

Gregorius 21778:

50 Small-Time Vendors

for a Weird, Irradiated Post-Apocalypse



by Kai Pütz © 2019
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50 Small-Time Vendors for a Weird, Irradiated Post-Apocalypse is a collection of hawkers, hucksters, peddlers and other NPC that have something to sell in small quantities. It is all Mutant Future(tm) compatible, so the goods are from the equipment and technological artifact section of said game. A few offer services instead of goods. Each vendor (humans, mutants, robots, mutant plants and mutant animals) comes with a very brief description and a name as well as what is on sale for what money (or whatever else a given vendor may ask for in return). Use them on a “a few per settlement” basis in your game, or round them all up in one location for a big, colorful, post-apocalyptic flea market.

Have fun!

#01: A heavily bandaged human in his late 40s sells the kind of equipment that would be found with an adventurer and ruins scavenger: a crowbar, a pick and shovel, grappling hook, 2 two long ropes, three metal saws, a pouch of crow feet, modern binoculars, climbing gear, a quilted vest (counts as furs, but weighs only 6 lbs), a flashlight and a geiger counter. The balding man nearly died during his last adventure, and decided that he finally became to old for this. So, he decided to work as a farm aid (or laborer) from now on and to sell the majority of his gear. He also owns an automatic pistol (with 11 rounds left in his final 12-round clip), but will only offer it for a trade when a character buys all of his other gear AND is able to provide immediate healing (through an advanced medical device or drug). 5 gp for the flashlight, 20 gp for the geiger counter. Everything else, he offers for about half of the list price.

#02: A buoy shaped robot with flaking pale-green paint sells advanced medicine out of his barrel-shaped body. The robot used to be a mobile pharmacy vending machine and offers painkillers (5), antitox(15), filter-doses(25), medi-spray I (50), proton energy pills (30 for a vial containing 12 pills), ready syringes (2 for a pack of six) as well as running a diagnostic scan (with a scanner it is equipped with) as a service (20). The currency he expects payment in does not exist anymore. There is a 50% chance per coin(!) that a silver piece will be accepted as the correct currency. Furthermore, he will not sell to mutants or robots that differ greatly from the appearance of a regular human or appear to be younger than 21 years *"unless- you- are- able- to- produce- credentials- that- proof- your- age"*. After each sale, there is a 2-in-6 chance that the given stock is now depleted, and the robot is not programmed to give "unauthorized personal" any information about its current stock. If the robot is attacked, it will defend itself with the immediate release of an irritant gas (like a gas grenade with a radius of 5 feet). After each release, there is a 2-in-6 chance that the gas tank is now empty and the robot thereby defenseless.

#03: An old mutant human with hands for feet and cheeks like a British Bulldog sells a mix of technological artifacts: six (still sealed) gas mask filters, a grenade launcher with five lethal photon grenades, a pair of shock gloves and a sport rifle with five shots in the internal magazine. The mutant has a mental power that allows him to turn invisible for a turn as long as he does not have to fool more than five people at once like this. He was hired as a local guide by a group of adventures in the next settlement, but he robbed them at night. Now, he tries to sell his loot but has no idea what a given item is worth (and demands 1d6 x50gp per item). He is nervous and jumpy as he is not sure if the ones he stole from are after him or not. If the characters show interest but do not buy anything from him in the end, he will try to find them 1d4 hours later and offer them a piece of their choice for 50gp. One way or the other, he will move on after 1d4 hours.

#04: An intelligent six-legged dork, the size of a dog and with a light blue/gray-white color pattern, slowly waddles over to the PC. One of the locals will explain to them that this is one of a colony from a nearby lake. They come to town to offer a very strange deal: for a number of A-cells (1d3+2) or a B cell (which the creature will take into its mouth), it will allow a character to chop ONE of its legs off. The leg can be literally wrung out to gather a slime in a jar that acts like one dose of Stimshot B. The strange mutant dorks are able to regrow their limbs after a while. Licking power cells gives them a kind of "drug kick". The locals only know all that due to a wandering telepath that once visited them. *"Before that point, we did not understood at all why the showed up here"*. If a character attacks the dork without consent, it will spit a class 13 poison slime at the offender (auto hit, it may only do so once per hour) before fleeing (150' / 50'; HD:3 creature, no armor). A different dork will show up in the location every day.

#05: A sentient humanoid mushroom-thing offers a set of Plastic Plate armor (AC: 4) for sale. The thing seems to be completely made of spongy mushrooms. There are no sensory organs and the fingers are short and plump, but deep within the mouth opening something akin to decaying human teeth are visible, and its breath reeks sickeningly. The concept of trade is new to this awakened plant gestalt. It is not sure what it wants or should want for the armor. It will approach a PC with the slowly (and throaty) spoken words *"You... want... to... trade...?"* while it shows the armor it carries in its arms. When a PC makes an offer, the thing will be silent for a round before it asks *"...is this... a good offer...?"* A Reaction roll is in order, and on anything but a Friendly/Helpful response the gestalt will *"...need ...to think... about it."* It will take a turn to do so, but if the character that made the offer does not stay, it will not think about it any longer and try to sell the armor to somebody else. If the PC meet it again, the process starts all over again. After it had a turn to think, there is a 5 in 6 chance that it agrees to the deal (WHATEVER the offer was!), otherwise it will demand the PC to *"Make.... a better offer"*. If a new (or simply different offer) is made, the process repeats itself all over again.

#06: A Spider-Girl Mutant sells Dehydrated Pills and Survival Kits out of her large, framed backpack. She looks human but for her eyes (compound eyes), her fingers (spider limbs growing out of a normal hand) and her hair (her head is covered in three inch long spider legs instead of hair, which twitch and move about without rhyme or reason). She wears a shocking pink lipstick, a ragged t-shirt under a net top, shiny, tight fitting nylon leggings, a pink sweater jacket, mittens and army boots. A tube of 20 pills she offers for 3 sp (her backpack is full of them) and a survival kit (of which she only offers 2d6) for 6 gp. For characters with a negative CHA bonus the price goes up by a third, for those with a bonus of at least +2 it goes down by a third.

#07: A pack of four huskies offers a cargo sled for sale. Their pack leader is a sentient telepath that demands 15 lbs. of meat as a price. The sled may be pulled by a human (so it still has the slightly chewed leather harnesses for four dogs attached) and may be packed with a load of up to 200 lbs. All the weight on the sled will be treated as 1/3 of the actual weight for encumbrance purposes. The sled itself weighs 15 lbs. If the pack leader is asked about their "owner", he will give a quick and snappy "NOBODY owns us!" as a reply, accompanied by short growls by the other pack members.

#08: An intelligent chimpanzee offers her services as guard, carrier and scout to the party. Her name is "Angy" and she communicates by writing on a small blackboard that hangs around her neck (together with a small leather pouch with a few pieces of chalk). Angy is really out of her luck, hungry and in severe need of a job. She offers to work for food and a dry place to sleep (when she is not on guard), but will demand an up-front payment: a meal and a small blanket. Angy is affectionate, likes to louse those she is with as well as braiding their hair and will try to comfort those that seem to feel sad or lonely. She is NOT brave (automatically fails all Moral checks during combat), and her loyalty as a retainer should be determined as usual. She is quick, a good and quick climber and surprisingly stealthy. She will not steal things ("What kind of monkey do U take me 4?").

#09: An old mutant woman that is a half-slug offers suits of chain mail. Her name is Gliss, her lower half is that of a snail, her upper body is human but covered in slime as well (Dermail Poison Slime Mutation). Aside from a large burlap sack with her goods, she carries an enormous snail shell on her back. She has four sets of chainmail to offer (all made for regular humanoids: one will fit anybody whose summed up CON and STR bonus is not greater than +2. Two other fit those whose sum is at least that large but is not greater than +4, the last one fits those whose bonus at least sums up to +4, but its not greater than +6. She demands 180 gp per set at first, and will make a great display of being upset if a lower offer is made, but will haggle anyway (complaining on the long way to get to this forsaken place, how dangerous the trip is, how expensive board and lodging is here, etc). She will drop her price by 10 gp at the start, and may be haggled down in steps of 10 gp IF the bargaining character makes good argument why it should be cheaper AND the result of a roll with a d6 modified by CHA bonus is 5 or more. As soon as this is not the case anymore, Gliss will lower her price by 5gp again and say that this is "my final offer" (which it is). If the PC do not take it and she turns to leave, she will not sell it to them unless they rise the price again on their own by at least 2 gp.

#10: A completely drunken cow-taur (human upper half, cow horns and cow body) offers herself for sale. The female mutant (that has two pairs of breasts wrapped under a leather corsage but no udder) will babble that she will "be yurrz foa a WIEK...if..if you gimme me nuff drinkz soa thadd I drop toanite.." Getting Charlotte (that's her name) drunk enough to drop is impossible, as she simply does not drop. But when she passes out (which she will after 100 sp in xeno liquor) the PC may overturn her. The next morning, she will suffer from a terrible hangover (and will be good for nothing but walking along slowly), but will not doubt the agreement ("I did that AGAIN...? CHEEEZZ.. should stop drinking..."). She will not fight or endanger herself, but may function as drafting animal or beast of burden. Using her as a guard lowers her Moral by 1 (which should be determined as usual).

#11: A woman in a worn, orange heavy-duty hazmat suit offers advanced firearms. She is slim, her face as weathered as her hazmat suit, her brown-blond hair is bound into a french braid and she smokes a rolled-up cigarette made of a strange smelling mix of herbs and tobacco. A laser pistol hangs from her hip, her offers hang on a coat rack next to her. Her name is Nelly, and she will not say hello but instead monotonously name her prices and conditions for the five weapons she offers: "20 gp for the Stun Pistol. 40 for the Gauss Machine Pistol and 60 for the Gauss Rifle. 150 for the Fusion Rifle and 250 for the Blast Rifle. No ammo, no guarantee of function. Buy three and get the stun pistol for free." She will let the characters inspect her goods. If THEY have ammo they may fire them into the air for testing, but Nelly will pull her laser pistol than "just to make sure that you don't forget that you have to fire into the air". All the weapons are worn by time and neglect: The two gauss weapons are Condition Grade 4, the other are Grade 3. If any character tries to haggle or asks to have a weapon explained, the morose Nelly will tell him or her to "...get lost..." before blowing cigarette smoke towards the character. She is really not in the mood to suffer fools or to have things go anyway but her way.

#12: A middled-aged Mutant with a face covered in blisters and two wrapped-covered feet on his left leg loudly announces "GAS MASKS! FILTERS! POWER FISTS! CIGARETTE LIGHTERS!" that he all sells from a hawker's tray in front of his bulging belly. On top of said belly, a malformed baby face with blind eyes peeks out of the partially unbuttoned shirt, lips constantly moving without saying a word. He introduces himself as Vinny and offers his goods for the following prices: Lighters for 3 cp a piece ("Four for ten!"; he has 55 of them), Gas Masks for 6 pg (three available), sealed filters come in packs of four for 12 gp (four packs) and the one power fist he has left he sells for 25 gp (no power cell included). Attempts to haggle are met with a "Oh, come on!! My lil' pal and me really need the money!" He will lower his prices to 2/3, but will whine and argue (as he REALLY needs the money).

#13: A gecko-like small humanoid mutant comes over to the PC and chats them up with a "Hiii! YOU need power cells don't you?" The 5 feet gecko-girl is Dina. She wears an ill-fitting cheap blond wig with piggy tails, a khaki cargo vest and a jeans skirt as well as a large pink shoulder bag that contains her personal belonging as well as her wares (43 power cells, five power clips and one plutonium clip). The cells she offers for 5 sp a piece, the clips for 30 gp a piece. The plutonium clip she will only offer if she spots a matching piece of a equipment with the characters or when they ask for one. She wants no less than 100 gp for it. If the PC try to haggle, she will (instead) offer a free power cell with every ten they buy or three free cells if the buy a power clip *"because I like your hair."* If a character wants to haggle over the plutonium clip, she will tilt her head, make big eyes and say *"Oh SWEETY! Do you even know how hard it is to get one of those...? I can offer you two clips AND the plutonium clip for 140, but that's it"*.

#14: A mute plant humanoid offers wicker baskets and shields. It looks like a stick man made up of gnarly vines, with a thick knot for a head, and has three eye stalks that may move individually. It is able to perceive sound and does understand the human language, but cannot speak it self. It will communicate by shaking its head, nodding and by lifting its gnarly fingers (and other appendages it is able to uncoil from its form) to indicate numbers. It offers a dozen different wicker baskets for 3 cp each and the wicker shields for 3 gp each. The money it will put into a small leather satchel it carries on its body. The wicker shields only weigh 4 lbs, but have a 1 in 6 chance to break in a fight. A d6 is rolled on the beginning of the fight, and if a "1" comes up the shield will break after the (1d6+1) hits.

#15: A mutant woman offers four canisters of Boron Solution Spray. He name is Greta, she wears a worn business pantsuit, has hair like a lion's mane and the eyes of a snake. Her deal is simple: 50 gp for a canister, 180 if they take all four of them. She is unwilling to haggle as she knows that *"radiation is still one of the Great Killers of our time."* She offers a different deal instead. *"All the amenities of my home run on power packs. My reserves run low and none are available on the local market anymore. I am willing to trade two flasks for 12 power packs. You look like the type who might be able to get some..."*

#16: A mutant woman with a hawker's tray and an additional set of vestigial, T-Rex like arms on her chest sells a variety of different bullets. Whatever the characters are looking for, Emily will be able to offer them 1d20+9 rounds of that type of ammo. She offers black powder and shot for 3 sp per load, pistol and carbine ammo for 5 sp per round, rifle and shotgun ammo for 8 sp, and all other primitive firearm rounds for 1 gp a piece. Gauss projectiles of any type she offers for 2 gp each.

#17: An about 15 feet tall woman that wears different tents as tunics sits on the ground. She has several revolvers hanging around her a thin nylon rope around her neck, and sometimes reaches into a large burlap sack at her side to grab a some corncobs which she lazily stuffs into her mouth before munching on them. In front of her, several shovels and picks are lined up neatly on the ground. Patricia offers the picks and shovels for 1 gp each (all of which she found in a partially looted shop). The eight revolvers she offers for 50 gp a piece, but has no ammo to sell with them. The PC thereby may be able to haggle the price down to 40 gp if they at least buy two revolvers. If the PC ask for other weapons she will draw away a blanket and to reveal a canon that she dislodged from an APC. *"It is in no good condition, I guess. Tell me what you want to pay for it"*. Patricia will in fact accept any price, as most people are unwilling to carry the thing, yet search for ammo. The cannon is Condition Grade 2.

#18: A bare chested mutant whose upper body is covered in spines like that of a porcupine offers several horses for sale. Titus has a mental power that allows him to communicate with and to subvert non-predatory pack animals. He currently has four tamed and "saddle-broken" riding horses up for sale (two are a sandy yellow in color, one is checkered black and white and one that is brown-yellow with dark spots). He offers his horses (Rita, Dixie, Mellow and Olga) for 75 gp each, but might be haggled down to 60 gp. Characters that haggle with him must make a Reaction roll. On a result of Unfriendly or worse (or if the PC try to press his price to lower than 60gp) he will sell them the desired horse but will give it the mental command to buck off the rider after next sunrise and to then return "home". Titus never did this to locals, his reputation is thereby flawless to them.

#19: A damaged, genderless android with a light-blue plastec surface approaches the characters "EX-cuse ME! IIEEE seek parts for repair and offer PARTS for biological repair." Ted-423 is a personal manservant model that ran afoul of some rather barbaric survivors. Half of the face-shell is bashed in, the left arm is missing, the right leg is stiff at the knee and the left hip and waist are missing whole chunks. All of this damage has been haphazardly covered with duct tape. Ted-Four is able to repair some of its own damage with the right parts, but has found no suiting ones so far. It has however found one dose of Antitox and five doses of Stimshot A, and will trait them for robotic parts (it needs 16 hit points to be restored and will offer one of his barter items for 4 hit points. Ted-Four will STOP bartering as soon as he has enough parts). If the party finds a destroyed or ruined robot, it may be salvaged for 1d12 -5(!) hit points for Ted-Four.

#20: A two-headed old mutant woman with oversized eyes and hair like bristles sells self-manufactured crossbows and black powder weapons. Darla & Hella are true masters of their craft. Their light crossbows increase the AC of primitive armor by one step and cost 20gp a piece (quarrels and case are sold for the standard list price). The black powder weapons they offer use a mix of chemicals salvaged from cannon rounds and common black powder. This would bust the barrels of most common black powder weapons, but those of Darla & Hella are build for this mix. Their pistols cost 60 gp and the muskets cost 80 gp. Primitive armor is increased by 2 against the special ammo used with this weapons. Ammunition (powder and ball) cost 5 sp per shot.

#21: A young, obese mutant with a body shape like a pear drowns under a large parasol in a sitting position (supported by his own mass). In front of him, heaps of salvaged pre-apocalypse clothes pile up, as well as three sets of quilted armor. Paul will snap wide awake as soon as he is addressed or his wares are touched. He is the son of a local merchant who buys clothes from ruin pickers. As soon as he wakes up he will greet the PC as "dear customers", introduce himself and begin his sales pitch about "the finest wears of the ancestors". The diverse cloth items are up for sale for 2d6 cp a piece, the quilted armor costs 8 gp and offers AC: 8 (weight: 6 lbs). If the characters want to sell looted clothes, he will buy everything but racks and tatters for 1 cp a piece.

#22: A young woman with blond-red hair and lots of freckles has a market stall with a wide range of melee weapons and some relic weapons on display. Margie sells all kind of swords and some axes, which were all manufactured in the surrounding settlements. The prices for the swords are 10% above list price. The things that draw the most attention to her stall are four "relic weapons" whose exact nature she does not even know about herself. Characters that know a bit more than her may identify them as a Vibro Sword, a Gauss Pistol, a Blaster Rifle ...and a leaf blower. If anybody is interested in them, she tries to sell them for 100 gp each, but may agree to 45 gp a piece if at least three are bought (otherwise, 55 gp is her minimum). She bought them from a group of scavengers who did not know the nature of these items either.

#23: Perhaps three dozen different shoes are scattered in front of a stinking compost heap overgrown with vines. The compost heap is in truth the "home" of a sentient vine that wrapped itself around it so that it may carry it along. The vine has no eyes, only perceives heat signatures and communicates whistling sounds it may produce with some of it leaves. It understands the human language. Most of the boots and shoes do not match, and the vine-thing does not

understand this. Among them are a pair of boots with a hidden stash of designer drugs as well as some non-matching but equal-sized serviceable boots. The vine wants 6 coins per shoe (and is still puzzled why "the flesh-things" always buy in groups of two). The difference between cp, sp and gp is beyond its understanding.

#24: A rather chatty grandma sells insulated active cooler boxes. Each of them comes equipped with a handle, is big enough to store a 4 gallon canister and operates on an power cell (for up to three month). With a dial, the inside temperature may be set to anywhere between "cool" and "freezing." Grandma Harps sells what the younger of her family bring along "from digging sites in the wasteland. I have been digging myself when I was as young as you, you know? It was a wonderful time... we were free and lived and loved as we pleased..." The price for a box is 5 gp, and they do not come with an an power cell. Gramma Harps -has- a few of those "but these are just to proof that they work, you know? We would never sell something that does not work, this is against our pride. We do not guarantee how long it works, so. Artifacts may be fickle, but the one I have worked for a year by now, and I only had to change cells about three times by now. I do not use it to freeze stuff, so. I hate the feel when the cold creeps up inside your head..."

#25: An exceptionally well kempt older gentleman that pulls a trolley with a plastic trunk along hails the PC from afar. "Excuse me for intruding on you, but you look like people that value their ability of self-defense. May I introduce myself and offer my wares to you?" His name is Mr. Thomson Wesson (so he claims), and the large plastic trunk (which in truth is a refurbished and modified domestic fridge) holds his wares: a collection of automatic rifles. There are seven in total, all well-maintained and in good condition. One of them comes with a mounted "night sight" but only has a 25 round magazine (30 is standard) and comes with two magazines, two are only half-automatic (max. 2 shots per round) and come with four magazines each, one comes with an attached sound suppressor (good for 1d20+10 shots; only single shot with the mounted suppressor) and two magazines. The other three are "standard"and come with three magazines each.

130 gp for the "Night Sight".

100 gp for one of the two Half-Automatics.

120 gp for the "Silencer Model".

150 gp for one of the three standard assault rifles.

The ammo does not mix, and Mr. Wesson will only sell them as written above: "I understand your wish to stock up on as much ammo as possible, but so will you understand that I will not be able sell a remaining rifle without providing a comfortable supply of it."

#26: A barrel chested, short legged female mutant in a dirty gray coverall offers an assortment of tools.

Aside from pick-axes and spades, Brandy offers two sets of lock picks (20 gp), several bolt cutters (8 gp) eight spray cans of oil (5 sp), several flashlights (15 gp); 28 Rad Taps (3 sp), several can openers (3 cp); 18 power cells (1 gp); four power packs (5 gp), a high-powered hand drill (30 gp), three wrist-worn chemguards (10 gp) and 12 Lockblasts (3 gp each). Brandy carries a power belt herself, but will be unwillingly to sell it or to even haggle about it. It takes an offer of more than 250 gp to change her mind.

The high-powered drill comes with drill bits that allow to even penetrate steel if it is connected to a power belt. Operated on power cells instead, it is just a powered drill.

The wrist-worn chemguards are equal to a chemical sensor with a range of 5 feet, and operate for up to 72 hours on two power cells.

Lockblasts are swat-issue shape charge explosives in the shape and size of a hockey puck, with one small red button on one side and a deductible plastic covering on the other. It was used to overcome sturdy locks in emergency situations. The surface under the covering is highly adhesive and will stick to anything non-organic on contact. The charge will explode four seconds after being activated by pressing the button three times in quick succession. It will deal with anything but military grade armor.

#27: A small, elderly guy with waxy skin approaches the characters to offer an old metal detector. Barny (who actually is only 36 years old but suffers from a pituitary deformation) used it to comb through ruins, but has no use for it anymore. It runs on a power pack, and he wants 25 gp for it (but will accept any offer above 10 gp without a second thought). The item will uncover metal up to 5 feet below the ground, but it takes a Technology Roll to master the fine tuning (unless somebody wants to know about any stainless steel screw or piece of shrapnel).

#28: An intelligent, telepathic giant scorpion offers his recently peeled off old shell (which it drags along) for 10 lbs. of flesh. With just a few adjustments, the shell may be turned into a AC:7 armor (10 lbs weight) and a shield. If a smart characters wants the scorpion to press some of its Class 13 Poison into a prepared container, the baffled scorpion will provide enough for one application for 1 lb of flesh, but will not provide more than two applications (*"You don't think I let you drain me dry so that I am defenseless? Do you, Softshell...?"*).

#29: A murder of intelligent crows that nests in a ruined building has a strange way of offering a deal.

Three of them will fly to a PC, one of them carries an old piece of paper in its claw. All will land in front of the PC and form a line. The one in the middle will let go of the paper, the and all of them hob two feet away from before they line up again. The paper is an old magazine cover that shows a goat. After a character picked it up and then looks at them, all three will begin to caw and hack at the ground with their beaks. This will go on for about three seconds before they all become silent again. If the characters bring a goat (or an animal similar in size) to the ruins, three crows will come towards them again. If they kill the animal, the whole murder will gather around them while a really large one will bring a strange technical device to the characters: the main unit of a force screen. If connected to a minifusion cell and attached to armor, it will generate a field that is able to absorb up to 11 points of damage from energy attacks (the unit is damaged and does not operate at full power). After the deal was made, the murder will vociferously descend on its feast.

#30: A brawny, four-armed woman sells self-wrought melee weapons and armor in her smithy.

Svantje forges axes and swords of all kind, and offers chain mail as well as plate armor. Her weapons are so well-crafted and finely balanced that every character with a DEX of 14+ gains +1 attack bonus using her swords, and every character with a STR of 14+ gains +1 attack bonus using her axes or two-handed swords. All her melee weapons she sells for 20% above list price.

#31: A guy with a pleasant smile and crooked nose sells pistols and revolvers that he builds himself out of parts of broken weapons. Josh will currently offer a six-shooter, as well as a half automatic with a five round magazine and another that can take up nine rounds. He will sell the revolver for 22 gp, and the pistols for 25 gp and 33 gp respectively (all fully loaded). While the barrels are all good and non of the weapons is dangerous to the user, the moving parts may give at some point and leave the weapon useless. Each time after one of them has been emptied (or is reloaded), the GM should roll for them as for a Condition 3 item. On a failure, the mechanics that transport the ammo to the barrel stops functioning. Josh guesses that something like this might happen at some point. This is why he sells the weapons rather cheap (compared to bows and crossbows). He will buy damaged firearms for 3d6 sp each, and bullets for 1 GP a piece (which is also the rate he sells them at).



#32: A sentient creature akin to a gigantic Gila Monster rests right outside of the boundaries of the [village, city or homestead] the PC currently visit. The locals tell the characters that they have some kind of symbiotic relationship with it: it never attacks humans (or human mutants) and does not bother fields and life stock, but stops by once in a while so that the locals may pick the fist-sized ticks out from between its overlapping scales. It is an easy task, especially as the Gila Monster remains still through the process. When one breaks the legs away from the ticks (and stays clear of their mandibles), they may be stored as rations for up to three days. Boiling four of them (in their shells) makes for a rather slimy but never the less healthy meal. Its "poor man's food", and as the last harvest was plentiful the locals do not mind at all if the PC help themselves. Picking the lizard clean takes two turns and produces 6d6+6 ticks.

#33: A mutant guy with a simian deformity offers one of his four dogs for sale. All of the dogs are of a mixed breed, but the most dominant traits are that of an American Mastiff. Nathan, the simian mutant, has trained all four of them as guard dogs, but one of them (the smallest, a checkered 100 lbs dog he named "Tiny") has been wounded badly by Spider Goats. The left fore paw and body are bandaged, the animal pants constantly and whines sometimes. *"I know that he is no good as a guard in this condition, but I cannot bring it over me to end him myself.... Look, if you kill him painlessly and slaughter him proper, we are talking about at least 10 rations of meat."* The PC can buy "Tiny" for 3 gp* (or 2 gp if they haggle). Of course, if they can cure him the dog will become -their- loyal guard dog. Tiny is well trained and was the lowest ranking dog in the pack, and thereby easy to integrate if the characters do know a thing or two about handling a dog.

**To me, the prices for a dog in MF p.17 do not really seem to reflect what such an animal should be worth.*

#34: A guy in a complete Hazmat Suite offers different protective gear. Viggo is a pale skinned mutant that suffers from an allergic reaction to light exposure and the pollen of 1/3 of all plants, a reduced immune system and an increased susceptibility against radiation. *"Basically, I am not meant to be still alive. But as creation fucked me up like that, I spit into its face once per day, for as long as I can."* Viggo picks through ruins out of necessity *"as I would never be able to pay other scavengers to get the gear I need to survive. Stuff that I do not need twice or thrice, I sell."* He offers a badly damaged and patched-up suit of Environmental Armor for 200 gp (AC is down to 5, Radiation Protection is down to Class 1 - 2. No protection against anything else, no other features active, NO force screen), two Advanced Breathing Masks for 1 gp each (no air tanks), four gas masks for 5 sp each (no filters), a chemical sensor for 25 gp (no power source) *"and whatever THIS thing is"* (a plutonium clip) for 5 gp.

#35: A plant mutant that looks like a cross between a giant crab and a tree with vine tentacles for pincers tries to sell different power packs. In front of it sit ten different power packs in an opened cargo net (each the size of a car battery), four power backpacks and three different radioactive batteries (each the size of a car battery, but much heavier than they look). IT cannot speak and does not understand speech, and but may communicate with other nearby plant mutants via telepathy. IT is very frustrated about that. IT demands 2d6 gp for a power pack, 5d6 gp for a back pack and 6d6 gp for a radioactive battery. It is unable to tell individual items apart, and prices will change if IT is asked again after a while. IT is somewhat aware of that and gets VERY annoyed if asked for prices over and over again. After the third question for the same type of item a Reaction roll determines if IT just packs up and leaves (*Unfriendly* or worse). IT does not know that two of the radioactive batteries are actually damaged, as IT is immune against irradiation from Class 2 or lower sources. Everyone that spend some time handling IT's wares must Save against Class 1 Radiation (with damage and ill effects setting in after about a turn).

#36: A heavily armed basic android in ragged military clothes and a half-melted plastic face approaches the characters. "Hey! You there! You want to trade? I have food and medicine". He sounds stern, but not aggressive. Nevertheless, he has a hand on the pistol in his hip holster. Mike-706 is a Semi-AI soldier model that was originally designed to deal with insurgences and guerilla warfare. This programming for "irregular military assignments" included the ability to barter with "natives" for supplies. He offers 10 unites of canned goods (5 sp per unit), 2 pre-filled and vacuum-sealed injectors with Filter-Doses (12 gp), a plastic tube with 8 Proton Energy pills (8 gp) and three cans of Medi-Spray II (10 GP per can). If the characters offer ammo for his revolver (stowed away) or clips for his las pistol or assault rifle (slung over the shoulder) he will pay 12 gp for a power clip, 30 gp for a backpack or 75 gp for a backpack (up to 24 gp in coins, everything else in barter goods).

#37: A huge, six armed robot on a self-propelling four-wheeled carriage slowly turns towards the party. With what looks like a cyclops eye in the center of its cylindrical head, it scans each of them from head to toe. This is a Commercial Autonomous Repair Service Unit (C.A.R.S.U.). Before the Fall, it responded to repair calls of hover-cars and automated drones in the area, but also accepted requests from other interested parties. If it detects broken equipment (or damaged androids) with the PC, it will offer its services. In exchange, it will ask for "Linkless Credit Transfer" first, but will also accept "classic silver dollar" (silver coins). It is able to repair all devices of Condition 3 to 5 BUT advanced weapons for 5d6 x4 sp, and may restore 1d10 hit points to a robot for (hit points x 30) sp. All payments must be made in advance.

#38: An old guy in a mix of rags loudly appraises "Blood Milk Xeno Liquor!" which he sells in old marmelade jars out of a rickety shopping card. Killhawk (he thought the name was cool when he was young) claims that his "Blood Milk Xeno Liquor" is based on an old family recipe and made out of strong alcohol, cinnamon and xeno cattle entrails *"and some other stuff I'll keep to myself, yet my ol'Momma will rise from the dead to tear my tongue out! HAHAAHAHAH!! Not for the weak of stomach, I tell you! But if you are tuff enough for this drink, it will just make you tuffer!"* He sells his brew for 7sp per jar. After drinking one of them, a character must pass a Save vs. Poison or will throw it all up again over the course of the next turn. Otherwise, the unbelievable SOUR drink will inure the the character for (Toughness Bonus) days against ingested Poisons (+1 bonus to all Saving Throws). If poisoned food is eaten while drinking a jar of Bood Milk with it, the Poison Class of the food will be reduced by one if the Save is passed. Otherwise it is all puked up together with the Blood Milk.

#39: A local guy in a farmer's attire approaches the PC on the streets. "Excuse me. You look like the kind of people that may want to buy armor from before the fall. I have some in my home. Care to see?" Guss belongs to a family that can trace its line back to very first settlers in this place. Since these days, three suits of riot squad plastic place armor (AC:4 against melee weapons; AC:5 against firearms; AC:6 against advanced firearms) have been handed down from generation to generation. The last two generations had no need for them anymore, and so Guss decided to sell them for 200 gp a piece.

#40: "IDENTIFICATION! I can tell you what your artifact is good for!" a guy with cat-like eyes and tame rat sitting on his left shoulders shouts over and over again, to gain the attention of the locals. Ziggi travels from settlement to settlement to offer his services. He charges 1 gp for the identification of an item, and is in fact pretty good at it (40% bonus on all technology rolls). If an item is broken, Ziggi will tell so and only demand 1 sp in that case. If he cannot identify an item, he will make up some function but claim that it is broken on Reaction Roll result of 8+ (instead of telling the truth and thereby not charging anything).

#41: A man with antennas like an ant sits in a roking chair in front of his re-furbished ruin. A large table to his left holds an assortment of pre-apocalyptic jewelry, belts and glasses that are up for sale. Characters that look through his wares may recognize that one of the belts is actually a worn Force Screen Belt. Timothy is not aware of it and will sell it for 2d6+2 sp (like all the rest of his jewelry and accessories). The plutonium clip inside of the belt is empty, and the belt may turn out to be broken (Condition 3 item).

#42: A young woman in a black sarong and a loose shirt sewn out of four different other blouses sits in front of her tent. From the top of it dangles a partially blood stained white lab coat. Miriam is skilled in the treatment of wounds (+1 hit points if the character has at least half of the maximal hit points left; +2 if more of them have been lost) and offers her services for 20 sp. Aside from cleaning, dressing, sewing and bandaging wounds and setting bones back into place, she offers applications of her Advanced Medicines for an extra charge. An application of Med-Spray I comes for 3 gp (5 gp for Med-Spray II), a shot of Superegen costs 10 gp. When the characters visit her again on a later day, her prices for high-tech medicine treatment will increase by 1d4 gp each. *"My supplies are limited, and the demand seems to be high."*

#43: A robot that wears a very long brown coat and looks like a creme colored manikin seems to stare at the PC. When they approach him, he will whisper to them *"follow me"* and head to a less public place. There, he will open up his coat WIDE. The inside is lined with dozens of small pockets: all but a few hold different goo tubes. The robot will close the coat quickly again and move closer to the PC before whispering *"just 10 silver dollars a piece"*. This household android had been re-programmed before the fall to act as a black-market dealer for its owner. The owner is long dead now, but the robot still has goods to sell and his programming is still what it is. The prices may even be unreasonable, depending on where the robot is found. He will accept sp for silver dollar.

#44: An older woman in a ragged hoodie, a long coat and a wraparound skirt approaches one of the guys (!) in the group with a smile. "Hey there. You look really strong." No matter what the PC responds, she will keep her smile and asks *"Would you like be stronger?"* Katica sells Hercurin for 5sp a piece in neat, small plastic zip bags. She can explain what the drug does and knows about the side effects, but will only tell that *"you will feel tired when it wears of. Lay down then a sleep for a few hours. Your body will really need to."*

#45: A telepathic, black hairy giant spider will slowly approach the PC. "I come in peace. Do you like risky deals?" The sentient monster offers a simple yet morbid deal. It will bite a willing (!) character once. If the character survives the bite, he or she will become immune against *"weaker poisons"* (class 1 and 2) *"and against my very own poison. Furthermore, you will become more resilient to other venom."* (permanent +1 bonus on Saving Throws). *"If you die while the poison takes its course, you agree that I may spin you up and claim you as my meal."* The poison of this spider is unique: when a Save is passed, it acts like class 3 poison (3d6; half damage). If the Save is failed, 4d6 damage is dealt and the victim must Save again. As long those are failed, the damage is rolled for again (one test per round) and the base damage is increased by 1d6 each time.

#46: *"Hi! Do you have ..you know, ancient gear? I have the stuff you need for those. The discs and sticks."* so says the young mutant lady with the cyclops eye and the much to long fingers as she opens her burlap hand back to show you several power cells and clips. Sheila has 27 used power cells and seven used power clips for sale, which she salvaged out of items during a trip to "the ruins" (use a d-percent to find out how much of the charge is left. "00" equals "empty"). She offers the cells for 5 sp a piece, the clips for 2 gp a piece. She thinks that it is a fair price.

#47: A fit looking guy in military camo clothes in seemingly pristine condition leans against an equally untouched (but dirty) small military hovercraft (with a pintle-mounted twin-linked automatic gauss rifle). He smokes a cigarette and keeps an eye on those that come and go. He will whistle and gesture to the PC to come closer, so that he may show them what he intends to sell. Lincoln was one of few synthetic androids that a defunct cryo-sleep bunker released into this world a couple of month ago. From the 80 troopers, only a hand full survived in the malfunctioning cryo chambers. The war they wear meant to fight and the nation they were meant to fight it for... are no more. So, they try to make themselves comfortable in their hidden bunker and head out from time to time to sell surplus military gear for "hard currency." They never sell the weapons but only gear and armor. This time, it is a load of ballistic nylon vests and metal-inserts (180 gp for the vests, another 50 gp for a set of inserts).

#48: A woman in biker clothes with braided black hair waves to PC from afar *"Hi there! You are strangers to this area, aren't you? Want to have a look at some old maps of the surroundings? Just 3 sp!"* With this words, she pulls a battered looking ERNIE out of her jacket. Rena knows very well that the maps are not up to date *"but they will show you where roads used to be, and where cities and settlements used to be. And nobody flattened the mountains around here, or erected new ones so far! You thereby can use them as land marks."* When the PC study the maps and try to memorize them, they will gain a bonus on Navigation tests in this area equal to their INT.

#49: The loud cry of a parrot will come to the characters attention. Near them, a particularly large examples of this species rests on an elevated point, with a gleaming piece of silver jewelry in its large, black talons *"Want food!"* it caws repeatedly, while lifting the leg with the jewelry in it so that it clatters. Patty is a sentient parrot and a reckless thief. He has FUN stealing everything that is not pinned down, and then sells it to strangers for just a fist full of crackers. When the PC put some food somewhere and move away from it, Patty drops the jewelry, takes the food and flies away. The silver necklace is worth 15 sp.

#50: A haggard young mutant with bat ears sells an assortment of different pills and other substances out of a suitcase with inlays. He will WINCE as soon as a robot comes closer as 10 feet and yell at him to "GO AWAY! I cannot stand the noise you make!!" Nelson sells Salt Pills (4 cp per pill), soup mixes (1 sp per package), a few fire starter cubes (1 sp per cube), Rad Tabs (5 cp per tab); anticilin capsules (+2 bonus on all Saves vs Disease on the day consumed; 5 sp); water purification tabs (will remove illness causing bacteria from a gallon of water after 4 hours, but will not filter it or remove other poisons; 2 sp). Suicide pills are for free.

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