

HALIDOM



BY DOMINIC COVEY

DARWIN'S WORLD
POST-APOCALYPTIC ADVENTURES

Requires the use of the d20 Modern™ Roleplaying Game, published by Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

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HALIDOM: HALIDOM

Halidom is the final installment in a five-part series for *Darwin's World 2nd Edition*, an adventure specifically tooled for high-level play. In this adventure the characters, after having delivered the plague treatment to the people of Cheyenne, are rewarded with a valuable piece of information: the location of an elusive, wandering scientist who may know where the Doomrider fortress of "Halidom" is from his travels. Finding him won't be easy, and even once they learn Halidom's location getting there

- and coming back alive - will be a trial in and of itself.

Halidom should take characters from level 16 to 18 by the adventure's completion. Player characters will find certain skills particularly useful, such as Computer Use, Decipher Script, Demolitions, Listen, Perform, Search, and Spot, but none of these are essential to succeeding in their mission.



THE HALIDOM CAMPAIGN

Halidom is a high-level series of adventures that send the PCs off on a perilous journey deep into the heart of unknown country - the lands of old Wyoming. Their goal: to track down the Doomriders, a monstrous raider gang with epic nihilistic goals, who by all accounts have returned from a generations-long absence to begin anew a campaign of destruction, sparing none whom they find in their path. No mere raider war, something behind the scenes seems to be driving the vast armies of the Doomriders into a blood frenzy that could only come from their legends of a "Second Apocalypse".

Homesteads, villages, and towns have been laid waste, with every last inhabitant viciously slaughtered like livestock. What's worse, a hideous disease is spreading through the lands the Doomriders have passed through, threatening even more lives. To end this great threat to the Twisted Earth the characters are hired to travel many miles, over mountains and open plains, through the territory of new and unusual groups unheard of in more settled lands, to the footstep of the great Doomrider fortress of "Halidom". Braving the mighty citadel they must infiltrate its deep caves and assassinate whatever mysterious leader is behind the re-emergence of the hated Doomriders.

ADVENTURE APPENDIX

Each installment of the *Halidom* campaign attempts to make use of new items, feats, creatures, and advanced classes featured in other *Darwin's World* expansions and sourcebooks, both to introduce

WYOMING

Wyoming represents a “new frontier” for characters from the more traditional regions of the Twisted Earth. This land lies beyond the known limits of “civilization”, but in reality the people here are not that much more primitive than those of more familiar lands. There are three major groups in Wyoming: the *Fee’Men*, the *Cattlemen*, and the *Salvation*.

Much of Wyoming is dominated by a tribe known as the Fee’Men, tribal overlords who have taken control of the plains through trade and cunning. Inheritors of a vast stock of medicines from before the Fall, they have traded their “juju” to those who’ve needed it, in exchange for guns and ammunition. Building up their arms stockpiles through these deals, at the same time the Fee’Men have stripped their neighbors of their means of defense, and slowly taken control, “ruling” loosely from the ruins of Casper, and demanding tribute from those groups too weak to resist them. They are now widely feared and despised.

The Cattlemen are descended from the state’s original ranchers, and now live dispersed across Wyoming’s grassy plains, herding *angoose*, the mutant descendants of cattle. These people live a semi-nomadic life, and constantly strain at the yoke of their Fee’Men masters.

The self-titled “Salvation” occupies the poisoned wreckage of Cheyenne. The ancestors of these people were white supremacists and punks who hoped to exploit the chaos of the Fall to create their own “Aryan empire” on the plains. After the nuclear war their ambitions were stunted by the demands of survival, until they too descended into backwards savagery. Holding jealously to the ruins of their city, they have resisted all outsiders for years.

this new material to new gamers as well as to challenge veteran players by making NPC villains more unpredictable. Several of these items, feats, and classes make more than one appearance in the adventure, so an appendix has been compiled containing all of the information pertaining to these new features.

ADVENTURE MAP

Each part of the *Halidom* series includes a hex map referred to as an “Adventure Map”. These maps are intended to serve as a tool for you, the GM, allowing you to plot the party’s progress during each adventure. Since time plays a factor in the overall

success (or failure) of the campaign, keeping track of the distances they’ve traveled, day by day, will be important.

In addition, the Adventure Maps also show the relative locations of various encounter areas, including abandoned towns, destroyed villages, and special sites detailed in each adventure, for ease of reference.

TRAVEL ON THE MAP

Travel on each Adventure Map can vary depending on each party member’s typical move rate, encumbrance factors, and whether or not they are traveling by foot, mount, or by motor vehicle. Going off-road (i.e. across open terrain) will be slower

regardless of the form of travel, but note that the roads of the Twisted Earth are a shadow of what they once were; crossing an entire region in one day on the interstate is a thing of the past. Suggested travel speeds (in hexes per day) are given below.

On foot	6 hexes per day
Mounted (horses)	8 hexes per day
Automobile	10 hexes per day

By now the party is getting close to the end of the 30 days given them by the Doomriders (if they haven’t gone over the time limit already; see the Adventure Appendix on what happens if they do), as they must return to Casper from Cheyenne, tacking on an extra week of uneventful travel. From Casper they must strike out across the plains, then return to the climatologist’s camp. All this backtracking consumes more time, but all in all the adventure should take no more than 10 to 12 days.



THE OPEN PLAINS

Halidom begins as the players strike out from the foot of the southern mountains - around Cheyenne, Casper, and the ruined tribal settlements devastated by the Doomriders in their recent campaign - and delve deep into the wide open plains of central Wyoming. Having returned to Cheyenne to deliver the medicines taken from the Fee’Men (in *Overthrow the Overlords*), the party has learned the location of an elusive scientist who may know where *Halidom*, the legendary Doomrider fortress, lies. They must locate him if they hope to find Halidom within the remaining time given them by their mysterious enemy.

One thing that seems constant in this wilderness is the grandeur. The towering, snow-capped mountains run the length of the region like a titan's broken spine, from the shadow of whose feet spreads the great open grasslands. Here, where the terrain is flat and open, it seems like the emptiness goes on forever. Clouds drift across the sky in huge formations that remind you of armies on the move, pushed on to unknown destinations beyond the horizon.

Somewhere out here is a man who may know the location of Halidom, the legendary fortress of the Doomriders. You must find him, and in turn learn where Halidom lies, before time runs out.

Luckily you have pinpointed the scientist's camp using information given to you by the Salvationists of Cheyenne. Having delivered into their hands a cure for the plague that has ravaged the region, they have indicated a spot far north of Casper along the remnants of the ancient highway. Thus you find yourselves marching northwards, with an eagerness in your step.

DESERTED CAMP (EL 0)

The odor of dead bodies drifts on the wind. Ahead, along the side of the road, you see a large camp of hide tents, framed by the smoke of several smoldering bonfires. The camp appears empty.

Greasy machine parts, empty fuel cans, and tattered flags bearing the Doomriders symbol (the "Doomwheel") identify this camp as having belonged to a cell of the Doomriders. In specific, this was the camp of a group of cultists who had sworn allegiance to the newly-risen Doomsayer. As a sign

BIXBY

If the party freed the scholar, Bixby, in *Overthrow the Overlords*, he will accompany them on their search for the climatologist. As stated in the last adventure, Bixby came to the area of Wyoming looking for the same climatologist hoping to learn more about the region's climate (actually part of his lifelong quest to find a new home for his own people), and once they've found where he is Bixby will want to join them.

Bixby's involvement in this adventure should be brief, however. There's not much ammo left for his *blaster*, but he can provide other services such as treating injuries or repairing vehicles damaged in the final scene of the last adventure. Bixby travels with the PCs only until they find the Professor (see *Climatologist's Camp*), then stays in camp while the party ventures off to Hemisphere. He has much to learn from the Professor, and assuming the characters are successful at Hemisphere, Bixby will share in the climatologist's "big secret". The revelation of this secret will have a direct impact on Bixby's fate - as well as many others - as detailed at the end of the *Halidom* campaign.

of their loyalty the small force attacked Casper in the previous adventure in this series (*Overthrow the Overlords*).

The camp is now empty, the warriors and their vehicles having left to attack Casper a few days previous. These men fought to the death in the final scene of the adventure, and thus none returned to this site. The camp is deserted.

Treasure: Searching the camp thoroughly will generate a few seemingly unconnected finds, including a naked Barbie doll (it's fingernails and lips meticulously painted black), a small jewelry box filled with old wedding rings (many chipped or bent, together worth a mere 75 cp), and a flimsy cardboard box still containing a 200+ year old slice of wedding cake (no longer edible). These items were to be paid as tribute to the Doomsayer (and his new "bride"; see later for details), but were left behind when the cell moved to attack Casper.

The most useful finds consist of two tanks of *gasoline*, four clips of gauss ammunition (120), and a single *power clip* (10).

MEN FROM MONTANA (EL 0)

The highway seems like a lone stretch of asphalt stretching into oblivion. Lush grasses stretch out on each side of the old road to the furthest horizon.

Ahead the bleakness of the plains is broken by a small outcropping of rock, which shelters a small, dark cave. Several horses mill about nearby, wearing medieval chainmail barding and their saddles decorated with silver trim. Could this be the camp you're looking for?

As you approach, several road-weary men with bushy beards and dressed in long studded leather coats rise from around a low campfire near the cave entrance and grip their crossbows - as if readying for a fight.

If the characters approach peacefully the men prove to be wary, but welcome the party to their camp. The PCs are immediately struck by how primitive these warriors are, carrying medieval crossbows and swords made from hammered scrap metal. The

warriors in turn are quite impressed by the arms and armor of the PCs, and though they attempt to stand firm, they are obviously in awe.

If the PCs find a way to communicate (the men only speak *Gutter Talk*), the men prove to be willing to talk. They can relate the following:

- The men were former soldiers of the "Montanan Empire", a vast tribal nation that (so far as the PCs are concerned) has sat undiscovered by the people of the Twisted Earth for generations. The men describe it as a sprawling land lying "well to the north".
- Recently the Montanan Empire came under attack by several cells of the Doomriders, who quickly overcame their frontier villages and settlements and put them to the torch. Hundreds of people were murdered. Unfortunately the empire has been unable to fight back; crippled by years of civil war, the three sons of the last king of Montana each vie jealously for control of the throne. Having split up the remnants into their own private domains, the now-divided empire fell quickly. As a result there is virtually nothing left.
- After the first of his brothers was killed against the Doomriders, Prince Zaros (one of the three warring princes) led the shattered remnants of his personal host south, leaving his other brother, Xerkas, to take the crown. Zaros hoped to find the Doomrider stronghold and destroy it to end the cult's threat to the empire, but word has spread that Zaros was either captured or killed, and his army vanished.
- These soldiers formerly served Prince Xerkas, but they deserted when Xerkas abandoned all hope and fled, overnight, with all the treasure he could carry. With the empire sundered and

no leadership left, the soldiers decided to ride south and hopefully locate Prince Zaros, for they believe he alone can bring their people back from the brink of despair.

- Along the way the soldiers had to hide from at least two different Doomrider armies. The men report that the cells came together near the ruins of Billings and is slowly moving south into Wyoming. *This should give the PCs reason to quicken their pace before these other Doomrider groups join up with the cell residing beneath Halidom.*
- The soldiers do not know where Prince Zaros is, and they have had little success looking for any trace of his army.
- The soldiers originally numbered a dozen horsemen, but seven of the warriors died of plague over the past few days. The remainder were strong enough to resist the disease and do not carry it. *If any of the PCs is visibly sick, the soldiers will have nothing to do with them.*

It is obvious the scientist the party seeks is not among these men, and they know nothing about him. The Montanan soldiers are desperate for any word on the movements of the Doomriders, however, and will be fascinated (and awed) by tales of the world to the south. If the PCs make a particularly good impression on the soldiers they will offer to follow the party and help in their "quest". Note that the soldiers of the Montanan empire are little better than brigands themselves, however, as theirs is a very warlike society that has little concept of protecting innocent life or adhering to any but the crudest code of laws. Still, the men will be eager to find their missing prince and return him to the now-vacant throne, and will fight bravely at the party's side.

Montanan Empire Soldiers (5): HP 35

(originally in *The Broken & The Lost*; reprinted below).

Montanan Empire Soldier, Strong Hero 3/Raider 2: CR 5; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+4 plus 2d10+3; HP 35; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 17, touch 15, flatfooted 15 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class, +2 equipment); BAB +5; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d8+5, longsword, two-handed), or +7 ranged (1d10, crossbow); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, immune to poison; AL Montanan Empire; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +1; AP 2; Rep +1; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 11.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

Background: Tribal (Intimidate).

Mutations and Defects: Superior Kidney Development, Bilirubin Imbalance.

Skills: Bluff -2, Diplomacy -2, Disguise -2, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Ride +6.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack.

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

Possessions: Longsword, crossbow, 2d4 bolts, leather armor, horse.

Treasure: In their camp the soldiers keep four tents, twelve liters of fresh water, and a small harp which one of the men plays to help keep the others' spirits up. They also have seven extra horses with chainmail barding, saddle, harness, and other trappings. They have no food or medicines.

CLIMATOLOGIST'S CAMP (EL 0)

The wind blows strongly over the plains. Gray clouds are pushed across the broad open sky by elemental forces that have resisted the ages. Far below, like an insignificant raft on a sea of rippling grasslands, lies a small camp.

From a distance this camp resembles the teepeed encampment of ancient plains indians. As the party approaches they find a few signs of technological advancement, however: an old antenna rising over one tent, a mechanical wind gauge and wind sock, a cluster of mercurial barometers, etc. (atmospheric monitoring equipment). When the PCs enter camp they see two dirt-caked men in oily clothes busily working to repair the apparatus, while a few more simply linger about camp.

When the party approaches they are met by the head of the camp, a smiling and hospitable fellow who greets them with a humble hello, before turning back to his tinkering with the antenna (this is the *Professor*; see below). Another man - obviously a tribal (his scribe, *Korus*) - lingers in the doorway to one tent chomping down on some unidentifiable slop. A third man (*Barnaby*) holds the antenna in place while the old man continues his work, and watches the party wordlessly from where he stands. A fourth individual (*Gorn*), a gigantic mutant, sits outside and tends to the pack animals that mowl nearby.

A final man watches from the relative shade of one of the tents, and unless the party missed him in part one of this series, *Shadows Loom*, they will immediately recognize him as *Brannick*, the former Barter Town guardsman who abandoned them early in the campaign.

BRANNICK

Unless they never met him in the previous adventure, Brannick will be as surprised to see the PCs as they are to see him. He looks lean, sports a short beard, and has the weakened look that marks him as a *plague* survivor (he has since recovered from the illness), but he is otherwise easily identifiable. When the party appears at the edge of camp he will be astonished to see them, but will take no action against them. Though he betrayed the party (see *Shadows Loom* on how he may have done this), he will try to play it cool to avoid the truth coming out in front of the others here in camp, if only to protect his employment (see below).

Brannick doesn't want to fight the party, despite having abandoned them and (potentially) stolen from them. Whatever item he originally took he no longer has - he sold it in Cheyenne for food - and if accosted by the group, or accused of being a thief, will claim he was desperate, feverish, and out of his mind when he ran away. Beating or killing Brannick will look very bad in the *Professor's* eyes (see below), and will negatively affect his attitude during the party's negotiations, regardless of the truth behind their claims.

Brannick won't speak of it, but he's actually here on a job. After deserting the party he made his way directly to Cheyenne where by chance he met *Barnaby* (see below). Desperate for food, Brannick took Barnaby up on a shady deal, to hire on as extra muscle for some important "mission" Barnaby was on. Brannick didn't ask questions (and wouldn't have gotten any answers even if he did), but was simply told to play the part of a "handiman's helper" until Barnaby gave him the signal. He would know what to do.

Brannick isn't that smart but during his time in the climatologist's camp has figured out that the target of

Barnaby's "mission" is the Professor. Brannick has stayed aloof to everyone around him, so that when the time comes he'll be able to earn his pay and do whatever Brannick tells him to without hesitation.

If the party never met Brannick, he will simply seem to be another NPC in the camp, and thus there won't be any dramatic confrontation when they find him here. He is still secretly working with Barnaby (though he knows nothing of Barnaby's real goals), and when Barnaby moves against the Professor, Brannick will help him deal with Korus and Gorn. If they are successful, however, Barnaby may actually kill Brannick to cover his trail, but of course Brannick doesn't realize this...

Brannick (Mutant Fast Hero 3/Skulk 8/Guardian 2):

CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+9 plus 8d8+24 plus 2d10+6; HP 100; Mas 17; Init +6; Spd 35 ft; Defense 27, touch 22, flatfooted 25 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +10 class, +5 equipment); BAB +10; Grap +12; Atk +12 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt, two-handed), or +13 ranged (2d8, M1903 Springfield [B&L]); Full Atk +12/+7 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt, two-handed), or +13/+8 ranged (2d8, M1903 Springfield [B&L]); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, adrenaline surge, darkvision; AL none; SV Fort +10, Ref +12, Will +2; AP 6; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 12.

Occupation: Slaver (Gamble, Knowledge [Business]).

Background: Radical (Knowledge [Tactics]).

Mutations and Defects: Adrenaline Control, Sensitive Sight, Immune-System Abnormality x2.

Skills: Bluff +9, Escape Artist +7, Gamble +6, Hide +15, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Business) +3, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Tactics) +7, Listen +4, Move Silently +15, Sleight of Hand +13, Spot +4.

Feats: Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Disease Survivor [HDM], Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Run, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

Talents (Fast Hero): Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

Talents (Skulk): Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6, Skill Mastery, Sneak Attack +2d6, Improved Sweep, Sneak Attack +3d6.

Talents (Guardian): Defender +2, Weapon Focus.

Possessions: M1903 Springfield [B&L], 30 rounds of .30-06 ammunition, bullet bandolier, fragmentation grenade, machete, light-duty vest, pack of cigarettes, 2d4 matches, multipurpose tool, 183 ReichMarks.

THE PROFESSOR

The man known simply as the “Professor” has lived so long on the frontier of known lands that he’s lost much of his knowledge of people, civilization, and decorum. Having only tribals and other savages to deal with for years, he’s even forgotten his own real name (he has a hard enough time teaching the tribals to say “professor”). Years ago he gave up shaving as a waste of time, and has grown a wild beard streaked with gray, and his bushy head of hair is wind-swept and wild. Yet he still has the quirky look of a genius about him.

A *climatologist*, the Professor could very well be the last student of that lost science (a science most people think has no practical value anymore). He has made it his life’s work to study the climate of the northern states in an attempt to fully understand and quantify the damage done by the industry of the Ancients, the Fall, and the changing climate resulting from the nuclear wars of the past. He doesn’t do this

simply for the sake of science; he freely admits his belief that by understanding the forces behind the changing climate he will be able to predict whether or not the world will ever stabilize itself. The Professor has made some realizations through his studies, hinting at a potentially amazing secret. But he needs proof before his researches will be complete, proof that can be found in water table data that he doesn’t have.

Are you the climatologist?

So you’ve heard of my work? I’m flattered! I suppose it was the Salvationists who sent you, though, eh? If it was, tell them I’ll have nothing to do with them. Damn skinheads!

What did the Salvationists want with you?

I don’t know, really. I passed through Cheyenne looking for equipment for my research, and my requests raised some red flags. They must have thought I was an engineer or something, because they tried to coerce me into working for them. Anyway, can’t say I found their brand of society palatable, so I skipped out of town. Haven’t been back to Cheyenne since.

What is it you’re doing out here, anyway?

Historical climatology - my life’s work [laughs]! I’ve roamed all over this land, studying the weather patterns, the terrain, and the climate. I’ve charted the wind, storm corridors, and the changing of the seasons. I’ve talked with the tribes in the deserts, in the plains, and in the mountains. I’ve heard their campfire tales of ancient storms and the gradual drying of the land. I’ve studied the legends that speak of the Fall, and how the world has slowly turned into a desert. It’s all in here, you know [points to his head].

You know, most folks think it’s all just desert, a great dry wasteland that has taken all the trees and rivers and lakes away. But look where you’re standing - grass! Just a few hundred miles south of here the people have never even seen grass!

You see, that’s what’s at the heart of my research. I want to understand why this place is lush and green where elsewhere it isn’t. And I think I know why. And it’s the ‘why’ that’s got me excited - because if I’m right, well then, there’s something going on here that everyone’s going to want to know about!

Well, tell us!

I can’t - not yet, anyway. I need more data!

Well, we’ve come a long way to find you. What can you tell us about the Doomriders?

The Doomriders? Terrible sorts, those Doomriders. Why do you ask? Hmm, nevermind, maybe I don’t want to know. Look, if you came here for information perhaps I can give it...but perhaps you can help me first? I imagine that it took a good deal resourcefulness to find me; that kind of temerity is what I need right now.

What must we do?

I have a theory, a theory that could very well be the biggest discovery in the past 100 years. But I need to confirm it first, and the only way I can do that is to get a specific kind of data I just don’t have. But I know where to get it.

A few dozen miles from here is an old settlement called ‘Hemisphere’, populated entirely by holdouts who descend directly from the Ancients. Xenophobes, they’ve lived out here almost undiscovered for generations - and they prefer it that way. I visited them a month or so ago as we passed through the area. The people there have solar-powered machines

that draw water from underground. They're certain to have information on this region's water table.

Look, I'll send one of my men with you to show you where it is. Tell them I sent you, and they'll give you the data. All they want is to be left alone, so don't do anything to frighten them!

Come back with the data and I'll tell you everything I know about the Doomriders. Deal?

If the characters agree, the Professor asks Barnaby to take the PCs to Hemisphere. Barnaby seems reluctant at first, but eventually agrees, summoning his own hired hand, Brannick, to join them as well. The two men return to their tent to fetch a few things for the journey, then emerge, ready to go. When the PCs are set to move out, Barnaby leads the party off towards **area 35, Hemisphere**.

Assuming the party lets Barnaby guide the way, the route he uses is the one indicated with a white line on the Adventure Map (see map).

The Professor (Smart Hero 3/Scholar 7/Scientist 5): CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d6 plus 7d6 plus 5d6; HP 54; Mas 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 19, touch 19, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +8 class); BAB +6; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d3-1 nonlethal, unarmed), or +7 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +5/+0 melee (1d3-1 nonlethal, unarmed), or +7/+2 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL none; SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +14; AP 7; Rep +7; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 13.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences], Research).

Background: Guardian (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]).

Skills: Computer Use +5, Craft (electronic) +7, Craft (mechanical) +18, Craft (structural) +11,

Decipher Script +8, Diplomacy +6, Disable Device +8, Gather Information +6, Handle Animal +6, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +11, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +25, Knowledge (History) +14, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +9, Knowledge (Technology) +16, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +11, Listen +5, Navigate +23, Repair +18, Research +25, Spot +5, Survival +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Alertness, Builder (Craft [mechanical], Craft [structural]), Gearhead, Guide, Iron Will, Junk Crafter [B&L], Leadership, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Radiation Sense, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Trustworthy.

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Knowledge [Earth and Life Sciences]), Savant (Research).

Talents (Scholar): Gossip, Confusing Tirade, Ancient Technology, Ancient Technology, Ancient Craft (Craft [electronic]).

Talents (Scientist): Scientific Method, Scientific Improvisation, Protected By The Code, Smart Weapon*, Hypothesis.

Possessions: Weathered clothing, cowboy hat, glasses, tool belt, multipurpose tool, climate maps and wind charts (worth 1,000 cp), pre-Fall farmer's almanac filled with handwritten notations (worth 500 cp), compass, canteen (full).

THE SCRIBE

Korus is the Professor's "scribe" of sorts, a former member of the curious tribe known as the "Deo Americana" (a tribe detailed in *The Broken & The Lost*). His three arms and unusual gait - a result of his *Skeletal Deterioration* defect - are a giveaway of his origins; any character making a Knowledge (Twisted Earth) check at DC 25 will recognize him as a member of that strange "cargo cult"-like tribe; see the Deo Americana sidebar for more information.

Korus joined up with the Professor when the climatologist lived with his tribe, as the Professor was in dire need of someone who could record his experiments accurately and keep data with meticulous precision - traits the Deo Americana were known for. In terms of science and technology the Professor is far ahead of Korus, but the two have become friends over the years, with a growing mutual respect for one another. Korus has slowly come to understand that the Professor's work is quite important, while the Professor has slowly become almost "native" as a result of Korus' continued company.

Korus is also exceptional in that, being a Deo Americanan, he has knowledge of the Black Hills. It was he who saw the Doomriders camped outside of Mt. Rushmore, and will relate that information if and when the Professor tells him to when they return with the water table data.

Korus (Mutant Dedicated Hero 6): CR 6; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d6; HP 21; Mas 11; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 13 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 class); BAB +4; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d8+1, spear), or +6 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, extra arm, bludgeoning vulnerability; AL Professor; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +7; AP 3; Rep +2; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 7.

Occupation: Wanderer (Diplomacy, Navigate).

Background: Tribal (Survival).

Mutations and Defects: Additional Limb Development (Arm), Multiple Stomachs, Aberrant Deformity, Skeletal Deterioration.

Skills: Craft (writing) +10, Decipher Script +3, Diplomacy +4, Disguise -8, Investigate +3, Knowledge (Ancient Lore) +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +4, Listen +7, Navigate +9, Research +3, Search +5, Sense

Motive +4, Spot +7, Survival +11, Treat Injury +10.

Feats: Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Attentive, Endurance, Guide, Iron Will, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Studious, Vulture.

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Skill Emphasis (Craft [writing]), Healing Knack, Healing Touch 1.

Possessions: Spear, writing utensils, stoppered ink bottle, 1d3 scrolls and books.

THE SPY

Barnaby is a lean, plain-looking man who wouldn't stand out from a crowd even if he tried. The Professor hired him (and his "follower", Brannick) a few weeks ago after they encountered each other out on the open plains, just a few miles from Casper. Barnaby claims he and Brannick are rootless jacks-of-all-trades, and he at least has proven invaluable to the climatologist in many ways, helping repair miscellaneous equipment, mend tents and blankets, tend to the animals, forage for food, and even stand watch at night. Brannick has proven somewhat lazy and incompetent, but Barnaby's diverse skills have managed to keep both men employed.

Barnaby is a quiet man, and doesn't interfere with the Professor's research, and tends to mind his own business. In reality he is a *spy*, sent from a distant land to keep tabs on the people of Wyoming and Montana. No one in camp knows this, of course (not even Brannick, whom Barnaby simply hired for extra muscle), and Barnaby hopes to keep it that way.

Barnaby comes from Canada, a nation that suffered greatly during the Fall. However, in recent generations, as the climate shift has turned much of America into a desert, this has caused the colder northern lands to gradually transform into the world's new "breadbasket". The surviving people of Canada rightly fear that should knowledge of their bountiful

DEO AMERICANA

Excerpted from The Broken & The Lost:

A religion as much as a tribe, the "Deo Americana" claim to be descended from the "monastic tradition" of the United States prior to the Fall. What this means exactly is not entirely clear, but by all accounts the Deo appear to be a society whose members have dedicated themselves to the worship of certain figures of the Ancient past, and the preservation of artifacts related to their "holy lives".

The Deo are believed to be descended from Christian monks and lay workers who survived the Fall holed up in a rural monastery in North Dakota. However, over time their understanding of the Christian religion disintegrated, and through some unknown evolution was replaced piecemeal by a bizarre deification of past American *presidents*.

"Monks" and "friars" of the Deo tribe are not an uncommon sight in many communities throughout the Forbidden Lands, ostensibly offering their services selflessly for the benefit of their host communities. To this end most of their kind, even the youngest and most inexperienced, has been trained in treating injuries, teaching, or finding work as scribes or scholars. While in many isolated communities they do fill in nicely in the absence of truly educated people - such as might be found in more cosmopolitan areas - their degree of understanding and knowledge is usually quite limited. In reality they are sent as spies of a sort, keeping an eye on local markets for rare arcana or other objects ("relics") pertaining to the figures their people worship - campaign buttons, personal writings, histories of their lives' work, and all manner of visual and audio recordings.

All young members of the tribe, as well as those who join, are required to perform this kind of work (known as "gathering") for five years before they are allowed to return to the great abbey of the Deo, located somewhere in the badlands of North Dakota. Here, in the shattered ruins of the great abbey, artisans who have spent entire lives honing their masonry skills construct huge busts of past presidents from the local bedrock. Once completed (a task that sometimes takes 20 years or more), these are hauled out by the three-armed robed novices to be placed all over the barren landscape, creating a scene reminiscent of Easter Island.

Once every ten years the Deo Americana perform a great pilgrimage to their greatest holy site, a revered mountain somewhere in the dry desolate wilds north of their monastery. This mountain is said to bear the image of no less than four of their "gods", carved from the stone itself and left to gaze for eternity over the shattered world they once ruled.

lands become known beyond their borders, they will be a prime target for the raiders and degenerates that now hold a firm grip on Old America. After much consideration the leaders of Restored Canada have agreed they must do whatever it takes to prevent that

from happening - at least for the time being.

An elite soldier in the "Restored Canadian Armed Forces", Barnaby was sent to find out what, if anything, was known about his country among the surviving tribes of America. He is an information

gatherer first and foremost, but he has also been sanctioned to remove any threat to the secret of Canada's changed climate.

Stumbling into the Professor was a stroke of sheer luck. The Professor is close to figuring out that since America has turned into a desert, Canada has likely warmed as well, turning it into a lush "green belt". It's a realization that could have major repercussions for the safety of his own people, and as such Barnaby can't let the secret get out.

Barnaby is a soldier and takes no joy in what he's doing; it's simply a matter of survival. He originally planned on eliminating the Professor outright, but because of Gorn's vigilance (see below) has been unable to find an easy opportunity. He hired Brannick to help even the odds, but he's still not ready to make his move without being sure of having a significant "edge". When the PCs arrive they only complicate matters. But, getting desperate, he sees this as his chance to hopefully find something - like a grenade or other decisive weapon - on the PCs that will help him remove Gorn and the Professor in one fell swoop.

Barnaby (Mutant Charismatic Hero 4/Survivalist 10): CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d6+4 plus 10d10+10; HP 83; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 18, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +3 equipment); BAB +12; Grap +11; Atk +11 melee (1d6-1, rifle butt), or +15 ranged (2d6, Sten [HDM]); Full Atk +11/+6/+1 melee (1d6-1, rifle butt), or +15/+10/+5 ranged (2d6, Sten [HDM]); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, energy-retaining cells; AL Restored Canadian Armed Forces; SV Fort +8, Ref +9, Will +5; AP 7; Rep +3; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 16.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Survival).

Background: Guardian (Navigate).

Mutations and Defects: Energy-Retaining Cell Structure.

Skills: Bluff +16, Disguise +5, Gather Information +14, Handle Animal +8, Hide +16, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Knowledge (Earth and Life Sciences) +6, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +3, Move Silently +6, Navigate +18, Pilot +4, Profession (farmer) +3, Search +3, Sense Motive +3, Sleight of Hand +4, Survival +14.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Advanced Technology, Armor Proficiency (light), Deceptive, Improved Autofire, Low Profile, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Remove Defect, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Track, Weapon Focus (Sten).

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Fast-Talk, Charm.

Talents (Survivalist): Called Shot +1d6, Way of the Land, Hunter, Called Shot +2d6, Superior Camouflage, Way of the Land, Called Shot +3d6.

Possessions: *Sten* (see *Adventure Appendix*), three boxes of 9mm ammunition (96), rag clothing, combat knife, undercover vest, two doses of *stimshot B* (pill form), compass, wristwatch, cigarette lighter, canteen (full), flashlight, two *power cells*, multipurpose tool, key (to the *Pitcairn AC-35* in *Plaguelands*).

THE PORTER

Gorn is the Professor's faithful porter. Gorn was once a member of the "Porters" tribe (see *The Broken & The Lost*), a race of hulking, ape-like mutants who are little more than slaves in their homeland. Used as human beasts of burden, these simple folk have lived for generations as pack animals for whoever will rent them from their merchant owners.

A few years back the Professor attempted to hire a few Porters to carry his equipment, but when their merchant owner heard the Professor would be gone for over a year he outright refused. But being a

businessman, he offered the Professor the option of *buying* one of his Porters (much more expensive than renting) instead. Without any other options the Professor had to agree.

Gorn has remained a loyal slave since the Professor first bought him, carrying most of the Professor's sensitive equipment on his back (less delicate equipment is carried by the mules). The Professor treats Gorn extremely well, feeding him regularly, allowing him to eat with the others, and never asking too much of him. He even offered Gorn his own tent, but Gorn chooses to sleep outside the Professor's tent every night like a faithful watchdog.

Gorn has taken a quiet liking to his master, and though he hasn't had to prove it yet, will protect the Professor with his own life.

Gorn (Mutant Strong Hero 9): CR 9; Large humanoid; HD 9d8+18 plus 3; HP 62; Mas 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; Defense 15, touch 15, flatfooted 14 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +5 class); BAB +9; Grap +16; Atk +11 melee (1d10+6, greatclub, two-handed), or +9 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d10+6, greatclub, two-handed), or +9/+4 ranged (by weapon); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 15 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Professor; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +4; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 15, Int 6, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Occupation: Slave (Climb, Survival).

Background: Tribal (Navigate).

Mutations and Defects: Gigantism, Interior Moisture Reservoir, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int), Simian Deformity.

Skills: Climb +8, Handle Animal +2, Listen +3, Ride +3, Spot +3.

Feats: Alertness, Animal Affinity, Cleave, Endurance, Filthy, Forsaken, Great Cleave, Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Primitive Technology,

Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Weapon Focus (club).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Extreme Effort, Improved Extreme Effort, Advanced Extreme Effort.

Possessions: Greatclub, loincloth, hair beads (one is actually a piece of turquoise worth 75 cp).

Treasure: The Professor has a fair amount of supplies and valuables in his camp, including ten days of trail rations, fresh water, and animal feed; three mules; three *light rods*; five *power bars*; ten *halazone tablets*; a *Geiger counter* (with *power cell*); five blankets; a portable stove; a can of cooking oil; a box of matches (54); an extra 4-man tent; and a *portable detection radar* that he has extensively modified (instead of detecting motion, he has modified it to track wind currents; it's useless to the PCs, but might still be worth 5,000 cp). The radar set is hooked up to a *power pack*. He also has a stash of 137 ReichMarks and 2,600 cp.

In Barnaby's tent a Search (DC 19) will uncover some oily engine parts (to the *Pitcairn AC-35* from *Plaguelands*), two rolls on the *Random Finds* table (see *Adventure Appendix*), and a secret bundle of 1,000 ReichMarks. In reality these are counterfeits, created by experts in Canada for Barnaby's mission. Barnaby was to use these to gain admittance to Cheyenne (the biggest city in the area), but he found bribery to be a lot harder than they originally anticipated. Instead he joined up with the climatologist - a stroke of good luck, as it turns out.

GLADE OF THE DEAD (EL 10)

The carpet of green you've been trodding upon is broken ahead by the sight of over a thousand dead bodies - men and horses strewn

about like broken toys dropped from heaven. Jet black vultures and smaller carrion birds circle overhead, while others stand perched on corpses sinking their heads into the hollowed cavities of ribcages and open skulls. Blood red war banners of a sun setting behind jagged, knife-like mountains flap wildly in the wind, but whatever host this army once was obviously met a terrible end at the hands of the Doomriders.

If the PCs came here during the day, read the following:

Suddenly a flock of vultures takes to the sky in panic. Looking you see what scared them off - a pack of huge flightless birds with massive axe-like beaks, bare skinned and with pinkish, bloodshot eyes. These ugly naked creatures cav with a grotesque bellow, content that the other scavengers are frightened off, and then begin to feed.

This hex marks the resting place of the destroyed army of Prince Zaros, one of three warring princes of the *Montanan Empire* (see *Men From Montana* for more on this). Prince Zaros led his personal host south from their shattered empire to try and deal the Doomriders a decisive blow, but instead met with total disaster when the Doomriders of Halidom found them on the open plains and slaughtered them. They died here, in this valley.

The PCs can scavenge from among the dead, but if they're here during the day they'll have to deal with the large flightless birds that are jealously claiming this "feast" as their own. The creatures are *carrion raptors* that originally came from the "Glowing Hills" region of the Twisted Earth. As a result the creatures are quite *mutated*, and have unusual

abilities the PCs may not be prepared for. Physically each resembles a gangly flightless bird that has been stripped of its feathers, making it look like a large, ungainly, plucked chicken!

GM's Note: The carrion raptors will chase after the party if they come near, using their *Acid Excretion Gland* mutations to hurl globs of acid from their mouths (keep in mind these are *ranged touch* attacks). Each carrion raptor can use this mutation five times per day, after which they switch over to their bite attacks. Being quite deranged from the effects of mutation, they will not flee even if badly injured.

Mutated Advanced Carrion Raptors (3): HP 52 (see below).

Mutated [BMB] Advanced Carrion Raptor: CR 7; Large Animal; HD 7d8+21; HP 52; Mas 16; Init +5*; Spd 35 ft; Defense 20*, touch 14*, flatfooted 15 (-1 size, +5* Dex, +6 natural); BAB +5; Grap +12*; Atk +9* melee (1d10+4*/19-20, bite), or +10* ranged touch (2d6+7, acid excretion); Full Atk +9* melee (1d10+4*/19-20, bite), or +10* ranged touch (2d6+7, acid excretion); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ tearing beak; AL none; SV Fort +8, Ref +10*, Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 16*, Dex 21*, Con 16, Int 2, Wis 16, Cha 3.

Mutations and Defects: Acid Excretion Glands x2, Diurnal (*reflected in stat block), Aberrant Deformity (featherless), Hunchback x2.

Skills: Jump +8*, Listen +8, Spot +8 (+16 in daylight).

Feats: Weapon Finesse (bite).

Treasure: Among the remains of the army are 900 suits of leather armor, and a like amount of longswords, small shields, and crossbows.

MADMAN (EL 0)

The wind blows through the tall grasses that seem to stretch on forever. Just now the sound is broken by maniacal laughter, followed moments later by quiet weeping.

If the characters follow the sounds they soon find a sickly, naked, old man wandering through the grasslands. He appears to be badly malnourished, and his feet are bloody from walking countless miles barefoot. His body looks to have been horrifically tortured, and he has large egg-sized lumps in his underarms and smaller *buboes* forming at the corners of his mouth. When he sees the party he once more breaks into crazed laughter.

The man is a survivor of the Doomriders, a former Barter Town slave who like only a handful of others was marched off to Halidom to join the Doomrider army. He managed to escape, but only after his body - and mind - were broken.

The man is utterly mad, and nothing will help return him to sanity. However, even in his current state the man has some insights into the Doomriders, and PCs who take the time may learn some enigmatic clues about where they are ultimately going:

What happened to you?

The locusts came - the sky was black with their coming. The women and children were turned on the 'wheel. They took the rest of us! Marched us all until the desert turned green, and the plains into mountains! Those who couldn't keep up were killed; those who could would come to wish they didn't!

What did they do to you?

Only the pure may walk the halls of Halidom! I have been purified! [exposes his castration scars]

Where did they take you?

A place that isn't supposed to be. An unnatural place. A mountain rising from steam, fire, and boiling mud! Where the gods look down on their twisted children! A place that skirts our world and the world of the dead! A charnel house, a screaming labyrinth, a place where the souls of the lost aren't allowed to rest! HELL ITSELF!

Can you show us the way?

I no longer know the way! I cannot go there! Noooooo!!!

The Doomriders said we had 30 days - what happens in 30 days?

The Prophet awakens! And soon after he shall unite with the Daughter of the Gods! Together they will sweep the world! And we shall all ride the whirlwind!

The man can say nothing more, and he won't elaborate on anything he's already spoken of. He quickly forgets what he said, and if pressed will grip his scarred head as if wracked with terrible pain. He will scream and run away if the PCs try to help him or so much as touch him.

GM's Note: Having lived too long among the Doomriders the mad man is now infected with the *bubonic plague*, and if the characters have any contact with him they risk becoming bitten by the same fleas that infest his filthy hair and clothing (Fortitude DC 15 or contract the *bubonic plague*).

DREAM MEADOW (EL 14)

The grasses seem to stretch all the way to the foot of great mountains in the distance. As the wind blows across this majestic expanse,

the ripples it creates resemble the waves of the ocean.

If the party passes through this hex at night, however, this place looks quite different:

The eerie light of the moon paints this open sea of grass country in a coral blue hue. Tens of thousands of small blue flowers sway in the cool midnight breeze.

This hex contains an abundance of a rare mutant breed of plant heretofore unknown on the Twisted Earth. The plant resembles normal grass, but under the light of the full moon each blade blooms into a small blue flower. These flowers are exceedingly beautiful, but also potentially deadly. By night they emit a sweet and soothing fragrance that is in fact a unique form of inhaled *poison*.

Anyone in this hex at night must make a Fortitude save every hour or suffer the ill-effects of this poison (DC 24; inhaled; initial 1d12 Wisdom; secondary 1d12 Wisdom). Those who fall under the effects of the poison simply feel sleepy and have no idea they are being poisoned. A character reduced to 0 Wisdom from the poison falls into a coma, which will be *permanent* (leading to his or her death if she remains exposed to the elements) unless that character receives medical treatment within 12 hours (Treat Injury DC 15). Even if the check is successful, that character remains unconscious for 1d6 days.

GM's Note: The plant is relatively harmless by itself; only because there are so many (an entire hex) are the PCs affected. As a result, the poisonous flowers (and their fragrance) cannot be harvested by the characters.

Development: If the party camps in this hex, the flowers silently bloom around them during the night.

HALIDOM: HALIDOM

Only a character on night watch has any chance of seeing this and warning the others (though the buds do look harmless...). Otherwise the characters will have to make Fortitude saves each hour for the entire night, possibly resulting in one or even all of the PCs to fall into permanent comas!

HEMISPHERE (EL VARIES)

A settlement lies ahead, its old mud walls desperately in need of a new coat of whitewash. A few crows perch atop the tall walls, but no guards can be seen standing watch. Curious...

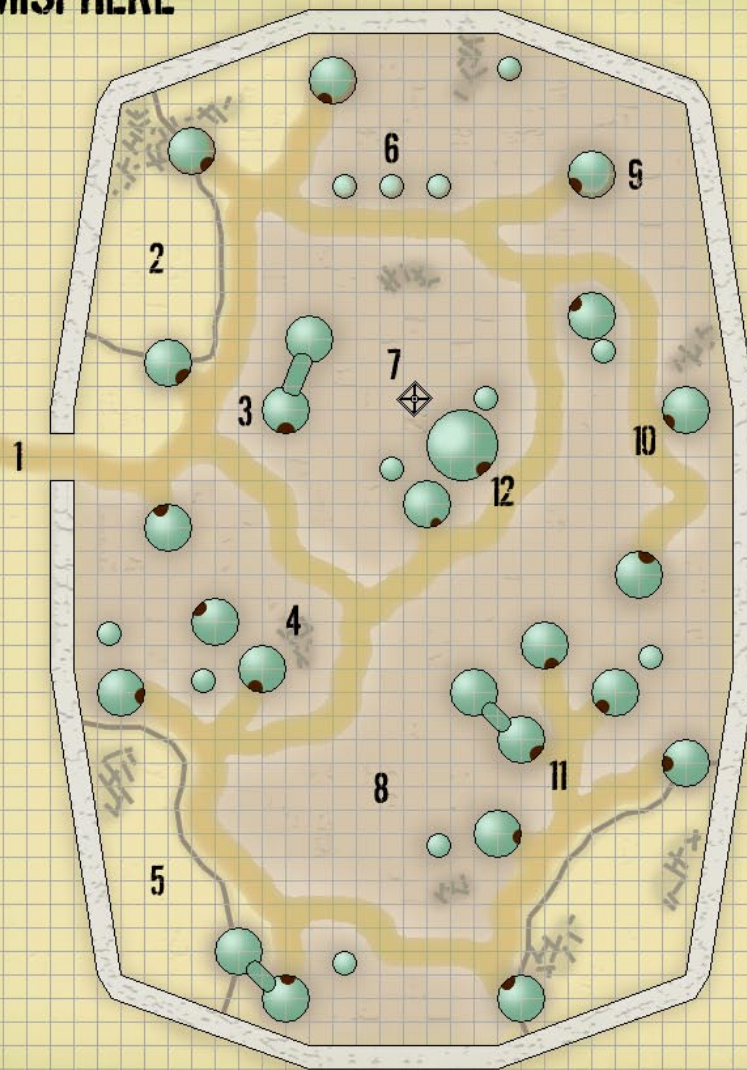
The small village of *Hemisphere* has been an overlooked feature of the open plains since the time just before the Fall. Long ago a group of scientists studying new water extraction technologies came to east-central Wyoming with their advanced equipment, performing studies with cutting-edge solar extractors. When nuclear war erupted many of the scientists abandoned the project hoping to return home and learn the fates of their loved ones. The wisest stayed, knowing that to leave was to meet certain death.

Those that stayed were committed to surviving at any costs. They built homes out of their domed-shaped extractor shelters, creating a small “village”. Here they remained, isolated against the elements, time, and the roving marauders of the post-Fall world.

Over the years the descendants of the scientists managed to perfect the solar extractors, using them not only to draw out drinking water, but also to irrigate cropland surrounding their cluster of homes. These crops allowed the inhabitants of Hemisphere to remain within sight of their community without ever having to search for resources in the wilderness outside. Content and secure, the people of Hemisphere settled into a new way of life, forgetting the horrors of the outside world.

Years ago tribal raiders found Hemisphere and attacked, burning some of the homes and killing a few of the peaceful inhabitants. The tribals were driven off (and vanished into the mists of time), but the event scarred the villagers. They quickly erected a wall, began crafting muskets and other rudimentary weapons, and swore to never trust outsiders again. True *xenophobes*, they once more turned inwards

HEMISPHERE



ONE SQUARE EQUALS 10 FT.

and found the strength to rebuild and revive their self-sufficiency.

A few months ago the climatologist known as the “Professor” came here as he passed through the region conducting experiments. Though the villagers were wary of letting him into their compound, he managed to convince them to at least talk to him from the safety atop their walls. The Professor managed to learn a little of their solar extractors, and of their knowledge of the subterranean water table, but was never allowed in. Although not unfriendly, the villagers weren’t sad to see him move on. After he passed from sight, they prepared to get back to life as normal.

GM’s Note: Unfortunately their return to solitude wasn’t to be. Just a week or so ago a sad little animal appeared outside the walls of Hemisphere. A miserable creature, it looked pathetic as it whined and begged to be let in. It looked sick, but its large eyes were expressive and pitiable. The leader of the village was wary of the beast, but the women and children seemed taken by it. What harm was there in letting the poor thing in? They could feed it, treat it, give it a place to rest. It looked so sad and vulnerable...

The animal was in fact a *euphorine* (a monster first introduced in *The Broken & The Lost*), a malevolent canine whose danger is only truly known to the tribals of the deep wilderness. The euphorine is a vain, jealous, lazy, and spiteful animal that seeks to make a place for itself among other creatures, cratures that will feed it, protect it, and even die for it. The euphorine emits a potent pheromone that affects the minds of intelligent creatures, who soon find the ugly beast to be cute, or pitiable, and take it in. Once it is accepted by a community, its pheromones slowly come to dominate its hosts. In a matter of days they become babbling idiots and lunatics, hearing voices

BARNABY

Assuming the party came to Hemisphere with Barnaby (see *Climatologist’s Camp*), he and his minion, Brannick, will look for an opportunity to betray the group at some point during their exploration of the eerie settlement. Of course this won’t be easy, since it’s more than likely the party will have reason to be suspicious of Brannick, making Barnaby’s job that much harder.

Barnaby is just as surprised as the player characters by what has happened to Hemisphere (the last time he was here it was intact), but he is focused on his mission and quickly remembers what must be done. At some point he will turn on the party, but how and when exactly is left up to you. If the party came here in a vehicle, for example, he and Brannick may simply sneak away when the PCs distracted (or if they split up), making his way back to the vehicle and driving off, leaving them stranded. This will be an especially favorable option if the PCs have found the water table data; Barnaby will take it (if he can) and drive off with it, stopping only to burn the data with his cigarette lighter once he’s well out of sight of town. He and Brannick then drive to the *Climatologist’s Camp* and together attempt to do away with the Professor (see below).

Alternatively Barnaby may betray the group if and when they fight the whole village at **area H12**. This serves his purposes as well since the PCs are likely to be distracted and outnumbered by the mobs. Brannick will also favor this approach, since he doesn’t like the party much for their involvement with the lords of Barter Town (for more on Brannick’s reason for hating the leaders of Barter Town, see part one of this series, *Shadows Loom*). If it comes down to this, Barnaby (with the help of Brannick) will try to incapacitate whichever PC has the most powerful weapon - or who has readily-available explosives visible on her person - hoping to take the device and make a run for it. The two renegades may even lock the party inside **area H12** while they get away.

In either case if the PCs let Barnaby and Brannick get away they will return to the *Climatologist’s Camp* and attempt to remove the Professor (and Gorn who will certainly fight to help the Professor) from the equation. Whether the two men are successful or not is up to you. If he does succeed, Barnaby will kill Brannick with a shot to the back and then tries to make it back to his hidden *autogyro* many miles to the south (see *Plaguelands*). *Note that if the characters brought Bixby (from part four of this series, Overthrow the Overlords) to the climatologist’s camp, Barnaby and Brannick may have their work cut out for them!*

If the PCs are unable to save the Professor, or if Barnaby manages to destroy the water table data, the secret of Canada’s newfound fertility will be secure. But the characters will lack an important link to finding the Doomriders. There’s still hope, however, as long as you’re willing to pull some strings (and as GM, that’s well within your power); Korus, the Professor’s scribe, might still be alive and, if the party returns to find the Professor dead, Korus will have survived. He may have been wounded and thought dead, or simply hid during the fighting, but just when the PCs think all is lost Korus will be found alive and will be ready tell them what he knows about the Doomriders - providing the way to their secret hideout in the Black Hills.

out of nowhere, believing everyone to be an enemy, and overall, treating the euphorine as if it was their one and only *friend*.

Hemisphere's inhabitants are no longer themselves; enough time has passed since the euphorine's arrival that every last villager has succumbed. The crops rot and wither in the field, and the euphorine has eaten all the livestock. The men, women, and children are all dishevelled and hungry, but they've given everything to their beloved "friend" first. The euphorine is quite pleased with the situation, and when the PCs arrive it will gleefully watch as its "thralls" fight to drive the party off.

Hemisphere (Ritual Preservationist): Walled Village; Population 65 (Homogenous Mutants), combatants 14, fertile 11; 70 cp limit; Assets 280 cp (Water Source).

Social Structure: Communal Anarchy/Direct Democracy.

Tolerance Level: Totally closed to outsiders.

H1. FRONT GATE (EL 0)

The outer wall completely encircles the town, except for a small niche where there stands a sturdy iron door. It is closed tight.

No one answers the party's call; the place seems deserted. Barnaby merely watches the top of the walls for signs of watchmen, but says nothing - he's as surprised as the characters when the only response they get is *silence*.

No one will come to let the party in even if they bash on the door all day long. As such the characters will have to either climb over the wall (DC 25) or batter down the front door to get in.

Steel Door: Hardness 10, 120 Hit Points, Break DC 35.

H2. ANIMAL PEN (EL 0)

Flies buzz around this dilapidated animal pen. Lying out in the blistering sun are the gory remains of several unidentifiable animals, apparently torn apart and devoured by some violent predator that managed to get in. There is very little left, hardly even bones.

The pens around the compound once contained the small stock of domesticated animals kept by the inhabitants of Hemisphere, mostly goats, chickens, and pigs. Keeping these animals (for milk, skins, and meat) and breeding them helped Hemisphere stay self-sufficient, but when the *euphorine* arrived it looked on these animals greedily. Eventually as the people in the village fell under its sway, they simply opened the gates and let the euphorine feed at its leisure. It took particular delight in the screams and shrieks of the trapped animals before they died.

A short-sighted beast, the euphorine has glutted itself and eaten every last animal in the settlement. Because of this it will eventually be forced to move on; it has already destroyed Hemisphere's chances of becoming self-sufficient ever again.

H3. METALWORKER (EL 0)

Sheets of metal, an anvil, and a few pieces of rusted machinery sit outside this domed glass building.

This used to be the residence of the village's family of metalworkers, vital members of the community who passed down the knowledge of metalsmithing through the generations. Their duties included repairing the *solar extractors* (vital to Hemisphere's survival), various pieces of machinery, barrels for the warriors' muskets, and making lead shot for ammunition.

The village metalworker was one of the few members of the community allowed to leave the village on a regular basis. Fulfilling a role similar to a *scav*, the metalworker would go beyond the wall and search for scrap out in the wilderness, bringing it back here to be reforged into something useful for the community.

Treasure: A few materials and trinkets found by the metalworker outside of Hemisphere are still lying around his workshop. These include a set of rusted chisels and hammers, wirecutters, 2d6 brillo pads, a bottle containing two doses of concentrated *metal acid* (does 6 points of damage per round to metal or flesh, ignoring hardness, but nothing to glass or wood), a welder's torch, welder's goggles, heat-resistant gloves, a soldering iron, 2d4 applications of solder, a bicycle bell (partly disassembled but still working), a rusted car door, an oil drum (cut in two halves), and 2d10 assorted lead and copper pipes. There are also a few random items here, the nature of which can be determined by rolling twice on the *Random Finds* table (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Development: If Barnaby and Brannick have not yet turned on the PCs, Barnaby will try to palm the *acid*, seeing it as a potential means of assassinating the Professor (he can slip it into the Professor's food). If caught he will try to bluff by saying it's useful for "cleaning" the Professor's machinery.

H4. RUBBLE PILE (EL 10)

A gust blows across the empty compound's withering cropfields. Children's laughter is carried on the wind.

There are several of these heaps situated throughout the compound, each being the remnants of one of the large earth-boring machines originally brought to the site before the Fall. These huge machines

ceased to have a practical function once the wells were sunk, and over the years the villagers scavenged them for scrap metal and spare parts to keep the solar extractors running. They are no longer recognizable for what they once were.

A group of children in rag clothing play atop the first rubble pile the PCs come across, and will giggle conspiratorily to one another as the party approaches. A Spot check at DC 10 by the characters notes that the children look downright filthy and terribly malnourished (ribs showing, sunken eye sockets, etc.), but they seem in unusually good spirits nonetheless.

When the PCs come within 20 ft. the children all begin to pick up stones and throw them at the party. Even though the children giggle, laugh, and even jump up and down as they toss rocks, they aren't playing around - the stones hurt. If the characters withdraw or run away the children follow (skipping and singing happily), continuing to chase after them. If the PCs fight back the children mob up into a *swarm* and attack.

GM's Note: The mob of children is represented by a *human swarm*, a new creature introduced in the *Adventure Appendix*. The swarm is also modified with *thrall benefits* and *thrall penalties*, a result of being dominated by the *euphorine*. These traits make the swarm immune to *fear* and all mind-affecting abilities, allow it to enter a *rage* once per day (as the *Barbarian* ability of the same name), and give it a +2 insight bonus to Initiative rolls (already figured in the stat block below).

The *human swarm* will *rage* if they are attacked or if they catch up to the PCs. This only has an effect on the swarm's hit points, however, since a swarm does not use an attack roll to inflict damage (see *Adventure Appendix*). Keep in mind that the swarm must make a Will save at DC 11 each round to act; otherwise the

children simply stand around giggling moronically.

Thrall Human Swarm (1): HP 67 (increases to 97; see below).

Thrall Human Swarm: CR 10; Medium-Size Humanoid (Swarm); HD 15d8; HP 67; Mas -; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; Defense 10, touch 10, flatfooted 10 (+0 Dex); BAB +11; Grap -; Atk (5d6, swarm); Full Atk (5d6, swarm); FS 10 ft. by 10 ft.; Reach 0 ft.; SQ half damage from physical attacks, swarm traits, thrall benefits, thrall penalties; AL none; SV Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +5; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 10, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills: Listen +4, Spot +4.

Feats: None.

H5. CRAZY VILLAGER (EL 0)

A woman in rags is busily butchering the bloody remains of a goat in this animal pen. The other animals appear to have been torn apart and eaten. She seems oblivious to your presence, and talks to herself as she works to cut a bone from the dead creature using just her cracked fingernails.

"Yes...yes...he'll love this bone...yes he will... and he will favor me most of all..."

The woman is a *thrall* of the *euphorine* and has been sent by the creature to find it some scraps, as it is growing hungry (after having gorged itself on the livestock, leaving nothing for the future).

Unless the PCs stop her eventually she pries a large bone from the dead animal and heads towards **area H12** with it. If the party interrupts her or get in her way she will scream like a maniac and attack them. Since she is just one small part of a *human swarm*, she is easily killed if the PCs use force. She does not present a challenge on her own.

H6. PUMP HOUSES (EL 0)

A smaller dome-shaped structure stands here, atop of which sprout numerous glass "panes" in a bizarre antennae-like apparatus. The sound of clanking, rusted machinery in motion can be heard groaning from within.

Each pump house sits atop a 500 ft. deep well shaft bored long ago (by the scientists who first founded Hemisphere as a research station). Inside each bubble-shaped pump house is a complex machine known as a *solar extractor*, which uses a combination of solar power and heat built up within the greenhouse-like building to power the water pumps. The solar arrays extrude from the top of the building but can be hand-cranked back inside in the event of a storm (whose winds might rip the solar panel free and carry it off into the sky).

Treasure: Water pumped from the water table collects in steel basins at the foot of each extractor. About 40% of the pump houses no longer function since the villagers have not been maintaining the machinery since the *euphorine* came. Still, enough water has collected in the pump houses that a looter will net at least 1d10x10 liters of fresh drinking water from each building. Each pump house also stores a large collection of jugs and glass jars, so finding a means of carrying all this water should be no problem.

H7. WEATHER TOWER (EL 0)

A rickety metal tower stands here, creaking in the wind. Rust has claimed much of the structure.

The tower is noticeable anywhere in the settlement, but it likely holds nothing of interest for the party.

Development: A character deliberately

scrutinizing the tower notices that wires and leads connected to the weather antenna go *underground*, and not to some surface structure (hinting that a secret chamber exists under the settlement where the old weather-monitoring equipment is actually stored).

H8. CROPFIELDS (EL 0)

The spaces between each of the settlement's numerous bubble-shaped buildings seem to have been put to use as cropland. Every last foot seems to have been employed in this fashion, but now the crops have withered and are dying.

The shrewd villagers of Hemisphere wasted nothing, using every space available for the growing of food. Stubborn vegetables like potatoes, yams, and carrots grew in abundance within the sheltered walls of the community due to an ingenious irrigation system. Water drawn from underground by the solar extractors was pumped here to provide constant irrigation, creating a crop rivaling many far larger settlements.

Since they've fallen under the *euphorine's* spell the villagers have let the croplands languish. Since they've stopped maintaining the water pumps the irrigation system has broken down, and most if not all of the crops have died off in the past few days.

H9. OVERGROWN DWELLING (EL 9)

This looks like any of the other domed buildings in the settlement, but the glass roof of the dome appears to have cracked open, and an abundance of large green leaves and viny tendrils have crept through the cracks.

Like most of the dwellings in Hemisphere, this small home had a chamber set aside for growing edible fruit and vegetables indoors. Each dwelling in the

settlement is essentially a greenhouse, with a glass dome allowing sunlight to filter through into the interior.

The inhabitant of this dwelling was growing a strange type of seed found inside the compound after a particular storm blew through the region (coincidentally the same freak sandstorm that brought the bug flyers from *The Long Drive* to the region). The plant showed amazing resilience and was just beginning to sprout pods when the *euphorine* came to Hemisphere. The villager abandoned his greenhouse to tend to the *euphorine*, leaving the plant - a *pod guardian* [B&L] - to grow to its full height.

If the PCs enter this dwelling the pod guardian will be found to have overgrown the interior, with vines and roots spreading through every room. It has grown so large that the upper part of it has broken through the glass dome. It will hurl its *poisonous mist* seed pods at the PCs as soon as they enter the building.

Pod Guardian [B&L] (1): HP 85 (see below).

Pod Guardian [B&L]: CR 9; Huge Plant; HD 9d8+45; HP 85; Mas 21; Init +3; Spd 5 ft.; Defense 22, touch 11, flatfooted 19 (-2 size, +3 Dex, +11 natural); BAB +6; Grap +16; Atk +6 melee (2d6+2, slam), or +7 ranged (*poisonous mist** seed pod); Full Atk +6 melee (2d6+2, slam), or +7 ranged (6 *poisonous mist** seed pods); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Blindsight, Plant, Seed Pods; AL none; SV Fort +11, Ref +6, Will -1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 21, Int 2, Wis 2, Cha 2.

Skills: None.

Feats: None.

**Poisonous Mist:* When this pod cracks open it releases a cloud of mist in a cloud 10 ft. in diameter. Anyone caught in the area of effect must make

a Fortitude save at DC 17 or become *poisoned* (initial 1d3 Con, secondary 1d3 Con). On the following round this cloud of gas expands to 20 ft. in diameter. On the third round the gas cloud dissipates harmlessly.

H10. CHEMIST (EL 2)

The door to this domed structure stands open. Descending into the darkness you find the interior resembles a medieval apothecary's shop, with strange roots hanging from the ceiling and jars and tins of strange chemicals and ingredients on every wall.

This was formerly the residence of a family of chemists, among the most vital members of Hemisphere society. The chemist and his wife were trained in primitive medicine, making healing powders and remedies, and were also responsible for blending black powder for use in the community's muskets.

The building proves to be abandoned like most of the other dwellings, but in the chemist's workshop in the back of the building the party finds a dead body slumped over a set of handwritten notes on a worktable. A machete has been wedged into the back of the man's head. Flies have already gathered on the corpse, and the stench of rot is pervasive; anyone present must make a Fortitude save (DC 19) to avoid becoming *nauseated* for 1d2 minutes.

The notes are written in a unique form of *Gutter Talk*, requiring the ability to read that language and a Decipher Script check at DC 20. If the check is a success the PCs can decipher the following message:

The women and children pity it, so we have taken it in against our better judgment. But dreams have turned to nightmare and in the past

few days I've seen signs of mass dementia. I myself have begun to hallucinate. Could the creature be linked somehow? This is nonsense, I feel terrible for even thinking it, but it all began when that poor beast came into our midst -

The message ends there. The chemist, a relatively intelligent man, was beginning to catch on about the *euphorine* and raised his concerns with his wife. But being of weaker will she had already fallen under the creature's spell, and murdered her husband to prevent him from bringing any harm to it.

Treasure: The chemist's belongings are still where he left them, and include the equivalent of 12 shots of gunpowder (for black powder weapons), four *juju potions* (each healing 1d4+2 damage), and a secret stash of bottled fermented goat's milk that can only be found with a Search check at DC 19 (the beverage is actually quite good, and all told the bottles could be sold for 50 cp).

H11. VILLAGE OVERSEER (EL 0)

The small glass building here is surrounded by others just like it. The door is ajar, jammed open by a cluster of sagebrush wedged into the doorway.

This was the residence of the village's overseer, an individual elected from the population every few years to "lead" the rest in their survival efforts. The building is ominously empty (the villagers have since gathered in the *School House*; see **area H12**).

Treasure: A Search (DC 19) uncovers a weathered and worn logbook and a number of other papers in the overseer's home, filled with notes and observations concerning the seasonal effects on the regional water table. A Knowledge (Earth & Life Sciences) check at DC 36, or an Intelligence check

at DC 22, identifies this book and the associated papers as the water table data the Professor at the *Climatologist's Camp* is looking for. Otherwise the data simply seems to be worth about 150 cp.

H12. SCHOOL HOUSE (EL 15)

This appears to be the largest domed building in the settlement, behind which looms a rickety old antenna tower. The double doors out front stand open.

Entering you find yourself in what resembles a primitive cathedral. Weak light filters in through the green-stained glass above, beams of which illuminate rows of pews and folding seats - but leaving deep shadows wherever it doesn't reach. The panes themselves are decorated with

the painted handprints of countless adults and children alike, as well as unintelligible scribbles, dates, and names.

Across the chamber from the doorway stands an old wooden pulpit. A wild-eyed man, thin like a sack of bones, stands behind it, speaking to a congregation of equally lean men, women, and children standing in the dim green light of the "church". At his side sits a small hairless dog with oversized yellow eyes, which yawns as if bored.

"How we have sinned! We have eaten everything, leaving Him nothing! And He asks so little! To our shame, we have nothing left to give! We should not weep, for it is our fault that we must do what we do. We give so that He will

KILLING THE EUPHORINE

The *euphorine* is the key to winning the battle quickly, but whether or not the PCs realize this depends on how much they know about what's happened to Hemisphere. If the PCs kill the *euphorine* the villagers no longer fight to defend the beast, its spell being broken. The inhabitants are still at zero Charisma, however, and will take time to recover. As such they simply wander off like zombies once the creature is slain.

If the PCs wait for the people to recover - taking at least two days - the villagers are horrified to learn what has happened. They survey the damage to their community and realize that the *euphorine* has destroyed their ability to sustain themselves indefinitely (through eating their livestock and letting their crops wither and die). The villagers will be devastated.

The PCs have a chance to make things right, however, but only if they think of it. There are several options; if they are knowledgeable in agriculture or making repairs they might help the villagers restart their crops and get their water pumps up and running again. They'll also need animals, and if the PCs delivered the Cattlemen petition to the Salvation in *Plaguelands*, they may have access to livestock (Mack offered them a reward payable in *angoose*, which they might just donate to the people of Hemisphere to help them survive; after all, what are they going to do with 50 head of cattle following them around?).

Alternatively the PCs might try to convince the people of Hemisphere to abandon their home and instead join the Cattlemen or even the Salvation. It's entirely up to them.

If the PCs work to help the people of Hemisphere recover or find shelter among one of the other Wyoming factions, award them additional experience points as if they had defeated an EL 10 encounter.

not go hungry!”

A few adult villagers prod their young children forward.

Suddenly the man looks up, and his eyes seem to glow. His zealous frown turns into an idiotic smile as he sees you.

“But lo! Deliverance! Food comes!”

He points in your direction, and the entire congregation turns. Every last one of them smiles a malevolent smile...

The remaining population of the village of Hemisphere is gathered here, listening to the crazy sermon when the party enters. They (preacher included) immediately pick up sticks and spears and move to mob the characters, shouting, laughing, and singing wild hymns as they come. They’re out for blood, and if they get their way the PCs will be torn limb from limb to feed their master, the *euphorine* (the “hairless dog” seen sitting by the pulpit). Treat the mob as four separate maximum-strength *human swarms*.

The *human swarms* will *rage* immediately, increasing each swarm’s hit point total to 150. Keep in mind that each swarm must make a Will save at DC 11 each round to act; otherwise the villagers trip over one another and cannot act, lost as they are in their own idiotic delusions.

GM’s Note: Throughout the battle the *euphorine* remains behind the pulpit, watching with lazy disinterest as its thralls attack the party. It lays low, hoping to be mistaken for just some simple, cowardly animal. Unless the PCs have met a *euphorine* before, or have found the chemist’s notes (see **area H10**), they may not even suspect it for what it is - the “puppeteer” behind the villagers’ bizarre psychotic behavior.

If the *euphorine* is attacked it will try to hide and/or

flee. It has no attachment to the villagers and will flee the settlement if given the chance. If cornered it will pretend to be a pitiful, simple creature (rolling onto its back to expose its belly, whining softly, etc.), hopefully fooling the party into letting it live.

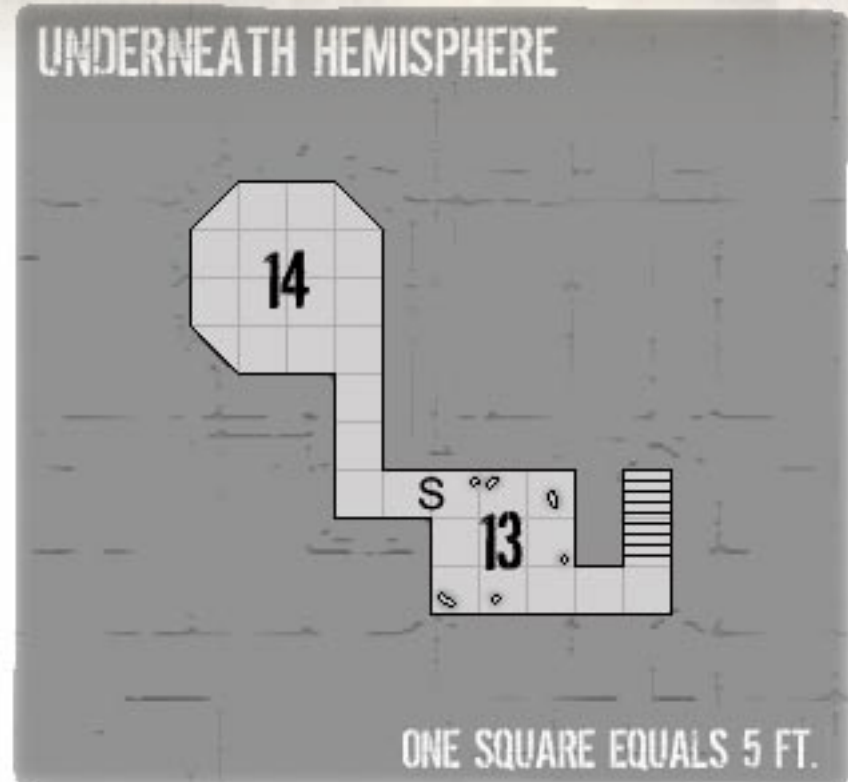
Thrall Human Swarms

(4): HP 120 (increases to 150; see **area H4**).

Euphorine (1): HP 50.

Development: The doors to the school house can be locked from the outside and secured with a crossbar. If he hasn’t betrayed them already, Barnaby will wait until the PCs enter the school house before signalling for Brannick to help him close the doors and bar them shut, trapping the characters inside. Barnaby then flees, but Brannick remains for one round, taunting the party through the locked door before joining Barnaby in their getaway (see the *Barnaby* sidebar).

A search of the old school house uncovers a wooden hatch concealed by a collection of rugs and carpets stacked in one corner. A Spot check (DC 19) notices that some of these have recent blood stains on them. The hatch is unlocked, and covers a set of stone stairs that lead down to **area H13**.



H13. BONES (EL 0)

A choking odor of rotting flesh fills the darkness of this chamber. Your lights reveal a small stone room filled with rotted furniture and rusted scrap metal, the floor of which is completely covered in small bones - the gnawed and chewed corpses of many small children.

In the absence of food the villagers of Hemisphere have begun giving their youngest (and least productive) children to the *euphorine* as food. They

bring the bones of these sacrificed children here to be disposed of. The room is filled with at least a dozen skeletons and skulls, proof of the euphorine's malevolence.

GM's Note: The room is otherwise empty, but a secret door (found with a Search check, DC 30) leads to a small hall that in turn leads to **area H14**.

H14. EQUIPMENT ROOM (EL 6)

This secret basement chamber is musty, and your intrusion stirs up dust and strange mold spores. Your light reveals a bank of machines, worktables, and walls covered in aging maps and charts. A dun-colored fungus covers the wooden tables and eats away at the wooden supports holding up the stony ceiling.

This room holds a small workshop and weather monitoring station that has been forgotten for generations. Once used to coordinate the drilling efforts of the scientists, and later to monitor the radiation in the atmosphere after the Fall, it eventually fell into disuse and was abandoned.

The fungus found here is *yellow mold*, a particularly dangerous subterranean hazard. If disturbed the mold bursts forth with a cloud of poisonous spores. All within 10 feet of the mold must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or take 1d6 points of temporary Constitution damage. Another Fortitude save (DC 15) is required 1 minute later - even by those who succeeded at the first save - to avoid taking 2d6 points of temporary Constitution damage. Fire destroys yellow mold, and sunlight renders it dormant.

Treasure: The PCs find all manner of old arcanum and a few dust-covered gizmos here, such as geological survey charts, geographical maps of the immediate area, and maps of the state of Wyoming.

All together these would be worth about 7,500 cp but they are heavy to carry (150 lbs.). The Professor will buy them off the PCs for 2,500 cp, however, if they want to get the stuff off their hands.

There is also a *portable petrol generator* (no fuel), two empty jerry cans for fuel, a damaged *water purifier* (requires a Repair check at DC 20 and 120 cp in spare parts to get operating again), some dozen solar panels stored in crates (suitable for repairing the solar-powered pumps on the surface), commonplace mineral assay equipment, a *laptop computer* (with no power supply), a *portable satellite communicator* (no power), and a short wave radio set (no power). A dusty old *Geiger counter* appears to have been cleverly rigged to the antennae that rise from this chamber up through the ground and into the weather tower at **area H7**. If the PCs somehow manage to supply power to the counter, it will again begin registering radiation levels in the atmosphere.

Finally, a *satchel charge C* sits on one of the tables here, a demo charge left over from pre-Fall excavations of the site.



THE FINAL LEG

The culmination of the adventure begins when the party finally learns the location of the Doomrider sanctuary of *Halidom*. This is achieved once the party retrieves the water table data from Hemisphere and gives it to the Professor at the *Climatologist's Camp*.

It is Korus, the Deo Americanan scribe, who gives the party his first-hand account of the great Doomrider camps beneath the slopes of Mt. Rushmore, a tale that sets them off in search of this fabled mountain, the "Faces of the Gods", and

ultimately their quarry. The details of his story are described below.

RETURNING TO THE PROFESSOR

If the party returns to the *Climatologist's Camp* with the data from *Hemisphere*, it will be enough for the Professor to prove his theory. After a night of study he emerges from his tent and announces to the characters the results of his findings:

This proves it! The warming of the Earth has stabilized. As we all know, most of America was rendered into a desert by the industrial scourge of the Ancients, as well as the lingering effects of the nuclear war, but the rise in temperature is by no means isolated to this area. This explains why the grasslands grow lush the farther north one goes. This data proves that the trend is universal; if one were to continue north into what used to be Canada, to where it used to be cold and desolate, one would now find hundreds and hundreds of miles of arable land, perfect for large-scale agriculture! A new Eden!

You have helped me in a great discovery. But you came here for information on the Doomriders. I learned of them not on my travels, but from my friend, Korus. He can tell you what he knows and where to find them.

The Professor asks Korus to tell the PCs everything he knows of the Doomriders; read or paraphrase the following:

Korus, the Professor's scribe, nods quietly as the old man asks him to tell you what he can about the Doomriders. After staring at you each for a moment he finally speaks.

"I will tell you all that I know. The legends of the Deo Americana speak of the gods who once ruled over men; these gods presided over the land, air, and sea, and were thus known as the 'presidents'. The presidents were often good, but just as often bad; they gave life and they took it away; some fought to keep the land pure of man's misguided mischief, while others reveled in its rape. Wars were waged on their whim, yet when they commanded, entire armies put down their arms.

"There is a place to the east that is scarred with great mountains. Among those mountains rises one that bears the image of these gods. Legends of my people state that four great gods went there and merged with the stone of the mountain, leaving this world for another. It is said that someday they will return, and simply spring from the mountainside to aid man in his time of greatest peril.

"We of the Deo Americana venerate the presidents of old, and the Faces of the Gods are one of our most holy places. Only the most holy pilgrims make the journey there, and never too close to the mountain itself, for it said those that do never return.

"I was once a monk among the Deo Americana, and one summer, against my master's will, I went to see the Faces of the Gods myself. Unlike the wise ones who came before me, I foolishly ignored the warnings and ventured into the valleys close to the mountain. It was there that I saw the mountain up close.

"At the foot of the mountain was a sea of boiling mud and steam, and in this hell stood a great camp, the home of a lunatic legion, dwelling as demons under the gaze of the gods above. Though the Faces of the Gods still

adorned the rocks there, the gods' eyes glowed red like hellfire and beneath them a great metal wheel set with iron thorns desecrated their holy presence. This wheel was a 'Doomwheel', the accursed engine of death that springs up like an evil weed wherever the Doomriders have been."

At this point the Professor interjects. "The 'Faces of the Gods' sounds very much like an ancient monument once known as 'Mt. Rushmore'. It is located in a place the Ancients called the 'Black Hills'. If you have a map I can show you where this 'mountain' is."

With that the Professor gives the party the location of Mt. Rushmore in the *Black Hills*. However, the party will still have two potential ways of getting there; either along the old northern highway (which will lead them into an encounter with the *Shadow Army*; see below), or straight across the plains (which will lead them past the *Doomhenge*, a strange marker left by the Doomriders that may provide a hint as to what is going on at Halidom).

These two locations are detailed below.

DOOMHENG (EL 17)

The wind buffets you as you approach a strange cairn standing out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by a collection of roughly-hewn standing stones. Hundreds of human and animal bones lie scattered all over the area, forming a circle around the rickety bone sculpture that rises from the center of the stone ring.

The sculpture, if it can be called that, is gruesome, composed of the skeletal ribs, skull, and arm bones of both a man and a woman, apparently clutching each other in a passionate

embrace. Their bones are fused together in places by the dessicated remnants of flesh and sinew, as if the architect of this monument sought to keep them inseparable. It could be a mere coincidence, but as the golden sun dips in the sky, inky black shadows cast by the macabre sculpture spread to the furthest edge of the cairn.

You have no idea who created this place, or why.

This unusual structure was built by the Doomriders soon after the Prophet joined them, and stands as a marker of the beginning of their "territory", as well as a monument to the coming "union" of the Prophet and his Bride (more on this later).

In the distance, to the east, rise the *Black Hills*.

GM's Note: It may seem eerie and empty, but this "doomhenge" is not entirely deserted. Three very demented individuals lie in waiting for the right moment to make their presence known.

Hiding among the standing stones are three degenerate warriors who have traveled long and far to reach this spot. All three men, from varied and different origins, were drawn to this region by tales of the Doomriders' re-emergence. Unlike the party (who have come to defeat the Doomriders), these men have trekked for hundreds of miles in the hopes of *joining* the unholy cult.

On arriving the first of the men, *Sammos*, saw the doomhenge and assumed he had come to the right place. He made camp and expected the Doomriders to soon show up and take him with them. Days passed and no one came, but he did not give in to despair. Eventually, when the two other "wanderers" finally showed up, the three men battled; in each case it was a close fight, and all three men were closely matched. With mutual respect they parted with only minor wounds, carefully assessing one another.

The PCs have arrived only two days after their last round of ritual combat. When the player characters arrive the three madmen assume the party's arrival is the first "test" sent by the Doomriders to gauge if they are worthy. With relish the three men prepare to slaughter the party...

When the characters explore the doomhenge, read the following:

With only vultures for spectators, three men emerge from different hiding places among the standing stones, entering into the central area, shattered bones cracking underfoot.

One is a lumbering man clad in heavy red armor, who steps forward with a heavy plod and begins to methodically swing his flail, slowly building speed. He has a long wild beard and a tattoo - reading "666" - between his eyes.

The second, a black-skinned man wearing reflective metal plate, laughs maniacally and powers up the weapon at his side, which emits a whining sound as the saw-blade held within the barrel accelerates, ready to be launched. He wears slitted eskimo snow-goggles over his eyes, and his pleated hair is decorated with gold dust.

The third, much smaller and weaker than the other two, leaps from atop a nearby standing stone and lands in the dust before the statue of the skeletal couple. His face is badly deformed, his hair thin, white, and wispy. With one bandaged hand he reaches into his pack and extracts a glass eye, rubbing it against this shirt before popping it into his empty right socket - though it stares off in an odd direction. With a fluid motion he unslings an ornate weapon of aging, burnished metal on his back. Flicking a switch it powers on, and a hellish red glow begins to build in the long, extended barrel.

The three men immediately attack the party, insane grins splashed on their drooling, rabid faces. *Sammos* immediately charges for the most heavily-armored opponent, using his *Gladiator* feat to get +2 to his attack rolls and trusting in his high Defense to survive before moving on the next victim. *Tarrax* is much more of a showman, laughing aloud while hurling super-charged "saws" from his *electro-saw thrower*, preferring to keep his distance from the enemy, while using his *Called Shot* class feature to do as much damage as possible with each hit. Being weaker than the other two, *Kay'ir* stays mobile during the fight, taking cover behind the standing stones when fired upon, only to emerge to use his *Double Tap* feat when firing his *plasma rifle* before moving back under cover at the first chance.

Sammos: HP 101 (see below).

Tarrax: HP 88 (see below).

Kay'ir: HP 63 (see below).

SAMMOS

The lumbering barbarian *Sammos* is a tall, powerful man in rusted metal armor flecked with old streaks of red paint, wearing his curly beard and hair long and free. His breath smells of whiskey and rotten teeth. He has a faded tattoo of the numbers "666" between his eyes.

Sammos (Mutant Strong Hero 4/Raider 10):

CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 10d10+20; HP 101; Mas 14; Init -4; Spd 20 ft; Defense 35, touch 18, flatfooted 35 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +8 class, +4 natural, +13 equipment); BAB +14; Grap +18; Atk +19 melee (1d8+6, light flail), or +14 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +19/+14/+9 melee (1d8+6, light flail), or +14/+9/+4 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, deaf; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +9,

Ref +6, Will +7; AP 7; Rep +4; Str 18, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Ritual Preservationist (Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]).

Mutations and Defects: Protective Dermal Development, Deafness.

Skills: Climb +10, Drive +6, Intimidate +6, Jump +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +7, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +8, Navigate +4, Ride +6, Spot +6, Survival +10.

Feats: Alertness, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Filthy, Gladiator, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength*, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (light flail).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors, Chaps and Chains +3, Death Cry.

Possessions: Plate mail, large shield, light flail, one day of trail rations, canteen (empty), two *halazone tablets*, 500 cp.

TARRAX

Tarrax wears gleaming metal *lazab* armor and eskimo-style snow-goggles with "slats" like Venetian blinds. His long pleated hair is crusted with metallic glitter and hardened with silver paint, and braided with steel nuts and rings.

Tarrax (Fast Hero 4/Survivalist 5/Raider 5): CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 5d10+5 plus 5d10+5; HP 88; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 20 ft; Defense 30, touch 10, flatfooted 30 (+0 size, +11

HALIDOM: HALIDOM

class, +9 equipment); BAB +13; Grap +15; Atk +15 melee (1d6+2, rifle butt), or +17 ranged (3d6, electro-saw thrower); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +8, Ref +11, Will +6; AP 7; Rep +4; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Occupation: Guide (Navigate, Survival).

Background: Radical (Intimidate).

Skills: Craft (mechanical) +7, Hide +8, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Knowledge (Tactics) +5, Listen +6, Navigate +13, Search +4, Spot +6, Survival +19, Treat Injury +6.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Defensive Martial Arts, Far Shot, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Insane [HDM], Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Reload, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Vulture.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

Talents (Survivalist): Called Shot +1d6, Way of the Land, Hunter, Called Shot +2d6.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill.

Possessions: *Electro-saw thrower*, four boxes of EST ammo (40), power backpack (32), *lazab armor*, eskimo snow-goggles, gold teeth (worth 100 cp), two canteens (empty).

KAY*IR

Kay'ir is a small, one-eyed simpering man with long, wispy white hair, several missing teeth, and hands wrapped in dirty bandages to protect them from the heat generated by his plasma rifle.

Kay'ir (Mutant Fast Hero 10/Skulk 4): CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d8 plus 4d8; HP

63; Mas 10; Init +8; Spd 35 ft; Defense 27, touch 25, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +11 class, +2 equipment); BAB +10; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6-1, rifle butt), or +15 ranged (5d10, plasma rifle); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d6-1, rifle butt), or +15/+10 ranged (5d10, plasma rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +4, Ref +13, Will +8; AP 7; Rep +3; Str 8, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Occupation: Repairmen (Knowledge [Technology], Repair).

Background: Visionary Reinventor (Knowledge [Current Events]).

Skills: Balance +8, Climb +6, Craft (electronic) +7, Hide +16, Jump +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +8, Move Silently +17, Repair +14, Sleight of Hand +10, Tumble +17.

Feats: Acrobatic, Advanced Technology, Armor Proficiency (light), Defensive Martial Arts, Double Tap, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Draw, Room-Broom, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Uncanny Dodge 2, Defensive Roll, Increased Speed.

Talents (Skulk): Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6, Skill Mastery.

Possessions: *Plasma rifle*, two *minifusion cells* (14), leather armor, combat knife, glass eye, canteen (empty), two days of wormy rat meat.

SHADOW ARMY (EL 10)

This encounter will only take place after the party has successfully discerned the location of Halidom (i.e. Mt. Rushmore), and only along the northern edge of the Adventure Map.

You've entered an area of desolate, rocky terrain. The sound of marching feet echoes through the narrow spaces between the rocks, and you cautiously sneak to get a glimpse of the source.

Looking from hiding you peer down into a gulley where almost thirty Doomrider cultists march eastwards, bearing tattered banners of rotting flesh and pennants emblazoned with the emblem of the murderous Doomwheel.

All of a sudden you detect movement behind you. Spinning around you see about ten Doomriders who have been watching you silently for some time, all of them hovering in the shadows of nearby rocks. The men simply watch, weapons leveled in your direction, as a man in ornate black armor steps from their midst, a sword of pulsing energy at his side. The man's skin is pure black in color, as if he was darkness given life. A cape blacker than the deep shadows of the crags trails behind him with a slight, silky murmur.

The party has stumbled upon a large cell of Doomriders moving south from the fringes of the Montanan Empire, slowly towards the distant fortress of Halidom. This particular cell is led by a powerful warrior known to his men as "Lord Grell", a master of stealth and subtlety. His men are not mere Doomrider monks, but "assassins" trained to mimic their lord's methods of murder.

It should be immediately obvious to the party that Lord Grell could easily have his men surround and engage them, but for the time being the mysterious warrior seems content to simply look them over - and *parlay*. If they play their cards right, they might just escape a fight.

GM's Note: Lord Grell has been a member of the Doomriders for virtually his entire life. Captured as a child he was destined to face a fate worse than death at the hands of the cult, but proved exceptionally strong and savage even to his captors. Although just a boy he was able to fight for his life, and earned a place in the cult through the killing of much more powerful men than himself. Over the years Lord Grell lost whatever innocence he once had, fully embracing the cult's love of murder, death, and anarchy. He has honed the act of killing into an art, fostering stealthy tactics that have earned him and his men a dreaded reputation as "silent killers". His hands are soiled with the blood of hundreds of innocents, many of whose communities were overrun in a single night by his "shadow army" of murderers and assassins.

As he became more famous and feared, Lord Grell began to set his sights on the seat of Halidom itself. He began to believe he had what it took to claim the title of *Doomsayer*, and secretly his ambitions began to grow.

Grell's intentions to go to Halidom as conqueror were thwarted, however, first when Master Merciless' cell took the citadel for their own, and later when he heard the rumor that another claimant to the title of "Doomsayer" had been found - and was being widely hailed as the One. While he was secretly indignant, he saw that many of his men believed in the Doomsayer's validity and dared not question Him publicly. As the various cells of the cult began to recognize Merciless' authority (for having found the Prophet), Grell was forced to as well.

Speaking on behalf of the recovering Doomsayer, Master Merciless commanded Grell to turn north and assault the Montanan Empire, and unwilling to challenge Merciless, Grell did as ordered - with great success. But after having wiped out a number of

settlements, Grell's popularity has become something of a problem. Merciless, perhaps sensing a potential rival to his master, the Prophet, has called Lord Grell to the fortress of Halidom to publicly pay "homage" to the cult's new lord by kneeling at his feet. Unable to refuse for fear of being torn apart by his own zealous men (many of whom are believers), Grell is headed to Halidom to comply.

Lord Grell is perfectly willing to slaughter the PCs, but he secretly harbors a desire to see the Doomsayer proven a fraud, and the only way to do this is to let him be killed. He of course cannot act against the Doomsayer, but if the party exhibits that they may have a chance - even the slightest chance - of unseating the Doomsayer in battle, Grell will let them slip through.

Grell challenges the leader of the party to a sparring match, witnessed by his men. The battle isn't to the death - he simply wants to judge if they are strong - and thus able to threaten the Doomsayer. Grell will not speak openly of his desire to unseat the Doomsayer in front of his men (many of them are overjoyed just to have the chance to see the Doomsayer in person), but through innuendo and body language communicates that he *wants* them to slip through his grasp and get to Halidom. If they won't reveal their ultimate goal, he subtly tries to catch them in a lie that makes it obvious what their mission is - then backs off. After summing up the party after a few rounds of combat, he orders his men back to the trail, before looking the party over once more and nodding his approval. He ends with the following cryptic message:

"Perhaps you have what it takes. The one who wandered in from the desert, the one you seek to kill, is weak - but He gets stronger with each passing day. Make haste for Halidom, and catch Him while He still recovers. If you want your task to be easier, you

must get there before me; I will delay my forces for as long as I can. Go now, do what it is you have been sent to do. Put your blade through the pretender's heart, and destroy His blasphemy."

Doomrider "Assassins" (40): HP 54 (see below).

Lord Grell: HP 184 (see below).

Doomrider "Assassin" (Mutant Fast Hero 4/ Raider 2/Skulk 2): CR 8; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 2d10+4 plus 2d8+4; HP 54; Mas 14; Init +7; Spd 35 ft; Defense 21, touch 20, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +7 class, +1 equipment); BAB +6; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6+2, cleaver), or +9 ranged (2d8, gauss pistol); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d6+2, cleaver), or +9/+4 ranged (2d8, gauss pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, darkvision; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +5, Ref +10, Will +3; AP 4; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Move Silently).

Mutations and Defects: Sensitive Sight, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int).

Skills: Balance +5, Climb +6, Drive +5, Escape Artist +5, Hide +12, Intimidate +9, Jump +4, Move Silently +13, Sleight of Hand +10, Tumble +12.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Dodge, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

Talents (Fast Hero): Increased Speed, Evasion.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

Talents (Skulk): Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6.

Possessions: Gauss pistol, one clip of gauss ammunition (30), three power clips (30), leather armor.

Lord Grell (Mutant Fast Hero 4/Raider 7/ Doomrider Zealot 5): CR 16; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 7d10+14 plus 5d10+10; HP 184; Mas 14; Init +7; Spd 20 ft; Defense 33, touch 22, flatfooted 33 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +12 class, +11 equipment); BAB +15; Grap +18; Atk +19 melee (2d8+3, plasma sword), or +18 ranged (with up to +20 extra in bonuses*) (2d8, gauss pistol); Full Atk +19/+14/+9 melee (2d8+3, plasma sword), or +18/+13/+8 ranged (with up to +20 extra in bonuses*) (2d8, gauss pistol); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, nocturnal, darkvision, energy-retaining cells, requires 2x food daily; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +5; AP 8; Rep +7; Str 17, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Move Silently).

Mutations and Defects: Energy-Retaining Cell Structure, Nocturnal, Sensitive Sight, Bizarre Pigmentation (white hair & jet black skin), Underdeveloped Organ (Intestines), Negative Chemical Reaction.

Skills: Bluff +3, Drive +17, Gather Information +3, Hide +12, Intimidate +20, Jump +4, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Knowledge (Tactics) +15, Move Silently +25, Navigate +8, Search +4, Spot +8, Survival +15.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Armor Proficiency (heavy), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength*, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Room-Broom, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (plasma sword).

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Opportunist.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage.

Possessions: *Advanced metal armor, plasma sword, gauss pistol*, two boxes of gauss ammunition (60), *power backpack* (50), *biomechanical targeter**, web belt, three *satchel charge Cs*, ten *fragmentation grenades*, flash goggles.

Development: Hopefully the party will be able to avoid a fight with these Doomriders, and learn something in the process (that the Doomsayer is still weak). If the PCs accept his gesture Lord Grell will try to lead his men around the wasteland a little while longer, delaying their arrival at Halidom, giving the party a chance to face fewer Doomriders when they finally get to the fortress.

If, however, the PCs are stubborn or belligerent and attack Grell, he will be disappointed and will signal his army of assassins to attack. The party could very well be swarmed if they don't quickly retreat!

RAPID CITY (EL 0)

The countryside here is dry, the skies bright and blue. Cresting a dry, wind-swept hill you are treated to a panoramic view of the valley beyond.

Spread out below are the ruins of some lost city. From this distance you can see most of the city was leveled long ago by devastation and fire. Even from this far you detect a bad odor, the smell of organic decay.

Once a city of 80,000 people, Rapid City was a significant enough strategic center to warrant

destruction during the Final War. As home to the 28th Bomber Wing (composed of nuclear-armed strategic bombers, and the rumored reactivated silos in the surrounding countryside), Rapid City was a direct target for the first round of strategic attacks, and is now a chemical wasteland. After chemical weapons were detonated over the city in the early stages of the war, Rapid City's surviving civilian population fled the city *en masse*, virtually abandoning the damaged city overnight.

Over the years small groups of unaffiliated nomads from the north (mostly tribal herders) have made the toxic ruins of Rapid City their home on a temporary basis, driving their sheep herds through the city during the blistering summer months, unaware of how close they were to the Doomrider citadel of "Halidom" (see map). These people's presence has never been a permanent one, however (largely due to the fact that the water to be found in the ruins is mostly poisonous), and with the recent rise of the Doomriders - and the subsequent outbreak of plague - the nomads have almost completely vanished.

PCs entering Rapid City will find it almost completely leveled, its ruins burned-out and empty. There are unusual levels of vermin infestation in the city, however (rats and other rodents fleeing the Black Hills, where the *plague* now originates from), but about 80% of these animals have already died off, either from disease or the poisons still lingering in the urban ecosystem. Tens of thousands of dead rodents fill the streets and are just now beginning to rot, filling the air with a bad odor. Any surviving rodents the PCs encounter have a 95% probability of carrying the *bubonic* form of the *plague*.

A thorough search of the ruins may uncover some dead sheep, as well as the decaying bodies of a few tribal herders who were either victims of the Doomriders when they came down from the

HALIDOM: HALIDOM

mountains, or else victims of the plague that have followed wherever the Doomriders have been. Either way the PCs will find no one alive in Rapid City.

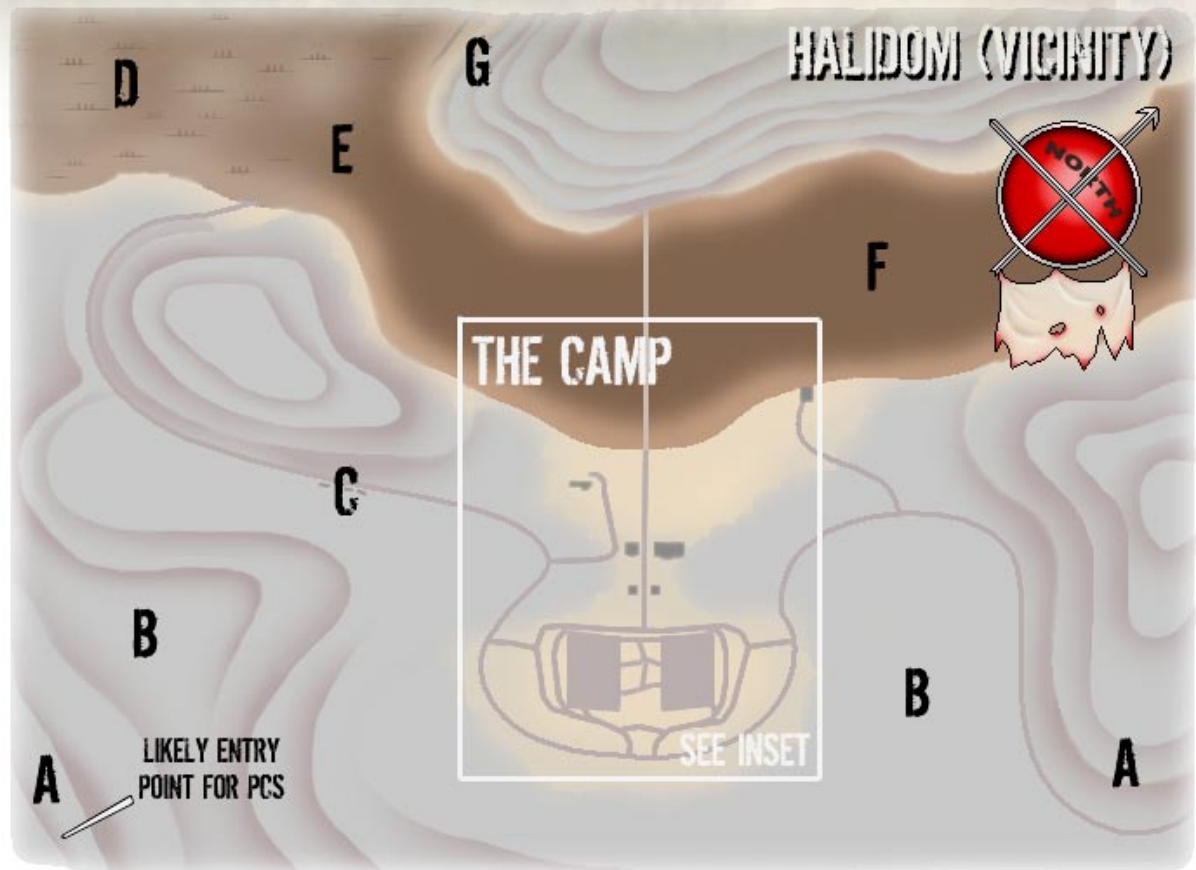
GM's Note: PCs looking to replenish their supplies will find a few water sources in the city - rain-filled craters, swimming pools, etc. - but there is an 80% chance that a given source will be *poisonous*. Treat these as *deadly chemicals* (ingested, Fort save DC 20, initial damage 2d6 Con, secondary damage 2d6 Con + 1d6 Wis*).

BLACK HILLS (EL VARIES)

Other than the possibility of stumbling upon the *Doomhenge* and the *Shadow Army* (locations described above), the journey to Mt. Rushmore should be eerily uneventful. As the characters leave the open plains of central Wyoming, they pass into what was once a part of South Dakota - the beginning of the legendary *Black Hills*.

Leaving the horizon-spanning grasslands behind, the terrain quickly rises into dry, forest-draped hills that somehow seem desolate and barren. These lonely hills soon become mountains, broken and stony juggernauts that rise towards the sky creating a maze of treacherous rocky ravines and dusty riverbeds, interlaced by the tinder-dry fingers of ancient forestland.

But as you press on, the amazing golden grasses and verdant green trees of the lower elevations seem to fade, the previously impressive range of colors seemingly leached right from the terrain. Most of the trees here are dead or dying, stripped of leaves and needles, and those that aren't seem stunted and small. The lush grass of the plains abruptly thins,



becomes patchy, and then vanishes altogether, revealing only bare gray rock underfoot. The further you go into the heart of the hills, fewer and fewer animal calls are heard, until at long last nothing but cold, hollow echoes answer the sounds of your passage.

The Black Hills were once famous for their towering Ponderosa pine, bur oaks, cottonwoods, and Black

Hills spruce. Now it is a lonely and lifeless place, the forests all but dead. The Black Hills weren't always like this; the recent changes are the result of increased geological activity in the area, as long-forgotten geothermal hotspots have slowly risen to the surface beneath the mountain range. Spawning hot mud flows, boiling lakes of mud, and spontaneous emissions of poisonous gas, the Black Hills have become a truly infernal place. These conditions

have killed or driven out almost all natural life from the Black Hills, making it the perfect home for the nihilistic Doomriders...

A. DEAD FOREST (EL 0)

A thin mist is stirred up by the wind. The trees here are all dead and withered, their trunks discolored gray, and even the grass appears to be bleached and sickly. A few dead birds can be seen lying on the ground, but not even insects will touch the bodies, which seem impervious to rot. It is eerily silent.

This area was recently swept by poisonous gasses released from underground, acidic fumes that killed the trees, grass, and even the wildlife in a matter of minutes. Birds and insects alike simply “fell dead” as the silent cloud passed through the forest, leaving nothing alive in its wake.

The poison gas is gone now, but as a result of its passing the forest is unusually still and quiet.

GM's Note: A character making a Knowledge (Earth & Life Sciences) check at DC 19 will be able to discern what killed the forest and the animals, giving them a hint of the violent geological forces inherent to the area.

B. POISON GAS VENT (EL 7)

As you walk between the trunks of trees in an otherwise dead forest, a flock of black ravens suddenly takes wing, flapping wildly to gain altitude and escape into the sky.

Moments later the ground shudders and you struggle to maintain your footing. All of a sudden the marshy earth ruptures and a vent of cloying green-gray gas billows forth with a violent cloud of vapor.

The Black Hills are subject to all sorts of strange tectonic activity now, and as the characters pass through this area a minor *tremor* causes a poison gas vent to form. Unfortunately the party will be in the vicinity of the cloud if they pass through the area, and it proves to be quite deadly.

The characters have one round to act before the cloud sweeps towards them and engulfs them and everything within a 100 feet of them. Those characters who are still breathing when the cloud hits must make a Fortitude save at DC 25 or be *poisoned* (inhaled; DC 17; initial 1d4 Dex, secondary 2d4 Con). The cloud will persist for 30 minutes before dissipating, so the PCs will have to run to avoid having to make additional saving throws each round!

Characters wearing gas masks (or having some other means of protection) will be immune.

C. ABANDONED TOUR BUSES (EL 0)

The dead forest has grown marshy here, and the mud is thick and unusually warm. Up ahead you see the rusted remains of a few old buses, some partly lodged in the mud and others completely mired. It looks as if whoever drove them here got stuck and had to abandoned them.

The rusting vehicles mired here in the mud swamp were the Doomriders' tour buses, but when one of them got a flat within sight of the mountain the band (and their followers) simply abandoned them. Over the years the swamp encroached on them, eventually swallowing them up in the dead marshes surrounding the mountain.

After so many years since the Fall the huge vehicles have been stripped down, including most of their metal bodies, engine parts, and tires. There is nothing left to salvage.

D. SWAMP (EL 2)

No mosquitos or insects buzz in this still, quiet marsh. Steam rising from the thick mud creates a thin fog that wanders through the trunks of uprooted trees.

The mud lake (**area F**) has become a treacherous marsh at this point, and here the vast number of trees and other ground debris swept away by the formation of the lake has become dammed, creating a swamp.

The swamp is uncomfortably warm but not overly hot, but the vapors pervading it are still mildly toxic (inhaled; DC 20; initial 1 Dex, secondary 1d2 Con).

E. ROCKS (EL 4)

A sea of mud cuts across the terrain at this point, isolating the dead forest from the mountain slopes on the other side. A cluster of large broken rocks sit like barren islands in the boiling mud, ready to be swallowed up at any moment.

The rocks provide a possible means of crossing the lake without risking an attack on the main encampment. Characters can jump from rock to rock to cross the mud lake at this point. Doing so takes them to **area G**, below, but this requires five consecutive Jump checks to accomplish. Note that each rock lies some 10 ft. from the next, and anyone failing the jump automatically falls into the mud lake. For the effects of falling into the mud lake, see **area F**.

F. LAKE OF MUD (EL 4)

A huge lake of gray-brown mud spreads out across the valley, separating the mountain fortress of Halidom from the far shore. This body of super-heated mud hisses, burbles, and bubbles, and when larger bubbles pop

FIRST GLIMPSE OF HALIDOM

Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs get their first glimpse of Mt. Rushmore and the Doomrider camp lying in its shadow:

After a long climb you finally crest a final cliff, and gaze down into the valley below.

The next valley is dominated by an awesome sight. The dead husk of a gray and ghostly forest rings a great stony mountain. Between the forest and this gargantuan mount is a lake of boiling mud. Piping-hot steam from this bubbling, babbling, and hissing miasma rises high into the sky.

On the gravelly shores of this mud lake lies what at first appears to be a small city. Looking more closely you recognize the tents and ramshackle buildings of a vast army camp. Perhaps a thousand men or more could occupy such a large encampment, dwarfed by the stony cliffs that loom above them. Because of the mist generated by the mud lake you cannot make out individuals moving in the camp, but screams, wails, and maniacal laughter find their way up the cliffside to where you hide, and for a moment you feel as if you were gazing through a magic mirror into the depths of Hell itself.

Over all of this stands a Doomwheel of unprecedented size - as large as a Ferris wheel - each of its one hundred spikes hung with a rotting corpse.

Tearing your eyes away from the camp you take stock of the mountain itself. A barren, ugly thing, the great rock soars into the sky and above the tops of even the tallest of trees. Tectonic ash rising on the hot air generated by the lake makes it look like its snowing upwards, in the reverse of the natural order. Indeed, everything here seems unnatural, from the ghost-city of lunatics to the sea of brown boiling mud, to the dead lifeless forests and the mountain itself.

Carved into its very face are the colossal images of four long-forgotten kings, gazing out into eternity. But someone has been hard at work here, for the mountain's face is riddled with crude caves and tunnels, from each of which a hellish red glow emerges. The eyes and mouths of each of these kings has been hollowed out, and steam billows from these holes and into the sky like abyssal fumeroles.

This is Halidom, the dark sanctuary of the Doomriders.

or collapse in on themselves vents of steam, greenish smoke, or snowy white ash shoot skywards.

The lake of mud finds its origins deep underground, and is pushed to the surface by forces beyond the control of the party (or anyone else for that matter). Over the centuries this geothermal activity has

drastically altered the face of Mt. Rushmore and its environs, turning the entire area into a sickly, deadly miasma.

The lake is clearly dangerous, and anyone swimming, falling, or being pushed into the boiling mud will take 8d6 points of heat-based damage every round (no save). While a character is in the mud she can only move by swimming, but all Swim checks

are made with a -10 circumstance penalty because of the viscous nature of the mud. Assuming a character manages to reach shore she must still make a Strength check at DC 20 to pull herself free (requiring a full-round action); otherwise she cannot pull herself out of the miasma that round.

The lake of mud is 1,000 ft. across.

G. CREVASSE (EL 0)

Swirling steam partly obscures this natural crevasse from the other side of the lake. Rough stones, coincidentally shaped like steps, rise up the narrow crack in the rock and into the darkness above. These steps are dusted with gray ash, and since there are no visible tracks, it looks like no one has come this way in a long time.

This crack in the side of the mountain has been largely forgotten by the Doomriders. The PCs can climb the old stairs (Climb check DC 15), which lead to a small rock-strewn gully. This gully in turn winds around the side of the mountain and connects to the small box canyon behind Halidom (**area 30**). In effect, a secret "back entrance".



There are effectively *four* entrances to the fortress of Halidom, though only a thorough search of the surrounding area will uncover two of these. The most obvious

entrance is the great causeway spanning the mud lake (**area Z8**), which runs right beneath the stony countenances of Mt. Rushmore. Another is through the eyes/mouths of the presidents carved into the side of the mountain (**area Z53**), but to reach these the

PCs would certainly have to have some means of flying.

In addition to these there is a secret *sally port* hidden among the wrecks in the junkyard (**area Z11**). The last entrance involves finding the forgotten crevasse (**area G**, above) that leads behind the south face of the mountain and into a small, secret canyon (**area Z30**).

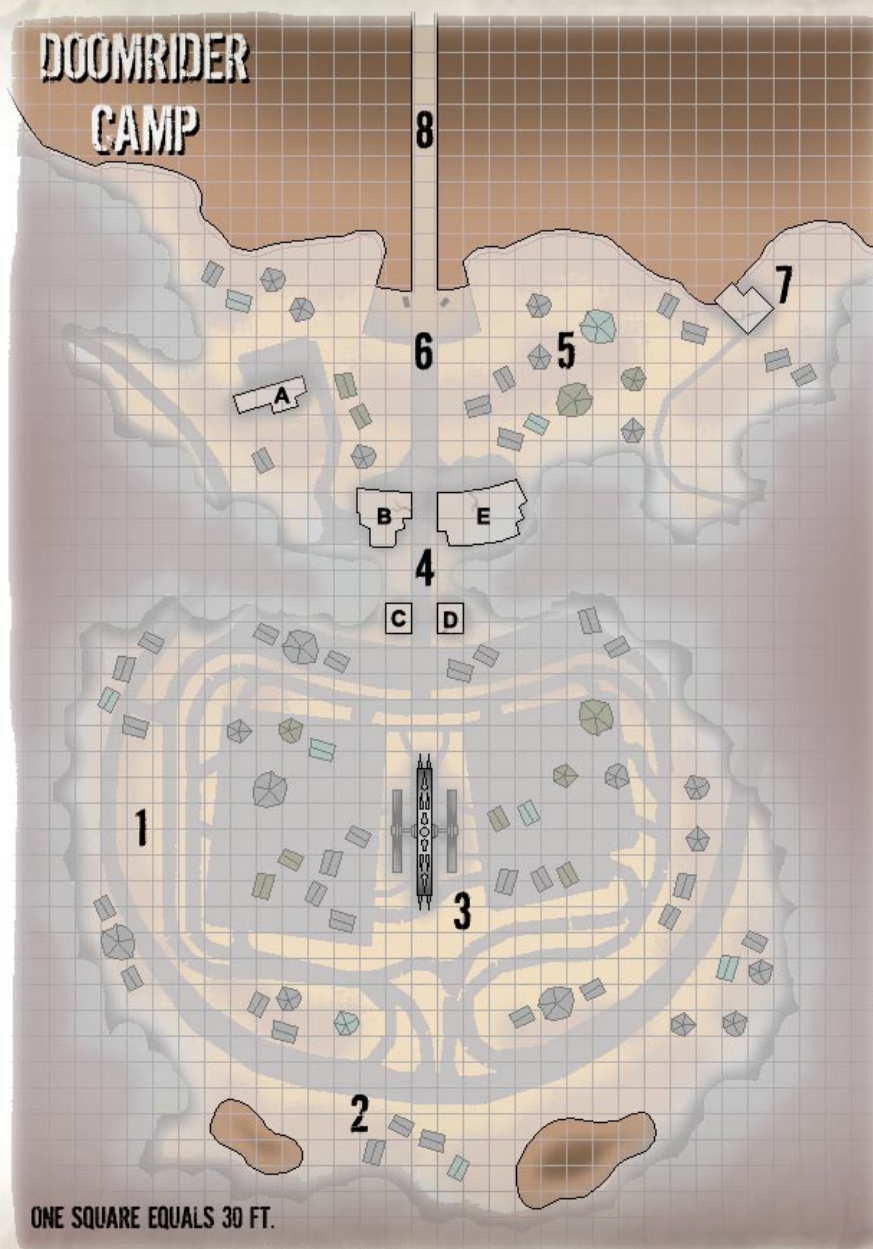
THE CAMP

The areas just outside Mt. Rushmore comprise the encampments of the Doomriders, a small city of tents and shacks built by the death-cult to shelter a legion of their vehicle-mounted marauders. Disease has taken a terrible toll on the camps, however, leaving many Doomriders dead, but most members of the cult see this simply as a “weeding-out” of the weak and embrace the deaths in their midst.

The individual locations of the camp are detailed below.

Z1. OUTER ENCAMPMENT (EL 0)

A thin, sulphurous mist trails along on the wind, winding its way among the maze of rotten tents and through the ghostly trees bounding the camp in on all sides. The stench of decay is strong here, but thankfully the darkness conceals the corpses that no doubt decorate every corner of this place. Only hundreds of tiny green lights illuminate the night - the eyes of rat swarms feasting quietly upon the dead.



This part of the Doomrider camp lies furthest from the shores of the mud lake - and closest to the dead forests ringing the mountain. The tents here were once home to hundreds of Doomrider warriors, but most of these have already died off from the *plague* brought by the Doomsayer Prophet on his return from the Burning Lands. As such, the tents are filled with dead bodies, and a large number of rats have come here to feed. Ironically the rats, too, have begun to die off in droves as well.

GM's Note: Most of the Doomriders were stunned by the voracity of the plague - they expected to be alive and well when the Second Apocalypse came, and yearned to play a part in the destruction. Now most of these fools are dead, having suffered horribly from the disease brought by the Prophet into their ranks.

The remaining Doomriders are unconcerned by the deaths, however. While it may have decimated their numbers, the plague has already taken hold elsewhere, and by all accounts is spreading, having the potential to kill far more “outsiders” than Doomriders. And those Doomriders that have survived its withering touch are only stronger for it. When the Second Apocalypse comes, the remaining Doomriders believe they will be unstoppable.

PCs expecting a fight with the Doomriders will only find corpses in this part of the camp.

Z2. FESTERS (EL 12)

Through the mist you see a few rotting tents, outside of which lies a sea of glistening wet bones. Writhing among the macabre remains are several giant maggots, whose pasty white flesh writhes with unsettling muscular motion. Slime and speckled ooze drip from the eyeless heads of these squirming things, which rise and turn as they sense your intrusion.

The giant maggots are *festers*, grotesque mutant creatures who have been drawn to the Doomrider camp due to the inordinate amount of death that has taken place here (deaths from the plague, as well as past executions on the Doomwheel at **area Z3**). Smelling the stench of decay they have come here to feast.

The festers remain in the *Outer Encampment* area, rightly fearing the living who dwell in the shadow of Halidom. They have had an abundance of rotting flesh to feed on, but will move to attack the PCs if they spot them.

GM's Note: Because they are feeding on plague victims, all three festers carry the bacteria and thus any bite from them has a chance of spreading the *septicemic* form of the disease to their opponents (Fortitude save DC 16). The disease has had no effect on them, however.

Diseased Festers (3): HP 71 (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Z3. DOOMWHEEL (EL 0)

Through the gloom of falling ash rises a mighty Doomwheel, the cold and murderous machine irrevocably tied to the Doomriders. As large as a Ferris wheel, this mighty contraption is made of riveted iron and bristles with spikes as small as knives, and others as large as swords.

At least a hundred limp, pale green bodies hang from these spikes, the blood having long drained from them. A few dismembered limbs lie here and there about the foot of the massive device, having fallen from the impaled bodies as they slowly rot away.

This enormous Doomwheel (100 ft. high) was constructed long ago, and it is here, upon its spikes, that those who fail the rigorous tests of the Doomriders of Halidom are impaled alive. Their screams, echoing through the gorge, serve to remind the Doomriders of the coming Second Apocalypse.

GM's Note: A single survivor clings desperately to life on the Doomwheel, just 20 ft. above the ground. A former captive, the Doomriders tried to brainwash him but failed. He was taken here to be ritually executed, but his tremendous willpower has kept him alive despite being impaled.

When the PCs pass by the Doomwheel the man will mutter out weakly in a thin voice. Only his eyes, which are beginning to dilate, give any sign that he is alive, for his body is pale and bloody.

If the characters help him down the man identifies himself as a former adventurer who was in Barter Town when it came under attack. He was marched off with others across the plains to the foot of Halidom, where they were separated and underwent numerous brutal trials. He warns the party that there are "giant man-eating lizards" on the other side of the mud lake, and also warns them that Halidom is "home to madmen" - and not to trust their eyes or ears once they are inside that place. He tells the characters that the "Prophet" lives high up in the mountain, but to get to him they'll have to work their way up through the caves underneath and past his legions of lunatic followers.

The man does know of a secret entrance (which

he overheard some Doomriders talking about), and if asked he will describe a "secret back entrance" through the crevasse at **area G**. He hasn't explored this area himself, but he believes it leads to passages "partly filled with boiling mud".

The man can say nothing more, and even with the best medical care quickly expires soon after.

Z4. ABANDONED BUILDINGS (EL 0 OR 9)

A few old stone buildings rise from the murk of the muddy swamp, almost completely draped in black ivy and sickly vegetation, and their rooftops sagging with a heavy layer of ash. Most of these buildings are dilapidated, with cracked stonework and rusted metal parts. They are all completely dark.

These buildings, part of the original visitor center for Mt. Rushmore, have stood here since before the Fall, and once included a restaurant, National Park Service building, gift shop, public restrooms, etc. All of these buildings have long been deserted.

A: This was formerly the National Park Service offices, which were torched when the Doomriders and their biker followers rolled into the national park 200+ years ago. The NPS officers managed to get away, but as all civilization was breaking down no one came to contest the band's hold on the monument.

The building is now burned-out, the interior walls having collapsed long ago leaving only a hollow shell.

B: This was the monument's quaint gift shop, but the Doomriders gaily defaced it when they first took over the park. The building is covered in graffiti (Doomwheel symbols, images of skulls and

screaming faces, etc.), but inside it is trashed and empty.

C/D: A bad smell is noticeable from these stone buildings even from a few dozen paces away. These were the public restrooms and the Doomriders still use them for the same purpose. Inside, each building is totally defaced with graffiti, and over the years one

vandal or another has been successful in tearing out the toilet fixtures. Now the Doomriders just go in the open holes in the ground (or on the wall).

A few cockroaches inhabit these buildings but they quickly scurry away to avoid being squashed.

GM's Note: There is a 1 in 10 chance that the PCs will encounter a lone Doomrider Monk here. If this is the case they will automatically take him by

surprise.

Doomrider Monk (1): HP 71 (see **area Z5**).

E: This building, the largest still standing, was at one time an elegant restaurant. The entire front of the building was made of glass, providing a panoramic view of Mt. Rushmore. The Doomriders badly damaged this building when they first arrived, but it served as the "headquarters" of the band members until construction was completed on the tunnels underneath the mountain itself. By the time they moved into Halidom the interior of the restaurant had been turned into a hellhole.

PCs searching the dark ruins of this building find the disintegrating remnants of broken furniture, broken drug paraphernalia, hundreds of smashed beer bottles, and interior walls covered in creeping vines. It is otherwise empty.

RUMORS AND TALES

Since most of the cult's captives have either seen things or overheard their captors talking, they might be a useful source of information - if the characters think to talk to them. Assuming the characters can find and free a captive who is lucid (if even for a few moments), they may be able to learn a few pieces of seemingly random information.

Here are some of the things a captive may know about the complex and its denizens; note that a given prisoner is unlikely to know more than one or two of these:

- The cult stashes the loot from its many raids in a dark, dry cave that connects to the boiling mud tunnels beneath the mountain.
- The cultists whisper that the Prophet's strength is slowly returning. They say that when he has fully regained his powers someone referred to by the cult as the "Daughter of the Gods" will awaken, and they will join together in a perverse ceremony, marking the beginning of the "Second Apocalypse".
- One of the Doomrider zealots, a mad inventor, has constructed a pipe organ made from living captives somewhere high up in the mountain. This organ lies near the entrance to the Prophet's sanctum, and the music from it entertains him as he recovers from his ordeals in the desert.
- The general of the Prophet's armies is a lunatic named "Master Merciless". He wears armor fashioned by the Ancients, and drapes himself in a cloak made from human flesh.
- A particularly-dedicated Doomrider monk named "Zeal" prowls the corridors higher up in the mountain, looking for any sign of intruders.
- The prisons are located on the north side of the complex. The jailer is a sadistic freak who uses a powerful device known as an "agonizer" to torture captives.
- There are rumored to be several secret exits out of the mountain. One of these is an underground tunnel that leads to a sally port hidden among the wrecks in the junkyard on the south side of the mountain.
- The cultists have been overheard muttering about a "trap" being laid for potential intruders in a room somewhere on the top level of the complex.

Z5. INNER ENCAMPMENT (EL VARIES)

On the shores of the burbling, gurgling, boiling lake of mud lies a village of tents and old huts. Wood walls and tent canvas are painted with bloody streaks and circular symbols that resemble Doomwheels. Rusty pikes of solid steel rise in places, each adorned with a bare skeleton or the rotting remains of a recent victim.

The weak blue light of corium lanterns filters out from a few of these tents, and every now and again a maniacal, disembodied, ghostly laugh echoes through the gloom from somewhere in the camp.

The Doomriders have maintained a camp here for more than 200 years, at least since the time of the Fall itself. Coming here in a vast legion, the original band immediately set their followers to work creating a sanctuary from the face of Mt. Rushmore. This

legion of bikers, wastrels, and other disillusioned members of society lived in a large camp at the foot of the mountain while the work was underway. Eventually the halls beneath Halidom were completed, but the camp was still deemed necessary for housing the masses of followers.

The stench of sickness is strong here, but those Doomriders who have survived the sweeping plague are now the toughest and most dedicated of the cult. These hardened warriors stay at their post in this grisly camp despite the presence of the enormous maggots, periodic gusts of poisonous vapor, and the odd tremor or two.

GM's Note: If the party is spotted, the Doomrider warriors in this camp will emerge to fight them *en masse*. Each tent contains anywhere from 3-5 warriors, and as they converge to fight, the loud sonic pulses of their weapons attract others from all over the camp. Unless the PCs beat a hasty retreat they could very well be overwhelmed in a matter of minutes.

Doomrider Monks (200 [encountered in groups of 3-5]): HP 71 (see below).

Doomrider Monk* (Mutant Strong Hero 2/Smart Hero 2/Raider 3/Road Warrior 2): CR 9; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d8+6 plus 2d6+6 plus 3d10+9 plus 2d10+6; HP 71; Mas 16; Init +2; Spd 25 ft; Defense 27, touch 18, flatfooted 25 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +2 natural, +7 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d6+3, cleaver), or +11 ranged touch (2d12, sonic rifle B); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d6+3, cleaver), or +11/+6 ranged touch (2d12, sonic rifle B); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +6; AP 4; Rep +3; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Dermal Spike Growth, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int).

Skills: Balance +4, Climb +5, Drive +12, Intimidate +4, Jump +5, Listen +4, Pilot +4, Repair +7, Spot +4.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Insane [HDM], Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Sunder, Vehicle Expert, Weapon Focus (sonic rifle B).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash.

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Repair).

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

Talents (Road Warrior): Boarding Party, Offensive Driving.

Possessions: *Sonic rifle B*, two *power clips* (20), tactical vest, cleaver, grisly trophies (skulls, teeth, fingers, eyeballs, etc.), 1d2 doses of *hercurin*.

** Most Doomrider Monks are long-term hercurin addicts, and will have their statistics modified due to their prolonged use of the drug (included in the stat block above).*

Z6. METAL GUARDIANS (EL 13)

Two heavily-armed and armored vehicles sit here, flanking either side of a great causeway. Both vehicles are painted black and have armored plate instead of windshields. One of the vehicles mounts a multi-barrelled chaingun, while the other has some futuristic device on a mount in the bed.

Oddly, what looks like blood seeps from the engine compartment and exhaust pipe of each

vehicle, lending them the appearance of living creatures.

The Doomriders have parked two of their vehicles here to bolster the defense of the causeway (**area Z8**). The two vehicles include a modified *battle hummer* (armor spikes, armored, mounted weapon [M214 minigun], and ram plate) and a modified *pickup* (armored, mounted weapon [sonic cannon]). The *sonic cannon* is a new weapon introduced in this adventure.

At any given time a small group of four *Doomrider Monks* will be here; one inside manning each mounted weapon, the other two (drivers) lingering outside. If the alarm is raised anywhere in camp the drivers get in their vehicles and button them up tight, and move out to respond. It is quite possible that these heavy machines will be used to track the PCs down and destroy them, but in general the vehicles will not leave the immediate vicinity of the camp (i.e. they won't drive off of established trails, i.e. into the forest to chase the party, for fear of foundering in the swamp).

Doomrider Monks (4): HP 71 (see **area Z5**).

Battle Hummer (1): HP 40, armed with *M214 minigun*.

Pickup (1): HP 36, armed with *sonic cannon* (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Treasure: There are 250 rounds for the minigun in the *battle hummer*, and four *minifusion cells* in the *pickup*.

Z7. OVERLOOK (EL 18)

A small crumbling building stands precariously on the edge of the mud lake. Outside are camped a small group of four Doomriders, keeping a vigilant watch.

This building was once a covered overlook providing a nice view of the mountain, but the growth of the swampy lake has put it in danger of eventually being swallowed up by mud. The building (right on the edge of the cliff) now overlooks the bubbling, sulphurous miasma.

A particularly favored Doomrider “zealot” uses this building as his personal residence, as he has been charged with leading the host assembled in the encampments (**areas Z1** and **Z5**, though the men in **area Z1** are now all dead) below the mountain. This zealot is Brother *Hades*, a powerful champion of the Doomriders whose name is feared - or at least respected - by every member of the cult.

Hades led his own cell of Doomriders for many years, raiding and slaughtering in the name of the Doomriders’ creed of nihilistic savagery. But when Master Merciless rose to prominence to lead the Halidom cell, Hades recognized his strength and bowed to his leadership, coming here to serve him.

Despite his loyalty to Master Merciless, Hades has been disillusioned by the seemingly-miraculous return of the Prophet. He finds many reasons not to throw himself blindly at the Prophet’s feet; he views the emergence of the *plague* not as a divine sign, but as a danger to the Doomriders as a whole (after all, he has seen it virtually wipe out the camps, leaving the Doomriders dangerously weak), and he also believes the “trap” devised by the Prophet to be an invitation for disaster, and suspects it may be the cult’s undoing.

While he has his secret misgivings, Hades is a believer in the Doomrider prophecies. He just doesn’t think *this* Prophet is the reincarnated Doomsayer. Hades thinks the Prophet is merely a madman who survived the Burning Lands through some miracle or tremendous fortitude, but not the man they have hoped for. Still, he is loyal to Master Merciless and will not publicly question the Prophet’s

legitimacy.

GM’s Note: Hades has taken measures not to let anyone diseased near his quarters. His personal guards have orders to shoot anyone looking ill, even other Doomriders. This has led to him becoming detached from his men, but at least he isn’t sick.

Still, at the sound of any trouble in the encampment Hades will emerge from this building to do battle, already armed and armored and ready to wade into combat. He is joined by his personal guard of four *Doomrider Elites*, and will lead these men (and the other Doomriders that emerge from their tents all around the camp) to fight off interlopers. If able he will go to **area Z6** and mount one of the vehicles before it rides off, using it as a mount from which to direct the masses of Doomriders as they chase after the party.

Hades will do his best to kill the PCs, but if they prove unstoppable his better judgement gets the best of him. During the fight he will lead any surviving men into the forest, abandoning the camp; already having second thoughts about the Prophet, Hades will lead his loyal followers off into the mountains to join up with a rival cell in some distant corner of the wasteland.

Brother Hades: HP 170 (see below).

Doomrider Elites (4): HP 88 (see below).

Brother Hades (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 8/Doomrider Zealot 5): CR 16; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 8d10+8 plus 5d10+5; HP 170; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 20 ft; Defense 34, touch 20, flatfooted 33 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +9 class, +2 natural, +12 equipment); BAB +16; Grap +18; Atk +18 melee (1d8+7, *mastercraft* battle axe +3), or +19 ranged (3d10, pulse laser rifle); Full Atk +18/+13/+8/+3 melee (1d8+7, *mastercraft* battle axe +3), or +19/+14/+9/+4 ranged (3d10, pulse

laser rifle); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +4; AP 8; Rep +6; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 13.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Dermal Spike Growth, Bilirubin Imbalance.

Skills: Bluff -1, Climb +6, Diplomacy -1, Disguise -1, Drive +9, Intimidate +12, Jump +6, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +10, Navigate +5, Ride +4, Spot +5, Survival +4.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Intimidating Strength, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Rallying Leader, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (pulse laser rifle).

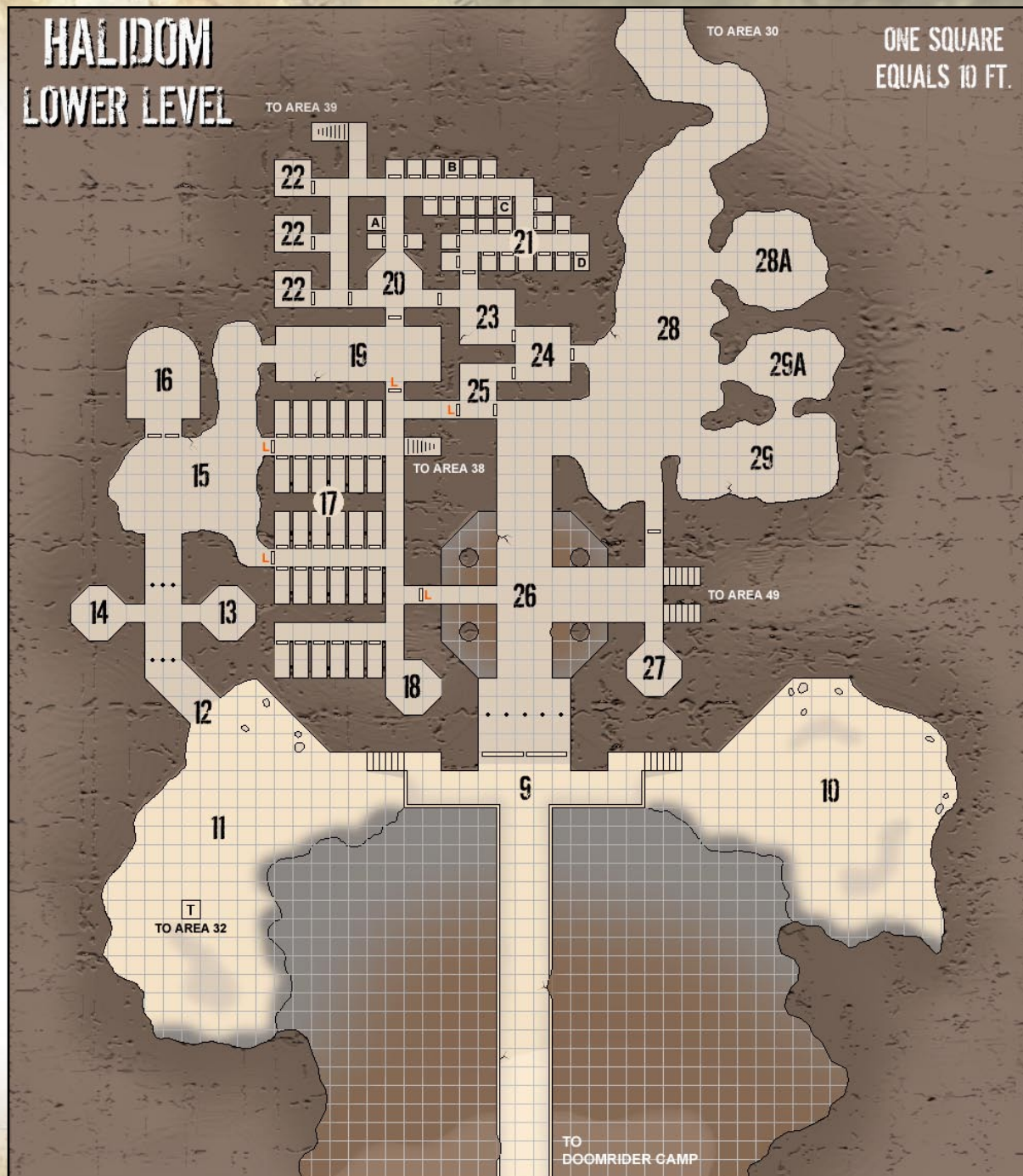
Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors, Chaps and Chains +3.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage.

Possessions: *Pulse laser rifle*, *power backpack* (45), *mastercraft advanced metal armor* +1 (bonus to Defense), *mastercraft battle axe* +3 (bonus to damage), one dose of *hercurin*, one can of *medi-spray* (7).

Doomrider Elite (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 4/Doomrider Zealot 5): CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+6 plus 4d10+8 plus 5d10+10;



HP 88; Mas 14; Init +7; Spd 20 ft; Defense 30, touch 18, flatfooted 29 (+0 size, +1 Dex, +7 class, +12 equipment); BAB +12; Grap +14; Atk +14 melee (1d6+5, rifle butt, two-handed), or +16 ranged touch (3d12, sonic rifle B); Full Atk +14/+9/+4 melee (1d6+5, rifle butt, two-handed), or +16/+11/+6 ranged touch (3d12, sonic rifle B); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, DR 2/- vs. piercing and ballistic; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +10, Ref +7, Will +4; AP 6; Rep +5; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing, Bizarre Pigmentation.

Skills: Climb +5, Drive +10, Intimidate +12, Jump +5, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +6, Listen +2, Navigate +3, Spot +2, Survival +6.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Sonic Blast [HDM], Weapon Focus (sonic rifle B).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage.

Possessions: *Sonic rifle B*, three *power clips* (30), *mastercraft advanced metal armor* +1 (bonus to Defense), combat knife, one dose of *stimshot B*.

Z8. CAUSEWAY (EL 0)

A great causeway of stone stretches out across the bubbling lake of mud. Shrouded in a thick mist from the steaming mud swamp below, it looks like a bridge built by demons to connect this world with a world of evil spirits. Huge columns of dried mud cling to the sides of the bridge, and drip off of tall rusted pikes sticking up out of the bridge's railing. On each of these pikes has been stuck a withered and rotting human head - past victims of the Doomrider cult.

This enormous stone bridge was built decades ago by the cult when the mud lake grew too large to circumvent. Eventually the lake completely engulfed the south face of the mountain, but the bridge was soon completed allowing the Doomriders to come and go from their fortress at will.

The causeway is 30 ft. wide and is sturdy enough to not only withstand the slow current of the mud lake, but also to support the largest of motor vehicles. The Doomriders have decorated it with the heads of some of their fiercest opponents, in a mockery of the "Avenue of Flags" that was once a part of the Mt. Rushmore park.

As the characters near the end of the causeway, read the following:

Up ahead, to one side of the great causeway, is a barren, broken field of loose stone that forms a small rocky "beach" on the far side of the bubbling mud lake. Perched on rocks and basking in the heat of the mud lake are a large pack of huge scaly green lizards. As you come towards the end of the causeway they watch you with increasing interest.

These are the *guanagons* at **area Z10**, which will move to the foot of the causeway as the PCs approach. See **area Z10** for details.

LOWER LEVEL

The first level of Halidom is taken up by large caverns hollowed out of the mountain generations ago by the early followers of the Doomriders. These caves contain guard rooms, machine rooms, and training halls where the Doomriders perpetually prepare for the great slaughter that is to be their prophesized "Second Apocalypse".

The lower level is accessible by the causeway that runs across the mud lake and into a huge "cave", overlooked by the main gate of the fortress and two small rocky beaches flanking it on either side.

DOORS IN HALIDOM

Unless otherwise noted, all doors inside Halidom are heavy steel portals with the following characteristics:

Steel Doors: 4 in. Thick; Hardness 10; HP 120; Break DC 35.

Z9. MAIN GATE (EL 0)

A massive gateway of solid metal stands over the far end of the great causeway. Originally forged to depict hundreds of screaming faces on its surface, acid in the lake's vapors have slowly eaten away at these to the point where they look truly monstrous.

This is the main entrance to Halidom, the portal which the Doomrider army uses when leaving or returning from their campaigns of terror. At any other time the great gate is barred against intrusion.

The doors are massive and each weighs several tons, and together can only be opened through an

underground mechanical lock system controlled from **area Z27**. The PCs could potentially use explosives to blow a hole in one of the doors, however, but doing so would certainly be heard throughout the fortress.

Colossal Steel Doors: 24 in. Thick; Hardness 10, 720 Hit Points, Break DC -.

Z10. GUANAGONS (EL 15)

The barren rocks on this side of the cave gleam with a coating of reptile dung. The air is stagnant here; the stench is awful.

A group of carnivorous *guanagons* has lived among the fallen rocks in this huge cave for a long time. Over the years the Doomriders of Halidom tried to kill the *guanagons* of the area off, but soon learned the creatures could also be reasonably controlled by regular feedings. Seeing in the loud, obnoxious beasts the potential for a rudimentary "alarm system", long ago the Doomriders gave up killing the creatures and now let them be, placating them now and again with offerings of human corpses.

The *guanagons* are now confined exclusively to the northwest bank of the mud lake (underneath the sheltering overhang of the "presidential faces" of Mt. Rushmore; see map), guarding the main entrance to the citadel, and have come to rely on the Doomriders for food. As such they have grown quite lazy - and also quite *spoiled*. Generally speaking the Doomriders feed them whenever they return from their forays into the wasteland, and as such the *guanagons* eagerly await anyone coming across the causeway from the south. However, if their preferred food (dead human flesh) is not quickly offered, the creatures croak loudly to show their discontent, and move to attack.

GM's Note: When the characters come to the

north end of the causeway the enormous guanagons - which have been watching their approach with growing anticipation - will begin to cluster at the foot of the stairs (see map) in expectation of a feeding. The PCs have three rounds to feed the huge creatures at least one whole dead body, or the guanagons will erupt in a symphony of dry, rasping, frog-like croaks that echo through the cave (allow a Listen check DC 19 for the Doomriders at **areas Z6, Z7, and Z14** to notice the noise). One round later, if their preferred food is still not offered, they scamper boldly up the stairs towards the party and attack.

Only five of the guanagons will actually engage the party; the other dozen or so will remain in various places along the bank but will remain out of the fighting.

Advanced Guanagons [B&L] (5): HP 105 (see below).

Advanced Guanagon: CR 10; Huge Mutant Beast; HD 10d10+50; HP 105; Mas 23; Init -1; Spd 20 ft., swim 20 ft.; Defense 21, touch 7, flatfooted 21 (-2 size, -1 Dex, +14 natural); BAB +10; Grap +17; Atk +17 melee (2d6+12, bite); Full Atk +17 melee (2d6+12, bite); FS 15 ft. by 15 ft.; Reach 10 ft.; SQ Scent, Terrible Bite; AL none; SV Fort +12, Ref +6, Will +3; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 26, Dex 8, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 11, Cha 4.

Skills: Listen +7, Spot +7, Swim +9.

Feats: Improved Damage Threshold, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (bite).

Development: If the sentries at **areas Z6, Z7, or Z14** succeed in their Listen checks they will automatically recognize something is up and will take appropriate action.

Z11. JUNKYARD (EL 0)

Littering the rocky bank on this side of the mud lake are the wrecks of dozens of automobiles, apparently dragged or abandoned here long ago. The paint has faded on most, leaving only large swaths of rust on the deserted hulks. A fine layer of volcanic ash covers almost every bare surface.

The cave floor on this side of the mud lake is strewn with the wrecks of old cars, motorcycles, and even truck cabs - a virtual auto junkyard. The scene is somewhat eerie, but there is no danger among the sea of discarded wrecks.

The dozen or so vehicles now rusting in the cave were originally brought here by the Doomriders from various places across the wasteland (communities they raided and/or destroyed); those that they couldn't get up and running to join their existing fleet of vehicles were promptly gutted for parts, then brought out here and left to rust.

GM's Note: One of the wrecked cars actually hides a secret *sally port* (opening up the car's trunk reveals a rough tunnel leading down into darkness at a steep angle) that leads below the Doomrider fortress through a narrow, low-ceiling tunnel. If PCs discover this entrance (requiring a Search check at DC 30), they may be able to infiltrate the underground areas of the complex and gain some measure of surprise. The tunnel leads to **area Z32**.

Incidentally, characters thoroughly searching the junkyard find an old pickup truck with peeling green paint and no tires. Its rusted license plate reads *DRD-666*.

Z12. SIDE GATE (EL 0)

Across the junkyard of abandoned vehicles lies a small darkened tunnel, leading into the base

of the mountain. A heavy portcullis, pitted and rusted, blocks the pitch black passageway.

This side tunnel serves as an auxiliary entrance as well as a sally port for the Doomrider defenders of Halidom. The portcullis - which is always down - completely blocks the passage and can only be opened from the *Winch Control* room (**area Z13**).

Portcullis (2): Hardness 10, 15 Hit Points, Break DC 30.

Z13. WINCH CONTROL (EL 0)

This small octagonal chamber is empty except for a complex winch mechanism against one wall.

The winch here lowers and raises the two portcullises in the passage outside. However, the system is set up so that when one portcullis is up the other must come down, so at no time is the passage completely open.

Raising/lowering a portcullis takes five full rounds, but after two rounds there will be enough space beneath a raising portcullis to roll underneath (if the PCs are in a hurry).

Z14. GUARD ROOM (EL 13)

This appears to be a small guard room.

This chamber is manned at all times by a number of Doomriders, who have orders to respond to any intruders attempting to come through the side gate (**area Z12**). If they detect any noise they will move out into the hallway and open fire through the portcullis at anyone on the other side. If they are severely wounded one of their number will drop a *smoke grenade* and, using the smoke to provide cover, will retreat to **area Z17** for reinforcements.

Doomrider Monks (4): HP 71 (see **area Z5**); one also has a *smoke grenade*.

Z15. RECEPTION HALL (EL 4)

Your lights illuminate what can only be described as a nightmare vision of pure murderous butchery: the stone walls of this underground cave are adorned with dozens of rotting corpses, hanging from rusted metal hooks like charnel draperies. The dead faces of innocents - still frozen with looks of terror and unimaginable pain - stare back at you as you pass by. The buzz of flies echoing through the darkness is almost deafening, and maggots and long writhing gray worms fall from various empty eye sockets and gaping, bloodless wounds. Various blue and gray body parts, having fallen from some of the rotting corpses like dead tree branches, lay on the floor where feeding roaches now skitter away from your lights.

The Doomriders have “decorated” this area to greet intruders with their vision of the future of mankind: rotting, wormy corpses. There are over one hundred dead bodies here, a mix of men, women, and children, all former victims of the Doomriders’ previous raids on the surrounding wasteland.

GM’s Note: When the PCs enter this place they must each make a Fortitude save at DC 25 or immediately become *nauseated* from the stench. They remain in this condition as long as they remain in this chamber, plus 1 minute after leaving. Those that save are unaffected. Note that the Doomriders of Halidom are immune to this effect.

Z16. BILIOUS CHAPEL (EL 11)

The door to this chamber hangs open, and a terrible wet and slimy noise issues from within.

Entering you find a shrine completely fashioned from black stone, set up as a mockery of a Christian chapel. A low black altar sits across the chamber from you, behind which is a rough hole in the stone wall.

All around the room are the bodies of dozens of dead men, stripped naked and left here to rot. Maggots and flies buzz wildly about the place, but most alarming of all are the two walrus-sized giant maggots feasting on the dead. As you enter they begin to wetly and clumsily wriggle towards you.

This chapel once served as a place of meditation for the desolate souls of the Doomrider legion, but as the plague has grown in strength it is now being used to store the dead. The last body was interred here more than a week ago; since then, the Doomriders have abandoned the chamber, finding more important things to do (namely prepare for the PCs’ coming).

A few days ago a pair of *festers* burrowed into the chamber and began to feed. They will fight to defend their food source.

GM’s Note: Because they are feeding on plague victims, all three festers carry the bacteria and thus any bite from them has a chance of spreading the *septicemic* form of the disease to their opponents (Fortitude save DC 16). The disease has had no effect on them, however.

Diseased Festers (2): HP 71 (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Treasure: A search of the chapel uncovers a few implements once used in the blasphemous services of the Doomriders, including a silver chalice (worth 100 cp), a silver-bladed dagger (worth 50 cp), and a set of stainless steel manacles. All of these are stained with the dried remnants of blood and gore.

Development: The hole through which the festers

came caved in behind them, and thus offers no way out.

Z17. DOOMRIDER QUARTERS (EL 0 OR 9)

A hallway of cold black stone runs off into the darkness ahead. Numerous iron doors run the length of the walls.

Each of these areas resembles a cell block, with numerous plain cells connecting to the main passage. These cells serve as the dormitories for the Doomrider cultists, and are generally quite spartan in nature. A typical cell merely has a straw or fur mat to sleep on, tools for the cultists to maintain their weapons and armor, and a large engraving of a Doomwheel on one wall to stare and meditate at when not busy with other tasks. Doors are metal, and can be locked simultaneously with the lever at **area Z18**.

If and when the PCs open a random doorway, roll to determine the contents of the cell on the table below:

1	Empty
2-3	<i>Doomrider Monk</i> meditating (fully armed and armored)
4-8	<i>Doomrider Monk</i> cleaning his weapon (armed but not wearing armor)
9-11	<i>Doomrider Monk</i> sleeping or dying of the <i>plague</i> (unarmed, unarmored, and helpless)
12	<i>Doomrider Monk</i> taking indecent liberties with a corpse or severed head (unarmed and unarmored and taken by surprise)

Treasure: If the room is unoccupied there will be no treasure, while if a Doomrider is encountered the only treasure will be that which he carries on his person.

Z18. ARMORY (EL 10)

This shadowy chamber contains shelves stacked with antique weapons and ammunition. A rusted black panel on one wall holds a large lever, currently in the “up” position.

Two *Doomrider Monks* guard this chamber at all times. They will attack the PCs on sight.

Doomrider Monks (2): HP 71 (see **area Z5**).

GM’s Note: This chamber is used as an armory for outfitting the Doomriders of Halidom. The following weapons and ammunition are to be found here:

- 6 sonic rifle Bs
- 2 gauss pistols
- 4 AK-47s
- 3 energy grenades
- 2 shock grenades
- 1 radiation grenade
- 11 power clips (110)
- 1 power backpack (25)
- 4 boxes of gauss ammunition (120)
- 4 boxes of 7.62mmR ammunition (120)

The black iron lever on the wall controls the synchronized locks on the doors in the dormitories (those doors marked with a red «L» on the map). The locks allow the Doomriders to put the *Doomrider Quarters* under lock-down (like a pre-Fall prison cell block) to prevent cult followers from leaving their cells at night. This is part of the cult’s gauntlet of control over their lesser followers.

Clever PCs who find it might use this lever to lock down **areas Z17** and **Z36** early on, sealing the cult’s large pool of “reinforcements” in their quarters, effectively removing them from the equation. Once these doors are sealed the party will have a much

easier time of fighting their way through Halidom to the Prophet.

If the PCs think of this and pull it off successfully, award them experience as if they had defeated an EL 15 encounter.

Z19. TRAINING HALL (EL 15)

The stench of decay permeates this chamber, lit by coal braziers in each of its four corners. Dangling from the roof like sides of meat in a butcher’s shop are over a dozen human corpses, impaled on meat hooks. Several of the bodies are incomplete, missing legs or arms. One is missing everything from the waist down, with only a bare spinal column dangling from the stump of its torso. Flaps of flesh litter the floor, which is streaked pink from drained blood.

When the characters enter this place they must each make a Fortitude save at DC 25 or immediately become *nauseated* from the stench. They remain in this condition as long as they remain in this chamber, plus 1 round after leaving. Those that save are unaffected. Note that the Doomriders of Halidom are immune to this effect.

The Doomriders of Halidom use this place to teach members of their cell how to fight in melee combat, using the corpses of executed victims as target dummies (hence the fact that several of them are missing limbs).

When the PCs enter, one of the Doomrider instructors, Brother “Blades”, is practicing his skills with two weapons for the benefit of a few Doomrider Monks. If the PCs are detected, Brother Blades is unconcerned by their unexpected presence, seeing this as a chance to allow his men to hone their techniques against living prey that will do everything they can to stay alive - making them more of a

challenge.

Unless the party attacks immediately, Brother Blades will bow to them almost gracefully, before wordlessly motioning for the most formidable-looking PC to step forward and fight the first of his students - an obvious *challenge*. If the characters accept the challenge Brother Blades will continue sending his pupils at them, until they are all killed. When he is the only one left he grins, bows once more, and attacks.

GM’s Note: At first glance Brother Blades looks like a woman. He wears his robes open, revealing form-fitting black leather armor underneath with the breasts exposed, and a head of long blond hair that peeks from beneath his cowl. In reality the hair was taken from several murdered women as trophies and is now worn as a wig to cover his bald head, and the breasts were actually severed from one of his victims and are only sewn to the leather backing of his armor. Due to the nature of his various “trophies” Blades reeks of rot and decay.

Brother Blades will try to get close to his opponent to make the use of ranged weapons difficult, and to get his full attack routine on ensuing rounds. If his opponent proves too difficult to hit (due to Defense) he may forego his multiple attacks to use his *Concentrated Attack* ability as a full-round action to receive a +7 bonus to a single attack roll. If he does this, he also does it in conjunction with his *One With Weapon* ability (using Action Points if necessary to use it multiple times during the fighting) to add +7 to his damage roll.

Because of constant training with dead bodies Brother Blades’ weapons are considered to be caked with *putrified blood*, and are thus *poisoned*. Rules for *putrified blood* as a poison are given in *The Broken & The Lost* but are summarized here (injury, Fort DC 11, initial 1d2 Con, secondary 1d2 Con).

Development: Brother Blades grins wickedly at the sight of any female PCs. If engaged in combat he will try to dispatch his current enemy as soon as possible, before moving to attack the female(s). When on raids he takes particular delight in killing women, and now that a woman has delivered herself into his presence, he will satisfy his psychosis with relish.

Doomrider Monks (3): HP 71 (see **area Z5**); armed only with combat knives and/or cleavers.

Brother Blades: HP 156 (see below).

Brother Blades* (Mutant Strong Hero 4/Fast Hero 2/Weapon Master 7 [WF]/Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 14; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+8 plus 2d8+4 plus 7d10+14 plus 1d10+2; HP 156; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 27, touch 23, flatfooted 25 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +11 class, +4 equipment); BAB +13; Grap +15; Atk +18 melee (1d6+8, crit 18-20/x2, plus *poison*, *mastercraft* machete +1), or +15 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +16/+16/+11/+6 (1d6+8, crit 18-20/x2, plus *poison*, *mastercraft* machete +1), or +15/+10/+5 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, DR 2/- vs. piercing and ballistic; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 7; Rep +4; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Occupation: Predator (Sense Motive).

Background: Radical (Intimidate).

Mutations and Defects: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing, Bizarre Pigmentation.

Skills: Bluff +11, Climb +6, Concentration +15, Drive +8, Intimidate +12, Jump +8, Knowledge (Tactics) +7, Sense Motive +6, Spot +4.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Cleave, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Mobility, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power

Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Focus (machete).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion.

Talents (Weapon Master [WF]): Greater Weapon Focus, One With Weapon, Concentrated Attack, Weapon Specialization, Improved Critical.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: Black robes, two *mastercraft* machetes +1 (bonus to attack), *mastercraft* leather armor +2 (bonus to Defense), grisly trophies.

** Brother Blades has not adapted to the plague like many of the other Doomrider residents of Halidom, and has begun to weaken from the disease (he has taken the initial damage of -1 Con, as reflected in the stat block above).*

Z20. JAILER (EL 15)

The door opens to reveal a stone chamber lit by two corium lanterns on the walls, and three passages leading off into darkness. Inside the room is a simple table, around which are clustered a few stools.

This chamber is where the Doomriders' "Master of Pain", or resident jailer, typically spends his time listening to the cries of his prisoners. Like the rest of the Doomriders the Master of Pain, *Brother Rings*, prefers to be out raiding, but he does take his responsibilities seriously. However, he may not be present when the PCs arrive, as he regularly patrols the *Preparatory Cells* checking on the prisoners, and visits the *Conditioning Rooms* to keep an eye on the activities there. When the PCs enter, roll to see where exactly he is:

Roll	Brother Rings' Location
1-2	Jailer (area Z20)
3-4	Preparatory Cells (area Z21)
5-6	Conditioning Rooms (area Z22 ; in the hallway)

Wherever he is, Brother Rings will immediately attack the party on encountering them. He will fight until he has at least one of the characters *paralyzed* or badly injured, at which point he will flee towards **area Z19** (or, if the Doomriders there are dead, to **area Z17**) for reinforcements and raise the alarm.

GM's Note: An unnervingly handsome man, Brother Rings goes about with as little on as possible to show off his ornate full-body tattoos, which cover every inch of bare skin with pentacles, pentagrams, and upside-down crosses. Despite his good looks he is also almost skeletal in build, suffering from a terrible debilitating STD he picked up from years of "breaking-in" new recruits. Corset-style piercings run the length of his back, and silver rings adorn every one of his fingers and thumbs. These rings are fashioned into goat heads, coiling serpents, or skulls.

When Brother Rings fights the PCs he never seems afraid, sporting a gleefully sadistic grin as he fires his *agonizer* (a new weapon detailed in *Adventure Appendix*) at his enemies. He is a hardy combatant, with a combination of the *Masochist* and *Sadist* feats as well as the *Remain Conscious* and *Second Wind* talents. When possible he will use his Action Points to try and force his opponents to make Mas saves whenever he strikes them with the *agonizer* beam (using his *Divine Damage* class ability). He saves his *Divine Fury* in case he is disarmed or his weapon is sundered, so that the extra speed gained (+10 ft.) will get him out of trouble and to the nearest concentration of allies for reinforcements.

Brother Rings: HP 163 (see below).

Brother Rings* (Tough Hero 10/Doomrider Zealot 5): CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d10 plus 5d10 plus 13; HP 163; Mas 12; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 20, flatfooted 18 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class); BAB +12; Grap +14; Atk +14 melee (1d4+2, pistol whip), or +14 ranged touch (2d6 plus *special*, agonizer [HDM]); Full Atk +14/+9/+4 melee (1d6+2, unarmed), or +14 ranged touch (2d6 plus *special*, agonizer [HDM]); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +11, Ref +6, Will +7; AP 7; Rep +6; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Occupation: Slaver (Gather Information, Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Skills: Climb +4, Drive +9, Gather Information +14, Intimidate +21, Knowledge (Current Events) +7, Listen +7, Spot +13, Swim +4, Treat Injury +3.

Feats: Alertness, Athletic, Combat Martial Arts, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Endurance, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Masochist [HDM], Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Sadist [HDM], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious, Robust, Second Wind, Fire Resistance, Acid Resistance.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage.

Possessions: Agonizer (see *Adventure Appendix*), two *power clips* (17), *control rod*, rings and body piercings (250 cp in precious metals), *medi-spray* (6), keys to all cells at **area Z21**.

* *Brother Rings' Con score is reduced due to the long-term effects of an STD (irritating). See*

page 171 of Darwin's World 2nd Edition for more information on this type of disease.

Z21. PREPARATORY CELLS (EL VARIES)

The corridor here smells of feces, urine, and rotting flesh. Numerous metal doors, rusted and flecked with spatters of blood, sit deeply set into the stone walls on each side of the passage. Somewhere in this maze of cells you hear pathetic whimpering and sobbing.

This enormous cell block is used to keep prisoners of the cult until they undergo "recruitment" - or die in the process (the Doomriders really don't care either way). The cells are miserable little spaces, 10 ft. by 10 ft. stone holes decorated only with the waste of their present and former occupants, including feces, urine stains, and spilled gruel. They are all locked with individual padlocks (Brother Rings, at **area Z20**, has the keys).

In a few of these cells dwell naked and brutalized victims of the Doomriders, each a survivor of the ghastly castration procedure inflicted on all unwilling recruits of the Doomriders. There are only a few present among the various cells, as described below. To locate a prisoner requires a Listen check outside each door (DC 19).

Padlocks: Hardness 3, 5 Hit Points, Break DC 15.

A (EL 0): In this cell is a whimpering young man, a former Cartel soldier (from General Gary's army) who was captured and duly operated upon. He has almost completely lost his mind, and no longer remembers who or where he is. If freed he will follow the PCs until he sees the light of day, at which point he will flee, naked, into the desert, never to be seen again. He wears a *pain collar*.

B (EL 6): In this cell lies a Cattleman youth (no older than 16 years of age) fitted with a *pain collar*, but he appears to be in degenerating health. Operated on like the others, he has also contracted the *pneumonic* form of the *plague* from contact with his captors and has begun to quickly fade. If the PCs try to rescue him (involving carrying him out of the cell, as he is too weakened to walk) they must make Fortitude saves (DC 15) as they have now exposed themselves to the disease.

C (EL 0): In this cell is a fit older man who has not only been castrated, but also has begun his regimen of torture. He does not wear a *pain collar* (the Doomriders recognize he is already "broken"). If the characters enter his cell he begs them to kill him, and if they refuse or try to reason with him, he attacks them trying to provoke them into shooting him. Failing this he will cower in a corner and refuse to leave.

D (EL 16): In this last cell is another poor victim of the Doomriders, who has been subjected to treatment similar to the man found at **area Z21C**.

Though he seems like a simpleton, this man is in fact Prince Zaros (one of the three princes of the Montanan Empire), whose army was destroyed when it marched out to do battle with the Doomriders (see **area 31**). He was captured by the Doomriders of Halidom and subjected to terrible tortures and horrors, and is now quite mad. He seems sane enough at first, but after a while in the party's company they notice he seems to look past them when he talks, and seldom blinks.

The Prince was driven crazy by his treatment by the Doomriders, and is now effectively *brainwashed*. He now admires the Prophet and believes in his vision for the world, and no longer cares for his

empire or his people. The Prince will accompany the party for a time, but after an hour or so he will begin to remember his programming and will try to lead the PCs into Doomrider hands. Failing this he will simply turn on them, eager to give his life (even in a hopeless fight where he is outnumbered by the party); as the characters bring him down, he will shriek in glee and call to the Doomrider Prophet before he is slain...

Prince Zaros: HP 111 (see below).

Prince Zaros (Montanan Empire Warlord), Strong Hero 3/Raider 2/Charismatic Hero 3/Guardian 4/Champion 5: CR 17; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 2d10+2 plus 3d6+3 plus 4d10+4 plus 5d12+5 plus 3; HP 111; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 21, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class); BAB +15; Grap +18; Atk +19 melee (1d3+5 nonlethal, unarmed), or +17 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +19/+14/+9 melee (1d3+5 nonlethal, unarmed), or +17/+12/+7 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, immune to poison; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +12, Ref +10, Will +7; AP 8; Rep +4; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 14.

Occupation: Military (DW) (Knowledge [Tactics]).

Background: Tribal (Intimidate).

Mutations and Defects: Superior Kidney Development, Bilirubin Imbalance.

Skills: Bluff +5, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +0, Intimidate +20, Knowledge (Current Events) +11, Knowledge (Tactics) +18, Listen +3, Ride +7, Sense Motive +3, Spot +3.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Combat Reflexes, Iron Will, Leadership, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat,

Primitive Technology, Ride-By Attack, Toughness, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry.

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Coordinate, Inspiration.

Talents (Guardian): Defender +2, Weapon Focus (crossbow), Tactical Aid.

Talents (Champion): Rallying Cry +2, Improved Tactical Aid, Rallying Cry +3, Awesome Presence.

Possessions: Rags, *pain collar*.

Development: If the PCs are accompanied by the men from **area 33** they will not recognize their prince, he has changed so much. If they somehow figure out who he is, Prince Zaros denies it, eventually entering a rage and attempting to kill the men if they press the issue.

Z22. CONDITIONING ROOMS (EL 3)

With a Listen check (DC 19) the characters hear a bass pulse thumping through the rock as they approach the doors to these rooms.

Opening this door you are bombarded by a flood of ear-splitting music. The entire chamber is dark except for a row of rusted seats, all facing a huge wall-sized movie screen. On the screen flash images of death, murder, rape, mass destruction, cities in flame, mass graves, and rotting bodies, in quick, almost blinding succession.

Sitting in the chairs are over a dozen men, shaved and rail-thin from malnourishment. They don't seem to register your presence. Perhaps they are all deaf.

When the PCs open the door the sudden blast of music is enough to force them to make a Fortitude save (DC 20) or be *stunned* and *deafened* for 1 minute. Those that save are merely *deafened* for the duration.

Each of these chambers is used in the brainwashing of new Doomrider recruits. Currently the men in each chamber, young and old, were all taken from Barter Town, and comprise the bulk of the remaining survivors. Almost all have lost their minds, however.

GM's Note: Because they have all been shaved and are completely naked, the men in each of these rooms are almost all identical. One of them, however, is a former lord of Barter Town, "Two-Fingers" (he is located in the middle chamber). Two-Fingers is still clinging to some sanity, but is masquerading as a normal captive to avoid attracting undue attention to himself.

When the party enters the room he will watch them, and if he figures out they're not Doomriders he will try to flee, shadowing them. He won't make his presence known but the characters may notice him following them and confront him. He will prove to be quite cowardly, and will try to explain who he is and even offer the PCs a "great reward" if they return him to Barter Town. Of course he cannot pay them (Barter Town was sacked, after all), but he will be so desperate to be saved that he will say and do anything to gain the party's compliance. If they refuse him he will run off and try to escape on his own. Whether he makes it or not is up to you.

Lord Two-Fingers: HP 29 (use the statistics for the *Unknown Captive*; see **area Z23**, below).

Development: If the PCs rescue Two-Fingers and take him back to Midway, the other lords of Barter Town will grudgingly pay the 500 cp as promised (see *Shadows Loom*).

RANDOM CAPTIVES

Player characters may attempt to rehabilitate the prisoners they come across in Halidom (such as those found in **area Z22** or elsewhere), either to save them, to hopefully glean information, or even to get additional help. Not all will be receptive, however, as most have lost their minds from their terrible treatment, but at your discretion one or two may be recruited as NPCs.

Use the statistics of the Unknown Captive (**area Z23**) for typical freed slaves, or make them up yourself. For the sake of background flavor you may want to roll to determine where exactly each captive in question comes from - and also to give the PCs some idea as to the reach of the Doomrider menace:

Roll	NPC
1-3	A tribal warrior originally hailing from a Wyoming village that was sacked by the Doomriders of Halidom;
4-6	A young Cattleman who was taken when his homestead was overrun;
7-9	A peasant farmer originally from the Montanan Empire, sent here as a “gift” from another Doomrider cell;
10-12	A guardsman or slave who was captured when Barter Town fell;
13-15	An adventurer (like the characters, only 2-3 levels lower than the PCs) who was in Barter Town looking for work when the Doomriders attacked;
16	A Salvation scout, whose armored car was overcome by Doomrider cyclists and crashed;
17	A raider (from a gang he calls the “Dakota Destroyers”) who will eagerly fight alongside the PCs if given a chance;
18	A young wandering monk from the Deo Americana, who is quite literate and well-versed in Knowledge (Twisted Earth);
19	A mentally-shattered man who claims to have been a member of a group called the “Boise Brigade”;
20	A surprisingly educated man who claims to be from a secret community built under the ruins of Rapid City; he promises to reward the PCs if they take him back there.

Z23. INFIRMARY (EL 3)

Your light reveals what must be a torture chamber torn from Hell itself. Fresh blood pools on metal tables and bare surfaces, each adorned

with bloody leather straps and tatters of torn flesh. Dried blood flecks the walls, floor, and virtually every other surface.

This is the “infirmary” of Halidom, where the few wounded survivors of Doomrider raids are brought to be treated. Since the Doomriders believe death is inevitable, however, only minor injuries are treated here (those who suffer from mortal injuries are generally left to die). However, this place is also where “janissaries” (new recruits) are brought kicking and screaming to be tied to the various tables and brutally *castrated*. The Doomriders do this to destroy the will of their new recruits, and should they somehow escape, ensures that they will never again breed.

The infirmary is a blood-soaked chamber, its tables gleaming with brushed iron surfaces and speckled with blood. Rusted medical instruments lie scattered about, many of them thrown across the room as if discarded by some fickle surgeon.

GM’s Note: Crouching in one corner is a naked young man wearing a *pain collar*, badly bruised and bleeding from his recent “operation” (he will only be noticed if the PCs make a Listen or Spot check at DC 25; otherwise they overlook him).

Driven crazy from the pain, the unknown captive remains in a fetal position, cowering, until the characters make themselves known. Due to his mental state he is unintelligible, but he will attempt to follow the party wherever they go, hoping to escape this nightmare place. Unfortunately he is quite noisy, sobbing out loud and crying sporadically as the pain rises and ebbs. If the PCs allow him to follow them, from here on any defenders they come across will automatically detect their approach as the tortured survivor gives them away. Unfortunately, the only way to prevent the man from following is to either keep him locked up here, throw him into a cell (see **area Z21**), or subdue him forcefully.

Unknown Captive: HP 29 (see below).

Unknown Captive (Mutant Tough Hero 3): CR 3; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10+6 plus 6; HP 29; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 12 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +2 class); BAB +2; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d4+1, unarmed), or +4 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL none; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +4; AP 1; Rep +1; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation: Slave (Climb, Survival).

Background: Radical (Hide).

Mutations and Defects: Enhanced Respiration, Atrophied Cerebellum (Cha).

Skills: Hide +5, Spot +4, Survival +5, Treat Injury +2.

Feats: Combat Martial Arts, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Insane [HDM], Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

Talents (Tough Hero): Robust, Stamina.

Possessions: *Pain collar.*

Treasure: The Doomriders do keep some medical supplies here for the treatment of minor wounds, as well as the relatively simple surgery of castration. These amount to a *first aid kit*, a *surgery kit*, three *ready syringes*, nine doses of *hemochem*, and two *medi-sprays* (3 and 5 charges respectively).

Z24. CYBORG SURGERY (EL 13)

Rusted machines and blood-spattered computers line the walls of this chamber, upon which lights flicker on and off at random intervals. As you enter the room you find the stone floor to be sticky with a layer of congealing blood.

Dim lights glow over the rusted and pitted surface of a blood-stained operating table in

the center of the room. Lying on this macabre surface is the gargantuan torso, head, and arms of some pathetic mutant who appears to have been abandoned to his fate in a pool of blood. He has no lower torso or legs, merely a single sinuous appendage reminiscent of a spinal column, plated in steel. Large sections of his pasty white flesh have been replaced by metal, and half of his broken head has been removed and replaced with mechanical servomotors and gore-smeared wires. As you enter, however, the jumble of meat and machine parts begins to stir.

The “thing” on the table is, or was, *Brother Slag*, who came here to be modified by *Brother Adamantion* (see later for more on Adamantion). Brother Adamantion went a little too far, however, and badly chopped up the poor man, almost ending his life on the table. He was forced to make drastic alterations to Brother Slag, leaving him a pathetic shadow of his former self. When Master Merciless heard what had happened he wrote Brother Slag off, so now Brother Adamantion simply keeps him here to experiment on - and no one’s the wiser. Already mentally unstable when he came here, Brother Slag is now utterly mad from the constant torture and experimental surgery Brother Adamantion performs on him.

When the PCs enter Brother Slag will attack them. He is almost mindless, and will simply try to overcome them and tear them limb from limb.

GM’s Note: With the *Orgish* template [REW] Brother Slag was originally Large, but his size was significantly reduced through Brother Adamantion’s operations (as a result he is now Medium-sized).

Brother Slag will immediately enter a *Divine Fury* and attack the nearest opponent with his claws. If the PCs back out of his reach he will instead open

fire with his built-in *laser pistol*. If he is destroyed he *explodes* (thanks to his *Self Destruct Mechanism*), inflicting 10d6 damage (half fire, half piercing) to everyone within 30 ft. (Reflex save DC 20 for half).

Brother Slag: HP 120 (see below).

Brother Slag (Orgish [REW] Cyborg Mutant Tough Hero 10/Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 13; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d10 plus 1d10 plus 10; HP 120; Mas 18; Init +0; Spd 5 ft; Defense 20, touch 16, flatfooted 20 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +6 class, +4 natural); BAB +8; Grap +13; Atk +13 melee (1d6+5, claw), or +12 ranged (2d12, built-in *mastercraft* laser pistol +3); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d6+5, claw), or +12/+7 ranged (2d12, built-in *mastercraft* laser pistol +3); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, claws, robotic construct traits, flashback 10%, lowlight vision 30 ft., darkvision 30 ft., DR 7/-, DR 2/- vs. directed energy; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +9, Ref +3, Will +5; AP 5; Rep +5; Str 21, Dex 10, Con 0, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 4.

Occupation: Predator (Hide).

Background: Radical (Move Silently).

Mutations and Defects: Claws, Protective Dermal Development, Ophidianism [B&L], Sensitivity.

Features and Deteriorations: Built-In Weapon (laser pistol), Laser Ablative Armor, Self Destruct Mechanism, Atrophied Cerebellum (Cha), Flashbacks.

Skills: Balance -6, Climb +4, Drive +6, Escape Artist +2, Hide +3, Intimidate +15, Jump -1, Listen +2, Move Silently +3, Spot +4, Swim -1.

Feats: Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Endurance, Great Fortitude, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Inured To Pain [HDM] x2, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

Talents (Tough Hero): Robust, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/—, Damage Reduction 3/—, Electricity Resistance.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: *Mastercraft laser pistol* +3 (bonus to attack; built-in), *power clip* (10).

Treasure: A few surgical tools and medical supplies are kept here, such as a *surgical kit*, a cannister of *medi-spray* (3), a *diagnostic scanner*, *power backpack* (3), and 2,150 cp in spare parts, suitable for cybernetics-related Crafting projects.

Z25. ORGAN GRINDER (EL 3)

The vile smell of rot hits you square in the face and knocks the wind out of you. As you enter this room you see over a dozen blood-stained buckets and garbage bags strewn all about the place, filled with severed limbs and rotting human internal organs. Thousands of large black cockroaches swarm over this organic refuse, feeding in a frenzy.

Taking up much of the room is a large, blood-caked and rusted machine. It looks for all the world like an oversized meat grinder.

This small room is connected to Brother Adamantion's *Cyborg Surgery* (area Z24), and it is here that unwanted parts (arms, bones, internal organs, blood, etc.) are taken after he has succeeded in a particular cyborg-conversion surgery. Bodies not used as "decorations" throughout the complex are also brought here and dumped. These bodies (and parts) aren't wasted; Adamantion either gives them to Uncle Agony to feed his ghouls, or grinds them down in the large "meat grinder". Using this machine he is able to extract a bloody fluid which he mixes with various chemicals to create an oily "organic"

lubricant for the Doomriders' vehicles.

GM's Note: Because of the gore this chamber is infested with a swarm of cockroaches, which will move to attack the PCs if they stay for longer than one round.

Cockroach Swarm [BNB] (1): HP 21 (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Z26. GREAT ENTRY (EL 0)

The walls of this truly massive octagonal chamber loom high up into the mountain, vanishing into pitch darkness overhead. From deep black pits at the four corners of the hall comes a steady plume of steam, which billows upwards through the great cavern and leaves everything moist and warm.

The smell of diesel and exhaust lingers in this place.

The Doomriders pass through this huge chamber when they return from their raids, leaving the stench of their passing (diesel fumes, etc.) to linger in the air and eat away at the stone.

The steam rising up through the great pits originates in the mud-filled tunnels far beneath the mountain (area Z47). However, there is no danger to the PCs so long as they remain on the causeways, as the steam simply rises vertically up the chute-shaped cavern to the level above (area Z50).

Z27. MACHINE ROOM (EL 10)

Entering this cave you see oily black machinery against one wall, hooked up to lengths of heavy chain that vanish into rough holes in the ceiling.

The machinery in this room controls the opening/closing of the *Main Gate* (area Z9). Operating the

machine requires at least two people, and once it is set in motion the great doors at area Z9 slowly rumble open over the course of three rounds. During this time the entire mountain shakes slightly, making it obvious what is happening.

Two Doomriders guard this cave at all times. In addition to their normal equipment one of them has an *energy grenade* which he will toss at any intruders. The Doomriders will fight to the death to prevent the PCs from operating the machines. Any sound of combat will draw more Doomrider Monks from areas Z17 and Z19.

Doomrider Monks (2): HP 71 (see area Z5); one also has an *energy grenade*.

Z28. REPAIR CAVERN (EL 18)

This large vaulted chamber is filled with all manner of machines and even a few disassembled car hulks. The smell of oil, gasoline, and other chemicals is strong here, as is the stench of rot. A few large vehicles, pitted with bullet holes, sit here and there in various states of repair. Each of these machines is covered in a strange oily substance that smells like dead flesh. Every now and then a cockroach skitters across a hood or windshield.

This huge cavern is where the Doomriders of Halidom bring damaged devices to be repaired, from vehicles and various gizmos to their advanced weapons and armor.

The master mechanic/engineer of the Halidom cell is *Brother Adamantion*, a dedicated machinist who was at one time merely a soldier in the ranks, but who showed an amazing affinity for machines, electronics, and construction. He was made the chief mechanic years ago, but over time began to show more interest in his machines than in his fellow Doomriders.

Despite Adamantion's growing indifference, Master Merciless let the burgeoning "mech" have his toys and continue his work without interruption.

In time the insane machinist began to replace his own living organs with machine parts. Over the course of several years he transformed himself into a ghastly *cyborg* monstrosity, gleefully tearing off his own flesh and replacing it with armor plate. Although he once was merely obsessed with machines, he is now completely insane - though he is a genius with few peers. He is responsible for the amazing contraptions to be found at **area Z59** (an entire clockwork ball room) and **area Z64** (an enormous musical instrument made from bones, gristle - and living captives).

Brother Adamantion is not alone as a cyborg. He has found willing recruits among the lesser members of the cult, who see his cyborg body as a true machine of efficient destruction. Like him they long to become something more than mere men, and have allowed him to alter their bodies as well. These creatures, playfully nicknamed "toy soldiers", accompany the master machinist and protect him should harm come his way.

GM's Note: When the party enters this place Brother Adamantion and his *toy soldiers* will be ready for them. The entire cavern is filled with car hulks and machinery, giving everyone present *one-half cover* (+4 cover bonus to Defense, +2 cover bonus to Reflex saves), which will significantly increase their Defense ratings (some of the highest among the Doomriders).

Unless the alarm has already been raised Brother Adamantion will begin by using his *holo communicator* to alert Uncle Agony and Master Merciless (**areas Z49** and **Z65**) that Halidom is under attack, and to be ready for the party. He will then use his built-in *plasma pistol* until he runs out of

ammunition in his clip, before closing within range to use his *power axe*. His *toy soldiers* will lay down covering fire (*Improved Autofire*) to scatter the PCs and to cover a wide area during the combat.

Brother Adamantion: HP 180 (see below).

Toy Soldiers (3): HP 65 (see below).

Brother Adamantion (Cyborg Strong Hero 3/Raider 4/Doomrider Zealot 1/Smart Hero 2/Mech 7): CR 17; Medium-size Robotic Construct; HD 3d10 plus 4d10 plus 1d10 plus 2d10 plus 7d10 plus 10; HP 180; Mas 0; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 31, touch 23, flatfooted 28 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +10 class, +6 natural, +2 equipment); BAB +12; Grap +14; Atk +18 melee (2d6+6, *mastercraft* power axe +3 [F/MG], two-handed), or +20 ranged (3d10, built-in *mastercraft* plasma pistol +3); Full Atk +18/+13/+8 melee (2d6+6, *mastercraft* power axe +3 [F/MG], two-handed), or +20/+15/+10 ranged (3d10, built-in *mastercraft* plasma pistol +3); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ robotic construct traits, flashback 10%, loud; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +8, Ref +8, Will +12; AP 7; Rep +9; Str 15, Dex 17, Con 0, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation: Repairman (Knowledge [Technology], Repair).

Background: Radical (Intimidate).

Features and Deteriorations: Armor Plating x2, Built-In Weapon (plasma pistol), Atrophied Cerebellum (Cha), Flashbacks, Loud.

Skills: Computer Use +11, Craft (electronic) +12, Craft (mechanical) +14, Craft (structural) +11, Drive +9, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Physical Sciences) +13, Knowledge (Technology) +21, Move Silently -3, Repair +26, Research +9, Treat Injury +11.

Feats: Advanced Electronics Discipline, Advanced Weapons Discipline, Bionics and Cybernetics Discipline [F/MG], Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Gearhead, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength,

Modern Firearms Discipline, Modern Vehicles Discipline, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (power axe).

Talents (Strong Hero): Ignore Hardness, Improved Ignore Hardness.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Repair).

Talents (Mech): Mastercraft +1, Quick Repairs, Mastercraft +2, Improved Repairs, Mastercraft +3.

Possessions: *Mastercraft power axe* +3 [F/MG] (bonus to attack), *mastercraft plasma pistol* +3 (bonus to attack; built-in), two *minifusion cells* (20), multipurpose tool, basic mechanical toolkit, *tech scanner* [F/MG], *power cell*, *holo communicator* [F/MG], *power backpack* (6).

Toy Soldiers (Cyborg Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 7): CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d10 plus 7d10 plus 10; HP 65; Mas 0; Init +7; Spd 25 ft; Defense 30, touch 18, flatfooted 28 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +8 equipment, +4 natural); BAB +10; Grap +12; Atk +12 melee (1d6+5, rifle butt, two-handed), or +14 ranged (2d8, AK-47); Full Atk +12/+7 melee (1d6+5, rifle butt, two-handed), or +14/+9 ranged (2d8, AK-47); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, robotic construct traits, flashback 10%, DR 6/-; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +5; AP 5; Rep +2; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 0, Int 6, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Protective Dermal Development, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int).

Features and Deteriorations: Advanced

Materials x3, Atrophied Cerebellum (Cha), Flashbacks.

Skills: Drive +7, Intimidate +6, Listen +3, Spot +3.

Feats: Advanced Firearms Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Improved Autofire, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (AK-47).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors.

Possessions: AK-47, two boxes of 7.62mmR ammunition (60), tactical vest.

Treasure: Repair tools and spare parts kept here amount to the equivalent of a *deluxe mechanical toolkit*, a *car opening kit*, a *basic electrical tool kit*, and 8,000 cp in vehicle-related spare parts (spare tires, engine parts, etc.).

In addition to these there are four *battle cars* here being worked on. The battle cars have the following modifications: the first is *armored* and has a *ram plate*, the second is *armored* and *supercharged*, the third is only *armored* (but has an impressive sound system hooked up to a roof-mounted loudspeaker), and the fourth is *armored* and has a *mounted weapon* (flamethrower). The flamethrower has no fuel. All of these vehicles are missing 2d10 hit points, but are otherwise in full working order.

Z28A. FUEL STORAGE (EL 0)

This dark cavern reeks of fuel, and large black fuel drums stand stacked one on top of

another along the northern wall. It looks as if the Doomriders have been stockpiling fuel for their final campaign against the world for generations.

A robot of some sort sits idly in a niche nearby.

This place contains the equivalent of several thousand tanks of fuel, intended for the great vehicular army of the Doomriders. While some of this fuel was taken from forgotten stores (i.e. gas stations abandoned out in the middle of nowhere), most of it was taken by force from communities destroyed by the Halidom cell over the years. The fuel cache is quite extensive, and appears to be an ideal target for sabotage.

GM's Note: The Doomriders long ago put a *task automaton* here, which Brother Adamantion (see **area Z28**) has re-programmed to put out fires. The automaton is equipped with two *fire extinguishers*, and will clank out of its niche to put out any fires the party might start.

Sabotaging the fuel stores here would require explosives, but even then it is likely to only create a large fire and some minor structural damage to the cave. Even with the fuel stores here the conditions aren't right to create the kind of explosion that would bring the mountain down around the Doomriders. Any character making a Demolitions check (DC 19) will be able to recognize this.

Z29. TANNERY (EL 9)

A terrible stench emanates from this dark place, a cavern whose air swirls with potent chemicals and echoes with the sound of boiling liquids. Entering you are confronted by the staggering sight of over a dozen human bodies dangling from a network of hooks and ropes. But they are not bodies, only the flayed skins of past victims, hanging like laundry on a line. One

by one these husks are dipped in huge vats of boiling black wax.

In addition to antique armor scavenged during their numerous raids, the Doomriders of Halidom fashion their own armor from the skin of many of their victims. After a corpse has been flayed the flesh is taken here to be treated in a special chemical process that turns it into armor.

When the PCs enter this chamber they will find two naked *Doomrider Monks* here, in the process of making additional suits of armor. Because of the noise of the boiling vats that fill the place, the men will be taken by surprise (unless the PCs fought the Doomriders at **area Z28** and were exceptionally loud, in which case these men will have heard the combat and will be ready).

The Doomriders here are unarmed and unarmored, but can pick up various implements and use them as improvised weapons. *Because of this the EL is reduced to 9.*

Doomrider Monks (2): HP 71 (see **area Z5**); unarmed and unarmored.

Treasure: There are two suits of *mastercraft* leather armor +1 (bonus to Defense) completed here.

Z29A. FORGE (EL 10)

The sound of a hammer hitting metal clangs out from this dimly-lit cavern. In the glow of several furnaces can be seen a pair of badly-malnourished cultists beating simple but brutal cleaver blades into shape.

To supplement the advanced weapons their more powerful members use, the Doomriders also forge cleavers and machetes for the cult's rank-and-file. Under Brother Adamantion's (**area Z28**) guidance many of these are of *mastercraft* quality, and serve

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the cult well in their campaigns of butchery.

Two Doomrider Monks are busy forging weapons when the PCs enter. As with **area Z29**, because of the noise the men will be taken by surprise unless the PCs fought the Doomriders at **area Z28**, in which case the cultists here will be alert and ready.

Doomrider Monks (2): HP 71 (see **area Z5**); armed only with hammers and *mastercraft* machetes +1 (bonus to attack); also unarmored.

Treasure: Some of the weapons have already been finished, and consist of seventeen machetes; seven of these are *mastercraft* machetes +1 (bonus to attack).

Z30. CANYON (EL 9)

Apparently there is more to this fortress than meets the eye. Here, in the shadow of the great mountain, is a small box canyon that lies almost hidden from sight. Gray flakes of ash continuously fall from the murky sky above to the canyon floor, which is crowded with dozens of raider vehicles.

While it is effectively “hidden” from sight, a natural canyon extends behind the more visible face of the mountain. The canyon is large, sandy, and rocky, though over the years the Doomriders have removed most of the larger boulders to create a flat open space. The cult uses the sheltered ravine to store their armada of vehicles when not on a raid, since it would be almost impossible for an intruder to reach this place without first raising the alarm in the entire complex.

A large number of armored vehicles stand here in the shadow of the citadel, parked in neat, orderly rows. Brother Adamantion, the cult’s mechanic and engineer (see **area Z28**), allows a small pack of *advanced carnages* to wander this area freely, serving as extra eyes and ears. If the animals detect intruders

they bark loudly before attacking.

Diseased Advanced Carnages (3): HP 30 (see below).

Diseased Advanced Carnages: CR 3; Medium-size Mutated Animal; HD 4d8+12; HP 30; Mas 17; Init +1; Spd 40 ft.; Defense 12, touch 11, flatfooted 11 (+1 Dex, +1 natural); BAB +3; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, bite); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+3, bite); FS 5 ft. by 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Scent, Sense Disease; AL none; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +1; AP 0; Rep +0; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 2, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills: Jump +4, Listen +3, Spot +4, Survival +4 (+8 when tracking by scent).

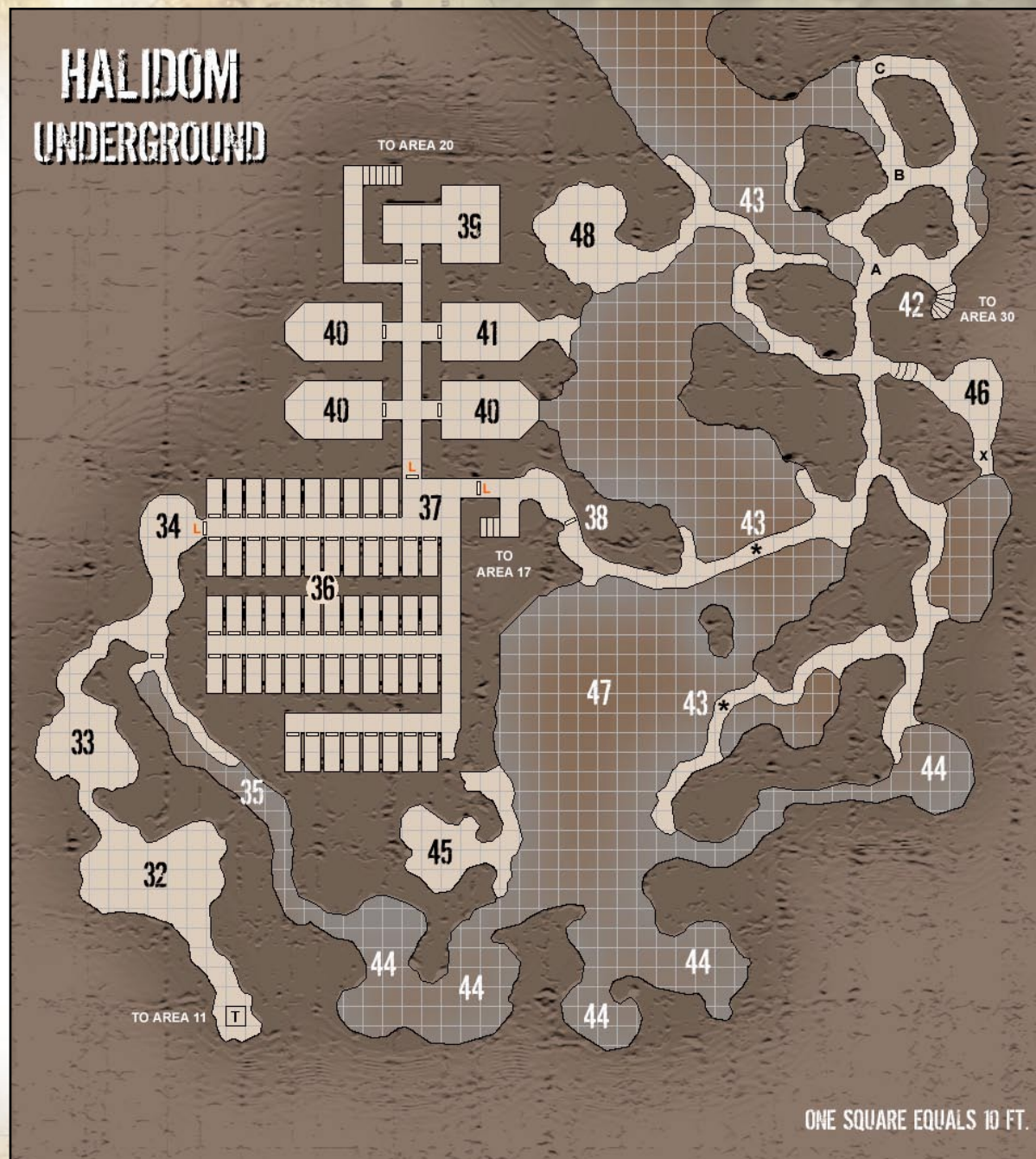
Feats: None.

These carnages carry the plague (they have taken initial damage of -1d2 Con, reflected in the stat block above). Any bite injury from one of these creatures forces the victim to make a Fortitude save at DC 16 to avoid becoming infected with the septicemic form of the disease.

Treasure: There are a lot of vehicles here, far more than the PCs could possibly take with them. Assume at least 100 *battle cycles*, *battle cars*, and 10 *armored trucks*. A full 40% of these will have 1d2 special vehicle modifications; see *Rolling Thunder* (*Post-Apocalyptic Dispatch* #7) for a list of possible modifications.

Development: If the dogs detect intruders they





will bark and attack. Allow the Doomriders at **area Z28** to make Listen checks (DC 19) to hear the noise. If they hear the animals in distress they will raise the alarm and prepare for the party's attack.

Z31. REAR ENTRANCE (EL 0)

A bad smell arises from this large natural tunnel, and steam from beneath the earth accompanies the stench. It's like a backdoor to Hell itself.

This marks the "rear entrance" to the Doomrider fortress, leading to a series of underground tunnels through which hot boiling mud flows, close to the source of the geological activity in and around the mountain.

The Doomriders rarely use this point of egress due to the heat, the danger of using the tunnels themselves, and the fact that there are simply more convenient ways to get into and out of Halidom. Despite this the Doomriders are aware of this entrance and have placed a guard inside to protect against intruders; see **area Z42** for details.

UNDERGROUND

The tunnels beneath Halidom consist of both natural and man-made caves, created either by immense geological forces or by the industrious labor of past and present Doomriders. These caves are extremely dangerous, inhabited by zealous cultists, madmen, and even ghouls.

Z32. GHOUL CAVERN (EL 12)

The rough tunnel you've been navigating opens into a natural cave, completely unlit except for the lights you bring with you. Old dessicated roots hang from the ceiling, and a

heavy animal smell hovers in the air.

As you enter you notice a pack of disgusting green-skinned humanoids clustered in the chamber, naked except for the long heavy chains that tether them to the far wall. Bones lie strewn everywhere, many of them recognizable as human in origin.

The sally port to and from the surface (see **area Z11**) leads to this natural cave, in which the Doomriders have placed the pets of the guard commander, *Uncle Agony*, to protect against intrusion via this secret passage. His “pets” comprise a pack of half-starved *ghouls*, creatures that are normally despised by the inhabitants of the Twisted Earth for their awful man-eating appetites. Uncle Agony finds reason to admire the creatures, however, and has an unusual fascination for their kind.

GM’s Note: The ghouls were all captured by the Doomriders over the years, and each bears a terrible brand on its forehead in the shape of the Doomwheel, marking it as “property” of the cult. Ill-treated, the creatures will attack anyone entering the cave, hoping to make a meal of them. Each of the ghouls has a tremendous fanged maw, which it will not hesitate to use to break the party’s weapons (through the use of the *Sunder* feat) if they prove to be powerful.

The ghouls are all tethered by chains to the far wall, but each chain is long and lax enough to permit them to move anywhere in the room and up to ten feet down either tunnel. As such they will be able to fight the PCs anywhere in the cave.

Because they have recently fed on rotting corpses the ghouls’ bite attacks are considered *poisoned* with *putrified blood*. Rules for *putrified blood* are given in *The Broken & The Lost* but are summarized here (injury, Fort DC 11, initial 1d2 Con, secondary 1d2 Con).

Ghouls (5): HP 39 (see below).

Ghouls (Mutant Strong Hero 7): CR 7; Medium-size humanoid; HD 7d8+7; HP 39; Mas 13; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 16, touch 16, flatfooted 14 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +4 class); BAB +7; Grap +10; Atk +11 melee (1d10+6 plus *bleeding* plus *poison*, bite), or +9 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d10+6 plus *bleeding* plus *poison*, bite), or +9/+3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, cannibalism; AL Uncle Agony; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +3; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Occupation: Predator (Sense Motive).

Background: Feral (Hide, Move Silently, Survival).

Mutations and Defects: Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development x3, Cannibalism x3.

Skills: Climb +7, Hide +6, Listen +3, Move Silently +6, Sense Motive +5, Spot +3, Survival +5.

Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Power Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Sunder, Super Mutant, Tearing Bite, Track, Weapon Focus (bite).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash, Ignore Hardness.

Possessions: Spiked leather collar.

Treasure: Among the bones are a few minor items from past victims fed to the ghouls, including 2d20 corium pieces, 1d6 ReichMarks, two light rods, a broken *pulse laser rifle* (*sundered*; a Repair check at DC 20 and 120 cp in spare parts will be needed to fix it), and a broken *ramjet rifle* (Repair check DC 25, 275 cp in spare parts to fix). Neither of these weapons has any ammunition.

Development: Any sounds of combat here are likely to be heard by the guards at **area Z33**.

Z33. UNDERGROUND GUARD ROOM (EL 12)

This small rocky cave contains a rotting wooden table and a few dilapidated chairs. Sitting on the table is a human skull, from whose empty eye sockets comes an eerie blue glow. A few chipped plates lie scattered around the tabletop, and roaches skitter across them looking for food. More roaches cling to the surface of several rusty buckets against the wall, which are blood-stained and seem to contain a collection of bloody human organs.

There will be several Doomriders here at any given time, maintaining vigil on this secret entrance to Halidom. The men also have the dubious task of feeding the ghouls at **area Z32** (hence the buckets, filled with fresh human organs), but by and large leave the ghouls to themselves, content in knowing that anyone coming through the tunnel from **area Z32** will have to get through them first.

If the PCs enter this chamber the guards will immediately attack.

Doomrider Monks (3): HP 71 (see **area Z5**).

Treasure: The blue glow from inside the skull’s eye sockets actually comes from a large chunk of corium hidden inside the skull itself. The metal nugget has a value of 500 cp.

Development: If the ghouls at **area Z32** roused their attention the guards will have knocked the table over and propped it on its side, so that when the PCs emerge from the tunnel to **area Z32** they will be under *three-quarters cover* (+7 cover bonus to Defense, +3 bonus to Reflex saves).

Z34. KITCHENS (EL 14)

A burbling noise echoes through this large rough cave, and orangish torchlight lights the slick, moist walls.

This place is the “kitchens” of Halidom, where food is prepared for the Doomrider Monks. “Food” is a term used loosely, as it consists of any kind of protein the cult can get - rat meat, insects, and maggots, all thrown together in one of three huge vats and boiled until it becomes one big homogenized pot of *gruel*. This grayish sludge is served piping hot to the cultists, who have grown to love the stuff (despite the appearance of a few rat hairs and roach legs in their bowls every now and then).

This place is usually a center of activity, with a handful of *Doomrider Monks* preparing the next meal (a menial task usually used as a punishment for bad behavior); one or two using long-handled spoons to stir the vats, and a few others performing odd chores (cleaning bowls and spoons, skinning dead rats and throwing them into the pot, etc.). Since they are busy cooking these men will be unarmed unless the sounds of combat or alarm logically suggest otherwise, and will be distracted, allowing the PCs a free surprise round when they enter.

As soon as they are able to act they will run to the nearby tables, grab their rifles, and attack.

Doomrider Monks (5): HP 71 (see **area Z5**); each of these men also wears a *pain collar*.

Z35. MURKY POOL (EL 0)

The south side of the door to this part of the caves is badly corroded and deformed, and as a result it takes a Strength check (DC 35) to break it open.

A small rocky landing appears to occupy most of this long, rough-walled cave. Where the landing ends, a lake of dark swampy mud begins, venting short spouts of searing steam as it bubbles and boils. Strange shapes can be seen near the surface, including what appear to be bones.

The Doomriders regularly throw bones and other garbage from the *Kitchens* (**area Z34**) into this quagmire, trusting in the corrosive mud to claim the refuse. The shapes of many bones can be seen near the surface, though these will eventually sink down and vanish from sight.

A small aluminum fishing boat (a *Naden N14*; see *Adventure Appendix*) is kept on the ledge, but can be lowered into the mud with little effort. The Doomriders no longer use the boat, however, because the corrosive properties of the mud eats away at the hull, making it an unreliable means of exploring the flooded caves.

The outboard engine is in need of repair (Repair check 15; no spare parts).

Z36. DOOMRIDER QUARTERS, LOWER (EL VARIES)

A hallway of cold black stone runs off into the darkness ahead. Numerous iron doors run the length of the walls.

These quarters are identical to the cells at **area Z17**, except there are more quarters on this level than above. The contents of each chamber are the same (use the table at **area Z17** to determine what the occupant is doing).

These cells will also be locked down if the switch at **area Z18** is thrown.

Z37. GUARD ROOM (EL 15)

This appears to be some kind of guard room, lit by the weak light of an old television set on a table in the center of the room. The screen plays garbled heavy metal videos through a distorting static haze, flashing between images of electric guitars, faceless musicians draped in long robes, and momentary scenes of violence and sexual depravity.

Three Doomriders guard this room at all times, and if alerted will be ready when the characters arrive (otherwise they will be playing cards or dice while listening to the TV set, taking a -4 penalty to their Listen checks). They attack the PCs immediately.

During combat the Doomrider Elites use the *Sonic Blast* [HDM] feat to increase their damage, and immediately use *Divine Fury* to increase their Str, Con, and hit point totals. They also employ *Divine Damage* when possible.

Doomrider Elites (3): HP 88 (see **area Z7**); one of these men has been trusted with the key to **area Z38**.

Treasure: The TV set and VCR are in pretty bad shape and are worth only 500 cp (or 200 cp each if sold separately). The collection of video tapes are likewise quite old, and are relatively worthless.

Also on the table are two doses of *hercurin*, a can of *medi-spray* (down to 1 charge), and a *power pack* (jury-rigged to power the TV).

Z38. METAL PORTAL (EL 0)

A large metal door stands here. The metal is slightly discolored and corroded.

This door leads to the mud-flooded parts of Halidom, and is locked securely on this side. The key is to be found on one of the guards at **area Z37**.

Steel Doors: 4 in. Thick; Hardness 10; HP 120 (down to 76); Break DC 35.

Z39. LARGE TORTURE CHAMBER (EL 10)

Entering you find this large chamber to be dark and cold. Thin beams of icy white light filter through small holes in the ceiling, weakly illuminating a dozen malnourished, naked men crucified against the far wall. Blood from their many wounds pools on the floor, but a few still

seem to be breathing, albeit just barely. Hollow eyes, filled with misery and torment, follow you as you enter, and at once the survivors begin to cry for rescue.

Standing in front of the men is a small individual in a form-fitting costume of slick black leather; wet with fresh blood. The man is missing several of his fingers, whose stumps he strokes lovingly while talking, as if subconsciously remembering the delicious pain each dismemberment caused him. He seems to be in the middle of taunting his crucified victims, a knife in one hand, but as you enter he turns and grins a malevolent smile.

This cave is just one of several torture chambers where future “recruits” are taken to be subjected to physical torture (after having been castrated at **area Z23**). It is *Brother Pain*’s duty (and delight) to torture these men, which he does with sado-masochistic glee, dispensing equal pain on both his victims and himself through their entire initiation.

When the party enters Brother Pain is already “high” on the immense pleasure of having gone too far with some of the recruits; he has already killed eight of the captives in the last few minutes, and would have likely killed the rest (now that no one is there to temper his madness with reason). Since he has the *Sadist* [HDM] feat, his combat abilities will be significantly enhanced during this battle, giving him several options.

If the PCs have low Defense ratings he will use *Power Attack* to trade in his attack bonus for extra damage (since the bonuses from his *Sadist* feat will make up for the trade off). But if during the fighting Brother Pain finds he cannot hit the PCs, he will start dispatching crucified survivors instead - each is considered to have one hit point and a Mas of 10

- each time increasing his morale bonus to attack rolls by +1. When he has a high enough bonus he will rejoin the battle and try again.

Finally, if things are going badly he will enter a *Divine Fury*, increasing his Strength and Dexterity each by +2 (not figured in the stat block below), giving him extra speed, and giving him an extra attack at -2.

Brother Pain: HP 110 (see below).

Brother Pain* (Mutant Fast Hero 5/Raider

4/Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8+10 plus 4d10+8 plus 1d10+2; HP 110; Mas 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 20, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +8 class, +5 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +11; Atk +19 melee (2d4+3 plus *bleeding*, vibroblade [HDM]), or +18 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +19/+14 melee (2d4+3 plus *bleeding*, vibroblade [HDM]), or +18/+13 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; DR 5/- vs bludgeoning/concussion/slashing; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +3; AP 5; Rep +5; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Hide).

Mutations and Defects: Increased Body Density, Atrophied Cerebellum (Int).

Skills: Drive +8, Hide +13, Intimidate +10, Move Silently +12, Treat Injury +2, Tumble +10.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Defensive Martial Arts, Exotic Melee Weapons Proficiency (vibroblade [HDM]), Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Masochist [HDM], Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Sadist [HDM], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Defensive Roll.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: *Vibroblade* (see *Adventure Appendix*), *power backpack* (17), *mastercraft* leather armor +1 (bonus to Defense), combat knife, *control rod*, *power clip* (3), one dose of *hercurin*.

** Brother Pain’s abilities are currently increased because of his Sadist [HDM] feat (he has killed eight captives already with powerful blows, meeting the terms of this feat, increasing his attack bonus by +8; these changes are reflected in the stat block above).*

Development: If he is reduced to 10 or less hit points Brother Pain will break from the fighting, running to cower in the nearest corner where he uses his combat knife to cut off one of his remaining fingers. Almost brought to orgasm by the excruciating sensation, once the finger is severed he promptly passes out from the pain, an idiotic smile on his face. The PCs can then deal with him as they wish.

If the characters manage to kill Brother Pain before he slays all the captives, the party can release them. However, they are all on the verge of death, and only a miracle will save them. Even if the characters manage to save the men they prove to be *insane* (if the PCs take them along treat them as the *Unknown Captive* found at **area Z23**).

Z40. TORTURE CHAMBERS (EL 0)

This chamber smells of sulphur, sweat, and rotting flesh. It is unbearably hot here, and the place is cluttered with racks, iron maidens, thumbscrews, iron boots, and other unidentifiable (but equally terrifying to behold) torture devices.

Some seem to hold living prisoners, because as you enter a few of them beg for help.

Like **area Z39**, these smaller rooms are used to torture prisoners and future recruits to “break” them. Brother Pain (see **area Z39**) makes regular rounds through this area, dispensing “treatment” as he sees fit. Brother Rings also visits here often, picking out select captives to rape.

Any given torture chamber will have 1d4+2 naked and terribly injured captives inside, locked up in torture devices like the iron maiden, or otherwise chained/manacled. These men are all close to death, and their sanity is quite weak. They cannot help the PCs (they are too disoriented from drugs, beatings, and blood loss), and if the party hopes to save them the best they can do is lead them quietly out.

Z41. STRAPPADO (EL 9)

Entering this chamber you see a nightmarish torture device taking up much of the room. Looming in the light of several coal braziers is a scaffold of wooden planks and a web of ropes. Dangling upside-down in mid-air is a naked, malnourished man with sunken eye sockets and numerous bleeding wounds, a rope tied around his feet and another fastened to each of his arms. From these latter ropes hang heavy stone blocks, which appear to be literally stretching his body with their sheer weight. A complex series of wooden levers and wheels sits near the door, but they lie well out of his reach.

As you enter the room the man screams in agony as yet another bone in his body breaks.

The large device is a variant of the *strappado*, a medieval torture device once employed by the

Inquisition. The man (a former Salvation soldier) is slowly being pulled apart by the weight of the suspended rocks, and eventually his spine will break.

Brother Pain has left this man unguarded because he knows anyone tampering with the *strappado* will likely kill the captive unwittingly. To his credit the contraption is quite complex, and the man (and his ropes) hover more than fifteen feet above the ground, making it virtually impossible for the party to simply cut him loose. Their only option is to try and figure out the levers and wheels, which seem to have some control over the device.

Unfortunately Brother Pain has not labeled the levers and controls, and he has cleverly fitted it with false wheels, pulleys, and ropes to confuse things (note that the man has no idea how the device works either). Properly figuring out how to get the man down requires a Knowledge (Technology) check at DC 28, but if the character in question fails by any margin she *thinks* she succeeded - although in fact she didn't.

If the PCs operate the *strappado* after failing the check it seems to work for a moment; ropes move, pulleys creak, and gears shift. Then, all of a sudden, the ropes go taut and the man is effectively *drawn and quartered* in mid-air, showering them with blood and dismembered body parts - all to the sound of the man's final, horrified scream.

If the characters succeed in the check, they can lower the man down, untie him, and free him (he has the statistics of a typical *Salvation soldier*; see *Plaguelands*). Taking the time to save him should entitle them to a reward as if they had defeated an EL 9 encounter.

Salvation Soldier (1): HP 57 (down to 20 from injuries).

Z42. MUD TUNNELS (EL 12)

The air in these tunnels is extremely hot and suffocating, and though the ground below your feet seems stable enough, in places it has cracked and fallen away. Through these large gaps in the tunnel floor you can at first hear, then see, a river of bubbling, steaming mud that slithers slowly underneath the passages towards some distant fiery abyss.

These passages comprise a network of tunnels created long ago by the early Doomriders, but which have since become partly flooded with boiling hot mud due to geological activity beneath the mountain. At one point boiling mud flowed through these passages like lava tubes, but currently the caves are experiencing a geological “low tide”, and now the mud flows just under the surface of the passage floor. Still, the Doomriders shy away from using them as they are dangerous and structurally unpredictable.

The tunnel floor isn't a reliable surface to travel over, and every now and then there is a small risk someone will break through the floor and fall into the boiling mud below. However, for the characters the only risk they have to contend with for now is the Doomrider sentry that prowls these tunnels, a member of the cult named “Brother Scorch”, and his pets. Brother Scorch patrols the mud passages stooped over and ready for anything, discharging bursts from his back-mounted *flamethrower* at any sign of movement. Though wasteful, he will have enough *flamethrower* fuel to deal with the party if and when they cross paths.

Scorch has also gained the unlikely trust of a pair of large *guanagons* [B&L], which plod clumsily after him as he patrols these tunnels. The creatures act as extra eyes and ears for the grimy and filthy tunnel sentry, and will attack the party as soon as they are

detected.

Brother Scorch and his reptilian pets move at random through the tunnels. When the PCs enter this area, roll a dice to see where they currently are. Each letter corresponds to a location marked on the map of Halidom:

Roll	Brother Scorch's Location
1-2	A
3-4	B
5-6	C

Scorch and his lizards traverse a stretch of tunnel each round, moving from passage to passage; every time they come to a new tunnel roll randomly to see which direction they go (skip the random roll if the PCs have made loud noises or otherwise draw attention to where they are). Scorch continues to patrol the tunnels in this manner until he encounters intruders, at which point he attacks with a wild and maniacal laugh; his reptile pets are never far behind.

Scorch knows which bridges (see **area 43**) are weak and avoids crossing these.

GM's Note: The youngest Doomrider at Halidom, Brother Scorch - a mere teenager - is a relatively new recruit. Branded as a threat to his home community for playing too many times with fire, he was the whipping boy of his people until the Doomriders came and killed them all. Scorch survived, and was spared by Master Merciless, who saw in him a potential recruit - and also recognized he had latent precognitive powers (coincidentally, abilities similar to the ones that the Prophet possesses).

Scorch has adapted well to the life of a Doomrider, and furthermore, his superiors have rewarded him for his loyalty by giving him a flamethrower to use in battle. Physically he resembles a wild-eyed teenager

covered in angry red pimples and sores. Large welts from playing with open flames have left his whole face, neck, and most of his arms terribly scarred and deformed.

In battle Scorch will try to get as many PCs as possible with his flamethrower, but he will try to avoid burning up his guanagon "pets" if possible. Note that his *Foresight* feat gives him the ability to increase his Initiative by +3 as soon as he gets to act.

Brother Scorch: HP 136 (see below).

Guanagons [B&L] (2): HP 59.

Brother Scorch (Mutant Tough Hero 10): CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d10+20 plus 16; HP 136; Mas 14; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 20, touch 18, flatfooted 17 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +5 class, +2 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +8; Atk +8 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt), or +10 ranged (3d6+3, flamethrower); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d6+1, rifle butt), or +10/+5 ranged (3d6+3, flamethrower); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, DR 4/-; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +7; AP 5; Rep +3; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Occupation: Predator (Hide).

Background: Radical (Move Silently).

Mutations and Defects: Neural Mutation - Precognition, Cystic Fibrosis.

Skills: Hide +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +1, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Search +1, Spot +8, Survival +6.

Feats: Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Endurance, Foresight, Great Fortitude, Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Inured To Pain [HDM], Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Pyromaniac [HDM], Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness, Toughness.

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious, Robust, Fire Resistance, Damage Reduction 1/—,

Damage Reduction 2/—.

Possessions: Flamethrower (8)*, extra tank of flamethrower fuel (10)*, *advanced breathing apparatus**, leather armor, two *light rods*, box of matches (24), one dose of *hercurin*.

** These items are treated to resist the destructive effects of the corrosive vapors in these tunnels (see Corrosive Vapors sidebar).*

CORROSIVE VAPORS

The fumes in the *Mud Tunnels*, *Bridges*, and *Ancient Storage Caves* are corrosive to metal and stone. For every 10 minutes spent underground, all metal and stone items carried by the PCs must make a Fortitude saving throw at DC 20 or take 1d6 points of damage (ignoring Hardness). Android characters take the same damage directly to their person if they fail this saving throw.

243. BRIDGES (EL 4)

A "bridge" of rough, natural stone crosses an ugly gray expanse of ooze, flowing from unseen subterranean tunnels to fill this entire cavern. Steam erupts from a few bursting bubbles here and there on the surface of the mud, and the "pop-burble-pop-glorp" of the miasma echoes through the tunnels.

A network of natural stone bridges cross the labyrinth of mud tunnels flowing beneath Halidom. Long ago these tunnels were carved out by the first Doomriders when they fled to Mt. Rushmore during the Fall, turning the subterranean passages into their refuge from the nuclear holocaust.

In time great forces beneath the earth caused boiling geothermal mud to break through and into these tunnels. It was a gradual process, and

eventually the Doomriders abandoned most of these tunnels and simply dug new passages higher up in the mountain. They never once thought to abandon the mountain despite its growing instability; after all, the steam and bubbling mud continues to remind them of pre-Fall descriptions of a “burning” Hell, which they find quite appealing.

The mud originates in natural caverns beneath the citadel, pushed upwards by convection and, upon reaching these passages, flow to a large underground mud lake (**area Z47**). However, here in the tunnels it is a meandering swamp of steam and slow-moving streams. Luckily there are “bridges” located here and there throughout the tunnels, but these are unstable at best.

GM’s Note: Physically crossing any of these bridges is relatively easy, but due to the proximity of the boiling mud (just a few feet underfoot) there is always the chance that someone will get badly burned by steam as they cross.

Whenever a character passes over the bridge roll 1d6; on a roll of 1 that character is struck by a sudden geyser of steam that erupts from a bursting mud bubble near the causeway. A character so struck suffers 4d6 points of heat-based damage (Reflex save DC 25 for half).

In addition, the bridges marked with an *asterisk* (*) are significantly weakened and may (1 in 6 chance) break whenever subjected to 250 lbs. or more weight. Any character on the bridge when it breaks will plunge into the boiling mud below. The mud underground is hotter than the mud in the surface lake (**area F**), so falling in here causes 10d6 points of heat-based damage every round (no save).

While a character is submerged in the mud she can only move by swimming, but all Swim checks are made with a -10 circumstance penalty because of the viscous nature of the stuff. Assuming a character

manages to reach shore she must still make a Strength check at DC 20 to pull herself free (requiring a full-round action); otherwise she cannot pull herself out of the miasma that round.

Z44. ANCIENT STORAGE CAVES (EL 0)

Choking gray smoke fills these lightless tunnels and caverns, and from all directions comes the roaring sound of a bubbling and boiling mud river.

These caves were carved out of the solid bedrock by the long-dead followers of the original Doomriders, right before, during, and in the first few weeks after the Fall. These caves were used to stockpile vast amounts of food, medicine, fuel, and other materials stolen by the Doomriders’ virtual “army” of cult followers, who at first stole and shoplifted (before the Fall), looted (during the Fall), and scavenged (after the Fall) for vital supplies.

These supplies were enough to keep the Doomriders alive in the terrible period following the Fall, and served to preserve the cult in the worst years of the prolonged nuclear winter.

Eventually these caves were abandoned when mud began to rise through the tunnels. Taking everything they could the Doomriders removed these stockpiles to higher caverns, leaving these to be flooded.

Z45. FORGOTTEN CAVE (EL 0)

Through the roiling steam a small cave comes within view. Inside the cave is a huge pile of black metal boxes and lockers, all of them pitted and acid-scarred.

This cavern contains items left behind by the early Doomriders when they abandoned these caves. Though useful soon after the Fall, eventually these

items were no longer deemed necessary and were simply abandoned.

Treasure: Many of the items left here are deformed or damaged from exposure to the corrosive vapors of the tunnels. The cache contains the following:

- A badly-corroded *Geiger counter* (still works);
- A *power beltpack* (6); this is leaking and anyone picking it up takes 4d4 points of acid damage. It continues to leak acid (doing 1d4 points of damage per minute to anyone carrying it) for 2 hours before it becomes empty and useless. Any charges still in the item at the end of the 2 hours are lost;
- A corroded metal box (Hardness 5, 11 Hit Points), containing 14 doses of *rad-purge shot* and two of *stimshot B*;
- A corroded metal box (Hardness 5, 20 Hit Points), containing five *potassium iodide tablets*. Due to great age the potassium iodide tablets are now in fact toxic, and anyone taking one must make a Fortitude save to avoid being *poisoned* (ingested; DC 25; initial 3d6 Str; secondary -);
- A corroded metal box (Hardness 5, 15 Hit Points), containing 160 corroded 7.62mmR rounds (if used in a firearm these will damage the weapon on any natural attack roll of “1”, requiring the weapon to be Repaired at DC 15 before it can be used again).
- A single *satchel charge C*, accidentally left behind by the Doomriders when they left.

Z46. ABANDONED MINING EQUIPMENT (EL VARIES)

The wreckage of several construction vehicles lie strewn about this rocky cavern, covered in rust and mud. Mining helmets and other gear lie scattered about. The south tunnel leading out

of the cave is shored up with boulders and loose rock. Some mud has found its way through the cracks, but not enough to flood the whole place.

This cavern is filled with abandoned excavating machines (a small steam shovel, several jackhammers, etc.), heavy equipment left here by the Doomriders when they evacuated these caves. After shoring up the tunnel with several tons of rock the Doomriders pulled out, leaving the burrowing machines here.

Treasure: The machinery is useless now, but a search uncovers two crates of *dynamite* (20 sticks total). Unfortunately, due to great age the dynamite has begun to sweat, making it very unstable. When a character first takes any of the dynamite that PC in question must make a Reflex save at DC 20 to see if it goes off in her hands. If it does, all of the dynamite explodes!

In addition to the dynamite there is a *digger automaton* here, deactivated. If the PCs foolishly reactivate the automaton it proves impossible to control (neither can it be reprogrammed; the characters may attempt to reprogram it and think themselves successful, but the automaton will ignore their orders), and immediately begins to break down the boulders and rocks shoring up the tunnel (the area marked “X”). Unless it is destroyed the automaton clears the blockage in under ten minutes, causing the entire chamber to flood with hot, boiling mud from the cavern to the south, and destroying itself in the process.

Z47. UNDERGROUND MUD LAKE (EL 5)

This massive cavern swirls with toxic smoke and corrosive steam, churned up by powerful forces far beneath the earth. A huge expanse of

gray mud boils, babbles, and wheezes under the vaulted roof above.

This entire cavern is actually just the top of a deep shaft that formed under the mountain long ago. Geothermal activity created the shaft, pushing boiling mud up from below. From the surface it looks like a *lake*; in reality it is more like an *abyss*, far deeper than one would imagine, extending vertically downwards at least a half a mile underground.

The lake is clearly dangerous, and anyone swimming, falling, or being pushed into the boiling mud will take damage as normal (10d6). In addition the vapors here are *corrosive* (see the *Corrosive Vapors* sidebar), and also the abundance of fumes has turned the air *poisonous* as well. Anyone breathing in the vapors must make a Fortitude save at DC 25 each round or be *poisoned* (inhaled; DC 25; initial 1d4 Dex, secondary 2d4 Con). Characters wearing gas masks (or having some other means of protection) will be immune.

For all the danger, there really is nothing of interest here for the party. The activity of the lake is beyond their means to control, and even if they could somehow affect the forces behind the region’s instability, it wouldn’t help in their current mission.

Z48. TREASURY (EL 4)

The walls of this earthen chamber are hot to the touch, a reminder of the unstable geothermal activity beneath the mountain, and you are surprised when your lights illuminate a vast storehouse of treasures ahead of you. Despite the great number of artifacts and strange relics, it appears the Doomriders simply dumped them all here without any rhyme or reason, or any care towards preserving even the most valuable oddities. But of course it dawns on you just why

- the Doomriders would care nothing for such things, when the destruction of the human race is the only thing they desire.

This large natural cave is the unassuming “treasury” of the current Halidom cell. Here the Doomriders stash loot taken in their various raids across the wasteland. As the Doomriders enforce a strict spartan code of existence, generally swearing off of personal possessions (other than the tools they need to take lives), most of this “treasure” is simply stored here to keep out of the hands of others, denying the people of the world outside the pleasures that they themselves have given up. These treasures are quite diverse:

- Heaps of cash and coins, including 17,515 ReichMarks and 2,113,846 pre-Fall American dollars; these bills are badly rotted, and some have fungus (harmless) growing on them;
- A pile of fancy wristwatches and pre-Fall women's jewelry (all tangled up in a glittering heap; some corroded, others in good condition), worth a total of 5,000 cp;
- Numerous bottles of expensive pre-Fall wine, worth a total of 5,000 cp;
- A large gold altar crucifix, with the image of Christ's face crudely painted like a clown (worth 150 cp);
- An antique cigar store indian, man-sized and carved from a solid piece of mahogany (the statue might be worth 2,000 cp to someone interested in strange artifacts, but it weighs in around 200 lbs. so transporting it may be difficult);
- Musky perfumes still in their dirt-caked pre-Fall bottles, worth 1,000 cp;
- A supply of rare and expensive *jet juice* (100 tanks);

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- A colorful collection of 1,535 condoms (many still in their packaging);
- A chrome figurine of a tribal war god (actually a hood ornament in the shape of "Nike", the winged victory; the tribe who revered this image was wiped out but the Doomriders took a fancy to it and kept it), worth 25 cp;
- A large porcelain figure of Donald Duck with a clock in his belly (the clock is broken and no longer works), worth 50 cp as a bizarre curio;
- Fine clothes originally intended for the harems of the Clean, worth a total of 2,000 cp;
- Casks of gunpowder originally destined to be sold to tribal folk by the Cartel (the equivalent of 600 rounds of black powder shot);
- 287,442 corium pieces; this heap contains so much corium that it counts as a *Mildly* radioactive source;
- A circular medallion set with 56 cornflower-blue sapphires (representing the 56 counties of Montana) and edged with 15 diamonds (representing the petals of the *bitter root*, the state flower), at the center of which is a platinum



boss etched with the state seal of Montana. This item was a pre-Fall gift from a Montana governor to the president of the United States but it never left the state, instead finding its way into the relics of the governor's mansion. The leaders of the Montanan Empire wore the fabulous jewel as a sign of their station, but the Doomriders acquired it after destroying that kingdom; it is worth 7,500 cp. *If the PCs are accompanied by the Montanan Empire soldiers (see Men From Montana), they will want this item returned, even if Prince Zaros has been killed.*

UPPER LEVEL

Higher up in the mountain, behind the very faces of the presidents carved into the rock of Mt. Rushmore, lie the caves and chambers of the Doomrider "zealots". Aesthetes of an alien and mortifying art, their chambers sometimes serve a real purpose, while other times they do nothing but appeal to their creators' strange tastes. Regardless, these passages bring the PCs closer to the sanctum of the Domsayer Prophet - and to accomplishing their dangerous mission.

BROTHER ZEAL

The Doomriders have a wild card, in the form of a “roving guard”, Brother Zeal. Brother Zeal wanders the halls of the Upper Level, always alert, and will not be surprised if and when he stumbles across the party. Brother Zeal has overheard the Prophet speaking of “heroes” that will come to kill him, but he is aware that the newly-risen Domsayer is weak, and the time is ripe for assassins to strike him down. As a result Brother Zeal will do anything to prevent the characters from getting to **area Z67**.

Brother Zeal is a somewhat brainy type, who joined the Doomrider cause because he really believed in the death cult’s vision of finishing what the Ancients started. Disenchanted by the disorderly rabble he found in many of the other Doomrider cells, he came to Halidom a disillusioned man. He has found new purpose, however, now that the prophesized Domsayer is here.

Brother Zeal prowls the corridors and secret passages of the Upper Level looking for any signs of infiltration. He trusts no one, not even his own comrades, and is dedicated to preventing assassins from getting to the Prophet. Sadly, the other Doomriders at Halidom think he’s paranoid, putting their faith in the Domsayer’s ability to defend himself when the time comes.

If Brother Zeal discovers the party he will hide and observe them for a few moments. Once he realizes they aren’t members of the cult, he will try to ambush the PCs by himself, trusting in fate to bring him victory...

GM’s Note: Brother Zeal looks like a walking zombie, but in reality he is alive - though only barely. Stricken with the plague, he has been unable to adapt like many of the other Doomriders at Halidom, and now his body is wracked with the disease. Large, egg-shaped lumps cluster around his underarms and

groin, causing his arms to hang limply at his sides and him to walk with a pronounced, pained limp. Huge purplish buboes have begun to form around his neck, making him look bloated and distended. A few of these buboes have turned into pustules, and drip an odorous black fluid.

Though he lives in constant pain, Brother Zeal fancies himself as being particularly blessed by the Domsayer, as he will probably be the first Doomrider to be “rewarded” with death by the Domsayer himself.

You can place Brother Zeal anywhere you want when the characters ascend to the Upper Level. Either keep track of his movements turn-by-turn, or simply have him appear out of nowhere if and when the PCs get careless and start making undue amounts of noise. He will certainly respond to unusual sounds echoing through the tunnels, and in the absence of such sounds will wander the passages looking for signs of intruders.

Brother Zeal (Mutant Dedicated Hero 10/

Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 11; Medium-size humanoid; HD 10d6+10 plus 1d10+1; HP 81; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft; Defense 21, touch 18, flatfooted 19 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +6 class, +3 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt, two-handed), or +11 ranged (2d8, Valtro PM-5-350); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt, two-handed), or +11/+6 ranged (2d8, Valtro PM-5-350); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +9; AP 5; Rep +6; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 8.

Occupation: Academic (DW) (Gather Information, Knowledge [Current Events]).

Background: Radical (Intimidate).

Mutations and Defects: Hyper Olfactory, Cystic

Fibrosis.

Skills: Climb +4, Drive +8, Gather Information +3, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (Current Events) +6, Knowledge (Tactics) +3, Knowledge (Technology) +3, Knowledge (Theology and Philosophy) +11, Listen +12, Sense Motive +13, Spot +12, Survival +10, Treat Injury +10.

Feats: Alertness, Armor Proficiency (light), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Educated (Knowledge [Technology], Knowledge [Theology and Philosophy]), Intimidating Strength, Iron Will, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Room-Broom, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Track, Weapon Focus (Valtro PM-5-350).

Talents (Dedicated Hero): Skill Emphasis (Sense Motive), Faith, Empathy, Intuition, Aware.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: Valtro PM-5-350, two boxes of 12-gauge ammunition (14), *mastercraft* leather armor +1 (bonus to Defense), one dose of *hercurin*.

Z49. DARK CHAMBER (EL 20)

There is no light whatsoever in this room, only the glow of the lights you brought with you. At the edge of the darkness stands a tall throne of black basalt. A large iron ring is secured to the floor in front of the throne, and three heavy black chains wander off into the shadows behind it. Sitting deeply on the throne is a large man in an oily black leather cape, which falls loosely over his bloody naked body. His eyes don’t seem to register your presence even as you enter.

This is the abode of “Uncle Agony”, current guard captain of Halidom. It is Uncle Agony’s duty to oversee the security of Halidom while Master Merciless and the Prophet prepare for the Second

Apocalypse.

Uncle Agony doesn't stir from this spot, riveted by one phantasm or another conjured by his deep dementia. Yet he is acutely aware of the party's presence when they enter - although he doesn't show it.

When the characters enter, Uncle Agony's ghoul "pets" scamper from hiding behind his throne and attack them in direct melee combat. Because they are especially large members of their race, their Hide modifier is only +1 (but it is still possible they may get surprise by leaping from the shadows).

Once the *ogriish* ghouls have engaged the PCs, a round later Uncle Agony slowly rises from his chair and, without blinking, engages the party as well.

GM's Note: Uncle Agony wears a long flowing cape of slick black leather over his suit of transparent *plastex* armor. At a glance Uncle Agony looks like a naked man underneath his cape, but his normal appearance is only from the neck up. Beneath his *plastex* armor he has no skin, only bare, glistening musculature, like some twisted *Gunther von Hagens* exhibit. A strange metal tank (a *pocket nurse*) on his back continuously supplies him with fresh blood through a cluster of tubes that go into his armor or attach directly into the arteries of his neck.

Dedicated to freeing himself from the pain of a physical existence, Uncle Agony deliberately subjected himself to being skinned alive from neck to toe, and now proudly wears see-through armor to remind others that there is nothing they can do to his body that he hasn't already done to himself. Inured to physical pain, he is utterly fearless - and seemingly unstoppable.

If the PCs have gotten this far Uncle Agony simply attempts to fight a delaying action, relying on his ability to absorb damage (he has DR 11/-) to stay alive while he grinds the party down through attrition.

Because they have recently fed on rotting corpses the ghouls' bite attacks are considered *poisoned* with *putrified blood*. Rules for *putrified blood* are given in *The Broken & The Lost* but are summarized here (injury, Fort DC 11, initial 1d2 Con, secondary 1d2 Con).

Ogrish Ghouls (3): HP 52 (see below).

Uncle Agony: HP 237 (see below).

Ogrish [REW] Ghouls (Mutant Strong Hero 7): CR 9; Large Giant; HD 7d8+21; HP 52; Mas 17; Init +1; Spd 25 ft; Defense 14, touch 14, flatfooted 13 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +4 class); BAB +7; Grap +16; Atk +13 melee (1d10+9 plus *bleeding* plus *poison*, bite), or +8 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d10+9 plus *bleeding* plus *poison*, bite), or +8/+3 ranged (by weapon); FS 10 ft by 10 ft; Reach 10 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, scent, cannibalism; AL Uncle Agony; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +2; AP 3; Rep +1; Str 22, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Occupation: Predator (Sense Motive).

Background: Feral (Hide, Move Silently, Survival).

Mutations and Defects: Hyper Olfactory, Serrated Dental Development x3, Cannibalism x3.

Skills: Climb +10, Hide +1, Listen +2, Move Silently +5, Sense Motive +4, Spot +2, Survival +4.

Feats: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, Power Attack, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Sunder, Super Mutant, Tearing Bite, Track, Weapon Focus (bite).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash, Advanced Melee Smash, Ignore Hardness.

Possessions: Spiked leather collar.

Uncle Agony (Tough Hero 7/Fast Hero 3/Doomrider Zealot 10): CR 20; Medium-size humanoid; HD 7d10+14 plus 3d8+6 plus 10d10+20

plus 3; HP 237; Mas 14; Init +4; Spd 30 ft; Defense 35, touch 25, flatfooted 33 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +13 class, +10 equipment); BAB +17; Grap +19; Atk +19 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt, two-handed), or +24 ranged touch (2d12, *mastercraft* sonic rifle B +3); Full Atk +19/+14/+9/+4 melee (1d6+3, rifle butt, two-handed), or +24/+19/+14/+9 ranged touch (2d12, *mastercraft* sonic rifle B +3); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, regenerate 2 hp per 10 mins, DR 11/-; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +16, Ref +11, Will +9; AP 10; Rep +8; Str 15, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity, Sensitivity (radiation).

Skills: Drive +14, Intimidate +21, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +4, Listen +4, Spot +10, Survival +6.

Feats: Alertness, Armor Proficiency (heavy), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Great Fortitude, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Inured To Pain [HDM] x4, Masochist [HDM], Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

Talents (Tough Hero): Remain Conscious, Damage Reduction 1/—, Damage Reduction 2/—, Damage Reduction 3/—.

Talents (Fast Hero): Increased Speed, Improved Increased Speed.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage, Divine Fury 3/day, Take No Prisoners, Divine Fury 4/day.

Possessions: *Mastercraft sonic rifle B* +3 (bonus to attack), two *power backpacks* (50), *plastex armor*, leather cape, *control rod*, *power clip* (4), *pocket nurse*

(*hemochem, filter dose, hercurin*), *holo communicator* [F/MG], two *power cells, medi-spray* (10).

Development: If the alarm has somehow not been raised Uncle Agony will be out of his armor and reclining on his throne, and his ghouls will be at his feet, faithfully gnawing at his bloody scabs to prevent his extensive wounds from healing. The process is excruciating and one he must undertake regularly, but as a masochist he finds unspeakable pleasure in the slow and methodic tearing of his own flesh.

Z49A. HIDDEN QUARTERS (EL 0)

This dark room has an oppressive smell of sweat. It looks like some kind of quarters, and is quite filthy.

These quarters are located along a hidden passage that connects to **area Z49**. The secret doors connecting to this passage can only be found with a Search check at DC 30.

Treasure: The quarters are bare and spartan, but contain a few valuables left by its Doomrider inhabitants, including a *power beltpack* (5) and two partly-used *medi-sprays* (9 and 4).

Z50. STEAM SHAFT (EL 0)

You stand at the edge of a vertical shaft that must descend deep into the earth. An orangish-red glow comes from below, and looking down you see super-heated mud pulsing and boiling several hundred feet down. Steam created by this distant source billows up the shaft, swirling and dissipating down horizontal tunnels bored into the rock at this level.

Steam rising from **area Z47** and through **area Z26** comes up this vertical shaft, where the rock has

fractured over the years. These fractures have turned into tunnels, which the Doomriders have chiselled away at to prevent a dangerous build-up of steam inside the mountain. Now steam from beneath the earth is channeled down these chutes to the exterior of the mountain.

Whether coincidentally or out of some dark humor the Doomriders cut each chute so that they emerge either from the eyes or mouth of one of the four presidential faces of Mt. Rushmore. Now steam (and a reddish glow from the great heat) issues forth from these openings.

From outside the effect seems downright demonic.

Z51. PASSAGES (EL 9)

You are on a precarious ledge at the opening to a dark black tunnel.

Jumping to this spot from **area Z50** requires a Jump check (DC varies depending on from which spot a PC chooses to jump, due to varying distances; see map). Anyone failing this jump check *drops directly downward into the mud lake (area Z47)*; the fall itself does 10d6 damage (Reflex save DC 20 for half), and the character in question will take considerably more for falling into the boiling lake (see **area Z47**).

These passages were hand-carved from the rock long ago and lead to the exterior of the mountain. PCs can navigate them simply by crouching over and watching their heads.

Z51A. DAMAGED TUNNEL ENTRANCE (EL 9)

The walls here are rough and rocky. The passage you are on appears to intersect with another, but part of the tunnel is collapsed.

A recent earthquake (in the past few weeks) collapsed the part of the passage that led to **area Z58**. The

remaining tunnel leads to the steam passages (**areas Z51** and **Z52**) that extend to the outside surface of the mountain (**area Z53**). Because of the recent collapse the passage has been abandoned.

Z52. CRACKED STONE (EL 0)

The tunnel here is littered with bits of broken rock, and the stone of the passage is cracked from great stress.

Any character with at least 4 ranks in Craft (structural) or Demolitions will be able to recognize the signs of considerable structural weakness in the rock at these points. A demolition charge (a *satchel charge C* or at least five sticks of *dynamite*) placed at each of these locations would be enough to cause the entire front of the mountain (including the “faces of the gods”) to separate, cascading downwards to the gorge below. This would seal off the front entrance of Halidom permanently, collapsing the cave below (onto **areas Z9, Z10, and Z11**) and possibly cause major cave-ins in the lower levels of the complex (ironically this might also seem to fulfill the tribal prophecy of the Deo Americana, which says “... someday [the gods] will return, and simply spring from the mountainside to aid man in his time of greatest peril...”).

Z53. STEAM VENTS (EL 0)

Steam billows constantly from this large jagged hole in the side of the mountain. Looking out you see a dismal view of the boiling grey mud lake far below, the camp of the Doomriders, and the ghost forest encircling it like a funeral shroud. Looking around you notice that you are in fact standing in the eye of one of the great faces on the mountainside.

Though not depicted on the map, there are one of these vents in each eye and/or mouth of the four “faces” on the mountainside, providing access to the exterior of the mountain.

The steam issuing from these exterior vent tunnels is uncomfortably hot, but not hot enough to cause actual harm. Each tunnel opens right out onto the mountain face, and drops straight down to the mud lake (**area F**) below. However, there is no real danger of falling so long as the PCs are careful.

Treasure: A skeleton lies in a niche near one of these tunnel exits (whichever the party first visits), and can be found with a casual Search (DC 30). The remains of a cultist who died creating the steam vents - over two hundred years ago - the skeleton wears a *Hell's Angels* jacket and hides a pickaxe, flashlight (with a dead power cell), and a single dose of *hercurin* in pill form.

254. PORPHYRY HALL (EL 16)

Burning bronze braziers emit a choking purple smoke into this room, but the odor is welcome compared to the stench of rot and death that lingers elsewhere in the fortress. These same braziers weakly illuminate the rest of the room in a hazy purple light, revealing it to be decorated on all sides with ornate hanging tapestries and pillars of purple and black porphyry. The tapestries depict a pattern of coiling black snakes that somehow seems...disjarring.

On the round the characters enter this hall they must each make a Fortitude save (DC 25) to resist the hallucination fumes being generated by the braziers. Those that fail begin to *hallucinate*. To those characters read the following:

For a moment you thought it was just a trick of the eye, but now, to your horror, it is proven all too real. The coiling black snakes on the tapestries at first seem to shift, then wriggle, then finally tear themselves from the two-dimensional face of their settings. Striking outwards like coiling tentacles, the writhing things grow huge fanged maws and begin to hiss and strike at your eyes.

As soon as he senses one or more intruders being affected by the fumes (i.e. hearing the PCs shriek in horror), Brother Halcyon, the guardian assigned to guard this important chamber, emerges from hiding behind one of the pillars to attack the party.

During the battle, each character affected by the fumes can do nothing but attack the illusionary toothed tentacles fighting her, ignoring Brother Halcyon and even other party members. *Since the tentacle-like snakes seem real to her, that character cannot be reasoned with, even to help out her comrades against the “real” foe.*

Every round an affected character imagines she is being attacked by three of the fanged, snapping maws. Each attacks with an attack bonus of +15, with a successful hit doing 2d6 points of damage. This damage is “imaginary”, but a character reduced to zero hit points or less - or forced to make a Mas save - falls unconscious nonetheless (though she cannot be reduced to less than zero, and cannot be killed by these attacks). Once a character is awakened by her comrades (at least 1d4 minutes after first inhaling the fumes), she automatically regains these lost hit points, as they weren't real injuries.

During combat a hallucinating character has a chance to fend off these imaginary snakes by “destroying” them. Each snake has an AC of 15 and 10 hit points. If a snake is destroyed it seems to fade

away into nothingness. If all of the snakes facing her are destroyed, that character effectively frees herself from the hallucination.

Brother Halcyon of course takes advantage of any characters hallucinating; since they are busy fighting “invisible enemies”, they will not participate in the battle. Instead Brother Halcyon will attack those PCs who don't seem to be affected, singling them out first before moving to kill those lost in the visions. He will use *Whirlwind Attack* whenever possible, and spend Action Points on his *Perfect Attack* ability to do maximum damage against anyone he successfully strikes.

GM's Note: Brother Halcyon has long platinum blond hair and piercing blue eyes. His chest, arms, and thighs are covered in ritual wounds that refuse to heal, and which begin to weep blood when he engages in strenuous activity. One of the more elite Doomriders, he will not let the PCs past without first sacrificing his life.

Brother Halcyon: HP 144 (see below).

Brother Halcyon (Strong Hero 3/Guardian 8/ Warrior Monk 4): CR 15; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8 plus 8d10 plus 4d10; HP 144; Mas 10; Init +3; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 21, flatfooted 22 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +8 class, +4 equipment); BAB +15; Grap +18; Atk +23 melee (2d8+12, 19-20/x2, *mastercraft* plasma sword +3, two-handed), or +18 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +23/+18/+13 melee (2d8+12, 19-20/x2, *mastercraft* plasma sword +3, two-handed), or +18/+13/+8 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ DR 2/-; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +8, Ref +10, Will +5; AP 7; Rep +5; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Hide).

Background: Radical (Move Silently).

Skills: Drive +7, Hide +7, Intimidate +3, Jump

+6, Knowledge (Current Events) +4, Knowledge (Tactics) +12, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) +2, Listen +10, Move Silently +7, Search +2, Sense Motive +6, Spot +10, Survival +5.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Insane [HDM], Inured To Pain [HDM], Mobility, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Spring Attack, Whirlwind Attack.

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Guardian): Defender +2, Weapon Focus (plasma sword), Tactical Aid, Weapon Specialization (plasma sword), Defender +4, Greater Weapon Specialization (plasma sword).

Talents (Warrior Monk): Perfect Attack, Superior Weapon Focus (plasma sword), Superior Weapon Specialization (power sword).

Possessions: *Mastercraft plasma sword* +3 (bonus to attack), *power backpack* (40), *mastercraft leather armor* +3 (bonus to Defense), one dose of *hercurin*, gas mask.

Z55. BLACK PASSAGEWAY (EL 0)

A long corridor runs off into the darkness. It is eerily quiet, and feels strangely isolated. The walls are of some featureless black stone, and the only light comes from strange lanterns far overhead, suspended on rusting black chains. Each lantern has four sides that resemble four moaning faces, each looking in a different direction. An ugly blue light emanates from the eye sockets and open mouths.

This passage has a strange aura of evil and hopelessness, but it is merely a trick of one's mind.

Treasure: The large lanterns, of which there are four, are made of black iron and each has a large corium nugget inside (treat each as a *corium lantern*, but weighing 50 lbs. each). Each face on a given lantern is in fact a “death mask” created from molds taken of the four original members of the *Doomriders* heavy metal group. The cult considers these lanterns holy relics, as they depict the actual faces of the cult's pre-Fall founders.

Z56. GUARD ROOMS (EL 0)

This appears to have been a guard room, but it now stands empty.

These chambers were normally used as guard rooms, but since the disease has claimed so many lives they are now both empty. The guards normally posted here are now located throughout the mountain.

GM's Note: Each of these rooms features a secret door that leads to **area Z54**; originally reinforcements would pour from these rooms into that area to help fight off potential assassins. Of course these rooms are now empty. The secret doors are easily visible (and opened) from this side; from **area Z54**, however, they can only be found with a Search check at DC 30.

Treasure: The west guard room has five boxed *ready meals* sitting on a table. 1d4 of these were opened, partially eaten, and then discarded by the guards. Cockroaches swarm over the empty cartons, but the unopened meals are intact and uncontaminated.

The east guard room contains blocks of a powerful inhaled drug, the kind burned in the braziers at **area Z54** to create the hallucinations of “writhing snakes”. There are five blocks of the powder; each block is worth 1,500 cp.

Z57. PUPPET SHOW (EL 10)

The tinny sound of a music box twinkles in the air of this dark, cold chamber. Black satin curtains block off one half of the room, but as you enter they slowly and silently part to reveal the ornate wooden theatre of a classic Punch-and-Judy show.

All of a sudden two small puppets rise up from the darkness, facing your direction. Since everything else is pitch black, they look reasonably real, despite being only a foot tall apiece.

One of the puppets has a striking resemblance to a Cartel soldier, meticulously modeled down to his armor and miniature rifle. But, perhaps mockingly, his face has a child-like smile and rosy cheeks.

The other puppet is quite different, and your eyes are drawn to it. It almost seems to resemble a corpse, with mottled gray wood for skin, hollow black eye sockets, and a face carved to display no recognizable expression. This much more sinister puppet is dressed in a long, dark robe.

If the PCs continue to watch, read the following:

As you watch, the two puppets face off against each other. Slowly they dance around, their oversized heads bobbing about as if poised to brawl. Set to this music the scene is farcical, but you find yourself riveted.

A disembodied, high-pitched voice rises from the darkness and narrates.

[High-pitched voice] “We’ve come to kill you, oh evil Doomsayer!”

The puppet resembling the soldier uses his tiny rifle to take a whack at the puppet clad in black,

but the latter merely takes the blow without moving.

[High-pitched voice] "Okay then, we've come to save the people of the land!"

Again it strikes the puppet in black, to no avail.

[High-pitched voice] "Now I remember! We're the greatest heroes of the land, the best of the best, and you'll never defeat us!"

It stikes you, now, that the soldier must in fact be meant to represent you, the men hired by the Cartel to find Halidom...

You are snapped back by the bizarre antics of the puppets. Again the soldier strikes the puppet in black, to no avail. Someone must have a sense of humor, because at this point the soldier lowers his toy rifle, turns in your direction, and scratches its head in frustration.

Two voices now speak in unison, this time in deeper, more chilling tones.

"You have been expected. And now you will never escape..."

With that the puppet in black raises a real-sized pistol and shoots the soldier-puppet. A lance of laser light discharges from the weapon, hitting the soldier and burning its wooden head clean off. The puppet in black then turns the pistol...towards you!

The "puppet in black" is meant to represent the Prophet (e.g. the "Doomsayer"), who the Doomriders believe will defeat the assassins sent to kill him. The mad puppeteer, *Brother Fool*, has decided to use the theatre to mock the characters before he vainly tries to kill them in the name of his master.

Brother Fool is hiding inside the puppet booth and will rise up from behind cover to crazily rain laser fire at the party. He is a ghastly mutant with two

heads, both of which have a strange deformity that makes them look they have a permanent grin etched on their withered faces. Oddly enough Brother Fool will continue to wear the two puppets (one resembling the Prophet himself, the other a headless, burning likeness of a Cartel soldier) on his hands even as he fights.

Fortunately for the party, Brother Fool is reckless, a dead giveaway that he isn't much of a combatant. He immediately opens fire using his *Double Tap* feat to try and do as much damage as possible (3d12), but takes a -2 penalty to his attack roll every time he does. If he runs out of power from his *power clips* he moves to pistol whip the nearest party member; he will not flee.

Brother Fool: HP 86 (see below).

Brother Fool (Mutant Charismatic Hero 2/Fast Hero 8): CR 10; Medium-size humanoid; HD 2d6+2 plus 8d8+8; HP 86; Mas 13; Init +8; Spd 30 ft; Defense 25, touch 22, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +4 Dex, +8 class, +3 equipment); BAB +7; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4-1, pistol whip), or +14 ranged (2d12, *mastercraft* laser pistol +2); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, cannot be flanked; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +5, Ref +10, Will +5; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 8, Dex 19, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Occupation: Furniture (Bluff, Perform).

Background: Radical (Hide).

Mutations and Defects: Dual Headed, Negative Chemical Reaction.

Skills: Bluff +14, Craft (visual art) +7, Disguise +7, Hide +18, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +5, Listen +2, Move Silently +6, Perform (acting) +16, Profession (puppeteer) +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Spot +2, Tumble +14.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Creative (Craft

[visual art], Perform), Defensive Martial Arts, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Double Tap, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (laser pistol).

Talents (Charismatic Hero): Charm.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Uncanny Dodge 2, Defensive Roll.

Possessions: *Mastercraft laser pistol* +2 (bonus to attack), two *power clips* (20), *mastercraft* leather armor +1 (bonus to Defense), *cranial implant* (*dexterity*) [RTLC].

Treasure: If the PCs kill Brother Fool a search of his body notes a ragged scar on one of his two heads. If the PCs crack his head open they can recover the *cranial implant* inside.

Z58. HARMONIUM (EL 9)

This chamber is lit by bluish light, emanating from a pedestal in the center of the room. Atop this pedestal sits a strange translucent crystal, which reflects the light against the walls like the ripples of an undersea landscape.

As you enter the crystal seems to hum softly and quietly, like a single musical note suspended in time.

It's not clear how the Doomriders came upon the strange crystal on the pedestal, but wherever they found it they brought it here for further study. Brother Adamantion (see **area Z28**) has been trying to learn its secrets, with mixed success. He has discovered the item's curious relationship with sound, but has been unable to truly identify what exactly it is.

The crystal is, in fact, a *harmonic cell*, a strange artifact of unknown origins. It is, in effect, a super

“power cell”, using sound waves to cause a cascading chain of vibrations within its very structure. This molecular motion generates a staggering amount of power; moreover, it has the potential to create virtually unlimited energy.

When the PCs enter, the crystal continues to hum softly so long as the party moves or makes noise; if they stand still the hum slowly fades and the room falls silent. It is a pleasant sound, being neither ominous nor foreboding. However, if the PCs make more noise (such as talking), the gem seems to react to the sound; in addition to the perception of the original musical note, more notes seem to join the background hum, creating a dizzying spectrum of sound reminiscent of wind chimes.

GM’s Note: Unable to unlock its secrets and actually use it, Brother Adamantion has instead trapped the harmonic cell to harm anyone who tries to take it. A character lifting the harmonic cell from its pedestal will set off the trap - a tape recorder in the pedestal that blasts a chord of death metal music at ear-piercing volume (from powerful speakers hidden in the walls) for a full six seconds. When the trap goes off, everyone in the chamber must make a Fortitude save (DC 20) or take 1 point of sonic damage and be *deafened* for 10 minutes. In addition, any glass items carried by the characters (e.g. medicine bottles and the like) must make a similar save or shatter.

Sonic Trap: Disable Device DC 25, Search DC 25, no attack roll (1 point of damage plus *deafness* for 10 minutes; Fortitude save DC 20 negates damage but not *deafness*).

Treasure: The *harmonic cell* can be used to power any powered device (regardless of what it normally requires), with 20 discharges every 24 hours (it recharges itself). However, since the cell produces energy by resonating sound and vibration off of its

complex crystal matrix it is understandably difficult to figure out. A character must make either an Int check at DC 25 or a Knowledge (Technology) check at DC 36 to properly identify how to employ it.

If the character in question has 4 or more ranks in Perform (keyboards, percussion instruments, sing, string instruments, or wind instruments), she gains a +4 synergy bonus to this check.

Z59. BALLROOM (EL 5)

It is unusually cold in this enormous cavern, but at least it’s well lit. But what you see gives you reason to pause in the middle of your step.

For some reason the entire cavern resembles a ballroom, with fluted columns shaped by hand into graceful pillars, a rock floor polished and painted like marble, and recessed niches on the walls that vaguely resemble windows and arches. But what’s most striking are the dozens of masked men and women standing around the room. All of them are dressed in dusty ball gowns and moldy tuxedos, with cracked feathered masks and wilting, lacy costumes, standing completely still as if frozen mid-step in some complicated dance.

This entire room is in fact one great machine, designed on the whimsy of Brother Adamantion, a mad genius and ranking member of the cult (see **area Z28**). Over the years Adamantion has collected strange bits of machinery from across the land, from industrial machine parts to the intricate innards of toys and timepieces. With the infinite patience of a man possessed he has created his masterpiece, perhaps the most nonsensical machine the party has ever come across, here in this room.

The entire chamber is one enormous clockwork “toy”. The full one hundred men and women, while

life-sized (and at first glance seem real), are in fact nothing more than robotic automatons concealed under rotting costumes and masks. These machines run on a series of recessed tracks concealed by the deep shadows of the place, each moving in a complex pattern that takes them through the motions of a classical waltz. All 50 men and 50 women are organized into couples and run on their own individual tracks, and dance to their own time, but perfectly choreographed so that they never run into one another, and even nod or bow as other couples whirl by.

From side tunnels come masked valets, also mere automatons, dressed in red coats and white wigs, who escort “ladies” in by the hand and relinquish them to their “male” counterparts to join the dance, before returning to the side to watch the ball progress. Such care has been given to detail that someone watching closely will notice that some of the valet “bystanders” even tap their feet to the time of the music.

GM’s Note: If and when the characters come near to the center of the room the entire ballroom comes to life. Read the following:

As you enter, a distorted classical waltz begins to play, piped in through speakers on the walls, and soon the people begin to move - slowly at first, but then with speed and timing as if life had finally returned to their limbs. Couples whirl about in a flash of lace and satin, valets genuflect and bow, and masked patrons chortle in conversation and move their heads in time to the music. Despite the activity, none of the party-goers seems to notice your presence, and the “ball” begins to whirl all around you - preventing your escape.

Of course the “party-goers” are merely unintelligent machines, and do not respond to the characters, even if spoken to or attacked. It soon becomes obvious that they are automatons. However, now that the PCs are in the middle of the room, it also quickly becomes apparent that they are now *trapped* in the center of the room (the machines whirl and dance all around them, variously going clockwise, counter-clockwise, and even in other unpredictable directions, and with enough speed that being hit by one promises to be painful).

If the PCs try to escape they must each make a Reflex save (DC 20) to dodge through the whirling robotic dancers. Those who fail take 2d6 bludgeoning damage and are thrown back into the center of the room. A character who fails this check can only try again.

Once the dance is set in motion there will be no stopping the automatons short of destroying them (there are 100 of them, but once 10 or more are destroyed there should be no trouble escaping from the center of the room through a “gap”).

Automatons [F/MG] (100): Hardness 5, 20 Hit Points.

Z60. CHAMBER OF VOICES (EL 0)

This large room is lit by ugly bluish light from corium lanterns overhead. The light illuminates its most peculiar features - over fifty life-like human faces, each different and unique in its countenance, cast from pitted black iron, which cover every inch of wall space. All of these faces have empty eye sockets and open mouths, from which comes a harmonious litany of whispers.

Like the lanterns in the *Black Passageway* (**area Z55**), these “faces” are actual molds taken from dead Doomriders, in this case of past leaders and

masters of Halidom, as well as notable members of the cult now long-perished. Each face is a life-like representation of a dead individual, and each is unnerving in its own right.

The faces are arranged floor-to-ceiling and cover every square inch. They are also arranged in sequence from the earliest leaders to the most recent, and anyone examining them will note the gradual change from normal-looking humans to grotesque mutants - a geneological record clearly showing the slow but irreversible degeneration of humanity into freakish mutations.

The “whispers” are in fact a trick of the wind as it blows through pipes hidden behind the actual faces. A masterpiece of design, each face represents a tone on the musical scale, from the deepest to the highest.

GM’s Note: This chamber hides a secret door leading to **areas Z61, Z62, and Z63**. The secret door can only be opened by locating the one face that whispers in the deepest *bass* tone. Unfortunately, the variations in each face’s tone is minute, making exact identification difficult. A character can pick out the right face by making a Perform (keyboards, percussion instruments, sing, string instruments, or wind instruments) check at DC 20, or with a Listen check at DC 30. Once this face is found a PC must reach into the face’s open mouth and find a hidden latch on the roof of the mouth. When this is pulled the secret door opens revealing the passage beyond.

Treasure: The light here comes from two *corium* lanterns suspended from the ceiling.

SECRET CHAMBERS

The chambers indicated as **Z61, Z62, and Z63** were for many years unknown by the modern Doomrider cult. With the mountain regularly changing hands between rival cells, the Doomriders eventually forgot how to unlock the secret door in **Z60** and thus

memory of the caves beyond were forgotten.

This all changed with the arrival of the Prophet, however. The mad vagabond was brought here on his way to his new chambers (**area Z67**), but was fascinated by the *Chamber of Voices* and remained there for a time. Somehow he managed to find the secret mechanism behind the door’s operation, and gained access to the rooms beyond. This remarkable discovery has only fortified his legitimacy in the eyes of many Doomrider cultists.

After the Prophet found these chambers and the ancient “treasure” lying within (namely the sleeping Carrie-Lynn Wayne), he declared he would make her his *bride*, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy surrounding the song, “Bride of The Prophet”. The Prophet has declared that when he joins with the sleeping “Daughter of the Gods” it will be the last sign that the time of the Second Apocalypse has come.

To protect her until her cryo-tube awakens her, Master Merciless has placed one of his deadliest guardians here, *Brother Dearest* (see **area Z61**).

Z61. PLAYROOM (EL 13 OR 11)

This cold dark room is littered with a number of old plastic dolls and other dusty toys.

This chamber is the favorite haunt of two particular messed-up Doomrider cultists, *Brother Dearest* and “Baby”. While the dwarf, Baby, spends all of his time here, Brother Dearest splits his time equally between this chamber (where he will be “playing” with Baby), the *Repository* (**area Z63**), and the *Cryochamber* (**area Z62**), pretending to fawn over the cryo-tube’s sleeping occupant.

When the PCs pass through the secret door at **area Z60** roll to see where exactly Brother Dearest is:

Roll	Brother Dearest's Location
1-2	Playroom (area Z61)
3-4	Cryochamber (area Z62)
5-6	Repository (area Z63)

Whether or not Brother Dearest is present, Baby will attempt to hide in the darkness (Hide +15), leaping out to attack the party by surprise. If Brother Dearest is here, the two will work together to kill the characters. *If both cultists are here the EL is 13; otherwise the EL is only 11.*

GM's Note: A dainty man, *Brother Dearest* might almost look funny in the tattered bridal dress he wears, if it weren't for the liberal blood stains that suggest he in fact murdered the bride - whoever she was - to get the dress from her. Brother Dearest now wears the filthy white dress at all times, using the lacy veil to conceal his shrivelled up face, sunken cheekbones, and short black page-boy wig. He has allowed his fingernails to grow so long that some curl like snail shells, while others are jagged and broken. After years of obsessing over lipstick he finally tore off his own lips in a mad rage, leaving a ragged patch where his face should be and baring his rotting yellow teeth and gray, scurried gums.

Brother Dearest attacks on sight, his rotting lace gown swishing and twirling behind him. As his veil parts and reveals his rotting face, he could easily be mistaken for a mythical *banshee*. He will use a free action to use his *Frightful Presence* feat (DC 20), hoping to reduce the party's effectiveness in combat, before moving to touch the nearest PC with his *Spontaneous Electric Charge Generation* mutation. On a successful melee touch he inflicts 6d6+10 points of electricity damage. He can do this 11 times per day. If he runs out of uses, he will attempt to flee.

Baby has a strange deformation that makes him look a lot younger than his real age of 30. In reality he was once a small community's medicine man, and the Doomriders spared him when they put it to the torch, hoping his skills might be of some use. But brutally tortured when he was first recruited, Baby went crazy and degenerated into a babbling fool. Mistaking him for a child (albeit one that has developed homicidal tendencies due to his treatment), the madman Brother Dearest "adopted" him and now cares for Baby like an infant. Broken in mind, Baby now *believes* he is a child, wailing and screeching when angered or disturbed. He has very little sense left.

Brother Dearest: HP 124 (see below).

Baby: HP 101 (see below).

Brother Dearest (Mutant Fast Hero 4/Raider 8): CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 8d10+8; HP 124; Mas 12; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 21, flatfooted 24 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +9 class, +5 equipment); BAB +11; Grap +10; Atk +11 melee touch (6d6+10, *electric charge*), or +13 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +11/+6/+1 melee touch (6d6+10, *electric charge*), or +13/+8/+3 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, bludgeoning vulnerability; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +4; AP 6; Rep +4; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 13, Cha 18.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Move Silently).

Mutations and Defects: Spontaneous Electric Charge Generation x5, Skeletal Deterioration x3.

Skills: Hide +4, Intimidate +19, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Listen +4, Move Silently +20, Spot +4, Survival +8, Tumble +9.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Combat Martial Arts, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Frightful Presence,

Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Mutation Advancement, Mutation Advancement, Personal Firearms Proficiency, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (touch).

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2, Horrifying Kill, No Survivors, Chaps and Chains +3.

Possessions: Tattered bridal dress, leather armor.

Baby (Mutant Fast Hero 4/Skulk 4/Juju Doctor 2/Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 11; Small humanoid; HD 4d8+4 plus 4d8+4 plus 2d8+2 plus 1d10+1; HP 101; Mas 12; Init +2; Spd 40 ft; Defense 25, touch 23, flatfooted 23 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +10 class, +2 natural); BAB +8; Grap +7; Atk +12 melee (1d6+3, machete), or +11 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +12/+7 melee (1d6+3, machete), or +11/+6 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +6; AP 5; Rep +4; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 7.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Resentful (Treat Injury).

Mutations and Defects: Dwarfism, Dermal Spike Growth, Aberrant Deformity, Cystic Fibrosis.

Skills: Bluff +0, Craft (pharmaceutical) +10, Disguise -8, Drive +9, Hide +15, Intimidate +10, Jump +10, Listen +6, Move Silently +15, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +6, Survival +4, Treat Injury +11, Tumble +13.

Feats: Acrobatic, Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Dodge, Great Fortitude, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength*, Juju Medicine, Mobility, Pack Tactics, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy.

Talents (Fast Hero): Increased Speed, Improved

Increased Speed.

Talents (Skulk): Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6, Skill Mastery.

Talents (Juju Doctor): Juju Specialist +1, Brew Potion (DW), Expert Healer.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: Machete, two *juju potions* (1d4+2), soiled diapers, filthy bib.

Treasure: The old toys and trinkets are worthless to the party, but one of the porcelain dolls wears a gold-plated ladies' wristwatch set with diamonds, worth 250 cp.

Development: If any female characters are present Brother Dearest becomes visibly shaken, breaking into tears. He fights as if *shaken* during the battle, though he is allowed to make a Will save at DC 14 at the start of each round to break out of this. If he does he instead enters a *rage* (as the *Barbarian* ability of the same name), and will move to attack the female PC(s), ignoring all other threats until they are killed. His strange reaction seemingly has no explanation.

Z62. CRYOCHAMBER (EL 12)

This room is completely black except for a beam of bluish light filtering in from above. Illuminated by this beam is a seven foot-long "tube" of glass and steel.

Resting on her back in the cushioned interior of the tube is the body of a young woman. Her body is cloaked in a white wedding dress, through which the graceful contours of her body can clearly be seen. Though a veil covers her face you can see her features through it; she appears to be stunningly beautiful, with long black hair and pale white skin. Her eyes are closed as if she was merely in a deep sleep. Oddly, her soft, youthful features are made

more "mature" by the application of black lipstick, and her fingernails appear to have been meticulously painted black, giving her a strange "dark" look that seems totally out of place on such a delicate "bride". Her hands are folded neatly over her stomach, in which she clenches a bouquet of black roses; the petals have begun to wither and now lie scattered across her gown. As you enter, yet another petal slowly breaks off and lands gently on her breast.

There is a chance that Brother Dearest (see **area Z61**) will be present in this chamber. If so, he will be next to the tube, seemingly "fawning" over its sleeping occupant. If this is the case, read the following:

Crouched at one side of the long glass tube is another "bride", this one wearing a yellowed gown that is torn in places and covered in old blood stains. The veiled individual, whose unusually husky voice is choked with emotion, whispers through the glass:

"You bitch...you fucking...whore..."
Apparently this "bride" is a man...

The bride outside the 'tube is *Brother Dearest* (see **area Z61** for his statistics). In reality he is horrendously jealous of the great "sleeping beauty", and quietly whispers to her (though she can't hear) how he would love to kill and violate her - in that order. Of course Brother Dearest is too afraid of the Prophet's wrath to harm her (see below for information on who she is) or sabotage the device.

If the characters enter discreetly roll their Move Silently vs. Brother Dearest's Listen. If he senses them he stops what he's doing and attacks.

GM's Note: The "tube" is in fact a cryogenic stasis tube, containing a very unique member of the

cult. Perhaps unbelievably, the woman in the cryo tube is (or was) the daughter of the last President of the United States. The "first daughter", Carrie-Lynn Wayne was a rebellious youth who during her time (i.e. more than two centuries ago) opposed her father and mother both privately and publicly, much to their chagrin and embarrassment. As tensions with a growing coalition of nations (the "Pacific Union") intensified, Carrie-Lynn became disgusted with her father's politics and openly rebelled, eventually fleeing Washington D.C. at the age of 19 and heading "out West" to follow her favorite rock band, the touring *Doomriders*, like just another wandering groupie. Hitchhiking and sleeping her way across the states, she eventually found herself in Wyoming just as the *Doomriders* arrived for their much-anticipated concert in Casper.

The Secret Service was sent to track her down but the first daughter managed to evade them time and again and eventually fell in with the cult/band after meeting in Casper. Treated like just another groupie at first, eventually the band saw something in her that elevated her above the rest. It wasn't long before the band members revealed to their followers that she was to be, in fact, the "bride of the Prophet" - alluding to a vague drug-induced "prophecy" that the band members believed marked the first sign in the coming Armageddon. The band shared with the first daughter their insane vision for the looming apocalypse. Already heavily into drugs and the occult, the woman pledged herself to the cause, and gave herself willingly to their service.

The band was not idle in using Carrie-Lynn, and the *Doomriders* soon revealed their plans for the "big bang" they had promised their adoring fans. This "bang" was to be WWII.

Sending Carrie-Lynn with a handful of their most trusted followers, the band had her use her celebrity

and position to gain access to the cyborg command center under Cheyenne Mountain. After NORAD had been decommed, a new command bunker had been built there that was totally controlled by AI machines. Through a combination of subterfuge, stolen access cards, and hacking, Carrie-Lynn led her men into the command chambers where they tampered with the cyborg AI “brains”, ensuring that if and when war with the Pacific Union erupted, it would inevitably end in mutually-assured destruction.

It’s not clear how the woman came to be installed in the cryotube, but the band seemed to somehow know that far in the future a great Prophet would arise to finish the work they had started. Having proven herself to be “the one”, Carrie-Lynn would be fitting as this future Prophet’s “bride”, and together they would complete the work of extinguishing all life on Earth. To this end Carrie-Lynn willingly entered an indeterminate period of cryo-sleep, believing that one day she will be awakened to be married with the Doomrider Prophet and join him in a new age of nihilism.

Development: Carrie-Lynn Wayne appears beautiful and untarnished, a true living Ancient, free of mutation and genetic defects. It is quite likely that the characters will want to wake her from cryo-sleep (whether or not they realize who she is; if they found the various articles and newspapers throughout the campaign that hint at her existence, they may think twice, however), to find out who she is, question her, or even “save her”.

Though she may seem to be a prisoner, she is not. Carrie-Lynn is thoroughly insane, corrupt, and evil. Unlike most of the Doomriders she is no demented idiot, but a cold and calculating villain, her influence with the cult on par with the Prophet himself. She is also a true genius, extremely resourceful, cunning, and tricky, and capable of leading the party to their

destruction.

Waking Carrie-Lynn from her sleep requires a Computer Use check at DC 30. Failure simply means the characters cannot start the “wake-up” program, and has no ill-effect on her. *If the PCs shatter the glass or try to destroy the machine with the deliberate intention of killing the occupant, they will be successful; as soon as the glass is shattered, Carrie-Lynn quickly ages, withers, and dessicates in front of their eyes, until all that is left is a brittle mummified corpse.*

If the characters are successful at the Computer Use check, however, Carrie-Lynn will rise in full health and vigor, a youthful 19 year-old woman. When she emerges from the cryo tube she is disoriented, requiring a full 10 minutes to gain her bearings and memories. During this time she is uncommunicative, and will follow the party if they lead her.

Eventually Carrie-Lynn remembers who she is, and likely figures out who the PCs are (namely, enemies who have come to stop the Prophet). She then tries to lead them into danger.

Tactics: First off Carrie-Lynn tries to convince the party to rest (they’re probably wounded already; if not, she says she needs to rest to regain her strength and memory, pretending to still be suffering from her “imprisonment” by the cult). She says she remembers a place where they can camp without being discovered, and if they follow her she takes them to **area Z65**. If they don’t trust her outright, she tries to earn it, by helping them in combat (by using *Plan*, for example), or by portraying herself as having been a kidnap victim (a Sense Motive check against her Bluff of +18 may see through this, however). If she still hasn’t earned their trust she uses her *Winning Smile* ability (DC 20) on one of the PCs to gain that character as her friend, and through him/her get the

party to go to **area Z65** to rest up.

Eventually the PCs will go to **area Z65**, but Carrie-Lynn would prefer they go there when they are as wounded as possible, to make the fight that much more difficult (although she doesn’t know Master Merciless is there - or even who he is - she knows the chamber was designed as a trap and likely still serves that same purpose).

Under no circumstances will Carrie-Lynn fight the party, even if roughly handled - at least not yet. She will continuously portray herself as a victim of the Doomriders (she is a shameless liar). If the characters express doubts, or somehow present proof that she was a *willing* convert, she will pretend to have amnesia but will say she was wrong to have come, even naive, but once she found out the truth of the cult they wouldn’t let her leave. They “imprisoned” her in the cryo tube against her will, and she begs the PCs to let her go with them...

Carrie-Lynn Wayne: HP 142 (see below).

Carrie-Lynn Wayne (Fast Hero 5/Smart Hero 5/Field Scientist 4/Personality 5/Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 20; Medium-size humanoid; HD 5d8 plus 5d6 plus 5d6 plus 4d8 plus 1d10; HP 142; Mas 10; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 26, flatfooted 21 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +3 Int, +11 class); BAB +10; Grap +12; Atk +12 melee (1d3+2 nonlethal, unarmed), or +12 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +12/+7 melee (1d3+2 nonlethal, unarmed), or +12/+7 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ none; AL The Doomsayer; SV Fort +9, Ref +11, Will +8; AP 10; Rep +13; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 20.

Occupation: Dilettante (Intimidate).

Background: Advanced (Drive).

Skills: Bluff +18, Climb +6, Computer Use +22, Craft (electronic) +9, Craft (structural) +7, Decipher

Script +5, Diplomacy +17, Disguise +7, Drive +11, Hide +4, Intimidate +24, Knowledge (Behavioral Sciences) +8, Knowledge (Civics) +8, Knowledge (Current Events) +8, Knowledge (History) +9, Knowledge (Popular Culture) +8, Knowledge (Technology) +13, Move Silently +4, Perform +12, Research +15, Sense Motive +2, Sleight of Hand +12, Tumble +10.

Feats: Advanced Technology, Combat Expertise, Deceptive, Defensive Martial Arts, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Frightful Presence, Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Heroic Surge, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength, Iron Will, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Renown, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Stealthy, Studious.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Defensive Roll.

Talents (Smart Hero): Savant (Computer Use), Trick, Plan.

Talents (Field Scientist): Smart Defense*, Scientific Improvisation, Skill Mastery (Computer Use, Craft [electronic], Drive, Knowledge [technology], Research).

Talents (Personality): Unlimited Access, Bonus Class Skill 1, Royalty, Winning Smile.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: Wedding dress, *cranial implants** (dexterity, constitution, intelligence, charisma) [RTLTC].

* *Carrie-Lynn's cranial implants were put in long before the Fall, and due to the advanced techniques of the time she has no visible scars. The PCs are unlikely to know she has the implants in her.*

Development: Oddly enough, Carrie-Lynn doesn't seem too curious or inquisitive, surprising for

someone who's been asleep for hundreds of years. If during their time together the characters strike up conversation and mention the Fall to Carrie-Lynn, or describe how much the world has changed, she pretends to be in awe but a Sense Motive check (DC 28) notices that she actually seems *happy* about the destruction of human civilization (a malicious smile forms on her face despite her best efforts to look shocked, or a sadistic gleam twinkles in her eye, etc.).

Z63. REPOSITORY (EL 9)

A single light breaks the darkness of the room, shining down on a small black lacquered box sitting on a black marble pedestal. The box - which only appears to be slightly touched by rot - is decorated with a strange circular seal depicting a majestic eagle clutching arrows in one claw, and an olive branch in the other.

Though dark and ominous, this room is empty except for the marble pedestal and the box that sits on it. The box is unlocked and contains a *black stage VIC presidential access card* attached to a silver chain.

GM's Note: The card was interred here by the first Doomriders for the future day that Carrie-Lynn Wayne would awaken from cryosleep. She stole it from her father, the last president of the United States, before she fled Washington D.C. to join up with the Doomriders as they toured across Wyoming. She eventually met up with the band, and was given a very special mission. Leading a group of Doomrider "fans", she used the card to gain access to the top secret facility at Cheyenne Mountain. With the card (and her own remarkable skill with computers) she was able to re-program the cyborg brains there and remove their normal protocols - protocols that required presidential authorization to use nuclear weapons in the Final War.

The Doomriders hold onto the card, knowing it will be useful when they begin the "Second Apocalypse", potentially granting them access even to sealed vaults situated all across the country, so that the death cult can get at the trapped occupants inside...

Unfortunately the card has recently been trapped (on the Prophet's orders), coated in a thin layer of *contact poison* made from sodium cyanide. This poison acts as *cyanide* (Fort save DC 16, initial 1d6 Con, secondary 2d6 Con), except it is transferred by *contact*. It will affect the first person to touch the access card.

Z64. THE GREAT ORGAN (EL 0)

This cavern resembles a chute soaring up into the darkness above. Steam rises from below, but at this level a platform has been constructed completely from human bone. Atop the platform is a massive organ, with keys made from individual finger bones and decorated with all manner of human and mutant skulls.

This huge instrument was designed and built by Brother Adamantion to satisfy the Doomsayer Prophet's morbid - and insane - love of music. A testament to his mastery of "fleshcrafting", the organ is made from living humans strung up with razor-wire like mannequins. When the keys are played the screams of these poor souls echo down the shaft like hollow, haunting music.

At various levels of the great columnar cavern Brother Adamantion has strung up a *living human being*, impaling the poor individual on a stony spike or stalactite. Opening up their guts with surgical precision (and generous applications of *hemochem* to prevent them from bleeding to death), he has pulled out their intestines and tied them to razor wires, creating a complex "web" that hovers suspended

over the cavern. Each impaled victim's distended intestines are hooked up to a different key on the organ's keyboard, so that whenever a key is pressed it tugs painfully at their innards. Brother Adamantion has gone to great effort making sure each victim in the "symphony" has a distinct tonal quality to his screams, so that when they cry out in anguish their voices match a particular note on the keyboard.

This massively complex and gruesome instrument is Brother Adamantion's finest piece of work, something he spent years developing. The Doomsayer often comes here to play "music" while he recuperates. The screams of his victims - playing out one particular harmony or another - echo up the vertical chute and reverberate through the caverns of Halidom. As a result, when he plays, the maddening chorus of wails can be heard everywhere on this level.

Doomrider Monks rightly fear this chamber, for they are often called on to climb up the treacherous cavern walls and replace victims who eventually pass away from exposure or shock. If replacement captives aren't readily available, these unfortunate Doomriders are often forced to take their place.

GM's Note: When the characters enter this chamber some of the men strung up at various elevations are still alive - but all are insane. They will speak to the PCs, taunt them, beg for help, etc. at random each round. To determine what is said, roll twice each round on the following table:

Roll	Random Mutterings
1	"Kill me...please!"
2	"The pain! The PAIN!"
3	"You'll never get out of here alive..."
4	"They know you're coming...They know you're COMING!"

5	"They promised I would live! They promised!"
6	"My wife...my children...are they alright?"
7	"Help me, please! I don't want to die here!"
8	Weak crying/choking

The areas marked in *gray* on the map represent parts of the chamber where there is no platform underfoot, but instead a sheer drop down the vertical chute. The chute is only thirty feet deep, but it is lightless and may appear a lot deeper. The steam rising from below is a result of the heated bedrock at the bottom of the pit, and causes no damage.

Development: None of the men has long to live, and if taken down the best the party can give them is a few moments of peace before they pass away from blood loss. If the PCs question any of the dozen men before they die, a Gather Information check (DC 20) gets them to say that the Doomsayer Prophet is located "somewhere down the west tunnel" (towards area Z65).

Z65. GREAT HALL (EL 20)

This huge chamber must have taken years to hollow from the surrounding rock. Vaulted like the antechamber of an ancient palace, with dark pillars and a massive central dais, beneath the great ceiling rises a flight of low, shallow steps, leading to an enormous door of black iron at the top. The face of the door bears an engraving of a large ring, its exterior adorned with equally-spaced spikes - the iconic Doomwheel symbol of the Doomriders.

Chiselled into the rock over this great doorway are these ancient words:

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

The words chiselled above the Doomwheel symbol are Latin for "*In this sign you will conquer*". To decipher these words a character must either make a Knowledge (History) or Decipher Script check at DC 20.

This entire chamber is a *trap*. Looking down from the balcony above (**area Z66**), *Brother Obedience* (see **area Z67**) lies in hiding (Hide total of +17 to his roll). As soon as the whole party is inside the room (or, even better, if he can split the party in half), as an attack action he throws a lever on the balcony above, causing the door through which they came to close and lock itself tight. This prevents easy escape (the PCs can still blow the door down, but it will take time). He then moves through the tunnel to **area Z67** and out of sight.

The door across the great hall then opens and the Grand Commander of the Doomriders, *Master Merciless*, leads his best Doomriders into the chamber. Wearing rusted *powered armor* salvaged from battlefields near and far, these warriors will be truly formidable opponents for the party to fight.

When the trap is sprung, read the following:

You are surprised when the doorway behind you closes and locks.

Just then the doorway across the chamber opens with an unearthly rumble. In the darkness beyond can be seen numerous red, glowing eyes. A metallic 'thud' is heard as a heavy metal foot emerges into the light of the chamber, followed by the rest of a huge warrior clad head-to-toe in ancient powered armor. As he enters, he raises a finger in your direction and a synchronized voice hisses from behind his armored helmet. "Now... YOU die!"

This first warrior is accompanied by another like him, and as they enter the room a third,

even larger man enters behind them, also clad in a suit of powered armor, with a rotting cape of tattered human flesh sweeping behind him. He has three heads, though only the central one seems functional; it sports a tangle of gray hair, beneath which is a pitted and broken face, the eyelids shorn off, revealing bulging yellow eyes surrounded by ugly scars. He grins, his gray teeth gleaming like an insane hunter who has just caught his prey in a trap.

GM's Note: Master Merciless is a badly-scarred, middle-aged man with a white streak in his otherwise crazy curly hair. His eyes never blink, because he has taken a razor blade to his eyelids and removed them. His eyes are now ringed with scar tissue and have a faraway stare even when he is talking directly to someone. He is also a towering giant, wearing enormous plated armor (actually a suit of *powered armor*) almost at all times, a sign that shows he is always ready to take up the campaign of slaughter. At first sight he seems to have three heads, but in reality the other two are actually freshly-severed heads impaled on spikes fitted to his hulking shoulder plates. These two heads are readily recognized by the party members; the first is the head of *Lord Erzus H'an*, while the second belongs to *General Gary* (the two generals sent to defeat the Doomriders; see *Shadows Loom*). Both heads are beginning to rot, and a cloud of flies trail behind the Grand Commander whenever he lingers in one place too long. When he stands still, these flies infest his mouth and nostrils, yet he never seems to notice.

When battle commences the Doomrider Elites will be under the effect of Master Merciless' *Improved Tactical Aid* ability (granting them a +4 bonus to attack rolls; these modifications are NOT included in the stat blocks below, since they are temporary),

which will last for the first four rounds of combat. The Doomrider Elites spread out and engage the PCs with their *energy pikes*, hopefully ensuring that the characters have at least one powered armor opponent to get through before they can reach Master Merciless.

Master Merciless begins the battle by using *Rallying Cry* to give his men an additional +3 to their saves and attacks for the duration of the battle (giving them a total attack bonus of +26 at melee, +23 at ranged). He then fires at the most formidable opponent in combat, freeing up whichever of his men was fighting that character (allowing that warrior to move to a neglected PC in the rear). He and his men never flinch from battle, but if his comrades are killed Master Merciless will retreat to the top of the dais and use his *Awesome Presence* on the party. He will make his stand there, with the huge image of the Doomwheel looming behind him.

Note that because he wears a tandem defense field (an item introduced in The Foundationists), Master Merciless has damage reduction 5 against all physical- and energy-based attacks.

Power-Armor Doomrider Elites (2): HP 111 (see below).

Master Merciless: HP 201 (see below).

Huge Steel Doors: 8 in. Thick, Hardness 10, Hit Points 240, Break DC 45.

Master Merciless (Mutant Strong Hero 3/ Guardian 4/Doomrider Zealot 5/Champion 6): CR 18; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 4d10+4 plus 5d10+5 plus 6d12+6 plus 3; HP 201; Mas 13; Init +3; Spd 25 ft; Defense 35, touch 23, flatfooted 32 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +10 class, +2 natural, +10 equipment); BAB +18; Grap +22; Atk +22 melee (1d6+8, rifle butt, two-handed), or +22 ranged touch (2d12, sonic rifle B); Full Atk +22/+17/+12/+7 melee

(1d6+8, rifle butt, two-handed), or +22/+17/+12/+7 ranged touch (2d12, sonic rifle B); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +12, Ref +9, Will +10; AP 8; Rep +4; Str 19, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 7.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Dermal Spike Growth, Aberrant Deformity.

Skills: Climb +9, Disguise -8, Drive +20, Intimidate +25, Jump +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +10, Knowledge (Tactics) +21, Knowledge (Technology) +5, Listen +4, Navigate +6, Sense Motive +5, Spot +4, Survival +8.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Armor Proficiency (powered), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Quick Reload, Rip A Clip, Room-Broom, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Toughness.

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Guardian): Defender +2, Weapon Focus (sonic rifle B), Tactical Aid.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage.

Talents (Champion): Rallying Cry +2, Improved Tactical Aid, Rallying Cry +3, Awesome Presence.

Possessions: *Sonic rifle B*, six *power clips* (60), *Mk3 Ares powered armor*, *minifusion cell* (10), *tandem defense field* [F/MG], *power backpack* (20), severed heads*, cape of human flesh, *control rod*, *holo communicator* [F/MG], two *power cells*, eyedrops.

** Because the severed heads he uses to adorn his armor have begun to rot, living creatures within 10 feet of Master Merciless must succeed on a DC 20 Fortitude save or be shaken (-2 penalty on attack rolls, saving throws, and skill checks) for 1d6+4 minutes. Neither Merciless nor his men are affected, however.*

Power-Armor Doomrider Elite* (Mutant Strong Hero 3/Raider 4/Doomrider Zealot 5): CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+12 plus 4d10+16 plus 5d10+20; HP 111; Mas 18; Init +7; Spd 20 ft; Defense 29, touch 17, flatfooted 29 (+0 size, +0 Dex, +7 class, +12 equipment); BAB +12; Grap +19; Atk +19 melee (2d8+12, energy pike, two-handed), or +16 ranged touch (2d12, sonic rifle B); Full Atk +19/+14/+9 melee (2d8+12, energy pike, two-handed), or +16/+11/+6 ranged touch (2d12, sonic rifle B); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, DR 2/- vs. piercing and ballistic; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +11, Ref +7, Will +4; AP 6; Rep +5; Str 24, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

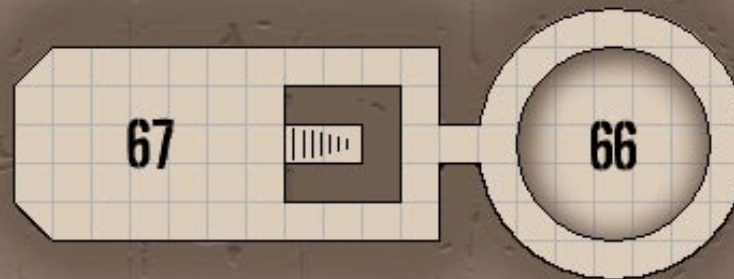
Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing, Bizarre Pigmentation.

Skills: Climb +10, Drive +10, Intimidate +15, Jump +7, Knowledge (Current Events) +2, Knowledge (Tactics) +6, Listen +2, Navigate +3, Spot +2, Survival +6.

Feats: Archaic Weapon Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (powered), Armor Proficiency (light), Armor Proficiency (medium), Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Futuristic Firearms Proficiency, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength, Point Blank Shot, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (sonic

PROPHET'S RETREAT



ONE SQUARE EQUALS 10 FT.

rifle B).

Talents (Strong Hero): Melee Smash, Improved Melee Smash.

Talents (Raider): Chaps and Chains +1, Bloodthirsty Cry, Chaps and Chains +2.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day, Suicidal Vehicle Combat, Divine Fury 2/day, Divine Damage.

Possessions: Energy pike, power backpack (25), sonic rifle B, one power clip (10), Mk1 Ares powered armor, minifusion cell (10).

** These elite warriors have taken hercurin and have modified statistics as a result (included in the stat block above).*

Development: If Carrie-Lynn is with the player characters the course of the battle may be a little different. When the power-armor Doomriders (including Master Merciless) enter the chamber, they will be stunned to see the Prophet's "bride" awake, and each experiences an overwhelming feeling similar to a mix of awe, worship, and fear. Each of the three warriors must immediately make a Will save DC 20 or stand dazed for 1 round.

Regardless of how her worshippers act, on her action Carrie-Lynn immediately uses *Combat Expertise* to increase her Defense to 31 (taking a -5 to her attack bonus). She then uses her *Trick* ability on the biggest and dumbest-looking PC, hoping to daze

him/her for the first round of combat. She then runs, taking cover among the pillars and hiding. She will arm herself with a *sonic rifle* if and when the party starts killing the Doomriders (moving to pick the weapon up, leaving herself vulnerable for a round), or one of the PCs' weapons if one of them is taken out of action. Instead of attacking, however, she will take the weapon and flee to **area Z67**, where she joins the Prophet in their last stand. She will use *Heroic Surge* if necessary to get a weapon and flee without exposing herself for too long to the party's fire, and *Defensive Roll* to stay alive long enough to get away.

Z66. BALCONY (EL 0)

From here you can gaze back down into the great hall below. It's a long way down.

This is merely a balcony which provides a view of the chamber below. A large iron lever sits on one wall (out of sight from below). If pulled, it locks/unlocks the door to **area Z65**, below.

Z67. PROPHET'S RETREAT (EL 20)

You enter a great chamber of black stone, lit only by the indigo glow of a few stylized corium lanterns. Their weird light illuminates towering banners of black silk and ornaments of wet-looking black iron, all flanking a large curtained bed with black sheets and pillows. The floor of the chamber is sprinkled with blood, flecks of rotten flesh, and strips of dessicated human skin. A few flies buzz in the dead air, and the odor in this place is somehow reminiscent of a hospital ward - a stench of sweat and sickness.

A solitary man clad in long black robes stands in the center of the room. His face is blistered like someone who has been wandering senselessly in the desert, with broken lips and

skin that hangs off in loose pink and gray patches like a snake in the process of shedding its skin. But despite the pain his body must be enduring, his unblinking eyes stare solemnly into yours - even as you approach confidently with weapons charged and ready.

His isn't the stare of a man hoping to talk or negotiate his way out of death. He is confident and sure of himself - which considering the situation gives you reason to pause.

Before you stands a self-made "god", whose unflinching eyes emanate a fearless gaze, the look of one who has let slip his humanity, his conscience, and his mind, and in the process transformed into a monster. Unshifting, his stare somehow conveys at the same time a child's curiosity, an idiot's gleeful happiness, a serial killer's darkest obsessions...and a wise man's readiness to embrace his own death.

This, then, is the Doomsayer, the Prophet, the One. He may or may not be what the party expected. He is rather tall and somehow gifted with an intangible aura of power, yet is physically quite thin and seems malnourished - even *diseased*. His head is bald and grotesquely blistered, and his skin is peeling from months of wandering senselessly through the wasteland before he being found and given care by the Doomriders of Halidom.

From the Doomsayer Prophet's perspective, when the party enters it is the fulfillment of prophecy. This is the moment in which he will be tested; if he succeeds in defeating the characters, his belief in his own destiny (to lead the Doomriders in issuing in the Second Apocalypse) will be validated. Failure is not possible.

The Doomsayer Prophet attacks immediately, drawing a crackling sword with a pure black



monofilament blade (a *warp-field sword*, an impossibly rare artifact of the Ancients). He should be extremely difficult to kill.

The Doomsayer is not alone. Brother Obedience, his *vade mecum* (“faithful assistant”), lurks in the shadows, ready to assist his master. If the PCs do not fight “honorably”, i.e. gang up on the Prophet, Brother Obedience will attack from hiding, hoping to even the odds. Brother Obedience’s tactics will be to attack the weakest party member first (such as the most wounded, someone staying out of the fight to heal, or any “thinker-types”) with his *Sneak Attack* of +2d6, hoping to draw off the others so that the Prophet can continue to fight. After he has killed an opponent he moves to help the Doomsayer flank, then switches to use *Combat Expertise* to increase his Defense to 30 (taking a -5 to his attacks), and fights defensively (further increasing his Defense to 32, but taking a total penalty of -9 to his attacks) simply to delay. He will willingly give his life if it helps the Doomsayer in any way.

GM’s Note: Brother Obedience is the Doomsayer’s right-hand man and simpering sycophant, and is never far from the newly-risen Prophet’s side. He is a tall, bald albino, wearing the typical Doomrider longcoat of black leather, but with the high-necked collar worn zipped all the way to the top, so tightly that his head can’t even turn. He wears zippers as earrings and eyebrow rings, and his mouth is actually fitted with a zipper so he can only speak when someone - such as his master - unzips his mouth.

The Doomsayer himself is a master of *precognition*. At the start of combat he will use *Foresight* to give himself a +4 insight bonus to his Initiative, *Precognitive Dodge* to give him a +4 insight bonus to his Defense (and also makes him immune to flanking), *Precognitive Combat* to give

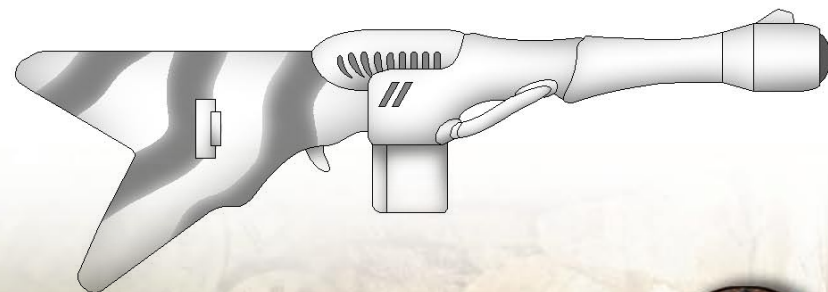
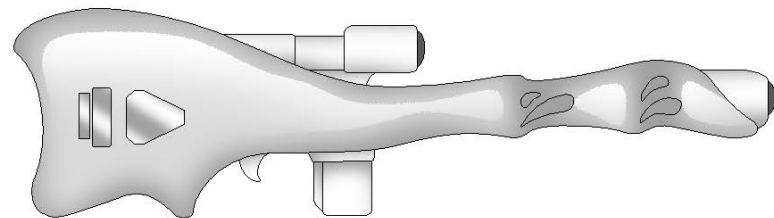
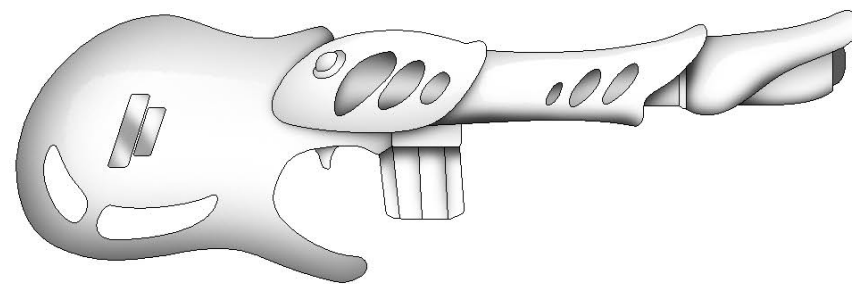
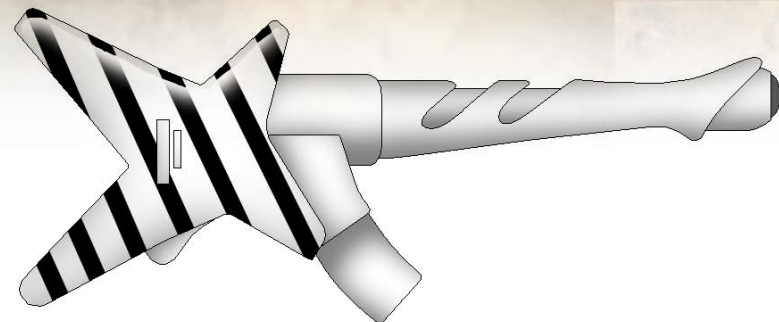
him a +4 insight bonus to all attack rolls, all of which are free actions. On the first round he will use an attack action to activate his *holo-duplicator* (a new item described in *Adventure Appendix*) to give himself a phalanx of phantom images. When he attacks he uses *Perfect Attack* to do maximum damage (this requires him to use an Action Point). He will also use *Battle Plan* (also a free action) to give himself +10 to his damage roll each round for the first few rounds until he runs out of Precognition uses for the day (he has a total of 10 uses per day).

All of the special insight bonuses mentioned above are included in parenthesis in the stat block below.

Doomsayer: HP 189 to 265 (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Brother Obedience: HP 86 (see below).

The Doomsayer (Mutant Post-Apocalyptic Hero 3/Psionic 7/ Doomrider Zealot 1/Weapon Master 6 [WF]/Warrior Monk 3): CR 20; Medium-size humanoid; HD 3d8+15 plus 7d8+35 plus 6d10+30 plus 3d10+15; HP 265; Mas 20; Init +6 (+10); Spd 30 ft; Defense 33 (37), touch 24 (28), flatfooted 31 (+0 size, +2 Dex, +12 class, +4 natural, +5 equipment); BAB +17; Grap +22 (+26); Atk +25 (+29) melee touch (2d6+9 [2d6+19], *mastercraft warp field sword* +1), or +19 (+23) ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +25/+20/+15/+10 (+29/+24/+19/+14) melee touch (2d6+9 [2d6+19], *mastercraft warp field sword*



+1), or +19/+14/+9/+4 (+23/+18/+13/+8) ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +18, Ref +10, Will +13; AP 8; Rep +8; Str 20, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 12, Wis 18, Cha 8.

Occupation: Wanderer (Drive).

Background: Radical (Intimidate).

Mutations and Defects: Accumulated Resistance, Neural Mutation - Precognition x3, Protective Dermal Development, Phobia (Opposite Sex) x3.

Skills: Concentration +10, Drive +8, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (Mutant Lore) +7, Knowledge (Tactics) +11, Listen +14, Navigate +7, Perform (keyboards) +4, Sense Motive +10, Spot +18, Survival +12.

Feats: Armor Proficiency (light), Battle Plan, Cleave, Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Exotic Melee Weapon Proficiency (warp-field sword), Foresight, Improved Initiative, Intimidating Strength, Plague Carrier (plague), Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Power Attack, Precognitive Combat, Precognitive Dodge, Simple Weapons Proficiency, Weapon Focus (warp-field sword), Weapon Master [WF] (warp-field sword).

Talents (Post-Apocalyptic Hero): Conserve, Wasteland Lore.

Talents (Psionic): Neural Specialization, Neural Advancement, Neural Advancement.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Talents (Weapon Master [WF]): Greater Weapon Focus (warp-field sword), One With Weapon, Concentrated Attack, Weapon Specialization (warp-field sword).

Talents (Warrior Monk): Superior Ability (Superior Weapon Specialization [warp-field sword]), Perfect Attack.

Possessions: *Mastercraft warp-field sword* +1 (bonus to attack), six *minifusion cells* (60), *mastercraft* leather armor +3 (bonus to Defense), *holo-duplicator* (see *Adventure Appendix*).

Brother Obedience* (Mutant Fast Hero 6/Skulk 5/Doomrider Zealot 1): CR 12; Medium-size humanoid; HD 6d8-6 plus 5d8-5 plus 1d10-1; HP 86; Mas 8; Init +7; Spd 30 ft; Defense 26, touch 23, flatfooted 23 (+0 size, +3 Dex, +10 class, +3 equipment); BAB +8; Grap +10; Atk +14 melee (1d8+2, *mastercraft* longsword +3), or +11 ranged (by weapon); Full Atk +14/+8 melee (1d8+2, *mastercraft* longsword +3), or +11/+5 ranged (by weapon); FS 5 ft by 5 ft; Reach 5 ft; SQ medical incompatibility, darkvision, albinism; AL Doomriders; SV Fort +4, Ref +10, Will +7; AP 6; Rep +5; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Occupation: Predator (Intimidate).

Background: Radical (Drive).

Mutations and Defects: Sensitive Sight, Albinism.

Skills: Balance +8, Climb +7, Drive +13, Hide +17, Intimidate +17, Move Silently +17, Sleight of Hand +12, Survival +5, Tumble +17.

Feats: Archaic Weapons Proficiency, Armor Proficiency (light), Combat Driving, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Doomrider Initiate [HDM], Improved Initiative, Insane [HDM], Intimidating Strength, Mobility, Post-Apocalyptic Technology, Primitive Technology, Ritual Scarification [B&L], Simple Weapons Proficiency.

Talents (Fast Hero): Evasion, Uncanny Dodge 1, Defensive Roll.

Talents (Skulk): Sweep, Sneak Attack +1d6, Skill Mastery, Sneak Attack +2d6.

Talents (Doomrider Zealot): Divine Fury 1/day.

Possessions: *Mastercraft* longsword +3 (bonus to attack), *mastercraft* leather armor +1 (bonus to Defense).

** Brother Obedience has been badly affected by the plague, and has taken some ability damage (Str and Con) as reflected in the stat block above. The PCs are in no danger of contracting the disease from him, however.*

Treasure: A search of the Doomsayer's retreat finds a few items including four *corium lanterns*, two doses of *superegen*, one dose of *hemochem*, one dose of *stasis shot*, five *ready syringes*, and a filthy cape made from over fifty rat pelts stitched together (this was the Prophet's only clothing while he wandered the Burning Lands, and is ironically the source of the *plague* that has ravaged Wyoming). This cape is infested with plague-carrying fleas, and anyone coming near it will be at risk of contracting the *bubonic* variation of the disease (Fortitude save DC 15).

Development: If Carrie-Lynn Wayne escaped from **area Z65** the situation here will be very different. Because he has the *Phobia (Opposite Sex)* defect, the Doomsayer must make a Will save at DC 19 to avoid being *panicked* by Carrie-Lynn's presence. If this is the case, when the PCs arrive the Doomsayer will be cowering in the corner, as an astonished Carrie-Lynn aggressively attempts to convince him - her future "husband" - to emerge from hiding to help "defeat the outsiders"!

Even if the Doomsayer makes his save he will still be *shaken*, taking a -2 penalty to attack rolls, saves, and skill checks as long as Carrie-Lynn is alive.

The Doomsayer's phobia may also come into play if the party contains women, since they will have the same effect. Note that the Doomsayer will certainly

use Action Points to increase his Will saves to avoid being *panicked* by female PCs!



THE END

The adventure - and the *Halidom* campaign - effectively ends when the PCs complete their mission, the assassination of the Doomsayer Prophet (and returning to Midway to spread word of the disease and how to fight it). If the PCs have been successful they stand to be paid a considerable amount, but there will be repercussions stemming from their actions, whether good or bad.

BARTER TOWN/CARTEL

The iniquitous settlement of Barter Town will never recover from the blow dealt by the Doomriders. The town is never again re-settled, though Black Talons and other predators sometimes inhabit the ruins for a time before moving on.

Assuming the party helped thwart the plague before it got out of control, eventually the Cartel moves in where the Bartertowners left off, setting up their own trading post a few dozen miles from the ruins of Barter Town. Over the next few years the Cartel expands north into Wyoming, filling in the void left after the Bartertowners were wiped out, trading freely with the Cattlemen, Fee'Men, and Salvation alike. The Cartel makes a great deal of money in the process, and gradually provides the Salvation with the fuel and material supplies it needs to begin its own campaign of expansion. In return the Cartel gains agricultural goods from the farms set up by the Salvation as it spreads outside of Cheyenne, and with this abundance of food the Cartel becomes

even more influential in the desert lands of the south. Satisfied with this agreement, the Cartel will be a presence in Wyoming for a long time to come.

EMBER

The ghouls of *Ember* continue their internicine fighting for years to come, oblivious to the danger that hovered over their heads with the rise of the Doomriders. But if the party ended up trading weapons or gizmos to the *Bloodsippers*, the King and his minions will have the upper hand in the brutal urban warfare, and possibly end up taking out the much more established Red Steel Clan. With their most powerful enemies gone, the Bloodsippers bring the other ghoul tribes to heel.

But resources in Ember are in short supply, and while the King may have united the ghouls under one banner, in time they grow hungry. Aware that Barter Town has fallen, the King begins sending his ghouls out beyond the borders of his city to raid the Cartel trade routes and prey upon the rare traveler. In a few years the ghouls of Ember become a real problem, and the target of future adventurers hired by the Cartel.

CATTELEMEN

Mack eventually petitions the Salvation for unification with or without the PCs' help; lacking a means to defend themselves now and in the future, Mack has to look out for his people's long-term survival. And, starved for food resources, the Salvation accepts. The Cattlemen herds will provide the base on which a great Salvation military can be built. Sadly, the independence-loving Cattlemen are relegated to a servile "caste" in the violence-minded Salvationist society, and over the course of a few short years these nomads completely vanish,

absorbed and assimilated into the Salvation.

If the party managed to supply the Cattlemen with weapons - and the spirit to remain free - Mack isn't so quick to join the Salvation. With the means to defend themselves the Cattlemen continue to live free, adhering to the life of nomads with Stockyard as their central "base". In time Mack and his people expand east, moving towards the fringes of the Deserts of Nowhere, and it is here among the desolate wastes that they begin to find a place that is truly theirs alone. Coming out from under the shadow of the Fee'Men and the Salvation, they are finally free to establish a home of their own.

If the PCs helped Fair-Deal Freddy in his efforts to deflect the Cattlemen from joining the Salvation, Freddy becomes rich in a relatively short period of time. Driving cattle from the Cattlemen's territory to the markets of the south, he also brings the Cattlemen a great deal of profit and, more importantly, recognition by the established trading houses of the Twisted Earth. Soon the Clean and Cartel set up trading posts in the new Cattlemen lands, and their presence makes it difficult for the Salvationists to follow the Cattlemen and take their herds without political fallout - a situation that effectively guarantees the Cattlemen's independence for a long time to come.

SALVATION

Though they were brought to the brink of extinction by the Doomrider attack and their own internal struggles, with the destruction of the Doomriders the Salvationists stand largely unopposed (especially if the PCs took out the Fee'Men, which is likely). Being the largest remaining "faction" in Wyoming, the Salvation soon establishes itself and begins to expand outwards. Ambitious projects are funded, and

soon mighty airships (“zeppelins”) take flight from Cheyenne and begin to spread Salvation influence all over the plains. Over the next few years the Salvation slowly pushes the Cattlemen eastward as Salvation bases are established in former Cattlemen territory. Pretty soon the Salvation stands poised to forge the unified “nation of Wyoming” they had long hoped to create.

Despite this the Salvation has taken a major setback with the devastation of the plague, which took a heavy toll on the city’s population. This has a major psychological effect on the Salvationists, who remain isolated for several years, their leaders debating on what they should do. If the PCs failed to destroy Dr. Geisteskranke’s research, his papers on the creation of *humunguli* are found and his research revived. With a very real need for soldiers, the Salvationists are desperate to recoup their losses, and begin to perfect the mad doctor’s work; crudely at first, but in time the Salvation begins to field entire armies of *humunguli*, and with these seemingly invincible troops soon becomes the terror of the plains. With a far more military bent than before the Salvation spreads outwards, conquering the Cattlemen (if they didn’t join willingly, or if they didn’t get arms to defend themselves) in the name of securing resources, and begin a bloody campaign to bring the tribes of the mountains under their boot as well.

The future of Wyoming doesn’t seem too bright.

NUCHURCH

The NuChurch’s role in this adventure was only minimal, but their contact with the PCs has likely left them minus a few agents. This is unlikely to stop their gradual advance, and over the years the NuChurch’s influence slowly spreads eastwards.

Tangling with the fiercely independent people of the mountains, the NuChurch pushes on at a snail’s pace - but at a pace that is unrelenting. In time the NuChurch comes into contact with the lands of the Salvation, and open war is the only inevitability.

WILD WEST GIRLS/TRIBES

If the party helped the Wild West Girls acquire the weapons they need, the women return to the mountains and help the tribals arm themselves against the NuChurch. Their courageous efforts slow the NuChurch’s relentless advance and make legends of themselves, but over the next few years the NuChurch conquers more territory and reaches the area around Cheyenne, making first contact with the Salvation. With war between these two factions erupting, the people of the mountains are caught right in the middle, but cling desperately to the hope that when the dust settles they will have their mountain homeland once more to themselves.

If the PCs didn’t help the Wild West Girls, the women return to the mountain tribes empty handed, but not without hope. With their meager antiquated weapons they help lead the people against the NuChurch for several years. In time the Wild West Girls become a legend, not unlike “Robin Hood” during the Middle Ages, and soon tribals from all over are joining the cause.

Without weapons, however, the tribes teeter on the edge of collapse, until they finally crumble when the Salvation begins its own expansion. The Salvation brings with them offers of civilization and protection from the NuChurch (if not, the tribes are subjugated by force). The tribes, though reluctant at first, eventually have no choice but to join the Salvation, as they provide the only means of fighting back. The Wild West Girls resist the allure of Salvation

membership, eventually being driven deeper into the wilderness, but they continue their “partisan warfare” for years to come.

Whatever their ultimate fate, for generations stories will be told of the young women who defied the odds and became the “Paladins of the Plains”, and daughters and wives all over are given the strength to fight against the evils that once seemed impossible to resist.

FEE’MEN

The Fee’Men stand to lose the most from the passage of the PCs through their lives. When the party kills Chief Hyartan, the Fee’Men are devastated. With their medicines (or weapons, or both) taken, the tribe no longer has a hold over the inhabitants of Wyoming and becomes open to retaliation by those it had lorded it over. The Cattlemen, and other tribes, throw off the Fee’Men’s control, cease paying tribute altogether, and totally isolate the surviving Fee’Men. Unused to having to support themselves, the Fee’Men fracture bit by bit under the pressure until at last the tribe falls completely apart. Casper burns for weeks.

A few other tribes, needing to rebuild after the Doomrider ordeal, welcome fleeing Fee’Men into their ranks if they renounce their former allegiances, re-marry, and start new lives. Other cells of Fee’Men, still clinging to some sense of “superiority” refuse to assimilate, and instead migrate north, east, west, and even south, leaving Wyoming forever, and abandoning the ruins of Casper to scavenging dogs and *carnages*.

If Prince Hvakan ascends to the throne (i.e. if the characters helped him) he manages to stop the chaos before it spirals out of control. He makes good on his promises but still tries to maintain the Fee’Men’s hold on the people of Wyoming. Though weakened,

the deal he struck with the PCs leaves the Fee'Men strong enough to keep the tribals subservient. But eventually, as the mountain tribes engage in open war with the NuChurch, the Fee'Men abandon them to their fates, no longer pretending to be their protectors. Consolidating their strength in and around Casper, Prince Hvakan and his people foolishly believe they will be safe when the NuChurch finally comes.

If Hjurl was overlooked or survived, he manages to replace his brother Hyartan (or unseat Prince Hvakan, if the party helped him come to power) soon after the characters leave, and his rule has a similar effect in stabilizing the tribe. In a matter of years Hjurl reveals his secret allegiance to the NuChurch, however, and turns Casper into an ally of the growing theocracy from Utah. With a substantial base in Wyoming, the NuChurch begins to send agents north, using Casper to outflank the Salvation. The Salvation may have technological superiority, but it is hard-pressed in the face of religious zealots and the conspiring Fee'Men. Over the next few years the war has no clear victor; the only thing that can be said with any certainty is that it will be long and bitter.

THE CANADIANS

If Barnaby was successful in his assassination mission, the secrets of Canada remain just that - secret. But if the PCs managed to thwart Barnaby and help the Professor finish his research, the genie is effectively out of the bottle.

Bixby, the wandering scholar, is the first significant person the Professor tells about his discovery. Writing about the possibility of "greener lands" to the north in one of his journals, Bixby inadvertently starts a migration from places like Tucumcari, Midway, Link Town, and other settlements where his journal finds readers. Like pioneers of the past the people

who hear of the discovery believe they are going to a new "Eden" beyond the Deserts of Nowhere, but what they will find when they get there is open to speculation. Certainly some will be turned back, a few will do the impossible and find acceptance in this new frontier, while others will fight to take from the Canadians what they cannot get peacefully.

For his own part Bixby himself organizes a hopeful expedition to reach Canada, and leads the last of his people (inhabitants of a small dome lost among the sands of the Deserts of Nowhere) north to find a new home far away from the radiated, violent, and diseased lands of the south. He takes with him firsthand knowledge of many of the world's new factions, and also a warning to the people of Canada to beware the militaristic Salvation, the silver-tongued Cartel, and all of the other rising powers of the Twisted Earth.

DOOMRIDERS

The Doomrider fortress of Halidom is abandoned soon after the Doomsayer Prophet is killed, and the survivors flee in all directions. In light of the Prophet's failure, the place is seen as cursed and none choose to return. Even the Deo Americana, who revere the faces etched on the mountainside, turn their backs on Halidom as a place where only "evil spirits" remain. The mountain once more vanishes into the mists of history.

The angry fire of the Doomriders is far from extinguished, however. Other cells exist, and they will continue to carry the vision of a desolate future with them. And, like a poison, their influence slowly finds its way to the people of distant regions, lands far from these. There are many who have no hope, and whose only consolation in life is in seeing others suffer more than themselves. Nihilism is attractive

to such people, and the ancient prophecies of the Doomriders are spread by those who got away. To these the legends of a "Doomsayer" some day rising again resonate like sweet music, and not long afterwards they begin looking for a new Prophet to lead them.

In time new cells of Doomriders rise in distant places. And the shadows loom anew.

THE END

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