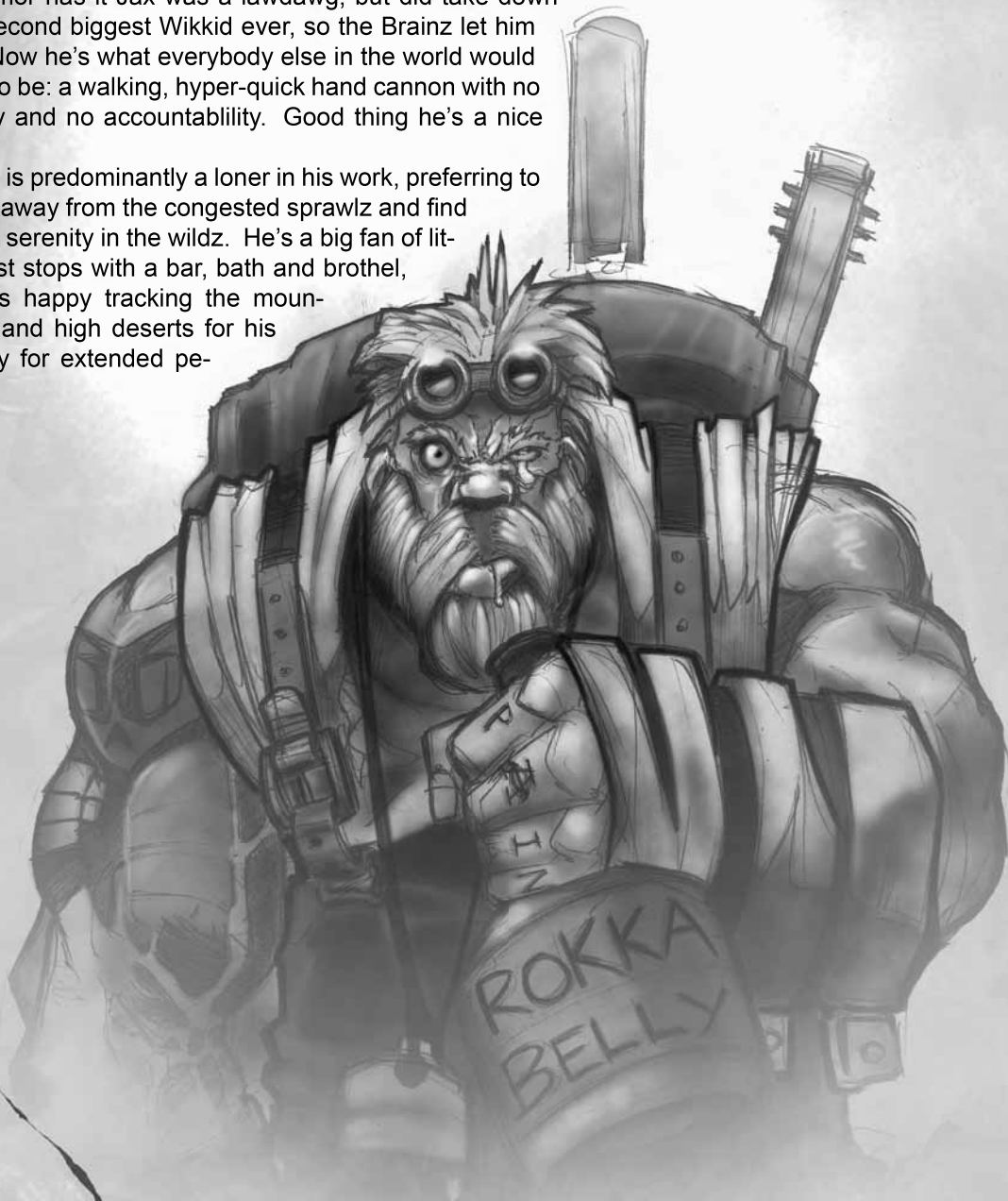
NPCs

Jax Wigsplitter

Little is known of Wigsplitter's early years. He arrived on the scene suddenly, fully matured, a walking, breathing tank o' fugly Whup Ass. Some say he bagged a grendel with a snare line and a sharp rock – lookin' at him, that's easier to believe than not. No bounty has come out of any northern sprawl without getting Jax Wigsplitter's attention (and usually his intervention). With his trademark metal shoulder pad with the hazard striping, Gypsy-built comm array and bright green buzz cut, Jax cuts an imposing gure on the frontier, especially when folks see that badass weapon of his own design get untied from his bike. A cross between a maul and an axe (Wigsplitter calls it a "the m'ax"), the weapon deals amazing amounts of damage with all of Wigsplitter's coiled muscle behind it.

Rumor has it Jax was a lawdawg, but did take down the second biggest Wikkid ever, so the Brainz let him go. Now he's what everybody else in the world would love to be: a walking, hyper-quick hand cannon with no safety and no accountability. Good thing he's a nice guy.

Jax is predominantly a loner in his work, preferring to steer away from the congested sprawlz and find some serenity in the wildz. He's a big fan of little rest stops with a bar, bath and brothel, and is happy tracking the mountains and high deserts for his quarry for extended periods.



He will occasionally hook up with the odd Law Dawg or Flag unit for a larger operation, but such situations are mere convenience. The one thing that will win a tard any respect with Jax... is to buy the man a drink. That'll get ya a raise of the glass and, if you sit still and shaddup, a tale of ultraviolent derring-do from the northern frontier.

There are perhaps two men in the world who can walk anywhere with impunity. One is Vaughn Skullmonger. The other is Jax. As their occupations overlap, there have been times when the two have come into contact. You might call their relationship a cautious professional rivalry based on mutual respect. Far from each being afraid to take on the other in a fight, they actually have a deep-seated admiration and unspoken "hands-off" policy when each encounters the other, as if to take one of them out would cause the world to lose that much luster. Given a different line of work, they could have been friends... or at least drinking buddies.

JAX WIGSPITTER

Occupation: Skullmonger (former Law Dawg)

AGL: 6

DEX: 3

STR: 5

INT: 3

PER: 5

WIL: 5

RAD:1

(assume all Skillz @ 6)

INIT: 11

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 13

Stoicism (3), Courage (3), Reputation (3), Compulsion (Proper Burial, 2); Age (40), Cynicism, Pet Peeve (Noobz gunning for him), Ritual ("Blesses" armor with liquor before battle)

GEAR: Hi-Fi Armor (AV10); M'ax (WR5); Rifle (WR4); Knife (WR2); Blackjack (WR2); Chem-Cannon, Molotov Cocktail (WR3, burns 1D6 rounds), Hoss

See, me an' the boyz were celebratin' a victory over those tardz at Conjunction Junction when the doors blow open and a Law Dawg waltzed into the room. Don't matter how many o' them y'see, or how many times y'see em, Law Dawgz is wikkid awesome to lay eyes on, and every hardass in the room puckers when they get a look shot in their general direction.

But this weren't no average Law Dawg. This here be one especially hard N.F.J (no fuggin joke) by the name o' Jax Wigsplitter. In a world where tardz can pass on without even so much as a first name, I'll leave it to ya to guess how he come by that last name.

One thing about Law Dawgz is they're usually huntin' Wikkid. In Jax case, he's huntin down a walkin' nuke by the name o' Het eld. Het eld's rep is as bad as my hos' breath. But we're broke. A slight miscalculation on my part in the purchasing' of booze, broads, and boomerz. So, I offer up our services. I know we don't stand much of a chance, but if'n we live through it, the booty it'll pay will keep us in booty for a nice spell. 'sides, life in the zones is all about risk. Otherwise, ya might as well be a Vaultier.

Now, sometimes Law Dawgs look for, shall we say, "volunteers" to join their mosh. Basically, they just end up bein' the tard needed for a distraction or meatshield so's the Dawg can drop the hammer and nish the job. This is what Jax was lookin fer. Thing about Jax is, whoever he's bird doggin' sure as shite don't wanna be found, an' most likely, the healthiest decision any dust brother could make is to leave em the hell alone.



Vaughn Skullmonger

Vaughn was once like you – lunchmeat from the vault. He lucked out and got some breathing room by being sold to Acetylene Beth in the Gleaner compound outside the Phoenix Enclave. The hefty mama taught him how to cobble together functional gear out of broken gear, and how to hold his own in a brawl. He doesn't talk about the price Beth exacted for his training, room and board, but apparently the arrangement was mutually satisfactory. He even took a brand in the Phoenix Red-guard gang as a means of survival.

When rumors of his sister's sale to a brutal sprawler boss in Tabazan surfaced, Vaughn begged leave from Acetylene Beth to go retrieve her. For whatever reason, Beth agreed. What Vaughn found, what remained of his sister, can only be described as... "broken". He put her down, then turned his rage on the en-

tire gang, not stopping until they'd developed a new kind of performance art: the gushing-blood-from-everywhere dance. Of course, the massacre got the attention of King Tabazan himself, and Vaughn found himself in an audience with "royalty". In reparations for destroying Tabazan's chief street enforcement gang, Vaughn captured and delivered a live skar who'd been shaking down merchants outside the city.

Single-handed.

By himself even.

With the skyrocketing rep from the deed, Vaughn became an ace bounty hunter on the Tabazan to Purgatory highway. When he returned to Phoenix after three pro table seasons, he had enough dukkits to buy his freedom from Acetylene Beth. Today Vaughn Skullmonger wanders most of the zones with relative impunity (often with Wikkid and Law Dawgz in tow), helping vaulter tardz get acclimated to the

new world of suck they now have to deal with. He's good to have on your side... and if he's not, you might wanna get someone to witness that will of yours.

VAUGHN SKULLMONGER

Occupation: Skullmonger

AGL: 5

DEX: 5

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +2 Repair)

INIT: 10

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 10

Ambidexterity, Direction, Reputation (3), Stoicism (3), Fanaticism (Family, 3), Fidgeting, Self-Conversation

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Firelighter (Gleaner-made amethrower, WR4, burns for 1D6 rounds), Axe (WR3), Knife (WR2), Saddlesaur

Colonel J. Diesel

Commanding officer of Ft. Collins, Diesel is a third-generation Flag. A cigar-chewing warrior full of swagger and bravado, his enemies know it ain't all for show. Diesel was born into the communal military setting of the Ft. Collins enclave, earning promotion through natural leadership and heroism. Barely 30, the Colonel has improved fortifications and system efficiency by 37%, or so his adjutants tell him. A major improvement has been in the acquisition and maintenance of the fort's mobile force: a strange, rag-tag convoy of spot-welded armor, ATV scout bikes, tanks, heavy gunz and even a squadron of Wingz air support from the Rocky Mountain Aerie.

Another Colonel J. Diesel first was a commercial treaty with the northeastern Trog cartels. Where other Flagz commanders try to out-scout rival Trogz to get to the vaultz first, Diesel has the Trogz bring the lunchmeat to his door. It is a strange alliance that has given him a somewhat bad reputation among other Flagz, yet has seen the population of Ft. Collins grow 300% in three years. He now commands a force large enough to worry the very Trog cartels with whom

he does business.

The Ft. Collins Gleaner compound supplies Diesel's enclave with enough boomsticks and armor to withstand a second Big Boom, and the Rocky Mountain Aerie keeps the skies clear. Travelers arriving in Ft. Collins will find an incredibly cosmopolitan trading center – just with big armored walls around it. A massive distillery produces all the alcohol they need to fuel their bizarre vehicles, which Diesel's crews keep ready for action. A support force of ROM Gypsyz keeps vigilant watch via electronic surveillance. Redhandz from as far away as Pueblo often serve as advance scouts and battle field messengers, and Diesel has even made a treaty with Big Mal's Skar enclave outside the Denver Sprawl. In essence, while other warlords hole up and consolidate resources, Colonel J. Diesel has grown his society by being open to opportunity. Of course, in doing so, he's become a target of rival Flagz, who see his expanding martial force as a direct threat to their sovereignty.

Diesel will trade with just about anybody, and he'll take any raw recruit and mold him into a bad sombitch in no time flat. Service guarantees yum yums. Three squares of warm rations, a dry cot to sleep on (and a better chance of finding a warm body to share it with), a warm gun and some whiskey to warm yer belly – or use for dukkits in the Denver Sprawl. There are worse deals to be had out in the zones.

COLONEL J. DIESEL

Occupation: Flag Chieftain

AGL: 4

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Pilot, +2 Survival)

INIT: 9

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Charisma, Network, Rank (3), Stoicism (3), Tinker, Fanaticism (Manifest Destiny, 2), Moral Restriction (Fair Fight, 2), Reputation (1), Ritual (Drinks toast before each battle)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Rifle ("Silver Lady", WR4), 2 knives (WR1, WR2), Auto Pistol (WR4), Cigars

T-Bone

Some say the boy's got Skar in his blood, somewhere back. One thing's for sure – they don't usually grow Vaulterz that big. T-Bone began his career by taking a brand with the Hammerheadz in Last Chance, rising quickly through merit and attrition. By age 20, he was chief of the Hammerheadz, and by 24 his gang had absorbed both the Red Klownz and Diamond Dawgz. He then consolidated power by overthrowing the despot king Dester Vile in a bloody coup. Because a coup should be bloody. Now in his mid-30s and ruling equally through fear and honest respect, T-Bone's cult of personality has attracted commerce and population to Last Chance, now thriving after generations of being a dead-end dump on the verge of Da Wildz.

Adding to the prestige of Last Chance is the recent development of the blood sport Skullz, which allegedly

spawned there. T-Bone's Skullz team, Da Bone Boyz, have recently won the 1st Northeast Championship, bringing home a king's ransom in dukkits, hoss and slaves.

A popular regional gure, T-Bone has survived no fewer than a dozen outright assassination attempts by foreign interlopers, proving a modicum of brains as well as brawn. When in Last Chance, try for an audience – he's always on the lookout for talent. And if you have some, it could mean a good rep and dukkits in yer pocket.

T-Bone's top enforcers are Pepper and Kalby, two specimens as nasty as they are different. While Wilson oversees commerce and civil law enforcement, Pepper makes sure the despot king of Last Chance survives another winter – and keeps him warm during said winter, too.

T-BONE

Occupation: Sprawler Warlord

AGL: 3

DEX: 4

STR: 4

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Brawling, +1 Gambling)

INIT: 9

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Charisma, Material Wealth (3), Network, Rank (3), Reputation (1), Stoicism (2), Addiction (Hooch, 2), Addiction (Bitches, 2), Delusion (Grandeur, 2), Ritual (Oral Hygiene), Superstition (Lucky Number 7)
GEAR: Pretty much anything he wants

PEPPER

Occupation: Sprawler Lieutenant

AGL: 5

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 3

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Awareness, +1 Melee)

INIT: 9

SHRUG: 3

SAVE: 8

Ambidexterity, Charisma, Rank (2), Stoicism (2), Addiction (Tatz, 1), Nervous Tic

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Boot Blade (WR1), Tommyhawk (WR3), Throwing Blades (WR1+2)



KALBY

Occupation: Sprawler Lieutenant

AGL: 4

DEX: 5

STR: 4

INT: 3

PER: 4

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Awareness, +1 Firearms)

INIT: 7

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Acute Vision (3), Ambidexterity, Charisma, Rank (2), Stoicism (2), Tinker, Self-Conversation

GEAR: 2 Pistols w/Laser Sight (+1 Acc, WR4), Cricket Bat (WR2), Shotgun (WR4), Hi-Fi Armor (AV6), Stun Grenades (WR5 Stun), Smoke Grenades



Hanzo

Just to prove that Wikkid powerz can show up anywhere, in any tribe, there's Hanzo. Born and raised among the Wingz of Aztec aerie, he came into his powerz after an old skool Wikkind came trading at the ol' home-stead. Nobody's sure of the extent of his abilities, but if the Brainz don't have him on their watch list, then I'm King Tabazan. Hanzo fancies himself an agent of Karma. Actually THE agent of Karma, maintaining equilibrium and justice within a 50 mile radius of Aztec, with an iron fist and a whole lot o' scree. His mount is a yearling yer called Maximus, because why the hell not? When he's not swooping out of the gray nowhere to mete out vengeance, he's usually getting rubbed down and serviced by a group of acolytes he lovingly refers to as The Buttered Peasants. While most warlord groupies would bristle at such blatant disrespect, Hanzo's followers have a sense of humor (and they feel safe enough in his care... not to care). His personality is magnetic, his manner hypnotic, his carnal appetites legendary.

As de facto champion and defender of Aztec aerie, Hanzo employs a squadron of Flyerz called the Screedom Force. About a dozen strong, they're the kind of man meat and dino claws you really don't want knocking on your door, like ever.

Although Aztec is without a designated chieftain, Hanzo pretty much fulfills that role, providing food, shelter and protection for his people. He is gregarious and generous with those who demonstrate proper respect, and is especially fond of trading for rare crystals and metals. A good man to hit up for help if you have a lost cause or want to punish a bad guy but don't have the muscle to do it alone. If'n you wanna throw in with the Wikkid warlord of Aztec, your fealty will be rewarded by treasures both material and spiritual. And you'll never go hungry.

HANZO

Occupation: Wikkid Wingz Warlord

AGL: 4

DEX: 3

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 4

WIL: 4

RAD: 3

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Climb, +2 Riding, RAD Magic 6)

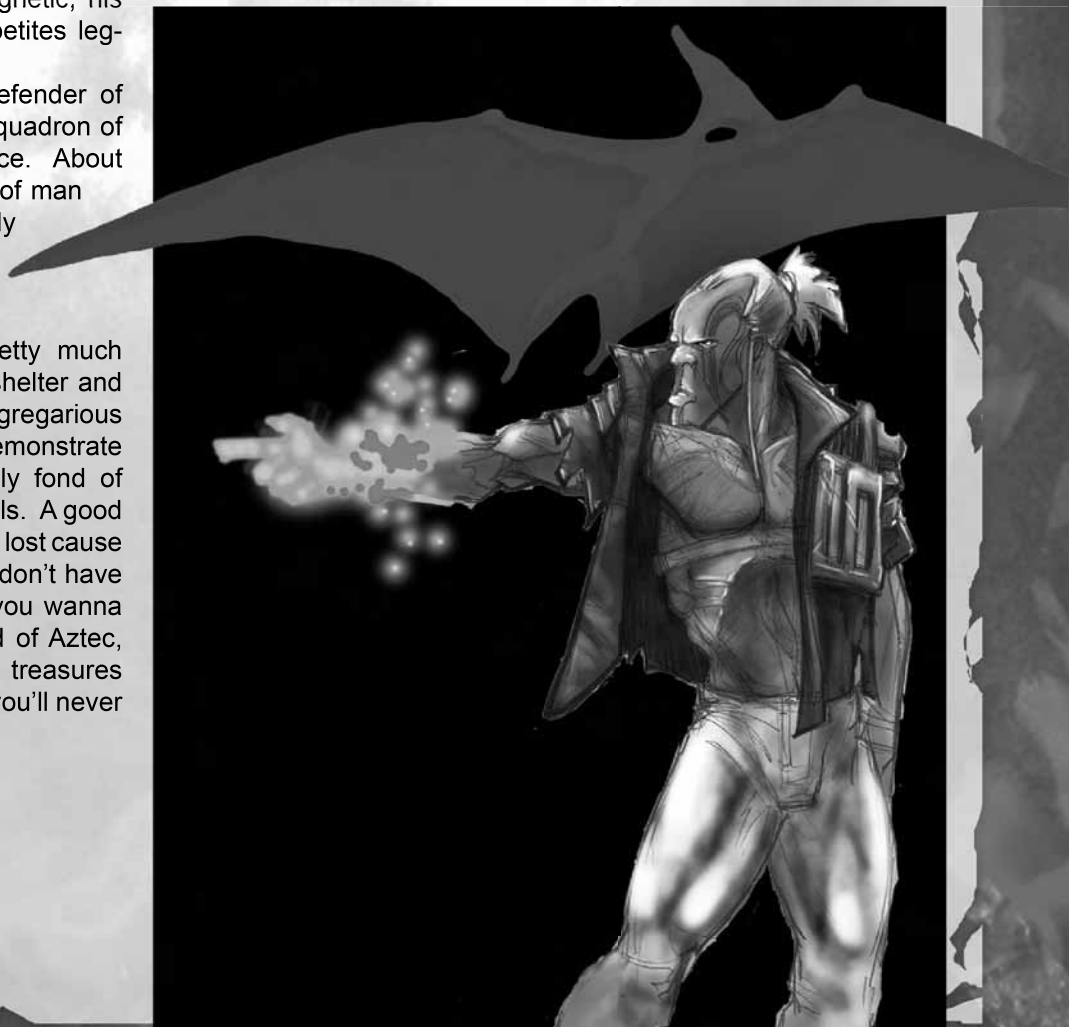
INIT: 8

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 9

Charisma, Direction, Network, Rank (3), Reputation (1), Stoicism (2), Addiction (Sex, Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll, 3), Delusion of Omnipotence (2), Fanaticism (Tribe, 3), Ritual (Servants anoint with oil before battle)

GEAR: Hi-Fi Armor (AV8), Knife (WR 2), Flyer ("Maximus")



Nu Man

What would this blasted wasteworld be without a freaky-ass cult led by an equally freaky-ass dude wielding Powerz like nobody's business? Good thing Nu Man showed up, all amped with Wikkid powerz, growing a vast mob of disciples, preaching the way to happiness through balance.

Now, the "balance" he's talking about is one of moderation in the use of powerz. Years of living underground in the abandoned mining tunnels around Tombstone (which were saturated with Plutonium and Carbon-14) gave Nu Man a ready, stable power source for his magic. Meanwhile, the layers of rock over his head shielded him from the crazy fallout above. The ultimate effect of the situation was that Nu Man was able to do all the usual Wikkid magic without any of the negative side effects of powering up in the outside fallout. When underground, Nu Man and his acolytes have a boost of +1 to their Powerz stat, and only suffer mutation on a botched check (in which case the normal consequences occur). Unfortunately, casting above ground causes them to short-circuit more often, as their Powerz stat is reduced by 1.

The Nu Man philosophy has become known as *Zentropy* – a doctrine that accepts the downward spiral of society in the sprawl above while maintaining balance and purity in the desert catacombs. Nu Men will never power up unnecessarily, and they eschew fancy colors and lots of hardware for simple leathers and long duster coats. They are uniformly pasty in complexion, due to their lack of exposure to surface elements. The arrival of a number of Nu Men on the scene is often accompanied by haunting auditory strains, a byproduct of the harmonic resonance of powerz within the vast network of tunnels. Or perhaps it's just an affectation to make them appear sinister.

Nu Man resides in a vast underground complex near Tombstone (and tied in with the Trog Tubeway). His followers are alternately called Nu Men or the Tubeway Army, and they range throughout the southwest – wherever the tubes

NU MAN

Occupation: Wikkid Warlord

AGL: 4

DEX: 3

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 4

WIL: 4

RAD: 5

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +2 Con & Perform, RAD Magic 7)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 7

Charisma, Material Wealth (3), Network, Rank (3), Reputation (3), Unusual Talent (Augments Wikkid RAD Magic by +2), Addiction (RAD Magic, 3), Fanaticism (Zentropy, 3)

GEAR: Rhinodillo Mantle (AV 3), Metal Vambraces (AV6), Knife (WR2)

can take them. His faction is friendly with the Trogz, with whom they share a sort of symbiotic relationship. The Nu Men are likely to turn up whenever local Trogz are in dire need, and likewise the Trogz will add their number to any mosh where the Tubeway Army is under re. Nu Man himself is fond of old world trinkets and music, paying premium prices for the rarest artifacts. He is generous and loves company, if said company is bearing cool shite or news from beyond the Tubeway, or both. Just don't stay too long in the Tubeway between Phoenix and Tabazan. It's just a smidgen radioactive.



Cheddar Bob

Prolly the luckiest damn guy in the world, by all accounts Cheddar Bob shouldn't even be alive. How a man comes out of a vault, all pasty and pure, and ends up becoming one of the most hated crime bosses in the zones is anyone's guess. But you can't look at the guy's track record and not end up believing in the luck angle. There's just no other way.

First day out of the vault, he's sold to a wealthy arms trader in Gomorrah. Next day, the master dies, leaving Cheddar Bob his freedom and a fair chunk o' change. Which he immediately bets on a ten-to-one pit match between this Skar called Thunderclaw and a little sprawl-ganger called Greco Jim. Which Greco Jim wins, to the astonishment of everyone, especially Thunderclaw. Now fuggin' wealthy beyond what he's ever dreamed, he becomes hunted by every gang in Gomorrah, especially Back Alley Jack's Gamorrah Goon Squad. Only Bob's not there anymore. All the gang bosses find in his room is Thunderclaw's severed "thunderclaw", middle finger extended, sitting in the middle of the floor. Cheddar Bob just happens on a tip-top-double-secret-Trogz-only entrance to the Gomorrah Tubeway and bribes his way out of being "picked" on the spot.

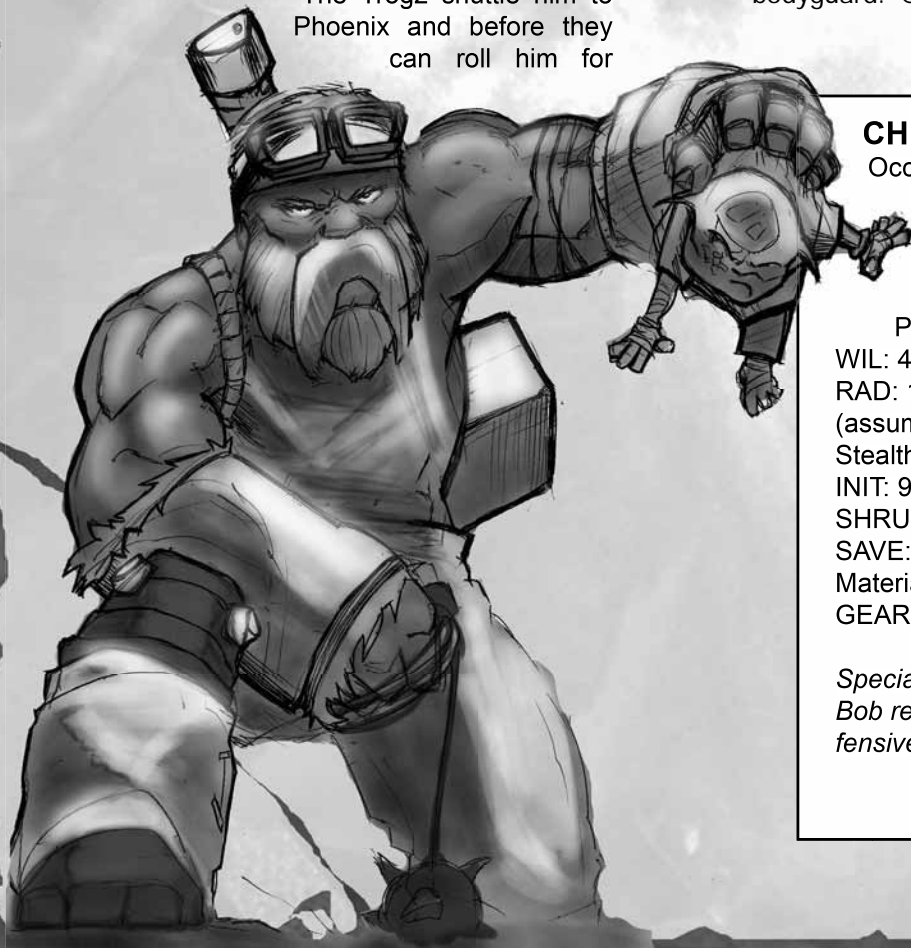
The Trogz shuttle him to Phoenix and before they can roll him for

the rest of his cash, they find that he's actually holding a little Trog baby hostage. He ransoms the kid for his original bribe and a little extra walking money, and actually comes out ahead on the deal. So now he's got bounties on his head from Gomorrah bosses to the Phoenix Sprawl, and the whole southwestern Trog faction to boot. Once in Phoenix, he wins big at cards, and the bruiser who calls him out slips in his own spilled drink and opens his own head on the bar. Another thug pulls a boomstick and it misfires, putting the would-be shooter down. After that, folks started talkin', as you might expect. Skullmongerz would mysteriously disappear on his trail. Anyone who challenged him outright or tried to steal his money all secret-like found a way to accidentally fall-down-go-boom in the silliest manner possible.

Dude was untouchable. And hated for it.

Thus he was given a type of cheese for a nickname, so if he was never to see physical retribution, at least folks could feel better about having to live with that lucky bastard in their midst.

Cheddar Bob lives in a posh compound in the Phoenix Enclave, attended by servants, with his bodyguard Greco Jim. Not that he needs a bodyguard. Cause he's lucky, see.



CHEDDAR BOB

Occupation: Lucky Bastard

AGL: 4

DEX: 3

STR: 3

INT: 5

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Dodge, +1 Stealth, +1 Mechanics)

INIT: 9

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 7

Material Wealth (2), Tinker

GEAR: Whatever

Special Ability: Stupid Luck (Cheddar Bob re-rolls any failed skill checks, defensive checks and/or SAVE checks)



BACK ALLEY JACK

Occupation: Sprawler Kingpin

AGL: 4

DEX: 3

STR: 4

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Brawling, +1 Dodge, +1 Endurance)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Charisma, Material Wealth (2), Network, Rank (2), Reputation (2), Stoicism (2), Age, Cynicism

GEAR: "Dim Halo" Wikkid Armor (AV10), Fiston (WR4), Maul (WR3), Cigars

SAWD'EM

Occupation: Jack's Enforcer

AGL: 5

DEX: 3

STR: 5

INT: 3

PER: 3

WIL: 5

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Brawling, +1 Dodge, +1 Endurance, +2 Science: Biology)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 13

Courage, Network, Rank (1), Reputation (1), Stoicism (3), Unusual Talent (Taxidermy, 1)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV3), "Makita"

(Battery-powered combo-weapon:

Saw, WR3; Shock-knuckle-guard, WR4

Stun), Knives (WR2)





GRECO JIM

Occupation: Cheddar Bob's Bodyguard

AGL: 5

DEX: 3

STR: 5

INT: 3

PER: 3

WIL: 5

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Brawling, +1 Dodge, +1 Endurance)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 10

Ambidexterity, Reputation (1), Speech Impediment (1)

GEAR: Metal Gauntlets (AV6, WR2)

YOURGO

Occupation: Trog Skullmonger

AGL: 3

DEX: 5

STR: 3

INT: 3

PER: 5

WIL: 5

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Awareness, +1 Climbing, +1 Repair)

INIT: 6

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 8

Acute Sense (Smell), Direction, Material Wealth (2), Network, Reputation (1), Tinker, Skinny, Fidgeting

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV 4), Goggles (+1 to hit in low light), "Tommyknocker" (Hydraulic ram, WR3)

Special Ability: Bonedozer Unit (always travels with 2D6 Bonedozer Trogz as personal guard - Treat as normal Trogz with Brawling 9, SHRUG 5 & SAVE 10.



Big Mal

It is rumored that a Skar called Malakai once wrestled a Grendel to the ground and snapped its neck in eight places – and he wasn't even hungry. It is also rumored that Malakai wandered the zones, collecting a tribe of some ve hundred Skarz, and they settled on a range between Ft. Collins and the Denver Sprawl.

It is further rumored that "Big Mal" is that very dude. A two-meter-tall, bald, ebony giant, Mal has brought pride and plenty to his tribe through diligent planning and excellent hunting skill. He is arguably the rst Skar warlord to accept an ongoing peace treaty from a Flag commander (as opposed to a one-off truce for a pow wow), and his shrewd sense of politics has earned his mosh the sole protection racket for the entire outlying Denver Sprawl. Queen Cast Iron Kate is happy to have a ready force of supersoldier descendants keeping her borders secure... as long as they don't venture too far inside. But Big Mal is content to run the outer sprawl, the merchant roads and the mountains north to Ft. Collins, extorting goods and food for safe passage. He has even taken down a couple challengers to his position from within his own mosh, due to his leniency in regard to the local Redhandz. The ability to see the big picture is apparently a mixed blessing in Skar culture.

Mal's camp includes a fair number of support slaves and a Gleaner attachment for arms upkeep. He is always willing to extend a ag of truce for honest trade, and, as within any Skar tribe, life-debts are taken very seriously. If ever a Skar's life is saved, the warrior becomes bonded to the rescuer in martial service for one year, much like an ancient samurai – but on a timetable. On a larger scale, when a favor is done for (or gift given to) the tribe, then the tribe is in debt and can be called upon for service. Big Mal honors these obligations to the letter of Skar law, and has often been put in tricky situations as a result of his cultural dogma.

He rules his mosh with an iron st – literally. The Gleaner-made appendage was tted to his stump after it was lost in battle with a pack of Grendel, animated with Wikkid bonesetter powerz. It functions like a normal hand, but is a WR3 weapon in addition. Big Mal can often be found astride his favorite mount, or in camp, mounting his favorite wench.

BIG MAL

Occupation: Skar Chieftain

AGL: 5

DEX: 3

STR: 5

INT: 3

PER: 5

WIL: 5

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +1 Brawling, +1 Survival, +2 Con & Perform)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 14

Charisma, Courage, Network, Rank (3), Reputation (2), Stoicism (3), Moral Restriction (Skarz Honor Code, 3)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV2), Iron Fist (WR5)



Cast Iron Kate

The Queen of Denver, Kate rose to the throne through a combination of cunning and ruthless political ambition. Equally adept at treaty negotiation and simple skull-bashing, Kate is known as a strong but fair leader, who is always quick to forge strategic alliances that will further protect her holdings in the greater metro Denver sprawl. Her subjects are loyal, her militia and gangz willing to go the extra mile to maintain order and turn a profit.

Cast Iron Kate is unattached, and receives many offers from other sprawl warlords and kings to combine territories through marriage, but so far, Kate is satisfied to strengthen her own kingdom and seek her pleasure from her stable of carno-slaves.

Her Skar bodyguard, Rigor, is two meters of mean and twice as much ugly. Only the very brave or the very stupid cross either Kate or Rigor and live to talk about it over cocktails.



CAST IRON KATE

Occupation: Queen of Denver

AGL: 3

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 5

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Awareness, +1 Tactics, +2 Cool, +1 Intimidate, +1 Resist)

INIT: 10

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 9

Charisma, Material Wealth (3), Network, Rank (3), Reputation (2), Stoicism (2), Short Fuse (2)

GEAR: Pretty much anything she wants

RIGOR

Occupation: Skar Enforcer/
Kate's Bodyguard

AGL: 5

DEX: 3

STR: 5

INT: 3

PER: 3

WIL: 5

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Awareness, +1 Brawling, +2 Survival, +1 Intimidate, +1 Resist)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 13

Courage, Rank (2), Reputation (1), Stoicism (2), Nervous Tic
GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Sword (WR3), Double Punch-Dagger (WR3)



Professor J

A few miles West of Da Springz is the remains of an old hole known as NORAD. It's more or less intact 'spite the pummelin' it took when everythin' fell apart, and it weren't long 'fore an enterprising Brain moved in and declared himself "King Under the Mountain," whatever that means.

This skinny, balding Brain is known as Professor J, and folks either love or hate him—there's no middle ground. Sure, he looks like he'd get knocked over by a stiff breeze, but he's one of the more dangerous bastards alive thanks to his gizmos, his legions of followers, and his creepy way of planning out everything better than you ever could.

On the good side, old Prof J is downright friendly and open compared to other Brainz, using his vast resources from the depths of NORAD to rebuild Da Springz and sending aid to frontier towns like Last Chance. If you've a problem and can intrigue him, he might help you out if he's paid in old comic books or other pre-collapse media. And if y'all feel like settling down, Da Springz is the safest town on the map. Period.

However, he has a dark side. The Professor spends most of his time in his monitor womb, watchin' the world through cameras and remote drones, looking for any sign of disloyalty. His paranoia is a bit justi ed 'cause he's got a lot of enemies, but he monitors everybody he comes across. Worse, the folks living in Da Springz must have a "behavior chip" implanted in their head that short-circuits their ability to commit any form of violence, and possibly a few other things. Professor J also likes to meddle in everythin' from politics to people's DNA, always warping things to his own ends.

PROFESSOR J

Occupation: King of NORAD

AGL: 3

DEX: 5

STR: 2

INT: 5

PER: 6

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

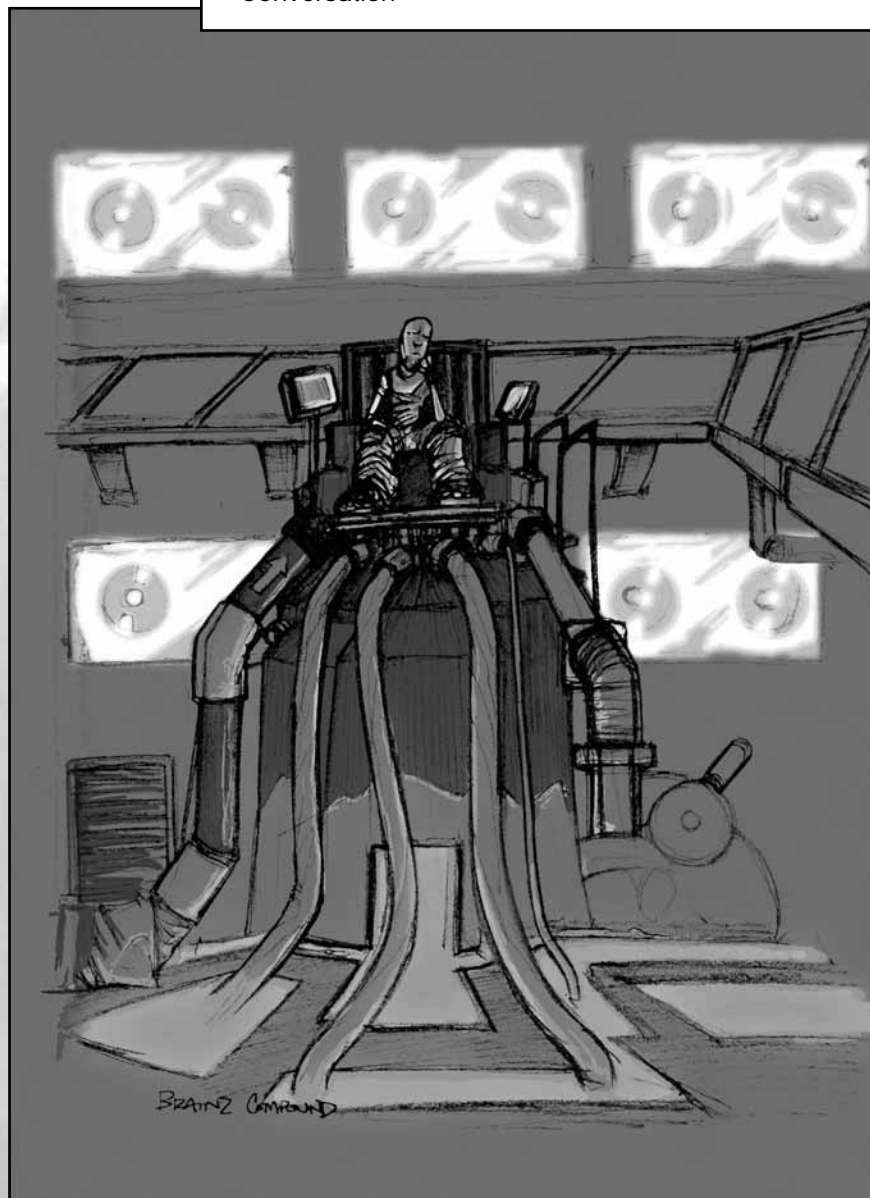
(assume all Skillz @ 6)

INIT: 11

SHRUG: 3

SAVE: 8 (genetically boosted)

Charisma, Material Wealth (3), Network, Rank (3), Reputation (3), Tinker, Unusual Talent (Air Guitar, 1), Delusion (Paranoid, 3), Fanaticism (Old World Culture, 3), Phobia (Fungoids, 3), Skinny (3), Fidgeting, Self-Conversation



ACETYLENE BETH

Occupation: Gleaner Warlord

AGL: 3

DEX: 5

STR: 4

INT: 3

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +2 Con & Perform, +1 Awareness, +2 Craft, +1 Intimidate, +1 Resist)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 8

Charisma, Material Wealth (3), Network, Rank (3), Reputation (2), Stoicism (2), Addiction (Doods, 2), Short Fuse (2)

GEAR: Anything a Gleaner makes, she can get her hands on



Acetyline Beth

This Gleaner chieftess runs an impressive compound on the outskirts of the Phoenix Enclave that's become the primary trade stop for traders entering the sprawl. Beth is a wizard at traditional Gleaner tinkertech, and can pretty much spot-weld anything to anything.

Her rates are fair for the quality of goods, but tardz from the wildz might nd her a bit pricy. And don't try to talk her down, either. She knows what her gear is worth, and she don't keep anything of inferior workmanship on hand.

She is always interested in able-bodied Vaulters slaves to work her forges, and is known to speculate on pre-Boom auto parts and armaments. As the matriarch of the Phoenix Gleanerz, Beth is also the go-to gal for any petty warlord looking to carve out his own scrap of sprawl turf.

A true hedonist, Beth is a connoisseur of Gleaner manflesh (or the occasional beefy Vaulter slave - see Vaughn Skullmonger). She is generous with her physical affection and possessed of a ribald, earthy sense of humor.

She treats her mosh like family, and any threat to that family is dealt with head-on and with as much boom as she can muster. And she can muster quite a bit.

Brady

Here's the story of a man named Brady. Brought up in the Fort Santa Fe Flagz compound, he became a member of the Crazy-8s, an elite mobile skirmish unit, at the tender age of 16. After his unit was ambushed during a nighttime raid by a Redhandz war party called the Scarab Jacks, Brady awoke to find himself surrounded by dead Flagz and the picked-over remains of their gear. In the fifteen years since the raid, Brady has been a gunhand, a skullmonger, and a hardass.

Flagz training still stands the test of time, and for about five years Brady found himself the sherriff of a small outpost 10km outside Purgatory (until a real Law Dawg was dispatched to cover the area). It's rumored that he set up shop with an ugly wench and her five kids, though it's hard to gure a guy like Brady would go out at the hands of domesticide. Of course, if anyone can track him down in his rural compound, there ain't nobody better (and more willing) to run the zones as a scout or hired gun.

He also knows the location of a half-dozen sugar shacks in the Santa Fe area, and has been known to break out the chocolate candy bars on special occasions (like not taking a bullet in the skull on a rough mission).

BRADY

Occupation: Zone Runner

AGL: 4

DEX: 4

STR: 4

INT: 3

PER: 4

WIL: 5

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Brawling, +1 Dodge, +2 Firearms, +1 Endurance, +2 History)

INIT: 7

SHRUG: 5

SAVE: 11

Courage, Direction, Network, Rank (1), Reputation (1), Stoicism (2), Addiction (Chocolate, 1)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV3), Knives (WR2), 2 Hi-Fi auto pistols with laser sights (+2 ACC, WR4), Alcohol-fueled Police Car, Pack Hoss, Family compound near Santa Fe with working hooch still.



Voodoo Chile

Once under extreme Brainz scrutiny, Voodoo Chile earned himself a little breathing room when he began traveling the wildz, healing the sick and purifying water supplies in contaminated rural areas.

Voodoo Chile has dusky gray skin and stands a meter and a half tall, skinny as a rail and coiled like a snake ready for action. White dreadlocks frame a weathered face beneath the brim of an old native medicine man hat (a relic from one of the remote Brainz compounds, most likely). His skillz with medicine and wikkid powerz are legendary in the rural wildz, and he is treated with almost messianic respect by the dregz of society. He commands high fees by the wealthy, but does not discriminate in his patronage, as readily taking on a poor community as he would a rich sprawler warlord.

He may in fact find greater rewards in his rural efforts, as the folk are honest and the gifts he's given for his work are most often heartfelt. It should be said he's never gone hungry, even in the poorest slum or most remote outpost.

VOODOO CHILE

Occupation: Wikkid Bonesetter

AGL: 4

DEX: 3

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 4

WIL: 3

RAD: 5

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +1 Intimidate, +2 Medicine, RAD Magic 6)

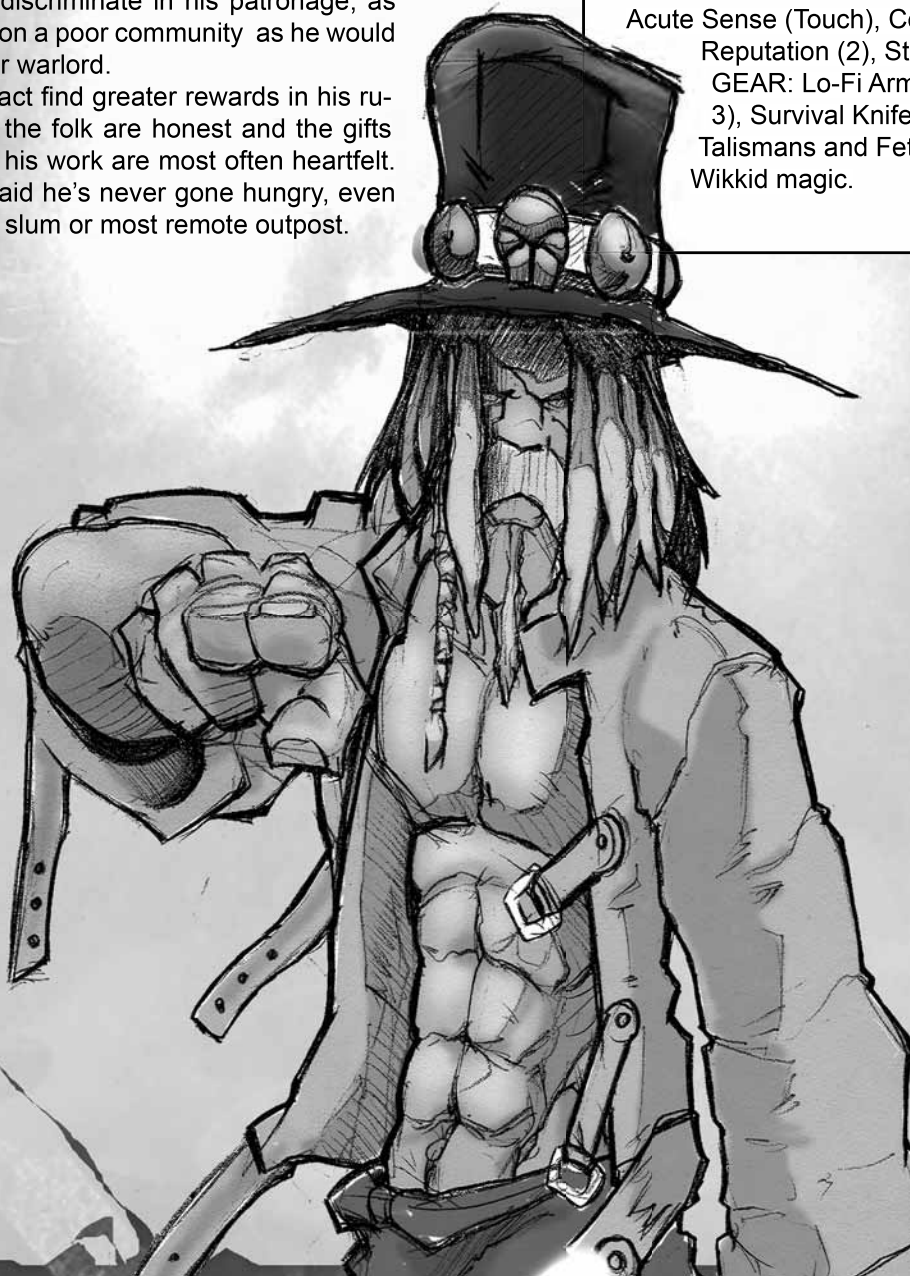
INIT: 8

SHRUG: 3

SAVE: 8

Acute Sense (Touch), Courage, Reputation (2), Stoicism (2)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV 3), Survival Knife (WR2), Talismans and Fetishes for Wikkid magic.



Central

Leading a tribe known as The Lost Caravan, the Gypsy called Central is revered throughout the world for the quality of his surveillance and ROMz. Offering tech advanced even by ROM Gypsy standards, it is thought that Central bene ts directly from Professor J. and the NORAD Historical Archive.

Central and his caravan fought on the side of Col. J. Diesel and Cast Iron Kate in the Northern Whiskey War, and some jack knuckle with a sawed-off boomstick hosed his left eye and arm. Fortunately, Nurse Scratchit was able to stabilize him, and Voodoo Chile was hired by Central's caravan to heal him to the point where he could be transported to NORAD and „tted with brass-plated cybernetics.

Central operates an impressive array of sensor dronez and ROMz with a 50km range (whereas many ROM Gypsyz can only manage a 20km range), and commands fees unattainable by most ROM Gypsyz and unpayable by all but the wealthiest patrons. Which might be why Central finds himself working mostly at the city-state level. He's currently under contract with Ft. Collins.

CENTRAL

Occupation: ROM Gypsy Chieftain

AGL: 3

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 5

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +2 Repair, +2 Remote Op, +2 Area Knowledge, +2 Tech, +1 Tactics)

INIT: 10

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 7

Ambidexterity, Courage, Direction, Network, Rank (2), Reputation (2), Stoicism (2)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Metal Prosthetic Arm (AV6), Multioptic Eye (+2 Awareness, visual; 10x Zoom; Night-Sight), Hi-Fi Pistol (WR4), Tools, Cigars



Nurse Scratchit

Somewhere out in the wilderness lives Nurse Scratchit, a woman with the dubious distinction of being both the most loved and the most hunted doe on the planet. She roves the wastelands in a multi-legged, mobile eld hospital called *Karkinos*, actin' as a vigilante doctor and do-gooder. Nurse Scratchit and her crew spend most of their time combin' through ruins for food stores or medical supplies, but they often help villages dig wells, care for the sick and wounded, and even teach folks to read. The Nurse also has mad-on 'bout slavers, 'cause she really likes to raid slaver hives and set all the slaves free.

While her kindness has earned Nurse Scratchit a passel of friends, she's also created more enemies than she can count. Anyone with a vested interest in keepin' the world barbarous—like the Phoenix Enclave, slavers and weapons dealers--hates Nurse Scratchit's guts, and much of the nobility and fat cats don't savvy the idea of an informed, intelligent populace. Worst, there's a few Brainz that don't like her doling out knowledge and will stop at nothing to see her destroyed.

Since Nurse Scratchit's typical day usually involves a half-dozen assassination attempts, she's an understandably cranky gal. Everybody from skilled mercs to tardz with a pointy stick wants to pick up the bounties on her head and to make a name for themselves. That's tough to do, though, as she's protected 'round the clock by a loyal crew and three scary combat bots called "The Sirens." Nurse Scratchit's also proven to be nigh indestructible. Sure, she's basically a little lady in scrubs, but she's been shot, gassed, burned, stabbed, poisoned, nuked and even thrown off a cliff, and she's still around. Attackin' her also draws an unfriendly eye from folks like Jax Wigsplitter and Vaughn Skullmonger, which is an unhealthy thing to do.

If you need medical help that nobody else has, Nurse Scratchit can do it. You'll have to nd her rst, and the Nurse might make you help her on a mission or two if she doesn't think you're needy enough, but if you survive you probably get whatever you need.



NURSE SCRATCHIT

Occupation: Angel of Mercy

AGL: 3

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 5

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Brawling, +2 Medicine, +2 Science: Biology, +1 Survival, +1 Resist, +2 Con & Perform)

INIT: 10

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 9

Charisma, Courage, Network, Rank (3), Reputation (3), Stoicism (2), Fanaticism (Lost Causes, 3), Moral Restriction (Hippocratic Oath, 3)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV2), Medkit (+2 Medicine), Tranq Gun (WR4 Stun), Knives (WR2)

Armitage Shanks

Once upon a time, it's said that this hard Limey bastard was the paramour and protector of Nurse Scratchit and her aid operation. There was no better man in da wildz. No more worthy, no more handy with a boomstick or a pipe wrench or a roll of gauze. Dood did it all. And he kept doing, and building, and helping... and watching as some jack knuckle with a mosh and some boom come marauding into town and tearing down all he and Scratchit had built.

And while that only steeled Scratch in her resolve, it pretty much broke Shanks. He left the mobile aid unit and struck out on his own, wandering pretty much anywhere Scratch wasn't.

Since leaving the operation, he's made a name for himself as That Badass With The Funny Accent, bringing in all manner o' outlaws and protecting caravans, and even rescuing Back Alley Jack's daughter from a Trog abduction.

He may be done trying to x all the hurt, but he's still a sucker for a lost cause.

He can be found in any random canteen, with a bottle o' hooch and pack full o' boom, itching for the chance to use both... for a decent paycheck. If a mosh needs a tracker, scout or extra gun, Shanks may not be a Redhand in da wildz, but he ain't bad - and he has the advantage of knowing the sprawl better than any Redhand ever could.

So for the money, there ain't many more versatile in a scrape, and Armitage Shanks always keeps a deal.

Why just ask those four dead guys in the corner, who questioned his integrity one and a half seconds ago.

ARMITAGE SHANKS

Occupation: Limey Badass

AGL: 4

DEX: 5

STR: 3

INT: 3

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Brawling, +1 Survival, +2 Con & Perform)

INIT: 9

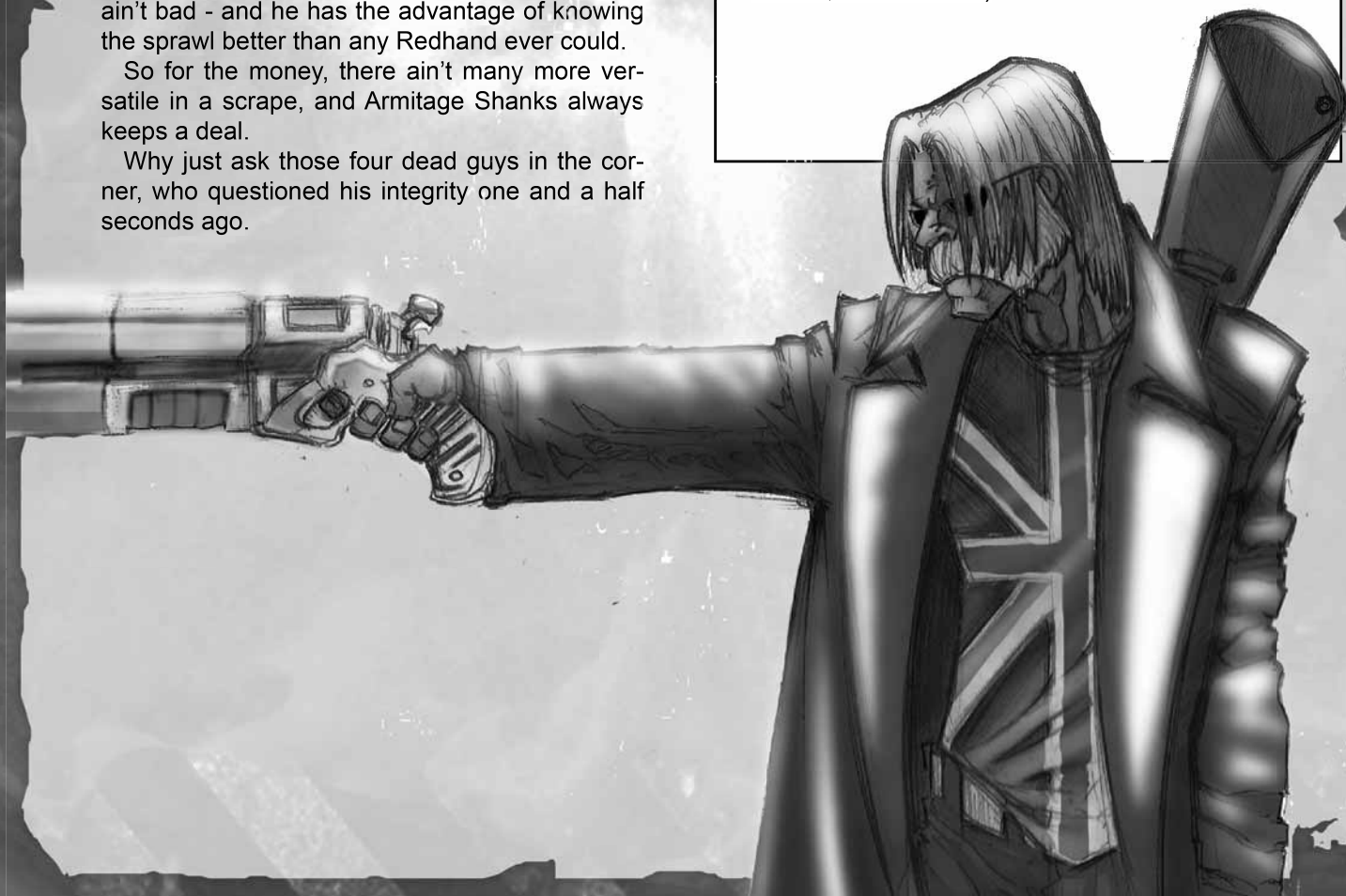
SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Charisma, Courage, Network, Reputation (2), Stoicism (3), Fanaticism (Lost Causes, 2), Addiction (Hooch, 2)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Boomstick (WR4), Gyrojet Pistol "Bianca" (WR4)

4 Knives (WR1), Flash Grenades (blind 1D6 rounds, -3 to all skills)



Beardsley

When a Trog slaver party cracked his vault at age twelve, Beardsley could have easily found himself scrubbing blood from a warlord's oor. Fortunately for him, a wealthy ROM Gypsy found him at the Gamorrah Slave Market, bought his frightened ass, and set to edjumacatin' the lad.

Now pushing 40 and surly as hell, Beardsley applies his genius to what most folks would call "no-win" situations. His ROMz are impressive mechanical beasts with sophisticated control systems, and most of them carry a compartment big enough to hold a live person, making them ideal for extractions or abductions.

There is nothing Beardsley loves more than to pull a snatch & grab on a slaver or despot warlord, leaving his tag, a simple extended middle nger, laser-etched in the wall.

BEARDSLEY

Occupation: ROM Gypsy

AGL: 3

DEX: 5

STR: 4

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 3

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +3 Repair, +2

Remote Op, +1 Area Knowledge, +2 Tech, +1 Tactics)

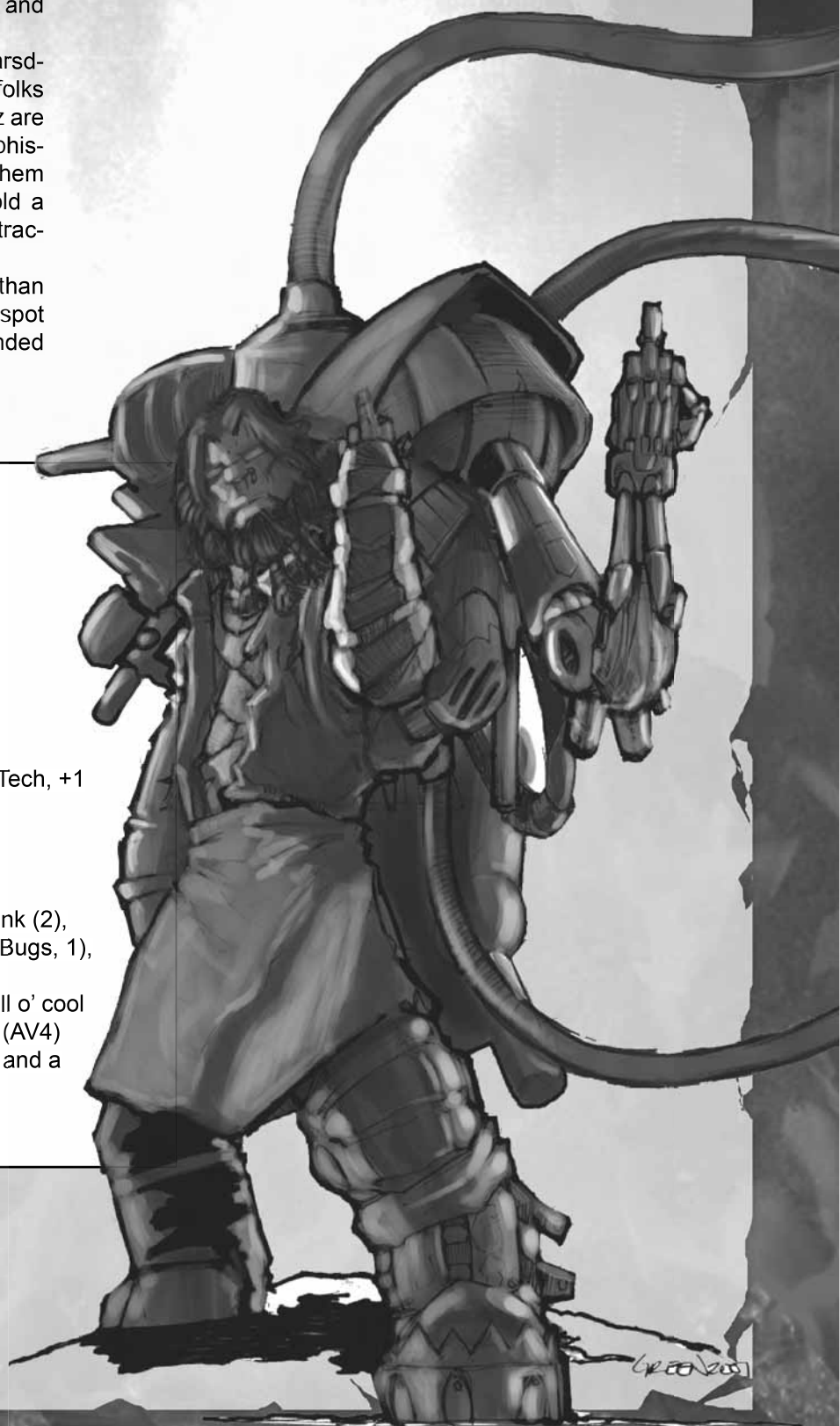
INIT: 9

SHRUG: 4

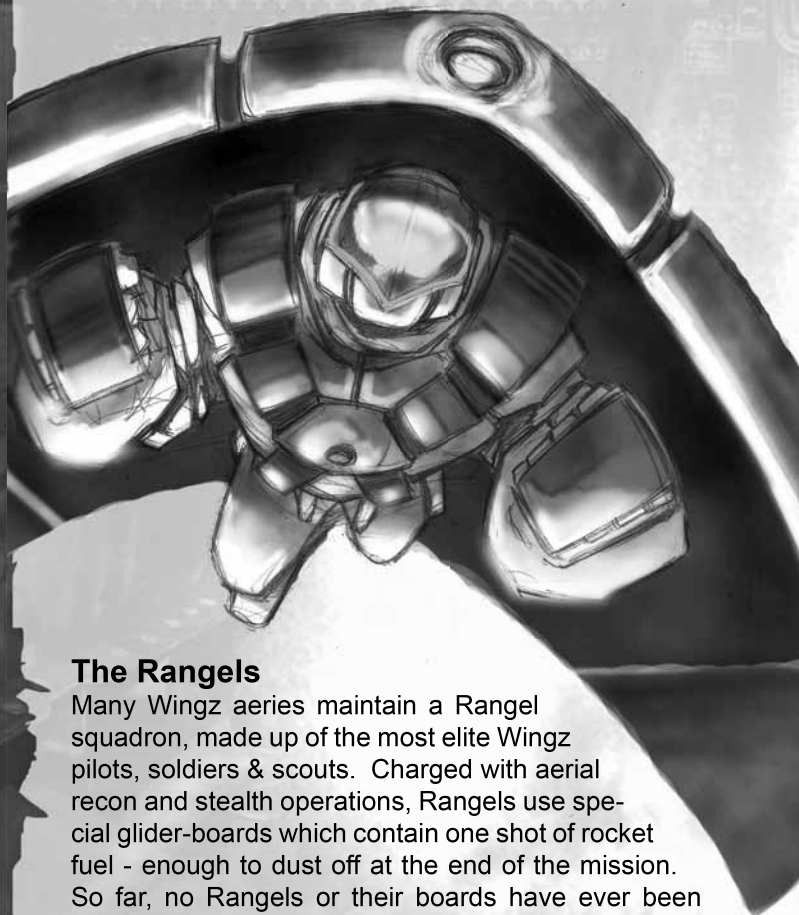
SAVE: 9

Ambidexterity, Direction, Network, Rank (2), Reputation (1), Stoicism (2), Phobia (Bugs, 1), Cynicism, Self Conversation

GEAR: A whole honkin' warehouse full o' cool Hi-Fi ROM shite. Wears Lo-Fi Armor (AV4) and carries a Hi-Fi Auto Pistol (WR4) and a Boot Knife (WR2)



ROGUE'S GALLERY



The Rangels

Many Wingz aeries maintain a Rangel squadron, made up of the most elite Wingz pilots, soldiers & scouts. Charged with aerial recon and stealth operations, Rangels use special glider-boards which contain one shot of rocket fuel - enough to dust off at the end of the mission. So far, no Rangels or their boards have ever been captured by hostiles. They have a tendency to blow themselves up with their hardware before capture.

FUNGOID

Size: M
Value: \$50+
COM: 8
WR: 3 (+3 STR)
Shrug: 4
Wounds: 5
Special Abilities: Spores infect exposed skin & membranes, taking over target's body at the rate of 1 Wound level per day. No SAVE - only a successful Medicine check or Wikkid Neutralize can help.
Fungoids are vulnerable to direct sunlight and area effect weapons like gases and re.

RANGEL

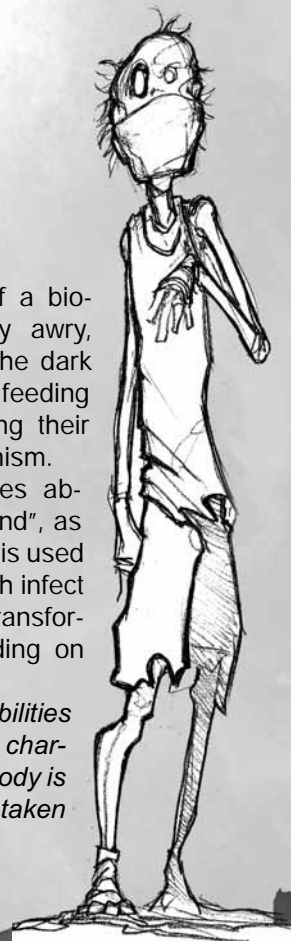
AGL: 5
DEX: 3
STR: 3
INT: 4
PER: 5
WIL: 4
RAD: 1
(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Climb, +2 Pilot)
INIT: 10
SHRUG: 4
SAVE: 9
Charisma, Direction, Network, Rank (1), Reputation (1), Stoicism (2), Delusion of Grandeur (1)
GEAR: Hi-Fi Armor (AV8), Knife (WR 2), Rokkit Board

Fungoids

Barely humanoid remnants of a biological weapon gone horribly awry, fungoids roam da wildz and the dark underbelly of da sprawlz, feeding on living matter and spreading their spores to any vulnerable organism.

Any infected tissue becomes absorbed into the spore "hive mind", as the energy in the infected cells is used to propagate new spores, which infect more cells, and so on. The transformation can be quick, depending on level of exposure.

Game Note: See Special Abilities for spore infection. If a player character is infected and dies, the body is reanimated as a Fungoid and taken over by the Jefé.



LAWDAWG

AGL: 4

DEX: 4

STR: 4

INT: 4

PER: 4

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +1 Boomstick,
+1 Brawling, +1 Pilot, +2 Resist)

INIT: 8

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Charisma, Direction, Rank (1), Repu-
tation (1), Stoicism (2)

GEAR: Law Dawg Armor (AV10), Knife
(WR2), Maul (WR3), Chem Cannon (WR4)



FLAG SCOUT

AGL: 5

DEX: 3

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Pilot, +1 Boom-
stick, +2 Survival)

INIT: 10

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 9

Charisma, Direction, Network, Rank (1),
Stoicism (2)

GEAR: Hi-Fi Armor (AV8), Knife (WR2), 2
Auto Pistols (WR4), Canteen, Survival Gear



REDHAND TRADER

AGL: 4

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1 (+1)

(assume all Skillz @ 4, +1 Awareness, +1 Survival, +2 Riding)

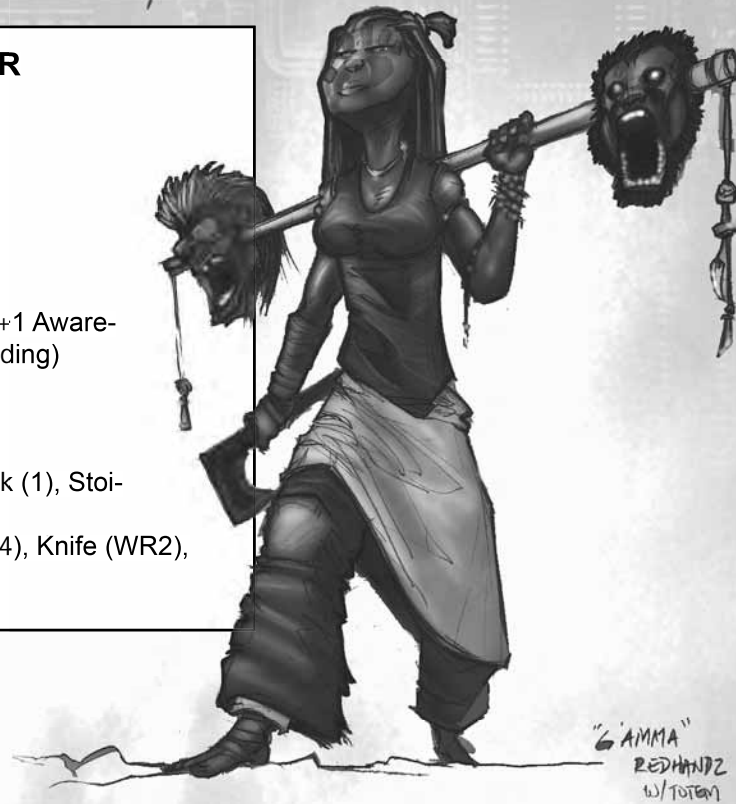
INIT: 8

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 8

Direction, Network, Rank (1), Stoicism (1)

GEAR: Lo-Fi Armor (AV4), Knife (WR2), Tommy Hawk (WR3)



SKULLMONGER

AGL: 4

DEX: 4

STR: 3

INT: 4

PER: 5

WIL: 4

RAD: 1

(assume all Skillz @ 5, +1 Awareness, +1 Brawling, +1 Boomstick, +2 Pilot)

INIT: 9

SHRUG: 4

SAVE: 10

Direction, Reputation (1), Stoicism (3)

GEAR: Hi-Fi Armor (AV8), Machete (WR3), Shotgun (WR4), 1D6 Flash Grenades, Survival Gear, Canteen

EL JEFE

Right, Timmy. You drew the short straw, didn't you? You're the one with the book, and all your homeys rely on you to bring the action and adventure. Well fug me runnin', but we're gonna have some fun with them!

First of all, you're gonna need some pencils, a few copies of the character sheet (it's okay to print and copy that – just don't go selling booklets of 'em on eBay). You'll need to decide what kind of dice you're using, and how many of those loser friends of yours you wanna invite to this little shindig or imagined ultraviolence. You'll need to stock up on the munchies, because we all know takin' out some jack-knuckle with an iron pipe can sure work up an appetite. You may need to explain the finer points of roleplaying to the noobs in your group, but that shouldn't be too hard for you... you god(dess) among humans.

FORGET IT

You heard me. All that stuff about intricate plots and political motivations and internal monologues. Leave that shite at the canteen door, because *RADZ* is all about the heavy-handed, testosterone-soaked, crudely animated action some of us older fogeys enjoyed back in the olden days, getting a contact high in a crowded theater to the strains of Blue Oyster Cult. Blood, boobs and guns. Now, there's nothing terribly wrong with intricate plots and political motivations and internal monologues, but keep it within a much simpler, more streamlined framework. Think movie. Think comic book. Think videogame. Get to the point fast, and start stabbing your players with it. Feel free to improvise, and never be afraid to bring in some baddies to stir the pot once in awhile, for no good reason except to keep your players awake.

You'll note that the adventure seeds we've included tend to be pretty straightforward mission-based plots. There's a benefit to keeping things within that framework: it can end after one session if need be, and leaves things at a logical breaking point. That way, if your group meets seldom or sporadically, you won't need to spend half the next session recapping the last one. It also leaves things open for a switch-up in the group, or trading off the duties of El Jefe. Which brings us to the most important element of the *RADZ* experience, and it may be something some of your folk may bristle at...

HOW COOL IS YOUR GRAVEYARD?

Characters in *RADZ* are really cool and largely disposable. Don't be surprised if your favorite skullmonger get vapo-rubbed by a Flag mosh on the road to Last Chance. Don't cry, don't throw your dice at the other players, and fer cryin' out loud, don't hog the Mountain Dew. Grab yourself a new sheet and get to scribblin' – your mosh needs you, and the sooner you're back in the game, the better. Think of it as re-spawning with a new costume.

THE MOOD

Now Jefe, you gotta understand that although the *RADZ* setting is hazardous (like Everest is "a bit tall"), that doesn't mean you gotta go in with the goal of mowing down the players' meticulously-crafted characters. You gotta tell a good story – keep them riveted by the action and suspense. Don't just tell them what the bartender says, put on the voice and the facial expression of the bartender. Play the other NPCs and lead by example. Put on some action movie soundtracks or hard rock – but not so loud that you can't hear each other. Just enough to create a desolate, violent, post-apocalypse picture in their minds.

ACTION, ACTION, ACTION

Yeah, we get there's a marvelous handcrafted story there... but it's just the catalyst for blood. Just like "plot" in pornography. So think of *RADZ* as *gore-nography*, and keep the action coming. If you find the session dragging, nothing will pick it up like a mosh of Trog slavers or a Sprawler gang popping up out of nowhere to pick on the player characters. Make 'em earn their cool. Who knows? Maybe they'll survive a session or two, and earn a place among the Vaughn Skullmongers and Jax Wigsplitters of the *RADZ* world.

Nah.

OPTIONAL RANDOMIZER

If you and your mosh prefer a less granular game experience, try replacing your 2D6 with 1D12. Criticals happen on a roll of 1 or 12, and everything else remains unchanged.

ADVENTURES

Missions. Scenarios. Plots. Call em what you want. We're giving you a few to start with. Tweak 'em as you want, season to taste. Make up new ones and share 'em with yer bros online at the **deep7.com** forums. Most of all, don't let the pressure of being the best Jefe in the zone make you soil yer dungarees. Step up to the plate, Timmy. Embrace the stupid-level animated violence and arbitrary setting and make it your own – sell it, baby! Make your players laugh and cry and belch and scratch themselves awkwardly. They'll be talking about their cool-as-shite Wikkid or Trog enforcer for months. Now go to it, and bring the mayhem.

Water-Boys

Baron Zhang is mighty annoyed with the Phoenix Enclave, but there's little he could do about it—until now. Seems that ol' Phoenix has run dry, leavin' no more arsenic-laced water in the wells. The Emperor and his toadies intend to import some water via a convoy of tanker trucks, and they'd better do it fast to stave off potential riots.

The Baron would love to see the Enclave get in some hot water (by the lack of it), so he'll pay the mosh—though his agents, of course—to steal or destroy the convoy. The convoy will be heavily guarded, so it won't be easy, and anybody from Tucson will deny involvement if the mosh is caught. But he's offering a lot of cash, and being on Baron Zhang's good side is worth a lot these days...

Where Trogz Fear to Tread

NORAD is the best-known underground facility in the Rocky Mountains, but ain't the only one. A week back some Trogz were diggin' around when they broke through into a forgotten facility. Fifty Trogz went in to explore and loot, but only one made it back out—torn up and batshit crazy, screamin' gibberish about fabulous riches and hideous monsters. The Trogz walled it back up, but left a locked iron gate just in case.

Nobody knows what's down there, but many folks would pay a mosh handsomely to find out. A mosh could also make a lot of dukkits with the old tech the might find, or maybe there's a vital component or cure they need. Some folks like Professor J might have some info on the place, but the mosh may have to do a task for him before they get it...

Sky Pirates!

A new group called the Crimson Wind has been terrorizin' the area and stealing everything that isn't nailed down. While this in itself is nothin' new, what's got everybody soilin' their britches is that the Crimson Wind uses gas-powered vehicles, includin' planes, blimps and helicopters. The various governments and warlords have put out a hefty reward to find the air field the Wind uses, but what they really want is the source of the fuel.

The mosh will have to track down the source of the attacks by interviewin' witnesses, cobblin' together a form of RADAR, or puttin' out bait and just watchin' the skies. Turns out the Wind is a collection of Gleanerz and Romz usin' a process called Thermal Depolymerization (or TDP), which uses heat and pressure to turn old plastic back into oil. After defeatin' the pirates, the mosh will have to decide to sell the TDP plant, blow it up, or keep it for themselves...





International Velvet Gone Awry

The mosh is in Thousand Hands for the annual hoss race, when late at night their old (and ugly) stallion slips its ropes and spends some quality time with the Illies in a sub-chief's prize herd. The next mornin', the mosh is surrounded by hundreds of well-armed and pissed-off Red Handz, where the sub-chief tells them that for him to save face, they must ride in the race and win—or die.

The race is a gruelin', cross-country trek through the desert, the only rule bein' that you and your hoss must both be alive when you cross the nish line. Cheatin' is common, and there are many different parties who will do anythin' to win, including rich nobles from Gomorrah, military of cers from Phoenix, and even Trogz in sun goggles. Of course, the race passes through land lled with bandits, radiation, and creatures that like to eat hosses (and their riders)...

Frozen Assets

One night the mosh is headin' home after some hard drinkin' when a man stumbles out of an alley and drops dead at their feet. The man seems ordinary, but clutched in his hand is a map—a treasure map, to be exact. Only this time, it's not treasure buried in sand but in snow, as the goodies are hidden away on a peak in the Rockies.

If the mosh wants to nd the treasure, they'll have to research the map and translate any cryptic clues, then travel to wherever in the Rockies the treasure is located. Since it's hidden above the snowline, the mosh'll have to deal with freezing temperatures, potential blizzard conditions, and the occasional avalanche. To make things more interestin', maybe somebody else who wants the treasure enough to kill the mosh for it follows them into the mountains...

Mother's Little Helper

The town aldermen of Salt Lake City have a little problem that they want somebody to take care of. It seems that out in the badlands, there's a well-armed cult of women polygamists keepin' dozens of young husbands in a forti ed compound, and this makes the old men of Salt Lake City all kinds of upset. Most folks would tell the old tards to step off, but the stickin' point is that the cult is growin' mutant opium plants and fundin' their compound with the sale of radioactive heroin.

If they take the job, the mosh'll rst have to nd the cult in the badlands. One there, however, they can't just blow the place up as there's all manner of young men and boys the SLC aldermen want back, so they'll have to sneak in and take the cult down from the inside. One way is in ltratin' the cult so they can gure out what's goin' on, which may prove dif cult for the male PC's who are put to work washing, cleaning, and changin' diapers all day. Female PC's will be treated better, but rivalries are rampant in the cult and she'll have to watch her back. Once the cult is removed, the mosh can destroy the heroin—unless a wily opportunist tries to move in and take it from them. Finally, there's the problem of feedin' and carin' for a couple hundred helpless men and boys as they're led back through the desert back to SLC, without somethin' awful happenin' along the way...

It's Alive!

Nobody knows where it came from, but a gigantic radioactive thing has been rollin' about the countryside, devourin' everythin' in its path. About the size of a football field, the creature has proven indestructible to everythin' that's been thrown at it so far, and the various major players on the map are starting to panic.

From what he's seen of it so far, Professor J surmises that the creature is at least part salsola—that's tumbleweed, to you. He also thinks somebody had a hand in makin' it (but swears he didn't do it). Maybe somebody was tryin' to make a weapon or war or it's an art project gone horribly wrong, but whatever it is it has to be stopped or everybody's gonna die.

If somebody manufactured the creature, the mosh can track the path of destruction back to the point of origin. The creature could have been born in a very radioactive crater, or possibly a hidden lab filled with Brainz who hate the world. After much hazardous pokin'

around, the mosh might figure out a way to kill the creature—just as it's about to eat city of Tabazan and the combined armies of Denver, Gomorrah and Phoenix. Of course, along the way there are always agents tryin' to control the creature for their side (with horri c results), broken truces, and the requisite climactic battle with lots of explosions. If the mosh takes out the creature, they'll be royalty for a day (or longer), and they might be able to make some lastin' changes in their favor. Well, until the next radioactive creature comes along...

In the Hall of the Mountain King

The mosh discovers an unsecured "back door" into NORAD, and are tempted inside by tales of fabulous pre-Boom wealth. Of course, Professor J doesn't take to kindly to trespassers, and tags the party with a time-release bio agent.

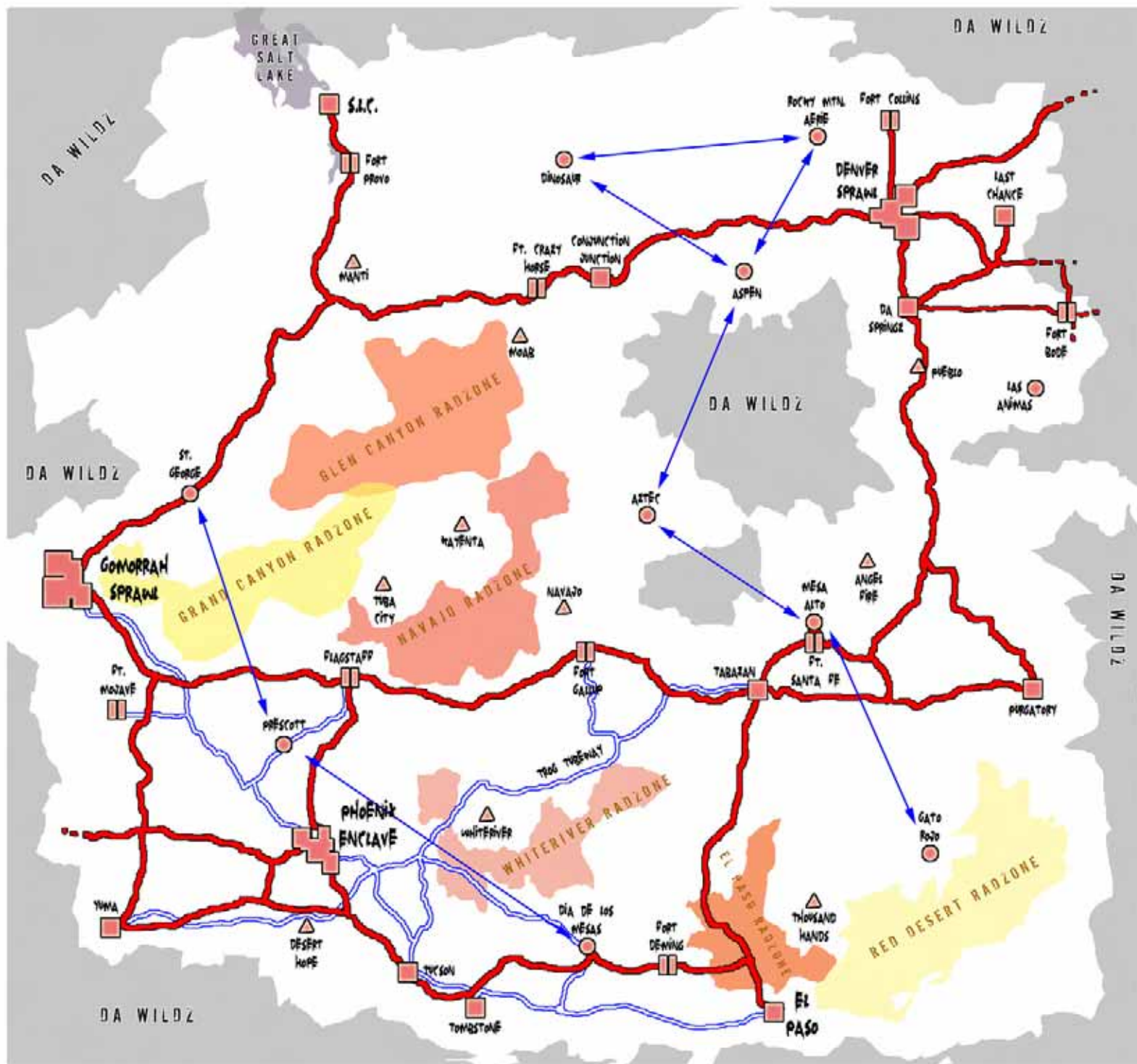
The mosh has to retrieve an object of Prof J's choosing from a local sprawl or stronghold in 72 hours, or become puddles of toxic goo.

Got questions? Got some mad kewl seeds to share with the rest of the class? Get on the forums at www.deep7.com and let everyone in on it!



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- CITY
- AERIE
- FORT
- VILLAGE
- SPRAWL
- NAVIGABLE ROAD
- TROG TUBEWAY
- WINGZ TRADE ROUTE

DA WORLD
(SUCH AS IT IS)

50 MI
100 KM

RADZ™

RADZ

CHARACTER IDENT SHEET

NAME			
TYPE			
OCCUPATION			
AGE		SEX	
HEIGHT		WEIGHT	
EYES		HAIR	
CHR. PTS		LUCK	

DUKKITS & VALUABLES:

ITEM	WA	WR	RNG	DB	AMMO

HIT LOC	AV	MEDICAL CONDITION	
2: Head		1. Scathed	
3: R. Arm		2. Roughed Up (-1)	
4: L. Arm		3. Worse For Wear (-2)	
5-8: Torso		4. All Fugged Up (-3)	
9-10: R. Leg		5. Incapacitated (-4)	
11-12: L. Leg		6. Near Death (-5)	
		7. Dead	

AGL		PER	
Brawling		Awareness	
Dodge		Con	
Melee		Gambling	
Missile		Performance	
Pilot		Survival	
Riding			
Stealth			

DEX		INT	
Boomstick		Area Knowledge	
Craft		History	
Demolitions		Science	
Mechanics		Tactics	
Remote Op.		Tech	

STR		WIL	
Climbing		Cool	
Endurance		Intimidation	
Heavy Weapons		Resist	
Strength Feat			
Swimming			

RAD INIT		SHRUG SAVE	

NOTES: