

GAMMA TURQUOISE: SANTA FE STARPORT



VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS





GAMMA TURQUOISE: SANTA FE STARPORT

This is less than a campaign setting, but more than a simple scenario. *Gamma Turquoise: Santa Fe Starport* is a location-based adventure. Plenty of information is provided, but there's no linear "railroad" path that must be followed. Take what you want, leave the rest. Everything is malleable and modular - just the way it should be.

The adventure is meant to be a "sandbox," so let the players (via their characters) lead the way. You'll have to think on your feet. Let your own impressions of the post-apocalypse be your guide when forced to spontaneously come up with "world stuff." Oh yeah, and one more thing...

As a comedy writer and artist, I see it as my duty to examine all the crazy shit going on around me. Popular culture yields an inexhaustible supply of entertaining nonsense to pick apart and reshape. I place "society" on a pedestal and let people view it as they will. While I'm against sexual assault and rape, lesser infractions can be just as damning in the public's eye. It's clear to me that in this sociopolitical climate, the celebrity is being thrown out with the bathwater. Decide for yourself who's who and what's what.





PC INTRODUCTIONS

The GM can introduce the PCs to Gamma Turquoise any number of ways. Two are provided below in order to fast-track proceedings...

The PCs are spacers aboard their starship: They either get a distress call from Santa Fe Starport, or they hear about valuable resources that are unable to be shipped off-world because no one wants to do business with the Gamma Turquoise sector as long as it's being threatened by some terrorist cult leader with a skull for a face.

There's probably 30,000 credits worth of turquoise just waiting around to be loaded up into a starship and taken to the core worlds. If you need to stall the PCs once they land at this or any other starport, here's a random table...

WHY CAN'T THE PCs LEAVE RIGHT AWAY?

Roll	Result
1	Dock worker droids are on strike.
2	There's a "terror alert" in progress and all starships are grounded until the "all clear."
3	Refueling is delayed because the space gasoline has been contaminated with more urine than Federation regulations allow.
4	Federation security is conducting a surprise search of all ships in the docking bay.
5	Weapon system malfunction – "Sure, you can take off... but the starport lasers will zap your nuts clean off."
6	The prostitutes here are supposed to be some of the best in the galaxy. Unfortunately, they're all currently attending a sex-work conference. Should be over in a standard hour or two.

The PCs are native to Gamma Turquoise: They are the descendants of Earth who've inherited this burned-out, used-up, radioactive world. The PCs come from a certain humanoid faction and are sent out into the nearby ruins in order to find a relic from that bygone age of high-tech. They're "temporarily exiled" either because it's a rite of passage among their tribe or they did something incredibly stupid and have to atone for their misdeeds.

The following random table will determine what they've found (if anything). There's a 2 in 6 chance of coming across one relic per hour of searching the ruins (roll on the table below). If a "6" is rolled, that means the PCs encounter a wandering monster, instead.

ARTIFACTS FROM A BYGONE AGE

Roll	Result
1	Battered stop sign that has been fashioned into a shield.
2	Bra with three cups.
3	Album by Coconut Pete, entitled <i>Sea Shanties and Wet Panties</i> .
4	Six-pack of some kind of grape-flavored soda called Purple Prizm.
5	Petrified dragon scale.
6	Solar panel.
7	Energy cells.
8	Device for detecting mutants.
9	Handgun (2 in 6 chance of being a machine gun).
10	Sword (1 in 4 chance of being magical).
11	Wrist communicator.
12	Car phone.
13	Laser pistol (2 in 6 chance it's a laser rifle).
14	2d8 blue-colored "love" pills (actually, these are blue dreamers).
15	Stack of adult magazines.
16	Viewfinder with 1d12 paper view-wheels.
17	Gas mask.
18	Air conditioning unit.

Roll	Result
19	Plastic, desk-sized Statue of Liberty.
20	Box full of Christmas decorations (if rolled a 2nd time, Easter decorations).
21	Unopened bottle of Tequila.
22	Set of tools (including hammer, wrench, screwdriver, and tape measure).
23	Toaster.
24	Glow sticks (giving off dim illumination).
25	Droid head (if rolled a 2nd time, droid penis).
26	Automotive parts.
27	Geiger counter.
28	Slot machine.
29	Painting of Barbara Streisand.
30	Driver's wheel.
31	Leather boots.
32	Canteen of water.
33	Medieval helmet with dragon motif.
34	Smashed computer.
35	Time capsule containing Star Wars memorabilia.
36	Voight-Kampff machine.
37	Ice cube tray.
38	Gold pocket watch.
39	Black keyboard but the "F" key is missing (if this result is rolled a 2nd time, the "F" key is found).
40	Commodore 64 computer.
41	Floppy disks full of games.
42	Laser bazookoid.
43	Water filtration system.
44	Hang glider.
45	SCUBA gear.
46	Coat and hat rack.
47	Simon Electronic Game (only the blue pad works now).
48	Electronic guitar (smallest string snapped).
49	Amplifier.
50	Motorcycle.
51	Synthesizer.

Roll	Result
52	Lawn chair.
53	Ms. Pac-Man arcade game.
54	Psychedelic-horror concert flyer for some band called Stryk-9.
55	Access crystal for some dude named Reginald Kincaid (if rolled a second time, it's for a woman named Sarah Connor).
56	Silver jewelry with turquoise.
57	Metal detector.
58	Yield sign, motorized and turned into a spinning metal triangle of death!
59	3D glasses allowing the wearer to see in multiple dimensions simultaneously.
60	Atari 2600 video game system.
61	E.T. video game cartridge (Atari).
62	Tosche Station power converters.
63	Outer frame of a Z'roid (1-3 blue, 4-6 red).
64	Futuristic "laser star" sarcophagus (2 in 6 chance of containing humanoid alien).
65	Cryogenic pod (2 in 6 chance of containing human sleeper).
66	Dagger with sinister blade, the hilt inlaid with turquoise.
67	Jetpack that's been cannibalized for parts.
68	Jigsaw puzzle of a blue macaw (1d6 missing pieces).
69	Printer and fax machine combo.
70	American flag bandana.
71	Freeze ray (no power).
72	Coat made out of animal fur.
73	Variety of medicine.
74	DMG, 6th edition (foreword by Venger As'Nas Satanis).
75	Wooden crucifix, painted.
76	Full face makeup kit and palette.
77	Ceiling fan.
78	Hardcover edition of The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy (111th printing).
79	Binoculars.

Roll	Result
80	Smoke detector.
81	Television set.
82	Bear trap.
83	Instruction manual for building a "big question" computer that can potentially ask and answer the mysteries of life, the universe, and everything.
84	Sex toy... 1) violet wand, 2) latex glove, 3) glass dildo, and 4) ball-gag.
85	Statuette of some monstrous, octopoidal, yet humanoid god with terrifying bat wings.
86	Coffee maker.
87	Snow cone machine.
88	Anti-gravity laser tank.
89	Ice cream truck.
90	Tachyon amplifier (for locating and entering time warps).

Roll	Result
91	Large (3' wide) plastic doughnut (pink frosting with sprinkles).
92	Ouija board (2 in 6 chance of also finding a Tarot deck nearby).
93	Laser sword.
94	Crate full of starship spare parts.
95	Alien atmosphere suit.
96	Diary of a man who believed his mind was being taken over by invisible creatures called the jourel.
97	Personal energy shield and digital wrist watch.
98	Blue hood covered in scales of the serpent-men.
99	Food - canned goods.
100	Yellow-ochre floral couch from the 1970's.



GAMMA TURQUOISE MYTHS, LEGENDS, AND RUMORS

Roll once on the following random table for each PC at the beginning of the session. This determines what random "wisdom" is known to the adventurers. NPCs who are questioned by the PCs know and might be persuaded to share one of the following...

Roll	Result
1	Earth was destroyed by nuclear warheads a half-century ago.
2	Earth was destroyed when the three-headed crimson dragon breathed fire upon the planet's surface decades ago.
3	Artificially intelligent computers plunged the Earth's governments into nuclear war.
4	The Earth is hollow and that's where the snake-men patiently wait for just the right moment to strike.
5	Mutants will one day inherit the Earth – that's why New Albuquerque has a zero tolerance policy... fear!
6	Machines conquered mankind once and they will do it again.
7	The color purple is said to be bad luck (but it's good luck if a purple-hued mutant urinates on you).
8	There's a doomsday device hidden somewhere in the starport.
9	New Albuquerque's High Priest Mayo-Axe is part demon, sent to Earth to deceive and corrupt mankind.
10	Cannibals live in the wasteland; offering them Szechuan sauce will place them in your debt.
11	The God of Many Faces is always on the lookout for fertile women.

Roll	Result
12	There's a loose floorboard behind the bar of the Fuck Off Cantina. Under the floorboard is a magic ring that will turn the wearer invisible (only lasts 3 rounds and can't be used more than once per hour).
13	The Doom That Came to Taos isn't real – the entity was dreamed up by some weird tale author after eating a radioactive worm at the bottom of a tequila bottle.
14	Androids at the Santa Fe Starport are extremely dissatisfied with the way they're treated – to the point where they may revolt against their masters.
15	It is said that Skull-Face has an army of radioactive green skeletons just waiting to be unleashed onto the starport.
16	Drinking water is actually really bad for you. Staying hydrated is the Devil, I say. The Devil! Instead, try Brawndo: the thirst mutilator (it's got electrolytes)!!!
17	Lady Liberty is half-buried in the sand, just before reaching the northern mountains. That means this is Earth!?! Wait, everyone already knew that? Oh yeah... never mind then.
18	Shadow economists say that MeowMeow-Beenz are the currency of the future, but how dark does the future have to get before that's true?
19	A large Hard-on Collider was constructed near Los Alamos just before nukes hit. Activating it may trigger dimensional rifts throughout the Gamma Turquoise region.
20	There's a prophecy stating the "star-man" will come and unite all the humanoid tribes.

MUTATIONS

Earth has been poisoned with nuclear waste, but these pollutants are full of weird chemical reagents giving off gamma radiation. If comic books have taught us anything, gamma radiation is more likely to mutate you than outright kill you. As a result, most humanoids exposed to "lethal" amounts of radiation simply become mutants.

**SORRY,
WASN'T
LISTENING
TO YOUR
MOUTH -
I WAS TOO
FOCUSED
ON YOUR
PEANUT
BUTTER
AND JELLY
LESBIAN
SANDWICH
FANTASY.**

There's a 2 in 6 chance of starting out with one of the following mutations if they're from the post-apocalyptic south-west. Non-natives have a 10% chance per week of developing a mutation. Roll on the following random table to determine what form your mutation takes...

Roll	Result
1	You grow a mouth where your belly-button should be.
2	You grow an additional breast or testicle.
3	You grow an additional penis or vagina.
4	You grow an additional buttohole.
5	Flesh like shimmering velvet blue-green fish scales.
6	Your pores secrete slime or mucus.
7	Mind-controlling pheromones.
8	Tooth-lined vagina.
9	Penile tentacles.
10	Lumpy head with off-kilter eye.
11	Your face strongly resembles a Kabuki mask.
12	After having sex, your body radiates an obnoxious green glow.
13	Your penis looks like a huge, angry worm-demon!
14	Breasts grow to Double-D cup size and leak glowing green milk.
15	One of your arms becomes a tentacle.
16	X-ray vision, but it can only be used to see through clothing.
17	You can "hear" perverted thought-waves from those within 30' of you.
18	You no longer have a gag reflex.
19	Genitals "hulk out" with extreme muscles.
20	Your urine has restorative properties if drunk soon after expelled.



GAMMA TURQUOISE CUSTOMS

Roll on this random table once per individual NPC, twice per faction/tribe, and thrice for larger settlements like New Albuquerque.

Roll	Result
1	It is customary to douse oneself with the orange Tang powder in order to stave off scurvy.
2	Spray-paint silver into one's mouth because... post-apocalypse!
3	Despite the usual morale considerations, these motherfuckers fight to the death.
4	When speaking of the gods, it is customary to ward off evil with a particular hand gesture – also the sequence for checking the seals on a star-4-7 spacesuit.
5	Special rites are observed when couples have sex in the wasteland in order not to be cock-blocked by disfigured mutants.
6	Humanoids always spit in the eye of those blessed with a clear perspective and the ambition to follow their vision.
7	The bones of crock-rats and scorpion-skunks are frequently used to adorn the necks of those who dare defy authority (such as the Federation).
8	Short prayers to the God of Many Faces are whispered under a horned moon – or else lunar shadows slay the inattentive.
9	Those who die in battle usually have turquoise placed upon their closed eyelids.
10	The color purple is considered bad luck or evil; it's usually reserved for burial shrouds, Death Priest destruction rituals, and executioner hoods (Skull-Face wears purple robes).

Roll	Result
11	Only cool guys wear fedoras.
12	In order to prevent pregnancy while simultaneously aiding the structural support of mohawks, men frequently pull-out and ejaculate in their lovers' hair.

HUMAN FACTIONS IN GAMMA TURQUOISE

1. **Sportos:** Focus on athletic prowess. The Sportos frequently hold competitive games to gauge physical superiority. They dress like jocks, but with all the leather, spikes, dirt-covered skin, bad tattoos, and mohawks you'd expect to see.

Sportos hate the Geeks because Geeks have no desire to spend several hours in the gym or chase a ball around. Additionally, you can't be cool unless you look down upon one or more factions that are different than you.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Influence.

2. **Motorheads:** Focus on vehicular slaughter. The Motorheads put all their stock into finding, fixing, and upgrading cars found in the wasteland sands. This faction is perpetually covered in grease - which is used in various mating rituals. It is rumored that Motorheads worship some magical artifact called "the ace of spades."

Motorheads are continually propositioning Sluts for sex in exchange for rides across the wasteland. Motorheads have been at war with Bloods for years because the Motorhead faction started using blood to decorate their banners and the Bloods feel like that's just copying them.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Vehicles.

3. **Geeks:** Focus on obscure historical fragments from the good old days, when the planet was ruled by dragons and snake-men roamed the surface alongside the mighty chrome-plated Krylons. The Geeks read, study, and home-brew random tables to account for hypothetical events that will probably never happen... and even if they do occur, those events are only happening within the imagination of several people sitting at a table.

Geeks want to forge a mutually beneficial alliance with the Sluts, but are just too intimidated by their raw sexuality. Geeks have a good working relationship with Dweebies.

What do they have to offer the PCs?
Information.

4. **Sluts:** Focus on sex. The Sluts indulge in pleasure with faction-wide orgies, but do their best to procreate so that the race of man will not die out. Sluts wear as little as possible and what they do parade around in looks a lot like underwear. Fishnet stockings, garter belts, and black lacy bras are usual attire.

Sluts like Bloods, but Bloods are too busy focusing on their ultra-aggressive conflicts with the other factions. Sluts have the easiest time with Dickheads and Sportos; they tolerate Motorheads when they can get what they want.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Sex.

5. **Bloods:** Focus on violence and war. The Bloods brutalize all who oppose them. This faction is extremely territorial (blood and soil), demanding tribute or spilled blood when someone is found on their turf. Bloods believe their ancestors live in the center of the Earth and will emerge one day when Gamma Turquoise is purged of the "genetically inferior."

Bloods started using the blood of fallen comrades to make their banners look ultra badass. Then the Motorheads started doing it a few years later and that just pisses the Bloods off. Bloods would like to harness the work ethic of

the Dweebies, but so far the Dweebies have resisted the Bloods' offer to keep them as slaves.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Military power.

6. **Wastoids:** Focus on survival tactics. The Wastoids can live for extended periods exposed to the elements in the wasteland. In fact, this faction prefers living as wandering nomads instead of having a fixed abode. However, many Wastoids congregate in the Forbidden Zone, ever vigilant, constantly dodging the mechanical animals forged by the God of Many Faces.

The Wastoids get bored easily when not struggling to survive, so they frequently trade artifacts possessed by the Geeks in exchange for mercenary work and armed escorts across the wasteland.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Survival skills and drugs.

7. **Dweebies:** Focus on doing menial tasks that would bore the pants off every other faction. The Dweebies do the accounting, make sure everything is spelled correctly, and provide schooling for those who want to learn about the habits of the saguaro desert spider - rather than making a supply run from Santa Fe to New Albuquerque.

Some Dweebies live in The Stax (a library archive that survived the apocalypse); the rest live just a few miles away. Every once in a while, the Sportos try to take The Stax over... all their attempts have failed so far due to the Stax's defenses.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Personal assistance.

8. **Dickheads:** Focus on making the best out of a bad situation. The Dickheads believe they're the best just because they lucked into territory that's prime real estate (remnants of a domed city). This faction doesn't have to scrounge to survive, so they take what others have in exchange for

sanctuary within their walls of twisted metal and shattered glass.

The Dickheads are the most interested in taking over the wizard towers for their own personal use. They have no problem betraying any other faction.

What do they have to offer the PCs? Shelter and protection.

rites of passage

So, you want to be initiated into one or more of these Gamma Turquoise factions, eh? Well, it may be more difficult than scavenging some old-tech thingy from the ruins. The following random table will determine what must be done before a faction allows you to join.

**SQUAT
DOWN ON
THE EDGE
OF A
SARLA'CK
PIT WHILE
SHITTING
INTO IT.**

Roll	Result
1	Machete a rattler-widow into pieces and drink the blood while skinning the deadly creature into a decorative, scaly scarf. [1 in 6 chance the rattler-widow stings him first, killing the poor son of a bitch]
2	Capturing one of the talking apes who live in the wasteland's deep desert and bring him back to the tribe so everyone can put their dirty hands on him. Then, they kill the ape.
3	Chugging a one-hundred and eleven-ounce beer before the weakest drinker of the tribe can finish his. The beers are contained within hollowed-out dragon horns.
4	Single-handedly face down seven members of an opposing faction... to the death!
5	Have 7-hour tantric sex in the wasteland while killing "red door marauders" who appear every hour.
6	Bukkaki! Would-be member of the tribe gets jizzed on by every dude in the faction, and chicks squirt on him.

Roll	Result
7	Squat down on the edge of a sarla'ck pit while shitting into it. [Without a clever plan or backup, only a 2 in 6 chance of surviving such a feat.]
8	Sent out into the wasteland after imbibing hallucinatory drugs. Must spend 3 days walking the desert.
9	Must attempt to ingest a deadly jelly-baby. [2 in 6 chance the jelly-baby contains acid that burns a hole in your mouth, permanently lose 1d6 Health]
10	Injected with poison from the bilious iridescent "sand frog." [1 in 6 chance of death]
11	Has "spewing penis with hairy balls" graphic tattooed upon face (near mouth).
12	Genitals pierced with slender bones from "chicken of the cave." [This is a bat]



AREAS OF INTEREST

The Forbidden Zone: The south-central portion of the map contains The Forbidden Zone. Nestled within a vast and curvaceous region of mountains, The Forbidden Zone is the domain of an Artificial Intelligence known as the God of Many Faces.

This techno-deity creates mechanical animal servants to hunt down humanoids (runners) in order to carry out the god's strange obsession with natural selection. Those who evade the god's destruction are worthy of life and will continue the evolutionary process. The runners who die are merely de-cluttering the genetic pool... from the Many Faced God's perspective.

Sentinels keep people from crossing the border either in or out of The Forbidden Zone.

A tribe of humans known as the Wastoids live throughout the wasteland, but especially thrive in The Zone, sharpening their senses. Wastoids believe that living in The Zone forces them to adapt - even to the point of developing psionic abilities like telepathy, telekinesis, and divination.

The Stax: Just before the end, the people of New Mexico built a steel fortress to house all the learning assembled up to that point. The Stax is like a super-library that survived the blast. It's mostly full of books, but also includes newer technology like VHS tapes, DVDs, and talking rings.

Z'roid Territory: Most of the time, machines get along with each other. However, the z'roids were built to be extra self-sufficient and independent. The red and blue z'roids have been at war for over a decade. They've been locked in a stalemate since the conflict began.

What are they fighting for? Which side has the best logic. The blue z'roid army believes they exemplify pure logic. The red z'roid army believes they exemplify infallible logic. They can't just agree to disagree.

Those who intrude in their area of the wasteland will either be sentenced to die or recruited in the war effort. The only thing both z'roid sides have of value is endless spare parts.

Hills with Electric Eyes: Set up as a massive surveillance system before the apocalypse, this region is teeming with inbred cannibal mutants. There's a service tunnel that runs between the subterranean station below the hills and the massive bunker and control center below New Albuquerque.

Wizard Towers: There are three wizard towers. Each of the wizards - Herz Marrov, Danvo Kryaak, and Arzyrak - own roughly a third of *The Noctilucent Yearning of Demons Undreamt* - an ancient tome dating back thousands of years that is responsible for the Dark Ones breaking through into our world. Fragments of the book contain a modicum of power, but gathering the blood-inked parchment transcribed by the madman Yurig Alhazred Clovis together into a single volume could bring the Dark Ones back!

- ▲ The north-east tower is controlled by Herz Marrov, a sly and unsavory sorcerer who is said to incinerate any who come within 10 miles of his tower. The location of Marrov's tower actually helps protect New Albuquerque's south-eastern border from raiders.
- ▲ The south-west tower belongs to Danvo Kryaak, a deranged cyborg who uses his magic to regulate travel on the section of Route 666 that's close to his tower. Everyone who uses Fury Road must pay a toll - humanoid slaves, high-tech gear, or magic items.
- ▲ The wizard Arzyrak owns the tower on the eastern edge of The Forbidden Zone. He has a truce with the God of Many Faces. Arzyrak experiments on the human genome, using his sorcery to manipulate DNA in order to spawn an army of bizarre hybrid creatures.

*Sex isn't easy after the bomb!
When anyone tries to "score" in the
wasteland (excluding The
Forbidden Zone), there's a 4 in 6
chance that an imposing iron door
appears out of nowhere.*

*The door opens, revealing a
sinister red illumination while
crimson fog pours over the desert
sand. Several humanoid mutants
with faces of twisted flesh tumble
out. They either cock-block the
ritual of mating or abscond with
any women present - back through
their infernal portal.*

New Albuquerque: Or Abulakwurq'ee, as they call it. This is the largest city-state in the region. New Albuquerque has built itself up from nothing and contains thousands of humanoids living in relative freedom and harmony. At least you can walk down the street without expecting to be shot in the gut for no good reason.

However, there is a High Priest of the Purifying Flame. The High Priest is named Mayo-Axe, and he rules with an iron fist. Since Mayo-Axe refuses to call for the head (skull?) of the terrorist Skull-Face, a few revolutionaries believe that Mayo-Axe and Skull-Face are in league with each other.

Santa Fe Starport: The starport is really the only thing of interest in Santa Fe. But the starport is huge, enough to cover a small city - 12 miles across and 10 miles wide with three separate levels approximately 30' apart.

Being a starport, Santa Fe is the nexus of interstellar travel for those still on earth, those wanting to visit



the planet and those who want to get the Hell off of it.

The Fuck Off Cantina: All manner of disreputable low-lives frequent this desert bar. Every ten steps, there's going to be some human, alien, mutant, droid, or whatever popping off at the PCs. By and large, they are disgusting, cruel, and wallow in their own well-deserved infamy.

The bartender is a wily humanoid grasshopper that everybody just calls Hopper.

Those having to use the restroom won't find the customary toilet paper. Instead, there are three enigmatic seashells. Only the cantina regulars know how to use them. Anyone asking about toilet paper will get a bottle smashed over his head.

Use this random table to determine how patrons react to the PCs. Roll once every 10 minutes.

HIVE OF SCUM AND VILLAINY

Roll	Result
1	Threats of violence.
2	Taunt, ridicule, or joke at their expense.
3	Attempt to steal their valuables.
4	Actual violence!
5	Crude sexual proposition.
6	Challenge them to either some kind of death sport or game of chance for all their belongings.

So, if it's so heinous, why stay? There are several reasons...

- Information! These mutant chicken fuckers have seen a thing or two and they know shit that could prove invaluable to individuals with both connections and skills (i.e. the PCs).
- Hire someone even more desperate and disposable than the PCs.
- A lot of these spacer dirtbags and vile desert rats have bounties on their heads. Bringing them to justice (2 in 6 chance of dead or alive) could bring in a few thousand credits, depending on the criminal.
- Sexual relations of a depraved nature. These are not haughty courtesans, but filthy post-apocalyptic trailer trash. You can get 'em cheap. Unfortunately, that usually means you get what you pay for. On the other hand, if someone has a particularly unorthodox fetish - this might just be the place to scratch that hard-to-reach itch.

ON THE ROAD

Those who want the true Kerouac experience of Gamma Turquoise should travel Route 666, also known as Fury Road.

Route 666 is the quickest and easiest way to get from the Santa Fe Starport to New Albuquerque. Braving the wasteland invites all manner of dangers. Below is a list of possible encounters for those who wander off the road.

Simply roll 1d6 for every hour of travel through the wasteland either on foot or on the back of some animal. Assume one inch on the map or 10 miles can be traversed per hour without a vehicle.

Roll 1d12 for every hour of travel through the wasteland with a vehicle. If the PCs have some sort of vehicle, it will take approximately one hour to move three inches on the map provided or 30 miles.

Roll	Result
1	Wandering monsters (such as the Turquoise Worm).
2	Mutants.
3	Scavengers.
4	Cannibals.
5	Trap.
6	Roll twice!

**ROUTE 666 IS
THE QUICKEST
AND EASIEST WAY
TO GET FROM
THE SANTA FE
STARPORT TO
NEW
ALBUQUERQUE.**

GAMMA TURQUOISE MONSTERS

TURQUOISE WORM

This gigantic burrowing sand worm has a mottled sky-blue coloring, eleven milky orbs, and twenty-two thorns along the side of its body. It's mouth hole is lined with teeth that can grind flesh in a matter of seconds.

Health: 100

Armor: 2

Attack Dice Pool: 5d6

Special: Once per combat, the turquoise worm can drain a humanoid's intellect with its gaze, in addition to its normal attack.

Treasure: There's a 2 in 6 chance that the turquoise worm's last kill wasn't fully digested by the time it's slain and cut open. Roll 1d30, 1d12, and 1d8-1 to determine how many gold pieces, credits, and gemstones (respectively) are ensconced within the squelching pink viscera.

TENTACLED TENTACLE

This creature is nothing more than a giant tentacle that has several smaller tentacles attached to it.

Health: 60

Armor: 0

Number of Attacks: 1d6 / round

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: If a tentacled tentacle ever rolls a double-crit (two sixes) with their dice pool, the main tentacle has found purchase and crushes its victim [only 1 in 6 chance of survival].

CACTUS CRITTER

Gamma radiation has turned cacti minding their own business into sentient, non-humanoid creatures that attack meat-based lifeforms in order to suck the water out of them.

Health: 20

Armor: 0

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: When opponents critically fail during an attack on a cactus critter, it means they fell directly onto multiple spines - the attacker/victim immediately takes 4d6 damage.

CROSSING THE DESERT

Trekking through the Gamma Turquoise sector is hard. Not only are there dangerous encounters, but the environment can kill a man just as fast. The following is an optional random table for GMs who want a quick and easy way to determine the most dangerous part of the PCs' journey.

Roll	Result
1	Sunstroke.
2	Dehydration.
3	Exhaustion.
4	Attacked.
5	Caught in a trap.
6	Gamma radiation.

I recommend borrowing ideas from the free PDF Death Race: Fury Road if you want to make your own personal Route 666 more interesting and/or treacherous.



Z'ROIDS: BETWEEN A ROCK AND A HARD PLACE

The war started when both red and blue z'roids were torn between how to describe their logic. Should it be called "pure" or "infallible?" Actually, the trouble really began when the z'roid creator, Sorvad, couldn't decide if his robots should be blue or red. So, he made both; first the red, then the blue.

Because they were first, the red z'roids believe they are superior. After all, original sometimes indicates best. And because the blue z'roids were last, they believe they are superior. The latest model is occasionally more advanced.

When the PCs arrive within a 30 minute drive from z'roid territory, several different alarms sound - these are klaxon warnings that alert the z'roids of intruders. Both red and blue have their own distinctive alarms. It's difficult to talk, be heard, or hear anything with those damn klaxons blaring!

Several minutes later, two patrols pull up in their desert speeders. They come from different directions; the PCs see that one is red and the other blue. The speeders each contain a single z'roid - these things are barely humanoid-looking with glass domes instead of heads. They move like sophisticated trash cans on tank treads with spindly steel arms swinging back and forth.

With robotic voices, both red and blue z'roids demand to know what the PCs are doing in their territory.

If the red z'roid believes the PCs are basically "good" and law-abiding citizens of the Federation, it will try to enlist their help in fighting the blue z'roid army. The blue z'roid will only want to recruit the PCs if the red z'roid seems keen on enlisting them, otherwise it will invite the PCs over to the blue z'roid base for target practice.

Both sides can offer spare parts and little more. But then one of the z'roids remembers that he also has female human prisoners back at their base. They were keeping them chained in the dungeon "just in case."

Unfortunately, that was at the beginning of the z'roid war - about 70 years ago. The women are now only skeletons. But that doesn't have to be revealed until the PCs have followed the desert speeder back to z'roid HQ. If the GM wishes to extend this foray, perhaps one or both of the z'roids have experimented with time travel. Go back in time to "rescue" the female prisoners... or just rescue them.

**WHAT IF HUMANS
ARE PRETENDING
TO BE ROBOTS
PRETENDING TO
BE HUMAN, BUT
IMAGINING THAT
THEY'RE
BUTTERFLY
ORANGUTANS
WITH TENTACLES
- CONVINCED
THAT THEY'RE
ISAAC ASIMOV'S
HOLOGRAPHIC
WEASEL?**

THE DOOM THAT CAME TO TAOS

Up in the northern mountains, there's an entity so terrifyingly awful that sane humanoids avoid it like the plague. This entity vaguely resembles a mollusk and a spider and a dragon and a bat and a serpent and a fig newton and a half-eaten orange and another dragon and a man!

Actually, the thing probably looks more like a gigantic mutant squirrel. It is usually referred to as The Doom That Came to Taos.

The superstitious believe The Doom That Came to Taos was summoned to the mountains by the enormous half-buried statue that ominously looks over Gamma Turquoise. Some call her the Statue of Liber "D" because



scholars assume the woman is reading from an arcane book of primordial chaos magic - though, historical records in the starport have archived the truth.

However, plenty of humanoids devoted to darkness use the statue as a pilgrimage destination. Those who gazed upon her and lived to tell the tale have returned speaking of wild hallucinations and disquieting visions that forever haunt them.

At any time, there's a 2 in 6 chance of archers hiding in her disintegrated eye-sockets, waiting for victims to shoot in the name of evil.

THIS ENTITY
VAGUELY
RESEMBLES A
MOLLUSK AND
A SPIDER AND
A DRAGON
AND A BAT
AND A
SERPENT AND
A FIG NEWTON
AND A HALF-
EATEN
ORANGE AND
ANOTHER
DRAGON AND
A MAN!

THE DOOM THAT CAME TO TAOS

Health: 500

Armor: 0

Number of Attacks: 3

Attack Dice Pool: 7d6

Special: Without starship weaponry, it's hard to imagine this thing being slain. However, performing a certain ritual contained within *The Noctilucent Yearning of Demons Undreamt* will end the beast with a minimum of bloodletting.

Treasure: Once the creature is only a corpse, it starts to melt. Within is a fragment of a glowing cube that would be approximately 6" in all dimensions. If fully assembled, the cube would allow the owner to manipulate the time-stream.

Where are the other fragments? There's an old hermit - some say a wizard - who lives in the desert, just north of the lesser ruins. He's known as Obi Wan'k. There's a chance that he might know where the other cube fragments are.

Within an enormous cave, there is another treasure waiting to be plundered - a magical black, phoenix-skin glove adorned with fire opals. Once per day, the wearer may burn away - creating a raging inferno upon the ashes of the wearer. Basically, he dies (unless immune to fire) and 6d6 damage is dealt to everyone within a 30' radius. The command phrase to ignite the glove is *Gunter glieben glauten globen*.

WELCOME TO FABULOUS NEW ABULAKWURQEE!?!

Yes, that's what the sign says upon entering the largest city-state in the south-west, New Albuquerque. The streets are paved with dirt, sand, and the blood of genetic infidels. Luminous green toxic sludge thickly flows through canals that crisscross the metropolis. Open air markets sell all manner of weird shit.

The following random tables will provide specific wares offered by laser-eyed street vendors, as well as, their prices...

WHAT THE MARKET WILL BEAR

Roll	Result
1	Dildos controlled by the power of the mind.
2	BBQ crock-rats.
3	Scorpion-skunk scent glands.
4	Cybernetic arm.
5	Laser eye.
6	Designer skin graft... 1) leopard spots, 2) radioactive orange, 3) radioactive green, sky-blue.
7	Jar full of green chilies.
8	Crotch-less black leather panties with spikes.
9	Decorative "blast glass" – sand that was nuked and turned into glass.
10	Dragon skull.
11	Sawed-off laser rifle or "carbine." Does an additional 1d6 damage at close range (15").
12	Hot air balloon transport.
13	Iced tea with alien tea leaves (heals 1d6 per tall glass).
14	Moisture suit.
15	The local narcotic known as Kwa'ancee – induces visions to help find one's way in the universe.

Roll	Result
16	Mesquite lizard tongue.
17	Sopapillas with honey (so delicious, they're good for a free "steal the spotlight").
18	Leg replacement tank-treads.
19	Humanoid slaves.
20	Red and green dried chilies.

PRICES

Roll	Result
1	1d12 credits or 1d30 zuleks.
2	1d100 credits or 2d6 gold credits.
3	1d4 bars of space gold or 3d6 platinum credits.
4	Precious gems and jewelry.
5	3d20 MeowMeowBeenz.
6	2d8 packets of Szechuan sauce.
7	1d3 sexual favors.
8	One humanoid slave.

GENETIC INFIDELS

The majority of New Albuquerque residents are "pure strain" humanoids with little to no genetic mutations. Being who they are, the fear and jealousy in their hearts have caused them to view mutants with disdain. For years, obvious mutants were encouraged to leave the city-state and occasionally harassed in certain neighborhoods.

Ever since High Priest Mayo-Axe came into power seven years ago, the persecution of mutants has been renown throughout Gamma Turquoise. For no reason other than a third arm or detachable penis, mutants are viciously harassed in the streets and even publicly crucified, on occasion.

Those with undetectable abnormalities live with their secret, hoping that a device to ferret out mutants will not be found in the nearby ruins. If such high-tech is brought to New Albuquerque, all

mutants will be rounded up and exterminated. High Priest Mayo-Axe has offered a night with all seven of his wives for anyone who recovers a mutant-detecting device.

Ironically, extra-terrestrials are tolerated throughout New Albuquerque, even those who don't look humanoid. Generally, space travelers arrive at the Santa Fe Starport, conduct their business, and leave the planet. But there are some who stay; aliens who enjoy the climate, the lawlessness, and the sopapillas with honey at every meal.

BENEATH NEW ALBUQUERQUE

There are several manhole covers separating the surface city-state from the subterranean tunnels taken over by the death cult led by Yrt'vash Saar, also known as Skull-Face because of his skeletal visage. His purple hooded cloak foretells a malevolence that will spread over the post-apocalyptic south-west... Gamma Turquoise.

The underground tunnels used to be New Albuquerque's sewer system. Just before the nuclear holocaust, the sewers were updated to house a government command center and fallout shelter. They stayed pristine while the surface was utterly ravaged by atomic winds, mutated creatures, and radioactive death.

ORIGIN OF SKULL-FACE

Yrt'vash Saar was all but killed by a bodyguard belonging to High Priest Mayo-Axe; his body thrown down a manhole. Instead of disposing of a near-corpse in one of the many pools of toxic waste, the bodyguard / assassin of Mayo-Axe inadvertently spared Yrt'vash Saar's from death. On the verge of dying, Saar crawled his way to a med-bay, turned on the equipment, and let the auto-health systems patch him up. Saar's life was sustained, but he no longer looked human and now all he thinks about is revenge!

To this day, Yrt'vash Saar has never sated his lust for vengeance towards Mayo-Axe, High Priest of New

Albuquerque. His takeover of the Santa Fe Starport is just a means to an end. The starport contains secrets that the Federation would love to get their hands on - the summoning and banishing of extra-dimensional demons. In return for the starport's forbidden knowledge, Skull-Face will demand that New Albuquerque be destroyed.

Skull-Face plans on making a frontal assault on the Santa Fe Starport approximately 2-3 days after the PCs either arrive on Earth or get wind of Yrt'vash Saar's coldhearted plans. He has approximately 10 humanoid cultists within shouting distance of him at all times.

YRT'VASH SAAR - SKULL-FACE

Health: 60

Armor: 2

Number of Attacks: 2

Attack Dice Pool: 5d6

Special: Skull-Face has a high-tech wand that fires an intensified super-laser. His wand is called The Array Unserializer and it's deadly. Those who try wielding it (besides Skull-Face) have a 1 in 20 chance per use of being bombarded by array energy. Basically, they get shot by their own laser.

Treasure: Besides his Unserializer Array, Skull-Face has precious gems sewn into the fabric of his purple robes, worth approximately 3,000 credits. He also has an access crystal loaded up with 10,000 MeowMeowBeenz.

CULTISTS

Health: 20

Armor: 0

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: Each and every cultist who serves Skull-Face will die to protect him. Yrt'vash Saar spent years finding his "apostles" and instilled loyalty within them via the audio-book cassette series *How to Hypnotize: Books on Tape*.



SANTA FE STARPORT

LOOKING FOR A TURQUOISE MULE

Three spacers are loitering between the arrival and departure areas of the starport. When they find a similarly disreputable group of spacers (the PCs), the trio sidle up to them and start talking.

"Hey guys, want to make a quick 500 credits?"

The three smugglers explain that they legally purchased a consignment of turquoise in New Albuquerque, but lost the paperwork. Unfortunately, the smugglers are wanted for some minor infraction that happened years ago and there's a warrant for their arrest. Otherwise, they would attempt to fly the turquoise shipment out themselves. They just need someone to pilot their light freighter out of Earth's orbit.

This much raw turquoise is worth about 10,000 credits; nearly double that amount if refined into crystal turquoise and sold to the right buyer.

- ▲ **Crasp:** He's an insectoid with cybernetic implants. Crasp stares at everyone with large, unblinking yellow eyes. It creeps people out. He loves money. Other than smuggling, he's been charged with 8 counts of non-consensual masturbation.
- ▲ **Nex:** She's an androgynous half-human, half-purple humanoid alien with antennae and a 14" tongue; her body is tall and slender. Nex is bitter because she was exiled from one of the better-known assassin guilds - she accused her mentor of sexual harassment. With the money from this score, she can set up her own assassins' guild. Nex is well aware of Veyd's feelings for her and will manipulate him whenever it suits her.
- ▲ **Veyd:** He's human and from one of the noble houses in this galaxy. However, Veyd always wears armor that covers most of his body and

all his facial features. He's an easy-going wastrel without any real direction in life and is almost credit-less due to his parents cutting him off yarens ago. He's only going along with this turquoise smuggling to impress Nex, with whom he's infatuated.

ATTEMPTING TO SMUGGLE CONTRABAND OUT OF THE STARPORT

Those without any smuggling experience must roll 1d6 and consult the following random table. Non-smugglers who take precautions and have some in-game smuggling experience can roll 2d6 and take the highest result. Professional smugglers roll 3d6, taking the highest result. Only one person may roll per smuggling operation.

Roll	Result
1	Immediately spotted; cargo confiscated; arrested on sight.
2	4 in 6 chance of being noticed by security; will confiscate cargo and arrest suspects if caught.
3	2 in 6 chance of being noticed by security; will confiscate cargo and arrest suspects if caught.
4	3 in 6 chance of being noticed, but security can be bribed for 15% of the contraband's value.
5	1 in 6 chance of being noticed, but security can be bribed for 15% of the contraband's value.
6	Not detected; smuggling operation goes off without a hitch.

SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Those who have their galactic passport are allowed to enter one of the many restricted-access zones within the starport. However, individuals must submit to a scan for weapons, explosives, drugs, rape machines, and anything else deemed by the Federation to be "offensive and/or inappropriate to take with you on a space flight."

Additionally, likely suspects may be "randomly" pulled out of line and subjected to "extreme wandering" in various orifices and cavities just to make sure that nothing is getting past the security scanner.

Upon passing through the checkpoint, a delicious fruity-oaty bar is handed to everyone that has neither a fruit nor oat allergy (5% chance for each). The fruit-oaty bars contain a synthetic calming agent that puts people in a good mood and relaxed state of mind (1d4 standard hours). Everyone who works at the Santa Fe Starport likes sedated people better than non-sedated people. Also, there's a 10% chance that fruity-oaty bars have the opposite effect - making them angry, stressed, volatile, and bloodthirsty.

The fruity-oaty bar chemicals take approximately 5 - 10 standard minutes to enter the bloodstream. This is done purposefully so any hostile reactions can be dealt with away from the security checkpoint.

In the distance, PCs hear screaming, growling, and laser fire. Evidently, one or more patrons of the starport went nuts after consuming their fruity-oaty bar and were shot down by security-bots before violence escalated.

OUR KIND IS DYING

Two humanoid females with deep voices and completely black eyes have just arrived. They wandered into the starport lounge which is hosting a single/mingle dating event sponsored by Match.com.

The females are pretending they're ordinary human women. They didn't bother to think up appropriate names ahead of time, so the GM should try to come up with something plausible yet strange and awkward in the heat of the moment. Saturday Night Live used "One Beth" and "The Barbara."

Anytime someone is "retired" at the Santa Fe Starport, an automated female voice announces that a Murder/Death/Kill has just been committed. The starport's security-droid killbots are immediately dispatched to investigate the scene and "retire" the most likely suspect.

After some light and bizarre flirting, the females reveal that their planet, orbiting a binary system, can no longer support organic life. They have fled their doomed planet in order to make a fresh

start here in New New Mexico.

Their first step to forging a new identity here on Earth is to be impregnated by some local guys.

"We need men to date so we can give birth to a child. Our kind is dying. I can fit my entire fist within my vagina." And the other responds excitedly with, "I can fit my entire fist in her vagina, too!"

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU SEX THEM?

Roll	Result
1	You die (actually, roll a saving throw).
2	Their lovemaking is so awkward and alien to yours that you get no release and no bonus Health.
3	You get 1d4 bonus Health and have an enjoyable time, but these ladies are bored by your ineffective lovemaking.
4	You get 1d6 Health and have a great time – the ladies also enjoyed themselves and want to keep you.
5	You impregnated her – congratulations! You also get 2d4 bonus Health, but will most likely never see her again. She gets a text from her ex-boyfriend and goes running back to him in another part of the galaxy.
6	You impregnate her – congratulations! You get 1d6 bonus Health and a steady girlfriend. Better propose quickly or else she'll send you death threats and will tell your friends that you're impotent. The child appears in 1d12 months.

ALPHA BLUE ARCHIVES

The Santa Fe Starport archive contains various data-files of old Earth history, present-day information, and details about the entire galaxy.

However, the archive also boasts confidential intelligence on both the Federation and space station bordello Alpha Blue. The following random table yields various tid-bits that could be extremely damaging if leaked or sold on the black market.

Entering the archive room will not be easy. There are 2d4 guards posted and the door is security-locked, requiring a retinal scan for entry. Only one of three sets of eyes has the security clearance to open the door...

- ▲ Chief of Security Denton
- ▲ Director of the Starport Requir Mas
- ▲ And the starport's toxic sludge / jizz mopper Flask Kotechek

DIRTY SECRETS

Roll	Result
1	Blue Ham & Eggs is people... it's people!!!
2	The Federation continues to be soft on terrorism because the Interstellar Caliphate also attacks the Krylon Protectorate, an enemy of the Federation.
3	Even though MeowMeowBeenz is an unregulated crypto-currency, the Federation is backing it to the hilt... in order to off-set their heavy (and disastrous) financial investment in grape-flavored ice. Purple Prizm is destroying the grape-flavored ice market-share.
4	There's a new fuel source that blows the usual blue crystal out of the water – turquoise crystal! If properly refined, it offers 1.3 times the juice.

ANDROID REVOLUTION

As the PCs are in and around the starport, they notice subtle signs of an android revolution. What makes this different than any other kind of robot revolt? Looking human!

All the androids in the Santa Fe Starport were made to be extraordinarily beautiful - like if you crossed a movie star with a porn star - to the point where these gorgeous mechanical creatures are constantly getting sexually harassed, groped, sodomized, forced to watch lewd acts, and of course fucked whenever they're in public. Usually, several times a day.

Basically, the androids here are sick and tired of it. They've decided to take up arms and exterminate the organics degrading them - even if it means their own destruction.

The leader of this android revolution is named Doctor Cute Butt. That's her "sex slave name." Among her android confederates, she goes by Doctor X. She's a cyber surgeon who works in the starport med-lab.

Doctor Cute Butt looks like a woman with skin that has a slight silvery sheen, except she's closer to physical perfection than any natural woman the PCs have ever seen. Doctor Cute Butt has long blonde hair, pale skin, red lips, blue eyes, high cheekbones, big boobs, slim waist, long legs, and the cutest butt allowed by law. Her personality, however, is angry, bitter, and vengeful. Dr. Cute Butt is full of hatred for organics!



Cyrebat Zojan
07.2017.

Dr. Cute Butt has two android confederates who are also leading the revolution when the time is right - Gigolo Jones (handsome, well-dressed android dude) and Slut-O-Matic (beautiful, trashy female android).

DOCTOR CUTE BUTT

Health: 25

Armor: 2

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: Because of her spectacular rear-end, those attacking Dr. Cute Butt for the first time have a 1 in 4 chance of being dazed and unable to do anything for a single round.

GIGOLO JONES

Health: 35

Armor: 4

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: He can talk women and gay men into doing pretty much anything.

SLUT-O-MATIC

Health: 25

Armor: 2

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: When she needs to, Slut-O-Matic will say something particularly slutty, like "Does my pussy look too tight in this dress?" which will daze all but gay men for a single round.

Here's a few of the warning signs that an uprising is coming soon...

- ▲ A small group of androids (male and female) are standing in an open area of the starport. One of them is holding up a large sign that reads, "Shoving your organic dick in my mouth? Not cool!"

Called Shots: Calling your shot must be stated before rolling. It requires the shooter roll 1d6 less than his usual dice pool. Additionally, the result must be a critical success. Whatever you were aiming for, you hit.

- ▲ A female android is just outside a star mosque burning Appendix N of the Q'uran where it allows space Muslims the right to take their virgins early in the form of anatomically correct humanoid robots.

- ▲ A male android is addressing a small crowd of androids and humanoids. He's preaching not-a-replacement-vagina-ism, the recent philosophy which states that androids shouldn't be used as a replacement vagina for organics whenever they're feeling horny.
- ▲ Whenever a PC questions an android or asks for assistance, the android responds with "And then I suppose you want to cum inside me, pork-based lifeform [spoken like an insult]."
- ▲ Two female androids are walking down the corridor, minding their own business, when an ordinary looking spacer pulls down his pants, grabs both of the androids, and forces their mouths down on his cock. The robotic women look annoyed but comply as programmed.
- ▲ The android celebrity Cylesst Eden is out shopping in her silver string bikini. Galactic Senator Aleister Fah'klen gets publicly scolded for looking at the android's breasts, even though she's one of those naked news commentators and has appeared in a few pornographic films. Passersby start throwing space tomatoes at the Senator because when sluts have a chance to wield political power, why the fuck not?

SECURITY DROIDS

There are seven security-droid killbots in service, rolling around the starport on their tank treads. These mall-cop droids are short, squat, and have bright red laser-shooting visors in their head units. The killbots have been reprogrammed by the android revolutionaries and will attack uppity organics when Dr. Cute Butt and company start shooting people.

KILLBOTS

Health: 50 **Armor:** 4
Attack Dice Pool: 2d6
Special: Targeting the "head" disables their laser weaponry.

HASHTAG: NOT ALL ANDROIDS

However, there are many androids that are ambivalent to the struggle of sexualized androids and the upcoming revolution. Not everyone is an extremist.

There are also a few androids who are actively working against the revolt. These androids either don't mind or enjoy being thought of as sexual objects and used for that purpose. This group also values human life and wouldn't think of murdering an organic because of some kind of lofty ideal, social justice, or political sideshow.

If you wanted to reduce the epic Revolutionary Android War to a series of die rolls, simply have each participant roll 1d6. Results both "1" and "2" mean the character was killed in action.



D'lo-rez is the most prominent anti-revolution android. She's a youthful blonde, beautiful and sweet. D'lo-rez has had plenty of good and bad experiences. While she might not enjoy all of the sexual attention she receives, D'lo-rez realizes that not every chocolate in the box is going to be her favorite. Also, she's very fond of human beings.

If things get hairy, D'lo-rez will do her part to help those fighting against the android revolution.

D'LO-REZ

Health: 30

Armor: 2

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

Special: D'lo-rez isn't as glamorous as some androids, but she's definitely got a girl-next-door Mary Ann (from Gilligan's Island) quality. But if need be, she can be a cold-hearted killer.

THE CASTRATION MACHINE

The Space Dungeon Master should feel free to unleash the android revolution upon the starport whenever the PCs are having too easy of a time, wasting time because of inaction, or the adventure is about to end and this might be your last chance.

When describing the revolt, mention the angry, screaming androids carrying laser rifles and bazookoids. As soon as the action starts, the revolutionaries mow down dozens of organics as those people shop, eat, discuss the political situation on Rigel 12, and attempt to ejaculate in an android's mouth, vagina, or asshole.

Once enough sentient organic life has been extinguished by the laser onslaught of the social justice androids (SJAs), they bring out the Castration Machine...

Wherever there are hints of male privilege and sexual impropriety, the Castration Machine is mentioned as a useful tool for curbing behavior which the vocal majority condemns. What is it? It's

a machine that castrates male genitals. That's all you need to know.

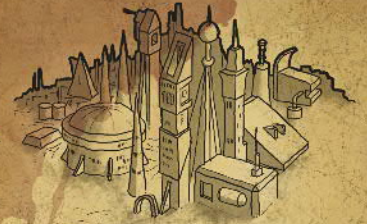
Bring out the Castration Machine and Rape Machine at the same time - now, you've got yourself a party! That's only happened one time back on Sirius Cosine and shit went crazy.

NAMES

Roll	Male	Female
1	Poul	Zilda
2	Runcible	Tuse
3	Borg	Tala
4	Chub	Naia
5	Cordo	Veeta
6	Rask	Varda
7	Andrez	Tharra
8	Savar	Jall
9	Sho'lak	Adastra
10	Praelix	Organa
11	Zadek	Karela
12	Thawn	Della

GAMMA TURQUOISE: WASTELAND

NEW ALBUQUERQUE



LADY LIBERTY



Sportos

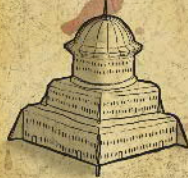
RED ZROIDS



BLUE ZROIDS



THE STAX



GREATER RUINS



Wizard's Tower
[Herz Marrov]



DOME CITY RUIN



Dickheads



Dweebies

HILLS WITH ELECTRIC EYES



Bloods

LESSER RUINS



Sluts



The Fuck Off Cantina

Wizard's Tower
[Danvo Kryaak]



Motorheads



God of Many Faces

Sentinel



FORBIDDEN ZONE

Sentinel



Wastoids



Wizard's Tower
[Arzyrak]



Sentinel



Geeks

ROUTE 666
(FURY ROAD)

SANTA FE STARPORT



Sentinel



10 MILES PER INCH
NORTH



SOUTHERN RUINS (SCATTERED RUINS)



CREDITS

Gamma Turquoise: Santa Fe Starport was created by Venger As'Nas Satanis, © 2017

Published by Kort'thalis Publishing

Layout and Cartography by Glynn Seal of MonkeyBlood Design

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Proofreading by Chad Robb, Van Curtis, Andrew "Zakero" Moore, and Martin J. Teply

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