



PROJECT
FILE:
M012



THE
MORROW
PROJECT

AMERICAN OUTBACK

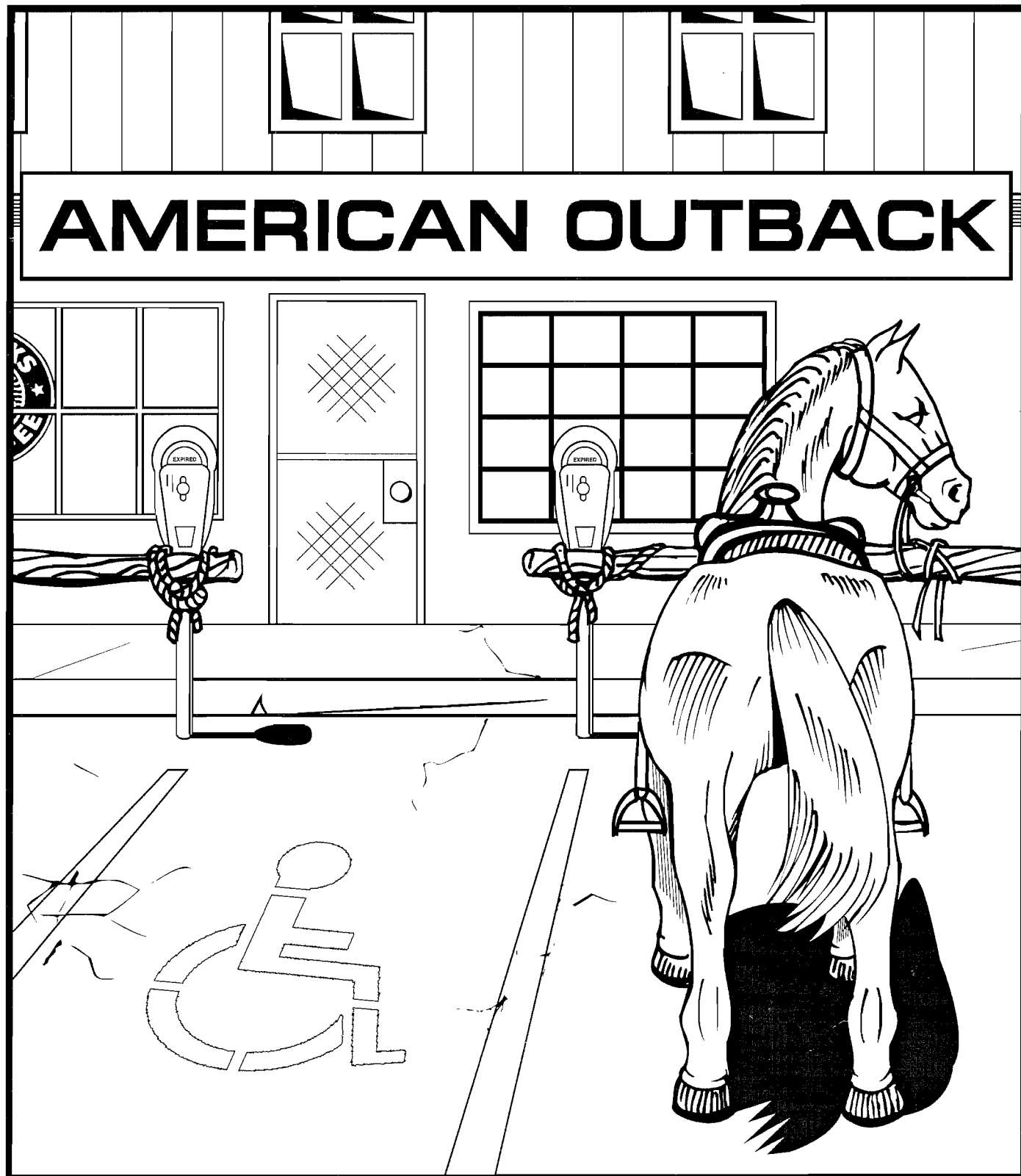
by
Joseph F. Benedetto Jr.



Prior possession of **THE MORROW PROJECT** game book
is necessary for the use of this module

THE MORROW PROJECT

Project File 012



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Thank you to all of the gamers, authors and artists that have kept this game going for 25 years.

Sincerely,
The staff of TimeLine Ltd.

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INTRODUCTION

The War that brought so much death to America touched even the remotest corners of the United States, including the sagebrush country in the heart of the American West, but the American Outback had always been a lonely, barren land where people had to be tough to survive. And survive they did.

Their survival after all these years is beginning to be threatened, not by outside forces, but from within. Old hatreds are resurfacing and unless the Team can do something to stop it, a new range war threatens the peace in Eastern Nevada. Can the Team manage to bring peace back to the high desert?

THE AMERICAN OUTBACK

I. SITUATION: PRE-WAR

The Great Basin, the center of sagebrush country, was so forbidding a region that it was the last area of the contiguous United States to be explored. Even by the time the War began, parts of it were still so empty that US Highway 50 across Nevada was called "The Loneliest Road in America." This rugged part of the US was home to the gambling Mecca of Las Vegas, ranchers and cowboys, horses and helicopters, and counties the size of the state of New Jersey. Rough and lonesome, the high desert was a land of tough times and tough people.

II. SITUATION: THE WAR

Nevada was not hit hard by the War, mostly because it was a desert region containing few targets. Aside from Nellis AFB at Las Vegas, the only major military target in Nevada was the USAF test facility at Groom Lake, located inside the Nellis Air Force Bombing and Gunnery Range at the northeast corner of the Nevada Nuclear Test Site, about 120 miles northwest of Las Vegas. The base, which had been the testing center for such groundbreaking aircraft as the U-2 spyplane, the SR-71 Blackbird and the F 117 stealth fighter, was on the edge of Groom Lake, some 204 miles SSW of the bolt hole. The facility itself did not show up on any standard map (including those used by the Project) and despite the publicity surrounding it, was never officially acknowledged by the US Government, a fact that did not prevent the Russians from targeting it with a nuclear missile.

The weapon aimed at Area 51 deployed early, however, and its ten 2-Mt warheads scattered out to land about 150+ miles north of the installation, obliterating the town of Eureka, the junctions of US 50 and Nevada Route 278, and the entire area around Pinto Summit. In the wake of the attack, the base shut down. Sensitive materials were destroyed or else removed for safekeeping, and the staff and personnel (many of them civilian workers) left the base to try and find their loved ones in the aftermath of Mankind's greatest attempt at self-destruction.

There were few other nuclear targets, military or civilian, in Nevada, so the state rode out the rest of the war without too much damage, although the loss of the Hoover Dam

hydroelectric complex ensured that the Southwest would not recover quickly. Without power to heat homes in winter and run water pumps in summer, the people of the region were forced to fight to survive.

But here, more than in most other places, were people who could indeed survive what was coming.

III. SITUATION: POST-WAR

Within a few years of the War, most of what was once eastern Nevada was empty and abandoned, which meant things were extra tough in these parts since this region was not heavily populated to begin with. Ely, the seat of White Pine county (located about 60 miles SSW of the PCs bolt hole) was the 9th largest city in Nevada — and it only had a population of 4,882 people! Lages Station, the town closest to the bolt hole, had a population of less than 250. Nevada was never a heavily populated state.

And it was precisely for this reason that some of the people of this region survived, despite it all. The local ranchers were used to suffering the hardship of the high desert, being out of touch with the rest of the world, and making do the best they could with what little they had. Fallout got a goodly number, starvation took a few, and plague from bioweapons spread by sicklies fleeing along the highways and interstates from Las Vegas took more.

But here and there scattered groups, sometimes no larger than single families a full 50 miles apart, managed to hang on and tough it out. Places like Ely never died out; there were always people there, clinging to life in the scrublands of the high desert. Not even a full-blown nuclear war could totally wipe them out to the last man.

Cut off and forgotten, the ranchers, cowboys and townspeople hunkered down and survived the fight to hold on.

RECON TEAM V-3

I. GENERAL

Recon Team V-3 was placed and frozen in a MP bolt hole in the slopes of the Schell Creek Range south of Lages Station, in White Pine County, Nevada. The expected mission of the Team is to scout the entire eastern region of the state of Nevada, going as far south along Highway 93 as Las Vegas and as far north along US 93 to Jackpot on the Nevada-Idaho border. Team V-3 knows that they are the only Recon team covering eastern Nevada (presumably, there is another Recon team covering central Nevada and a third covering western Nevada, but Team V-3 is not certain of this and in any case has no idea where these teams would be located).

PD NOTE: technically, the Team's patrol area ends in the south where US 93 meets I-40 (across the state line in Arizona) and in the north where US 93 meets I-84 (just across the state line in Idaho). The exact patrol distance east and west is not specified, although the Team Leader has instructed that it is roughly between 114 and

116 degrees west longitude — in other words, from the Nevada-Utah border in the east to as far west as State Routes 225 and 278, US Highway 6 to Warm Springs, and State Route 160. (Note that this includes a portion of the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. This long after the atomic tests the area is safe, but the higher levels of background radiation present on the site will have the Team's CBR kits sounding all the time.) The actual limits of the patrol area the Team will cover are at the discretion of Prime Base and the current circumstances.

US Highway 93, which roughly defines the Team's area of patrol, runs north-south through Nevada and was known as "The Caravan Trail." Six resupply caches have been placed along this route for the team's use.

THE TEAM'S MISSION

I. GENERAL

The members of the Team know that their expected mission is to act as the ears and eyes of Prime Base, which knows nothing of the local area beyond a pre-War map. The Team will be reporting what roads are clogged with abandoned cars and which are clear, which bridges are out and what tunnels are impassable, which local resources (mines, dams, stockyards) are salvageable and which are not, and — most important of all — where the survivors are, how many of them there are, what they have and what they need. The Team is expected to look at and record everything, and report it back to Prime Base on a daily basis so that the Project can build up a clear picture of what the post-holocaust world looks like.

As a Recon Team, the players know that any new orders from Prime Base notwithstanding, their Primary Mission is to scout out and recce this whole area of Nevada. Given their planned area of operations along US Highway 93, this should include visiting everything from tiny communities with barely a score of people in them all the way up to Las Vegas, a metropolis with a pre-War population of over 165,000. The Team will have plenty to do in the coming months.

In the event of an emergency that cuts them off from contact with the rest of the Morrow Project, their standing orders are as follows:

Morrow Project General Order #1. "Help the local population in any and all ways possible." Whenever they can, the Team will stop and aid locals in need to the best of the Team's ability. This should always take precedence over other matters—indeed, this is the whole goal of the Morrow Project: Help the People.

Morrow Project General Order #2. "Establish communications with other teams and with Prime Base." (Note that this comes second after Help the People.) Teams out of contact with the rest of the Project shall make

concerted efforts to re-establish contact with other Morrow units and most especially with Prime Base.

Given the untold number of variables that could occur in a thermonuclear war, it was not unexpected that some teams might initially be temporarily out of radio contact with Prime Base due to unforeseen circumstances. For this reason, the Second General Order is that all Morrow Project teams make contact with other MP units and with Prime Base at the earliest opportunity.

The Team has had no contact with the local populace prior to freezing. They do know that the bolt hole is located in the hills of the Schell Creek Range south of Lages Station, Nevada (where Highways 93 and Alt 93 meet) but they are familiar with this terrain only by virtue of the maps contained in their AutoNav computer system, which (although they don't know it yet) are all now over one-and-a-half centuries out of date.



II. TEAM PERSONNEL

The members of Recon Team V-3 have trained together for at least a year at the Morrow Project Training Facility. All Team members are completely familiar with standard Morrow Project equipment and its operation and can, in an emergency, use the standard equipment of other Team members if need be. (This does not mean that they are highly proficient with items they do not normally handle!)

III. TEAM EQUIPMENT

The Team's equipment and personal gear are in perfect condition, as is their Commando Ranger, along with all of its internal stores. All equipment in the bolt hole, including vehicular gear, is in long-term storage: stored in crates or stacked in boxes. It will take some time getting everything out, assembled and stowed prior to the Team being able to leave the hole.

A. MORROW PROJECT DESERT TERRAIN EQUIPMENT

Since Team V-3 was intended to operate in the high desert of Nevada, each member of the Team was outfitted with a Desert Kit before freezing. These kits are standard issue to teams that are assigned to work in the desert regions of the United States, and contain clothing and equipment to deal with the climactic conditions found in these areas.

The tan cotton coveralls in the pack may either be used in place of the normal green MP resistweave coveralls for comfort (cotton is a lot cooler than the all-nylon resistweave) or they may be worn over the normal coveralls for concealment purposes.

The “wooly-pully” commando sweater and the military-style field jacket are included because deserts tend to get bitterly cold at night: without sufficient vegetation or normal cloud cover, deserts lose their heat rapidly at night and cold temperatures come on fast. Thus warm nighttime clothing was also included with the kit.

DESERT KIT EQUIPMENT 6.47 kg (14 lbs)

- 1 wide-brim “boonie”, tan
- 1 pair, “photo-sensitive” sunglasses
- 1 bandanna/neckerchief, tan
- 6 pairs, thick wool socks, white
- 1 pair, cotton coveralls, tan
- 1 “commando” sweater, tan
- 1 field jacket, tan
- 1 six-ounce can, sunburn cream
- 1 six-ounce can, sunblock
- 1 two-ounce bottle, desert weapons dry-lubricant
- 1 six-ounce bottle, insect repellent
- 1 folding Shovel w/plastic belt carrier
- 1 signal mirror, stainless steel
- 1 desert survival manual (MP Issue)
- 1 “Solar Still” water-condensing kit
- 1 ceramic Water Filter, hand-pumped, w/belt case
- 2 50-tablet bottles, water-purifying iodine
- 1 one-quart plastic canteen, w/belt carrier
- 1 two-quart bladder canteen, w/belt carrier
- 1 collapsible plastic water jug (5 gallons)

This gear comes in a box stored in each individual's cryotube. None of these items has any armor value.

B. TEAM EQUIPMENT, DESERT ISSUE

The following items are issued to the Team as a group, and are intended for use by the Team as a whole.

- 1 camp Stove w/24-hrs worth of fuel tablets
- 1 lantern w/30' of power cable (MPV fusion pack PTO)
- 1 Desert Terrain Weapons Maintenance Kit
- 1 orange plastic 5 gallon water jug
- 1 20'x 20' tan vehicle camouflage net
- 1 10'x 10' tan “dining fly” for Team use
- 2 four-man, tan, free-standing dome tents
- 1 55 gallon/210 liter drum of drinking water

IV. TEAM VEHICLE

The primary Morrow Project Vehicle for this module is the Cadillac Gage Commando Ranger equipped with a one-man turret mounting twin 7.62mm machine guns. The Ranger is a 4x4 armored car with limited cross-country capabilities; it is more at home on roads than off them. It is as well armored as a V-150, though, and protects its crew against bullets up to 7.62mm, as well as firebombs. It and its contents are completely intact and in perfect working order.

V. THE BOLT HOLE

The standard team freezing facility used by the Morrow Project, this bolt hole is in no way unique and contains the team's cryotubes, supplies and Commando Ranger MPV. Like all MP bolt holes, it is designed to be vacated once the Team has been woken up and activated.

VI. TEAM CACHES

Recon Team V-3 has the standard six caches; because of their specific mission tying them to the area around US Highway 93 in Eastern Nevada, all six are located close to the highway and are spaced an average of 75 miles apart. These are typical Morrow field resupply facilities and are located through the use of the AutoNav computer aboard the MPV. Note that if the Team loses the AutoNav, they will not know where the caches are located. (This will not happen if they have the good sense to make paper copies of the maps showing the locations of the caches.)

A. RECON TEAM V-3 CACHE LOCATIONS

- Cache #1 Near Wells, 78 miles N of the bolt hole.
- Cache #2 By Majors Place, 85 miles S of the bolt hole.
- Cache #3 Near Pioche, 81 miles S of Majors Place.
- Cache #4 At Crystal Springs, 67 miles W of Pioche.
- Cache #5 Beside US 93, 80 miles S of Crystal Springs.
- Cache #6 Near Henderson, NV, 54 miles S of Cache #5.

B. TYPICAL RECON TEAM CACHE, CONTENTS

The following list contains the contents of all six caches assigned to Recon Team V-3. The PD should feel free to modify the items to suit the needs of his game. A manifest of the contents of the cache is in an envelope attached to the underside of the entrance hatch. Due to the limited space within a cache, locating a specific item will almost always require unloading most of the cache in order to find it. There are also a number of items in each cache that are intended to be parceled out by the Team to the local survivors. Each cache has the following:

- 2 cases 9mm ball
- 1 case 5.56mm ball
- 2 cases 7.62mm, linked
- 1 case 00 magnum buckshot
- 1 M79 40mm grenade launcher
- 2 Stoner M22 Rifles
- 8 Stoner Weapons System magazines (empty)
- 2 MP ration packs
- 1 55-gallon drum, drinking water (208 liters)
- 6 reloads for personal Medkit

- 6 spare filter sets for M17A1 gas mask
- 1 Trade Pack
- 1 Spare Tire, Mounted, for Commando Ranger

C. UNIQUE CACHE ITEMS

In addition, specific items were included in certain caches. These items are listed below, by cache.

CACHE #1

- 1 case 40mm Shotgun rds
- 3 sets resistweve coveralls (S/M/L)
- 3 pairs MP boots (sz 9/10/11)
- 4 shovels
- 1 scratch plow (dissembled)
- fertilizer (four 50 lb sacks)
- seed barley (four 50 lb sacks)

CACHE #2

- 1 case 7.62mm ball
- 1 case M7A3 CS gas grenades
- 1 mountain kit
- 1 AN/PAS-7 thermal viewer
- nails (10 8-lbs boxes, var. sizes)
- carpentry tools (assorted sets)
- assorted books on carpentry

CACHE #3

- 1 case AN-M8 HC smoke grenades
- 1 M9823 Starlight scope
- 1 CP-7 Binocular/Laser rangefinder
- 1 general purpose tool kit
- 10 hand-held microfiche readers
- 1 microfiche library set covering: almanac, first aid, primitive living, farming

CACHE #4

- 1 case 12.7mm API
- 1 AN/PRC-70 Radio
- 1 M9823 Starlight Scope
- 3 sets boots (sizes 8/10/12)
- 3 sets resistweve coveralls (S/M/L)
- Veterinarian field pack (27 lbs)
- animal drug kit (15 lbs)
- blacksmithing tools w/portal anvil

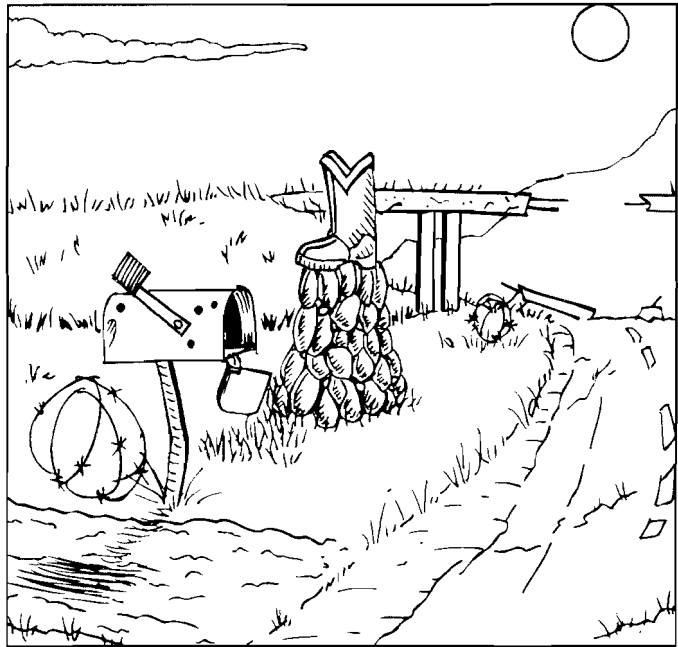
CACHE #5

- 1 case 40mm Stunbag rds
- 1 surgical kit
- 1 drug kit
- 2 jack stands
- 1 welding kit (MPV fusion pack PTO)
- 1 vehicle tool kit, Commando Ranger
- 3 spare vision blocks
- var. spare mechanical parts, Commando Ranger

CACHE #6

- 1 case 40mm Starshell rds
- 2 AN/PRC-68 radios
- 1 case AN-M8 HC Smoke
- 1 electronic tool kit

- 1 MPV computer repair kit
- various instrument spares for: AutoNav
- RDF
- Magnetic Sensor



THE AREA: TERRAIN AND ENVIRONMENT

I. HIGH DESERT

The module takes place in early April, with temperatures in the 40's. The high desert where the Team is located has weather rather different from most other parts of the continent, including the open desert to the southwest. Most of the landscapes here are high, with the lowest spots starting a good 4,000 feet or more above sea level. It's also a thirsty land, with an average rainfall of about 8 inches a year. There are thousands of intermittent creeks and streams, but almost all of them are short, and are dry most months of the year. Bodies of open water like Goshute Lake are rare. Summers fry the ground and winters freeze it hard. This is the cold desert, full of sagebrush with pine and juniper (though chiefly at the higher elevations).

Just 70 miles SSE of the bolt hole lies the Great Basin National Park, a high-elevation mix of snowpack, alpine terrain, thousand-year-old bristlecone pines and a network of limestone caverns. This is not the sandy, baking desert of the Old West movies, but rather a land where lonely ranges and basins undulate across the land. As far as deserts go, this one gets mighty cold in the winter, and snow is common in some places.

The Great Basin is characterized by numerous N-S mountain ranges, prominent among them is the Schell Creek range where the Team's bolt hole is located. Between the ranges are elongated parallel valleys and occasional butte and mesas. The soils here are generally thin, and frequently alkaline. Nearly all of the streams and rivers here drain internally into the Basin, not out of it, going into lakes and

playas (dry lake beds) which are sometimes quite wet in the Spring. There are lots of caves and upland valleys, and above 8,000 feet in altitude there is now snow year-round, even in the middle of summer.

The area near the bolt hole is flanked on both sides by mountain ranges: to the west the Cherry Creek Range rises to a height of 9,662 feet at High Peak; to the south and east run the Schell Creek Range, which rises up behind the bolt hole to an altitude of 10,008 feet at Becky Peak. Just over 30 miles to the north and east, Alternate Highway 93 goes through the Goshute Mountains at White Horse Pass (6,045 ft).

As for transportation, 16 miles to the south of the bolt hole is the old Egan Canyon Pony Express Station; the road from the station — once a part of the old Lincoln Highway — crosses the Schell Creek Range through Schellbourne Pass and heads eastward towards Tippet. US Highway 93 runs N-S down between the Cherry Creek and Schell Creek ranges, roughly parallel to Duck Creek and the tracks of the Nevada Northern Railroad a few miles west of the highway.

The land here is scattered with saltbush, rabbitbrush, bitterbrush, and purple sage. On shallow and rocky soils low sagebrush and black sagebrush thrive, but where meltwater floods the ground each spring, silver sagebrush dominates (this is one way the locals know where the water will be in the Spring). Big sagebrush, North America's most abundant shrub, is found throughout the region. It can grow as high as 15 feet and can live as long as 100 years. In a land of few trees and little grassland, sagebrush is king, although here and there stands of basin wild rye can be found.

Animals can also be found, but only by someone who knows where and when to look. The hills abound with mule deer, bobcats, wild mustangs, jackrabbits, pygmy rabbits (found only in sagebrush habitats), wild cattle, sage grouse, bighorn sheep, pronghorn antelope, coyotes, foxes, porcupines, sage thrashers, ground squirrels and even the spotted desert skunk (which could be embarrassing!). Some of these animals are good eating, others are just plain trouble. The PD should have fun with this fact.

Mutant animals and creatures that have come about since the War can also be seen in these parts. Ghost towns abound with mutant bats, and anything that dies out in the desert attracts the huge Black Flies in droves. Ten-foot tall Buffs roam the high valleys; the most powerful ranchers have tried for years to corral a few, but the big herds are too powerful to be fenced in.

The ranges and flats are home to Gila monsters and dragon lizards of immense size, as well as giant mutated scorpions (also of immense size!).

II. THE INLAND SEA

PD NOTE: although it is not immediately important in this module, the fact that there are now six great lakes in the US instead of five deserves to be noted here, especially since the shoreline of this new inland sea is less than 40 miles NE of the bolt hole!

The Inland Sea had been extinct for some 16,000 years when the War broke out; the only remaining trace of it left was the Great Salt Lake and the Great Salt Lake Desert. When the War struck, the Great Salt Lake had for some years been experiencing wet winters and cool summers, which combined to bring in to the lake more water than normal, resulting in a rise of the mean water level. The surface level of the lake rose an alarming 8.5 feet in just two years.

Historically speaking, snowfalls in the Wasatch Range could be as great as 835 inches in a single year, and the lake level had been known to surge over 5 feet in one summer from excessive snowmelt. Periodic rises and falls were well-known; in 1963, the lowest level in recorded history, the lake was tiny, covering only 900 square miles. Less than 20 years later, the lake was 2.5 times larger in surface area, rising to cover 2,300 square miles, flooding out several communities, a railroad and a major Interstate Highway.

Because of the War and the cooler climate that followed it, there were many heavy storms in the watershed; more and more precipitation in the mountains resulted in more and more water running into the lake each Spring and Summer. The water level in the lake rose 5, 6, even 7 feet a year, and continued to rise that way for over a century. There was no outlet for the water to run out through, so it continued to accumulate and spread, until after 150 years, the once-extinct Lake Bonneville again covers about one-fourth of the state of Utah.

The Inland Sea (what the locals call Lake Bonneville) now the sixth Great Lake in America, covering almost 20,000 square miles, making it about as big as Lake Michigan. The surface of the lake is 5,100 feet above sea level, a rise of nearly 900 feet over its pre-War level. The Inland Sea is over 130 miles across its widest east-west point, and some 300 miles long from north to south. The western shores are in Nevada, the northern reaches are in Idaho, and the southern tip is just 90 miles from the Arizona border.

At its closest, its shores lie about 42 miles east of Currie, although this is as the crow flies, which means straight across the Goshute Mountains. On horseback the journey from Currie is north up Goshute Valley, across the Dolly Varden Mountains between Sharp Peak and Baldy Peak, down the Dolly Varden Canyon, out across the flats of Antelope Valley, through the Goshute Mountains along old Alt 93 up through White Horse Pass (elev. 6,045 feet), then east on the old roadbed just south of Dead Cedar Wash to the shore of the Inland Sea, which traces the 5100-foot elevation mark. This journey normally takes at least a full day, each way.

There is a Goshute village here, on the shore of the inland sea. It is the one that most Anglos in the 93 Territory go to when they want to meet with the Goshutes; it is also the home of Mark Old Bear. There is another Goshute village at the mouth of Overland Canyon, about 26 miles southeast along the shore. Between these two villages, the shoreline of the Inland Sea — cut off from the 93 Territory to the west by the peaks of the Toano Range and the Goshute Mountains — is the private domain of the Goshute tribe, and the only people who can be found there are Amerinds. While not hostile to outsiders entering their domain, the

Goshutes view this as their land, and they do not deal well with outsiders who come to these sacred shores unasked and unwanted. Locals know better than to cross over into "Indian land" without being asked.

Note that this goes without saying as far as the locals are concerned; it's something they've grown up with all their lives. The same thing goes for the fact that there is an inland sea here; no one here thinks about the Inland Sea as anything unusual! They all know that there is a salty inland sea to the east, a great trade road to the north, a dead zone to the west of Ely, and a dead ancient city to the far south of the Territory. For this reason, no one the Team meets will suddenly spout off that any of these things just happen to exist and are X miles from here. To them, it is common knowledge!

III. OTHER TOWNS AND VILLAGES

No new towns or villages have been built since the War, save for ranches founded by the rodeo people, and villages raised by the Amerinds expanding off their traditional reservations. The majority of pre-War settlements in the area have been uninhabited for decades to a century or more as people consolidated themselves near the railroad tracks: modern ghost towns in an ancient desert land.

Most towns that are uninhabited have been picked over, although the further they are from the railroad tracks and inhabited settlements, the more junk they still have lying around, waiting to be salvaged. A Team looking around will find a lot of empty towns out there in the wilderness, although the chances of finding anything of value in them is fairly remote. Considering that these were once living modern towns and are now modern ghost towns, this should be a sobering trip for the player/characters.

IV. ROADS AND TRANSPORT

There are no roads here any more, not as the Team knows them, save for the ruins of the old highway system. All other routes are merely horse trails through the mountains and canyons. There is nothing like a coherent road network out here. There are train tracks running south to Ely and north to Oasis; no road parallels the line, although the remains of US Highway 93 run more or less in the same direction as the tracks.

These tracks are in good repair, and a cursory examination of the line will show that someone takes care of it: the rails, which show the top shine of frequent use, are securely held down to sleepers in good condition, which in turn sit in a solid gravel roadbed that has recently been groomed. Even if the Team did not see the train chugging on past, they should recognize that these tracks have recently been used and cared for.

There are no cars or trucks left in the Territory; all were scrapped after they could no longer be made to work, and have since been removed from the streets, alleys, yards and roads where they had been abandoned. This is not to say that the locals don't know what such things are; they've seen enough Gypsy Truckers that a horseless wagon is

often no more a curiosity, hardly noticed save to examine what kind of man is riding in it.

PD NOTE: remember your typical Gypsy Trucker vehicle is slow, shaky, held together with spit and baling wire, noisy as sin and smokes like the devil. These people have never seen anything like the Ranger, all brand new with a shiny paint job, fresh tires and an all-but-silent electric motor. This will bring curious stares from a lot of folks, especially children. The Team may find itself getting a lot of unwanted attention.

Horses are the main form of transport around here. Wagons are common, ranging from the two-wheel buggy to the four-wheel buckboard and freight wagon. There are no stage coaches here though (why should there be, with the train?) and most people who want to go somewhere local do it on the back of a horse, although the poorer farm hands (owning no horses and having no access to any) just walk the miles it takes to reach town. Amerinds always ride horses, and if met on foot, will most assuredly have mounts hidden nearby (or else are in the direst of straights).

PD NOTE: If you intend to run "American Outback" as a campaign, I recommend that you obtain a copy of the "Nevada Atlas and Gazetteer" by DeLorme, 1996 (ISBN 0 89933-228-5), and check out pages 40-41. This atlas contains high-definition topographic road maps for the entire state of Nevada at the scale of 1/4" equals 1 mile and are a godsend to a harried Project Director.

V. WEATHER IN THE HIGH DESERT

Although the weather charts in the MPGB may be used, the following chart should be substituted for Table 1, to reflect the climate of the high desert.

Remember that the players will constantly be at an altitude about that of that mile-high stadium in Denver, so the slightly thinner atmosphere might effect them during the first couple of days until they become acclimatized to the lower air pressure. This height has a notable effect on the local climate in making underbrush more abundant and allowing trees to grow lower down into the desert valleys than before, but this is still the desert, and things here have their own cadence and rhythms.

A. WINDSTORM

This is just what it sounds like: strong, blowing gusts of wind that scour the desert. These occur on occasion in the mountains and upland valleys of the high desert. Aside from being blown off one's feet unexpectedly, the primary dangers are wind-blown objects and the decrease in visibility due to whirling dust and sand. Exposed machinery (and weapons) can become clogged with sand and rendered inoperable if the team is not careful.

B. DESERT CLOUDBURST

This is a sudden, very heavy rain that arrives (often with almost no warning) and drops a relatively large amount of water within the space of a few minutes. Although such rain poses little direct problem, the side effects of such a storm are quite dangerous. These include lightning strikes, rain-induced rockslides and flash-floods in flat and low-lying areas.

The returning ice age has had an effect on the local climate, though this will not be immediately noticed by the Team. Vegetation is becoming more verdant and there are more pines in the surrounding highlands; since most of the high desert is above 5,000 feet in altitude, the changes are noticeable all around, but will stand out only to someone who has spent a lot of time in this terrain. Still, a curious team might notice that there are a number of lakes on the AutoNav map that are listed as "dry" that aren't anymore.

WEATHER IN THE HIGH DESERT

Roll	Weather
1-40	Clear Skies
41-60	Scattered Clouds
61-75	Partly Cloudy
76-80	Mostly Cloudy
81-90	Overcast
91-95	Windstorm (duration 1D20 hours)
96-99	Desert Cloudburst
100	Special Weather

THE 93 TERRITORY

I. GENERAL

The "93 Territory" (as this region is now called) runs from Oasis in the north to Ely in the south, and is home to almost 2,000 people, scattered up and down what was once US Highway 93. Most of them live in tiny scattered communities of 25-50 people, almost all of them centered on old Pre-War towns along the old railroad tracks. Life here is hard, but not without its rewards.

The Territory has maintained the level of late wood-burning, steam-engine technology. Little electricity is produced, save for the operation of the telegraph system that connects Oasis to Ely and every community in between. Wind power is harnessed in many places to pump water, and at telegraph offices is used to recharge the crude voltaic piles needed to power the communications system.

The people have maintained a basic brass-cartridge level of firearms since the early days after the War. This has developed into the now (locally) famous Ely Rifle. It is very common in these parts, and can occasionally be found some distance away as well, since it is an excellent Trade item. Certain tribes of the Amerind Empire to the east, particularly the Navajo, Uintah and Ouray, value the weapon highly and

consider one to be worth at least one horse in trade.

Most of the people along 93 are descended from the people who lived here before the War; the rest generally are descended from the rodeo people who fled Las Vegas in the aftermath of the atomic attack. They maintain a basic monetary system based on old US silver and copper currency. Gold is not valued much, save as a material used in making jewelry.

Ely, the "county seat" for all of 93 now, has but a fraction of its pre-War population of 4,750. However, at 250 people it is still the largest town in all of eastern Nevada, and as such is the site of such central government as still exists in this part of the state, including the "US Marshal" who makes the rounds of the "93 Territory". The outlying towns and villages are each generally governed by a mayor and policed by a sheriff supposedly elected by the people, although in a couple of towns this is questionable.

There are a number of laws hereabouts, but as this is an armed society, most people are quite capable of taking care of themselves. Most laws are based on the Golden Rule, anyway, or on plain common sense. They are more or less universally enforced by the local sheriffs, even the corrupt ones. (After all, they have to live here.)

There are only a couple of lawyers in the whole "93 Territory"; one is well-liked, the other despised. Neither do much court work: they interpret laws rather than defend or prosecute people. Judges are always part-timers, who when not on the bench are just as often to be found ranching, wood-carving or some other money-making trade. Judges are appointed by the local mayor, but despite this fact are still often wise enough to do a decent job of it.

There are few schools, and these all teach nothing more than the basics of reading, writing and arithmetic. Given the rural nature of this area, arithmetic is the most widely known skill, since every cowboy needs to know how to count head of cattle, figure out acreage, etc. Reading and writing often take a back seat to learning how to add, subtract and multiply. Of course, the children of merchants are encouraged by their parents to study harder, and as such are more apt to be able to read and write, simply because they will need those skills when they take over the family business.

Since there are no real "schools" in the sense that the Team would understand the word, rich folks — the ranchers who actually own the biggest spreads — will pay whatever teachers can be found to come in and tutor their children in the more advanced subjects. (Depending on the rancher, this ranges from learning about "these United States" to "how to handle the Law when you're in trouble.")

The language spoken around here is still pretty much standard American English, as the War boxed in the area and it has remained more or less insular since then. The Team will have absolutely no problem understanding these people, although some slang words developed in the past 150 years will probably throw them once in a while. But these people pride themselves on being "Americans," although this term doesn't mean the same thing to them that it will to the Team.

The closest inhabited town to the Team's Bolt Hole,

Currie is the most likely place that the Team will end up in once they begin looking for locals. For this reason it is detailed in depth here. It and its people should be considered typical of towns in the 93 Territory.

The people of Currie, Nevada all pretty much look, dress and act like cowboys, a product of the area and their rodeo-rider heritage. (This is not to say they look like extras from a Western movie; they do NOT wear the clothing of the Victorian age. Think modern-day cowboy or cowgirl and you get a much better picture.) They dress in homespun, some wool, leather and buckskin. Cotton is unknown in the region. Beadwork is common; silverwork and gold jewelry are expensive, but known.

Beards are not common and most men go clean-shaven whenever possible; a full beard is locally regarded as being "uncivilized" (this means that town barbers tend to make a good living). Mustaches, kept neat, are seen here and there. It is common to see men going armed, and many women will carry a knife somewhere on their person, often hidden. Hats are universal, and virtually everyone can ride a horse.

A pre-War citizen of Currie would still recognize it today, but many of the changes that have occurred over the past 150 years would definitely startle him. There are no new buildings within the original town, and a number of the old ones have been carefully demolished for building materials. None of the power or telephone lines remain, and all of the telephone poles have been removed and replanted out along the Nevada Northern railroad tracks for the telegraph line. Street lights, stop signs and No Parking markers have all been taken down and their metals used for other purposes. There are no cars.

In their place are innumerable horses. This is evident by the mess they leave in the streets, something that old westerns never seemed to truly capture for some reason (that, their smell, and the flies they attract). Where cars were once parked, beams have been lashed between the parking meters to form hitching rails where the horses wait while their owners are inside. Old storefronts have been retained, and two even have their old pre-War glass windows still intact; all the rest have had them replaced with smaller, newer windows in wood panels. People live above their stores, just as they did in the 19th century. Some stores have been converted; the long-ago-ransacked liquor store is now an open-air blacksmith shop with wagon service out back, and the old gas station on Main Street is now a wheelwright's shop.

There are about a dozen small ranches outside of town, ranging in size from tiny farms all the way up to Frank Kelso's spread west of town, which starts about a mile from town and covers a box about 5 miles across and 10 miles N to S (plus whatever else Kelso's men say is his land). About 100 people live in and around Currie. It is a clean town because people keep it clean. Most garbage is recycled in one form or another, or else fed to the animals, or burned. The people use pit latrines and go to good lengths to keep sanitary conditions; these people remember what it was like after the War with the Sicklies about.

But do NOT make the mistake of thinking this is the set of a 'B' picture Western: the sidewalks are concrete and the poles holding up the hitching rails are old weather-beaten

parking meters with cracked glass panels and sun-faded EXPIRED signs within. The buildings are not wooden ghost town backdrops, but the everyday brick and concrete and steel main-street facades of a modern America town: after 150 years a faded, sun-bleached plastic STARBUCKS sign still is mounted to the wall above the door to the cafe. This is a modern town that has taken two steps backward in time.

The best way to describe the attitude of this town is easygoing, much like Old West towns used to be. People are friendly, but have a nose for trouble and can get real cautious real fast. Still, strangers are often given the benefit of the doubt, especially what with that Trade Town at Oasis up north.

The people here are friendly with the other towns in the area, and given the distances between them — the trade town of Oasis is about 60 miles to the north, and Cherry Creek Station is nearly 35 miles away off to the south — there is little rivalry. The county seat, Ely, is about 75 miles away to the south, putting Currie halfway up the line from Ely to Oasis and back again; because of this, the town tends to be a good waypoint on the trip north or south, and so gets lots of interesting talk from the two towns. There are 4 "sidings" between Currie and Oasis, and another 9 sidings (and the McGill Junction) between Currie and Ely; each of these is the site of a small train station and a collection of farms and or ranches, some of them outlying some distance from the tracks.

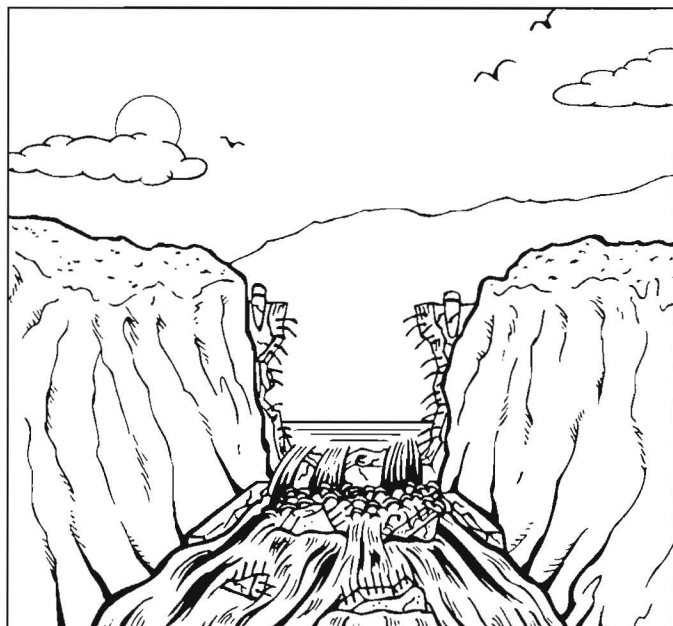
The people of Currie know a good bit about the various settlements of the "93 Territory" but little else in the desert beyond it. There is a "Trade Road" in the north that stretches from sea to sea, and on the far side of the Inland Sea is the State of Deseret, where the isolationist Saints (Mormons) live; beyond Deseret lies the "Amerind Empire" where only Indians rule the land. There is not much to the west but open desert and dead towns, and "syen" live out there somewhere in the wasteland, occasionally raiding isolated towns south of the Trade Road. Far to the west across the desert lie high mountains, higher than anything around here, and there is supposed to be a large city called Taho there. Legend has it the Trade Road snakes down through dead cities and fire-scorched earth all the way to the Great Outer Sea.

As to "the War" which happened 150 years ago, the people of Currie know as many specific facts about it as the typical 21st century American citizen knew about the US Civil War: they can't tell you what day it started on, or the details of what happened where save for a few monumental battles, and often they can only take a wild guess at the correct year it took place in — the War was so horrific that when their children asked about it, the survivors refused to talk about it, and tried to blot out the horrors they'd lived through.

(Don't think that's possible? Ask your parents to tell you what their grandparents told them about the Spanish Flu epidemic that devastated the United States, and watch the blank stares. When things are too horrific to remember, they do not get passed on in detail to the next generation.)

As a result, the generations that came afterward don't know all that much about the War beyond a few generalities,

other than how it came out (we won — we must have. You don't see any Russians around here, do you?). Anyway, it is ancient history to these people; they care much more about what is happening in the here and now than they do in the far-away past.



II. PEOPLE OF THE 93 TERRITORY

A. RANCHERS

The city of Las Vegas survived the War, though just barely. A Russian missile ranged in on Hoover Dam 30 miles away and its four warheads impacted just downriver of the dam, destroying it, the attendant hydroelectric plant and Boulder City, knocking out the entire power grid in the immediate southwest United States. Another missile scattered its four warheads over Nellis AFB in a line ending just 6 miles from downtown Las Vegas. (Thankfully the bomb that hit closest to the city dudded on impact. It is still lying there, broken open and radioactive.) Two of the other warheads landed on Nellis, with the last one falling into the Sunrise Mountain Natural Area. Because of this, Las Vegas managed to get away with only relatively minor damage from the flash and the shock waves.

However, that mattered little to most of the people in Vegas: the tourists and the gamblers. They didn't live here, they lived somewhere else, and they wanted to get there now — and they couldn't: all flights out of McCarran International were canceled because of the atomic attack. The gamblers and the tourists refused to believe it. Hey, maybe the pilots are hogging the planes for themselves and the airport staff! In the midst of the shouting and screaming a fire got started, people started fighting and a riot broke out; the International Airport went up in flames.

The rioters, now trapped with no way to fly out of the desert, went on a rampage. The thin veneer of civilization came off even faster here than in other cities in America; most gamblers are, by their very nature, not very charitable people to begin with, and in the face of Death getting out of this town alive became the biggest gamble they'd ever shot

dice at in their lives. Many tried to escape the city by car; those who didn't have cars tried to take them from those who did. The streets soon became backed up with stalled and wrecked cars stained with blood.

One group who did not succumb to the mob attitude were the ranchers, cowboys and rodeo riders gathered in the convention center on Desert Inn Road a block from the famous Las Vegas strip in preparation for the upcoming National Finals Rodeo. Like the gamblers, they too did not live in this city; they had homes elsewhere. They were from as close as Ely and as far away as Western Canada. But many were here with their families, their trucks, their best horses and bulls, and above all, their guns.

There was a slight amount of panic among them, but rodeo riders tend to be pretty cool under pressure, and they remained a lot calmer than the gamblers around them. They managed to gather together all the stock they could in their trucks and trailers, and worked — in some cases fought — their way out of town onto US Highway 93 North. They took some losses as a group but inflicted a hell of a lot more, and while a few gamblers had pistols, none had long-range rifles and a copious supply of ammo tucked under the driver's seat or in the glove compartment. The rodeo people, over 290 of them, made it out of the city almost intact.

The one among them who would become the most famous was Joshua Bennet of Canyon Creek, Montana, a tough young bull rider and calf roper, who while driving his rig out of Vegas spotted a cowering group of Las Vegas showgirls standing on the street corner in full costume, screaming for someone to stop and take them along too. Bennet pulled over, threw out everything but his saddle and one horse, and got all 18 of the women into his truck and horse trailer, taking them with him as he and the other ranchers headed north.

A large number of the rodeo riders split off in the Las Vegas Dunes Recreation Area and followed I-15 into Arizona in an attempt to get back to their homes in Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma. The remainder wished them luck and continued north along US 93 towards Idaho, Montana and the Canadian border.

They made it over 260 miles to Ely, Nevada, where US Highways 6 & 50 meet US 93. There they ran into other survivors who told them of the terrors ahead: Salt Lake City had been vaporized, Carson City had been nuked; the State Government (what was left of it) had declared martial law and mobilized the National Guard. Word had come down the highway that the soldiers up north on I-80 were halting all traffic and confiscating all vehicles and fuel supplies for government use. Worst of all, up to the north and east, people were dying in droves from some kind of plague.

Some of the rodeo people, mostly Canadians and Americans from Montana and Idaho, wanted to try going on anyway. Others among them, including Bennet, decided it would be better to go to ground here in Ely, gather up what they could and wait to see what would happen to them. So the group split again, with as many who wanted to taking off in their trucks up the highway towards home.

The Sheriff's Department in Ely, realizing that the rodeo people and their horses and livestock were a godsend in these dark times, took over control of the area, deputized a

group of ranchers, set up roadblocks and proceeded to stabilize and protect the town, the outlying ranches and farms, and what remained of the population that hadn't fled. The Sheriff's Department represented law and order, and they did enough things right during those first days that the community put its weight behind their sheriff and his deputies. This is a tradition that has continued on down to this day. In almost every community in the Territory the local people know they can turn to the Sheriff for help, and get it.

There is a US Marshal in Ely, the linear descendant of a real United States Marshal who happened to be in Ely on the day of the War. Representing the US Government (which may or may not exist now, no one really knows), the current Marshal is based in the Sheriff's Department in Ely and helps maintain order, although he is a law unto himself. Unlike the Sheriffs, which have little jurisdiction outside of their local community, the US Marshal at Ely has jurisdiction over every place and everyone in the 93 Territory. Although he has only "technical" authority over the local Amerinds, the current US Marshal is on good terms with the local tribes and works hard to maintain that peace.

The rodeo people have, in the hundred and fifty years since then, become mostly ranchers (no surprise there) with a modicum of other trades as well: blacksmithing, gunsmithing, silversmithing and leatherworking to name a few. In settling in Ely, they brought with them enough of a knowledge base that they ensured the town's — and thus the whole area's — survival. Over the months some remained in Ely, others moved outward to claim their own spreads in other towns along the highway. Scouring the abandoned towns of the area after the War, they found few "immediate" items; the mobs had been very thorough in stripping supermarkets and gun shops alike of food and weapons. But they did locate a lot of "long term" items, like gunsmithing tools and reloading gear, woodworking items, and all manner of equipment left behind by the dead and those survivors who didn't think beyond filling their bellies for the next couple days. Items were scrounged, taken back to Ely, and put back into use.

As a result, 150 years later, Ely is fairly self-sufficient: they have enough water to survive, enough food to have an occasional surplus, and a manufacturing base large enough to provide not only for themselves, but also some outside trade as well. This is one place where America lives on.

B. THE AMERINDS

The Amerinds in this area are the descendants of American Indians living on the reservations spread throughout the American southwest — in particular the Goshute Indians from the Goshute Indian Reservation to the east on the Nevada-Utah border, and the Shoshone Indians at the South Fork Indian Reservation about half that distance away to the west. The Goshute and Shoshone both saw the War as almost a good thing, since in their eyes it ended the reservations, killed off all the politicians and forced the white man to work with the Amerinds in order to survive. Things after the War were certainly no worse than they had been before it.

The Amerinds have moved beyond the boundaries of

their old reservations; the Goshute tribe now occupy the land east of Antelope Valley, the Shoshone occupy Butte Valley and the Cherry Creek Range just west of Currie. The Shoshone are insular; the Goshutes are traders, and even maintain a presence up north near Oasis, the eastern terminus of the Pacific Trade Road (old I-80).

These people have returned to their traditional way of life, retaining little of the Anglos' ways. Amerinds wear buckskins or else Trade shirts and pants made in the Territory (this is the high desert; no one here goes around in just a loincloth and face-paint). They are quite adept riders and prefer riding horses to anything else, including walking any significant distance. This is not to say they cannot go long distances on foot; just that they choose not to. Horses are almost family members, and a brave will be as ready to fight over an insult to his horse as he would an insult to his wife.

This long after the War there is not much hate among the Shoshone and the Goshute for the Anglos. Quite a number of non-Amerinds were taken into the tribes in the long, hard years after the War, and over the decades the non-Indian blood has become mixed here and there with the Amerind. Still, these people taken in by the tribes have been completely assimilated; they view themselves as nothing but Amerinds.

The Amerinds use the bow and arrow, spear and tomahawk, and are also proficient in the use of the Ely rifle; many braves carry one. They do not hate Anglos as a rule, and when left to themselves, are decent traders and excellent hunters who if anything simply prefer to be left alone, although it is common to find in given any village that at least one person has a friend among the Anglos nearby. They are a good, decent people who have a self-sufficient society that, if somewhat primitive, is one that works perfectly well.

✓ This is not to say that there are no problems. A rancher who lets one of his herd stray too far can count on never seeing it again; lost animals are never returned by the Amerinds. Still, there are no actual Amerind raids on farms or ranches. But in some places (especially here in Currie) the Anglos and the Amerinds are rubbing elbows, and it is not a good feeling. Trouble has been brewing for the past few years, and when the Team shows up, things are about to come to a head.

C. TOWNIES

The closest group to the average American of today, the Townies of Currie, Nevada are merchants and artisans: the owner of the general store, the blacksmith at the livery stable, the family that runs the inn. They are as a rule solid, hardworking people.

The Townies are also the ones who do what little farming still exists in this area. The land is not naturally fertile, and as a result a lot of work goes into making foodstuffs grow here. They also trade with the Goshute for the huge brine shrimp from the Inland Sea, as well as plants taken from its shoreline. While food is not overly abundant, no one starves around here.

Townies are the solid foundation of the "93 Territory" and constitute not only the mercantile class, but also the government: the mayor, town judge, the sheriff and his

deputies. Unlike the ranchers, who all have spreads "outside of town," the Townies all tend to live in town itself, whereas Ranchers tend to be some miles away, on their spreads up and down the Steptoe Valley.

Townies don't tend to go far from town; most people live and die within ten miles of where they were born. To many, the journey of a lifetime is to ride up to the end of the rails and visit the rough-and-tumble "city" of Oasis. The people are not clannish, though, and look favorably on the occasional Trader or Mailman; although Highway 93 is not maintained in any way, Gypsy Truckers off of the Pacific Trade Road have been known to come on south as far as Ely to trade directly. Wanderers are also tolerated, since they do on occasion bring with them some interesting skills or knowledge, and some of the Townies can trace descent through a wanderer taken in after the War. This is not to say that rowdies are tolerated, nor that lawbreakers are ignored. These people have their own laws and expect everyone in the Territory, visitor or otherwise, to abide by them.

Like the Ranchers, Townies often go armed; in town the universal weapon is either a buck knife or an Ely Colt pistol. Carrying a knife or pistol is perfectly legal, and even expected; using it, however, is another matter. Rifles, while perfectly legal, are always kept behind the counter, over the mantle or in a saddle-holster. The saying around here is "A pistol is for self-defense; a rifle's for killing." Virtually every male (and many a female) carries a pistol in a belt holster for self-defense, but the only time a man unlimbers a rifle is quite literally when he aims to kill someone.

This can prove difficult to a Morrow Team that insists on coming into town armed with rifles, SMG's and shotguns cocked and ready in their hands. A Team walking into any building in town with such weapons in their hands will automatically be assumed to be a group with blood in their eyes, out gunning for someone (and in some establishments, they may even be assumed to be robbers trying to hold up the store!). It can be a hoot for the PD to watch a Team trying to explain things as the store owner screams "HELP! ROBBERY!" at the top of his lungs.

If not seen as such, they will still be stared at uneasily. Are they vigilantes? A posse?irate Traders looking to settle a score with someone local? Considering the unspoken range war and the threat of an Amerind uprising, people seeing such a group of strangers come into town, heavy weapons in hand, might believe them to be "hired guns" out to start shooting at any second. Certainly, the Team should wonder why people seeing them quickly flee the street!

Assuming the players have enough smarts to (1) notice no one else carries anything larger than a pistol which is always holstered, and (2) decide to do the same, then Townies are likely to notice the Team but not do much about it, other than stare at their weird clothing and new-looking vehicle. PCs who arrive in the MPV will automatically be classified as "Truckers;" those who arrive on foot with backpacks will fall into some lesser category, such as "Mailman," "Trader" or "Wanderer," whichever the viewer feels best suits the scene.

Note that the fine condition of the MPV is likely to make people think of the Team as "well to do" Truckers, and not

just your typical cheap pikers. Of course this might affect how much they get charged for things.



D. THE LOCALS

1. FRANK KELSO

Frank Kelso, now in his 50's, owns the biggest spread in this part of the Territory, which is not too far behind the ranch owned by the Old Man Bennet in Ely, the holdings of the Bennet Clan; currently, the Big K covers more than 50 square miles west of Currie. If Frank has his way, someday he'll be able to move up in the world and take charge of things — not just Currie, but the other towns, maybe even Ely, the capital.

He's already in some ways is a law unto himself. He obeys the Law as much as it suits him, but with a ranch covering 50 square miles and enough hired hands to make up a tiny army, he is not easily challenged. As his wealth has grown, he has begun more and more to take with force anything he cannot buy legally.

What he wants right now is mainly to increase the size of his spread, double his herd, and become even wealthier than he is now; his family has long had a quiet fight against the Bennets in Ely as to who has more cattle, better horses, more land. The Shoshone Indians living in the Cherry Creek Range west of his ranch have limited his expansion in that direction, so he is trying to buy up the ranches northeast of his property to increase his holdings.

This has put him at odds with a lot of people, but Kelso has such power hereabouts that he has not had to make too many veiled threats to get them to sell out to him. Still, more than once people on those ranches died mysteriously or else got burned out in the middle of the night. As a result few people will stand up to Frank Kelso. Sadly, this includes the Sheriff of Currie. Kelso knows that what he is doing may not be entirely legal, but that he doesn't care. He wants to be the biggest man in the Territory, and he'll do whatever

it takes to make that happen.

At the moment, the lone holdout in his way is John "Tall" Jones, whose land lies on the trail from Currie to the Inland Sea. Some of Kelso's boys headed over to Jones' spread and ran off some of the herd. They did it again the next night, and then again on the third, at which time Tall retaliated by shooting both men dead on the spot and leaving their bodies for the sheriff to find the next day.

Kelso naturally denied any knowledge of the crime: "good help is so hard to find these days." The Sheriff couldn't prosecute Kelso without evidence that his boys did it on his orders, so not much as been done about it, which makes things here a lot more tense this week. Other things have been happening too, some irritating, some downright nasty. So it goes that the sudden arrival of armed strangers like the Team will not ease things one bit!

Kelso has only one child, a son, Tom, who is in his 20's. However, Tom is an utter disappointment to him. Frank smacks the young man around for the slightest infraction, taking no pains to hide his disgust for his son, who will one day inherit the ranch (if the old man lets him). Kelso thinks that by abusing him, he'll make Frank grow some backbone. So far, it isn't working. In fact, it has created the worst mess Kelso has had to face to date.

When the Team arrives in town, old man Kelso will be seated at his private table on one side of the Wild Horse Saloon, doing the day's business as two of his goons sit close by, protecting him.

2. TOM KELSO

Frank's son Tom is not everything the old man wants in a son; relations between the two are strained, to say the least. Tom has been raised to take over his father's spread after he's dead, but has never been allowed to taste any of the responsibility or power inherent with that position. Because of what he has learned from watching (and being beaten by) his father, he has grown up to be shallow and touchy, desperate for his father's love and respect, and never getting it. He will be a big talker, but he does not have the experience to follow through. Pushed to the wall, he acts like a dog that's been beat too much.

It also means that he constantly gets told he must "become a man" and learn to do things "like a man" although he is never given a chance to. As a result, he has begun trying to become his own man, not "Frank Kelso's boy," and doing things he thinks might make him look big in his father's — or anyone else's — eyes. Given his lack of a proper upbringing, this has led to trouble. Big trouble.

While out riding two days ago, loaded on whiskey (he has taken to drinking a lot these days), he came across an Amerind girl out walking along the creek near the old Butte Valley Road. Being what he has become, Tom tried to prove himself by taking her right there on the spot — and when she refused, beat her until she was unconscious. In his rage he raped her, and then, realizing what he had done and not knowing what else to do, put her across his saddle and took her back to his father's ranch.

Old man Kelso found out about it soon enough and whipped his son for being such an idiot. Right now he is trying to play it cool while he looks for an out that will get rid

of the Amerind girl while leaving nothing to tie her disappearance to the Kelso Ranch. She cannot be murdered, not yet, not while she might be worth more alive; alive, she is a bargaining chip, if it comes to that. For the moment, he is denying having anything to do with her disappearance. Tom, sullen and scared, is busy drinking and being miserable under his father's hate. As Kelso will not stand to see him drinking in public, Tom will be up the street killing time in the barbershop when the Team arrives.



3. JOHN "TALL" JONES

The main opposition to Kelso's dreams of expanding the Big K ranch, "Tall" Jones is aptly named, as he stands in at a good 6'7" high. A Rancher through and through, he is 46 and well respected among the Ranchers both for his even judgement, his skill with an Ely Rifle and his wicked right hook, which has been likened to getting kicked in the jaw by an angry mule.

Tall owns the second-largest spread of land in Currie, along the line where Phalen Creek meets the railroad tracks from Currie to Mizpah Siding. There were once a string of farms between him and Frank Kelso's "Big K" ranch; all of them have since been bought out or otherwise ended up in Frank Kelso's hands. Tall isn't stupid, and he knows what is coming. So far, Tall has been trying to avoid a fight, and has hired on both of the Territory's lawyers down in Ely in an attempt to find a legal precedent to stop Kelso. Of course, if it comes to it, Tall has already proven that he will fight. And fight to win.

Tall is quite friendly, especially towards the Amerinds that roam the valleys and ranges on the edges of the Territory, and speaks enough of the Shoshone tongue to get along well with Blue Feather and his braves. He never meddles around in other people's affairs, but if he gets into a fight, he makes damn sure he wins it. He has a number of men fiercely loyal to him and they will follow him no matter what comes, especially if Kelso tries to take Jones out.

He will be neutral to the Team, whereas Kelso might well be friendly, seeing see the Team as a way to get Jones (they have guns don't they? Do they want a job or don't they?). Tall will not think of them that way, and would just

as soon leave them to whatever business brings them to Currie. He is not the talkative kind, and the Team is likely to find out little from him. When the Team arrives in town, Jones is out meeting with the Bennets to talk trade for breeding stock.

4. THE BENNETS

These are the descendants of Joshua Bennet, the bull rider who threw away his gear to save a flock of Las Vegas showgirls. When Joshua reached Ely with his unusual load, the girls — who literally had nothing but the costumes on their back — found they had no place to go. While a number soon attached themselves to other ranchers, eleven of them elected to stay with Joshua, and in time pretty much became his wives; he never insisted on their staying, and while two left within the year for other men, the nine who stayed remained his for life and bore Joshua Bennet a lot of sons and daughters, a very valuable commodity in this barren desert.

In the 150 years since, the Bennet clan has come to own the largest cattle ranch in the whole Territory. The current "Old Man Bennet," Sam, is the great, great, great-grandson of Joshua Bennet, and like Joshua has several wives and the biggest family around. All those sons give a man the ability to control a LOT of range, and marrying out just makes the spread bigger as more land enters the family.

As a rule the Bennets tend to be tall, both men and women (Las Vegas showgirls dance in 30-lb headdresses doing the high kick in heels; they are neither short, nor are they weak!). The Bennets are predisposed to be Good People. Given that the girls in the family tend to be big and beautiful in a variety of skin colors, the Bennets are also protective of all the women in their extended families and will go to great lengths to avenge a wrong done to any one of them, usually by calling in all the brothers, cousins and uncles within earshot.

Currently the Bennets are in Currie looking to get breeding stock from the local ranches — all of them, save Kelso's Big K. They are all outside of town when the PCs arrive, but will be back shortly. Unlike the Townies, if they see the Ranger they are likely to stop and talk to the Team, even if the Team are brandishing weapons in hand; Bennet boys tend to be good fighters and aren't afraid of much, and when you have eight of them in a group on horseback carrying rifles, they might just take on the devil himself. A bunch of strangers in floppy hats and one-piece green suits? No problem!

5. CANDY BENNET

Cindy "Candy" Bennet is the only one of the clan in town at the moment, a robust and generously endowed 19-year-old in jeans with a shirt tied halter-style, showing off most of her finest attributes. Candy will be hanging around the General Store when the Team arrive, and is the one person currently in town likely to come over and out of the blue talk to the strangers. She will soon fixate on one (or more!) of the Team members, and can be a meager source of info, leading the Team to the Wild Horse Saloon, telling them about local currency, etc. Given the chance, she will happily plop down on a PCs lap or otherwise get close to

him, and if the PC is even the least bit interested in her, she will suggest "going behind the stable" for "a real good time."

Let it be known now that she is everything she promises to be, save that she is not 19 as her body suggests, but rather is a very well-developed 15 years old. Should anything of an untoward nature occur, her returning brothers, uncles and cousins will find out about it ("What the hell are you smiling about, Candy?") and once she tells them, the Bennet boys will do their best to apprehend the PC in question. Denials are not likely to have any effect: they will believe Candy over any stranger's word.

(Chances are good that if this scene occurs, even if it was not consummated, the Bennets will lay hands on the PC and send someone for a Preacher, "there's a weddin' to perform!")

How the players get out of such a situation is not for us to decide here, but be forewarned: there are members of the Bennet clan who would not look favorably on a man who abandons a woman he "dishonored" and they would be all too willing to track the Team from here to Kingdom Come to get Candy's man back. This is the sort of problem that can plague a Team for ... well, forever!

6. TONY "SHARPIE" DAVIS

"Sharpie" got his nickname from the way he can handle a poker deck. He has never been much on sweating and getting sore busting broncos and range-riding cattle, and so as soon he was able to, turned to a life dealing cards and raking in pots. Even though he never stays in one spot for any real length of time, he has become too well known throughout the Territory, and has no one he can play against (at least for money; everyone knows he's too good). He is on his way "out to the edge," heading slowly but surely towards Oasis and the "the Coast Road" where he hopes to find new players among the Traders, Mailmen, Wanderers and Gypsy Truckers who will be coming to trade in Oasis now that Spring is here.

Sharpie is quite good with an Ely-Colt pistol, a skill he developed when people began to resent how much he was winning from them. And while he'd rather not mention it, he's been forced to use his pistol on more than one occasion. He has yet to lose with it.

Because he has previously gone up to the crossroads where the Territory meets the Coast Road, he is the one person in town most likely to have an idea of what the outside world looks like, although he has a rather nasty tendency to embellish anything he does not have the details for, which means taking everything he says with a rather hefty grain of salt. He likes an audience for his tales, especially if there are any females in it, and will happily make stuff up if it seems to impress said lady folk.

As to things happening in town, he is not likely to talk about it, and is likely to be found playing Solitaire in the Wild Horse Saloon. If the players ask to play cards (and have local money or something to bet against his cash), he will happily make small talk and exchange info with them — slowly, as he is concentrating on the game — and they can learn a few things about what is going on in town.

He knows a few details (and quite a lot of hearsay) about the Kelso-Jones feud and he knows about the Bennets

(which is why he and everyone else around have kept their hands off Candy) and if the players stay in the game long enough, they may learn a good bit about the local situation, especially the underlying tensions that have most people waiting for something awful to happen. He also knows that an Amerind girl has gone missing, and that the Amerinds think one of Kelso's boys may have had something to do with it. Given how the Amerinds are getting all riled up, Sharpie has been thinking of leaving town real soon. (He is likely to say this as he puts down an unbeatable four aces down on the table.) "Anyone want to play another hand?"

7. KELLY SHAKER

Kelly is found only in the Wild Horse Saloon, for reasons which will be immediately obvious.

Kelly Shaker is the Madame who runs the Wild Horse Saloon's 'female companionship program' and as such will take an interest in the Team who are obviously new in town and probably look like they have money (their clothes aren't ripped, they ain't covered with range dust and they don't smell.) She will quickly send in her three girls: Sheri (white), Monique (black) and Happy Deer (Amerind) to the PCs table, where the girls will pose and look enticing to anyone old enough to want to know these girls better. (And in case the players ask: No, nobody around here cares about the color of people's skin.) The girls wear homemade bikinis under long duster coats and wear cowboy hats and boots and give the appearance of either call girls or Las Vegas casino dancers (now, why would that be?). They are, to a one, beautiful. Feel free to be expressive with their descriptions.

After showing off what treasures the Wild Horse has to offer, Kelly will offer any team members who seem attracted to one of her girls one free shot of booze on the house, delivering it with the offer that for the right amount, a lucky man can go upstairs with any one of the girls — and for the right amount, all three! (Prostitution, even if not looked upon as a good life, is completely legal in the 93 Territory, one of the holdovers from before the War.)

None of the locals inhabiting the saloon will even blink at this, other than a wry grin at the Team member in question. Please note, though, that player characters who are not interested will become interesting to the locals — why does a man turn down a good time, unless he's here on business? (And given the recent tensions, this could be really "bad" business!) People who would have shrugged the players off as nobodies from out of town will under such circumstances now keep an eye on the players to find out what's going on.

Kelly Shaker is not a "prostitute with a heart of gold;" she is a keen, mercenary woman who was once herself the best whore in Ely. She has never lost her edge, but as long as the Team buys drinks, she is a gold-mine of useful information (as long as the money from the Trade pack holds out). Mind you, she is opinionated from one side of her smile to the other, and that colors her information a bit. Should one or more members of the Team take her up on her offer of one of the ladies, she will demand on getting paid first, but then will be even more helpful in providing information; out here, money talks.

Like Sharpie, she knows what is going on around here,

but her opinion is that Jones is at fault for not selling out, and that Mr. Kelso is a fine and decent man. The missing Amerind woman? Kelly doesn't know anything about her, and doesn't think that even Mr. Kelso would be so bold as to grab Mark Old Bear's granddaughter. "Now, his son might be that stupid, but Mr. Kelso? No way!"

8. BLUE FEATHER

Blue Feather is a South Fork Shoshone from the Medicine Range hills west of Currie and the Cherry Creek Range. One of the best of the young braves, he has had his eye on a visiting squaw of the Goshute tribe, Soft Wind, and has gotten into his mind the idea of making her his woman. However, Soft Wind vanished the day before yesterday and Blue Feather has been looking for her ever since. The trail has led him to the Kelso Ranch.

Blue Feather is a superb horseman and a fairly good shot with an Ely rifle which he carries in a decorated saddle holster on his horse. At 24 he can outride and outshoot most all of his tribe. He knows that not only is Soft Wind a beautiful maiden of the Goshute tribe near the Inland Sea, but that she is also the granddaughter of Mark 'Old Bear,' a tribal elder renowned for his wisdom and generosity; a union with her would produce for him a son of both strength and great knowledge.

Blue Feather is quick-tempered and proud. While he does not hate the Anglos living in the 93 Territory, he has no compunction against going on the warpath to avenge insults to him and his tribe, especially against the one named Kelso, who has been a thorn in his tribe's side for years. Blue Feather has not been able to get close to Kelso's ranch (his armed ranch hands drive off intruders at gunpoint), but he is sure that Soft Wind is being held there, against her will.

9. SOFT WIND

Soft Wind is a rape victim. Tom Kelso did his worst on her. Now that she has been locked tied and gagged in the root cellar out back behind the house, a couple of Kelso's ranch hands have snuck in and had their way with her as well, figuring that "she's used goods" and that they'll probably have to kill her anyway and hide the body. She is only 17, and has been forcibly raped several times; she is in pain, shame, and is disgraced. Note that she speaks almost no English, and does not understand anything that the white men have said to her.

She is not stupid, though, and suspects what will happen to her when things quiet down, for she has seen it in Frank Kelso's eyes. She knows the old man will not allow her to live and tell what his miserable echaro boy did to her. Given the opportunity, she will kill herself rather than let herself come to any more shame.

And if she dies, every one of the South Fork Amerinds will rise up to avenge her.

III. SLAVERY

Slavery is known, of course, but is not tolerated among the people of the 93 Territory, nor among the Amerinds nearby, nor among the Saints on the far side of the Inland Sea. It is rumored to exist in the Amerind Empire to the east, though, and is known to exist in places to the west, which is just another good reason not to leave the territory!

IV. MONEY IN CURRIE

The 93 Territory uses money for transactions, although direct barter is still common. The coins used are actual US pennies and quarters, salvaged from the banks of the region. This began several years back when someone realized that there were still hordes of these finely minted copper and silver coins lying around in the abandoned bank vaults in Ely, Currie, Lages Station, and other towns. It was thus a short matter to find the vaults and blow them open, bag up the pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters and bring them back under guard to Ely, to the "mint" in the basement of the First National Bank, where they were stored and introduced into the economy. These coins are the pre-War currency the Team is familiar with, and they are legal tender anywhere within the 93 Territory.

There is a branch of the First National Bank in Currie that will (during normal business hours, 9 to 3 by the bank's clock) trade "raw" silver by weight for local quarters, for a small transaction fee (about 10% of the total cost of the cash received). The US silver dollars in the MP Trade Pack, because they are recognizable as US silver currency, can be traded at the rate of one silver dollar for four US quarters. Places like the Wild Horse Saloon will accept such silver dollars in payment, and may or may not add the 10% (or higher!) exchange fee depending on how the Team behaves.

Gold, however, is not considered as money, per se, and is only used in making jewelry, which only a few people do anyway. It is otherwise valueless save for that use. As a result, a \$20 gold piece from the Trade Pack is worth about 25 cents locally. This should come as a hell of a shock to Teams who sees locals spending nickels and dimes, and then think they will be living high off the hog on the gold in their trade pack!

Wages in Currie are small by modern standards: a common laborer earns about five cents a day, while a trained craftsman (carpenter, for example) can earn up to 25 cents a day. Wages themselves are a constant, but the amount earned goes up (or down!) correspondingly to an individual's talents and abilities.

The following is a list of the prices of typical items that might be found for sale in Currie, or in any part of the 93 Territory. Due to the amount of trade in the area, prices are usually not jacked up for strangers (unless they are troublesome, rude, spendthrifts or just disliked). In that case, prices charged are usually double what is listed here.

Barter is not used much, at least officially, in the businesses of the 93 Territory; it does, however, still exist among the people of the farms and ranches, and it is common enough that it is accepted in lieu of payment in coin. A meal can be had for doing a few hours' worth of

work; simple trade can be made for needed items, etc. This mode of transaction is kept alive by the many Traders who come rarely have the US currency used by the locals when they come into the Territory.

Paper money is known to have once existed but here it is totally worthless, save as curios or toilet articles (almost \$5,000,000 in US currency vanished into outhouses this way over the years).

AVERAGE PRICES IN THE 93 TERRITORY

Item	Price
Glass of rye beer	1 cent
1 lb of dried beef	5 cents
1 lb of dried fish	4 cents
A Poor Meal (w/o drinks)	5 cents
A Good Meal (w/o drinks)	10 cents
Candle	10 cents
Boots	200 cents
Shirt	100 cents
Pants	100 cents
Hat	250 cents
Milk Cow	1,000 cents (40 quarters)
Stud Bull	3,000 cents (120 quarters)
Good Riding Horse	1,500 cents (60 quarters)
Plowing Horse	700 cents (28 quarters)
Apartment In Town	5 cents/day
Knife	50 cents
Ely Rifle	500 cents
Ely-Colt Pistol	200 cents
7.62x51mmR Ball	1 cent per round
11.56x33mmR Ball	1 cent per round
A Prostitute	25 cents an hour
Train Ticket	1 cent per mile

V. THE TRAIN SCHEDULE

The Train from Ely to Oasis runs on a fairly fixed schedule, which it rarely ever manages to keep. It does, however, always arrive sometime on the day its supposed to be in, so people don't complain. There are few clock-watchers in cowboy country.

The following is the distance table (rounded up, of course) for train tickets inside the 93 Territory, which are based on the ticket rate of one cent per mile; tickets are drawn up ahead of time and are made out for the distance covered between stations, with the price rate is clearly posted in every station and depot along the line.

Bags big enough to need to go into the freight car (anything that cannot fit on the overhead rack) go at the rate of half the cost of the owner's ticket, per bag. Horses can ride on the flatcar (at double the human rate), as well as cattle (at triple the human rate). As can be seen by the chart, the trip one way from Ely to Oasis is 148 miles, 296 miles round-trip: 296 cents in cost. For a common laborer that's two month's wages; for a craftsman, almost two weeks' wages. Long-distance travel here is not cheap.

Still the train is faster than a horse and buggy, so it remains the mainstay, linking the ends of the Territory together, and allowing contact with the outside world.

THE TRAIN SCHEDULE	
Trip	Distance
Ely to Calumet	1 mile
Calumet to Mosier	3 miles
Mosier to Hiline Siding	2 miles
Hiline Siding to McGill (Spur line)	8 miles
Hiline Siding to McGill Junction	7 miles
McGill Junction to Glenn Siding	8 miles
Glenn Siding to Steptoe Siding	7 miles
Steptoe Siding to Warm Springs Siding	6 miles
Warm Springs Siding to Raiff Siding	8 miles
Raiff Siding to Ray Siding	4 miles
Ray Siding to Cherry Creek Station	6 miles
Cherry Creek Station to Greens Siding	9 miles
Greens Siding to Goshute Siding	11 miles
Goshute Siding to Currie	8 miles
Currie to Mizpah Siding	10 miles
Mizpah Siding to Dolly Varden	12 miles
Dolly Varden to Decoy Siding	9 miles
Decoy Siding to Shafter Siding	13 miles
Shafter Siding to Silver Zone Siding	7 miles
Silver Zone Siding to Oasis	9 miles

VI. TOWNS OF THE 93 TERRITORY

A. ELY

Pronounced "ee-lee" and NOT "ee-lie", this was in pre-war times the most important manufacturing center in all of eastern Nevada (which may not be saying a lot, considering how underpopulated this area was to begin with). Much reduced from its pre-war population of well over 4,000, it now has something on the order of 250 people, if you count in all of the outlying ranches.

Ely is the "county seat" for all of the 93 Territory and as such is the place that is considered "the big city" for the locals, the place where all the best people live, all the best parties are thrown, and all of the local government, including Dan Thorpe, the US Marshal, resides.

Ely is a thriving community; there are much smaller ones all around it, based near the old pre-War towns of Majors Place, Baker, Preston, Hamilton and McGill. These settlements are all more or less dependant on Ely, and in turn supply the "city" with enough goods and services to make life in Ely rather pleasant.

Ely is still a crossroads for three US highways, sheltered between the Egan Range to the west and the Schell Creek Range to the east. And it is the home to something else as well: the Nevada Northern Railway Museum. This museum was a pre-War working train museum that contained both diesel engines and authentic steam locomotives, rolling stock, the people who knew how to use and maintain them, and access to tracks stretching north from Ely over 130 miles, all the way to Shafter Siding, where the line cuts over onto the old Union Pacific tracks and heads up northeast to Silver Zone Siding near Interstate 80, finally ending at Cliffside Siding, above the shore of the Inland Sea. This is the trade town of New Oasis, built out of the rubble of the pre-War town of Oasis, Nevada, some 14 miles to the northwest.

The tracks and rolling stock were maintained after the War, primarily because it was realized that the train would soon be highly useful when the gasoline finally ran out; steam engines run on water and wood, not hard-to-find and harder-to-refine petrochemicals!

The tracks ran past Duck Creek for about 60-odd miles, and a lot of the rodeo people who'd stayed behind in Ely immediately after the War were eventually resettled along the creek, where the train could serve their needs. Because of the train, the people at Ely were able to tie together an entire area 150 miles long, and keep it working during those harsh, terrible first years.

Over time many of the rodeo-ranchers settled in Duck Creek struck out into the area beyond Ely to stake out bigger ranches; still, a large number of families, including the Bennets, live in the area of Duck Creek, and they continue to thrive. Ely continues to watch over them and protect them, and it is a decent place to live.

This is not to say that there are no problems here. Fires always pose a major problem, and medical care is almost non-existent. The "college" at Ely is not much more than a shabby sixth-rate A&M, and even then it is pathetic. But it is the best that the locals have, and it does manage to keep teaching the luckier ones enough to keep the community successful and stable. Likely students are chosen by the mayor based on their academic abilities, and these children sent to the school to learn enough to take over the duties of the town from their elders someday.

As the county seat, the Law for the Territory is centered here, and the US Marshal is based here as well. If there is a center of government for this territory, it is here. There is no Territorial Governor yet, but there could be one if someone (like the Team) were to press for more central government. Of all the settlements in this part of the country, this one is

the most stable and representative of the old America, with Law and Order and stability. This would be the perfect place for the Morrow Project to set up shop.

There are a number of small communities on the rail line from Ely to McGill Junction — Calumet, Mosier, and Hilline Siding. These are small stops, places to pick up water and wood or drop off ranchers back from trading in town; they generally consist of nothing more than a depot, water tower and sometimes another structure or two. Once the train departs and the ranchers and farmers head out to their homes, nothing remains but a sleepy little railway station and one lone station master.

B. MCGILL

This town doesn't look much like its pre-War appearance. McGill is now the place where all of the stockyards in the 93 Territory are situated, along with the meat drying and smoking plants, the slaughterhouses and the tanneries. It is a place where lots of work takes place, and as such it looks like a working town: there are few amenities and it stinks here, even in the dead of winter. Being on the old Nevada Northern railway spur line 12 miles from Ely, it sees a lot of rail traffic back and forth, taking in cattle and salt, and returning leather, meat products and other items. Other than that, it is not a very impressive place.

Like the area between Ely and McGill Junction, there are a number of stations and sidings on the rail line from McGill Junction to Cherry Creek Station: Glenn Siding, Steptoe Siding, Warm Springs Siding, Raiff Siding and Ray Siding, which sits 6 miles from Cherry Creek Station. These stops are dropping-off and picking-up points for the local ranchers and farmers who settled out along the tracks, and again usually are nothing more than a tiny depot and a water tower.

C. CHERRY CREEK STATION

This is more a settlement than it is a town, since it serves a large number of independent farms and tiny ranches along Duck Creek on the far side of the railroad tracks. There is a full depot and a few other buildings near the tracks, including a saloon and a sheriff's office, but not much else; its a place outlying families come into only on Sunday, or to meet the train, or buy something from the general store. The original town of Cherry Creek three-and-a-half miles west is still inhabited, but is reduced from its pre-War population and many of its unused buildings have been stripped for building supplies for the new ranches that sprung up after the War when this area was reclaimed and settled.

Two small sidings dot the line as it wends its way to Currie: Greens Siding and Goshute Siding, both of which are unremarkable. The train does not normally stop in such small sidings unless someone there obviously wants to get on, or else someone on board wants to get off.

D. LAGES STATION

The closest town of any kind to the bolt hole, and the one the players are likely to head to first. Lying at the fork of US Highway 93 (to Wells, Nevada) and Alt 93 (to

Wendover, Utah), Lages Station is not on the railroad line and has been abandoned since the first weeks after the war. It was not a target, and fallout from the atomic strike on the capitol at Carson City, 210 miles to the west, didn't reach the town. Unfortunately, several carloads of "sicklies" from the Salt Lake area did.

Contaminated with the RNA/N 417 virus released into the atmosphere by the nuclear airburst that took out the Toole Army Depot in Utah, the survivors from the Salt Lake City area who reached Lages Station were on their way south along Highway 93, trying to get to Lake Mead where (they thought) they would find a safe haven. Well into the first stages of the infection, those who hadn't died yet were burning up with fever. When they stopped in Lages Station looking for gasoline, they spread the infection into the local populace just before dying.

And the people of Lages Station were infected before anyone realized it. Some of the lucky ones got away before the disease reached them; others got away afterwards, and spread the sickness elsewhere. The disease ravaged the town, but did not spread east over the Schell Creek Range to the Goshute Indian Reservation on the Nevada-Utah border. A single carload of people from Lages Station, fleeing just ahead of the plague, arrived and warned the Amerinds there what was coming. As a result, the people of the reservation were able to turn back the few "sicklies" who made it through Tippet Pass, as well as survivors from the Salt Lake area coming south towards Ibapah, Utah. The disease never gained a foothold in the Reservation.

It wiped out Lages Station, though. It spread through the town's tiny population and within a week everyone who was still there would remain there forever, their unburied corpses lying where the coma laid them down to die.

Now, 150 years after the War, the town is empty and abandoned; because of the plague, no one ever returned to live there. The locals from other towns in the area eventually came back and stripped the place bare, but a taboo still hangs over the place, although the exact reason has been lost to time. Still, no local will stay in this town more than a few hours at a time, and never overnight. The bodies that once littered the streets are also long gone. The skeletons dispersed by animals over the past 150 years, but here and there a skull or human bone lies exposed in the dirt, a sign of the passing of those who once lived, loved, worked and died here.

E. CURRIE

As described in detail earlier, and the closest inhabited town to the Team's bolt hole, and the most likely spot for the Team to head to once they discover that Lages Station has been abandoned.

From Currie the train passes through a number of small stops on its way to the trade town of Oasis: Mizpah Siding, Dolly Varden, Decoy Siding, Shafter Siding and Silver Zone Siding (some 9 miles from Oasis). As before, these are generally small whistle-stops with nothing unique about them.

F. OASIS

Although like the Inland Sea, this locale sits outside the scope of the immediate adventure. Oasis is mentioned here because it is a rather important place: the eastern terminus of the Coast Road that follows I-80 inland all the way from the ruins of San Francisco to the shore of the Inland Sea.

The train from Ely used to run as far north as Cobre and took on water drained from the Cobre Well northeast of the town, but the town became abandoned over the years as enterprising families realized that the Inland Sea was not only a source of food (the huge mutant brine shrimp) but also of salt, which is a mainstay of life and somewhat hard to come by in these parts. They set up a salt mill at Cliffside Siding, and being at the end of two lines (the territorial railway and the old I-80 route to Tahoe and points west) a trade town grew up here.

The name of Oasis was borrowed from the town 15 miles west; originally called "New Oasis" by the settlers, it was quickly shortened to "Oasis" by traders and mailmen and so remains under that name today. To those Mailmen, Wanderers, Gypsy Truckers and others who have come across hundreds of miles of desert from Lake Tahoe, this town above the shore of the Inland Sea truly is an oasis in the desert.

And Oasis more than lives up to its name! It is the closest thing the 22nd century has to a Mos Eisley: a Casbah of narrow streets, glittering nightlife, subtle uncertainty and more than a little danger to the unwary. Although technically within the jurisdiction of the 93 Territory, Oasis is a wide-open town where justice can be had for a price, a place where Ranchers, Townies and Amerinds rub shoulders with Traders, Gypsy Truckers and Slavers. Everyone goes armed, shootouts are not all that uncommon (although lonely ambushes outside town are much more preferred) and life is lived on the hard edge. Traffic comes in from the Trade Road to the west, and occasionally, small boats risk the journey across the Inland Sea to reach the far shores and the strange lands beyond; there is a small clan of Saints who make a living out of ferrying people across the Inland Sea from points east. Almost anything can be found here, where deals and double-deals are a way of life, and death is never far away from anyone.

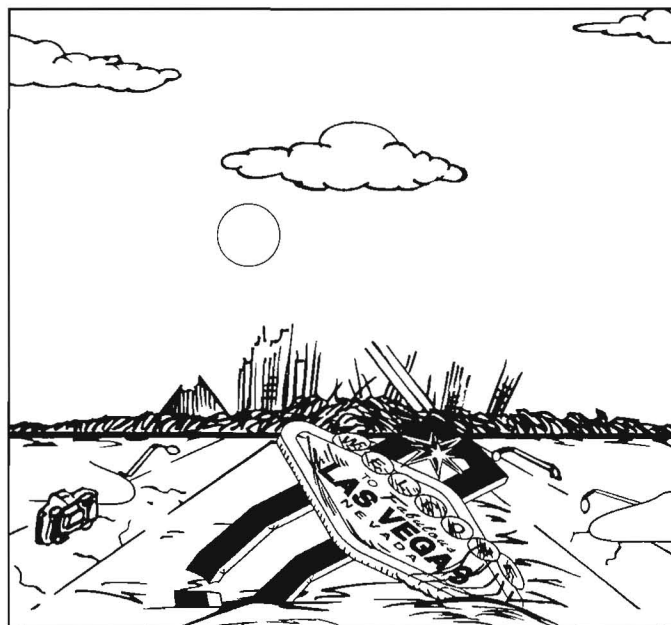
OUTSIDE THE 93 TERRITORY-SOUTH

I. LAS VEGAS

The biggest and the most famous of all spots in eastern Nevada, even now, 150 years after the War. It is, however, a famous ruin, whose crumbling bones have been picked at for many years now by scavengers, both the two-legged and four-legged kind. The high-rise buildings that stayed up when the bombs exploded a dozen miles away at Nellis AFB now lean and tilt like drunken statues, decaying slowly in the baking desert heat. Every so often one falls, sometimes crumbling down to the ground in bits and pieces over many days, sometimes with a total and instant collapse that pitches it down into the rubble of the street to scatter flying debris for a quarter-mile or more.

No one lives here any more, and hasn't since the first weeks after the War. Because of its reputation though, the city is still visited on occasion by those who seek the mythical treasures of the gambling capitol of America, but these people are few and far between. Now the once-rich city lies barren, deserted and empty, save for the infrequent visitor from far outside the area using a pre-War map and looking for the mythical golden city of Vegas. Legends of this town abound, each the more lavish and unbelievable than the last, and none of these explorers seeking her are what the team would call Good Samaritans. They include some from the 93 Territory, looking to strike it rich, stumbling over some casino's horde of pre-War coins — a fortune just waiting for someone to find it and dig it up.

The 'fever' strikes someone or other in the Territory at least once in every generation, and the current one is no exception. Four friends from the Thomasin slaughter-yards in McGill have ridden down here to look for the mythical "treasure of the casino metro" and are poking about in the ruins, not sure what they will find but hoping for the mother lode. As there is no water in the ruined city in the desert, things are beginning to stretch a little thin for the four, and it is only a matter of time before they have a falling out that will get ugly.



II. BOULDER CITY TO NORTH LAS VEGAS

Boulder City (to the SE) was wiped out by the missile that took out Hoover Dam, and North Las Vegas (the NE suburbs of Vegas itself) took some heavy damage from the warheads that took out Nellis AFB just beyond. Everything in the area is mostly rubble now: Las Vegas, North Las Vegas, Henderson, Boulder City, Nellis Air Force Base. The impact zones are still contaminated by the long-life radioisotopes the fireballs impinged into the craters they made, and remain lifeless.

To the east, all of Lake Mead is gone and the Colorado

River runs rampant through the canyons the Lake Mead Project once inundated. Deprived of the life-giving water and electric power to move it across the desert, the region has returned to dry, inhospitable desert. Due west of Las Vegas, across the California border, lies Death Valley, the hottest spot in the US; south of it lies the Mojave Desert.

It should be noted that one of the Team's caches, #6, is located near the Railroad Pass where US 93 leaves US 95 east of Henderson. (Like the other caches, this one is hidden underneath a USGS benchmark.) If the team is down this way looking for the cache or else just patrolling their assigned area, they are likely to have an encounter with some of the treasure hunters looking for Las Vegas.

There are others here in the vicinity, but they are locals; Amerinds whose reservation lands near here have been their home ever since before the War. These small independent tribes have managed to stay alive in this harsh land without becoming entangled in the business of any outsiders, be they white-eyes or other Amerinds. These include the Moapa River Indians near Moapa on I-15 to the NE of Las Vegas and the Shiwits further to the NE along the old Interstate; the Fort Mojave Indians where Nevada, Arizona and California meet; the Chemehuevi Valley Indians to the south of them on Lake Havasu and the Hualapai Indians to the east in Arizona, along what used to be Grand Canyon National Park.

Of these, none is aligned with the Amerind Empire save for the Hualapai tribe, which is a nominally a part of the Empire. None of the other tribes, being much smaller, is aligned with the Gathered Tribes, and thus exist by themselves. The only Anglos in this area are in scattered outposts and trading centers run by the Saints (Mormons) in the State of Deseret, which reaches out of Utah and into Arizona. The Amerinds tend to be on more or less peaceful terms with the Saints, although now and then a cold war will start up over some brush-fire incident.

PD NOTE; should the Team find itself in this country, and it come to fighting in this terrain, the PD is strongly suggested to read the section on "Engaging Targets in the Desert" in PF R-007, Desert Search, regarding shooting and the difficulty of mirages in this kind of low desert.

III. MOAPA TO ELY

The 175 miles (as the crow flies) of land between the Moapa River Paiutes and the town of Ely is a barren, sun-baked empty sagebrush wasteland of flats, open range, canyons and mountains. The towns of Carp, Elgin, Caliente, Panaca and Pioche, of Crystal Springs and Sunnyside and Lund, are all ghost towns. All have been searched through and scavenged, but because of the distance from the 93 Territory, not picked clean the way Lages Station was.

None of these towns is inhabited, and the only people the Team might run into in one of these places might be a cowboy scouting about for something to salvage, an Amerind chasing game in the ruins, or just maybe a treasure hunter going to (or coming from) the ruins of Vegas. Time is taking its toll on these places, but by and large they are still recognizable as 20th century towns, their streets clogged

with dead automobiles, the unburied corpses long ago picked clean and scattered by coyotes.

IV. MP POWER STATION TN-7

One important point is that at Crystal Springs US Highway 93 jogs east and Nevada Route 375 heads west. Thirty-six miles west on Route 375 the team would run into Spencer, the site of TN-7, the goal of the Recon Team in PF R-007 Desert Search. (Note: Spencer is a mythical place based on the town of Rachel, Nevada: pop. 100, one store, one bar, no post office.) This could lead to encounters with other Morrow Project teams in Combined Group N, even entry to MP Power Station TN-7. (How long has it been since the players have had a hot shower and some good food?)

Remember too that the bad guys in that module, the Syen and the Slavers from Tahoe, are also in the region northwest of there, and might be encountered by the Team in this module as well (see PF R-007 Desert Search for full details).

Chances are good that if Power Station TN-7 is active, that the Base Commander will order the players to the base and assume command of them, assigning them to the base for the duration until the mine/cache is cleared and things get straightened out. (The more donkey labor, the better!) How the Team would feel about this after being footloose and fancy-free out in the desert is anyone's guess, but orders are orders

PROJECT COMMUNICATION BASES

I. BACKGROUND

Because the scattered teams of the Morrow Project would be relying on radio signals to maintain communications with each other and with Prime Base, the Project required a network of remote radio repeating stations which could pick up MP radio transmissions from remote parts of the country and rebroadcast them farther on, thus allowing teams on opposite ends of the continent to maintain contact with each other. The 750 mile common range of the AN/PRC-70 radio in backpack mode—using Continuous Wave (CW, or Morse Code)—would mean that any team more than 750 miles from Prime Base would out of contact with their HQ. The MPV's are equipped with longer whip antennas and radio amplifiers that can extend the range to 1,500 miles, but even so these ranges could be drastically shortened in operation after an atomic war by radiation in the upper atmosphere, local weather conditions or even intervening mountains. The repeater stations were designed to alleviate these problems.

The Morrow Project constructed a series of communications bases. Some of these Commo Bases were merged with the secondary bases and supply facilities (both the manned supply facility at Isle Royal and the unmanned Delta Base in Kentucky are equipped with such repeater stations). Others were constructed and placed as separate bases in and of themselves (such as Kilo Alpha in Seattle) and are manned, or unmanned, as the case may be.

The repeater stations are an integral part of the Morrow Radio Network. The stations are set up so as to cover the entire continental United States, based on a reliable short-range coverage area (roughly 250 miles between stations). A repeater is nothing more than a high-powered electronic parrot. It operates automatically by listening in on one designated frequency and instantly retransmitting the exact same message on another designated frequency, but at a much higher power. While most repeaters are "open" to public use, those used by the Morrow Project require certain sub-audible tones for access; these tones also act to help prevent interference from extraneous transmissions that might accidentally key the repeater. The MP repeater stations are keyed to operate on certain pre-set frequencies used by the AN/PRC-70 radios used by the Project, and will repeat transmissions given in the clear or scrambled by the internal radio scrambler on every Project radio, at either normal speed or at the AN/PRC-70's CW Burst Mode of 300 wpm, depending on what kind of transmission is received.

There are a total of 26 repeater stations on the Morrow Radio Net, not including the commo station at Prime Base. Of these, eight are at manned bases with their own teams, four are unmanned units attached to other MP facilities, and one is part of a power generation facility. The remaining 13 stations are remote units of the Kilo Alpha type which have to be activated manually by local teams (see PF R-010, The Final Watch for details).

The Primary Stations (the eight manned bases) are scattered across the continental United States and are designed to be reactivated by a recall signal from Prime Base, issued one day before the field teams were to be recalled. Like the bolt holes, these commo bases are equipped with a buried Extreme Low Frequency antenna: they would hear the recall code signal from Prime Base, their teams would be awakened, and the eight manned stations would come online in time to support the rest of the Project's awakenings and operation.

Once this was accomplished, Prime Base would go ahead and send the recall code to the rest of the Project, which—now that the repeater stations were up and running—could communicate back to Prime Base using the standard AN/PRC-70 radio sets.

At least, that was the plan

II. COMMO BASE KILO ECHO

Commo Base Kilo Echo was a separate, manned facility, one of the eight Primary Stations in the network, specifically designed to help facilitate the initial recall of the entire Project. It was built in 1973 on the promontory one mile north of Becky Peak, at an altitude of over 8,800 feet above sea level, almost exactly 250 miles east-southeast of Prime Base, five miles south of Lages Station, and just two miles south/southeast of (but over 2,000 feet higher than!) Team V-3's bolt hole.

Given its unusual location (no one builds on top of a mountain unless he really, really has to, since there is snow year-round at this altitude!) the station had to be disguised as something that would not draw attention to itself, and

would discourage visitors from coming up to it.

Its cover was that of an automated high-altitude atmospheric monitoring station built by Deltronics Limited, a high-tech environmental group active in ecological concerns in the American Southwest in the 1980's. (Deltronics was also a dummy corporation owned and operated by Morrow Industries.) The facility was designed to monitor desert air quality at high altitudes as part of a study of the effects of long-range air pollution the large coastal cities in California were having on the inland desert environment.

The station was fully automated, although facilities for human operation were included on site. A research team from Deltronics returned to the station every six months to remove air samples and recorded data for analysis at a Deltronics lab; reports on the quality of the air were published twice a year in the paper in Lages Station and even made back page news as far away as Reno. The facility's cover held, unbroken, right up to and even beyond the War.

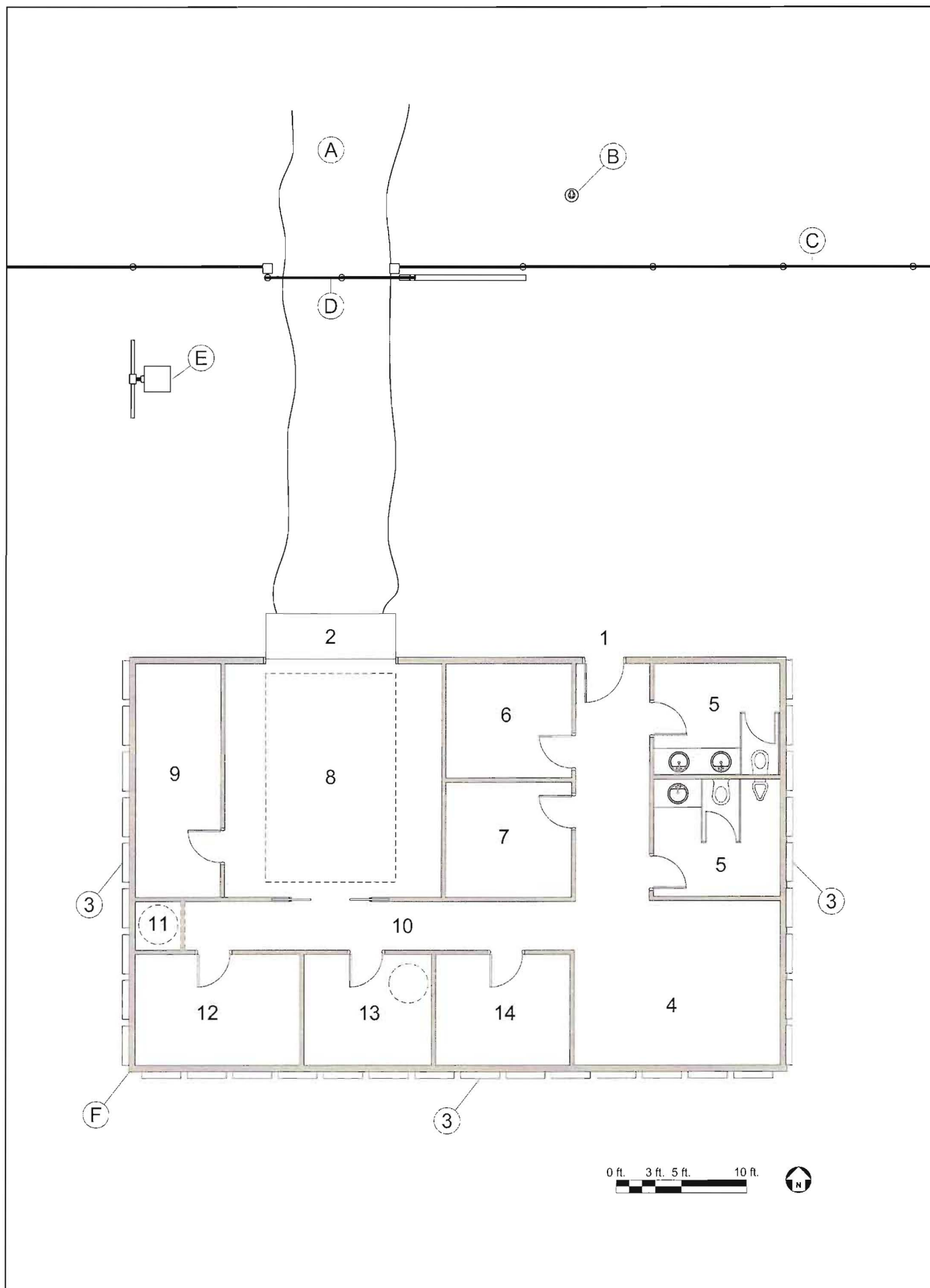
The air-monitoring station was real; it actually did what its designers claimed it did. But its real purpose was to conceal the construction and burial of a commo base and the team that was going to operate it.

The six-man Ops team at Kilo Echo were frozen in a bolt hole buried just north of the building, which itself housed a special cache containing not only spare station equipment, but also a Commando Ranger APC for the team's use. The commo team, once awakened, would raise the main radio antenna mast and get everything working. Eventually they would leave their mountaintop base to help in the Reconstruction, but in the meantime would stay at Kilo Echo while the Project got up and rolling, and for this reason there are facilities hidden beneath the air-monitoring station to support the six-man team for several months: stores, kitchen, eating area, latrine, day room, infirmary, sleeping quarters. The station was intended to be self-sufficient (which it had to be, at this altitude) and to keep the team there in sufficient comfort to endure their duty time atop the mountain.

A. APPROACHES

The approach to Kilo Echo was by way of an unmarked dirt road off of State Route 893 about 10 miles south of Alt 93 on the eastern side of the Schell Creek Range. This road was such that even when it was in use in the 1980's it required a four-wheel-drive vehicle to negotiate it. Today, 150 years of weathering and erosion have broken up the old ground surface so that only a four-wheel-drive vehicle could attempt to traverse the slope (which the Team will discover for themselves when they try to come down from their bolt hole).

The old road starts at 6,700 feet above sea level (the floor of Spring Valley, believe it or not; we weren't kidding when we said this module took place in the high desert). The roadbed climbs another 2,800 feet in the space of five miles; the old roadway is littered with rocks and stones and landslides and washouts from storms and erosion caused by snowmelt from the higher altitudes. Just how treacherous it can be is left up to the PD, in case he wants the Team to drive all the way to the top.



PD NOTE: some teams seem completely unable to function without their MP vehicle to hide in; these rocky, crumbling slopes are an excellent place to deprive a cocky Team of their ride and all the goodies stored inside it.

One VERY important point to make here is that the bolt hole for the PCs team, Recon Team V-3, is located on this very road, a distance of 800 feet up above the floor of the valley. In fact, when the players come out of the bolt hole for the first time, they will see the old road crossing in front of them, going off to their right—up the mountainside—and down to the left toward the valley below. How many teams will ever think to head UP the hill rather than down? This can cause one hell of a shock when they go looking for Kilo Echo later!

The road climbed up a canyon northeast of Becky Peak and passed about a half-mile east of the promontory that houses the air-monitoring station; there is snow year-round at this altitude.

Here another dirt road branched off of this one and led up the promontory where Kilo Echo sits. Up here, the snow is year-round and in the past several decades has been packed down and is on its way to becoming glacial ice: where the base sits, the snow is now three feet deep and has hardened into ice.

At the turn-off point the access road was once blocked by a couple of concrete posts with a rubber-sheathed steel chain strung between them; the chain was tossed aside long ago and left in the snow and rocks beside the road. It is still there, and the sign that hung from sticks up out of the ice; though one half has rusted away, is still somewhat legible:



A half-mile further is the remains of the Deltronics air-monitoring station.

The winds up here on the promontory where the station sits, 8,800 feet up, are quite noticeable. The Team's "cold-at-night" clothing from the desert kits will NOT be sufficient to ward off this kind of cold, especially in the thin air well over one-and-a-half miles above sea level! Are the PCs hiking up to the top? They'll be getting awful dizzy and winded this high up, and there are a lot of loose rocks underfoot. This becomes loose rock under snow, and up here, becomes an ever thicker covering a snow that has turned to ice. Although the team will not be forced to climb any cliffs, they will be forced to scamper over stretches of ice and rock that will make the going rough.

To the south 200 feet from the building, is a 100-foot-tall radio antenna mast, old and decayed, now orange from rust and scoured by wind-driven ice. It stands off by itself and is not marked or fenced-in, but its purpose is obvious.

B. THE PERISCOPE

Not so obvious is the top of a periscope sticking not so far out of the ground about 35 feet north of the building and just 5 feet outside the perimeter fence; this is the periscope and detector package for the operations team's bolt hole. It can only be spotted among the snow and rocks if the team goes looking around outside the compound area. If found and the ice around it chopped away, it and the instrument package will show the signs of decades of exposure to the elements.

C. THE FENCE

The air-monitoring station was surrounded 30 feet out by a green "rubber-coated" chain-link fence 10-foot high and topped by three strands of barbed wire. Due to the anti-corrosion rubber coating, the chain-link fence is still intact, but the steel poles it was strung to have rusted quite a bit and the steel straps that held the fence to these posts have all rusted out, making the fence sag away from the poles in most places. None of the barbed wire remains intact, and only the corroded hangers mark where it once ran atop the fence. There were several PRIVATE PROPERTY signs on the fence identical to the one on the entrance chain at the turn-off, but these have all rusted away to the point of being illegible. The lower three feet of the fence is buried in ice. The fence was not electrified.

The condition of the fence means that it is too wobbly to be climbed; in fact, the weight of a man on it will be enough to snap an entire stretch of the fence free from its poles and collapse it into the snow. A vehicle cannot breach the fence without knocking it down, but this would certainly not be difficult. Given the thickness of the ice, it is doubtful any vehicle could have come up this high, though. The perimeter of the fenced-in area is a sheet of ice three feet thick. Crossing it will likely result in many falls and the occasional skid across sloping ground; mainly pratfalls though, rather than serious injury or sliding right off the mountain.

D. THE GATE

The road that came up here entered the fenced-in area of the compound through a large sliding gate which was originally chained shut with a rubber-coated padlock (to protect it from the elements). The gate has rusted in place, but slipping through a gap in the fence to one side or the other will not be difficult unless the Team are carrying full backpacks and get caught or snagged on something going through. Like everywhere else up here, the gate is buried in three feet of ice.

On a small steel post (a part of the gate assembly) stands a sign, now badly corroded on both ends but still legible, which reads:



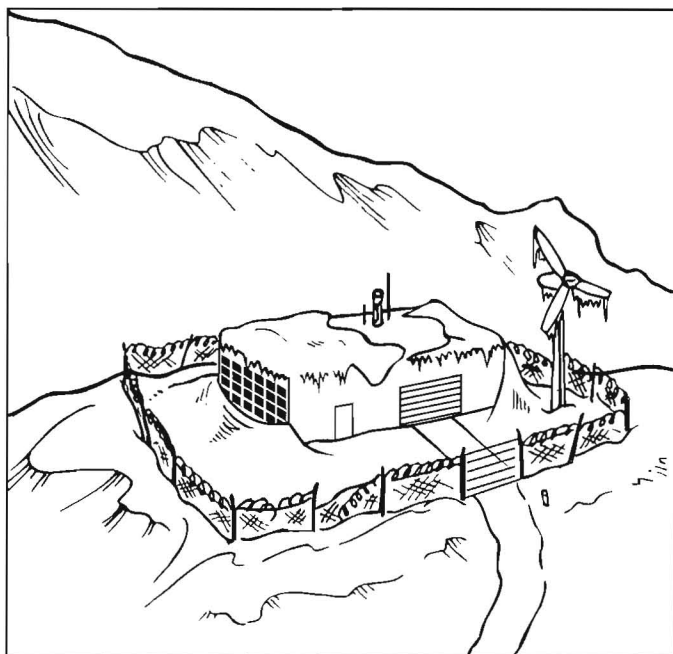
The gate, like the fence, was chain-link dipped in rubber

and so it too has survived fairly well, although the straps have rusted away and the support poles are corroded. The steel chain and padlock, which were sheathed in rubber tubing like a bicycle lock, have fared somewhat better. The chain is padlocked shut

(Mark 'Old Bear' still has the key on a thong around his neck) and can only be broken with bolt-cutters. If the MPV somehow survived the suicidal climb to the top (officially impossible) it could be used to knock the gate down, although skidding on all this ice could lead to the vehicle careening out of control and doing the high-dive off the side of the mountain toward the valley floor thousands of feet below.

E. THE WINDMILL

This is a concrete tower 20 feet north of the northwest corner of the building, inside the fence line. A special experimental design intended to resist high winds and ice buildup with internal heating units powered by the generator itself, this unit was once the source of supplemental round-the-clock electrical power for the station. However, its generator locked up and rusted solid over a century ago; the blades are more or less intact and the purpose of the design is fairly obvious.



F. THE AIR MONITORING BUILDING--EXTERIOR

The air monitoring station was designed for automated operation and its appearance results from its design. The building is rectangular and laid out east-west. The east, south and west walls of the building are covered with plastic panels 3 feet wide and 9 feet high that contain solar cells. The walls of the building are vertical, which reduces the efficiency of the solar panels but also works to prevent snow and ice from landing and accumulating on them, which would reduce their efficiency far more.

One hundred and fifty years of weather, harsh UV exposure and scouring by windblown ice crystals have dulled the plastic panels so that they are no longer transparent. The panels cover three sides of the building, and the only openings into the structure are on the north side, where there

are no solar panels. There are two entrances: a standard metal door for personnel and a rolling garage door to admit vehicles into the structure. Like everything else up here, the entire building appears to have sunk three feet into the ice.

On the roof of the structure is a ruined steel lattice mast that once held several instruments to measure the weather; all are rusted beyond repair. Scattered about the roof's western side are several standpipes that acted as air intakes to draw in air samples for analysis. All are somewhat rusted but still intact.

G. THE AIR MONITORING BUILDING--INTERIOR

1. PERSONNEL DOOR

From the outside, this is a featureless steel door with a hand grip and a high-security key lock set into face. A sign on the door warns of HIGH VOLTAGE. The door was designed to be opened with a key; the locking mechanism is still intact, although the anti-moisture cover over the locking plate has rusted shut and will need to be forced open. (Combined STR of 15 or better.)

The door is laminated steel two inches thick and next to impossible to cut through. A LAW rocket or similar anti-tank weapon will knock it down, but a few ounces of C-4 explosive on the lock will blow it open with a lot less fanfare. (The key, which Mark Old Bear still has, will open it too.)

The door opens inward into the hallway leading to the Lounge (4) and can be unlocked and opened from the inside simply by twisting a knob. Note that there is no real vestibule here. To be honest, the Team were not expected to be going in and out of this door very often, and neither did the Deltronics techs who came here before the War.

If the PD is of a truly nasty mind, he can have the door open out, which means that the Team must chip away about a cubic yard of ice to get the door open!

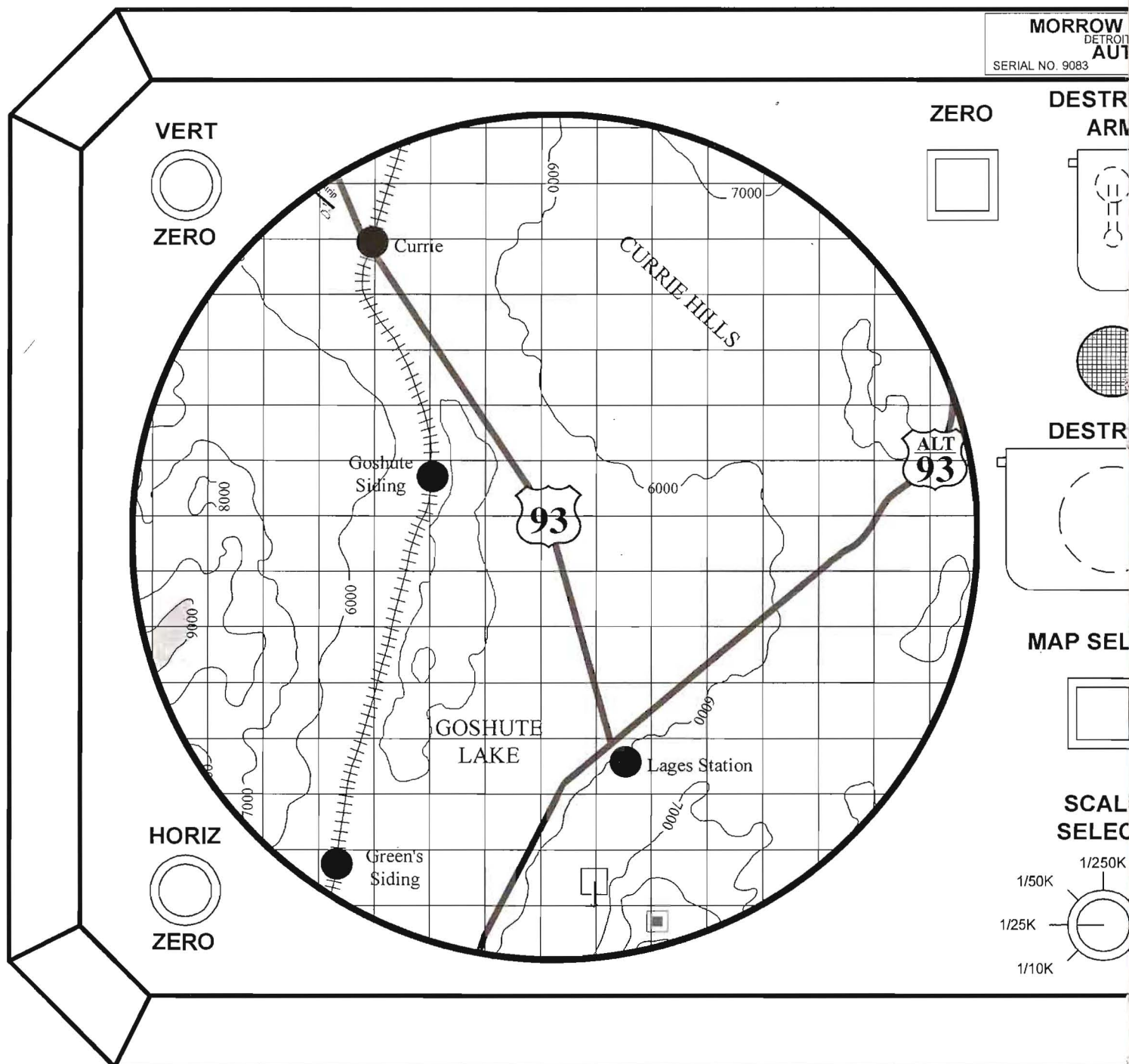
2. THE GARAGE DOOR

The door is heavy steel and is designed to be opened only from the inside. The door is large enough to accommodate a Commando Ranger with no problems. It is proof against the blast effects of hand grenades but a LAW, demo charge or other high explosive will blow it open, wrecking it in the process.

3. SOLAR PANELS

Covering the east, south and west walls, these panels (and the windmill to the northwest) were the original power source for the air-monitoring station; 150 years of harsh weathering have rendered them useless. The plastic weatherproof covers have been scoured to the point of no longer being transparent, and 3 out of every 4 covers have failed to remain weather-tight over time, allowing the panels housed inside them to become damaged by ice and snow.

Note that the remaining panels are still functional, if carefully removed and their electrical connection refurbished. (This would be a MAJOR undertaking, what with the ice load present here.) The railroad company at Ely would certainly find such a "free" power source quite useful for their telegraph service.



VERT ZERO: Allows adjustment of the displayed map to the unit in the vertical plane.

HORIZ ZERO: Allows adjustment of the displayed map to the unit in the horizontal plane.

ZERO: Allows the use of the Vert and Horiz adjustment dials.

DESTRUCT ARM: (covered toggle switch) Arms the destruct system causing a beeping sound once per second until fired or disarmed.

DESTRUCT: (covered push button) With the seal wire broken, cover lifted, and button depressed the system fires an internal thermite charge in five seconds. The charge destroys the interior of the AutoNav.

MAP SELECT: Initiates system allowing the use of the keyboard to select a specific map.

SCALE SELECT: Determines scale of map displayed.

KEYBOARD: Used to input information into system.

SENSOR SYSTEM SELECT

RDF: Allows radio direction finder (if available to AutoNav) to indicate direction on display screen.

MAG: Allows magnetic sensor (if available to AutoNav) to indicate location of detected targets on display screen.

RADAR: Allows radar set (if available to AutoNav) to indicate detected targets on display screen.

UCT

KEY PAD

1	ABC	DEF
2	GHI	JKL
3	MNO	PQR
4	STU	VWX
5	YZ	CLR
6	ENTER	
7	A	B
8	C	
9		

GUN SYSTEM SELECT

M159	AIM 9D	AGM 65D	M29	M85C	RH 202	M174 E3
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AMMO SELECT

HE	WP	API	HEI	ILUM	BALL
----	----	-----	-----	------	------

CARD SLOT

UCT

ECT

CACHE LOCATION

☐

LIBRARY

☐

RANGE

☐

AZIMUTH

☐

SENSOR SYSTEM SELECT

1/1M
1/2.5M
1/5M

RDF MAG RADAR

GUN LAY

MAN AUTO

TGT

AB	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

LOC

AB	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
----	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

CACHE LOCATION: Shows all assigned caches when depressed.

LIBRARY: Reads out all available maps on display screen.

GUN LAY

MAN: Disengages Gun Lay system to allow manual laying (aiming) of gun system.

AUTO: Engages Gun Lay system to aim weapon system according to data in AutoNav.

GUN SYSTEM SELECT: Allows AutoNav to aim indicated weapons system, if vehicle is so equipped, using Gun Lay system.

AMMO SELECT: Indicates ammunition fired in selected Gun System.

TARGET DATA

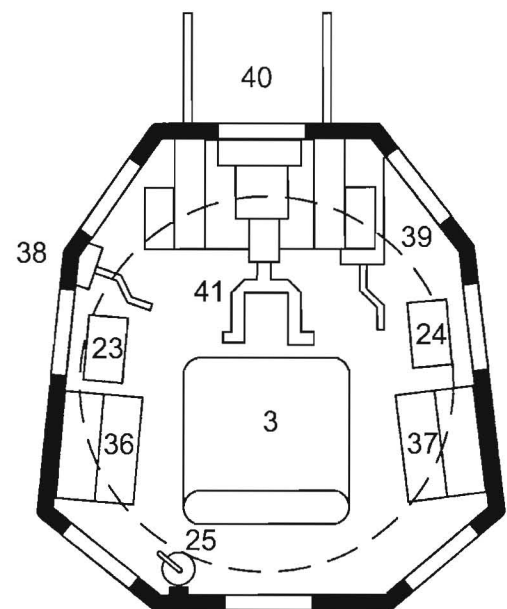
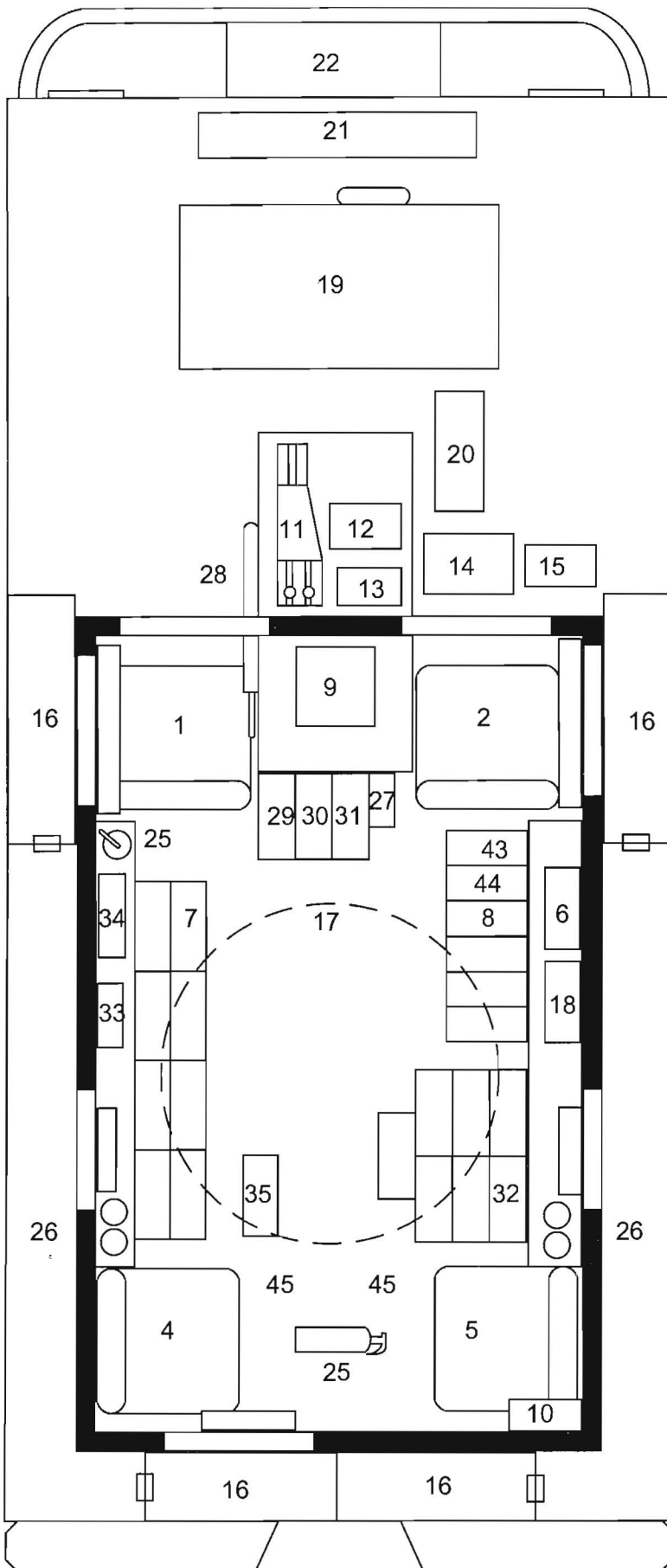
RANGE: Allows input of data for Gun Lay system.

AZIMUTH: Allows input of data for Gun Lay system.

DISPLAY: Indicates data, either Target or Location, shown on display screen or keyed into system from keyboard.

CARD SLOT: Allows insertion of Morrow I.D. card to activate AutoNav displays. AutoNav will function (track its movement) without card but will not display any information or allow any other functions.

COMMANDO RANGER RECONNAISSANCE VEHICLE



INTERIOR KEY:**NO. QTY. DESCRIPTION**

1	1	DRIVER'S SEAT
2	1	RADIO OPERATOR'S SEAT
3	1	GUNNER'S SEAT (FOLDING)
4	1	PASSENGER SEAT (ON WHEEL WELL MOUNTING PLATES)
5	1	PASSENGER SEAT (ON WHEEL WELL MOUNTING PLATES)
6	1	CASE, M26A1 FRAGMENTATION GRENADES
7	8	CASES, 7.62MM BALL, LINKED
8	1	ONE CASE EACH: 12 MAGNUM 00 BUCKSHOT, 5.56MM BALL, 7.62MM BALL, 9MM BALL
9	1	AN/PRC-70 RADIO (VEHICLE MOUNTED)
10	1	AN/PRC-70 RADIO (REMOVABLE, BACKPACK SET)
11	1	DRIVER'S CONTROLS
12	1	AUTONAV NAVIGATION SYSTEM
13	1	"RDF" RADIO DIRECTION FINDER (VEHICLE MOUNTED)
14	1	COMPUTER
15	1	CRT AND KEYBOARD FOR COMPUTER
16	4	DOORS
17	1	TURRET RING
18	1	CASE, M34 WHITE PHOSPHORUS GRENADES
19	1	ELECTRIC MOTOR
20	1	FUSION PACK
21	1	COOLING SYSTEM
22	1	EXTERNAL SELF-RECOVERY WINCH
23	1	CP-7 LASER RANGEFINDER (CLIPPED TO CEILING)
24	1	AN/PAS-7 THERMAL VIEWER
25	3	FIRE EXTINGUISHERS
26	4	ARMBRUST 300 SNIPER BAZOOKAS
27	1	LARGE MEDKIT
28	1	M21 SNIPER RIFLE W/12 MAGAZINES
29	1	MOUNTAIN KIT
30	1	RATION PACK
31	1	TRADE PACK
32	7	CASES, 7.62MM BALL, LINKED
33	1	RATION PACK
34	1	AN/TVS-5 BINOCULARS (IR GOGGLES)
35	1	TOOL KIT
36	2	CASES, 7.62MM BALL, LINKED
37	2	CASES, 7.62MM BALL, LINKED
38	1	MANUAL CRANK (TRAVERSES TURRET)
39	1	MANUAL CRANK (DEPRESSES AND ELEVATES MG'S)
40	2	7.62MM MACHINE GUNS
41	2	TRIGGERS FOR TURRET MG'S
42	1	EXPLOSIVES LOCKER (BENEATH FOLDING SEAT)
43	1	CASE, M7A3 CS GAS GRENADES
44	1	CASE, M18A1 CLAYMORE MINES
45	1	ONE EACH: AX, SLEDGE HAMMER, MACHETE, SHOVEL

4. LOUNGE

A large room with a bookcase running the length of the east wall. The room once contained sofas and comfortable chairs, low tables, a coffee maker and a water cooler, but the chairs and water cooler have been removed, and the remaining furniture and items pushed aside. The bookcase is empty. The lounge served primarily as a break area and technical library for the station technicians, who might be expected to spend some time up here working on the equipment.

Note that despite the structure's abandoned appearance, the room heaters and lights will work if they are turned on: they are still drawing power from Kilo Echo's radio-thermal generator pod, and can be used to maintain an even temperature inside the station living areas. The switches are obvious to anyone who looks for them.

5. REST ROOMS

One is for males, the other for females. They are typical of institutional latrine facilities. Neither one works due to lack of use, but both could be made functional again, given enough time and some basic plumbing skills. The toilet paper, soap and cleaning supplies once stored in these rooms are all gone, as are the mirrors.

6. WEATHER MONITORING

This room was the data collection center and monitoring point for the station's weather instruments and data-producing equipment. Since these instruments are all now long gone, this room is not too useful any more. However, with work, the station could function again. It's not that anything in this room is missing; rather the instruments on the roof it used to monitor are broken.

7. DATA COLLECTION CENTER

This room was the air-quality data collection center. All of the electronic air-monitoring functions of the station were done from this room. Ideally, station inspection crews would enter only this room during their periodic visits, and collect everything they needed from in here. Only if the monitors reported a failure would it be necessary to open any other room (in which case the lounge would be used as a break area, especially if the techs had to go up onto that snowy roof to fix something).

There is a land map on the north wall and a wind-direction map on the south wall, both showing the greater portion of the southwestern United States, from the Pacific coast to the New Mexico border. The map is no more detailed than a common highway map, at a scale of 1" = 25 miles. For teams who have seen the maps in TN-7 (PF R-007, Desert Search) this map, if looked over carefully, does not reveal one item that cannot be found on the team's AutoNav, and in fact is far LESS detailed!

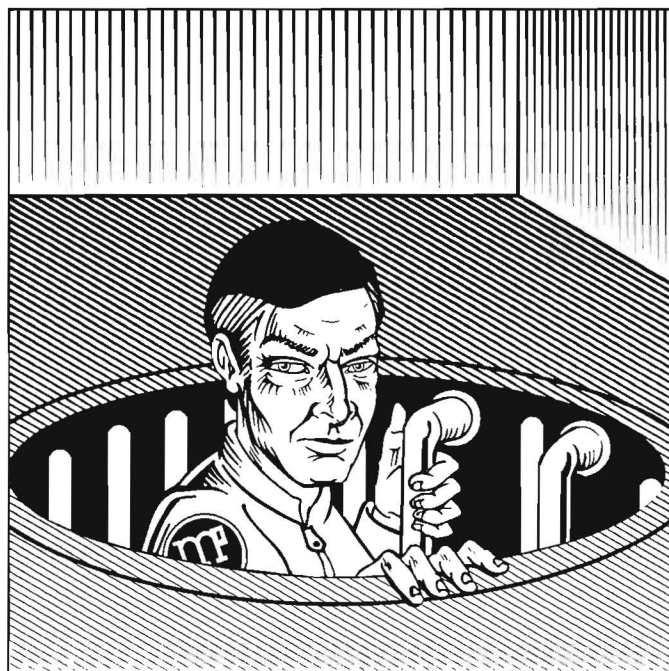
8. GARAGE

This large room, with its 10-foot garage door, is exactly what it appears to be: a garage. It was intended to protect the delivery of sensitive equipment and spare parts from the harsh weather outside. A large double-door to the west leads to the stores area (9).

The central area of the garage floor is a ribbed steel panel marked with yellow paint as a parking area. Although it is NOT obvious from up here, it is a false floor panel which drops down slightly and retracts sideways into the floor, permitting exit from the Kilo Echo vehicle cache beneath the building. It is essentially an airtight cover that moves aside to permit the elevator below to be raised hydraulically. (The controls for this lift are inside the cache; it CANNOT be opened from this side.)

9. STORES

The "nuts-and-bolts" room for the air-monitoring station. It is full of very useful spare parts, among them a complete set of replacement instruments for the weather tower on the roof, should the Team feel the need to repair the instruments and get them in working order again.



10. CONNECTING CORRIDOR

This is a standard corridor, all but featureless and used to connect the various rooms of the station. There is nothing remarkable about it.

11. PASSAGE DOWN

At the far end of the corridor a false wall panel has been removed, revealing a hidden compartment with a manhole in the floor and a metal-rung ladder leading downwards. This leads to the lower corridor and the concealed Kilo Echo part of the station.

12. STATION POWER

This room contains both monitors and controls for the air monitoring station's power systems. It is the nexus for both the windmill outside and the solar panels on the exterior wall of the building.

The power screens and the windmill collected quite a great deal of power, which was transmitted through a network of buried cables into the room, which is almost half-full of batteries. These store power for use at night and during

poor solar conditions, when the station relied solely on its wind turbine. Although not needed, this affair was included; although there is a radio-thermal generator pod here to supply power, it was necessary to construct a complete facade for the air-monitoring station so outsiders would not become suspicious.

The controls here allow for a more complete and direct use of power, as well as providing power overrides, shut-offs, etc., and included a hidden control panel (now standing open) that permits the building to switch over and draw power from Kilo Echo's RTG or its fusion reactor. Currently, the station is operating solely in RTG mode as the windmill is non-operational and the solar panels are producing less than 15% of their normal capacity. There would normally be enough power to make the automated monitors and systems work, but these have been disconnected by hand by cutting out their circuit breakers (the Kilo Echo team did this after they were awakened and had determined that the monitoring equipment was no longer functional).

Although they are old, there is only a 05% chance that operating any of the controls in here would cause a massive short leading to an electrical fire. Please note however that if such a fire occurs, it may be unstoppable as the CO2 extinguishers in the station all "died" from age a long, long time ago!

13. AIR HANDLING

The air-handling room controls the flow and conditioning of air inside the station; air is drawn in through a standpipe-duct on the roof, warmed and then circulated through the building; this equipment is now no longer operational due to age and breakdowns.

There is a ladder here in the corner that leads up to a hatch in the roof of the building, permitting access to and inspection of the air intakes and the weather tower instruments. (This is the only access provided to the roof of the building.) This hatch is also rusted shut and will now require considerable effort to force open. (Combined STR of 20 or better.)

14. AIR QUALITY SAMPLING/MONITORING

This room embodies the supposed purpose of the station, the reason for its existence. The mechanisms, monitors and controls which collect and sample the air passing over the Schell Creek Range are kept in this room. Like the other gear, it is off-line but is still for the most part operational if given a thorough reconditioning before being returned to use.

H. THE AIR MONITORING BUILDING--SUBSURFACE

This is Kilo Echo, the Morrow Project Communications Base hidden beneath the air monitoring station. It is the command and administration center for the operations team assigned to get Commo Base Kilo Echo set up. As constructed, it is big enough for the operations team and is intended only to be used until the Project was up and running, at which time the station would be switched to full automatic and the Ops team reassigned to another Morrow group, such as the Ops groups manning Power Station TN-7 or Depot/ Base Six.

1. CORRIDOR

This corridor connects the underground rooms of Kilo Echo. At one end is a metal-rung ladder leading up to the air monitoring station hallway (10), permitting movement between the two facilities. The corridor is otherwise featureless.

2. COMMUNICATIONS

This largish room was the monitoring chamber that permitted the Kilo Echo team to oversee radio communications sent to or passing through their facility. A broad beam radio antenna mast was buried 200 feet south of the station, and was raised hydraulically by the controls in this room. This was the main antenna for the repeater station, and it is still up.

A microwave horn and a satellite dish that the Kilo Echo team mounted on the roof of the station after they were awakened were also controlled from this room, but 47 years of exposure to the elements and high winds have totally ruined both items.

There are recording instruments here as well, to log in all the messages the repeater has passed on. However, the tapes have degraded so far as to now be irretrievable.

Sitting on a corner console is a notebook labeled "OPERATIONS TEAM KE-1" and filled with handwritten notes. It is Mark Churchill's diary of what happened to him and the operations Team that was assigned to this facility. The entries start in 2094 and run on sporadically to 2133, where the last entry reads simply Came here with my grandson Lone Wolf.

3. REPEATER GEAR

The actual hardware of the radio transceiver itself, along with the repeater equipment. This room would normally not be entered unless there had been some kind of failure requiring the operations team to do a repair job.

This gear would be at least temporarily operational if power could be restored to it; how long it would function is anybody's guess, as solid state electronics do not always age gracefully. However, with the station's fusion reactor out of fuel, the equipment cannot be reactivated, and there is no provision to link the station's low-level RTG unit to this gear, which in any case is not be powerful enough to run it.

4. STORES, BASE

The "nuts and bolts" area for the commo base equipment. As such, it contains a wide variety of electronic gear and repair parts and equipment. There are enough items here that if there was power available, a competent radio engineer could get the station back on line and keep it running, at least for a while anyway.

5. STORES, TEAM

This area once held enough food to feed six people for one year; it is all gone now, having been stripped completely bare. There is access to a large underground water tank buried beneath the base, designed to hold enough water for six people for two months. The electronic readout of the number of gallons remaining is no longer operational; if the

cap is opened by hand and a flashlight shown down into the tank, a check would reveal that there is still water in it, although the exact amount is undeterminable.

6. KITCHEN

This is a smallish kitchen not unlike that in a modern American home, and is designed to be adequate to the needs of feeding six people three times a day. It includes facilities for compacting trash and disposal of water and food waste, and the washing, drying and storing of dishes, etc. All of the pots, pans, plates, cups and kitchen utensils are gone.

Attached to the kitchen is an eating area containing a large picnic table designed to hold six people in modest comfort while they eat.

7: LATRINE

A unisex facility designed for use by two people at a time. It has an attached shower adequate to serve two bathers at one time. The soap, toilet paper and cleaning supplies are all missing. There is a water tank here (again the electronic readout is non-op) and an electric tankless water heater. Although the Team has no way to know this, when this water is exhausted, more must be brought in, presumably by use of a deep well shaft pre-drilled in the eastern slope of the promontory. This well is no longer functional.

8. QUARTERS

Six small, private rooms make up this area. All of the rooms show signs of having been used as pictures and notes remain on walls and the like, but the beds and chairs are gone, as are all of the contents of the built-in dressers, wardrobes and closets. They appear to have been quietly cleaned out rather than looted, as some of the personal items left behind include things like jewelry, etc.

9. DAY ROOM

This room once contained couches and comfortable chairs, a library, a good pool table, decks of cards, chess set, TV set with VCR unit and other similar, low-key entertainment facilities. However, the chairs and the entire library have been removed, along with the chess set, cards, etc. This includes, incredibly enough, a pool table, as evidenced by the empty stick-rack affixed to the wall. Like the living quarters, this appears to be more of a careful, quiet moving-out rather than a hectic greedy looting.

10. FUSION REACTOR

This is the standard 150,000 kW fusion reactor used as the primary Vehicle and Base power source. A large, self-contained electrical power source that, due to its weight and size, it is used only in bases and the largest MPV's, the Scientific-One and MARS-ONE vehicles. The fusion reaction is contained in a magnetic bottle and is started by crystal-fired lasers activated by the operations team once it is time to set up the repeater station. The reaction continues as long as there is fuel (this model had a 20-year supply). All power functions for the station are controlled from this room.

The fusion reactor has one main purpose: to provide

the huge amount of power needed to run the repeater station and all of the associated electrical gear and communications equipment. The base itself—lights, heaters, doors and so on—were wired to operate, at least initially, off of the self-contained, long-life low-level nuclear waste RTG pod buried in the solid rock beneath the facility.

This is in fact the main source of power for most MP bases and bolt holes: an RTG, a radioactive-thermal generator. Buried beneath the station is a heavy lead casing containing a receptacle of low-level nuclear waste. This waste gives off a large amount of heat as the radioactive material decays. Attached to the lead casing is a solid state thermal module which directly converts the heat to electricity (heat energy into electrical energy). It transforms the constant heat given off by the nuclear waste into low-level direct current electricity, which is then used to power the facility: in a base, this is the lights, doors, card-readers, etc. In a bolt hole, it is used to power the freeze tubes, computer, hydraulic rams, etc.

Due to the half-life of the radioactive waste used, this system provides a dependable source of electrical power that will last for hundreds of years without noticeable power degradation, so once buried, the bases and bolt holes of the Project never need to be refueled. (This system also allowed for Morrow Industries to get rid of a sizeable amount of nuclear waste that otherwise would need to have been disposed of through MI's "United Consolidated Corporation" waste-handling facilities, which were actually a cover story used to conceal certain facilities like Delta Base.)

The problem is that due to the design limits, the RTG's could only provide limited amount of electricity; not enough to run a major facility with heavy electrical demands, such as a commo base's radio repeater. For this reason, a high-power fusion reactor was included, with a 20-year fuel supply. The fusion reactor would provide the large amounts of high voltage power needed to run a MP base, and could do so for up to 20 years between refueling (fuel for this purpose was stored at Prime Base and in the regional refueling depots).

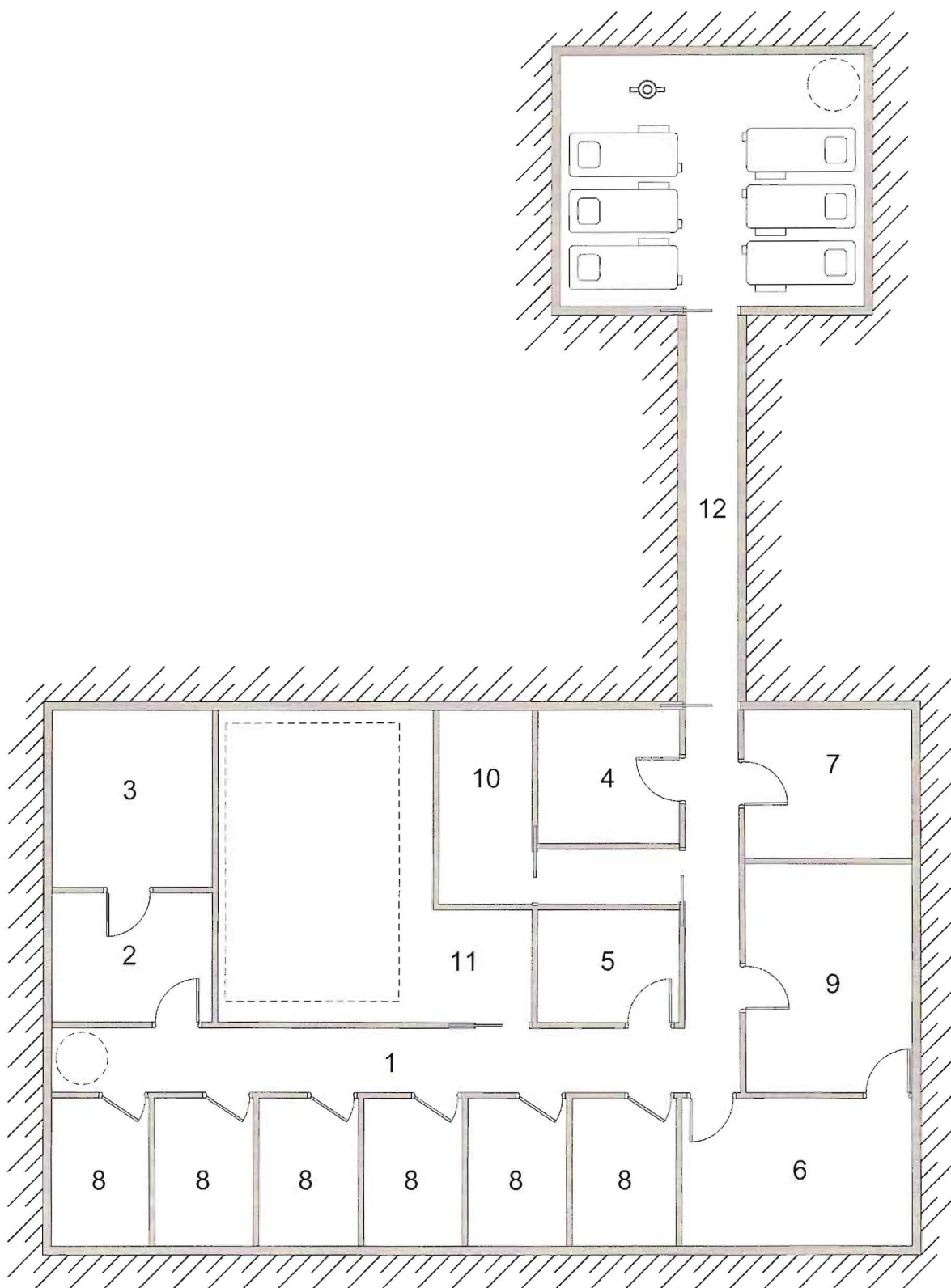
Unfortunately, the Kilo Echo reactor is dead, its fuel supply exhausted. And until more fuel is brought in, it will stay that way.

11. OPERATIONS TEAM CACHE

This chamber beneath the garage above is accessed through the use of an MPID in the card slot next to the door, which is heavily armored and airtight.

This area once housed the MP equipment cache for the operations team, including a Commando Ranger APC and a full outfitting of basic packs, weapons loads, desert kits, cold weather gear and field equipment. Its primary purpose was to be used by the operations team after Kilo Echo was brought up and running, or in the unlikely event that the team needed to defend the station from attack. The cache room is about the size of a bolt hole, and was secured like one with inert gas, etc.

Access out of the cache was done by activating a clearly labeled set of switches on the wall, which would retract a section of the ceiling (the floor of the garage overhead). The MPV once stored in this cache sat on a frame lift on top of



a hydraulic piston. Operating the controls would cause the steel panel in the cache ceiling to retract (this takes about 30 seconds). Then a warning horn would sound, and—15 seconds later—the hydraulic piston would lift the steel panel carrying the MPV up to the floor level of the garage above (this takes about one minute). The controls to raise and lower the hydraulic ram exist only in this room, and cannot be accessed from the garage above.

The room has very obviously been stripped completely bare. Only a few useless items, like instruction papers and broken parts of crates, remain.

12. ACCESS TO OPERATIONS TEAM BOLT HOLE

Access to this corridor is through a heavy armor steel door controlled by the ubiquitous card slot. The corridor is somewhat long (it extends out of the basement of the air monitoring station to the Ops team bolt hole, which is buried some 23 feet north of the building) and there is an identical armored steel door at the far end, which again opens through the use of an MPID card.

The bolt hole beyond is quite small, just big enough to contain six cryotubes and work space for the team when awakened. The periscope is up, as is the periscope package; both have weathered badly in the past 47 years. This room is dark, dank and cold; the overhead lights are off (breakers pulled in Fusion Reactor room JJ) and the room has not been used since the operations team woke up all those decades ago. There is nothing of any real value in here, anyway.

III. THE STORY OF KILO ECHO

The team at Kilo Echo were awakened by a random recall signal sent from Prime Base 47 years ago (as explained in R-008, Prime Base). The team woke up and got everything together, but failed to make contact back to Prime Base using their team's AN/PRC-70 radio. As this situation was not totally unexpected, the team set about getting Kilo Echo online, knowing that they could use Kilo Echo's long-range transmitter to reach Prime Base and let them know the station was on the air. This involved starting the Fusion Reactor, raising the 100' antenna mast, and getting the repeater gear and transceivers up and running.

Only, once all this was done, the team still could not make contact with Prime Base. Confused, they went back and tried to figure out what they had done wrong, and when they could find nothing, they tried again to raise Prime Base.

After four days, there was no denying that they could not reach Prime Base at all.

They unpacked the satellite dish and mounted it on the roof, then began scanning the skies, but found that they could not get a lock on any MP satellite fix, which meant that they weren't active ... or they simply weren't there.

The team at Kilo Echo could not understand any of this. One thing that had come to light as the days passed was the fact that Lages Station, the nearest town, was visible in the valley below north of the station, but appeared to be quite dead: cars lay abandoned in the streets and there were signs of life. Was this dead town typical of the entire area? The whole state? The entire country?

They spent a full month tweaking their equipment, straining to reach out and contact any Morrow Project base or team their signals could reach. None answered. Indeed, there were no radio signals from any radio or television transmitters anywhere. It appeared that the world was, for all intents and purposes, dead. The team had plenty of food and water at the base, but they knew they couldn't live there forever; the reactor would go on for 20 years, but the food and water would run out a lot sooner.

In the end they decided to set the base up to operate in automatic mode temporarily, and set out on a short recce mission to find some of the locals and find out what had happened during the three years they believed it had been since the War.

They found Lages Station abandoned, empty and in ruins that looked older than the few years they had expected they'd slept since the War. What did it mean? While exploring the area beyond the ruins, they ran into a hunting party of Goshute Indians coming down Alt 93, and spent some time talking with them. They were from what was once called the Goshute Indian Reservation, and while they didn't know a lot, what they did know scared the team: it was 2094 and there no longer was a nation called the United States!

The Kilo Echo team didn't know what to do. Had the Project come up and failed? Or were they all still asleep all over the US, still awaiting recall? They didn't have any of the answers and no way to find them close at hand. They left the Amerinds, returned back up the long dirt road to Kilo Echo and sat down to figure out what to do next.

Their Team Leader decided that the best thing to do would be to try and find Prime Base itself and ascertain what the situation there was. He had been given a rough idea where Prime Base was, and thought they should head up that way and see what they could find out; at the very least, they would know what was happening out there beyond the canyons that they could see from way up here.

Based mainly on a coin toss, they decided to leave one of their team, Mark Churchill, behind at Kilo Echo while they went on their journey; he would monitor their transmissions, and relay to them any information Kilo Echo might pick up in the meantime. The other five members of the team kitted up for a long trip and Churchill shook their hands, watched them leave, then holed up inside Kilo Echo all alone on top of the mountain and listened to the empty static.

They didn't get very far. They stopped to check out the local situation at each inhabited place they found, and radioed the info back to Churchill. They made Currie the first day, Wells on the second, Elko on the third. Churchill lost contact with them after they left Elko.

They missed first one radio check-in, and then another and then another. After two days he knew something had happened to them. He wanted to go after them, but the map in the air monitoring building showed them to be over 130 miles away, much too far for him to go on foot across the desert. And what could he do? Whatever had happened to them had taken them out, despite all of their weapons and their armored car as well. What could one man on foot with just a Mac 10 do to change that?

Besides, he had his orders: stay at Kilo Echo until told otherwise. He agonized over what he should do: go blindly out and try to find them, or wait for them to radio in or even come back home with a damaged radio. In the end, knowing there was nothing he could do to help them, he cursed himself for still being alive and continued waiting at his post, listening, hoping against hope for some word from his teammates.

Alone on the mountaintop, he staved off the inevitable guilt of being alive when his team was missing and most likely dead by drowning himself in his work, in checking out every aspect of Commo Base Kilo Echo, of working up an accurate calendar and maintaining an active radio watch. When work was not enough he played a video of his favorite movie — the 1964 cult classic Robinson Crusoe on Mars — over and over again until he knew every word, every scene, every detail. He began to identify very heavily with the lone American astronaut stranded on the cold, barren surface of Mars. And like that fictional hero, Churchill forced himself to stay alive, alone on that cold, barren mountaintop, by seeking to carry out his mission to the best of his abilities.

Throughout that frigid, lonely bitter winter he stayed at his post, but the airwaves never blessed him with anything beyond empty static.



He stayed at it for over four months without hearing another human voice, and found himself, like the fictional hero in the movie, beginning to crack up; hallucinating that he could hear people moving about inside Kilo Echo with him, but never reaching them in time to see them before they disappeared.

Knowing he could take the isolation no longer, he decided to leave Kilo Echo; he had done all he could, and anyway the base could run itself now in automatic mode, for years if need be. Since he figured there was a strong chance that the people at Elko or maybe even at Currie had ambushed his friends, he decided his best bet would be to try and reach the Amerinds the team had met before, the ones from the area of the Goshute Indian Reservation.

Loading up his basic pack, Mac 10 and as much food and water as he could carry, he rigged Kilo Echo to continue

operating in automatic mode, left behind a notebook on everything that had happened to him and the operations team, and then with a heavy heart set out ... perhaps the last living man of the 21st Century, all alone in a strange future world.

From the wide-scale US Southwest map from the air monitoring station, he knew he had at least 20 miles to go as the crow flies, and more than twice that distance if he went around the Antelope Range instead of across it. So, with no real map, he set out to find other human beings.

He put his desert survival manual, compass and Morrow Basic Training to good use; got up over the Antelope Range following a small runoff creek, crossed over in deep snow at 8,400 feet and made the head of Tunnel Canyon on the east side of the range after two days of blind climbing. The next morning he came down out of the hills, picked up the Whiskey Road, and several hours later limped into the old Reservation land, where he was immediately spotted by the Amerinds.

He told them his story: his team was gone and that he was all alone. The Amerinds remembered him from the previous encounter; they listened to his story and took him in, and eventually he became one of them.

Over the years Churchill (now going by his name the People gave him, Mark "Old Bear") returned to Kilo Echo a few times, mainly to check the equipment, listen to the station's record tapes and bring down whatever items he thought the tribe could use. The first time he went up alone, in secret, and brought back soap, toilet paper, blankets and medical supplies from the base. The second time, when he was a full-fledged member of the tribe, he took several others with him and they laboriously carted down food and medicine, books, beds and mattresses, as well as pots and pans.

It was only when an Anglo trader saw one of these pre-War beds and mattresses — in pristine condition — and went nuts to buy it that Churchill realized that Kilo Echo might provide "his people" (as he came to think of the Amerinds) with economic wealth as well as basic modern comforts.

That is why the pool table that once graced Kilo Echo is missing from the base. Churchill managed to sell the ranchers several chairs and tables, and then one day saw a golden opportunity in Currie. The Wild Horse Saloon had a pool table, a pre-War model so warped and beat up it was a joke known throughout the Territory. So Churchill cut a deal: if he could bring them a table, not only in like-new condition but with balls and cue sticks and even chalk, the five Ranchers who regularly played pool in the Saloon would each pay him 10 head of prime range cattle.

For a herd of 50 fine bovines, Churchill was willing to try anything. He and the Amerinds returned to Kilo Echo, crated up the table as best they could, and then laboriously manhandled that mother five miles down the dirt road to the floor of the valley (past the hidden bolt hole the PCs were sleeping in!) and got it into a wagon. The fifty head of cattle the deal brought made Churchill the richest man among the Goshutes, and he became recognized as a man of great wisdom and judgement.

Yet on these trips back to the base he sat in the Communications room, listening to the unending static in

silence, never saying a word to his Amerind friends and relatives. They in turn, knowing he was listening for word from "members of the tribe of Morrow" that he came from, let him be during the melancholy periods that took him when he returned to the base and sat brooding in front of the machines that hissed and clicked. The Amerinds used this time to stand around marveling at the electric lights that burned no oil to make light and the heating system that burned no wood to make heat. But Churchill never heard anything from neither his long-missing teammates, nor from any other Morrow unit within range of his antenna.

The end for Kilo Echo came in 2114 when her fusion reactor shut down, having spent all of its fuel supply. Without the reactor for power, the entire retransmission facility went off the air. The base, however, continued to function at a lower level: the RTG module buried beneath the facility still operated, opening and closing doors, keeping air blowers running, maintain heaters in the living spaces, reading MPID cards inserted into card slots, and so on; all low-power jobs. The RTG could not, however, provide enough electricity to run the massive, powerful radio repeater equipment, which was why there had been a fusion reactor. And now that the reactor was dead, so too was the repeater station.

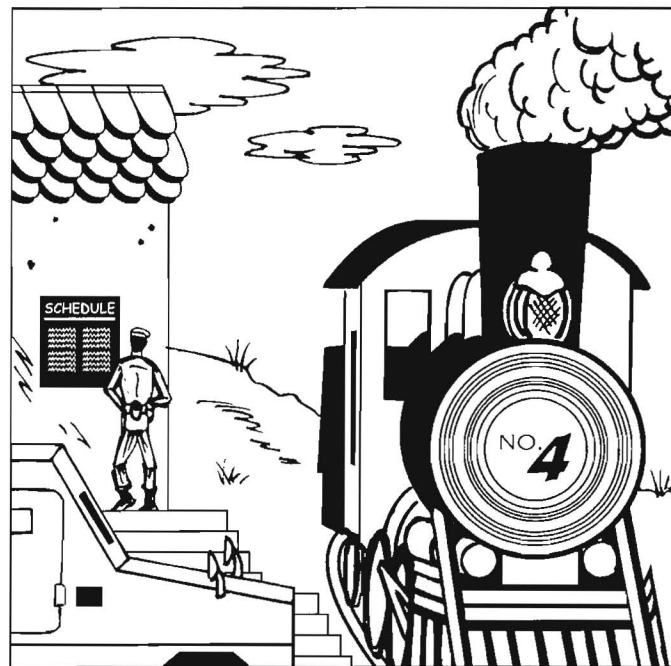
Churchill was there when the station finally went off the air, just as he'd been there when it first went online. He'd done his job the best that he could. He had children by an Amerind woman, Snowy Mountain, and he had a life among the Amerinds now. He closed down the equipment and stored it the best he could, updated the notebook he'd left behind, and went back to be with his people, carting off the last removable items in the base that they could find a use for.

Churchill is now 75 years of age (not counting time in cold sleep), and getting old both in mind as well as in body. His children have had children, and they too have been up to see the place on top of the high cold mountain where Old Bear used to live, and to marvel at the electric lights and wall heaters. Unlike the abandoned towns of the Anglos, the Kilo Echo site is honored by the Amerinds, and has never been looted, nor has its presence ever been brought to the attention of the Anglos in the valley beyond.

Old Bear (as everyone calls him) is now a doting grandfather who is regarded as the wisest elder in his village. He has done all he could and more to make the lives of the villagers better, and truly has lived up to the credo of the Morrow Project. His death (and it is coming very soon) will be a great loss to these people.

PLAY OF THE GAME

"American Outback" opens, like most MP modules do, with the Team lying frozen in the cryotubes in their bolt holes. When the recall signal is received by the bolt hole, the computer thaws the Team members and awakens them from suspended animation. Once awake, they can go about their business of getting dressed, unpacking boxes, checking out the vehicle, getting everything packed and then raising the periscope and taking a look around before opening the door to the outside world.



I. THE SITUATION HERE

In the case of this module, everything appears normal. The Geiger counter on the periscope detects nothing but normal background radiation, and the CBR kit does not detect any signs of chemical or biological weapons in the air above the bolt hole.

The view through the periscope is restricted to about a 180 degree arc. This is because the bolt hole is located some distance up in a slope of the foothills of the Schell Creek Range, a fact the Team can find out ahead of time simply by checking their AutoNav map. The remaining 180 degrees of view is nothing but the rocky slope rising up around and above the hole.

Within the area that can be viewed, the main thing visible out and below is US Highway 93 about two miles away; it is deserted of traffic and sits against a backdrop of telephone poles and the Cherry Creek Range to the west. Lages Station, the nearest town on the map, is not visible by the periscope due to intervening terrain. There is certainly nothing threatening visible in the area the periscope can see. The sun is behind the mountain the bolt hole sits in; it appears to be early dawn in the desert.

There is a 5-foot whip antenna that deploys from the instrument package when the periscope is raised. The leads to this antenna are located inside the bolt hole on the wall near the Emergency Exit and are designed to be hooked up to the AN/PRC-70 radio in the MPV, allowing the Team to call Prime Base and let HQ know that they are awake.

The first report to Prime Base should be on the status of the Team (are they all alive and well?) the state of their equipment (is it all in working order?) the conditions as noted outside the bolt hole through the periscope (are any hazards detectable?) and any particulars that the Team has regarding any of the above.

Once that is done, The Team Leader will consult with Prime Base on any new orders, and then plan with his team what their next course of action would be.

II. USING THE RADIO

Prime Base is not active, as per the MPGB. (The Team does NOT know this fact!) They do know that their radio is operational, since they are picking up a carrier wave (static), but they are not receiving a reply from Prime Base. Scanning the CW, AM and FM bands fails to turn up any outside signals, be they Morrow Project, military or civilian.

This is not totally unexpected. It was explained in MP Training that even three years after the War, radio transmissions might be impaired due to radioactive material still floating in the upper atmosphere, distance, and intervening terrain features. The Extreme Low Frequency system used by Prime Base to send the recall codes is reliable and can penetrate static, soil and even seawater (it's used to contact US nuclear submarines on patrol out at sea while underwater) but is extremely SLOW and so is used only to transmit the initial recall codes. This is why some bolt holes may receive the ELF wake up call from Prime Base but still not be able to hear from them on their normal radios using CW or Voice.

The contingency plan is to cease transmission, then try again in one hour. If this fails, MP Radio Training advises the RTO to try again later, either from a higher altitude or late at night, so as to make the signal travel farther by skipping it off the ionosphere.

The Team is aware that Prime Base's radio communication system includes a network of radio repeating stations to be raised up prior to the initial recall. These bases are located across the country and are designed to pick up and rebroadcast MP radio transmissions so that units on the opposite side of the continent can maintain radio contact with Prime Base. If the closest repeater station to the bolt hole was taken out during the atomic attack three years ago (unlikely but still possible) then the Team could be left temporarily out of contact with Prime Base. This is the reason for MP General Order #2—link up with other units of the Project and contact Prime Base as soon as possible. Other teams that are in contact with Prime Base would then be able to relay radio messages to and from the Team.

So the Team will be temporarily isolated, but will have their given mission as well as their MP General Orders to fall back on. In this case they should be permitted to outfit themselves as they see fit and plan on what they should do until they make contact with Prime Base.

III. ALTERNATE BEGINNINGS

Some Project Directors may be running this module in conjunction with R-007 Desert Search or R 008 Prime Base, in which case there are at least two Morrow Project installations nearby that might hear the Team's radio signals: MP Power Station TN-7, 176 miles SSW of the bolt hole, near Rachel, Nevada on Route 375; and Prime Base itself, just south of the Summit Lake Indian Reservation some 254 miles WNW of the bolt hole. If either of these bases is "up" they will hear the radio message Recon Team V-3 is sending and respond to it.

Unless the PD is running a fully active Prime Base, there is not much either facility can do for the Team. Prime

Base will be able to give the Team a brief explanation on the current situation as Prime Base sees it, to bring Team V-3 up to date. The CO of Power Station TN-7, however, is likely to try and commandeer the Team and assign them to his Combined Group (which is currently understrength due to contact with hostiles).

It is also possible that the PD will use the background in this module with a Team already up and awake, such as one of the teams from Combined Group N at the power station. In this case, it is a simple matter to bring the Team into the area, either looking for Prime Base or simply on patrol.

If this is how you are running the adventure, remember that the team would not be aware of any of Team V-3's caches in this area, as their existence and location does NOT show up on any AutoNav other than the one for Team V-3.

IV. MOUNT UP

The Team should be given enough time to go through their gear, getting things uncrated and stored in the vehicle, checking their backpacks, oiling and loading each of their weapons. Examination of the AutoNav computer shows that the bolt hole is in the foothills of the Schell Creek Range two miles east of Highway 93, about 800 feet up the side of the hill, on a dirt road that comes from the valley floor and climbs up to the summit. Four miles NNE of the bolt hole is the small town of Lages Station, Nevada, where US Alternate Highway 93 forks off of US 93 and goes northeast towards Wendover Air Force Auxiliary Field on the Nevada-Utah border. Six miles west of the bolt hole is Duck Creek, and beyond it are the tracks of the Nevada Northern railroad and a place called Greens Siding, which services the trackline. About three miles to the south/southeast of the bolt hole is Becky Peak, which rises to an altitude of 10,008 feet above sea level.

Leaving the bolt hole is simple. When the Team Leader is ready, the interior doors of the Primary Exit are opened using the control panel on the wall close by. Then, again using these controls, the heavy armor-steel exterior doors are forced open through the earth cover by means of hydraulic rams, an act which can take up to several minutes, depending on the weight of the earth cover and if any plant life is now growing over the doors.

In the case of Recon Team V-3's bolt hole, the facility was placed high up on a hill rising against the slope of the foothills, with the end result that the exit tunnel descends, rather than slopes upward as would be normal in a MP bolt hole (the Team would expect an upward slant from their training in the Bolt Hole Simulator). This is because this particular bolt hole is located so far above ground rather than below it that the exit tunnel heads down instead of up. The tunnel comes out onto what used to be a dirt road up the mountain, leading up from the Team's bolt hole to the summit more than 2,000 feet above and down toward the floor of the valley some 800 feet below.

The way down from the doors to the floor of the valley below is a road that in places approaches a 30 degree slope, which is about the 60% gradient a Commando Ranger can

traverse safely (a six foot drop in elevation for every ten feet forward). Unfortunately the old dirt road has long since been changed by wind, weather and erosion. The descent will have to be made at a dead-slow crawl to avoid the dangers of getting hung up on a rock, skidding on loose scree, or just maybe doing something terribly wrong and rolling the vehicle. Any attempt to take this rocky downhill at speed WILL snap an axle at the very least!

V. INTO THE SUNLIGHT

The first and most important point that will be discovered by the Team will occur when they get out in to natural sunlight: all Caucasian members of the Team are very pale now. They have been hibernating underground for over 150 years, and so their skin has slowly over the decades lost some of its natural pigmentation. (This is not the case with Negroid characters, though.) However, their natural skin color will begin to return after a few days exposed to natural sunlight. At this altitude and time of year, there is NO chance of massive sunburn, etc.

Since the characters are going to be inside the dimly-lit Commando Ranger much of the time, they are not likely to get too much sun unless they leave the vehicle. Even then, it's not likely that with the coveralls and wide-brim hats that they will do anything more than restore the normal color to the backs of their hands. Full color tone restoration will probably take a couple of weeks, so they better get used to being stared at by the locals until their skin loses that pasty look.

And the weather? It is quite cold out here: about 45° F, hardly what one expects to feel in a desert! The Team does not realize it, but it is early Spring, a damnably cold time of the year up here in the high desert. This will become readily apparent to anyone who goes outside. The Team will have to run the electric heater in the Ranger a lot, and wear lots of clothing anytime they are outside the vehicle. This means digging out the sweater, field jacket and extra coveralls from the desert kit and putting them on (and wiping off any sunblock over-eager Team members put on before they left the bolt hole!).

VI. MOVING ON OUT

The Team, now up and awake, will leave the bolt hole and head down the broken road to the floor of the valley and US Highway 93 (hopefully without incident). Lages Station is not visible from the bolt hole. Because it the closest town to the bolt hole, it is usually the first place the Team heads for once out and looking around.

As the Team attempts to crawl down the steep slope, they will hear a low steam whistle, the kind used on locomotives. A few moments later a steam engine (a 4-6-0 for you buffs) will chug along into view off in the distance, moving northward along the Nevada Northern Railway tracks on the far side of Duck Creek some miles away.

PD NOTE: this will be visible only to the Driver and the RTO through the windshield, and the TL/Gunner if he is sitting in the turret and

peering through the sights. It will not be visible to anyone else unless they open a hatch or are standing outside the vehicle in the cold.

This is the train from Ely to Oasis. Behind the steam locomotive and tender, there are four cars: a baggage car, a flatcar, a freight car and a passenger car, all circa 1890 in style and construction. Anyone using binoculars will be able to see people in the passenger car and engine, as well as several large indistinct objects covered with tarps on the flatcar.

This apparent apparition chugs along in the distance, spouting smoke and giving off another low steam whistle, and will move off to the right (north) out of view fairly quickly. Note that since this happens while the Ranger is still up on that steep slope, it will be utterly impossible for the Team to get down and chase the train unless they want to risk damaging or maybe even flipping the Ranger — which will happen if they try to rush down the hill!

Eventually the Team will reach the bottom of the slope and be on level ground again. At this point the team generally goes right (north) following the train, and may or may not head for Lages Station, which is NOT parallel to the tracks but rather away from them. If they head directly for the tracks, they would have to cross Goshute Lake, which is no longer a dry lake. (And the Ranger is NOT amphibious!) The Team will have to decide on which way to go. Most teams head to Lages Station, simply because it is the closest town.

PD NOTE: a sharp Team might ask about the telephone (telegraph) poles that were seen from the bolt hole. These follow the railroad tracks, and NOT Highway 93, which veers away from the tracks running parallel to Duck Creek. This means that the train tracks and the telephone poles do not go to Lages Station, a clue the Team should pick up but can quite easily overlook.

The maximum practical speed on the valley floor is around 30 mph, but even so this will still result in one hell of a bumpy ride. On Highway 93, the Ranger can be run at any speed up to its maximum. However, after 150 years without maintenance, US 93 is not in as good a shape as it used to be, so it's quite possible for the vehicle to run into trouble. There is a flat 10% chance of this per mile covered.

If the Team do not know that it has been quite a long time since the War, the condition of US 93 may give them some clue: the concrete slabs are cracked, the roadway is coated with drifting sand, and there is a flat 10% chance per mile covered that the Team will run into something notable, be it a fallen high-tension tower, a washed out section of road or the rusted, stripped hulks of several abandoned automobiles; remember, this was a major US Highway, it saw a goodly amount of traffic during the days directly after the War as survivors fled north out of Las Vegas and Southwest out of the Salt Lake area.

VII. LAGES STATION

Little remains of Lages Station. It has remained abandoned since soon after the War, when a carload of "sicklies" came into town from the Salt Lake area and spread the RNA/N 417 virus here. The virus is long gone; the last of the released strain finally died out four years after the War. So there is no way the Team can catch anything here. (At least, not officially.)

Even without reconning the town, the Team will know that it is pretty much deserted: dirt covers the roads and streets, tumbleweeds blow along the main drag, sagebrush has grown up in cracks on sidewalks in alleys. The place feels like a ghost town, and the mournful whistle of the wind through the empty windows and doors only enhances this feel.

However, a dedicated investigation of the town will turn up several interesting points:

1. There are NO intact windows in this town. In some cases it can be seen that some windows were smashed or broken, but in almost all the rest the windows have been removed, frame and all, from the building itself. Few traces of broken glass remain on the ground, either.

2. There are very few doors in Lages Station. In almost every case they appear to have been either taken off their hinges, or just as often taken out of the doorframe, hinges and all. On those few doors that still remain, the hardware is usually missing—having been carefully removed.

3. There are quite a number of cars in town, clogging the main drag. A cursory glance will show that they are all rusted heaps with no appreciable value. A closer inspection will show that none of these cars have tires or even wheels, and in virtually every case the engines, transmissions and even axles have been removed. Every vehicle shows signs of a methodical, intense stripping operation, and nothing of any real use has been left behind.

4. The interiors of the buildings have been stripped clean. This was no ordinary looting, this was a methodical stripping that took away every stick of furniture and every usable household item, from silverware to curtains. Here and there pictures still hang on walls and electric items like coffeemakers and toasters can still be found in number, but for the most part each building has been stripped bare of anything that might have been useful.

Sometime during all this, the Team will have a run-in with a five-foot long bobcat that is lurking in one of the ruined buildings. Note that the nylon resistweave coveralls will prevent bites and claws from penetrating, but that unless the zip-on hood is being worn, the head and neck are vulnerable to attack, although a gas grenade would be enough to drive it off.

BOBCAT

St/Cn=10 Dx/Acc=20 AC=C Sp/Bp=45
DAM = One Bite (5 Dp), Two Claws (5 Dp each)

As a possible alternative, if you want to give the players a shock that brings them right into the 22nd Century in a heartbeat, change this to an encounter with a 5-foot long giant mutant scorpion! This is sure to get the players into the mood of a post-holocaust science-fiction adventure!

A. A GHOST TOWN

All of this points to Lages Station having been stripped bare some time back, a fact that will bear some investigating and should make for an interesting report for the Team to type up on the vehicular computer. Being a Recon Team, they know they are expected to do reports on what they see; the AN/PRC-70 radio has a morse code messaging system which allows the RTO to key in a message at low speed and then spurt it out over the airwaves at the transmission rate of 300 wpm (words per minute, where a word is five characters long) to allow fast transmission of long reports as well as prevent Radio Direction Finding from being used to detect the Team's location.

Of course, if Prime Base is still not answering, the report will never be heard. Still, the report does have to be written!

The first question that needs solving is this: who took all the stuff, and where did they take it? The map on the AutoNav shows two likely locations: Currie, 16 miles to the northwest where the railroad tracks meet US 93, or Cherry Creek, 23 miles away by road, on the far side of Duck Creek and NOT directly accessed by the train.

PD NOTE: While the adventure is written for Currie, it would be easy to move it to Cherry Creek Station or elsewhere if needed. The game can be played out in either town equally well.

VIII. TO TOWN

No matter which town the players head for, the scene there is pretty much the same. The building on the outer edge of town is always the train depot, and it looks it: a water tower with a windmill to fill the tank, a covered platform for passengers, a small warehouse for freight, a ramp to load and unload said freight, and an small building connected to the platform. The wires from the telephone poles run into this structure.

The design is the familiar Western train depot type, with the sign CURRIE on the end of the platform and the words TELEGRAPH OFFICE above the door to the station. There is a hitching rail by the door, and the remains of what was once a parking lot for automobiles is still visible. Other buildings make up the street leading from the station, among them a blacksmith, a barber shop, a FIRST NATIONAL BANK (Currie Branch), a sheriff's office and a place labeled THE WILD HORSE SALOON.

The effect to the modern eye is disturbing, since horses are tied up to old dead parking meters and dirt fills what was once a paved street. The town has numerous signs of life in it, none of which seem to find the team and their armored car so unusual that they have to stop and gape open-mouthed at it. This does not mean that the Team is not being watched, just that they are not being openly gaped at.

A. THE DEPOT

This structure is typical of a thousand railroad depots that once dotted small-town America. There are only two rooms: the main lobby, with the front counter and the telegraph station, and a back room where the Station master, Joe McClellan lives. (There is an outhouse out back.) An actual potbellied stove on one side of the room is burning right now, giving off a reassuring warmth into the station. There are some rough wooden benches nearby, and behind the counter one small section of pigeonholes for mail.

The telegraph unit itself is a fairly plain device on one end of the counter, a simple sparking set that uses batteries. The batteries (the lead-acid kind) are under the counter, and connected to a crude generator outside (which started out life in a car a long, long time ago) that operates off of the windmill through a pulley and recharges the batteries as needed.

The entire place has a sense of waiting about it, as though all the people who ever waited for trains here left behind a tiny invisible piece of themselves. There is not much to the depot, but what there is of it lends itself well to a strange sense of calm between journeying from one place to someplace different. The one thing likely to rivet the Team's attention, sooner if not later, is the calendar on the wall (roll INT for someone to notice it).

It reads today's date as being April 3rd, 2160.

1. JOE MCCLELLAN

The station master and telegraph operator, McClellan is typical of his breed: he understands locomotives and timetables, train tracks and telegraph wires, electricity and morse code. This makes him something of an enigma among the ranchers and farmers hereabouts, who concern themselves solely with the business of cattle and horses. Few people beyond the railroad folk understand anything about the mysteries of electricity and the intricacies of steam engines.

The first words out of his mouth when the Team enters will be "Missed the train," and unless the Team have drawn guns in their hand will not take much notice of them, and instead go on sorting through the mail and putting it in pigeon holes behind the desk. If the Team stays but does not say anything (playtest teams were usually busy gaping at the date on the calendar) he will ask what he can do for them. His attitude towards them will depend mainly on how the Team is armed, and then on the Team's attitude. The only thing that might get his attention is when the telegraph starts clicking, and he has to take down the message (it's a notice that the train is running late again). If anyone on the Team reveals that they understood Morse code, this will open a whole new world for them with this otherwise taciturn individual: very few people hereabouts know and understand morse, and they form a kind of unofficial brotherhood.

Otherwise, he is not the best person in the world to get information from, mainly because he doesn't talk much on things hereabouts, and doesn't know much of anything about places far away. Still, he can answer some questions, like where the tracks go (south to Ely and north to Oasis ... for all the good those names mean to the Team) and when the next train is due (he'll look at his watch, calculate, then tell

them "In two days.").

Of course, if the Team came in guns drawn, he will immediately assume it is a robbery, toss the cash from behind the counter at the Team screaming "Take it! Take it!" and then pull out a 12-gauge shotgun which he will immediately open fire with: this being a law-abiding community, no one would come into a depot with guns unless they were strangers out to rob the stationmaster, ergo....

Well, let's just say that the Team could find itself in hot water from the get-go if they think they can parade around town with guns in hand.

B. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

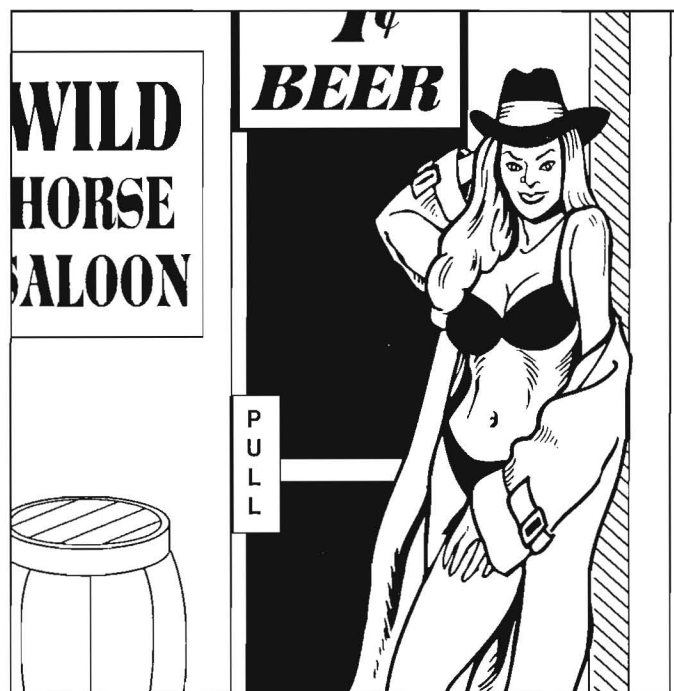
The Currie Sheriff's office used to be a hardware store down near the depot; the large storefront window has since been bricked in and has a much smaller window taken from a house in Lages Station. Teams that logically report in to the local government/law enforcement will end up here.

The Sheriff is Gage Wannamaker (a family name that led to no end of trouble for Gage as a boy). He is the Sheriff of this town and as a rule is a pretty dependable fellow, although he is somewhat cowed by Frank Kelso's power over the community and thus has not come out to directly challenge anything that Kelso may have done (no proof, remember?). Like the other Townies he is used to seeing the occasional Gypsy Trucker come through down the big road from Oasis, so the arrival of the Ranger Reconnaissance Vehicle will not be an earth-shattering experience, although he will be surprised by how shiny and new it appears, the fact that the engine makes no real noise, and the fact that it appears to be fully armored. The Gypsy truckers have such War Wagons, and they usually mean nothing but trouble.

The Team might be another matter if they are all wearing the same style coveralls: Wannamaker knows what a uniform is, and the arrival of several people in uniform also usually means trouble, since the only outsiders with uniforms tend to be people putting their will on over other people. If the Team behaves itself and acts respectful-like though, he will be a reasonable man and withhold judgement. Remember that this is his town, though, and he may want to ask the Team some interesting questions about where they've come from and where they are going. Teams that admit to having come from "back East" or even Utah will automatically be suspect, since the only thing out in that direction from this town is an impassable inland sea! A team, especially a heavily armed one, that starts spinning lies they can't back up may end up spending some time in the local jail until the Sheriff can figure out what's going on.

One more note: during playtesting at least one Team walked into the office with holstered HP-35's on their hips and asked the Sheriff if it was all right if they could carry their guns while in town. The Sheriff looked them over, saw they only had pistols in belt holsters like everyone else in town, and said yes. The Team thanked him, went back to the MPV and loaded up on full-auto shotguns, assault rifles and submachine guns. Needless to say, there was something of a small misunderstanding when they strode into the Saloon armed for bear. The end result was two Morrows shot and over a dozen civilians killed, with the saloon burning to the ground. Players should THINK about

how they can appear to the local populace, especially in a town this tense, where everyone expects a shootout in the street any time now!



C. THE WILD HORSE SALOON

Like Rick's Place, it is the one spot in town everyone comes to, still operating out of its pre-War location. The Wild Horse is regarded as the best watering hole between Ely and Oasis and lives up to its reputation, from its good food and level pool table right down to its duster-wearing, bikini-clad prostitutes.

Seen from the outside, it looks like a pre-War bar, the only noticeable differences being that a door on the far left front has been bricked over, and the bar's front window has been replaced with smaller glass panes cobbled together from other windows elsewhere.

Going inside the PCs will recognize this as typical of any bar in the American Southwest of the time they were frozen, although there are some noticeable differences. To begin with, the booths in the right front corner [A] started life 150 years ago in a fast-food pizza joint in Lages Station, and the individual tables to the left side of the room [C] came from a fast-food seafood shop. Both the tables and the booths have many occupants, mainly eating and talking. Drinking comes later in the day around here. (Sharpie sits in one of the booths playing Solitaire.) The rearmost table is Frank Kelso's private table, and he will be seated there when the PCs arrive. A smaller table behind his [F] is where Kelly Shaker, the local madame, sits, with her three duster-clad girls standing around her. There is a battered upright piano in the back corner [E], which has seen far better days and has not been tuned in decades.

Doors to the left lead to [M] the way upstairs (formerly the lobby for the upstairs apartments), [L] the Ladies room (it works, thanks to water pressure from the town's water tower out by the tracks) and [K] the Men's room (which also works). A single door in the back of the saloon opens into

[H], the hallway, which leads to [J] the kitchen, [I] the storeroom and also to the backdoor and the alley behind the building. The Kitchen [J] has been modified to use wood-burning stoves and the refrigerators are now airtight storage units, but the sinks work and good meals can be cooked here as desired; Leslie Sykes works it along with two serving girls. There is a back door out of the kitchen into the alley. The buildings on the far side of the alley have been stripped of materials and are abandoned.

The Storeroom [I] is just that, containing various kinds of alcohol, dried beef and brine shrimp meat, barrels of vegetables, sacks of lake salt, etc. There is no other exit and the window to the alley is set high up and barred over. Mike (a Grunt) lives in here, so there is little chance anything ever gets stolen from this room. Mike makes sure of that.

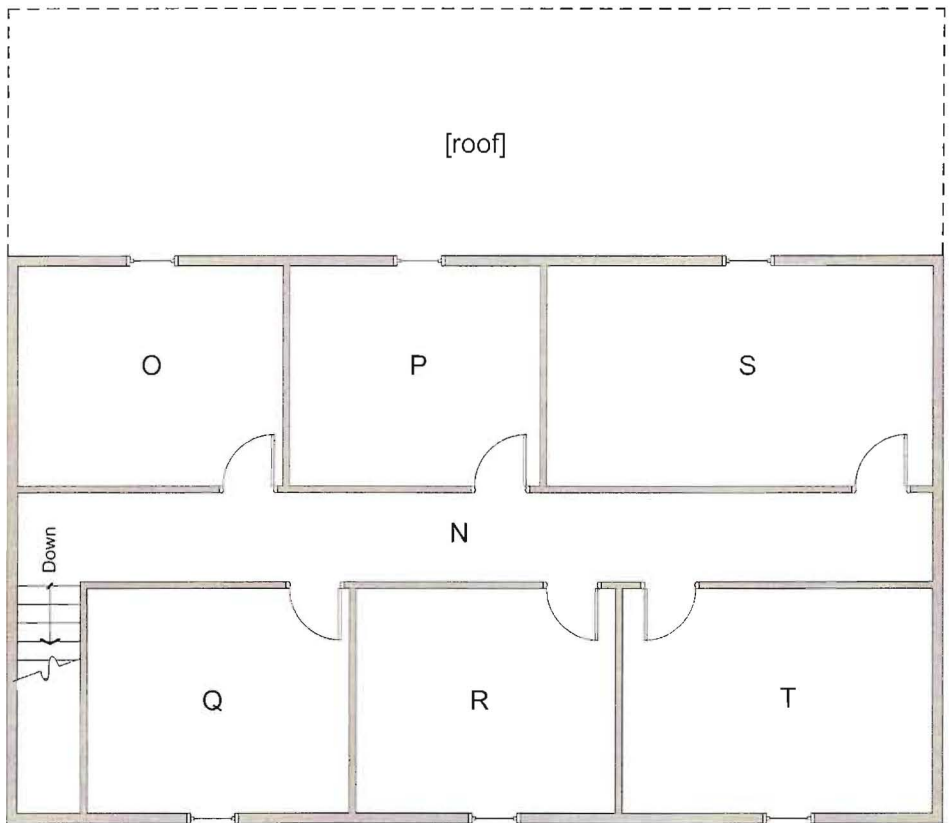
There is a pool table in very fine shape between the bar and the booths, with two cowboys shooting pool. The bar is not in that good a shape, having seen the better part of two centuries' of use, bar fights and the occasional shootout, but the top has been replaced (more than once, actually) and the bartender can skid a full glass of beer along its length just fine. Numerous bottles line the back wall where a couple of mismatched mirrors hang; the Team will recognize the look of the old, worn labels (but not the taste) of the 21st century bottles here, which are now filled with 22nd century booze. Still, alcohol is alcohol no matter how rotgut it is. Bill Sykes acts as bartender and if the players are buying may be talkative, although on certain subjects he shuts up tighter than a clam. (Players that spend too much time buying drinks not only learn nothing but risk getting drunk.)

Upstairs the Wild Horse is fairly unremarkable. Kelly Shaker has a room, as do the three prostitutes Sheri, Monique and Happy Deer. These rooms are not only for entertaining clients, they happen to be where these women live. The furnishing are old and worn, commonplace stuff from before the PCs freezing date. The only anomaly would be the beds: all four prostitutes have newer-looking industrial "Twin" beds, with mattresses that are surprisingly full of life for being 150 years old. (That's because these beds are Morrow Industries issue, taken from Commo Base Kilo Echo by "Old Bear" Churchill and sold the Kelly Shaker some years ago.) The Prostitutes all have cold-water showers, should anyone on the Team wish (or need) to partake of one. There is NO hot water and hasn't been for generations. Poor people take cold water baths or none at all.

The Sykes have their apartment up here as well. It too has little of note. [T] is a shared apartment for the two serving girls who work the kitchen and clean up. All rooms have windows, either to the front or back of the building; the front ones have a two-story drop, the back ones open out onto the roof above the kitchen and storeroom, which drops off into the alley behind the building. None of these windows are locked, although in this cold weather they are all kept shut.

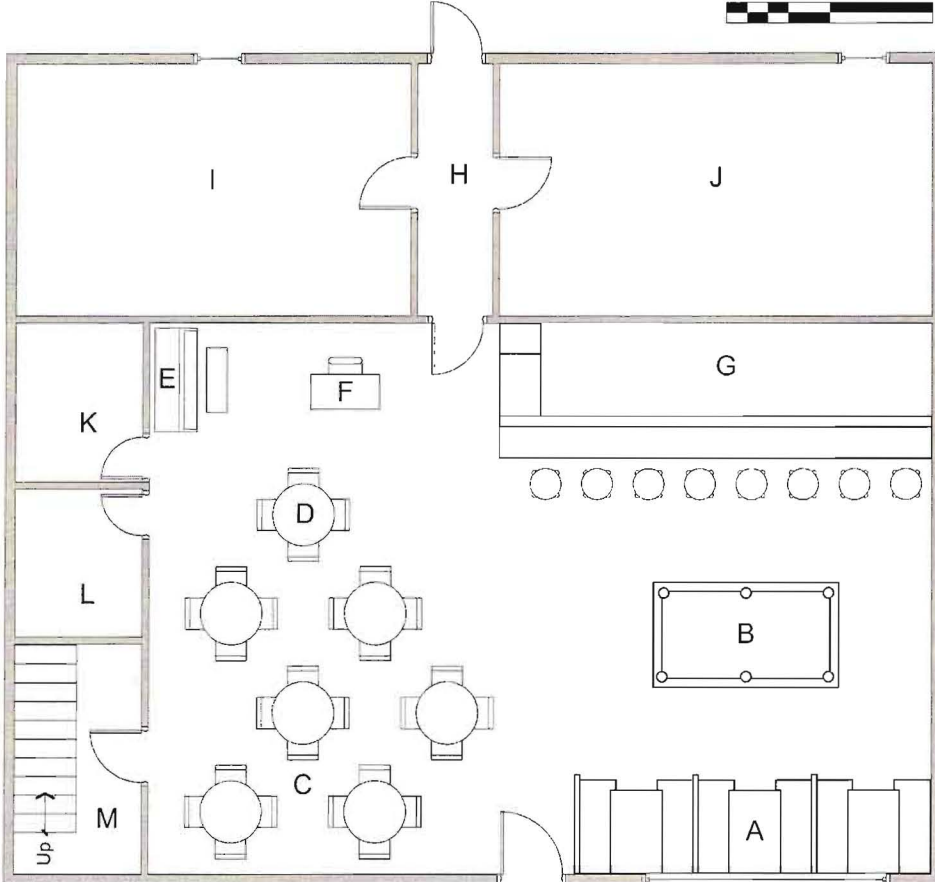
Heat for the building comes from a wood-burning furnace in the basement that uses simple draft-feed to warm the building: hot air rises up the old ducts, cold air sinks to the floor and back into the basement again. The door leading down to the basement is located in the storeroom [I].

THE WILD HORSE SALOON



UPSTAIRS

0 ft. 3 ft. 5 ft. 10 ft.



GROUND FLOOR

- A. Booths
- B. Pool Table
- C. Tables
- D. Kelso's Private Table
- E. Piano
- F. Madame Kelly Shaker
- G. Bar & Barstools
- H. Hallway to the Back
- I. Storeroom
(Mike lives here)
- J. Kitchen
- K. Men's Room
- L. Ladies' Room
- M. Stairs to Second Floor
- N. Upstairs Hallway
- O. Kelly Shaker's Room
- P. Sheri's Room
- Q. Monique's Room
- R. Happy Deer's Room
- S. Syke's Apartment
- T. Serving Girls' Apartment

1. LESLIE SYKES

Leslie and her husband Bill run the Wild Horse Saloon, with the help of her brother George and a Grunt (MPGB) they call Mike, who does odd chores, simple manual labor, and on occasion, bouncing. Leslie found him out in the wilds beyond the Schell Creek Range four years back, just wandering aimlessly, and took him in. He has never been able to explain who he is, where he comes from, or why he was out alone in the desert.

Leslie is getting on in years and it shows, but she is still a spirited horsewoman, descending from rodeo stock, and is not above challenging someone to arm-wrestling or getting involved in a loud, argumentative discussion on whatever she feels is wrong with the people who come into her inn. This includes "Truckers" like the Team. (After all, they have a truck and aren't from around here ... what else could they be?)

Leslie pretty much has nothing to do with the Wild Horse Saloon's 'female companionship program' which is Kelly Shaker's business. Leslie and Kelly have an arrangement: Leslie rents the upstairs rooms to Kelly on a weekly basis and tolerates the "business" since the customers who come in here for 'female companionship' usually also buy drinks, food, etc. Leslie and Kelly do not necessarily like each other, but they respect one another, which is what counts. For this reason Leslie will not allow any kind of rough stuff to the girls in her place.

2. MIKE

At 8' tall, Mike is a rather imposing figure under any circumstances, much more so if he feels that Leslie is being threatened. Fiercely loyal to her, he is not very bright but does understand guns and lies, and while he will try to be gentle when bouncing an unwanted guest from the saloon, he literally doesn't know his own strength at such times. Otherwise he is a peaceful, mildly curious individual with a love of bright, shiny objects. (Anyone stupid enough to attack him, even with gunfire, will probably live just long enough to regret it; Mike has an Sp/Bp of 700!) He lives in the back storeroom.

D. INSIDE THE WILD HORSE SALOON

The Team should be made to stay around for a while in Currie. Given the nature of the town and the "charm" of the Wild Horse Saloon, this shouldn't be difficult, although a Team that refuses to stop and look around should be encouraged by the PD to do so. The recommended way is to introduce Blue Feather early, riding hell-bent for leather into town on a bareback Amerind pony, leaping off his horse, and striding into the saloon, gun drawn, in full view of the players. This is usually enough to pique the curiosity of even the most politic team.

Once inside, the Team will be free to sit at a table and order something to eat, or belly up to the bar and get drinks, even early in the day. (Note that if they have an unholstered weapon — it doesn't matter HOW they're carrying it! — every eye in the place will be on the PCs.) The locals will only ignore them if the players aren't loaded for bear; this is one case where the more firepower the Team brings inside with them, the more likely it is a local WILL shoot at them!

The Wild Horse is a good place to buy food, get a drink, change some of that Trade Pack silver, talk to the locals, get into a poker game, rent a prostitute or two for an hour, or maybe get killed in a firefight. (Are they being careful?)

One person of note in the place is a man in his 50's, sitting at what must be a private table; he has two obvious hired hands with him and the attention of a serving girl and the attendance of least one prostitute at all times (he likes to be surrounded by pretty things). This is Frank Kelso, reigning over the Wild Horse as he conducts the day's business over a steak.

If the Team drove into town, someone has already run here and told him about the Team's unique vehicle (no noise, brand new condition, rubber tires), and Kelso will want to meet the rich "Truckers" who've just breezed in. He knows how much Truckers like to trade, and so wants to meet them himself and see what kind of deal he can set up; he likes first pickings, you see.

If the Team came in on foot, he may or may not take special notice the Team, depending on how they're dressed and what they're carrying. Being as they are strangers in town and things here are getting tense, he may suspect the players of being hired hands come looking for a job ... or, just maybe, already hired on by the Amerinds or Tall Jones, which makes them a threat to him. So Kelso will try early on to find out the score.

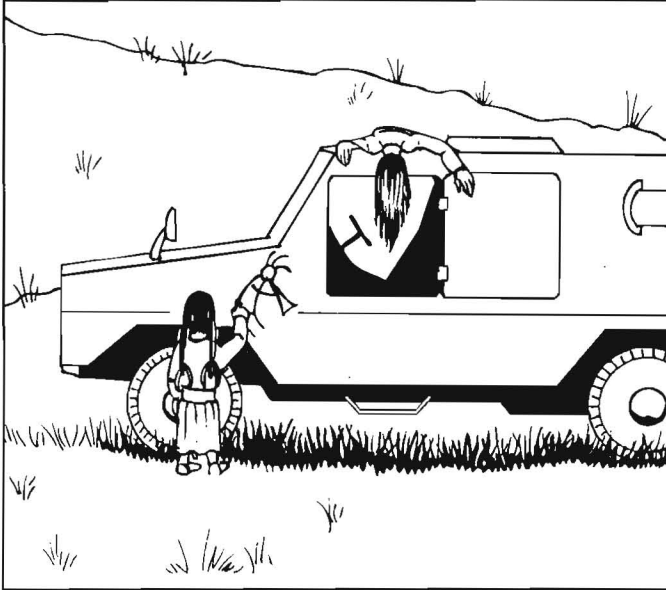
It should go without saying that Kelso can be a source of information about most of the Territory, although on a scale closer to home the picture he will paint of Tall Jones isn't the nicest. Should the Team claim to indeed be Truckers Kelso will ask to see their vehicle, hoping that the Team will offer him a ride — he would never actually own one of these noisy, smoking, scare-the-horses monstrosities, but he loves riding in them. If given the chance to see the Team's Ranger up close he will realize that the Team has some real power, and will want them to come out to his ranch, the Big K, and talk over dinner about "an offer" he can make them (as in, paying them to kill Tall Jones).

Note that if the Team acts strangely, Kelso is likely to figure they are working for Jones or the Amerinds and have them dealt with, by ordering his goons to take any troublemakers "out back." If the Team are taken "out back" into the alley behind the saloon, some quick hand-to-hand fighting might let them get the upper hand on Kelso's goons; since the goons have their guns drawn and pointed at the players, a PC trying to draw a weapon will lose, whereas one going hand-to-hand has a decent fighting chance. A dropped smoke or gas grenade will cause such panic among the goons that the Team is ensured of getting away.

In playtesting however, about half the Teams chose to open fire right in the middle of the saloon, which resulted in a mass firefight, since almost everyone in the saloon has a gun. ("The four of you are going to draw on the two goons whose guns are already pointing at you? Fine, while you're drawing they shoot you. Tom and Joe both get shot and are going down. Bill, you and Harry can shoot while the goons get off their second rounds. Roll To Hit. Okay, now the 19 other patrons in the saloon have drawn their guns and are also shooting at you as well, so let's do the one-and-a-half-dozen To Hit rolls against you two first and then if you're

still alive, you can return fire.")

Get the picture? A saloon full of nervous, gun-toting cowboys is NOT the place to have a major gun battle!



E. ENTER THE AMERIND

While the Team are in the saloon Blue Feather will show up and stride into The Wild Horse with a rifle in his hand, an act which will stop traffic dead, with all eyes nervously watching the scene being played out, hands straying to holsters. Blue Feather will stalk up to the table where Kelso sits and in a loud voice demand that the Amerind woman be released to him. Kelso, of course, denies knowing what he is talking about. Blue Feather will demand that she be released, or else the tribe will come for her and take her away. Kelso will feign innocence; ("Indian maidens run off every day, don't they boys?" he asks his men, who laugh like good yes men should). Blue Feather will tell Kelso that if he does not give them back the girl there will be blood on the trail and storms out.

If the Team is wearing their gear with the group patches visible, Blue Feather will recognize the MP/Infinity symbol patch as being that of the Morrow tribe Mark Old Bear came from. This will bring him to a halt long enough for him to stare at the patch and then at the Team, but as he has many more important things to do, he will go out, get on his horse, and ride off to raise the tribe for an assault on Kelso's ranch. He will tell Mark Old Bear about seeing Morrow people later, after he rescues Soft Wind.

If the Team are NOT showing any MP symbols, then Blue Feather is likely to assume the Team are visiting Truckers. If they happen to be talking with Kelso at the moment Blue Feather comes in, this could go badly for them; he may get it into his head that the Team are Slavers from Tahoe, and that Kelso may be trying to sell them Soft Wind as a slave! If this happens, Blue Feather will not be above trying to capture one of them as a hostage to trade for Soft Wind.

Remember, while ordinarily a reasonable individual, he can think of nothing more than to find and rescue Soft Wind. He is not in the mood to talk to strangers, and if the Team

try to follow him out of the Saloon and trail him, they will find he knows the desert a lot better than they do and disappear up one of the local canyons where the MPV cannot go.

However, if Kelso sees Blue Feather look at them as if he recognizes them, or sees the Team try to follow the Amerind when he leaves the Saloon, he will guess that the Amerinds have hired the players, and will have his men try to deal with the team (again, at gunpoint).

If questioned by the Team, Kelso will dismiss the incident with Blue Feather as the usual trouble between the Anglos and the Indians, a matter involving a woman who ran away from the tribe some days ago — a trivial thing. (If it looks like the Team may make trouble for him anyway, Kelso will do his best to keep the players from heading out after the Amerinds and finding out the truth. Once more, if that means killing the PCs, so be it. Kelso doesn't mind bumping off a few strangers to keep his own position secure.)

F. WHAT NEXT?

Most Teams will realize that something is going on and won't stay around in the Wild Horse too much longer; Kelso will get up and head back to his ranch "just in case there's trouble." If the Team stays in the saloon, they may play some pool, rent a room to sleep in, rent a prostitute to sleep with, get a good filling meal, exchange some of that trade silver for local money, whatever. If they have acted in a way that makes Kelso suspicious of them, however, they may find themselves interrupted by Kelso's goons, who will take the PCs out the back way at gunpoint to deal with them. If this happens, the Team will have to fight its way out.

If the Team hangs around town talking to locals, they will scare up some more information on what the local situation is. However, Kelso will have them followed, and when his man reports back that the strangers are asking a lot of nosy questions, the Team will find itself taking on Kelso's goons again.

If the Team goes out to find the Amerinds or is otherwise outside of town searching around, Blue Feather will be spotted approaching, leading a group of South Fork braves on horseback, intent on circling around the Big K ranch and attacking it to find and free Soft Wind. This could lead to a confrontation between the Team and Blue Feather unless they have a MP patch showing; he does not know the players and it will be EXTREMELY hard to convince him that the players want to help. The only thing that might work here is admitting that they are Morrows, which makes them of the tribe that Mark Old Bear belonged to before he became a Goshute. This alone could save them from the wrath of Blue Feather's warriors.

If the Team is elsewhere when Blue Feather attacks the Big K, they may hear the gunfire, see smoke from the burning buildings, or be present when one of Kelso's men come riding madly into town, declaring that the Indians are attacking and burning the Big K ranch! Hopefully, they will go to investigate (that darn MP General Order #1, remember?). This, however, will likely lead them into a situation where they find themselves caught in the shooting

war between the Amerinds and Kelso's goons. Which side do they help? When the shooting starts, how will they know who's right and who's wrong?

IX. MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH

The Big K ranch is located about a half-mile off of the remains of US 93, two miles northwest of Currie. The main cluster of buildings is approached up a dirt road from the highway. The buildings sit out in the middle of the big empty, and there is no significant cover for anything large than a jackrabbit for more than a mile in any direction from the main house. The only cover might be if the layout is studied for some time and a very slow approach is made on the main house using an intervening building, like the barn or stables, for cover. This is still unlikely to work, since lookouts around the main buildings will spot the PCs from some distance off.

A. THE MAIN HOUSE

A two-story foursquare dating back to about 1910, it is in fine shape, with a front porch and working shutters on the windows. Kelso will hole up inside the building with his family and most of his men to prepare for the Amerind attack he expects.

B. THE GARDEN

Source of the main house's vegetables. There is no cover here.

C. THE LITTLE outhouse

Just what you think it is. For the personal use of Mr. Kelso, his family and house guests. The night soil from it is used on the garden.

D. ROOT CELLAR

The spot where Soft Wind is being held, it is a shed dug halfway into the ground and bermed over with earth. The exposed front wall is brick but the padlocked door is wooden, so any heavy firepower used against the two guards standing watch by the door is likely to penetrate the interior and kill Soft Wind.

E. THE STABLE

A large and sturdy wooden stable, well equipped, where the horses for the ranch are quartered. There are many stalls, as well as a tack room. Team members on foot can cross the corral and enter the stable from the back and use it as cover during a firefight, as it will be occupied only by the horses.

F. THE CORRAL

A fenced-in area for the horses. The fence is easily climbed but the ground abounds with piles of horse manure. It looks pretty much like every corral the PCs have ever seen in a TV Western.

G. THE BUNKHOUSE

The main quarters for Kelso's ranch hands. It has windows front and back, and doors as well, and bunks and furnishings for 40 men. Lookouts will be in the windows keeping watch for Amerinds. There are no windows in the NW or SE walls.

H. THE BIG outhouse

Again, just what you think. A four-holer, used by the ranch hands. In no way remarkable, save for the incredible stench.

I. THE COOKHOUSE

A kitchen for the ranch-hands, who eat in the bunkhouse. On occasion food for the main house is cooked here also. Foodstuffs are stored here, while perishables are stored in the root cellar by the main house. There are windows in the back wall. There is no one in this building at the moment.

J. BLACKSMITH

The ranch has its own blacksmith's shop, used for hammering out every conceivable object a blacksmith could make, from nails and horseshoes to hinges and knives. The structure is open in the front and on cold days the ranch-hands lounge here to get warm. The back of the blacksmith shop has a small, high-set window for light; it is not locked but hard to reach.

K. THE BARN

A standard barn, used to keep milk cows and ranch implements. Hay is stored in the loft. It is typical of a thousand other barns and has nothing unusual about it. The back doors lead to a fenced-in pasture; a pigsty is located to the right of the front entrance, a chicken coop to the left side.

L. THE WINDMILL

This is a windmill typical of the type found in the west and mid-west from the late 1800's onward. (The unit in use here is an old Aeromotor, for you fanciers of such things.) The windmill sits atop a 100-foot tower sitting on a concrete pad, with the throw rod going down into a hole drilled beneath the tower. Water from the well shaft is pumped up into the nearby tower; when the tower is full the overflow runs out of a pipe into a horse trough, which in turn overflows onto the ground.

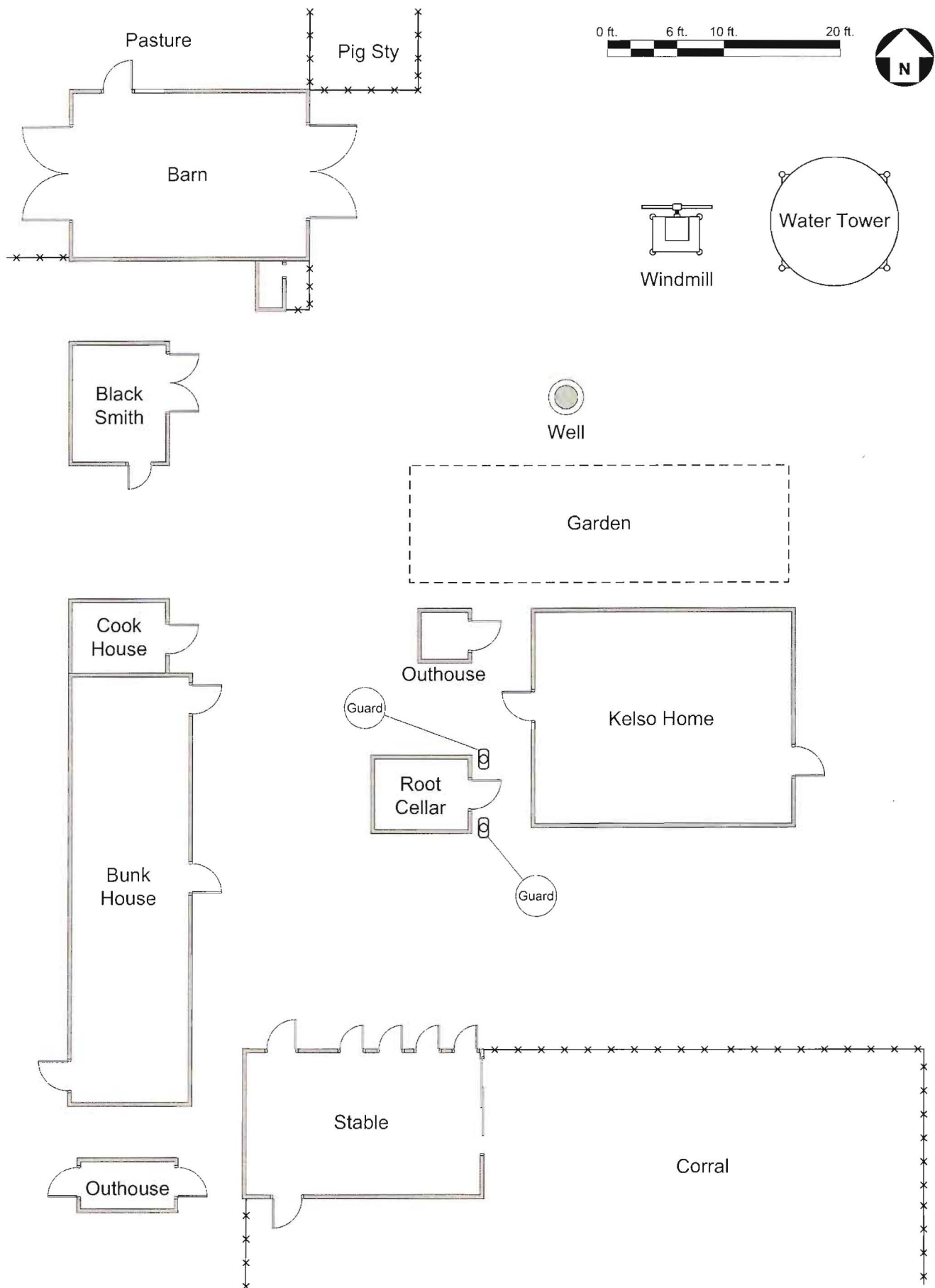
M. THE WATER TOWER

A simple, heavily-built water tower fed by the pump attached to the windmill and used to send water into the main house by gravity feed. Due to its construction the walls of the tower are AC-10. Note that punching holes in the tower (let alone blasting it pieces with a LAW rocket) will serve no purpose other than to drain the tank, although playtest teams seemed to get a lot of personal pleasure out of blowing holes in its sides.

N. THE WELL

The well between the garden and the water tower taps into the same water table that the windmill does, and is

BIG K RANCH



used to draw up water in those circumstances when the water tower is low; these days, its main purpose is to provide water for the nearby garden.

X. FINDING SOFT WIND

Soft Wind, the woman Blue Feather is looking for, is the granddaughter of Mark Churchill, a member of the Morrow Project who has been living with the Goshute Indians for some 45 years now. Soft Wind was visiting the South Fork Indians while on a trading trip when Tom Kelso attacked and kidnaped her. Blue Feather knows that her grandfather is from the "Morrow tribe" and has seen the "Medicine symbols" (MP infinity and the Ops team Communications patches) he wears on his vest, and if he sees the Team arrive and sees the MP patch on them, might just think that Mark Old Bear contacted them and sent them to help. If the Team then shoots at him, though, well then, all bets are off!

As for Soft Wind, for the time being Kelso has her tied up and gagged in the root cellar out back behind the smokehouse, where her struggles cannot be heard. Two of his men are guarding it, even now as a firefight ranges over near the main house. Their presence out in the open like this should tip the Team off that they are guarding the hut for a reason, but some teams cannot see the link between smoke and fire. (Does any player character noticing the guarded hut ask himself why a man trying to protect his wife and family from Indians would waste men to guard a root cellar?) A Team that hoses it with machine gun fire, grenades or anti-tank rockets will kill the guards ... and Soft Wind as well. (How they explain that to Blue Feather is their problem!)

XI. AFTER THE ATTACK

If the Team kills Soft Wind (many playtest teams did) they must find a way to tell the Amerinds that she is dead. If the Team can fend off blame for her death, they will still be party to an Amerind uprising that will endanger the lives of hundreds throughout the 93 Territory.

If the Team confess or are seen as being the ones who killed Soft Wind, their lives will be forfeit and they will be attacked on the spot. Even if they succeed in killing Blue Feather and his braves, at least one will get away to tell of their evil, and the PCs will find their steps hounded by vengeful Amerinds for a long time to come. The PD may want Blue Feather, wounded but alive, to survive the attack, and become a buzzard snapping at the players' heels in future adventures.

If the Team succeed in rescuing Soft Wind, then Blue Feather and his braves will take custody of her, finish murdering any of Kelso's family or men still alive, and invite the Team to their village, promising to take Soft Wind and the Team to Mark Old Bear in the morning. The Amerinds will feast the Team, although this includes the local equivalent of grain alcohol and psychedelic mushrooms (Lesson one in this Brave New World: don't automatically eat everything a local puts in front of you).

In the morning, the Team will be taken to the Goshute

village off of Alt 93, skirting around the Big K ranch and the town of Currie along the way.

XII. THE GOSHUTE INDIANS

The Goshutes now occupy everything along the Deep Creek Range. Upon approaching one of their villages, the Team will note a marked difference between the way the Shoshone live, versus the way the Goshutes do. "Old Bear" Churchill has erected latrines, ensured the collection and storage of clean drinking water, improvised good sanitation, and done everything a member of the Morrow Project would think of doing to help those living in squalor; there are even barns and cattle here.

Unlike the subsistence lifestyle of the South Fork Indians, the Goshutes show a much higher standard of living. There are even boats on the shores of the Inland Sea, which the Goshutes use to go out onto the water to hunt mutant brine shrimp; the people here, while lacking modern technology, live a good, decent life, all thanks to one man: Mark Churchill, a member of the Morrow Project.

A. MARK OLD BEAR

The players should eventually go to see "Mark Old Bear" and figure out what he has to do with the Morrow Project.

Note that Churchill is a doddering old man of 75 now, and as such his mind may wander on occasion and he may forget things, repeat himself, and wander into talks about his missing teammates, and should even have a breakdown as he sobs to the Team that it's not his fault, he was ordered to stay behind, he did everything he could

This should NOT be played in any way as comic relief, but rather as a sobering, soul-searching moment for the Team, faced with one of their own, frozen the year they were and now an old, withered shell of a man. Done properly, the PD can have the Team on the verge of tears.

Churchill can tell them all about Commo Base Kilo Echo (he is really too old to go up there but will want to show them the base anyway, and what Old Bear wants his people will let him do). If the Team obliges, they should get one hell of a shock when he leads them to that dirt road they first came down the morning they awoke in the bolt hole: Kilo Echo was above them all the time!

(Of course, Mark will have a shock too when he realizes the Team were so close when he needed another team's help to find his missing teammates. Can anyone in the Team handle him having a heart attack right now?)

He knows little of what goes on outside the land of the Goshute, but can talk at length about Kilo Echo, what he did, and how his team left one day and never returned, and how he stayed there on that frozen mountaintop waiting, listening, begging them to call in.

Churchill's mind will wander, and when he looks at the Team again, will say in a lonely, sad voice "You're ... you're with the Project, aren't you. I've been waiting 47 years. What kept you?"

Team members should have a long, uneasy silence at this moment.

XIII. AFTERMATH

The Team should not be able to just ride off into the sunset after they rescue Soft Wind. Tensions between the Amerinds and the Anglos are strained to the breaking point: some outside mediation might bring the peace back. Was Soft Wind killed during the rescue? If so, an open war between the people of the 93 Territory and the South Fork Shoshone and Goshute tribes will erupt no matter what the Team says, and if they are responsible for Soft Wind's death, they will be hunted like dogs and brutally killed, no matter how long it takes, no matter where they run to. We're talking The Fugitive here, people.

Assuming things go well, the Team still must deal with things in town regarding the range war. Is Kelso still alive? He will want revenge. Indeed, anyone the Team crossed will want their pound of flesh. The local Law Enforcement may want the players for questioning over what happened to the Kelso ranch. Also, the Team will eventually want to go to Commo Base Kilo Echo and see it for themselves, and likely be VERY disappointed by what they find there. Can they reactivate the station? If Prime Base or even Power Station TN-7 is active, they may find themselves with orders to try and do just that, a task that will be all but impossible in three feet of ice during a blizzard 8,000 feet up on top of a glaciated mountain.

There are a lot of things here that can keep the Team occupied without requiring them to go out and see the world as a whole. There is a lot for this lone Recon team to do, even if Prime Base has been reactivated as per R-008, Prime Base. They are still out on their own, there is a lot of territory to cover, and none of it will be boring!

DESIGNER'S NOTES

American Outback was written to be the opening of a campaign, and links up with the previous Project Files R-007 Desert Search and R-008 Prime Base. There are several different options available to the Project Director when running this module. As written, the main adventure is to find the missing Amerind woman, Soft Wind, and to prevent a war from breaking out between the Amerinds and the Ranchers.

There are a large number of secondary missions as well: investigating the situation of the various towns and cities in the 93 Territory; traveling to, making peace with, and undertaking an analysis of the local Amerind populations; going to Ely and interfacing with the local government.

And there is also the matter finding and reactivating Commo Base Kilo Echo, as well as Power Station TN-7 (covered in Project File R-007). This part of the country has a number of Morrow facilities in it, and several more teams as well.

With regards to Commo Base Kilo Echo, it should be remembered that the Team wakes up within two miles of it, on the same road that they take to get down from the bolt hole to the valley floor. During playtesting not one Team ever went up that road the first day; faced with a road that goes up above them and down to the valley floor, they always chose to go down. (Why not? What could possibly be located

above them?)

With situations like this, running American Outback can be as much fun as playing it; as the Project Director you know the big picture, whereas the players can only see glimpses of it here and there, and as outsiders things will be pretty confusing to them at first. We recommend you play this one like a poker game: everything is out in the open but you still can't see what hand the other players have. The town seems quiet, but everyone has a gun on his belt. Nerves are tense and people view strangers with just a hint of suspicion and worry while the piano plays on and drinks are knocked back. It is a Western of the old style set in a modern town, and should be played that way.

There is danger here, but some of it is only of the Team's making, depending how much they want to get mixed up in local affairs. (It goes without saying that they should get mixed up in them, but that's a whole different matter.) They can go to town and drink, eat and be merry, and not bother with any of the tense situations around them — at least, until the Amerind Uprising begins! They will have time to look around things and talk to people before they have to get involved, though once the ball starts rolling, they must act fast or else innocent people will be killed and a war that could last years may start.

It is easy for a Team to fail in this, but only if they refuse to see what's going on around them and act on it. They have to keep their guns holstered and their eyes open and not get suckered into one side or other of the Kelso-Jones feud; then, when they learn of the missing Amerind woman, they must get off their butts and do something about it. A hugely complicated and detailed plan is not necessary once they learn of Blue Feather's belief that Soft Wind is being held prisoner out at the Big K ranch; whether they sneak in and use the silenced M21 from a distance or just drive the Ranger up, guns blazing, the presence of two armed guards for an otherwise unremarkable root cellar out back of the house should scream to them that this is where she is. Freeing her alive should be a simple matter.

(That is, assuming the Team can put two and two together. More than one playtest team trashed the guards AND the cellar behind them with LAW rockets or both 100-rd belts of 7.62mm ammo from the Ranger's turret machine guns.)

And there are also other problems that the Team will have to face sooner or later. The Tahoe region is not all that far away across the desert relatively speaking, and in addition to Traders and others living in the area around the Inland Sea, there are also Slavers operating out of that region (as discussed in Project File R-007, Desert Search). They have a strong presence in Oasis — as do agents of the Krell organization!

And remember the Syen from the same module? They are based in Austin, which is on US 50 about 150 miles west of Ely. The insular, secretive Syen have never made it to Ely because of the nuclear impact sites the ten 2-Mt warheads that straddled the area of Eureka, Nevada (obliterating it, the junctions of US 50 and Nevada Route 278, and the entire area around Pinto Summit, leaving it a no man's land of residual radiation). This is why they were instead following Nevada Routes 379 and 375 into the area

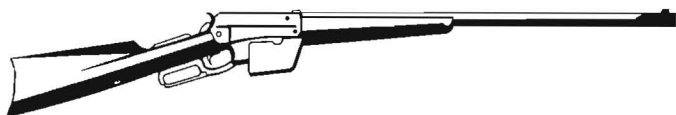
of Power Station TN-7.

If the mapless Syen manage to find a way around the nuclear wasteland at Eureka (which is not as difficult as it sounds) they could move in on the ranchers at Ely with disastrous consequences! This might well take the form of several raids on outlying ranches and farms near Ely and then a retreat back along 50 towards their base at Austin, leaving behind little reason why nor evidence of by whom, a tactic they have been using for many years on the inhabited areas to the west of Austin. (If this does come to pass, note that the people at Ely have a rough knowledge of the nuclear wastes around Eureka, and have as much fear of it as the Syen have; getting a posse to chase the Syen through this area would be next to impossible!)

There are a multitude of options available to the PD to use with this module. What happens next is up to you.

Good Luck!

NEW EQUIPMENT



Name:	The Ely Rifle
Caliber:	7.62x51mmR (rimfire .30-30)
E-Factor:	15
Weight (empty):	6.50 lbs (2.95kg)
Effective Range:	215 yards (200m)
Maximum Range:	3,095 yards (2830m)
Type of Fire:	Lever-action repeater
Rate of Fire:	(SS) 24 rpm
Feed Device:	6rd tubular magazine
Feed Device Wt (6rds):	.29 lbs (.132kg)
Basic Load:	30 rounds
Load Weight:	1.45 lbs (.66kg)

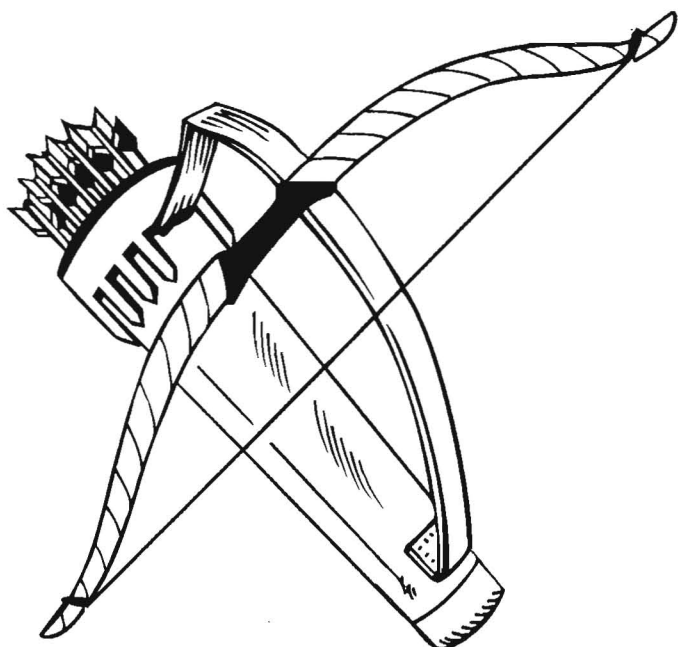
The "Ely Rifle" is a pretty much straight-forward copy of the old Winchester Model 94 rifle, chambered to fire Winchester .30-30 cartridges. (It will NOT take the .44 ammo used by the similar-looking Marlin M1894c carbine issued with some MP Contact Packs!) Rimfire cartridges have the priming composition inside the cartridge's rim; when fired, the firing pin crushes the rim against the barrel, firing the primer and igniting the cartridge. These weapons have been manufactured locally in Ely by the same gunsmithing family for well over a century. It is hardy, robust, and dependable, and is normally carried in a saddle holster by riders. It is regarded as the best weapon there is in this part of the world.



Name:	The Ely-Colt Pistol
Caliber:	11.56x33mmR (.45 rimfire)
E-Factor:	8
Weight (empty):	2.31 lbs (1.05kg)
Effective Range:	150 feet (45m)
Maximum Range:	4,800 feet (1480m)
Type of Fire:	Double-action revolver
Rate of Fire:	24 rpm
Feed Device:	6rd cylinder
Feed Device Wt (6rds):	0.30 lbs (.135kg)
Basic Load:	18 rounds on a gunbelt
Load Weight:	0.9 lbs (.405kg)

The "Ely-Colt Pistol" is a hybrid copy of the Colt Python double-action revolver, chambered to fire the 11.56x33mmR Ball (.45 rimfire) round, which is now made in quantity in Ely. It is a quality-built hand-made weapon, and has a reputation for reliability and accuracy. Most men in the Territory carry this weapon, although it is almost never found among the Amerinds, who prefer the longer range and heavier punch of the .30-30 rifle.

PD NOTE: the powder used by the Ely gunsmiths is not "smokeless" but it is powerful and dependable; they started out with excellent gunsmiths and have had 150 years to perfect their art of primitive gunsmithing!



Name: Amerind bow and arrow
 Caliber: .43 caliber 33 in. arrow
 E-Factor: 12
 Weight (empty): 3.31 lbs (1.5kg)
 Effective Range: 200 ft (55m)
 Maximum Range: 990 ft (300m)
 Type of Fire: Single Shot
 Rate of Fire: 12 rpm
 Feed Device: None
 Feed Device Wt: N/A
 Basic Load: Varies
 Load Weight: Varies
 Total Weight: 1.9kg and over

This is a hand-made bow and arrow set typical of that used by the Amerinds for centuries before the coming of the white man. An Amerind can have any number of arrows with him, although normally the number never exceeds 15. Any average Amerind who uses one instead of a firearm has a proficiency of 35% to hit.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTER STATISTICS

Frank Kelso

ST: 10, CON: 6, DEX: 8, INT: 18, CHA: 11,
 MOVE: 2, Sp/Bp: 160, Hair: Black, Age: 55
 Sex: M, Height: 5'11", Handgun: 15, Rifle: 35

Tom Kelso

ST: 7, CON: 14, DEX: 15, INT: 5, CHA: 10
 MOVE: 4, Sp/Bp: 198, Hair: Black, Age: 26
 Sex: M, Height: 5'9", Handgun: 10, Rifle: 05

Typical Kelso Ranchhand

ST: 8, CON: 10, DEX: 8, INT: 10, CHA: 10
 MOVE: 2, Sp/Bp: 180, Hair: Brown, Age: 30
 Sex: M, Height: 5'10", Handgun: 15, Rifle: 30

John "Tall" Jones

ST: 16, CON: 18, DEX: 14, INT: 16, CHA: 15
 MOVE: 4, Sp/Bp: 388, Hair: Brown, Age: 46
 Sex: M, Height: 6'7", Handgun: 25, Rifle: 45

Leslie Sykes

ST: 18, CON: 3, DEX: 19, INT: 4, CHA: 3
 MOVE: 5, Sp/Bp: 154, Hair: Brown, Age: 42
 Sex: F, Height: 5'7", Handgun: 10, Rifle: 15

Mike

ST: 24, CON: 25, DEX: 7, INT: 3, CHA: 4
 MOVE: 2, Sp/Bp: 700, Hair: Black, Age: 30
 Sex: M, Height: 8'0", Handgun: 00, Club: 15

Tony "Sharpie" Davis

ST: 16, CON: 12, DEX: 18, INT: 19, CHA: 12
 MOVE: 4, Sp/Bp: 292, Hair: Brown, Age: 40
 Sex: M, Height: 5'10", Handgun: 25, Rifle: 15

Kelly Shaker

ST: 8, CON: 16, DEX: 11, INT: 3, CHA: 17
 MOVE: 3, Sp/Bp: 228, Hair: Blonde, Age: 48
 Sex: F, Height: 5'6", Handgun: 10, Knife: 40

Blue Feather

ST: 19, CON: 12, DEX: 12, INT: 20, CHA: 18
 MOVE: 3, Sp/Bp: 328, Hair: Black, Age: 26
 Sex: M, Height: 6'0", Knife: 35, Rifle: 55

Typical Amerind Warrior

ST: 15, CON: 15, DEX: 12, INT: 13, CHA: 12
 MOVE: 3, Sp/Bp: 325, Hair: Black, Age: 22
 Sex: M, Height: 5'11", Bow: 35, Rifle: 35

Soft Wind

ST: 2, CON: 12, DEX: 11, INT: 6, CHA: 14
 MOVE: 3, Sp/Bp: 124, Hair: Brown, Age: 17
 Sex: F, Height: 5'5", Knife: 25, Rifle: 10

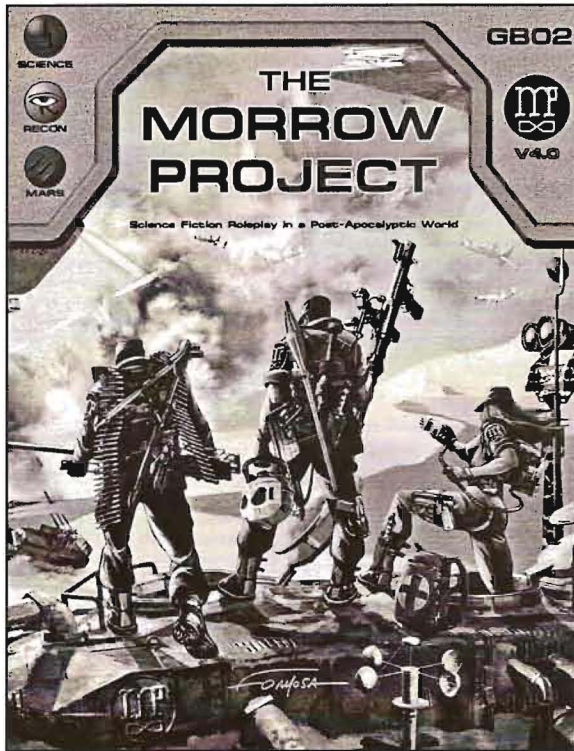
Mark 'Old Bear' Churchill

ST: 8, CON: 14, DEX: 12, INT: 20, CHA: 16
 MOVE: 4, Sp/Bp: 296, Hair: Brown, Age: 75
 Sex: M, Height: 5'9", Handgun: 20, Rifle: 20

NOTES:

THE MORROW PROJECT

FOURTH EDITION



The End Of The World Is Back!

Scheduled release: July 2005

Mission Briefing:

In 1962 a mysterious man known by the name of Bruce Edward Morrow, origin unknown, gathered nine of the country's leading industrialists into an organization know as the Council of Tomorrow. He seemed to have possessed the ability to transport himself and some small amount of nearby matter into or out of the future. Building a convincing argument from the future, he and the council structured an organization dedicated to the continued survival of the human race beyond the point of destruction.

This organization brought forth the concept of The Morrow Project; an ambitious plan to cryogenically freeze special teams and equipment to aid in the reconstruction of the U.S. after the fall of civilization. For many years the Project secretly stored their teams to await the proper time for re-awakening.

One hundred and fifty years after the fall of civilization, the members of the Morrow Project wake to a changed world.

Without the modern transit and communications infrastructures, distances that once took hours, now take weeks, and news that once traveled in milliseconds now takes months to arrive, if ever. This new world is characterized by tiny hamlets of simple daily existence awash in a sea of barbarism and anarchy.

The Morrow Project could not prevent the coming catastrophe, nor did they have the resources to help everyone immediately. It was possible to help with the rebuilding, but even this was a massive undertaking. Plan became action and over the years many well-trained teams were cryogenically frozen in hidden bunkers to emerge at the time when their resources and help could do the most good.

Intended to be part of an organized plan to rebuild America, your team finds that they have missed the 3-5 year expected wake-up call. Now, far outside the original time frame and unable to contact the rest of the project, they must start alone the process that was intended for thousands.

Isolated in a world where the war is only a distant legend, your team must rely on their ingenuity, training and each other to carry out the general orders of the project:

1. Assist the population in rebuilding America whenever possible.
2. Reunite with the bulk of the Morrow Project forces.
3. Survive!

Chronologically Experienced:

The mature gamer should immediately recognize this product. This is a chance to reacquire one of the perennial favorites. This new edition of The Morrow Project is freshly updated with a new time line, equipment and weapons. The expanded and enhanced Morrow Project contains more back story and increased detail on settings and cultural groups.

New Enthusiast:

For the new gamer this a classic reborn, giving them a chance to discover one of the best loved post apocalyptic games of all time.

AMERICAN OUTBACK - THE 93 TERRITORY



ROUTE MARKER



TOWN - INHABITED



GHOST TOWN



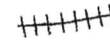
BOLT HOLE



KILO ECHO



TRACK



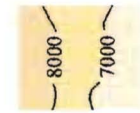
RAILROAD TRACKS



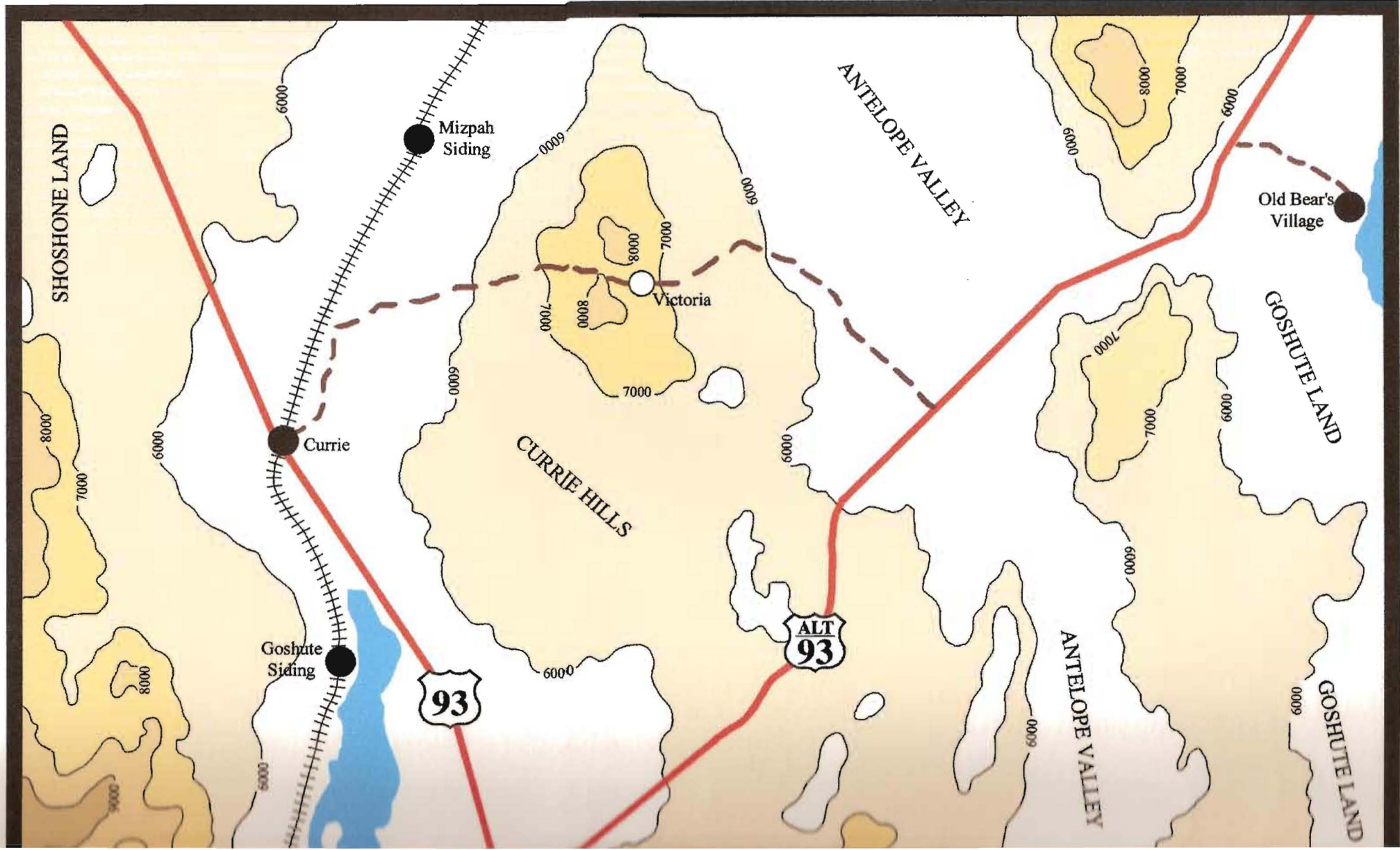
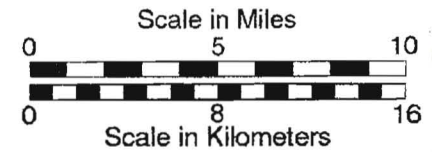
HIGHWAY - TWO LANE

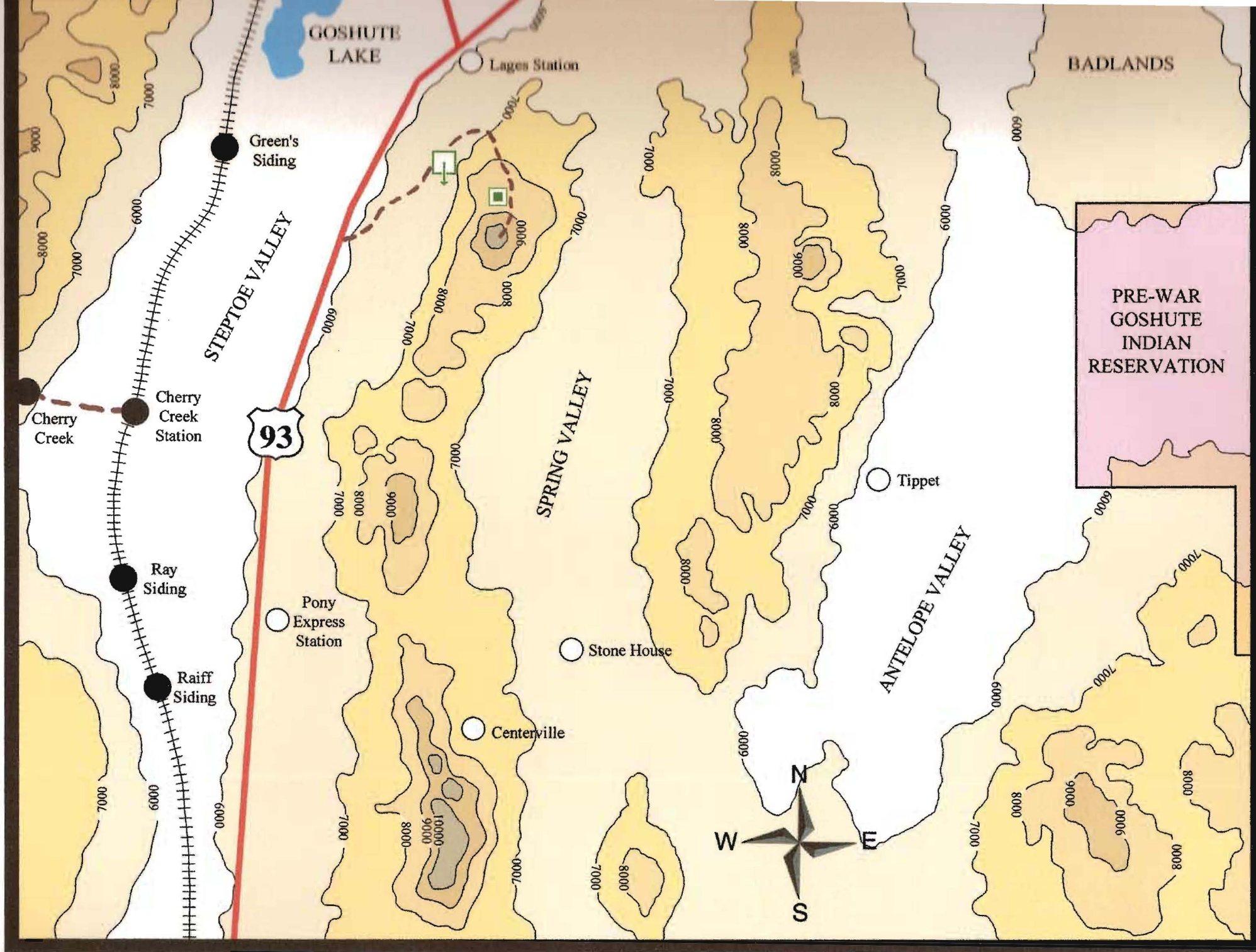


WATER



ELEVATION
LINES
(IN FEET)







AMERICAN OUTBACK



Reviving from cryogenic slumber Recon Team V-3 find they were in the Nevada high desert as expected. Their mission is simple: conduct reconnaissance of eastern Nevada; evaluate what could be used and what is needed to help rebuild the U.S.; then report that information to Prime Base.

What they find is a land of steam locomotives, cattle drives, six-shooters, and a brewing range war with the local Indian tribe. Unable to contact their superiors, the team must rely on their general orders, find a missing Indian girl and try to keep the peace. It won't be an easy task.

This game package contains all the information, maps and systems necessary for the Project Director to run this scenario. This package includes information on new weapons, the Commando Ranger Reconnaissance vehicle, detailed cache contents and more.



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