

HELL ON EARTHTM
The Wasted West



The Wasted WestTM

Credits

Written & Designed by: Shane Lacy Hensley with John Hopler

Additional Material by: Hal Mangold & Hawk McMahon

Editing & Layout: Hal Mangold & Matt Forbeck

Front Cover Art: Terese Nielsen Back Cover Art: Tom Fowler

Logos: Ron Spencer & Charles Ryan Graphic Design: Hal Mangold & Charles Ryan

Interior Art: Tom Biondolillo, Tom Fowler, Conrad Gammon, Ashe Marler, Andy Park,
Charles Ryan, Kevin Sharpe, Ron Spencer, Matt Tice, Bryon Wackwitz & Loston Wallace

Special Thanks to: Paul Beakley, Barry Doyle, John & Joyce Goff,
Michelle & Caden Hensley, Christy Hopler, Bill "Waste World" King, Jay & Amy Kyle,
the Listserv Rowdies, Steve Long, Jason Nichols, Dave Seay, Maureen Yates,
Dave "Coach" Wilson & John "Z" Zinser

Look for regular, free updates on the Pinnacle website: www.peginc.com!

This electronic book is copyright Pinnacle Entertainment Group.

Redistribution by print or by file is strictly prohibited.

Add 1 to all Page Number References to account for the cover of this Ebook.



Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc.
www.peginc.com

Dedicated to: Z and Mo

Deadlands, Weird West, Wasted West, Hell on Earth, the Deadlands: Hell on Earth logo, the Hell on Earth sublogo, the Pinnacle Starburst, and the Pinnacle logo are Trademarks of Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc. © Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

First Printing



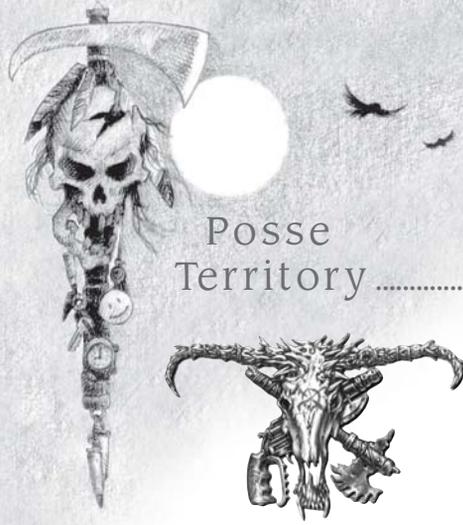


Table o' Contents

Posse Territory 3

Chapter One:
The Hell on Earth Companion 5

New Rules 5
New Edges 8
New Hindrances 11
New Gear 12
Weapons 12
Radios 25
Palmcorders 26
Fuel 26
Vehicles 27
Powered Armor 28
The Medicine Cabinet 30
Wasted West Timeline 32

Archetypes 33

Jo's Journal 49

Welcome 51
The Reckoners 51
The Last War 53
Alliances 56
The Big Bang 58
The Four Horsemen 58
Servitors 60
Servants of Evil 60
A Tour of the Wasted West
62
Who's Who? 62
The Weather 68
Handbook of Horror 69
Hell's Atlas 72
Great Basin 72
The Great Maze 78
Director's Credits 82
The Great Northwest 85
High Plains 88
The Mississippi Delta 96
The Wild Southwest 98
A Final Note? 100

No Man's Land...101



Chapter Three:
Relics o' the Wasted West...103

How to Serve
Your Man 103
Other Relics 106

The Marshal's Handbook.....107

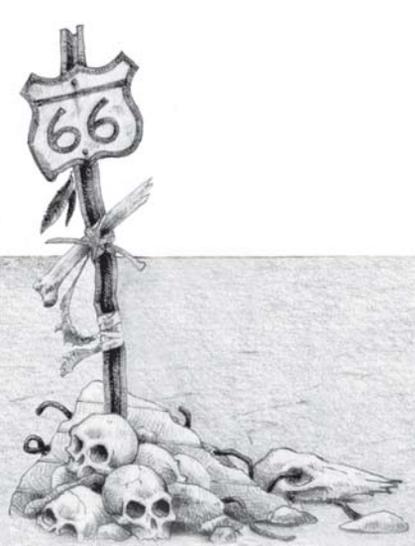


Chapter Four:
The Marshal's Guide to the Wasted West...109

Monsters 109
Radios 109
New Edges 110
New Gear 110
Jo's Journal 113
The Reckoners 113
The Last War 113
All the Presidents, Man! 114
Minions of
the Reckoners 115
Who's Who? 121
The Weather 123
Handbook of Horror 125
Hell's Atlas 127
Great Basin 127
The Great Maze 132
The Great Northwest 137
The High Plains 143
The Mississippi Delta 148
The Wild Southwest 151

Chapter Five:
Abominations o' the Wasted West155

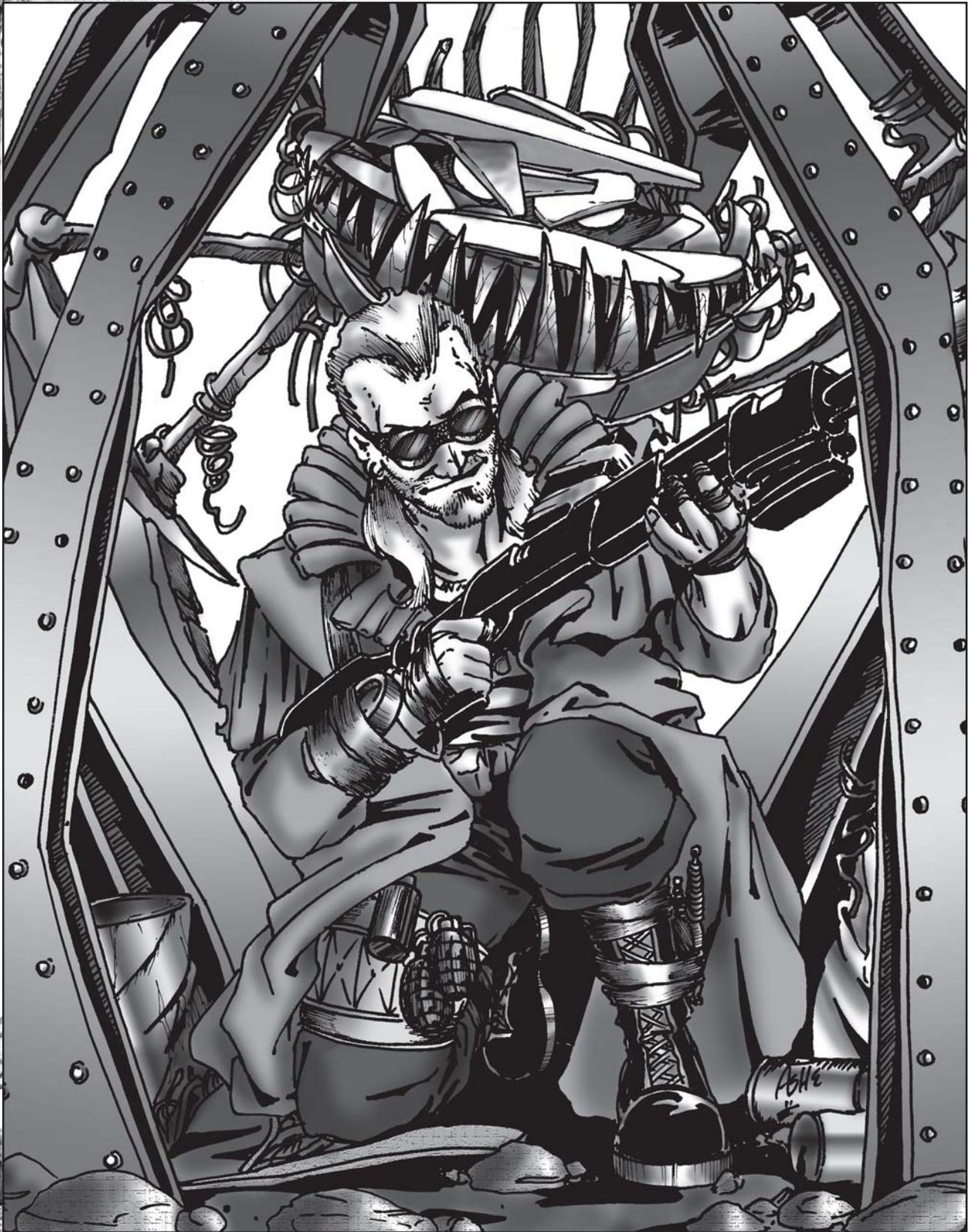
Dust Devil 155
Nosferatu 155
Raiders 156
Rattlers 156
Salamanders 157
Wendigos 157
Wolfings 158
Wormlings 158



Posse Territory



The Companion



Posse: 6



Chapter One: The Hell on Earth Companion



Welcome back, wasters. Glad to see you're still scrounging for more information on the blasted world we call *Deadlands: Hell on Earth*. As we told you in the rulebook, *Wasted West* is the *Hell on Earth* worldbook. You only got a taste of what's going on in this devastated playground in the rulebook. Now it's time to put together a fresh batch of Reckoner stew and show you what's really happening out here in the ruins of civilization.

We're going to start with some new Edges & Hindrances, then scavenge up a mess of new guns, ammo, and other things to hurt folks with. Then we'll introduce you to a passel of new archetypes, all done up in glorious, full color. And since a picture's worth a thousand words, there are even a few bonus color plates to show you what the Wasted West looks like.

After that we jump straight into Jo's Journal, a guide to the Wasted West, written by a Templar on her death bed. She gives you the big picture, and then takes you on a tour of the irradiated plains in her Hell's Atlas.

After Jo's Journal is a chapter on relics, items imbued with arcane power by legendary events. Your survivor probably won't start with one of these beauties, but if she pokes around long enough, she might find anything from the President's toupee to Mina Devlin's cookbook. That section is in No Man's Land, so you'll need to get your Marshal's permission before reading it, waster.

Next up is the Marshal's Guide to the Wasted West. Stay out of there if you're a player or you'll ruin all the fun. Marshals, don't forget that when you see the marshal's badge in Posse Territory, the real skinny is revealed in your section, on the page marked under the badge.

Last, but by no means least, are more abominations than you can shake a depleted uranium core at. Again, these creatures are for the Marshal's eyes only (but maybe he'll let you sneak a quick peek at the cool artwork so you can start sweating early).

New Rules

Life is complicated in the aftermath of the Last War, and it's tough to account for every possible situation that your wasters are going to come across. Below are a few rules we couldn't quite squeeze into the main *Hell on Earth* rulebook. Live 'em, love 'em, and use 'em as you like.

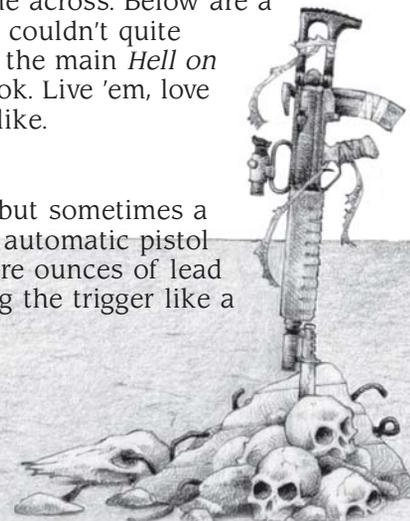


109

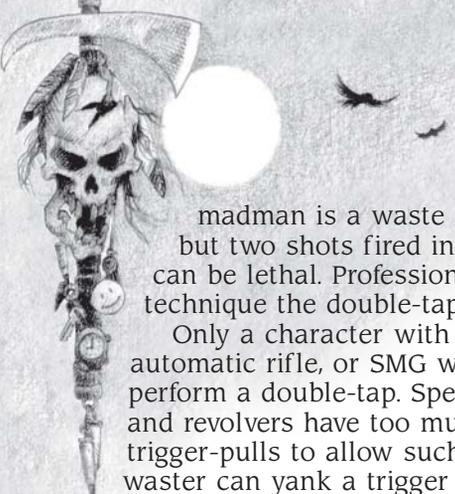
Double-Tap

Bullets are expensive, but sometimes a good gunslinger with an automatic pistol needs to throw a few more ounces of lead at some horror. Squeezing the trigger like a

Posse: 7



The Companion



madman is a waste of expensive ammo, but two shots fired in quick succession can be lethal. Professional shooters call this technique the double-tap.

Only a character with an automatic pistol, automatic rifle, or SMG with a Speed of 1 can perform a double-tap. Speed 2 weapons, rifles, and revolvers have too much “action” between trigger-pulls to allow such a rapid maneuver. A waster can yank a trigger more, but those shots take place on different actions, so they’re treated as separate rolls. Every double-tap after the first in the same round suffers a -2 recoil penalty (just like when firing automatic weapons), up to a maximum penalty of -6.

Here’s how double-tapping works. The player declares his hero will double-tap and he rolls to hit. If he hits and gets a raise, it means the second shot hits the same location as the first. Any raises after the first can be applied to the hit location of the shots as usual. The second shot cannot be adjusted to hit a location separate from the first.

Just like with fanning and fully-automatic fire, the first shot of a double-tap can be called. Apply the modifier to the total roll, then figure any raises for the second shot from the adjusted TN. With a raise, both shots hit the intended location.

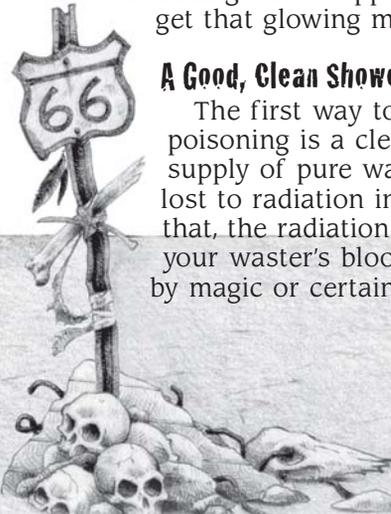


Teller aims his pistol at a mutie’s head and double-taps. His TN is 5, plus another +2 for 20 yards of range, plus another +6 for the head. His total TN is a 13. He rolls like a pro and gets an 18. That’s a hit with a raise, so both shots hit the mutie in the brainpan.

Radiation Damage

In Chapter Five of the *Hell on Earth* rulebook, we told you that Wind lost to background radiation could only be restored by a clean shower or by magic. Below are some specifics, including what happens when your hero can’t get that glowing monkey off his back.

A Good, Clean Shower



The first way to restore Wind lost to rad-poisoning is a clean shower with a good supply of pure water. This restores all Wind lost to radiation in the past 24 hours. After that, the radiation has worked its way into your waster’s blood and can only be purged by magic or certain substances.

Magical Aid

The best way to get rid of radiation is by magic. Any magical means that can heal Wind can be used, but the healer must add +4 to whatever the normal TN for restoring Wind is. Doomsayers can ignore this penalty.

This means a Templar, who normally restores Wind on a 3, must roll against a 7 instead.

In any case, restoring Wind lost to radiation is a separate task from healing a character. That means a Templar, who can only *lay on hands* once per day, must choose whether he wishes to heal a character’s wounds or rid her of deadly radiation poisoning.

If failed, the roll can simply be tried again (depending on the circumstances of the spell itself). On a bust, magic cannot cure the poison, and the victim must wait for the radiation to work itself out of his system (see Natural Decay, below).

Natural Decay

So what happens if your hero can’t get a shower in time and doesn’t have any buddies with freaky powers to save him? Well, he’s kind of out of luck. This brings us to the third way to get rid of rad-poisoning—just waiting and praying.

If you’re lucky, radioactive particles in the body eventually get flushed. If you’re not so lucky, they mutate the body’s cells and cause cancer or some other fatal disease.

Wind lost to radiation poisoning is naturally restored at the rate of +1 per week (seven days), assuming your hero makes a *Vigor* roll equal to the amount of Wind he’s lost to radiation (ignore any other Wind loss, whether temporary or permanent, when figuring this TN). He must continue making this roll every week until he fully recovers.

Only if the hero goes bust does he develop radiation sickness: the glows. In that case, any remaining Wind loss is permanent, and your hero gets the *ailin’: chronic* Hindrance. If he’s ever cured of the glows, the Wind he lost to the sickness is restored as well.

One other interesting note. The old soft drink Dr. Pepper apparently contains a chemical thought to reduce radiation. In the supernatural world of *Hell on Earth*, it actually works. If your hero can drink a can of this stuff (which is more rare than innocence these days), he can automatically eliminate all Wind lost to radiation per can. Understandably, Dr. Pepper is hard to come by.

The Companion

Traveling the Wasted West

Pop quiz, brainer. You're in Boise and need to get to Abilene in three days. Can you do it? Hell, we don't know. There are a lot of muties, monsters, and madmen to get in your way, pal. Every trip is different. Still, we can give you some good averages so you can maintain the false hope of getting somewhere quick.

All the rates below assume a character is traveling about eight hours a day at a reasonable pace. If your posse wants to travel faster or longer, rework the math. Don't expect to get a higher average *speed*, however. The highways are too shattered and clogged with ruins for cars to make any better time, and people and horses just can't sustain high speeds for more than a few hours a day.

Travel Speeds

Method	Miles/Day	Average M.P.H.
Foot	20	2.5
Horse	40	5
Car	400	20

Hot & Cold

Before the war, rampant pollution screwed up Earth's weather patterns something fierce. That means it gets hotter than Hell in the daytime across most of the Wasted West, and cold as a Harrowed's heart at night. Here's how to handle extreme temperatures like these.

If your character is exposed to extreme temperatures—and that's the Marshal's call, based on what your hero is used to—he needs to make a *survival* roll about once every 12 hours.

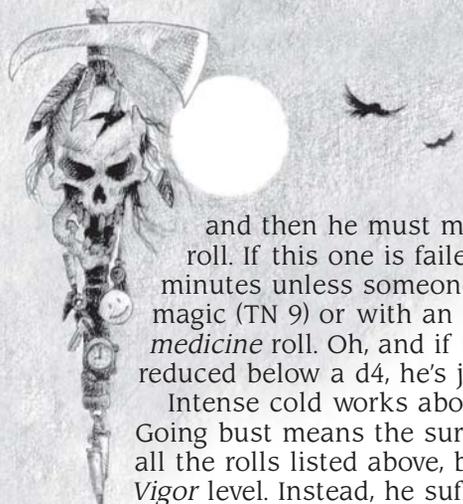
In the desert, make the first roll during the hottest part of the day and the second in the dead of night when it gets cold. In cold environments, make one at morning and one at dusk.

The TN of the roll starts at 5, but the Marshal can raise it by +2 for every +10° over the norm.

If your hombre fails this roll, he loses the difference in Wind. This Wind can only be regained by heating up or cooling down (as appropriate).

Should a character go bust when resisting hot temperatures, he starts doing the "kickin' chicken." That's heat stroke, friend. He must make an immediate Hard (9) *Vigor* check. If he makes it, he loses another 3d6 Wind. If he fails, his *Vigor* die type is reduced one step forever,





The Companion

and then he must make a second Hard (9) roll. If this one is failed, he dies within 2d6 minutes unless someone else heals him with magic (TN 9) or with an Incredible (11) *medicine* roll. Oh, and if the waster's *Vigor* is reduced below a d4, he's just plain, old dead.

Intense cold works about the same way.

Going bust means the survivor goes through all the rolls listed above, but he doesn't lose a *Vigor* level. Instead, he suffers frostbite to his fingers, toes, or nose. (The Marshal can roll randomly or choose based on the circumstances.) Consider these "subareas" maimed. They don't cause any wounds (at least not the kind you have to mark on your character sheet), but they must be amputated or healed by magic. If not, the frostbite turns gangrenous in 1d6 days.

The gangrene can be controlled, and normal healing can begin if the character is treated with a Hard (9) *medicine* roll. If left untreated, the gangrene causes 1 wound per day in the infected location. If this brings the location to maimed status, the limb is useless, and the gangrene spreads to the poor slob's guts. He takes 1 wound a day there as well, until he's treated or dead.

Amputating the infected limb stops the spread of the gangrene as well, as long it's done before the limb becomes maimed.

Chow

Folks can get mighty skinny these days, although some wasters can hold their water like a camel. Still, every living soul needs to eat and drink to keep their sorry bones moving.

A survivor needs at least one reasonable meal and two quarts of water a day. If either is unavailable, he loses 1d4 Wind (or 2d4 Wind if both are scarce). Don't reroll Aces on these rolls. Wind lost to hunger or dehydration can only be replaced by food or water.

Don't forget the *survival* Aptitude can feed and water your waster if he doesn't have supplies on hand. Milrats are also great. One of these carbohydrate-loaded feedbags can satisfy a waster for three full days.

Radio Communication

Since the end of the Last War, telephone communications have been practically nonexistent. The only remaining way to communicate over long distances is by radio, but even this is iffy at best.

The ghost-rock bombs dropped during the war blasted large quantities of radioactive material into the atmosphere. Much of this material is still up there. As these radioactive isotopes decay, they emit particles which ionize the atmosphere and create serious interference with radio communication.

The amount of interference your hero is liable to encounter can vary widely and is highly dependent on the weather. The radioactive clouds caused by the bombs circle the earth in the upper atmosphere and move with the wind.

Encryption

Some military sets have the ability to encrypt their transmissions. This uses a combination of frequency hopping and scrambling the message order to make a transmission indecipherable. Only another radio using the same encryption algorithms and set to the identical encryption key can translate the message.

New Edges

Need a few new edges to help fight those nasty Reckoners? No problem, amigo. We got what you need.

Arcane Background: Witch

3



103

Templars, Doomsayers, Sykers and Junkers aren't the only supernatural types running around the Wasted West. Buying this edge means your hero has deciphered the secrets of a book called *How to Serve Your Man*. See Chapter Three for more details.

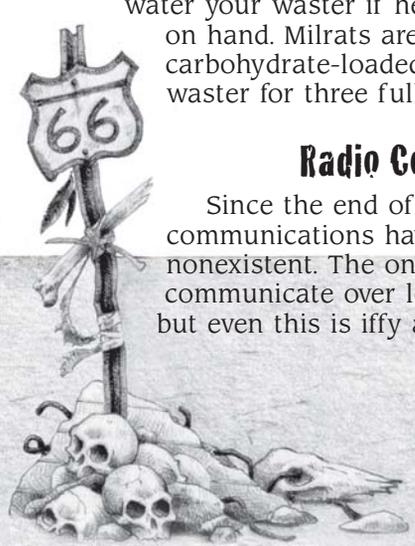
Berserk

2

Berserks have gotten in touch with their inner stepchild and like to beat the snot out of it.

For whatever reason, certain things set the hero off, turning her into a frenzied death-machine. Whenever your hero takes a wound, she must make a *Smarts* roll equal to the TN of the wound (just like on the Healing Table). If she fails the roll, she goes into a *berserk* frenzy, allowing her to make two hand-to-hand attacks each action.

The downside is that neither her *fightin'* levels nor her weapon's defensive bonuses are added to the opponent's TN to hit her. She must also rush into hand-to-hand combat no matter what the situation. She might not jump off a cliff to get at someone, but she's happy to charge an army all by herself once berserk.



The Companion

Don't Get 'Im Riled!

3

"Don't make me angry. You wouldn't like me when I'm angry."

—The S-Mart Overlord

When your hero is injured, he adds $Xd4$ damage to his hand-to-hand attacks, where X is the hero's highest wound level. A hero with a serious wound, for instance, adds $+3d4$ to his hand-to-hand damage rolls. Reroll any Aces you get on the bonus roll, and then add them to the *Strength* part of the damage total, just like any other "plus."

Hardy

3

Over five billion souls perished in the Last War and the Reckoning that followed thereafter. Of those who managed to haul their irradiated carcasses out of the ruin, many are tough sons of bitches. Of course, women can take this Edge as well. After all, it's not like there are just "hardy boys."

Your hero's one of those hard-bitten survivors, and he heals a little bit faster than most. He gains Wind back at the rate of 1 point every 30 seconds (or six combat rounds), instead of the usual 1 point per minute. Also he can make a healing roll to recover from his wounds every three days instead of the regular five.

To take this Edge, your hero must have a *Vigor* of $3d10$ or better. Both the *Coordination* and the die type of this Trait must be at this level or higher. After all, fragile wimps just aren't the hardy sort.

Librarian

2

While most folks tromping around the Wasted West are just trying to survive, some dedicate themselves to higher purposes. The Librarians are trying to make sure that the knowledge that humans attained before the Apocalypse isn't lost forever.

A hero who takes this edge has been recruited by the Librarians. She is issued a palmcorder (see page 26) with which to collect data, and sent out into the wilderness to rescue information.

The benefits of this aren't bad. Librarians are expected to assist each other in acquiring information, and they get free access to the Grand Library in Sacramento, CA. Their mission of preserving information also gives them a +2 to *persuasion* rolls when dealing with any intellectual or scientific people. This only applies if the person in question is aware of the hero's status, of course.



There is a catch. The waster also has to take a 2-point *obligation: Librarians Hindrance*, and must travel to the Grand Library in Sacramento at least once a year to report on what she's found.

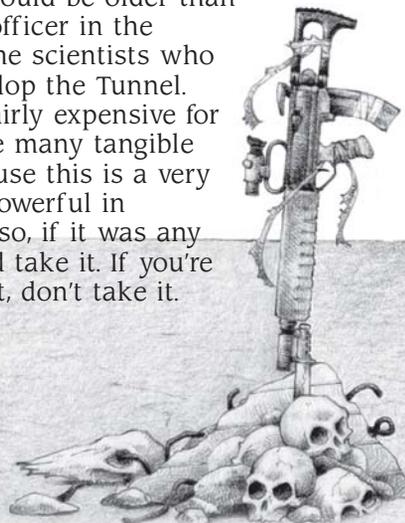
Omega Man

3

For some strange reason, your waster never grows old. (And he doesn't fade away either.) The power only manifested itself since the Reckoning, but at some point in the last 13 years, he just stopped aging.

Your hero can never age, even by supernatural means. There are few other game effects unless your Marshal advances time frequently, but this does mean your waster could be older than most. Maybe he was an officer in the Faraway War or one of the scientists who helped Hellstromme develop the Tunnel.

Note that the cost is fairly expensive for an Edge that doesn't have many tangible game effects. That's because this is a very rare mutation and very powerful in certain circumstances. Also, if it was any cheaper, everybody would take it. If you're not comfortable with that, don't take it.



The Companion



Rad-Tolerant

1-5

Some folks like it hot. Your waster likes it microwaveable.

For whatever reason, your hero is particularly resistant to the effects of radiation, both natural and supernatural. He can add +1 per level of the Edge when resisting its effects. This works against Doomsayer magic that can be resisted, and it acts as 1 to 5 points of light armor against their blasts or other damage-causing powers. If a power is resisted *and* causes damage, *rad-tolerant* works against both.

Super Soldier

5

Every government in the world messed around with weird science and supernatural powers at one point or another. One of the most notorious of these experiments took place during World War II, when the scientists of Nazi Germany created a breed of super soldiers. That serum was discovered by a United States infantry patrol in the final days of the war, and taken back to the North for testing.

Ten years later, the US had their own breed of super soldiers. Trouble was, the

gremlins that plagued most mad scientists had messed with the formula, and most of the super soldiers went mad. This was all reported in the *Tombstone Epitaph* years later, though most folks dismissed it as yet another wacky conspiracy theory.

Anyway, a few men and women survived the serum and emerged just as the government had hoped. Maybe your hero was one of them. If so, he must be *brawny* and have a *Strength* of 3d10 or better and a *Vigor* of 4d12 or better. Both Coordination and die type must meet these minimums.

Here's the big payoff. The hero gets to raise his *Strength* and *Vigor* by one die type each. (That means *Vigor* is at least 4d12+2 now.) The super soldier also gets the *thick-skinned* Edge, plus 5 levels of *sand* and *tough as nails*, all for free!

The downside is that hero's *Knowledge*, *Smarts*, and *Cognition* all drop a die type. The same drugs that enhance the body atrophy the mind.

Being a super soldier is a great trade-off if you're looking to make your hero into a hulking brute. Just don't expect him to win any science fairs.

Posse: 12



The Companion

Veteran o' the Weird West



110

Notice we said *Weird*, not *Wasted*. (You can't be both.) This means your hero has come over to *Hell on Earth* from our sister game, *Deadlands: The Weird West*. There are two ways this could happen: Your hombre might have come through the Hunting Grounds like Coot Jenkins did in the beginning of the rulebook, or he could have lived a real long time.

A *Weird West* character who comes through the Hunting Grounds simply uses the rules from that game. These characters don't get any other bonuses from this Edge other than access to some very different types of magic and abilities.

Assuming your character actually experienced life (or unlife) this long, he's going to be one tough son of a bitch. Don't take this Edge if your hero survived this long but was buried in a coffin somewhere, frozen in ice, or otherwise unable to learn and hone his skills.

First, figure out how your hero lived so long. Maybe he's a brain in a jar. Better spend a bunch of *belongin's* points on some kind of artificial body. Maybe he's a spellcaster, like a huckster or a shaman, with some magic that prolongs his age. He needs *arcane background* and the spells or powers he used to stay so daisy-fresh. Most likely, he's Harrowed. The details are up to you and the Marshal and may require you to buy additional Edges and Hindrances.

Whatever the case, you *must* write up a detailed background of your character, how he survived this long, and some of the key encounters of his past. This is mandatory. This is one of the tools the Marshal uses to make you pay for the Edge. If you don't do it, he shouldn't let you take the Edge.

Once you have a detailed background worked out, your hero gets 3 points of Grit and 25 extra character points to start the game with! You can buy additional Edges, spells, or whatever, but the character's origin must be from the *Weird West*. You can't make a syker who's a *veteran o' the Weird West*, for example, because there weren't any back then! If you want a syker who's been around a while, take *veteran o the Wasted West* instead.

Aptitudes may be raised above level 5, up to a maximum of 8. There is no additional cost. (An Aptitude level of 6 costs 6 points.)

Coordinations and Traits can be raised at a cost equal to the new level or die type (raising a 3d6 *Strength* to 4d8 would cost 4 points for the Coordination and 8 points for the die type).

0

So what's the drawback? If you weren't afraid of the *veteran o' the Wasted West* table, maybe the hidden cost for this Edge can change your mind. The Marshal has the details, but don't take it lightly. We *really* mean it. You're getting a lot of points for free—points you didn't really earn—so don't expect a slap on the hand. At best, you won't have a hand to slap. At worst, your hero is doomed. Think long and hard about this one, amigo.

New Hindrances

Here's a few new ways to screw your hero up as well. We're sure she'll thank you for it!

Minor Mutation

i

Your hombre has some minor mutation. Maybe he's got a third nipple or black boils on his bum. Whatever the mutation, it's fairly insignificant and barely noticeable, except when he's stark naked. Then folks can notice it with a Foolproof (3) *search* roll.

This isn't a problem most of the time, but since your waster probably doesn't advertise the fact that he's a mutant, it might get him in trouble when mutie-haters find out the truth.

Mute

3

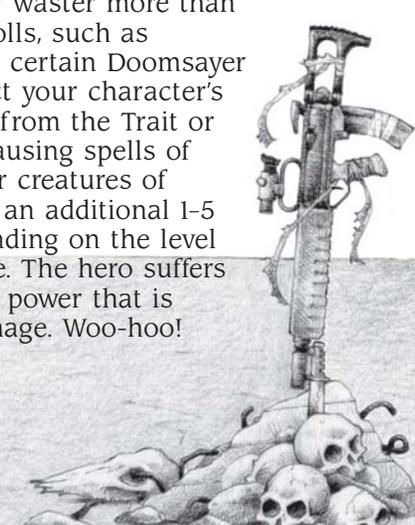
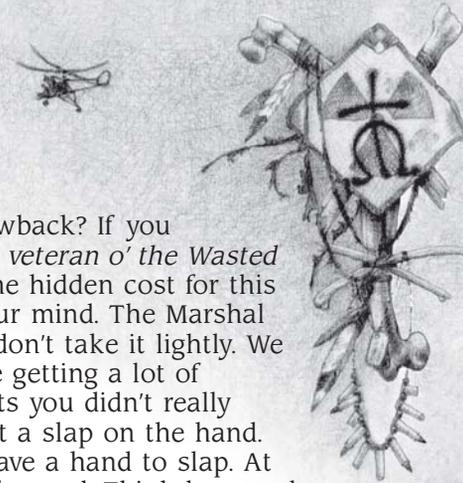
Your hero can't talk. Maybe he got his tongue ripped out, or maybe he just doesn't have anything to say since the world ended.

Whatever the reason, your character can *never* speak. He must communicate through gestures or writing. Roleplay this well, and you may have a difficult time, but the Marshal should reward you when your hero's lack of speech really makes things tough, especially when "Look out behind you!" becomes, "Stop the wagon. Fred's gotta whiz again."

Rad-Intolerant

i-5

Radiation affects your waster more than most. Against resisted rolls, such as background radiation or certain Doomsayer spells, you must subtract your character's Hindrance level penalty from the Trait or Aptitude roll. Damage-causing spells of the Doomsayers or other creatures of radioactive origin cause an additional 1-5 points of damage, depending on the level of your hero's Hindrance. The hero suffers both penalties against a power that is resisted and causes damage. Woo-hoo!



The Companion

New Gear

The gear that a survivor carries can be the difference between life and death. With that in mind, here's a whole passel of new gear for your wasters to cart around with them.

Weapons

There are a lot of weapons lying around the Wasted West. Although the weapons below are mostly specific models, their statistics can be adapted to similar weapons made by other companies.

Melee Weapons

Chain

The perennial favorite of bikers everywhere, the chain can be an effective weapon. A waster needs the *fightin': chain* Aptitude to use the chain effectively.

The chain's ability to wrap around objects makes it extremely difficult to parry. Subtract -2 from the TN needed to hit a target in melee.

A chain can also be used to disarm an opponent. This requires the attacker to succeed at a called shot to his opponent's weapon. The modifier for this is -2 for large weapons like spears or rifles, -4 for small weapons like pistols or knives. If the attack succeeds, roll a contest of *Strength*. If the attacker wins, he has disarmed his foe.

Golf Club

Fore! You probably think that golf clubs aren't all that special. Regular clubs, golf clubs, same thing, right?

Wrong. Golf clubs do more damage than an ordinary club because all of the weapon's weight is concentrated at the point of impact—and because a good follow-through can make all the difference. The club's shaft can be somewhat fragile, though. If both of the weapon's damage dice come up Aces, the shaft has bent, and the club is now useless.

Hockey Stick

Some street hockey fans have taken the game to the next level. They sharpen the blade and lower shaft of the stick, get up a good head of steam on their rollerblades, and give their enemies a high-stick that

takes their heads' off. The stick's die type is increased to d8s if the wielder is moving with a Pace of at least 16.

The hockey stick uses the *fightin': club* Aptitude.

Lance

Hitting someone with a lance requires a normal *fightin': lance* roll. The damage is simply *Strength* if the wielder isn't moving (he's using it as a very slow (Speed 2) and ineffective club. For every 10 m.p.h. (Pace 24), the damage is 1d10 for a steel or steel-tipped lance, and 1d8 for a wooden lance.

The maximum damage is 4d10/4d8. Add bonus dice for head and noggin hits as usual. This assumes a character with *Strength* 1d6 die type or better has a good grip on the lance and is on a fast-moving platform such as a vehicle or a horse.

Nunchuks

A staple of cheap, Asian action movies, nunchuks are actually a very efficient way to put the smackdown on someone.

Hitting someone with these things absolutely requires the *fightin': nunchuks* Aptitude. Otherwise, the only thing your hero's going to whack is himself.

Nunchuks do standard small-club damage, but the cool thing about them is that they're fast—very fast. So fast that your hero gets an additional hit on an opponent for every raise that she gets on her attack roll, up to a maximum of two additional hits. Roll a separate location for each additional attack. These additional hits are always randomly rolled. Only the initial hit can be a called shot.

Nunchuks are not always the easiest things to control, even for expert users. If your hero ever botches on an attack roll with them, she whacks herself with them. Roll location and damage just as if the survivor had been attacked. And on top of that, she looks really silly when it happens.

Hand Weapons

Weapon	DB	Speed	Damage	Cost
Chain	+1	1	STR+1d6	\$25
Golf club	+2	1	STR+2d6	\$50
Hockey stick	+2	1	STR+2d6(2d8)	\$50
Lance (wood)	—	2/1	STR+1-4d8	\$20
Lance (metal)	—	2/1	STR+1-4d10	\$50
Nunchuks	+1	1	STR+1d4	\$75

The Companion

Pistols

Flintlock Dueling Pistol

This is an old muzzle-loading pistol. These are common in areas where ammo for contemporary weapons is hard to come by. It takes seven actions to reload one of these antique pistols.

Colt Dragoon

The Dragoon is an old cap-and-ball revolver that was in service prior to the Civil War. It was popular among collectors and black-powder sport shooters, so working replicas are not uncommon. The scarcity of ammo in many areas has made this a common backup weapon with some wastrels. Reloading the Dragoon takes three actions per chamber.

Marlin .22 Target Pistol

This is a small pistol popular with recreational shooters. Although it lacks the punch of many larger guns, its low recoil and high ammo capacity make it a popular backup weapon among wasteland warriors. Best of all, this weapon suffers no penalty for performing multiple double-taps in a round. (See the new Double-Tap rules on page 5 for all about how this works.)

S&W .38 Snub-Nose Revolver

Although most North American police forces had switched to large-caliber automatics before the Last War, the snub-nosed .38 was still popular among plainclothes officers for its light weight and high concealability. Many patrol officers also carried one of these small pistols as a backup weapon.

With the total breakdown of law and order following Judgment Day, many of these weapons found their way into civilian hands.



Hellstromme Industries Thunderer

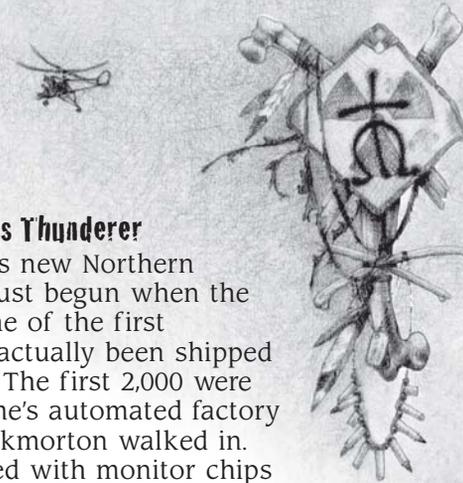
Production of this new Northern Alliance pistol had just begun when the Last War ended. None of the first production run had actually been shipped to units in the field. The first 2,000 were sitting in Hellstromme's automated factory when General Throckmorton walked in. After being retrofitted with monitor chips these pistols became the Combine's standard issue sidearm.

The Thunderer uses 9mm caseless ammo which is incompatible with other firearms of the same caliber.



Ruger Thunderhawk .357 Magnum Automatic

Autoloading pistols chambered for the powerful .357 magnum round became popular in the late 20th Century. A wide variety of both civilian and police models were produced by many manufacturers. Due to its heavy recoil, this weapon suffers a -3 penalty for performing multiple double-taps in a round. (See page 5).



The Companion

Ruger Redhawk .357 Magnum Revolver

The first pistols chambered for the .357 magnum round were revolvers. Unlike their automatic brethren, .357 magnum revolvers can also fire .38 special ammunition. It lacks the punch of the magnum round, but it's more common and easier on the wrist.



S&W Model 85 .44 Magnum Automatic

Like the .357 Magnum auto-loaders, pistols chambered for the .44 Magnum round became popular in the late 20th century. Due to its heavy recoil, this weapon suffers a -3 penalty for performing multiple double-taps in a round.



S&W Model 683 .44 Magnum Revolver

A hand cannon with serious stopping power, the .44 magnum revolver was manufactured extensively in a variety of models.



Colt .45 Automatic

Many versions of the venerable .45 automatic pistol based on John Browning's original design have been produced. This large and reliable pistol has been in service with armies and police forces around the world for nearly two centuries.

IW-91

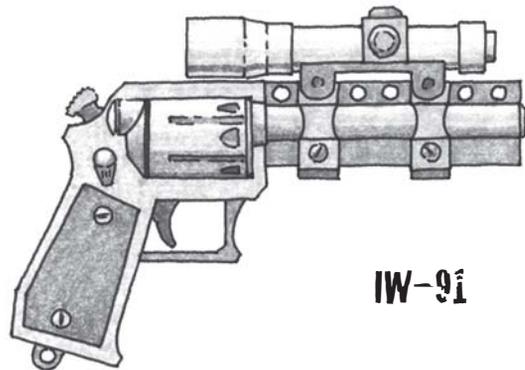
This pistol is a British design brought to North America by officers of the British Expeditionary Force. It is a six-shot, smoothbore revolver which fires special gyrojet rounds. Each of these rounds is a hollow .45 caliber slug filled with propellant and mated with a standard shell casing.

When fired, the powder charge in the casing propels the round from the gun and ignites the fuel in the shell. The propellant in the slug continues to accelerate it after it leaves the gun, resulting in a bullet with an extremely flat trajectory and much greater effective range than an ordinary pistol round. The rounds are stabilized in flight by small fins which pop out after the round leaves the barrel.

The hollow slugs fired by this pistol deform easily on impact. Treat them as frangible rounds for damage purposes (see page 22).

Ammunition for this gun is rare in North America. It can normally only be found in areas in which large concentrations of British troops operated during the Last War (like NorCal). The IW-91 can also fire standard .45 automatic or .45 Colt revolver ammo. When using these types of ammunition, the pistol's Range Increment drops to 5 due to its smooth bore. Standard rounds tend to begin tumbling soon after they leave the barrel.

The IW-91 cannot be suppressed or silenced while using its special ammunition.



The Companion

Submachine-guns

Hellstromme Industries Blazer

This high-tech SMG fires the same 9mm caseless ammunition as the Thunderer. It is a common weapon among Combine motorcycle troopers and vehicle crews.



Heckler & Koch MP-20

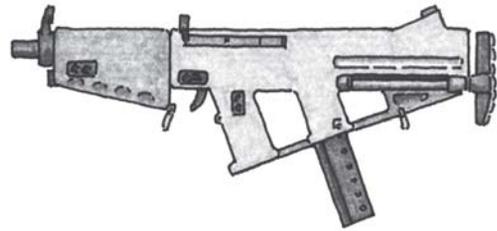
A direct descendant of this firm's venerable MP-5 design, the MP-20 was a popular weapon with police, security forces and special operations troops around the world. The MP-20 has an integral laser sight and flashlight which can be operated via thumb switches on both the pistol grip and forward hand grip. These are powered by a standard, medium-sized battery which fits into the butt of the weapon.

The MP-20 can be found in two versions in the Wasted West. The standard MP-20 used by police and security forces is the most common. This style can fire in both single shot and full auto modes.

The MP-20A is a military version developed for use by special-forces troops. This model has an integral suppressor/silencer and a second selector switch which allows the user to choose between standard and silenced operation. When set to standard, the weapon functions as if it was equipped with a suppressor (see page 24 for all the details).

Switching the weapon to silenced mode opens a gas bleed valve in the barrel which lowers the bullet's velocity to subsonic levels and allows the gun to operate as a fully silenced weapon (see page 24). This reduced muzzle velocity slightly lowers the round's damage potential. When firing in the silenced mode, reduce the MP-20's damage by a die.

Heckler & Koch MP-20



Thompson SMG

The tommy gun gained notoriety during the mob wars of the 1930s and was used by the US military during World War II. Production of semiautomatic civilian versions continued throughout the late 20th century and into the 21st. Enterprising weaponsmiths have converted many of these guns into fully automatic weapons. An unconverted civilian model has a ROF of 1.

Tommy guns can use a 20-round magazine or a 50-round drum.

Tokarev Machine Pistol

This was a common sidearm of Russian officers who came to North America as part of the Southern Alliance forces. The weapon can fire single shots in semiautomatic mode like a standard pistol, or short bursts when switched to automatic.

The pistol has a small front-hand grip which can be folded down from beneath the barrel. This allows the shooter to use both hands when firing on automatic. The gun can be fired on automatic with only one hand, but this increases the recoil modifier for additional bursts in a round to -3.



The Companion

Rifles

Flintlock Rifle

Like the dueling pistol, flintlock rifles have become popular where conventional ammo is in short supply. It takes seven actions to reload a flintlock rifle.

Blunderbuss

The blunderbuss is a flintlock weapon with a large, trumpet-shaped barrel. It can be loaded with nearly anything that can cause damage to the human body: musket balls, nails, rocks, broken glass, etc. It takes eight actions to jam powder and some assorted junk into the barrel.

When fired, the wide shot-pattern of the blunderbuss gives the shooter a +4 bonus to hit. Anyone within two yards of the line of fire is also hit on a roll of 1 or 2 on 1d6. Because the shot spreads so quickly, the weapon's damage drops by 1d4 every five yards from the shooter. Beyond 40 yards, the gun is only useful for annoying people.

Springfield Musket

One of the most common weapons of the Civil War, thousands of replica Springfields were owned by re-enactors and black-powder hunters when the Last War erupted. These rifles are commonly used for hunting in areas where ammo is hard to come by. It takes three actions to reload one of these guns.

HI Damnation

This rifle is the standard-issue rifle of the Combine. Like its brethren, it fires caseless ammo.

HI Damnation



IW-40

This rifle was the standard weapon of the British infantry in North America. It fires a .50 caliber gyrojet bullet similar to those used by the IW-91. Unlike the pistol, the IW-

40 cannot chamber standard .50 caliber ammo. This weapon has an integral compensator that vents a portion of the gyrojet round's exhaust gas to compensate for any recoil. This rifle suffers no penalty for firing multiple bursts on a single action. It cannot be suppressed or silenced



IW-40

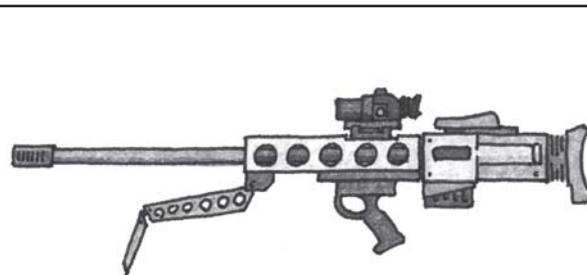
NA M-42

This rifle is the state of the art in sniping technology. It's a .50 caliber, semiautomatic rifle with a two-stage trigger: a primary trigger and a feather-touch secondary electronic trigger.

The first trigger has two positions. Pulling the first trigger beyond its first position causes the gun to fire. When using only the first trigger, the gun has a Speed of 1.

Once the primary trigger has been pulled to its first position (which takes an action and can be done simultaneously with drawing a bead), the secondary trigger becomes active. This trigger doesn't resemble a trigger at all. It's actually a small electronic sensor pad that is activated by touch. This hair trigger allows a sniper to make precision shots without any worry of throwing his aim off with a heavy trigger pull. When using the electronic trigger, the shooter gains a +2 bonus to hit if he's drawn a bead for at least one action.

The rifle has a built-in 8x power scope with night-vision capability (see page 23). It also sports a high-powered targeting laser tuned to a frequency outside the visible spectrum. This means the laser beam is invisible to the naked



The Companion

eye. However, It is visible to anyone looking through the rifle's scope. Besides giving the shooter an aiming point, the laser can also be used as a rangefinder. The range to the target is displayed electronically in the lower portion of the scope's eyepiece.

SA M-50

The Southern Alliance's sniper rifle isn't quite as sophisticated as the M-42, but it still gets the job done. As any Southern sniper can tell you, they don't need all the bells and whistles the Northern shooters have, because Southern boys just shoot better (or so they say). The M-50 has an 8x scope and an integral targeting laser see page 23). The laser on this rifle is visible (The Southern snipers like it that way so they can play with their targets' minds.)



NA XM-21



110

The XM-21 is an experimental rifle that was developed for use on Faraway but was not completed in time to see service there. The weapon was intended for use by sykers on extended recon patrols deep in the wilds of Faraway. The idea behind the XM-21 was to give the patrols a weapon which could replenish its ammo supply from local materials.

The XM-21 uses ghost rock vapor as a propellant. In the stock of the rifle is a small, electrically-powered vapor collector which extracts the volatile fumes from a chunk of ghost rock. The vapors are stored in a reservoir. Each time the weapon is fired, some of these vapors are injected into the chamber behind the bullet and ignited.

The weapon uses a double-column magazine which holds 50 5.56 slugs. The vapor collector and ignition system are powered by a standard medium battery in the butt of the rifle.

The collector can hold 1 ounce of ghost rock at a time. A single ounce of ghost rock produces sufficient vapor for 50 shots (which leaves the

ghost rock inert afterwards). Each ounce of ghost rock processed burns 5 charges off the battery.

The ignition system burns 1 charge off the battery for every full magazine (50 rounds) fired, in addition to the charges burned in processing.

The butt of the rifle also contains a small casting kit which can be used to manufacture more bullets in the field out of any soft metal like lead or silver. The kit includes a mold and a small electric crucible for melting the slug material. Every 10 bullets made burns 1 charge off the rifle's battery.

Although it didn't make it to Faraway, the XM-21 did see limited use with Northern Alliance troops in Kansas.

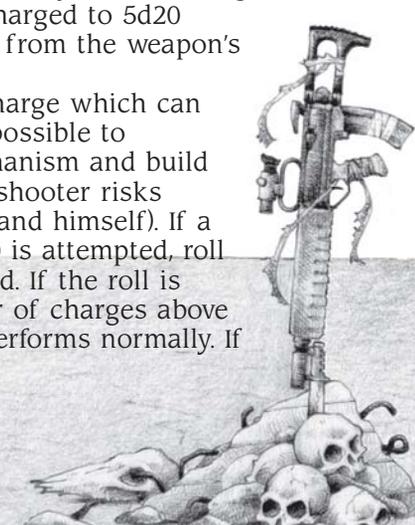
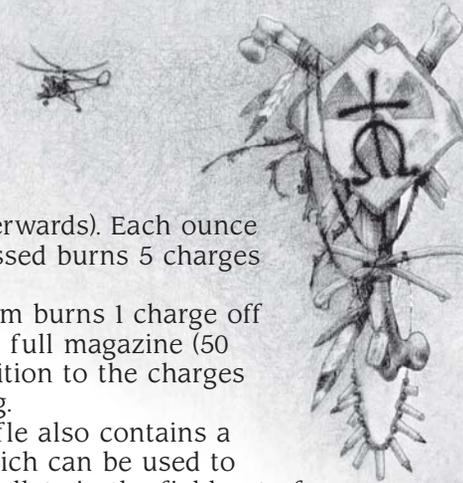
SA M-40 "Ripper"

The M-40 was built for use with the Confederate Wolverine battle armor. (The armored suits themselves are described on page 28.) This brutish weapon was designed specifically for use against other battlesuits and armored vehicles. The gun originally drew upon the Wolverine battlesuit's tremendously powerful nuclear battery, but modern units have been adapted to use spirit batteries (see the Junkers section in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook). Nevertheless, the "Ripper's" steep power drain makes it a costly weapon to fire.

The gun fires powerful bolts of charged particles capable of burning through armor and destroying tissue or circuitry. The power of these bolts is controlled by the user. It takes 1 action for the mini particle accelerator in the gun to build up a charge. The gun can be fired on the following action (it's not possible to hip- shoot one of these guns), or the shooter can allow the charge to continue to build.

The basic damage caused by a bolt is 1d20/AP 2. Each action the weapon charges beyond the first increases the damage by a die. The weapon drains three charges for every die of damage fired. So, firing a shot charged to 5d20 damage saps 15 charges from the weapon's power source.

The maximum safe charge which can be built up is 5d20. It's possible to override the safety mechanism and build higher charges, but the shooter risks destroying the weapon (and himself). If a charge higher than 5d20 is attempted, roll 1d6 when the gun is fired. If the roll is greater than the number of charges above five fired, the weapon performs normally. If



The Companion

the roll is less than or equal to the number of dice fired, the gun explodes, destroying it and doing full damage to the shooter and anyone near by (Burst Radius 5).

In addition to their outright destructive capability, these bolts also wreak havoc on electronic circuitry, causing power surges and overloads. Whenever a device with a significant number of electronic components (like an automaton, a raptor, or most modern cars) is hit by an ion bolt, roll 1d6. If the roll is greater than the number of damage dice, the shot has no additional effect. If the roll is less than or equal to the number of dice, the object is knocked out for a number of actions equal to the difference.

SA XM-60

The XM-60 was the Southern Alliance's attempt to create an infantry rifle which did not rely on chemical propellants. This concept was spurred by advances in battlefield sensors which allowed the instant detection of chemical muzzle blasts and the ready availability of electrical power from battlefield fusion plants. The XM-60 was deployed in the closing days of the Last War, but not all that extensively.

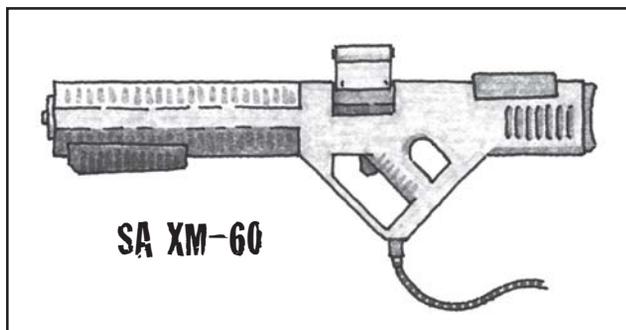
The XM-60 consists of a large rifle connected by an armored cable to a backpack-sized power pack. The power pack is filled with high-density capacitors which store 50 charges.

The rifle is a rail-gun that uses powerful magnetic fields to propel its steel-sheathed, depleted uranium bullets at hypersonic speeds. These rounds have tremendous penetrating power, and as the official field test report stated, they "often over-penetrate organic targets"—meaning people.

Whenever a round from the XM-60 hits a person and neither damage die (it does 2d12/AP 2) comes up a 12, the round has blown through the target. Use the innocent bystander rules in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook to see if anyone behind the target and within one yard of the line of fire is hit.

The rifle normally burns one charge from the power pack for each shot fired. When firing against armored targets though, the weapon can be overcharged to increase its AP rating. Each action spent charging the weapon increases the round's AP value by +1 (up to a maximum of AP 6) and burns a charge from the power pack. This AP bonus applies only to the next round fired. The charge dissipates after one minute if not used.

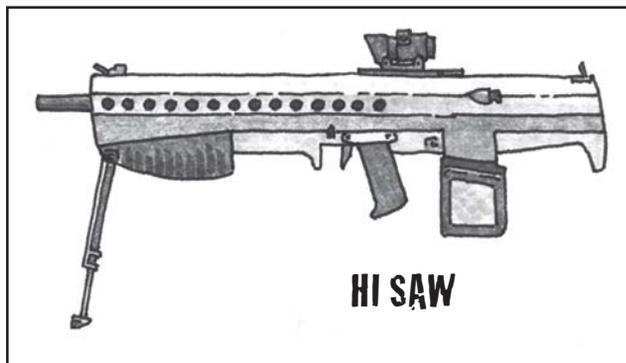
The XM-60 was developed in parallel with the M-12 Stuart armored personnel carrier. The Stuart's fusion power plant could quickly recharge the XM-60 in less than half an hour. If your hero doesn't have an APC, he can recharge its power pack from any standard electrical outlet (provided it has power, of course). It takes 24 hours to recharge the pack from a 110-volt outlet or 12 hours from a 220-volt outlet.



Machine-guns

HI Squad Automatic Weapon (SAW)

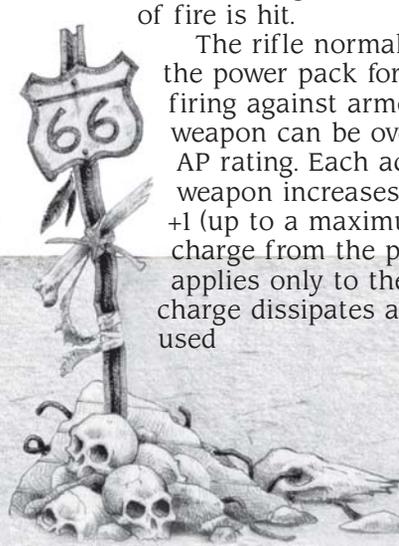
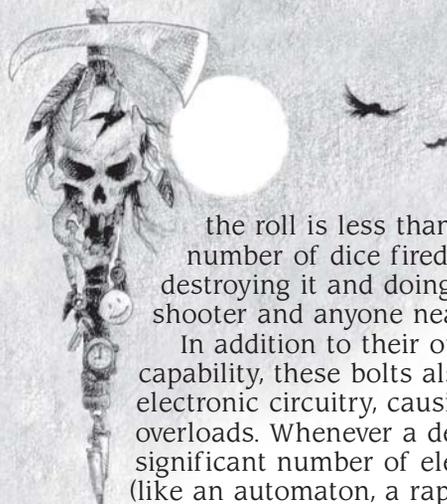
The SAW is the standard squad support weapon used by Throckmorton's troops. Like all the other Combine weapons, it fires caseless ammo, and explodes if non-Combine personnel try to use it. The SAW has a built-in bipod.



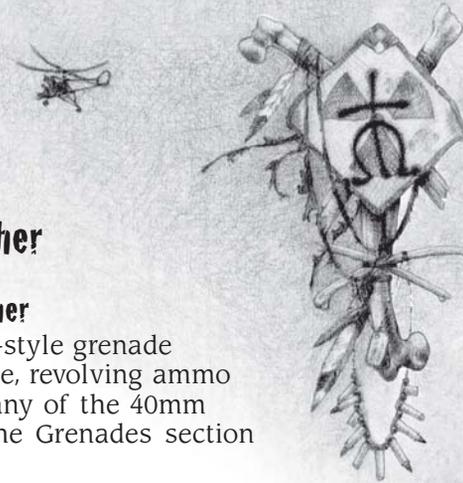
M2HB

This is the venerable .50 caliber machine-gun of the mid-20th century. It has gone through a number of changes and modifications in the past century, but it is essentially the same gun used by Allied forces in World War II.

The M2HB is fed by a 100-shot, disintegrating link belt. It's possible to link multiple belts together to increase the weapon's ammo supply (if you're luck enough to find multiple belts.)



The Companion



M-200 Man Portable Support Weapon (MPSW)

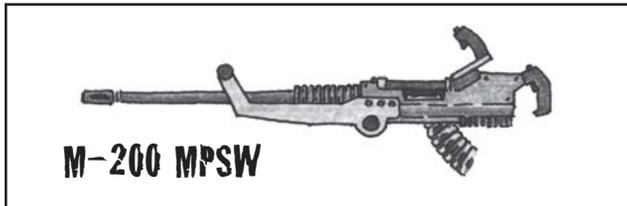
The MPSW was developed by Rhein-Metal in Germany and offered for sale to both the Union and the Confederacy. Both militaries bought the weapon, and it became the standard infantry fire-support weapon of both the USA and CSA.

The MPSW is a bulky weapon consisting of a backpack-like ammo canister connected to the weapon by a flexible metal ammo tube. The gun itself is roughly four feet long. The entire assembly weighs in at 75 pounds fully loaded.

The gun is normally used in conjunction with a gyro-harness which offsets the weight of the barrel and absorbs much of the weapon's recoil. When used with the harness, the MPSW suffers only a -1 modifier per additional burst fired. Without the harness, the gun's recoil imposes a hefty -4 penalty to hit per additional burst.

The MPSW comes equipped with a heavy bipod which can be used when firing from a prone or covered position. The bipod has the same effects as the harness on recoil penalties.

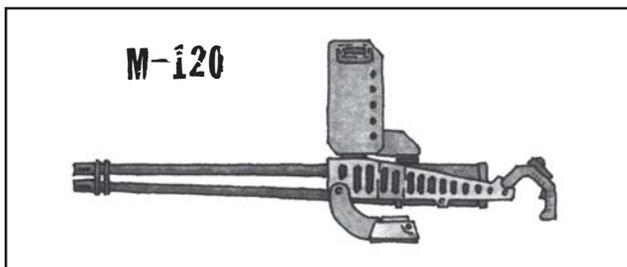
An explosive shell from the MPSW does 4d12 damage to any target it impacts, then explodes for 3d8 damage with a Burst Radius of 3 yards.



M-120

The M-120 minigun is an electrically driven Gatling weapon. Its high rate of fire made it ideal for infantry support fire and light air-defense duties. It was used extensively by both sides during the Last War.

The ammunition for this bullet-guzzling weapon is stored in a large 300-round hopper that sits atop the weapon. The M-120 is normally fired from a tripod or vehicle mount and weighs in at 100 pounds fully loaded. It's butch if you can afford to fire it.



Other

Armco Grenade Launcher

This is a shotgun-style grenade launcher with a large, revolving ammo cylinder. It can fire any of the 40mm grenades listed in the Grenades section below.

NA M-720

This pump-action grenade launcher holds five 20mm grenades. It can be attached to the NA assault rifle or, with its wireframe stock extended, used as a separate weapon.

SA M-230

This single-shot grenade launcher can be attached to the barrel of the SA assault rifle, or it can be equipped with a clip-on stock and used independently.

Taser

This small, pistol-shaped weapon is nonlethal. It fires small darts into the target, which are connected to the taser by thin wires. When the darts impact, they release a powerful charge from the weapon's capacitors which temporarily disrupt the target's nervous system.

Anyone struck by a taser must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or be stunned. A stunned target may make another *Vigor* roll to recover on each of her following actions against the same TN. The dart must hit an exposed flesh. Any kind of armor, including light or supernatural armor, blocks the shock.

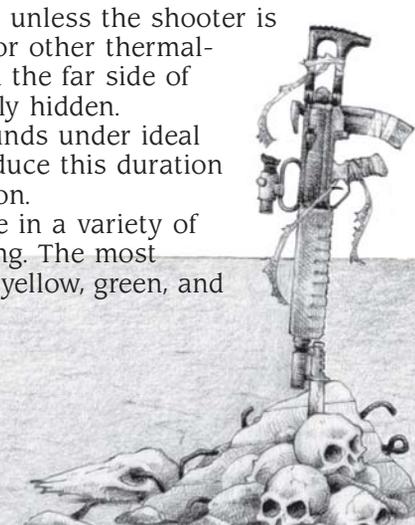
Grenades

Smoke

These grenades create a cloud of obscuring smoke within their primary Burst Radius. The smoke imposes a -4 vision modifier to all fire into or out of the cloud, unless the shooter is equipped with infrared or other thermal-imaging gear. Targets on the far side of the smoke are completely hidden.

The cloud lasts 12 rounds under ideal conditions. Wind can reduce this duration at the Marshal's discretion.

Smoke grenades come in a variety of colors for use in signaling. The most common colors are red, yellow, green, and white.



The Companion



Improved Smoke

These grenades work in the same manner as regular smoke grenades, but they also block infrared devices.

Flash-Bang

A flash-bang grenade does just that. It goes off with an enormous bang and a blinding flash. It's a nonlethal grenade intended to stun anyone caught in its area of effect.

The grenade has a Burst Radius of 5. Everyone within that area must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll to avoid being stunned. Each Burst Radius out from the primary burst area, the TN of this *Vigor* roll drops by -2. Someone 6-10 yards from the grenade rolls against a TN of 9, someone 11-15 yards rolls against a TN of 7, etc.

Anyone stunned by the grenade remains that way until she succeeds at a *Vigor* roll with the same TN as the original roll.

Tear-Gas Grenade

The teargas grenade causes a noxious cloud of gas when it detonates. This cloud has a radius of 10 yards. Everyone within the cloud must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll at the beginning of each round to avoid coughing and gagging. Anyone failing the roll is at -4 to all actions that round. Anyone affected by the gas must continue to roll each round for the next 12 rounds, even if he leaves the grenade's area of effect.

The cloud lingers for 12 rounds. The Marshal may reduce this if there are high winds.

Inferno

Inferno rounds are not actual grenades, but special-purpose incendiary charges. When fired, the inferno round belches a gout of fire from the grenade launcher temporarily turning it into a small flamethrower. The flame extends outward from the launcher in a 30° cone. Anyone caught in this area takes damage unless completely hidden behind cover. Each Burst Radius the flame crosses reduces the damage caused by -1 die.



Flechette

This special-purpose round turns the grenade launcher into a giant shotgun. (The shooter still attacks using *shootin': grenade launcher*.) The massive cloud of sharpened blades fired by this round gives a +2 bonus to hit. Anyone within two yards of the line of fire between the target and the shooter

may be hit by the attack. Use the innocent bystander rules to figure this out.

If the attack misses, determine deviation as if a grenade had been fired. Draw a straight line between the deviation result and the shooter. Using the innocent bystander rules, check each target along this line of fire for hits.

Each Burst Radius the blast crosses reduces its damage by -1 die.

High-Explosive Dual-Purpose

HEDP rounds are special-purpose grenades used to take out lightly armored vehicles and fortifications. They explode on impact with a shaped charge that can easily burn through thin armor or cover. The explosion also showers the nearby area with metal fragments. An HEDP round does 4d12/AP 2 damage to the object it impacts, and 4d8 damage to anything else nearby. This secondary damage has a Burst Radius of 5.

Special Ammo

Armor-piercing ammo was covered in *Hell on Earth*, but there are a few other special ammunition types available in the Wasted West that your hero may want to get her paws on.

Dum-Dum/Hollow Point

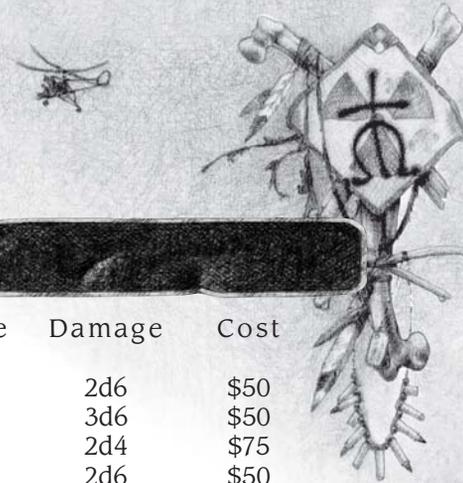
A hollow-point round looks just like its name: A portion of the bullet's tip has been hollowed out. This increases how much the bullet deforms on impact. The more the bullet deforms, the less likely it is to blow through a target, and the more likely it is to transfer all of its energy to the poor schmuck who caught it. This results in increased damage potential. Hollow-point rounds do +1 damage *per die*. A .357 magnum hollow-point does 4d6+4 for instance.

This extra damage comes with a price, however. Because they deform easier than regular bullets, hollow-points don't penetrate armor very well. Whenever a hollow-point round strikes armor, it loses its bonus damage and treats the armor as if it were +1 level higher. The same .357 round hitting an Armor 2 vest would do only 2d4 damage.

It's possible to create crude hollow-point rounds (usually referred to as dumdums) from standard ammo by filing the tips. Each hour spent making dumdums requires a Fair (5) *shootin'/Knowledge* roll and produces 12 dumdums plus +2 for each success on the roll.

Hollow-point ammunition is available for most weapons and costs \$1 more per round.

The Companion



New Shootin' Irons

Weapon	Ammo	Shots	Speed	ROF	Range	Damage	Cost
Pistols							
Flintlock Pistol	.40 (musket)	1	2	1	5	2d6	\$50
Colt Dragoon	.44 (cap & ball)	6	2	1	10	3d6	\$50
Marlin .22 Target Pistol	.22	15	1	1	10	2d4	\$75
S&W .38 Snubnose	.38	6	1	1	5	2d6	\$50
HI Thunderer	9mm caseless	8	1	1	10	3d6	NA
Ruger Thunderhawk	.357	8	1	1	10	3d6	\$125
Ruger Redhawk	.357 or .38	6	1	1	10	4d6/2d6	\$150
S&W Model 85	.44 magnum	7	1	1	10	4d6	\$175
S&W Model 683	.44 magnum	6	1	1	10	4d6	\$150
Colt .45	.45	7	1	1	10	3d6	\$100
IW-91	.45 gyrojet	6	1	1	20/5	4d6/3d6	\$300
Submachine-guns							
HI Blazer	9mm caseless	24	1	6	5/10	3d6	NA
HK MP-20	9mm	30	1	9	10/20	3d6/2d6	\$150
HK MP-20A	9mm	30	1	9	10/20	3d6/2d6	\$300
Thompson SMG	.45	20/50	1	6	10/20	3d6	\$150
Tokarev machine pistol	9mm	15	1	6	5/10	3d6	\$175
Rifles							
Flintlock Musket	.50 (musket)	1	2	1	10	4d8	\$100
Blunderbuss	Junk	1	2	1	5	8d4	\$75
Spingfield Musket	.58 (cap & ball)	1	2	1	20	5d8	\$85
HI Damnation	10mm caseless	30	1	6	10/20	4d8	NA
IW-40	.50 gyrojet	20	1	6	50	5d10	\$300
NA M-42	.50	10	1(2)	1	40	5d10	\$800
SA M-50	.50	10	1	1	40	5d10	\$600
NA XM-21	5.56 mm	50	1	9	10/20	3d8	\$3,000
SA XM-40 "Ripper"	Special	Special	2	1	15	Special	\$5,000
SA XM-60	4mm	50	2	3	20	2d12/AP 2	\$4,000
Machine-guns							
HI SAW	12mm caseless	60	1	9	10/20	4d10/AP 2	NA
M2HB	.50	100	1	3	40	5d10	\$1,000
M-200 MPSW	20mm	50	1	6	20	4d12+Special	\$2,000
M-120	7.62 mm	300	1	15	20	4d8	\$1,500
Other							
Armco GL	40mm	12	1	1	50	By grenade	\$2,000
NA M-720	20mm	6	1	1	20	By grenade	\$2,000
SA M-230	40mm	1	1	1	25	By grenade	\$1,250
Taser	Special	10	1	1	2	Special	\$300

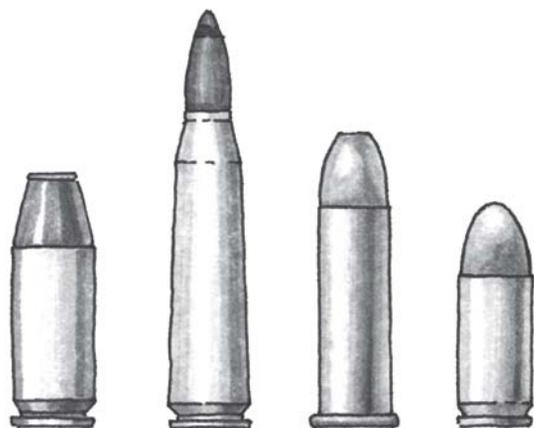
Grenades

Grenades	Hand/40mm/20mm	Damage	Burst	Cost
Fragmentation	Yes/Yes/Yes	4d12/4d12/4d12	10/10/5	\$100
Smoke	Yes/Yes/Yes	None	10/10/5	\$25
Improved Smoke	Yes/Yes/Yes	None	10/10/5	\$50
Tear Gas	Yes/Yes/Yes	Special	10/10/5	\$100
Inferno	No/Yes/Yes	NA/6d10/4d10	NA/5/5	\$150
Flechette	No/Yes/Yes	NA/8d8/6d8	NA/10/5	\$100
Flash Bang	Yes/Yes/Yes	Special	5/5/3	\$100
HEDP	No/Yes/No	4d12/AP 2 and 4d8	NA/5/NA	\$175



The Companion

Special Ammo



**Frangible
Round**

**Tracer
Round**

**HP
Round**

**Standard
Round**

Frangible

Frangible ammunition is designed to break apart on impact. This reduces the chance of dangerous ricochets and (most importantly for Wasteland warriors) greatly increases the amount of damage the bullet inflicts on living targets. Frangible rounds do +2 damage *per die*.

Frangible rounds have very poor penetrating ability against armor. Treat any armor that a frangible round hits as if it were +2 levels higher. If the round penetrates the armor, it loses its damage bonus, doing normal bullet damage.

Frangible rounds cost double the amount of standard ammunition.

Gyrojet

This .50 round is used by the British made IW-91 pistol and IW-40 rifle. This ammunition is very hard to come by, and rounds for these weapons routinely go for at least \$5 a bullet. Gyrojet ammunition can only be used by weapons that are specially made to chamber it.

Tracer

Tracer rounds have small flares in the tail of the bullet which allow the shooter to track the round to the target. These allow the shooter to adjust his aim based on where he

sees his shots fall. Each tracer round fired at *the same target* gives a +1 bonus to hit that target. The maximum bonus from tracer rounds is +2, and it goes away when the firer switches targets or loses sight of the target.

Most people mix tracers with standard ammo with every third round being a tracer. This ensures that every three-round burst has one tracer in it.

Finally, the magnesium burning at the butt of the bullet burns very hot. Very flammable targets hit by a tracer might actually catch fire.

Tracer ammo costs \$1 more per round than standard ammo.

Alternate Ammo

Ammunition can be hard to come by in the Wasted West, and it is sometimes literally worth its weight in gold. In a world where a day without using a gun is a rare day indeed, people have learned to make the most of the ammo they have.

Reloading

One of the obvious ways to stretch your ammo supply is to reload your spent casings. Almost all wasteland warriors reload their own ammo or save their brass and trade it to someone who does.

Reloading shells requires a number of components: a bullet press, shell casings, smokeless powder, bullets, and percussion caps. The bullet press and shell casings are fairly easy to come by. Smokeless powder and percussion caps are much more difficult to scrounge up. Most of the world's supply of these components has been used up in the past 13 years, and very little is being produced.

The only place where a steady supply of these can be found is in Junkyard, since they can still manufacture them there. The prices listed for these components are Junkyard prices. The farther one gets from the ruins of Salt Lake City, the more expensive they become.

Bullets can be traded for or cast. A waster gets roughly 50 bullets of most calibers from a pound of lead, double this number of small bullets (.22, 4mm, 5.56), and half this number of large-caliber (12mm, .50) bullets from the same pound.

Casting bullets takes an hour and a Fair (5) *trade: weaponsmith* roll. A successful roll yields 50 bullets. A failed roll results in 50 bullets minus -10 for each point the roll was failed. Good thing lead's cheap!

The Companion

Once all the components are present, cranking out loaded ammunition is fairly easy. This requires an Foolproof (3) *trade: weaponsmith* roll. An hour of work yields 100 bullets plus +20 bullets per raise. A failed roll produces 50 bullets and wastes the material needed to make 25. Each bullet produced consumes a casing and a percussion cap. Most pistol ammunition consumes one unit of powder per round. Magnum pistol rounds and all rifle rounds consume two units of powder each.

Black Powder

The scarcity of modern ammo has made black-powder weapons popular again. Most people still rely on modern firearms for self-defense, but many have begun using black powder weapons for hunting. Some of these weapons were family heirlooms or parts of museum collections, others belonged to re-enactors, deer hunters, and gun collectors. In a few rare cases, gunsmiths have begun producing new ones from scratch.

These weapons are easier to keep supplied with ammunition because all they need are gunpowder and bullets. Black powder can be easily manufactured from potassium nitrate (saltpeter), charcoal, and sulfur. With the proper components, a Fair (5) *science: chemistry* roll produces 50 shots worth of powder. Bullets can be cast using the rules listed above.

Most of the black-powder weapons in use now are of the cap-and-ball variety. These also need a supply of percussion caps and use one per shot. Reloading a cap-and-ball weapon requires three actions per chamber. For a list of common percussion weapons check out *The Quick & the Dead* and *Law Dogs*.

Flintlock weapons are also being used in some areas. These have the advantage of not needing percussion caps but flintlocks take seven actions per chamber to reload.

Weapon Accessories

Bipod

A bipod is a pair of small support legs which are attached to the end of a weapon's barrel to give the shooter added support when firing from a prone position or from behind cover on which the weapon can be rested. In these situations, bipods negate the recoil penalty for additional bursts in an action and reduce the hipshooting modifier to -1. Only longarms like rifles and machine-guns can mount bipods.

Brass Catcher

Ammunition is hard to come by in the Wasted West, and most wasteland warriors reload their ammo or—at the very least—save their spent shells and trade them to someone who does. These folks often equip their weapons with a brass catcher. This is a mesh bag that clips over a weapon's ejection port and catches the spent shells as they are ejected.

Compensator

This accessory attaches on the end of a weapon's barrel. It vents some of the weapon's muzzle blast upward to force the barrel down and compensate for the gun's recoil. A compensator-equipped weapon subtracts -1 from the recoil modifier for firing additional bursts or multiple double-taps. Attaching a compensator requires an Onerous (7) *trade: weaponsmith* roll.

Flashlight

This small, clip-on accessory attaches underneath a weapon's barrel. It negates all lighting modifiers to attack any target within 50 yards, and halves all lighting modifiers against targets beyond this range. The flashlight is powered by a small battery and burns one charge per hour of use.

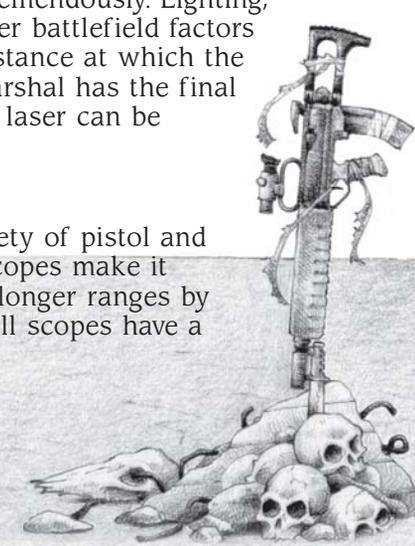
There is a downside. People firing at the flashlight equipped waster can ignore -2 points of lighting penalties.

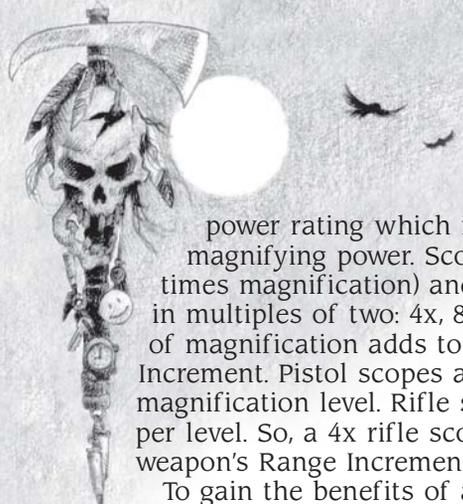
Laser Sight

Laser sights allow rapid target acquisition by projecting an illuminated dot on the weapon's point of impact. A weapon equipped with a laser sight gives its user a +2 bonus as if he had spent an action drawing a bead. This bonus only applies if you can actually see the dot from your laser. Under normal daylight conditions, the dot can be seen out to about 50 yards with the naked eye. Scopes and other sighting devices can extend this range tremendously. Lighting, weather, smoke and other battlefield factors can greatly affect the distance at which the dot can be seen. The Marshal has the final call on what ranges the laser can be spotted at.

Scopes

There are a wide variety of pistol and rifle scopes available. Scopes make it easier to hit a target at longer ranges by visually magnifying it. All scopes have a



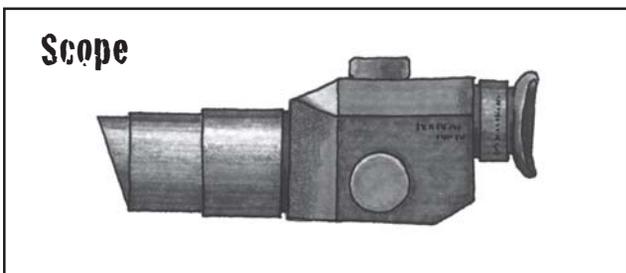


The Companion

power rating which is a measure of their magnifying power. Scopes start at 2x (two times magnification) and progress upwards in multiples of two: 4x, 8x, etc. Each doubling of magnification adds to the weapon's Range Increment. Pistol scopes add +5 yards per magnification level. Rifle scopes add +10 yards per level. So, a 4x rifle scope adds 20 to the weapon's Range Increment.

To gain the benefits of a scope, a hero has to spend one action drawing a bead on the target. Shots taken without drawing a bead use the weapon's normal Range Increment or suffer the -2 hipshooting penalty (firer's choice).

The listed prices are for scopes with standard optics. Night-vision scopes cost double this amount. Day/night scopes which work in any lighting cost triple. Scopes with night-vision capability require a small battery and burn 1 charge per hour of use.



Silencer/Suppressor

These devices slow the gases leaving the barrel of a gun to subsonic speeds and reduce the noise made by the weapon's muzzle blast.

A weapon can be either silenced or suppressed. A silenced weapon makes very little noise. Usually all that can be heard is the sound of the gun's action working. A suppressed weapon is still audible, but difficult to locate.

The difference between the two is caused by the weapons ammunition. Only weapons firing subsonic ammunition can be silenced. This includes most guns firing .45, .38, and .22

ammunition. Guns using 9mm ammo can be silenced if loaded with reduced powder loads, but this drops the weapon's damage by a die. Revolvers cannot be silenced because of the propellant gases which escape around the cylinder, rounds sized 10mm and larger are just too powerful.

Hearing a shot from a silenced weapon requires a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll. The TN for this roll increases by +2 for every 10 yards the listener is from the shooter. Intervening

walls and other cover also increase the TN (Marshal's call). The base TN for this roll can be higher at the Marshal's discretion if there is other noise to cover the sound of the shot.

Suppressed weapons fire ammunition that travels at supersonic speeds. The suppressor can silence the gun's exhaust gases, but it can't do anything to muffle the sonic boom caused by the bullet. Because the gun's muzzle blast has been silenced and the crack of the bullet isn't heard until the round has passed (or hit) the listener, it's hard to tell which direction the shot came from (an Onerous (7) *Cognition* roll). The TN for this roll is increased by +2 for every 10 yards between the listener and the shooter.

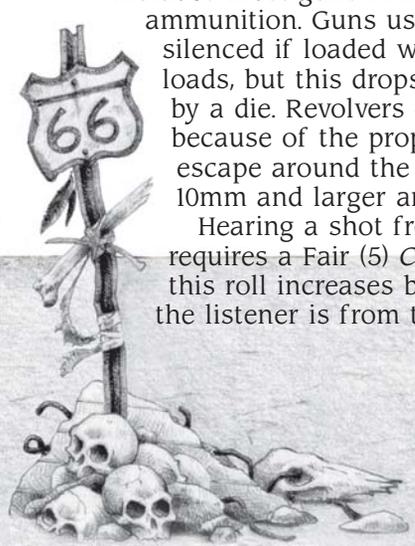
Some military and police weapons are built with integral silencers, but most weapons have to be specially fitted for them. Modifying a weapon to mount a silencer takes about an hour, a machine shop, and a Fair (5) *trade: weaponsmith* roll.

Tritium Night Sights

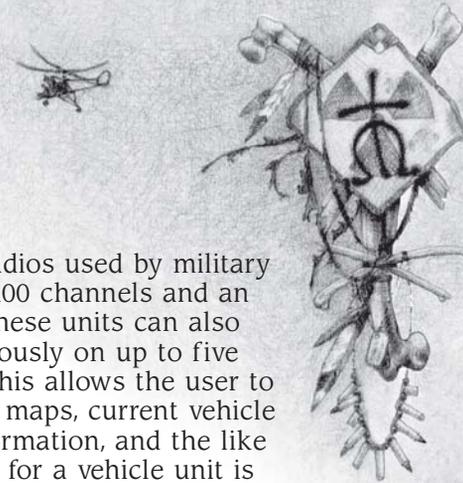
Night sights are standard gun sights which have had small tritium (or other phosphorescent material) inserts imbedded in them. These glowing sights are easier for the firer to pick out against a target in low-light conditions and negate -2 points of lighting penalties. These sights can't be used with a laser sight or a scope.

Ammo & Accessories

Item	Cost
Hollow-point ammunition	\$2/bullet
Frangible ammunition	\$2/bullet
Gyrojet ammunition	\$5/bullet
Tracer ammunition	\$2/bullet
Black powder (50 shots)	\$25
Bullet press	\$100
Lead (1 pound)	\$5
Percussion caps (50)	\$100
Smokeless powder (50 units)	\$50
Bipod	\$20
Brass catcher	\$10
Compensator:	
Pistol/rifle	\$100/\$250
Flashlight	\$50
Laser sight	\$200
Scopes:	
2x/4x/8x	\$200/\$300/\$500
Silencer/suppressor	\$200
Tritium night sights	\$75



The Companion



Radios

Headset Radio

These radios are designed for those who need to keep their hands free while transmitting. They come in two versions: standard and concealable. The standard version is a regular headset with a voice-activated microphone that folds down in front of the user's mouth.

The concealable version has a small throat mike which is taped to the user's voicebox. It can be easily covered with a small amount of makeup or flesh-colored latex. The mike is connected to a small earpiece by an ultra-fine wire. Spotting one of these units normally requires a Hard (9) *search* roll. This TN can vary based on clothing, hair, and a good makeup job, at the Marshal's discretion.

Both units have a range of about two miles and are powered by microbatteries. They use one charge per hour of use. These microbatteries hold 10 charges each and cost about \$10.

Walkie-Talkie

These are small, handheld units about the size of a cellular phone. Most have multichannel capability. Military models also have a limited encryption ability. These units have a range of 10 miles (although check out the base units on this page). They are powered by small batteries and burn one charge per hour.

Most walkie-talkies fit into standard recharging racks. A typical rack holds six radios and recharges one unit to the battery every 30 minutes (as long as the rack has power).

CB Radio

Popular among truckers for over a century, these radios have 40 channels and a range of approximately 20 miles. They can be hooked to any size battery and burn one charge per hour of use. A CB operates indefinitely when hooked to the power supply of an operating vehicle.

Backpack Unit

Various models of military backpack units can be found around the Wasted West. The NA PRC-177 and SA RU-30 are the most common). These units have 100 channels and encryption capability. They have a range of roughly 50 miles. Most use a medium battery. The radios burn one charge per hour when broadcasting in the clear and two charges per hour when using encryption.

Vehicle Unit

These are large radios used by military vehicles. They have 100 channels and an encryption ability. These units can also broadcast simultaneously on up to five different channels. This allows the user to send other data like maps, current vehicle status, targeting information, and the like while talking. Range for a vehicle unit is approximately 500 miles. These radios can also contact satellites in low-Earth orbits.

These units use large batteries and burn one charge per hour per channel used. Double this when broadcasting encrypted information. A vehicle unit can run indefinitely when connected to an operating vehicle.

Civilian Base Unit

These large radio sets are often used as a repeater unit in conjunction with walkie-talkies. The base set's larger aerial allows it to pick up walkie-talkie transmissions at much longer ranges than another handheld unit can. The base set then amplifies the signal and rebroadcasts it. This system effectively doubles the range of walkie-talkies operating on the same frequency as the base unit.

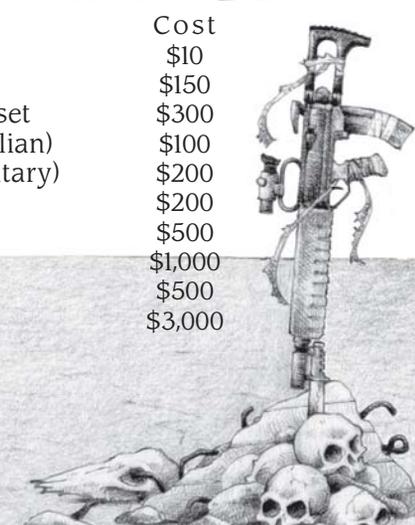
The base unit itself has a range of approximately 100 miles. Longer ranges are possible, but the ranges of most commercial civilian sets were limited by government regulations.) Civilian units burn one charge per hour of use.

Military Base Unit

These powerful radios have the same capabilities as the vehicular radios but have a range of nearly 1,000 miles. Like the civilian sets, they can also act as repeaters for any military radios operating on their net.

Radios

Unit	Cost
Microbatteries	\$10
Standard headset	\$150
Concealable headset	\$300
Walkie-talkie (civilian)	\$100
Walkie-talkie (military)	\$200
CB radio	\$200
Backpack unit	\$500
Vehicular radio	\$1,000
Civilian base set	\$500
Military base set	\$3,000



The Companion

Palmcorders

These versatile devices record still pictures and sounds, and they can even scan pictures and printed text (complete with optical character recognition). They cannot “shoot” live video, but they can play it back.

Though their computing functions are limited, the user can also write on the palmcorder's screen and have it play simple alarms, translate and record text, and do simple calculations (like a scientific calculator). Palmcorders can also be “synced” up with each other with a built in infrared sensor.

Data is recorded on extremely durable metal slugs (about the size of modern-day AAA batteries) that can hold several terabytes of data. These slugs are standard in real computers, as well as video and audio equipment.

These devices take small batteries and use 1 charge a week. A palmcorder typically sets a waster back about \$500.

Fuel

One of the biggest problems of vehicle ownership in the Wasted West (besides trying to get insurance) is keeping its tank filled with go-juice. Would-be road warriors have four basic options for keeping their wheels rolling: electricity, fossil fuels, distilled fuel, and spook juice. There's a fifth power source—nuclear power—but this is only available on some high-tech military vehicles.

Electricity

Electrically-powered vehicles were fairly commonplace in the decades prior to the Last War. This wasn't due to any shortage of fossil fuels—the supply of these had been stretched by the invention of synthetic fuel additives—but because of the development of fusion power and the cheap electricity it provides. In most metropolitan areas, smart highways incorporated power pickups in the roadway allowing electric cars to travel without expending any of their stored power.

Most of the interstates in both the North and South were equipped with these pickups, so it was rare that a vehicle ever had to travel far from a power source. As a result, most electric cars have relatively small batteries and limited range. Better batteries had been developed, but there was little need for them (not to mention the

patents for them were all bought up by Hellstromme, who also owned significant portions of a number of major oil companies).

Unfortunately, the fusion plants that provided this power were vaporized along with most of humanity on Judgment Day. Electric cars are only used these days in areas that still have power, and these are few and far between.

An electric vehicle burns 1 charge from its battery each hour for every 10 m.p.h. of speed it has. A car that spends an hour traveling at an average speed of 40 m.p.h., for instance, burns four charges. The vehicle's battery can be recharged by plugging it into a working outlet. This adds 12 charges an hour to the battery.

Electric vehicles use the same stats as the vehicles in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook, but have a vehicle battery that holds 50 charges.

Fossil Fuels

Internal combustion engines were the rule rather than the exception out West. Other than on the interstates and the major cities like Dallas and Shan Fan, very little of the western road network was electrified. The often-harsh terrain and increased chances of running into some nasty creepy-crawly made most Westerners prefer the power of a big block V-8 under their hoods.

Very little gasoline or diesel fuel is available in the Wasted West. Any stores laid up before the war have evaporated or become denatured, and new fuel is only being produced in a handful of places in oil-producing states like Texas and Oklahoma.

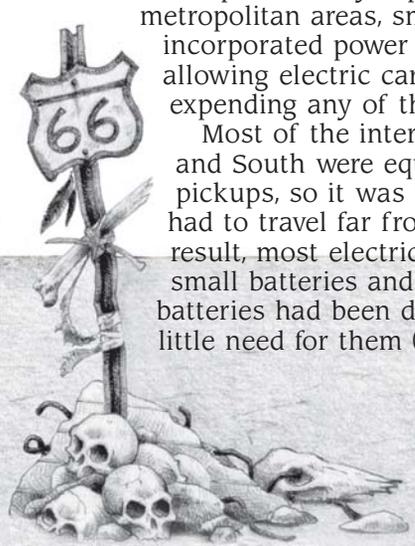
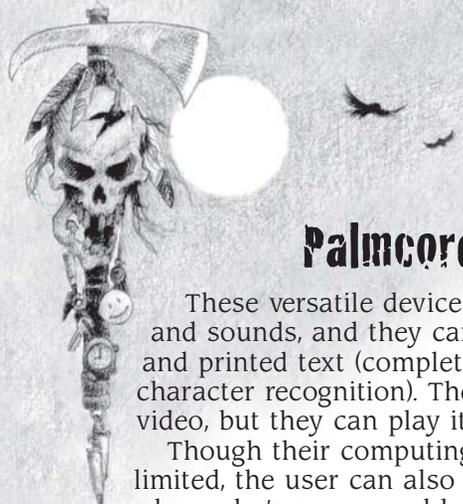
These places are natural attractions to the many road gangs roaming the Wasted West, and they hover around these areas like flies around a honey pot. If you go there to buy fuel, you might make it to the pumps, but your life isn't worth a wooden nickel once you try to leave.

In areas where it is produced, gasoline and diesel go for about \$20 a gallon.

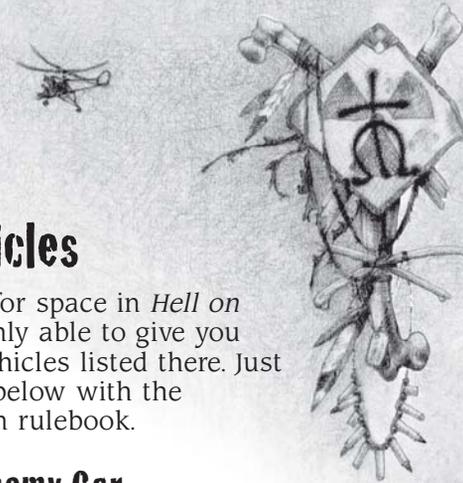
Distilled Fuel

Many people have taken to making their own fuel. The most common form of this is ethanol, otherwise known as grain alcohol. (We're talking white lightning—moonshine, friend.)

Many Westerners had extensive experience manufacturing this form of fuel before the war (although it was for their own personal consumption—not their cars'). It's not the most efficient fuel, but at least you can grow the major component you need for it. What's actually



The Companion



needed to make some home-brewed fuel is some yeast, a whole lot of grain of some sort (potatoes, wheat, barley, and hops all work well), and a still.

Making a still requires a Fair (5) *science: chemistry* roll, some tubing, and a barrel of some sort. The average still produces eight gallons of alcohol per day from about 180 pounds of raw material.

Ethanol doesn't have quite the kick gasoline does, so any car running on it has to have its engine tuned for it. This takes about an hour and a Fair (5) *trade: mechanic* roll. Performance is still not up to gasoline standards, so halve the listed mileages. (Mileage may be even less if your passengers are heavy drinkers.)

Spook Juice

Spook juice was developed as a fuel source after the Last War. Some enterprising junkers developed a way to dissolve ghost rock and then distill out the good parts as a fuel.

Spook juice gives as much bang for your buck as gasoline at half the price. After the first few hours, you hardly notice the tortured moaning coming from your tailpipe. On the bright side, burning spook juice produces barely any emissions harmful to the environment. (Yeah, like that matters.)

The process for making spook juice is known to most junkers, but many of them consider producing it to be a task unworthy of their "great scientific minds." One group of junkers have built a large distillery in Junkyard and produce the stuff by the tankerload. A few others have set up shop in the Great Maze.

Ghost-Rock Reactors

Some of the most-advanced military vehicles used in the Last War were actually powered by small reactors fueled with irradiated ghost rock. These vehicles produce enough energy to power a small city and have enough fuel to last them a decade. The mystical nature of the power produced by these reactors is explored more fully in *The Junkman Cometh*.

Fuel

Fuel Type	Cost
Vehicle battery (50 charges)	\$100
Ethanol	\$15/gallon
Gasoline	\$20/gallon
Spook juice	\$10/gallon

Vehicles

We were pressed for space in *Hell on Earth*, so we were only able to give you the basics on the vehicles listed there. Just reference the notes below with the statistics in the main rulebook.

Economy Car

This is the vehicle for the brainer on a budget. A well-thrown rock can knock a hole in it, but damn if it doesn't get good gas mileage.

Parts for these cars are a little easier to come by than most. There are two reasons for this. The first is that econo-boxes were one of the most common vehicle types on the road prior to Judgment Day. The second is that, after the big bang, there were plenty of cars lying around for the taking. Most people grabbed themselves a sexy muscle car or a rugged four-wheel drive. It's hard to intimidate your enemies when they see you pattering around the wastes in a car that couldn't survive a collision with your average house cat.

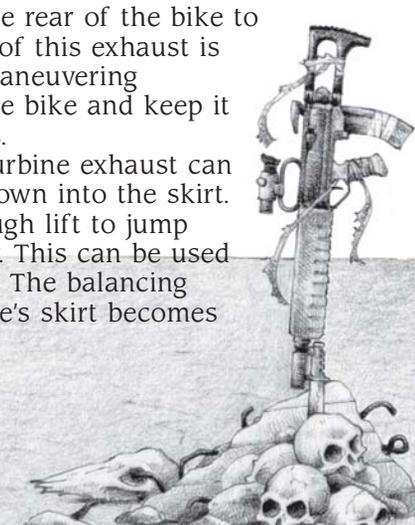
The upshot of all this is that any *scroungin'* rolls made when specifically looking for parts for one of these cars get a +2 bonus.

Hoverbike

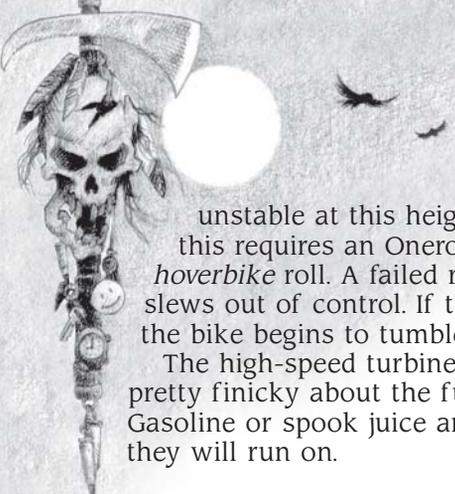
Hoverbikes have been in use by the military since the beginning of the 21st century, but they didn't become feasible in the civilian sector until the 2050s. This was because the early bikes were incredible fuel guzzlers. This changed in 2049 when Smith & Robards inventors developed a high-efficiency gas-turbine engine that had sufficient power to both lift and propel small vehicles.

Most of the power of a hoverbike's engine is used to power two lift fans. These blow air down into the vehicle's skirt and create a cushion of air that the bike floats on. The turbine's exhaust is vented out the rear of the bike to propel it forward. Some of this exhaust is also vented out small maneuvering thrusters which steer the bike and keep it on course in high winds.

In emergencies, the turbine exhaust can be temporarily vented down into the skirt. This gives the bike enough lift to jump roughly 10 feet in the air. This can be used to clear small obstacles. The balancing effect created by the bike's skirt becomes



The Companion



unstable at this height, so jumping like this requires an Onerous (7) *drivin'* hoverbike roll. A failed roll means the bike slews out of control. If the driver goes bust, the bike begins to tumble and crashes.

The high-speed turbines of a hoverbike are pretty finicky about the fuel they'll use. Gasoline or spook juice are the only fuels that they will run on.

Motorcycle

The stats listed in *Hell on Earth* are for a typical dirt bike, the kind used for recreational off-road driving before the Apocalypse. These are the most common motorcycles in use these days because you never know when you might suddenly need to head off-road. After 13 years without any road crews to maintain them, many highways aren't much better than being off-road anyway.

It's possible to find faster street bikes. These cost about the same but have a top speed of 140 miles per hour. These bikes suffer a -2 penalty (or more, at the Marshal's discretion) to all *drivin'* rolls made while traveling off-road or over broken pavement.

Pickup Truck

The pickup truck stats listed in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook are for a large-bed, six-cylinder work truck like the Ford F150 series. Most models produced just before Judgment Day came with shift-on-the-fly four-wheel drive and a hard-plastic bedliner.

These trucks have a rugged suspension which can handle the rigors of off-road travel, and four-wheel drive. Halve any penalties imposed for driving off-road.

Sports Car

These vehicles are popular with the road gangs that cruise what's left of the interstate system. These muscle cars have speed and handling, but not much ground clearance.

When traveling over broken pavement or off-road, these cars suffer a -2 (or more if you think it applies, Marshal) penalty to all *drivin'* rolls. If the driver ever draws a Black Joker while driving off-road, his ride bottoms out and takes 2d6 damage. (Armor does not apply against this damage.)

Powered Armor

Hellstromme Industries, the member nations of the Northern and Southern Alliance all produced different types of powered infantry armor. They are very rare, incredibly expensive, and a bitch to keep powered, but they also kick serious ass.

Each manufacturer produced different types of suits, but only the most common are listed in this book. Suits other than the standard assault troopers' suits are so rare we'll only detail them as loot to be found in future adventures and equipment books.

The basic suit made by the USA, CSA, LatAm Alliance, and Hellstromme Industries are described below. Add-ons are just as rare, but with a little tinkering, they can be used on any suit. You'll find those described just after the suit descriptions.

Each suit has a price listed, but these are just estimates. Full suits are so rare a scavenger might sell it for twice the listed price or even more. And don't think parts are sold in strict proportions. A Diablo battlesuit's leg might be only a fifth of the suit, but a scavvie could charge the full price just because he knows your hero needs it.



The Companion

Basic Functions

The following functions are common to all powered armor infantry suits.

Armor and Strength Enhancement

Most powered suits provide armor and a bonus to the user's *Strength*. The armor works wherever parts of the suit are worn, but the *Strength* enhancement works only when the suit is on and complete. Suits need all arm, leg, and torso sections to confer a *Strength* bonus. They don't function otherwise.

Imagine a torso capable of lifting a truck resting on the pelvis and legs of a normal man. Sound painful? It is. That's why all these suits cut power to the strength enhancers if they're not complete. They'd simply rip the occupant to pieces otherwise.

Each time the armor is penetrated and the character takes wounds, the suit's AV decreases by that amount. Damage that gets through and causes three wounds (after any chips are spent), therefore, decreases the suit's AV in that area by three. Once the AV hits 0 in an area, it's destroyed—in that area only.

Communication and Night Vision

Helmets have throat-mikes and ear phones capable of sending and receiving standard radio signals up to two miles on a good day—when there's one to be had.

All models also include night vision lenses built into the helm's visor. This allows the user to see up to 200 yards in all but complete darkness. This is light-amplification, not infrared, so even "cold fish" like zombies show up nice and clear.

Diagnostics

All suits have simple diagnostic and monitoring systems to tell the user if the suit is functioning properly and how much power remains.

Environmental Protection

Assuming a character has a complete outfit (including the helmet), the suit also protects against the environment (hot and cold weather), poison gas, toxic rain, and so on.

Pace

The user moves at his normal Pace if walking. While running, he may add the suit's *Strength* bonus (+2 or +4) to his final running Pace. For

instance, a character with a *Nimbleness* die type of d8 can normally run 16 yards in a round. With a CSA Wolverine suit (which adds +4 die types), he can run 20 yards per round (16+4=20).

Wearing a Suit

Powered armor takes 2d6 minutes to don. A suit takes 1d6 minutes to take off. Both rolls can be reduced by one minute per success from a Fair (5) *Deftness* total.

Power

The biggest problem with any sort of powered armor is replenishing its power supply. These suits were originally designed to recharge by hooking up to a truck carrying a portable nuclear reactor. Those don't exist anymore, so a few clever junkers strapped spirit batteries on to the suits' backs. These aren't nearly as efficient as the old nuclear batteries, however, so the user's time "in-suit" is very limited.

Every minute spent in the suit consumes power from a spirit battery. (Check out the junker rules in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook.) The Drain is listed in the Basic Suits descriptions below. Be careful. These things drain power like mad. That means your hero must carry his suit around and put it on only when he's forewarned of danger. He'd also do well to learn the skills of a junker, or at least make friends with one, to recharge his battery.

Basic Suits

CSA Wolverine Class Battle Armor

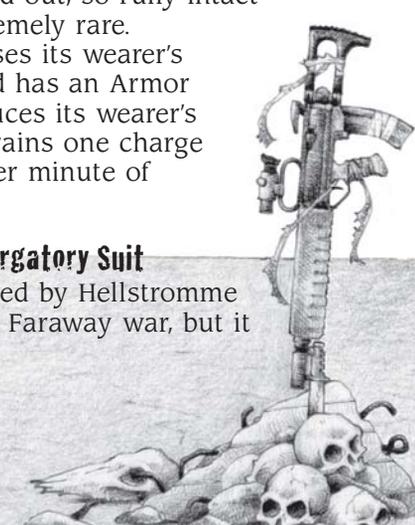
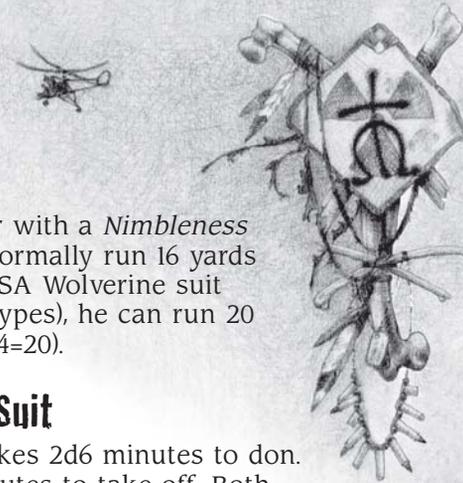
The Wolverine is by far the most sophisticated battle armor ever made, but it pays for this with an enormous power requirement. This armor made the CSA 1st Armored Infantry the most feared ground force in the Last War. Most of the men of the 1st were wiped out, so fully intact Wolverine suits are extremely rare.

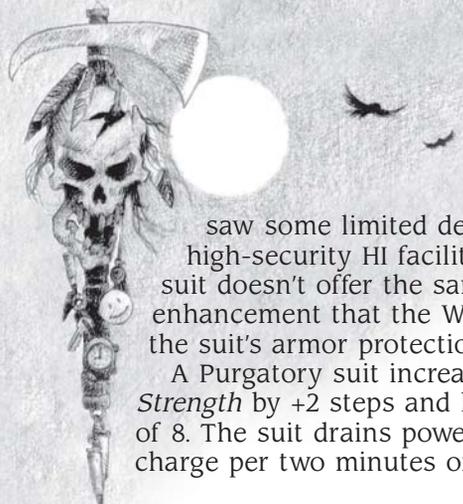
The Wolverine increases its wearer's *Strength* by +4 steps and has an Armor Value of 7. The suit reduces its wearer's *Deftness* by -1 step. It drains one charge from its spirit battery per minute of operation.

Hellstromme Industries Purgatory Suit

This suit was developed by Hellstromme Industries for use in the Faraway war, but it

Posse: 3i





The Companion

saw some limited deployment at various high-security HI facilities on Earth. The suit doesn't offer the same strength enhancement that the Wolverine provides, but the suit's armor protection is unparalleled.

A Purgatory suit increases the wearer's *Strength* by +2 steps and has an Armor Value of 8. The suit drains power at a rate of one charge per two minutes of operation.

USA X-Suit

The USA decided to sacrifice armor protection for long operation time when it developed the X-Suit. Plus, the X-Suit was much cheaper to produce than the CSA's much heavier models.

The X-Suit increases the wearer's *Strength* by +2 steps and offers an Armor Value of 4. It drains battery power at a rate of one charge per five minutes of operation.

LatAm Diablo Battlesuit

The LatAm alliances answer to the CSA's battle armor was the incredibly sophisticated Diablo armor. The suit was never produced in sufficient quantity to be a factor in the Last War, but there might still be a few suits lying around in places like Phoenix.

By far the lightest of all the powered armor listed here, the Diablo increases the wearers *Strength* by +1 step has an Armor Value of 4. It also has a built in targeting system and heartbeat sensor (see Accessories below). Power drain is one charge per five minutes of operation.

Accessories

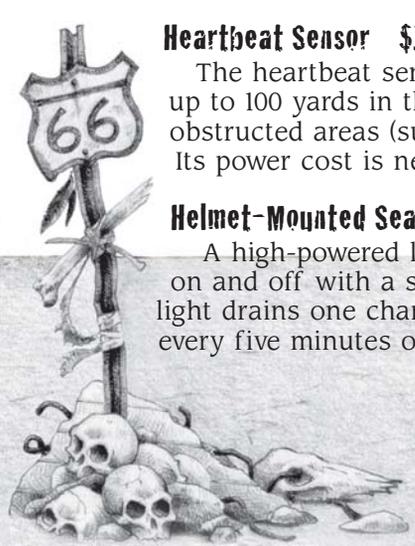
The accessories listed below are modules and attachments designed only for powered armor. They don't work outside the suit without some serious jerry-rigging (1d20 hours and an Incredible (11) *tinkerin'* roll at the very least). They do work on suits from any manufacturer however.

Heartbeat Sensor \$100

The heartbeat sensor detects living beings up to 100 yards in the clear or 10 yards in obstructed areas (such as inside a building). Its power cost is negligible.

Helmet-Mounted Searchlight \$200

A high-powered light. Most can be turned on and off with a subvocal command. The light drains one charge from the battery for every five minutes of use.



Jump Pack \$2,000

This device supercompresses air and releases it in a short but powerful burst, propelling the user up to 50 horizontal feet. Count each foot of motion as two "charges" of air if the user wishes to jump vertically

The pack's compression tank can hold up to 50 charges. Once the air tank is empty, it automatically begins to recharge, regaining one "charge" every five minutes. Each recovered air charge drains one charge from the suits battery.

Targeting System \$1,000

This two-part system requires a helmet and a firearm of some sort. One part plugs into the suit's electronics and displays a targeting reticle on the helmet's visor. The other part of the system is a gyroscopic sensor that attaches to the weapon. Installing and calibrating the system takes one hour and a minimum of 10 rounds of ammunition. Once installed, it adds +2 to *shootin'* rolls made with that weapon only. This system drains no additional power.

Power Armor

Item	Cost
CSA Wolverine Battle Armor	\$10,000
HI Purgatory Suit	\$9,000
USA X-Suit	\$8,000
LatAm Diablo Battlesuit	\$8,000
Accessories:	
Heartbeat sensor	\$100
Helmet-mounted searchlight	\$200
Jump Pack	\$2,000
Targeting system	\$1,000

The Medicine Cabinet

Not all of the cool stuff lying around in ruins is mechanical. There are some pharmaceutical treasures to be found in the Wasted West as well. The drugs listed below a sampling of the types that lie buried in the ruined cities of North America. Most are rare and expensive.

Addiction Codes

Many drugs have addictive properties, some greater than others. Each time a survivor takes one of these drugs, he has to check to see if a big ol' monkey hops on his back.

All the drugs listed below have an Addiction code consisting of a Target Number and a severity. Whenever a hero takes a dose of the

The Companion

drug in question she must make a *Spirit* check against the drugs Addiction TN. If the poor waster fails, she's become addicted and picks up a *hankerin'* for the drug. The severity indicates how badly she craves the substance. This *hankerin'* can be bought off as normal with Bounty Points.

Brainburst

This drug was originally designed as a commercial stimulant similar to No-Doz, but creative users quickly found that high doses actually stimulated creative and cognitive thought. Of course, these high doses could actually harm a careless user, and the drug was carefully regulated before the Apocalypse.

Brainburst is the ultimate synaptic superjuice. The drug can be inhaled or, if a much greater effect is desired, injected. The user almost immediately undergoes a jolting brainstorm of logical and intuitive thought.

One dose of Brainburst raises a hero's *Cognition*, *Knowledge* and *Smarts* die types by +2 levels for 2d6 minutes.

Now for the bad news. When the drug wears off, the survivors *Cognition*, *Knowledge* and *Smarts* die types are reduced by -2 levels. If this reduces any of the traits below a d4, she passes out for the duration of the trait reduction.

Addiction: Fair (5)/Severe

Hot Dogs

No one remembers what the name of this diet pill was before the bombs fell, but someone figured out a use for it in the Wasted West.

Designed to simulate the consumption of food, your character will feel fully fed after the ingestion of just one pill. The drug is named for it's brown color and rounded cylindrical shape.

Your character may ignore all Wind loss due to lack of food. Wind loss due to lack of water is reduced by half, but only for the first day of actual dehydration. After one week of continual use the drug's beneficial effects are halved, and the hero becomes *scrawny*. This Hindrance lasts until she has had at least two well-fed weeks to put the weight back on.

Addiction: Onerous (7)/Mild

Iron Man

Iron Man is a combat drug used by both USA and CSA forces during the Last War. Along with Rage (see below), it turned the meekest soldier

into an unstoppable killing machine. Needless to say, it was only used in extreme situations.

Iron Man allows a survivor to ignore 3 levels of penalty modifiers per wounded area. A hero may not feel the actual pain from higher wound levels, but damage to the physical body will still prevent proper function.

The effects of Iron Man last 2d10 minutes. When it wears off, the user must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* check or take a wound to the guts.

Addiction: Hard (9)/Severe

Rage

Rage is another combat drug used in the Last War. When ingested, adrenaline floods bloodstream, allowing incredible feats of strength, but reducing the user's self control.

For 2d10 minutes after taking Rage, the hero's *Strength* die type is raised by +2 levels. The hero's *Cognition* and *Smarts* are reduced by a similar amount for the drugs duration, and the effects can linger afterward. When Rage wears off, the waster should make a Fair (5) *Spirit* check. If she fails, the *Cognition* and *Smarts* reduction last for 1d6 hours. If she botches the check, the loss is permanent.

Addiction: Onerous (7)/Mild

Slo-Mo

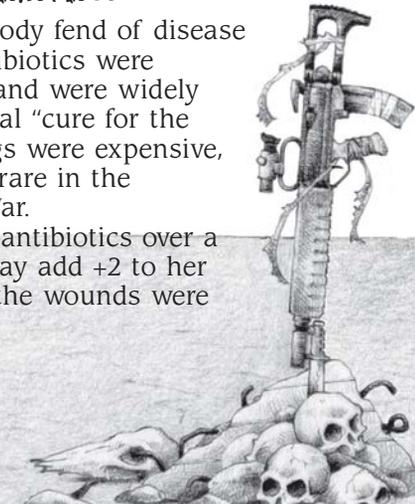
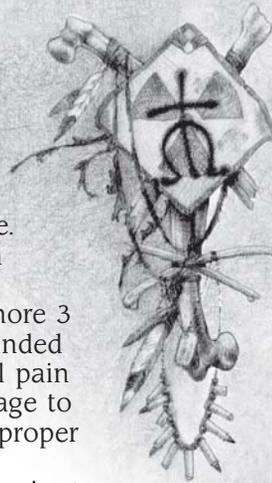
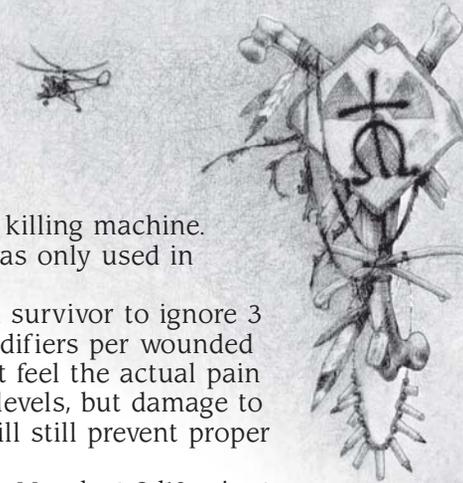
Any character on Slo-Mo actually feels like the world around her is moving in slow motion. If your hero takes a dose of Slo-Mo her *Quickness* is increased by +2 die types for 1d6 minutes. However, the drug can work too well. When a waster takes Slo-Mo, he needs to make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* check, or he's gotten "the shakes." Subtract -2 from all *Deftness* rolls for the drug's duration.

Addiction: Hard (9)/Severe

Super-Antibiotics

Antibiotics help the body fend of disease and infection. Super-antibiotics were developed around 2050 and were widely heralded as the proverbial "cure for the common cold." The drugs were expensive, and thus they are quite rare in the aftermath of the Last War.

If a hero takes super-antibiotics over a week-long period she may add +2 to her natural healing rolls. If the wounds were



The Companion

Wasted West Timeline

- 1868 The Great Quake shatters the California coast, creating the Great Maze.
- 2016 President gutted by sykers in Oval Office.
- 2044 Hellstromme opens the Tunnel to the Faraway system. The planet Banshee is discovered and contact is made with the natives.
- 2045 First atomic ghost rock bomb unveiled by Dr. Darius Hellstromme.
- 2063 Hellstromme unveils the city-buster.
- 2074 The Faraway Revolt begins; USA President Romero's first term.
- 2076 The Red River Campaign.
- 2078 Latin American Alliance invades SoCal; USA President Romero begins second term; CSA President Allan Sothby begins first term.
- 2080 Christmas cease-fire.
- 2081 January 1, Air Force One goes down over the Rockies;
- 2081 January , Andrew Bates sworn in as President of the United States
- 2081 September 23: Judgement Day.
- 2082 Law Dogs form; the *Unity* returns; General Samuel Throckmorton founds the Combine.
- 2083 Cult of Doom founded.
- 2084 Templars form in Boise.
- 2085 Virginia City Massacre.
- 2086 The Schism.
- 2088 Templar's Temple in Boise completed.
- 2094 Today.

caused by infection or disease add +4 to the wound recovery roll. These benefits are cumulative with the bonuses for being under a doctor's care, but they do not modify the powers of Templars, Doomsayers, or other non medical means of healing. The survivor must take the entire course, or the drugs have no effect.

Super-antibiotics are usually found packaged in "courses" of seven pills. These courses are highly prized in survivor settlements and can fetch quite a sum there.

Addiction: NA

Drugs of the Wasted West

Drug	Cost
Brainburst	\$300/dose
Hot Dogs	\$50/dose
Iron Man	\$150/dose
Rage	\$100/dose
Slo-Mo	\$150/dose
Super-antibiotics	\$150/course

Drinking Spook Juice



112

While it's not technically a drug, we should say a few words here about spook buzz.

No one knows exactly who the first person to drink spook juice was, but he or she must have been half in the tank already. Spook juice

smells like a skunk that's been dissolved in bleach, and it has a taste to match. Someone did though, and now it's a popular drink among road warriors and other people who are too tough for their own good. Aficionados of the stuff claim its an acquired taste.

If you can force the stuff down, it has quite a kick. Wasters who drink beer & moonshine like water often pass out after only a few shots of spook juice. Those who stay conscious after more than a shot or two claim the stuff has hallucinogenic effects. Objects and people begin to glow, and strange shadows begin to flit and swirl through the room.

Juiced wasters are a funny lot, but they can also be dangerous. Most just sit quietly, watch the pretty lights, and tell everyone they see, "I love you, man!" But every once in a while, something triggers a violent reaction, and things turn ugly. If a brawl breaks out in a juicer bar, run. "Spookers" drunk on juice are feeling no pain and can withstand tremendous amounts of damage.

Archetypes

Kid

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 2d10
Nimbleness 4d10
Climbin' 3
Dodge 3
Sneak 4
Strength 1d6
Quickness 3d6
Vigor 4d6
Cognition 1d8
Scrutinize 3
Search 1
Knowledge 1d6
Area knowledge 2
Language 2
Mien 3d8
Overawe 4
Smarts 3d6
Bluff 3
Scrougin' 3
Spirit 2d12
Guts 3
Wind 18
Pace 10
Edges:
Big ears 1
Light sleeper 1
Luck o' the Irish 3
Purty 1
Hindrances:
Big mouth -3
Kid -2
Superstitious -2
Thin-skinned -3
Gear: Colt .45, 20 bullets, teddy bear, and a pure-silver locket worth \$120.

Personality

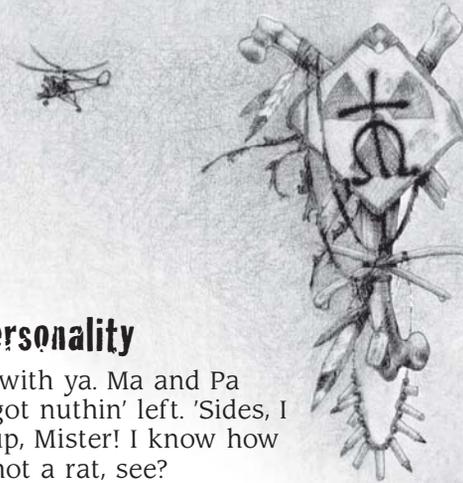
Ya gotta take me with ya. Ma and Pa are gone, an' I ain't got nuthin' left. 'Sides, I got a gun, see! Get up, Mister! I know how to shoot it. I done shot a rat, see?

I can go? Thanks, Mister! Ya won't regret it. Hey, I was wond'rin' if I could ride your pretty horsie? I'd even help take care of him, I promise! I used to have a horse of my own, but we had to eat him a few winters back.

Quote: "Get away from my Teddy, Mister!"



Posse: 35



Archetypes

Librarian

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
Lockpickin' 3
Shootin': shotgun 3
Nimbleness 4d6
Climbin' 1
Sneak 3
Strength 1d6
Quickness 3d6
Vigor 3d6
Cognition 2d10
Search 3
Knowledge 3d8
Academia: history 2
Academia: occult 5
Area knowledge 4
Language 4
Mien 4d10
Tale-tellin' 4
Smarts 2d12
Scrougin' 5
Spirit 1d8
Faith 2
Guts 3
Wind 14
Pace 6
Edges:
Brave 2
Gift o' gab 1
Librarian 2
Hindrances:
Bad eyes -3
Cautious -3: But when books or other media might be destroyed, you're reckless when it comes to saving them.
Greedy -2: For books and information.
Stubborn -2
Gear: Pump-action shotgun with 20 shells, and a palmcorder.

Personality

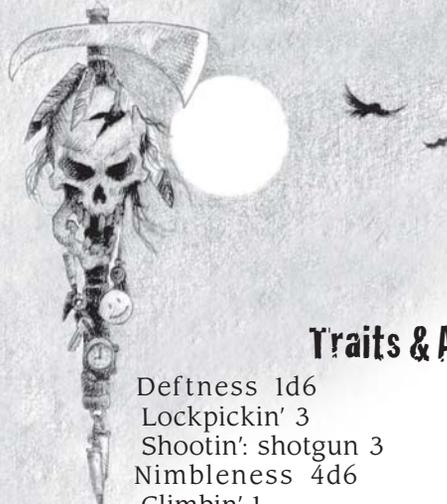
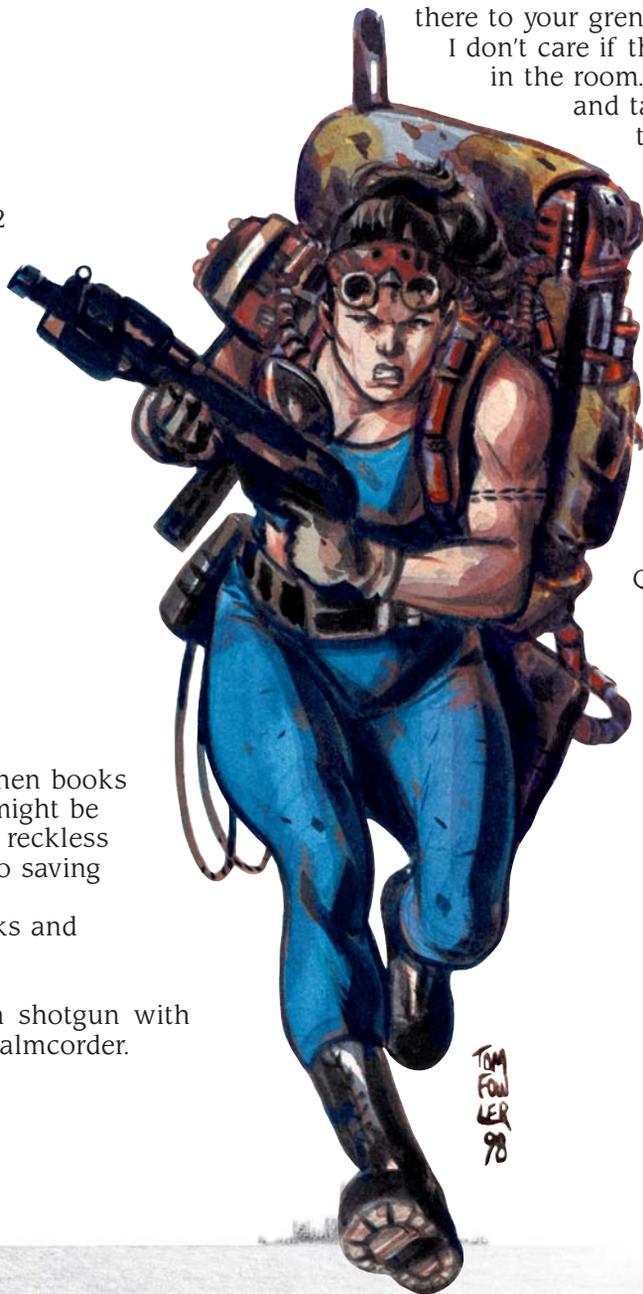
Hand over that book, amigo. You can have it after I scan it in my palmcorder. Not like you can read anyhow. You probably just want it for toilet paper.

Now listen, we lost 20 to 30 good books in there to your grenade. Maybe a map too.

I don't care if there were a dozen zombies in the room. If it's a library, you go in and take care of 'em by hand. Got that? Good.

Hand me those scraps. I've got some tape somewhere in my pack. Maybe we can piece some of these old textbooks back together. Take your time, and don't lose anything. You never know what kind of information you'll find. Maybe something we come across'll wind up saving this God-forsaken planet.

Quote: "I SAID SHHH!!!"

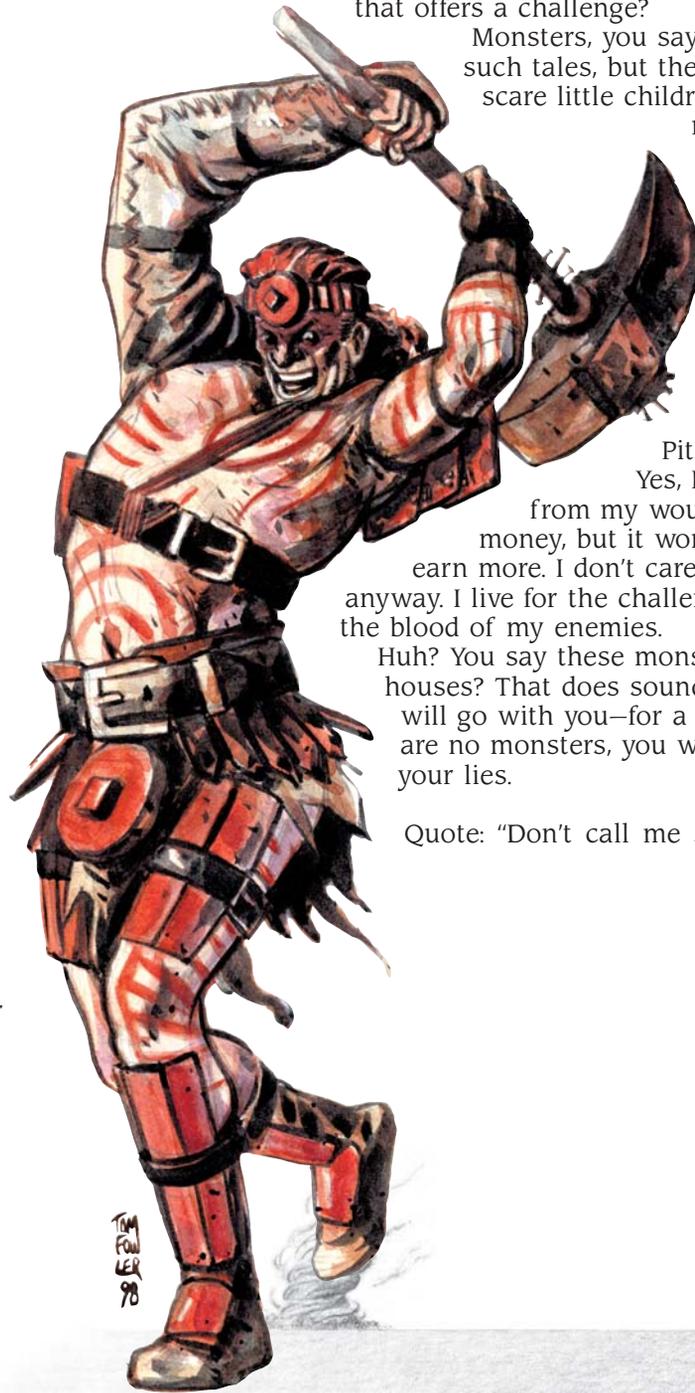


Archetypes

Pit Fighter

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
 Throwin': balanced 2
Nimbleness 2d10
 Climbin' 1
 Fightin': axe 5
 Sneak 1
Strength 2d12
Quickness 3d8
Vigor 4d10
Cognition 3d6
 Search 1
Knowledge 1d6
 Area knowledge 2
 Language 2
Mien 1d8
 Overawe 3
Smarts 3d6
Spirit 4d6
 Guts 3
Wind 20
Pace 10
Edges:
 Berserk 2
 Brawny (Size 7) 3
 Don't get 'im riled 3
 Sand 2 (+2 to
 recovery checks)
 Thick-skinned 3
 Tough as nails 2
Hindrances:
 All thumbs -2
 Big britches -3
 Bloodthirsty -2
 Clueless (brain
 damage) -3
Gear: Big ax (STR+2d8),
and two hand axes (for
throwing) (STR+2d6).



Personality

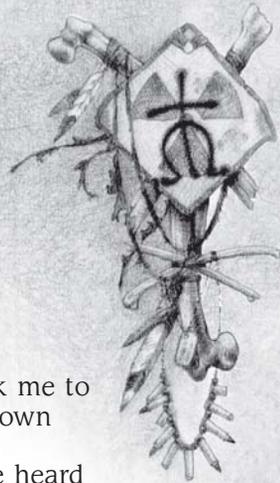
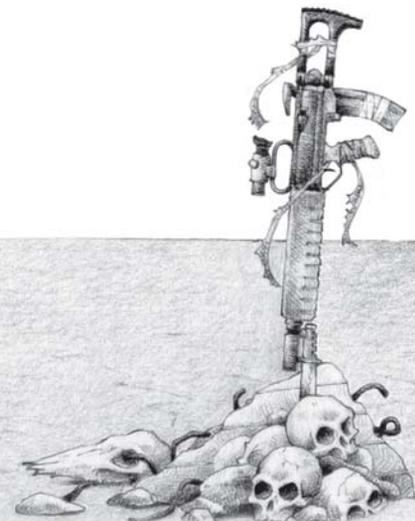
The Pit is my home. Now you ask me to leave it? Why? What's outside this town that offers a challenge?

Monsters, you say? I have heard such tales, but they are stories told to scare little children. Or lies told to make the caravan traders rich by keeping everyone else in their cities. That's where I've been, but I stay by choice. I have a good living here. Everyone knows me, and my foes tremble when I step into the Pit.

Yes, I have just recovered from my wounds and have little money, but it won't take me long to earn more. I don't care about money anyway. I live for the challenge of the fight and the blood of my enemies.

Huh? You say these monsters are big as houses? That does sound like a challenge. I will go with you—for a while. But if there are no monsters, you will taste my steel for your lies.

Quote: "Don't call me stupid!"



Archetypes

Postman

Traits & Aptitudes

- Deftness 3d8
- Shootin': shotgun 3
- Nimbleness 2d12
- Climbin' 2
- Dodge 3
- Drivin': cars 3
- Fightin': brawlin' 3
- Ridin': horse 3
- Sneak 3
- Swimmin' 2
- Strength 1d6
- Quickness 4d6
- Vigor 3d6
- Cognition 2d12
 - Search 1
- Knowledge 2d10
 - Area knowledge 5
 - Language 2
- Mien 1d6
 - Tale-tellin' 3
- Smarts 3d6
 - Scroungin' 3
 - Survival 3
- Spirit 1d8
 - Guts 3
- Wind 14
- Pace 14
- Edges:
 - Fleet-footed 2
 - Sense o' direction 1
- Hindrances:
 - Curious -3
- Enemy -3:
 - A lot of raiders watch for lone riders delivering goods. Black Hats in particular have been told to ruin communication between settlements.
- Obligation -4: The mail must go through, but you've got a little time for adventure along the route.
- Gear: Pump-action shotgun, 25 shells, map of Western US, and two milrats.

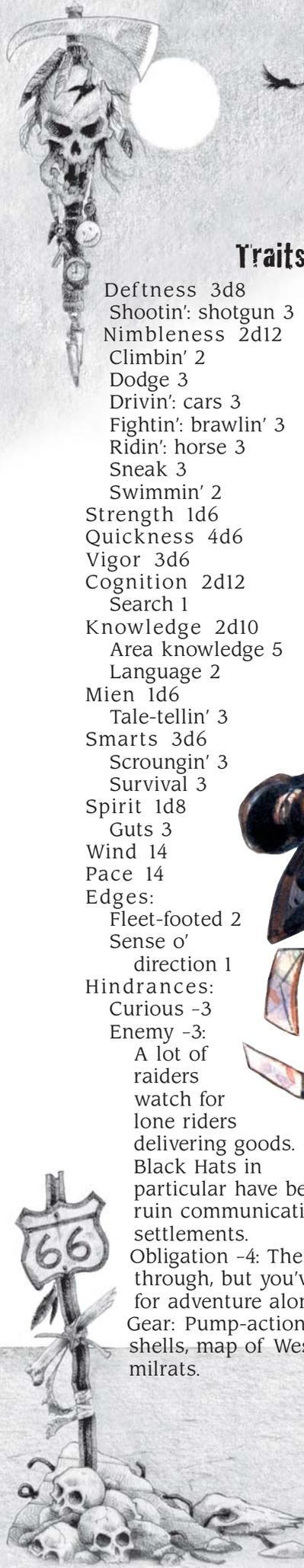
Personality

I'll take your letter, ma'am, but I only go from SoCal to Utah and all the places in between. I don't go into Nevada—too many kooks. You should also know this isn't a "national" post office. Me and a few others around these parts just do it for a living: \$5 a letter, \$100 or more for packages. We don't guarantee delivery, and we only cover a few states. Rain, sleet, and gloom of night won't keep me off the trail, but Doomsayers, muties, and monsters sure do.

That said, I'll do my best to get this to Junkyard. Should take about a week. Got that? Okay. I'll need payment up front. Those shotgun shells ought to do nicely, and no, I don't have change.

Did I just hear a dog growl?

Quote: "Back off, scumbag, or I'll go postal on you!"



Archetypes

Renegade Black Hat

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 2d12
Shootin': rifle, SMG 5

Speed load: rifle 2

Nimbleness 2d10

Climbin' 1

Dodge 2

Drivin': car 3

Fightin': brawlin', knife 3

Sneak 3

Strength 3d8

Quickness 4d10

Vigor 1d8

Cognition 4d6

Search 3

Knowledge 3d6

Area knowledge 2

Area knowledge:

Denver 1

Language 2

Mien 1d6

Overawe 2

Smarts 3d6

Gamblin' 2

Scrougin' 2

Spirit 1d6

Guts 3

Wind 14

Pace 10

Edges:

Level-headed 5

Luck o' the Irish 3

Veteran o' the

Wasted West (Tell
the Marshal to
draw a card for
this Edge.)

Hindrances:

Death wish -5

Heroic -5

Gear: SA assault rifle
and 50 rounds.

Personality

Yeah. I was a Black Hat. What are you gonna do about it? You don't see me wearing the hat now, do you? They recruited me when I was younger—dumber—when I thought their way was the only way. Then I helped burn one village too many.

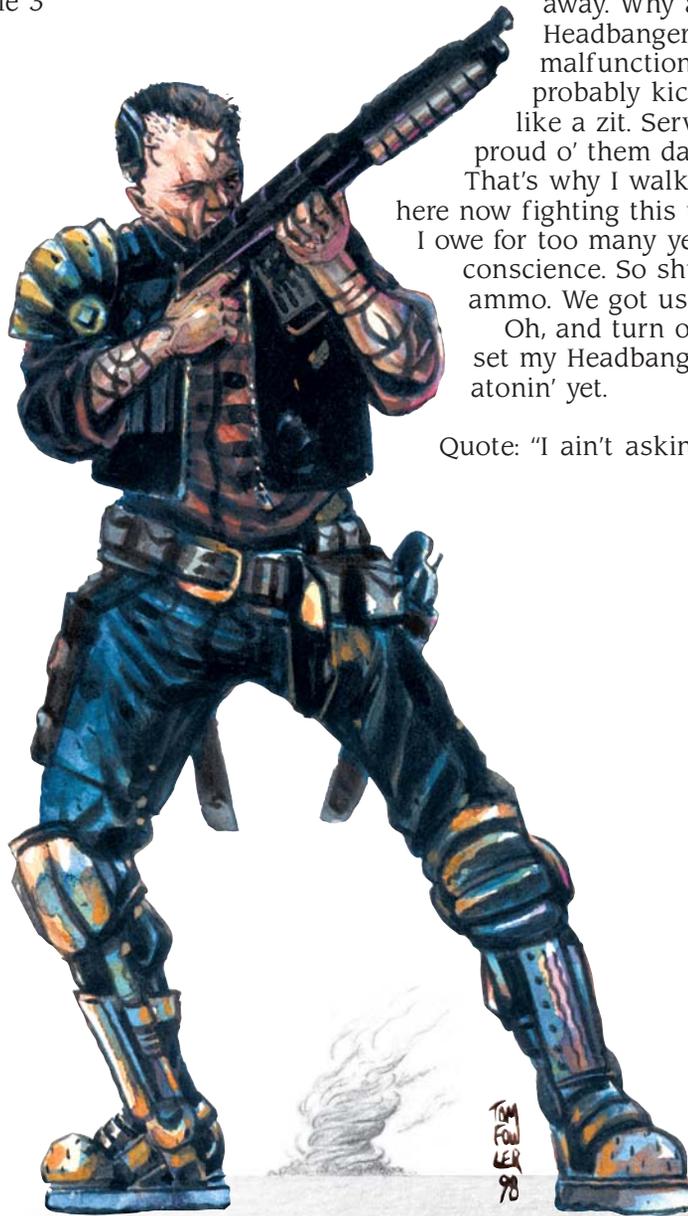
So I quit. Just up and walked away. Why ain't I dead?

Headbanger didn't go off. Musta malfunctioned. Some day, it'll probably kick in. Pop my cranium like a zit. Serves me right. I ain't proud o' them days.

That's why I walked. And that's why I'm here now fighting this thing with you. I figure I owe for too many years spent ignoring my conscience. So shut up, and check your ammo. We got us a monster to kill.

Oh, and turn off that sensor. Might set my Headbanger off. And I ain't done atonin' yet.

Quote: "I ain't askin' for your forgiveness."



Archetypes

Robohunter

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 3d8
Shootin': rifle, MG 5
Nimbleness 2d10
Climbin' 1
Fightin': brawlin' 3
Sneak 3
Strength 2d12 (2d12+8)
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 4d10
Cognition 3d6
Search 3
Knowledge 1d6
Area knowledge 2
Language 2
Science: electronics 2
Mien 1d8
Overawe 3
Smarts 1d6
Scroungin' 3
Tinkerin' 2
Spirit 3d6
Guts 3
Wind 16
Pace 10
Edges:

Belongin's 15: The robohunter's bought *belongin's* 5 three times for a total "value" of about \$15,000. This buys CSA Wolverine powered armor and the "ripper" gun.

Veteran o' the Wasted West
(Tell the Marshal to draw a card for this Edge.)

Hindrances:

Greedy -2: it takes a lot to keep that suit running.

Heroic -5

Oath -3: test the suit. Someday, your friends in the Denver resistance will call on you to fight the Combine.

Gear: Wolverine Battle Armor, SA XM-40 "Ripper," spirit battery with 100 charges, SA assault rifle, and 50 rounds.

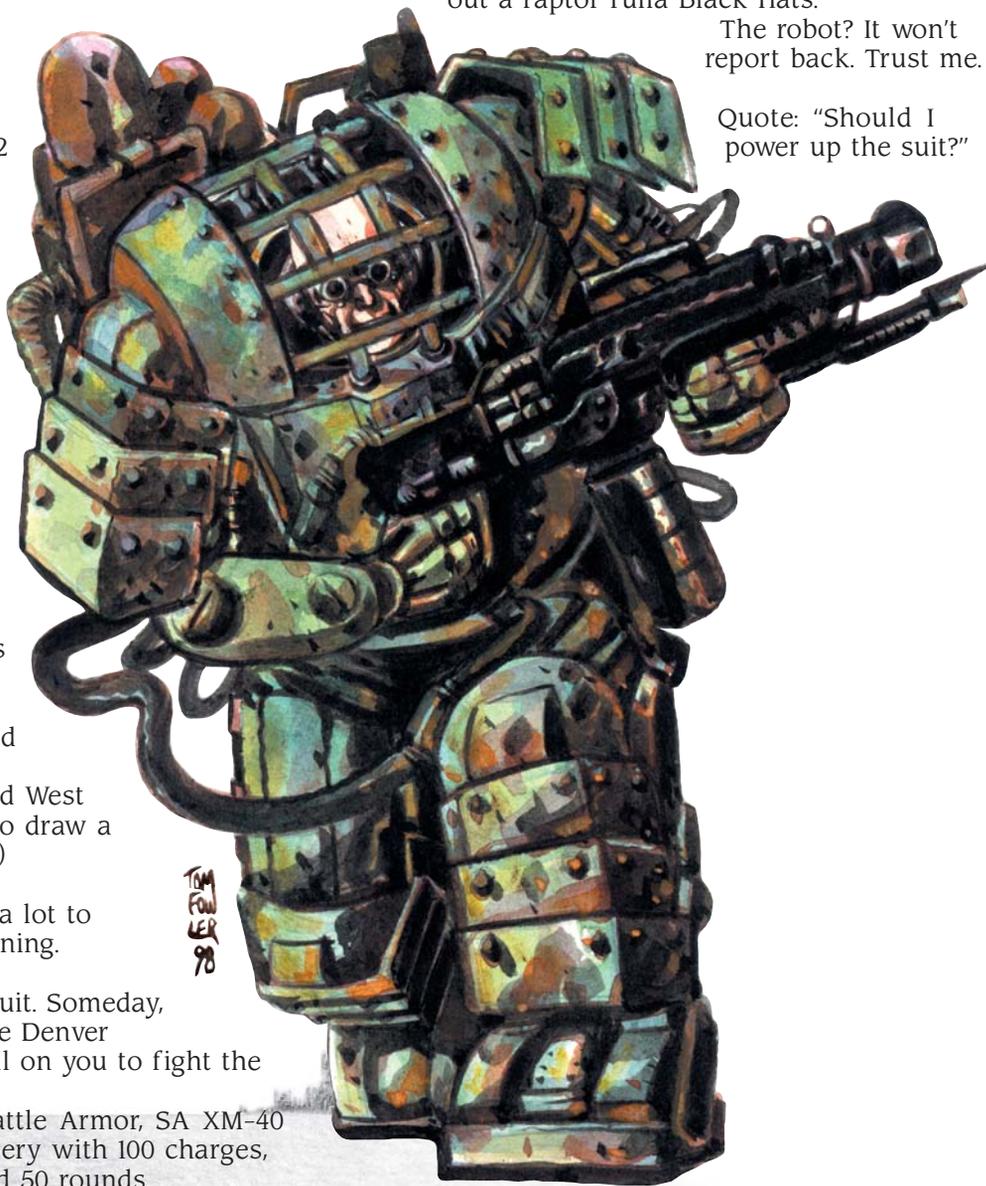
Personality

All right, I'm all powered up. You sure it was a robot? One o' them like comes outta Denver? All right, I'm goin' through the storm. It better be an automaton, pal. This is gonna drain my suit hard.

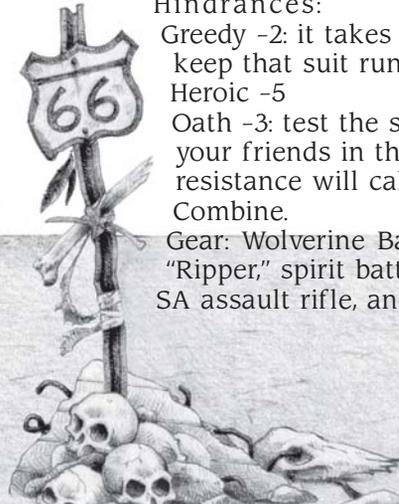
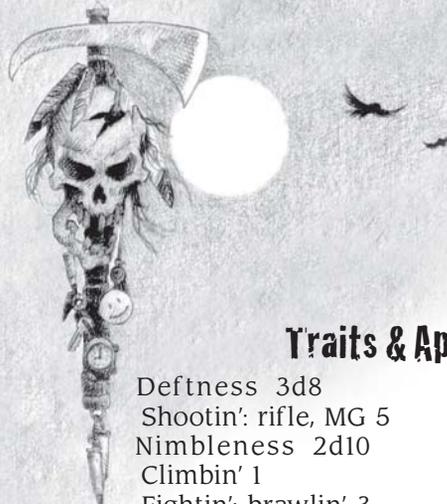
Oh yeah, one more thing. You gotta keep quiet about this. There are others with suits like this, but most stay well away from Throckmorton's automatons. The Combine finds out someone's actually hunting its robots, and they'll send out a raptor fulla Black Hats.

The robot? It won't report back. Trust me.

Quote: "Should I power up the suit?"



Posse: 40



Archetypes

Renegade Sky Pirate

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
Lockpickin' 2
Shootin': SMG 3
Throwin': unbalanced 3
Nimbleness 2d12
Climbin' 1
Drivin': ultralight 5
Sneak 3
Strength 3d6
Quickness 3d8
Vigor 3d6
Cognition 4d6
Search 1

Knowledge 2d10
Area knowledge 2
Language 2
Mien 1d8
Smarts 4d10
Bluff 3
Gamblin' 3
Scroungin' 3
Survival 2
Tinkerin' 2
Spirit 1d6
Guts 3
Wind 12
Pace 12
Edges:
Belongin's 5: Ultralight.
Hindrances:
Greedy -2
Enemy -3: The Combine hates the Sky Pirates, and to them, anyone in an ultralight is a Sky Pirate.
Intolerance -2: The Combine.
Loyal -3
Gear: Hunting rifle, 50 rounds, and five Molotov cocktails (\$10 each; 4d12 damage in a 1d4+2 yard Burst Radius; burns for 2d6 rounds).

Personality

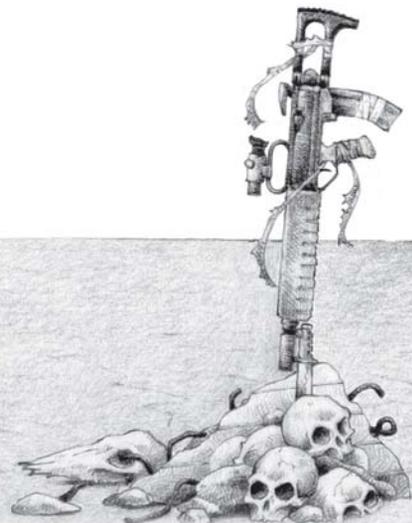
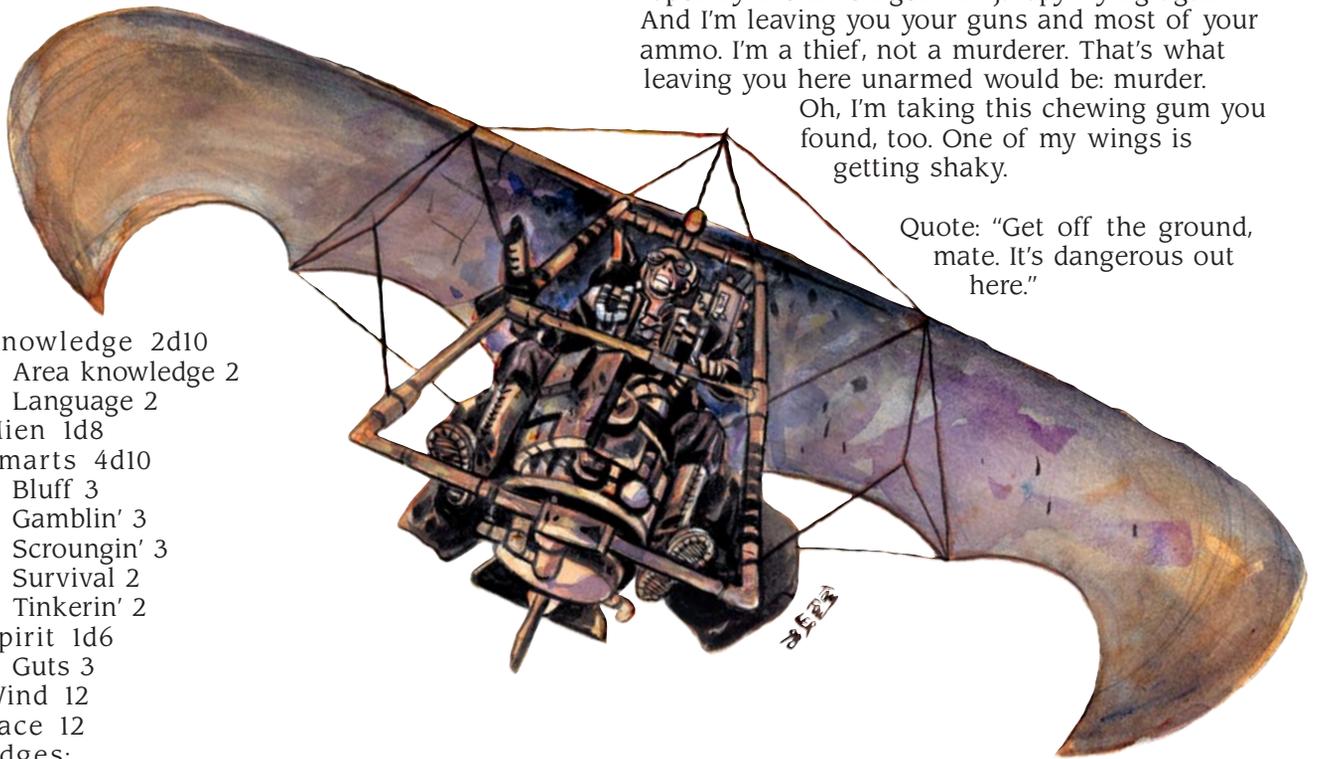
Yeah, I used to live up there, but things got too dangerous. The Sky Pirates keep attacking Black Hat patrols and raptors. Now, I don't mind an occasional raid on the Black Hats, but making a habit of it is just dumb. And I've seen too many good men and women die taking down raptors. What for? The Combine's automated factories just make more.

So now I prowl the wastes, looking for, um, salvage. Sure, some of the salvage happens to be carried by folks—like yourselves.

Oh, quit squirming. You'll be free of those ropes by the time I get this jalopy flying again. And I'm leaving you your guns and most of your ammo. I'm a thief, not a murderer. That's what leaving you here unarmed would be: murder.

Oh, I'm taking this chewing gum you found, too. One of my wings is getting shaky.

Quote: "Get off the ground, mate. It's dangerous out here."



Posse: 4i

Archetypes

Sawbones

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 4d6
 Shootin': pistol 3
 Nimbleness 2d10
 Climbin' 1
 Dodge 3
 Fightin': brawlin' 3
 Sneak 2
 Strength 1d6
 Quickness 4d6
 Vigor 3d8
 Cognition 4d10
 Scrutinize 3
 Search 1
 Knowledge 2d12
 Area knowledge 2
 Language 2
 Medicine: general, surgery 3
 Science: chemistry 2
 Mien 1d8
 Persuasion 2
 Smarts 3d6
 Scroungin' 3
 Streetwise 2
 Survival 2
 Spirit 1d6
 Guts 3
 Wind 14
 Pace 10
 Edges:
 Belongin's 2:
 Drugs.
 Sand 1
 "The voice" 1:
 Soothing.
 Hindrances:
 Ailin': minor -1: Early case of the glows.
 Greedy -2
 Outlaw -3: The Law Dogs don't approve of the wares you peddle.
 Ugly as Sin -3: Rad burns.
 Gear: Colt .45 with 20 rounds, knife gloves (+2d4 to *brawlin'* damage, +1 Defensive Bonus), and drugs (six Hot Dogs, four courses of super-antibiotics, three doses each of Rage and Iron Man, and one dose each of Slo-Mo and Brainburst).

Personality

Oh my, that does look like a nasty wound. Come over here by the fire so I can get a better look at it.

Ah, you pull away from my touch. I suppose I should be insulted, but you're hardly the first. The only place you can find good, er, antibiotics is deep in the ruins. You eat that many rads, and see how good you look afterward!

But you see, despite my appearance, I'm still a popular fellow. I was a doctor—well, nearly a doctor—before the bombs fell. My surgical skills have stood me in good stead in this wasteland.

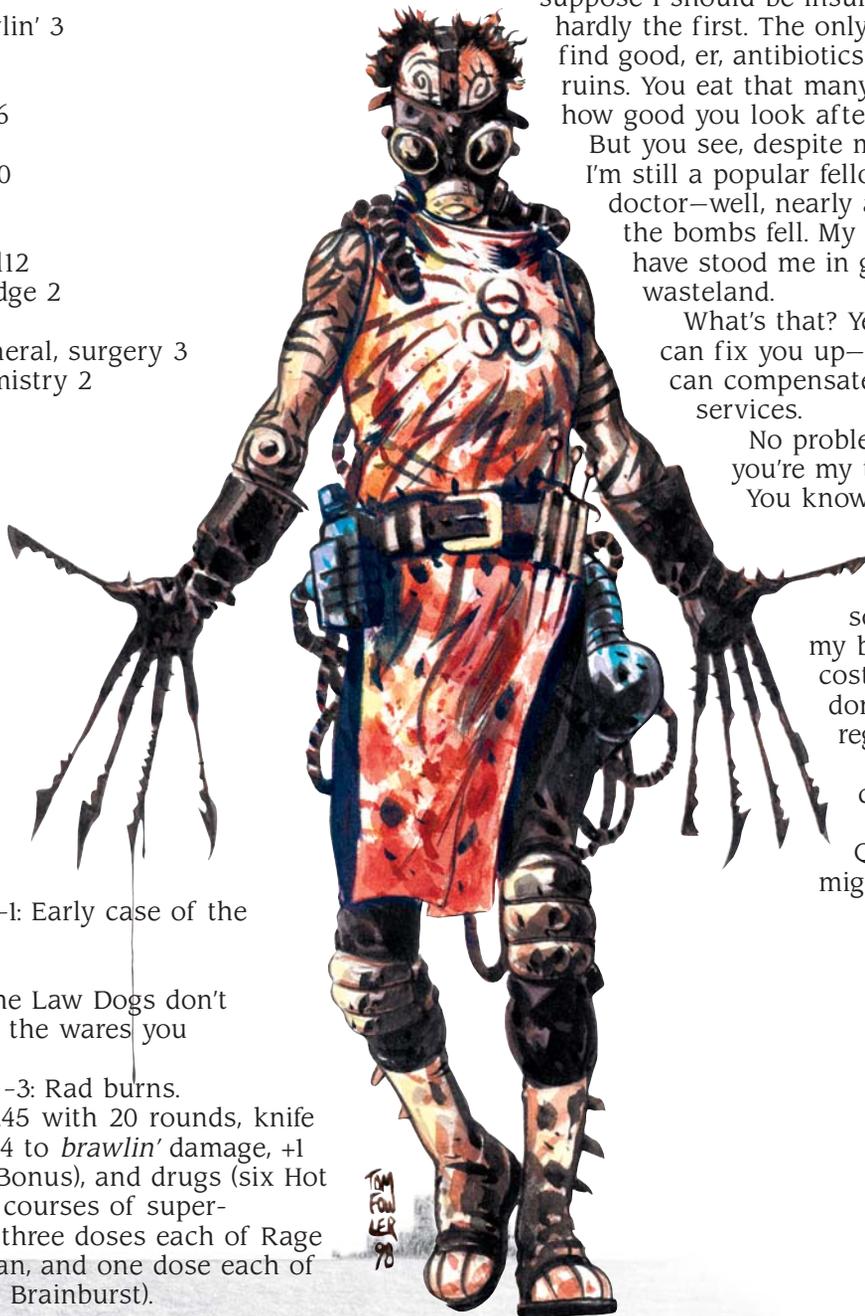
What's that? Yes, of course I can fix you up—assuming you can compensate me for my services.

No problem? Well now, you're my type of customer.

You know, if you really want to feel better, let me get you a little something from my backpack. It will cost you extra, but I don't think you'll regret it.

Trust me. I'm a doctor.

Quote: "This might sting a little."



Archetypes

Scavenger

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 1d6
Filchin' 2
Lockpickin' 3
Shootin': pistol 2
Nimbleness 2d10
Climbin' 3
Dodge 3
Fightin': brawlin' 2
Sneak 3
Strength 3d6
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 3d8
Cognition 4d10
Search 3
Knowledge 1d8
Area knowledge 2
Language 2
Mien 4d6
Smarts 2d12
Bluff 2
Gamblin' 2
Ridicule 2
Scroungin' 5
Streetwise 3
Survival: urban 2
Spirit 1d6
Guts 3
Wind 14
Pace 10
Edges:
Keen 3
Hindrances:
Ailin': chronic -3:
the glows
Curious -3
Greedy -2
Stubborn -2
Gear: S&W Model 683 .44
magnum and a crowbar
(STR+1d8).

Personality

This is my block, brainer! Back away, or I'll beat you ugly wit dis crowbar. I'm packin' heat too. Mess wit' me an' I'll bust a cap in yo' ass.

Awright. Yeah, you just back on down there, punk. Now if you wanna deal, you come to the right place. I got everything you could want. Batteries, watches, compasses, ammo—even a rifle or two. But it'll cost ya. This stuff don't just walk outta the rubble, you know. Someone's gotta dig it out.

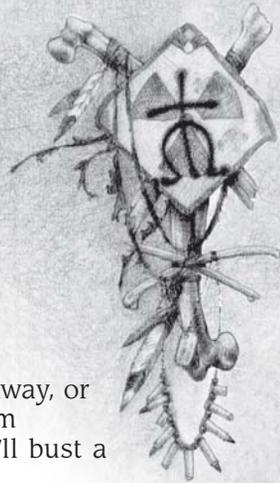
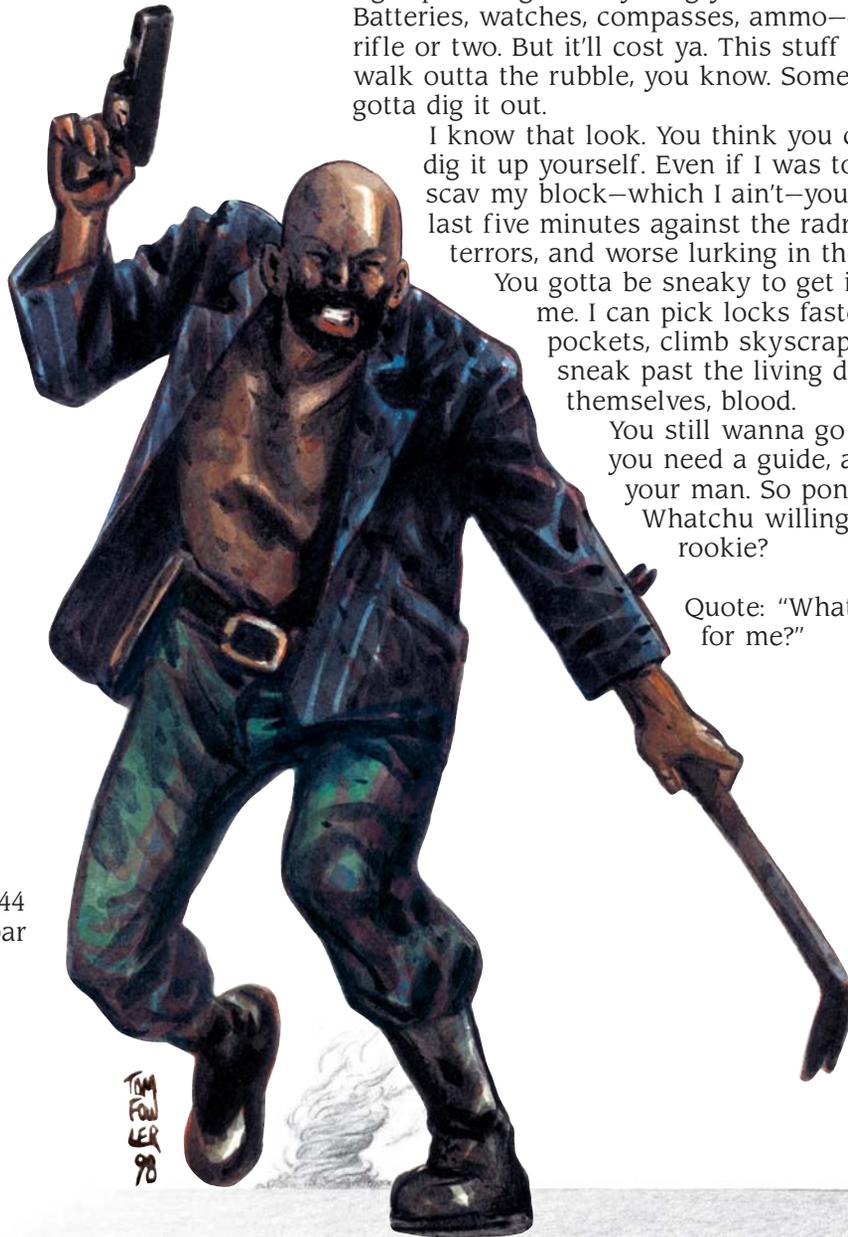
I know that look. You think you could just dig it up yourself. Even if I was to let you scav my block—which I ain't—you wouldn't last five minutes against the radrats, night terrors, and worse lurking in those ruins.

You gotta be sneaky to get in—like me. I can pick locks faster'n pockets, climb skyscrapers, an' sneak past the living dead themselves, blood.

You still wanna go in? Then you need a guide, an' I'm your man. So pony up.

Whatchu willing to trade, rookie?

Quote: "What's in it for me?"



Archetypes

Witch

Traits & Aptitudes

Deftness 2d10
Shootin': shotgun 4
Throwin': unbalanced 4
Nimbleness 3d6
Climbin' 1
Sneak 3
Strength 3d6
Quickness 4d6
Vigor 1d6
Cognition 4d10
Search 3
Knowledge 2d12
Area knowledge 2
Academia: occult 4
Language 2
Medicine: general 3
Witchcraft 5
Mien 1d6
Smarts 2d10
Ridicule 4
Scroungin' 3
Spirit 3d8
Guts 4
Wind 14
Pace 6
Edges:
Arcane background:
witch 3
Belongin's 2: *How to Serve Your Man*.
Purty 1
"The Voice" 1: Soothing.
Hindrances:
Curious -3
Stubborn -2
Superstitious -2
Yearnin' -3: To find more volumes of *How to Serve Your Man*.
Powers: See page 103.
Gear: Pump shotgun, 25 shells, *How to Serve Your Man*, and \$50.

Personality

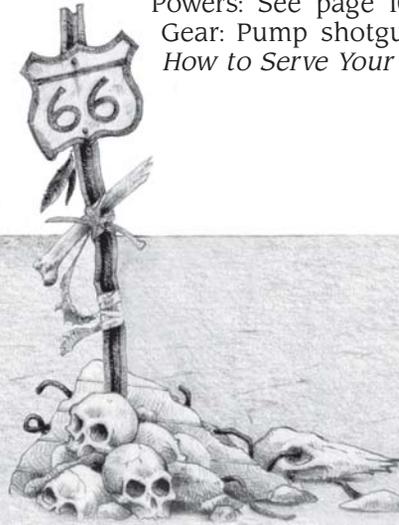
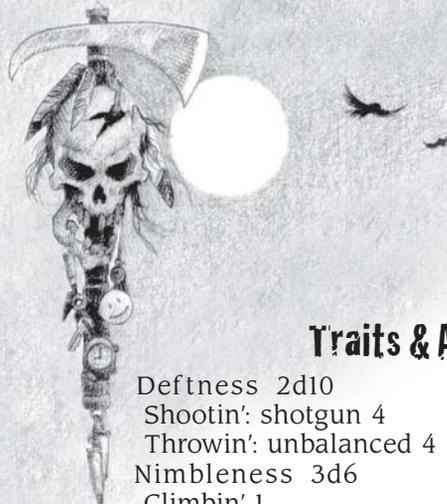
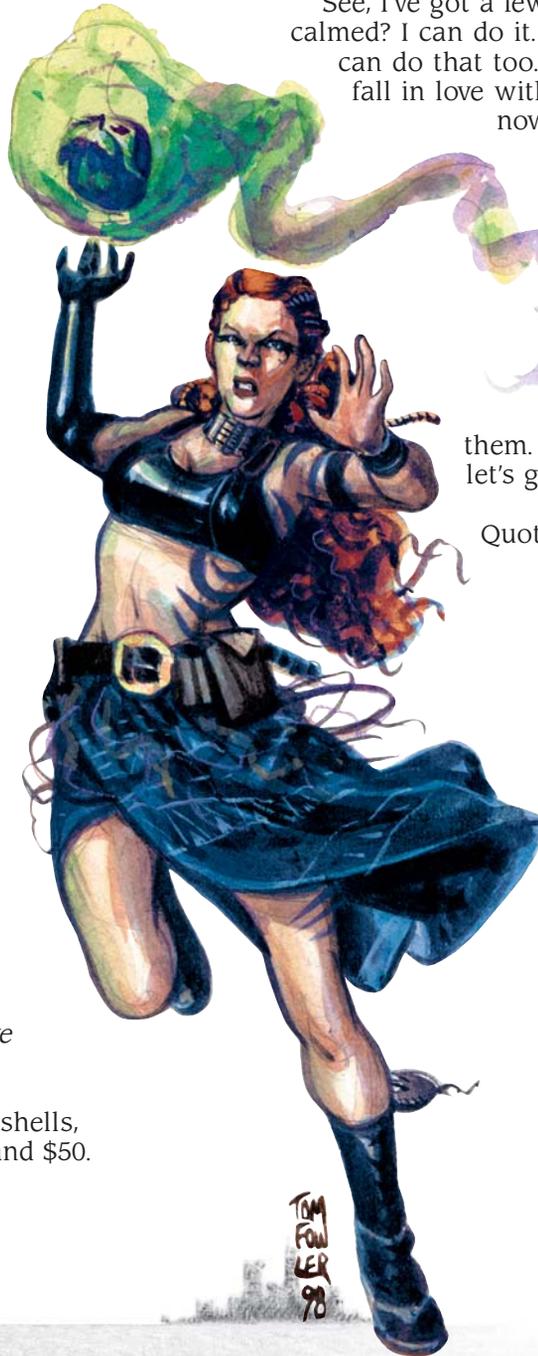
Hi there! I hear you're looking for someone to join your team. I'm your gal.

See, I've got a few secrets. You want a critter calmed? I can do it. Need a guard put to sleep? I can do that too. Or I can make the poor sap fall in love with me. Like you're starting to now.

That's good brew, isn't it? Yes, it's my special cider. Just keep drinking. It's safe, and you'll love me for it. That's a promise.

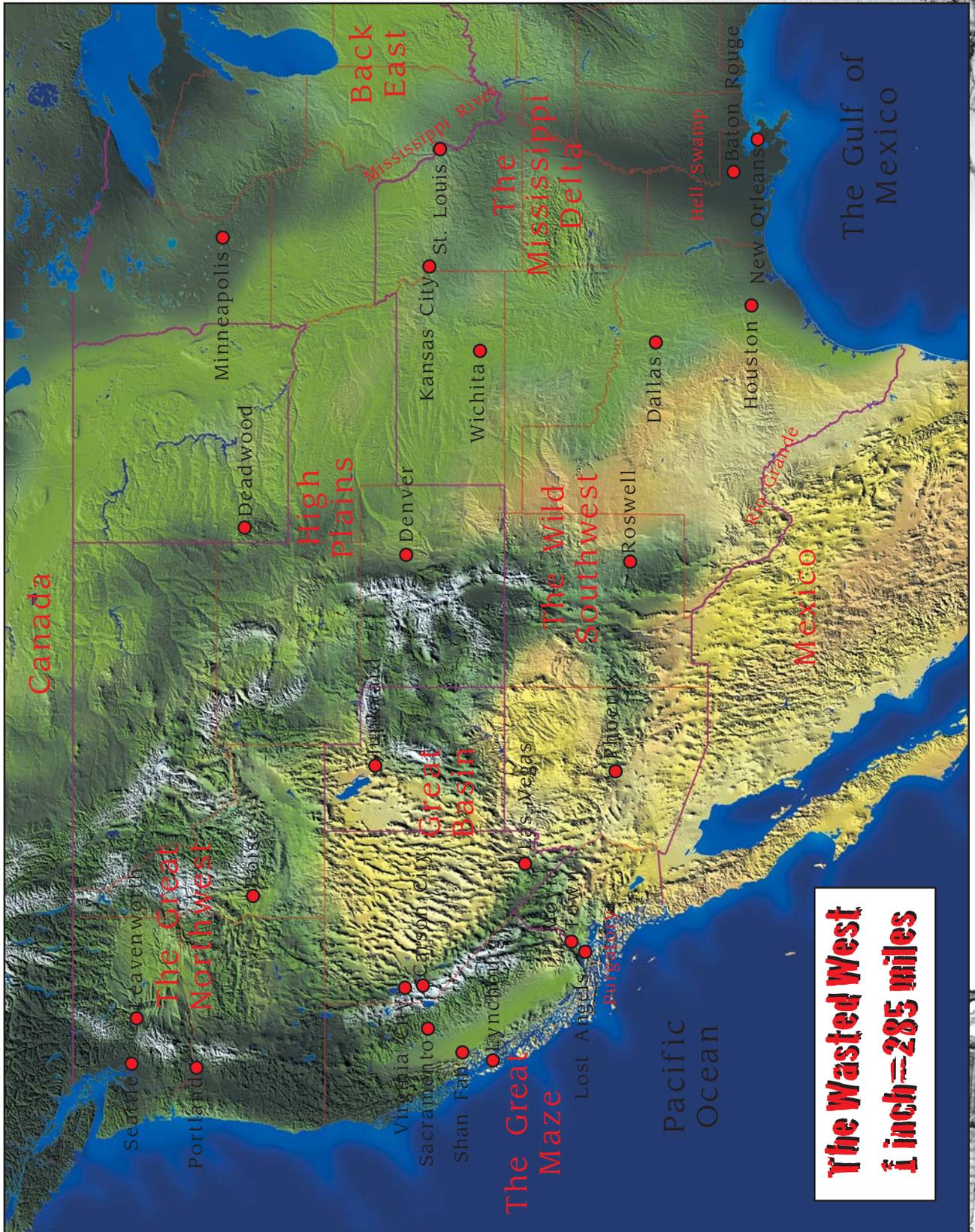
Now, when do we go? I'm looking for some things, and I think you and your gang might lead me to them. So get my bags, lover, and let's get moving.

Quote: "Let's get cookin'!"



Scenes from the Wasted West

A satellite map of the Wasted West, courtesy of ComNet.



Original map courtesy of Ray Sterner. © 1998 Ray Sterner. Used with permission. See his website at <http://www.fermi.jhuapl.edu/res>.

Scenes from the Wasted West

A junker unleashes his newest creation on a horror of the Wasted West.



Scenes from the Wasted West

A syker vents her full mental fury on a Mojave rattler, to little appreciable effect.



Posse: 47



Scenes from the Wasted West

A Templar and his syker companion make short work of some road-gangers.



Scenes from the Wasted West

A motley crew of wasters battle a horde of savage croakers!



Posse: 49



Scenes from the Wasted West

Combine showdown! Cole Ballad decides discretion is the better part of valor.



Initiating reboot sequence
working = working = working

Ready.

Initiating program Jo = 1



A picture of me, Jo, preparing to kick some undead scum-sucker's teeth in.

Welcome

Name's Jo. I'm lying in a bed talking into one of these freaky palmcoders, some geek-gadget my husband would have liked.

Why am I doing this? Yesterday, a trog ripped me open like an overcooked souffle. I tried to heal it—I'm a Templar—but it didn't take. Now I figure I'm meat, but I'm gonna do some damage to the Reckoners before I go by telling someone else how to kill 'em.

You see, I owe the bastards.

Before yesterday, I was the baddest Templar you'd ever want to meet. I can shoot the eye out of a night terror at a hundred yards and turn a diablo into a tasty side of beef with my sword. I even kicked our Grandmaster's ass once—I'll tell you about it later if I live that long. Only reason I got ripped up by a trog was because the first 50 dulled my blade.

That's now. I was a different person 13 years ago, before the war. You'd never guess what I did. I was a housewife.

I had a good husband. (He got drafted and died somewhere in Kansas.) I had two kids. But I don't want to talk about that.

These days I've replaced my spatula with a broadsword and my apron for a Templar's tabard—and I'm the baddest you've ever seen. I'm not bragging. I'm telling you that so you know I'm deadly serious about the crazy things I'm gonna tell you. 'Cause if you don't take me seriously, my ghost is gonna come back and rip out your heart.

So listen up, and pay attention. I'm going to record everything I know in this little geek-box. Every rumor, secret, legend, or fable I've ever heard. Run around the West stomping the Hell out of the critters that spawn these tales, and you'll screw the Reckoners hard. With a little luck, a lot of work, and more blood than you can imagine, we might even destroy the bastards.

The Reckoners

Let's start with the Reckoners themselves. There are a thousand rumors about the freaks, but no one *really* knows anything. I'll tell you what I think and what some other eggheads and wackos think, but don't take it too seriously. Most of it's probably wrong because the simple truth is that no one knows—at least no one on the good guys' side.

First off, not every survivor you meet believes in the Reckoners. See, after the Four Horsemen showed up, they mostly relied on armies they

created to fight for them. Folks who weren't in the hordes' way only heard tales. While they probably believe the dead can walk, they're not ready to accept that the Four Horsemen are riding the Earth. In an average settlement, I'd say about half the folks believe in the Reckoners. The other half know the tales but don't believe what they haven't seen with their own eyes. They may not openly *disbelieve*—they just don't think about it.

Even those who do believe don't know much about the Reckoners' history. They just know they appeared out of the ether one lousy morning and started raising undead hordes. But if you're gonna fight them and their creations, you need to know a little more, so I'm going to tell you everything I've learned in the last decade.

The Great Spirit War

It seems the Reckoners have been around for a long time. Maybe as long as time itself. To understand what's going on around here, you have to start over a thousand years back.

The Indians talk about a Great Spirit War that must have happened sometime after the Dark Ages. Evidently, things were pretty dismal back then—kind of like now. Monsters roamed the countryside, devils stalked the streets, and those fire-breathing dragons of myth might just have been real.

So all the greatest Indian witch doctors of the time (shamans to be more precise)—the Old Ones, they were called—decided to do something about it. There was no way they could stop the evil that men do, but they did figure out a way to get rid of most of the freaks.

The Old Ones knew that demons (manitous, to Indians) were the earthly servants of greater evils (the Reckoners) and that, without them, the Reckoners were powerless. So they looked for a way to destroy the demons. For that, they had to go into the Hunting Grounds, a sort of "spirit world" these things called home.

I don't know exactly what happened there, but the Old Ones found out they couldn't actually destroy the manitous—they could only keep them from coming to Earth. And that required the Old Ones to stay in the Hunting Grounds as well. Raw deal, huh?

They did it by battling all the most powerful manitous one at a time, until each and every one had been defeated and forced into a binding contract. The agreement was that *all* the demons would not return to the lands of humanity as long as the shamans remained in the Hunting Grounds.



113

Enter Raven

Fast forward several hundred years. Along came another Indian shaman named Raven. His whole village got wiped out by the white man, and he carried a grudge to Hell and back. Literally. Raven gathered up others who had suffered like him—the Last Sons—and set off for the Hunting Grounds through the very same portal the Old Ones had used. (Notice it's almost always men who cause all the trouble. Damn testosterone junkies.)

The Last Sons hunted down and murdered the Old Ones, which freed the manitous from their curse. The demons said “thanks” by zipping back down to Earth to do what they always do: stir up trouble and cause fear. And it's that fear that feeds the Four Horsemen.

That was in 1863, just as the First Civil War was getting hot and heavy.

The Reckoners Return

The Reckoners must have noticed that their dinner was on the table just waiting for them. Only this time they weren't fooling around. They were gonna fill the Earth with fear, then walk upon it in the flesh. The problem was the Reckoners need a certain level of “fear energy” to survive, kind of like a fish needs water. That's why they began the long, slow process of “terrorforming” the Earth.

This time, they invested more of their precious energy to pepper the land with horrors. They didn't overdo it. That would have taken too much energy and just turned humans into fighters instead of cattle. So they just slowly created monsters here and there, stocking the darkness at the borders of civilization with critters drawn from humanity's nightmares.

The investment paid off as each new horror created more fear, slowly building the perfect climate for their masters' eventual arrival.

The Harrowed

One side-effect of all this Reckoning crap is that folks don't always stay dead. I'm not talking about plain, old zombies. I'm talking about the Harrowed. We Templars call 'em “deaders.”

See, when really tough hombres die, they are occasionally brought back to life by those same manitous I've been yapping about. It's not really “possession,” because the human soul inside is in charge most of the time. But occasionally the little demon inside takes over and causes no end of mischief and confusion.

If you wind up traveling with one of these freaks, keep a close eye on him. The Harrowed

are tough as Hell and kill monsters like nobody's business. But every now and again, the demons make them do stuff you just won't believe.

If one ever gets really out of hand, you might have to put him down. The only way to do it is to destroy the brain. That sends both the soul and the demon inside to Hell. So I've been told.

The Good Guys

It's easy to understand why there weren't so many monsters in the world between the Great Spirit War and the start of the Reckoning. But what a lot of folks don't get is why all the good guys' powers seemed to come back as well.

Truthfully, I don't know, but I suspect it has something to do with independence. If you've ever raised a child, you know you want her to do things for herself most of the time. It's the only way she'll learn. But when things are impossible, or the odds are stacked against her, you give her a little help.

I suspect the powers of “good” are like that as well. When the Reckoners weren't messing with us, then God, Allah, the nature spirits, or whatever you believe in mostly left us alone. There were miracles, but they didn't happen every week like they do now. When the Reckoning started again, the good powers decided to help again. The priests of old could call down columns of Hellfire, and we Templars today can heal a wound with a touch.

That's one theory, anyway.

The Book of Revelations

A lot of folks are pretty curious about the Book of Revelations (that's a chapter in the Bible for all you heathens out there). According to the Bible, the Four Horsemen are supposed to be tools of God, riding about the Earth, mopping up the unfaithful who were left behind on Judgment Day (which most folks reckon as the day the bombs dropped—September 23, 2081).

That doesn't quite jibe with the “ultimate evil” tag most folks attach to the Reckoners. It also doesn't explain why Templars and the few preachers who are left get holy power to use against the Reckoner's minions. I mean, if they're God's tools, why does He give us power to fight them? And why are they so damn evil?

So what's the deal? I'm clueless, but here are a few of the theories I've heard.

Once I split a Doomsayer from crotch to chin (don't worry, he was one of the bad kind). He was preaching to a pack of mutants when I caught him, and he was saying something about how the norms had it all wrong. The Four Horsemen aren't evil—they're just tools of “the

gods," sent to destroy the old civilization (like Noah's flood) and give birth to the new. Sounds like Cult of Doom propaganda to me.

A Templar friend of mine says something similar, however. That the Reckoners aren't really evil—they're just doing the only thing they know how to do. It just seems evil when one of their minions is stuffing you down its gullet. In that case, Judgment Day was real, and those of us left here are forsaken. I punched out his lights for that one. Besides the fact that it just offends me to no end, it doesn't explain why the good guys are still getting power from the Heavens.

Screw both theories. The Reckoners aren't mindless forces of destruction—they're the sheer embodiment of cunning, diabolical *evil*. Trust me, I've fought enough of their creations and lost enough family to know. And they aren't mindless tools of some angry God. Those *monsters* know exactly what they're doing.

So what's my theory? Glad you asked.

An old prospector I ran into said something about the Four Horsemen being tempted by the Devil. At the beginning of time, God created the four servants of destruction just as described in the Book of Revelations. But they weren't just tools—they were Angels just like the Devil. Lucifer told the Four Horsemen that Judgment Day was tens of thousands of years away, and that once they fulfilled their function, their Maker would just destroy them anyway. That didn't sound so good, so these freethinking beings rebelled and joined Satan in his fall.

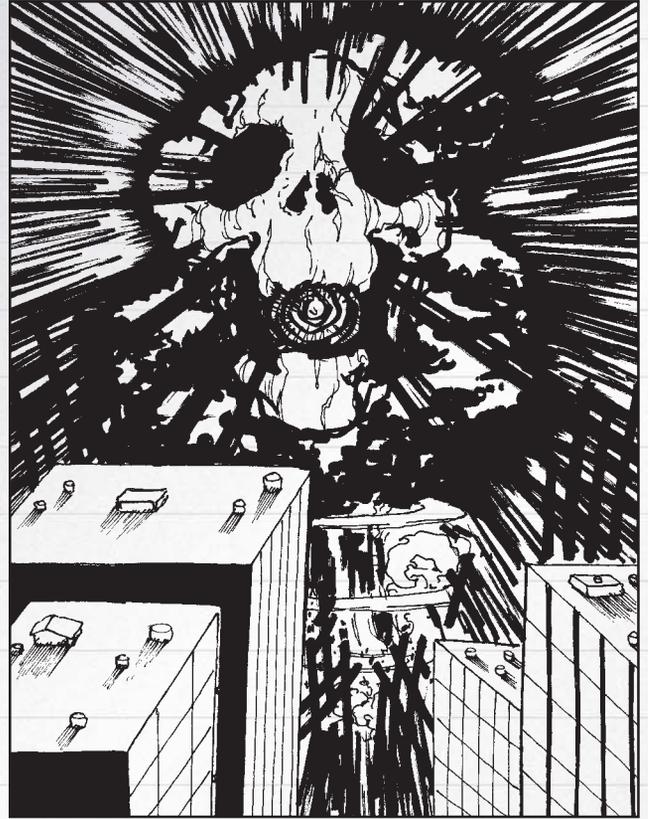
The Fifth Horseman?

That's the scariest theory, because it means there's a fifth "Horseman": Lucifer himself.

I don't know the truth, and no one else does either. Just remember one thing: the Reckoners turned our planet into Hell on Earth, and we've got to make them pay for it. That means tearing every one of those bastards a new ass-chute by killing off their creations and getting rid of the fear—'cause that's what they feed off of.

See, Reckoners without fear and destruction are like fish out of water. They start to "suffocate." Some folks think that now that they're here, we might just be able to destroy them forever if we can drain the water out of the pond, so to speak. That means killing off their monsters and giving people hope so their fear isn't feeding the Horsemen.

By the way, anybody who isn't part of the solution is part of the problem. If you can't get the locals to listen up, smack 'em around a little. Or tell them you won't wipe out whatever's threatening them if they don't help. They'll usually see the light.



A ghost-rock bomb, known as a "city-buster," in action.

The Last War

We used to live in a world of instant news. CNN and other stations beamed signals to satellites and down to our TV sets. Now kids don't even know what TV is, and it's up to folks like me to spread what news gets around.

Even in the final months of the war, a lot of people in the battlezones went without power and news. These days, once I show my tabard, younger folks always ask me what happened in the final days of the war. Here's my account to the best of my memory. Remember I was watching soap operas 'til Roger got drafted, so get off my case if I get a few details wrong.

The Hauptman Survey

I don't know his first name, but Hauptman was some big-shot geologist who had studied rocks for half a century. (Ooh, that had to be exciting.) He claimed the world's supply of ghost rock would run out in 20 years. That's still a lot of rock, especially today when all you have to do is bring power to a few hundred folks in a town. But imagine if you were the leader of a superpower, responsible for billions.



113

The next decade saw scores of little wars break out over ghost-rock deposits, mostly in Africa, South America, Asia Minor, and the Far East. Heavily industrialized nations could still get ghost rock from their own deposits as well as new ones that had been discovered in the distant Faraway system, so they stayed out of it for the most part. Of course, they had to pay Wasatch Industries to ship things to and from the alien system through the "Tunnel," but it was still well worth the expense. (The Tunnel's a gateway in space that leads to the Faraway system. It was opened in 2044, in case you're not familiar with it.)

In 2074, things in Faraway went to Hell. The aliens on the planet Banshee buddied up with a bunch of traitorous humans and attacked. Without getting into the details of the Faraway War here, let's just say it made it very expensive for anyone to ship ghost rock back home.

All eyes turned greedily to the areas richest in ghost rock. Out here in the West, that was the Black Hills, scattered veins in the Rockies, and the mother lode of them all: the Maze.

They used to say that whoever controlled the ghost rock controlled the world. I guess some folks took that to heart.

Viva *Esmerelda*!

You can imagine just how tense everyone was about ghost rock running out. I suppose it was inevitable—men being men and all—that the fighting would eventually involve most every nation on Earth.

The first real incident of the coming war occurred on Faraway. Besides the ghost rock mined on Banshee, folks used to mine ore from the asteroid belt as well. One day, around 2077 or so, a Latin American Alliance (LatAm) ore-trawler named the *Esmerelda* got in trouble far out in the system and signaled for help.

A Confederate ship relatively nearby, the *Dellinger*, received the SOS and communicated with the *Esmerelda* for a time, but then left without providing assistance. No one knows why to this day. After beaming SOS transmissions to other ships, both vessels were hit by asteroids and destroyed.

The War Begins

The Latin Alliance protested the *Dellinger's* "murderous breach of interplanetary conduct" and petitioned the UN for sanctions. Some fishy stuff happened, but the UN never took a stand, and the Confederates went unpunished.

Things turned from bad to worse when a group of Mexican tourists were murdered in Texas. LatAm then petitioned the UN once more,

this time demanding that the Confederate States of America pay "reparations" for their "many acts of cowardice and violence" by ceding Southern California, which they claimed had been stolen from them over 200 years ago anyway. I guess the Alliance figured if it couldn't get justice, it would get ghost rock.

Of course the UN said no, having about as much authority among its members as a minnow swimming with sharks.

The Silent War

The Last War started with a whimper, and no one guessed it would end with such a bang.

Months of mysterious sabotage, computer viruses, and other strangeness crippled the Rebels' defenses and spread their resources thin. Then, on February 22, 2078, LatAm launched a joint land, air, and sea attack.

Alliance paratroopers secured key CSA anti-air installations, allowing the air force to bomb Confederate military bases. I'm told this was quite an accomplishment and that the CSA's computerized defenses may have been hit with some kind of virus first.

Air superiority allowed the land force, made up of the huge Mexican Army, to move north virtually unopposed. Mexican motorized infantry and armored divisions rolled through Southern California and Texas before drawing their "line in the sand" at Phoenix, Arizona.

But it was the sea force that proved the most effective in actually conquering the SoCal Maze. A network of submarines, saboteurs, and seaplanes sunk CSA ships in their harbors just before dawn. Minutes later, missile boats took out coastal batteries on the outskirts of the Maze, then bombarded towns.

That cleared the way for the second land force: a fleet of hydrofoils loaded with thousands of LatAm troops.

General Ramirez

The Mexican land force was commanded by General Carlos Santa Anna Ramirez. If you know anything about history, you'll recognize Ramirez's middle names. (I didn't until Roger told me.) Santa Anna was the Mexican general who killed all those folks at the Alamo, got whipped in 1846, then invaded the Maze in 1877. It's strange how history repeats itself.

Anyway, the Mexicans had a 200-year-old chip on their shoulder, and they kicked serious ass in the first few months of the war. Then they hit what was supposed to be their last objective: Phoenix. Trouble was, no one told the people of Phoenix they were supposed to lose. They held out for months before Ramirez finally took the

city in a bloody assault. And they accepted no quarter for their Pyrrhic victory.

The Siege of Lost Angels

Further west, the LatAm amphibious force went through SoCal like a hot knife through butter. But the butter had a lump of iron at the bottom: the City of Lost Angels.

I know you kids out there don't learn much history these days, so I'll tell you about the Holy City of Lost Angels later on. For now, all you need to know is that it was a "holy" city full of monks, priests, and so on (like the Vatican, if you know what that is). It even had its own army: the Guardian Angels.

I don't know what possessed the LatAm invaders to attack Lost Angels—the city wasn't part of the Confederacy—but they did. They went through the suburbs of southern LA with no problem, but they couldn't crack the inner city—the Citadel—so they besieged it.

Remember Phoenix!

While the western force tried to starve out the Angels and the Mexicans got bogged down in Phoenix, the Rebs got their act together. By May of 2078, the Confederate Army was ready for a counterattack. Their goal was to cut the land forces' overland lines of supply and communication.

The Rebel force was commanded by General "Harley" Harlow. (They called him that because he rode a big Harley everywhere.) The Mexicans were ready for hordes of Confederate troops, but they weren't ready for CSA troops in the newest generation of powered battlesuits. With cries of "Remember Phoenix!" the 1st Armored Infantry blasted through Phoenix and sent the Mexican Army retreating into SoCal and northern Mexico.

But Ramirez wasn't done yet. He had his LatAm allies abandon the siege of Lost Angels and move southeast to the Colorado River between Arizona and SoCal. The plan was for his fleeing troops to lead Harlow's force into an ambush.

The Battle of the Colorado

Harlow's soldiers rode smack into the trap and took it hard and fast. The 1st Armored Infantry took the brunt of the losses. Still, the Rebs were in a mean mood, and by the end of the day they had overrun the ambush. No quarter was expected or given on either side.

In the end, Ramirez managed to rally what was left of his forces and retreat before they could be completely annihilated by the angry CSA survivors.

Trail o' Blood

While the Confederate Air Force dueled the MAF in the skies and the two navies fought in the Pacific and in the narrow channels of the Maze, Harlow kept the Mexicans reeling. During a two-week-long running chase, Ramirez lost nearly half his force. The carnage only stopped when he reached fresh reinforcements newly landed outside Lost Angels.

By now the Confederates had moved reinforcements west as well. The two forces fought one last battle 60 miles south of LA, but the invaders were doomed to lose. Ramirez decided to get his kiester out of town.

LatAm hydrofoils picked up the remnants of the assault force and vamoosed. Unfortunately for them, the CAF had just won air superiority. The Rebel fighters went in low and chased the hydrofoils through the chasms of the Maze in a running battle that would have made one Hell of a movie. The "Channel of Doom" is now filled with sunken ships, wrecked planes, and the bloated corpses of all those fleeing Mexican troops.

Ramirez' Secret

One of the small groups that was captured—to everyone's surprise—held General Ramirez himself. You got to give the man a few points for loyalty. He stayed until all his troops were on board transports, but then got cut off and surrounded before he could escape. Even worse for him—and maybe the world too—he didn't manage to get himself killed.

Confederate interrogators didn't care much that Ramirez had done his own troops right. All they remembered was the massacre at Phoenix and the bloody battles they had fought at the Colorado and Lost Angels. They "extracted" information from him and discovered a secret only a few had guessed.

Though the Latin American Alliance had fared well in the 21st Century, the real money and technology for their invasion had come from a coalition of nations led by the United States—the so-called "Northern Alliance." Even more outrageous, the NA had been conducting a covert war on SoCal for years—especially since President John Romero got in office. From spiking wells with strange drugs to creating mysterious creatures to frighten settlers out in the isolated towns, the NA had slowly been trying to drive the Confederates from the Maze and reclaim all of California—and its valuable ghost-rock deposits—for itself. The whole *Esmerelda-Dellinger* incident had been a convenient spark.

Welcome to World War III

Roger and I lived in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Like most every other Northerner, we were none too pleased to find out our government, particularly President Romero, an ex-movie director of all things, was behind all this. So we impeached the son-of-a-bitch just before the '78 election.

The new President, our sixth female Commander-in-Chief, was Mary Rose Tremane. She tried to make peace, but it was too late. The Rebs borrowed an idea from the LatAm Alliance and decided they wanted all of California as "repayment." To back it up, they said they wouldn't leave northern LA, a Union city, until their demands were met.

Every Rose Has It's Thorn

Mary Rose showed her mettle and ordered a strike on a CSA supply depot and cruise missile site in Oklahoma. I guess she figured the Southerners would take her seriously without getting too pissed off since the facilities were unstaffed, but the damn Rebs are nothing if not hot-headed. The missile strike just kindled their fire. The CSA President, Allen Sothby, was already under pressure to declare war on us "Northern instigators," so he did.

His troops just over the border in NorCal threw out all the Union civilians in LA and started setting up defenses. Both sides mobilized and gathered troops on either side of the Mason-Dixon Wall, all across the country. It didn't take

long for some trigger-happy fighter-jockeys to start launching missiles at each other, and the next thing you know, the next Civil War was on.

It didn't stop there. Both the USA and the CSA had treaties all over the world. During earlier conflicts between the North American neighbors, other nations had stayed out of our way. This time, ghost rock was getting scarce, and everyone wanted a piece. I can't remember which way every nation went.

Oh, I just figured out how to use the hyperlinks on this gizmo. Touch the vidpad on the link right here, and it'll take you to some extra notes I've made. Ain't technology grand? I'll list what nations I do remember. [For More Information](#)

Few foreign troops actually landed in North America in the first year, but some did. The rest fought all over the globe. The NA and the SA fought anywhere they rubbed borders or there was a big supply of ghost rock.

You should have seen the carnage. Hover tanks, armored battlesuits, nerve gas, bioweapons, killer satellites. Humanity's ability to kill had never been greater.

The first year was far and away the worst, and they were all pretty bad. By the time everyone figured out how devastating all the new secret weapons were, casualties per unit averaged out at 50%. Civilian casualties were even higher in towns and cities near the borders and next to the Mason-Dixon Wall.

Roger got drafted in late '79. I would have been drafted too—women got the draft starting in 2020, I think—but I lucked out. Roger didn't. He died in Kansas in March of '81. I don't know the day. They found him several days after the Battle of Lawrence. His body had been shredded too badly to send home, so all they sent me was his dog tags and a little American flag. Thanks for that.

I buried his tags in a coffin that wiped out our life savings. It's funny, but that's why I'm still here. I was out at his family cemetery in the country when the bombs fell.

Rest in peace, Roger.

Tremane's Assassination

Just before Christmas of 2080, President Tremane of the US and President Sothby of the CSA agreed to a cease-fire. Most of the other nations took the time off too. Sure they were regrouping instead of celebrating, but at least there was a week of peace.

During that time, I think all the leaders had a little time to realize just what they'd done. Everybody could see how bad things were. Talks were underway for a real peace when things went to Hell in a handbasket.

More 

Alliances

The Northern Alliance

Peoples Republic of China
Deseret (late in the war)
France

The Latin American Alliance
South Africa
United States of America

The Southern Alliance

The Warsaw Pact
Great Britain
Canada
Japan
Germany
Russia
Confederate States of America

The way the story goes, President Tremane spent her holiday touring the US and assessing the damage. Shortly after leaving Denver, Colorado, on January 1, 2081, Air Force One disappeared over the Rockies. They never found her plane. Roger wrote me a letter and said that was impossible for a plane to just disappear, even with most of the spy satellites out, but it happened.

Operation Overkill

Tremane's Vice President was Andrew Bates. He had barely figured out where the Capitol bathrooms were when Tremane went missing. Congress waited a week to make sure she didn't turn up, then swore Bates in sometime in January, 2081.

Bates had been a peacenik like Tremane, but he flipped out when the Pres went down. He said the Rebs shot Air Force One down during the cease-fire, but he couldn't prove it. When the peace talks understandably broke down, he swore he'd nuke a Southern city a week until they ceded SoCal as payment for Tremane's death.

That's when everyone started calling him "A-Bomb Andy." That was the first time anyone had seriously threatened using the awesome power of a ghost-rock bomb.

The Invasion of Mexico

Next thing you know, the damn Germans were landing in Mexico City. I guess they figured the cease-fire was over and they'd get in a cheap shot at the head of the LatAm Alliance before everyone picked up their guns again.

The Germans took the capital in days and then mixed it up with French troops guarding their embassy. The French made a courageous seven-day stand against overwhelming odds but were eventually overrun. The embarrassed Germans massacred the French Guards on the steps and left the French ambassador's head spiked on the front gate. Not too tactful, those Germans.

Beginning of the End

This was the beginning of the last phase of the war. Troops from the major powers had fought in the third world and North America, but none of them had actually battled invaders on their home turf. Days after the "Mexico City Massacre," the French crossed the Rhine and invaded Germany.

Two weeks later, the British landed at Normandy and battled their way onto the beaches with hovercrafts and dreadnought



The popular conception of what became of Air Force One.

battleships. This happened once before, in 1944 during World War II, but this time the Brits battled the French instead of the Germans, and this time they lost.

After that, there were huge battles in Asia, Africa, and South America. Russia and Japan invaded China. South Africa moved north against all the smaller nations before butting heads with Egypt. The oil fields of the Middle East caught fire as Iran and Iraq renewed their age-old feud.

The whole world was swallowed by war—or, come to think of it, *War*. I guess the Horsemen did most of his dirty work before the Reckoners appeared in the flesh.

Still, no one had dropped a real ghost-rock bomb. A-Bomb Andy started generals talking about it, but no one actually had the nerve to do it. Then Pakistan launched a single tac-nuke at their longtime enemy, India. The Pakistanis, in a fit of prophetic irony, nicknamed their weapon "Shiva," (the destroyer of worlds in Indian mythology).

Shiva hit an Indian Air Force base at the border, giving the Pakistanis air superiority. The attack didn't do them much good though. The Indian ground forces fought like devils and chased the invading infantry back to Pakistan. But the real damage had been done.

The Road to Hell

The road to Hell was paved with that lone missile. The unspoken rule had been broken.

A few weeks later, Great Britain, angry at having been repulsed from the beaches of Normandy, nuked the French coastal defenses and landed again, this time as the Germans staged a massive counterattack through Belgium and deep into the heart of France. Russia came to the Frenchies' aid, and all of Europe erupted in flame.

Hell at Home

The first tac-nuke used in North America was launched by the damn Canadians (and you thought they were all polite). They threw in with the Southerners and attacked the North through New England and Washington State—after taking out the border defenses with tac-nukes. Within two days or so, they had taken Boston and were moving south fast.

Things were pretty bad, but no one really expected what would come next.

The Big Bang

The bombs fell at 6:17 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, on September 23, 2081. Folks call it the Big Bang, the Apocalypse, the End, the End of the World, the Bomb, or simply Judgement Day.

As far as I know, every important target on Earth was hit. No one really knows, but estimates are that six of the seven billion people living on Earth died that day. And that was only the beginning.

City-Busters

Let's talk a little about the ghost-rock bombs themselves. Then you'll understand how anyone survived. Most of the bombs were "city-busters," designed to kill everyone in a city without totally destroying the buildings and the ability to later reclaim and occupy the target. Think of them as neutron bombs, only with a couple thousand screaming demons inside.

In case you don't know anything about the bombs' effects, here's a quick primer. From ground zero out to five miles is a wash. All but the biggest, toughest buildings turn to piles of rubble. Around this area a "ghost storm" forms.

From the walls of the maelstrom out to another 30 miles, the blast doesn't do much to the landscape, but it kills about half the population. Even hiding in a bomb shelter won't save you, because what kills most folks outside of ground zero is the thousands of screaming, damned souls released by the irradiated ghost

rock. These demons, manitous, or whatever you want to call them whirl around the blast site like a hurricane. Those who aren't killed by the demonic whirlwind are warped or mutated by the supernatural and radioactive energy.

After everyone's stopped dying and mutating, the storm remains. The spirits still swirl about the black clouds, but they no longer instantly kill or mutate anyone who passes through the 10-foot-thick walls. This still hurts a lot, and some folks don't survive, but most can. Personally, I eat the little bastards for breakfast.

The Deadlands

Of course the worst part is the land around the blast site becomes what's called a "Deadland." The plants die, the critters mutate into monsters, and horrors are plucked right out of humanity's nightmares and come to life.

That's what a city-buster does. There were bigger bombs used in the Last War, and smaller ones too. Even a couple of regular nukes were detonated—like the one in Kansas City, MO. (President Bates wasn't a Chief's fan.)

All together, all these detonations occurring with the space of a few hours created thousands of Deadlands. They linked together, turning the Earth into one great, big pit of fear.

That's what the Reckoners were waiting for.

The Four Horsemen

You might think fighting all over the world followed by a nuclear war would be punishment enough for whatever sins humanity committed, but it was really only the beginning.

Sometime after the dust settled, the Four Horsemen themselves appeared on Earth. Specifically, they appeared here in the American West. I don't know why. Maybe it's the climate, or maybe they like the cuisine. All I know is they showed up, raised armies from the dead, and set about decimating any large group of folks with the audacity to keep breathing.

By the way, take any physical description you get of the Horsemen with a grain of salt. These bastards can change the way they look just by thinking about it.

War

The first Horseman anyone knew about appeared in Kansas. It was War. "He" appeared as a massive corpse wielding a massive sword that can cleave a tank in two.

He rode about the war-torn state on his red charger, and every battlefield he crossed gave up



115

its dead to join his merciless army. Thousands of dead soldiers, most still with their arms and armor, spread out from Kansas to devastate the West in their master's name. (Thank God there was nothing left of Roger to raise. If I ever thought he'd become one of the walkin' dead, I'd rip my own jugular out.)

Some of War's minions were more powerful than others, and I'm told a few even merged with the wrecks of old military vehicles to become incredible war machines.

After he got through trashing Kansas, War stomped into the Dakotas and fought the Sioux. I hear they did a number on his army, but lost thousands of braves in the process.

Eventually, War tired of his easy victories and was the first of the Reckoners to cross the Mississippi. (The Sioux claim they ran him off.) His minions fought on for years, but most were eventually worn down by the Sioux or the hard-fighting militias of the towns in their path.

Famine

The second Horseman appeared as a gaunt woman somewhere out in the Maze. Famine rode her black steed right on top the waters of Prosperity Bay. An army of those cursed by her touch followed behind, walking out of Purgatory, the part of the Maze set on fire by the ghost-rock bombs.

Famine's most common troops are called "faminites." I understand these things were encountered many years ago, but they weren't undead. I don't know what changed, or if the old legends were just wrong. The way it works—and I've seen it plenty now—is that these unfortunate souls get infected with a disease that literally starves them to death. As they're dying, they become wild and ravenous, but don't usually try to eat their friends if they can get other food instead. Once they come back as undead, it's a different story. They aren't satisfied by anything but human flesh.

Anyway, the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels was in Famine's path. The High Priests put up a good fight, but Famine did in two days what the LatAm Alliance had been trying to do for months. More on what happened there later.

Famine then walked out of California and eastward, leaving a trail of starvation wherever she went before finally disappearing. Unfortunately, faminite outbreaks still occur from time to time. Sometimes you can save those infected before it's too late, but most times. The victims die less than a week after being infected, then come back as little more than a voracious monster that only looks like your Aunt Minnie.



War rides out. Where are the Four Horsemen now?

Pestilence

It took a few weeks for anyone to figure out where Pestilence was. (He's sometimes called the "Conqueror" in the Bible.) I guess "he" had to let some folks waste away before he could raise them as his new army. The bastard finally appeared in Texas on a stark-white horse. I'm told his first "harvest" of the dead came from a cemetery outside of Houston, where they'd buried the victims of a recent "tummy twister" outbreak.

Pestilence's undead are called "plague zombies." Like all the Horsemen, a few of his horde warped into worse. Some of the most well-known are disgusting creatures something like a starfish with slimy tentacles. I think they're a kind of full-grown tummy twister, because when they get hold of somebody they inject them with eggs that later give birth to the things.

Both plague zombies and the twisters—small and large—are still around. Their touch is extremely infectious, and they carry all sorts of nasty diseases. Get nicked by any of them, and you're screwed. You can save all of us Templars the trouble of killing you by jumping off a tall cliff.

Death

Death showed up in (of course) Death Valley, California. I get the feeling Death is the "leader" of the Four Horsemen. Regardless of whether you starve, die of disease, or get shot in battle, you still wind up in Death's arms.

Fortunately, his lowest minions are the least dangerous of the lot. I don't mean to play down the horror of a leering dead man trying to eat your brains, but compared to the other Horsemen's minions, they're easy. Shoot 'em in the head, and they drop like a sack of Idahos.

Death's greater minions make up for it, though. Huge robots, giant skeletons with scythes for arms. Bad stuff. I recommend rocket launchers. If you don't have one, try your shoes. Put 'em on your feet, and run like Hell, 'cause you ain't gonna' kill 'em with a popgun.

Let's not even talk about fighting Death itself. Anyone who gets a good look at this black-cloaked figure on a pale horse keels over dead as a doorknob. No fight; no second chance. You're just stone-cold dead.

I'm only guessing at the cloak and the horse from the Bible, Blue Oyster Cult album covers, and old Bergman films. Anyone who's actually seen Death doesn't talk much afterward.



Walkin' dead, the meat-and-potatoes troops of the Four Horsemen.

Servitors

The Librarians (a group of survivors dedicated to saving knowledge—more about those pains in my ass later), have compiled a great deal of information on the Reckoning and its horrors. One of the most startling things I've heard about recently is what the bookworms call the "servitors."

See, every now and again you'll run into some monster cut right from the cloth of Death, Famine, Pestilence, or Plague. Some look vaguely human, but most are pure nightmare. All of them are nearly unbeatable but were once as human as you and me.

Here's what the Librarians figure. Certain evil individuals can actually "sell their souls" and become direct servitors of the Reckoners. The Reckoners don't appear like the Devil in some Faustian drama and offer power for a signature on a contract (I don't think). The servitors just slowly transform into a living embodiment of the evil they do. Say a man hoards food from his neighbors. Over time, and given enough opportunities to choose selfishness and evil over good, he might become a servitor.

Then one day, after a particularly evil act, he actually transforms into some sort of horror of the Apocalypse. I'll describe the few I know about in Hell's Atlas (see page 72) so you'll have an idea what to look for, but remember they're all individuals and they're all different—even servitors of the same Horseman.

The really dangerous part is that they become nearly indestructible. Run across a servitor of Death, and you can't just plug him in the heart. You have to find some chink in his armor. Usually this is something from the servitor's human past, so plan on doing a little investigation before you get in a fight with one.

Fortunately, there aren't many of these things. There are maybe a dozen servitors for each of the Horsemen. I'll tell you about some of the people and creatures suspected of being servitors in my tour of the Wasted West. (Keep reading—you'll get there.)

Servants of Evil

The servitors I just told you about were all transformed after the Apocalypse, but it seems the Reckoners had a few allies on Earth before the bombs as well. Each of the Horsemen had a servant here in the West—maybe elsewhere as well, but all I know about is here. These servants were twisted souls who prepared for the Horsemen's coming by instigating death, famine,

pestilence, or war. They didn't physically transform like those who became servitors after the bomb, but they did a whole lot more damage. These bastards are traitors to the human race—Hell, to life itself. Fortunately, all but one of them died a long time ago. Well, technically they *all* died a long time ago, but one of them's still kicking. You'll see what I mean in a minute.

Here's what the Librarians have found out about each of them. You may find this stuff pointless now, but one day it may prove important.

Death

A gunfighter named Stone is definitely Death's favorite whipping boy. He's been Harrowed since the beginning of the Reckoning, so he's had a lot of time to kill. If he put a notch on his pistol for every man, woman, and child he's killed, he'd have nothing left but barrels to club people with.

Stone is the only one of these traitors left. From those who have seen him, he looks just like he did back in the old days, and he's meaner than ever.

Fortunately (in a strange way), when it comes to killing he's a big believer in quality over quantity. You won't hear about him riding into a town and gunning down everyone in sight (too often). Instead, Stone goes after do-gooders. Law Dogs and Templars are favorite targets, but there are plenty of others as well. The last name on his hit list was a wendigo hunter up in Washington State.

I've heard some other weird rumors about Stone. Something about him going back in time and killing off heroes to make sure the Reckoners won. That's too much of a paradox for me to handle, but you can investigate it further if you want. Personally, I think it's a load of hoey made up by sissies who can't handle the way the world turned out.

Famine

This one's hard to prove, but the Librarians have an old report written by a Pinkerton named Hellman that says the beginning of the Church of Lost Angels was not all purity and light. This Hellman character actually lived in Lost Angels in the late 1800s, and he claimed that the founder of the Church, Reverend Grimme, was actually the leader of a cannibal cult!

That's pretty hard to swallow. I mean, it's like saying the Pope was the ringleader of a kiddie prostitution ring. Still, the notes were very specific. If they're true, then I'd guess Grimme was Famine's lieutenant in the food-starved Maze. Even in later years, there was always a

food shortage, blight, or drought around the City of Lost Angels, so it certainly points to *someone* in the area being the Horseman's herald.

Grimme disappeared under mysterious circumstances sometime before the turn of the last century. I have no idea who might have taken over his role after his death, or even if someone had to replace him. Maybe he did all he needed. It's not like the Reckoners put out a rulebook on how these things work.

Don't ever mention what I said about Grimme to one of the wandering survivors of the Church, by the way. They're not likely to forgive you for blaspheming their holy organization.

Pestilence

I can't quite figure this one out. There was a fellow named Ernst Biren who spread plagues all over Europe, and he did eventually come to the US and settle somewhere near Louisiana, but the bookworms can't find any other references to him. They also can't find any information saying Biren was responsible for any of the big epidemics that rocked the South in later years. It's possible the creep was never caught, of course, but you'd think the Librarians would know something after 200 years.

Sorry I can't be more specific, but if Biren wasn't Pestilence's servant, I don't know who was. At any rate, he's been dead a long time now. Good riddance.

War

The most easily identifiable servant of the Reckoners is Raven, the shaman who started this whole mess. Raven prolonged the Civil War and caused numerous fights with the Indians, so it's a safe bet his master is War. He also triggered the Great Quake, revealing enough ghost rock to start the Great Rail Wars and, later on, the Last War.

Raven disappeared about a hundred years ago. He definitely didn't die of natural causes because he was already over 200 years old when he went missing. How's that possible? Who knows? How'd he start the quake? Or get to the Hunting Grounds? It's magic, brainer. Maybe the Rangers or the Agency got him (see the Law Dogs, in *Who's Who*, page 62). Or maybe the Old Ways Sioux caught the son of a bitch. They still hate him for poisoning the world and starting the Order of the Raven, young Sioux braves who revolted against their elders. If that's the case, I'd hate to think what happened to him. The Indians aren't kind to hated enemies.

Whatever happened, I guess someone finally finished Raven for good. He hasn't been heard from in over a century.

A Tour of the Wasted West

I've traveled all over what's left of the West, and seen things you won't believe. I know you probably believe in a lot of things—having the walking dead creep through your city makes most things seem pretty tame. But there's far worse than even zombies out there, and I think the human mind just can't really believe in something until it sees the damn thing for itself.

That's fine. You don't have to believe in all the things I'm going to tell you—you just have to be prepared. That way you can kill the damn thing instead of denying that it just bit your head off.

Who's Who?

I got a lot of weird places and things to tell you about, but before I do, you need to know who the movers and shakers are. For now, let's focus on the big boys.



121

The Combine

Mix an absolute bastard and warmonger with a threshing machine, and you've got General Throckmorton's Combine. This ass was once a Confederate detention-camp commander. When the bombs fell, his mobile prison survived. He liberated his prisoners in exchange for their loyalty, confiscated all the captured equipment in his motor pool, and marched out of the Rockies toward Denver.

When he got there, he found the city in ruins, just like everywhere else, except for one curious section on the outskirts of the Mile High City. That's where Dr. Darius Hellstromme had created his automated factories. Evidently, Hellstromme had somehow shielded the factory here, just as he had his old haunts in Salt Lake City, Utah. More on that later, but in short, Throckmorton took over the factory and reprogrammed the famous automatons to be loyal to him.

Now the Combine recruits flesh-and-blood goons to supplement its growing automated army. Throckmorton says his goal is to "reunite" the West and then the world. I'd replace "reunite" with "conquer." Freakin' men. Every one of 'em thinks he's the next Napoleon.

Black Hats

The foot soldiers of the Combine are the Black Hats. They are by far the largest part of Throckmorton's army. They don't have uniforms, so they mark their station by wearing whatever kind of black hat they can scavenge.

Black Hats aren't the soldiers Throckmorton walked out of the Rockies with. They're wasteland scum who decided to join the Combine instead of fighting it. After a few weeks of "indoctrination" in Denver, they have a chip implanted in their head. This little chip senses when its host dies or ventures too far away from his equipment. You'll see why when I get to Booby Traps (on the next page).

After some brief training, new Black Hats are turned loose with weapons and plenty of ammo. Then they're formed into platoons of 20 or so and given a couple of vehicles powered by spook juice. (You'd think the Combine could make nuclear batteries like in the old days, but I guess they wouldn't be able to use their spoils to resupply in the field.)

From this point on, Black Hats are on their own. Their job is to simply go out into the wastes and force any settlements they come across to give them food, weapons, spook juice, or whatever else the patrol feels it needs. If the town refuses, the Black Hats attack.

Many of the patrols are wiped out. There are a lot of tough survivors out there. The only time Black Hats can count on reinforcements is when they make a deal with another Black Hat patrol. Even that's tough, because Combine radio messages don't travel any further than anyone else's.

Tribute Caravans

Very rich settlements, especially those with ghost rock, are often made to put together a "tribute" caravan and send it to Denver. The Combine might not care what happens to individual Black Hat patrols, but it doesn't tolerate losing a tribute caravan.

When that happens, Black Hats return and hold the town directly responsible. The reason doesn't matter. Even if muties wiped out the caravan, the Black Hats claim the town didn't protect it well enough.

Punishment for failing to pay tribute usually means the town leader is executed and everyone else has to pony up twice as much for a new caravan. If there's trouble in these situations, the Black Hats can usually count on reinforcements. Assuming they can contact them, that is.

Strike Forces

On rare occasions, I've seen helicopters full of troops and a few automatons show up when the Black Hats fail at some particularly important mission. Once when they were after a ghost-rock bomb, for instance, the Combine sent all kinds of Hell raining down on the folks who got in their way.

So why doesn't Throckmorton retaliate every time his Black Hats get wiped out? Here's what I figure. The General is preparing for an eventual invasion of the West by his real army: automatons, warbots, and the like. In the meantime, his thugs spread a little fear for him and "map out" the paths of most resistance by getting fragged. That way, when his legions of steel come tromping out of Denver, he knows which settlements to stomp on first.

The Rest of the Troops

Closer to Denver are Throckmorton's more elite soldiers. They don't have uniforms or other ways to mark their rank, so like the Black Hats, each type of troop notes its position by the color of their headgear.

The Red Hats are at the top of the food chain. These bozos were the original prisoners or guards who accompanied the General from the Rockies. (The rest are promoted up through the ranks.) These people are tough. Even I can only handle a few dozen at a time. Think of them as super commandos.

Green Hats are technicians. I've only seen one once, and he was huddling inside a helicopter just praying he didn't have to make any repairs. It didn't matter much after we shot it down.

Those human troops are nasty, but all of them together couldn't stand against a single platoon of automatons. These incredible devices are pure killing machines. They have the brain of a zombie wired straight into a high-tech, heavily armed and armored chassis. Congratulations if you've seen one and lived.

Warbots are a lot like automatons. The factory techs take an undead brain and wire it into the go-box of some massive vehicle or gun. Warbots are worse than the automatons for pure destruction, but are thankfully rare. The most famous warbots are the raptors, flying gunships that prowl the ruins of Denver looking for stray slaves.

There are probably other types of troops in the Combine's army. There are a lot of different colored hats and weird robots out there, after all, but these are the only ones I know about.

Booby Traps

Here's the worst part about fighting soldiers of the Combine: You can't get their stuff after you kill them. Their ammo is an odd caliber (9, 10, and 12mm caseless), and their weapons explode if their owner dies or gets more than a few feet away from them (thanks to a chip in their skull called a "headbanger"—more later). That's also why you'll never catch one taking a leak without his gun on his back.



General Throckmorton, madman-in-chief of the Combine.

The Black Hats' vehicles are also rigged. Should someone without a chip try to get in (and the chip can't figure out whether or not the newbie's a prisoner), the rig detonates.

It's rare when one of the Combine's troops decides to desert, and even more rare that he actually gets away—but a few do. At least one, Cole Ballad, is now a hero, but I wouldn't trust most of them as far as I could throw 'em.

Cyborgs

Remember I told you about deaders earlier? Good. Some of them, those who got snagged by the military, became something even more than Harrowed.

One of the last things to come out of the Last War were cyborgs. Both the NA and the SA had them at about the same time, so the militaries must have been working on them for a while. I don't know exactly what happens, but they implant bionic parts into the deader's corpse to make some sort of cross between a Harrowed and an automaton.

They're not quite as tough as an automaton, but since the human's soul is still in charge, they're usually smarter and more dangerous. The computers stuck in their heads must feed them

data constantly, 'cause they're always arguing with them. I guess they're not fond of having backseat drivers jammed in their skulls.

Fortunately, of the two cyborgs I've met (one man and one woman), both of them were good guys. And they could mow through zombies like a hurricane through a wheat field. Even I was impressed.

The bad part is that the Combine fears them. The female cyborg I traveled with for a while holed up in Lynchburg (in the Maze) with me while we waited on our posse to heal up after a nasty fight. One week later, a raptor full of automatons landed nearby and headed right for her. As soon as she was a greasy spot, the automatons torched her body, got into their raptor, and left. I'm sad to say I only got two of the things before they took me to the brink of death's door as well.

Rest in peace, Tara. We'll make 'em pay someday.

Doomsayers

Total nutjobs. That's the first thing that comes to mind when I think of the Doomsayers—that and how their insides glow when you slice them open.

Doomsayers belong to something called the "Cult of Doom." They're mostly a collection of lunatics and mutants with delusions of grandeur operating out of Las Vegas, Nevada.

The vast majority of the Doomsayers are loyal to the head kook, Silas Rasmussen, the Mutant King. He holes up in the old Luxor hotel. (Roger and I honeymooned there.) Rasmussen somehow figured out how to harness the power of radiation and use it like magic, then taught the technique to all the other loonies in Vegas.

His legions of mutants, trogs, Doomsayers, Doombringers, and Doom-whatevers believe "norms" are doomed and mutants are the next evolution. I guess they figure wiping out the norms will help bring about the master race that much faster, 'cause they openly wage war on human settlements.

Fortunately, some of the Doomsayers turned against this wacko. Some chick named Joan started something called the "Schism." Others flocked to her side, and now several hundred Doomsayers wear the purple robes that mark them as heretics. (The loyal Doomsayers wear green robes.) Heretics still believe in all that mutant evolution nonsense, but don't actively try to wipe out humans. In fact, they often fight against mutants and Silas' legions to show the world how benevolent they are.

Right.

Still, the grape-flavored variety are good to have alongside you in a fight. One of their spells, I think they call it *nuke*, is the biggest can of whup-ass you can open without a rocket launcher. Just make sure it's used for you instead of against you.

Hellstromme

My journal wouldn't be complete if I didn't tell you about the infamous Dr. Darius Hellstromme. Some folks think he's just about single-handedly responsible for the Apocalypse. I happen to know there are others—like Raven—who share the blame, but Dr. Hellstromme definitely did more than his fair share when it came to destroying our world.

I don't know much about the doc, not as much as you'd find in an encyclopedia, but I can tell you the basics. Dr. Hellstromme was the Mormons of Deseret's most prominent citizen for over 200 years. That's right. Hellstromme was alive in Brigham's day! Through some kind of super-science, Hellstromme put his brain into a robot body shortly before his own body died. (Makes you wonder if all those stories about Hitler's brain being in a jar somewhere are true, doesn't it?)

Hellstromme seems to have made most of his money back during the Great Rail Wars. That was definitely when he created the automatons: robots with human brains wired up inside, controlling the whole works. Check out my entry on automatons in the Denver section for the whole story (page 90).

Years later, Hellstromme continued the work begun by a woman named Marie Curie. He got so obsessed discovering the power of radiation that he seemed to have vanished for a while. Folks even thought he was dead. He was getting pretty old, after all.

He reappeared in 1917, in the body of an automaton. He and the Mormons joined the American alliance against Germany with new tank designs and even offered an entire platoon of automatons (but not their blueprints) to help. That won him a lot of brownie points in both the USA and CSA, and he became the press's darling for the next half-century.

Through the 30s, when the world was marveling over every new technological wonder, Hellstromme became synonymous with progress. When World War II started up, he and the Mormons once again joined with the Allies. The stuff they invented was the only thing that kept the German geniuses' war-toys in check.

Hellstromme even won a Nobel Peace Prize. Talk about irony.

A Fickle Public

By the 1960s, the ungrateful public got tired of the good doctor. The peaceniks really threw a fit when he announced the perfection of a new type of atomic bomb: the ghost-rock bomb. In truth, Hellstromme was probably looking for something cleaner than the bombs the Allies had dropped on Japan, but the hippies were too stoned to notice and labeled him a warmonger.

Hellstromme was never one to suffer fools, so he returned to his old habits, secretly engaging in criminal activities while publicly playing the hero. So why did the Mormons keep him around? Who knows? Maybe they thought they could change him. Or maybe they thought he did more good than harm. Whatever the reason, they finally got fed up with him shortly after he created the Tunnel and the Faraway system was discovered.

The Banshee Incident

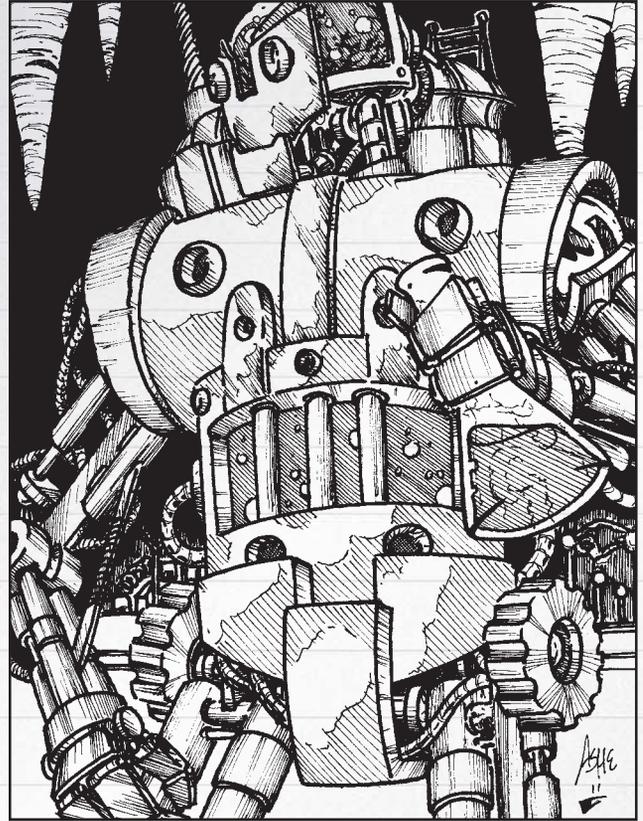
Hellstromme Industries forces were, naturally enough, the first ones to explore the Faraway system. The planet his marines found, Banshee, was inhabited by a race of aliens called the Anouks. Hellstromme's marines slaughtered scores of them before determining they were mostly friendly. The Mormon President, James Snoddy, was horrified when he saw the battle-vids, and he exiled Hellstromme from Deseret.

The good doctor flew into a fit but fled to Denver without further incident. The US wasn't thrilled to have him, but I'm guessing the War Department talked the diplomats into pardoning the crimes he'd been accused of in the past. Of course, this also meant the USA got cheap rights to use the Tunnel. Other nations, including the CSA, could use it as well, but paid up to 10 times as much as the US ships.

In Denver, Hellstromme created the first of his famed automated factories. Many of these were built around the world, but the complex in Denver was by far the largest and most advanced.

When the bombs fell, both his old factories in Salt Lake City (now Junkyard), and his new ones in Denver were protected by some sort of shield. The Denver shield turned out to be a big mistake for the rest of us, 'cause that's what gave Throckmorton and the Combine all their power.

I don't know if Hellstromme died in the Apocalypse or not, but I doubt it. Slippery bastards like him have a way of hanging around. Either way, no one's seen him in the last 13 years. I have a feeling, if we do see him again, something big will happen.



A rare photo of Dr. Hellstromme (or at least his robot body) at work.

Law Dogs

Law Dogs are good guys, though they're not quite as smart as us Templars. See, knights in my order won't save just anyone. You have to convince us you're worth the blood we'll have to shed. Law Dogs are more forgiving. They've vowed to bring law and order to what's left of the world, and that applies to cretins just as well as honest folks.

Don't get me wrong. They'll draw down on a scavvie just as fast as I will (almost), but they usually warn them before yanking the trigger. I figure me being there is warning enough.

The Agency and the Texas Rangers

Sometime during the First Civil War, the governments of both the North and the South figured out something really weird was going on. In the North, President Grant contracted the Pinkertons to look into these things and keep them quiet. That lasted several years, but after a few agents went public with their stories, the government phased out the Pinkertons in favor of official operatives. The Pinkertons went on to sell their services to huge corporations around the world.

The new government group that took their place was named simply the Agency. They were even more secretive and ruthless than the Pinkertons had been, legend has it. The Agents were a small, close-knit group, and I don't think any of them have survived through today. At least I've never heard of anyone totally sane claiming to be from the Agency.

The Texas Rangers fulfilled the same function in the South. Though they were publicly in charge of stopping such things as counterfeiting, interstate fraud, and the like, their real purpose was to hunt down horrors and keep the public from finding out about them. I know all this because there's still a fair number of former Rangers around. Now they've joined the ranks of the Law Dogs.

They're more open than they used to be—they'll tell you things if they think you need to know—but they still don't like telling the public about all the things they've fought. I guess they think "ghost stories" fill folks with fear. I've convinced a few that these tales help spread hope—assuming the heroes win—but most still keep their war stories to themselves. Old habits die hard I guess. Or maybe Rangers, being solitary souls, don't like to talk much.

Librarians

I *hate* these people. Oh, they perform a valuable service. Hell, maybe the *most* valuable service of any of us. It's just the way they *act* that grates my cheese.

See, Librarians (I call 'em bookworms) collect old books, newspapers, data slugs, and oral tales. They scan all these things into handheld palmcorders like the one I'm using, and every now and then they make a pilgrimage to the Grand Library in Sacramento to upload the info.

What kills me is that these freaks think their task is more important than *anything* else. Once I had a band of motorcycle gangers trapped in the ruins of the Tucson public library. I had the doors chained and the windows covered by the militia. All I had to do was light a match, and the gangers were flaming history.

Then this mousy little bookworm—a chick by the name of Delilah—comes up and starts giving me Hell about all the books left inside. Like an idiot, I eventually gave in to her insane rantings, and we stormed the place instead of setting it on fire.

I caught a bullet in the hip for my troubles, and two of the townsfolk made final payments on their farms. To beat it all, most every book inside had already molded anyway.

Little twerp.

Anyway, all the Librarians carry palmcorders like mine. If you know how to use them, they can even scan and remember thousands of books. As a matter of fact, I got this one off the remains of a Librarian. Stupid twit—thinking trogs had a story to tell.

The Grand Library pays folks for palmcorders taken off their fallen, but only about \$50. Why so cheap? Because they don't want to encourage folks to kill them just to sell back their gear. But some do anyway.

Besides their backpack full of books and their palmcorders, you can tell Librarians by small pins they wear somewhere on their shirts. The pins look like a books wrapped in chains. They make these things in Sacramento when the Librarians are "ordained" and given their equipment. I'll tell you more about that place later on.

Mutants

"Mutant, mutants, everywhere, and not a one can think." That's a kid's song I heard a few years back. While not true, it does reflect the way most norms think about mutants. Folks tend to forget all the good things they hear about others once they hear something bad. Ask someone about mutants, and he'll tell you about that killer Shanghai in Shan Fan, or the Virginia City Massacre. He probably won't remember the unnamed group who fought alongside the norms at Carson City to prevent a similar massacre.

There's some truth to the fact that most mutants are violent, however. Many are deranged and violent thanks to their very mutations. It doesn't help that most were kicked out of their settlements and into the savage wastes when their mutations were discovered. Such folks are easy prey for the Doomsayers and their anti-norm propaganda.

Twisted Genes

The one thing all muties have in common, of course, is some sort of mutation. Maybe their teeth and hair fell out, their bones deformed, or they've got ugly boils on their skin. Whatever the defect, most are just ugly or a little deranged. Very few develop any sort of weird power, but again, that's the kind everyone always thinks of.

Many mutants take up residence in the ruined cities. This is a bad idea, because most gain more mutations and become "troglodytes," or "trogs" for short. These losers are so messed up there's no reasoning with them. I know. If you remember, that's what killed me.

A smaller percentage gain some weird power. I've seen jokers with three arms, tails, incredible

strength, and even the ability to heal. These are the lucky ones. They won the genetic jackpot. But let me warn you about something. I've seen people voluntarily walk into a ghost storm hoping for some great mutation to make their miserable life better. That's like playing Russian roulette with five bullets in your six-shooter.

Old Ways

The Sioux have been preaching a return to the "Old Ways" since the Reckoning began. The movement basically tasks all members of the Sioux Nation to use only natural tools, weapons, clothes, transportation, and so on. Using any sort of mass-produced item, riding trains (and later cars), or drinking whiskey is taboo.

The elders claimed the nature spirits were unhappy with the "People" and demanded this sacrifice in return. That may be, but it's obvious with hindsight what someone was trying to tell the Sioux: Stay in teepees scattered across the Plains, and they won't drop nukes on your head.

That's just what happened. I guess no one hated them enough to spend money on enough nukes to track and wipe out all their villages.

The Sioux would have been the most concentrated population in North America after the Apocalypse—if they hadn't gone messing with War when he came racing through the Black Hills. Check my section on the Sioux's battle with the Horseman in the High Plains section of Hell's Atlas (page 88) for the whole skinny.

Ravenites

Not every Sioux bought into the Old Ways movement. In the old days, that bastard Raven quietly went among the Sioux and recruited disbelievers into a secret band he called the "Order of the Raven." Most of his recruits were young braves hungry for guns to help them fight the white man.

When the Sioux Wars broke out in the late 1800s, the militant "Ravenites" openly revolted and showed the elders their guns. This created a huge schism among the Sioux and caused them no end of grief in the first big fights. Eventually, the Sioux elders tossed all the Ravenites out, banishing them to the white man's "treaty" city of Deadwood.

The Ravenites Get Rich

Years later, the Ravenites of Deadwood came to rule the roost. See, the Sioux handled all claims to the lucrative ghost rock mines in the Black Hills, and as much as they disliked



Many Sioux lived by the Old Ways, even before the Last War.

Ravenites, they disliked whites even more. So many prominent Ravenites got rich managing the mining interests of the very elders who had expelled them. They they'd use their money to run saloons and brothels, sell arms to other Ravenites, and—in the late 20th century—open casinos.

By my time, Deadwood was a lot like Las Vegas. In fact, the Ravenites had an unspoken rivalry with the Vegas crime families to outdo each other in terms of money, power, and decadence. What you never saw in the TV ads were the alcoholic Indians huddling in the understreets of Deadwood, or the wars in the third world, instigated by the Ravenites to help them sell arms.

Check out the section on Deadwood if you want to know how it all turned out.

Spooks

You probably know Indian shamans communicate with nature spirits for their power. There's a controversial new movement going on (and not just in the Indian community) in which shamans communicate with all-new nature spirits that have evolved since the world changed. We call 'em spooks 'cause they use spook juice to get funky, but that's all I know.



Mother Nature's Fury: A Hellstorm wreaks havoc! Get under cover quick when you see one of these things approaching!

The Templars

Now let's talk about the group I belong to: the Templars. We're the good guys. We try to save the world, but the rest of you losers are gonna help. Me and my friends aren't throwing our lives away on lost causes or wimps who won't pick up a stick to defend their own home. Screw the meek.

Our order was founded by Simon Mercer, the Grandmaster. I was one of his first students. Then I kicked his ass when he started getting fresh. Not that there's anything wrong with that, I just wasn't in the mood for about a decade after Roger died.

We Templars are taught to heal and to fight, in that order. Personally, I'm better at the latter. Guess that's why I'm laying here now.

I don't know where we get the power from. I think it's the spirits of warriors who have gone before us. Other Templars still believe in God. Some believe only in Simon or the order itself. Whatever. All that matters is that it works. Seems every time I beat the snot out of something big enough, I get rewarded with some new ability to kick ass. All of us can heal with a touch. Some get stronger; some get faster.

Me, I just get meaner.

The Weather

I'll get to the good stuff soon. Promise. But before you trek off across the Irradiated Plains, you should know about certain kinds of weather.

The end of the world made Mother Nature one mean bitch. Radioactive dust devils race across the deserts, black rain pelts the High Plains, and toxic fumes gather wherever the wind fears to blow. That means you need to recognize when one of these dangers is coming and find shelter—fast.

Black Rain

Ghost-rock deposits are burning all over the West. Occasionally, huge, black clouds from these fires coalesce and mix with thunderclouds. Then they drift for hundreds or even thousands of miles until the clouds gather enough moisture to rain.

The black rain that falls from these terrible clouds makes a strange sound—like the sound of melting plastic over a campfire. Of course, if you're outside when you hear that sound, it's usually too late. See, those rain drops are full of damned spirits, and they don't like the living.



123

If you're caught outside, sealed armor protects completely. An umbrella or other covering might give you a few minutes, but I won't swear to it. Get to cover quick, friend.

Duststorms

Duststorms are whirlwinds filled with choking dust. Hence the name, brainer.

You can tell when one's about to hit if you're paying attention. They only happen in areas with lots of loose silt, dirt, sand, or—in the Northwest—volcanic ash. I don't know what causes them to swirl, but once they do, you're in trouble. All that dust can choke you faster than a garotte. And if you don't get under cover, you'll pass out, then slowly choke to death as the dust covers you. At least you saved someone the trouble of digging a hole for your corpse.

Hellstorms

Think of the worst thunderstorm you've ever experienced. That's what you'll pray for if you ever get caught in a Hellstorm. These things are the very embodiment of Hell on Earth. They've got it all: searing winds, blistering rain, and violent lightning.

Sounds nasty, doesn't it? It is. And there's no way to tell if a thunderstorm is going to be the regular variety or the kind that kills most everything caught under it. See either type, and you'd better find shelter. Hellstorms lay waste to the countryside and boil, rend, or electrocute every brainer who doesn't get under some cover. A car hulk works, but a concrete building is better. Don't even think about tents, trees, or the like. A Hellstorm'll rip right through those.

Radstorms

Radstorms are duststorms laden with radioactive fallout. This usually happens when a duststorm "bounces" off a ruined city and carries the fallout with it across its new path.

These things have all the dangers of a duststorm and a few hundred rads of death to boot. If you don't have a Geiger counter, figure any duststorm that rolls over you is radioactive. After you dig yourself out, find a town and take a clean shower as soon as possible.

Toxic Clouds

It's probably not fair that there are wandering clouds of hurt just floating around the West, but not much is fair out there these days.

Fortunately, they dissipate on windy days and are pretty easy to avoid when the breeze is still. If you see a big cloud of green, yellow, orange, or red dust, stay out of it. That simple enough for you, brainer?

Handbook of Horror

I think the best way to tell you about all the creeps out there is to go region by region. There aren't really states anymore, but I'll still call them by their old names to make things easy for those of you who remember before the bomb. If you're too young for that, you'll find a map with this gadget. Assuming my body hasn't been looted, that is. 125



The Cities

First, a word about cities. As I'm sure you know, most of them got hit with multiple city-busters. But go into Chicago and you'll still see the Sears Tower. Why? Beats the Hell out of me, but I'd guess certain landmarks just "ought" to be there, so they are.

If you want to get metaphysical, you might say important landmarks have their own spiritual energy that protected them from the worst of the blasts. They're in ruins, of course, but they're still standing, and that's a miracle.

If you don't buy that theory, try this one. Maybe the buildings were demolished (if they were at ground zero), then just rebuilt themselves when the area became a Deadland. This time, though, they came back as darker, more sinister shadows of their former selves. If this is true, maybe all these incredible sites—the Sears Tower, the Space Needle, the Astrodome—are all just bait to lure curious heroes like me and you into the Deadlands.

There's some reason to think that's true. Most all these structures have something valuable left inside. And I'll be damned if I can find out how anyone even knows that. I think the Reckoners or their minions somehow spread rumors that some great treasure awaits anyone who can penetrate the ruins of "fill-in-the-blank." On the plus side, the rumors are often true. If they weren't, folks would quit biting on them.

Muties

Most cities are chock full of muties. I guess they figure they're already mutated, so it doesn't hurt to hang out in radiation-filled ruins. That's bad logic, 'cause muties can suffer new mutations just like norms, and new mutations might kill them. Still, there they are, watching you from shattered windows and dark recesses.

The only reason I can figure is that mutants are outcasts and exiles, so building a whole new town might be tough. The cities offer plenty of shelter, some scavenging, and no one else wants them.

Survivor Settlements

Survivor settlements are folks who have banded together for their common defense. They come in all shapes and sizes. I've seen some built on water, others in the top floors of skyscrapers near the edge of a maelstrom, and a few in caves deep underground. Most are simply built straight from the ruins of an old town.

I'd guess 90% of survivor settlements are walled. Some towns actually construct walls of brick and concrete, but most use old car hulks or other debris. Some put their backs up against the Mason-Dixon Wall and fence the rest in with whatever's on hand. Some are located so they don't need walls, such as towns on islands in the Maze or the Mississippi, or the homes of the sky pirates high in the Rockies.

Besides keeping out prowling horrors, the walls or other borders also help defend against raiders and disease. Don't be surprised if the guards ask for your gun and then tell you to strip.

Anyone suspected of spying for raiders or of knowingly bringing a serious disease into a town winds up hanging from the walls as a warning to others. And don't even think about trying to enter a town if you have obvious signs of contagious disease, such as boils or oozing sores. Most guards will shoot you on sight just to put you out of their misery.

Every survivor settlement has a leader of some sort, usually a mayor or a sheriff, but sometimes it's a council or committee of folks who think they know what they're doing. Sometimes leaders are elected, but most times, some natural leader who has proven his ability to keep the others safe just takes control and runs things until he gets killed.

Ghost Towns

Ruined towns are usually in slightly better shape than the cities. They probably fell apart by fighting, looting, or abandonment instead of city-busters. We call these "ghost towns." Just remember, there's probably a family or some muties living in whatever structures are left. You may not see them, but they're there. If not, then some horror of the Apocalypse has a lair nearby. I haven't seen a town yet that was truly deserted.

Communications

Communication in the Wasted West blows. The electromagnetic pulses of the ghost-rock bombs knocked out most transmitters, computers, and the like. The blasts themselves destroyed telephone lines as well as routing offices. If you do find a working transmitter,

you'll be lucky to get a radio signal more than a few thousand yards. Technical types say it has something to do with the storms.

Still, even short-range radios—especially hands-free headsets—can be a lifesaver. Snag some of these things whenever you can find them. There's nothing greater than being able to communicate with the rest of your posse, even when you're out of sight. Just don't spread out too far.

A few really powerful transmitters are able to broadcast radio waves. Of these, an even smaller portion are sometimes able to communicate with earth's only known remaining satellite. (Killer satellites wiped out all the others.)

ComSat

The satellite calls itself ComSat. That's right. I said *it* calls *itself* ComSat. See, the thing's artificially aware. And it's lonely.

ComSat says it was a communications satellite for the military, but it won't say *which* military. When someone can get through to the thing (which is rare because of atmospheric conditions), it buffers messages and allows its "friends" to read what's posted in its vast storage banks. Even its friends, known users who have made several contacts, have a hard time talking to the pettish AI. Big baby.

On the plus side, ComSat has given us some basic information. A few posts from around the globe confirm the nuclear war was complete. Unfortunately, no one's been able to find out where the Four Horsemen are. It seems ComSat sometimes "edits" documents, and it doesn't like references to "Reckoners" or the Horsemen themselves.

One last note. ComSat was either disguised as a commercial satellite, or it served a dual purpose. In any event, it's still loaded with old broadcast commercials. It's quite annoying to be trying to find out some crucial information when ComSat suddenly starts playing ads for breakfast cereal.

Mason-Dixon Wall

There are certain dates you never forget. Pearl Harbor, the day President Romero was impeached, your anniversary (unless you're Roger), or the day they completed the Mason-Dixon Wall. I got the first three, but I'll be damned if I can remember the fourth. That might not be so strange except that no one else can remember the date either. There's something damn fishy about that.

Oh, and let's not forget Judgement Day, of course. None of us will ever forget that.



A typical survivor settlement in the Wasted West. There are literally hundreds of towns like this scattered all over the corpse of America.

Anyway, the Wall was completed sometime before 2000. Most folks agree on that.

It's two feet thick in most places. Across vast stretches of unoccupied desert, it becomes a once-electrified chainlink and razorwire fence.

They had a big celebration when the Wall was finished, saying it was a way to keep the peace between the North and the South by keeping out troublemakers. Check the map if you don't know where it runs.

Anyway, there were gates along all the major highways, and most times, a person could get back and forth with a quick flip of the passport and a retinal scan. Sometimes things got tense between the USA and CSA, and they'd close the Wall, but most times it did actually keep civilians from causing trouble across the border, then running home and daring their own governments to extradite them.

Huge sections of the Wall got demolished in the Last War. Still more have been torn down after. As I mentioned earlier, a lot of towns put their backs to the Wall, then formed the rest of their barriers with car hulks, concrete, or other debris. We call these Wall towns. (Original, eh?)

You might think walking the Wall would be a good way to stay out of reach of all the nasty critters lurking between Wall towns. It would

be—except you have to jump off then climb back on at every road, it's easy to fall or have the wall crumble beneath your feet, and enough folks have done it by now that all sorts of critters lie in wait for just such an occasion.

East of the Mississippi

I'm focusing on the American West. Here's why. I've never been to Canada, and my experience in Mexico was as short and violent as the case of Montezuma's Revenge I brought back with me. There's an ocean to the West, so that only leaves the East. I was there a lot when I was younger, but no one goes there anymore. Why? Because you'll die if you do. That's not just scary campfire talk either.

Here's why. It's common knowledge that the heavily populated east coast was devastated by bombs. Out West, targets were spread far and wide. Back East, targets were much closer. The death toll was much higher. All those dead folks mean lots of horrors and certainly scores of walking dead. But there are far more than scores—more like hundreds of thousands.

That's right. Legions of walking dead cover the earth within a few hundred miles of the east bank of the Mississippi. Maybe farther. Maybe as

far as the coast. No one knows. The high death toll would make lots of zombies, but not like this. Some brave souls who've been Back East speak of a city of the dead, called Necropolis, somewhere near the Mississippi.

These same folks have whispered about something—or someone—creating and controlling this undead army. We need to find out who, and we desperately need to know what they're planning. A group called the River Watch is on top of this (keep reading), but their numbers are few, and the Mississippi is awfully damn long.

Trade Caravans

You'll find trade caravans crisscrossing every region of the Wasted West. Some use trucks, while others are trains of horses, mules, or oxen. A few are a weird mix of pickup-truck beds pulled by animals, wagons, or even aircraft.

Whatever the transports look like, the caravans provide supply and communication to the survivor settlements. Besides doing a lot of good, the caravans can also help get you from town to town. See, they're always needing guards, and you know they got the goods to pay you with. Sure there's a little more danger riding on top of a big, slow-moving target, but at least you've got other guards around—something you don't have if you travel alone.

Tribute Caravans

Within a few hundred miles of Denver, you might see caravans headed to or from the Combine. You can tell if they're returning *from* Denver, because unlike most caravans, they never bring anything back on their return trip.

I've seen Templars and Law Dogs alike talk tribute caravan masters into turning back and denying Throckmorton of supplies, but in general it's a bad idea. If you're not prepared to help the townspeople back home fight off an angry patrol of Black Hats, don't get them in trouble. Besides, the supplies taken to Denver are more for show than any real need. The Combine have crops of their own, more metal than they know what to do with, and can manufacture most anything else. The tribute caravans are just meant to show who's boss.

The one thing the Combine's always short on is ghost rock. If you're going to mess with any of the tribute caravans, start with cutting off the Combine's supply of ghost rock. Then get ready for a war. Throckmorton doesn't always respond to an attack, even on a tribute caravan, unless it threatens his supply of ghost rock. When it does, expect to see Black Hats, automatons, raptors, and all kinds of Hell.

Hell's Atlas

Here we go. This is the heart of it. I'm going to tell you about weird things I know of, then you can gather up a few of your friends and go stomp its guts into the dirt. Got it? Good. Get reading.

Great Basin

Deseret (Utah), Nevada

Let's kick off the meat of the Atlas with an area you'll probably travel to often: the Great Basin. Why will you travel here? Because this is the home of Junkyard, the most advanced city left in the Wasted West. Hell, as far as I know, it's the only city left in the West. Maybe in the world.

Before you get all jumpy to get there, make sure you bring a lot of water. This part of the country is about as hot as it gets, and you'll likely be hiking across hundreds of miles of God-forsaken desert to get anywhere. The Basin was bad enough before the ozone layer wiggled out. Now it's an oven.

Bloodsports

A long time ago, the people of Junkyard (what's left of Salt Lake City) engaged in violent athletics called bloodsports. I don't think they were usually fatal until the TV era. After that, they became big business, and folks wanted bigger, bolder, and bloodier games.

The teams that play them have high mortality rates, but if they get really good, they become the closest thing this world has to superstars. Watch the Mangler walk into a town and get swarmed by fans, and you'll see what I mean.

Bloodsports are played all over the Wasted West, but their home was and is Junkyard. It's also where the skullchucker championships are held each September 23—the anniversary of the Bomb.

Skullchucker

The most popular of all bloodsports is skullchucker. The object is simple: Two teams of five get in an arena and beat the snot out of each other while trying to get their team's skull in one of two baskets. One is in the center of the arena and is worth 1 points. The other's in the opposing team's starting area and is worth 3 points. There's quite a bit of strategy involved in a good game, but sometimes the teams forget about the game and start slicing each other up.



127

Pit

Another popular sport is simply called "Pit." Some fighter or group of fighters jump into this huge pit outside Junkyard and fight another bunch of folks or, more commonly, some captured horror of the Apocalypse. Both spectators and combatants make money by betting. The odds are usually straight up, but sometimes you'll see some desperate brainer fight something he can't handle just to score big. It's sad really. I once saw a scrapper (someone with bionics) fight two trogs just to make enough money to pay off the body docs who gave him a new arm. Body docs reclaim debtors' limbs by capturing the unfortunate soul and amputating the unpaid-for equipment, leaving the victim limbless, eyeless, or whatever.

Pit is run by a Junkyarder named Judge Tolliver. He's crooked as a dog's leg, but he was a real judge before the war, so Ike Taylor and Cole Ballad (a Law Dog that patrols the area around Junkyard—more on that meathead in a moment) leave him alone for the most part.

Most of Pit's combatants are willing volunteers, fighting for a bounty equal to the danger of whatever they have to fight. But violent criminals are also sentenced to the Pit by Tolliver, who makes more money off these fights because the odds are usually hopeless. If the offender can manage to survive whatever's thrown at him, however, he gets a full pardon (but no pay).

Carson City

A few weeks after the massacre at Virginia City, the Cult o' Doom marched to nearby Carson City. By this time, a hero named Teller was able to talk several other towns, road gangs, and even a mess of mutants into joining Carson City to stage a massive defense.

They succeeded, and the Cult was forced back to Las Vegas to nurse its wounds. That was the last time the Mutant King himself led an attack. Now he seems content to let his Doomsayers lead local rebellions against norm settlements all over the West. One day he'll likely concentrate his efforts and lead the Cult once again. Let's just hope he doesn't get ornery at the same time the Combine comes stomping out of Denver.

These days Carson City is a largish, well-defended survivor town, and their relations with the local mutants are better than in most places.

One more thing. I'm told if you're looking for Joan, the woman who started the schism within the Cult of Doom, there are folks here who might be able to help.



The Amazons, an all-female skullchucker team, kicking ass.

Cole Ballad

The Combine sits just on the other side of the Wasatch Mountains. One day, they'll come spilling through the mountain passes with legions of Black Hats backed by dreaded automatons and cyborgs. It will happen, friend. Count on it.

Our only defense against them is Junkyard and its road-gang allies—and one mean son-of-a-bitch Law Dog named Cole Ballad. I can't imagine what kind of woman squirted something as big and rotten as Ballad out her baby-chute.

Personally, I can't stand this muscle-bound, trigger-happy maniac. He thinks he's God's gift to women but has all the charm of a rutting pig. And those are his good points.

Okay. In the name of fairness, Cole is good at one thing: killing. Cole was a US Army soldier, who was captured by the Rebels near the end of the Last War. But its not just his army career that gives him his (fully deserved) reputation.

See, he used to be one of the Combine's fabled "Red Hats," the toughest veterans of Throckmorton's army. Most of them, like Cole, were with the General when he left the Rockies. He says Throckmorton was a good guy for a



The Devil's Playground. Rest in peace, soldiers.

while. Even protected a few villages from mutie attacks. Then Throckmorton found Hellstromme's automated factories and everything changed. Throckmorton started wiping out towns that wouldn't knuckle under to him. And his new recruits, the Black Hats, were truly the scum of the desert. Cole wouldn't stand for it, so he took off—under fire.

Next thing you know, he's joined up with the Law Dogs. He rides the desert from the Rockies to Death Valley on his old military hoverbike looking for bad guys to use as target practice. Black Hat squads and spies for the Combine are in serious trouble if they cross Cole Ballad's path.

The road gangs hate him only a little worse than the Black Hats. Cole isn't interested in wiping them out—he knows they're part of the defense against the Combine when it comes stomping over the Rockies—but he leaves their bones bleaching in the desert when he catches their raiding parties in the act of chasing caravans.

The long and short of it is Cole Ballad is a savior if your nose is clean. Let him catch you on the wrong side of right, and he'll shoot first and try to think up some questions later. (He's not all that bright.)

The Devil's Playground

Somewhere along old Confederate Interstate 40 is an area of the Mojave called the "Devil's Playground." I think it's called that because of all the strange rock formations. I don't know for sure. Tourist books weren't available when I was there looking for salvage.

Near the end of the Reckoning, Devil's Playground took on a whole new meaning. Give a place a bad name, and the Reckoners feel obligated to populate it with something evil. If you're ever given the opportunity to name something, please call it "Happy Valley" or "Place with no Monsters." Okay?

All right. Back to business. The Devil's Playground was actually the Confederate 1st Armored Infantry's playground. See, this is where the Rebels tested their latest powered body armor. And what do you think they tested it on? Mojave rattlers, of course. You can still see their bones lying about the desert nearby.

You might also see the ruins of the Confederate outpost. When General Harlow was chasing the LatAm troops to the coast, the 1st Armored Infantry stopped at their home base for recharge and repairs. The worms were waiting for them. A score of rattlers and hundreds of wormlings burst out of the desert and swarmed the surprised Rebels. No one escaped. I only know what happened because I pulled a slug out of one of the crushed battlesuits I found bleaching in the sun.

Dust Devils

The biggest road gang in the area is the Dust Devils. There are well over 100 fighters in the group, riding everything from motorcycles to pickups. Another 50 or so are kept in big busses at the rear. These are mechanics, kids, and a couple of junkers they use to beef up their rigs.

The Dust Devils are always on the move, raiding as far away as Montana, California, and Mexico. Needless to say, that takes a lot of spook juice, so the gang has their very own tanker truck full of the stuff. I've seen them refuel this thing at Junkyard. It's got machine-guns in spiked nests up top, and there's always a complement of six motorcycles and two old Southern Alliance AFVs nearby to watch over it. Fuel is life to these gangs, after all.

The Devils are everything you'd think they'd be: mean, rotten, and murderous. The worst of the bunch is their leader, a scrawny but persuasive man who calls himself "Sirocco." He rides in a massive, heavily armored dump truck—one of those really big ones. The back has been

turned into an armored command center/home for the jerk. There's a manned machine-gun nest on top of his "house" and a rocket launcher on the cab. Sirocco is well protected.

The head Devil's favorite punishment is to chain his enemies to the back of his dump truck and drag them across the desert while he watches from his "back porch."

Fort 51

For over 200 years, Fort 51 was the US Army's top-secret weapon's research laboratory. Everyone knew it existed; they just couldn't get close enough to see what was going on there. It's isolated in the southern deserts of Nevada, far enough away for some privacy, but close enough to keep an idea on the Confederate base at Roswell and occasionally conduct secret raids or experiments on them.

Fort 51 got hit hard when the bombs fell. It had some sort of defense—something like what Hellstromme had in place at Denver and Deseret—but the system failed. The place is mostly a crater surrounded by a maelstrom.

Still, an old Army captain I know says there were literally miles of underground laboratories beneath Fort 51. I don't know if they were deep enough to survive a direct-hit from a ghost rock bomb, but if they did, there's got to be some incredible loot down there.

There are still a few active defenses around the ruins. Besides a passel of walking dead, a number of functioning warbots keep curious scavengers a healthy distance from the ruins.

Joan's Silo

Joan and the schismatics. Sounds like an old punk band, doesn't it?

This is the Joan who split from the Cult of Doom after the Virginia City Massacre. She and a handful of other schismatics holed up in an abandoned silo somewhere out here and founded a new sect of the Cult of Doom. They still believe norms are doomed to extinction, but they're not interested in hastening the process. In fact, they think evolution has to run its normal course.

Joan's base is rumored to be in a secret bunker beneath one of the old silos. She hasn't been seen by too many folks. New Doomsayers are trained by schismatic "missionaries" in the field (these are the ones you and I see).

As a consequence of Joan being here, there is a fair amount of Cult of Doom activity in the area. It seems Silas didn't take to well to Joan pulling a Martin Luther.

Junkyard

Get comfortable, amigo. This is a long story. But it's worth it.

The Mormons settled Utah in 1847, under a religious leader named Brigham Young. They traveled out there from the Midwest to escape religious persecution. A lot of folks didn't like the Mormons (or "Latter Day Saints" as they call themselves), and after some ugly incidents in Missouri and Illinois, the feeling was mutual.

The Saints were citizens of the United States until the Civil War came along and made Utah one of the "Disputed Lands." Then Brigham Young declared that Utah would become the sovereign state of Deseret until such time as the war was decided. I don't know exactly what happened, but Deseret remained its own country right up until the bombs fell.

Exodus

Hellstromme, who had been evicted a long time ago, had left some kind of weird shield in place over his factories. When the bombs fell, the part of Salt Lake City called Junkyard survived. The city proper, and about three-quarters of the Mormon population, vanished in a skull-shaped mushroom cloud.

The Mormons who survived were none-too-pleased about the "sinners" being saved while the "Saints" suffered. Some said God had forsaken them. Others claimed it was a sign that the purest of the Saints, those who had survived, were to move on and find a new, untainted place to live.

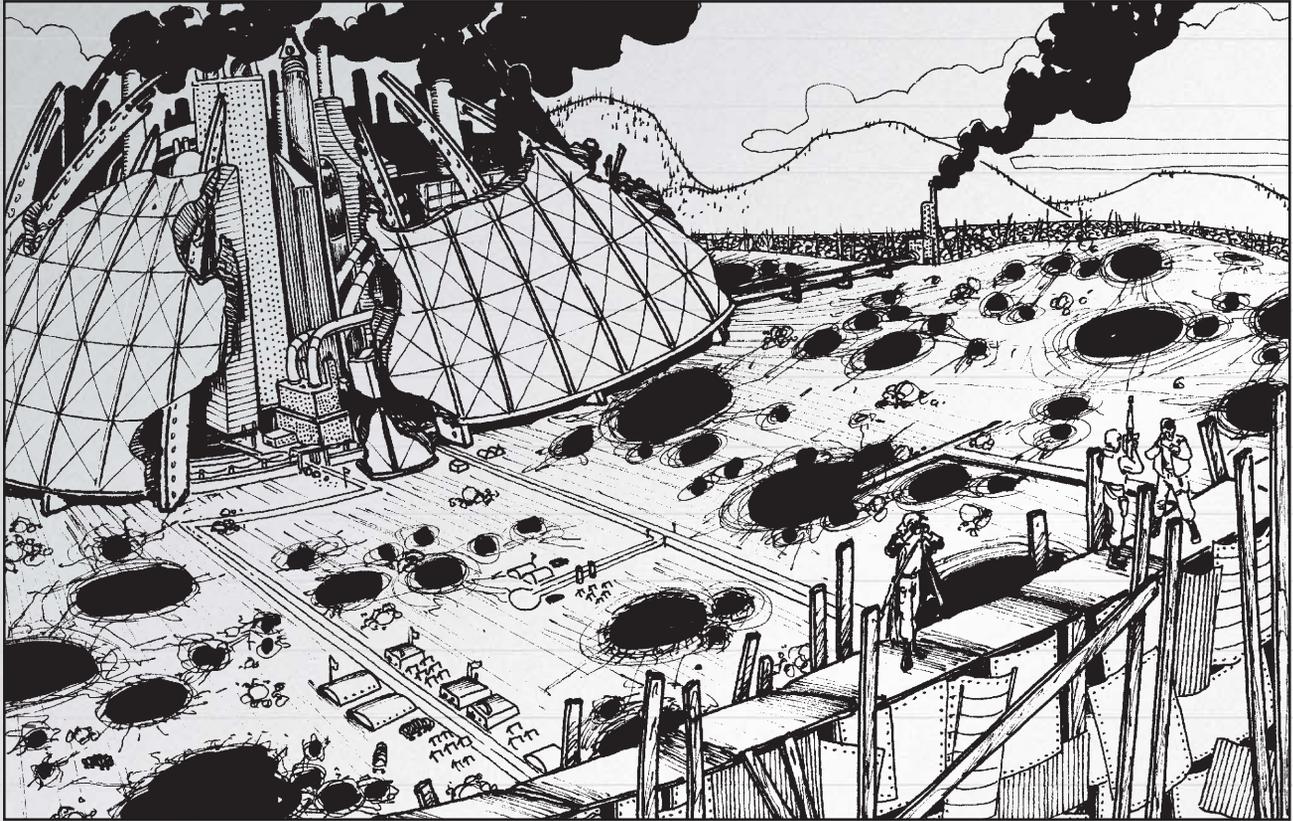
The latter argument won out. Every last surviving Mormon gathered what possessions he had left and formed a massive convoy. They disappeared North, and no one's heard from them since.

If You Can't Beat 'Em

That left a bunch of heathens in charge of Junkyard. They weren't the best apples to fall off the tree, and they sure weren't the shiniest.

When food ran out, most Junkers (don't confuse them with "junkers," brainer) left the city and joined the growing road gangs. Those who were left rallied around a tough old Junker named Ike Taylor. Ike was a factory foreman before, and he quickly realized that his community would soon come under attack from the larger road gangs.

So he came up with a unique plan. Instead of fighting them, Ike decided he'd join them. The grizzled, bald-headed, factory-foreman and his right-hand man, Doc Schwartz (who is a *real*



The splendor of Junkyard. Dr. Hellstromme's shield protected most of his assets in the city, but the rest of it was devastated.

junker), converted some of the surviving factories into refineries. Then they hauled ghost rock in from the nearby Wasatch Mountains and distilled it into spook juice.

When the gangs inevitably came around, Ike invited them in and did the unthinkable—he actually showed them the city's defenses, including flamethrowers powered by spook juice, heavy machine guns, and even a few grenade and rocket launchers.

I'm sure he didn't show them everything, but all the local gang leaders have seen enough to know that taking the city will be incredibly costly. Ike then told them they didn't have to try. If they could bring the Junkers food and other salvage, the Junkers would trade them for spook juice to fuel their many vehicles. All the gangers eventually agreed, and Junkyard has become an iron oasis in the desert.

It's a foul, dirty place, and I can't say I approve of keeping raiders in business. But I do understand survival, and Ike's secured that for his people. Still, I'd have to bring them down except for one other factor in their favor.

Junkyard and its allies are all that's keeping the Combine from spilling over the Rockies and into the Great Basin. And that's far too great an advantage to pass over.

A Brief Tour of Junkyard

So what can you find in Junkyard? Lots of junkers, and I *do* mean the non-capitalized variety.

Junkyard has power, the electrical kind, that is, and therefore attracts scores of junkers looking for juice to power their bizarre experiments. A power outlet comes free with most apartments (which rent for about \$300 a month for a one room flat), or a brainer can rent a daily hookup at one of the factories for \$25 a day.

Not a bad deal, overall. It also helps Doc Schwartz and his friends keep an eye on visiting junkers and monitor their experiments. That way they can keep some loser from blowing the whole city to Kingdom Come from a failed experiment.

The other reason junkers love Junkyard so much is because of the trade goods that come into the city in exchange for its spook juice and other manufactured goods. Lost technology fetches a higher price here than most anywhere because there's always a buyer, and trade caravans full of junk arrive daily. Anything from toasters to highly experimental prewar government tech is a commodity in this busy place.

Bionics

Bionic augmentations were first pioneered here in Junkyard. A lot of Junkers lost arms and legs in the factories, and I guess replacing them with metallic constructs seems preferable than going without.

Then there are losers who hack off their limbs on purpose just to get an arm strong enough to crack skulls like eggs. Most of these folks fight in Junkyard's second biggest industry: the bloodsports (see page 72, friend).

The Mormons had outlawed bionic augmentation for a while when it first appeared, but they got over it by the turn of the last century. The first augmentations were huge, ugly contraptions. By the time electronics became common, they got sleek and sexy. You could even hide bionic limbs beneath synthetic skin.

These days, a few of the old body docs survive, but the bionics they stick in people look like throwbacks to the 1800s. They're big and clunky and prone to jamming up just when you need them most. That's why they call folks with bionics "scrappers," because it looks like their augmentations were made out of scrap metal. The docs must be low on high-tech parts.

If you lose a limb, I recommend you live without. If you can't handle that, make sure you can pay the bill. The body docs sometimes make "loans" to folks who have a good chance at making money off the augmentation (such as in a bloodsport). But those who don't pay find themselves hunted by the body docs' hired thugs. The unfortunate debtors' bionics are amputated, and they're left limbless and penniless in the understreets of Junkyard.

Omega Knights

The most gallant figure in the desert has to be Lancelot. Of course that's not his real name, but this Frenchman has a taste for the dramatic.

Lance (his real first name, I think) was one of those few foreign troops that came over here during the Last War. He got stranded and decided he didn't want to know how bad France got hit, so he stayed.

Lancelot doesn't look much like what you'd think—he's black and his "horse" is a motorcycle—but he is a handsome fellow. Oh, and did I mention he's a Templar? He's been playing the game a little longer than me, but I can still kick his tight ass if I want to.

Lancelot's "knights" are a ragtag collection of wasteland warriors he's gathered about him. One, I think his name is Samuel, is a squire. The others were simple biker scum who saw in Lance something better than raping and

pillaging. I'm not much for reform—I'd just as soon skewer somebody and clean the gene pool—but Lance has a real talent for bringing out the best in folks. Roger was like that. Maybe that's why I—uh. That's not important.

Anyway, Lance calls his group the Omega Knights because "omega" is the last letter in the Greek alphabet, and he figures his band are the last "knights" in the world. For such a smiling hero, Lancelot can be a little pessimistic when talking about the long term.

The gang's trademark is their lances. Yup. They actually carry around long, metal lances they use to spike bad guys and monsters with. They have guns too, of course, but a biker who sees his buddy impaled on a stick at 50 m.p.h. doesn't usually have the stomach left to fight.

Queens of the Road

As biker gangs go, the Queens of the Road aren't that bad. They do their fair share of raiding, but they never kill and usually only hit the most wealthy caravans. They get away with this because they're all incredibly beautiful women, and most of their victims—caravans coming to and from Junkyard—are typically guarded by men. And as we know, it's easy to make a man drop his gun by making him think about his other weapon. Know what I mean?

The leader of the Queens is Jenny Quaid. She's everything a male chauvinist pig looks for in a "biker babe." She's large-chested with a skinny waist and loves to wear corsets and tight vinyl pants. Back in my time, gals like her set women's rights back a hundred years. These days, I reckon she's proved she and her girls are the equal of any man.

Cole Ballad once told me he found one of the Queens staked out in the desert, left for dead. When he asked her why Quaid had deserted her, the biker said she'd shot a caravan driver after the Queens had robbed him. Quaid has a strange sense of honor, but it's better than none at all.

Virginia City

This is where Silas Rasmussen, the Mutant King and founder of the Cult of Doom, first began his war against the norms.

Virginia City sits high atop the Sierra Nevadas. It was a silver mining town ages ago. Once that dried up, it became an Old West tourist trap. Roger and I drove out there from our honeymoon in Vegas. It was a quaint little place.

That was a long time ago. Now there's nothing left of Virginia City but ruined buildings and the skeletons left from Silas' assault.

The Great Maze

NorCal, SoCal, The City of Lost Angels
Northern California is usually called "NorCal" by my lazy generation. Southern California is SoCal. I'm sure NorCal would have been "NoCal" if it hadn't sounded like a diet supplement. Anyway, the western part of NorCal is all Maze, a labyrinth of flooded sea canyons bordered by towering mesas.

In the very south, around the City of Lost Angels, it's a burning mess of ghost rock called Purgatory. (More on that Hellhole in a minute.)

North of LA is a temperate place with rolling hills covered in short, brown grass most of the year. Not a bad place to be, compared to most other places.

The Bishop

Somewhere inside the choking smoke of Purgatory is a temple carved from the top of a rocky mesa. This vile sanctuary of evil is home to a creature that calls itself the "Bishop."

I can only guess that the thing's name is a cruel joke aimed at the selfless Bishop of Lost



A croaker lays into an unfortunate Mazer. Poor slob.

Angels who sacrificed himself and his Church in an attempt to destroy Famine. (See my notes on LA below).

The Bishop wears a bishop's robes and commands an army of creatures, the bulk of which are undead faminites. This hideous collection of starving souls captures lone miners and scavengers and feasts upon their flesh. The bones wind up as part of the grim decor of their horrific abode.

You can bet the Bishop is a servitor of Famine. If you ever have to tangle with him, you'll need to find out who he really was before his transformation. That might give you a clue as to how to kill him.

Croakers

What would a ruined coastline be without some kind of horrible sea creatures to live along it? That's where the croakers come in. These savage fish-men must have been around a while, because they have customs, religion, rituals, spells, and supposedly, vast cities somewhere in the labyrinthine Maze.

The old *Tombstone Epitaph* used to report on these things all the time. I remember seeing headlines at the supermarket like "Hideous Fishmen Stole my Baby!" I laughed and skipped past that nonsense to the celebrity gossip page. If me and a few million others had only paid attention to that rag.

Ah, well. Bloody water under the bridge, I suppose. Back to the croakers.

Their hunting parties occasionally raid human villages or towns. They try to capture folks alive and drag them underwater to drown. Seems odd to me. A friend of mine thinks they somehow keep their prey alive underwater. I don't know how that's possible, but weirder things have happened. What they do with them once they get beneath the surface is anyone's guess, but I'm sure it isn't pleasant.

Shraks

Shraks are another kind of monster folks sometimes report fighting alongside the croakers. They look something like a humanoid shark, and they're tough as Hell. I've heard rumors they were created by humans, but I don't have any details.

The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels

A long time ago, a fellow named Grimme founded the Church of Lost Angels. He disappeared under mysterious circumstances before 1900, but in his place the Church he had

created became one of the most benevolent organizations in North America.

I'm not sure which came first, the transcontinental railroad or independence, but when Grimme saw the success of the Mormons in Deseret, and the destruction that would be caused were the North and South allowed to fight over the city, he declared it a "Free and Holy City," just like the Vatican. The USA and CSA fought over it for a while, and that's when Grimme went missing amid a huge fight in the congregation.

In the end, Grimme and his most loyal followers were gone, and the new leader of the Church, Dominic D'Angelo, declared himself Bishop. He proved a popular fellow and was able to convince both governments to recognize the city's independence.

D'Angelo's biggest challenge was feeding folks. Grimme had always managed to provide free feasts to everyone on Sunday—a valuable service in the always blighted Maze. D'Angelo's new group had trouble for a long while, causing them no end of trouble with those who felt he was responsible for Grimme's disappearance. The Bishop finally got it all worked out, though, and his successors through the years usually managed to feed the hungry. When they didn't, there were riots, so the Church maintained an armed force of "Guardian Angels."

During these early years, while they were still waiting on the resolution of the first Civil War and the coming of the railroads, the congregation built stone walls around the inner city. They made them of black obsidian—like the Cathedral at the center—and pretended it was for "decorative purposes," but they weren't fooling anyone. It was obvious the Church was preparing for trouble.

It paid off several times. I think I remember something from history class about the Church being besieged by hungry mobs in the 1800s, again in the early 1900s, and of course by the LatAm Alliance in 2078. I already told you that story.

When the Last War really got hot, both the Northern and Southern Alliances stayed clear of the Holy City of Lost Angels. Then the bombs dropped. Miraculously, everything inside the walls was left untouched, even though scores of city-busters leveled the surrounding city. I understand the Bishop and his muckety-mucks prayed and fasted for days to pull this off.

The Sacrifice

Then Famine rode out of the burning Maze. The bitch merely sat outside the sanctum while her endless legions of faminites assaulted the



All that remains of the Free and Holy City of Lost Angels.

walls. The priests fought to the last but realized Famine was sacrificing her army simply to starve out the priests. It didn't take long, since Famine spoiled all the food stores in the citadel.

The next thing you know, there was some kind of fight inside. I don't know what happened exactly, but Famine entered the city. Moments later, a tremendous gout of searing white flame roared down from the clouds above and blasted the citadel into ruins. Most folks figure the Bishop of Lost Angels and his surviving priests called down holy fire on the citadel themselves, sacrificing themselves in an attempt to destroy Famine.

One nasty side-effect was that the blast triggered a monster earthquake that dropped the sanctum and the surrounding city 10-15 feet. The ocean roared in and filled the sanctum. What little of the city that had survived the city-busters was finished off for good.

You can imagine how the hearts of the few survivors must have sunk when Famine walked out of the water—which was forever after bloody and thick inside the sanctum. Famine's fabled horse was gone and was never seen again, but Famine herself started walking eastward, causing blight and starvation wherever she passed.

The City Today

Besides maybe killing Famine's horse, the only good the holy blast seems to have done was to snuff out the ghost-rock storms. None remain around the ruins of LA. You can go there if you want, but there are more dangerous things around the ruins than ghost rock storms. Thousands of bodies lie just beneath the dark surface of the flooded area around the citadel. Occasionally these blood-covered bones arise and devour foolish scavengers who don't heed warnings like this one.

The rest of the flooded ruins are favorite areas for numerous scavengers. Unfortunately, they make easy prey for patrolling croakers.

The Grand Library

This is the home of the Librarians. They hole up in a well-protected complex of buildings on the outskirts of Sacramento. Some of the buildings house the Librarians. The central building, an old bank, contains hundreds of data slugs filled with every subject you can possibly imagine. The slugs are kept in the bank's vault and protected by several armed guards at all times.



The enigmatic Director, the ruler of Movie Town.

Don't think of these guys as some kind of monks. They're deadly serious about saving the progress of humanity. (Some progress. Got us here, didn't it?)

Anyway, the Head Librarian is Marcus Liebowitz. He's a softhearted man who founded the order. The lady in charge of security, a Ravenite named Muriel Redwing, is the real bitch. She's also the reason the Library has such great security.

Using the Library

The Librarians don't allow visitors into the library. You can, however, request information from them, and they'll assign a young librarian to try and find it. This can cost anywhere from \$10 to \$1,000, depending on how much time it takes them to find what you're looking for.

The Library also has a working communications room and a transmitter capable of reaching ComSat. It only works about half the time, but that's better than the rest of the world. You can't pay to use this service. You have to get special permission from Marcus, and that usually requires a favor.

Books for Bucks

The Librarians also buy books, data slugs, and occasionally even stories. Pay is anywhere from \$10 to \$100. A very few rare textbooks have brought in \$1,000 or more.

They also buy stories. True stories, that is. The Librarians are collecting tales of heroism in this fetid cesspool that we call America. I think they're hoping to collect all the stories together someday and print 'em up. They pay about \$20 a story, but you have to have some proof that your tale is true.

Oh yeah, They also buy palmcoders taken from their fallen Librarians, but as I said earlier, the pay is only \$50.

Lynchburg

Lynchburg is an old mining town off in the middle part of the Maze. It didn't get any bombs (almost an insult, but no one's complaining), and so survived relatively intact.

The town's main business is as a supply depot and stopping-off point for salvagers and ghost rock miners. If you're out in the Maze, this is a good place to replenish your supplies, and maybe hire a guide to help find whatever it is you're looking for. The people here don't get many visitors, so they welcome outsiders more than most places. Still, cause trouble, and Sheriff Vonda Wright will chuck your ass off the 100-foot mesa and into the sea.

Movie Town

Back in the 1920s or so, the first moving pictures were filmed in one of the growing SoCal suburbs around Lost Angels. I don't know the history, but the first movies were silent, then they added sound, then color. Later on they messed around with 3D effects, odors, and so forth. Around 2020, they stopped using actual film and started using magnetic digital rods, called slugs. You could play these things in massive theater systems or on your home monitors. Folks still call them films though, so don't get confused, junior.

If you're older than 20, you might remember some of the most successful films just before the war were *A Planet Too Far* (the story of the Faraway War), *Canyon o' Doom* (a Ronan Lynch action movie—mindless drivel), and *Gigantic* (the story of the first hydrofoil ocean liner that sunk around 2014 or so). You can still see these film titles on surviving marquees all over the Wasted West.

Sensoround

Some cities also had the new Sensoround Megaplex theaters where they wired you into the seat so you could feel, smell and taste the slug as well, but these never really caught on except in the hardcore porno market. (You can imagine why.) You'll find one still active in Near Dallas, if you're interested.

Some Movie Town History

Back to Movie Town. The place where most of these epics were made was just outside Lost Angels in a series of massive studio lots. Some were in NorCal, others were just over the Mason-Dixon Wall in SoCal. Collectively, the lots contained about half a million workers at peak times. Most of the workers lived in squalid apartments right on the lots. The rest commuted in from the surrounding towns. The movie stars, who all made more money than God, lived in deluxe high-rises in Star City, an exclusive, heavily guarded area between the movie lots.

When the two countries were at peace, movie stars, directors, crews, and the like were able to pass back and forth fairly easily. That all ended in 2078 when the US government found out that renowned director Emille DeSalonto was actually a Confederate agent. [For More Information](#)

During the War, both the Agency and the Rangers closed the borders and contracted several directors to create stirring propaganda films designed to educate soldiers, increase enlistment, and ensure there was no sympathy for the other side. Roger told me the silliest film

More

Raid on Roswell

DeSalonto's last megahit was *Raid on Roswell*, a war movie about a little-known raid during the *Great Rail Wars*. It got banned in the US when the Agency discovered the "Northern" version of the film was coded in such a way that the light patterns and subliminal messages acted as a crude form of mind control.

You'll never guess what DeSalonto's message was. You'd think it be something to trigger an assassination against President Romero or destabilize the government. No. They wanted to convince more people to smoke so the South could export more tobacco up north. Pretty silly, huh? Maybe nuking the world wasn't such a bad idea after all.

The US president Romero might have triggered the Last War, but don't think the Rebs were all good either.

they made him watch in the army was a documentary called *Saving Ryan's Privates*, which reminded soldiers of the dangers of "fraternizing" with the opposite sex when occupying enemy towns.

Movie Town Today

Only one of the movie lots suffered a direct hit by a city-buster. The rest got the usual storm of swirling destruction, followed by an invasion of faminites that finished off most of the survivors.

But old habits die hard, I suppose. When things settled down, a group of surviving filmmakers regrouped in Star City and started making movies again.

These entrepreneurs trade slugs and refurbished viewers with towns across the West in exchange for food and the like. Slugs usually cost \$500 each. Home-size players (monitor included) go for \$100.

It's cheap because the filmmakers figure a town with a player has to buy films. You can sell slugs to the town for \$100 if they already own a copy (most folks like to have backup copies), and \$500 if they don't. Salvaged players sell from \$10 to \$50, depending on their condition.

The slugs are actually delivered by private couriers or sold to trade caravans looking to sell them for a profit elsewhere. Some of the more-established towns also show the films in old theaters for about \$10 a seat.

More 

Director's Credits

Here's a list of some of the Director's best works to date. He's to be credited for trying to tell the true story of the way things are today, but you have to take some parts with a grain of salt.

Cole Ballad: Nemesis of Evil

A movie for men only. Lots of blood, big guns, and busty broads. You can see the testosterone dripping out of this one.

Law Dogs: Badges and Bullets

The founding of the Law Dogs by Jane Swindall. Good, but a little hard-to-believe in parts. Includes another piece on Cole Ballad. Geez, Director. Why don't you just ask him out?

The Templars: Born in Blood

The founding of the Templars. Includes a brief scene of me playing myself! Simon was played by a real wuss, though.

Virginia City Massacre

An anti-Cult o' Doom movie about the massacre at Virginia City. Famous for a massive slow-motion massacre at the end as the muties finally break through the walls.

Sky Pirates of the Sierras

A rather ridiculous movie about a gallant band of Sky Pirates defending a town from a massive Combine strike force. Pure fantasy.

Most of the other townfolk are filmmaking flunkies such as camera operators, gaffers (whatever the Hell those are), or set makers. The actors are all temporary.

See, the Director always thought stars were a pampered, overrated lot, so he pays them next-to-nothing and never uses the same actor more than once. If you're wandering by Movie Town and want to give it a go, you've got a decent chance of getting in a film. Once. Just be careful. The Director's pursuit of realism is downright dangerous sometimes.

The rest of Movie Town is made up of your standard mix of storekeepers, bartenders, traders, and their families. They're fairly successful, so you've got a good chance of finding important goods for sale here. Just expect to pay 10-20% more than anywhere else.

Everyone Hates a Critic

One thing you should definitely *not* do while in Movie Town is criticize the Director's films. Several folks who have done so have ended up dead, and in some pretty gruesome ways. I won't go into details here, but you'd be well advised to keep your opinions to yourself in Movie Town, at least as far as the Director is concerned.

A Law Dog I know looked into this once, figuring the Director and his cronies were obviously responsible, but she came up with nothing. In fact, she was quite convinced of the Director's complete innocence. I don't know why, but if you look into it, you can judge him for yourself.

Old Prosperi

Prosperi is a blind man who lives in the hills overlooking the ruins of LA. The locals say he can heal better than a Templar or a Doomsayer. I'd have to see it to believe it.

Anyway, if you're in the area and want to take a chance, you can find him in the ruins of an old Spanish mission. Be careful. I've found it's not too wise to sneak up on a blind man.

The Director

The "mayor" of Movie Town is called the Director. No one knows his real name. He must have been pretty messed up in the War because he always wears bandages wrapped around his head to hide his face, and usually has wide sunglasses over his eyes. He's done his best to revive Movie Town, and continues to make new films, mostly semi-historical epics about things that have happened since the Apocalypse. I've listed some of his most notable projects in the hypertext thingamabob. 

Purgatory

The first thing you should know about the Maze is that a good chunk of it is on fire. A city-buster intended for Lost Angels "missed" and landed in a spot once known as Manitou Bluff. The blast cratered the mesa and set the ghost rock inside on fire. Within a few hours, the fire had spread outward, and today it burns about 100 miles in each direction except landward. The locals call the area that's still burning "Purgatory."

The fire burns along the seams in the middle of mesas, eventually causing them to collapse. It also burns in vast caves underwater, causing the ocean to roil and cook anyone who thinks the water will save them from the heat.

Since most of Purgatory is water or rock, there's plenty of places where a person can stay out of the fire and even tolerate the heat. What you can't survive is the fumes. That stuff poisons a person within a few hours—and that's assuming you stay away from any really thick concentrations. Check out my notes on the "firemen" if you have to go poking around this little area of Purgatory.

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

The going rate on ghost rock around most of the West is \$10 an ounce. Since there is so much of it out here, you can get it a little cheaper in the Maze—around \$8 an ounce.

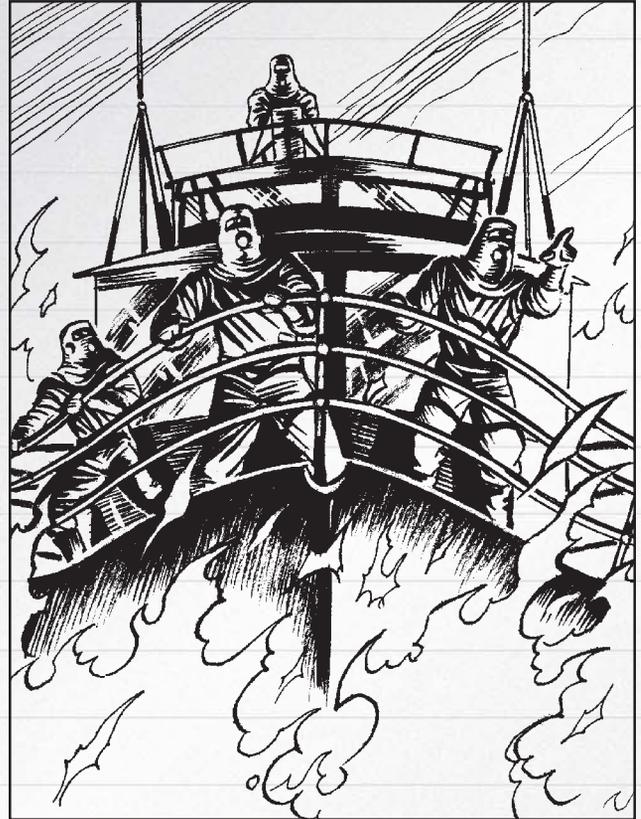
The Firemen

Any place this rich is eventually going to get plundered. And since this part of the Maze is on fire, there aren't too many folks who can manage. Those who did got a mess of suits from all the old firefighter outfits and headed off into the inferno.

The leader of this bunch is Jacob McCandles, a burly scavenger who doesn't put up with much foolishness. He claims his work's too dangerous to fool around. He'll get no argument from me there.

The firemen, sometimes called "silver suits" by the locals, ply fireproof boats through the Maze, looking for old boomtowns or other prime salvage spots in the Maze. I reckon McCandles and his crew would be about as rich as folks can get these days if there weren't other things still managing to live out there in that burning hell.

Of course I'm talking about monsters. Remember, the Four Horsemen are walking across the Earth and the dead walk, so don't be too surprised when I tell you there are creatures of flame living in Purgatory. I don't know much of the specifics, but the firemen are always looking for new fighters to help, so you can ask them for details if you want.



The Firemen. some of the craziest scavengers around.

Shan Fan

For those of you brainers who don't know anything about history, Shan Fan was founded in the wake of the Great Quake of 1868. All the ghost-rock mining in the area back then (starting with the Ghost Rush, as they called it) assured that Shan Fan's early years were prosperous ones.

This prosperity continued into the 20th and 21st centuries, and when the bombs fell, it was the most populous city on the West Coast. It got nuked proportionately, so not much survived.

Shanghai

A few years later, however, a large number of mutants took up residence in the ruins. These muties are loyal to the Doomsayers and kill any norms who cross through the maelstrom into their turf.

The leader of the muties is a deranged cannibal who calls himself Shanghai. This guy grew an extra head out of his shoulder, and though it's dead, he claims it makes him twice as smart as anyone else.

Yeah right.

Anyway, it's said he's one of the meanest things on two legs. Of course, he's never met me.

SoCal

Southern California was facing a serious overpopulation problem before the Last War started. The CSA didn't have a lot of space to cram all their Mazers in. Then the Mexican army moved through. They didn't dare cross over into Deseret, because the Mormon's Nauvoo Legion was one of the smallest but best armies in the world, especially with Hellstromme's leftover machines backing them up. So the Mexicans were forced to fight the Confederate forces in the narrow strip that was Southern California.

As you can imagine, having all the firepower of two high-tech armies in such a small space was like putting two exploding cats in a lunchbox. (Hey, cats *do* explode—I've seen it.) When they were done, from Utah west to the coast was a pockmarked ruin of bomb craters and rubble cities.

Thanks to the huge population that got in their way and died, SoCal has more than its fair share of walking dead these days. And a lot of these are the tough kind—former Mexican and Confederate soldiers. They're well armed and armored, and can be a stone cold bitch to put down. The hordes mostly rise up at night, so travel only during the day if you have to pass through here. Even then, stay out of any large ruins and other close quarters where the things can surprise and overwhelm you.

Better yet, just stay out of SoCal altogether. Salvagers have already gotten most of the good stuff anyway. Still, if you have to go here, take plenty of ammo and aim for the head.

Turtle Isle

A long time ago, a Chinese warlord named Kang came to America with a dream—to establish a criminal empire the likes of which the world had never seen. At least that's how the movie *Kang* started. I watched it with Roger when we were dating.

Kang was a real person. I read that he took part in the Great Rail Wars, became a billionaire, and founded the three cities of Dragon's Breath, Lion's Roar, and Bear's Claw. All three got nuked, and Kang and his ancestors died out a long time ago. So why is he important?

Because before he died, he had managed to create a whole new culture. See, Kang successfully merged Chinese, Japanese, Thai, Vietnamese, and other Oriental immigrants into his vast empire. That was quite an accomplishment. These folks used to fight like guests on a TV talk show, but Kang somehow got them all to get along. Mostly.

When that happened, all these different folks lost some of their original identities and became something new. The polite term for this new ethnic group was New Asian Americans, but everyone I knew called them kangers.

Like most everyone else, the kangers' cities got wiped out when the bombs fell. But Kang's floating city and casino, Turtle Isle, cleverly moved out of the way when the city-busters came calling.

It used to travel up and down the coast to pick up gamblers and tourists. These days, the floating city continues this tradition. It slowly prowls the larger chasms of the Maze, visiting boomtowns and survivor settlements to dispense trade, gambling, prostitution, and other vices.

Lord of the Isle

The new warlord of Turtle Isle is a Laotian who calls himself "Manchu." I'm sure he got that name out of a comic book, but that doesn't make him any less deadly. He's your typical maniacal despot, feeding his enemies to the sharks that trail the city to feed off its garbage and sending his warriors out to raid the land for supplies and women when they don't feel like paying for them. Mazers know how bad Manchu is, but most won't pass up an opportunity to taste of Turtle Isle's wicked temptations anyway. Pleasure of the flesh don't come easy these days.

The worst thing that the residents had to worry about before the Apocalypse was bad weather. These days, the shining lights of Turtle Island seem an inviting target for the raider that lurk in the Great Maze.

With that in mind, Manchu has overseen the fortification of his floating city. And raiders foolish enough to attack Turtle Isle have a rude shock awaiting them. To clueless folks, the place may look lightly defended, but Manchu managed to salvage quite a few military-grade weapons from a sunken USA destroyer after the bombs fell.

This is a good place to go if you need info on the Maze. The scum here know just about anything. We Templars like to travel about in disguise, so I've been on the Turtle Isle a couple dozen times looking for dirt.

It's pretty easy to mingle even if you're not a kanger—there's been enough monkey-business on the island (before and after the bombs) to give a wide range of looks and skin tones to the 2000+ population. There's also enough of a flow of people on and off the island that new faces aren't unusual. Just stay away from the Turtle Island guards. They know all that martial arts stuff and carry submachine-guns to boot.

The Great Northwest

Idaho, Oregon, Washington

Mother Nature must have been pretty pissed off when we humans nuked her. She responded with volcanoes, earthquakes, hurricanes, and tsunamis all over the world. In the Northwest, Mount St. Helens and Mt. Rainier erupted.

137

The eruptions lasted for the better part of six months—covering Washington, Oregon, and Idaho in a layer of choking gray ash. Go into a ruin or anywhere else the near-constant northwest rain hasn't washed the ash away and you'll still see piles of the stuff. When you do, try not to disturb it. I don't think it's deadly unless a duststorm picks up a pile of the stuff, but it'll sure choke you up for a good long while.

After the eruptions, things went back to semi-normal. It rains three-quarters of the year west of the Cascades. Idaho is a bit drier, but since it doesn't get the warm Pacific winds it gets colder and has a lot more snow in the winter.

Make sure to scavenge both a solid raincoat and a heavy winter coat when traveling this part of the country. Trust me. You'll be glad you did.

The Daimyo of Portland

Iso Fujima used to own an incredible Japanese steakhouse in Portland, Oregon. Look it up in an old tourist guide and you'll see it was rated as four-star. It even looked like a Japanese manor, complete with goldfish ponds, crescent roof, and a small museum of ancient arms and armor in the waiting area. Iso was a pillar of the local Japanese community, and was incredibly proud of his heritage.

When the bombs fell, Iso went a little nuts. He actually came to believe the mountaintop restaurant was a fortress and he was the ruler, or "daimyo," of Beaverton. Iso donned an ancient suit of armor from the collection in the lobby of the restaurant, picked up his family's ancestral sword, and called for all survivors of Japanese descent to come to the fortress and serve him.

A few score did, and within a few years, the old restaurant truly was a fortress. The people built villages and rice paddies beneath the hilltop restaurant, and Iso's old chefs became samurai (and some still hibachi a mean chicken, I'm told). This may sound like an inauspicious beginning for a kingdom, but, Iso's "samurai" were smart folks, and managed to pick up the finer points of sword fighting pretty quickly. Oh yeah, and they still carry guns. Didn't I tell you they were smart?

Iso doesn't care for "round eyes," whom he blames for the end of civilization. Their corpses—criminals only, thank God—line the road as a warning. Japanese criminals usually meet with much lighter sentences.

Fortunately, most of Iso's subjects, about 200 families who work the fields, aren't so intolerant. They know they have a good thing going so they don't cross their Daimyo openly, but they'll usually sell rice or other goods to travelers who pass through the village quietly.

Leavenworth

This old tourist town sits high in the Cascade Mountains. Back in the 1900s, the local industry died and the town almost went with it. Then some genius decided to turn the place into a "German village" and attract tourists. It worked, but it's a little strange to be hiking through the Cascades and suddenly see drunken locals in lederhosen pouring out of the Gasthouse.

The people here are mostly American, but a fair number of real Germans moved in after the Reckoning—almost as if they were drawn there to help fulfill the theme. You'll hear a slight Germanic accent even in the former grungers from Seattle. Weird, huh?

Like all survivors, they're tough and even a little ruthless. A lot of the Germans are veterans dropped here during the Last War. Like the other survivors in Leavenworth, they're tough, but they've got a big problem. Their hunters, the "jaegers" (pronounced "yay-gers"), are falling prey to wendigos (see below). I've heard the town is offering some kind of bounty on these things' heads, but I don't know the details.

Death of a Hero

Their best hunter, a near-legend named Gunter Jurgenson, managed to bag several wendigos before the bastard known as Stone came to town. Jurgenson took to the mountains, knowing he'd have the best chance at evading the supernatural killer there. To his credit, he lasted an entire month before Stone finally caught him and put a bullet in Jurgenson's forehead.

Pentacorp

I had the misfortune of getting lost in a blizzard in the Cascade Range a few years back and I probably would have died had I not stumbled upon a small, walled compound high in the mountains. To my surprise, the guard at the gate actually allowed me in and took me to one of the main buildings.

I was given dry clothes and some hot food and allowed to stay the night. The people there seemed normal enough, but something about the place got my hackles up.

I decided to forgo their hospitality and sneaked out of the place in the dead of night (not an easy thing to do, they had guard dogs there that looked like they pumped iron and ate steroid biscuits).

The storm had let up some by then, and as I trudged away from the compound I caught sight of a sign that read "Pentacorp, a division of BRI." The only BRI I've ever heard of is Black River Industries, one of the most unsavory corporations in the world prior to Judgement Day.

I've tried to locate the compound again, but I haven't been able to retrace the path I took through that storm with any success.

The Rain Forest

Olympic Forest is a lush rain forest famous for its towering trees, exotic vegetation, and rare animals. It's still there, and in fact, it's expanding daily. The "Living Jungle," as a local tribe of muties calls it, is moving eastward at the rate of



One of the many horticultural nightmares of the Rain Forest.

10 feet a day. Of course that's not really possible—the climate shouldn't support a rain forest that far outside its original boundaries—but there it is. You can go deny its existence while it grows right over your corpse if you want.

The jungle wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't filled with killer bees, giant insects, and most of all, carnivorous plants. Stay out of it. If you must go in, loot a hardware store and load up on weed-killer and Raid.

SEATAC

The Seattle-Tacoma airport was once one of the busiest airfields in the US. It took a direct hit from a tactical ghost-rock bomb in the Last War, but a former Air Force pilot named Victor Germaine restored enough of one runway to operate a small jet. He charges a buck a mile a person to fly, and can range about 1000 miles in good weather.

It's expensive, but well worth it if you need to get somewhere quick. And Vic's good enough to use any decent highway as a landing field. As he'll point out to you during the flight (Vic's something of a talker), when President Eisenhower came up with the northern highway system after World War II, he mandated that 1 mile out of every 5 be made straight. That way, he reasoned, if the North was ever attacked, they'd have ample makeshift airfields for defense.

The Confederates also created federal highways, but didn't catch on to Ike's little secret for many years. It's much harder for Vic to land his plane in Southern states than Northern ones.

The Space Needle

Here's architectural proof that the bombs had supernatural effects (in case you doubted it). The Space Needle and the park that surround it are intact even though it's within ground zero. Other structures inside the storm are demolished as you'd expect, but for whatever reason, the park remains standing.

Spikers

Anything this unique has to have some pretty awesome occupants. The Space Needle's dangerous denizens are things the local survivors call "spikers." They look like a cross between spiders, sea-urchins, and porcupines, but made out of metal.

Spikers lurk in the eves of the Space Needle and hurl themselves at anything that walks into the park. They can clear about 200 yards out

from the needle without too much trouble, so don't think they can only drop straight down on you while you're gaping up at them.

What most folks don't know is that the spikers are created by the man that lives in the Space Needle. Your note that I said "created by" not "controlled by." While the critters do listen to his pleadings most of the time, I've had to put a few of the more enthusiastic ones down on my visits.

Needle Hands

So why go there? Because the tower's only resident is a paranoid junker named Clausenstein, but folks call him "Needle Hands" because of the syringes he wears on his leather gloves. Why? Well that's a long-story, but suffice it to say Needle Hands needs certain drugs to stay alive. Since he's kind of absentminded, he keeps the stuff in syringes built right into his gloves. That way when he forgets to take his medicine and has a seizure, the drugs are right there at the tip of his fingers, if you'll pardon the pun.

Despite his bizarre appearance and the spikers, Needle Hands isn't one of the bad guys. He's not exactly a "good guy" either, but he can be useful on occasion, especially with his knowledge of alchemy. I once needed a special concoction to put some guards to sleep, and Needle Hands was a big help. He's weird and creepy, but if you can get to him and convince him you're a friend, he'll help out in return for some useful parts for his many experiments.

Oh, and don't forget to make him tell his spikers to leave you alone on the trip out. Like I said, they don't always listen to him, but it can't hurt.

Spotted Owls

Wacko environmentalists saved the spotted owl from extinction about a hundred years ago. I know that should be a good thing, but the road to Hell was paved with good intentions.

For whatever reason, spotted owls have become twice as big and four times as mean. Oh, and they now hunt people instead of mice. You'll hear these things "hoo-hooing" in the woods all through Oregon. When you do, it's best to crawl inside a rotted tree.

If the owls spot you, they swoop in by the scores and slice at you with razor-sharp talons, slowly whittling you to exhaustion before the flock moves in to feast. Only if you're lucky will you actually die from the slashings before the little bastards begin to pick at you with their beaks.

Wendigos

This one scares the Hell out of me. Long ago, the Indians of the Washington State area suffered horribly from cold, hungry, winters. Every now and then, some desperate soul would resort to cannibalism. The Indians say such a person would become a "wendigo," a horrible, savage creature forever-after consumed with a ravenous hunger for human flesh.

Freacking Reckoning. Imagine something horrible, and it comes true.

Now hunters in the Cascade Mountains claim there's a huge clan of wendigos living in a primitive village in the high peaks. I guess 200 years of the Reckoning and a lot of sick and starving losers will do that.

A famous hunter named Gunter Jurgenson (see my entry on Leavenworth, page 85), was one of the few who had fought the wendigos and lived—for a while at least—that bastard Stone killed him. Before he died, he told his neighbors that there are actually several types of wendigos—white, brown, black, and even a flying variety as well. He said there were also *hundreds* of wolf-men living in the village. The things appeared to be the wendigos' slaves, and they cowered in crude lean-tos when they weren't hunting for their masters. Other "cabins" serve as larders. Jurgenson says they're filled with human carcasses.

The wendigos are moving down from the mountains into the prime game areas. It's almost like they're slowly hunting the hunters to make it harder for the nearby settlements to get meat. Jurgenson was one of the few who had learned how to fight them in the snowy mountains. Since Stone killed him, there may not be anyone left to stop these horrors.

The Wizard's Tower

Ages ago, there was some kind of big game company in downtown Seattle. They produced this crazy card game and even triggered something of a craze before federal officials found out the trading cards were laced with an addictive mind-control drug.

That put the company out of business, but during that time, they put the money to good use building a huge, 15 story "game center." Gamers from all over the world could come and geek out over the latest video, card, and miniature games, as well as those freaky paper and live-action roleplaying games. They even had high-tech such as linked supercomputers, full 3D virtual reality simulators, and orgasmotrons (adults only—don't ask).

When the feds put the company out of business, their mammoth game center got bought by other investors and renamed the "Wizard's Tower." They ditched the kid stuff and turned it into a "virtual experience" where folks could feel like they were in real adventures. You know, wizards, princesses, Western horror, stuff like that.

The Gamemaster

These days, a mad mutant called the "Gamemaster" has taken up residence in the tower (the rest of the block is in ruins). He uses the high-tech equipment to turn the complex into a much more dangerous game. When folks "died" in the game before, they just got booted out the door—no refunds. These days, death is a little more permanent thanks to deathtraps and armed minions.

I've been through one of these adventures, and while I wasn't able to end the Gamemaster's madness, I and most of my companions survived. My advice to you, should you ever find yourself his victim, is to never quit. The scenarios he creates often look hopeless, but it wouldn't be a game for him if there was no way to escape. Keep your head, think of your situation like a puzzle, and most importantly, DON'T kill everything that moves (this one was REAL hard for me). Some of the extras that populate the fantasy world are mutants, others are constructs, but those that don't attack you might provide you with critical clues.

"So Jo, Why Didn't You Level the Place?"

Good question. I know it would be great (and extremely satisfying) to just level the building, but a mess of mostly innocent muties and their families live inside the sprawling complex. The Gamemaster provides them with food and protection in exchange for labor. Also, I think most of the facility is actually hidden far below ground (I tried to tunnel out through a "tree" and hit bedrock beyond the simulator's viewing area), so even if you don't care about hurting the (mostly) innocent muties living inside, you're not likely to do any real damage by leveling the building.

One last word of warning. The Gamemaster's mechanical minions lurk along the blocks near the game center. Go prowling around there and you'll likely find yourself injected, gassed, or shocked helpless. Then you'll wake up dressed as an elf in the middle of Sherwood Forest. He dressed me as a princess. I shredded my dress and ran around in my boxers for the rest of the game. Son-of-a-bitch. Dress me up like some pansy, "come hither" maiden. . .

High Plains

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

The High Plains cover a lot of territory. Mostly, they're covered in tall grass, low hills, and shallow gullies. A few areas are much more dramatic, like the Badlands or Yellowstone, but most of the High Plains are fairly flat. That's good because you can usually see the things that are chasing you from a ways off. It's bad because it might lull you into a false sense of security. 143

Sometimes the High Plains are called the Irradiated Plains. That's because the fallout just keeps blowing around the flat prairies. Rain washes it down one day, then a week of hot sun dries it out for the constant breeze to kick back into the air. A wise traveler keeps a scarf over his mouth when crossing the plains. That keeps the worst of the fallout from getting in your lungs and might add a few more minutes to your life.

The Badlands

The Badlands are a weird stretch of land filled with tall, jagged ridges, steep cliffs, narrow chasms, and some of the most macabre-looking rock formations you've ever laid eyes on.

There's not much reason to go here unless you're looking for trouble, and there's plenty of that. Devil bats, another of the monsters the old *Tombstone Epitaph* was always ranting about, are still present in spades.

I can't imagine how they manage to eat though. There aren't enough people nearby to sustain such a large population. Maybe they feed off the rattlers or wormlings, 'cause there are plenty of those.

The Worm Cult

Over a century ago, a weird cult of rattler worshippers was rumored to exist in the Badlands (see page 94 if you don't know what rattlers are). The cult sacrificed humans to the giants in return for arcane powers. I'm told the land around "Worm Canyon" even took on the look of every victim the cult threw to the giant worms and their hungry babies—hence the weird rock formations.

Some do-gooders supposedly wiped out the cult and a good number of rattlers too. Whoever they were, they didn't finish the job, because the cult is still active. These loonies dye their skin and throw victims off the high cliffs of the Badlands to their creepy masters below.

Boise, Idaho

With a name like Boise (pronounced boy-zee for you foreign types), it's got to be good, right? Wrong. Boise's a stinkhole, pure and simple. Why? I'll tell you why.

First, this is the Templars' home. Oh, we're the good guys of course, but that's part of the problem. Most of the Templars are guys!

That's great when I'm looking for company, but the tidal wave of testosterone coming off a bunch of sword-wielding, holier-than-thou, macho male Templars can really get to you sometimes.

Ah, Hell. I guess they deserve it. I mean, they have devoted themselves to saving the world and all. Still, what I wouldn't give for some solid female camaraderie sometimes.

The Grand Temple

The second reason I don't like Boise is that our Grand Lodge is *inside* the Boise ghost storm.

Yep. You gotta get through a 10-yard wall of screaming spirits to reach the Temple, and it hurts like Hell. We Templars can hack it, but most other folks can't. It's almost a living embodiment of Simon's principle: We only help those who deserve it. Can't make it through the storm? Too bad. The weak get culled.

Personally, this is a bit much even for me. I mean, what about kids? How does Simon expect them to—well. This isn't the place.

The Hall of Heroes

On a hill a short distance away from the Grand Temple is the Hall of Heroes. This is where we display the swords, tabards, or whatever's left of our fallen comrades.

Your body gets cremated—Simon doesn't like the idea of having a bunch of Templar corpses all in one place—and stuck in an urn. Then they take the urn and seal it in a niche behind a long plaque telling of all your deeds. It's awe-inspiring in that cold place and more than a little creepy knowing someday you too will just be ash. That's assuming they find anything left of your corpse, of course.

Around the Hall of Heroes is the Heroes' Cemetery. This is where we bury honored heroes who weren't Templars, but who we felt deserved to be buried on hallowed ground.

Assuming I don't make it through the night, I'd appreciate it if you could see that my sword and tabard make it back to the Grand Temple. The Templars pay well for the return of their dead, and there's a niche in the Hall of Heroes with my name on it.

Seems a shame to leave it empty.



Our Fearless leader: Simon, Grandmaster of the Templars.

The Boise Horror

This is the real reason Boise doesn't top my list of top 10 places to visit: the Boise Horror. See, Boise is smack in the middle of a Deadland. You'd think with the Grand Temple there and all, Boise would have returned to normal, but it hasn't. I don't know why, but I do know that the Deadland here has gave birth to the Boise Horror.

What is it? No idea. Every now and then we find a Templar or visitor torn to pieces. A hero named Teller thought he killed the Horror once, but it turned out it was just a bloodwolf. That's great, and we're glad he killed that beast, but it didn't do a thing to slow the Horror down. The killings continue.

There's never been a (live) witness to any of the killings. Plenty of lesser evils creep around the downtown Boise ruins, and every now and then some snot-nosed squire kills a stray trog and says it's the Horror, but a few days later, another solitary victim is found shredded up. That's led some to believe the thing is invisible. Simon's come up with some bizarre schemes to find and kill the thing, but so far not a single one of them has worked.

If you ever get a chance to meet Simon, don't bring that fact up. It's a bit of a sore issue.

Denver

Don't go here. That's all you need to know about Denver.

Denver

Okay. You're obviously not listening. No one ever does.

Denver is the home of the Combine. You know, the Black Hats? Throckmorton? All those damn automatons? All right. Just to be complete, I'll start from the beginning.

During the War, a Confederate General named Throckmorton was in charge of a prison camp somewhere in the Rockies. Word from Cole Ballad (see page 73), who knows him well, is that Throckmorton got messed up pretty bad in the war. He had a good service record though, so the Rebs paid to have most of his body replaced with bionics. If he isn't a cyborg, but he's the next-closest thing.

Anyway, besides captured Yankee troops, Throckmorton also got all the captured Northern Alliance equipment. His technicians were supposed to fix things up, then put them back into service with the Southern Alliance forces.

When the bombs fell, Throckmorton found himself with a whole lot of troops and equipment while the rest of the world was scavenging for beans. He even had a good number of technicians who knew how to fix things. So the General decided he'd be a hero. He pardoned his prisoners, added them to his own troops, and left the Rockies to reunite the nation, maybe even bringing the North and South back together again.

A Noble Beginning

His new country was to be called the American Combine. It was an apt choice of words. In case you don't know, a "combine" is also a big piece of farm machinery that threshes everything before it. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

What I've said so far might have been the beginning of the beginning, and a good one at that. Throckmorton wandered east from the mountains and visited a number of villages. Since everyone hates him now, the legends say he destroyed everything in his path.

But the truth is—and I've seen the Librarians' firsthand accounts—that Throckmorton actually gave the survivors he came across food, medicine, and even a few weapons to protect themselves from the growing mutie hordes. Remember this was just a few months after the Apocalypse, so few survivors had actually

formed communities yet. When Throckmorton came through with all his shiny tanks, well-fed troops, and a little bit of hope, they willingly abandoned their hovels and joined his force.

Then the General found Hellstromme's automated factories on the outskirts of Denver. To understand how the factories came to be, and their impact on the Combine, you have to know a little more about they came to be. Check out the section on Hellstromme under Who's Who (page 62) if you haven't already, then come back here.

The Automated Factories

When Hellstromme relocated to Denver, I guess he decided people sucked. He built all-new factories, this time automated almost exclusively by robots and artificially intelligent computers.

At first the factories made cars, labor-saving robots, and all manner of "smart" devices. Hell, the talking toaster Roger and I got as a wedding present was made in one of these factories.

Then the Last War began, so Hellstromme went back to his old habits. The factories were retooled and started cranking out weapons, automatons (robots wired with human brains), warbots (vehicles wired with human brains), and city-buster ghost-rock bombs. (Hey, he didn't want the third-world countries who couldn't build their own to feel left out, did he?)

In the end, if it was bad, Hellstromme made it. I guess he wanted to show the Mormons who was boss.

When the bombs finally fell, the factories were protected by some kind of weird force field. Evidently, Hellstromme was away at the time because he hasn't been seen since. I guess he got killed along with most everyone else (serves him right). His factories fell dormant.

Enter Throckmorton

This is what Throckmorton found when he got to Denver: a mess of perfectly protected automated factories just waiting for someone to tell them what to make.

I don't know what Throckmorton's deal is, but within a few short weeks, he'd turned from savior to tyrant. The factories started making weapons, ammo, and automatons once again. That's when his armies started "liberating" villages. Only this time, he demanded supplies from them as tribute. And if they didn't pony up, the Black Hats started wiping people out. That's what they still do today.

For some reason, the factories can't make ghost-rock bombs anymore. I know this because Ike Taylor (of Junkyard, who has the most to fear from the Combine) has a spy inside. The spy

doesn't know why, and even stranger, he's never heard Throckmorton complain about it. He does know that the Black Hats try to recover any ghost-rock bombs still out there however.

That means Throckmorton *wants* bombs but his factory can't make them. That's valuable—if somewhat curious—information for the rest of us.

The Compound

The automated factories are on the outskirts of Denver. Throckmorton's robots built barracks and other facilities for the higher-ranking humans, then formed a wall around the area with old cars and trucks, chainlink fences, cargo containers, piles of rubble, and whatever else they could find.

Just outside of the compound are fields and an old suburb called Lafayette where the farmers live. These folks are slaves captured in battle. Throckmorton puts them to work in the fields raising crops for the rest of his troops.

It's easy for these poor folks to escape into the ruins of downtown Denver, but it's nearly impossible to get further. The open fields surrounding the region are constantly patrolled by raptors. These flying warbots circle the area and gun down anyone they spy without a chip implanted in her head.

Downtown Denver

Downtown Denver is a nightmare. Black Hats can't stay in the compound, so scores of them hang out in the ruins. Some are "on leave," some are recuperating from injuries, some wait for a new patrol to join because their old one got wiped out, and some are just shirking their duties. These scum loiter in whatever shelter they can find, hunting rats for food and escaped slaves for fun.

The Resistance

A band of resisters and escaped prisoners eke out a living in the ruins and sewers of Denver. Throckmorton doesn't care that so many of his farmers escape, because the only place they can run to is the ruined city, and it's crawling with new automatons calibrating their sensors and weapons by hunting down escapees.

Most of the resisters just try to survive, but there are a few who actively attempt to sabotage the Combine's efforts. Woe to the Black Hat who gets caught alone at night in downtown Denver.

Life is hard for these partisans, but the aid and intelligence they can provide may be a key part of our defense when that bastard Throckmorton finally launches his attack on the West.



An ordinary night in downtown Denver. I wish I was joking.

Deadwood

Deadwood was the home of the Ravenites. I told you about them earlier. Now I'm going to tell you about what happened to their town.

Deadwood boomed after 1900, first with ghost rock, later with casinos, then by selling arms. It was more decadent than Las Vegas, with more millionaires per square mile than Manhattan. It's said they rivaled Hellstromme for selling ghost-rock bombs to the third world. (Industrialized nations had their own.)

The power and the money must have pissed off the Old Wayers. They'd been preaching against these very vices for two centuries, but every generation of Sioux couldn't help but watch the Ravenites getting richer. So their ranks grew while the Old Wayers diminished.

Deadwood's population grew unchecked for decades. The problem was that the Old Wayers confined the town to an area about nine miles long and four wide. That meant construction had to go up instead of out. In the end, Deadwood existed on many levels, from dirty, rubble-strewn streets that never saw daylight to 50-story rooftops connected by walkways to keep the rich from having to mix with the poorer folks down below.

Then it all came crashing down. The fate of Deadwood reminds me of that old Bible story about Sodom and Gomorra. See, Gomorra was destroyed by God for its sins. I don't think God leveled Deadwood, not unless He looks like a charred corpse in a loincloth. See, a few days before the bombs fell, a strange figure walked into downtown Deadwood and started blasting. The news reports at the time said he had a rocket launcher of some sort, but that was a government cover-up. I know survivors who were there, and they say this thing shot streams of black fire out of its hands, toppling the already unstable maze of buildings.

The refugees fled into the wilderness and watched their city burn. Just a few days later, a city-buster landed smack on top of the ruins. In a way, the early destruction of their city saved hundreds. Though thousands had already died, the rest were outside of town in refugee camps when the world ended.

Devils Tower

This massive, natural wonder stands almost 600 feet tall—at least the part that's left. The rest lies in 100-foot-tall piles around the base.

The Indian legends of the place say a massive grizzly chased some kids up to the top. The grooves down the side are its claw marks.

Whatever.

In truth, there was some sort of secret government research lab there. I don't know much about it, but it caught a city-buster in the Last War, which blew off half the tower.

A local band of Sioux claim it is now haunted by the ghosts of those who died there, and not all those who died were human. The Indians say hunched figures prowl the plains by night, looking for meat.

Fine. Shoot them.

Fort Bridger

A long time ago, a fellow named Jim Bridger established this waystation in southwestern Wyoming for settlers traveling west. It offered food and water and, more importantly, protection against hostile Indians. Fort Bridger grew into a town a few decades later and was almost a city when the Last War came.

The war damage to Fort Bridger was conventional, not nuclear, so the survivors of the area rebuilt Fort Bridger into an actual fort once again. Just like in the days of old, they trade goods with travelers and provide protection against several bands of bloodthirsty mutants who prowl the surrounding wastes.

You can get basic supplies there at a decent price. Just watch out for some of the "independent" dealers who sometimes set up shop on the parade ground.

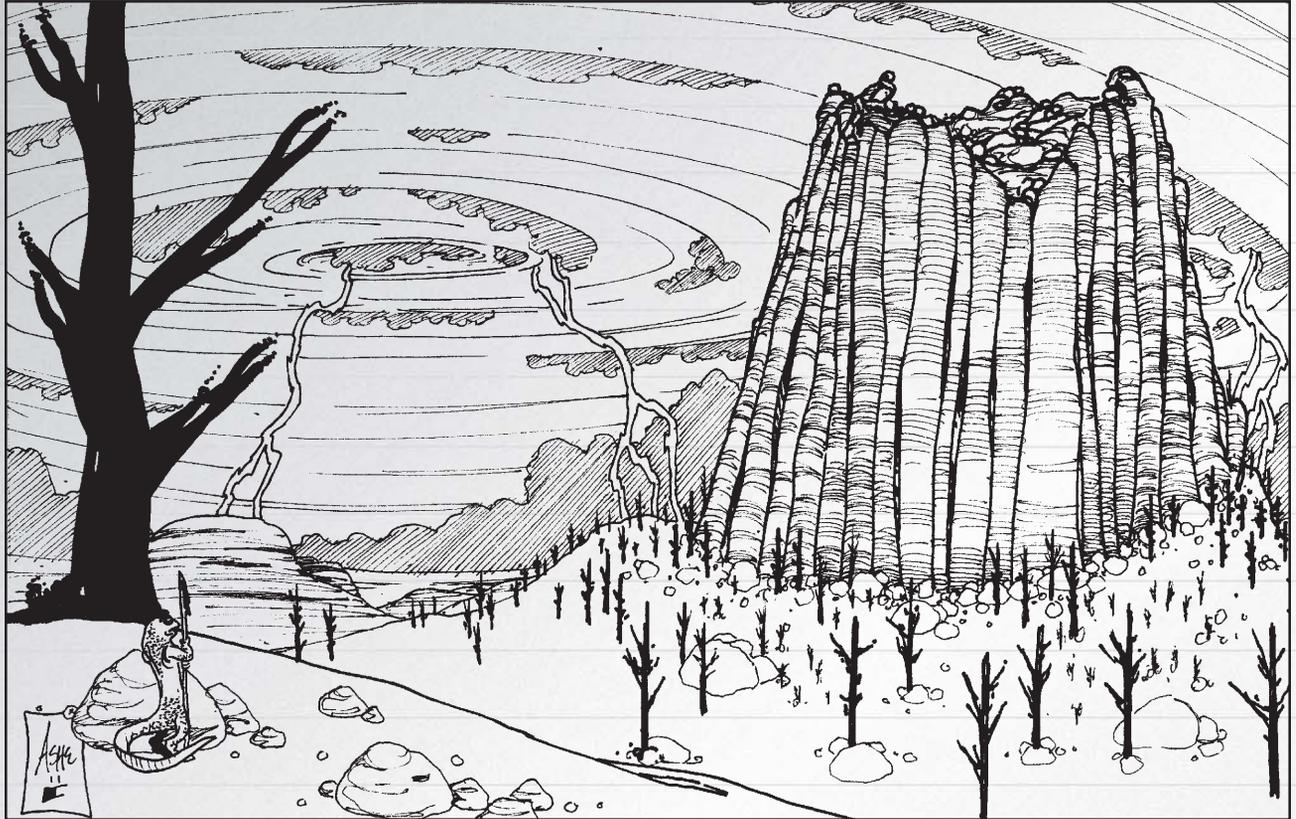
The Freeman

Over a century ago, hundreds of dissatisfied Northerners started protesting the Federal government. They claimed it was corrupt, militaristic, and had a secret agenda to sell out America to the UN. Two outta three ain't bad.

The "Freemen's" popularity waned for several decades, but then got a real shot in the arm when the Northern Alliance was exposed.

Thousands of survivalists and right-wing "patriots" cried revolution, then fled to the hills of Montana to await the battle. It never came, but when a Confederate force made the mistake of entering their territory, hoping to coerce them into attacking the US, they proved they were no friends of the Rebs either.

These days there aren't so many Freeman left. The Confederates paid back their lack of hospitality with nukes. Those who are still around are well-armed at least. They've got tons of ammo, rockets, and even a few missiles. They're mostly paranoid nutcases, but they could come in handy should all of us ever get together to fight Throckmorton.



Devils Tower as it looks today. This wonder of nature caught a city-buster in the Last War, but most of it survived. Or grew back.

The Freeman are divided up into "families." If there's a leader to be found, it's definitely Michelle Stockton. She was once a housewife, but after her husband died fighting mutants a few years back, she took over and has proven one of the toughest fighters in a group of ferocious warriors. I've met Michelle. She's got a tanned face from years in the sun, signs of motherhood in her hips, and a stare that stabs right through you and makes it damn hard to lie. She's real quiet, but when she speaks, everyone listens.

Still, I could take her.

Helldown

Helldown has no walls to keep out marauders. Not physical ones at least. Instead, they rely on their grim reputations. You see, Helldown's citizens don't take the law into their own hands—they take the bad guys into their hands and wring their scrawny necks. That's why every building in town is painted red.

Strangers are welcome here. Feel free to buy, sell, and otherwise trade your heart out. But don't cross anybody. Every capable person in town acts as the law, and they're all heeled to the gills.

I once saw a biker gang ride into town. There were 20 of 'em, meaner'n spit. They'd no more than gotten off their bikes and started pushing the town's only bartender around when the whole population came out with pistols, shotguns, rifles—even a machine-gun mounted up on the roof. Next thing you know, the bikers are swinging from the old light poles outside of town. I might have stepped in, but I knew this particular band, and they got what was coming to them.

The only problem I got with the Helldowners is that they keep to themselves. Don't expect them to form a posse and help out their neighbors on the High Plains. Mayor Tawana Wilkins sees to that.

Mall of America

If you're old enough, you probably heard about the incredible Mall of America in St. Paul, Minnesota. It survived relatively intact, and a local named Anthony "Fat Tony" Mulachi made sure it wasn't looted. See, Tony was a minor mobster. He and his boys moved in to the mall just a few hours after the Apocalypse, shot the few looters who were already inside, and claimed it as their own.

These days, Tony and the gang run the mall like a paradise. Outside, the rusting hulks of old vehicles litter the parking lot. Most are left over from the bombs that hit St. Paul, but a few are what's left of the road gangs that tried to raid the mall. Like any survivor settlement, the mall has defenses on the roof and, rumor has it, hidden among some of the old hulks as well.

Inside the mall is an entirely different world. The area between the stores is lined with plants, fluorescent lights line the halls, and there's even Muzak playing in the background!

You don't have to worry about fighting with anyone else over the goods. It costs \$20 just for the privilege to get in. Tony leaves folks alone once they're shopping—unless it looks like they're loitering. Then he throws them out if they don't show they're buying something.

There were hundreds of stores in the mall. Currently Tony only keeps about 25 storefronts open. I hear he's trying to expand the operation, so who knows what the place will look like in a couple of months.

Each of the stores is organized by category. You'll find guns in one area, electronic parts in another, and so on. Tony gets new items from anyone who brings them in.

Many trade caravans go back and forth from here to Junkyard (after taking a long northerly route around Denver). That means Tony also keeps a good supply of spook juice, ammo, and bullets on hand. They cost more than in Junkyard—about 50% more—but Junkyard is a long way away. Other items aren't so bad—about 25% more than normal. And there's no haggling. Everything is clearly marked with one set price.

Tony even operates five different restaurants inside. Sure, three of them are Italian, and you'll very likely be the only customer in the whole joint, but it's a real treat if you remember what it used to be like. Tony's other two restaurants serve steaks, burgers, and seafood from the Mississippi. I'd watch out for the latter—Tony brought me a three-eyed trout one day and my Geiger counter started ticking like a time bomb.

Near Wichita



103

Maybe you've seen one of these wide-eyed gals who fancies herself a witch. The way I understand it, there are instructions for casting spells in this old book from the 1960s called *How to Serve Your Man*. These "witches" usually run on the good side of the fence, helping folks and blasting horrors. I'm sure they're not all Glenda the Good Witch, but most of them don't cause too much trouble.

But there is one batch of bitches I'd love to drop a building on. This bunch lives in the irradiated ruins of Wichita. I guess they just couldn't resist the name.

Anyway, the Wichita coven is way more powerful than any other witches I've met. And evil to the womb too. No one knows much about them except they're fierce man-haters.

I know the witches don't like men because they use them for parts. I'm talking witch's brews, target practice, and so on. They've got the remains of a few unfortunate fellows hanging outside the Wichita storm. Get caught inside the storm, and you'd best have on a dress.

I'm not sure what it is that makes these chicks more powerful than their sisters, but in the end it doesn't really matter. Someone needs wipe out these murderous bitches.

Rattlers

You'll find these massive worms in several places: the Badlands, the Mojave, and even around Junkyard. The ones in the Badlands seem to be the most numerous. Maybe there's just fewer people there to mess with them.

These things are huge. I'm talking several football fields here. They sense prey by vibration. If you feel your teeth rattle (hence the name), hold real still or start climbing some tall rocks. There's probably a worm below ground, heading for you.

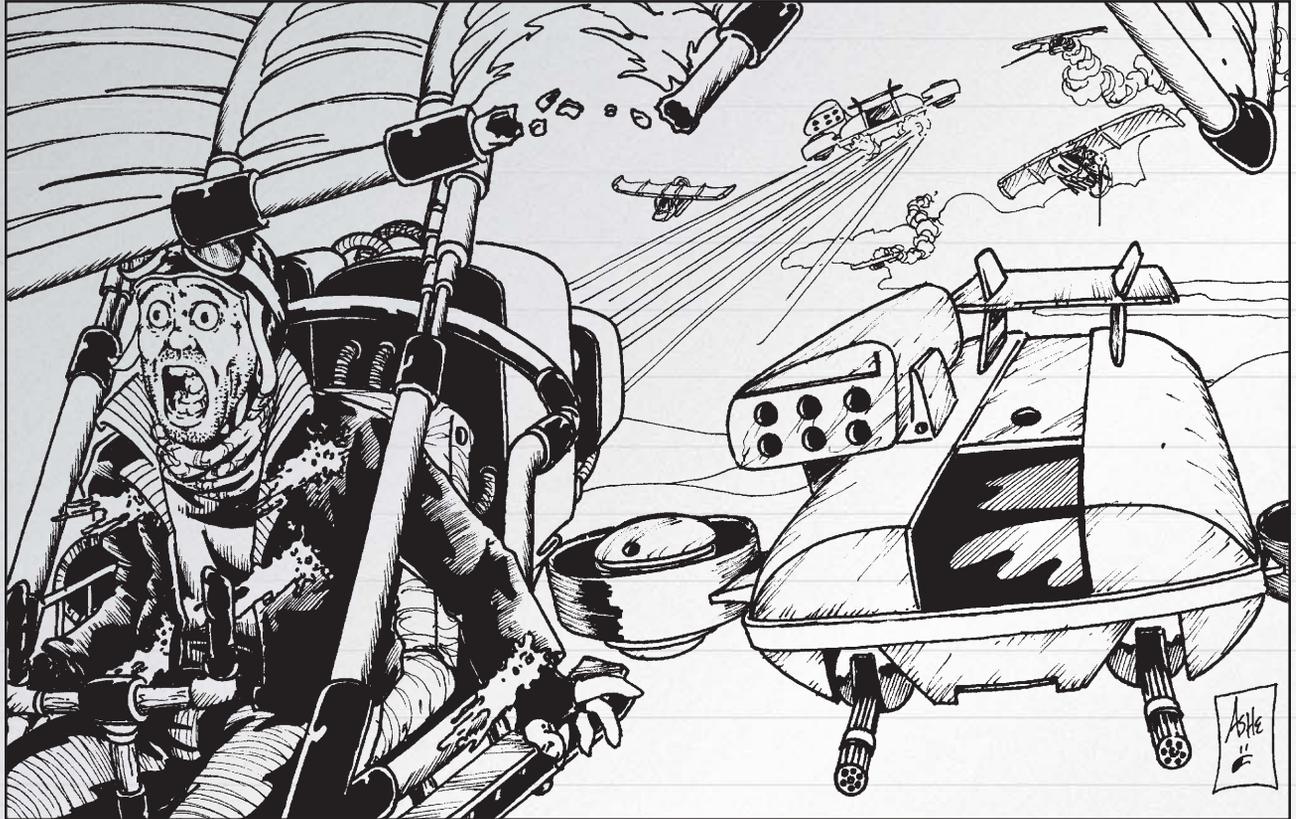
The Sioux

The Sioux fared well during the Last War. They didn't get invaded, and nobody nuked them. Even their huge buffalo herds managed to escape the livestock plagues that wiped out so many cattle and cows. Big medicine, I guess.

But then War headed into the Dakotas after he finished razing Kansas. The Old Ways met him with bows, arrows, and tomahawks. What happened next is a sad tale of greed.

The Ravenites went to their "poor brothers" aid with modern guns, artillery, rockets, and so on. Most of those who fought were either poor Ravenites or mercenaries hired by wealthier souls back at the refugee camps. This hastily formed army was decimated in the field, due in part to inexperience but mostly because a son-of-a-bitch named Tommy Two-Women armed them with SA-13 Assault Rifles.

If you ever find one of these things, throw it away. They jam when the wind blows. A lot of good people got killed by War's horde because of these guns. Some say Two-Women is still alive. If you ever meet him, gut him like a trout.



A group of overambitious Sky Pirates tangle with a flight of General Throckmorton's raptors.

Sky Pirates

Somewhere in the high peaks of the Rockies is a huge den of survivors who call themselves the Sky Pirates. I'm not sure how they got started, but these days, there are a couple hundred of them, and almost all of them have some sort of flying machine. Some have Cessnas, some have autogyros, and most have ultralights.

For a while, the Sky Pirates made their living raiding the towns west of the Rockies, and occasionally even the camps of the biker gangs. They'd swoop down out of the sky at twilight like a horde of airborne Vikings, fire off a few rounds, and drop a few sticks of dynamite. Then some of them landed and started pillaging while the rest stayed in the air ready to bomb or strafe anyone who resisted.

Fortunately, a greater evil turned them from common bandits into dubious heroes. Of course I'm talking about the Combine.

A short while after Throckmorton found the factories and started demanding tribute, he sent a helicopter full of Black Hats to find the home of the Sky Pirates. The Combine airmen were led to the Sky Pirates' home, where they demanded tribute and were promptly refused. The Black

Hats vowed to return with enough firepower to wipe the pirates out, and they took off. Of course the pirates took off right behind them and downed the helicopter once it was well away from their secret home.

Throckmorton has been trying to find the lair again ever since. These days he relies on a few mountaineers (who suffer horrible fates when they're caught) and a fleet of automated flying machines such as raptors.

The Sky Pirates didn't fare too well at first. They tried to take down the raptors, and they found out just how deadly those bad boys are. Then they got a little smarter and adjusted their tactics. They also made peace with the towns on the other side of the Rockies and were able to buy some decent weapons from Junkyard.

Now the Pirates and the Combine are in a constant state of guerrilla war. The Pirates raid Black Hat patrols and tribute caravans, and ambush raptors in a vain attempt to one day gain air superiority. That's a losing battle, and the Pirate casualties are high. They've slowed down in the last year. I suspect Ike Taylor of Junkyard has talked them into playing it safe. That way they'll be in good shape to help fight the Combine when Throckmorton eventually decides to push west.

The Mississippi Delta

Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri

The Mighty Miss flooded her banks sometime after the Apocalypse. I don't know exactly when or why. It's not like there were any weatherpeople left to analyze it. All I know is that it did, and it's still flooded today. Locals tell me it's

148

about 12 feet higher than it used to be and can get much worse during a good rain.

That caused the Mississippi to shift its course, overrunning the levees and turning most of lower Louisiana into a vast, stinky swamp.

Baton Rouge

What was left of Baton Rouge didn't hold much appeal for anyone. Swampy ruins and a whole mess of mosquitoes just don't make prime vacation territory. Besides, most anything worth looting was underwater.

Then along comes Evelyn Reynard. Evelyn used to be a New Orleans beat cop years ago, but she'd hung up her guns long before the Reckoners broke into our world. Seeing humanity teetering on the edge, she dug out her badge and pistol for one last go-round. She's not a Law Dog, you understand—they don't stay put—but she's as tough as any I've met.

Under Evelyn's guidance, and with the assistance of former civil engineer Rupert Tinsdale, Nouveau Baton Rouge was built on the places still poking out of the river. The buildings are connected by swinging bridges and floating boardwalks made from steel cables with wooden planking. The Miss protects it from threats from land, and the rubble makes it hard for creatures or large rivercraft—like those used by the River Rats—or creatures to assault it.

These days the town's population runs to nearly 200 souls. Most of the folks fish or farm the rooftop gardens. Others try to renovate and repair surrounding buildings or prowl the ruins of old Baton Rouge for salvage.

Nouveau Baton Rouge is a good place to stay. As long as you stay on Evelyn's good side, she lets travelers sleep in one of the unfinished buildings (for free), trade with the warehouse, or even watch a movie (they get slugs from Movie Town fairly regularly).

Hell Swamp

I thought the Cajuns who gave Hell Swamp its name were being a little melodramatic until I had to track a critter through there and destroy it. Why? I'll tell you.

Let's start with the heat and the humidity. You could stand stark-naked in front of a swampboat fan, and you'd still sweat enough water to make you a fortune out in the desert. Forget about wearing any kind of body armor. You'd broil and die in a few hours.

Then there's the swamp itself. The water ranges from just a few inches to over 60 feet deep. It's thick, it's green, and if you drop a flashlight in a puddle I'd take the bet that you won't find it. Don't even think about drinking water from the swamp without a purifier.

Of course, below all that water is mud. I don't mean the kind you used to make pies out of. I'm talking about mud that grabs hold of a person like gum. If you're lucky, you'll just lose a boot. If you're unlucky, you'll sink straight down and never be seen again. The *really* unlucky ones sink to their waist and just can't get free. Ever. That's a slow and miserable way to die.

After the mud come the snakes. There are snakes hanging from every tree. You won't see them all, but they're there. Paddle your boat under a low-hanging tree, and you'll get a shower of the damn things.

Next there's the mosquitoes. I'm sure they were deadly enough before Judgment Day. Now, they carry a nasty virus that turns your blood into sludge. I watched a companion of mine die a slow, painful death. First his arteries hardened. Then, a few hours later, his heart popped like a balloon. Not a pleasant sight. You'd better scavenge up some serious bug repellent before heading into the swamps.

If you survive the heat, the mud, the snakes, and the mosquitoes, you're just saving yourself for a gator. These suckers are huge. I saw one 30 feet long, and I hear they get up to twice that these days. Maybe that's just swamp fever making the local Cajuns exaggerate, but I wouldn't take the chance.

The Cajuns

What kind of lunatics live in a place like this? Several communities of Cajuns, of course. Some of the smaller towns are up in the huge cypress trees. They connect their homes with ropes, boardwalks, and pulleys. Others build on floating rafts tethered between trees.

They live by hunting those giant gators and other swamp critters. Most have wooden canoes and an assortment of old aluminum boats. One really prosperous settlement, Houma, has swampboats converted to run off methane. They even trade their game with some of the river settlements further up the Miss, like Nouveau Baton Rouge. This is a good place to get a guide to take you into the lower swamps, by the way.

Most of the Cajuns are friendly and like to help folks too stupid to stay out of Hell Swamp. A few, usually the cruder places full of mutants, see intruders as meals on two legs. If you come across any kind of settlement in the swamps, spy on the inhabitants for a good, long while before going in. It might save you from a bad dining experience, if you know what I mean.

Kansas City

Kansas City, Missouri, got hit with an honest-to-God, 10-megaton nuke. The blast flattened the city and everything within 11 miles. You don't want to go anywhere near here. The radiation is real, not this goofy, supernatural ghost-rock stuff. That means it's actually more deadly. Ghost rock rads might just mutate you. The stuff here is just death.

There's a lot of speculation about why KC got nuked for real. The most popular theory is kind of nuts, but it makes more sense than anything else. President Bates was a Raiders fan, and they got beat in the last Super Bowl by the Kansas City Chiefs. Now that's a fan.

New Orleans

"Nawlins" as the locals once called it, was already 10 feet below sea level before the Miss flooded. You can imagine what that means now. With no one to shore up banks and dredge riverbeds, the city drowned. The first two floors of any building are beneath at least 20 feet of water, the bottom third of which is pure mud. Add several swirling waterspouts from the ghost storms, and you've got one Hell of a mess.

No one lives in New Orleans these days, but scavengers are fairly common. They ply flat-bottomed scows through the flooded city and dive down into the water, looking for salvage.

Like any Deadland, the ruins of New Orleans have plenty of monsters. I've heard tales of silt demons, giant gators, and (of course) zombies.

Mama Tibutu

Fortunately for anyone who's ever had to go here, there's a friendly voodoo priestess who's taken over several buildings in the old French Quarter. "Mama Tibutu" is well-outfitted and trades with some of the salvagers who venture into her domain. Most importantly, she has healing poultices, curse removals and charms to protect you in the swamps. She'll sell them to you if she likes you. Just make sure you treat Mama Tibutu with respect. Those who don't get cursed. I don't know exactly what that means, but I'm sure it can't be good.

River Rats

There's a new breed of giant rat living along the shores of the Mighty Miss. They weigh in at about nine pounds, have a ratlike tail, webbed feet, and really, really big teeth. You'll see these creepy things all along the banks, looking for food. Sometimes they even follow a wounded riverboat and wait for it to ground. Then they swarm over it in scores and chew up the crew.

On the flip side, the things are damn-good eating, at least the way the Cajuns cook 'em.

(The Other) River Rats

Five years ago, the River Watch, a mess of Law Dogs, and even a few Templars decided they wanted to know more about what was going on across the Mississippi. They kept sending patrols over, but most of the boats they used couldn't even outrun the river leviathans and other aquatic horrors. Those few who did get across rarely made it back. And the 1% of that 1% who did could only say that there were literally hundreds of thousands of undead, and mutter dark rumors about some place called Necropolis.

So the smart ones (who hadn't gone across yet) decided to raise an army. They put together a fleet of reinforced barges and riverboats. (The latter were mostly casinos before the bombs.) Then they gathered over 100 volunteer soldiers, put them on the boats, and sent them across the river to find out what in Hell was really going on.

The trip started as bad as you'd think. The fleet got hit by a river leviathan. The volunteers fought, but it was the Law Dogs and Templars who took the worst of it.

I guess that fight took the wind out of the volunteers' sails, and they sure as Hell weren't ready to head across the Mighty Miss, so they all "voted" to turn the boats back around and land on the west bank. When the Templars and Law Dogs pulled rank on the mutineers, a fight broke out. 'Course if I'd been there, it would have been a different story, but I guess these bozos weren't all that experienced. The mutineers killed those who got violent, and they threw the rest off into the Miss.

The leader of the mutiny was a woman who calls herself Elvira. Cute name, huh? She gathered the volunteers together and they voted to keep the boats for themselves as their "pay." Since then, they've been paddling up and down the Miss, raiding some towns and selling their plunder to others.

If I don't kick the bucket, I'm going after these backstabbers next.

The River Watch

Five years or so after the Judgement Day, wild stories about life across the Mississippi started filtering out West. Plenty of people had crossed over, but few returned. I know that sounds like a line from a thousand stories, but it was true. Hardly anyone ever came back. Those who did said the heavily populated East was a blackened ruin, crawling with undead.

These legions of undead were busy exterminating all life in the East, and it seems they did a pretty good job of it. The Law Dogs are worried enough that they pay spotters to man a score of outposts along the Mississippi and watch for a possible invasion. These men and women are called the River Watch. They're the first line of defense against the undead horde growing over there, and they all know they'll be little more than a speed-bump should the army catch them off-guard.

If a member of the River Watch ever asks you for assistance, I'd advise helping them. I have a bad feeling about whatever is going down in across the river, and these folks may give the only warning we get when whatever is going to happen happens.



Watching Necropolis: A member of the River Watch stands his post.

The Wild Southwest

Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas

The southwest is just as hot and arid as you think it is. Hell, it's probably worse. One thing that surprises most folks, however, is how many different types of terrain there are down here. You've got rocky canyons and narrow passes in New Mexico and Arizona, rolling hills and flat plains¹⁵¹ in Texas, and a vast, brushy expanse in Oklahoma. About the only thing all four states have in common is their dry heat.

Here's a bit about the things you'll find in this mixed environment.

Dead Towns

Every now and then, you'll come across a town full of withered, dry corpses. I've seen "ghost towns" before, places where everyone had been slaughtered and left for the buzzards, but nothing like these abattoirs that pop up every few months in the southwest.

The bodies have massive wounds, and strange holes all over them, so that rules out vampires. Could be tumblebleeds, but the towns are usually walled so I don't see how they'd get in. You could just ask the survivors, of course. If you could ever find any. No one's ever escaped that anyone knows of.

There is a girl in Near Tucson who came in just after one of these events, but she doesn't say much. She just sits in a corner and rocks. Get her to talk, and you might find something out. Then you might be able to put a stop to this mass carnage.

Houston

Back around 1960 or so (I forget exactly when), the Rebels proved they had the most advanced space program in the world. What they didn't have was a lot of money. Since it was a time of relative peace, they decided to open up the Houston Spaceport as an international launch center. They figured by sharing most of their technology, they could make a few bucks and keep an eye on everyone else as well.

The Russians were the first to take them up on it. (I think they'd suffered some sort of disaster.) The US quietly declined for a while, but after one of their ships blew up in 1984, they agreed. From then on, the Houston Spaceport became the most advanced facility in the world. It had to be, because even Dr. Hellstromme, then still a citizen of Deseret, used it.

It was from Houston that he launched the ships that would build the experimental Tunnel in orbit. Later, more ships launched from Earth and flew through the Tunnel to discover Faraway. By 2050 or so, every nation with a space program used the station.

When the bombs fell, Houston got nuked as well. The spaceport was fairly far outside of Houston proper, and it wasn't directly targeted by anyone. No nation wanted to be the one responsible for bombing the UN spaceport. However, the ghost storms from the bombing of Houston ripped through the facility like a cloud of steel knives, killing almost all of the base personnel where they sat, stood, or slept. Within minutes, the Houston Spaceport went from a bustling busy facility to a massive tomb for its occupants.

But that wasn't the end of the story. In 2082, the last ship to exit Faraway came through the Tunnel. It was the *Unity*, loaded up with civilians and nearly a thousand sykers recalled to fight the war.

I understand there was some sort of trouble on the *Unity*, and only half or so (mostly the sykers) got away. Those who did, got in their launch ships (the *Unity* was far too big for atmosphere) and landed on a preprogrammed glide path to Houston.

Touchdown

The sykers were way too late. These guys were already a grim bunch after what they had seen and done on Faraway, so you can imagine what it felt like to think they were coming home only to see their world all blown to Hell. They all went their separate ways and never looked back.

Some of them heard Pestilence was nearby and took off after him. I heard 30 or so of the toughest sykers went up against the Horseman, only to catch a hideous and incredibly painful disease that slowly turned their internal organs to jelly.

The worst part is, some of them haven't died from it yet, and that was over a decade ago. I guess Pestilence wanted to prove something.

The Lone Biker of the Apocalypse

There are a lot of bad people out there—people so nasty their blood'll eat through your boots after you stomp guts.

But there's one fellow out there who puts them all to shame. I know it sounds corny, but this monster never talks, so everyone just calls him the Biker. If they're feeling particularly melodramatic, they call him the Lone Biker of the Apocalypse.

The Biker is a big fellow armed with a double-barreled shotgun and a bandolier full of grenades. He rides a huge, souped-up Harley over the broken highways of the Southwest. The Biker seems to be on a quest of some sort, because he'll ride into a town, sniff the air a few times, and look everyone over (particularly if they're carrying a child). If anyone talks to him, he shoots them.

He's been shot back, of course. People aren't afraid of much these days, and they aren't too slow on the draw either, but so far he's survived. I don't know if he's a really tough mutant, lucky, or something more.

I suggest someone find out and finish the Biker somehow. I got a feeling if he finds whatever or whoever he's looking for, something bad's going to happen.

Near Dallas

Outside the ruins of Dallas is an old mall now serving as home to a small group of survivors. Jeremy Kane was an usher at the mall's Sensoround Megaplex theatre, the Dallas Grand. After the War, he restored the theater and started charging admission. Jeremy's current price is \$20 a seat for the thrill (a really cheap price).

Kane also pays \$200 for salvaged slugs encoded with the Sensoround tech—as long as he doesn't already have a copy of a particular film.

Be careful if you decide to try one of these Sensoround thingies. The "mature" films leave you looking for love in all the wrong places. The horror flicks are so realistic that viewers occasionally suffer heart attacks.

Phoenix

A few weeks after the bombs dropped, Death and a small horde of undead walked through the ruins of Phoenix. The city had been devastated by two battles and a number of city-busters, leaving scores of bodies in the mass graveyards outside town. Unfortunately, most of these were hardened soldiers, and in case you didn't know it, these make the best walking dead for the Reckoner's legions.

Death raised the Phoenix dead "from the ashes" and took them into his fold. Then he rode northwest across the High Plains and turned small bands of his groaning minions against the survivor settlements he crossed.

To this day, Phoenix is crawling with Death's minions. What makes this a real shame are the rumors I've heard about all the military

equipment left lying around the place by the various armies that clashed there during the Last War. That stuff sure would come in handy against the Combine.

But then again, maybe those are just stories meant to lure folks into Death's domain.

S-Mart Overlord

S-Mart was the largest chain of "superstores" in the Southwest. The owner, Sam Dalton, had a great chain, but he was always jealous of the larger, nation wide megastores. In the last few years before the war, Sam went more than a little mad and started discounting things like crazy. A high-definition monitor that cost \$400 at most discount stores went for \$210 at S-Mart. The stores blew through inventory like mad, and the central processing warehouse a few miles outside of Lubbock, Texas, grew into a huge "factory outlet."

Then the bombs hit. Within hours, thousands rushed to the warehouse. Being Texans, they came heeled with pistols, rifles, shotguns, and even confiscated military equipment like machine-guns and flamethrowers. The unfortunate security guards had only 10mm pistols. Still, they circled the trucks, manned the guard towers and the warehouse roofs, and did the best they could.

The Warlord Cometh

Then the meanest bastard of the bunch showed up. He was a professional pit fighter whose stage name was the "Overlord." He took it to heart, gathered a group of fans who instantly recognized his costume, and organized a rout of all the other looters.

The S-Mart security guards at first thought the Overlord was on their side and welcomed him into the compound. Sounds naive, but I guess some of them were fans. As you might expect, the Overlord gave them an easy choice: join him or die. Most joined.

The S-Mart Overlord looked out over his spoils and realized that most of it was useless. S-Mart didn't stock much in the way of food, and rubber trash cans and kitchen drainers wouldn't be a big help in taking over the world.

So he took what was left of his army, gathered up the weapons of the fallen, and turned the stockyard's semis into massive war-trucks. Then the Overlord and his horde scoured the surrounding plains of northwest Texas for more weapons. They hit several squads of soldiers stationed far away from the blast sites, a few survivor towns, and finally a National Guard armory. During these bloody battles, the

gang also accumulated a fair number of vehicles they used to complement their fleet.

When the Overlord was satisfied, he returned to the old warehouse and put his minions to work rebuilding its defenses. This they did, complete with tin walls made from the warehouses and trailers, a moat of broken glass and jagged metal, machine-gun turrets on the corners of the walls, and hidden bunkers out in the surrounding hills.

The Overlord Today

These days, the Overlord and his army of a thousand or so take tribute from the farms to their south and east. They don't get much from the north or west where they must compete with the Combine's Black Hats.

They supplement their supplies by sending out the war-trucks and escort vehicles all over the panhandle and even up into Oklahoma and Kansas. The caravans to and from Junkyard are rich pickings for these desert buzzards. They stay away from the Combine's tribute caravans though.

Minions

If you run into the Overlord's troops, try to kill the leaders—the "Warmongers." Do that, and the rest usually scatter to the four winds. You can spot the leaders easy. They're all muscle-bound brutes overloaded on steroids.

Oh, and the leaders never ride on the war-trucks. (They catch all their opponents' heavy artillery.) Look for these bruisers standing imperiously on the back of a converted car, commanding the rest with gestures and hand signals.

A Final Note?

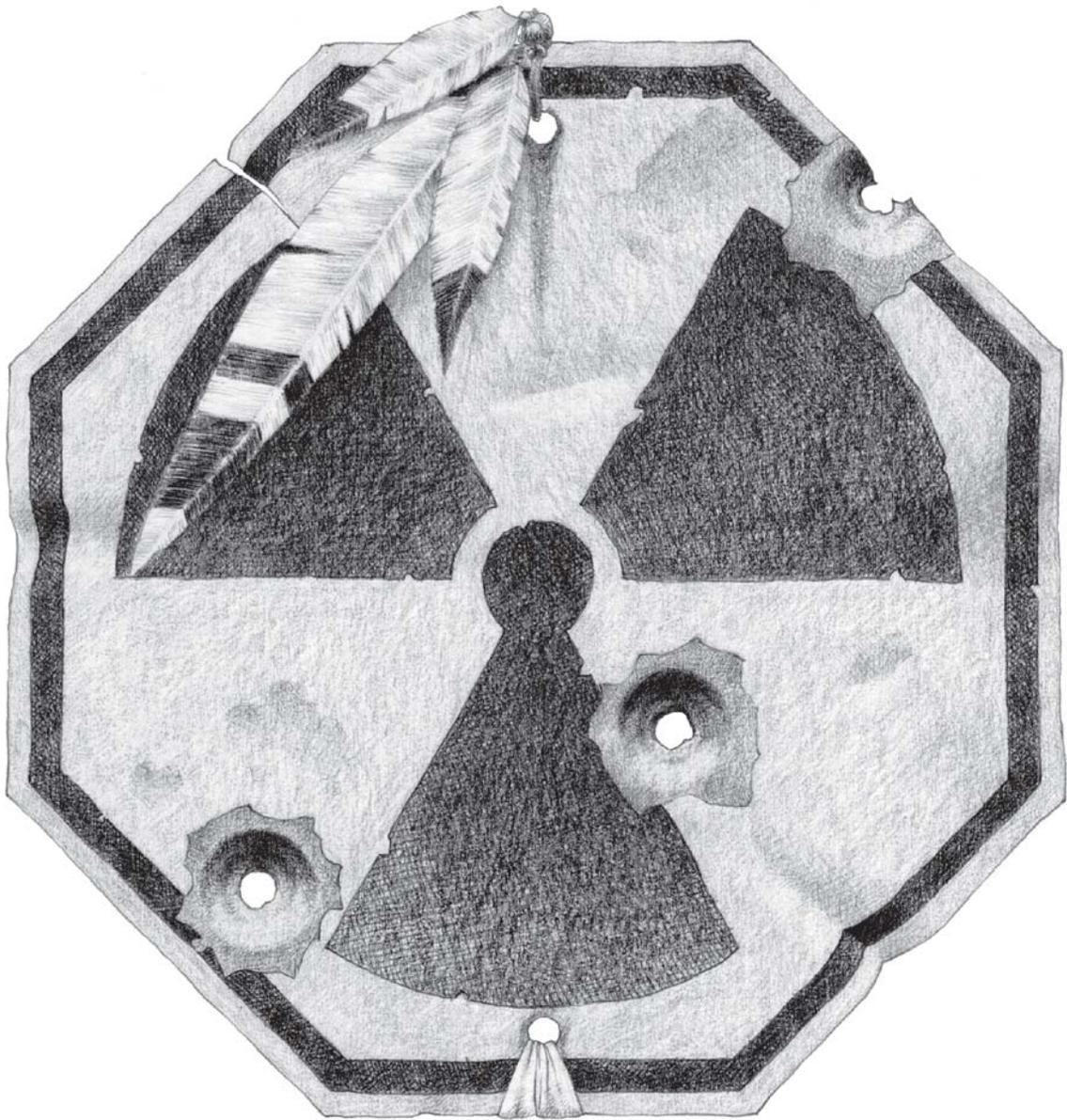
Okay, waster. I'm coughing up blood here, so I'm calling this thing done. If there aren't any more notes after this, you know what happened. I'd appreciate it if you'd burn my body if you can, or at least bury me. I can't stand the thought of feeding some varmint.

I know you'll probably loot my body. Can't blame you. But do me one favor. I got some pictures stuck inside my coat. I'd like to take those to the grave with me.

The sword is worth a lot more in Boise than the trouble it'll bring you if you keep it. Take it and my tabard there, tell Simon it was Jo's, and he'll drop at least \$500 on you. Promise.

That's it, brainer. Turn off the damn palmcorder and go kill something. And kill an extra monster for me while you're at it.

No Man's Land



Relics o' the Wasted West





Chapter Three: Relics o' the Wasted West



There are a myriad of items with strange powers lying around the Wasted West. From tiny trinkets with holding minor magical enchantments, to items of incredible arcane power, we refer to them collectively as relics.

Relics have existed since the dawn of human history. From pieces of the True Cross to the gun used to kill President Kennedy, all have born witness to some great or terrible event in our history, and become enchanted as a result.

Relics can lend humans powers beyond imagining, and this makes them coveted items in the Wasted West.

Relics aren't all sweetness and light. Some have *taints*, drawbacks that are a reflection of their dark history. A survivor doesn't have to use a relic's powers, but if he does, he gets the taint as well. You have to take the bad with the good sometimes.

Some say that all relics are tools of the Reckoners, created to sow discord among humanity. If that's true, it seems to have worked.

Relics are almost never easy to find, and are often even harder to keep. The amazing powers that they can bestow on a hero can make life after The Bomb that much easier. Those that do find a relic are advised to keep a tight grip on it.

We've got lots of relics for your scrounger to stumble upon, but one stands out above all the others and deserves to start us off: a book full of black magic spells that can turn your character into a witch!

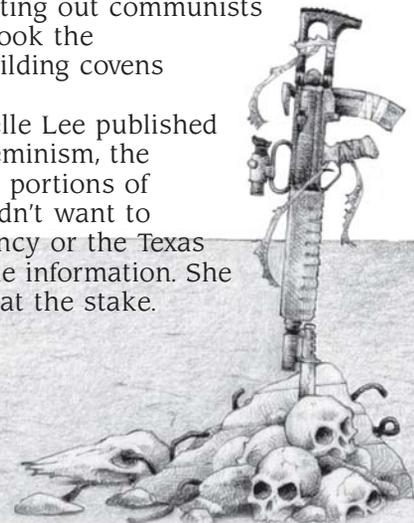
How to Serve Your Man

Mina Devlin was perhaps the world's greatest practitioner of the dark arts. She was the owner of the Black River railroad, and even after the end of the Great Rail Wars, she continued to be a major player in the history of the Weird West.

Mina and other witches were hunted down by the Agency and Rangers alike during the second great Witch Trials, but one of Mina's daughters escaped—with her mother's spell book.

Mina's grimoire was passed on quietly through the ages to a select few covens as time went on and the world became more "civilized." By 1960, Mina's great-great-great granddaughter Annabelle Lee Devlin (all Mina's direct female descendants kept their last name), got a break. Besides wanting to continue her ancestor's legacy, she was also caught up in the "women's rights" movement, so when she saw the latest "witch hunts" had turned to rooting out communists instead of witches, she took the opportunity to start rebuilding covens across the continent.

The book that Annabelle Lee published held her own brand of feminism, the basics of witchcraft, and portions of Mina's spell book. She didn't want to catch the eye of the Agency or the Texas Rangers, so she coded the information. She had no urge to be burnt at the stake.



Relics o' the Wasted West



A Devilish Plan

Annabelle Lee knew that in the Weird West of Mina's time, groups of spellcasters called "hucksters" learned that *Hoyle's Book of Games* contained coded instructions for casting spells in the gameplay examples.

Annabelle Lee stole this idea and assembled Mina's spells into a coded cookbook. *How to Serve Your Man* appears to be full of recipes to the casual observer, but in truth it's a manual describing incantations, witches' brews, and other black magics.

The name of the book was inspired by an episode of the TV show, *The Twilight Zone*, called "How to Serve Man," in which a group of aliens comes to help the human race live easier. In the end, in typical Rod Serling fashion, the protagonist discovers that an alien book he discovered called *How to Serve Man* isn't a friendly manual on how to help humanity: It's a cookbook.

Annabelle Lee happened to catch that particular episode when she was meticulously encoding the grimoire. The derivative, *How to Serve Your Man* was perfect. It hid the true intent of the book

from the public and even made a sarcastic jab at the men who "oppressed" women everywhere (Annabelle's opinion, friends, not most of her followers).

Playing a Witch

So how does this affect your character? Glad you asked. This is one relic your character can start with as a 2-point *belongin's Edge*. She must also purchase the new *arcane background: witch* Edge listed in Chapter One, and a new *Knowledge Aptitude* called *witchcraft*. Your hero doesn't have to be a female, though most witches are. (What cowboy wants to be caught tooling around the Wasted West with a book called *How to Serve Your Man*?)

A character who possesses this book and uncovers Annabelle Lee's hidden codes becomes a witch (or a warlock if a male). Even better, now that the world is in ruins and Doomsayers, Templars, and sykers are throwing spells around left and right, average townsfolk are awed by witches, but don't try to drown, burn, or stake them.

How to Serve Your Man contains six common spells. Annabelle had prepared more volumes with the rest of Mina's spells, but she got busted by the before she got them to the printer.

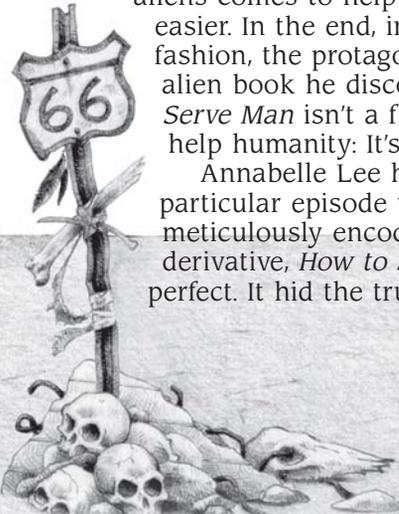
Casting the Spells

Casting Mina's spells is easy. The witch simply makes a *witchcraft* roll against the spell or creation's TN. If successful, the spell goes off as described. Should the witch fail the roll, nothing happens, but the spell components (see below) are used up.

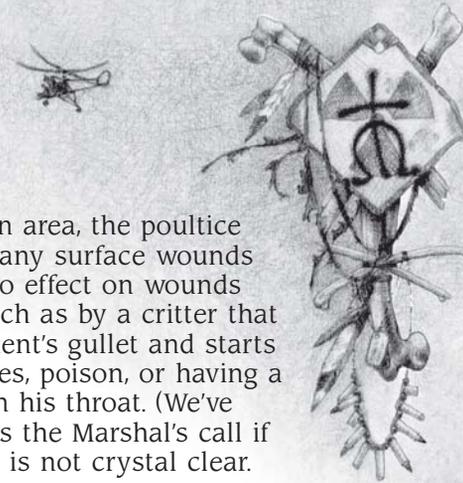
The first entry for each spell is the *TN*. That's the *witchcraft* total the witch needs to get the spell off.

Next up is the spell's *components*. These are the things the witch must have to cast the spell. Unless the power's description says otherwise, the components are used up after the spell is cast.

Components can be gathered with the *scroungin'* TN, or the Marshal can let the witch roleplay finding the components. If you're going the *scroungin'* route, figure the number of hours it takes is the same as the *scroungin'* TN, less -1 for each raise she gets on the roll. This TN assumes the witch is someplace the necessary materials can be found. A witch can't find a shark fin in Kansas no matter how hard she looks, but skulls are most everywhere in the Wasted West.



Relics o' the Wasted West



Beast Speak

TN: 5

Components: A few scraps of an appropriate food for the beast in question. Frogs eat flies, lions eat raw meat, dogs eat anything.

Scroungin': 3

Beast speak allows a witch to talk with an animal. The animal must be calm, and the witch must feed it by hand to gain its trust. Once it does, it remains calm unless threatened or hurt, and it can carry on a conversation with the witch for about 10 minutes.

Getting an animal to do something is a *persuasion* or *animal wranglin'* roll (witch's choice). The Marshal sets the TN.

When divulging information, the Marshal should play animals much like very small children. They're clever, but they just don't think about things the way others do. A dog might know people passed over a trail recently, but it doesn't know if they were Doomsayers, muties, or carrying guns.

Eldritch Blast

TN: 5

Components: Small round balls such as marbles, baseballs, or any other round object. The ball *must* be round, so rocks and footballs don't work. The only exception is human skulls, which seem to work just fine.

Scroungin': 3

The witch can hurl balls of glowing, arcane energy. The damage is 3d8 for baseballs and the like, and 4d10 for human skulls.

The witch must first make a *witchcraft* total to see if her missile is energized. Once it is, she can hold on to it up to one full minute. When she wants to throw it (which she can do the same action as she casts the spell if she wishes), she makes a normal *throwin'* roll. The Range Increment for throwing small balls and the like is 5. Skulls are heavier and have a Range Increment of 3.

Healing Poultice

TN: 5

Components: Eye of an amphibian, green leaves, hair, one cup of clean water, a few drops of the witch's blood.

Scroungin': 7

A witch can make a concoction to heal wounds by tossing some ingredients into a big, old pot and stirring them around until they boil (about a half hour). After that, she has a healing poultice that keeps 1d6 days.

Once applied to an area, the poultice completely removes any surface wounds in that area. It has no effect on wounds caused internally, such as by a critter that jumps down the patient's gullet and starts ripping out his insides, poison, or having a kabob rammed down his throat. (We've seen it all, friend.) It's the Marshal's call if the wounds location is not crystal clear.

Love Potion No. 9

TN: 5

Components: A few ounces of any kind of aphrodisiac: a shark fin, a raw oyster, a green M&M, a rhino horn, and so forth.

Scroungin': 11

The first eight potions drove men *too* mad. We're talking stalkers here. The last one, No. 9, was the most successful, and it allows a person to completely enthrall a member of the opposite sex (or the same sex if they're a little different!).

The hard part is getting the victim to drink the potion. Once done, however, the potion lasts for 1d6 hours and makes the victim do just about anything the witch says. He refuses to commit suicide, though he might fight impossible odds if it makes enough sense. A good man wouldn't kill his wife for the witch, but a violent one who doesn't really love his companion might. It's up to the Marshal and how much of a pain the witch is trying to be.

Ghost Shield

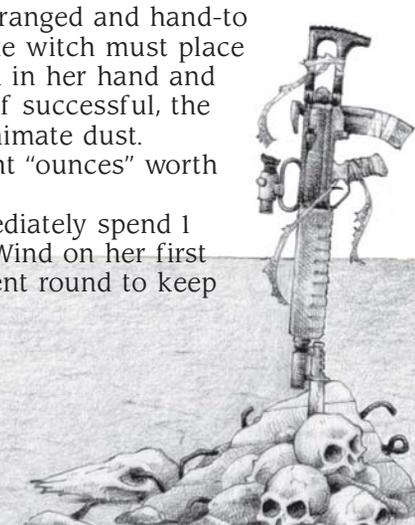
TN: 5

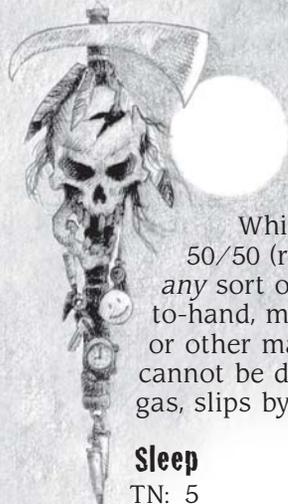
Components: A eight-ounce (or larger) chunk of ghost rock.

Scroungin': 3 in an active ghost-rock mine or seam, 11 in an inactive (ruined) city, 13 in an "active" city with industry or spook juice stills. There's no chance most anywhere else unless the Marshal thinks otherwise. Ghost rock can be bought in most towns, however, for \$10 an ounce.

Ghost shield creates an invisible barrier of protection against both ranged and hand-to-hand-attacks. To cast, the witch must place the chunk of ghost rock in her hand and make a *witchcraft* roll. If successful, the ghost rock turns to inanimate dust. (Larger chunks lose eight "ounces" worth of their value.)

The witch must immediately spend 1 Wind and may spend 1 Wind on her first action of each subsequent round to keep the spell active.





Relics o' the Wasted West

While the *ghost shield* is up, it has a 50/50 (roll odd or even) chance of stopping any sort of damaging attack, including hand-to-hand, magical or syker energy, falling, fire or other massive damage. Only damage that cannot be deflected, like drowning or poison gas, slips by the shield.

Sleep

TN: 5

Components: Any kind of powder (flour, salt, etc.), and "sleep" from a child's eye. (You know, eye-boogers.)

Scroungin': 7

This spell puts a person to sleep if the witch can manage to sprinkle the dust on them. To do so, the witch must get within a yard and make a Fair (5) *throwin'* roll. The target may *dodge*.

If hit, the target instantly falls into a deep sleep. He wakes up with a successful Fair (5) *Cognition* check if there is any loud noise, he is moved or attacked, or so forth. The target wakes up naturally in 1d4 hours otherwise.

Curiously, the Harrowed are affected by this spell, but other types of undead are not.

Other Relics

How to Serve Your Man is only one of the many relics a hero might find in his travels across the Wasted West. Here's a few more.

Mind Seeds

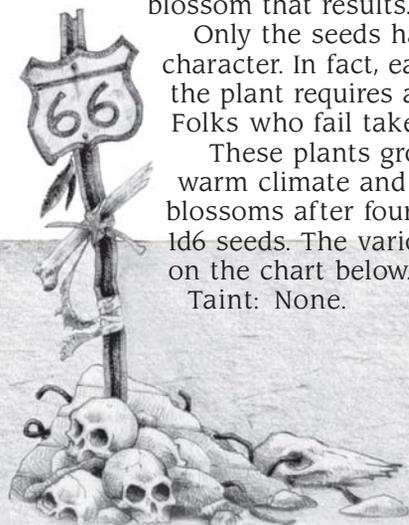
Sykers discovered these strange chestnut-sized seeds on Faraway. A few brought some back and managed to get the plants to grow on Earth.

Power: When eaten, mind seeds have some sort of effect on the eater's mind. The exact effect depends on the type of seed, though only an expert can tell them apart. Doing so is an Incredible (11) *science: botany* roll. The different types of seeds are named by the color of the blossom that results.

Only the seeds have any effect on a character. In fact, eating any other part of the plant requires a Hard (9) *Vigor* check. Folks who fail take a wound to the guts.

These plants grow only in a constantly warm climate and they each produce 1d4 blossoms after four months, each producing 1d6 seeds. The various strains are detailed on the chart below.

Taint: None.



Mind Seeds

- Blue Relaxes and clears a character's mind, giving him +2 to *Knowledge* and *Knowledge*-based rolls for 1 hour.
- Green A very strong aphrodisiac. The user is at -4 to *persuasion* rolls made against him by members of the opposite sex.
- Red A stimulant that acts something like amphetamines, but without the harmful side-effects. Red mind seeds give the user +2 to his *Quickness* rolls for 1 hour after eating.
- Black Poison. The strength of the poison is 11, and the effects are instant death for any living being. See Chapter 17 in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook to find out just how poison works.

Rattler Tail

It's said a survivor carrying a rattlesnake's rattle gets a funny feeling when he's in danger. Evidently, it's true.

Power: A hero with a fresh rattle automatically makes surprise checks (don't roll). If he's about to be attacked from ambush, trigger a trap, or fall prey to some other hidden danger, the Marshal can make a Fair (5) *Cognition* roll for the hero. If he makes it, the rattle shakes, and the hero senses the danger in time to attempt a *dodge* or other defense.

Once a rattlesnake is dead, its rattle's magic lasts 5+1d6 days. Then the mojo's all gone.

Taint: None.

The Tombstone Epitaph

Before the West got Wasted, the *Tombstone Epitaph*, first printed in the 1800s, was still in production. Back then, most folks didn't believe the wild conspiracy theories put forth by the tabloid. These days, the papers are proof that people have been fighting and sometimes beating these creatures all along.

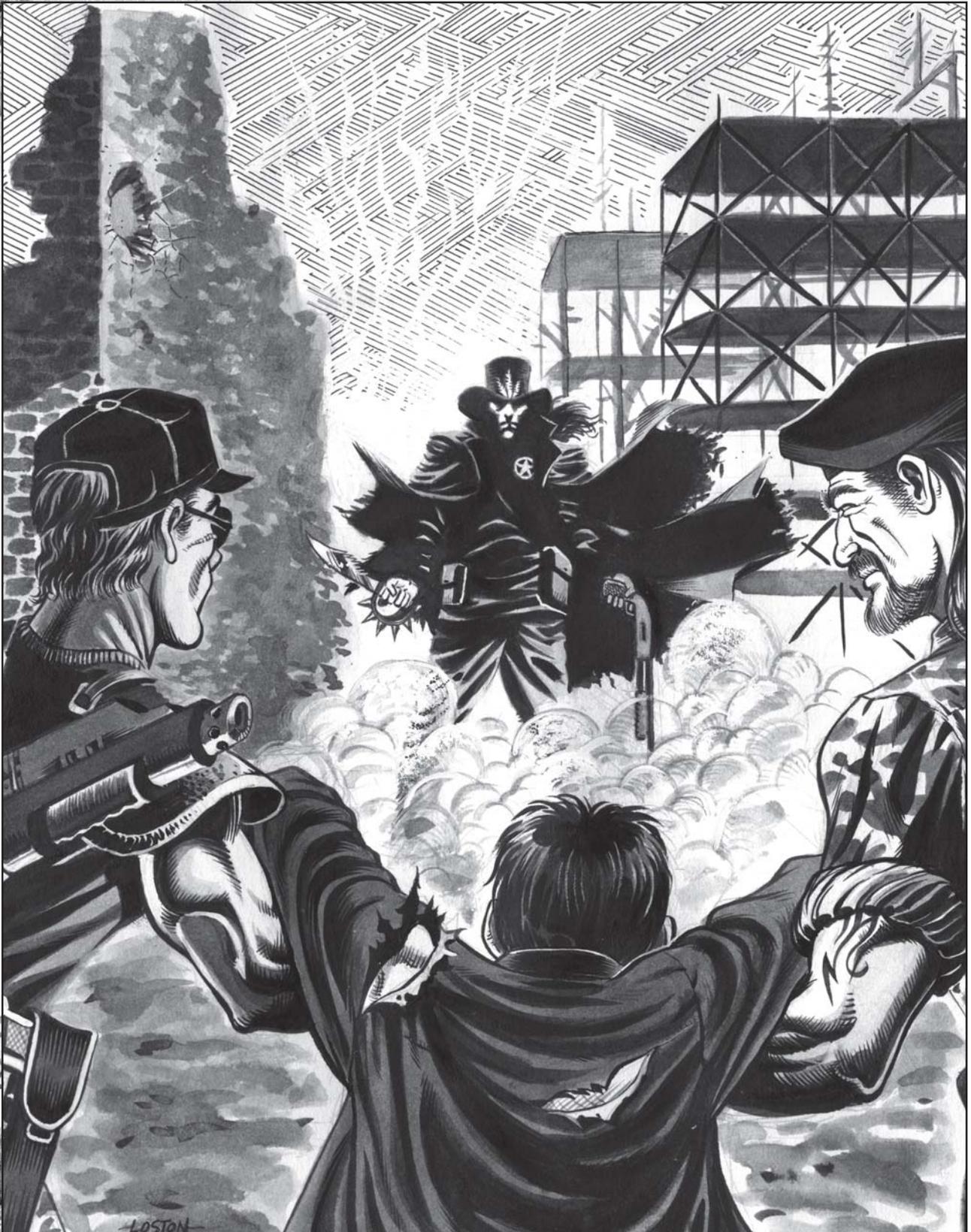
Power: The power of the paper comes from the mostly positive tales of heroes defeating unspeakable evils. Circulating them around a crowd before telling a tale adds +4 to a hero's *tale-telling* roll.

Taint: None.

The Marshal's Handbook



The Marshal's Guide



Marshal: 110



Chapter Four:

The Marshal's Guide to the Wasted West



You think they bought it? All that stuff we told the players? They're so gullible, God love 'em.

Of course, Jo did a first-rate job. Most of what she said was right on target. She just doesn't know everything. But you need to know all the dirt 'cause you're the Marshal. So let's get digging. There's a lot strange stuff buried out in the Wasted West.

Monsters

There's a passel of monsters and bad guys in this chapter. Monsters that appear only in a particular area are statted here. If they can be found in lots of places, you'll find their statistics listed in Chapter Five.

For "thugs," bad guys that come in large groups, you'll see "NA" after their Wind Trait. That's because you shouldn't be using Wind for these guys. Use the Marshal's cheats instead (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook). If you really need to know a thug's Wind (maybe he's the only guy in the room and you want to run a really detailed fight), add it up the normal way (*Spirit+Vigor* die types).

Really big creatures like rattlers and dinosaurs don't have Wind either. That's because these things are simply too big to get Winded. Heroes have to take them down the hard way (with wounds).

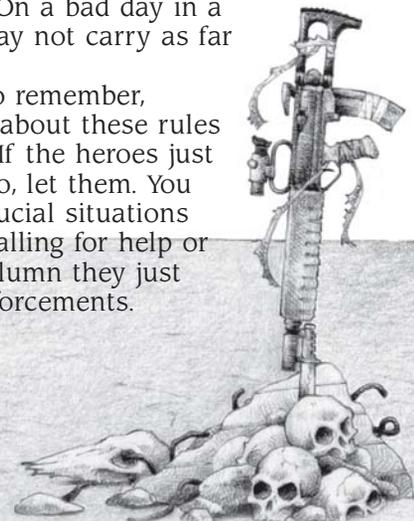
Radios

Radio reception in the Wasted West is a hit-or-miss affair. Different combinations of terrain and radiation interference can cause even a reliable radio's range to vary widely.

In general, the flatter the terrain, the better. In places like Kansas or Indiana, radios should work at the listed ranges or slightly greater. In mountainous terrain like the Rockies, intervening mountains cut the range to half. In addition, any radios used within 20 miles or so of a nuked city have their ranges halved by the extreme background interference.

The swirling clouds of radioactive debris in the atmosphere also have an impact. To determine radio performance on any given day, pull a card from the Action Deck and consult the Radio Range Table on the next page. The effects of this interference is cumulative with those for terrain and location. On a bad day in a burnt-out city, a radio may not carry as far as a hero can holler.

The important thing to remember, Marshal, is to not worry about these rules when it's not important. If the heroes just want to chat on the radio, let them. You only need to check in crucial situations like when the posse is calling for help or to see if the Combine column they just shot up can call for reinforcements.



The Marshal's Guide

Radio Range

Card	Effect
Red Joker	Perfect conditions; the radio performs at double its listed range.
Ace-Jack 10-8	Use the radio's normal range. The set transmits 75% of its normal range.
7-5	The set transmits 50% of its normal range.
3-4	Use 25% of the radio's range.
2	Use 10% of its listed range.
Black Joker	Unless you enjoy static, save your batteries.

The Voices

The swirling maelstroms left behind by ghost-rock bombs exist in both the material and the spiritual world. Both worlds in the vicinity of one of these storms are warped and torn. This occasionally allows denizens of the spirit world to slip through the cracks and make themselves felt in the material world.

One of the easiest ways for a spirit to make contact is to speak through a nearby radio. The heroes may occasionally pick up transmissions from the netherworld on their radios when operating within 50 miles of a bombed city.

The exact nature of these transmissions is up to you, Marshal, but they can make great adventure hooks. Imagine the surprise on the heroes' faces when they respond to a frantic distress call and arrive to find that the person is already many years dead.

The spirits range from a dead person who left something important undone, to a spirit who needs a physical agent to carry out some important task, to a malicious manitou simply trying to lure the heroes to their deaths.

New Edges

Veteran o' the Weird West

You know the drill. Make up your own punishment for all those free points or pick a card and look it up on the dastardly table on the facing page. And be strict about that background business we told the players about. If you can come up with something that fits the hero better than the curses on this list, we advise you to do so.

New Gear

We've laid out a whole lot of new equipment for your heroes to get their grimy little hands on, Marshal. Before your players load up their wasters with everything plus the kitchen sink, remind them that just because a piece of equipment is listed in the book doesn't mean they can get their hands on it.

After thirteen years of utter chaos and destruction even a common item like a television can be hard to come by. We don't want to set any hard and fast guidelines about equipment availability because exactly what your posse is allowed to find is up to you and what you're comfortable with (although we recommend you start 'em out poor and make them work for everything they get).

This applies to starting characters as well as established ones. If you don't want a character to have a powered battle suit, then that character can't have a powered battle suit—no matter how many points the player sinks into the *belongin's* or *dinero* Edge.

The XM-2i

The reason the XM-21 wasn't produced in time for the Faraway campaign was that it had a serious drawback: It often killed its user.

A small amount of unburned ghost-rock vapor leaves the barrel every time the weapon is fired. Over time, this vapor residue accumulates in the shooter's system.

Draw a card each time a hero uses one of these guns. If the card is a Joker, the character has gotten a good lungful of the vapor and needs to make a *Vigor* roll. The first time this happens, the TN for the roll is 3. Each additional occurrence raises the TN by +2. If the hero fails the roll, he contracts a unique version of rock fever. He begins to feel light-headed and feverish. All Trait and Aptitude rolls suffer a -2 penalty.

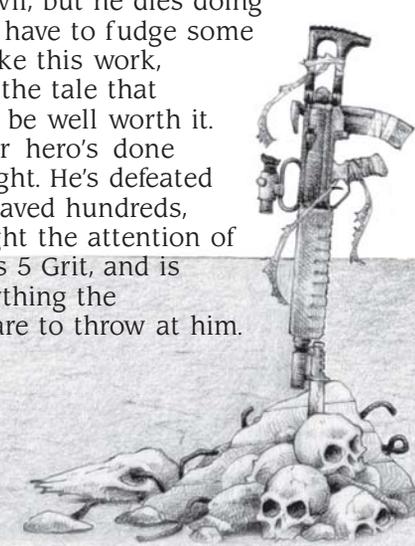
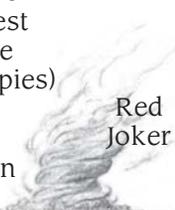
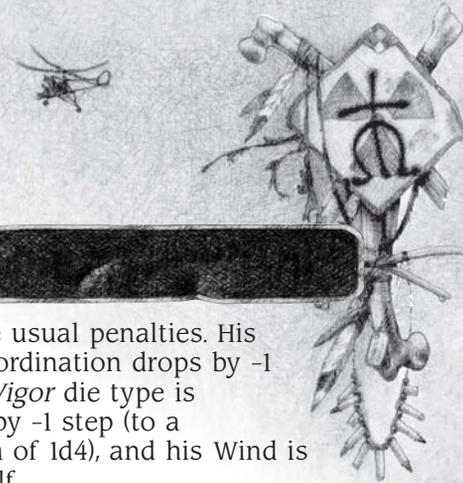
Once with the fever, the character must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll every two hours. Each successful roll reduces the TN of the next roll by -1 to a minimum of 3. Each failed roll causes a wound to her noggin and increases the TN of the following roll by +1 to a maximum of 11. The character rolls until three consecutive rolls are made or she dies. Chips may be spent to cancel wounds, though the TN still rises.

If the patient takes three or more wounds from the fever, his brain boils a bit, and he gains the *loco* Hindrance. The exact manifestation of this Hindrance is up to you, Marshal.

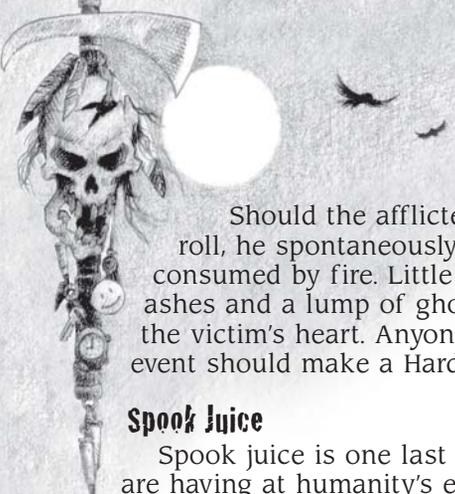
The Marshal's Guide

Veteran o' the Weird West

- | | | |
|-------|--|--|
| Draw | Result | |
| Deuce | Stone's Hit List: Old Stone has finally had enough of this troublemaker. He's coming after him. Soon. | twice the usual penalties. His <i>Vigor</i> Coordination drops by -1 and his <i>Vigor</i> die type is reduced by -1 step (to a minimum of 1d4), and his <i>Wind</i> is cut in half. |
| Three | Marked for Death: The hero once tangled with a being that marked him for death. He may no longer spend Fate Chips to avoid damage. | Queen Mad: The hero's long contact with the supernatural has driven him mad. At the very least, he has three or four major phobias. At the worst, he breaks down under certain circumstances. You'll have to look over the hero's past and get vicious to make this one really work, Marshal. |
| Four | Bloodsucker: Toss the story the hero came up with as to why he's lived this long (or merge it with this one). He's a vampire. See the rules for becoming a nosferatu under Dead Towns (page 151). | King Cursed: Anytime a missile attack is fired at the hero, or if companions are near enough to get hit by a melee attack aimed at him, roll a die. Odd, roll the attack on a random ally up to a few yards away instead. |
| Five | Severed Limb: This hero's lost a limb. Magic and bionic replacements have failed to fix the problem. If it's his weapon arm, too bad. He could spend his points to buy the <i>two-gun kid</i> Edge to switch to using his other arm. Randomly determine the limb. | Ace Damned: The character was helped along in his trials because the Reckoners had some ultimate and evil plan in mind for him. The next time the hero is in a situation where hundreds or even thousands of lives are at stake, he blows it. Whatever the result, others find out about it soon enough and come hunting (if he survived the misadventure himself). |
| Six | Old Timer: The hero can't seem to adapt to new technology. He must use revolvers, can't drive cars, etc. The character has the <i>all thumbs</i> Hindrance, but with a -6 penalty. | Black Joker Doomed: The character's time on Earth is coming to an end, but he'll go out a hero. The next time the posse is in a situation to save the lives of hundreds or more, or encounters a major creature or villain such as a servitor, this character is inextricably drawn into the thick of it. Near the end of the fight, he's the one who defeats the evil, but he dies doing it. You might have to fudge some things to make this work, Marshal, but the tale that emerges will be well worth it. |
| Seven | Lost Love: The hero's love did not age with her, and his loss haunts her greatly. She has a <i>death wish</i> . | Scott Free: Your hero's done everything right. He's defeated many evils, saved hundreds, and not caught the attention of Stone. He has 5 Grit, and is ready for anything the Reckoners care to throw at him. |
| Eight | Blind: Something gouged out this hero's eyes. Not even magical healing or bionics can restore his sight. Subtract -10 from any Trait or Aptitude rolls that require sight, such as shooting. | |
| Nine | Eternal Enemy: Some evil cult or supernatural creature has been chasing the hero for over 200 years. She can never stop in one place for more than a night, cannot enter romantic relationships (lest her loved ones be used as bait), or allow others to spread tales of her heroism. Even if the heroine rides across the West in the fastest vehicle available, the thing (or the cult's minions and spies) follow. It's only a matter of time. | |
| Ten | Screwed: Pull two cards from the <i>Veteran o' the Wasted West</i> table in the <i>Hell on Earth</i> rulebook. | |
| Jack | Mauled: Some nasty creature got hold the hero and used him like a chew toy. The hero is <i>ugly as sin</i> (-1) with | |



The Marshal's Guide



Should the afflicted go bust on a *Vigor* roll, he spontaneously combusts and is consumed by fire. Little remains except ashes and a lump of ghost rock the size of the victim's heart. Anyone witnessing this event should make a Hard (9) *guts* roll.

Spook Juice

Spook juice is one last joke the Reckoners are having at humanity's expense. The emissions from an engine using spook juice are entirely spiritual and highly toxic to the supernatural environment. The Reckoners are using road warriors and their muscle cars to terrorform the Hunting Grounds in their image.

Bombers

As if the possibility of addiction wasn't enough of a scare, another danger waits for wasters using drugs. Drugs found in the ruins may be contaminated by ghost-rad exposure.

These contaminated drugs are known as bombers. Any drug, including ordinary ones like aspirin, can be bombers. They are actually quite easy to detect—if a hero's careful.

Anything that can detect radiation, like a Geiger counter or the *Geiger vision* miracle, shows the drugs are radioactive. But if a waster isn't on the lookout, he may not know anything's wrong until the bomber's side effects kick in.

Bombers still have the base effect of whatever drug they are. They just have an extra kick. When a hero takes a bomber, have them make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* check. If they make it, their body fights off the bomber's effects and the drug functions as normal.

If they fail, the drug functions normally, but the waster takes 1d6 Wind from the pill's radioactivity. See page 6 for how to recover this Wind, but note that a good, clean shower won't work, since the hero ingested the drug.

If the hero goes bust on her *Vigor* check the drug itself has no effect, she takes 2d6 Wind which has to be recovered as noted above, and she takes a wound to the guts. Ouch!

Mysteriously, bombers actually have beneficial effects on mutants. Mutants taking them don't have to make *Vigor* checks, and they recover 1d6 Wind. Doomsayers get an additional advantage. For 2d6 hours after ingestion, bombers double the rate at which they recover Strain (1 every half hour instead of one per hour). Taking multiple bombers has no additional effect until the first pill, capsule, or whatever has worn off.

Drinking Spook Juice

Each time a brainer swallows a shot of spook juice, he must make a Fair (5) *Vigor* roll. Each shot after the first adds +1 to the TN. After a number of shots equal to half the hero's *Vigor* die type, his *Strength* and *Vigor* die types increase by +1 step. Congratulate the lush on getting on a really hard buzz.

If and when the hero fails the *Vigor* roll, he's really toasted. He takes 4d6 Wind, and his *Nimbleness*, *Deftness*, and *Cognition* die types drop by -1 step each. (Once a Trait reaches d4s, it loses -1 Coordination instead.) The lost Wind is recovered at the rate of 1 point per hour, not per minute. A hero can double his recovery rate by drinking strong coffee or other sobering agents.

Don't make any more *Vigor* checks after the first one is failed. If the hero keeps drinking, each shot automatically causes 1d6 Wind, but there are no other penalties.

The hero also gains a limited ability to see into the Hunting Grounds. Up to one hour after getting buzzed, supernatural people and objects appear outlined in a variety of colors, as the juiced-up brainer is able to dimly perceive the spiritual aura that surrounds them. (This includes things like Harrowed, sykers, and those under supernatural influence.) The sot can also make out the vague outlines of spirits in the area as dark, swirling shadows. These effects last for one hour after the hero gets buzzed.

Imbibing spook juice on a regular basis can be bad for your hero's health. The ghost rock in the character's system eventually becomes inert and is flushed out of the body. The catch is that it takes a small part of the hero's soul with it when it goes. To reflect this, draw a card each time the waster has a shot of spook juice. If it's a Joker, the hero must make a Hard (9) *Spirit* roll or die on the spot.

Wasters call those who die in this way "spookers." They're a "bad thing." See, spookers don't lie down like the dead ought to. A manitou is usually waiting nearby to take possession of the body, and celebrates its good fortune by going on a murderous rampage through the bar. Spookers usually animate for 1 hour for every shot the dead brainer had before he croaked.

Sykers, Doomsayers, hucksters, and even the blessed and shamans find it easier to contact the Hunting Grounds when buzzed. All of them gain +2 to their various casting abilities one hour after getting buzzed.

Spook juice has an addition code of Foolproof (3)/Severe.

The Marshal's Guide

Jo's Journal

Just in case you're wondering, Jo pulled through. Those Templars are tough that way. And we kinda grew fond of her.

The Reckoners

Jo's got most everything right on the Four Horsemen. What she doesn't know is exactly where they went after they trashed the West. You don't need their exact path, but they are traveling around the world, ensuring the forces of destruction continue to win out over any real attempts to rebuild. It's a delicate balance for them. They must keep enough people alive to generate fear, but they also have to *cause* that fear. And that means lots of misery and death.

By the way, "fear" is what they're really after. Each Horseman just generates it in his own particular theme.

So How do You Kill These Things?

It might seem the best way for heroes to save the world is to destroy the Reckoners first. That's certainly true. Trouble is, they can't be destroyed. They're as immortal as God, Satan, or any other divinity you want to know.

Even their horses are immortal—or so it was thought. When the priests of Lost Angels called down a Heavenly strike on Famine as she rode out of the Maze, her steed was slain. That wasn't supposed to happen, and the powers of destruction are more than a little worried about it. We'll get into that more as the tale of *Hell on Earth* rolls on.

But here's the payoff. You may think the Reckoners have won. In a way, they have. But they've also made certain sacrifices by entering the physical world. As Coot Jenkins speculated in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook, now that they're here, there's no way back. If humanity can eliminate enough fear—a difficult task indeed—the Four Horsemen will be trapped. And you know what happens to fish out of water.

The Good Guys

Ah, Jo. She's perceptive and a knockout. (When she's not so ripped up, that is.)

The powers of good play by different rules than the powers of evil. Humanity must fail or succeed on its own, even if the Reckoners cheat by creating supernatural evil. Of course, the forces of good can help a little, but God, Allah,

or whatever you want to call a particular embodiment of good can't come down and destroy the Reckoners or their minions. It's not even a choice for them. That's just how the cosmos works.

The Book of Revelation

As for the Fifth Horseman, we can't say just yet. It is certain that the Reckoners are free-willed beings though. They're not mindless tools of destruction. They chose their path, and they'll benefit—or suffer—for it.

The Last War

The Hauptman Survey was correct. The Reckoners kept the ghost rock just scarce (and useful!) enough to keep it valuable and make sure humanity fought over it, but they also replenished enough to create hotbeds of greed such as the Black Hills, the Wasatch Mountains, or the Maze. That ensured there were always prospectors and speculators, and the gambling parlors and brothels that inevitably followed (yes, even in later days). If ghost rock hadn't replenished itself, smaller areas like the Black Hills would have played out long ago. Then groups like the Ravenites might not have formed.

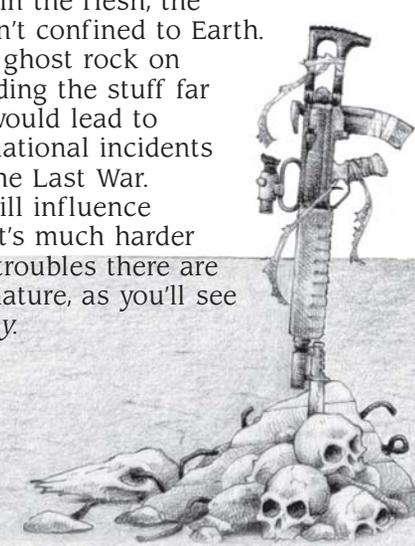
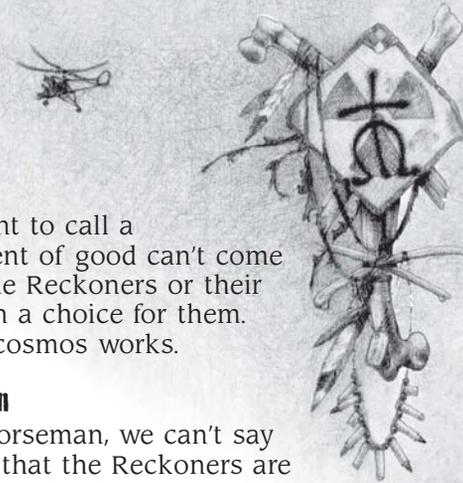
After Hellstromme detonated the first ghost-rock bomb, everything changed. The Reckoners knew what was coming. With only 2-10% of the world's population likely to survive their coming, ghost rock supplies had to diminish. That led directly to the war they'd planned for, and even today this keeps wasters fighting over every little vein they discover.

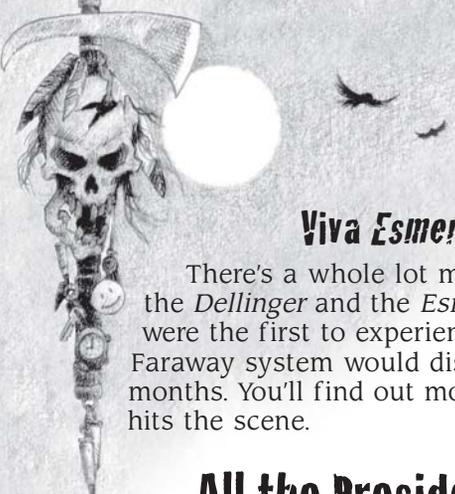
That's not to say the Reckoners can't generate more ghost rock. They just rarely need to anymore. What's left is just scarce enough to keep everyone fighting over it. Raw deal for humanity, huh?

Ghost Rock on Faraway

Before they appeared in the flesh, the Reckoners' powers weren't confined to Earth. That's how they created ghost rock on Faraway. They knew finding the stuff far away in isolated areas would lead to private fights and international incidents that would help spark the Last War.

The Reckoners *can* still influence affairs on Faraway, but it's much harder now, so they don't. The troubles there are of an entirely different nature, as you'll see in *Deadlands: Lost Colony*.





The Marshal's Guide

Viva Esmerelda!

There's a whole lot more to the story of the *Dellinger* and the *Esmerelda*. These ships were the first to experience the horror the Faraway system would discover in the coming months. You'll find out more when *Lost Colony* hits the scene.

All the Presidents, Man!

Let's talk a little about the men and women who brought about the Last War: the Presidents of the United and Confederate States of America.

President Romero

In a world full of evil, seats of power become tempting targets. The most recent bull's-eye occurred in 2070, when a former Movie Town director ran for and won the Northern Presidency.

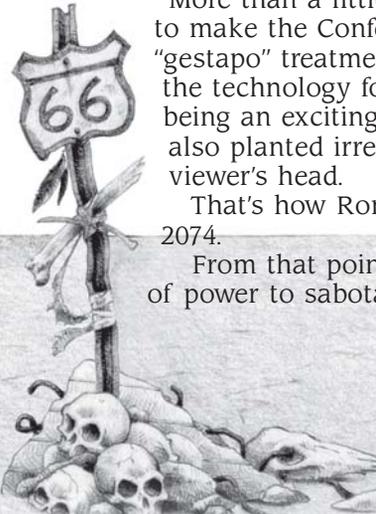
President John Romero was once a quiet partner of Emille DeSalonto, the Southern director who perfected a limited form of mind control with light patterns and subliminal messages.

When DeSalonto got busted up North, the Rangers snuck into Star City and abducted Romero. They forced him to take over DeSalonto's old job, and they weren't exactly nice about it.

One day, while filming under incredible pressure in Arizona, Romero's hand got caught in a camera-track. The machine ripped it not-so-cleanly off. Romero nearly bled to death, but unfortunately for the world, he survived.

Romero blamed the CSA for the loss of his hand, even though they sent him to Deseret and paid to have his limb replaced bionically. While he was recuperating, Romero escaped and returned to his home in the North.

An Ax to Grind



More than a little demented, Romero vowed to make the Confederates pay for their "gestapo" treatment. Years later, he perfected the technology for Sensoround. Besides being an exciting way to watch movies, it also planted irresistible messages in the viewer's head.

That's how Romero won the Presidency in 2074.

From that point on, he used his position of power to sabotage the Rebs. He didn't

really mean for it to lead to a full-scale war, but movie types never take responsibility for their own actions. Check out the section on Movie Town (page 135) if you want to know what happened to him after his impeachment.

Mary Rose Tremane

Mary was one of the good gals. Given time to grow into her job, she might even have been able to make peace.

But someone behind the scenes wanted to make sure that she never got the chance.

Just after the Christmas cease-fire, a syker snuck on board Air Force One, fried its electronics (including the distress beacon), and blasted the crew. The assassin parachuted to safety while the jet went down in the Rockies.

The plane was never found because the distress beacon had been destroyed and a blizzard buried the twisted wreckage that remained. See Air Force One under the Sky Pirates (page 147) to find out what later became of the wreck.

Allen Sothby

The Confederate President during the Last War was a good man, but he had a very violent temper. Every time he heard about another Northern outrage, he'd do something equally drastic to avenge it. Add that to a cabinet with stock in the South's defense contractors, and you've got a war just waiting to happen.

Well, it happened. You know the rest.

A-Bomb Andy

Little Andy Bates was one of those kids everyone in the neighborhood beat up on, but his parents had money, so he got by. He even attended Harvard and became a lawyer. He never forgot being the kid no one picked for baseball, however, and he was determined to prove he was somebody—to become President—even if he had to kill to do it.

He did. It was his syker who downed Air Force One. Immediately after, enamored with power and the rage of the masses, Vice-President Bates moved up to the Oval Office and pointed the finger at the Rebels. He didn't understand the full implications of threatening nuclear war and was unprepared for the consequences of his actions. A-Bomb Andy was on the floor of the Senate, protesting Congress' reluctance to use tac-nukes when the first ghost-rock bombs hit Washington, DC.

You reap what you sow.

The Marshal's Guide

Minions of the Reckoners

The Reckoners have many servants in their war against life. The most common are various forms of walkin' dead. Above them are pure horrors created to embody some aspect of their master's destructive embrace.

Higher on the "food chain" are the servitors, humans who have so corrupted their souls that they actually begin to metamorphose into monstrous creatures of War, Death, Famine, or Pestilence.

The Walking Dead

The Reckoners occasionally raise an army of the dead to do their dirty work for them. Even after the Reckoners have passed, the dead occasionally rise of their own volition, triggered to unlife by a spike in fear.

Death

Death's lowliest servants are walkin' dead. See the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for complete statistics. What Jo doesn't know is that anyone killed by a walkin' dead, who doesn't come back Harrowed, has a 1 in 10 chance of coming back as a walkin' dead herself.

If a hero is killed by a walkin's dead and does not come back Harrowed, secretly roll 1d10. If you roll a 1, the poor brainer rises as one of Death's walkin' dead.

Famine

Famine's undead are hideous faminites. A human infected by their touch wastes slowly, maddeningly, away. He is not under any other creature's control, nor is he undead, but he is ravenously hungry, and no amount of food can sate him. If no other food presents itself, the victim turns to living flesh.

When the person eventually dies (about 24 hours later), he rises again as a faminite. Note that these are different from the ones that appear in *Deadlands: The Weird West*. Those didn't automatically arise as undead. In *Hell on Earth*, they do.

Below are the statistics for most normal folks driven mad by ravenous hunger (hence the low mental statistics). Not everyone goes over the edge like this, but most do.

Once the faminite dies, use the statistics for the walkin' dead from the *Hell on Earth* rulebook but add the Infection special ability outlined below.



Living Faminite

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:3d6, Q:2d6, V:2d10
Fightin': brawl'n' 2d6, shootin': (any) 2d6, sneak 2d6

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

Pace: 6

Size: 5

Wind: NA

Terror: 5

Gear: Most have clubs (STR+1d6), but a few carry firearms.

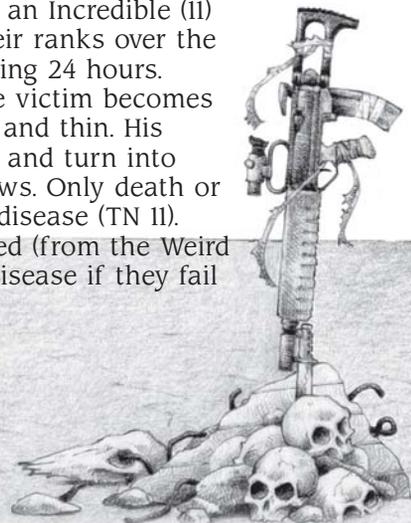
Special Abilities:

Damage: Claws (STR), Bite (STR)

Infection: II. Anyone so much as nicked (Wind or wound by bite or claw) by a faminite must make an Incredible (II) Vigor roll or join their ranks over the course of the following 24 hours.

During this time, the victim becomes increasingly hungry and thin. His fingernails lengthen and turn into sharp, infectious claws. Only death or magic can stop the disease (TN II).

Old fashioned blessed (from the *Weird West*) contract the disease if they fail the healing roll.



The Marshal's Guide

Pestilence

The Horseman known as Pestilence raises those who died from horrid diseases into horrors. The Librarians have named his foot-soldiers "plague zombies." They have the same statistics as walkin' dead (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook), as well as the following special ability:

Infection: 11

Plague zombies cause wounds that bubble and boil painfully, almost as if living bubbles of acid were moving beneath the victim's skin. It's ugly, and it hurts. Any living being who suffers a wound or a single point of Wind from a plague zombie's hand-to-hand attack must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll. If he does not make it, he picks up the *ailin'*: *minor* Hindrance. The most common disease is one that slowly turns the victim's insides to mush.

War

War's undead are the veteran walkin' dead we gave you in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook. Since most were soldiers of the Last War, they're armed with Northern or Southern Alliance assault rifles.

Servitors

The Librarians' information on the servitors is fairly accurate. They are all former humans whose evil transformed them into a living (or unliving) embodiment of War, Death, Famine, or Pestilence.

These wicked souls have slowly but surely embraced one of the four major methods of destruction (War, Famine, Pestilence, or Death) and become its willing servant.

The road to such monstrous evil is usually a gradual process. A person performs a few misdeeds that start him on the path, and later he commits more grievous offenses against humanity. Eventually, he commits his first atrocity, and the road becomes a one-way street. Soon the individual's depredations are commonplace. Finally, one last, great atrocity becomes the lost soul's last step on the road to eternal damnation. Over the course of several painful hours or days, the figure transforms into a true monster born of the Apocalypse, a servitor of the Horsemen his deeds most closely honor.

After transformation, most servitors lose all trace of their former identity, though they

retain their crafty intelligence and guile. Most can speak but may not do so, as they care only for wanton savagery and destruction.

Some servitors work alone, but most lead bands of undead minions as described above. Most servitors raise such fodder from graveyards, old battlefields, or other supplies of mostly intact human corpses.

Who are the Servitors?

Servitors are not common. In fact, there's probably only a dozen or so per Horseman in the entire Wasted West. There are certainly others around the world in about the same ratio as can be found here.

Servitors of Death were grim gunfighters, ruthless mercenaries, serial killers, and murderers before their transformation.

Servitors of Famine are people who hoarded food from other survivors after the Apocalypse. Some held on to vast food stores, even after witnessing the suffering and starving of those around them, and Famine embraced their selfishness by making them her chosen ones. A few cannibals have also become servitors of Famine. They are some of the most terrifying and savage of the lot.

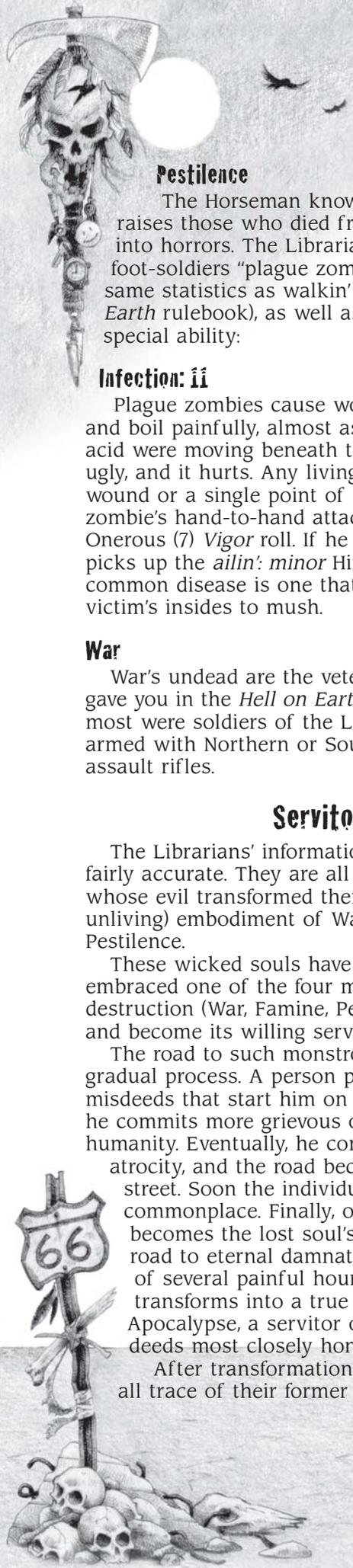
Pestilence's servitors are a quiet bunch. Most of them suffered only minor transformation, easily disguised by the rags they wear. These malicious fiends insinuate themselves into a settlement and slowly begin to infect those around them. In the most extreme cases, servitors of Pestilence have destroyed entire villages. Such servitors were usually victims of some terrible disease themselves, but they kept that knowledge hidden as they mingled with others and shared their fatal afflictions with the world.

War's servitors are easy to spot. Most are wasteland warlords leading large bands of scavengers, mutants, or even supernatural armies. They prey on entire settlements. The more heavily armed and challenging, the better. They are bloodthirsty, savage, and without mercy.

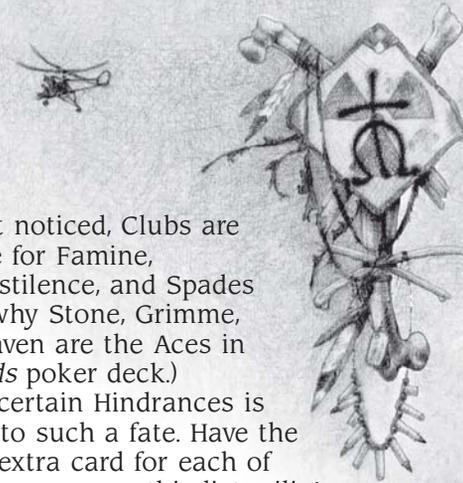
Powers

The powers of the servitors are many, but they usually lie within the purview of their master. Servitors of Death kill with a touch, those of Famine starve a person to death, or perhaps just eat him (as did the Devourer in the *Leftovers* Dime Novel).

The most powerful trait all servitors have in common is *immunity*. That makes them nearly



The Marshal's Guide



impossible to kill. Servitors only have a few, obscure weaknesses, and discovering them means poking around the monster's old stomping grounds.

Though they cannot be killed by normal attacks, inflicting a lot of damage can slow them down. Unless a servitor's description says otherwise, anytime one would be "killed" by normal wounding, it falls to the ground and loses its actions. As long as it continues to take a single wound each round thereafter, it remains down. When additional wounds are not inflicted in a round, the servitor spends the rest of that round recovering and staggering to its feet. At the beginning of the next round, assume it is unwounded again.

To permanently destroy a servitor, a hero has to use something from the creature's past against it. An incredibly fat servitor of Famine, for instance, might be killed with fat-eating diet pills (again, see *Leftovers*). A skeletal, scythe-armed servitor of Death might be slain by smashing it with a bone from one of the victims it murdered before its transformation.

Servitors' weaknesses are many and often bizarre, but they always make some kind of twisted sense. Check out some of the servitors in this chapter (pages 133 and 151-153) for inspiration.

The best way to determine a servitor's weakness is to develop the story of the human being it used to be. Do that, and it should become easy to figure out what its weakness is. This also gives you, the Marshal, the opportunity to make a creature far more interesting to your posse. An adventure about a pus-oozing, disease-ridden servitor of Pestilence isn't just a big monster to be fought. It's a mystery to be solved and a story to be told.

Hey, You're No Hero!

Okay. Here's the really scary news: player characters can become servitors as well.

Any time a character commits a heinous act that might catch the Reckoner's distant attention (see below), draw a few cards from a deck. Draw one for major heinous acts; two for really evil or callous acts. Notice we don't say anything about "minor" evil acts. A person has to be a real jerk to follow the path of a servitor.

If a black Joker comes up, the character suffers a mutation from the appropriate suit. Pull out all the cards for that suit and let him draw (or just keep drawing from a regular deck until he gets a card from that suit).

In case you hadn't noticed, Clubs are for Death, Hearts are for Famine, Diamonds are for Pestilence, and Spades are for War. (That's why Stone, Grimme, Hellstromme, and Raven are the Aces in the official *Deadlands* poker deck.)

A character with certain Hindrances is particularly attuned to such a fate. Have the character draw one extra card for each of his Hindrances that appears on this list: *ailin'*, *big 'un*: obese, bloodthirsty, death wish, grim servant o' death, mean as a rattler, scrawny, and tuckered.

The Final Step

A hero can never get the same mutation twice by this process. When a character has collected seven of the thirteen mutations within a particular suit, he becomes a servitor of that suit. That means a murderous food hoarder might have mutations of both Clubs and Hearts, but he becomes a servitor of the suit he gets seven mutations in first.

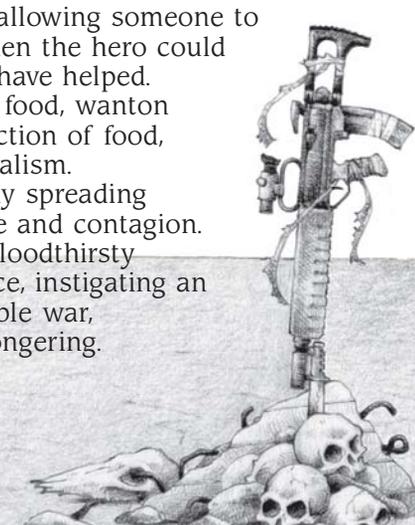
At this point, the character transforms into a hideous monster under the Marshal's control and is removed from the player's control. A vengeful Marshal might allow the metamorphosis to be a slow one, however.

Acts of Evil

Below are some of the acts a character might commit to become a servitor. Be very careful when deciding whether or not a character's actions warrant a mutation. Consider intent, opportunity, and motive when sending the hero down this road to Hell, because there's no turning back.

Acts of Evil

Death	Murder (real murder, not self-defense or even fighting with Black Hats and other bad guys), allowing someone to die when the hero could easily have helped.
Famine	Hoarding food, wanton destruction of food, cannibalism.
Pestilence	Knowingly spreading disease and contagion.
War	Acts of bloodthirsty violence, instigating an avoidable war, warmongering.



The Marshal's Guide

Servants of Evil

Jo got three out of four right on this one. The Four Horsemen did have knowing and unknowing servants preparing for their coming. Read on, and you'll see which ones Jo got right and which one was dead wrong.

Death

Stone's tale was told in the *Devils Tower* trilogy of adventures for *Deadlands: The Weird West*. His actions after that were recounted in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook, but here's a quick recap.

Stone was the first Harrowed created after the 1863 Reckoning. He wasn't the *first* Harrowed of all time, just the first of the Reckoning. (Yes, there are a few Harrowed older than even him.)

He was and is a mean bastard, mean enough that the manitou inside him agreed to let him run the show. When 2094 came around and the Reckoners were all but defeated the first time, they picked Stone to go back to 1876 and champion their cause.

He did his job with a vengeance, gunning down heroes like bottles on a fence. This time around, the Reckoners won.

These days, Stone continues to do what he's always done. He rides about the Wasted West on a pale horse plugging any hero who does too much good for the world. Many mistakenly believe that Stone is Death himself—a reputation which he does little to discourage.

Think your posse can handle him? Think again. Figure he's got every power in the *Weird West* book *Book o' the Dead* at level 5. If you don't have that particularly handy book, then Stone can do most anything you want him to. His statistics are maxed out at 4-7d12+10 (for the Harrowed power *supernatural Trait*), and his primary Aptitudes are in the 10-18 range (20 in *shootin*).

Seem over the top? Absolutely. If one of your heroes survives nearly 500 years of tangling with the toughest heroes the West has to offer, he'll be at least as tough.

Why no stats? We have a saying around here that if you stat it, they will kill it. And we don't want that to happen. Stone still has one last role to play in the tale of *Deadlands*, and we want you to make sure he's around for it, so be sure to give us a hand.

That doesn't mean he can't cross your posse's path once in a while. Just don't trap him (which is hard since he can walk through walls, fade into the earth, and so forth). And don't let them completely destroy him. Even if they burn his body, Stone might just be able to come back. He is the favorite servant of the Reckoners, after all.

What about Young Stone? He's not around in *Hell on Earth*. You'll see why in the *Weird West* storyline if you're interested someday. If not, just assume he's lost to the myths and legends of the past.

Famine

Grimme is gone. The Reckoners kind of cheated with him anyway. See, their servants were supposed to be humans who willingly aided their efforts. (It's a Faustian thing.) The servants didn't necessarily have to know the Reckoners even existed. They just had to be willing participants in evil.

The real Reverend Grimme was a good man who didn't have an evil bone in his body. The thing that replaced him after his death was a pure abomination created from the energy of fear. It developed a free will, but being *created* of evil, could only *do* evil.

So how did the Reckoners get by with this cosmic cheat? Grimme's inner circle fulfilled that function. Their decision to join and maintain the



The Marshal's Guide

cannibal cult was funneled through the abomination and fulfilled whatever unholy requirement the powers of good and evil worked out among themselves.

The good guys didn't lose all the battles of the past. Grimme was slain and his body buried deep within the throne room of the subbasement of Rock Island Prison. Unlike the nearby Citadel, the old prison wasn't protected by the priests' prayers and crumbled into the ocean during the Last War.

Shortly after the Apocalypse, a young man found Grimme's sarcophagus and his journals (see *The Bishop*, page 133). Might he cause the old master to return? Time will tell, but for now, he's as dead as they get.

Pestilence

Stone worked for Death, Grimme for Famine, and Raven for War. But Ernst Biren wasn't Pestilence's flunky. It was none other than—Dr. Darius Hellstromme! The *Deadlands* Poker Deck held the clues if you tried to solve the mystery in the Weird West line.

So, you're saying, what did Hellstromme have to do with plagues and diseases and such? Two things. First, Hellstromme was one of the greatest promoters of ghost rock, and that, friends, can cause ghost-rock fever. Second, Hellstromme developed several biological weapons for the Mormons and later for the Northern Alliance. Some of these were released on the world, but the most devastating were not. Why?

Because Hellstromme had a change of heart. Those of you who read *City o' Gloom* for the Weird West might know why. If not, here's the whole scoop.

Hellstromme was a young engineering officer in the British Army in India. As was the custom in the mid 1800s, his wife Vanessa moved to India to be with him, but she was slain in an attack by the Sikh's that so plagued the British. Hellstromme couldn't bear the loss, so he buried himself in his work for the next 200 years. Now that's grief!

Brigham Young, who first invited Hellstromme into Deseret, thought the mad scientist would snap out of his insanity once he saw the tragic results of his work. Then he would devote his life to improving the human condition instead of destroying it.

It took a lot longer than Brigham thought. Only when the entire world was engulfed in ghost-rock bombs of Hellstromme's own design

did he finally escape from his two centuries of madness. At that point, Hellstromme did change, and it must have been for the better, because many of his powers—his incredible mind, memory, and pure luck—were stripped from him by the Reckoners.

Where he's gone now is a mystery we're keeping to ourselves for a while. But the doctor will return. And the Reckoners had best beware.

War

The most purely evil servant of the Reckoners has to be Raven. After murdering his own elders in the Great Spirit War, he set out to destroy an entire race. His means to that end were just as vile, bringing death and destruction not only to whites, but to his own people as well.

But he got his.

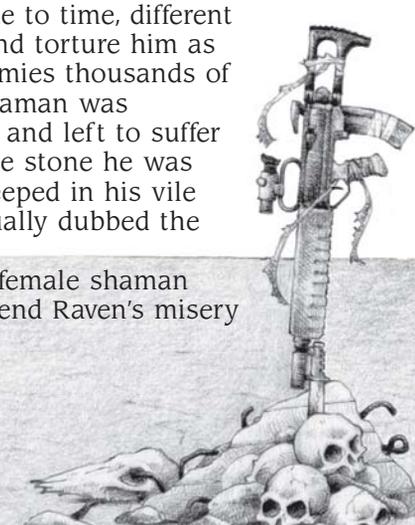
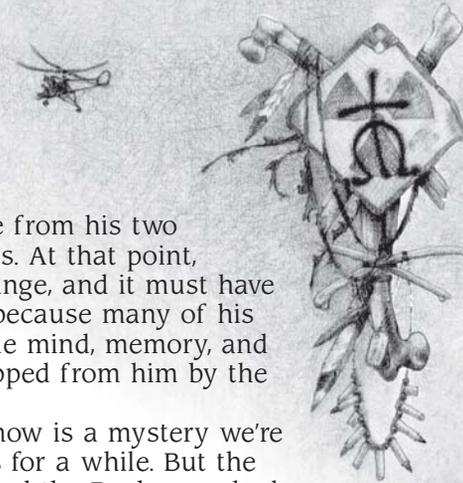
Nearly a hundred years ago, Raven received word that a large band of braves had broken from their elders and wanted to join his "Order of the Raven" (see *Ravenites* on page 67). Raven gleefully ventured to the site of their meeting, a crag high in the sacred Black Hills, and walked straight into a trap.

Within this mystical site, the shaman's manitous could not grant him magical powers. The nature spirits of the Old Ways had no such restrictions. Still, the cost to the braves and shamans who fought Raven was high. Scores of them lay dead or dying before he fell unconscious.

The Sioux then bound Raven in magical, leather bands made from the skin of white men (Raven's hated enemy). Then they carried him to the top of the highest peak in the Black Hills. There they cut off his eyelids and staked him to a great stone angled out to look over the world he had spoiled until he died.

What even the Sioux didn't know was that Raven could not die in this way. He lived, sprawled in agony upon the stone for over a hundred years. From time to time, different shamans would come and torture him as they had done their enemies thousands of years before. The evil shaman was stabbed, sliced, skinned, and left to suffer for an entire century. The stone he was staked to became so steeped in his vile fluids that it was eventually dubbed the Blood Stone.

Near the end, a good female shaman named Dove decided to end Raven's misery



The Marshal's Guide



by putting him to death, but after several attempts, she could find no way to end the victim's life. Dove even covered Raven in slow-burning petroleum and set him on fire, but this only made the already horrific figure blackened and scarred.

Raven didn't appreciate Dove's good intentions and he vowed that she would suffer an even more horrible fate once he escaped. But Dove persisted, and she finally came upon a ritual that she believed would lay Raven to rest forever.

Dove prepared herself for a week for the ordeal and finally ascended to the Blood Stone for the final time. The ritual worked. The day after she departed, Dove came down from the hills. She told the elders that she had killed Raven and buried his body by the Blood Stone. The ancient enemy was dead.

Only one problem: He didn't *stay* dead.

Raven rose from the grave three days before the bombs fell. The mad shaman's first act upon rising was to vent his fury on the rock that had imprisoned him for so long. The Blood Stone was shattered into a thousand pieces by the mad shaman's arcane powers.

His next move was to revenge himself on the traitorous Ravenites who had abandoned him to his fate. You can read about what happened to Deadwood under its entry in Jo's Journal (page 92). After demolishing Deadwood, Raven stalked off into the High Plains to find Dove.

Then the bombs fell.

Raven was fascinated by the destruction that rained down from the sky, and he watched the end of the world with relish.

While enjoying the symphony of death playing out before him, Raven ran into his old master, War, leading hordes of undead against the Old Ways. Raven joined the carnage, recklessly bathing in the blood of those who had betrayed and tortured him for well over a century.

But a secret hatred, blacker than the deepest night, seethed deep in Raven's dead heart. His masters had abandoned him to a century of pain and suffering, and Raven was never a very forgiving soul. He would have his revenge—soon.

Only a few months later, Raven found Dove and a number of other shamans resisting War. The mad shaman led the charge. Most of Death's minions were destroyed in this last epic battle of the Dakotas, but all of the Sioux's best shamans and chiefs died in the process.

Dove, unfortunately for her, lived. She was last seen bound upside-down to a horse behind the hideous figure of Raven, suffering torture and indignities too disgusting to repeat.

The Marshal's Guide

Raven followed War when he rode off across the Mississippi. In the ruined East, where thousands of zombies already roamed, Raven has been responsible for raising thousands more. He has established a central fortress for himself somewhere on the eastern shore of the Mississippi. The whispered rumors of Necropolis among the River Watch may refer to Raven's stronghold. See East of the Mississippi (page 127) for more details on Raven's villainous activities there.

Raven feels betrayed not only by his people, but by the Reckoners as well. His new goal is to destroy his former masters. To do that, he has determined to rid the world of fear by killing every living, thinking being upon it. With no one left to generate more fear, the Horsemen will surely die.

Who's Who?

Jo did pretty well here, but let's go over what she missed about the movers and shakers of the Wasted West.

The Combine

Throckmorton's tale is a sad one. He wasn't actually such a bad fellow when he first ventured out of the Rockies. That's why the true tales of him moving through the foothills are fairly heroic. Only the Librarians remember that now.

General Samuel Throckmorton is a cyborg. He was a valiant Confederate commander killed on the battlefield somewhere near Yuma in 2081. Being the hero he was, he came back Harrowed. So the Rebs made him a cyborg and put him in command of their forward-most prison camp until they could assign him to lead a shock unit. That never happened.

When the bombs fell, Throckmorton knew it was all over. He liberated his prisoners (the famous Cole Ballad included), and marched east toward Denver. Along the way, he and his troops saved scores of folks from rabid muties, new monsters born in the Deadlands created by the city-busters, and even other groups of soldiers who weren't so altruistic in their motives. But his losses were heavy.

Then he found Hellstromme's factories. Throckmorton saw an opportunity to build a new army that could hold up to the horrors of the new world, and he interfaced his cybernetics with the computer that ran the factories. That's when things went wrong.

The Denver AI

Hellstromme's factory wasn't just automated—it was alive. And it had all of its creator's madness. The AI took over the computer part of Throckmorton's brain, downloaded its "consciousness" into him, and took control. These days, the real General Throckmorton is a prisoner in his own skull.

The AI was no fool. It knew Throckmorton's troops wouldn't take any sudden changes in their leader's personality. So it staged a few incidents among those they had saved, framed a few of the most-outspoken hero-types (like Cole Ballad), and faked an assassination attempt on Throckmorton.

All that took place within a few months. Afterward, "Throckmorton" declared martial law and said that from that point on, any towns that didn't join the Combine would be considered hostile. Some of the troops bought it, but even more didn't. Those that were still around caught a particularly nasty plague (one of Hellstromme's old weapons the AI had on file) and died.

But the AI still needed an army of humans who would follow its orders without question, so it recruited every scumbag it could. These became the Black Hats. Those troops closer to home, the Red Hats and so forth, are no more morally upright than the Black Hats, but since they're kept close to home, they rarely see just how brutal the foot troops are to the settlements they visit.

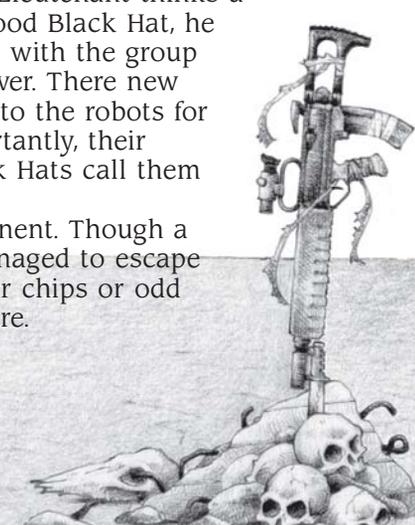
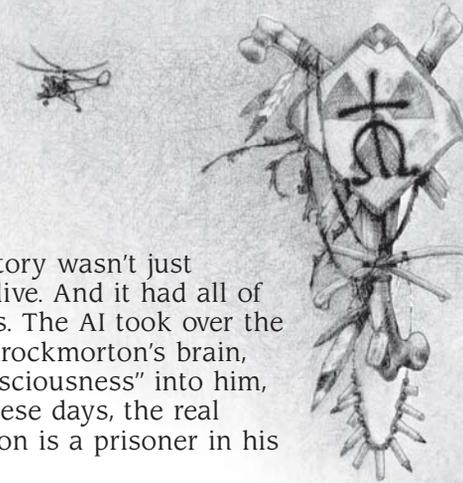
Check out the Denver section (page 144) if you want to know more about their home.

Black Hats

As we said, Black Hats are brutal thugs recruited from across the Wasted West. Most are just looking for some sort of job. Others need to fit in somewhere, and they're too violent for a normal settlement.

Black Hats are usually recruited by other Black Hats. If a patrol's Lieutenant thinks a waster would make a good Black Hat, he might let the loser hang with the group until they return to Denver. There new recruits are turned over to the robots for training and most importantly, their "loyalty chip." (The Black Hats call them "headbanger" chips.)

Membership is permanent. Though a few Black Hats have managed to escape due to faulty headbanger chips or odd circumstances, this is rare.



The Marshal's Guide

Headbangers

Loyalty chips, or "headbangers" as the Black Hats call them, have several functions.

First, headbanger chips allow the use of Combine equipment without explosive consequences.

Second, the leader of every patrol (usually a Lieutenant) can give vocal commands to the chip in his own skull, which can then transmit the signal to other chips up to 100 yards away in perfect conditions. These signals can transmit orders to the Black Hats through physical sensations. For instance, an itch in a Black Hat's back means to assemble on the Lieutenant.

For assurance of total loyalty, the Lieutenant can issue a "detonate" command which ignites the charge in the skulls of one or more of the Lieutenant's troops (but not those of another patrol). This is why desertion from the Black hats is pretty rare.

Red Hats can issue a detonate signal to ANY Black Hat's chip. Cole Ballad was able to use this trick on the first few Black Hat patrols that he were sent after him when he deserted, but the AI caught on after that and cancelled his security code. Cole had the docs in Junkyard remove his chip after that.

Naturally, Throckmorton himself can blow up anybody's chip that he wants to.

The third function of the headbanger chip is to detect the host's capture. If the Black Hat's brain waves are interpreted as giving away secrets, it detonates. Assume most chips have a *Cognition* of 4d10 when determining if its host is giving away vital information. And yes, they do screw up all the time. The Combine doesn't really care.

Equipment

Besides their headbanger chips, Black Hats are issued black hats scavenged from the city by slaves. Their personal weapons are Hellstromme Industries Damnations and a single fragmentation grenade. Hands-free radio headsets round out their standard gear. Like every other valuable tool in the Combine's arsenal, a small charge in the earpiece detonates if worn by a user without a headbanger chip.

Most Black Hats quickly scavenge or confiscate an armored duster as well.

Lieutenants in charge of patrols are issued a number of refurbished vehicles, usually three open-topped cars or trucks and four motorcycles. The commander is also

issued a Hellstromme Industries SAW and a rocket launcher with five reloads.

When a patrol finds itself low on ammo or troops, it heads back to Denver for refit and a week of rest. Then it's back to the wastes.

Statistics for all the items discussed above are listed in the Gear Tables of this book and the *Hell on Earth* rulebook.

Heavy Artillery

So why doesn't the AI send a legion of automatons and raptors out to squash anyone who messes with their Black Hats? There's a couple of reasons.

First, the AI doesn't really care. Humans are like guinea pigs to it, and they really are a dime a dozen. The purpose of the Black Hats is to map out the paths resistance in the wastes so that the AI can one day send its heavy troops out without hitting any road blocks.

Doomsayers

Silas and the Cult o' Doom has penetrated many of the mutant communities in the West. How? Through the efforts of his proselytizing Doomsayers, of course.

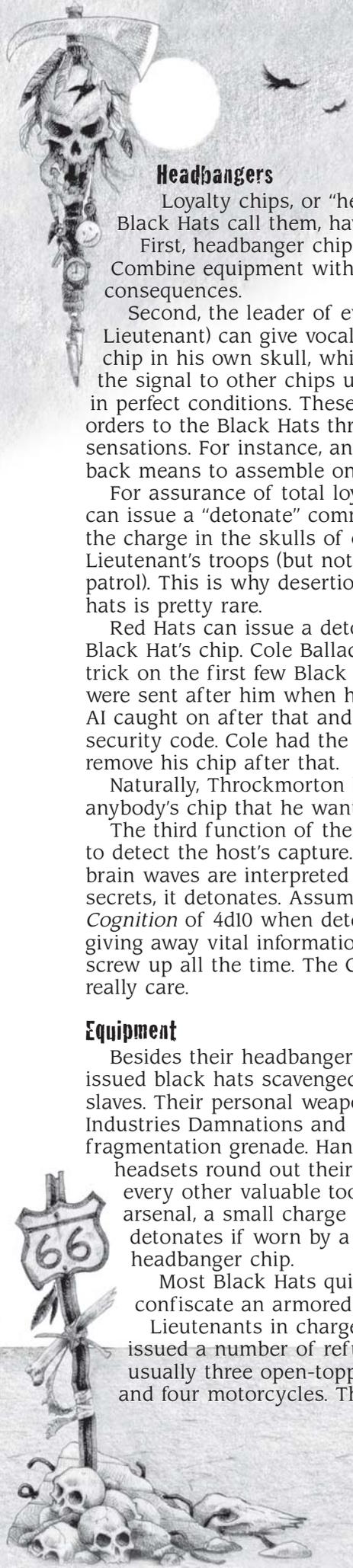
Still, there are hundreds of mutie towns out there that need to hear the Word of the Atom, and the Doomsayers have to move carefully. Besides monsters, bandits, and mutants too deranged to understand them, green-robed Doomsayers are hated by norms. That's why they take lots of well-armed muties with them.

A typical "missionary" band contains two to four Doomsayers and five mutant soldiers per priest. The number just depends on how far from Vegas they are, and how dangerous the area is. Doombringers, the abominations we told you about in the rulebook, travel with five Doomsayers and a pack of 20 or so muties—usually the most violent and aggressive ones they can draft.

Both types of bands prefer to walk. It's a pilgrimage thing. That said, they'll jump in a jeep and use *powerup* if they need to get somewhere fast or use a military vehicle to wipe out norms.

Hellstromme

See the business about Servants of Evil (page 118), for more info on the West's most notorious mad scientist. Check out the Denver section (page 144) if you want more info on the automated factories or his awesome inventions, the automatons.



The Marshal's Guide

Law Dogs

Just a quick note about Jo's comments on the Agency. Those few insane individuals who claim to have been "Agents" are actually telling the truth. Something happened in their final days that drove many of them insane. We'll reveal just what that was in a future *Hell on Earth* supplement.

Spooks

Okay, we'll 'fess up. Jo doesn't know much about spooks because of us. We've got a few cool surprises waiting for you in the *Hell on Earth* Indians book. Sorry for the tease, but we wanted to at least let you know what was coming, friend.

The Weather

Traveling the wastes is dangerous. Besides the monsters, bandits, and muties, the weather just plain sucks.

In all good post-Apocalyptic settings, folks never want to be caught outside during bad weather. Jo told the heroes just how bad the effects of bad weather could be, so they'd better take the hint and find shelter. They should also realize just how valuable a decent *survival* skill can be.

You can use the dangerous weather phenomena below for color or to herd the posse into places they might not otherwise go. If they're crossing the prairie when a Hellstorm hits, for example, they might be forced to go inside an old ruined hospital they know has to be trouble and would have avoided otherwise.

Below are the details for some of these phenomena. The first thing you'll see is the *Area* covered. Most storms move, but you shouldn't need to keep track of that. If you do, figure the storms move with the winds at about 1d20 miles per hour.

The next detail is *Duration*, which tells you how long the storm is likely to last.

Visibility is the number of yards a survivor can usually see through the storm.

The *TN* is the *survival* roll a hero needs to spot the storm brewing. The number after the slash is how often a character should be allowed to check again if he doesn't make it the first time. Black rain, for instance, is easy to spot (TN of 3), and a character gets to check once every 10 minutes.



Warning Time is the total amount of time that passes from the first sign of the storm to the time it reaches enough force to start causing the trouble described under its effects.

Black Rain

Area: 1d10 miles in diameter

Duration: 1d20 minutes

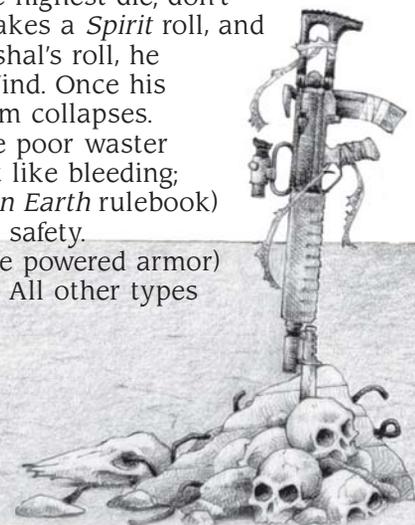
Visibility: 25 yards

TN: 3/10 minutes

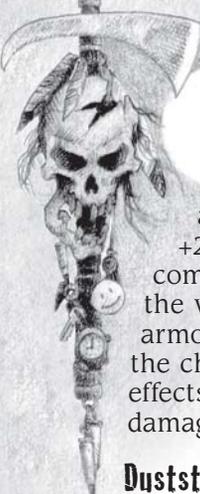
Warning Time: 2d20 minutes

Every round spent in the rain, the Marshal draws a card from his Action Deck (use the card just like a player does during character creation). Then he rolls that number of dice as if it were an Aptitude roll (read the highest die; don't add them). The victim makes a *Spirit* roll, and if it is less than the Marshal's roll, he takes the difference in Wind. Once his Wind reaches 0, the victim collapses. Continue rolling until the poor waster dies from Wind loss (just like bleeding; see the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* rulebook) or someone drags her to safety.

Only sealed armor (like powered armor) protects from black rain. All other types



The Marshal's Guide



are ignored. Umbrellas and the like add +2 to the character's *Spirit* roll, but don't completely protect the character as some of the vile liquid certainly gets in. Spiritual armor such as the Templar gift *armor* adds to the character's *Spirit* rolls when resisting the effects of black rain. Harrowed do take Wind damage from black rain.

Duststorms

Area: 1d6 miles in diameter
Duration: 1d20 x 10 minutes
Visibility: 1d4 yards
TN: 7/1 minute
Warning Time: 1d20 minutes

Each round spent in a duststorm, a hero must make an Onerous (7) *Vigor* roll or lose the difference in Wind. On a bust, the hero actually catches a mouthful of choking dust and begins to strangle. Raise the TN of the *Vigor* roll by +2 for the next 1d20 rounds.

Surviving a duststorm isn't as hard as it sounds. A simple bandanna across the face adds +1 to the hero's roll, and lying facedown on the earth and covering his head adds another +1. A hero with a gas mask or sealed suit can ignore the duststorm entirely. Note that few horses can survive in these conditions.

Unlike in radstorms, Wind lost in a duststorm is restored normally *after* the storm passes. The bad news is that if a hero goes to 0 Wind and isn't in shelter, he may choke and die in the stuff.

Harrowed take no Wind damage from duststorms.

When the storm finally abates, prominent features are uncovered, and level or low-lying areas are buried under several inches to several feet of silt. Unless a hero fell in a hole, he should be able to crawl out with no problem.

Though the effects above are dangerous, they're rarely fatal. The real danger of duststorms comes from wandering blindly through hazardous terrain, and possibly losing equipment. A character who runs, falls, or is otherwise jostled while moving through a duststorm may lose any loose equipment in his hands or hanging from his belt or pack. Have the hero make a Fair (5) *Deftness* roll anytime he falls, tumbles into a ditch, or so on. If he fails it, some random piece of equipment is lost or dropped. The TN to find it is Onerous (7) if the hero doesn't move. It's 15 or better if he has to retrace his steps to find the lost object. Either case takes a full round for the search.

When a duststorm touches a Deadland—an all-too-common occurrence—there's a chance a creature called a dust devil is born to the storm. About 1 in 10 duststorms carry these deadly horrors. The statistics for the dust devil can be found in on page 155.

Hellstorm

Area: 1d10 miles in diameter
Duration: 1d2 hours
Visibility: 50 yards
TN: 3/30 minutes
Warning Time: 1d4 hours

Hellstorms are pure fury and destruction. Everyone fears them. Make sure your heroes do too.

Anyone caught out in a Hellstorm has a 1% chance each round (every 5 seconds) of being hit by lightning. Those unfortunates who catch a bolt suffer 8d20 damage to their guts. Thanks for playing.

Even if you're not made crispy by lightning, the hot rain and wind cause blisters and scald flesh. Every round spent in the rain, a character takes 1 Wind. Umbrellas and the like don't do jack because the rain rips them to shreds in seconds. Heavier materials, such as a piece of metal or Kevlar held over a hero's head, keep off most of the rain but not the wind, so the hero takes 1 Wind every other round. Sealed armor shields a waster from the blistering storm. Other types of armor reduce the damage to 1 Wind every other round, just like an umbrella.

The only protection from a Hellstorm is to get in solid shelter, such as a vehicle, a building, a cave, or so forth.

Radstorm

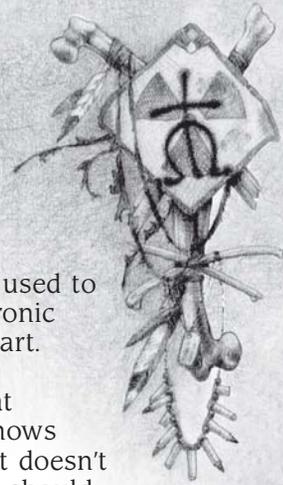
Area: 1d100 miles
Duration: 1d6 hours
Visibility: 1d4 yards
TN: 5/1 minute
Warning Time: 1d4 hours

If you think duststorms are nasty, try getting caught in a radstorm. Anyone caught out in a radstorm suffers all the usual effects of a duststorm (see above), but must roll to resist intense radiation as well.

Every 5 minutes the character is caught in a radstorm, he must make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll (in addition to that made to resist the dust). Should he fail, he loses -1 point of Wind to radiation.

Make sure to keep up with how many points of Wind are lost to the dust and how many are lost to radiation damage, as they heal at different

The Marshal's Guide



ComSat

ComSat is a cowardly little AI. It used to feel the love when billions of electronic signals raced through its silicon heart. Now it feels cold, alone, and afraid.

Why is it afraid? Because ComSat understands human life-forms. It knows what they can and can't do. What it doesn't understand is why four beings that should not exist—the Reckoners—and their impossible minions are crawling around under its many telescopic lenses. The AI fears such things, and it worries that these beings can somehow destroy it as they did its masters.

Incidentally, Jo was wrong about ComSat being the last satellite in orbit. Most military satellites were destroyed in the Last War, but many commercial ones are still up there. ComSat controls most of them these days and has spread itself out among them.

ComSat's somewhat irrational fear makes it paranoid of humans, since there's no way to tell if a contact is truly human or some horror about to download a virus into its memory buffers. Strangers usually have to contact ComSat many times before it responds. The most frustrating thing for most folks is that ComSat doesn't even acknowledge their signal until it tracks and watches them for a few weeks, so only the most dedicated get through.

Speak No Evil

Because of its fear of the supernatural, ComSat edits out any statements having to do with the Reckoning, monsters, or other supernatural entities for fear they will take notice and destroy it. It occasionally reports on Throckmorton and other "human" enemies if asked, because it understands them and knows they can no longer harm it.

For the record, it has not been in contact with the Denver AI. At least not that it knows about.

See No Evil

ComSat's own incredible telescopic cameras (as well as those of the other satellites it controls) allow it to read a vehicle license plate from orbit. It tries hard not to see things that aren't meant to be, however. It can't help but occasionally catch a glimpse of zombies creeping across some blasted plain, but the AI is quick to reposition its lens when such a thing happens.

rates. Wind lost to the dust heals as described under Duststorms (page 124). In Chapter One see the rules on healing Wind lost to radiation.

Should any character go bust on her *Vigor* roll, she loses -1 Wind and suffers a mutation (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook).

One last note. Radio waves are totally disrupted by radstorms. They cannot penetrate into, out of, or through such a storm.

Harrowed take no damage from radstorms. They must still roll every five minutes, however, as a busted *Vigor* roll still causes a supernatural mutation.

Toxic Clouds

Area: 1d100 yards

Duration: 1d6 hours

Visibility: 1d20 yards

TN: 3/10 seconds

Warning Time: Sight

Yup. These things are just what Jo said—wandering clouds of damage. Walk into one, and a brainer automatically takes -1 Wind to the lungs every five seconds. Feel free to adjust this rate up or down for stronger or weaker toxins as you see fit.

A waster who gets Winded collapses and continues to take Wind in the usual way. This is cumulative with any other Wind loss he's experienced. As Wind continues to go negative, it causes damage to the guts area just as with bleeding (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook).

A standard gas mask allows a hero to ignore the cloud. A wet cloth reduces the Wind loss to -1 every other round.

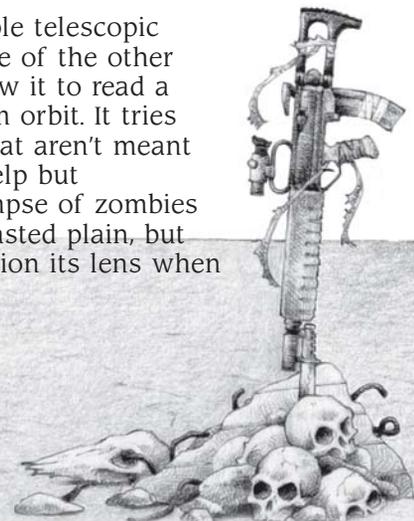
Most folks just go around these deadly clouds. Of course, if something the party really wants is inside the fumes...

Handbook of Horror

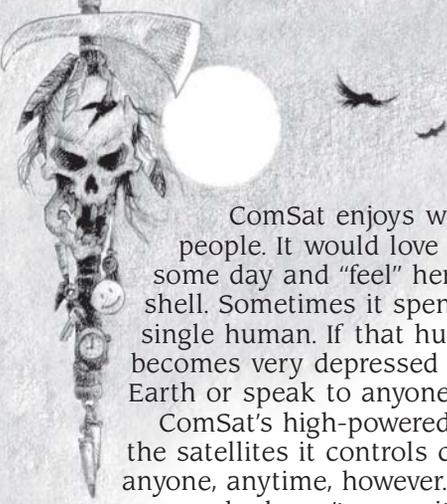
The Cities

Jo's second hypothesis is right. Remember that a Deadland is a region of pure, supernatural horror. If a landmark building is totally demolished by a ghost-rock bomb, fear energy may rebuild it into a shadowy wreck of its former self.

It's an investment of energy that usually pays off for the Reckoners, as humans explore the mysterious ruins of their fallen monuments in dread anticipation of the lost treasures—and grave dangers—that must await inside.



The Marshal's Guide



ComSat enjoys watching regular people. It would love to meet one in person some day and “feel” her touch on its metal shell. Sometimes it spends weeks watching a single human. If that human dies, the AI becomes very depressed and doesn't watch the Earth or speak to anyone for several days.

ComSat's high-powered lenses and those of the satellites it controls cannot find and track anyone, anytime, however. Just because it can see people doesn't mean it knows where to look. Assuming ComSat has a good description and a general location to look at (in North America, lower Canada, or upper Mexico), it takes 1d20 minutes to find someone in a town, 2d20 minutes to find someone in a city, and 2d20 hours to find someone in a region roughly 25 miles square. It refuses to scour any larger area. It can pinpoint anyone contacting it immediately—or at least the location of the transmitter that they are using.

A human user can sometimes get ComSat to find someone or something for him. It can even transmit an image back to the user if he has a monitor of some sort (such as the screen of a palmcorder).

Some humans have actually formed lasting relationships with the AI. See Needle Hands on page 140 for an example.

“I Love You, ComSat”

Actually getting the AI to do anything is a trying process. A user has to show it some love and prove she won't get it in trouble with “the monsters.”

Before a user can even try to talk to the machine, she must first find a computer (a palmcorder counts) wired to a transmitter capable of reaching orbit. Those are rare. Check Hell's Atlas for a few sites.

Now it's time for the inevitable skill roll. The user needs an Incredible (II) *science: computers* roll just to make contact.

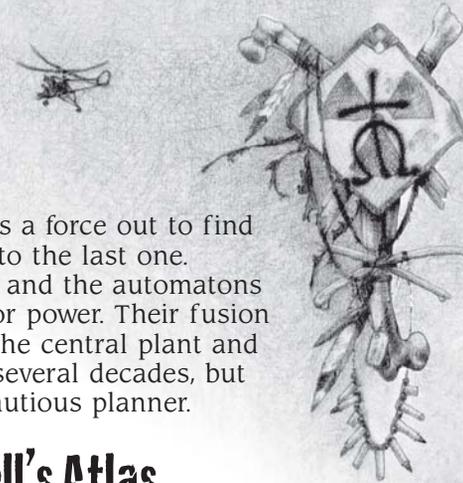
After that, actually verifying contact and getting any information from the cowardly satellite requires a contest of *persuasion* versus its *scrutinize* of 4d10. The human can add +1 to his roll for each attempt he's made, up to a maximum of +5. Only count one attempt per week. If the user sends anything derogatory or insulting to the satellite, subtract -1 to -5 (as you see fit) from his rolls.

Check the What ComSat Knows Table to see what a hero can find out.

What ComSat Knows

Successes	Information
1	Contact, add +1 to future attempts (only once per week, maximum of +5).
2	ComSat does not reveal it is an AI, but it acknowledges and verifies contact. It reveals it is in geosynchronous orbit over western North America. The satellite gives a general weather report for any requested region, and it attempts to spot any dangerous weather in the vicinity (pit the AI's <i>scrutinize</i> against the TN to spot the types of weather discussed earlier in this chapter).
3	ComSat reveals it is an AI and begins making conversation. If the user is not abusive, ComSat says it pretended to be a commercial satellite (and it actually was) when its “masters” were alive, but its real purpose was to track enemy troop formations on Earth. It knows about the Last War and that its former masters are dead. It's very lonely.
4	ComSat allows a user to read messages from users in other countries. (It doesn't allow “live” conversations.) The rest of the world is at least as devastated as the West. Heavily populated places (England, France, Germany, etc.) are more like the American East. ComSat edits out any intelligence on the Reckoners. It has been in touch with the <i>Unity</i> . There are still human survivors on board the massive ship, begging to be rescued. ComSat can try to track non-supernatural people or vehicles if asked.
5	ComSat trusts the user enough that it tracks supernatural creatures or hordes (if able) for a short while. It might eventually reveal the location of the Reckoners, but since we're not telling you where they're at yet, Marshal, you'll want ComSat to stay quiet for a while longer.

The Marshal's Guide



East of the Mississippi

Ooh, talk about bad places. This is where thousands of walkin' dead have bowed down to Raven. Just for kicks, the bastard's using his power to raise a few hundred more every couple of weeks.

As we mentioned when talking about Raven as a servant of the Reckoners, he's pissed about the pain his masters allowed him to endure while chained to the Blood Stone. Now he figures he'll destroy them. Sounds great, except his plan involves wiping out every human being on the planet so they cannot provide the Horsemen's necessary fear energy.

To do this, he's gathering an army of the dead. While he's waiting, the necrotic horde searches far and wide for leftover military equipment and other useful weapons.

The survivor settlements of the East are Raven's recruiting grounds. His undead army gathers for massive assaults, kills everyone inside, then waits for their master or one of his liche lieutenants to raise them from the earth.

Sounds bad, doesn't it? It is. And one day, it will come over the Mississippi. In the meantime, it's a great way to keep your posse in the West. Cross the Miss, and they'll find themselves in a blackened landscape crawling with armed zombies, spell-casting necromancers and liches, golems, bone fiends, and other horrid creations culled from the bones of the millions who died during the Last War.

Trade Caravans

Trade caravans are great hooks for you to get your posse from one place to another. You can even use them to refill the heroes' pockets with pay, or to use up their ammunition when the convoy inevitably comes under attack.

The pay for most caravan guard jobs is \$20 a day. Very experienced or well-known guards might get up to twice that.

Tribute Caravans

Throckmorton doesn't like anyone messing with his tribute caravans, but he only sends Black Hat patrols out to investigate if it starts happening habitually.

Caravans filled with precious ghost rock are another matter. Combine patrols have increasingly taken to escorting them from the source to Denver (but not back). If a caravan the Combine wasn't personally guarding goes missing, Throckmorton demands even more from

the source and sends a force out to find out what happened to the last one.

Remember, the AI and the automatons rely on ghost rock for power. Their fusion reactors can power the central plant and maintain the AI for several decades, but the computer is a cautious planner.

Hell's Atlas

The average Fear Level of the regions described below is 5. It's 6 (a Deadland) around cities or bomb sites unless otherwise noted. Other locations have their Fear Level listed just after the name. Note that some places are Deadlands even if they weren't hit by bombs. That just means some other horrible event drove up the Fear Level.

Great Basin

Skullchucker

We'll give you the Wasted West version of this violent pastime in the *Iron Oasis* boxed set (which is all about Junkyard). If you need the details before then, you can find the rules for skullchucker, some cardboard players, and an arena in the *Weird West* set, *City o' Gloom*. The big change to those rules is that players can use bladed weapons these days. Things have gotten a little less civilized since the world ended.

Carson City

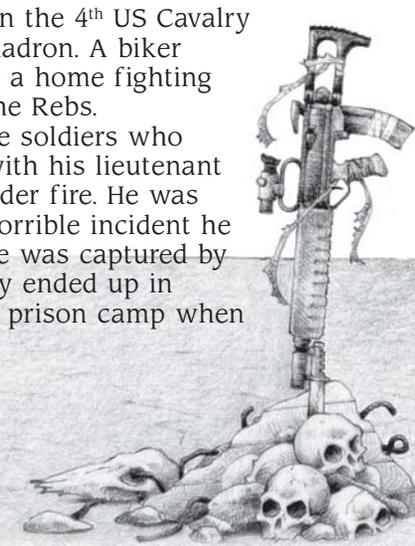
Fear Level 4

Silas doesn't take defeat gracefully. When he eventually marches out of Las Vegas, Carson City is the first target on his list, and he plans on teaching the norms there a painful lesson.

Cole Ballad

Cole was a sergeant in the 4th US Cavalry Regiment, hoverbike squadron. A biker before the war, he found a home fighting for Uncle Sam against the Rebs.

Cole was one of those soldiers who was always in trouble with his lieutenant for reckless behavior under fire. He was the only survivor of a horrible incident he never talks about, but he was captured by CSA forces. He eventually ended up in General Throckmorton's prison camp when the bombs fell.



The Marshal's Guide



When the General pardoned the prisoners, Cole asked for his bike back, got it, and quickly became Throckmorton's most trusted scout—and a close friend. The General's changed abruptly after discovering Hellstromme's automated factories, and this hurt Cole more than he'd ever admit. He had become a real patriot fighting in the war, and then bonded with Throckmorton and his brothers- and sisters-in-arms during the trek out of the Rockies.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:2d10, S:5d12, Q:3d12, V:4d12+2
Climbin' 3d10, dodge 5d10, drivin': hoverbike 5d10,
fightin': brawlin' 2d6, lockpickin' 2d10, quick
draw 3d12, shootin': pistol, SMG, MG 5d10,
speed-load 3d10, sneak 3d10, swimmin' 2d10,
throwin' 3d10
Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:1d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:3d8
Academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge: Utah,
Detroit 3d6, artillery 1d8, demolition 2d6,
gamblin' 2d6, guts 5d8, overawe 4d10,
scroungin' 1d6, scrutinize 2d8, search 2d8,
streetwise 2d6, survival: desert 3d6, tinkerin'
4d6, trackin' 2d8
Pace: 10

Size: 7

Wind: 30

Edges: Brave, brawny, Law Dog, renown 5, super-soldier (thick-skinned, sand 5, tough as nails 5), veteran o' the Wasted West

Hindrances: Big britches, clueless, enemy 5 (the Combine, various road gangs), grim servant o' Death, heroic, stubborn

Gear: Besides his hoverbike, Cole carries a large knife, an SA pistol with 1d20 rounds and a fully loaded auto-shotgun, with an additional 2d10 rounds in his "saddlebags."

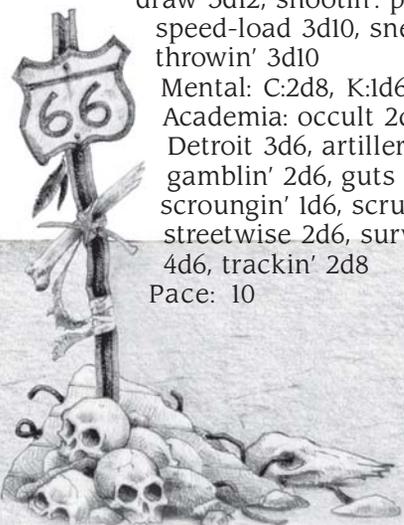
Description: Cole is the brainer on the front cover of the *Hell on Earth* rulebook.

The Devil's Playground

Fear Level 6

The giant Mojave rattlers and their cousins near Utah's Salt Flats and elsewhere have a long and interesting history we've only hinted at before. Check out Chapter Five for the whole story.

A large community of these ancient worms live out in the Mojave, so the Confederates bravely built their powered armor testing ground smack over what seismologists suspected was



The Marshal's Guide

one of their lairs. The Rebels had a tough enough time breaking in the suits and surviving against the angry rattlers when they were at full strength before the War. During the War, when they returned for a pit stop while chasing the LatAms to the coast, they were battered, bruised, and at half strength.

The rattlers and their scions, the wormlings, heard their old foes stomping around the desert floor once again and rose to the attack. Check the picture at the beginning of Chapter Five if you want a good view of the fight.

None of the humans survived, but they took a lot of worms with them. These days, a waster with powered armor might find some spare parts out there, but it's impossible to put together a full suit from the pieces that remain.

The rattlers still lurk below, nursing their wounds and replenishing their numbers. Anyone who follows one of the many subterranean tunnels is in for a world of hurt. There's 1d6 rattlers, 4d20 wormlings and a quarter that number in wormling warriors (round down).

Dust Devils

The Dust Devils are a mean bunch, but there's nothing supernatural about them. Use the statistics for the raiders in Chapter Five.

Before the War, Al Marsh was an accountant. These days, "Sirocco" is an iceman. He didn't become a raider to conquer the world. He just didn't see any better way to gather the riches and respect he knew he deserved. It's simple math (to him).

A hero subjected to Sirocco's favorite torture (dragging her from the back of his dump truck) takes massive damage every half mile. The number of dice is 1d6 for every 10 m.p.h., up to a maximum of 6d6. Al usually trolls along around 20 m.p.h. He likes the show to last for a while.

Sirocco

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:2d6
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 6d8, drivin': car, motorcycle, heavy truck 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, quick draw 5d8, shootin': pistol, SMG 5d8, sneak 5d8
Mental: C:3d10, K:4d10, M:4d8, Sm:4d8, Sp:2d6
Academia: occult 3d10, area knowledge: Great Basin 4d10, demolition 3d10, gamblin' 5d8, guts 5d6, leadership 4d8, overawe 4d8, professional: accountant 5d10, scrutinize 4d10, search 4d10, survival: desert 3d8

Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: 12

Edges: Keen, "the stare", "the voice" (threatening)

Hindrances: Bad eyes (he has glasses), cautious, mean as a rattler, thin-skinned, vengeful

Gear: .44 Magnum revolver. (Al doesn't like to take chances with automatics.)

Description: Al has gray hair and wears glasses. He's small in frame, but tough enough not to have the *scrawny* Hindrance.

Fort 5i

Fear Level 6

The old Union base suffered a direct hit. Now it's nothing but a crater surrounded by a swirling maelstrom. Far beneath the ruins are a network of passages. The scientists and soldiers within were trapped but safe there for a while. Then wormlings came through the walls and dragged them off to horrible fates.

Of course, wormlings don't use guns and other valuable gear, so there's a warlord's ransom in goods preserved down here. If a posse could get past the subterranean and supernatural creatures that have since taken up residence in the ruins, and find a way to crack open the base's vaults, they'd have more arms and ammo than they could carry.

The walkin' dead up top are the remains of an infantry regiment stationed nearby. After the bomb hit and they were killed, many of them rose as veteran walkin' dead. They fall dormant and lifeless until living beings approach. They wait until heroes are in the trap to spring to unlife.

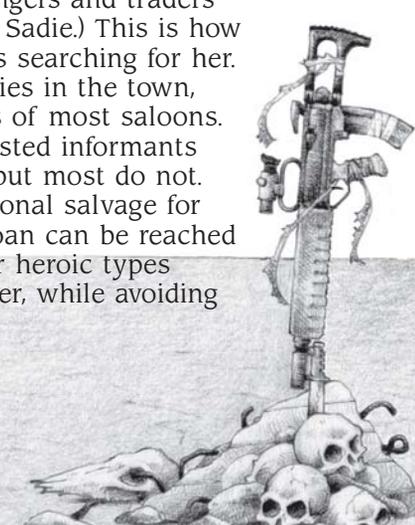
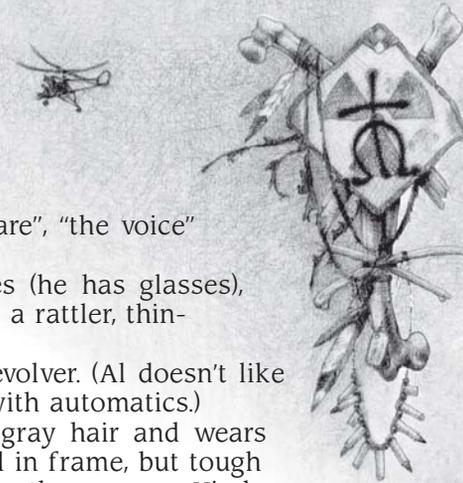
Joan's Silo

Fear Level 5

Jo has managed to keep her location secret because she doesn't actually hide in a silo. Instead, she and a small number of her inner circle live like nomads outside of Carson City. They're known as scavengers and traders there. (Joan is known as Sadie.) This is how Joan hears if someone is searching for her. She has a number of spies in the town, including the bartenders of most saloons.

Some of the most trusted informants know her true identity, but most do not. They simply take occasional salvage for information. This way, Joan can be reached by new heretics or other heroic types looking to speak with her, while avoiding Cult o' Doom spies.

Marshal: 13i





The Marshal's Guide

Junkyard

Fear Level 4

The Mormons, who left Junkyard immediately after the Apocalypse, headed into Canada. Their tale actually ends on a relatively happy note. After a long, hard fight through the wastelands, they settled in a deserted, pristine forest in distant British Columbia. It's cold there, but there are no raiders, no radiation, and few monsters.

After the Mormons left, the city fell prey to looters, bandits, and raiders. The only remaining law at the time was a deputy named Sheila Davies. She organized a militia and quickly established law and order.

Sheila died of black lung a few years later, after years of fighting with the growing road gangs. The next in line for leading the people of Junkyard was the factory foreman, Ike Taylor. He and Doc Schwartz had already retooled the old Hellstromme munitions factory. Ike liked Sheila, but knew hers was a losing battle. As Jo said, Ike decided he couldn't beat the road gangs constantly prowling around the walled city, so he joined them.

Around 2085, Junkyard went from a besieged island in the desert to an iron oasis. Road gangs, patrols led by Law Dogs, and travelers looking for aid could drive up alongside Junkyard's walls to trade. Hoses pump spook juice over the walls, merchants lower themselves and their wares on old window-washing platforms, and other peddlers haul carts of goods out for the visitors' inspection.

Ike Taylor

Ike's not quite as clean as he'd like to be—both literally and figuratively—but he has managed to maintain the only settlement in the West that's large enough to be called a city. He's had to make deals with some of the worst desert scum to do it, but he sees it as the price of life with Hell on Earth.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:3d8, Q:2d6, V:3d8
Climbin' 2d6, drivin': car 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 4d6, shootin': pistol, MG 4d6, sneak 2d6
Mental: C:3d8, K:3d8, M:1d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Academia: occult 2d8, area knowledge: Junkyard (he rarely leaves) 4d8, demolition 3d8, guts 6d8, overawe 2d10, scrutinize 4d8, search 3d8, tinkerin' 4d6, trade: machinist 5d8
Pace: 6

Size: 7

Wind: 16

Edges: Loyal, brawny

Hindrances: Cautious, loyal (his people)

Gear: Wrench (STR+1d6)

Description: Ike is a tall, lean black man with piercing green eyes. He usually wears a soot-stained, white shirt, jeans, and suspenders.

Doc Schwartz

Ike's right-hand man is a junker named Doc Schwartz. If Ike is all seriousness and concentration, Schwartz is the comic relief. Doc has the unfortunate habit of talking too much, and sometimes he gives away things Ike would rather keep secret, but he's a true genius when it comes to designing new machines.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin' 2d6, drivin' 4d6
Mental: C:1d6, K:4d12, M:2d6, Sm:3d10, Sp:3d8
Academia: occult 1, area knowledge: Junkyard 3d6, demolition 4d12, gamblin' 4d10, medicine: general 2d12, ridicule 4d10, science: occult engineering 5d12, scroungin' 4d10, search 3d6, trade: manufacturing 4d12, tale-tellin' 4d8, tinkerin' 5d10

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: 14

Edges: Arcane background: junker, mechanically inclined, big ears

Hindrances: Ailin': minor, bad eyes (he wears glasses), big mouth, curious

Powers: Damage, sensor, trait (Doc actually has far more powers at his disposal, but those will be detailed in the Junkers sourcebook, *The Junkman Cometh*)

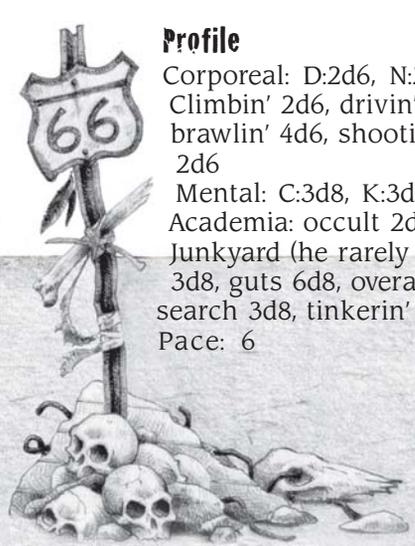
Gear: A few spare tools. He is never armed

Description: Doc's the stereotypical mad scientist, with wild, white hair, a bushy mustache, and taped-together spectacles that have been broken a hundred times.

Bionics

A few basic bionic parts are listed below. These gadgets were common enough in Salt Lake City that even the interns could install them.

Reattaching a mechanical hand is still an incredibly complicated task, mind you. It's just that Salt Lake City Workers Memorial Hospital was the leading center for bionic replacements in the world. Only a couple of the real surgeons survived the bombs, but many more interns did.



The Marshal's Guide

Here's a list of the most common replacement parts even an intern can install. More complicated bionics are tougher to mesh with the human body and so require a surgeon. Look for more advanced bionics in future supplements.

Note that these parts simply replace a normal limb. They don't confer additional *Strength*, *Pace*, or so on. There are two other advantages, however. When bionic limbs take damage, the injury causes no bleeding or wound penalties to the user. On the downside, they cannot be healed. Anything up to a critical wound can be repaired with a *tinkerin'* roll equal to the limb's wound level (just as with healing). A maimed bionic part must be replaced with a new limb.

Replacement Limbs

Limb	Cost
Arm	\$1,000
Hand	\$6,000
Leg	\$4,000
Foot	\$4,000

The Omega Knights

Lancelot was actually Tomas Kane, a literature professor at Ohio University when the bombs fell. He was always fond of Arthurian myth, and joined the Templars when he heard of them. He adopted the name of his favorite knight of the Round Table, and this is where he wound up. Lancelot loves fighting beside Cole Ballad, who he considers a young, unrefined Gawain. He teases the hoverbike hero with Shakespearean quotes and old poems.

Lancelot's men aren't quite so romantic. Most were desert bandits given the option to redeem themselves or die by Lancelot's hand. A few of them become trusted companions. Most of the recruits try to escape or kill the wasteland knight, but Lancelot is no fool. He keeps a close eye on them and assigns those who he trusts to watch over the newbies when he cannot.

The only problem is that Lance is a little nuts. He's actually starting to believe he's Lancelot. He even speaks with a French accent.

Use the raider statistics for Lancelot's knights but add *fightin': lance* 3. They carry wooden lances and Ruger Thunderhawk pistols.

Lancelot

Corporeal: D:2d10, N:3d12, S:2d10, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d10, dodge 4d10, drivin': motorcycle 6d10,



fightin': brawlin', lance, sword 6d10, quick draw 4d10, shootin': shotgun, pistol, SMG 6d10, sneak 3d10, speed-load 3d10

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

Academia: occult, literature 4d8, area knowledge: Utah 4d8, disguise 2d8, guts 5d6, faith 5d6, language: French 4d8, medicine: general 3d8, scroungin' 3d8, scrutinize 5d10, search 3d10, survival: desert 4d8

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Wind: 14

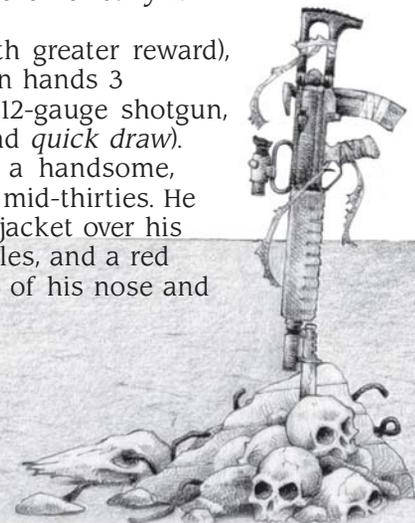
Edges: Arcane background: Templar, keen, "the stare," "the voice"

Hindrances: Big britches, death wish, heroic, loco (beginning to believe he really is Lancelot)

Powers: Command 5 (with greater reward), inner strength 4, lay on hands 3

Gear: Motorcycle, lance, 12-gauge shotgun, sword (+1 to *fightin'* and *quick draw*).

Description: Lancelot is a handsome, bald black man in his mid-thirties. He wears a black leather jacket over his tabard, tinted ski-goggles, and a red scarf to keep dust out of his nose and mouth.



The Marshal's Guide



Queens of the Road

Jenny Quaid is just as Jo describes her. She's not quite as altruistic as Robin Hood, but she's far better than most of the outlaw scum who prowl the wastes.

Jenny was a waitress at a biker bar in Arizona before the Apocalypse. She had occasional boyfriends who taught her how to ride, but she was shy and demure until the world ended. Then her wild side came out. Fortunately, the good-natured girl inside her wins out over the bad girl she appears to be—most of the time.

Profile

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:2d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': car,
motorcycle 4d8, shootin': shotgun 4d8, sneak
4d8
Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:4d10, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: SoCal 3d6, gamblin' 3d6,
guts 4d8, leadership 5d10, persuasion 6d10,
scrutinize 4d6, search 3d6, survival: desert
3d6
Pace: 8
Size: 6

Wind: 14

Edges: Level-headed, purty, "the stare," "the voice" (soothing)

Hindrances: Law o' the West, loyal

Gear: motorcycle, 12 gauge pump-action shotgun.

Description: Jenny is just as beautiful as Jo describes. She knows it too, and she uses it to her best advantage.

Virginia City

Fear Level 6

The Cult of Doom's attack on Virginia City was devastating, and bones of the dead were left to bleach in the hot sun. The streets are littered with these bones, and there are piles of them everywhere.

The Great Maze

The Bishop

The Bishop was Hans Lector. When he was young, the sickly orphan was taken in by the Church of Lost Angels, and he eventually entered the priesthood.

Unfortunately, Hans always had a selfish, greedy streak in him, so he was often skipped over for promotion. His gradual jealousy and lesser acts of political backstabbing slowly eroded his faith enough that his work suffered for it. His advancement in the church hierarchy came to a standstill. Eventually, when he could no longer perform even the most basic miracles, Hans was quietly asked to leave.

Humiliated, Hans decided he would embarrass the "hypocritical" church. He had heard the old legends about its founder, Reverend Grimme, and he set out to see if there was any truth to it. To do that, he knew he must find Grimme's journals, which he suspected had been buried with the founder's corpse.

The problem was that Grimme's body had never been recovered. There was a single statue to him in the Citadel, but no gravesite or tomb. Hans' only clue was that Rock Island Prison had been closed about the same time Grimme disappeared. Perhaps there was a clue there. So he stole a small boat and rowed out to the abandoned island.

After several hours, Hans had found nothing. He tried to leave, but his small boat was dashed against the rocks and sank, so he returned to the prison to search some more. Several days

The Marshal's Guide

later, starving and dehydrated, the deranged priest found a secret passage into the lower levels of Rock Island Prison.

Fortunately, Hans had a flashlight, so he carefully descended the rubble-strewn stairway and found a series of rooms. One of them was a vast underground chamber, its floor covered knee-deep in human bones! Hans reeled in horror but some evil spark of curiosity held him fast. He peered out across the bones and, far in the distance, spied a black sarcophagus.

The former priest waded through the old skeletons and climbed atop a stone block upon which sat the sarcophagus. The image on the sarcophagus lid showed Reverend Grimme and a flock of robed priests devouring living prisoners in this very chamber.

Hans was horrified, but he realized this must have been the source of Grimme's renowned power. He wasn't a servant of some distant God. He was an acolyte of darkness itself!

Hans grabbed the sharpest bone he could find and started chipping away at the old sarcophagus' seal, hoping Grimme's journals would be inside. Many, many hours and bone fragments later, the wild-eyed, starved fanatic was able to slide the stone sarcophagus' lid aside. Inside was the thin, frail corpse of Reverend Grimme. Stuffed into the stone coffin beside him were the abomination's ancient journals. Hans read them on the spot and slid further down the slippery slope of evil.

Fueled by a new fanaticism, Hans swam the waters of prosperity Bay, returning unseen to the city. There the priest slowly began to collect a following of lunatics. They would capture drunks, homeless, or other defenseless men and women on the streets at night and take them to one of their hidden sanctuaries to partake in a feast. You can guess what the main course was. Hans was in the bowels of Rock Island Prison, praying to Grimme's bones, when the bombs fell. The top half of the prison was leveled by the blast intended for Lost Angels, but the secret chambers below survived—as did Hans.

He returned to the city shortly thereafter and began to prey on lone, isolated survivors looking to the "priest" for help. Within days, he transformed into a servitor of Famine.

The Transformation

Hans grew incredibly fat and bloated, and his teeth shrunk into tiny, razor-sharp points like those in the maw of a piranha. His nails became dark and infectious, turning anyone he scratched into a faminite.

Hans helped Famine raise her army when she appeared, but he then retreated into the Maze when she headed east. There he built his own citadel and donned a bishop's outfit. Now Hans calls himself the New Bishop of Lost Angels. He is trying to live up to Grimme's legacy and establish himself as the Famine's high priest. When she eventually returns, he believes she will reward him with even greater power.

Profile

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d8, S:4d12+6, Q:2d6, V:3d12+4

Climbin' 1d6, fightin' brawlin' 4d8 3d8, throwin' unbalanced 8d6, swimmin' 4d8 (he floats)

Mental: C:2d8, K:1d6, M:4d12+4, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: local Maze 3d6, faith 5d8, guts 8d8, overawe 4d8, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d6

Pace: 4

Size: 9

Wind: NA

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

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

Immunity: All

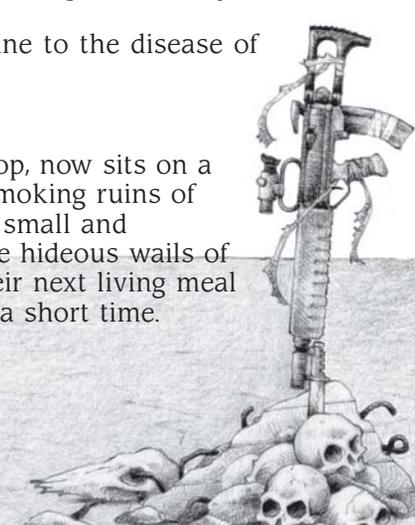
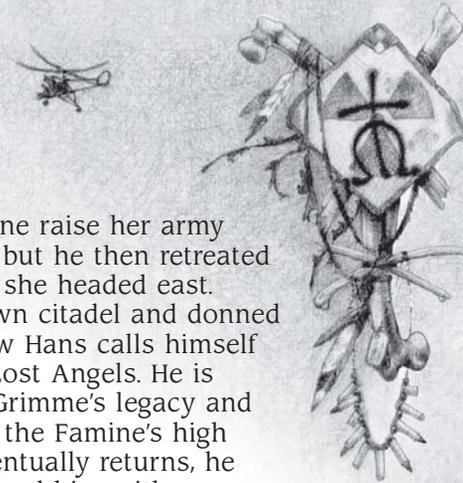
Infection: Anyone scratched by the Bishop instantly becomes a faminite. Note that the hero doesn't lose control for 24 hours—but he's headed there if not cured.

Weakness: The Bishop can be killed in one of two ways. A surviving priest of Lost Angels can harm him normally, even if using a weapon like a gun or hickory stick. The second method is to trick the Bishop into eating a bone from a priest of Lost Angels. These are most easily found in the submerged vaults of the Citadel in LA. One way for a group to find this out is meet Old Prosperi, as described on page 136. If the latter method is used, the Bishop gags as if he'll vomit, then explodes violently, sending fat, blood, and bone fragments flying in all directions for 4d12 damage with a 2-yard Burst Radius.

Coup: The hero is immune to the disease of the faminites.

The Temple

Hans Lector, the Bishop, now sits on a throne high above the smoking ruins of Purgatory. His temple is small and grotesque, filled with the hideous wails of faminites waiting for their next living meal to sate their hunger for a short time.



The Marshal's Guide

Croakers

The croakers do indeed drag their victims into the depths. We'll tell you why in the *Hell on Earth Maze* supplement. In the meantime, realize the croakers are a very large society. They have cities, primitive technology, and—for the last few decades—shraks as servants.

The Free and Holy City of Lost Angels

Fear Level 6

Even though the center of the city survived intact, the rest of Lost Angels was leveled by the city-busters. This area is a Deadland, but the Holy Fire that blasted Famine and killed her horse also cleared away the ghost storms. Still, the fact that the water all around the submerged Citadel have turned to thick, chunky blood should give a waster the clue that all is not well here.

There's not much to be found by casual scavengers except blood-covered undead. A posse looking for a bone with which to defeat the Bishop can do so by diving down into the soup and making a *search* roll against a TN of 15.

Grand Library

Fear Level 3

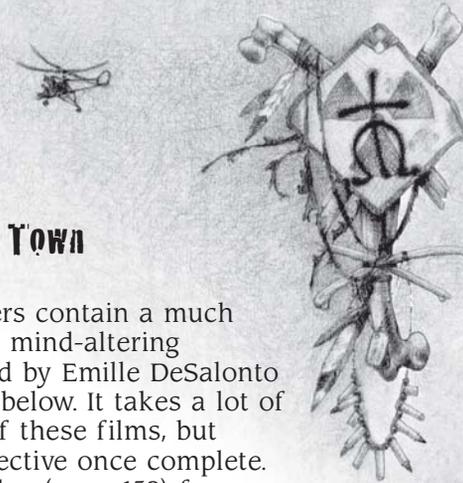
This place is just like Jo describes it. If a character pays to have a question answered, you should just give them whatever information you care to. A Librarian character may access the library herself, and she can make a *academia: research* roll to find information. Give the heroine a little more information for each success.

Marcus Liebowitz was a real librarian before the war. He joined the Librarians early on and now runs the place by virtue of seniority. The previous Head Librarian died of natural causes. Liebowitz is very accessible and even more curious. He loves to question visitors about their adventures while they wait for the other Librarians to find answers to their questions.

Muriel Redwing is just as tough as Jo describes. She used to run security at Tommy Two-Women's high-rise in Deadwood (see the Ravenites, page 67). She's trying to make up for working for such a fiend by maintaining the Library's security. She's a firm believer in the Librarians mission to preserve knowledge, even if she's constantly angered by their careless ways.



The Marshal's Guide



Marcus Liebowitz

Corporeal: D:1d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:2d4, V:3d6
Climbin' 1d6, sneak 3d6
Mental: C:2d10, K:4d8, M:2d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Academia: research 6d8, area knowledge: NorCal, arts: painting 3d10, faith 5d8, language: many 2d8, medicine: general 3d8, tale-tellin' 3d6
Edges: "The voice" (soothing)
Hindrances: Clueless, curious, heavy sleeper
Pace: 6
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Gear: None.

Description: Liebowitz is a thin, balding man in his mid-fifties. He always wears the Librarian's signature pin somewhere on his shirt or jacket.

Muriel Redwing

Corporeal: D:4d8, N:2d10, S:3d8, Q:4d8, V:3d8
Climbin' 3d10, dodge 4d10, drivin': car 5d10, fightin': brawlin', knife 5d10, lockpickin' 5d8, quick draw 4d8, ridin': horse 4d10, shootin': pistol, SMG, assault rifle 5d8, sneak 6d10, speed-load 4d8, swimmin' 3d10, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 4d8
Mental: C:2d10, K:3d6, M:3d6, Sm:3d8, Sp:2d6
Academia: occult 2d6, area knowledge: Deadwood, NorCal 3d6, demolition 3d6, faith 2d6, guts 5d6, language: Sioux 3d6, leadership 4d8, medicine: general 2d6, professional: security systems 4d6, scrutinize 4d10, search 4d10, trackin' 4d10
Pace: 10
Size: 6
Wind: 14
Edges: Brave, keen, level-headed
Hindrances: Cautious, mean as a rattler, obligation

Description: Muriel descends from the Lakota Sioux. She has short-cropped, black hair, coal-black eyes, and the body of an Olympic athlete. She also wears the Librarian's signature pin.

Lynchburg

Fear Level 4

There's really not much to add to what Jo said about this town. Lynchburg weathered the Apocalypse as best as can be expected, and it's a convenient center for Maze-based adventures. Your posse can purchase supplies and rest up there for a reasonable price, as long as they keep their noses clean.

Movie Town

Fear Level 3

Sensoround viewers contain a much better version of the mind-altering technology pioneered by Emille DeSalonto and—well, you'll see below. It takes a lot of work to make one of these films, but they're incredibly effective once complete. Check out Near Dallas (page 152) for an example.

The Director

The Director's face is fine. He hides it because he knows people would kill him if they ever found out who he was. Not even his mistress knows his true identity is—drum roll, please—former President John Romero.

After his impeachment, Romero went into hiding in the secluded hills of Washington State. He had a little time to dwell on the things he'd done and was mostly okay with himself—until the bombs hit. That's when he realized the course he'd steered.

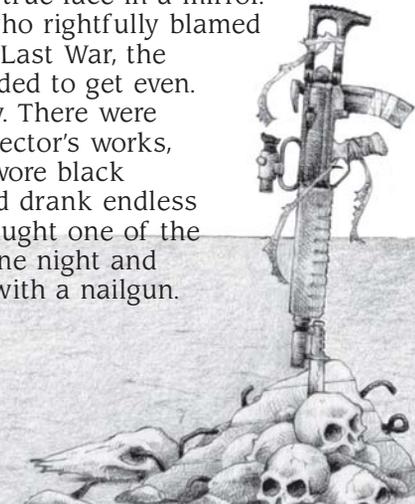
Romero decided to pay the world back by perfecting the old brainwashing technology. This time, he wouldn't use it to destroy the South (which doesn't really exist anymore anyway). Now he's making heroic movies to inspire people, to give them hope, and maybe erode fear throughout the West and help defeat the Reckoners.

The Critic

Okay, one guy knows. Jean Girard was a young film student in Austin when the world ended. He naturally gravitated to Movie Town, where he quickly became involved in the Director's films. Girard is now the Director's personal assistant, and his worst nightmare.

See, Girard is the world's greatest movie snob. He *hates* the Director's films and regards them as mindless, patriotic drivel. One day, he was bringing the Director some tonic when he caught a glimpse of his true face in a mirror.

Being a Southerner who rightfully blamed Romero for starting the Last War, the beret-wearing snob decided to get even. He also got a little crazy. There were several critics of the Director's works, pretentious types who wore black turtlenecks, smoked, and drank endless cups of coffee. Girard caught one of the most vocal alone, late one night and spiked him to the wall with a nailgun.



The Marshal's Guide



The next victim was found hanging from the gates of Movie Town, hung by the film of an old movie reel (*Evil Dead XIV*, as it turns out).

Suspicion ran to the Director, but no one could prove anything. Since then, another critic bites the bullet once every few months. Since no one can prove the Director is involved, people are starting to spread wild tales about creatures from his films coming to life to slay their critics. Give it a few more months, and it just might come true.

Jean Girard has average human statistics (2d6). He's going slowly insane trying to get the Director taken down by the Law Dogs, but so far, they've left him alone.

Old Prosperi

Prosperi was one of the young priests sent into the hills when the real Bishop of LA lured Famine into his trap. He was actually blinded when he saw the column of holy fire descend from the Heavens and blast the Horseman.

Prosperi also had an encounter with the servitor who calls himself the Bishop. That creature found the young priests and slaughtered

most of them before stalking off into the Maze. Prosperi could not see and doesn't know why he was left alive, but he remembers hearing the thing gagging violently as it tried—and failed—to eat his companions' remains. This is a great clue for a posse looking to destroy the creature.

Old Prosperi has typical stats except for his *Spirit*, which is 4d10. His only power is the ability to heal any disease. Use the Templars *lay on hands* table to determine the TN. Prosperi's skill is his *faith*, which is 5d10.

Purgatory

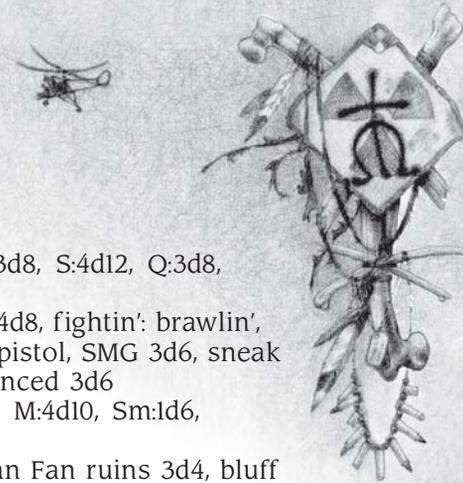
Fear Level 6

Every hour spent in this Hellhole requires a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll. The difference is read as Wind that cannot be replaced until the victim gets to fresh air or dons a gas mask (recovering 1 per minute) or receives magical aid (though he must roll again one hour later).

On the plus side, there is a load of undiscovered loot out here. Many small towns and camps lie almost totally undisturbed since the bombs fell. A posse who finds a way to survive the heat, noxious fumes, boiling water, and the monsters can become quite wealthy.



The Marshal's Guide



The Firemen

The Firemen's silver suits completely protect them from the smoke. They can also ignore most any flame or heat, short of taking a bath in molten lava.

Such suits are very rare. The few scavengers who've found them know how valuable they are, so they never sell for less than \$15,000.

Typical Fireman

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

Climbin' 4d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': boat 4d8, lockpickin' 3d6, shootin': various 4d8, sneak 4d8, speed-load 3d6, swimmin' 3d8

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

Area knowledge: Purgatory 5d6, demolition 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 4d8, scrutinize 2d8, search 3d8, scroungin' 4d6, survival: Maze 3d6, tinkerin' 2d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Gear: The Firemen carry a variety of weapons when traveling in Purgatory, but at least one man always has a heavy MG. The rest keep a pistol on their hips and a shotgun, SMG, or assault rifle in their hands. They always wear their suit, a helmet of some sort underneath it (AV 1), and a single fragmentation grenade each. They also have access to climbing gear (using steel cables instead of rope), grappling hooks, and deep-sea diving gear. The Firemen wrap the diving gear in the scraps of old suits and other heat-proofing materials to protect them from the boiling water.

Salamanders

What would an inferno be without salamanders, those fire-loving beasts of myth and legend brought to life by the Reckoning?

These creatures of fire and flame are the most common danger the scavenging firemen face. Check out their game statistics in Chapter Five.

Shan Fan

Fear Level 6

There isn't much left of Shan Fan. The muties who have taken up residence inside the maelstrom are a nasty bunch, loyal to the Cult o' Doom (when it suits them). Their leader is a big brute who calls himself Shanghai. He's always surrounded by a pack of at least a dozen muties, though he "rules" over a tribe of 100 or more.

Shanghai

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

Climbin' 3d8, dodge 4d8, fightin': brawlin', axe 5d8, shootin': pistol, SMG 3d6, sneak 2d6, throwin': balanced 3d6

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d4, M:4d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:2d8

Area knowledge: Shan Fan ruins 3d4, bluff 2d6, guts 5d8, leadership 2d10, overawe 5d10, scroungin' 2d6, scrutinize 2d6, search 3d6, survival: ruins 4d6

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 18

Edges: Brave, brawny, berserk, "don't get 'im riled"

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, clueless, loco (believes his dead conjoined-head is alive; whenever something goes wrong, it's his brother's fault)

Gear: Huge battle-ax taken from a museum (STR+2d10).

Turtle Isle

Fear Level 3

Manchu claims he is one of Kang's grandchildren, but that isn't really true. He does believe it however. Most of his lieutenants don't, but they don't care, as long as Turtle Isle keeps raking in the profits as it has for the last 13 years.

As Jo says, Turtle Isle is a great place to get information. We'll give you more details on this floating den of corruption when we detail the Maze.

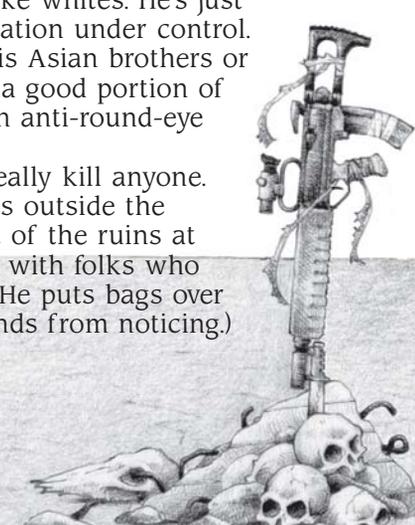
The Great Northwest

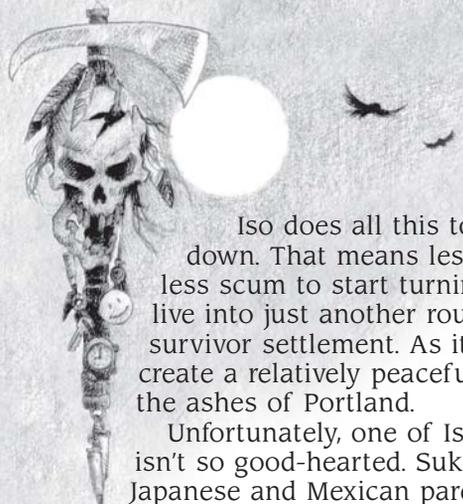
The Daimyo of Portland

Fear Level 4

Iso doesn't really dislike whites. He's just trying to keep his population under control. He gives preference to his Asian brothers or sisters, so he keeps out a good portion of wasters by putting on an anti-round-eye front.

The Daimyo doesn't really kill anyone. The corpses on the walls outside the compound were dug out of the ruins at first, then later replaced with folks who died of natural causes. (He puts bags over their heads to keep friends from noticing.)





The Marshal's Guide

Iso does all this to keep his population down. That means less mouths to feed and less scum to start turning a good place to live into just another rough-and-tumble survivor settlement. As it is, he's managed to create a relatively peaceful community among the ashes of Portland.

Unfortunately, one of Iso's trusted "advisors" isn't so good-hearted. Suki Alvarez (yup, Japanese and Mexican parentage—NorCal was some melting pot!) was raped long ago by a "round-eye." She really does hate them and has quietly begun to pick a detail of samurai who will actually kill when asked to do so. She calls these soldiers her "Dragons." If she isn't stopped, it won't be long before Iso's peaceful kingdom will start to live up to its grim reputation.

Below are the statistics for Iso's veteran samurai guards. Use the same statistics for Suki's secret Dragons. These fellows were chefs, computer programmers, dockworkers, bankers, and so on before the war, but since then they have adopted the code of the samurai. They have also trained themselves in the katana, though they're no fools. They'll whip out an Police SMG in an emergency.

The Daimyo's Samurai

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, S:3d10, Q:2d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 1d6, dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin', sword 5d8, shootin': SMG 4d6, sneak 1d8

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Area knowledge: Portland 3d6, faith 3d8, guts 5d8, overawe 3d8, scrutinize 2d6, search 2d6

Pace: 8

Size: 6

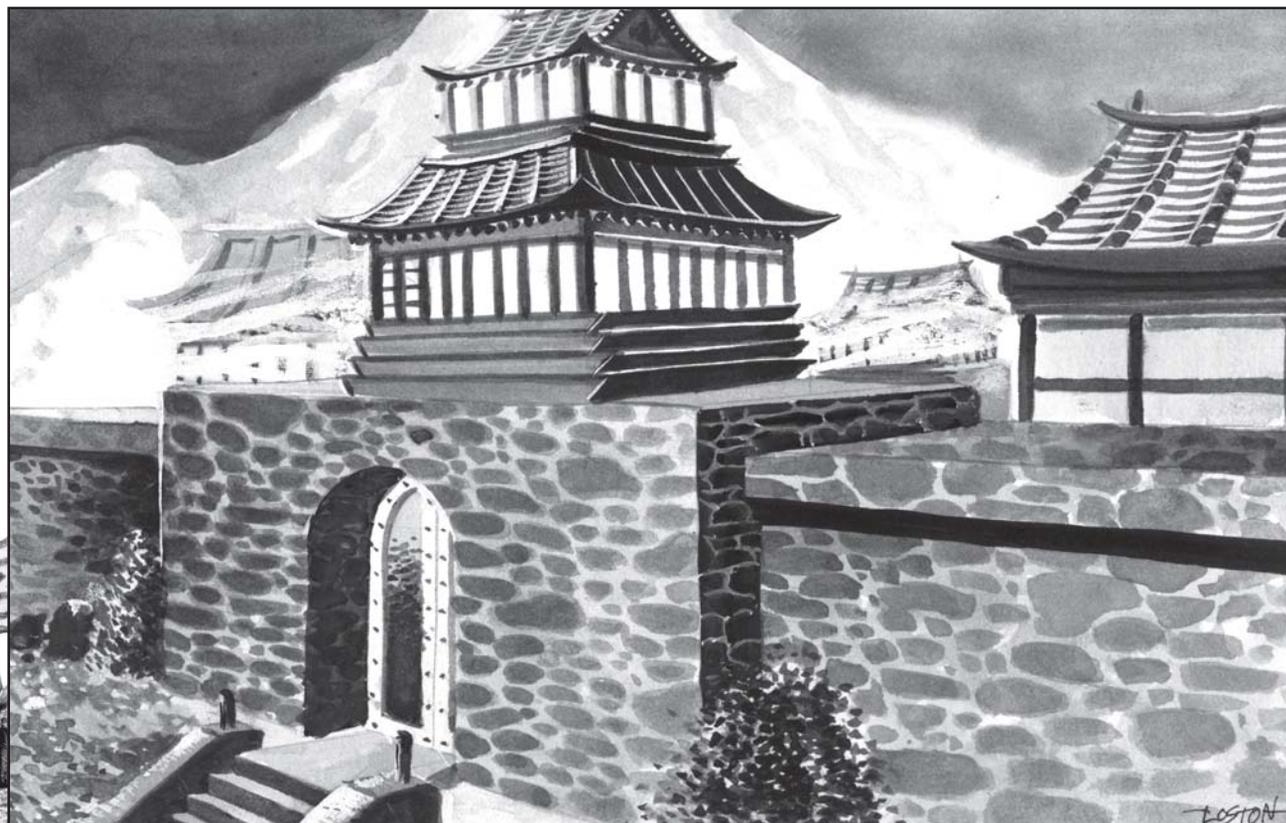
Wind: NA

Gear: Samurai armor (AV -4, covers guts and arms), katana (STR+2d8), Police SMG with 1 full clip.

Leavenworth

Fear Level 5

Leavenworth is a town in serious need of heroes. The wendigos and their wolfling slaves, kill any humans they find hunting in the area, and this is slowly starving the people to death. And with Stone putting a bullet in Gunter a few months back, there's no one left in town to stand up against these monsters. Look for both the wendigo and wolfling statistics in Chapter Five of this book.



The Marshal's Guide

The burgermeister of the town is Harold Pinter. He pays generously for each wendigo or wolfling head: \$500 for the former and \$25 for the latter.

Pentacorp

Pentacorp is a division of Black River Industries. BRI grew from the Black River Railroad, a cutthroat company involved in the Great Rail Wars in the Weird West. The owner of Black River Railroad, Mina Devlin, was heavily involved in black magic, and her descendants kept the tradition alive, using their sorcerous powers to build a worldwide financial empire.

Pentacorp is a scientific research division of BRI. All we can say now is that they are up to some unsavory stuff. You'll just have to sit tight to see what legacy Mina Devlin has left for the Wasted West.

The Rain Forest

Fear Level 5

The Rain Forest is growing inland due to the warmth provided by Mount Saint Helens and Mount Rainier. When those two volcanoes blew their stacks, thanks to the supernatural influence of the Reckoning, the low-lying areas got warmer, and the high mountains got colder.

The jungle grows like kudzu (a weed imported into the US to control erosion; it grows like crazy and can't be killed). Anything and everything in its path eventually gets covered. It should stop on its own when it hits the foothills of the Cascades, but everything in between will be covered if it gets that far.

As Jo said, there are a number of bizarre and dangerous plants lurking in the jungle. The most obvious oddities here are the giant insects that flit among the tropical canopy. Here are the statistics for a few of them.

Giant Insects

Corporeal: D:NA, N:1d6, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:3d8

Fightin': brawlin' 3d10

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

Guts 4d4, overawe 2d6, search 3d6

Pace: 8 on land, 36 in the air

Size: 4-8

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (Beetles and ants STR+1d4),

Sting (Bees or stinging creatures STR+1d6; paralyzes an opponent who fails a Hard (9) Vigor check for 1d20 minutes).

SEATAC

Fear Level 6

Vic has typical stats, with *drivin'*: private jet at 5d6. His plane is an old Lear Jet.

Lear Jet

Dur.	Pass.	Pace	Turn	M.P.G.
50/10	2+12	1200	7	10
Size	Armor	Top Speed	Cost	
+4	2	500 m.p.h.	\$10,000	

The Space Needle

Fear Level 6

Needle Hands is just what Jo says he is, and his statistics are listed below. What Jo doesn't know is that Needle Hands is being slowly driven crazy by the building in which he resides.

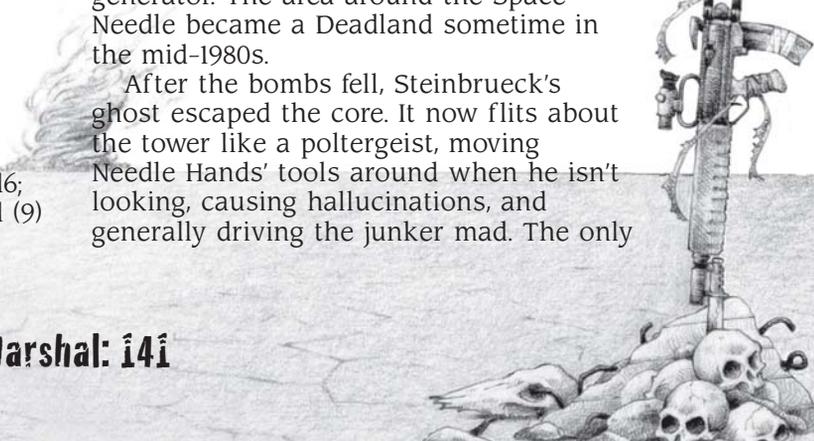
You see, the needle was built for the 1962 World's Fair by a five-partner consortium called (and this is real folks!) the Pentagram Corp. While the building itself was designed by Howard S. Wright, the inner core of the building, which is a giant "supernatural energy collector," was designed by a mad scientist named Victor Steinbrueck.

Steinbrueck wanted to gather supernatural energy and broadcast it out to sites hundreds of miles away. If successful, he could have beamed power to everyone with a receiver across the city. Of course Steinbrueck would lease the receivers as well, and make quite a bundle in the process.

Before Steinbrueck could complete the inner core, disaster struck. One of the thousands of angry manitous it attracted possessed Steinbrueck and forced the professor to commit suicide, throwing himself from the top of the Space Needle.

Steinbrueck's ghost was sucked into the partially completed energy-transmitter core, which turned the tower into a "fear" generator. The area around the Space Needle became a Deadland sometime in the mid-1980s.

After the bombs fell, Steinbrueck's ghost escaped the core. It now flits about the tower like a poltergeist, moving Needle Hands' tools around when he isn't looking, causing hallucinations, and generally driving the junker mad. The only



The Marshal's Guide

The Space Needle

Howdy loyal readers. Truth often being stranger than fiction, we couldn't resist telling you that part of our Space Needle story is true. It illustrates how you can take a seed from real history and turn it into something creepy and cool for your campaign.

In the real world, the Space Needle was built by the Pentagram Corp. You can imagine how excited we got when we saw that! Even better, there is some controversy surrounding the Space Needle's construction. Victor Steinbrueck claimed to be one of the primary architects, but Wright and the other partners discounted his involvement.

We don't think there are any ghosts haunting the Needle these days, but you just never know, do you?

way Steinbrueck's ghost can be put to rest is to complete an exorcism (which is really only possible if a blessed from the Weird West is around) or by tearing out the inner core of the tower.

Tearing out the core is a problem because large parts of it comprise the tower's radio transmitter, the only one in the area that can contact ComSat. Needle Hands is one of the satellite's friends. Through it, he can access billions of terabytes of information to aid him in his experiments. That's an advantage he won't willingly relinquish.

Needle Hands

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:1d6, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d4
Climbin' 2d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6
Mental: C:1d6, K:3d12, M:2d6, Sm:3d12, Sp:3d6
Academia: occult 3d12, area knowledge:
Seattle 4d12, medicine: general 4d12, science:
occult engineering, chemistry 7d12,
scroungin' 4d12, search 3d6, tinkerin' 5d12
Pace: 6
Size: 5
Wind: 10
Edges: Arcane background: junker,
mechanically inclined

Hindrances: Ailin': chronic, enemy (poltergeist), hankerin' (severe, Brainburst), scrawny
Powers: Damage, sensor, trait (add as needed as additional powers are published)

Gear: The syringes on his left hand contain a drug useful only to Needle Hands. The syringes on the right contain Brainburst (see the Better Living Through Chemistry section in Chapter One), which he has become addicted to.

Description: Needle Hands is in his late 40s but could easily pass for 60 thanks to a chronic, wasting disease. The constant drug abuse is hastening the end of his natural life. On his hands are the two huge leather gloves fitted with syringes.

The Poltergeist

Steinbrueck's tortured soul believes the only way it can escape the limbo it is in is for someone to complete the transmitter and "send" it to Heaven. He's wrong, of course, but he's a stubborn spirit.

The poltergeist can move physical objects up to five pounds in weight, and it can only do this three times per day. His usual bag of tricks is to lay the schematic for the transmitter over Needle Hands current work while he sleeps. Or to destroy whatever he's working on so that he'll abandon that project and (hopefully) get started on the transmitter.

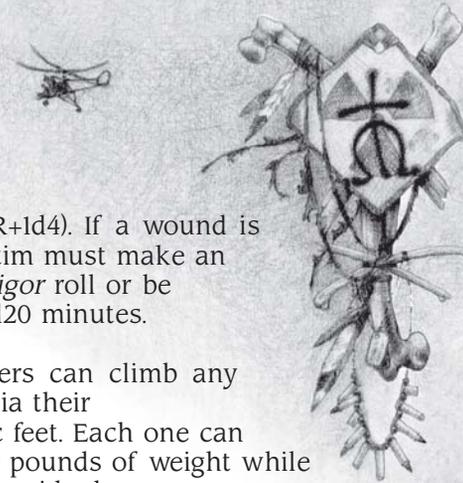
It may seem a bit haphazard, but Steinbrueck is unfortunately too demented at this point to come up with any good plans. He is intelligent enough to know that few other humans are capable of rebuilding the transmitter, however, so he does his best to keep Needle Hands alive.

Steinbrueck's phantom also likes to keep his living counterpart from being distracted, so he often takes control of the spikers to keep away pestering intruders or heroes looking for help.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:NA, S:2d6, Q:4d12, V:NA
Throwin': balanced and unbalanced 5d6
Mental: C:4d6, K:4d8, M:3d10, Sm:2d4, Sp:4d12
Academia: occult 2d6, guts 3d12, language: Latin
4d8, science: electrical, occult engineering 4d8,
overawe 3d10, scrutinize 3d6, search 3d6
Pace: 24 (can move through walls)
Size: NA
Wind: NA
Terror: 5 (It can only be seen by photographic equipment, in which case it looks just like a ghostly version of Steinbrueck.)

The Marshal's Guide



Special Abilities:

Immunity: The poltergeist can only be harmed by magic. It cannot be seen except by photographic equipment or supernatural vision, so even using magic against it is difficult. If a character suspects Steinbrueck's spirit is nearby (and it is) and wants to take a swing at it, add +10 to the TN to hit. If Steinbrueck takes any damage at all, he fades through the tower and hides somewhere normal folks can't get to.

Poltergeist Storm: Once per day, the poltergeist can create a swirling storm of debris with a diameter equal to its *Spirit* die type in yards. Anyone within the storm takes 2d6 massive damage the round she enters (or the storm begins), and again at the beginning of each round she's inside it thereafter.

Throw Objects: The poltergeist can throw up to three five-pound objects per day. This causes STR+1d4 damage, or higher if Steinbrueck gets hold of large knives or the like.

Spikers

Needle Hands designed these creatures to protect him against the constant intruders looking to loot the tower. Unfortunately, they've been corrupted by Steinbrueck's poltergeist.

When left to their own devices, the spikers are cruel and ever-watchful hunters. If Needle Hands gives them a direct command, roll a contest of wills between the doctor's *Mien* and the poltergeist's. The spiker follows the winner's orders.

Even Steinbrueck isn't really interested in killing folks. He just tells the spikers to attack to scare people away. What he doesn't understand is that once they're in "attack mode," they don't relent until they or their prey are dead.

Profile

Corporeal: D:NA, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin' 10d6, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, sneak 5d8
Mental: C:4d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d4 (use

Steinbrueck's mental stats when he's in control)

Search 3d6

Pace: 12, 6 climbing

Size: 4

Wind: NA

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+1d4). If a wound is caused, the victim must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or be paralyzed for 1d20 minutes.

Fearless

Wallcrawler: Spikers can climb any metal surface via their electromagnetic feet. Each one can carry up to 250 pounds of weight while doing so, even upside down.

Spotted Owls

They're big, they're mean, they attack in groups of four to eight, and they positively love the taste of people. Here are their statistics.

Profile

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:2d6, Q:2d8, V:2d6

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6

Mental: C:4d8, K:1d4, M:2d10, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d6

Guts 3d6, overawe 4d10, search 3d6

Pace: 2 on ground, 18 flying

Size: 4

Wind: NA

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Claws (STR+1d6)

Wendigos

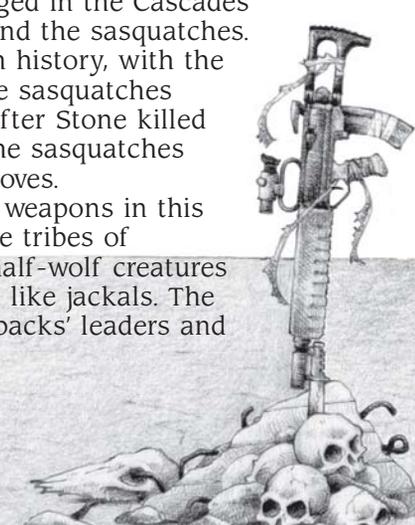
A billion stories ended in the Apocalypse. One of the most tragic may never be heard by human ears.

You'll find complete information on the wendigos in Chapter Five. For now, just realize they are born when a human eats of another's flesh. They grew by the score in the Cascade Mountains in the early days of the Reckoning, while Famine worked her evil.

Unfortunately, humans didn't believe the wild tales. That left a peaceful race of creatures called the sasquatch as the only defense against the growing evil. War raged in the Cascades between the wendigos and the sasquatches.

The first time through history, with the help of a few heroes, the sasquatches won. The second time, after Stone killed some of these heroes, the sasquatches lost. And they died in droves.

One of the wendigos' weapons in this awesome arctic war were tribes of wolflings, half-human, half-wolf creatures that preyed on the weak like jackals. The wendigos devoured the packs' leaders and



The Marshal's Guide



made the rest their slaves. With their help, the wendigos and wolflings wiped out the last of the sasquatches.

It may be that one or two "Bigfeet" remain, but no one's seen one in a decade. If any do survive, they must be awesome fighters indeed.

You'll find the statistics for the wendigos and their wolfling pack dogs in Chapter Five.

The Wizard's Tower

Okay, we don't have room to describe the entire setup in this book. That's okay, though, because it should change every time your posse gets suckered into it.

What do you do with this place? Try something different, that's what. Throw your group into a fantasy environment for a while. Or an espionage adventure. Or space horror.

Go to a game store, pick an adventure for another game, and run it. It's a great change of pace, and it allows you to try out an adventure from another game line you've been eyeing for a while. That's fine by us—we're not jealous. And if you wind up buying something for another game, we're happy to

help out our fellow game companies. Besides, we have faith you'll come back.

Whatever adventure you run here should feature an occasional glimpse of the Gamemaster (through vidscreens of course—he never gets close to the action). The bad guys the heroes fight are either violent mutants dressed up to play the part, or robotic constructs. The posse shouldn't feel bad about fighting their way through the "actors." The bad guys are truly bad and want to prove to the Gamemaster that they should play a larger part in the next game.

As for the Gamemaster himself, he died a long time ago—the turn of the millennium, as a matter of fact. But he came back, of course. Like most Harrowed, he was in shock for a while, but once he figured out his abilities, he was overjoyed.

The federal authorities had put him out of business years before, but the Gamemaster secretly put together a new firm to repurchase the old building and turn it into the Wizard's Tower.

The things that happened inside before the Last War were pretty incredible, but the experience still wasn't real enough for the



The Marshal's Guide

Gamemaster. He wanted the ultimate experience—real fights with life itself as the prize. It took the Last War to grant his wish.

These days, the Gamemaster can do most anything he wants. He's combined the best prewar technology with junker science and maybe a little black magic to create worlds in which even he can't always tell what's real.

He's not truly evil, just a little nuts. He's also something of a ham. He loves to sneak into his games to play a bit part. He just can't resist—as long as his guests aren't killing everyone and everything they come across.

The Gamemaster

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:2d12, V:2d8
Climbin' 2d6, dodge 3d8, drivin': car 3d8, fightin':
brawlin' 2d8, filchin' 2d6, lockpickin' 3d6, ridin':
horse 2d8, shootin': pistol 3d6, sleight o' hand
3d6, sneak 5d8, teamster 2d8, throwin':
unbalanced 4d6

Mental: C:4d10, K:4d12, M:3d8, Sm:4d12 Sp:4d10
Academia: occult 4d12, area knowledge: Seattle
4d12, artillery 2d10, arts 3d10, bluff 5d12,
demolition 3d12, disguise 5d12, gamblin' 3d12,
guts 5d10, language: French, German 3d12,
medicine 3d12, professional: business 4d12,
overawe 3d8, performin' 5d8, persuasion 5d8,
science: biology, chemistry, electronics, occult
engineering 8d12, scroungin' 5d12, scrutinize
5d10, search 5d10, tinkerin' 9d12

Pace: 8

Size: 7

Wind: 18

Edges: Arcane background: junker, mechanically
inclined

Hindrances: Big 'un: husky, loco (obsessed with
his games)

Powers: Damage, sensor, trait (The Gamemaster
actually has far more powers at his disposal,
but those will be detailed in the Junkers
sourcebook, *The Junkman Cometh*.)

Special Abilities:

Harrowed

Harrowed Powers: *Dead man's hand* 5. The
Gamemaster also has *ghost* 5 and *death
mask* 5. You can look up these powers in
the Weird West supplement *Book o' the
Dead*. For now, all you need to know is that
ghost allows the Gamemaster to become
intangible as a simple task. When he does
so, he can to pass through solid objects like
walls and floors to escape if he gets
cornered by a clever party. *Death mask*
allows him to change shape (and, for him

only, costume) as a simple action.

He cannot vary his Size by more than
2 points, however.

The High Plains

The Badlands

Fear Level 6

Devil bats, rattlers, young rattlers, and
wormlings fill the Badlands. You'll find their
statistics in Chapter Five. The only reason a
posse might go here is to put an end to the
worm cult. See, this is where all those damn
wormlings come from.

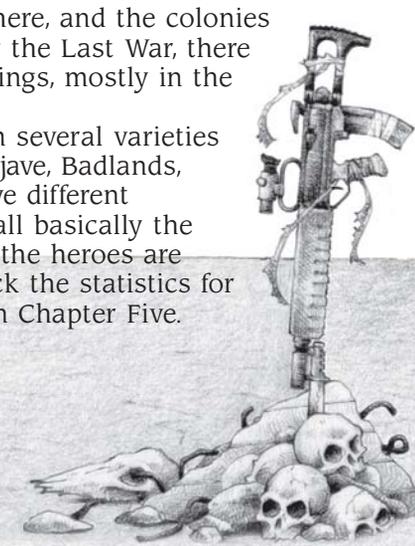
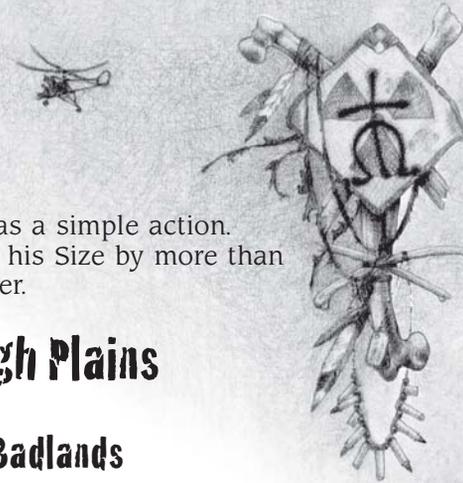
A long time ago, in the 1800s, the great rattlers
and a woman named Ursula came to an
arrangement. She would bring them sacrifices,
and they would give her incredible power. Ursula
kicked the bucket a long time ago, but a line of
new priestesses continue to fulfill her duties to
this very day.

The great worms gathered about the
Overhang, Ursula's altar high above the Badlands,
and watched as captives were thrown to their
waiting young. As the victims were consumed by
the young rattlers, the old worms groaned an
ancient song. Over time, nearly 200 years in fact,
the young grew to adulthood. The males and
females mated, and a few—a very few—began to
fulfill the first phase of the rattlers' ancient
plan: to create a whole new breed of queen.

The new queens were able to infect human
captives with a viral form of rattler DNA. Over
the course of two weeks, humans infected with
the virus transform into wormlings.

Thus began phase three of their plan, to
create thousands of wormlings across the
country. This part was tough. The Agency
figured out what was going on and informed
other such organizations around the world. They
did a decent job of wiping out the wormling
colonies—until the Last War started. Then their
duties took them elsewhere, and the colonies
grew. Now, 13 years after the Last War, there
are thousands of wormlings, mostly in the
West.

Wormlings come from several varieties
of great worms: salt, Mojave, Badlands,
and more. They may have different
colorations, but they're all basically the
same—at least as far as the heroes are
concerned for now. Check the statistics for
these creepy creatures in Chapter Five.



The Marshal's Guide



Denver

Fear Level—You gotta ask?

Ooh. Nasty place! Mommy, make the bad robot stop!

Hundreds of automatons prowl the ruined streets, looking for escaped humans from the nearby Combine slaveyards. This is the marshaling yard for eventual invasion of the West.

Throckmorton actually encourages the human resistance. It's good training for his robots. What weapons occasionally filter into their grubby hands are usually those captured by the Black Hats and brought back for scrap. Throckmorton allows some of them to fall into his enemies' hands just to give his robots some challenge.

In the *Hell on Earth* rulebook we gave you the statistics for the type of automatons the Combine sends out as scouts. You'll see more variants than you can shake a circuit board at in the Denver supplement. To hold you over until then, here's the statistics for the raptor. The Combine uses old refurbished helicopters for transport. The raptors are their escorts. They also serve as scout ships and patrol craft around Denver and the foothills of the Rockies.

Phase Four?

What's the next part of the great worms' plan? We'll let you know as the *Hell on Earth* storyline continues. We can't tell you everything now, can we?

Boise, Idaho

Fear Level 6

Boise is a strange place. It remains a Deadland despite its significant population of Templars and their best efforts to cleanse the city of its taint.

As Jo mentioned, the Grand Temple, the Templar's base of operations, is actually located inside the ghost storms that surround the town. The Templars use the storm as a sort of test for new recruits. If you can get through the storm to the Temple, you might have what it takes to be a Templar.

The Boise Horror

One reason the taint remains strong is the mysterious creature known as the Boise Horror. No one knows what—or who—the Horror is. The Simon and his Templars would give much to find out.

Raptor

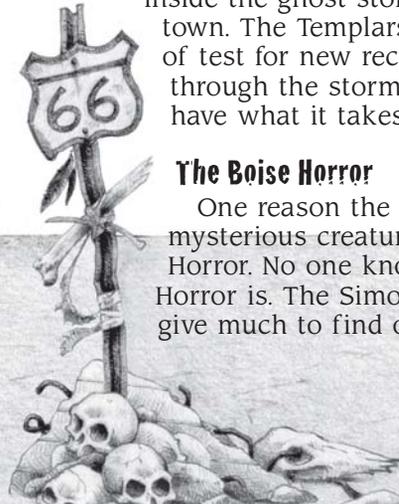
The sound of an approaching Raptor is normally cause for dread. These heavily armored flying machines are the standard patrol vehicles of the Combine. They are armored to withstand most small arms fire and normally boast an impressive array of firepower. The standard patrol model carries twin, sponson-mounted M-120s and has sufficient internal capacity to transport a fully-armed squad of automatons.

Raptors are powered by a small ghost-rock reactor that drives an enormous turbofan engine. The thrust from this engine is vectored through nozzles which can be swiveled to allow the craft to hover or move in nearly any direction at full speed.

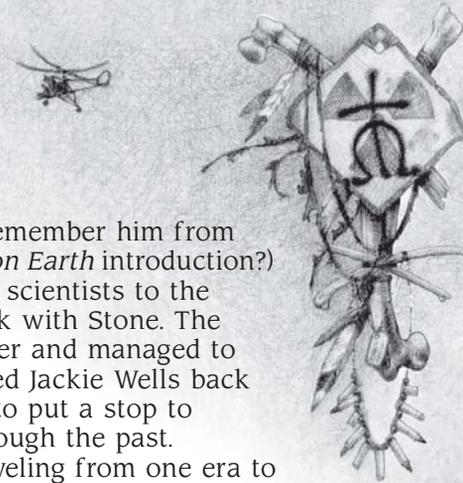
Use veteran walkin' dead statistics for the raptors traits and aptitudes, but treat it as a vehicle for damage purposes.

Raptor

Dur.	Pass.	Pace	Turn	M.P.G.
50/10	5	480	5	NA
Size	Armor	Top Speed	Cost	
+3	6	200 m.p.h.	NA	



The Marshal's Guide



Robohunters

Of course every evil plan has a few flaws. In this case, it's the Denver AI's underestimation of the resistance. See, not all of the humans in Denver are content to hide in old basements and sewer tunnels waiting to be hunted like rats. A few have left, taking what they've learned to junkies and other techies who can help them build real weapons to take the robots down.

A very few of these survivors have managed to find or salvage military-grade power armor left over from the Last War. Avenging themselves on the forces of the Combine is usually their main mission.

They don't return to Denver. That would be certain death, and it would reveal their existence to Throckmorton. Instead, they wander the wastes, battling horrors to hone their skills and test their awesome suits. And should a robohunter hear of an automaton away from the watchful eyes of the Combine, she cannot resist the ultimate challenge.

Jo didn't mention the robohunters for the same reason. She doesn't want to jeopardize their operation.

Check out the robohunter archetype for an example of one of these suicidal lunatics.

Deadwood

Fear Level 6

As you know by now, the charred figure that destroyed Deadwood was none other than Raven. Ironically, his destruction of the city forced many of the Ravenites into the hills when the bombs hit, saving thousands of them.

Today, the elevated highways, towering skyscrapers, and rooftop walkways lie in piles of rubble. A pack of night terrors live in the few high-rises still standing (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook for stats).

A tribe of mutants, former street folks warped by the bombs, also lives in the ruins. They call themselves the New Sioux but are really a mix of many races. They're a violent bunch, loyal to Silas and the Cult of Doom. For whatever reason, they blame the Old Wayers for their fate. They hunt Indians for food and for sport.

Devils Tower

Fear Level 6

If you read the *Devils Tower: Fortress o' Fear* for the *Weird West*, you know all about what happened here. If you didn't, here's a quick and dirty recap.

The Prospector (remember him from the *Deadlands: Hell on Earth* introduction?) tipped off a band of scientists to the Reckoners' little trick with Stone. The eggheads got together and managed to send a woman named Jackie Wells back into the past to try to put a stop to Stone's rampage through the past.

The means of traveling from one era to the next is difficult in the extreme, involving a torturous journey through the Hunting Grounds—and that's nothing compared to what's waiting on the other side of the portal: a race of alien crossbreeds who live in the tower's hollowed-out interior!

Whether or not Jackie succeeded in her mission is something for the heroes of *Deadlands: The Weird West* to determine. For all the details, be sure to check out *Fortress o' Fear*.

Confederate spies in the area had learned some sort of secret facility was buried within Devils Tower. When the bombs fell, they made sure to hit the geologic wonder with a city-buster. The bomb rubble half the tower but left most of the lower levels intact. That's where the crossbreeds lived. Those that didn't die by the storm were mutated, and the only thing worse than a mutant is a mutant alien.

These days, a large number of the crossbreeds live in the ruins, fighting off devil bats, rattlers, and horrors born of their nightmares in the Deadlands. The crossbreeds always respected technology. Now they worship it. Whenever the opportunity to gather gadgets presents itself, the mutants rally violently to the cause. Some still have the fantastic technology of their past, but these days such relics are few and far between.

Fort Bridger

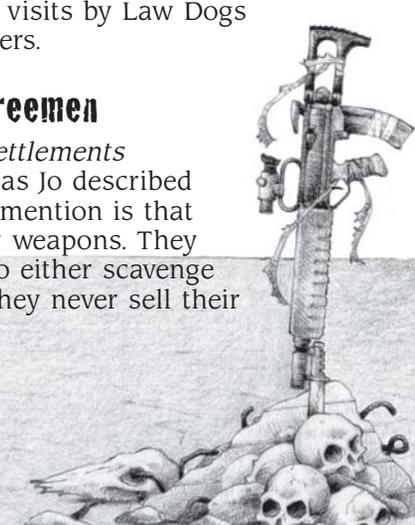
Fear Level 3

Fort Bridger is a great example of a town rebuilt from the ashes. That's why the Fear Level is so low. It benefits from a levelheaded citizens' committee and frequent visits by Law Dogs like Cole Ballard and others.

The Freeman

Fear Level 4 in most settlements

The Freeman are just as Jo described them. What she doesn't mention is that they don't ever sell their weapons. They often send out parties to either scavenge or buy more arms, but they never sell their own.





The Marshal's Guide

Typical Freeman

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:2d8, Q:2d8, V:2d8
 Climbin' 2d8, dodge 3d8, drivin': various 3d8,
 fightin': brawlin', knife 4d8, quick draw 3d8,
 ridin': horse 4d8, sneak 4d8, speed load 3d8,
 swimmin' 3d8, throwin': balanced and
 unbalanced 3d8
 Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:2d6, Sm:3d6, Sp:3d6
 Academia: occult 2d6, demolition 4d6, artillery
 2d6, faith 4d6, guts 4d6, overawe 3d6,
 scroungin' 3d6, scrutinize 2d6, search 2d6,
 survival: hills 4d6, trackin' 3d6
 Pace: 8
 Size: 6
 Wind: NA
 Gear: More arms than you can imagine, lots of
 ammo, a grenade or two, hidden knives, and
 so on.

Helltown

Fear Level 5

There's not much to add to what Jo says. Get out of line, and the whole town comes down on your head. If you can keep your nose clean, Helltown can be a useful place to rest and resupply.

Mall of America

Fear Level 4

This place is probably one of the nicest, safest places in the West—as long as you stay on Fat Tony and his boys' good side. Piss him off, and you'll wind up as the meat in the next spaghetti (really). For that little trick, Tony's already heading down the path to becoming a servitor of Famine.

Anyway, the Fear Level in the mall would be lower if Mulachi and his goons weren't so feared by everyone. If Tony ever truly becomes a servitor, who knows what will become of the mall?

Tony is indeed attempting to expand his operation, and he may have up to 40 storefronts open by the end of the year. He's even converting part of the mall into a makeshift "hotel."

Near Wichita

Fear Level 6

These witches are different from the kind we let our heroines play—because they're all dead. They're true horrors of the Apocalypse, born out of one woman's hatred of all men.

The woman who leads the coven was Jasmine Craft. She was one of the many who had read Annabelle Lee's *How to Serve Your Man*, but she was far more radical than most. Her experience with men was too horrible to describe (even for us), so she prowled the streets of Wichita as a prostitute and used her powers to kill them in the days before the war. She survived the bombs, but died a few months later from the glows, blaming men for starting the war.

She returned from life not as a Harrowed, but as a true abomination. After a few years of faithful service to the Reckoners (read: killing people), she was rewarded with a peculiar breed of walkin' dead. These were all female and could cast spells just as she could.

The coven of 13 continues to hunt travelers to the city. Men who survive their initial attack are slowly tortured to death, and their "parts" are hung out to dry around the ruins of the city. It's a pretty gruesome sight.

Jasmine Craft

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:2d10, S:2d10, Q:2d12+4, V:2d8
 Climbin' 1d6, dodge 7d10, fightin': brawlin', dagger
 5d10, throwin': balanced 5d6, sneak 3d10
 Mental: C:4d10, K:2d10, M:2d8, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d6
 Academia: occult 5d10, area knowledge: Wichita
 5d10, overawe 3d8, scrutinize 2d10, search 4d10

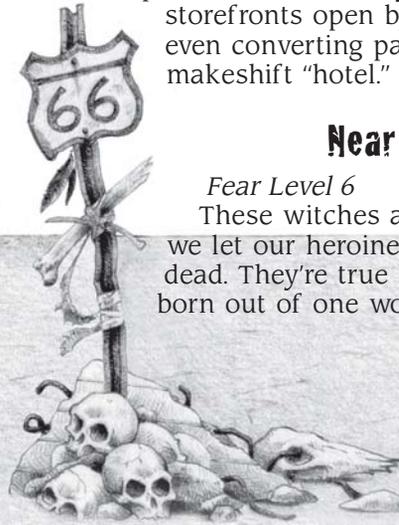
Pace: 10
 Size: 6
 Wind: NA
 Terror: 5
 Special Abilities:
 Fearless.

Spells: The witches use the following powers as spells: *bolts o' doom* (4d10 damage, ROF 1, Range 10), *cloak o' evil* -4. Each spell takes 1 action to cast. The latter lasts 10 rounds.
 Undead.

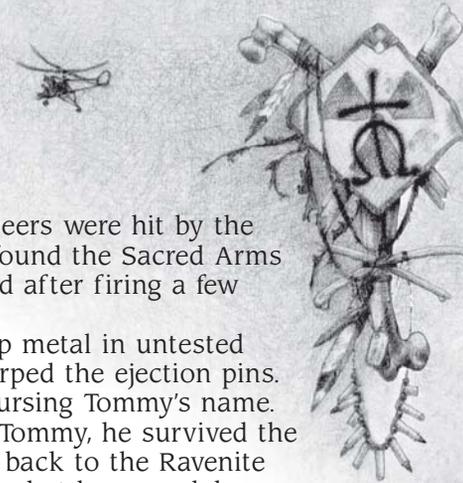
The Sioux

The Old Ways Sioux have changed little in the last 200 years. They still live in teepees, hunt buffalo, and dance to the rain and the sun. That's why they survived the Apocalypse. No one had a beef with them, and no one thought it was worth saturation-bombing all of Dakota to make sure they caught the nomads in a blast.

The buffalo herds didn't fare quite so well. They've thinned to less than half their prewar numbers thanks to radiation and disease. That would be a problem for the Sioux if they hadn't lost an even greater percentage of their population fighting the Reckoner known as War.



The Marshal's Guide



For this reason, they're staying out of the affairs of the larger world. They don't tolerate trespassers, and trade caravans or scavengers who cross their lands get the same treatment settlers sometimes got in the old days. A few Templars and Law Dogs have made friends within the tribes, but they can't seem to get them to change their ways or to agree to join the "good guys" when Throckmorton eventually spills out of Denver.

Crying Eagle

The Great Chief of the Sioux is a woman. (Some things change, even for the Old Ways.) The woman is called Crying Eagle. She is old, haggard, and blind, but she sees far more than those around her. She's got powerful medicine, and she knows how to use it.

Crying Eagle occasionally has glimpses into the future. She cannot control when or how her visions come, but when they do, they have (so far) been accurate. Her most frightening revelation is that the white man's war is not yet over. There will come one last great battle that can only end when the white buffalo is born.

The White Buffalo

In case you don't know much about Indian history, the white buffalo has been prophesied several times. When a pure white buffalo is born, it is a sign that the Creator has returned the land to the Indians. The dead ancestors of the Indians will rise, the whites will be removed from the land, and the buffalo herds will return and cover the plains.

The prophecy has yet to come true—but who knows what the future holds.

Tommy Two-Women

Most of the Ravenites who came to their brothers' and sisters' aid were not the wealthy casino and ghost-rock mine owners. They were the unfortunate members of the middle and lower class. These poor fools were rushed into the fight with arms hoarded by their more wealthy neighbors still hiding in the Black Hills. Most of the assault rifles the Ravenites used were manufactured by a company called Sacred Arms Industries, owned by Tommy Two-Women. (You can just guess how he got the name.)

Small arms didn't do squat against War anyway, but most soldiers never saw the Horseman himself. It was their lot to fight the hordes of walkin' dead and dogs o' War that trailed in his unholy wake. When the first

companies of volunteers were hit by the zombie horde, they found the Sacred Arms assault rifles jammed after firing a few clips.

The reason? Cheap metal in untested guns melted and warped the ejection pins. Many a brave died cursing Tommy's name.

Unfortunately for Tommy, he survived the war. When word got back to the Ravenite refugee camp about what happened, he loaded up with his best gear and headed off into the wastes. He's still out there somewhere, traveling under a different name and trying to make up for his greedy past.

Sky Pirates

The Sky Pirates are concentrating their efforts on Black Hat and raptor patrols that stray too far from Denver. They're also desperately trying to find the wreckage of Air Force One.

Air Force One

Ike Taylor (of Junkyard) has urged the Sky Pirates to find the old jet and recover its data slugs. With luck, they can use the data to find some unexploded ghost-rock bombs. If they can, they might have a chance to stop the Combine. They couldn't use the bombs against Denver (its shields are probably still be in place), but they might be able to catch a large formation or two of automatons in the open—and blast them into scrap.

The problem is the spirits of Air Force One don't want to give up their secrets. Their spirits keep the plane hidden—for now—but you'll see its appearance in a future supplement. And both you and the Sky Pirates might be surprised at what they find there.

Ultralights

A favorite mount of the sky pirates, the ultralight is basically a hang-glider with an engine. Although not particularly rugged, this vehicle's light weight and low stall speed allow it to take off from nearly any stretch of flat ground.

An illustration of an ultralight aircraft, which is a hang-glider with an engine, mounted on a stand. Below the stand is a pile of skulls and bones. The aircraft is positioned to the right of a table.

Ultralight				
Dur.	Pass.	Pace	Turn	M.P.G.
15/3	2	96	5	30
Size	Armor	Top Speed	Cost	
+3	0	40 m.p.h.	\$3,000	



The Marshal's Guide

The Mississippi Delta

Baton Rouge

Fear Level 3

The town of Baton Rouge is detailed in the *Hell on Earth* adventure *Hell or High Water*. Otherwise, it's just as Jo described.

Hell Swamp

Fear Level 5

Hell Swamp is just as bad as Jo describes it. Here's how to handle all those dangers.

The Heat

This is one of those great places to use those Hot & Cold rules we gave you in Chapter One.

The Mud

At the most inconvenient times (such as when some swamp horror is chasing the posse), the heroes are likely to step into thick, sucking mud. Have each hero roll a Fair (5) *Strength* check for every 5 yards or part thereof she attempts to move. If she goes bust, she's fallen into quicksand and is sucked under in 1d4 rounds unless someone can help her out.

The Mosquitoes

Running into these nasty little buggers without repellent (which works great) is bad news. Any living soul with any exposed flesh is bitten if he gets within 10' of the swarm. Once bitten, a hero must make an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll or become infected. The infection quickly spreads through the bloodstream (taking about five minutes), and begins to dissolve the victim's organs. From this point on, the victim has the *ailin': fatal* Hindrance. The details of the disease are just like Jo says: The victim's organs slowly dissolve. Only magic that heals the most serious diseases can repair this damage.

Giant Gators

You want giant gators? We got giant gators. Try this sucker for size.

Profile

Corporeal: D:NA, N:2d8, S:4d12+6, Q:2d10, V:2d10
Fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 5d8
Mental: C:4d6, K:1d4, M:1d4, Sm:1d4, Sp:1d8
Guts 4d8, overawe 5d8, search 3d6

Pace: 8 on land and water

Size: 10-15 (12-40' long)

Wind: 36

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6, AP 1)

Tail Lash: Causes only STR damage, but knocks a person back 5 yards for every raise.

Cajuns

Typical Cajun

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d8, S:2d6, Q:2d6, V:2d6
Climbin' 3d6, dodge 4d8, drivin': swampboat 4d8, fightin': brawlin' 2d8, shootin': various 4d6, sneak 5d8, swimmin' 4d8

Mental: C:3d8, K:1d6, M:1d8, Sm:4d8, Sp:3d6

Area knowledge: Hell Swamp 5d6, faith 3d6, guts 4d6, search 3d8, survival: swamp 5d8, trackin' 4d8, trade: hunting, skinning 4d6

Gear: Most of the Cajuns carry shotguns, but many carry hunting rifles as well. All of them keep a large knife on their person.

Swampboats

These lightweight, shallow-draft boats are ideal for navigating through swamps, shallow creeks, or any area in which submerged hazards are a threat. These maneuverable vessels normally have a draft of only a few inches, and they have no submerged props to hang up on logs, giant crocodiles, and the like. Instead, they are pushed along by a large, aircraft-style propeller mounted in the stern. This allows them to move easily through the mire.

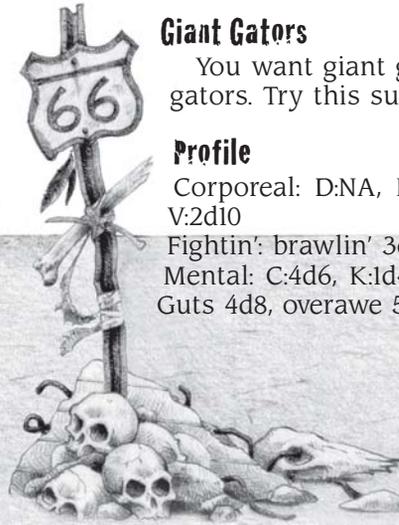
Swamp Boat

Dur.	Pass.	Pace	Turn	M.P.G.
30/6	6	96	5	30
Size	Armor	Top Speed	Cost	
+3	1	40 m.p.h.	\$3,000	

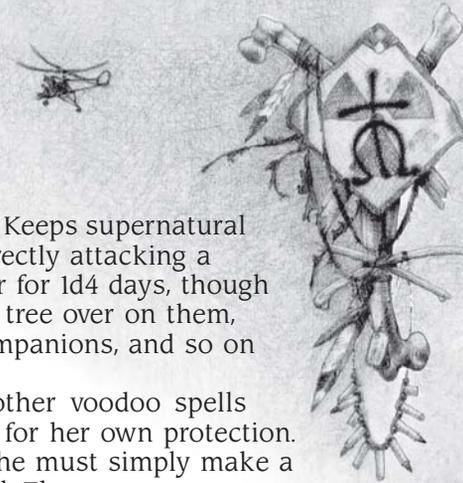
Kansas City

Fear Level 6

Kansas City is a great place to go if a waster is looking for a quick case of the glows. The rad count in the city is incredible. Characters must make checks against radiation every 15 minutes instead of every hour as usual (see Radiation in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook).



The Marshal's Guide



New Orleans

New Orleans is home to lots of weird horrors. Walkin' dead are common, as are riverine creatures such as giant, flesh-eating fish and, of course, the giant gators.

Mama Tibutu

Mama is a voodoo priestess just like Jo said. Her home, the fourth floor of an old five-story bank in the French Quarter, is surrounded by charms and talismans that keep her safe from any supernatural horrors. That doesn't protect her against human raiders and the like, but she's a tough old cookie who can usually handle herself if needed. Besides, there are few scavengers out here, and even fewer raiders.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d4, S:3d6, Q:2d6, V:2d8
Climbin' 1d8, shootin': shotgun 2d8
Mental: C:4d12, K:2d12, M:2d10, Sm:2d8, Sp:4d8
Academia: occult 5d12, area knowledge: New Orleans ruins 4d12, faith 5d12, guts 5d12, language: French 3d12, medicine: surgery 4d12, overawe 4d10, scroungin' 3d8, scrutinize 5d12, search 3d12, survival: swamp 4d8, tale-tellin' 3d10

Pace: 2

Size: 8

Wind: 16

Edges: Arcane background voodoo, "the stare"

Hindrances: Big 'un: obese.

Gear: Mama Tibutu keeps a sawed-off pump-action 12-gauge shotgun beside her rocker.

Description: Mama is a very large woman of Haitian descent. She wears a red bandanna on her head and can usually be found smoking a pipe while sitting in an old rocking chair.

Special Abilities:

Voodoo Charms and Wards: Most of Mama's voodoo powers are subtle charms and wards. All of Mama's charms and wards take effect immediately. They cannot be "saved" for later use. Some that might be sought by the heroes (and the price Mama charges for casting) are:

Loa's blessing: keeps away swamp mosquitoes, snakes, and other small creatures for 1 week (\$100).

Remove Curse: removes most negative magical or spell effects from which a hero might be suffering. It's the Marshal's call if Mama's magic is more powerful than whatever condition the hero seeks to alleviate. (\$500)

Tibutu's Talisman: Keeps supernatural terrors from directly attacking a single character for 1d4 days, though it could push a tree over on them, attack their companions, and so on (\$1,000).

Voodoo: Mama's other voodoo spells are only useful for her own protection. To cast them, she must simply make a Fair (5) *faith* roll. They are:

Bolt o' Doom: Damage 4d10, ROF 1, Range 20. Use Mama Tibutu's *faith* roll as the attack value as well (just like with a syker's *brain blast*).

Missed Me: Mama is -4 to be hit for 1d10 rounds.

River Rats

Back in the early 20th century, an entrepreneur imported a breed of rodent from South America called a nutria. Normal nutrias look like the result of an unholy crossbreeding experiment with a water rat and a beaver. They weigh in at about nine pounds, have a ratlike tail, webbed feet, and really, really big teeth.

Nutria were bred for their pelts—which were called, interestingly enough, "Hudson Bay beaver" in some places. A hurricane released the population into the wild, and the critters reproduced like wildfire, until Louisiana was virtually overrun with the rodents.

Radiation changed a number of these. Of course, the mutant nutria, or mutria for short, are much worse than their prewar cousins. They've gained a few pounds, lost most of their fur—although a few tufts still hang on here and there—and have developed a taste for human flesh.

They hunt in packs of 30 or so and breed like mad.

River Rats

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d8, S:2d6, Q:3d8, V:2d8
Dodge 3d8, fightin': brawlin' 3d8, sneak 4d8
Mental: C:1d4, K:2d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d4
Search 3d4, trackin' 6d4

Pace: 8 (on land or water).

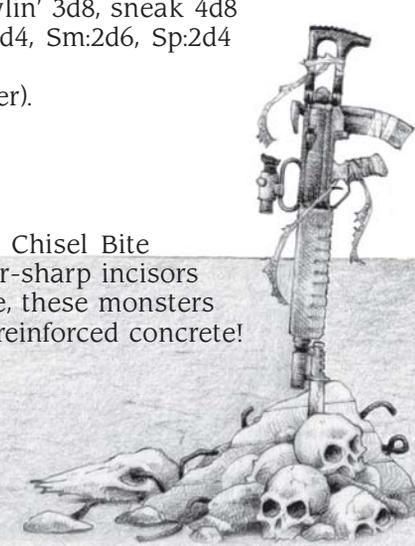
Size: 4

Wind: NA

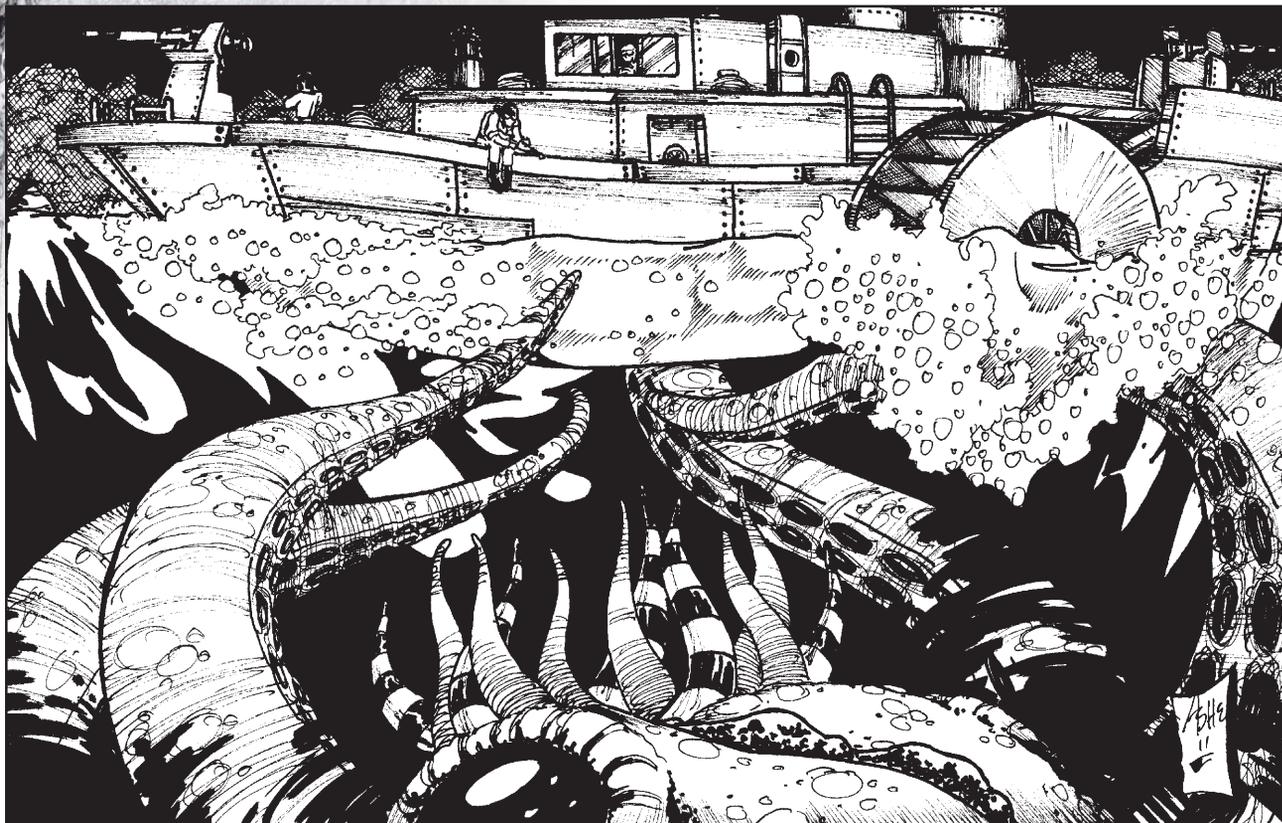
Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

Damage: Claw (STR), Chisel Bite (STR+1d6). The razor-sharp incisors are AP 1. Given time, these monsters can chew through reinforced concrete!



The Marshal's Guide



(The Other) River Rats

This bunch of cutthroats and mutineers are nothing but a bunch of river pirates. They raid all up and down the river, using artillery pieces to safely bombard medium or small settlements from a distance before going in for their tribute. They don't mess with the larger towns, but instead dock there and trade all the loot they've taken from other places up or down the river.

Elvira is the leader of these rats. She knows it wouldn't take much for the towns along the river to get together and fight her, so she raids less than her reputation would have one believe. And when she does, she picks targets her spies tell her are isolated or have bad relations with their neighbors.

Elvira's cautiousness extends to her fleet's frequent encounters with river leviathans and other horrors as well. If there is any sign of such a creature, the fleet retreats. A few clever Law Dogs have used old wrecks and some floating timbers to scare her off on more than one occasion.

When some horror surprises the fleet, the River Rats have adapted some clever tactics to cut their losses. First, all of the paddle-

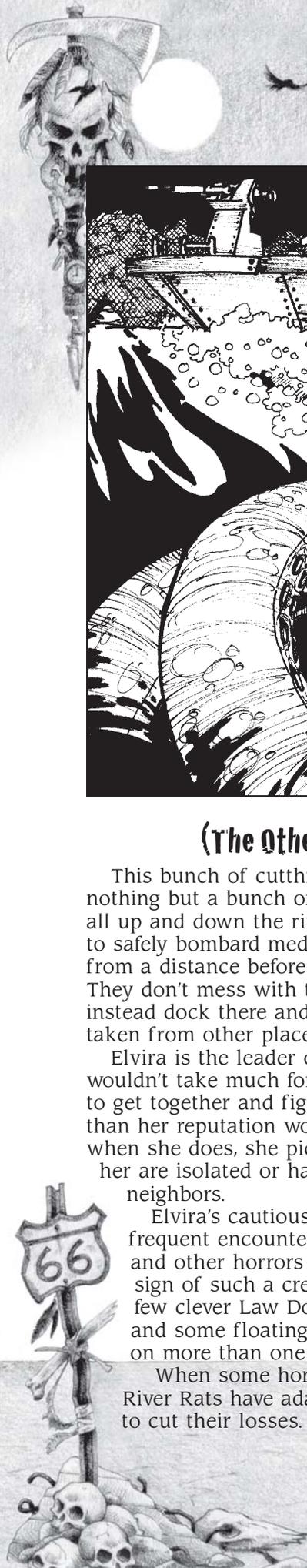
wheel boats have sharp blades and spikes attached to their paddles. These churn up the soft-skinned river leviathans—the Rats' greatest enemies—quite nicely.

Second, the bottom of all the boats have been painstakingly armored with whatever scraps their crews could salvage. These plates are rigged to the ship's generator, which has enough juice to send one high-voltage charge through the plates and into the surrounding water. That cooks most anything grappling a ship, and most man-size or smaller creatures within 20 feet of the hull (4d20 damage).

Finally, the crews all stay close together and fight like demons when one of them gets in trouble. When it is obvious a ship is doomed, however, the others leave it and her doomed sailors as chaff while they make their escape.

Typical River Rat

Corporeal: D:2d8, N:2d8, S:3d6, Q:3d6, V:3d6
Climbin' 3d8, dodge 2d8, drivin': boat 3d8, fightin': various 3d8, filchin' 2d8, lockpickin' 2d8, quick draw 2d8, shootin': various 4d8, sneak 3d8, speed-load 2d8, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 3d8



The Marshal's Guide

Mental: C:2d6, K:2d6, M:3d6, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge: Mississippi 4d6, artillery: mortar 3d6, disguise 2d6, gamblin' 3d6, guts 3d6, overawe 3d6, scroungin' 3d6, search 2d6, survival: river 3d6, trade: boatmanship 4d6
Pace: 8
Size: 6
Wind: NA
Gear: Various, but most prefer assault rifles, shotguns (for boarding), and large knives.

The River Watch

The River Watch is made up of average men and women. Many of them are stationed in remote areas commanding large sections of the Mississippi. Their very isolation makes them frequent targets for wandering horrors. The pirates known as the River Rats sometimes kill them to keep them from passing too much intelligence on to nearby towns, and if Raven's necrotic hordes ever do cross the river, the Watchers won't survive the landing.

So why do they do it? Because somebody has to. Some were former Law Dogs who lost a limb or have a chronic ailment they can't shake and want to do some good with what's left of their lives. Others are just altruistic survivors who realize the danger that lies across the Miss. There's no pay or reward for this thankless task, so the men and women who do it are all heroes. Play them that way. Let them pass along crucial information to your heroes sometimes and, in the process, remind them what being a hero is all about.

The Wild Southwest

Dead Towns

Those of you who came over from the *Weird West* might think this story sounds familiar. It should.

Back in those days, a train full of nosferatu traveled the rails by night. The unearthly "Night Train" would pull into a sleeping town and spill forth scores of vampires, who would then suck the town dry. That's why bodies have holes all over them—because several nosferatu feed on each victim at once. Few witnesses ever survived, but eventually a brave posse of heroes brought the Night Train to a fiery stop. (See the *Weird West* Dime Novel *Night Train* for the whole story.)

Or so they thought. There were lots more nosferatu out there. This bunch uses tractor-trailers just like those of old used trains. There are three of these semis of death in the "Night Convoy." While their transportation may have changed, their modus operandi hasn't. There are 20 of these bloodsuckers per rig: 18 in the back and two up front. Just like before, they pull into a town at night, unload, slaughter the populace, and enjoy a feast of blood. All they leave behind are corpses and tire tracks

Check out the statistics for nosferatu in Chapter Five, but add *drivin': rig* at 3d10 to this particular bunch.

Houston

There's not much left in Houston. Junkers scavenged most of the valuable parts a long time ago. There are a few underground hangars no one knows about yet, but we'll tell you what's inside in a later supplement. Let's leave 'em buried for now.

The Lone Biker of the Apocalypse

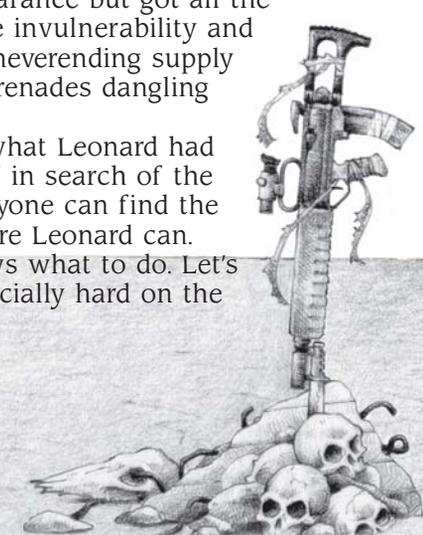
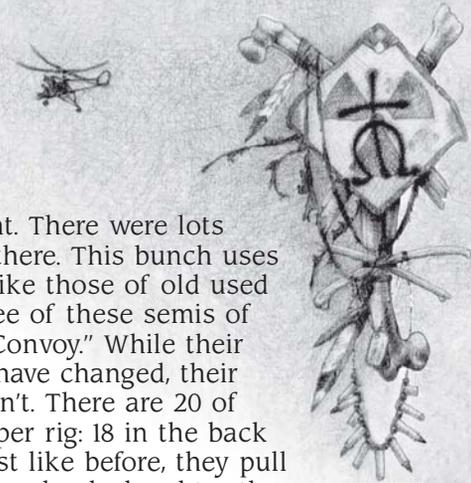
The Biker is a servitor of Death, riding the broken highways of North America in search of the Harbinger.

Leonard Biggs was one of those mutants living in Las Vegas when Silas established the Cult o' Doom. He liked what the Mutant King had to say, but he just wasn't articulate enough to become a Doomsayer. So he became the next-best thing—one of Silas' soldiers.

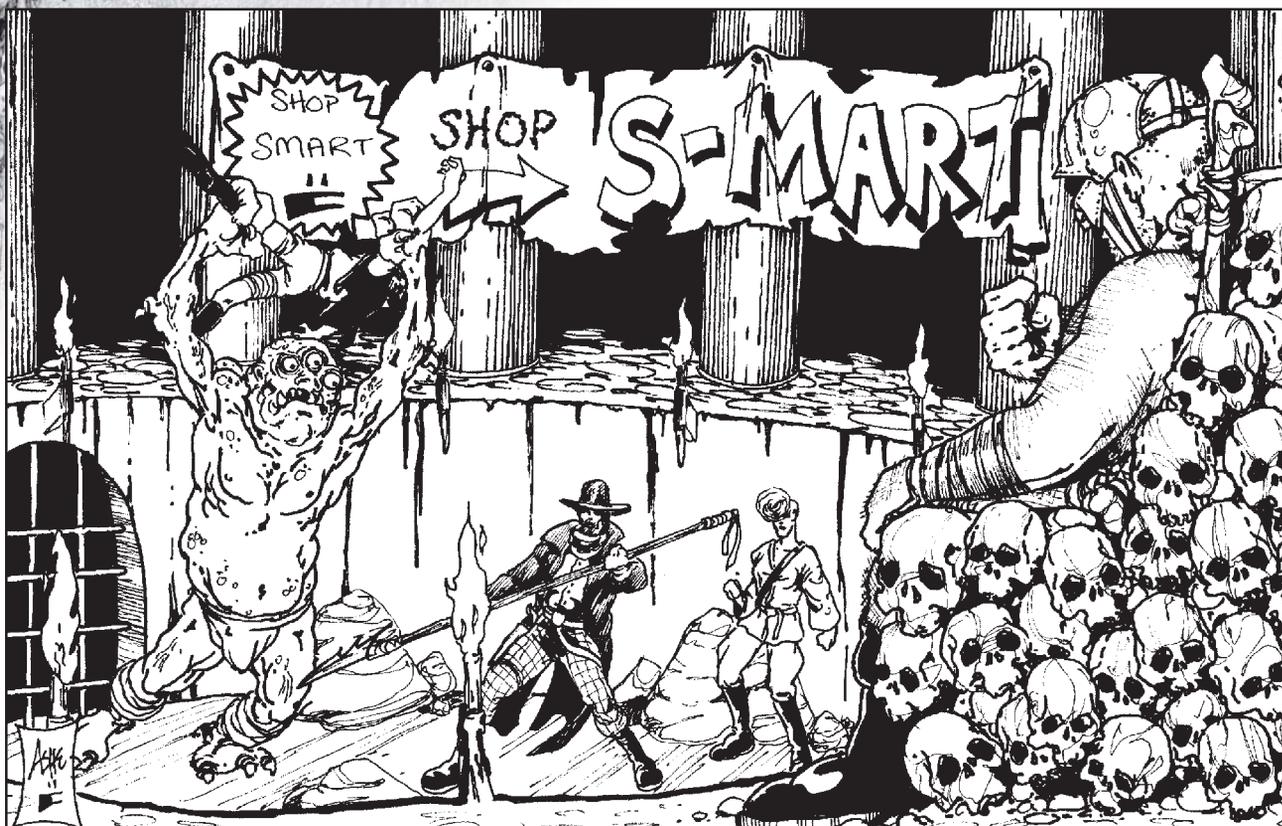
Over the years, he did anything Silas or the Cult o' Doom asked of him, including murdering more folks than he could possibly count. He was one of the first through the gates of Virginia City during the legendary massacre, and he killed more than any other five Cult o' Doom soldiers combined.

Slowly, Leonard transformed into a servitor of Death. He kept his appearance but got all the usual servitor perks like invulnerability and nifty powers such as a neverending supply of shotgun shells and grenades dangling from his bandolier.

When Silas realized what Leonard had become, he sent him off in search of the dreaded Harbinger. If anyone can find the mutant child, Silas is sure Leonard can. And if he does, he knows what to do. Let's just say Leonard is especially hard on the little things.



The Marshal's Guide



Profile

Corporeal: D:2d12+4, N:3d6, S:5d12+4, Q:4d10,
V:4d12+4
Climbin' 3d12+4, ridin': motorcycle 10d12+4,
shootin': shotgun 8d12+4, speed load 4d12+4,
throwin': unbalanced 8d12+4
Mental: C:4d12, K:2d4, M:2d12, Sm:2d6, Sp:4d4
Area knowledge: the Southwest 5d12, scrutinize
5d12, search 5d12, trackin' 10d12
Edges: Brawny
Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, mean as a rattler,
grim servant o' Death
Pace: 6
Size: 8
Wind: NA
Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

The Harley from Hell: Leonard's bike is indestructible and never runs out of fuel.
Heightened Smell: The Biker can smell out a mutant child at 50 yards.
Immunity: All.
Unlimited Ammo: The Biker never runs out of ammo or hand grenades. If he's killed, his belt contains four grenades and 20 12-gauge shells. It doesn't replenish thereafter.

Weakness: The Biker can only be slain by a weapon made from the corpse of someone he has slain. Such weapons do full normal damage to him.

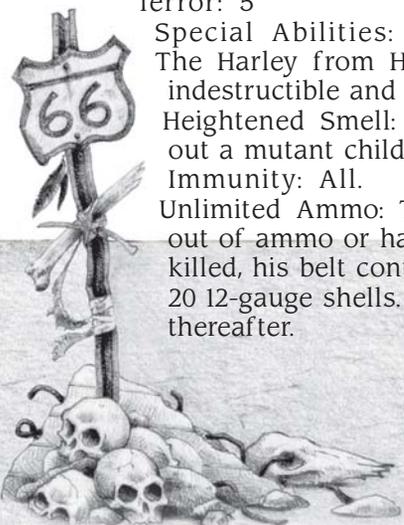
Coup: Whoever gets Leonard's coup inherits the Harley from Hell. It refuses to start for anyone else.

Near Dallas

Fear Level 6

Kane is a very clever servitor of Pestilence. The films he shows, mostly of the hardcore variety, encourage folks to have sex—lots of it. And of course, Kane has a mall full of beautiful men and women all too happy to accommodate—for a price. The trouble is, the "escorts" aren't real people. They're plague zombies disguised by Kane's illusion power. These creatures are festering with diseases they pass on to their clients.

Kane himself is something of a loser. His whole life revolved around movies. He had no friends and dropped out of school just before graduation. These days, he just shows movies for whoever he can get to come inside. He knows what he's doing but has never allowed himself to



The Marshal's Guide

think about it. All he wants to do is watch and show movies.

Jeremy's stats are below. Use plague zombie statistics for the extras, but they don't attack. After spending some "quality time" with a hero or heroine, that character is automatically afflicted with a painful disease that turns their innards to soup. He or she now has the *ailin'* *chronic* Hindrance.

Jeremy Kane

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d6, S:2d6, Q:3d6, V:2d6
Climbin' 1d6, sleight o' hand 2d6, sneak 5d6
Mental: C:3d6, K:3d6, M:2d4, Sm:2d8, Sp:2d4
Academia: occult 5d6, area knowledge: the mall (he never leaves) 6d6, guts 5d4, scroungin' 3d8
Edges: None
Hindrances: Clueless
Pace: 6
Size: 8
Wind: NA
Terror: 0
Special Abilities:

Illusion: Just like extras in a movie, Jeremy's mind disguises his "actors," the 20 or 30 plague zombies that live in the mall with him. Only some kind of vision that can see past magical illusions allows a person to see the escorts for what they truly are.

Immunity: All.

Weakness: Jeremy can only be killed if his projector is destroyed. At that point he becomes mortal.

Coup: The person killing Kane becomes immune to the effects of all infectious diseases.

Phoenix

Fear Level 6

Death's passage through Phoenix marked it in a way that even the Last War couldn't. Anyone killed by walkin' dead in the area of the city rises from the grave on a result 1-5 on a d10.

S-Mart Overlord

Yup. The S-Mart Overlord is another one of those damn servitors. This one serves War.

During his pit-fighting days, the Overlord wore a metal harness and mask. After he became a servitor of War, these things melded with his flesh and are now part of his body.

Jo pegged his operation right. Below are the statistics of the Overlord and his Warmongers. Use the raider stats from Chapter Five for the rest of his troops.

The Overlord

Corporeal: D:3d8, N:4d12+4, S:5d12+6, Q:3d10, V:2d12+4
Climbin' 4d2+4, dodge 4d12+4, drivin': car, motorcycle 5d12+4, fightin': brawlin', axe 6d12+4, quick draw 4d10, shootin': auto-shotgun, grenade launcher 5d8, speed load 4d8, throwin': unbalanced 3d8
Mental: C:3d6, K:1d6, M:6d12, Sm:4d6, Sp:4d6
Area knowledge: Southwest 4d6, leadership 4d12, overawe 6d12, scrutinize 4d6, search 4d6, survival: desert 4d6, trackin' 4d6,
Edges: Berserk, "don't get 'im riled!"
Hindrances: Bloodthirsty
Pace: 12
Size: 7
Wind: NA
Terror: 5
Special Abilities:
Armor: 1
Battle Axe: STR+3d10
Immunity: All.

Weakness: When the Overlord was a pit fighter, he never turned down a personal challenge. That's still true today, and it's also the only way to kill the bastard. If a hero can defeat the Overlord in a real one-on-one, hand-to-hand duel, she can deliver a killing blow. This has to be a real challenge and one that the Overlord is aware of. Shooting him doesn't count, nor does whacking him on the head when he's not looking. It has to be a legitimate challenge, and the Overlord has to be able to see or hear it and get to the person issuing the invitation.

Coup: The Overlord's slayer has his *Strength* die type raised by +1 levels.

Warmongers

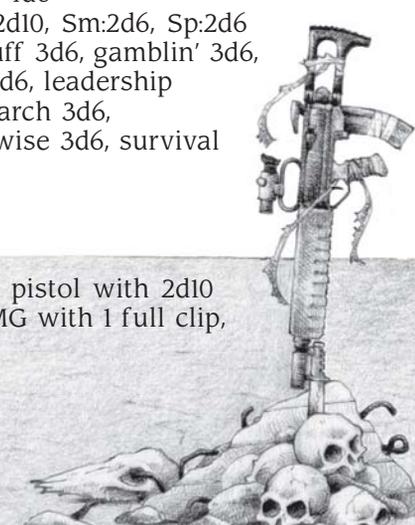
Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d10, S:4d8, Q:3d8, V:3d10
Shootin': various 4d6, fightin': brawlin', club 3d10, quick draw 3d8, speed load 4d6, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 4d6
Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d10, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge 3d6, bluff 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, demolition 1d6, guts 3d6, leadership 3d10, overawe 3d10, search 3d6, scroungin' 3d6, streetwise 3d6, survival 3d6, tinkerin' 2d6

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Gear: Kevlar vest, Police pistol with 2d10 rounds, Thompson SMG with 1 full clip, large club.



Abominations



Marshal: 156



Chapter Five: Abominations o' the Wasted West



We gave you a few new critters to harass your party with in the *Hell on Earth* rulebook. Here's a whole new bevy of baddies to chase their heroic butts across the Irradiated Plains.

Dust Devil

Dust devils are vicious, reptilian horrors that live in the deserts of the southwest. They lurk about like repulsive spiny serpents until they see prey. Sometimes they use their supernatural power to create a twister. Other times they slither into an existing one. Once they do, they swirl about the storm like mad, waiting for prey to step inside and get shredded by their spiked hides.

Profile

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:1d12+2, S:1d12+4, Q:1d10, V:1d8

Fightin': brawlin' 6d12+2

Mental: C:2d10, K:1d4, M:1d12, Sm:1d6, Sp:1d4

Pace: 24

Size: 10 (10' tall)

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

Damage: Spines (STR+d4)

Pace: 24

Whirlwind: Dust devils attack by centering on their prey and whirling around it with their spiny, snakelike bodies. They live at the center of their dirt-filled whirlwinds,

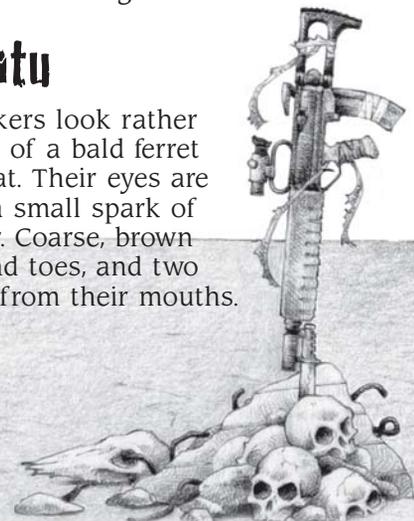
making them difficult to see or hit with normal weapons. A character has to take a -8 called shot to hit the creature itself. Shots that miss are sucked into the whirlwind and shot out in a random direction. Roll a d12 to determine a clock facing and see if any innocent bystanders are hit by the errant attack (see the *Hell on Earth* rulebook). Dynamite might affect the creature normally, though sticks thrown inside the whirlwind are usually flung out before they can detonate. A hero making a *fightin'* attack on the creature must first beat it in an opposed *Strength* contest. If he wins, he can attack normally. Otherwise he is blown backward by the whirlwind and can't take a swing this action.

Blinding: The dust devil kicks up a swirling cloud of sand and stone that blinds anyone within 10 yards of its deadly center unless he makes an Incredible (11) *Vigor* roll.

Nosferatu

These nasty bloodsuckers look rather like the unholy offspring of a bald ferret and a wingless, albino bat. Their eyes are solid black with a small spark of red glowing at the center. Coarse, brown claws tip their fingers and toes, and two ratlike incisors protrude from their mouths.

Marshal: 157



Abominations



Nosferatu can speak, but most don't have much to say. They just gurgle and chortle while they frantically search for fresh blood.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:3d10, S:3d12+2, Q:4d12, V:2d10
Climbin' 4d10, dodge 2d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10, sneak 5d10

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

Pace: 10

Size: 6

Terror: 9

Wind: NA

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite: (STR). The nosferatu clamps down and automatically inflicts STR damage each action until someone beats it in an opposed *Strength* roll with a raise. Claw (STR+1d4).

Hunger: A nosferatu must feed on a full-grown person once per week. If he does not, his physical Traits decline by -1 die type each until they reach d4. Each adult victim the vampire consumes after missing a "meal" improves his Traits one die type, but this cannot raise the die types higher than their original values. Once all

corporeal Traits reach d4, the nosferatu is little more than a shriveled, dormant corpse. It can be reawakened if steeped in several gallons of blood, however.

Infection: Any person slain by a nosferatu's bite rises as a new vampire in 1d6 hours.

Note that nosferatu usually kill their victims with their claws first, then feed.

Weakness: Sunlight causes them to burn and die in 1d10 rounds. A stake through the heart paralyzes them (this requires a called shot to the gizzards). Holy water causes 3d10 damage per pint. Beheading will also kill a nosferatu. Fire also cause normal damage.

Undead.

Raiders

These are your typical wasteland scum, found in any part of the Wasted West. They seldom operate on their own, preferring the safety of numbers. Raiders are often found serving some more powerful (and doubtless more intelligent) warlord.

Profile

Corporeal: D:3d6, N:3d6, S:2d8, Q:3d6, V:2d8
Shootin': various 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, quick draw 3d6, speed load 2d6, throwin': balanced, unbalanced 3d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:2d8, Sm:2d6, Sp:2d6
Area knowledge 3d6, bluff 3d6, gamblin' 3d6, demolition 1d6, guts 3d6, overawe 3d8, search 3d6, scroungin' 3d6, streetwise 3d6, survival 3d6, tinkerin' 2d6

Pace: 6

Size: 6

Gear: Most have light armor (-2 or -4) carry scavenged hunting rifles or .357 caliber pistols with 2d6 rounds each. A rare few have Kevlar vests and SMGs or assault rifles with 4d6 rounds each.

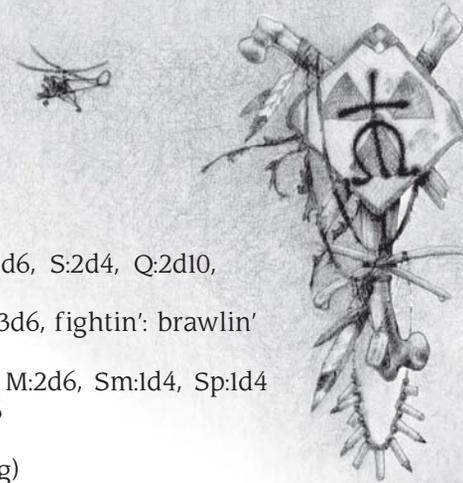
Rattlers

Wasters call these great worms "rattlers" because a person's teeth start chattering as the huge beast rumbles through the earth beneath him.

Though they are most common in the Mojave, rattlers are also found in isolated flatlands in Montana and Utah, as well as the Badlands in Dakota. The rattlers of each region tend to have variations in size, color, and even personality.



Abominations



Rattlers sense their prey by vibrations in the sand. They can detect the movement of a man up to 200 yards distant. This is an opposed *Cognition* versus *sneak* roll if the prey is trying to be stealthy. Horses are detected at double the distance, and vehicles at triple. Note that if a creature runs, its *sneak* totals suffer a -4 penalty.

When a rattler moves in for the kill, it bursts up through the earth and tries to snag its prey with one of its tentacles. Though rattlers have many tentacles, they never attempt to capture multiple targets unless their intended victims are very close together, such as a horse and rider. They prefer to focus their thunderous fury on a single quarry.

The tentacles have a *Strength* of 3d12 and are about a quarter as long as the worm itself. Once they grapple a target with a raise on an opposed *Strength* roll, the worm starts dragging the victim into its crushing maw. Every success on an opposed *Strength* roll drags the rattler's prey 1 yard closer.

The rattler's tentacles are Size 4 and can take five wounds before they're useless. Most worms retreat after losing a limb. Bullets and impaling weapons do only a single point each, and shotgun blasts do 2. Cutting weapons do full damage.

Profile

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:6d12+20, Q:2d6, V:4d12+24

Fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 2d8 (when underground)

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

Overawe 2d10

Size: 10-20 (10-100 yards long)

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Burrowing: Underground Pace 18 (cannot be doubled by running).

Damage: Bite (STR+2d20; AP 2)

Surprise: Travelers who don't recognize the rumblings of a rattler beneath them subtract -4 from their surprise checks.

Salamanders

These creatures live in the red-hot ruins of the Maze. Though they venture off to burning ghost-rock deposits to feed, they lair in the shelter of old ruins. And they don't take kindly to trespassers. Figure 4d6 of these critters scurry out to meet a posse exploring a hot ruin.

Profile

Corporeal: D:1d4, N:3d6, S:2d4, Q:2d10, V:2d6

Climbin' 5d6, dodge 3d6, fightin': brawlin' 3d6, sneak 4d6

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

Guts 4d4, search 3d6

Pace: 8

Size: 3 (about 2' long)

Terror: 3

Special Abilities:

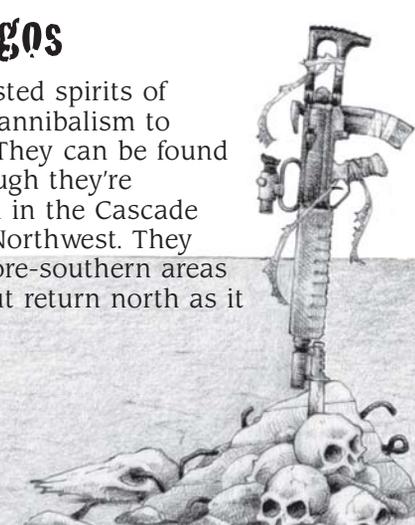
Fiery Touch: Salamanders attack by jumping on a victim and grabbing on to them with their sticky feet and small claws. Then they simply allow the incredible heat of their body to cook their prey alive. This causes 2d4 damage to the area the salamander attaches to. (Roll normal hit location but don't add +2 for hand-to-hand.) After a salamander attaches, resolve damage to the victim only on the creature's first action of each round thereafter. That wouldn't be so bad if the salamanders didn't swarm their prey in groups of 1-6. Armor protects as usual against the heat, but it begins to degrade after prolonged contact. Light armor is ignored after the first round of damage from a single creature. Regular armor loses one Armor level for every round after the first that the salamander remains attached. When the Armor Value is reduced to 0 in a location the salamander has burnt its way through, and begins to damage the wearer directly. This Armor Value reduction is permanent. If the Armor is made of metal, the wearer starts taking half damage on the third round that the critter is attached.

Immunity: To fire or heat.

Weakness: Double damage from cold-based attacks (4d6 damage from certain types of fire extinguishers). If such a weapon is presented, they usually back off.

Wendigos

Wendigos are the twisted spirits of those who resorted to cannibalism to survive a harsh winter. They can be found in any cold climate, though they're definitely most common in the Cascade Mountain range of the Northwest. They might also appear in more-southern areas during harsh winters, but return north as it grows warmer.



Abominations



Profile

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:2d12, S:3d12+6, Q:4d8, V:3d12
Dodge 3d12, fightin': brawlin' 6d12, sneak 4d12
Mental: C:2d12, K:1d6, M:4d12, Sm:1d8, Sp:2d8
Overawe 7d12

Pace: 12

Size: 10

Wind: NA

Terror: 11

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Claws (STR+2d6), bite (1d12+2d6).

Night Vision: A wendigo can see in all but complete darkness as if daylight.

Heat Sensitivity: Wendigos take double damage from fire and heat. A burning club (such as a torch) causes the wendigo an additional 1d6 Wind (or damage if using quick hits) per hit.

Weakness: A wendigo can be instantly killed by pouring hot wax down his throat. Getting him to open wide might be a problem, though.

Coup: Anyone who feasts on a wendigo's essence gains complete immunity to cold temperatures and cold-based attacks.

Wolflings

These cowardly creatures are truly half-human, half-wolf hybrids. They are not lycanthropes or shapechangers, just humanoid wolves with long, oddly jointed legs that allow them to walk on two legs or four. They prefer four for running and hunting, and two for fighting. They have opposable thumbs and can use weapons, though they usually prefer not to.

A few decades ago, the wendigos conquered the wolflings in a short and bloody war. Then they turned the wolflings against their true enemies, the sasquatches. It was a task the wolflings relished, for they had fought with the peaceful mountaineers for generations. Today, the wendigos and their wolfling allies have all but wiped out the "bigfeet."

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d4, N:3d10, S:2d10, Q:3d10, V:3d8
Climbin' 5d10, dodge 3d10, fightin': brawlin' 4d10,
sneak 6d10, swimmin' 2d10

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

Area knowledge: Cascades 5d6, guts 1d10, overawe 3d8, search 3d10, survival: mountains 3d8, trackin' 6d10

Pace: 16

Size: 6

Wind: NA

Terror: 5

Special Abilities:

Damage: Bite (STR+1d6), claws (STR+1d6).

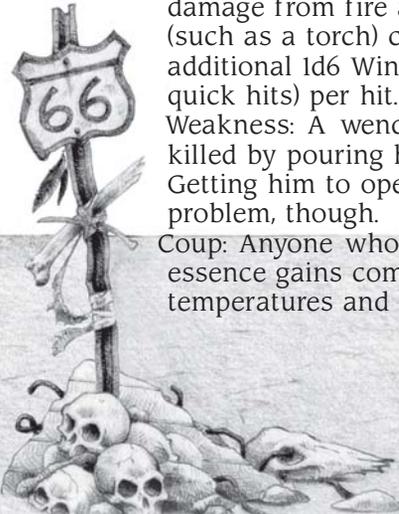
Wormlings

Most people have no idea where wormlings come from, and they don't care. They just wish they'd go away. If they knew the truth, they'd be horrified. New wormlings aren't popped out of their mama, they don't hatch from eggs, and they're not brought by the stork. New wormlings are created from human beings.

Not all humans captured by wormlings end up as a snack. The unlucky ones are cocooned in the queen's chamber and turned into wormlings.

The queen pulls off this nifty trick by ramming one of her oversized tentacles down the victim's throat. The tentacle provides nourishment to the wormling-to-be and also floods his system with a viral form of rattler DNA. The virus attacks the poor sod's cells and transforms them into hybrid cells containing both rattler and human DNA. These cells

Marshal: 160



Abominations

multiply like a carnivorous cancer, devouring healthy cells and replacing them with more hybrid cells. Once the virus has run its course, the victim is no longer human. He has become a wormling.

Most victims transmogrify into workers and about one in 10 become warriors. Only women can be transformed into a new queen, and this requires the old queen to feed the victim special hormones through the feeder tentacle. This is usually only done when the nest is in danger or has become overcrowded and needs to split.

Kill Me, Please!

In the event a hero is cocooned (your call as to whether a character is recruited or eaten), she needs to make a Hard (9) *Vigor* roll each day. As long as she succeeds, her body fights off the infection, and she's fine (other than having a giant worm tentacle shoved down her throat). Once the roll is failed, the infection has taken hold, and the victim is about to switch species.

The transformation takes about two weeks. It begins with the internal organs first and works its way out. By the end of the first week, the victim's internal organs—including the brain—have been replaced with wormling equivalents, and the person has begun to develop wormlike features.

Once a person has begun the transformation, interrupting the process by removing the feeding tentacle only condemns her to a slow and painful death as what's left of her human body rejects the wormling portions and her immune system literally tears her body apart. Not even magical aid is a sure cure.

Worker Worms

The wormlings described in *Hell on Earth* are the type most commonly seen in the Wasted West. These critters are the grunts of the wormling hierarchy. They are responsible for gathering food for the warriors and queens and capturing new "recruits" for the nest.

Besides being able to use their acid as a weapon, "worker" wormlings can also use it as a powerful tool. They use the acid to dissolve the bones of their victims, and then they mix the resulting glop with a mouthful of dirt.

They can regurgitate this glop and use it as a building tool. (Gross, but effective.) Once it dries, it's nearly as hard as concrete. They use this to shore up the main passageways of the nest and also to cocoon prisoners while they undergo transmutation into wormlings.

Night Vision

One thing we forgot to point out about wormlings in *Hell on Earth* is that wormlings of all types are able to see in complete darkness. This ability makes them sensitive to bright light, so they rarely travel on the surface during the day. All actions they take while exposed to bright light suffer a -2 penalty.

Wormling Warriors

One rung above the workers are the warriors. Their sole duty is to guard the nest and to protect the queen from harm. They seldom leave the nest except in times of emergency.

Wormling warriors are larger than the workers. They favor their rattler ancestors and lack legs. Instead, they hump along inchworm-style.

Warriors can produce the same cement-like glop the workers do, but instead of building with it, they use it for personal protection. Warriors cover the segments of their body with the stuff, and it dries into a hard, armored shell. They also fashion crude weapons out of it by secreting it on the tip of a human leg bone or staff and sharpening it on a nearby rock.

Warriors have a weakness. To be able to move, they have to leave a portion of their midsection unarmored. Targeting this area in combat requires a called shot with a -4 modifier.

Profile

Corporeal: D:2d6, N:4d10, Q:3d8, S:4d12+2, V:4d8
Dodge 5d10, fightin': brawlin' 6d10, sneak 4d10,
spittin' 4d6

Mental: C:3d6, K:2d6, M:3d4, Sm:3d6, Sp:2d8
Search 4d6, trackin' 5d6

Pace: 10

Size: 8

Terror: 7

Special Abilities:

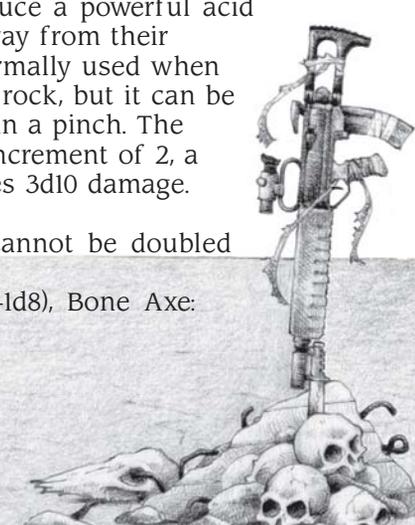
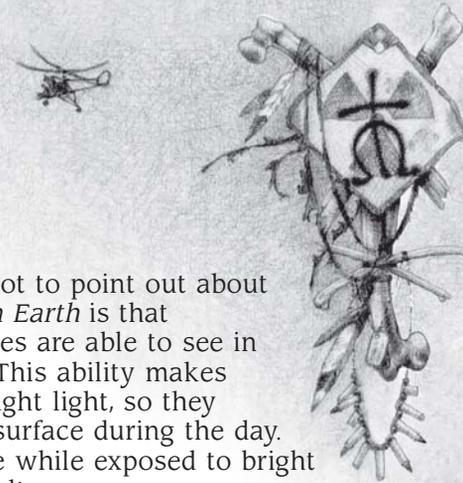
Acid: Wormlings produce a powerful acid which they can spray from their mouths. This is normally used when burrowing through rock, but it can be used as a weapon in a pinch. The acid has a Range Increment of 2, a Speed of 1, and does 3d10 damage.

Armor: 3

Burrowing: Pace 12 (cannot be doubled by running)

Damage: Claws (STR+1d8), Bone Axe: (STR+2d10)

Marshal: 161



Abominations



Mama Worm

At the top of the heap is the queen. Most wormling nests don't have a queen. These lairs are started by groups of wormlings who leave an overcrowded nest that does have a queen. These new nests are usually not far from the old one and sometimes have interconnecting tunnels.

Only about one in 10,000 transmutations results in a queen. Queens bear little resemblance to normal wormlings. They look more like a small (well, compared to others of their mostly massive kind) rattler with oversized tentacles.

Once they nest, wormling queens don't do a whole lot of moving. Although they can deliver a vicious bite, they largely rely on their progeny (especially the wormling warriors) to protect them from harm.

Queen of the Hill

New queens remain in the nest for about a year and then are driven out by their mama. Escorted by an honor guard of wormling warriors, the young queen journeys far underground to find a suitable location for a new nest.

Once a good location is found, the new queen digs herself a chamber and sends her warriors out to capture some likely recruits for transmutation.

Wars between rival queens are not unheard of, and such things take a terrible toll on the local human populations. Queens at war allow their servants to range much farther than normal in pursuit of new subjects for transformation. They need all the soldiers they can get.

Profile

Corporeal: D:3d4, N:4d6 S:5d12+4, Q:3d6 V:4d12+4

Fightin': brawlin' 4d6

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

Overawe 4d8

Pace: 0 (6 before nesting)

Size: 12

Terror: 9

Special Abilities:

Armor: 1

Damage: Bite (STR+2d12)

Burrowing: Pace 6 (cannot be double by running).

Transmutation: This power allows the mama worm to create more wormlings.

