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Chapter 1

Welcome to America

This is a land of death and strife, starvation and chaos. Murderers roam free, unfettered by morals or legal consequence. Radioactive monsters consume the unprepared and innocent. Insane scavengers protect glowing specks of land with unwarranted violence.

The few beacons of stability are nearly as bad. In the east, a madman drugs the water supply and sacrifices children for his entertainment. In the south, extreme religious fanaticism grips a monolith from the past. In the west, a deadly car race determines superiority over kin. And scattered all across this great wasteland are pockets of survivors and raiders, scavengers and soldiers, individuals and families on the brink of destruction.

The Scorched Earth Campaign Setting serves as campaign setting, bestiary, and NPC codex. Chapter One details the world as it stands, including various factions, regions, and settlements. Chapter Two provides a bestiary of new mutant creatures to hunt and kill your PCs. Chapter Three presents iconics for each of the base classes, a good starting point for PC character creation or NPC use. Finally, Chapter Four handles the adventure seeds to kickstart your adventure and ease into a campaign. These tools, in conjunction with the rules found in the Scorched Earth Core rulebook provide the setting, enemies, and rules needed to run a full Scorched Earth game

Welcome to the American Wasteland. Welcome to the Scorched Earth.





The Badlands

As you might expect, the American badlands weren't all that habitable before the bombs fell. Inhospitable soil, rocky terrain, impassable cliffs, the states of New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, and Nevada were barely populated wastelands of their own kind. Sure, they were rife with natural wonders, but while Monument Valley is a joy to behold it doesn't exactly fill your stomach with bread and water.

Well, things have gotten worse. The landscape is now totally decimated and dessicated - not from the bombs themselves, which largely ignored the region, but from the excessive fallout. Nothing grows here now, except for a few stunted bushes and gray desert grass.

On the bright side, the people here were used to the hardship of drought and natural waste. In the months after the great flame, the Badlands were the hope and mecca of all life in the surrounding regions. They retained their dignity and way of life for a short time, continuing their lives as best they could. However, as the radioactive clouds spread across the country these tough little towns fell prey to the same affliction as everybody else: fear and madness.

Fortune's End

Overview

The former resort city of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico is one of the few hubs left intact after the fall, having been maintained by those in power as best as possible. A bright spot in the harsh wasteland, the city itself houses over 3,000 occupants split between two large groups that are currently vying for control of the city. Along the center of the town lies a no man's land of strife and chaos maintained by the two largest factions in the city, the Nitros and the Venom Unit. Renamed after the fall, those of Fortune's End are envied by most in the area. A series of small shanty towns have been built along the outskirts of the city. These huts and shacks are filled with people who support the town from the outside, tending to small farms under the promise of protection from the outside world. There is, however, no offer of protection from the city itself.

History

Talk of danger rarely made its way to the citizens of Fortune's End before the great fire. The citizens ignored much of the world at large, set to simply enjoy their idyllic existence. To them, the world was its own beast, and one that wasn't important to their way of life. So when the bombs hit most of the citizens were slow to flee, knowing they were unlikely find anywhere better. Those who attempted to enter their city were met with hostility if not outright assault.

After months of isolating themselves from the rest of the now ruined world, the citizens began to understand the land. The soil bore enough crops to keep the meager population fed. It wasn't until the town realized the value of its geothermal activity that people began to once again find hope, using the natural heat to maintain electricity in the town.





The underground currents gave the town enough water to survive, but those who lived there knew that it wouldn't be long before word spread. The citizens would have to defend themselves. Trading water to other settlements and other ideas were considered, but all such conversations were silenced by the town's soon-to-be leader, V, a tactical genius and former marine. The first one to suggest raiding others, V was a wanderer who had found the town and decided to make it his home for the time being.

The Fortune Raids lasted for years, scouring the surrounding area for everything that they could find. Guns and ammunition were stockpiled, as well as those with the skill to help them make more. The town slowly fortified itself against invasions from bandits and others who would seek to rob them. V was heralded as a legend, living the rest of his days in Fortune's End.

Everything went well until the man passed away, leaving the choice of the city's successor in the hands of the people. While V's daughter seemed to be the most likely decision, there was strong opposition from another, claiming the land for himself.

The two were widely regarded as near mythic figures, and the ensuing clash that started 10 years ago continues to this day, splitting the town almost perfectly in half. Immigration into the city is strictly monitored, although the two leaders are quick to scout and proposition anyone who looks worthwhile in a fight to join their side, anxious to get any advantage they can on their rival. From this conflict, the city gained its nickname "The Clash of Legends."

Present Day

The conflict between the Daughter of V and Nitro Angel consumes much of the town's resources, making the normally well supplied area always hungry for more. While raiders are still the main concern of both leaders, neither is willing to work with the other under any circumstance. These political rifts lead to holes in the town's defenses that allow the more crafty raiders to slip out with far more than either side would care to lose. Despite these losses, the main warfare is information and propaganda. Both sides are adamant about marking what territory belongs to them.

The outlying settlements are mostly under the protection of one of the two sides, either of them providing aid to the small farms that have sprung up along the city. The leaders know that these farms are the lifeblood of the land, and as such are safe from either side. If either side was found guilty of attacking a farm, the resulting war would likely tearing the city apart.

Resources

Blessed by a large amount of geothermal activity, the former resort town has running electricity for the most part, although it is still used sparingly. Fresh water is enough of a benefit to keep most people in Fortune's End, and makes it a constant target for attacks.

Due to the water running under the city, the land is worked well enough to supply the population. Tomatoes and corn are the largest crops the settlements produce, although tobacco has slowly made its way into the rotation both due to its effects on the soil and the demand from the inhabitants, giving them something to trade to outlying settlements in exchange for ammunition and other goods.

Over time, the city's three airplanes have been brought into a serviceable condition, although their use is only permitted under the most dire of circumstances due to the fuel use and risk of damage or loss. Most people consider them ornamental at this point as they haven't been used in years, although

Notable People Nitro Angel

Beautiful. Brave. Heroic. These are just a few of the words you can find on Nitro Angel's propaganda posters littered around over half of Fortune's End. A nomad, Angel's lust for power lead her to a place where she knew she could grow a following. It didn't take her long before she had quite a few people under her sway, her influence growing to the point where she could have challenged V for power if the old fellow hadn't died. There were quite a few rumors that Angel herself killed the old man, but nothing was ever proven.

No stranger to conflict, Angel lost her parents to bandits early in her life, and was likely to meet the same fate if they didn't find the girl so charming. Taken to their leader, the girl soon held the bandit leader's ear, taking over his men in a manner of months. Traveling from town to town, she slowly increased her numbers, taking anything valuable before leaving the place to rot, eventually bringing her followers into the densely populated Fortune's End, knowing full well just how valuable the town could be to her.



Not a fighter in the slightest, Nitro Angel's skills are based more around her ability to motivate, control, and manipulate others, taking more than half of the town's population after the split. But rather than just attack the other side of the town, knowing the damages and losses she'd take, Angel instead works to win the hearts of both sides. She has her followers spread stories of her greatness, erect monuments to her, and treat her as a figure of legend. The stories of Nitro Angel have spread far across New Mexico, and most people around the area have heard of her, with most willing to pick up arms to defend him.

Even though she's less of a hands on leader, Nitro Angel is willing to kick things up a notch if she thinks it'll end a conflict sooner. There's a bad temper on the girl when it comes to waiting or being made to wait for anything. Leader of the Nitros, Angel knows she'll win soon enough and plans on using Fortune's End as a starting point to take over the state and beyond. She considers herself a living legend worthy of being worshiped by the wasteland.

Valerie, Daughter of V

Living in the shadow of the town's most celebrated hero would be hard for most people, but Valerie isn't most people. Adept at combat from a young age, she went on her first raid at the age of 10, surprising her father with her improvisational skills and composure under pressure. Each sortie was another lesson to learn, burning the memories of each raid into her mind, her natural love of travel manifesting in each long distance mission she would undertake. It wasn't long before she'd go out on missions by herself, returning without anyone knowing that she was missing at all.



Her father's death hit her very hard, but she was hit harder by the sudden power struggle she was thrust into at only 16. Originally she had no inclination to take over for her father. But when Nitro Angel stepped forward and attempted to claim the city, Valerie was aware that she would need to stop him, that this stranger had no purpose taking what belonged to her family. Her mind was set, and while she was left with the lesser portion of the city following her, she knew those who did respected her above all others.

From the day the town split, Valerie began training her followers in the art of combat, knowing full well that if they were to have any chances of survival, it would come from superior tactics. Despite being their leader, Valerie continued to accompany her followers on raids not just against Nitro Angel, but against other settlements as well, shoring up her weapons and ammunition to be able to stand against any threats they would encounter.

Unbeknownst to her followers, Valerie is constantly walking on the razor's edge of sanity, her mental health compromised from both the stress of fending off Nitro Angel's assaults as well as the horrors of combat that she has endured. She knows that it's only a matter of time before she gives out. As far as her followers know, she is a combat goddess, a shining legend on the field of battle and a stalwart reminder of her father's legacy.



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Notable Groups Nitros

The most common sight in Fortune's End, Nitros aren't just Angel's followers, they're the most devoted soldiers, donning identical mask to their hero. Fanatical to a fault, the Nitros know what their job is, and they're ready to do it at a moment's notice. They constantly carry spray cans to reclaim territory from the Venom Unit and deface anything that displeases them. Nitros are also fully armed with assault rifles and other heavy weapons, although Angel is lax in maintaining them, leading to lower grade weapons and more faulty equipment.

Even with these problems, the sheer size of the Nitros plays an integral part in their battle strategy, blitzing foes with superior numbers and overwhelming them, keeping any enemies of Angel from causing problems for him or the city. Warlings make up most of their numbers, and they would give their lives for Angel if needed.

Venom Unit

Valerie's personal guard, the Venom Unit gained its name when Angel rose to power and were detracted as the 'poison' in Fortune's End. While it was intended as an insult, the name stuck, and from Valerie's perspective it now stands for the poison that will kill Angel once and for all. The Venom Unit is quick and silent, specializing in hit and run tactics whenever possible, their weapons made for close quarters combat and swift kills.

While smaller in numbers, members of the Venom Unit are just as capable alone as they are in teams. Lone Venoms have been known to take out an entire pack of Nitros with the right planning. Well armored and equipped, the Venom Unit knows the city like the back of their hands, able to fade in and out of alleyways like a shadow, often killing their targets before they ever knew they existed.

Hatchetmen

Those of the Hatchetmen are dangerously unstable, a religious group of over a hundred well armed monsters wielding axes and shotguns as their primary tools. The vehicles of the Hatchetmen are mostly composed of largely armored ice cream trucks, modifying the speakers to instead play the songs of their gods, the long dead metal band the Whimsical Saviors. They announce their arrival with a burst of gunfire and profanity amid the proficided embrace.

Rarely wearing armor, the Hatchetmen instead love to show skin, with tattoos of bones overlayed on their body, as though mirroring the skeletal structure underneath. A Hatchetman receives a new bone tattoo over his body for each kill that he confirms, and the most dangerous Hatchemen have their entire bodies completely covered in these bones. The ink is mixed with their own special mixture to confirm the blessings of the Whimsical Saviors, although this combination often has adverse effects for their health. Generally the first tattoo is the most important, the grinning clown skull that their leader demands to show their loyalty.

Most people aren't aware of the Hatchetmen's goals, although from "study" of the Whimsical Saviors as well as the tales of deserters, the general populous have learned that they had a favorite drink, Wicked Ex, a soda that used to exist in small quantities before everything went to hell. They have been collecting new recruits to search for a distribution facility rumored to still exist in New Mexico, although finding it has been difficult for the group. To help with the efforts, the Hatchetmen have been searching for a base of operations from which to canvas the area. Wicked Ex itself contains an active ingredient when mixed with other chemicals that creates a powerful hallucinogen. This chemical is used in the religious rites of the Hatchetmen. Said to "bring one closer to the Saviors," those who partake in this beverage have intense hallucinations about a pair of clown faced devils that whisper promises of a land of never ending violence and strife.

The Hatchetmen are known for kidnapping anyone who seems like they could help with their goals, indoctrinating them for days at a time until their victims are completely loyal. Because of casualties during initiation, the Hatchetmen are always searching for new members. Those with combat or science knowledge are prized above all others, as anyone who can help synthesize anything close to Wicked Ex are treated as scions of the Whimsical Saviors.

There are some members who aren't nearly as loyal as others. Their leader Bone Grinner will not tolerate desertion, but for many violent death is preferable to life under the Hatchetmen's rule. Those with fewer bone tattoos are less likely to be loyal, and the brutal treatment that the entire group endures breaks recruits who seek anyone to save them.

Bone Grinner

(Berserker 15)

Of the bandits that make up the surrounding

landscape, none are as well known and persistent as the bandit leader Bone Grinner. An intimidating portly figure who's been making his way across the countryside, Grinner leads one of the more infamous bandit groups in New Mexico, the Hatchetmen. Both Grinner and his men are easily identified by their black and white face tattoos, reminiscent of a popular violent rap duo from

before the fall, although their designs appear more skeletal in nature.

Grinner's earliest memories were of growing up in a bandit convoy with his parents, traveling along as just another group of scavengers. He doesn't actually consider his life to have truly begun until having heard the lyrics of what he would later come to know as the "Whimsical Saviors," the music burning into his mind and soul as he

listened to it for days on end. After a week straight of listening to it, he slaughtered most of the members of his traveling companions, forcing those who survived to pledge their loyalty to the Whimsical Saviors.

The mental state of Grinner and his men is weak at best. Their diet isn't much better, as the group lives on whatever soda and junk food they can scrounge up, considering fruits and vegetables a "vile yet necessary evil." This combined with their constant travel and combat leaves them in poor condition, although the power of their faith in the Whimsical Saviors continues to push them onwards, and anything that would shake that faith would deal a large blow to both Grinner and the Hatchetmen.



Sample Gang Member

The muted sound of honking horns fills the distance, sounding as though it is coming from all directions. Within seconds, the noise stops, a solitary figure facing you with a tattooed clown skull across his face and a painfully wide sinister grin.

Hatchetman

Bruiser CR 2 XP 600 Male or female battlekin berserker 3 Medium humanoid (human) Init +0; Senses Perception +6 Driver Score +1

Defense

AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10 (+0 armor, +0 Dex) hp 25 (3d12+6) Fort +5, Ref +3, Will -2; +4 vs. fear Defensive Abilities fearless frenzy

Offense

Speed 20 ft. Melee hatchet +7 (1d6+3, 19-20/x2) or chainsaw +6 (1d10+4, 18-20/x2) Ranged hatchet +4 (1d6+3, 19-20/x2) or double barreled shotgun +3 (4d4, 18-20x2) Special Attacks bloodlust, frenzy 8 rounds/day, frenzied charge

Tactics

During Combat The most basic of the hatchetmen, these bruisers revel in entering the fray, brandishing their hatchets with reckless abandon. When in frenzy, a hatchetman bruiser's stats are Driver Score +3 AC 8 HP 31 Will +0 Melee hatchet +9

(1d6+5, 19-20/x2) or chainsaw +8 (1d10+6, 18-20/x2) Ranged hatchet +4 (1d6+5, 19-20/x2)

Statistics

Str 17, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 10
Base Atk +3; CMB +6; CMD 16
Feats weapon focus (hatchet), outflank, exotic weapon proficiency (chainsaw)
Skills intimidate +7, perception +6
Languages english
SQ close the gap,
Frenzy Powers frenzied charge
Combat Gear stim pack (2); Other Gear chainsaw, clown horn, double barreled shotgun, hatchet (5) slugs 14



Black Circus Carriers

Tricked out with all sorts of bells and whistles, these modified ice cream trucks have been built for war, the constant sounds of honking and discordant lyrics blaring from all sides.

Description

Six wheeled vehicle Huge land vehicle 10 ft. x 20 ft.

Defense AC 5 (+3 armor, -8 size) hp 180; hardness 22 Fortitude: +10, Reflex: -14

Offense Maneuverability -4 Heft d8 CMB +40; CMD 50

Gear

Maximum Speed 100 feet per round Acceleration 30 feet per round Passengers 8 Mods bulletproof, enclosed truck, improved max speed, loudspeakers



Chapter 2

The Gulf

The Gulf of Mexico is something else. You can visit the ruins of Mobile, New Orleans, and Houston, but don't stay too long. The black sea water kicks up poison hurricanes which drench the land in acid from time to time. It's caustic, radioactive, and downright unpleasant, but it keep the worse gangs away.

Some plant life survives here on these pock marked shores. Twisted black trees populate smoking bayous where swollen light bugs emit a sickly green glow. Grey wooden hovels house calloused mutants who fend off both crocs and human bigots. Still, life is reasonably plentiful in these lands, even if it is tumor-ridden and barely breathing.

It would be unfair to say that the Gulf has become a breadbasket for the surrounding areas. That would be giving it too much credit. But life survives here in a way that it can't in many other places of the wasteland. The water, terrible as it is, does feed farms and animals alike. However, the Gulf has the highest rate of mutation in all of the habitable areas of the wasteland, so take any food you get from there with a grain of salt. And a healthy dose of radiation scrub, as often as you can manage.



The Tower

Overview

In the far edges of the Gulf, surrounded on all sides by ruined city of Waco, Texas and poison marshes, a lone skyscraper rises up towards the heavens. The Tower, built over a hundred years before the fall of civilization, serves as the headquarters of the fervent religion known as the Church of the Sacred Flame. The Tower's population of close to 1,000 residents welcomes any who come to their doorstep, provided they do so without violence in their heart. Sharp-eyed visitors will notice that every citizen and child of the Tower is armed, and that barrels of heavy artillery peek out from broken glass windows on several floors.

History

When the fires burned the earth, Waco, Texas survived. When the electricity stopped flowing and communications with the outside world ceased Waco, Texas survived. For nearly a year, the residents of Waco toiled together, building a new life out of the ashes of the old. It wasn't easy. Without hospitals, medicines, sanitation, and power, many who could have once been saved, died. Still, a year in, the hearts of Waco's citizens swelled with hope and pride. After all, they had survived.

Then the hurricane roared north from the coast, carrying with it not just the gale force winds but rain so acidic the people thought God was crying oil. What the winds didn't knock down the poison rain devoured. Waco did not survive. A population of over 100,000 became a population of just a few hundred. Those few remaining souls huddled together in the only building that remained standing. Somehow, the 22-story ALICO Building, the city's tallest building, survived where the city did not. It became the home of what was left of Waco, Texas.

The citizens of the Tower, as it came to be known, eked out a life by raiding the ruins of their community and dragging what they could find back home. Somehow, no matter how many hurricanes the ocean threw inland, the Tower managed to survive and protect its inhabitants. Still they wondered why the world, and God, had forsaken them. The Koresh came some 10 years after the destruction of Waco. The sentries guarding the Tower saw the small, fire-haired woman in red robes stride through the poison wetlands that surrounded the ruins of the city straight to the doors of the Tower itself. She boldly proclaimed that God had sent her to claim the Tower as the new Holy Land; that the Great Fire that had destroyed the world had not been divine punishment as so many believed but the second coming of the messiah who annihilated the unworthy and left behind those who could be saved. The Tower's survival after so many disasters, the Koresh insisted, was proof that it was meant to be the base from which the Church of the Sacred Flame's message would be spread.

Many in the Tower, desperate for meaning in their hard lives, converted to the Koresh's new religion immediately. Others were wary but won over in time. Those few who resisted seemed to vanish. The residents of the Tower insist the missing left the safety of their home to find their own path but quietly, some wonder if they didn't meet a more sinister fate.

Present Day

The Tower continues to serve as the Holy Land and headquarters of the Church of the Sacred Flame. All residents are members of the Church, or at least pretend to be. Children are well educated, both in spiritual and secular matters, and every adult has been encouraged to master at least two trades, if not more. Outsiders might be surprised by the amount of travel to and from the Tower, considering its remote location and the dangers of the marshlands that surround it. However, missionaries regularly leave the Tower to bring the word of the Church to the outside world and congregations of the Church of the Sacred Flame often send dedicants to the Church's headquarters with messages or for training and instruction.

Passage through the marshlands to and from the Tower isn't always easy. The broken roads are often submerged, especially after one of the many yearly hurricanes that plagues the region. Worse, the Open Eye Gang, a group of anarchists who believe in chaos as a way of life, view the Tower and the Church of the Sacred Flame with particular distaste. Members of the Open Eye Gang ride through the area regularly, harassing travelers. At least once a year, a mass congregation of the anarchist gang bands together to attack the Tower directly. Thus far, these raiders have been repelled thanks to the heavy artillery that the Koresh commanded be salvaged and installed in the Tower at strategic points.

Life inside the Tower isn't as idyllic as the Church would have outsiders believe. The Koresh has grown old, especially for someone living in the ruins of civilization. A terrible cough wracks her lungs and her mind often wanders. The Koresh insists that God and his savior, the Sacred Flame, will never let her pass from the mortal plane but some wonder and others plot and make themselves ready to step in when the Church's leader dies.

Resources

The Tower itself has survived numerous acidic hurricanes that have leveled the surrounding city and transformed miles of countryside in all directions into poisonous marshlands. The residents of the Tower have salvaged what's left of Waco to build up, transform, and reinforce the building. Weapons, including the heavy artillery used to protect the Tower from the Open Eye Gang, have been dragged out of the remains of the city's National Guard armory.

What the Tower lacks is natural resources. The poisoned marshlands surrounding it make for poor farming. The Church scratches out enough food grown in hydroponic gardens inside the Tower to feed its members but relies on donations from congregations living beyond the marshes to see them through the lean times. Water is filtered and boiled in large vats contained in the building basements. Windmills rigged onto the Tower's roof and around the building provide a steady flow of electricity, though not enough to provide full power for the entire building. Instead, the Church prioritizes electricity use for matters of survival, protection, and faith. The Tower's lights will be shut down before the printing presses that create sacred literature.

Notable People The Koresh

The venerable leader of both the Tower and the Church of the Sacred Flame looks just like someone's grandmother. The truth of her origins are unknown, though the Koresh claims to have once been a simple housewife living in a small town in the middle of Texas until the world ended. On that day, the fires that swept across the sky consumed her family but spared her. The fires spoke to her in God's voice, revealing to her the truth: the Sacred Flame that destroyed the world was, in fact, the second coming of the messiah and the savior of mankind. The wicked had been cleansed and it was up to her to turn those that remained towards the light. Starting on that day, the Koresh walked across the ruined wastelands for years, never stopping until she reached the Tower.

The Koresh rules the Tower and the Church of the Sacred Flame with absolute authority, though she claims that it is not her commands that are followed but those of God. Those that meet her find it an easy claim to believe. She speaks with an authority and faith that would seem demented or insane coming from the lips of others. From the Koresh, those words sound inspiring. For decades she has built a society and a religion in a wasteland overrun by anarchists, plagues, monsters, and disasters. Her will is iron and her conviction firm.

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Now reaching the end of her natural lifespan, the Koresh continues to be a force of faith and strength in her lucid moments. Unfortunately, those come fewer and farther between these days. She rarely sleeps but will spend hours staring at the light of a single candle, whispering prayers to the God and the messiah that saved her all those years ago.

Alberto Jefferson

At the age of nine, someone shoved a rifle in Alberto Jefferson's hands, stood in him front of a door, and told him to guard the Koresh. He's been doing that ever since. Alberto was born in the Tower and has never left. As he grew in age and size, he also grew in the Koresh's confidence. Today, he stands beside the Koresh as her primary bodyguard and unofficial nursemaid. Alberto's loyalty to the Koresh has never wavered. Where others see weakness, Alberto sees strength. He will tolerate no disrespect to the Koresh and accept no discussion about what to do after she passes on.

Despite his absolute loyalty, Alberto isn't naive. He knows that there are others in the Tower who are plotting to take charge should anything happen to the Koresh. At least one or two have already "left the Tower" without saying a word. No one can prove what truly happened, but the smile on Alberto's face as he goes about his duties these days is an extremely satisfied one.



June Stepford

June Stepford wasn't born into the Church but joined in her teen years after Church soldiers rescued her caravan from an Open Eyes Gang raider party. Stationed in a small congregation to the north, June absorbed the doctrine of the Church of the Sacred Flame with a fervor that impressed some and frightened others. Within five years, she had worked her way to a position at the Tower itself as head of the Church's missionary program. June insists every missionary be combat trained and well armed before they go out into the world. She insists this is for their protection but the truth is, in her heart, June desires a true crusade.

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Like the Koresh, June believes that God and his messiah, the Sacred Flame, have spoken to her. She believes that the violence that the Sacred Flame used to cleanse the world marks a beginning of a holy war in which those who do not believe must either convert or feed the world with their blood. Trained as a medic by her father, June knows that the Koresh is dying. June fervently believes she has been chosen to be the next Koresh. Should this happen, the Church will find itself transformed from an organization that preaches hope, albeit hope lined in an iron glove, with one that preaches slaughter.

Notable Groups Church of the Sacred Flame

There is only one group of note in the Tower. All residents are members of the Church of the Sacred Flame. They believe that the fires that destroyed the world were the second coming of the messiah, sent by God to cleanse the world of the plague of humanity. Those who survived have been offered a choice: accept God's word as the Church teaches it or, ultimately, perish. Currently, the Church seeks to convert through gentle means and uses persuasion instead of force to turn others to their faith. There are some within the Church, however, that believe they should ride at the head of a wave of death in a great crusade until none are left but those who believe.

Members of the Church of the Sacred Flame believe that the spirit of the Great Flame can be found in all fire. This attracts some pyromaniacs to the cause but most of the faithful are fascinated with fire but not compelled to set them. Even the most levelheaded members of the Church, however, find themselves mesmerized by a fire and have trouble putting one out, even if for their own safety.

The Church of the Sacred Flame is organized along simple lines. The ultimate head of the Church is the Koresh, who lives in the Tower's penthouse floor. Different branches of the Church, such as the missionary program and the printers of sacred literature, are run by individuals that report to the Koresh. Beyond the Tower, each individual branch of the Church is run by a priest who has been ordained by the Koresh. Priests are allowed to appoint laypeople to the position of deacon to assist with the business of their congregation.



The Church of the Sacred Flame is opposed to any government beyond a local level that isn't directly controlled by the Church itself. They believe that one of the primary reasons God chose to cleanse the world is because the governments of nations are wicked things. Their sacred doctrine teaches that if nations should rise up again, another cleansing will come and all humanity will perish. Agents of the Church actively seek to sabotage any effort to create governments beyond the local level.

The Open Eye Gang

Overview

As much a force of nature as an organization, the Open Eye Gang believes in chaos, strength, and survival of the strongest. Their raiding parties descend like a storm upon settlements, killing every living thing and stripping them bare of any useful resources before burning them into the ground. "The Open Eye Gang is coming!" might very well be the most frightening words a settler ever hears... and possibly the last.

History

Before the end of the world, James King was, in almost all ways, an average guy. He worked hard. He went home to spend time with his family. He attended church on Sundays. He belonged to several civic organizations. He voted in every election. He obeyed the speed limit and always signaled before changing lanes.

Then the world ended and everyone died except James King.

James's family died. James's friends died. James's neighbors died. The members of James's civic organizations and church and city died. Somehow, though, James King survived. Later James would explain that, in the old world, he was blind. He had followed the rules and been a good person and it, in the end, it hadn't meant a thing. The cataclysm had opened James's eyes. The rules were a joke. Being a good person was a lie. All that mattered was strength and chaos. Better to cause pain than to be in pain. James King founded the Open Eye Gang to celebrate and spread his new philosophy. He quickly found that enough punishment could break anyone and open their eyes to the truth. Or kill them. Whichever came first. It didn't matter to him.

James King is long since dead, having been torn apart by his own followers, but the gang has survived him. Now, the Open Eye Gang has grown into a giant pack that roams the wastelands like a pack of hyenas, ravaging and destroying whatever they come across.

Structure

In the Open Eye Gang, only strength matters. Weaker members of the gang do whatever the stronger members want. At best, they take a beating. At worst, they die. The gang functions less like an organization and more like a pack of wild animals. The strong rule the weak and get first pick of food, weapons, and plunder. Anything outside the pack is an enemy or, on the whim of a strong member, a potential recruit.



When the Open Eye Gang raids a settlement, members are allowed to pick individuals to capture instead of kill. Once the raid ends, the prisoners are pushed into an open area and surrounded by Gangers. The prisoners are told to fight each other to the death. The last one to survive gets to join the Open Eye Gang. Anyone that tries to flee or refuses to fight suffers a slow, painful, torturous death in front of their fellow prisoners.

The Open Eye Gang's composition is fluid. The gang often breaks into smaller raiding parties with various groups following strong leaders. When the raiding parties meet, the leaders battle until one is dead and one leads the entire group. Occasionally all the raiding parties meet in an epic battle that culls their numbers but unites them into a giant wave of rampaging chaos that rolls over the nearest settlement without mercy.

Headquarters

The Open Eye Gang makes their home wherever they raided last. Like locusts, they stay in an area long enough to pick it clean of any resources they want and then move onto the next settlement.

Goals

Outsiders see the Open Eye Gang as nothing but a herd of ravenous monsters sowing death and destruction across the wastelands. However, the Open Eye Gang does have a philosophy and a goal. They seek to tear down any structure, including their own. Civilization and civility and order ruined the world. The Open Eye Gang exists to ensure that never happens again.

Leader

Leaders never last long in the Open Eye Gang. They lead for perhaps a few weeks before someone challenges and murders them. The leader of any Open Eye Gang raiding party is likely to be a high level berserker but occasionally road warriors or even bombers claw their way to the top before being torn down.



Open Eye Gang Member

A craftsman from a town the Open Eye Gang raided, he survived initiation and is now as vicious and depraved a member of the gang as any other.

XP 800

Male Settler Berserker 3 Medium humanoid (human) Init +2; Senses Perception +1 Driver Score +0

Defense

AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +2 Dex) hp 16 (2d12+3) Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +2 Defensive Abilities crowd courage





Offense

Speed 15 ft. Melee oversize sledgehammer +5 (1d12+2) Special Attacks frenzy (5 rounds/day), bloodlust, weaponize anything

Tactics

Like most Gangers, he knows to save his frenzy for the heat of battle, when it can do the most damage. He will rely on his oversized sledgehammer to break his enemies and takes an extra moment to trample them underfoot. He will not spare someone who has fallen but will take a round to deliver a coup de grace. Once he has taken damage or he is outnumbered, he enters into a frenzy and attacks without mercy, attempting to demoralize his enemies and then pound them into paste. It the battle looks hopeless, he will descend into a bloodlust.

Frenzy Statistics

When in frenzy, his stats are AC 15; hp 17; Will +4; Melee oversize sledgehammer +7 (1d12+4); Driver +2.

Statistics

Str 14, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12
Base Atk +3; CMB +5; CMD 17
Feats Power Attack, Extra Frenzy Power, Skill Focus (intimidate)
Skills Craft (weapons) +6, Intimidate +10
Languages Creole, English, Spanish
SQ Close the gap +10 ft., fearless frenzy
Combat Gear 2 stim packs; Other Gear tire armor, oversized sledgehammer, backpack, bedroll, chain (20 ft.), crafting tools, lighter, waterskin, 22 slugs



Eyecycle Typical bike used by gang members.

Description Two wheeled vehicle Medium land vehicle

5 ft. x 5 ft. (1,100 slugs)

Defense AC 10 (+0 armor, +0 size) **hp** 60; **hardness** 10 **Fortitude:** +10, **Reflex:** -3

Offense Maneuverability 7 Heft 1 CMB +10; CMD 20

Gear Maximum Speed 120 feet per round Acceleration 60 feet per round Passengers 1 Mods side saws





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Chapter 3

The Midwest

The midwest is a vast, barren wasteland, so devoid of distinguishing features or geology that one could go mad just from wandering it. And then the bombs hit.

The fertile heartlands of america have been replaced by gray, unending plains upon which not even grass can find purchase. The land is so empty, and the remaining resources to divided, that you need to be able to move fast and cover of ground to survive. Vehicles are king here. Though scattered villages have set up along the lake coasts, and Chicago is home to most dangerous scavengers you can imagine, most survivors here travel from town to town to salvage or trade what they may.

The Great Lakes are crucial to survival in the Midwest. Mother Michigan, Mother Superior, and Mother Huron treat their children well. The water does not overwork the water purifiers, and some fish still nibble. Winter is still the biggest killer here. The cold itself does many in, but the frozen lakes also impede fishing and irrigation.

Great accent though. And the cults seem just a little nicer, for what it's worth.





The Sacred Speedway

Once known as the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, the years have been kind to this mecca of speed, which still sees use to this day. While the colors may have faded from the myriad of advertisements that litter the landscape, they have been replaced by the tags of gangs gone past, a testament to the bloodshed and glory gained and lost among the burning tires and twisted metal of the raceway. Lives are gambled on the roads as the Acolytes of the Asphalt tend to their holy ground, maintaining the land and enforcing the laws. Their place is as shepherds of the Sacred Speedway.

History

After the fall, no one was much interested in entertainment like the speedway. With its lack of natural resources it was mostly left alone as people struggled to find somewhere to survive. The only things of value left there were the remains of the vehicles that remained after the great fire. For nearly two decades the track was left bare, only the occasional scavenger coming to pick apart the metal skeletons. No one thought much of the raceway until a lone traveler came and saw the promise in the flat land, the first Acolyte of Asphalt.

Known only as Young Russ, the man was the first to establish the Sacred Speedway as a proving ground, using it to train others in the sublime art of driving. He established the acolytes to help maintain the stretch of paved paradise, and when raiders first showed up to take it from him, he challenged them to a race for dominion of the speedway. With little trouble, he easily bested them, and their respect for him and his skill was enough for them to honor his terms. They left without conflict. The story of the speedway spread across the midwest, and others came to challenge him, each falling the same as the last. Control of the speedway was hotly contested as all those who came tried to lay claim to it. For years on end, there was conflict until finally Young Russ created the Scorched Earth Circuit. Each year, every gang who wished to control the speedway would send one driver, and all of them would compete in a single race. The winner claimed the speedway for one year.

The gangs, tired of the bloodshed, hesitantly agreed. The acolytes would maintain the course and track over the years as keepers of the road while the victors could do with it as they wished. Ownership of the speedway has become a driving factor in politics among the wasteland, as those who control it are considered royalty and heroes.

Present Day

It has been 30 years since the establishment of the Scorched Earth Circuit, and each year the number of participants has increased, reaching nearly 40 drivers in the last year's competition. While the chance of survival is slim, the winners are treated as gods among the wasteland. Cheating and such are common in the race, and, while discouraged, are rarely punished by the acolytes.

For the last five years, the races have been all won by the same gang, shattering the previous records. While some assume this is the result of cheating, others are certain that this new champion, Blue Ogre, has earned his place in the winner's circle, considering him the new king of the speedway. With each victory, the competition to take him down grows larger, and the attempts more dangerous.

Resources

The sacred speedway has little in the way of natural resources, although the surrounding land is fertile enough to farm. It lacks much else though, as anything of value was scavenged by the acolytes long ago. Most resources are supplied by those paying tribute to the speedway, brought in by pilgrims hoping to curry favor with the reigning champions of the Scorched Earth Circuit. Instead of natural resources, the Sacred Speedway is rich in knowledge, as gearheads from all around come to learn from the drivers and their rigs. It is a nexus of information on vehicle construction and maintenance. Among the gearheads are some of the most talented combat drivers within hundreds of miles. They know that the only true way to test their mettle is against the Chaos King himself, the Blue Ogre.

Notable People Blue Ogre

The current champion of the Sacred Speedway, the Blue Ogre has managed to win the last five years at the Scorched Earth Circuit, ruling over the roads like a tyrant. While there are many who have accused the mutant of cheating, none have been able to provide proof suitable for the Acolytes of Asphalt to take notice. Some are beginning to wonder if the acolytes are in fact aiding him in his races, looking for a replacement for Young Russ as their aged leader grows older still.



Blue Ogre's history is murky at best, filled with half remembered stories told by star-eyed gang members who wish only to glorify their leader to the masses. The only thing that is truly known about him is his impeccable skill with automotives, possessing a natural genius that is beyond anything the Sacred Speedway has ever seen. The man's first race at the speedway was a complete blowout, the start of the rumors of his cheating. But Blue Ogre didn't pay them any mind, reveling in his victory and the defeat of his lesser rivals.

While most vehicles entered in the Scorched Earth Circuit are built with a mix of speed and power in mind, Blue Ogre's vehicle, the King's Decree, is designed for war. A massive beast of a machine that moves impossibly fast for its size. It is armed with a massive array of weapons, its hide reinforced to the point where it can take a point blank RPG shot, and stable enough to handle even the hairpin turns for which the course is known. Covered in battle scars from competitions past, the vehicle has survived more than any other in the history of the track, considered the pinnacle of engineering.

Young Russ

Most people who know of the sacred speedway know of the one man who's been there as long as it's existed. Said to be as old as the pavement itself, Young Russ has been a fixture of the land since the beginning, a lone wanderer simply searching for a place to race. The look in his eyes when he's behind the wheel is awe inspiring, said to be a man possessed, his skills on the road unmatched by any . . . that's what people used to say about him at least, the rumors of his prowess having lost steam since the arrival of the Chaos Kings and Blue Ogre.

Originally a young man when he found the Sacred Speedway at the age of 15, Young Russ saw much potential in the old track, locating the supplies that were used to help keep it in working condition before the fall. It took him 2 years of uninterrupted work, but eventually he had restored the track to its former glory, the perfectly paved roads proving to be a rare sight among the desolate



Once rumors spread of the speedway, it wasn't long before people began to come to take it for their own, looking to claim the track from Young Russ. Undisturbed, Young Russ would offer anyone who wished to take his track the same offer; beat him in a race and it was theirs. To most, it seemed like a fair offer, racing against the young man for the stretch of road. But time and time again Young Russ managed to defeat his challengers, and in doing so, gained their respect. Even those who attempted to use force were stopped by others Young Russ had defeated, honoring their loss to the talented driver.

But since the arrival of the Chaos Kings, Young Russ's influence has weakened as Blue Ogre dominates the Scorched Earth Circuit each year. This has caused even the more faithful of the Acolytes of Asphalt to wonder if their leader's time is up. Young Russ is well aware of this, knowing that he must either reassert his control or step down, and has signed himself up for the next Scorched Earth Circuit, aware that this will most likely be his final race.

Notable Groups Acolytes of Asphalt

Of those that Young Russ has raced against and defeated, some were so enamored with the man as to begin to follow him to learn his ways. Their numbers steadily grew until they were in the hundreds, a new religion forming around both Young Russ and the Sacred Speedway. Those of the Acolytes of Asphalt were many, tenders to the Sacred Speedway and its maintenance, aware of its importance to the wasteland. If the speedway were to fall, there was no telling what else could happen, destroying the silent truce among the gangs of the midwest. The duties of the acolytes are varied, but include tending to the track itself, keeping the area as clean as can be expected, and maintaining the vehicles of their faith. Each of them is a skilled mechanic in their own right, the Sacred Speedway managing to draw some of the best and brightest mechanics in the area. Although not preferred, some members are also quite adept at combat, keeping the Sacred Speedway safe from those who would attempt to take it by force.

Since the arrival of Blue Ogre, their numbers have been slowly dwindling, some converting to the Chaos Kings out of respect for the new master of the speedway. There is a good deal of dissent among the ranks, and talk of change is in the air. While none would say it openly, the writing's on the wall, and all but the most stalwart of their faith are preparing for a large shift in the power dynamic of the Sacred Speedway

Chaos Kings

Originally a lesser gang of the midwest, the accomplishments of their leader, Blue Ogre, have turned a seemingly harmless group of bandits into one of the most influential gangs around. Originally known as 'Crimson Chaos', the gang's name was changed after the second victory by their leader, as though to show their newfound status as royalty of the Sacred Speedway. Membership has grown immensely since their first victory, leading to an increase in power struggles and other internal politics.

While Blue Ogre is unquestionably the group's leader, the power structure of the group below him begins to get murky, a grueling mediocrity of trials by combat and death races around the Sacred Speedway. These constant power struggles ensure that the weak are weeded out, and new members are expected to experience extreme hazing before being accepted by the gang. Those who do succeed are given a wrought iron crown to signify their place among the chosen, with higher level members having crowns of more valuable metals.

With each victory, the Chaos Kings grow closer to absorbing the Acolytes of Asphalt, and talk of simply assaulting them outright are not unheard of among the group's chatter. While Blue Ogre openly denies wanting such a thing, it is clear that he is willing to do what his gang members want, his own drive for complete domination of the Sacred Speedway growing everyday. Both sides are preparing for a war, and most are simply waiting for the next Scorched Earth Circuit to finally begin the attack.





Assembly for Restoration and Technology

The past has a lot of value, and there are few who know it better than the Assembly for Restoration and Technology, or more commonly known as ART. Based out of the midwest, the agents of the ART have spread far and wide, although communication between the groups beyond the range of simple radios makes staying in contact difficult. Each individual cell works mostly without guidance from central command unless an important discovery is made. Otherwise, ART members are free to do as they wish as long as it doesn't interfere with the group's goals. Larger operations have been known to bring together a large number of cells in order to unearth an important discovery.

An ART cell is generally composed of anywhere from 4 to 10 members, although cells closer to the ART base can house 20 members or more. The number of cells that operate out of the midwest is unknown, but it is estimated to be around 200, each searching different areas to find artifacts that may have been left behind. While literature and other pieces of the former culture of the land are considered important, technological discoveries are valued above all others. Word of such a discovery is enough to draw the attention of any cell in the area, each of them anxious to take credit.

With their base located in the former Sears Tower in Chicago, ART has at least some knowledge of everything going on within the midwest, although as their units grow farther apart, their information becomes less reliable. In addition, they must contend with bandits who have made a habit of raiding ART cells for weapons and other items. As a result, ART makes buys information from passing wanderers, often paying in both slugs as well as technology for which they have no use for any longer.

A DISTRICT



Each type of cell is given a name based on their specialty, and is referred to by various names to denote their rank in the organization. Initiates are granted the rank of amatuer, while more experienced members are known as freelancers. The highest members of the ART are known as professionals, with the leader of the organization is simply known as The Muse. Even the lowest field agents are given proper training to handle themselves in the field, regardless of their purpose. The following are the most commonly known types of cells, although lesser groups do exist:

Writers are generally considered the least intimidating of the ART, as their purpose is to not only collect lost literature, but also to find tales of the wasteland worth recording. They often pay quite a few slugs for an accurate retelling of a bandit raid or other such harrowing experience. Writers tend to avoid direct confrontation "as to avoid influencing the story," but will defend themselves when needed or if they are on the verge of losing a new discovery. They are willing to lay down their lives for their research.

Painters are seen as the standard members of ART, the ones that most people interact with and know. The purpose of a painter is generally to support another cell, almost always seen in blood splattered clothes that help to give them their name. They use a combination of small arms and close quarters weapons in order to protect another cell under the promise that they will be credited with whatever discovery is being made. Painters tend to be single minded, giving them a rather aloof nature that causes others to regard them with fear.



Musicians are the heavy cavalry of ART. They love the roar of a chaingun or the sublime explosion of a grenade as it goes off in the middle of a battlefield, the environment alive with the sounds of combat. Often dressed in heavy armor engraved with song lyrics, musicians charge first with heavy weapons and large vehicles, lacking the subtlety of their fellows. Instead, they advance into the chaos of battle with a supernatural joy. Musicians are rarely called upon, as their involvement often risks the discovery they're attempting to acquire. Instead they are used mostly as shock troops against the enemies of ART rather than recovery agents.

Actors are the scouts of ART, seen the most of any of the members, although most who do wouldn't know it. Most actors do their best to blend into the general populous, stirring up crowds and inciting whatever emotion is most needed from the people. Trained in the art of stealth and subterfuge, they using their unassuming nature to infiltrate and strike when needed, preferring to avoid direct confrontation. While the least combat trained, actors are often backed up by other cells to avoid problems, and they need support far more often than any other group. The appearance of painters can often be enough to signal that actors are near, already infiltrating a society.

Leader Sam Wilder

(Gearhead 14)

The current Muse of the ART, Sam Wilder has only held the position for a short period of time. However, there are few that would question her authority. Having worked her way up from the writers, most didn't expect much of her. This underestimation worked in her favor as she climbed the ranks from the shadows, never showing her true colors until the moment of her ascension. Before anyone was aware of what happened, she seized control of the group, changing the group's more passive nature into an aggressive one as well as creating the musician unit to the shock of some of the group's older members. Sam's goals are somewhat different than those of the previous Muse, searching more for whatever technology she can acquire to experiment with. Her main office is littered with metal sculptures and simple machines that Sam has created out of boredom or experimentation, attempting to find some new combination of circuits and steel that can make something truly unique, something she can truly consider art. Due to this, she's known to hire out anyone she can find to help her locate any new technology, and pays handsomely for new discoveries.

Most of Sam's free time goes into modifying her favorite vehicle, Inspiration. Built to withstand a second nuclear blast and with enough firepower to cut through a tank, this vehicle is covered with scrawlings and other design notes for future adjustments, never finished well enough for Sam's liking. The only thing Sam cares more about than her vehicle is her number two and lover Belle. The two form the face of ART to the rest of the known world, as well as one of the most powerful duos in the midwest.

Dressed in a lazy pair of overalls covered in blood, oil, and other liquids, this wide eyed stranger gives you only a second.



Art 1

Amateur Painter CR 1 XP 400

Female savage scavenger 2 Medium humanoid (human) Init +0; Senses Perception +0; low light vision Driver Score +1

Defense

AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15 (+5 armor, +1 Dex) hp 18 (2d10+3) Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +7 Defensive Abilities attuned

Offense

Speed 20 ft. Melee nailbat +5 (2d6+4, 19-20/x2) Ranged machine pistol +5 (1d6) Special Attacks distracting tactics, sneak attack +1d6

Tactics

During Combat Only using their pistol if at a range, painters will charge into combat with their nailbat to hammer foes, swarming with others to get in a sneak attack where they can.

Statistics

Str 17, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 16, Cha 8
Base Atk +2; CMB +5; CMD 16
Feats toughness
Skills handle animal +4, intimidate +4, perception +8, scavenge +9, survival +10
Languages english
SQ patch job 4/day, trained scavenger (scavenge)
Combat Gear stim pack (1); Other Gear cleaver, machine pistol, tire armor slugs 45



Animal Companion

Effective Scavenger Level 2 Medium animal (canine) Init +3; Senses Perception +7; low light vision, scent

Defense

AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +3 Dex) hp 22 (3d8+9) Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +2 Defensive Abilities none

Offense

Speed 40 ft. **Melee** bite +4 (1d4+1)



Tactics During Combat Dogs will do their best to distract targets from their master, fighting to the death if needed.

Statistics

Str 13, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6 Base Atk +2; CMB +3; CMD 16 Feats toughness, weapon focus (bite) Skills perception +7 Languages english SQ link Combat Gear none Other Gear none slugs 0

The sounds of explosions rock the air as this well armored figure strolls out of the carnage, a slasher smile across their face as they prepare another bomb in their performance art of destruction.



Art 2

freelancer musician CR 5 **XP** 1,600 Female settler bomber 6 Medium humanoid (human) **Init** +7; **Senses** Perception +13 **Driver Score** +3

Defense

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13 (+3 armor, +3 Dex) hp 42 (6d8+12) Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +2

Offense

Speed 20 ft. Melee switchblade +9 (1d4-1) Ranged bomb +9 (3d8+4) or assault rifle +11 (2d6) Special Attacks bomb 16/day, vehicle wrecker +2

Tactics

During Combat Musicians will attempt to stay at a range for as long as possible, pelting foes with either sticky bombs or magnetic bombs if they find armored opponents. Even in melee they will use bombs, trusting in their precise bomb discovery to keep them safe.

Statistics

Str 8, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 8
Base Atk +6; CMB +5; CMD 18
Feats exotic weapon proficiency (assault rifle, RPG), improved initiative, skill focus: perception, toughness, throw anything, weapon finesse
Skills appraise +14, craft (alchemy) +14, hack +14, heal +10, knowledge (old world) +14, mechanics +14, perception +13, scavenge +10, sleight of hands +13
Languages ASL, english, german, mandarin
SQ bomber's hobby (tactical), bomber's path (demolition), trick +2
Tweaks magnetic bomb, precise bomb, sticky bomb
Combat Gear stim pack (4); Other Gear assault rifle, chemistry set, switchblade, slugs 460





Art Station

Description Six wheeled vehicle Huge land vehicle 10 ft. x 20 ft. (1,900 slugs)

Defense

AC 5 (+3 armor, -8 size) **hp** 180; **hardness** 20 **Fortitude:** +10, **Reflex:** -14

Offense Maneuverability -4 Heft d8 CMB +40; CMD 50

Gear

Maximum Speed 90 feet per round Acceleration 30 feet per round Passengers 8 (truck) Mods grenade launcher turret



Chapter 4

The Northwest

The Northwest is the last really green place in America. Despite the atom's best attempts, the mountains are still there, and still growing strong. The forests all burned down in year 0, but pines have gotten good at surviving flame. They are creeping back, in one form or another, populated by the biggest grizzlies you have ever seen. These are the natural wilds, the only places in the wasteland where you'd rather come up against a raider than an animal. The raiders will just shoot you. The animals are plain mean.

Through some strange miracle, the good green city of Seattle survived with only a few boiling pockmarks. The Olympics bore the brunt of the attack, and many nukes even fell into the water radioactive tsunamis are just a bit preferable over flame.

So Seattle was a relative paradise for a while, until the demagogue known as the Wizard took it over. He's renamed the place Oz, painted the space needle green, and has troops patrolling the borders. They've rigged up some basic water filtration, spike the glug with LSD, and eat god knows what. But don't be too jealous. When the fault line finally gives they are all going to fall into the ocean anyway.



Emerald City

Overview

Nearly 10,000 souls call the surreal wonderland known as the Emerald City home. Built in the foundations of Seattle, Emerald City lives and breathes the works of Frank L. Baum's famous books. A twisted incarnation of the fantastical Oz, Emerald City merges drug culture with post-apocalyptic survival, all under the dictatorship of a tyrant known only as the Wizard. Emerald City is a strange coastal city where the water has been spiked with LSD, the chaotic impulses of humanity are given form, and drugs flow freely into the wastelands beyond.

History

When the nuclear fires rampaged across the earth, they spared Seattle. Instead, the city of flowers, goodwill, and coffee was heavily damaged by a series of riots and arsons after the end was clear. Many buildings were damaged, many lives lost, and an uncontrollable fire raged through the pine forests beyond the city for almost a year. But Seattle survived.

That isn't to say that Seattle didn't have her share of troubles. Ash and smoke from the massive forest fires clogged the sky and choked the air. Radioactivity in the water killed or mutated the fish. With most of the rest of the world dead, there was no relief. No food coming to replace dwindling supplies. No new shipments of gasoline or medicine or coffee beans. Only martial law and rationing allowed the city to survive those first, few terrible years as system after system collapsed.





Eventually, though, the fires died out and enough sunlight shone through the miasma to power up carefully preserved solar panels. Always a technologically capable city, Seattle had enough engineers and experts left to patch up the electrical and telecommunications grid, and even install basic computer network systems. While the rest of humanity huddled in the darkness and scraped by using cobbled together remnants, the citizens of Seattle enjoyed limited electric lights and heat, analog phone service, and even the occasional arcade game. People pulled together to plant community gardens and raise herds of Vietnamese potbellied pigs bred from household pets. If the world had become hell on Earth, then Seattle was, perhaps, the one sliver of paradise that remained.

Then the Wizard came. A strange man with strange obsessions, the Wizard somehow convinced or intimidated the police who protected Seattle into obeying him as his royal army. The government of Seattle was deposed in a single, bloody night. The Wizard installed himself as supreme ruler, proclaimed it the Emerald City, and painted the Space Needle bright green. Those that resisted were slaughtered without mercy by the royal army. Fearful for their lives, the people quickly learned to either embrace the Wizard's obsessions or, at least, to obey his orders. It helped that the Wizard's royal engineers began spiking the city's water supplies with low doses of LSD. The people of the Emerald City found themselves experiencing colors more vividly, exhibiting more creativity in their daily lives, and accepting that their city was, in fact, a modern reincarnation of the Emerald City of Oz.

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Present Day

Today, the Emerald City is no longer the utopia it once was. While people still work and go about their daily tasks, the constant, low level flow of LSD to their systems makes them oddly introspective, prone to mental wanderings, and incapable of the high levels of productivity required to sustain a technologically functioning society in a post-apocalyptic world. Slowly, piece by piece, the Emerald City is falling apart. Roughly half the electrical grid no longer functions. Telecommunications are breaking down. Many of the community gardens have gone to seed and pigs wander everywhere, untended. Water still flows to every home but only because the Wizard ensures that the engineers and chemists that manufacture the LSD and maintain the system drink only pure, unspiked water. Certain gardens and greenhouses, growing poppy plants, cannabis, and morning glories, are tended by undosed workers. Those poor souls are all slaves, laboring around the clock under the watchful eye of the Wizard's royal army.

The people of the Emerald City range from immaculately clean to comically filthy, with personal hygiene depending entirely on individual whim. Most are obviously malnourished since there is no longer enough food to keep everyone fed and many forget to eat the food given to them. Perhaps the oddest thing of all about the citizens of the Emerald City are the sunglasses. Every resident has a pair, given out by the Wizard and his royal army during the annual Tornado festival. The rims of these strange, marvelous spectacles are forged from gold and have green lenses. Most residents wear them while going about their business during the day.


Over the last decade, the residents of Emerald City have taken the inspiration of their Wizard to heart. It is not uncommon to see citizens wrapped in aluminum foil, donning wings and bellhop hats, or sporting clothing stuffed full of straws. Each year, during the Tornado festival, a teenage girl is chosen by the Wizard to be the next "Dorothy." This Dorothy is fitted with metal "silver" shoes that are locked onto her feet and she must survive for one full night, on her own. Certain residents, chosen at random, are declared to be allies of the Wicked Witch and are under orders to kill the Dorothy on sight. Others are declared to be allies of the Good Witch and ordered to give Dorothy aid. No one is allowed to tell the Dorothy which they are until she asks for help, so she never knows if she is approaching an enemy or an ally. Anyone who plays their role improperly risks being executed themselves. If the Dorothy survives for twenty-four hours, her prize is command of the royal guard and the ear of the Wizard himself. However, it is believed that no Dorothy thus far has survived the night.

Despite the insanity of his regime, the Wizard does not control every facet of his people's lives. So long as specific laws are maintained and residents do not try to escape the city, the people of Emerald City are free to do whatever they want. The resulting day to day life for the citizens of the city careens chaotically from highs of intense focus and production to days of laziness and introspection. Murder, theft, and other crimes are common but little is done about it. The royal army does not care unless it affects the Wizard's projects and the people are too blissed out on LSD to organize any sort of coherent response to crime.

Resources

Traders come to the Emerald City often. Branches of the Angels of Hell, a motorcycle gang that roams the wastes, are regular visitors. The Wizard declares that they have come to pay him tribute but the truth is they've come for Emerald City's greatest resource: drugs. Chemists manufacture LSD and ecstasy and crystal meth in laboratories. Poppy and cannabis are grown in greenhouses. Emerald City has become the largest supplier of drugs on the continent. The amount of drugs in Emerald City are a drop in the bucket compared to the global trade of the before times but considering the reduced population of the Earth, Emerald City now produces more than enough to keep what is left well supplied.

What the Wizard gets in return for the drugs he trades out is unknown. The people of Emerald City certainly aren't seeing an influx of goods.

In the aftermath of the great cataclysm, the people of Seattle worked hard to set up solar panels, wind turbines, and garbage burning generators in order to produce electricity. Since the Wizard's ascension to power, those systems have slowly begun to break down due to lack of maintenance. Most of the electricity generated in the present day gets channeled to the Wizard's greenhouses, water treatment plants, and drug laboratories. Emerald City's water supply comes from a desalination plant that dates back to before the cataclysm that is barely kept in working order, with additional water pumped from wells sunk throughout the city. Emerald City also has a working telecommunications system, though it breaks frequently, allowing analog phone communication from most points of the city to most other points. A few groups have even managed to set up dial-up electronic bulletin board systems using the antiquated phone lines.

Notable People The Wizard

Those who meet the Wizard do not get to see him in person. Instead, they speak to a giant head that seems to float, suspended above the floor of the palace and bathed in green lights. For those not dosed on LSD, the head is obviously a giant puppet being manipulated remotely. For those who are high on Emerald City's water, however, the experience can be an awe-inspiring epiphany that reaffirms the Wizard's right to rule the city.

The Wizard's goals and motives are unknown. No one talks to him directly. No one knows him on a personal level. Indeed, no one knows if there is one Wizard, a whole group of Wizards, or if there have been multiple Wizards over the years.

The Wizard's whims seem arbitrary. One day he may order every citizen of the Emerald City to build a sawhorse in a contest to be judged by the captain of the royal guard. The next, he might insist everyone work through the night to meet impossible work quotas. His obsession with the world created by Frank L. Baum is legendary, though he takes the texts to twisted and disturbing extremes. On at least one occasion he has ordered a hundred citizens killed and their heads sliced open so one resident of the Emerald City could be given the proper brain.



Winkie

Winkie had a real name, once. He had a family and a life and a career. Now, Winkie has a purpose. Winkie stands as the head of the royal guard and the chief enforcer of the Wizard's will. When the Wizard needs to speak to the people, it is Winkie who serves as his voice, carrying his words beyond the royal palace. When people disobey the Wizard's laws, it is Winkie who ensures that they are punished. Years in the Wizard's service have broken Winkie. Today, he is not a person. He has no heart. He has no brain. He has no courage. He simply carries out the Wizard's decrees and law as an extension of the brutal dictator's rule.





East

Despite what the Wizard believes, not every Dorothy has died during the sadistic twenty-four hours of the Tornado festival. Three years ago a young woman named Jasmine was chosen to become the Dorothy and locked into the heavy silver shoes. For most of the evening she avoided contact with anyone, afraid that anyone might be an enemy. Finally, she could not stand the loneliness and isolation. Jasmine tried to speak to a lifelong friend, someone she had played with as a child and spent time with as a teenager. That friend had been sorted as an ally of "the Wicked Witch" and tried to kill Jasmine. Something inside Jasmine snapped that day. She fought back and killed her former friend, then burned the body so it would not be recognizable. Finally, Jasmine mutilated her own feet to pull off the silver slippers and lock them onto the corpse. Jasmine walks on crutches to this day. When the royal guard found the body, they proclaimed that year's Dorothy dead.

Jasmine slipped into the shadows. Emboldened by her experience, she took on the role of the Wicked Witch of the East, or East, for short. She began recruiting other citizens that were dissatisfied with the Wizard's reign. As her group grew, she became bolder and raided armories to arm her "Army of the East." She rescued slaves being forced to tend the Wizard's drug greenhouses. She sabotaged public works to try to wake up the people or strike out against the enemy. The one thing East refuses to do is to smuggle citizens out of Emerald City and to safety. She wants to free the city from the Wizard's tyranny and recognizes that if no one is left afterwards to rebuild the ruins her whole rebellion will be pointless.



Notable Groups Royal Guard

The royal guard of the Wizard are brutal and cruel to a man. Whatever the Wizard does when a member of the guard is inducted, a guardsman comes out hard, cold, and absolutely loyal to his master. Roughly five percent of the city's population belongs to the royal guard. Shifts patrol the city constantly, both the outer edges and the streets. They have total authority to judge and execute a suspect as their judgement dictates. Of late, the guard has suffered heavily from a case of too much brawn, too little brain. They are poorly trained to fight the sort of guerilla force represented by the Army of the East. Winkie, the captain of the guard, has begun to realize this and it has caused him fear for the first time since he entered service. If he does not find a way to deal with the rebels, and soon, he knows the Wizard will find a new Winkie.

Army of the East

East's army, also known as the Army of the East, survives beneath the streets of Emerald City in cracks and crevices the royal guard would not think to tread. Roughly two hundred strong, the Army of the East follows a two-prong battle plan. First, they strike the Wizard's facilities, freeing slaves, destroying infrastructure, and killing guardsmen. Second, they perform acts of public vandalism, hoping to wake the people of Emerald City out of their drug-induced stupor long enough to foment a real rebellion. Unfortunately, the Army of the East lacks the manpower and firepower needed to overthrow the Wizard. A dozen assassination attempts have failed and not a single member of the Army of the East has made it to the Wizard's inner sanctum and survived.







League of Hackers

Overview

A small organization with just over a hundred members, the League of Hackers is a refuge for electronic lovers in a world hostile to technology. Working out of an old fallout shelter just east of Emerald City, the League of Hackers scours the wastelands for electronics and brings them home to lovingly repair and restore them. This group of post-apocalyptic geeks aren't defenseless, however. Every single one is a crack shot and their philosophy holds that electronics are more valuable than people.

History

Only a decade old, the League of Hackers began when a librarian named Abigail Stilton in Arapahoe discovered a book on pre-cataclysm hacker culture. Abigail read the book from cover to cover and then read it again. And again. And again. She became enamoured with the idea of computers and video games and the marvels of electronics that were commonplace in the before times. When she found a broken old smartphone in the library's basement, Abigail became obsessed. She tried to convince the Order of the Paper Phoenix that they should be collecting and restoring electronics as well as books but her fellow librarians would have none of it. Books were their mission and books their only focus.

Disappointed, Abigail and a few fellow converts to the way of the hacker abandoned Arapahoe. Based on rumors they had heard from traders, they journeyed west and north, facing many perils, until they stumbled across Emerald City. While Emerald City had a functional telecommunications grid and even a few functioning dial-up electronic bulletin boards, it quickly became clear to Abigail and her followers that the drug addled city was not a healthy place to live. Across from the city, on the other side of what was once Lake Washington, Abigail and her group found a buried fallout shelter named Ark 3. It apparently hadn't done the original owners much good but it was filled with supplies, including a number of old radios, televisions, and other primitive electronic devices.

Taking their fortuitous discovery as a sign, Abigail and her followers settled in. Branding themselves the League of Hackers, the group wasted no time figuring out how to lay cable from their new home to Emerald City and hack into the telecommunications network there.

Only five years later, the League of Hackers have grown. The group makes regular forays out into the world to recover lost technology and bring it home. Occasionally, they inspire others they meet in the wastes to join their group and, the League of Hackers has slowly but steadily grown.

Structure

Inspired by ancient hacker culture, in theory decisions among the League of Hackers are made by group consensus. In actuality, Abigail remains the group's driving force. Acting as a den mother for the hundred odd members of the League, projects generally get completed because she cajoles, shames, bullies, and pushes the others to complete them. Without her, the group would likely fall apart. Every member of the League has their own projects, tinkering and rebuilding whatever electronic device catches their fancy. Occasionally, Abigail declares a new goal and the group briefly sets down their own pursuits to work together and accomplish it. Fiercely intelligent, when the group actually chooses to function as a unit they can accomplish almost anything.

The one thing skill shared by every hacker, beyond their mutual love of electronics, is marksmanship. The League found hundreds of weapons cached in Ark 3 and put them to good use. Every hacker in the League is a crack shot with a firearm and they use those skills to keep the group safe.

Headquarters

The League of Hackers make their home in Ark 3, a fallout shelter built from the skeletons of 50 school buses sunk beneath the group and encased in concrete. Ark 3 is so crammed full of broken, semi-functioning, and even occasionally functioning electronics it can be a wonder that any hacker finds room to breathe, much less sleep or eat.

Ark 3 is located across the lake from Emerald City and the League does their best to steer clear of the Wizard's notice. They know that if it comes down to a pitched firefight between themselves and the Wizard's royal army, the League wouldn't stand a chance.

League members away from Ark 3 carry shortwave radios to stay in touch with the main group for as long as possible, though the range doesn't extend past a few days' journey.

Goals

The League of Hackers loves technology, especially the electronic kind. They want to find, repair, and preserve as much electronic tech as they can. The League's goals aren't altruistic. They have no real desire to share their technology or make the world a better place. They just want to have fun toys to play with.

The League aren't just a bunch of loveable, nerdy goofballs, however. To them, electronics are worth more than the life of any non-hacker. Members of the League are content to steal tech or even kill for it if they have to. People, after all, keep breeding, but usable electronics are a truly rare and special gift in this post-apocalyptic world.

Abigail Stilton

According to their charter, the League has no leader. In truth, Abigail Stilton, the group's founder, serves as big sister and chairperson for the group. Very little gets done on a group level unless Abigail organizes the project and personally takes charge of it. As the League grows, Abigail finds she has less and less time to do what she loves most, tinker with electronics. Despite her love for the gang, she's beginning to grow resentful of how much time and effort she has to put into keeping them alive.

A lean, blonde woman in her mid-thirties, the stress running the League has begun to turn Abigail's hair prematurely grey and left permanent bags under her eyes. Outsiders might be fooled into believing Abigail is a harmless, pleasant big sister type. However, she can also be ruthless. Abigail will kill to protect the League and she will not hesitate to slit someone's throat if it will get her tech she needs to get her own pet project working, that smart phone she found all those years ago.







League of Hackers Member

One of the original members of the League, she was only in her early teens when she left home with Abigail. Now, she is a young woman with a love of cars and short-wave radio.

XP 800

Female Settler Gearhead 3 Medium humanoid (human) Init +3; Senses Perception +6 **Driver Score** +8

Defense

AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+3 armor, +3 Dex) hp 14 (3d6+3) **Fort** +2, **Ref** +7, **Will** +1 Defensive Abilities crowd courage, derby survivor Offense Speed 20 ft. Melee Crowbar +1 (1d4-1/x3)Ranged Hunting Rifle +5 (1d10/x4)





Tactics

She's a scrawny weakling and knows it. If forced into melee, she will withdraw until she can bring her hunting rifle to bear. Then she will shoot and keep shooting until her enemy goes down, readjusting her position as necessary.

Statistics

Str 8, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 10 Base Atk +2; CMB +1; CMD 14 Feats Run'n'Gun, Skill Focus (Hack), Skill Focus (Mechanics), Trained Driver Skills Appraise +10, Craft (bookbinding) +10, Craft (metalworking) +10, Craft (chemistry) +10, Hack +13, Knowledge (geography) +10, Knowledge (old world) +10, Mechanics +14, Perception +6, Profession (driver) +7, Profession (radio operator) +7, Scavenge +6

Languages English, Latin, Russian

SO Trucker alternate racial trait, armor bond (leather armor), vehicle bond, weapon bond (hunting rifle) **Combat Gear** 5 stim packs, 10 spare parts, 2 boosts; Other Gear hardened leather armor, crowbar, hunting rifle with recoil reduction, backpack, bedroll, chain (20 ft.), crafting tools, lighter, shortwave radio, waterskin, vehicle jack, 15 slugs



League of Hackers Gearhead's War Jeep

Description

Effective gearhead level 3 Four wheeled vehicle Large land vehicle 10 ft. x 10 ft. (1,000 slugs)

Defense

AC 11 (+5 armor, -4 size) **hp** 100; **hardness** 15 **Fortitude:** +10, **Reflex:** -10

Offense Maneuverability 2 Heft d6 CMB +28; CMD 38

Gear Maximum Speed 100 feet per round Acceleration 40 feet per round Passengers 4 Mods armor plating, responsive steering











Chapter 5

The Rockies

Of all the regions in America, the Rockies are perhaps the most unspoilt. Devoid of most valuable targets (except for Denver, which is now a crater), and high above the black radioactive clouds, the Rockies suffer more from isolation than from the atom. Sure, radiation sickness is still common, and sure, mutants walk the streets, but the Rockies' main challenges are the cold and lack of resources - same as always.

It's hard to live in the mountains. Food is scarce and travel can be impossible with the slightest change in the weather. These are old problems, but without trade and a strong infrastructure there is little to mitigate them. Towns in the Rockies are slowly dwindling, but they look something like the society of 50 years ago; libraries and schools, markets and police stations, lawyers and judges heading to work in suits. But where these towns used to take in shipments of grain and gasoline, now they take in nothing. And where they used to heat their houses with natural gas and electricity, now they must resort to wood stoves. And they suffer because of it. Here are people terrified to come down out of the safety of their isolation. They've heard stories of raiders and two headed dragons, and they are staying in the Rockies even if it means starving to death on a cold winter's night.

Arapahoe

Overview

Most wasteland settlements are savage, barbaric places ruled by the strong and cruel. Near the banks of a toxic lake that was once the city of Denver, Colorado, however, a lone group struggles to maintain the flame of freedom and knowledge in the face of overwhelming odds. The 450 residents of Arapahoe struggle daily to protect and preserve a library containing thousands of books, believing it to be mankind's only chance to escape the dark ages.

History

First, the nuclear missiles hit Denver. Then the real devastation began. Seconds after the first explosion, the earth rumbled and the city of Denver, and much of the surrounding community, collapsed in on itself. What was once a thriving metropolis became a crater at least 2,000 feet deep. It didn't take long for the water pouring out of broken pipes and sewer lines to turn that crater into a large, radioactive, sludge-filled lake. None of those rare few that survived knew precisely what happened. Some pointed to conspiracy theories about underground bunkers and government stockpiles beneath Denver International Airport. They believed the nuke triggered a secret experiment, perhaps a particle accelerator or a weapons lab and it simply vaporized much of the land beneath the city.



Whatever the cause of Denver's destruction, one woman saw it coming. Veronica Mills, a somewhat paranoid science instructor employed by the Arapahoe Community College, correctly deduced that the world was going to end. She organized a small group of academics and rented several trucks. They pooled their life savings and spent the money on guns, bottled water, non-perishable food items, generators, gasoline, and other supplies. One evening, Ms. Mills and her tiny army broke into every library and bookstore they could reach in Denver, piled load after load of stolen books into their rented trucks, and then drove away from the city. The police didn't have time to investigate the rash of book thefts. The end of the world came the next day.

After the bomb hit, Mills and her colleagues set up a headquarters in one of Arapahoe College's satellite campuses. The books were transferred from the trucks into the campus's single, two-story building and Ms. Mills and her army began cataloging what they believed to be the last repository of mankind's knowledge left in the world. They became the first members of the Order of the Paper Phoenix and vowed to preserve their library until humanity was ready to rise from the ashes of destruction.

Over time, other survivors found their way to the library. Each was given a choice: vow to take up the mission and help protect the library or move on. Most chose to stay, grateful to have a cause to focus on. Initially, living quarters were established in a former high school located across the street from the library but, as time went on, new buildings were built using salvaged materials. A community grew up around the library, dedicated to preserving humanity's last hope for climbing out of the dark ages.





Present Day

Today, Arapahoe is a thriving but segmented town. Every member of the community has a role to play in preserving and protecting the library. Children are tested at a young age to determine their abilities and potential. Those with academic potential are trained as librarians. Those with technical aptitude are trained to maintain and build the town's infrastructure. The rest are sorted into manual labor positions or taught how to defend the community. A rare few who show aptitude in all areas are sent out into the world to find, retrieve, and bring back books to add to the library's collection.

Life in Arapahoe isn't easy, but its residents have more freedom than in many communities in the post-apocalyptic world. The people of Arapahoe possess freedom of press, freedom of speech, freedom of assembly, and the right to bear arms. What they do not have is freedom of religion. The practice of religion in any form is a crime in Arapahoe, punishable by exile. Veronica Mills, the town's founder, believed firmly that religion was one of the root causes of the cataclysm that destroyed civilization. Missionaries of various other religions, such as the Church of the Sacred Flame, are firmly turned away. Those that insist on entry find the guards of Arapahoe more than willing to employ deadly force.

Arapahoe's greatest problems come courtesy of the lake of toxic sludge that was once the city of Denver. The pollution of the lake seeps into the town's water supply, is carried by wind blown across the lake's surface, and falls in the form of precipitation. The biggest killer in Arapahoe is cancer. The second biggest killer comes in the form of monsters and mutated creatures that crawl up from the lake's surface and occasionally attack the town in wild rage.

Resources

Arapahoe's greatest resource is the library. The former community college building contains thousands of books, all neatly sorted, stacked, and catalogued. Dehumidifiers work around the clock to help keep the library dry and to help kill the poisonous algae spores that drift into the town from Denver lake. In the last few years, the librarians have experimented with printing presses and book binding. Only one press has been built thus far, but the librarians are encouraged by the quality of the books printed.

The town draws water up through the ground using wells. All water is carefully boiled and treated with potassium iodide to render it as potable as possible. The diet is heavy on meat, hunted down from the surrounding area, with a small supplement of vegetables grown in the community. All food is cooked thoroughly before being served but an increasing number of Arapahoe's children are being born with mutations or not born at all. Arapahoe's leaders worry that, unless they find a safer food supply, their town will die out and the library will be left unprotected.

A carefully maintained fleet of generators, all converted to run on biofuel, provides Arapahoe with electricity. As a result, a light miasma of grease and smoke constantly fills the air and most conversations are shouted over the sound of engines running.

Notable People Jeremy Mills

The grandson of the town founder, Jeremy Mills holds the position of head librarian and, therefore, serves as Arapahoe's leader. A rather portly man with little concern for his own hygiene, Jeremy spends more time studying books than he does governing. However, no one denies his brilliance. Jeremy's occasional flashes of insight always improve the town or help with its mission, but many residents wish Jeremy would spend less time reading and more time leading.

A large man who walks with labored breath, Jeremy obviously cares more about scholarship than he does about his health. Unless he is reading, Jeremy's attention never stays focused for long and he has trouble with basic social interactions. Those with knowledge of medical conditions might recognize Jeremy as autistic, though low on the spectrum. As a scholar, Jeremy's brain holds nearly as much information as the library itself but he may not be capable of being the leader the community needs.

Alex Hussein

Alex's parents, both librarians, had high hope for their daughter. They even named her Alexandria, after the most famous library in history. Sadly, on the day of aptitude testing, Alex proved more adept at firing a rifle than writing an essay. Her parents were crushed. Alex, on the other hand, was pleased.

Fiercely intelligent, Alex could have easily passed the tests and become a librarian. Instead, she chose a more militant path. Where most residents of Arapahoe see fighting as a necessary evil needed to keep the town safe, Alex enjoys the thrill of combat and the rush of victory. She loves guns the way many of her peers love books and keeps a large collection of them in her home. Alex Hussein is a warrior in a town full of scholars.

That isn't to say the stocky, well-muscled woman doesn't love her home. She is fiercely loyal to Arapahoe and will die to protect it. Alex's loyalty has pushed her to become the leader of the town's militia. In that position she works hard to ensure her town and its people remain safe.



Marco Cruz

By day, Marco Cruz works as a simple sanitation engineer. By night, he leads the small, secret, and very illegal Arapahoe congregation of the Church of the Sacred Flame. An immigrant to Arapahoe, Marco proved his worth by arriving with a cartload of books to donate to the library. The town welcomed him with open arms after that and installed him in their workforce. Which is exactly where he wanted to be.

Marco was sent to infiltrate Arapahoe by the Church of the Sacred Flame. His mission is to foment discontent among residents who have been relegated to unskilled labor and to convert as many as possible to the Church. The Church of the Sacred Flame believes the library of Arapahoe to be a danger to their vision of a world without nations. When Marco judges the time is right, he will march with his congregation and burn the library down. He cannot wait for that day.



Notable Groups Order of the Paper Phoenix

Technically speaking, only the librarians and their road warriors are members of the Order of the Paper Phoenix. The entire town of Arapahoe, however, takes pride in the Order and its mission: to preserve and eventually disseminate the knowledge of the world before the cataclysm for the benefit of all humanity. To this end, the Order has created a great library containing thousands of books. They realize this is a small drop in the ocean of what existed before the bombs fell but more books are found and brought back to the library all of the time.

Most members of the Order were born in Arapahoe but some outsiders that show keen intelligence, scholastic knowledge, and a love of books are allowed to join. All members are trained from a young age to be literate problem solvers capable of repairing and caring for books. Most librarians make learning a lifelong pursuit and spend whatever free time they have reading and educating themselves on a diverse range of topics.

Of special note are the Order's road warriors. These capable individuals are trained as scholars but also in the arts of combat and survival. A road warrior of the Order of the Paper Phoenix has but one mission: travel out into the world, find whatever books they can, and bring them back to the library.

Recently, the Order of the Paper Phoenix have begun printing their own books. They have started with a basic reading primer. The primers are given free to traders and travelers who visit Arapahoe in hopes that they will be used to educate the citizens of the wastelands beyond the library.





Knights of the Broken Road

Overview

Even in the bitter wastelands of a harsh new world, some ideals are too strong to die. The Knights of the Broken Road have sworn to uphold vows of honor and nobility. These knights wander the roads of wastelands, providing aid to travelers and aiding settlements in their fight against raiders and monsters.

History

It began before the fall of mankind, with three sisters. The Knight sisters, identical triplets, were always a bit odd. During the week they ran Broken Road Towing and rescued motorists stranded on the highway. On the weekends they pretended to be real knights in a medieval recreationist society, rescuing helpless and the weak.

After the nuclear fires came, the Knight sisters lept into action. Their sturdy tow trucks gave them the power they needed to rescue their neighbors and all their weapon practice on the weekends gave them the skills they needed to fend off looters and others that would take advantage of a terrible situation.

Those early triumphs gave the Knight sisters an ideal to aspire to. The world was descending into a new dark age, blacker and more violent than any that had come before. If mankind was to survive until the next age of enlightenment, it would need protectors. The Knight sisters knew from their days of running a towing company that travel was a key to expansion, development, and communication. The human spirit wouldn't allow people to just huddle in their sanctuaries. They would go out, explore, and try to reconnect with the rest of the world. And the Knight sisters knew that, in the dark times to come, people would need protection as they traveled. They founded the Knights of the Broken Road as an order of chivalry and honor, each member dedicated to protecting the weak and upholding ideals that could otherwise be lost.

Structure

The Knights of the Broken Road are ruled by a strange mixture of gerontocracy, meritocracy, and democracy. If nine or fewer knights are present, the knight with the highest seniority leads with unquestioned authority. If more than ten or more are present, the three most senior knights form a committee and vote on any decisions to be made. Almost always, however, knights defer to the wisdom of whichever member of their order has the most experience in a particular field. If sixteen knights are fortifying a home against raiders, for example, they will defer to the knowledge of the knight with expertise in construction and carpentry, even if that knight does not have seniority.

All knights are expected to recruit from those they meet while traveling and train them in the ethics and skills of the order. Squires go through a training period of three to five years, after which they and their knight-masters must return to Bishops Castle so the squire can be formally tested and inducted into the Knights of the Broken Road. Technically, squires are not members of the organization but knights are encouraged to listen to their squires' council while on the road.

All knights are addressed by the honorific "Sir."



Headquarters

Where else would knights make their home but in a castle? The Knights of the Broken Road are headquartered in Bishops Castle, an odd structure built in southern Colorado before the cataclysm. Part building, part art project, Bishops Castle was never intended to be a true castle but the Knights of the Broken Road have worked hard since claiming the site to fortify and expand it. In recent years Bishops Castle has withstood attacks by raiders and monsters thanks to a mixture of defensive engineering and both modern and ancient siege engines and weapons.

Bishops Castle is home to roughly fifty staff members who provide support and aid to the Knights. While not full members of the order, these staff members are still a valuable and cherished members of the organization. Members of the support staff include record keepers, gardeners, cooks, mechanics, and smiths. Between twenty and thirty knights and squires can be found at the castle on any given day. Knights and their squires return to the castle to rest, heal, and resupply but do not linger long. Their mission cannot be accomplished while holed up behind castle walls, after all. The only knights that reside in the castle full time are those rare few that have reached old age.

Goals

Every Knight of the Broken Road dedicates themselves to protecting the weak, especially as they travel between settlements. They dream of a world where, once again, humanity can travel from place to place without fear. Every knight is sworn to uphold the standards of honesty, charity, chivalry, and virtue.

Gwen Knight

Gwen Knight, the only surviving Knight sibling, continues to lead the organization she helped found. Too old to go out and actively adventure or protect others, Sir Gwen does her best to guide the Knights of the Broken Road into the future.

An older woman with snow white hair and a noticeable limp, Sir Gwen continues to be a commanding presence even as she approaches ninety years of age. While she can no longer hold a sword without her arms shaking, no one at Bishops Castle dares suggest she is too old to effectively lead.









Knights of the Broken Road Squire

Rescued from a horrible life of slavery, this mutant has dedicated himself to the Knights of the Broken Road and trains as a squire, hoping to become a full member one day.

XP 400

Mutant road warrior 1 Medium humanoid (human) Init +0; Senses Perception +0 Driver Score +1

Defense

AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14 (+2 armor, +2 shield, +0 Dex, +1 origin) hp 10 (1d10+4) Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +2 Defensive Abilities: stunted

Offense

Speed 15 ft. Melee Machete +5 (1d6/19-20) Ranged Machine pistol +1 (1d6) Special Attacks challenge 1/day

Tactics

The squire has just begun to learn how to fight in combat. While short and stunted, his muscles are like steel and he relies on them to carry the day. He will focus first on protecting others, as is befitting a future knight. If he can, the squire will press any advantage and hack with his machete. Should an enemy look close to death, he will offer a chance to surrender.

Statistic

Str 18, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 13
Base Atk +1; CMB +4; CMD 14
Feats Toughness
Skills Heal +4, Knowledge (old world) +3, Survival +4
Languages English
SQ imposter
Combat Gear 1 stim pack; Other Gear leather armor, hubcap shield, machete, machine pistol, backpack, bedroll, first aid kit, waterskin, 5 slugs





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Knightly Steed

Description Four wheeled vehicle Large land vehicle 10 ft. x 10 ft. (1,100 slugs)

Defense

AC 7 (+1 armor, -4 size) **hp** 90; **hardness** 10 **Fortitude:** +10, **Reflex:** -8

Offense Maneuverability 2 Heft d4 CMB +24; CMD 34

Gear Maximum Speed 120 feet per round Acceleration 60 feet per round Passengers 4 Mods seatbelts











Chapter 6

The South

Some say that we killed mother nature when the fires came. They are wrong. All we did was make her angry.

The south is plagued by tornadoes, hurricanes, blizzards, acid rain, and good old fashioned wet heat. Most days are muggy, hot and unpleasant, and you've got to run for your life from whatever the sky throws at you. Structures here must be built of concrete or steel to survive. There aren't many new buildings in these parts. Instead people take shelter in ancient ruins and refurbished government installations that can take the punishment.

Some have taken made their homes in the caves and forests that still dot the landscape. These are trees that have learned to hold on tight when the going gets rough, and caves have served our species for millennia. Besides, some of best food you can eat is the food you catch yourself, even if it's just as filled with poison.

The weather does have one perk, however: raiders are few and far between in these lands. The nomadic lifestyle is difficult and if you don't have a strong structure to live in, you aren't going to live for long.



The Sherwood Society

Overview

The Sherwood Society began in one small part of the wasteland, near Camp Gruber in the south. In time it grew, with cells spread across the land. Wherever there is tyranny and oppression, the Sherwood Society forms in the shadows to strike. Some call these guerillas terrorists. Others call them heroes. Whatever the case, they are willing to both live and die for their cause. Steal from the rich. Give to the poor.

History

For decades, the soldiers of Camp Gruber have taken what they wanted and damn the consequences to those in the surrounding communities. The price of the camp's protection was often poverty, sickness, and starvation for those who lived outside Gruber's walls. It wasn't right. It wasn't fair. But Silas Gruber's men had the guns so Silar Gruber made the rules.

There will always be those who fight tyranny, however. Buck Flynn was born in the wastelands near Camp Gruber and his father taught him to read using a book of old legends and fairy tales. He was a merchant, selling goods at the trading post set up outside Gruber's walls, but Gruber's taxes made it near impossible to barter for enough to feed himself and his son. When he grew ill, the soldiers refused to share their precious store of medicine and nearly enslaved medics. Buck's father died and Buck swore that Gruber and his military would pay.

Taking inspiration from the tales found in his father's book, Buck decided that the problem in the region was one of imbalance. Camp Gruber had all the wealth and everyone else had none. Buck was going to fix that. Finding people to help him proved surprisingly hard. Few were willing to stand up against Camp Gruber and their war jeeps and rifles. Only four people joined Buck's newly formed Sherwood Society at first. They spent months preparing as they plotted, strategized, gathered intelligence, and practiced their combat and raiding skills. On the day of their first operation, Buck's Sherwood Society was half-convinced they wouldn't live to see the sunset. But they did. The Sherwood Society hit a convoy heading for Camp Gruber and came away with a truckful of food that was distributed to a nearby community in desperate need.

Bolstered by the success, the Sherwood Society has staged a number of raids over the last several years. As their legend has grown, more members have joined. Travelers have taken word of their story to other parts of the wastelands and new branches of the Sherwood Society have grown, each an entirely separate cell but all dedicated to fighting tyranny, taking from the rich, and giving to the poor.

Structure

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Each cell of the Sherwood Society is small and lean, with no more than thirty members. Every cell has a leader and an informal chain of command that is forged through actions. Missions, targets, and assignments are decided on entirely by the cell's leader.

Like most guerilla groups, Sherwood Society cells are trained to be fast, light strike teams. They move in, grab the target or complete the objective, and move out. They make their homes in swamps, caves, and other locations that give an advantage to small and mobile groups. Being captured is not an option. Every member of the Sherwood Society is expected to pick suicide over the possibility of becoming a prisoner. Every member is expected to execute anyone who might be left behind. Tyrants aren't afraid of using torture and anyone can break.

Headquarters

Armies get to have headquarters. Guerilla forces like the Sherwood Society get to have temporary camps. Out of necessity, cells of the Sherwood Society set up camp in undesirable locations such as swamps and caves. Such locations might very well be radioactive or contain dangerous monsters but such dangers are preferable to being discovered by the enemy. It is standard procedure for cells to set up traps that can kill soldiers, slow down vehicles, and make a lot of noise, giving members of the Society time to flee in case of an enemy attack. The Sherwood Society avoids making camp in or near settlements. They've learned the hard way that the enemy is willing to target civilians in order to get at them.

Goals

Steal from the rich. Give to the poor. Or, to put it another way, wealth redistribution. The Sherwood Society knows that dictatorships can't just be toppled. Even when the head can be cut off there's always another tyrant ready to step up and sit on the throne. So, they bide their time and nibble at the edges, stealing what they can to keep the poor and oppressed fed and healthy.

Notable People Buck Flynn

Every cell of the Sherwood Society has their own leader. Buck Flynn still leads the original Sherwood Society in the fight against Silas Gruber and his military forces. Only in his early thirties, Buck remains an inspiration to his followers and a canny guerilla warrior. Buck's dark hair, dark skin, and striking good looks make for a dashing wanted poster.

Despite his infamy and success, deep down Buck grows weary of the fight. He feels like he is a mosquito, buzzing around and biting a cow. An annoyance that, in the long run, accomplished nothing. His raids have become increasingly more daring and dangerous as he seeks to make a real difference and get revenge on the man he blames for his father's death.

Sherwood Bomber

The key to many good guerilla strategies? Explosions. This is the Sherwood Society member who makes those booms and bangs happen. From distractions to roadside bombs, anything that blows up is fair game.

XP 1,600

Nomad bomber 5 Medium humanoid (human) Init +2; Senses Perception +8 Driver Score +7

Defense

AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+2 armor, +2 Dex) hp 23 (5d8+0) Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +2 Defensive Abilities: long road

Offense

Speed 20 ft.
Melee Lead pipe +5 (1d8)
Ranged Bombs +8 (3d8+4 fire)
Ranged Flame thrower (2d6 fire)
Ranged Grenade launcher (2d6 fire)
Special Attacks Bombs 10/day (3d8+4 fire, DC 17), glue bomb (DC 17), smoke bomb (DC 17), vehicle wrecker +2

Tactics

She has no desire to get up close and personal. If she can, she sets up timed bombs using her novice demolition bomber ability then works to maneuver her enemies to just the right spot at just the right time. If she must engage in actual combat, she uses her novice tactical bomber ability to entangle her enemies and slow them down or glue them to the ground. Then she uses her bombs, grenades, and flame thrower to kill the target at her leisure. If things look bad, she uses smoke grenades and bombs to cover an escape.

Statistics

Str 10, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 8

Base Atk +5; CMB +5; CMD 17

Feats Extra Tricks, Extra Tweak, Throw Anything, Weapon Focus (bombs)

Skills Appraise +12, Craft (chemistry) +12, Craft (grenades) +12, Knowledge (old world) +12, Mechanics +12, Perception +8, Scavenge +8, Sleight of Hand +10

Languages English, French, German, Spanish, Yiddish

SQ adaptive talent, bomber's hobby (tactical bomber), bomber's path (demolition bomber), combat driver, talented beginner, thoughtless, tricks, tweaks (directed bomb, precise bomb, smoke bomb)

Combat Gear 2 frag grenades, 2 incendiary grenades, 2 smoke grenades, 2 stim packs; **Other Gear** leather armor, flamethrower, grenade launcher, lead pipe, backpack, bedroll, chemistry kit, waterskin, 102 slugs

The Green Donkey

Description

Two wheeled vehicle Medium land vehicle 5 ft. x 5 ft. (900 slugs)

Defense

AC 10 (+0 armor, +0 size) **hp** 60; **hardness** 10 **Fortitude:** +10, **Reflex:** -3

Offense

Maneuverability 7 Heft 1 CMB +10; CMD 20 Gear Maximum Speed 120 feet per round Acceleration 60 feet per round Passengers 1 Mods driver protection





Camp Gruber

Overview

About 60 miles southeast of Tulsa, Oklahoma sits one of the few remaining US army installations left in the world. Camp Gruber's high walls and guard towers protect close to five hundred citizens, self styled "soldiers" who still fret and prance according to old decorum. Here, the Stars and Stripes are raised every morning, and verbal homage is paid to both the good old country and to General Gruber, the man who has kept the army traditions alive for 50 years.

History

Before the war, Camp Gruber was a functioning military installation used for training Oklahoma National Guard. It housed an immense number of weapons and armaments, in addition to tanks, jeeps, and helicopters.

On the day the bombs fell, the nuke bound for the camp overshot its mark, landing 20 miles south in the swamps of the Arkansas River. The swamps were no better for the mistake, but the mishap shaped the course of the region. Camp Gruber was spared where nearly every other military installation in America burned.

In the hours and days following the great flame, thousands of civilians fled the chaos of their home towns to the camp, only to be rejected or gunned down at the imposing iron fences. Inside the walls, a coup had already taken place - a private known now as Silas Gruber took advantage of the shock and took the reins of the organization. He murdered his superiors, then sent dissenters out into the burning rubble of Tulsa to look for survivors and shot them as they returned.

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For three months civilian refugees camped outside the gates, hopeful that the military would come to its senses and protect them. For three months the civilians starved and were murdered by some of the first raiders of the wasteland. For three months Silas maintained his own policy of isolation, waiting for the hungry crowds to die or give up. Silas continued drills and began preaching of an island of order in the post-apocalypse. Here, at least, Silas would keep the american military alive.

When food reserves finally ran out, Silas encouraged his soldiers to eat the piled bodies of those desperate enough to try the barbed wire. Civilians left well enough alone after that. This decision has haunted Camp Gruber ever since. Despite the levy of food, rumors of cannibalism are present, even today.

For the first few years, Silas organized raiding crews and scavenging groups on the scorched earth. Using functioning helicopters, Silas' soldiers stole both food and skilled doctors and engineers from across the state. Once new corn and potato fields began giving up their yields, he encouraged the healthy and skilled to make applications at the front desk for entry - but rumors of cannibalism have always lowered recruitment.

Present Day

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Silas still rules Camp Gruber, as he has done for the past 50 years. Despite its brutal history, the army camp acts as a stabilizing agent for the Tulsa ruins and a good length of the 66. Silas sees it as his mission to rid the USA of raiders and gangs, and will send regiments after any lesser evils who dare tread his stretch of road.

Silas is still extremely protective of his lands and customs. While the camp itself is off limits to outsiders, a trading post has been set up in the old Gruber High School just south of the installation. However, the taxes that Silas levies on any trade encourages below the table dealings. And the occasional rumors of cannibalism still lingers. Camp Gruber is both reviled and praised by the surrounding villages, a necessary evil much like the medieval barons of old. There are some, however, that resist. The Sherwood Society often mounts guerilla attacks and raids on Gruber's carts and caravans. These high minded individuals seek to redistribute the obvious wealth stashed within the installation. As much as it might annoy him, Silas reassures his men that these outlaws are nothing more than an annoyance, and will be dealt with in time.

Within the camp's walls, a capable army trains for missions and special operations. Silas ensures that the American military will never again be defeated. Due to strict discipline, military tradition, and excellent equipment, Gruber's army is perhaps the most powerful force in the wasteland today.

Resources

Camp Gruber has excellent access to the Arkansas river, and a mostly functioning water purifier which provides a steady stream of hydration to the soldiers. The river has been diverted to flow with 50 feet of the base, and thirty pipes pull the water into the system.

While some of the elderly still remember the taste of man, cannibalism is an unearned stigma for the young. The vast majority of the acreage inside the walls is devoted to corn and potato farms, and decent sized cow and horse herds provide a good source of protein.

In addition, the Camp levies high taxes on the farms and surrounding vehicles. Every day, cartloads of fresh produce and livestock make their way through the camp's gates. In theory, this payment is in return for protection from raiders. In truth the farmers are simply paying to stay on the camp's good side. Never get on the bad side of a powerful organization deluded with "moral justification."

The helicopters have long since been scrapped, but the soldiers have maintained war jeeps, rocket launchers, and other high grade military gear to excellent levels of quality. These weapons have taken on a near ritual significance, a defining characteristic for what it is to live in the camp.

Notable People General Silas Gruber

Silas Gruber is a constant presence on the camp's grounds. He wanders from platoon to platoon decked out out in full general's gear and observing his army for any weakness. A private who does not meet his expectations is placed on extra duty, or made to endure physical punishment. A lieutenant with more than one underperforming private is publically whipped. A captain with more than one underperforming lieutenant is shot.

Physically, the years have taken their toll on the general. He is shrivelled and hunched, white haired and slow. His voice is rough and quiet, but commands the same authority that it did fifty years ago. To assist him in his daily routine, now a struggle, Silas recruits the children of his favorite commanders. Gifted with special training and preferential treatment, these children often grow into skilled commanders and quickly rise through the ranks.

Still rumors swirl around the man in charge of the last functioning military camp. Some claim Silas Gruber never lost his taste for human flesh. Some say he consumes those that disappoint him in bizarre rituals. Some say he leaves the camp once a night to slake his thirst for murder. Some say his is not human at all.

Yet for all the ill will and fear, Silas is not a monster. He is a strict, authoritarian leader who has stabilized the region and seeks to bring order to America once again.





Barnaby Huckle

Barnaby Huckle is just a good, old fashion guy who loves his country and drinking moonshine on the porch, and he does everything he can do maintain that image. Self-appointed mayor of a small outpost near Camp Gruber, he has become the self-appointed liaison between "us common fellers" and the general himself.

A short man with a head of wild blonde hair, Barnaby originally assigned himself this role in the hopes that he could get a little something on the side. However, his dealings with Camp Gruber have been disappointingly honest. The soldiers treat him like dirt, and refuse to give him any sort of special accommodation even after he sold out his friends in the Sherwood Society. However, Barnaby is in too deep to back out now. He puts on a happy face, but cannot see a way to make the situation work in his advantage.















Chapter 7

Creatures of the Wastes Blattari

These enormous, cockroach-like creatures evolved from the durability of the normal roaches to survive high levels of radiation. As their size increased, mutations in their DNA resulted in 1 in a 100 having a greater intelligence. These savant blattari are complete and total leaders of the blattari society. However, there is no single leader that controls all blattari. Savants normally break off an infestation of the community and settle into new lands in thier never ending search for food. Although not truly evil, they are aggressive in the propagation of their kind into new territories and regard every other species of creature as potential food.

This instinct to expand and propagate often causes conflict with their neighbors. Though the blattari believe it is their right to annex into new areas, they have no patience for those who move into theirs. Blattari claim and fiercely defend verdant areas of land, but once evicted they have no second thoughts about moving into new fresh territory.





Enforcer Blattari

This horse-sized cockroach greedily clicks its mandibles as multiple smaller sized roaches skitter about its massive back.

Enforcer Blattari CR 5 **XP** 1,600 Large vermin **Init** +2; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +2

Defense

AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 16 (+2 Dex, +7 natural, -1 size) hp 52 (7d8+21) Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +4

Offense

Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.
Melee bite +9 (2d6+7 plus radioactive bile)
Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.
Special Attack radioactive bile, surge

Statistics

Str 20, Dex 15, Con 16, Int -, Wis 15, Cha 11 Base Atk +5; CMB +10; CMD 22 (30 vs. trip) Feats DiehardB, EnduranceB Skills Climb +12 SQ birth spawn, hold breath

Ecology Environment any Organization solitary or intrusion (2-100) Treasure none

Special Abilities

Birth Spawn (Ex) An enforcer blattari is extremely fertile and can spawn extremely quickly. They always have a clutch of spawn tucked away with their abdomen. During combat, damage dealt to an enforcer blattari drops a single spawn from its protective sac. The spawn grows rapidly in oxygen rich environment (see Spawn Blattari). Each day an enforcer blattari can produce any number of spawn whose combined total base CR does not exceed 3 + its Constitution modifier (usually 6).

Radioactive Bile (Ex) An enforcer blattari stores radioactive bile in its mandibles. Twice per day, the enforcer blattari may inject this bile into an enemy hit with his bite attack. If the target fails a DC 16 Fortitude save, he gains one negative level. This radiation effect.

Surge (Ex) An enforcer blattari can surge forward as a full-round action at a speed of 200 feet. It must move in a straight line, but does not provoke attacks of opportunity while surging.

Much like their smaller unirradiated kin, blattari are massive cockroaches that are extremely adaptive and exist in any place they can find a ready source of food. Enforcer blattari are the normal result if a blattari spawn grow to adulthood. In rare cases they evolve a particular devious intelligence and their physical stature is stunted. These smaller blattari are the savants.

Enforcer blattari not only serve as the protectors of the savants, but also as mounts, and nursemaids to the roach spawn.







Blattari Spawn

This cat-sized roach has spiked ridges along its chitinous carapace.

Blattari Spawn CR 1 **XP** 400 Tiny vermin **Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +1

Defense AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +2 size) hp 11 (2d8+2) Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1

Offense

Speed 10 ft., climb 10 ft. Melee bite +4 (1d6+1 plus radioactive bile) Space 2ft.; Reach 0 ft. Special Attack radioactive bile

Statistics

Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int -, Wis 13, Cha 11 Base Atk +1; CMB +0; CMD 11 (19 vs. trip) Feats Endurance Skills Climb +9 SQ hold breath, rapid growth

Ecology

Environment temperate forests and plains **Organization** solitary or intrusion (2-20) **Treasure** none

Special Abilities

Radioactive Bile (Ex) A blattari spawn stores radioactive bile in its mandibles. Twice per day, the enforcer blattari may inject this bile into an enemy hit with his bite attack. If the target fails a DC 12 Fortitude save, he gains one negative level. This radiation effect.

Rapid Growth (Ex) Blattaria spawn begin to grow rapidly due to their conception in the presence of radioactivity. They spend a single day as a Blattari spawn, and then molt overnight into their Large enforcer size.

Savant Blattari

This dog-sized cockroach's body bends partially upright at its thoracic segment adorned with semi-transparent wings. A harsh pulsating yellow glow radiates from its abdomen.

Savant Blattari CR 4 XP 1,200 Small mutant beast Init +3; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, tremorsense 60 ft.; Perception +8 Aura radiation aura (20 feet, DC 15)

Defense

AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 14 (+3 Dex, +3 natural, +1 size) hp 42 (5d10+15) Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +3

Offense

Speed 15 ft., climb 15 ft., fly 20 ft. (average) Melee bite +8 (1d6+3 plus radioactive bile) Special Attack irradiated shell, quick reaction time, radioactive bile

Statistics

Str 14, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 11 Base Atk +5; CMB +6; CMD 19 (27 vs. trip) Feats Flyby Attack, Hover, Power Attack Skills Climb +10, Diplomacy +5, Fly +9, Handle Animal +5, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +7, Perception +8, Sense Motive +7, Survival +4 Languages English, Spanish, French SQ hold breath, instill intelligence

Ecology

Environment temperate forests and plains **Organization** solitary or intrusion (2-20) **Treasure** none



Instill Intelligence (Ex) A savant blattari can develop such a rapport with other vermin that it seems to instill a sense of intelligence in the creatures. Any vermin within 30 feet of a savant blattari act as if they have an animal intelligence ability score of 3. This ability is what allows the savants to train enforcer blattari as mounts.

Irradiated Shell (Ex) Any metal weapon striking a savant blattari must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or melt and gain the broken condition. Another strike by the same weapon causes the metal weapon to be destroyed if it fails a second save. Wood weapons are destroyed after only one failed save. Unarmed and natural attacks made against the savant blattari deal 1d4 point of radiation damage to the attacker. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Radiation Aura (Ex) A savant blattari emits extremely high level of radiation temperatures, and any creature that starts its turn within 20 feet of a savant blattari must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or take 1d6 points of radiation damage. The save DC is Constitution-based. Radioactive Bile (Ex) A savant blattari stores radioactive bile in its mandibles. Twice per day, the savant blattari may inject this bile into an enemy hit with his bite attack. If the target fails a DC 16 Fortitude save, he gains one negative level. This radiation effect.

Quick Reaction Time (Ex) A savant blattari is quick thinking and can assess most situations so fast, that it borders on precognition. This allows a savant blattari to act during a surprise round as if it had a full round to act, rather than just one standard action.

A savant blattari is the embodiment of the blattari society and the key to its success, as thier fate is tied to their ability to both impregnate the enforcers and successfully guide it.



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Cancer Imp

This deformed creature looks like nothing so much as a small child covered in bulbous growths. The creature's flesh hangs off its twisted body at odd angles like ragged clothing.

Cancer Imp CR 1 **XP** 400 Small monstrous humanoid **Init** +1; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft.; **Perception** +6

Defense

AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 12 (+1 Dex, +1 natural, +1 size) hp 16 (2d10+5) Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +4 Weakness radiation sickness

Offense

Speed 15 ft. Melee bite +4 (1d4+1/19-20) Special Attack razor teeth

Statistics

Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 11 Base Atk +2; CMB +2; CMD 13 Feats Toughness Skills Craft (leather) +5, Perception +6, Stealth +10, Survival +6 Languages Common SQ skinsuit

Ecology Environment any Organization solitary, pair, gang (3-12), or school (13+) Treasure standard



Special Abilities

Radiation Sickness (Ex) A cancer imp without a skinsuit is wracked with fits of pain causing it to convulse during vigorous activities. In combat a cancer imp must roll melee attack twice and take the lowest of the rolls.

Razor Teeth (Ex) A cancer imp's teeth are razor sharp. Its bite gains a critical threat range of 19-20 and a critical multiplier of x3.

Skinsuit (**Ex**) A cancer imp can steal the skin of a dead Small, Medium, or Large humanoid and tailor it to wear as its own. While wearing a stolen skinsuit, a cancer imp's pain subsides and it does not suffer from Radiation Sickness. This stolen skin helps to preserve a cancer imp by allowing them to resist disease and effects of aging while the creature wears it, but is destroyed if the cancer imp takes more than 10 points of damage or if the cancer imp chooses to destroy the skin as a standard action. The stolen skin decays over time, and after 2 weeks have passed, it falls apart and becomes useless.





Cancer imps appear as small humanoids, often mistaken for human children with deformities. They prefer to travel in large numbers in an attempt to overwhelm potential prey. They tend to be found in wasteland terrain, rocky cliff territory, or in structures built and then abandoned by others. Very few cancer imps have the drive to build structures of their own.

Cancer imps developed from prolonged exposure of human children to high doses of radiation. This caused mutations in the gene pool, which combined with additional exposure, was passed from generation to generation. The radiation degraded their teeth, causing the tapering and jagged edges found in sharks' teeth. This exposure to radiation has also caused a necrotic degeneration to boil off their normal skin protection.

The cancer imps are driven by an overwhelming desire to decrease the amount of suffering they experience on a day to day basis. These creatures therefore have cultivated a skill for flaying the skin from other humanoids to craft into skinsuits. These skinsuits not only helps them to prevent dehydration, but also decreases their pain.

Voracious eaters, cancer imps typically consume the entire remains of victims, including bones and entrails; everything except the skin. Most cancer imps are capable of consuming twice their own body weight in food daily without ill effect. They can sustain themselves for a week off a single Medium sized body.



Dualazard

Dualzards are immense monitor lizards, mutated and descended from komodo dragons held in captivity before the flame. These creatures began to noticeably gain in size in the early years after the first nuclear destructive weapons were used. The lizards possessed a unique gene that was damaged and allowed a mutation that not only grew a second conjoined head, but also increased their body mass. This mutation also increased its strength and density of its bones to support its new massive weight. Its bone marrow is highly radioactive and appears to produce enough nuclear energy to keep the beast not only energetic, but with enough power to fuel its unusual abilities.

Dualazards have a tail almost as long as its own body. Thier fanged filled maws have serrated teeth that are covered in a toxic saliva and gingival tissue. This cultivates radioactive resistant bacteria that live in its gums and mouth. The lizard has a hypersensitive tongue that is deeply forked and bright yellow. Its skin is reinforced by incredibly hardened scales which acts as natural chainmail. Its hide is poorly suited tanning, but is an excellent substitute for Kevlar in armor plating.

These savage predators make their homes in plains and wastelands. They seek out any fossil fuels they can find, including but not exclusively gasoline, coal, oil, or natural gas. The dualazard will fight and kill any creature that might stand in its way of these sources of food.

Though a dualazard cannot speak, but it has developed the ability to understand the dominant language in whatever region it inhabits. They are typically solitary, coming together only to breed or eat. For shelter, the dualazard burrow holes with its powerful forelimbs and claws, that some might mistake for natural cave entrances.

Dualazard

This immense lizard has two mutated heads that extend from the base of its neck. Its feet end in large talons, and ropes of ionized, iridescent drool hang from its toothy maw.

Dualazard, Young CR 8 XP 4,800 Large mutant animal Init +2; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +7

Defense

AC 21, touch 11, flat-footed 19 (+2 Dex, +10 natural, -1 size) hp 94 (9d10+45) Fort +10, Ref +10, Will +7

Offense

Speed 30 ft., burrow 10 ft., swim 30 ft.
Melee 2 bites +11 (2d6+3 plus grab and poison), 2 claws +11 (1d8+3)
Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.
Special Attacks poison, radioactive belch (60-ft. cone, DC 18, 9d6 radiation), rake (2 claws +11, 1d8+3)

Statistics

Str 17, Dex 15, Con 19, Int 5, Wis 14, Cha 10
Base Atk +9; CMB +13; CMD 25 (29 vs. trip)
Feats Blind-fight, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Rending ClawsAPG, Toughness
Skills Climb +8, Perception +7, Stealth +5, Survival +3, Swim +11
SQ fossil fuel caller

Ecology

Environment warm forests or plains **Organization** solitary, pair, or pack (3-8) **Treasure** standard (in its stomach)

Special Abilities

Fossil Fuel Caller (Ex) A dualazard has ultra-sensitive senses to detect the presence of any fossil fuels, including gasoline, oil, or coal products. As a standard action, they can use blindsense to detect the presence of one a fossil fuel at a range of 1 mile.

Poison (Ex) Bite-injury; **save** Fort DC 18; **onset** 1 minute; **frequency** 1/hour for 6 hours; **effect** 1d2 Dexterity damage; **cure** 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Radioactive Belch (Ex) A dualazard can belch out a cone of radiation as a breath weapon that deals a radiation damage. Each head of a dualazard can use its breath weapon once every 1d4 rounds, even if it possesses more than one breath weapon. A breath weapon always starts at an intersection adjacent to the dualazard and extends in a direction of the dualazard's choice. Those caught in the area can attempt Reflex saves to take half damage. The save DC against a breath weapon is 10 + 1/2 monitor's HD + monitor's Con modifier. Saves against various breath weapons use the same DC; the type of saving throw is noted in the variety descriptions. A dualazard can use its breath weapon when it is grappling or being grappled.

A typical young dualazard measures between 10 and 12 feet long and weighs up to 1,200 pounds.

Dualazard, Juvenile CR 14

XP 38,400 Huge mutant beast **Init** +4; **Senses** darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; **Perception** +13

Defense

AC 29, touch 12, flat-footed 25 (+4 Dex, +17 natural, -2 size) hp 218 (19d10+114) Fort +16, Ref +17, Will +12

Offense

Speed 30 ft., burrow 10 ft., swim 30 ft. Melee 2 bites +23 (3d6+6 plus grab and poison), 2 claws +23 (2d6+6 plus 1d6 bleed) Space 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft. Special Attacks devastating claws, poison, radioactive belch (60-ft. cone, DC 24, 19d6 radiation), rake (2 claws +23, 2d6+6 plus 1d6 bleed)

Statistics

Str 23, Dex 18, Con 21, Int 7, Wis 19, Cha 10 Base Atk +19; CMB +27; CMD 41 (45 vs. trip) Feats Alertness, Blind-fight, Diehard, Endurance, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Rending ClawsAPG, Snatch, Toughness Skills Climb +13, Perception +13, Sense Motive +6, Stealth +8, Survival +6, Swim +14 SQ fossil fuel caller

Ecology

Environment warm forests or plains **Organization** solitary, pair, or pack (3-8) **Treasure** standard (in its stomach)

Special Abilities

Devastating Claws (Ex) A dualazard deals an additional 1d6 points of bleed damage with its claw and rake attacks, and each subsequent successful claw and rake attack increases the amount of bleed damage by 2 (up to a maximum of 1d6+20 points of bleed damage). A successful DC 20 Heal check or the application of any special healing stops the bleeding.

Fossil Fuel Caller (Ex) A dualazard has ultra-sensitive senses to detect the presence of any fossil fuels, including gasoline, oil, or coal products. As a standard action, they can use blindsense to detect the presence of one a fossil fuel at a range of 1 mile.

Poison (Ex) Bite-injury; save Fort DC 24; onset 1 minute; frequency 1/hour for 6 hours; effect 1d2 Dexterity damage; cure 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Radioactive Belch (Ex) A dualazard can belch out a cone of radiation as a breath weapon that deals a radiation damage. Each head of a dualazard can use its breath weapon once every 1d4 rounds, even if it possesses more than one breath weapon. A breath weapon always starts at an intersection adjacent to the dualazard and extends in a direction of the dualazard's choice. Those caught in the area can attempt Reflex saves to take half damage. The save DC against a breath weapon is 10 + 1/2 monitor's HD + monitor's Con modifier. Saves against various breath weapons use the same DC; the type of saving throw is noted in the variety descriptions. A dualazard can use its breath weapon when it is grappling or being grappled.

A typical juvenile dualazard stands 15 feet tall with a 15-foot tail, and weighs 3,000 pounds.





Dualazard, Adult CR 20 XP 307,200 Gargantuan mutant beast Init +9; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision, scent; Perception +20

Defense

AC 36, touch 11, flat-footed 31 (+5 Dex, +25 natural, -4 size) hp 351 (26d10+208) Fort +22, Ref +22, Will +17

Offense

Speed 30 ft., burrow 10 ft., swim 30 ft.
Melee 2 bites +35 (4d6+12 plus grab and poison), 2 claws +34 (2d8+12 plus 1d6 bleed)
Space 20 ft.; Reach 15 ft.
Special Attacks devastating claws, imposing hiss, poison, radioactive belch (60-ft. cone, DC 30, 26d6 radiation), rake (2 claws +34, 2d8+12 plus 1d6 bleed)

Statistics

Str 35, Dex 20, Con 25, Int 8, Wis 24, Cha 10 Base Atk +26; CMB +42; CMD 57 (61 vs. trip) Feats Alertness, Blind-fight, Diehard, Endurance, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Power Attack, Rending ClawsAPG, Skill Focus (Perception), Snatch, Toughness, Weapon Focus (bite)

Skills Climb +20, Perception +20, Sense Motive +9, Stealth +9, Survival +10, Swim +20 SQ fossil fuel caller

Ecology

Environment warm forests or plains **Organization** solitary, pair, or pack (3-8) **Treasure** standard (in its stomach)



Special Abilities

Devastating Claws (Ex) A dualazard deals an additional 1d6 points of bleed damage with its claw and rake attacks, and each subsequent successful claw and rake attack increases the amount of bleed damage by 2 (up to a maximum of 1d6+20 points of bleed damage). A successful DC 20 Heal check or the application of any special healing stops the bleeding.

Fossil Fuel Caller (Ex) A dualazard has ultra-sensitive senses to detect the presence of any fossil fuels, including gasoline, oil, or coal products. As a standard action, they can use blindsense to detect the presence of one a fossil fuel at a range of 1 mile.

Imposing Hiss (Ex) As a standard action, an adult dualazard can emit thunderous hiss. All creatures within 30 feet who hear this must succeed at a DC 23 Will save or be shaken for 1d6 rounds. A creature who succeeds on this saving throw is immune to this dualazard's imposing hiss for 24 hours. This is a mind-affecting fear effect. The save DC is Charisma-based.

Poison (Ex) Bite-injury; save Fort DC 30; onset 1 minute; frequency 1/hour for 6 hours; effect 1d2 Dexterity damage; cure 1 save. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Radioactive Belch (Ex) A dualazard can belch out a cone of radiation as a breath weapon that deals a radiation damage. Each head of a dualazard can use its breath weapon once every 1d4 rounds, even if it possesses more than one breath weapon. A breath weapon always starts at an intersection adjacent to the dualazard and extends in a direction of the dualazard's choice. Those caught in the area can attempt Reflex saves to take half damage. The save DC against a breath weapon is 10 + 1/2 monitor's HD + monitor's Con modifier. Saves against various breath weapons use the same DC; the type of saving throw is noted in the variety descriptions. A dualazard can use its breath weapon when it is grappling or being grappled.

A typical adult dualazard stands 20 feet tall with a 20-foot tail, and weighs 5,000 pounds.

Fuel Rod

This massively obese humanoid appears as if it can barely move, charred and blackened flesh is swollen tight around its frame. The creature's eye sockets and skin burn with an inner glow of radioactive energy.

Fuel Rod

CR 16

CE Medium aberration Init +10; Senses explosive scent, darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +25

Defense

AC 31, touch 17, flat-footed 24 (+6 Dex, +1 dodge, +14 natural) hp 252 (24d8+144); explosive regeneration 5 Fort +14, Ref +14, Will +19 DR 10/slashing

Offense

Speed 30 ft. Melee 2 slams +25 (1d6+7 plus 6d6 radiation) Special Attacks expel organ burn, ionizing fists

Statistics

Str 24, Dex 22, Con 22, Int 6, Wis 20, Cha 10
Base Atk +18; CMB +25 (+27 bull rush); CMD 42 (44 vs. bull rush)
Feats Alertness, Blind-fight, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Endurance, Hammer The Gap UC, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Power Attack, Run, Strike Back
Skills Acrobatics +6 (+10 to jump with a running start), Climb +15, Perception +25, Sense Motive +15, Stealth +14, Survival +20, Swim +15

Ecology Environment any Organization solitary, pair Treasure standard



Special Abilities

Explosive Regeneration (Ex) A fuel rod that ingests or is exposed to explosive material gains regeneration 5 for a period of 10 rounds. Additional exposure during this time does not increase its regeneration, but adds additional rounds of duration.

Explosive Scent (Ex) A fuel rod can smell explosive material, including gunpower, as if using the scent ability. It can discern whether a creature is carrying an explosive material or merely has remnants of the residue; in the latter case, the fuel rod will attempt to lick clean the creature or object.

Expel Organ Burn (Ex) As a full-round action, a fuel rod's vomitous regurgitation can expel its inner organs in a mush-like spray that deals 1d6 points of radiation damage to victims in subsequent rounds after it strikes a target (as per the burn universal monster ability). The save DC is Constitution-based.

Holocaustic Blast (Ex) Once per day, a fuel rod can release a 100-foot radius burst of radiation energy. All creatures in the area take 24d6 damage; half of this damage is fire, and half is radiation (DC 28 Reflex save halves). If the fuel rod has not yet used this ability, it is automatically activated upon its death. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Ionizing Fists (Ex) A fuel rods fists radiate extreme radiation of great intensity and cause 6d6 points of radiation damage with each slam.

Fuel rods make their homes in the caverns, dense brush, or any unused structure. They particularly seek locations with residue of explosives such as dynamite or gunpowder regardless of radiation levels. The fuel rods unique mutated physiology lets it feed off of extremely combustible material, providing sustenance for the creature as well as mending its wounds.

It is reasoned that these humanoids were once humans that were close enough to ground zero when nuclear blasts devastated cities. A unique gene allowed these humans to not only survive the inferno blasts, but absorb the energy into their flesh. This high exposure and heat liquefied their internal organs as it absorbed the energy. Their obese size cooked and inflated as they absorbed ever increasing amounts of radiation. A fuel rod is able to reproduce by using its ionizing fist ability. Typically once per day it will attempt to pummel a human victim to unconsciousness, then by inserting its hands into the victim, it fills the shell with radiation, The victim's internal organs liquify and its skin cooks to a blackened charcoal. The larval stage of the fuel rod remains unconscious for 7 days unless destroyed, and then awaken with a hunger for explosive materials.

A fuel rod stands about 6 feet tall, but weighs close to 400 pounds. As long as it acquires explosive material, a fuel rod can live for hundreds of years. Due to these long lifespans, nearby humanoids often believe the creatures immortal, and spread legends about the "obese seekers."

Malignacite

This cloaked figure's legs have cloth wrappings that spiral up from toes to hip. Spiked boney growths protrude at every angle through tattered clothing to reveal a hideous face of spurs extending through its eyes and mouth.

Malignacite

CR 8 XP 4,800 Medium monstrous humanoid Init +8; Senses all-around vision, darkvision 60 ft.; Perception +15

Defense

AC 21, touch 14, flat-footed 17 (+4 Dex, +7 natural) hp 105 (10d10+50) Fort +7, Ref +11, Will +11 Immune gaze attacks

Offense

Speed 20 ft. Melee 3 claws +16 (1d6+6/19-20 plus disease) Special Attacks disease, metastatic growth

Statistics

The Market -

Str 23, Dex 19, Con 18, Int 2, Wis 19, Cha 8
Base Atk +10; CMB +16; CMD 30
Feats Combat Reflexes, Improved Critical (claw),
Improved Initiative, Rending Claws APG, Toughness
Skills Climb +10, Perception +10, Stealth +10,
Survival +10
Languages Chitter Common
SQ eyeless, vestigial arm

Ecology Environment any

Organization solitary, infection (2-5), or mass (6-20) Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Disease (Ex) Osteocyte Infestation: Injury; **save** Fort DC 19; **onset** 1 minute; **frequency** 1/day; **effect** 1d2 Con and 1d2 Cha; **cure** 2 consecutive saves. Anyone who dies from osteocyte infestation turns into a malignacite 1d4 hours later. The save DC is Constitution-based.

Eyeless (Ex) A malignacite has no working eyes, but can still see in all directions as if every boney spur were an eye. It is immune to flanking. Metastatic Growth (Ex) Once per day as a standard action, a malignacite can make a melee touch attack against a creature. If it hits, the opponent must succeed at a DC 19 Fortitude save or grow boney spurs from its skeleton. An affected creature takes 4 points of ability damage to Dexterity. Until this ability damage is healed, the malignacite gains a +4 bonus to it's Constitution ability score. This ability damage heals automatically after 24 hours. A creature can't be affected by more than one instance of this ability at a time. The save DC is Constitution-based. Vestigial Arm (Ex) A malignacite always grow a new arm (left or right) on his torso after the infection fully takes hold. The arm is fully under his control and cannot be concealed except with bulky clothing. The arm gives the malignacite an additional claw attack. The arm can manipulate or hold items as well as the malignacite's original arms. The arm has its own "hand" item slots (and allows the malignacite to use three hand items at a time).

The hideous disease that infects malignacites can quickly overrun a settlement and create a hoard of disfigured atrocities. The mind of a malignacite is a degraded tangle of thoughts that the infection produces and results in a being of pure hate. The main drive of malignacites is to siphon off the energy of a living creature by infecting the individual with a metastatic growth. They typically lurk within the landscape, slowly trudging across the land in a nightmarish wave of disease, bursting from concealment to snatch up prey in their spiked hands.

Although diseased in thought, the malignacite remain surprisingly intelligent, leading many to speculate fruitlessly on their origins and motivations. They communicate in a manner similar to wolves, but in a chittering dialect of English, but few are inclined to speak to those outside their infection group.

A typical malignacite is 6 feet tall and weighs 150 pounds, most of its weight in boney growth.

Skelephant

This hellish creature is larger than a normal elephant, with enormous sweeping tusks and decaying flesh that sloughs off its body.

Skelephant

CR 10 XP 9,600 Huge mutant beast Init +1; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +13

Defense

AC 24, touch 9, flat-footed 23 (+1 Dex, +15 natural, -2 size) hp 123 (13d10+52) Fort +13, Ref +9, Will +9 DR 10/slashing

Offense

Speed 20 ft. Melee gore +20 (2d8+9/19-20 plus hollow tusks), slam +20 (2d6+9) Space 15 ft.; Reach 15 ft. Special Attacks hollow tusk, trample (2d6+13, DC 25)

Statistics

Str 28, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 17, Cha 6
Base Atk +13; CMB +24 (+26 bull rush, +26 overrun); CMD 35 (37 vs. bull rush, 37 vs. overrun)
Feats Great Fortitude, Improved Bull Rush, Improved Critical (gore), Improved Overrun, Iron Will, Power Attack, Toughness
Skills Perception +13, Survival +9
SQ flesh trail



Ecology Environment any Organization solitary or herd (5-20 adults, plus 7-30 calves) Treasure none

Special Abilities

Flesh Trail (Ex) A skelephant's skin sloughs off bit by bit with each tremendous step. This leaves behind chunks of fleshy bits in a trail that acts as a grease spell (DC 19) in a direct path behind the beast. The greasy flesh chunks dry up after 1 minute. The save DC is Constitution-based. Hollow Tusks (Ex) Skelephants have developed a thin hollow core of their massive tusks that they can draw out the blood of prey with. A skelephant can suck blood from a grappled, unconscious, or otherwise helpless opponent; if the skelephant makes a single gore attack as a full-round action and succeeds, it also drains blood, dealing 1d4 points of Constitution damage. The skelephant heals 5 hit points or gains 5 temporary hit points for 1 hour (up to a maximum number of temporary hit points equal to its full normal hit points) each round it drains blood.

Skelephants are mutated forms of elephants that have lost the ability to produce red blood cells due to radiation levels destroying their bone marrow. This has led to the the slow evolution of the skelephant to use their tusks to draw out blood of living creatures. This form of consumption gives the skelephant enough nutrients to sustain their lives, but not enough to heal damage to their epidermis layer and hence slough off large portions of fat and skin tissue. Where the elephants that led to the populations of skelephants originated is a subject of debate. Many believe them escaped zoo animals or perhaps the a drug lord's private menagerie set loose.

Skelephants are a relative of the elephant, but their mutations have allowed them to grow more massive and slightly taller. The normal curve of an elephant's tusk are lost and instead the skelephants tusks curve downward and then drastically jut forward for stabbing into prey. The skelephant stands about 22 feet tall and have large blood red wet areas where ribs or hip bones can be seen due to the loss of flesh.

Tumorcat

This massive beast appears to be a mutated version of a tawny mountain lion, its form distorted with fluid filled tumor-sacs that slosh about its body.

Tumorcat

CR 6 XP 2,400 Large mutated beast Init +7; Senses darkvision 60 ft., low-light vision; Perception +12

Defense

AC 20, touch 13, flat-footed 16 (+3 Dex, +1 dodge, +7 natural, -1 size) hp 68 (8d10+24); perfusion regeneration Fort +9, Ref +9, Will +5

Offense

Speed 30 ft. Melee bite +12 (1d8+5), 2 claws +12 (1d6+5) Space 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft. Special Attack explosive tumors

Statistics

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Str 20, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 7 Base Atk +8; CMB +14; CMD 28 (32 vs. trip) Feats Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Initiative Skills Acrobatics +10, Climb +10, Perception +12, Sense Motive +5, Stealth +8 SQ tumor consciousness

Ecology

Environment temperate forest, mountains and plains Organization solitary or den (1-2 adults plus 1-3 tumors [cubs]) Treasure standard

Special Abilities

Explosive Tumor (Ex) Whenever a tumorcat takes piercing or slashing damage, radioactive puss is sprayed from its tumors in a 5-foot square adjacent to the tumorcat that causes 2d6 acid damage. The tumorcat is immune to this fluid. **Perfusion Regeneration (Ex)** Whenever a tumorcat takes bludgeoning damage, radioactive waste within its tumors is forced through its muscle tissue and it regenerates 5 hit points of damage.

Tumor Consciousness (Ex) A tumorcat has multiple tumorous growths along its body. Each of these tumors begins to gain a portion of self-awareness and contribute to the tumorcat's intelligence. When a tumorcat has lost 1/4 of its hit points, it is considered to have destroyed a significant portion of its tumors to decrease its total intelligence by a penalty of -2 ability points. Each additional fourth of hit points lost drops the tumorcat's intelligence by another -2 ability points. This loss of intelligence changes the tactics of the tumorcat and reverts it to a more beastly nature. The tumorcat becomes more savage and loses it's ability to set up ambushes. If left alive, these tumors and its intelligence return at the same rate as healing naturally.

This quick, elusive, and aggressive hunter is horrid to gaze upon with its fluid filled sacs and tumors that grow at every angle from its muscled body. Like other great cats, the tumorcat is a carnivore and exists mainly on a diet of meat. As its tumors grow, the cat's intelligence expands and it gains self awareness. When it's body is loaded with tumors, its evil nature becomes apparent. It no longer hunts purely for food to survive, but for pleasure, torturing and prolonging the kill as long as it can.

A tumorcat's den is usually found under an overhanging ledge, a crevice in a cliff, a dense thicket, or a cavity under the roots of large trees, or occasionally a dry, rock-strewn cave.

Tumorcats are ambush hunters and stalkers. They wait in dense vegetation or underbrush, or rocky outcroppings for potential prey to wander by. When in range, they spring to the attack. These immense hunting cats grow to be over 10 feet long and can weigh up to 4,000 pounds.

Adventure Seeds

Though the world is very different, the same adventures and tropes common to fantasy storytelling can easily be adapted to Scorched Earth. Instead of wizards and kings, here is a land of scavengers and demagogues. Bandits have been replaced with raiders, dungeons with ruins, and magic treasure with legendary vehicles and unlaunched nukes.

The setting also unlocks a variety of new and exciting adventures for your party, from car races to drug caravans to high stakes downhill skiing.

Bringing Down the Tower: The Tower holds food, gear, and treasures beyond belief, but the Church of the Sacred Flame keeps it all to themselves. In secret, two dozen gangs from the region have agreed to work together to raid the monolith. First, however, they need somebody to sneak inside and disable the defenses.

Corruption from Within: It's time to take down a nearby raider gang once and for all. Infiltrate their systems, learn their ways, go on a raid or two, then take down their defenses to let in the cavalry.

Fight or Flight: The Open Eye Gang is coming, and the town of Sherlock is woefully underprepared. To that end, they have hired a small band of mercenaries to protect them. Should they dig in, strengthen their defenses, and attempt to hold off the attackers? Or should they flee and do their best to start a new life elsewhere?

The Man Hard -

Poisoning the Hatchetmen: The Hatchetmen have found the ancient factory that once produced their sacred drink, Wicked Ex, and now seek to claim it for themselves. Many of the ingredients are still there, locked away in massive containers and ready to be unsealed. Perhaps if these could be poisoned, the scourge of the Hatchetmen would end once and for all.

Propaganda War of Fortune's End: Nitro Angel needs help bringing her rule to Fortune's End. However, no assassination or destruction will do the trick. No, this is a battle of propaganda. Desecrate the statue of Valerie however you can, tear down her banners, and replace them with Nitro's in the dead of night. Maybe when that is completed, Nitro will feel going after the woman herself.

Restarting Dresden: The Assembly for Restoration and Technology are going big. They want to restart the Dresden Nuclear Power Plant and wire electricity to all of chicago. To do so, however, they need the nuclear material from an undetonated bomb. This particular bomb lies in the center of a mile wide splash zone, and is guarded by a fearsome dualazard who has adopted the bomb as her egg.

Savage Reclamation: The Knights of the Broken Road need assistance. They seek to protect the small mountain town of Tall Pines from an impending savage attack. However, they need a few extra hands to fend off the tribals, particularly when a blizzard obscures all vision and makes gunplay and vehicle combat nearly impossible. Savage Reclamation: The Knights of the Broken Road need assistance. They seek to protect the small mountain town of Tall Pines from an impending savage attack. However, they need a few extra hands to fend off the tribals, particularly when a blizzard obscures all vision and makes gunplay and vehicle combat nearly impossible.

Scorched Earth Circuit: This week is the Sacred Speedway's Scorched Earth Circuit. The Blackwheel gang has hired you to represent them. You don't necessarily agree with all their methods, but they are offering a big pile of cash should you win. Besides, what gearhead wouldn't want to be king of the Speedway?

Spying on Robin Hood: Silas Gruber is done entertaining the whims Sherwood Society. He needs members to infiltrate their ranks, report on their defenses, then assist in the final assault. These are the murky waters of subterfuge and lies without a clear moral high ground. Assist Camp Gruber in wiping out freedom fighters, or side with the Sherwood Society and risk destabilizing the region.

Take from the Rich: The Sherwood Society needs help taking down a massive levy of taxes passing through the woods to Camp Bruger. After the goods are collected, they must be covertly distributed back from whence they came. But Silas Gruber is not a forgiving man, and such a large scale attack demands retribution. The Sherwood Society learns of the plans for a full assault, and must act quickly to either reinforce their position or sabotage the military installation from with.

The Price of Secrets: The League of Hackers has lost another. N00b Darren disappeared when exploring the ruins of an old military warehouse rumored to house experimental tech from before the war. You must track him down, and content with a fully functioning electronic defense system before it is too late. **The Trojan Fuel Tanker:** A fuel tanker has just been stolen from your settlement by a nearby raider gang! Go run it down and take it back before they make it home. Then ram the tanker directly into the raider base. Just remember to bail before it's too late.

The Yellow Brick Road: The Wizard of the Emerald City has sold another massive shipment of drugs to the Angels of Hell, but a brutal trek across the American Northwest is next. The caravan must content with grizzlies, blizzards, and worse on the trek back to civilization. Boy they could sure use another hired hand or two for protection.

Yearning for Learning: Book! The People of Arapahoe can't get enough. A grand stash has been located in a ski resort high in the mountains. Unfortunately, the ski resort is also the home of a vicious gang of snow sports obsessed murderers. If discovered, they challenge you to a downhill ski race. If a few bullets are fired during the race, that makes it all the more exciting.



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