



DARWIN'S WORLD

POST-APOCALYPTIC ADVENTURES

CAMPAIGN GUIDE
(SAVAGE WORLDS EDITION)



DARWIN'S WORLD is a role-playing game set in the wild, inhospitable world of mankind's ruin, after a series of devastating wars that brought the human race to the brink of extinction. In a world where radiation has altered the very course of nature, mankind has ceased to exist in its current form. Mutations and genetic variations are the edge separating a species from life and death.

The premier d20/OGL post-apocalyptic roleplaying game now for the Savage Worlds System!

BY
DOMINIC COVEY, JON WOODLAND, CHRIS DAVIS



Visit our websites:
www.RPGObjects.com
www.DarwinRPG.com



\$24.95
RPO0100bSW
©RPGObjects

CREDITS

SAVAGE WORLDS DESIGNER:

JON WOODLAND

ORIGINAL DESIGNERS:

DOMINIC COVEY AND CHRIS DAVIS

DARWIN'S WORLD CREATED BY **DOMINIC COVEY**

PROOFREADERS:

DAVE LOCKSTEAD,
ROBERT SCHULTZ,
JOHN ROGERS,
DAN FROHLICH

COVER ARTIST:

JEREMY SIMMONS

LAYOUT:

CHRIS DAVIS

INTERIOR ARTISTS:

JAYNA PAVLIN
DOMINIC COVEY
JEREMY SIMMONS
V. SHANE

EDITING AND PLAYTESTING SUPPORT:

BAYDEN WOODLAND,
CHRISTIAN CALLAGHAN,
GARRET MILLIKEN,
DAVE LOCKSTEAD,
SCOTT ALPEN,
CHAD LAIDLAW,
KEVIN CLEMENT,
WAYNE RATLEY
JEREMY MORTEN



SPECIAL THANKS TO JOEL KINSTLE AND CLINT BLACK
OF PINNACLE FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE

WWW.DARWINRPG.COM

Darwin's World is heavily supported by its official web site, www.DarwinRPG.com. At DarwinRPG.com you will find many resources such as maps, gazetteers, character sheets, as well as products only sold via the web.

This game references the *Savage Worlds* game system, available from Pinnacle Entertainment Group at www.peginc.com. *Savage Worlds* and all associated logos and trademarks are copyrights of Pinnacle Entertainment Group. Used with permission. Pinnacle makes no representation or warranty as to the quality, viability, or suitability for purpose of this product.

Copyright 2010 © RPG Objects. All rights Reserved.
Visit our web site at www.RPGObjects.com.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1: ADVENTURING

SURVIVAL	6
ENVIRONMENTAL DANGERS	7
STORMS	11
HUNGER AND THIRST	12
THE UGLY ELEMENTS	12
SLAVERY	12
DRUGS	13
ADVENTURES	14
CAMPAIGN THEMES	14
SCAVENGING	16

CHAPTER 2: ADVENTURE LOCATIONS

WASTELAND SETTLEMENTS	23
SAMPLE WASTELAND SETTLEMENT: HEMISPHERE	23
TRADE TOWNS	28
SAMPLE TRADE TOWN: TUCUMCARI	28
TUCUMCARI IN YOUR GAME	31
CITIES OF SURVIVORS	36
SAMPLE CITY OF SURVIVORS: STYX	37
STYX IN YOUR GAME	37
DOMED CITIES	44
SAMPLE DOMED CITY: LOCKDOWN TOWN	44
LOCKDOWN TOWN IN YOUR CAMPAIGN	47
VAULTS	47
SAMPLE VAULT: GREENBRIER	49
GREENBRIER IN YOUR CAMPAIGN	49
NECROPOLI	54
SAMPLE NECROPOLIS: LOS ANGELES	55
LOS ANGELES IN YOUR CAMPAIGN	57
OTHER AREAS	65

CHAPTER 3: FACTIONS

BRETHREN	68
BRETHREN PROPHET	69
BRETHREN LEADER	69
BRETHREN FOLLOWER	70
BROTHERHOOD OF RADIATION	70
BROTHERHOOD FORCE MASTER	71
BROTHERHOOD FOLLOWER	71
CARTEL	71
CARTEL LEADER	73
CARTEL MERCHANT	73
CARTEL SOLDIER	73
CHILDREN OF THE METAL GODS	73
CHILD OF THE METAL GODS, CYBORG	74
CHILD OF THE METAL GODS, SERVANT	75

CLEAN WATER CLANS	75
CLEAN TRADEMASTER	76
CLEAN CLANSMAN	76
DOOMRIDERS	77
DOOMRIDER ZEALOT	78
DOOMRIDER MONK	78
DOOMRIDER JANISSARY	78
ENTROPISTS	78
ENTROPIST LEADER	80
ENTROPIST WARRIOR	80
FAR TRADERS	81
FAR TRADER LEADER	82
FAR TRADER	82
FOUNDATIONISTS	82
FOUNDATIONIST LEADER	83
FOUNDATIONIST WARRIOR	84
GHOULS	84
GHOUL LEADER	85
GHOUL	85
THE MOVEMENT	85
MOVEMENT DEMAGOGUE	86
FOLLOWER OF THE MOVEMENT	87
PARADISE BELIEVERS	87
PARADISE BELIEVER DEMAGOGUE	88
PARADISE BELIEVER	88
RANGERS	89
RANGER OFFICER	90
RANGER SOLDIER	90
RAVAGERS	90
RAVAGER COMMANDER	92
RAVAGER SOLDIER	92
SAVANTS	92
SAVANT MASTERMIND	93
SAVANT	94
MINOR GROUPS	94
AMAZONS	94
AMAZON LEADER	95
AMAZON WARRIOR	95
BENDERS	95
BENDER COMMANDER	96
BENDER MECHANIC	96
CORIUM MINERS OF LITTLE VEGAS	96
LIL' VEGAS BOSS	97
CORIUM MINER	97
CRYSTALTIME MERCHANTS	97
CRYSTALTIME TRADEMASTER	98

CRYSTALTIME MERCHANT	98	PIT CREATURE	127
HERMAVS	98	PLANTMEN	128
HERMAV LEADER	99	PROBING WADDLER	129
HERMAV	99	PROX BEAST	130
KNIGHTS OF ROUTE 66	99	PURPLE ANGLER	130
ROUTE 66 COMMANDER	100	RAD WOLF	131
ROUTE 66 WARRIOR	100	RATBITE	132
RAIDER GANGS (VARIOUS)	100	RATTLECHARMER	133
TYPICAL RAIDER GANG MEMBER	101	RAVENING HOUND	133
WASTELORDS	101	SANDMAN	134
WASTELORD LEADER	102	SANDMAN LEADER	134
WASTELORD RAIDER	102	SANDMAN WARRIOR	135
XENOPHOBES (VARIOUS)	102	SCREAMER	135
TYPICAL XENOPHOBE	102	SHADOW PEOPLE	136
CHAPTER 4: TERRORS OF THE		SHADOW PEOPLE	136
TWISTED EARTH	103	SHADOW PEOPLE, LEADER	137
MUTANT CREATURES	104	SHADOW PEOPLE, SHAMAN	137
ABOMINATION	104	SLIME MOLE	137
ALBINO APEMAN	105	SNOFFLE HOG	138
AMOEBEA, BUBBLE CELL	106	TERMINAL	138
AMOEBEA, GIANT	106	TERMINAL	139
BLINDWORM	107	TERMINAL LEADER	139
BLOB	108	TERMINAL, ABORTION	139
CARRION RAPTOR	109	TERROLOPS	140
CH-KIT	109	TWO-HEADED MUTANT BEAR	141
CRAWLER	111	UNDERLING	141
CYCLAT	111	UNDERLING	142
CYNEMIE	112	UNDERLING LEADER	142
DEATH SENTINEL	113	UTARN	142
DESERT ANEMONE	114	WILD MAN	143
DESERT HORSE	114	WINGED ONE	144
DOOM HARVESTER	115	ZOMBIE, PLAGUE	145
ETHEREAL FLYER	115	CHAPTER 5: THE METAL GODS	147
FRAXX STEED	116	ROBOTS	148
GRONT	117	ROBOT BRAINS	148
HELIOGRYPH	118	ANDROIDS	150
HEAP TURTLE	118	ANDROID AND ROBOT SPECIAL ABILITIES	151
LIFE LAMPREY	119	OPTIONAL ANDROID/ROBOT SPECIAL ABILITIES	151
LURKING PANTHER	120	REPAIRING ROBOTS	154
MARIONETTE WORM	120	DETERIORATION	154
MONGOLIAN	121	ANDROIDS	154
MONSTEROUS COCKROACH	122	ANDROID, LABORER	154
MUTAGON	123	ANDROID, LABORER	155
MUTANT BUG	124	ANDROID, PLEASURE	155
NIGHT TERROR	125	ANDROID, PLEASURE	155
OTHYDOG	126	ANDROID, SCIENTIST	156
OTHYDONT	126	ANDROID, SCIENTIST	157
		ANDROID, SOLDIER	157

ROBOTS	158
AUTOMATON	158
DROID, WAR	159
WAR DROID	159
ROBOT, AGROBOT	160
ROBOT, COMBAT WALKER	160
ROBOT, COMBAT WALKER	161
ROBOT, COMMERCIAL PROCESSING	162
ROBOT, COMMERCIAL PROCESSING	162
ROBOT, HOVER-SENTRY	162
ROBOT, HOVER-SENTRY	162
ROBOT, INDUSTRIAL	163
ROBOT, INDUSTRIAL	163
ROBOT, MEDICAL	164
ROBOT, MEDICAL	164
ROBOT, MILITARY SECURITY	165
ROBOT, MILITARY SECURITY	165
ROBOT, POLICE	166
ROBOT, POLICE	167
ROBOT, POLICE EMERGENCY	167
ROBOT, POLICE EMERGENCY	167
ROBOT, WAR	168
ROBOT, WAR	169
CYBORGS	169
CYBERNETIC ENHANCEMENTS:	170

CHAPTER 6: ARTIFACTS OF THE ANCIENTS 171

WHAT CAN AND CAN'T BE BOUGHT	172
ARMOR	172
ADVANCED	172
POWERED ARMOR	174
MELEE WEAPONS	176
ADVANCED MELEE WEAPONS	176
RANGED WEAPONS	177
HANDGUNS	177
REVOLVERS	177
AUTOMATIC PISTOLS	178
MACHINE PISTOLS	179
LONGARMS	179
RIFLES	179
SNIPER RIFLES	180
SHOTGUNS	182
ASSAULT RIFLES	182
SUBMACHINE GUNS	187
HEAVY WEAPONS	187
MACHINE GUNS	187
ROCKET LAUNCHERS	188
EXPLOSIVES	189

CHARGES	189
GRENADES	189
GRENADE LAUNCHERS	192
MINES	192
LASERS	192
HANDGUNS	192
LONGARMS	193
HEAVY WEAPONS	196
MASERS	196
HANDGUNS	196
LONGARMS	196
ENERGY FIELD GENERATORS	197
HANDGUNS	197
LONGARMS	197
HEAVY WEAPONS	197
PARTICLE BEAM	199
LONGARMS	199
MASS DRIVERS	199
HANDGUNS	200
LONGARMS	200
HEAVY WEAPONS	201
OTHER UNCONVENTIONAL WEAPONS	201
HANDGUNS	201
LONGARMS	202
GENERAL EQUIPMENT	204
COMPUTERS AND ELECTRONICS	204
ADVANCED POWER SOURCES	206
SURVEILLANCE GEAR	207
PROFESSIONAL EQUIPMENT	207
SURVIVAL GEAR	208
MILITARY HARDWARE	210
MEDICINE	213
MEDICAL DEVICES	215
VEHICLES	216
GROUND VEHICLES	216
CIVILIAN VEHICLES	216
MILITARY VEHICLES	217
AIRCRAFT	218
CIVILIAN AIRCRAFT	218
MILITARY AIRCRAFT	219
VEHICLE WEAPONS	220
ROCKETS	220
MISSILES	220



THE CAMPAIGN GUIDE

Acting as the gamemaster of your gaming group means being perhaps the most important player at the table. Anyone who has ever played a role-playing game is, at the very least,

familiar with the idea of what a gamemaster does: the gamemaster (or “GM”) is responsible not only for knowing the rules and regulating the game, he also must arbitrate the result of encounters and attribute rolls, and, when the established rules fail to cover a given area of dispute, make on-the-spot judgments to keep the game flowing. Furthermore, it is the GM that serves as “storyteller”, devising the session’s adventure beforehand for the enjoyment of all. With a bit of practice and experience, even a beginning GM will soon be coming up with adventure hooks, complete ideas, and even fully developed scenario plots and stories for his or her gaming group.

Most role-playing sessions will consist of a series of encounters linked together by a story modified and tweaked as a result of the spur-of-the-moment actions of players and developments in the game. Most pre-made adventures are basically the same, though the time taken beforehand to prepare such a product means there is a more ordered structure – and less chance a GM will be unprepared for circumstances outside a homemade, sketchy outline.

A *campaign*, however, is different. A campaign is more of an ongoing story, a series or string of adventures linking the characters to deeds of heroics and epic struggles. The best campaign games call for a lot of forethought in designing a good back story, so that the individual “episodes” run smoothly together, and serve some greater, future purpose. Players may not even know at the start, the extent of the plots or plans of the villains (or mysterious, behind-the-scenes allies), only to discover that a foe thought beaten long ago has all along been rebuilding, plotting, and seeking his ultimate revenge... A

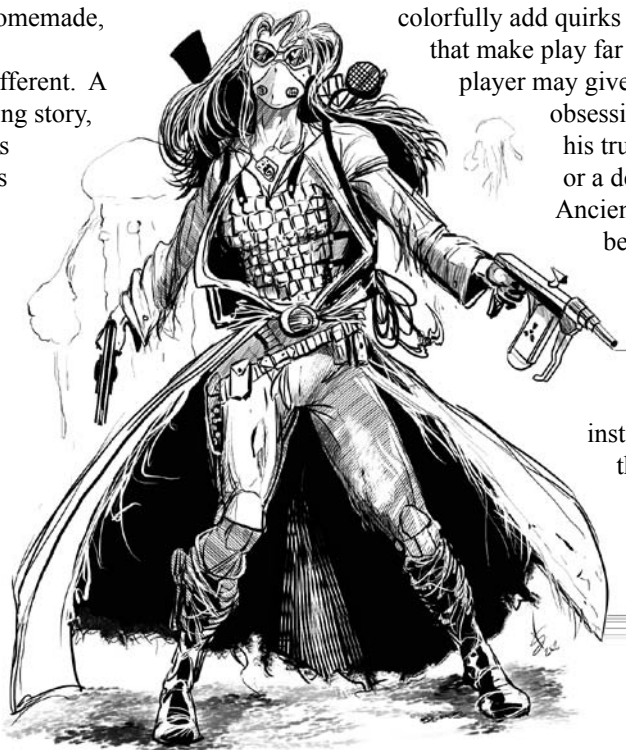
campaign allows you to build upon the elements of individual episodes, making every decision count, making every mistake have a price, and having every heroic deed truly matter in the grand scheme of things.

As a GM of *Darwin’s World* you are always free to come up with any variety of story that suits your style of play: stories of survival, scavenging, or duty to a greater cause. Through playing this game you will find that everyone likes something a little different; some players choose to play characters who only seek personal profit and power, while others are interested in exploring the various communities available, perhaps finding among their callings and visions a familiarity or welcome “new beginning” for their characters. The Twisted Earth of *Darwin’s World* is perfect for all sorts of adventuring types, as it is a world filled with lost cities, ruins infested with intelligent mutants or bizarre aberrations, subterranean worlds of buried sewer systems filled with lost goods, and other fascinating remnants of a futuristic world that appears and vanishes beneath the sand with the fickle pull of the winds.

Though they don’t have the same control as the GM does, individual players contribute a lot to the excitement of a campaign through the deeds of their characters. While many players are more comfortable with characters who seek only personal betterment to meet and defeat the next opponent, other players colorfully add quirks to their in-game personas that make play far more interesting. A

player may give his character an obsession with a quest to find his true origins, for example, or a desire to learn what the Ancients were really like before they fell. Or they may question the almost universal “worship” of the Ancients by their peers as an Atlantean-paradise now gone, and instead find that they too had their villainous leaders and motivations.

There are limitless possibilities, and countless futures for anyone adventuring in **DARWIN’S WORLD**.





CHAPTER 1:

ADVENTURING

"Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is intolerable that he be doomed to complete annihilation after such a long-continued process."

-Charles Darwin

"Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds"

-J. Robert Oppenheimer

"So it was that, after the Deluge, the Fallout, the plagues, the madness, the confusion of tongues, the rage, there began the bloodletting of the Simplification, when remnants of mankind had torn other remnants limb from limb, killing rulers, scientists, leaders, technicians, teachers, and whatever persons the leaders of the maddened mobs said deserved death for having helped to make the Earth what it had become."

- A Canticle for Leibowitz



SURVIVAL

"All that we can do is just survive. All that we can do to help ourselves is stay alive"
– Neil Peart (Rush)

When it gets right down to it, adventuring in Darwin's World is all about the characters' day-to-day struggle for sheer survival. It's an uphill battle against the monstrous denizens of the wasteland, the haunting savages hiding in the ruins of old cities, or the lethal nature of the world itself. The wasteland is pitted with radiated craters, poisoned wells and water systems. It is starved of shelter and places of safety. The landscape itself is as much a hazard to life as any of its most formidable inhabitants.

This section deals with the major dangers characters are likely to face, as they struggle to stay alive in the savage wastelands. Hunger and thirst, radiation, chemical contamination, parasitic infestation and storms are all touched upon.

ENVIRONMENTAL DANGERS

The hazards section of the Savage Worlds core rules should be used for Bumps and Bruises, Cold, Drowning, Heat, Hunger, Sleep, Thirst, Disease and Poison. This section adds Gamma Radiation, new Diseases, Chemical Contamination, and Parasitic infection to the list.

Since the specific means of Fatigue recovery is dependent on the source of that fatigue, characters should track the sources of each Fatigue level.

GAMMA RADIATION

Many areas of the Twisted Earth are heavily polluted with the mutative effects of gamma radiation - the product of the great nuclear war that incinerated mankind's last hopes in one great and final cataclysm. Because most communities no longer grasp the true power of the Ancients, radiation is often misunderstood. Since it is invisible, radiation is often accorded a "mystical" and "magical" nature, and either worshipped as a force for change and purification, or feared as a kind of lethal "curse" left over from long ago.

Variously called the "red thirst", "red fever", and "slow death", radiation is rarely recognized, and even more rarely treatable, with the few medical resources available so long after the Fall. By all accounts, radiation is perhaps the single most insidious threat to long-term life on the post-apocalyptic planet Earth.

Radiation is accumulated in living things that pass through an area of radioactivity (examples include fractured reactor cores, ruined nuclear missile

silos, and of course, nuke craters). This is not an unlikely prospect regardless of where humans and mutants happen to live, since the nations of the world were universally bombarded with vast numbers of nuclear weapons, from bombs to missiles, and the invisible clouds of particles from these detonations - and their curious "nuclear snows" - were blown across the world. Known as tropospheric radiation, this kind of fallout circulated for months before settling along latitudinal lines all over the world, poisoning areas that might have otherwise been spared the actual detonation of bombs and missiles.

Areas once bombarded heavily are often grown over with weird plant and animal life, concealing the tell-tale craters and creating a deadly surprise for the unwary who delve too deep into the ruins of ancient cities. In many cases, the actual crater is gigantic, and may not even be noticed by people on the ground. While tactical nuclear weapons (around 1 kiloton) used to destroy military units in the field produced holes of perhaps a quarter kilometer in diameter; larger weapons have exponentially bigger craters. 100-kiloton weapons, used against fleets, larger airfields, and military complexes (such as bases), produced craters roughly one kilometer in size, casting out radiation to five kilometers or more. While the crater may only be one kilometer in size, the area of actual devastation (ruined buildings, etc.) is double that.

At the one megaton level and higher, one enters the realm of strategic nuclear warheads designed to destroy cities. Craters here are four or five kilometers in diameter, areas of ruin extend to ten

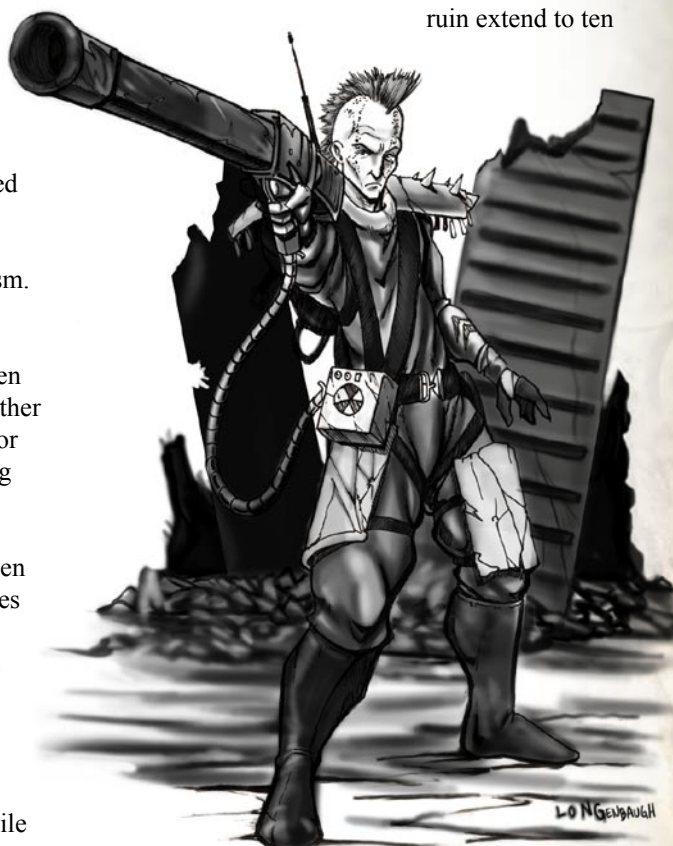


TABLE 1-1: RADIATION LEVEL

Character in irradiated area:	less than 4 hours	every 4 hours
Lightly irradiated	-	Mild
Highly irradiated	Mild	Moderate
Severely irradiated	Moderate	Severe
Character exposed to...	less than 10 minutes	every 10 minutes
Mildly radioactive materials	-	Mild
Highly radioactive materials	Mild	Moderate
Severely radioactive materials	Moderate	Severe

kilometers, and radiation remains lethal out to 25 kilometers.

The largest of warheads, at ten megatons, produced a whopping eight to ten kilometer crater, an additional 15-kilometer region of blasted wasteland, with radiation cast out to 30 kilometers or more.

Finally, “enhanced-radiation” weapons (or “neutron bombs”) created an extremely small area of actual physical devastation (a crater around 0.2 km and ruins out to 0.5 km). They carpeted areas with radiation roughly equivalent to a 100-kiloton blast.

RADIATION EXPOSURE

The following rules replace the Radiation rules presented in Savage Worlds:

In Darwin’s World, radiation exposure is ranked as mild, moderate, or severe. To determine the level of exposure, consult Table 1-1: Radiation Level. Find the source of the radiation in the left hand column and the time of exposure in the top row. This will give you the radiation level (mild, moderate or severe).

The character must make a Vigor roll every four hours in irradiated areas, every 10 minutes exposed

to radioactive materials, or at the end of the exposure if less than these times. The Vigor roll is at -1 if moderate exposure and -2 if severe exposure. If the Vigor roll is failed, consult Table 1-2: Gamma Radiation Sickness to determine the type of damage sustained.

CHEMICAL CONTAMINATION

Chemicals from the weapons and massive industry of the Ancients are still a curse felt by the survivors of the Fall. The longevity of these toxins is quite remarkable. Many industrial chemicals contain deadly mercury or cadmium, which through the action of bacteria, can actually change into poisons over time. If dumped with acids (a common mistake of manufacturers), they can turn into liquid form and permeate an entire region through its water systems, ending up a long distance from their original source.

In some regions, chemical by-products from the lost civilization of the Ancients are very much still in evidence in the form of leaking chemical storage facilities at the heart of old cities, industrial wastes ringing urban centers, or abandoned containers

TABLE 1-2: GAMMA RADIATION SICKNESS

Degree of Exposure	Modifier to Vigor Roll	Damage	Description
Mild	-0	1 level of fatigue	50-1000 Rads. Character suffers from fatigue, nausea, and fever, the beginnings of a slow destruction of marrow, and the start of infection and hemorrhage.
Moderate	-1	1 level of fatigue*, 1 wound**	1001-4000 Rads. Body hair (especially head hair) will begin to fall out, loss of fluids/electrolytes in the intercellular spaces and gastro-intestinal tract. A lowered white blood cell count reduces blood clotting, meaning natural healing is much more difficult.
Severe	-2	1 level of fatigue*, 1 wound**, Vigor drops by one die type***	4001+ Rads. Character suffers from severe damage to the vascular system, which causes cerebral edema. Shock and neurological disturbance can easily bring about death if the character remains exposed for too long.

* Fatigue from Moderate or Severe gamma radiation can lead to death. 1 level of Fatigue is healed for each hour away from the radiation.

** Wounds from Gamma radiation apply a -2 modifier to natural Healing rolls until all wounds are healed.

*** If an attribute would fall below d4, then death results.

of dangerous industrial chemicals. The legacy of these chemicals is still very much a potent danger to survival. In many cases, the chemicals used in mankind's industry remain in precarious storage, awaiting some accidental release by witless survivors of the apocalypse. Chemical wastes, dumped and buried long ago, slowly seep to the surface over time; killing ground vegetation in a wide area, poisoning wild animals that feed in the vicinity, inflicting burns on anything making so much as momentary contact with the soil, and causing birth defects in animals and people.

Examples of chemical contamination still posing a sizeable threat in Darwin's World might include leaking underground chemical storage tanks in the water table, lead contamination in cisterns or old urban pipes and water systems, acids used in metal manufacturing sitting around in huge vats in abandoned factory complexes, and chemical runoff from industry permeating entire regions.

The actual chemicals that pose this threat can vary; GMs can either use existing poisons (such as cyanide and arsenic, both of which are commonly used as industrial chemicals), or use the more generic pollutants suggested below.

Characters will only likely come into contact with chemical contaminants as the result of accidents or foolish exploration; for example, falling into a bubbling pool of chemical treatment fluids during a pitched combat, or unknowingly swimming from one side of a poisoned reservoir to the other, to escape a powerful predator.

Chemical contamination is treated just like poison, requiring a Vigor roll and then applying the results of a failed roll. A few generic forms of contamination are presented here.

Low-grade pollutants (-0): Gain a Fatigue level that can only be healed with 24 hours of rest or proper medical treatment.

Industrial waste (-2): Severe burns, coughing, teary eyes. Gain a Fatigue level that can only be healed with 2 weeks rest or proper medical treatment.

Deadly chemicals (-2): Lose one die of Vigor every 2d6 hours, unless proper Medical cure is found. If this would drop Vigor below d4, then death results.

DISEASE

Diseases are a devastating danger of the post-apocalyptic world and a major motivator for the xenophobic existence of many wasteland communities. Entire settlements, once healthy and promising, have been wiped out in less than a week's time after the arrival of a disease-carrying trader or scav at their gates. Contaminated water sold by merchants, slaves carrying unseen viruses, or goods laden with infected fleas, have more than once spelled the doom of some of the last vestiges of civilization.

Many of the diseases of the post-apocalyptic world

are the descendants of the same viruses and germs tailored by ancient man; unleashed as the most horrific weapons of war during the cataclysmic Fall, designed to wipe out entire army formations and devastate civilian centers to cripple war production,

Other biological weapons have mutated, thanks to an environment rife with radioactive elements, creating new strains that post-apocalyptic scientists and juju doctors have little hope of combating. Dwelling in the hearts of blasted cities, seething in breeding pits created by bomb craters, these diseases are quite varied and their effects often ghastly to behold.

Diseases such as anthrax, smallpox, and pneumonia were also employed as weapons of mass destruction during the Fall, and their presence is still found among the dying remnants of human habitation, in cities, villages, and ruined settlements everywhere.

There are also rumored to be necropolis across the Twisted Earth wherein the entire populations succumbed to a nightmare plague spawned mistakenly by the Ancients in their most forbidden secret research labs. The "contagion" is said to turn those afflicted into mindless, cannibalistic zombies, driven solely by a drive to consume flesh.

Since some diseases can be so deadly to characters, give players an opportunity to avoid contact by using descriptive clues. If, for example, the characters come across a village ravaged by the Super-flu, describe how the bodies they see, laying in the distance, appear to be discolored with lesions on the exposed skin. If they still choose to approach, then let them suffer the consequences.

Anthrax (-4); Inhaled/Contact; Incubation: 2d6 days

After the incubation period, the character must make a successful Vigor roll with Disease modifiers, every four hours or his Vigor will drop by one die type. If Vigor would drop below d4 then the character perishes. Anthrax can only be cured with medicines of the Ancients.

Cholera (0); Ingested; Incubation: 1d3 days

Of the diseases of the Twisted Earth, cholera is by far the most common. Most often found in unpurified water sources, it is a problem because in many desert communities, water of any kind is not likely to be thrown away, no matter how suspicious it looks. In effect the disease causes the victim to thirst to death, by removing body moisture through extreme and violent episodes of diarrhea.

The infected character must drink double the amount of water to stave off thirst. Every 5 days the character may make Vigor roll. A Raise on the roll successfully fights it off; a Failure on the roll incurs a level of Fatigue that can not be recovered until the disease is gone from his system. This Fatigue can lead to death.

Contagion, plague zombie (-2); Injury; Incubation:



Special

2d6 hours after a victim has been injured he becomes weak and delirious gaining two levels of Fatigue. He then becomes bedridden.

At this point, the character can make one last Vigor roll (including the Disease and Fatigue modifiers). If successful, the character will recover 1 level of Fatigue each 24 hours until healed. If failed, he becomes a plague zombie after 2d6 hours. He loses all attributes, feats, and other abilities and instead taking on the characteristics of a plague zombie (see Chapter: Terrors of the Twisted Earth).

Muta-virus (-2); Injury; Incubation: 1d2 days

The “muta-virus”, while not officially named as such, has allegedly popped up in various corners of the Twisted Earth. The disease seems to defy scientific explanation and categorization, and its effects are puzzling (and terrifying): it alters the genes of the victim, slowly reorganizing his cellular structure to transform him into a monstrous aberration. Like the plague zombie contagion, the muta-virus does not cause attribute loss, but rather changes the victim into another form of creature altogether.

After the incubation period of 1d2 days the virus will begin to (painfully) physically alter the host, while reducing his mind to that of a savage beast.

Each day the character’s Smarts die drops by one. When it falls below d4, the character has transformed into a bloodthirsty, heavily mutated creature known as an “abomination” (see Chapter: Terrors of the Twisted Earth).

Plague, Bubonic (-2); Contact; Incubation: 1d6 days

Without modern health conditions to combat the proliferation of rat populations, ancient pestilences like the bubonic plague often appear in communities large and small all across the wasteland, threatening to destroy any stability these holdouts of civilization might offer. Victims of the scourge begin with a swelling of the lymph nodes on or around the groin which blossom to the size of eggs or small fruit; these become buboes over time, spreading all over the body. Dark bruises, blisters, and blotches appear on the skin, followed by fever, headaches, and weakness – and eventual death.

After the incubation period, the character must make a Vigor roll with the Disease modifier each day. On a failure, he loses one die of Strength. When Strength falls below d4, he succumbs to the plague.

Plague, Pneumonic (-2); Inhaled; Incubation 1d8 days

Pneumonic plague is a cousin of the bubonic variety, and is characterized by the habitual coughing up of blood and mucus, high fever, difficulty in breathing, and eventual death.

After the incubation period, the character must make a Vigor roll with the Disease modifier each day. On a failure, he loses one die of Strength. With a Raise

on the roll, he has successfully fought off the plague and recovers one die of Strength each day until fully healed. If Strength would fall below d4, he succumbs to the plague.

Plague, Septicemic (-2); Injury; Incubation: 2d6 hours

Septicemic plague, the rarest and deadliest form of plague, occurs when plague bacteria manages to reach the bloodstream. The character must make a Vigor roll with the Disease modifier. If this roll is failed, the blood instantly becomes infected. During the incubation period, the character begins sprouting purple and black sores and lesions all over the body, after which the victim dies in agonizing pain.

Rabies (0); Injury; Incubation: 2d4 days

Carried by man and wild animals, rabies is transferred through fluid exchange (usually through a bite). Pain, delirium, fever, and eventual death soon follow. After the incubation period, the character must make a Vigor roll each day. The character loses one die of Smarts every time the roll is failed. If Smarts drops below d4, then death occurs. With a Raise on the roll, the character has successfully fought off the rabies. He regains one die of Smarts each day until fully healed.

Super-flu (-4); Inhaled/Contact; Incubation: 2d6 hours

Those who suffer from this fast-acting mutant disease are afflicted with diarrhea, lesions on the face and torso, drastic skin discoloration, nausea, weakness, and wracking pains.

Starting 2d6 hours after this disease takes hold, the character must make a Vigor roll (no modifier) every hour. Each failed roll results in a Fatigue level, and Incapacitation results in death.

The super-flu is an invisible and incredibly voracious killer spread by airborne germs as well as mere contact with an infected individual.

Tuberculosis (0); Inhaled; Incubation 1d2 months

Tuberculosis, a common disease that affects the lung tissues, seems to breed in the squalid conditions of many ruin settlements and the crowded streets of the world’s wasteland communities. Forming what are known as “tubercles” – small but prominent lumps on the interior surface of the lungs – the disease literally strangles the breathing passages and causes eventual asphyxiation.

After the incubation period the character will lose one die of Vigor. If this would drop Vigor below d4, the character dies.

PARASITIC INFESTATION

While the mutant monsters of the Twisted Earth provide a more visible threat to player characters on most adventures, even the smallest creatures can prove more than a nuisance should the GM introduce them in a session. Parasites are one danger that GMs can use to keep the environment inhospitable, and the players on their toes.

Parasitic infestation should be treated like “poison”; when a character comes into contact with a possible source of infestation (a tainted water supply, wormy food, or egg-laden supplies), a Vigor roll must be made; if failed, the character gains Parasitic Infestation as a Minor Hindrance; with a critical failure, he gains it as a Major Hindrance.

The Vigor roll needed to avoid becoming infested varies, depending on the conditions.

Condition	Vigor Roll Modifier
Character only comes into momentary contact with the source	-
Character is in constant contact with the source (wading in a tepid pond, for example)	-2
Character unknowingly consumes the source of infestation (in his food or water, for example)	-4

STORMS

Sandstorms (and radiation storms) are a common occurrence in the wastelands of Darwin’s World, posing a major threat to communities large and small wherever they lie. Capable of drying up entire regions, wiping out crops, rearranging landmarks, and hiding trade routes under tons of sand, the disruption they bring can devastate settlements reliant on trade or agriculture – and strand merchant convoys far from their destinations, dooming them to a slow death lost in a wilderness of unfamiliar sand dunes.

SANDSTORMS

Sandstorms are the product of unusually high winds that pick up loose particles of sand from desert landscapes and carry them for miles in a swirling vortex. The drastic climate changes in the post-nuclear Darwin’s World mean that conditions are perfect for such a phenomenon to be common across North America. Without vast regions of forestland or ordered crop country to control winds, dustbowl conditions exist in areas formerly thought of as green and lush.

Any character may make a Survival roll to detect an approaching sandstorm. Success gives 1d4 hours notice and a Raise gives 1d4+2 hours warning. Once a sandstorm hits, all who remain in the open are blasted by powerful winds, biting sand, and small debris. Anyone who cannot make it to substantial cover (a cave, enclosed vehicle, or powered armor casing) takes 3d6 points of lethal damage every hour of exposure. Vision is reduced to 30 feet and hearing is useless due to the

intense roar of the storm. The typical storm lasts 1d4 days, and can cover a region ranging from one to fifty miles or more.

Once a sandstorm passes, the landscape may be vastly altered. Former landmarks, footprints, trails, and other signs of habitation might be completely erased, or moved around so as to confuse even the most experienced traveler. In other cases, just the opposite may occur, and ancient-era artifacts lost for centuries, or sites of interest best left forgotten, may well be uncovered for the first time in generations.

RADIATION STORMS

An even deadlier relative of the common sandstorm, radiation storms are a phenomenon unique to the post-apocalyptic environment. Massive storm fronts, moving through distant regions devastated by the ancient nuclear exchange, pick up literally billions of irradiated sand, dust, and debris particles from the ruins of lost cities. These particles are carried dozens, scores, or even hundreds of miles in a deadly wave that can blanket entire regions in a matter of hours. Powered by the same tornado-strength winds that make normal sandstorms so deadly, radiation storms are something feared by both primitive and advanced communities alike. Sometimes these storms are merely a nuisance resulting in the deaths of a community’s livestock and a few unlucky men unable to take cover; other times such tempests can bring about an apocalyptic end to an entire region under a violent “snowfall” of burning particles that claims all life for years to come.

The same rules governing sandstorms apply to radiation storms, but in addition anyone exposed to the storm risks exposure to the radiated elements brought along on the winds. Once settled, the particles will remain just as radioactive in their new resting place – with the potential of contaminating food and water sources in the vicinity for years to come.



On the Twisted Earth, the radiation level of storms will usually depend on where the storm originates; certain areas of the Twisted Earth are radioactive “hot spots”, and thus storms generated in such a region will be far more potent than one from just another corner of the wasteland.

Highly and Severely radiated storms actually glow noticeably at night, resembling weird aurora displays of blue, green, or crimson color on the distant horizon. By night, detecting one of these storms is always automatic.

Storm Origins	Typical Level
Burning Lands	Highly irradiated
Deadlands	Lightly irradiated
Deserts of Nowhere	Lightly irradiated
Forbidden Lands	Lightly irradiated
Forgotten Desert	Lightly irradiated
Glowing Hills	Highly irradiated
Graveyard of Bone Cities	Highly irradiated
Great Rift Valley	Lightly irradiated
Purple Desert	Severely irradiated
Sierra Gehenna	Lightly irradiated

HUNGER AND THIRST

As per Savage Worlds core rules, an average character needs a pound of food and two quarts of water a day. Some defects and mutations affect a character’s food and water requirements. Characters should always stock up on rations when they can.

Depending on your style of play, you may want your characters to track their daily usage of rations. However, it is just as easy to estimate usage after a

certain amount of wilderness travel, and then use food and water needs as an adventure hook. The prospect of running out of food or water in the desert wastelands may drive them to approach a settlement they otherwise would have avoided, or to search for natural food sources in a dangerous wilderness environment. These actions can lead to introducing a new nemesis, an encounter with a wasteland terror, or stumbling upon an ancient fortification.

THE UGLY ELEMENTS

One of the signature traits of the Twisted Earth setting of Darwin’s World is its backdrop of stark inhumanity, a portrait of cruelty, savagery, and hopelessness that paints an ugly picture of a future world without law or the delusions of an ordered civilization. By playing up this stark reality those truly “good” communities that become the homes of the PCs will shine that much brighter. Contrasted by the vile world outside, your players will feel that they are all the more worthy of being defended against all odds.

The Twisted Earth is a desolate place where the savage and uneducated descendants of man must band together to survive, whether under well-meaning leaders or psychotic cult masters. A sense of belonging is more than just the key to living a contented life; it means having allies who will willingly lay down their lives to save you when danger rears its head. Communities would become wary of outsiders (who persistently bring disease, or prove to be spies for raider gangs checking out their defenses for a future attack), bringing about an almost total end to the concepts of hospitality and trust. Only traders, or those who have something to offer, are likely to be given entrance to most population centers – and even then, only if they prove to be too tough to take down

and rob (after all, why trade when you can take?). Weaker people would be victimized the world over, or protected, sheltered, and kept from the public eye by jealous keepers afraid of harm coming to them.

SLAVERY

The cycle of slavery often arises when there is neither a balance of power in a region (guaranteeing some measure of respect between rivals) nor some form



of enforcement to prevent institutionalized bondage from being introduced. After the Fall, with countless groups having a limited ability to defend themselves against outsiders, larger and more powerful groups with the guts to do so will inevitably move in, conquer, and enslave others. Factions (like raider gangs) who know nothing but how to wage war (or are made up almost exclusively of men), will need a caste of people to do their menial work – gathering food, for example, entertaining perhaps, or to bear their children. Those who fall under their oppressive fist become slaves, a life of misery that in most cases promises no chance of escape.

Slavery is a staple in most corners of the post-apocalyptic wasteland, even among the most “benevolent” factions. To pursue their own philosophies or wild concepts of a better future, many groups would find the use of slaves a necessary evil to get things done. Having slaves means being able to free up soldiers to defend the community, or allowing more thinkers to dedicate their time to piecing back together the fragments of the ancient past. On another note, one faction may consider the people of another faction little better than animals, and thus without any compassion or sympathy might not even care about their fates whatsoever. And, to further complicate the matter, some communities (such as raiders) consider the taking and maintaining of slaves a mercy, since it is, after all, better than being killed.

Also, slavery does not always need to be an actual “institution”; in many ways, an unofficial policy can be just as effective. In fact, the division between “slave” and “master” need not always be so obvious, casting various “shades of gray” over in-game societies that give the setting layers of complexity. For instance, a community ruled by a certain racial group, who also holds all the power, can effectively strangle a rival ethnicity through unfair social and economic policies, denial of sharing in government representation, and even blocking basic human rights. While they may not call their rivals “slaves”, through their own policies they make them so. Forced into poverty, the latter group will be unable to gain political power or even personal wealth, or even assemble in any tangible sense to provide resistance against the inevitable. In time, they could very well transform into a “caste” serving the menial needs of their “masters”.

Slaves fill almost every mundane role imaginable in most wasteland communities. Like the “untouchables” of India or Japan, they do the dirty work no one else wants, but they also fill out where there are shortages of freemen. Slaves labor all day to make bricks from mud and straw, they dig ditches and graves; bury the dead, and clean sewer systems (assuming a community has such a luxury). They tend animals, work as servants in richer households, and spend their lives working fields for the benefit of their masters. Among groups that aren’t quite so sedentary, slaves still fill a

vital role as porters, muleskinners, and wagon drivers, or as janissary-style soldiers trained from birth to fight to the death for those who own them.

Slavery can be an indiscriminate policy, affecting any and all who cannot fight back (as in the case of raiders and slavers), or it can be specific to a certain group. For example, a pureblooded human enclave that abhors the idea of slavery as a matter of principle might not recognize mutants as “humans” – and thus might not extend their abhorrence to using mutants as slaves. Likewise, a group that lives in Utah might have long-standing legends about the “savages of Nevada”, and thus any native of Nevada is fair game for enslavement. Or, a clan of mutants who all have the inherited trait of pink eyes might consider any other color of eye inferior, thus justifying slavery and bolstering their concepts of superiority over all others. More than just a means to enslave others, slavery can be a cultural norm and necessity that keeps a people strong and confident in their own destiny (in effect, a mirror of racism).

Slavery is a great element to work into your post-apocalyptic campaign, because the struggles against it, and the establishments that support it, can be amongst the most entertaining and extremely challenging of adventures. Whether PCs are escaping from slavery themselves, or showing pity and helping others break free from their chains of bondage, the fight against slavery is one of the traditional hallmarks of role-playing games.

DRUGS

Drugs have always been a way to escape the horrors of reality, and in Darwin’s World, they are even more attractive to the denizens of the world than they were before the Fall. In fact, with the state of the world as it is, drugs are no longer a luxury whose use is frowned upon, but in many cases a necessity for those struggling with the pain of their own corrupted bodies (from mutation and defects), or to stave off the miserable condition of their unrelenting squalor. Drugs become a tool to dull the pain, to shut out the horrors of everyday life in the wasteland. Whether in the hands of the decrepit masses seeking an escape, or as stimulants for live-fast-die-furious raiders, drugs are a staple of the post-apocalypse world.

Common examples include “acid” (a common recreational drug from before the Fall), which sends the user into wild delusions and visions; a tantalizing entertainment for an Ancient race bored with their post-industrial way of life, it is still attractive after the Fall as a means to escape the horrors of reality. Cocaine, while a difficult drug to come across (since advanced refining and purification techniques have all but vanished in the post-holocaust world), still exists as well. Smoked, injected, inhaled, or rubbed against the gums for absorption, this stuff was once a sign of class and sophistication (even when the user

was sprawled out on the floor with bleeding gums and dilated eyes, just minutes from death).

One of the easiest drugs to manufacture, “crack” has always had an appeal to the poverty-stricken masses, before or after the Fall. Crack is basically cocaine but without the refinement, and, as such, is the roughest drug around – and possibly the most dangerous. Smoked, injected, or inhaled like its parent narcotic, crack is the steak and potatoes of the drug world. Heroin, “black tar”, and other opiate derivatives, are most commonly smoked or injected. Marijuana is harvested for its easily identifiable leaves, much sought after for its sedating effect that is quite popular among the poor of various wasteland communities. Marijuana is more than just a drug to get the mind off the pain, however; many primitive tribes still use it as a means of achieving unison with the “spirit world” and as a vehicle for visions and prophecy. And PCP (a.k.a. “snow” or “angel dust”) was allegedly once made by the Ancients in some forgotten war to pump up the troops; it is now often seen in the hands of raiders who use it to send themselves into homicidal rages before raids and inter-gang clashes across the wasteland.

Because of their value as hallucinogens, stimulants, and relaxants, in many communities drugs are the closest thing to a viable currency. They can be easily carried in a single dose (a “hit”), whether as a “joint”, plastic or glass ampoule, or miniature packet – just like coins. Whether they use it themselves, drug merchants know there are always others willing to take the stuff in exchange for goods and services – a fact that simply wouldn’t be lost on post-war entrepreneurs no matter how strong the former stigma of drug use might be. And like gasoline, foodstuffs, and other goods, there might still be men and women (protected as important commodities themselves, no doubt) with the knowledge to manufacture drugs for the market. Drugs are still manufactured in many larger communities, though some lesser communities may have access to refining techniques as well.

The reasons for the survival of the drug trade are simple – their use takes away the pain and terror of the dying Earth. As such, nearly every wastrel on the Twisted Earth uses one drug or another.

ADVENTURES

CAMPAIGN THEMES

When building a Darwin’s World campaign, it can be helpful to think in terms of overarching themes. Four themes are presented here, any one of which can be the basis for a campaign. These themes are not mutually exclusive. The main theme of the campaign will set the overall flavor for your player’s adventures. The other themes will show up as adventure types within the theme.

For instance, if the primary theme is the constant struggle for survival, then exploration would be an adventure type whose rewards improve the chances of survival. If trade is the theme, then exploration leads to successful trading of scavenged artifacts.

SURVIVAL

The struggle for survival could be considered the most basic aspect of role playing in Darwin’s World. It will be an underlying theme in any post apocalyptic setting. By making survival the primary, over-arching theme of your campaign you really put every other aspect in second place. The tone of the adventures, no matter what the goal, will be set by lack of resources and constant threats from every corner.

The survival campaign is the easiest one by which to motivate the characters to act. Every decision they make, every deserted road they go down will be in an attempt to keep one step ahead of the world that is out to get them. This type of campaign isn’t for every player. It will tend to make for cynical, greedy, heartless characters, since everything they see around them is simply another threat to their continued existence.

When creating adventures for a survival campaign, nearly every one should be a life or death struggle. Whether defending against terrors of the Twisted Earth, fighting the factions that are vying for power in the region, finding shelter against a raging sandstorm, avoiding diseases, or simply searching for supplies to keep alive, each adventure will be life threatening. The characters might be enslaved and thrown into the gladiator pits of some shanty town, then manage to escape, only to find themselves in the barren wilderness with little in the way of food or supplies. Soon after, they may successfully hunt down some creature for its hides and flesh, only to find themselves pursued by its vengeful mate. You get the idea.

When running a survival campaign, think of things that your characters desire – powerful weapons, food sources, perhaps a community to call home – and allow them to work towards those ends. Either just before they achieve their goal or soon after, have something happen to disrupt it or take it away entirely. For example, if the characters have been on their own for some time, weary and injured, they may come across a community that is willing to take them in, in exchange for helping build the community. As the characters heal up and begin to feel that they may finally have a place to call home, have the village attacked and wiped out by the Brethren (or another faction). Or have a disease ridden wanderer arrive and threaten them all if the proper medication isn’t found. Now the characters are either on their own again (in the case of the Brethren attack), or sent off into the wilds in a race against time to find a miracle cure.

These types of situations should be used throughout your campaign. However, there must be some

opportunity for the characters to make gains or the players will be the ones becoming bitter and frustrated. The trick is to always give the players some level of hope for their characters. Let them keep some small gains; let them believe that the next adventure may actually solve their woes. Then, once they start to feel comfortable, throw the next disaster their way. To run a successful Survival based campaign, the GM must become aware of what each of the characters desires and provide opportunities for them to move towards those goals. The trick is to give just enough to keep the players happy, while constantly putting threats in their way. If done right, the players will be talking about how bad their characters' situation is (or was), but you will hear an element of excitement and thrill in their tone.

Survival can easily lead into the other three types of adventures presented here: Exploration, Trade or Factions. Or Survival can be used as the underpinnings to one of the other themes. A campaign may seem like one of Trade, until the characters are ambushed by the buyers and sold into slavery. Now the tables have turned and Survival becomes the order of the day.

EXPLORATION

An Exploration themed campaign is a great way to highlight various regions of the Twisted Earth. In this type of campaign, the primary motivations of the characters are wanderlust, questing for knowledge and searching for powerful artifacts. Again, survival will be a strong underlying theme, but most adventures will involve heading off into the wilderness in search of the unknown. In this way, the campaign can be extremely varied; with one adventure leading to an ancient site and another leading to trade in a new community.

The motivations for the characters will be based on the knowledge the GM imparts through adventuring. Rumors of ancient sites, stories of bizarre happenings or unexplainable events/phenomenon will lead the characters to seek out new places. The GM should make sure the players have enough knowledge of the areas they reside in to know when something is out of place. In this way, clues to adventure can be introduced through dialog with NPCs rather than given outright. Although the characters may stumble upon an Ancient site through their wilderness adventuring, much of their motivation will come in the form of rumors from the denizens around them.

Talk of an echoing howl beyond the mountains, rumors of a long lost site of the ancients uncovered during a recent storm, news of missing people, or the sudden arrival of a new creature, all could lead the characters to seek out the source. These explorations into new territory allow the GM to introduce any type of threat or opportunity. Have the characters find some ancient ruins and the ghoulish residents that defend it. Exploring further, they may find a working complex ruled by a small group of androids whom the ghouls

are subservient to. Defeating the androids and the ghouls may reward the characters with wonders they had never dreamed of, if they survive.

As with the Survival based campaign, all adventures don't have to be exploration based. Let's assume the characters need to travel to a new town to trade their booty. This may bring them to a new region that presents all sorts of opportunities for adventure and all sorts of new threats. Perhaps a previously unknown faction rules the wasteland of this region and the characters are now seen as a threat to their territory.

When preparing for Exploration based campaigns, the GM should determine which areas of the Twisted Earth will be the primary focus. Work should be put into defining the places of interest that the characters may explore, including the threats and artifacts they are likely to encounter. Specific scavenging tables should be designed for the areas to be explored. As well, though resources are always scarce in the Twisted Earth, the characters should be provided access to survival gear and weapons that will be needed to survive the harsh wastelands. Most groups will be true wanderers and explorers, but some may have a permanent home settlement that they return to after adventures. Their explorations may be to help advance their community, or at the very least, ensure its continued existence.

TRADE

The Trade themed campaign, like the Exploration themed campaign, will also provide opportunity for travel to new regions. In this case, however, the primary motivation is the accumulation of wealth through trade and barter.

Traveling the lands of the Twisted Earth is always a dangerous proposition, but it is made even more so when carrying goods that others may covet. Trade campaigns typically lead to larger parties, with men at arms hired to help protect the trade goods. Merchants, demagogues, guards, healers and guides are all viable caravan members, leading to plenty of role playing opportunities for the players.

Trade campaigns are often community based, with all the characters hailing from the same community, heading out to trade for the goods that their village needs. The constant travel to various communities of the Twisted Earth leads to reoccurring NPCs – providing for a sense of consistency in the world. Then, when the merchant they always trade with at Bartertown suddenly packs up and leaves, you've set up the seeds for a new adventure. Do they investigate why he left? Or do they simply try to find a seemingly respectable trader to deal with in the future? Perhaps this new trader is a member of the Cartel, looking for unsuspecting merchants to target for attack. Of course these trading adventures can lead to other types of situations as well such as exploration of ruins in search of valuables, ambushes by raiders and road warriors,

or running from wasteland predators.

Players set on trading, as a basis for their campaign, may want to build their caravan of traders into a trading empire. This is an unlikely proposition, considering the number of factors working against them, but can make for a satisfying struggle to build up power. Having a home community can definitely be a benefit to the characters, as their hometown will be a place to store their wealth, gather more followers and build up their power. The difficulty will be in not attracting too much attention before growing large enough to defend their trade empire. The Clean Water Clans and Cartel wouldn't look lightly on a new group impinging on their territories.

A trade campaign can be a great way to introduce new locations as center points to the game. As competition for trade in a region heats up, the characters may need to travel further afield in order to make a profit. This can lead to life threatening travel, new towns to explore, new goods and new NPCs to interact with.

FACTION

A Faction based campaign can take one of two flavors. In one instance, the characters are members of a faction trying to further the faction's goals and make their way up through the ranks. In the other, the characters, and all they hold dear, are threatened by a specific faction (or factions). In this case, the faction they are struggling against becomes the center point for the campaign. These two campaign types are not mutually exclusive. The characters may be members of one faction, and an opposing faction may be the primary nemesis of the campaign.

Faction campaigns often start with players at the lower echelons of the faction, slowly working their way up in power as the campaign progresses. While at lower levels, the adventures may tend to be more mission based, with the characters being sent out to achieve a job or objective on behalf of their superiors. They may at first be lead by higher ranking NPCs, then later left to their own devices. As the gain more status and power within their faction, they may have more NPCs under their command and control. In these cases, the Demagogue edge can be very handy as players move up in rank.

Faction based campaigns can encompass all of the other campaign types. Survival based adventures may affect just the characters, or may affect the entire faction. Perhaps the faction's primary water source has been tainted with a virus and now, besides battling the ravenous effects of the virus, the entire community must find, and secure, a new water source. This could lead to hostilities against another faction that controls the water, or to trade missions, where the characters have to act as ambassadors for the faction, attempting to establish a continual water source. Alternatively, the players may become reluctant explorers, sent into the

hostile wastelands in search of a new water source.

One of the benefits of running a faction based campaign is the consistency of the faction's motivations and purpose. Even if they are a roving group, the faction itself becomes home for the characters, leading to a sense of stability in the savage world they inhabit. This helps to establish an order out of which the characters may be motivated to certain actions. Anything that threatens the characters' faction can motivate them to act. It could be a rival faction, a sandstorm, disease or lack of resources, but the characters will now feel compelled to protect the faction as their home.

As well, faction based campaigns can be a good way to introduce moral dilemmas and tests of faith for the characters. For example, if the characters are Foundationists, working to rebuild the world through technology, they may be asked to trade with a small community to gain their advanced technological devices. When the community refuses to give up their precious tech, the Foundation leaders order the characters to destroy the village and take what they need. Do the players comply, or will they risk expulsion from the order (or worse) to stand up for what is right? These moral dilemmas may lead the players to have to think on their feet and come up with actions that are morally grey, in order to try to do what's right. Perhaps they instead kidnap some of the communities' children, and hold them ransom; hoping to avoid bloodshed to achieve their masters aims.

When running a faction based campaign, the GM should first familiarize himself with *Chapter: Survivor's Guide to the Twisted Earth*, *Chapter: The Factions*, *Darwin's World Gazetteer*. By understanding all of the regions of the Twisted Earth and the various factions and their motives, a richer campaign world can be created. The characters should all be created as faction members, or at least as characters leaning towards a particular faction. Because of this, the GM and players should discuss the options for Faction members before they create their characters. Certain background options will not work well with certain factions. And certain mutations or defects may be preferable for certain faction members.

SCAVENGING

Whenever the characters are scavenging for items in an ancient site, the GM may wish to roll for random loot. These items should be in addition to any that the GM has placed there as part of the adventure. Remember that characters with the Scavenging edge can roll a d10 instead of a d20 on any of these tables, including the Scavenging Table, the Item Type table and the Adventuring Gear table (which is normally a d100).

Note that vehicles are not rolled randomly. They are always placed at the GM's discretion.

To determine the number of items the characters have found, first roll on the Scavenging Table and apply the following modifiers based on location type:

Location Type	Modifier
Ruins	0
Wreckage/Complex/Base	-1
Large Wreckage/City/Junk Yard	-2
Untouched Pre-fall complex	-4
Location has been picked over	+2

SCAVENGING TABLE (D20)

Roll	Number of items
2 or less	10
3-5	5
6-9	3
10-17	2
18 or more	1

For each item found, roll on the Item Type table. This will give the general type of item found. Then roll on the appropriate Table for the item type found.

ITEM TYPE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1-2	Medicine
3	Identity Card
4-5	Ranged Weapon
6	Ammunition/Explosives
7-8	Power Sources
9-10	Armor
11-12	Advanced Melee Weapon
13	Weapon Accessories
14-15	Adventuring Gear
16-17	Surveillance Gear / Professional Equipment
18	Computers/Electronics
19-20	Clothing

MEDICINE TYPE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Stimshot B (1d4)
2-3	Medi-Spray Serum I
4-5	Superegen (1d4)

6-7	Filter Dose (1d4)
8	Rad-Purge Shot (1d4)
9-10	Hercurin (1d4)
11-12	Stimshot A (1d4)
13-14	Hemochem (1d4)
15	K-O Shot (1d4)
16	Antitox (1d4)
17	Medi-Spray Serum II
18-19	Proton Energy Pill (1d4)
20	Truth Serum (1d4)

IDENTITY CARD TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Platinum – Stage VI-M – Military Research
2	Black – Stage VI-C – Presidential
3	Gold – Stage V-M – Base Commander
4	Red – Stage V-C – Regional Governor
5	Purple – Stage IV-C – Federal Authority
6-7	Silver – Stage IV-M – Base Armory
8-9	Blue – Stage III-C – Civil Authority
10	Bronze – Stage III-M – Officer
11-12	Copper – Stage II-M – NCO
13-14	Lead – Stage I-M – Enlisted Military
15-17	Yellow – Stage II-C – Technician
18-20	White – Stage I-C – Citizen

RANGED WEAPON TABLE (D20)

Roll on this table to determine the category of ranged weapon found. Then roll on the appropriate ranged weapon category table.

Roll	Item Type
1-2	Energy Weapon
3	Unconventional Weapon
4-5	Mass Driver
6-8	Machine gun/sub-machine gun
9-10	Assault Rifle
11-13	Rifle/Sniper Rifle
14-15	Shotgun
16-17	Automatic Pistol
18-20	Pistol/Revolver

AUTOMATIC PISTOL TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Beretta 93R (9mm machine pistol)
2	Calico M100 (.22 machine pistol)
3	MAC Ingram M10 (.45 machine pistol)
4	Sa.23 (9mm machine pistol)
5	TEC-9 (9mm machine pistol)
6-7	Desert Eagle (.50AE autoloader)
8-9	Glock 20 (10mm autoloader)
10-11	GSh-18 (9mm* autoloader)
12	MP-443 Grach (9mm autoloader)
13	PSM (5.45mmR autoloader)
14	SITES M9 (9mm autoloader)
15	Beretta 92F (9mm autoloader)
16-17	Colt Double Eagle (10mm autoloader)
18-19	Colt M1911 (.45 autoloader)
20	Glock 17 (9mm autoloader)

ASSAULT RIFLES TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	HK G3 (7.62mm assault rifle)
2	OC-14 Groza (9mmR assault rifle)
3-4	Steyr ACR (5.56mm assault rifle)
5-6	HK G-11 (4.7mm assault rifle)
7	FN Herstal F2000 (5.56 assault rifle)
8	AN-94 Abakan (5.56mmR assault rifle)
9	Bushmaster M-17S (.5.56mm assault rifle)
10	QBZ-95 (5.8mm assault rifle)
11-12	Steyr AUG (5.56mm assault rifle)
13-14	AKM/AK-47 (7.62mmR assault rifle)
15-17	M16A2 (5.56mm assault rifle)
18-20	M4 Carbine (5.56mm assault rifle)

ENERGY WEAPONS TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Blaster
2	Laser anti-tank rifle
3	Laser cannon
4	Meson cannon
5	Plasma rifle
6	Dazzle rifle
7	Infra-red rifle

8	Laser rifle
9	Pulse laser rifle
10	X-Laser
11-12	Maser rifle
13	EMP rifle (NLW)
14	HPM rifle
15	Atom gun
16	Ion ray
17	Laser pistol
18	Plasma pistol
19-20	Maser pistol

MACHINE GUNS/SUBMACHINE GUNS TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	M214 Minigun (heavy machinegun)
2-3	M2HB (heavy machine gun)
4-5	FN P-90 (5.56mm submachine gun)
6-7	Calico 2-22 (light machinegun)
8-9	M-60 (medium machine gun)
10	Bizon (9mm submachine gun)
11-12	Calico Liberty 50 (9mm submachine gun)
13-14	Colt 635 (9mm submachine gun)
15-16	HK MP5 (9mm submachine gun)
17	Ruger MP-9 (9mm submachine gun)
18-20	Uzi (9mm submachine gun)

MASS DRIVERS TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Gauss cannon
2-3	Gauss anti-tank rifle
4-5	Electro-saw thrower
6-8	Gauss rifle
9-12	Gauss automatic rifle
13-16	Gauss pistol
17-20	Gauss submachine gun

PISTOL/REVOLVER TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1-3	FA Casull (.50AE revolver)
4-6	Dart pistol (special pistol)
7-9	Colt Python (.357 revolver)

10-11	Derringer (.45)
12-14	Pathfinder (.22 revolver)
15-17	Ruger Service-Six (.38S revolver)
18-20	S&W M29 (.44 magnum revolver)

RIFLES/SNIPER RIFLES TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1-2	Steyr IWS-2000 (15.2mm sniper rifle)
3-4	Barrett Light Fifty (.50 sniper rifle)
5-6	HK PSG1 (7.62mm sniper rifle)
7-8	AR-7 Explorer (.22 rifle)
9-10	Dart rifle (special rifle)
11-13	VSS Vintorez (9mm sniper rifle)
14-17	Remington 700 (7.62mm hunting rifle)
18-20	Winchester 94 (.444 hunting rifle)

SHOTGUNS TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	HK CAWS (12-gauge)
2-3	Jackhammer Mk3A1 (12-gauge)
4-6	Remington Streetsweeper (12-gauge)
7-8	Valtro PM-5-350 (12-gauge)
9-10	Beretta M3P (12-gauge)
11-12	Browning BPS (10-gauge)
13-14	Mossberg (12-gauge)
15-18	Double Barrel (12-gauge)
19-20	Sawed-off DB shotgun (12-gauge)

UNCONVENTIONAL WEAPONS TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	AT-4 (rocket launcher)
2	M72A3 LAW (rocket launcher)
3	RPG-7/16 (rocket launcher)
4-5	Ramjet rifle
6	UH radiation rifle
7	Sonic rifle B
8	Sonic rifle (NLW)
9-10	Flame pistol
11-13	Hand stunner
14-16	Stun pistol
17-20	Flamethrower

AMMUNITION/EXPLOSIVES TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	M79 and five 40mm grenades
2	M203 and five 40mm grenades
3	5 Mines, Anti-Tank
4	5 Mines, Anti-Personel
5	5 Mines, Bouncing Betty's
6-8	5 Charges (roll on Charges Table)
9-11	5 Grenade (roll on Grenade Table)
12-14	100 Small Ammo (4.7 to 7.62 mm/.22 to .32 cal.)*
15-17	100 Medium Ammo (9-10mm /.357 to .45 cal.)*
18-20	100 Large Ammo (50 cal. and shotgun shells)*

*Have the characters find ammo that fits one of their guns.

CHARGES TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1-3	Satchel charge C (5)
4-7	Satchel charge B (5)
8-11	C4/Semtex (5 lbs.)
12-14	Satchel charge A (5)
15-20	Dynamite (10 sticks)

GRENADE TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Plasma grenade (5)
2-3	Radiation grenade (5)
4	Blood agent grenade (5)
5	Energy Grenade (5)
6	Glitter Grenade (5)
7	Negation grenade (5)
8	Nerve gas grenade (5)
9	Photon grenade (5)
10	Anti-tank grenade (5)
11	Shock grenade (5)
12-13	Smoke grenade (5)
14-15	Stun grenade (5)
16-17	Concussion Grenade (5)
18-20	Fragmentation Grenade (5)

POWER SOURCES TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Harmonic Cell
2-3	Plutonium Clip
4-5	Minifusion Cell
6-8	Power Backpack
9-11	Power Beltpack
12-16	Power Clip
17-18	Power Pack
19-20	Power Cell (5)

ARMOR TABLE (D20)

Roll on this table to determine the type of armor found. Then roll on the corresponding armor table.

Roll	Item Type
1-3	Powered
4-10	Advanced
11-20	Post Apocalyptic

POST APOCALYPTIC ARMOR (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Forced entry unit
2-3	Special response vest
4-5	Tactical vest
6-10	Flack jacket
11-13	Light undercover shirt
14-15	Undercover vest
16-17	Riot Shield
18-20	Leather jacket

ADVANCED ARMOR (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Plastex
2	Special security suit
3-4	Advanced metal
5-6	Military combat suit
7-12	Civil security suit
13-15	Environment suit
16-18	NBC suit
19-20	LazAb

POWERED ARMOR (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Zeus Suit
2-3	Mk2 Hermes
4-7	Mk1 Hermes
8-11	Mk3 Ares
12-15	Mk2 Ares
17-20	Mk1 Ares

ADVANCED MELEE WEAPON TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Warp-Field Sword
2-3	Power Sword
4-5	Chainsword
6-8	Energy Pike
9-11	Chainsaw
12-15	Shock Gloves
16-20	Stun Baton

WEAPON ACCESSORIES TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1-3	Laser sight
5	Detonator, Radio controlled
6	Detonator, Timed
7	Detonator, Wired
8-10	Holster, Hip
11-12	Hoster, Concealed
13-14	Scope
15-16	Scope , Electro-optical
17-18	Silencer, Pistol
19	Silencer, Rifle
20	Box magazine

ADVENTURING GEAR TABLE (D100)

Roll	Item Type
1-3	Binoculars, Rangefinding
4	Climbing gear
5-6	Flashlight, High Powered
7	Magnesium Firestarter
8	Map
9	Portable stove
10-13	Trail rations, Ancient (12 meals)
14-16	Backpack

17-20	Binoculars, Standard
21-23	Briefcase
24	Candle (case of 20)
25-27	Canteen/Thermos
28-29	Cigarette Lighter
30-31	Compass
32-34	Crowbar
35-38	Fire extinguisher
39-41	Flash goggles
42-44	Flashlight
45-46	Flask (ceramic)
47-49	Gas mask
50-52	Grappling hook
53-55	Hammer
56-57	Handbag/Purse
58-61	Instant Pillow
62-64	Light Rod
65-67	Manacles
68-69	Map case
70-71	Oil, 1 pint (box of 20)
72-75	Power Bar (box of 10)
76-78	Ready Meal (box of 5)
79-83	Rope, Ancient (150 ft.)
84-85	Salt Pills (box of 20)
86-89	Shoulder bag
90-92	Sleeping bag
94-96	Survival Pack
97-98	2-person dome tent
98-99	4-person dome tent
100	8-person dome tent

PROFESSIONAL EQUIPMENT TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Metal detector
2-3	Night vision goggles
4	Bolt cutter
5-6	Demolitions kit
7-8	Tool kit
9-10	First aid kit
11	Musical Instrument
12	Lockpicks
13-14	Books
15	Astronaut Pen
16-20	Duct tape

COMPUTERS/ELECTRONICS TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1-3	Computer, Laptop
4-7	Computer, Hand
8-9	Digital audio recorder
10-12	Digital Camera
13-14	Digital video camera
15	Printer
16-18	Walkie-talkie, Basic
19-20	Walkie-talkie, Professional

CLOTHING TABLE (D20)

Roll	Item Type
1	Uniform
2	Clothing, Fancy
3-4	Technician's Coveralls
5-6	Tool/Utility belt
7-8	Web Belt
9-10	Fatigues
11-13	Coat
14-15	Parka
16-20	Clothing, basic



CHAPTER 2:

ADVENTURE LOCATIONS

"If you look at the whole life of the planet, we, you know, man, has only been around for a few blinks of an eye. So if the infection wipes us all out, that is a return to normality."

-Sergeant Farrell, 28 Day Later

You are right, I have always known about man. From the evidence, I believe his wisdom must walk hand and hand with his idiocy. His emotions must rule his brain. He must be a warlike creature who gives battle to everything around him, even himself.

-Dr. Zaius:, Planet of the Apes

"Wiping out the human race? That's a great idea. That's great. But more of a long-term thing. I mean, first we have to focus on more immediate goals. "

-Jeffrey Goines, 12 Monkeys



WHERE DOES the actual excitement and “adventure” take place in the post-apocalyptic setting? In the ruins? In musty old abandoned cities? Traditional dungeons, magical kingdoms, and extra-planar domains simply do not exist in this milieu; instead, a GM designing

an adventure for *Darwin's World* must come up with entirely new templates for his or her adventures. Instead of castles and medieval villages there are xenophobic community compounds and degenerate trade towns. Instead of the stereotypical subterranean complexes populated by a wide spectrum of magical creatures, there are corium mines filled with mutated things and underground missile silos that echo with hints at the ancient past.

Coming up with ideas in which to set an adventure can be fun, a great chance to challenge your creative side. In the majority of fantasy settings this step is pretty easy; due to the sheer volume of pre-published materials, it's hard not to come up with ideas either based directly or indirectly on the places visited in modules, sourcebooks, and campaign adventures. It's a little different with the post-apocalyptic genre, for at least two reasons: first, there are (currently) few gaming resources supporting the genre, and second, it is often hard to turn the mundane, real-life locales of the setting (such as old factories, skyscrapers, etc.) into exciting places for adventure and perilous encounters.

As a result, this chapter is intended as a primer to help jumpstart your creativity and imagination, to set you on the right path for developing adventures of your own. In the next few pages we've presented a comprehensive look at the more common types of adventure locations in the post-apocalyptic setting, along with a few sample locations of the kind most likely to serve as the setting for encounters, or as places characters are likely to visit more than once.

WASTELAND SETTLEMENTS

The image of the “wasteland” that most often comes to mind to players is one of “dry cracked desert” and “radiated badlands”, crisscrossed with the remnants of old highways and speckled with the ash-blackened ruins of cities destroyed during the nuclear war. Between the blasted cities (which are in most cases inhospitable to life due to radiation and the general absence of normal life radiation brings with it) and the uninhabited wastes there is, however, a common medium – the tiny, often fragile settlements that in many cases are the only vestiges of human habitation in the desert.

Settlements in the wasteland run the gamut from tiny adobe villages built and inhabited by tribal savages, to fortified way stations erected by the

world's few remaining merchant cartels as a place to stockpile fuel to keep their caravans of rusted trucks in operation. Other settlements are merely seasonal communities set up briefly for trade between nomadic tribes during times of peace, exchanging food, water, women, and engaging in brutal gladiatorial games for their amusement. And still others are the remnants of Ancient-era towns scattered across the American landscape, their inhabitants descended directly from original human stock and though dwindling in numbers with each passing generation, still stubbornly clinging to their corner of the world in defiance of the chaos and lawlessness outside their walls.

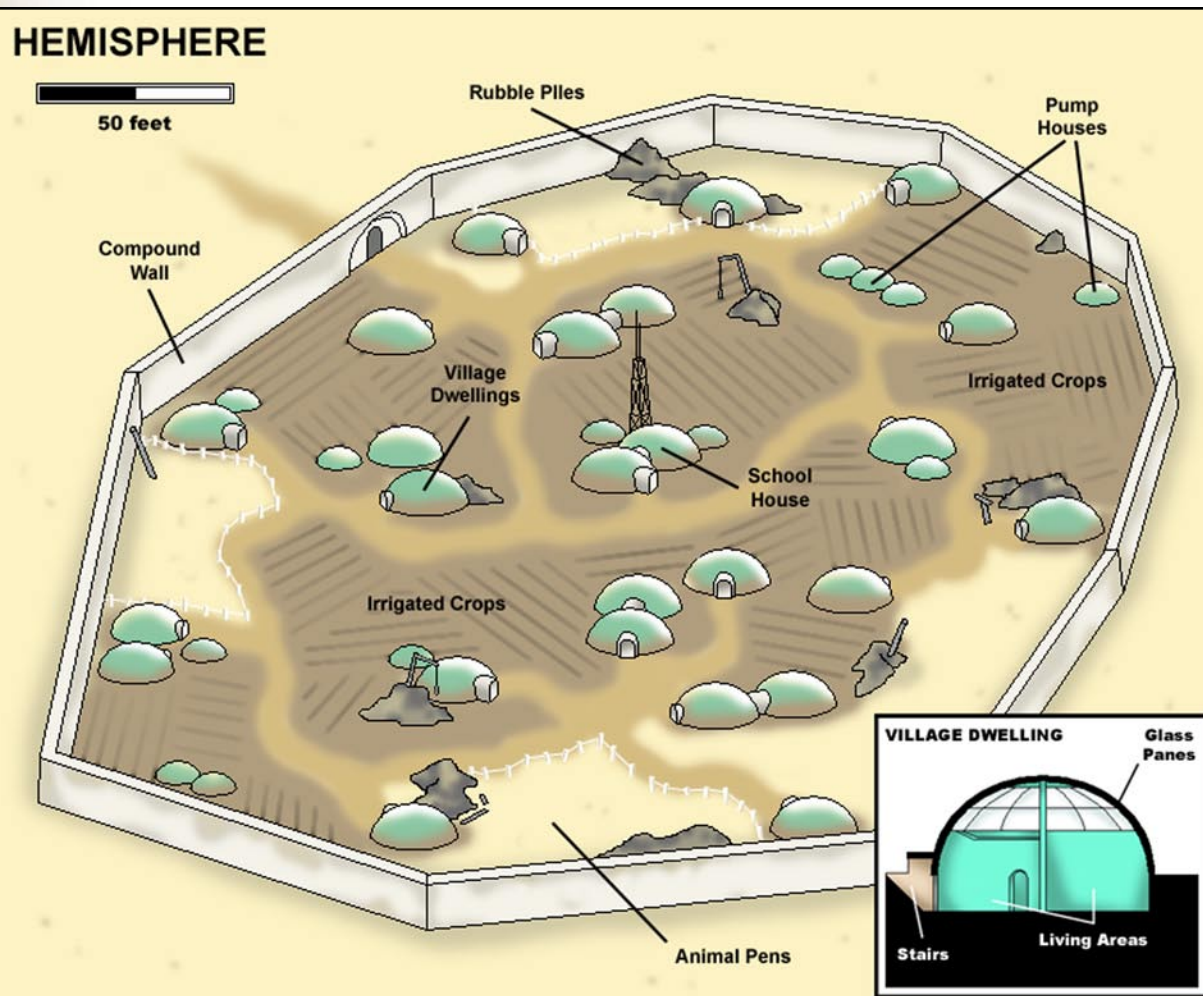
Wasteland settlements in your campaign can be used for a number of reasons, both from a GM standpoint and as an asset to player characters. As a GM you can use wasteland communities as actual adventure areas, or as places to pick up information and helpful NPCs. Settlements can be the starting place for adventures, a place for characters to meet and join up before a more protracted campaign in the desert outside. An entire adventure can even take place inside a single settlement, with local characters contributing to the story either as villains to thwart, or victims in desperate need of aid by brave adventurers. Some settlements are so small that they serve merely as stopovers for travelers (PCs included), while others may have some kind of appeal or charm to the curious – with their own twisted religious rituals, local laws and customs, fears of (or obsessions with) outsiders, and coveted technologies and treasures.

Even a small wasteland settlement, which would otherwise only serve as a stopping point for rest and re-supply for powerful parties, can draw their interest if designed with some forethought. Work in a few quirky elements, provide one or two local NPCs with character and something to offer, and the PCs are likely to view the settlement as more than just another desert village...

SAMPLE WASTELAND SETTLEMENT: HEMISPHERE

The village of *Hemisphere* (so-named for the hemispherical “dome” shape of the settlement's shelters) is rather typical of the minute xenophobic communities that dot the wasteland, far from the established trade routes of the world's major factions. Like Hemisphere many of the populations of these fragile communities can trace their lineage directly back to survivors of the nuclear holocaust: crackpot survivalists who fled to the middle of nowhere before the nuclear war erupted, military deserters, or small communities of scientists doing experiments in new forms of agriculture or waste recycling when the Fall came. As a result many of these communities are actually storehouses of one form of technology or another – survival equipment, military gear, or scientific tools kept in working order for generations.

Location Name: Hemisphere.



Estimated Population: 65.

Ruling Faction: None.

Background: *Ritual Preservationist* or *Degenerate*.

LOCAL HISTORY

Hemisphere, for its part, was originally founded by a small group of scientists from a long-forgotten university sent to the desert to conduct experiments in the use of solar power to extract water from the subterranean water table. When the nuclear war erupted, many of the scientists on the project left in the futile hope of returning to the cities to find their families. Those few who were grounded in reality remained, knowing that their only chance of survival was to remain isolated, preserve what they had, and hope that in a few years they might link up with other survivors and strive to rebuild from the ashes.

But they had very few supplies, and very little hope for a chance at living long-term so far in the desert. Counting their supplies they realized they had to make things work – there was no other choice. Continuing their experiments with a new sense of urgency, they managed to perfect a form of solar-powered device that could extract water from underground. This water would be used not only for drinking, but for giving life to the beginnings of crop fields that would sustain

them for years to come.

The labors and ingenuity of the scientists paid off, and within a few years the people of Hemisphere were still alive; though their community was a fragile one at best, it was able to sustain itself. In time, as the scientists grew aware of the true devastation of the war through monitoring their radiation meters and through continuous attempts to contact nearby cities via radio, they gave up hope of finding other survivors. The remaining survivors, consigned to living their isolated lives and hoping for a future where the dangers might subside, began to marry, have children, and plan for the future.

Generations have passed and Hemisphere continues to remain a viable commune. Though their understanding of the past has blurred with time, the seed of solar science that keeps them alive remains a jealously guarded secret. A few years past a group of raiders (masquerading as traders) came to Hemisphere hoping to take their precious water from them, an encounter that left many villagers dead and much of their valuable crop destroyed. Burned by this first and only contact, the people of Hemisphere built a wall, pored over ancient books still in their possession to reconstruct weapons to defend themselves, and persist in fostering a paranoid and aggressive resentment

HEMISPHERE IN YOUR GAME

While small and xenophobic, Hemisphere is ideal as a template for the kind of fragile and secluded communities that exist in the far reaches of the wasteland's desert wilderness. Separated by dozens, if not hundreds of miles, such villages are neither fully aware of the condition of the world outside, nor the dangers that at times stand poised against them. Since they stand alone, separated by ideologies and mutual paranoia of one another, even if they were aware that other such communities existed it is unlikely they would make peace and unite, even against the greatest of mutual threats.

Primitive in some ways, and yet technically advanced in others, Hemisphere is also typical of many xenophobic holdouts. You can use it as a starting community for your group (treat it as a *Ritual Preservationist* or *Degenerate* background), as a place to infiltrate in hopes of stealing its secrets of water extraction, or simply as a potential adventure location for players to stumble across and approach at their own pace and discretion.

against all outsiders.

Today Hemisphere is a tiny bubble of law and order in the wasteland. Few know it even exists. The locals prefer it that way, content in living their lives day to day. They keep a few animals both to supplement their largely vegetarian diet, and also as pets and guard animals. Unlike many communities on the Twisted Earth, this village knows peace, happiness, and hope. People marry, have children, and share equally in the labors of maintaining their commune. It is a precarious way of life living isolated from the outside world, but from what they have seen, they would rather die than be forced to give up their hard-earned water and solar technology.

LOCAL LAW

Hemisphere's form of government has remained unchanged for generations – it is a democratic commune, in which all the heads of the various households (man and woman) have the right to vote in matters affecting the community. Though most of these are true “elders” by age and experience, any couple – young and old – who makes a home together is accorded this right.

Upholding the traditional laws governing theft and violence are the main concerns of the people of Hemisphere. Since this is a commune, all things are shared equally, and thus theft (or hoarding) is considered a worrisome crime. Those who hold back part of their harvest, or who take more water/food than they are allotted, are punished accordingly.

Since the people of Hemisphere recognize the potential damage to their communal bond that martial punishments can bring (such as thoughts of retaliation, or inter-family feuds), punishments usually only involve *censure* - being denied admittance to communal gatherings, festivities, even weekly “services”. Other members of the community, under threat of punishment themselves, are expected to ignore the criminal for the determined period of punishment (anywhere from a few days to a month or more).

VILLAGE KEY

Locations described here correspond to labeled areas on the accompanying map.

ANIMAL PENS

These areas are sturdily constructed to keep livestock in – and out of the crops where they can tear up the roots and vegetables and threaten the delicate balance of the commune. The animals kept by the villagers are communally owned, and since they have long been domesticated, tending them is a task generally reserved for children (to teach them responsibility) or pregnant mothers, or the elderly members of the community that are still fit to stand for hours on end.

The population of Hemisphere's animal stock consists primarily of goats, chickens, and pigs.

COMPOUND WALL

The wall around Hemisphere was created long ago and has withstood numerous attacks by raiders and the assault of the wasteland's strongest sandstorms. The wall is made from mud bricks and stone from the surrounding desert, covered in a layer of clay, and whitewashed every year by the inhabitants of the village to protect against cracks and weather.

The wall surrounding Hemisphere is more than a barrier to desert animals or outsiders, it is a barrier that separates the peaceful way of life within and the total chaos of the world beyond. To the people, it is a reinforcement of the sense of security that they desperately cling to, and even as children they are taught never to go beyond the wall's boundaries – else risk death at the hands of one imaginary bogeyman or another.

The walls are patrolled by one or two villagers at all times, keeping watch for the signs of coming storms or the approach of outsiders (for instance, the plumes of dust kicked up by raider gangs on the move). Guards will be armed with black powder rifles and a handmade spyglass with which to survey the surrounding landscape.

IRRIGATED CROPS

These areas are set aside for the highly ordered crops of the community. Laid out to make the best of every inch of space, the crops that grow here are generally the most stubborn – potatoes, yams, carrots, etc.

Part of the ingenuity of the community is in the layout of the irrigation system. Water drawn from the pump houses can be regulated at various points along the irrigation ditches, controlling how much water is fed into the fields (to prevent either drying out or drowning the crop). The villagers have, over the generations, grown quite adept at maintaining these fields and maximizing the amount of crops produced, a far cry from the scientists who first settled here who battled nonstop with the local weather, failing water supplies, and their own ignorance of how to farm successfully.

PUMP HOUSES

The lifeblood and precious secret of the village of Hemisphere are its numerous pump houses. These structures exactly resemble the numerous dwellings of the village, but their use is strictly limited to pumping water during daylight hours. Underneath the baking hot panes of glass that comprise the entire domed building are “solar pumps” – contraptions created long ago by the first generation of scientists and kept operating through the meticulous care of the villagers ever since. Each pump consists of a complex array of solar panels on the outside of the building (which can be retracted indoors by old rusty mechanical levers and pulleys, when the prospect of an attack or sandstorm threatens the village), that power the motors in the pump. The pump shafts (which were bored long ago when there was adequate equipment to do so) draw water from the desert water table more than 500 feet below the surface.

Water pumped from the earth spills from the pumps into stainless steel basins, where they either collect for potting, or are channeled outside to irrigate the commune’s crops.

Since all things are shared in Hemisphere, these pump houses are never locked. The interior walls are often stockpiled with clay jugs (and old glass bottles from before the Fall) loaded with fresh water, just in case an excess of water is needed by the community in the future.

A model of ingenuity and far-range planning, each pump house is also a priceless reservoir of life-giving water.

RUBBLE PILES

Dotted throughout the village are piles of rusted and dented machinery, the purpose of which has been almost completely forgotten by the current generation of villagers. These are the remnants of old earth-boring machines brought into the area by the original

scientific team during their research in the desert; used to dig straight down through sand and solid rock, they permitted the creation of the solar-powered wells now used to keep the village alive.

None of these machines can be revived, as parts of some (and the whole of others) have either completely rusted over with time or been scavenged beyond repair over the years to keep the solar pumps in operation. Now the children of the village simply climb atop them to play, adolescents run around them in amorous games of hide-and-seek, and adults rest in their shade from a day’s toils – but no one remembers what they were once used for.

School House

At the center of the village is a dome that has long been used as a school, meeting place, and refuge for the community throughout the years. One of the oldest structures in the settlement (dating from the first generation of scientists who founded the town), the school is also one of the most beautiful, its largest panes of glass hand decorated with paint and the names of every man, woman, and child to have lived in Hemisphere over the years carved into the stone of the interior walls, if only so future generations will not forget their ancestors. Within this building the children of the community’s few odd families are sent to be taught the basics, when not out helping their elders with crops, livestock, or household chores.

In addition to serving as a school, this structure is also used as a meeting hall for the adults of the village, both men and women alike. Weekly services, which poorly attempt to mirror church gatherings of the past, are held here on Sunday – though the robotic ritual of these masses are no longer intelligible even by the would-be worshippers. Still these events give the community a chance to exchange ideas and news, laugh, or officially announce courtships, betrothals, births, etc. Monthly news on projected crop yields or other important matters to the survival of the community are also held here, with everyone (except a marginal guard on the walls) present. In a pinch it even serves as an infirmary (such as during sieges by raiders), though in most cases sick villagers are taken to the chemist’s for treatment and bed rest.

In times of trouble, or under unusual circumstances (for example, in the almost unthinkable event that the village gives refuge to an outsider), villagers gather here and vote to decide how they, as a community, will act. The heads of all households (both husband and wife, regardless of age) are accorded a vote in governing such affairs, and for generations this system has never failed to see Hemisphere through its hardest times. Given another five or ten generations, it is still unlikely to change. Assuming the settlement will last that long...

SUBTERRANEAN AREA (NOT SHOWN)

Beneath the school is an old underground area still intact despite its great age. In fact, its very presence is unknown to most of the locals, though a few of the elders of the commune know of its secret location and pass it on every generation.

Constructed by the founders of the village, this subterranean shelter has remained here as a storage space for some of their ancient equipment, tools and gizmos left over since the Fall. Dusty and dark, the basement area holds a small workshop with old tools and equipment, though most of these tools have either been scavenged for use by the villagers in day-to-day affairs, or else are so complex as to defy understanding. Examples of remaining artifacts kept here under layers of dust include a variety of brittle geology texts and charts, local and continent-scale geographical maps (as well as much more detailed maps from the USGS of the immediate area), a *portable petrol generator* (though no fuel remains to operate it, PCs might know of a source outside the walls that could get it running again), a salvageable *water purifier*, nearly a dozen spare solar panels suitable for repairing the solar pumps on the surface, mineral assay equipment, a *laptop computer* hooked up to a *portable satellite communicator* (once used to monitor weather patterns through regular contact with orbital satellites, though these satellites no longer transmit), a *short wave radio set* (also lacking power), and a pair of *old Geiger counters* rigged to antenna-like structures still standing high over the school – these counters, if powered back up, will once more begin to register radiation levels in the atmosphere.

VILLAGE DWELLINGS

The first thing one notices about the village of Hemisphere is that instead of shacks and typical huts, the village is dotted with hemispherical “domes” of faceted glass, with an arched entryway that descends a few feet into a subterranean chamber, below. All in all each of these homes resembles an igloo, one of the most efficient shapes for low-technology housing.

Each home in Hemisphere is constructed to make the best use of existing building supplies. Made primarily of transparent or translucent glass, each “dome” is in fact composed of dozens of interconnecting panes. On hot days many of these panes can be opened or closed on hinges, permitting cool air in and venting excess heat. The floor is made from white clay, and since it is depressed a few feet into the earth, remains cool day and night. Here is where the inhabitants sleep, on the floor among blankets or mats, sectioned off in one or two rooms. A food preparation area is usually reserved as well, where families gather for meals or private time before heading out to do a day’s work or bed down for the night.

Parts of each home, sectioned off by glass walls, are usually reserved for secondary pursuits that also help the community. Each family of the community passes down some kind of a trade, without exception; there is a metalworker (more like a scav, one of the few allowed outside the walls to scavenge for metal parts needed to sustain the village), a carpenter (who also works in stone, but whose tasks are mainly geared towards making mundane tools and repairing old muskets), a glassblower (vital to keeping the domes in shape), and a chemist (not only the resident juju man but also a maker of gun powder, he has also been known to concoct some of the best fermented goat’s milk for the rare event of village celebrations), to mention a few. They mostly tend to their particular field from their domed shelters, or from sheds nearby.

Each home also has a section reserved for the growing of plants and herbs. Every family in the community is expected to contribute to the food supply by growing roots and edible fruit in these “indoor gardens”. And because of the greenhouse-style construction of each home, the bounty generated is quite considerable.

Though they have ample food and space to live in, the villagers have few other belongings of note. Most tools are made from old bits of wood scavenged from the desert, or stone shaped to suit domestic needs. Clothing is made from animal hides, though virgin wool taken from the small flock of sheep by far predominates. Each household is expected to maintain spears for all members of the family, as well as at least one black powder musket for the man and woman of each home. Other than that, however, there is little of value in each of these compact dwellings.

ADVENTURE HOOK #1

The players take the role of longtime natives of Hemisphere. Having lived the entirety of their youth as farmers of this small community, they are shocked when the elders approach them with a task that will forever change their lives. The commune’s supply of medicine is running out, thanks to an unexpected period of drought that has all but made growing the delicate herbs impossible. What’s worse, two or three of the villagers have come down sick, and without care they will certainly die. Those stricken could be a father, a mother, or one of the character’s sweethearts, providing the impetus to go along with the elder’s plan for the PC (and his friends) to leave home and search the wastes for plants that will cure the disease. Their travels may take them far away, across the desert to the lands of the major factions, where they will have to learn the ways of the “outsiders”, and to defend themselves, all while keeping the location of their community a secret no matter the cost to prevent outsiders from becoming aware it even exists.

ADVENTURE HOOK #2

The PCs, hounded (and possibly wounded) by raiders or the agents of one of the world's major factions, flee to the desert wilderness hoping to lose their pursuers. During their flight they stumble across Hemisphere, and though the villagers are wary of letting them in, seeing the PCs to be in dire need of aid at their gates forces the moralists in the community to take them in. At first kept under guard until they heal before being exiled once more to the world outside, one or more locals take a personal liking to the PCs. "Adopted" by one family or another, the PCs are given the chance to live among the Hemisphere villagers, even learning of their secret water source and their benevolent way of life. This can lead to any number of possibilities: the village becoming a base from which to operate, or a hideout until the heat is off, or it could become the target of a siege by the PCs' pursuers if they somehow track the PCs down. Faced with staying and fighting, and possibly being the cause of Hemisphere's ruin, or leaving to avoid such a fate, either way the PCs will have to make a decision that will change the settlement forever.

TRADE TOWNS

Trade is a central source of revenue for many communities of the post-apocalyptic wasteland. While some subsist solely on the fruits of their own labor, or prey upon others for their livelihood, some are instead founded solely for the continuation of an age-old way of life: commerce.

Trade towns can be big or small. They can be tiny way stations built for serving the trade route's merchant caravans, or distant trading posts set up in neutral areas by the inhabitants of an entire region (so that trade is never threatened by local politics or inter-community warfare). They can be places where certain goods are for sale (for instance, a town known for selling water, or gasoline, or food), or less reliable markets where there is no telling what will be on the auction block from day to day. There are raucous places where only the rule of the gun enforces order and honesty among traders, or secure compounds within the borders of a given faction's lands (giving them an advantage in all dealings). And of course there are darker marketplaces where drugs for dulling the pain of life flow freely, or even more wretched settlements built from the ground up from the blood-profits of slavery.

The "official" tongue of most trade settlements is, of course, Trade, the language spoken by all major houses that do business in the wasteland. Of course, Unislang is even more widely spoken by visitors to such settlements, whether in the form of desperate scavs coming to town for water and supplies, raiders looking for spare parts and oil for their machine "rides", or just plain sandwalkers and travelers.

Unislang should serve visitors well enough to survive in most trade centers, but it should be noted that in many cases the established merchant houses (the Clean, Cartel, etc.) usually have a favorable opinion of those who have mastered the Trade language – even scavs, wanderers, and scum. To them, it is a symbol of intelligence and education, and a sign of *respect* that one should learn the language of their betters. A character who initially begins a conversation with a trader or merchant in Trade will often receive a modest discount on traded goods, favorable mention, or privileged treatment in the future. This favorable view of "Trade-talkers" can extend to more than just discounts on items; a character having made good with a merchant house will also be able to bargain for items not normally for sale, or may be sought-out specifically for jobs that need doing that wouldn't be trusted to just anyone. It never hurts to impress the big-wigs...

One thing you will probably find during game play is that trade towns (and markets in general) quickly become important to the gradual improvement of characters at all levels. Characters who find artifacts during their travels are really only going to keep a few of the most essential, selling the rest to upgrade to better gear as time goes on. A good idea when designing a trade town is to set up a short list of things available in that specific community, from readily available items (such as basic equipment) to steeds and mounts (such as vehicles), to artifacts coveted by locals (and only grudgingly put up for sale if offered something of equal or greater value in trade). Use your judgment to determine availability and the numbers of goods for sale; every community is different, depending on the size, geographical location, local politics, recent weather trends, etc. Some settlements may have an abundance of one commodity, while others may have an overwhelming demand for the same commodity just a few miles away. Such is the nature of trade: buying in one area and selling where it is really needed (and making a tidy profit).

No rules are presented here to spontaneously create a market with a few dice rolls – each and every trade community or market will certainly be different depending on these factors.

SAMPLE TRADE TOWN: TUCUMCARI

Tucumcari is a good example of a healthy, prosperous trade town where valuable goods flow freely and men from all corners of the region come to barter. While it is far from a peaceful, benevolent place where one can hope to let his guard down, there are enough parties interested in maintaining order here that violence and destruction is rare. An important center of commerce for its region, it is a shining example of the potential power of trade houses on the Twisted Earth.

Location Name: Tucumcari (aka "Trade City").

Estimated Population: 500 permanent, 1,000+ temporary/transient.

Ruling Faction: *Clean Water Clan* (and *Cartel*).

Background: *Resurrector*.

LOCAL HISTORY

The trade town of Tucumcari (more commonly known by its wasteland name of “Trade City”) has been a nexus of commerce in the wasteland for generations. One community or another has inhabited the site since a few decades after the Fall, dwelling far from the burned-out ruins of the actual city atop the nearby mountain – Tucumcari Mountain – where it is easy to defend against the predators of the desert. Though many of these communities came to rise and fall since its earliest history, the arrival of traders in recent times brought the town newfound prosperity – and security – that has guaranteed its existence ever since.

A few years ago the Clean and Cartel took over the small-time operation of the local traders in a three-way struggle that left one side defeated (the locals) and the other two reeling – and poised on the edge of an all-out faction war. With a remarkable stroke of cunning, however, the Clean managed to avoid war by compromising over control of the town. By sharing Tucumcari with the Cartel they not only avoided a costly conflict, but also cemented an alliance that has remained stable (if somewhat lacking in trust) for longer than most faction friendships. And, most importantly, it has established Tucumcari as a secure place for trade in an otherwise hostile land, a fact that has made both factions rich over the past few years.

LOCAL LAW

In Trade City, the Clean and Cartel make the law. The law is “business and profit rule”. If you happen to be a visitor, a wanderer, or just some local small fry, don’t step on the toes of anyone more powerful. It’s just common sense.

While the Clean have outposts across the wasteland where they do business (especially in the Arid City, but also elsewhere along the Far Desert’s trade corridor), Trade City could almost be called “theirs”. Though they do share power here with the Cartel, it is pretty clear that in Trade City, the Clean have the major share of power and prestige. And while the actual “capital” of Clean lands is another city entirely, situated far away, Trade City is growing in strategic importance – largely because it is a gateway of sorts to the Forbidden Lands, a violent but promising region where they no doubt plan to expand.

Oversight of the Clean Water Clans’ operation in Trade City could only be given to a skilled and masterful negotiator, strategist, diplomat, and politician. The supply in Trade City provides for more than 10% of all water traded by the Clan in their entire operation yearly, and many communities in this part of the desert rely completely upon them. In addition, the

Cartel buy their water here, the corium slavers of Lil’ Vegas buy their water here (or have it shipped from here), and many other groups as well get their supply in Trade City. It is simply too important to trust to a novice.

As such, the Clean have trusted their Trade City operation to one of their most talented, experienced, and shrewd trademasters, the *mandarin* Margus H’an. Margus, though entering into old age (for survivors in the Twisted Earth), is one of the Clan’s oldest and most respected leaders – brilliant, cunning, oftentimes ruthless and cruel, but utterly efficient and with contacts throughout every one of the Clan’s founding families. In Trade City, Margus is effectively the prince, the president, and the underworld boss.

TOWN KEY

Because it is potentially one of the larger trade towns of the Twisted Earth, with various layers of intrigue, adventure, and opportunities, only specific areas of interest in Tucumcari are covered in this overview.

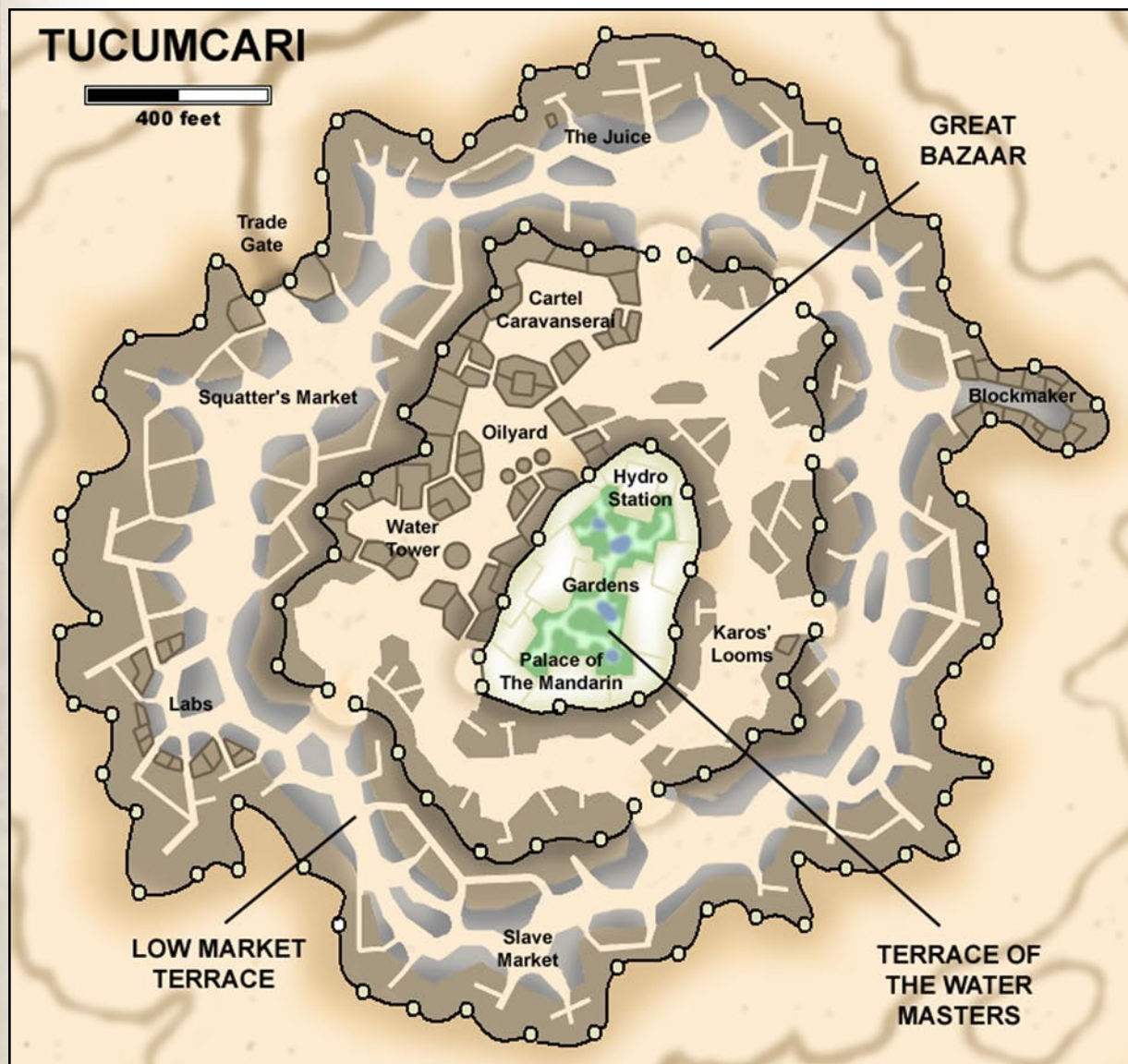
BLOCKMAKER

Situated in a part of the Low Market quarter where the rubbish heaps have been knocked flat, stands a small cluster of dilapidated shacks closely resembling a series of “greenhouses”. Virtual “clouds” of bloated flies hover in the air here, while maggots seem to practically explode underfoot as one leaves impressions in the over-enriched earth. The odor of feces hangs heavy enough here to make even the filthiest tribal swoon.

The overseer of this squalid “farm”, Trash, is nearing seventy years of age – and it shows. Diminutive, shrunken, and withered away, only a grimy, filth-caked beard, head of wild spidery hair, and a toothless grin meet those who can bear to look upon him. Still, Trash has the knowing of a lot of things, especially things concerning *crap*. You see, Trash has made a life of finding uses for human and animal dung, and though few will admit it, he provides a much-needed service to the people of Trade City.

Trash cultivates feces from animals and humans (for free; there’s so much of the stuff lying around this quarter that he doesn’t ask for donations), and uses them in a number of ways. Most animal feces he blends with dirt to make an exceptional topsoil, which he sells to tribals and merchant caravans for trade in distant locales. With human feces he forms 4” x 2” x 1” blocks, which can be sold as long-burning fuel for braziers and ovens (which has become, in fact, the primary cooking fuel in Trade City). Almost overnight these blocks have become so common that they are even accepted as trade goods, in bulk (like money), by the Clean and Cartel.

Sadly, though his creative uses for dung as fertilizer and fuel would conceivably stand to make Trash a good deal of corium, he has been virtually enslaved by



the Cartel. He naively entered into an agreement with them a few years back, without really reading into the contract he witlessly signed. Now he is forced to give away almost 80% of his product (for a mere pittance) to keep his Cartel “friends” supplied with fuel blocks and fertilizers. He knows that if he were to back out now, they would certainly shut him down, light up his dung farm, and probably drive him out of the city.

CARTEL CARAVANSERAI

A large part of the city is quartered off as the property of the Cartel. Once merely a caravan house for the resting of their mounts and caravan guards, the “caravanseraí” has since turned into a sprawling compound with warehouses, rest houses, barracks, a yard for oil storage, a water tower, and a headquarters for their regional efforts in the area.

The Cartel compound is almost always buzzing with activity. Vehicles from their merchant caravans, suffering from wear and tear, are brought here to be maintained and repaired in huge corrugated iron

“garages”. Other vehicles are brought here to be loaded up with supplies (in most Cartel vehicle caravans, one truck out of five will be loaded with fuel to keep the caravan moving). Cartel truckers who have seen too many hours of driving without rest (or the guards who travel with them) can come here to catch a few winks, plentiful fresh water, and a hot meal – all for free.

The garrison commander also sees potential recruits here on an individual basis, and thus PCs wishing to join the Cartel will likely be directed here to begin their initiation into the Cartel trade house.

CARTEL OILYARD

This compound is off-limits to outsiders, and only a few trusted guards and technicians are permitted entrance – even among Cartel followers.

The “oil yard” is a compound that is dominated by a trio of large, drum-shaped gasoline reservoirs. The metal parts of these were obviously scavenged from areas across the Twisted Earth, for they still bear the

TUCUMCARI IN YOUR GAME

In the Twisted Earth setting, Tucumcari is superb as a hub for adventures and other forays into the wastes of the Forbidden Lands, as well as throughout the central arm of the Far Desert. The location of Tucumcari is strategic, acting as a kind of “nexus” between the Forbidden Lands, Trader Pass, and areas east. Here characters will find opportunities for paid work, as well as chances to make names for themselves in the service of one or two of the Twisted Earth’s most powerful groups: the Clean and the Cartel.

If you’re not using the Twisted Earth setting, Tucumcari is still a viable option as a place to visit if you need a relatively large trading settlement during the course of your game, yet have little time to develop one yourself. Though it is ruled by two factions that have a distinct connection with the Twisted Earth, they can be easily replaced with ruthless mercantile organizations of your own design.

faded logos of gasoline corporations of the past. A metal framework of scaffolds, ladders, pipes, and other essential support systems crowd the area around these colossal storage drums, on which technicians can crawl and climb to make sure pressure levels remain stable, vapors are vented regularly, and the level of the gas can be measured to ensure the supply for the region is steady.

CARTEL WATER TOWER

Though they do not deal in the trade of water themselves, the Cartel have erected a water tower that provides running water to their parts of the city. Purchased from the Clean at a discount, this water is also used to refresh visiting Cartel caravaneers, including their animals, porters, and vehicles.

Because of its elevated vantage point, one or two Cartel marksmen are usually stationed on the precipitous catwalk running around the water tower. From here they can see for miles around Tucumcari.

GARDENS

Whether to please their own aesthetic tastes, or merely to show off the fact that they have water in abundance, the Clean have created a fabulous garden on the upper terraces of Tucumcari within the Palace of The Mandarin himself. Though it is kept protected inside the sprawling courtyards of this great fortress, the tops of towering palms, and the rainbow colors of many fruit groves, can be seen just peeking over the walls like a vision of temptation for the poor souls in the city below.

The construction of the garden was a deliberate attempt by the Clean to create something that would rival the fabled hanging gardens of Babylon from the lost history of man. Water is run through a complex system of aqueducts and irrigation sluices to keep the garden alive and productive; exotic fruits are harvested for the table of the city’s mandarin, and flowers that hang from the lacy ivy of the garden’s walls and trees send a pleasant fragrance throughout the entire palace, day and night.

At least half a dozen of the household’s most trusted slaves maintain the garden daily. These slaves are maintained in relative luxury (living in the palace,

given good clothes, and enjoying almost complete security from the depravations of the world outside), so there is little threat of theft.

GREAT BAZAAR

Unlike the Squatter’s Market, the “Great Bazaar” is really the place to be for serious merchants. Here, in a bright, wide open marketplace flanked by gleaming white adobe buildings on all sides, major trade is conducted - oftentimes with serious repercussions. Whereas in the Squatter’s Market the kind of commerce that goes on is on an individual scale (meeting the needs of individual scavs, travelers, or road gangs), here the representatives of entire communities from throughout the region come to secure months or even years of water supplies, trade for oil and gasoline, and other “strategic” commodities. Likewise the market is often crowded with wagons filled with the homemade goods of these native people, come to convince the Clean or Cartel to buy their wares on a large scale.

The Great Bazaar is always bustling, with huge throngs of people sweating and baking under the parched sun. In addition to the big business done here, the Clean makes a little extra selling water from bazaar stands to thirsty visitors and trade representatives suffering from a day’s trading in the heat. Stalls and pavilions, as well as storefronts opening out onto the bazaar, offer all sorts of goods in varying qualities and quantities, and the presence of Cartel and Clean enforcers is always heavy, keeping peace, order, and ensuring that no one steals.

Many of the buildings here are really just “fronts”, places where representatives of other communities can come to strike a deal. The actual commodities being traded for (such as gasoline or bulk rations of water) are kept elsewhere in town, in warehouses in private compounds where they can be more efficiently guarded and shipped from.

HYDRO STATION

The hydro station at the top of Tucumcari was built exclusively by the Clean over the past few years, and has expanded upon the original flat stone building (of unknown antiquity) that once occupied the site. The

hydro station is now a deep recessed structure, within which the Clean have sunk numerous broad cistern shafts into the rock of the mountain. These cisterns contain pure drinking water shipped in from across the desert, as well as pools for purifying water through the methods known only to their clan.

The water at the hydro station is used to maintain the gardens of the Clean, as well as a reserve for distributing to the markets of the city and for transporting to the Clean's clients throughout the region. All told there is almost a limitless supply of pure (or semi-pure) water in the cisterns here, at least enough to keep the city alive (should it ever become cut off, such as by raider siege) for 5 years or more.

The hydro station is a complex maze of passages, storage areas, guard rooms, and well chambers. Anyone not familiar with the grounds has a good chance of getting lost. The front doors of the building are usually guarded day and night, and in addition the halls are patrolled by janissary soldiers regularly.

KAROS' LOOMS

This large mud building, open on all sides at ground level, has been painted a brilliant white. In the shadow of the overhanging floor above, a row of handcrafted textile looms have been constructed, allowing the workers here to continue with their toils all day long with constant ventilation and decent light.

How the impoverished inhabitants of this establishment ever managed to secure a building in the Trader's Quarter is unknown, but within reside anywhere from five to ten members of the wasteland faction known as the "Movement". A relatively poor and humble group, they are members of a religious sect that has braved great dangers to set up a "parish" in Trade City. Though many died in the journey, those that survived pooled their resources and opened this business to maintain themselves for the duration of their stay.

Karos (leader of the Movement cell) and his "brothers and sisters" produce a rather coarse linen for clothing, which has been met with some acceptance in Trade City's markets. Tunics and togas fit only for the rank-and-file of the Clean janissary force are a particularly important source of their business, and as such the cell has enjoyed modest profits while here at the mercy of their Water Clan benefactors.

The members of the Movement cell all live and work under the same roof; on reed mats on the ground floor or in linen hammocks suspended in the shade of the looms in the evening. All food preparation, cooking, and meals are shared by the entire Movement community as well. The second floor of the building is reserved for the cell's evening meetings (in a low-ceilinged hall overlooked by a hand-woven tapestry with the Movement's symbol emblazoned on it), a time when the members of the fledgling faction gather to exchange news, bring up important affairs, or vote

on issues concerning their continued survival in Trade City. New recruits will be brought here to be initiated and welcomed into the fold, before being given tasks to pursue throughout the city.

Every week or so a number of the Movement "cultists" will be sent into the city to beg for alms, preach the Word of their "Fallen God" to any and all who will listen, and attempt to garner new recruits from the marketplace's forum. This evangelical work has not been very successful, mainly because the folk who comprise the Movement cell here are old men and women, and a few of their weak and malnourished children. Preaching a gospel that is curious at best, they have a long road ahead of them.

LABS

What they call the "Labs" is really just a complex of corrugated iron shacks with tall tin chimneys rising into the rancid Tucumcari sky. The pathetic sight of grubby scavs, tiny hunger-wasted children, and wheezing old discarded misfits moving through this shanty "village" is appalling.

The Labs are essentially Tucumcari's much-needed drug mill. The Cartel run the place, but do their best to distance themselves from its operation, only appearing now and again to pick up the drugs that are shipped out to distant markets. Here, in Tucumcari, it's better to just forget the Labs exist.

The Labs aren't exactly an ordered operation. In essence, it is simply a bunch of inter-connected old huts used to manufacture glue and other cheap brain-eating intoxicating chems. Built a long time ago to manufacture adhesives for the rubber-tire repair of the Cartel's motorized caravans, the Cartel soon found that much more profit was to be made in simply selling the glue to the young, the old, the pained, the diseased - and especially the entertainment-starved scavs that visit Tucumcari on a regular basis.

Though some of the glue produced here is used by the Cartel for legitimate purposes (maintaining their fleet of oil tankers, keeping them and the oil lifeline in operation), about 80% of the glue and other chems find their way into the hands of Tucumcari's kids, dying elderly, lepers, etc. Scavs from all over also visit the Labs to buy the mind-altering stuff by the tube-full.

LOW MARKET TERRACE

The lowest level of Trade City lies at the base of Tucumcari Mountain, skirting the slopes that rise higher up into the desert sky. Here, the Clean and Cartel have taken great pains to erect a monstrous wall around the shambling shantytown that has sprung up at the mountain's base. Towers for watchmen and lookouts sprout irregularly along this all-encompassing wall, while just behind it rises a cage of run-down houses, shacks, huts, and abodes barely-recognizable from the junk heaps - the quarter of town known as

“Low Market”.

The Low Market quarter is home to the poorest population of the city – raiders willing to put aside their violent ways for a brief day of trading for essentials, visiting scavs from the deep desert, transients moving east and west along the Trade Routes, and even outcasts from various communes seeking a new life make their homes, temporary or otherwise, in and around the Low Market. Businesses erected in the Low Market generally consist of watering holes (buying their water in bulk from the Clean here in Tucumcari and selling it back to the visiting scavs at elevated cost), junk dealers, scrap merchants, and scabrous peddlers of cooked rat, boiled horse, and gecko jerky. The dusty, filth-strewn streets are crowded not only with lopsided buildings, but also masses of travelers, traders, and other folk from the wasteland.

Wealthier or more prestigious caravans, traders, or community representatives must move through the Low Market from the city gates on their way to the higher quarters deeper in the city, but their progress is seldom deliberately impeded. Guards in the employ of the Clean and Cartel make sure no “important” figures or their followers are harassed in the Low Market, at the threat of death. Those on official business with either the Clean or the Cartel are also often given escorts (of two to six warriors) through this congested, Calcutta-like maze to their final destination in the city.

PALACE OF THE MANDARIN

The palace of the mandarin of Tucumcari is a roughly doughnut-shaped fortress of towering white stone. Within these mighty walls are to be found cool, shaded passageways, various chambers and parlors, quarters for the mandarin, his harem and servants, and his most trusted guards and agents. Entrance to the palace is through one of three main gates, each fashioned from ornately carved wood and guarded day and night by the most vigilant janissaries. Flapping pennants of white (the symbol of the Water Clans) stand from every crenellated tower and precipice, demonstrating to all in the city below who really rules this town.

The palace is a dangerous place for anyone not personally invited by the mandarin himself, Margus H’an. Guards patrol walkways atop the battlements, or sit in shaded tower tops watching the busy city below. The interior of the palace is also regularly patrolled by eunuch guardsmen, who have orders to treat all trespassers as potential assassins – and kill them on sight.

Despite these dangers, the idea of trying to break into the palace is not an uncommon one. The mandarin is known to live in lavish luxury, with crystal clear water flowing freely from decorative fountains and basins throughout his home, juicy fruits and the freshest meats delivered to his table each day, and possessing a harem of more than thirty of

the wasteland’s most beautiful slaves (the stuff of legends). He is also rumored to have a collection of salvaged artifacts and weapons (from the war as well as from exotic communities from across the desert), and the palace’s proximity to the deep cisterns of the hydro station are yet another great temptation to potential thieves.

SLAVE MARKET

Though there is more than one place to trade human beings in Tucumcari, the aptly-named “Slave Market” is by far the largest and most infamous clearing house for slaves and concubines. Its reputation for quantity and quality is renowned up and down the trade routes. Co-owned by the Cartel and Clean, the slaves bought and sold here either turn a profit for their brokers through sale to public buyers, or are instead selected to serve, for life, the Clean or Cartel in any variety of roles.

The slave market is situated in a large square among the barrio-like ghettos of Tucumcari, an amphitheater-style gathering place where crowds of merchants, wealthier patrons, or just lascivious onlookers can come to watch the proceedings. Though most of the action takes place in the sun for hours (so the Clean can skim more money selling water to thirsty patrons), in the hottest weather a tent-like pavilion can be set up over the entire theatre, shading from the heat.

On any given day there are likely to be at least two score slaves for sale, though during times of war (when entire communities are enslaved by one faction or another) this number can triple or quadruple. Most slaves sold here consist of women taken from all across the desert, though men (for labor or as bonded soldiers), intellectuals, and even children (for whatever amusement onlookers can think of) can also be found for sale every few days or so. Prices fluctuate depending on abilities, looks, and general health, and are only slightly elevated here when compared with the dingy slave markets of smaller trade centers on the Twisted Earth.

Like all areas in Tucumcari where large crowds gather, it can get unruly and violent at the Slave Market. To remedy any possible outbreaks of riotous behavior (especially during auctions for concubines), the Clean and Cartel both contribute a heavy guard of men to overlook the proceedings and keep order.

SQUATTER’S MARKET

Squatter’s Market lies at the heart of the Low Market quarter, under the shadow of the rising mount of Tucumcari. The road through the city (from the Trade Gate and up) leads through this bustling marketplace, and it sees its fair share of traders and visitors.

Squatter’s Market, at first sight, looks more like an open-air garbage dump than any self-respecting bazaar. Huge heaps of trash, refuse, and swill, discarded from the inhabitants of the city, invariably

find their way here – and are simply scavenged to pieces, swept aside, or even shaped into houses and buildings. There is little distinction between storefronts and garbage mounds, except perhaps for a handmade sign showing the way to a back entrance or private shop. All over the square stand ramshackle stalls of corrugated iron or cardboard, from where diseased and dirty peddlers shout out the prices of their goods or extend mangy hands to beckon passersby to take a look inside.

The marketplace here is patronized more by scavs and small-time traders than by anyone with any serious trading to do. A major portion of its visitors comprise dusty, ugly, half-fried junk scavengers and garbage peddlers, the poorer types who can't afford much and only have baubles to trade. Walking around the bazaar, there doesn't seem to be a single person wandering who doesn't have a rich tan, dried-up lips, and a rifle slung over his shoulder.

The market is geared more towards seeing to the needs and vices of these types in particular; shops that deal in consumables, cheap whiskey, and necessities are most common. These include places that hand-load spent ammunition casings for a fee, for instance, or sell sturdy boots and traveling gear for affordable prices. Hats of all kinds to protect against the long-term effects of UV exposure; miracle “creams” and “oils” to protect against the sun; shaded goggles, tinted eyewear, sunglasses, etc. Cheap, hot meals are sold here from stands for a rare treat (few scavs can afford anything but slop), as well as more practical hand-wrapped packets of rations treated to last for months in the wilderness. Water is sold here, but it is either a little too pricey (so the merchant can make a buck as a middle-man), or the quality isn't exactly “guaranteed”. Still, the poorer scavs and wanderers have little choice, and cannot afford the bulk prices offered by the Clean and others higher up in the city.

TERRACE OF THE WATER MASTERS

The “Terrace of The Water Masters” is the highest level of Tucumcari Mountain, and is the abode of the local cell of the Clean Water Clans. Atop this mount are to be found the residence of the local *mandarin* (ruler), the fantastic gardens of the Clean, and a water treatment plant and reservoir rivaling the largest from before the Fall.

The Terrace of The Water Masters is off-limits to all but members of the Clean Water Clans. Visiting faction members may be quartered here in the palace if they are of sufficient importance (just being a member of the clan won't suffice; mere footmen of the association will be quartered in the lower city), and those with important or secret business with the mandarin may, if the situation warrants, be summoned here for a private audience.

THE JUICE

A small corrugated iron stall seems to move around Squatter's Market as if part of a game of musical chairs, never in the same spot for more than a day. The shack is called “The Juice” by those in the know, and is owned and operated by a particularly strange fellow by the name of “Tough” – apparently he gets his name from the fact that it's tough to understand him - or even like him. Though his speech is hard to comprehend (due to its weird blur of recognizable words and his incessant chatter of hums and giggles), Tough offers scavs and traders looking for cheap water the lowest prices in Trade City.

He has, in the back of his shack, a curious machine of glass, metal parts, pipes, and rubber tubing that takes a certain “bodily fluid” and extracts its water content. Tough bottles the purified water and sells it back to his public for the remarkably low price of 5 corium per gallon (though customers have to bring their own bottles and jugs). Though the water sometimes has “impurities”, and a little more than just a “hint” of a urine smell, it is, ultimately, potable and life sustaining. Most scavs, used to such hardships, just shrug and accept it. To them, water is water.

Tough is constantly “on the run” from the Clean, who are aware of his operation and do their best to move him or harass him into hitting the road. His business cuts into the water demand of the city's scavs, and they don't like that. That's why he always moves his shop around, hoping to confuse those who look for him. Still, asking the right people will no doubt lead the PCs to the “cheapest juice in town”.

Tough can provide no more than about thirty gallons of refined water per week. If really desperate, he offers to pay passersby or patrons 1 cp for a gallon of their unsullied urine (that is, urine from a disease-free donor).

TRADE GATE

The famous (or infamous, depending entirely upon which side you find yourself) Trade Gate marks for many the beginning of safety and civilization, and the end of the wasteland. The Trade Gate is the primary entrance to Trade City, and it is through its colossal doors that all travelers, merchants, visitors, and others must pass.

Entrance into Trade City might seem a simple enough affair, but it isn't. Ever since the Clean and Cartel came to dominate the town, it has become a little harder to gain admittance into the city. Not only due to prevalent overcrowding and overpopulation, but also a desire by the two powerful groups to keep out unwanted competitors has changed the once open policy to one of scrutinizing examination.

Each day, dozens (if not hundreds) of newcomers line up at the Trade Gate and wait for permission to enter the city. This crowd can fluctuate tremendously depending on local conditions in the wilderness; the

arrival of a Clean water caravan often draws huge masses of raiders, tribals, and others from the deep desert, knowing that water will be cheaper. During times of famine, the crowds converge hoping to purchase food. In times of disease, there is a similar rush for medicines, and the throng can be dizzying in its sheer size.

The Clean and the Cartel agreed long ago to share the final say in who can, and cannot, enter Trade City. Generally speaking, there will be one or two representatives of each group at the front gates, to speak with, examine, and scrutinize each and every merchant or visitor coming into town. Everyone has to pay a “toll” – a fee based on the wealth of the individual. Scavs and tribals are charged the least (around 20 corium pieces each), raiders and desert community folk a little more (maybe 25 corium), while merchants, slavers, and visiting emissaries are charged a larger, but still reasonable, fee of 50 corium or more (though their porters, servants, and guards are merely charged a nominal fee of roughly 5 corium a head). Trade goods are always accepted if corium isn’t available. The value of these fees, whether in money form or in barter goods, are split 50/50 between the Clean and Cartel.

The idea is to keep out the impoverished, the diseased, and the thieves. Trade City is about business, not so much about freedom or community. No one is kidding themselves here; the city only exists because it is convenient and profitable for the Clean and Cartel. Without them, this place would be raider-bait and would sink back into savagery in no time.

To enforce their “tolls”, the Clean and Cartel guard the Trade Gate with a heavy force on the ground, at the gates, inside the gates, and on the walls and towers overlooking it. On any given day, there will likely be a dozen guards outside the gate on the ground, about half that on the towers, four or more on the walls, and another pair behind the front gate, ready to close it in case of “emergencies”.

The Trade Gate portal is only open one hour after dawn to one hour after dark. The rest of the time it is kept shut, and no one is permitted passage within except in the most dire of circumstances.

WALLS (AND TOWERS)

The Clean and Cartel have tried over the years to maintain a defensible wall around the mountain (and the city) to keep raiders and animal predators away. Tucumcari has never actually been attacked by any sizable force, and these two powerful groups believe the defenses have played a large part in that fact. As such, efforts to maintain, repair, and reinforce the walls are constant.

The walls around Trade City range from ten to twenty feet at the lowest level (Low Market). Each “ring” of the city also has a wall, ranging from eight to ten feet as well. All walls were originally made from

hard stone drawn from the ruins of Tucumcari (the actual city, now a ruin some miles to the northwest), with mud used to coat them in a weather-resistant covering. With lots of stone from the old city, and near-endless amounts of mud (due to their water resources), this method of construction has proven quite successful.

In addition to the walls themselves, a reinforcing tower rises from the stretch every thirty to one hundred yards, with no set pattern. Each tower is usually just high enough to stand over wall level, and consists of a hollow interior and a stone stair leading to the top of the wall. The hollow interior is used as a shelter for any guards stationed to oversee that section of wall. The second level, whether covered by a corrugated iron “roof” or open to the elements, provides an adequate lookout post, and grants access to the catwalk running the length of the wall to the neighboring tower.

ADVENTURE HOOK #1

The PCs are sent by their home community to Tucumcari, to head up a delegation to secure water from the Clean. The experience can be more than just a chance to see other cultures and mingle with members of communities far and wide, but also an opportunity to tempt your players into exploring the world outside their home region.

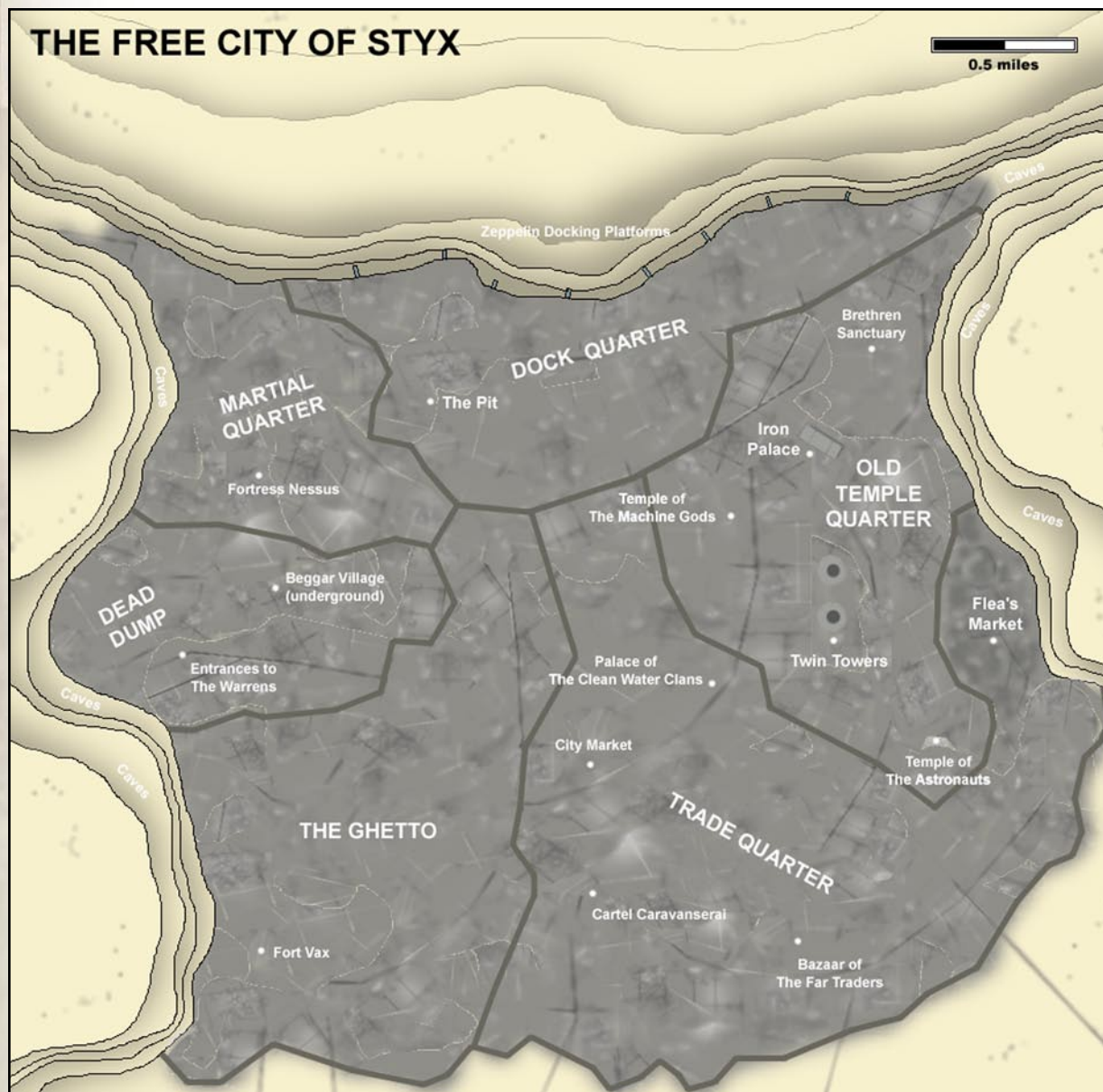
ADVENTURE HOOK #2

The PCs come to Tucumcari on a mission – to slay the mandarin and topple the Clean regime. One faction or another of the Twisted Earth is tired of seeing the Clean with such strong control over this strategic trade center, and want to put an end to their domination. The PCs must infiltrate the city, scope out the mandarin’s palace, enter unseen and kill their mark, and escape without detection (or, at the very least, with their lives). If they fail, their paying masters will deny all involvement, of course...

ADVENTURE HOOK #3

A few people have gone missing in Tucumcari and are turning up dead. Rumors are pointing to the local Movement cell, as the natives of the city don’t really understand them or their message. The PCs, motivated solely by interest in seeing justice done (the Movement has few funds with which to pay them) must help defend the Movement against these accusations by investigating the murders and hunting the true culprit down. Who the culprit turns out to be can depend on your style of play; it could be a nameless scav, half-crazed from years in the desert, or it could be any one of the local merchants, killing victims who were actually his “competition”. Or it could even prove to be the young visiting nephew of mandarin Margus H’an himself, a discovery that could rock the city to its very core.

THE FREE CITY OF STYX



CITIES OF SURVIVORS

Though large, cities of survivors are rare in the aftermath of the nuclear holocaust. Without any national authority to govern men, and thus enforce laws, most communities prefer to fend for themselves, even alone if necessary. They live a more solitary existence where the miles and miles of desert can act as a divide more difficult to bridge than any city wall. And tales, quite accurate in their details, persist about those few cities that rose and fell in the past, cities of survivors where lawlessness was rampant, violence and might ruled the day, and all of it unraveled in due course due to the ultimate failings of men.

Still, settlements of a larger kind also exist in the wasteland, usually built up from the ashes of old cities and the blasted urban landscapes that have been home to humans for hundreds of years. Some fragmented groups who survived the nuclear war, unable to make it in the deserts, returned to the blasted cities once

the fires died down (and the radiation dwindled) to make for themselves homes from the rubble. In many cases these communities were as short-lived as any wasteland settlement, destroyed by anarchist outsiders or the horrors that shared the cityscape with them, but in others they prospered. Usually those who survived did so by scavenging the metal and stone of the ruin and selling it to passing merchants, or combing the deepest reaches of their city for sooty artifacts that might be of interest to outsiders.

Over time a few communities such as this grew from small compounds within the ruins to actual towns and, later, into cities. Attracting others through trade, or the promise of artifacts to be found by anyone willing to search, they exploded in population. Sometimes these population influxes brought disease, or dangerous elements that sowed discord and violence, but in others they blended to make a stronger, more persistent form of community.

City locations can be a great opportunity for

STYX IN YOUR GAME

Styx is big – real big. There aren't likely to be many cities comparable to it in most wasteland settings, since large concentrations of people (even ones as chaotic as Styx) aren't a staple of the generally desolate and ruined post-apocalyptic genre. Its use is best reserved for once-in-a-lifetime visits, or as a "fabled destination" to which PCs could strive to reach during the course of an entire series of adventures. Once they do manage to get there (assuming they survive the dangers associated with crossing the wasteland to get there), newcomers to the City of Styx will find this sprawling metropolis both promising and foreboding at the same time. The sheer number of natives, transient occupants, visitors, spies, and refugees make the experience disconcerting to many, unsettling to some, and downright terrifying to others.

From a GM standpoint, from here you can introduce new campaign elements such as an entirely new type of environment to explore (a far cry from the desert, urban settings can be quite a twist to characters built solely around ranged battle in the wide open), or opening up the campaign to a much larger picture of the world (e.g. political intrigue). Whereas the PCs may have once been solely concerned with survival, upon reaching Styx they could be noticed by the various factions, informed of their conflicts and philosophies, and asked to pick a side...

As a final suggested alternative, Styx can just be a stopping point along a great journey of world exploration, used merely as a "gimmick" by the GM to exhibit how decrepit mutantkind can get when it gathers in numbers. Characters who are used to dealings with honest tribal councils, or their own trusted community leaders, could very well be shocked into anger and revulsion by the crazy religions and factions, the ruthless law, and the covert violence seething just underneath the City's surface. Given a choice, many might choose to flee rather than stay, spurned by the glitter of the town instead of seduced, turning the degenerate city into a mere reminder of what little hope there is for the world.

your players to visit as well as adventure. The comparatively abundant population means a wider selection of goods to purchase and trade, a greater likelihood that junk items will be in demand (thus providing a great way to make money off of unwanted treasure), and a variety of NPCs to converse with, deal with, or befriend (as well as forge an enmity with). In addition, cities (by virtue of the number of inhabitants) are often fragmented themselves, with virtual "factions" of their own, each vying for control whether through overt or covert means. Cities, though huge compared to the villages of the wasteland, are in many ways more vulnerable to the lawless nature of the post-apocalyptic world, and their life spans are often riddled with moments of brutality, revolution, and eventual disintegration.

SAMPLE CITY OF SURVIVORS: STYX

Sandwalkers, travelers, and even the lowliest of the world's most wretched desert scavengers recognize the name at a single utterance. *Styx*. A dark and ugly place, a city on a rocky precipice, a metropolis built from sweat and tears, looming precariously over the edge of a mighty escarpment that is the legendary Big Hole. Unlike any other place on the Twisted Earth, Styx is a gateway city to endless mysteries and even more bizarre lands, east and west, a stopping point on many a 'walker's journeys through the world.

The Free City of Styx is a strange, mystifying place; filled with all manner of men and mutants from the furthest corners of the known world, rubbing elbows under the long shadow of its two legendary stone towers – the haunting remnants of some ancient

structure long abandoned in the Fall – a citadel of fragile, teetering civilization whose very existence, and future, is never certain. Scavengers from the wastes, outcasts from the desert communities, straight-faced monks of the Brotherhood of Radiation, deluded mendicants of the Paradise Believers, and robed, cloaked, and shadowy Brethren all walk the rubble-strewn cobblestone streets, visiting wild bazaars and marketplaces, and enjoying the ghastly delights offered only here – in the Free City of Styx.

Styx is a living community that, while chaotic and violent at times, shows no signs of dying out. It is a haven for trade on the Twisted Earth, one of the wasteland's largest centers of commerce. The streets are filled with slaver groups and traders, its markets piled-high with exotic goods from all ends of the great trade routes. The mysterious and enigmatic Far Traders are known to hold bazaars here to sell rare and expensive things, from junk to truly unique curios from the ancient past. Members of malevolent and backwards cults walk freely along the same streets as arrogant, elitist Foundationists (though it must be said confrontations *do* arise). Wanderers, scavengers, and sandwalkers – many of whom are exiles or perhaps even spies or agents of their respective masters – congregate under the shadow of the twin towers all the same.

As if its diverse population was not enough to impress visitors from near and far, the cityscape of Styx is also strewn with working *electric lights* (a rarity so long after the Fall, provided for by its semi-operational nuclear power station) that glimmer and shine for miles around, day and night. The lights

silhouette the familiar features of the city against the harrowing edge of a great cliff-face (one side of the Big Hole), from which colossal airships of patchwork fabric and leaking air take to the sky and drift off into the vaporous mountains far beyond, to connect the city with destinations hundreds of miles away.

Location Name: The Free City of Styx.

Estimated Population: 10,000+ permanent, 2,500+ temporary/transient.

Ruling Faction: None (local, *Iron Society*).

Background: *Visionary Reinventor*.

LOCAL HISTORY

The metropolis that is Styx was, before the Fall, little more than an oversized engineer's camp, a temporary city of barracks set up to house the 10,000+ workers who were employed to erect its one central, all-encompassing feature – a colossal nuclear power plant that was meant to provide power for Arizona, Nevada, and parts of southern California for generations to come. This monolithic project, concocted, no doubt, during the peak of the Ancients' reign over the world, most certainly sunk billions of dollars and years of effort into its making, for from the dry bleak desert landscape where nothing once grew rose a city of metal, concrete, and pillars that loomed mightily into the sky.

When the Fall came, the history and purpose of Styx was, of course, forgotten. Far from complete, it was abandoned during the chaos of the escalating wars; its workers leaving in vast trains of buses and cars, its automated robots deactivated, disassembled, and stored in underground caves near the site for some future return to construction. That day would never come – at least not in the way the Ancients had planned it.

In the decades that followed civilization's collapse, much of the great power plant (still incomplete, and thus spared the nuclear devastation that ruined so many other reactor complexes across the country) decayed and was washed away by wind, sand, and time. The ruins, so far from the radiated deserts (where life was brutal and harsh), attracted small bands of refugees and other survivors, but none of these lasted long. Still, the sight of the great towers, and the already-existing buildings in their shadow, kept the power plant complex inhabited sporadically for decades into the future. Over time, the remnants of the power plant were inhabited by larger and more powerful groups, and built-up, fortified, and expanded upon by each successive community that made it home.

Being as it was really the creation of many thousands of people (mutant and man, familiar and conventional alike), the City is now a towering, sprawling, and murky miasma of old power plant structures, loading areas, barrack-rows, and newer tents, mud and waddle huts, pueblo-like complexes,

and winding streets. Built to suit both the necessity of defense against the raiders of the wilds and other powerful groups, as well as to please post-Fall aesthetics, its very contours, avenues, alleyways, and maze-like reaches are at times confusing to gaze on, and yet at other times seem to flash with the promise of a new future rising from the old.

LOCAL LAW

Today, in the twilight of life on Earth, Styx is a last bastion of freedom and the principles of independence; though its transient, seldom-seen lawmakers are dangerous, oftentimes wretched and degenerate, and coldly impartial, four rules have remained the same throughout the centuries of the city's remembered history:

1. The City is a free harbor to *any* who desire it as refuge, and no raider, no pure blood human, and no religious madman will *ever* be allowed to bring it under his boot;
2. The original inhabitants of Styx are its rulers, electing a representative to govern city affairs; every five years there is a plebiscite in which every member of the Iron Society votes for the city's new Overlord;
3. There is to be no faction warfare within the walls of Styx; though outsiders are welcome to trade and dwell in the city for a time, their philosophies are not. Styx is a free city, a bastion against the outside world, and war is to remain a thing of the wasteland;
4. Every man, woman, and child is expected to fight for the City in time of need.

As for enforcement, the *Iron Society* is the closest thing the City of Styx has to a lawful, ordered, "police" organization. Currently it is one of the most powerful groups in the City, and despite the chaotic and disordered nature of the City itself its influence and impression is undeniable. They are the lawmakers and peacekeepers here, and their ruthless pursuit of their faction's goals often put them at odds with others throughout the City.

The Iron Society was founded long ago by the original settlers of the City. To protect their growing metropolis they introduced a steady and unswerving code of justice, to tame the influx of immigrants from the wasteland to the City and bring *order*. The original inhabitants organized a cadre of viciously armed loyalists, most of whom were natives (though over time anyone willing to sign on and show loyalty to the Society are allowed). Their presence has grown since then, and over time their leaders have taken on the title of "Overlord".

The Iron Society has well-defined goals that virtually everyone in the City is familiar with – *keeping the peace*. The City is a rough place, with

lots of raiders, thieves, merchants, and even members of the outside factions rubbing elbows everywhere you look. The Society is the only thing keeping the City from ravaging itself with internal warfare – the only thing maintaining the balance between law and anarchy.

CITY KEY

The following details only a selection of the many features of the Free City of Styx, including areas most likely to be visited by player characters. For more detailed explorations of the City the GM should feel free to devise a more comprehensive location key.

DOCK QUARTER

The part of the City at the lowest elevation is the so-called “Dock” Quarter, skirting the edge of the canyon that drops deep into the Big Hole. It is so-called because it is here that zeppelin moorings and airship docks have been built to provide for their landing and shelter, right at the edge of the escarpment. The entire quarter is overseen by tall towers glittering with green and orange lanterns to light the way for airships coming down the Big Hole towards Styx, day and night – and to provide a lookout eyrie capable of seeing down the ‘Hole for miles.

The Dock Quarter (known also as “The Web” here in the City) is perhaps the single most important part of the City. Like an island floating adrift in the sea, the only thing keeping the City alive is trade – a trade threatened by the increasing strangle-hold of raiders and the mutant inhabitants of the Big Hole itself, and kept going only by the bravery, tenacity, and daring of those who call the City their home.

The Dock Quarter is really very much like a web, being a collection of chaotic streets, narrow alleys, shadowy routes, and various underground and surface paths through the grossly-built up district. Structures, new and old, rise from this chaos like ugly cancers, of all shapes, sizes, and styles of architecture, looking like a poorly planned collage that is both unsettling – and painful – to the unaccustomed eye.

Still, this place is bustling, with businesses, vendors, minor marketplaces, low-quality taverns and boarding houses, brothels, gambling dens, and all sorts of places of interest. Travelers generally begin their visits to the City here, and spend most of their time either lost or exploring the Web’s confusing maze of streets; certainly the Docks provide a vast number of opportunities (and dangers) for anyone hardy enough to go looking.

Typical street names of the quarter include Wheelbarrow Street, Alley of Dark Desires, Warehouse Row, Street of Harlots, Junk Alley, Yawning Lane, Navigator’s Square, Cutthroat’s Alley, etc.

THE PIT

The “Pit” is one of the more renowned establishments in Styx, nestled somewhere in the built-up neighborhoods between the Dock Quarter and Martial Quarter. While the area here looks something like the poor income housing of an Irish coal-mining town, apparently someone puts a great deal of effort into keeping the place accessible; the gloomy green-lit streets are almost always packed, day and night, with traders, visitors, and a collection of other groups come to enjoy themselves. Street peddlers mix here with performers (jugglers, fire-breathers, sword swallows, musicians, etc), creating a carnival air and music that drifts lazily in all directions like a hypnotizing auditory aroma.

At the heart of this region of city is the Pit, a gigantic bar, brothel, and gladiatorial arena. Essentially the place is a large warehouse, its lower floor given over to Styx’s largest and most exciting pit-fighting arena. Here all members of City society congregate to watch the games (usually to the death, pitting exotic fighters or beasts and against willing or unwilling gladiators, slaves, etc), and bet heavily on their outcome. While games are usually long, brutal, and bloody, cheating is never permitted, the proof of which is enough to make the accused become the next fighter in the games!

Well-groomed and carefully-selected harlots prowl the circus-like streets outside and also work the crowds of the pit area, taking paying customers to the numerous luxury rooms on the floors above for the night’s activities. A typical “visit” can vary greatly, depending on the quality and demand of the particular entertainer.

In addition to these more notorious delights, the Pit offers almost unlimited opportunities to make money or have a good time – revived games such as craps and roulette, card games of all sorts both recognizable and new, drinking contests, knife-throwing, duels, arm wrestling matches, cockfighting, dog fights, and anything else the GM can come up with or the PCs suggest will, sooner or later, be seen taking place at the Pit, depending on the current fad in the City.

OLD TEMPLE QUARTER

Like some other quarters of the City, the Temple quarter appears as a desolate and ancient maze of old and new, with broken pillars of stone and metal haphazardly placed all about, spindly towers of unrecognizable origin jutting from piles of trash, and weird structures ascending into the bleak and dismal sky with seemingly no purpose whatsoever. “Temples” of worked refuse and other scavenged materials stand like monuments to a lost era, with the odd figure of a black-robed stalker seen moving through the heavy, dusty air that blankets the district. Wild-eyed fanatics, naked to the bone, move in a mechanical procession through the streets whipping

themselves with scourges while singing praises to their gods. The song of religious institutions is faint, only barely perceptible here in this venerable citadel of imaginary gods.

To understand the quarter, one must understand the history of the City. Long ago part of the old plant complex that is now Styx was set aside for the worship of the Ancients, and became the seed that has now grown into this entire quarter. At its heart lies a large open area, where monuments of the past are still there on display – and left to rust and fall apart at the merciless whim of time. Originally these “monuments” consisted of broken or useless machines picked from the ruins of the old plant, dragged here and left in the open for the city’s earliest people to marvel at in their savage simplicity. Later, when the Brotherhood of Radiation came to Styx they salvaged much of the old machinery, but in respect for the beliefs of the people still living among the heaps here (a sizable population worshipped the Ancients as gods, as is common on the Twisted Earth), they regularly make donations of other useless trinkets and garbage from all over the place – old street signs, huge highway ads, chunks of masonry from ancient buildings (including pillars from government buildings, statuary from outside old insurance companies, and articles of rusted, dilapidated modern art), demolished car wrecks, a collection of twisted airplane propellers and hollowed-out engine nacelles, and even a collection of decaying railroad cars. Some of these discarded relics were left in the open to rust away; other pieces were combined with yet more to create buildings or sub-complexes entirely out of trash – forming “temples” made to remember the Ancients’ glory and ways, at times even populated with small contingents of “monks” and “sisters” in mimicry of the Brotherhood.

Over time, though, the quarter has changed dramatically from a place of backwards worship to a place of decay and gloom. Though the Brotherhood still makes “donations” to the few dwindling honest folk, they do it with less and less ritual, using the quarter more like one colossal “junk heap” to discard things they no longer want. Over time, as the population of Styx has grown and the hustle has increased, fewer worshippers of the past come to see the quarter’s glories; it has, instead, drawn a reputation for being haunted by seedier folk... The Temple Quarter has long been notorious as a place where thieves, lepers, and predatory scavs looking for trinkets in the trash walk the streets. Beneath the shadow of towering heaps of garbage that vaguely resemble pagodas, are smaller slave markets - those incapable of coming out and competing with those in the Trade Quarter – while even some “temple” buildings have been abandoned only to be taken over and turned into giant decaying brothels.

Sample street names of this quarter include Silent

Way, Street of The Gods, Way of the Machine God, Avenue of Temples, Spirit Market, and Way of the Brotherhood.

THE IRON PALACE

The city of Styx, though renowned as a bastion of riotous and unchecked freedom in the wasteland, has its own ultimate source of peacemaking – the City Overlord. The City Overlord is a figure of pre-eminence in the City, known by one and all in the post-apocalyptic metropolis as a source of fear, for though he seldom finds himself involved in the affairs of the City, anyone or anything threatening it, its survival, or the continued freedoms of its people answer directly to him and his gang of enforcers.

The Iron Palace is the home of the Overlord and his ruling “gang”. The palace is so-named because of its grim appearance even from far away – a towering construction of steel towers, iron walls, and riveted metal gates. A yard of smoky ash and white-hot embers burns around it, itself surrounded by a palisade of ancient spears, muskets, pikes, and other weapons taken from those who have resisted the ruthless peacekeeping of the city’s past Overlords. Various figures in bleak gray armor move through this yard, stoking the coal-like fires that burn here and removing the skeletons of lawbreakers brought here for incineration.

The Iron Palace is the headquarters of the City Overlord and because of its foul name (and terrifying reputation as a place of punishment and death), no one in their right mind willingly comes here – except for the lawful members of the Iron Society, that is. Other citizens (beggars and harlots included) steer clear of this place as if it were the source of all evil in the City.

The Iron Palace is not, exactly, the place worthy of the most fear and terror in the City, but it ranks high on the list. The Overlords of Styx have long been notorious figures (despite filling a necessary role that, arguably, saves the city from self-destruction), and those who break the few laws of the City and threaten its peace are subject (in most cases) to either on-the-spot execution or burning here in the yard of the Palace. The skeletal remains of many victims lie skewered on the wall of pikes as a reminder to all.

Few know of the interior of this place, but it is rumored to be coldly sterile, spartan, and devoid of frivolous furnishings. Apparently the current Overlord is focused on his task as administrator of the City’s peace. Various barracks and guardrooms, as well as armories and training halls exist for the members of the Iron Society on the Palace’s lower levels; above these, the Palace is as much a mystery to them as anyone.

THE TWIN TOWERS

The dismal skyline of the pinnacled Temple Quarter is pierced here by the twin “pagodas” of a massive

industrial complex of untold antiquity. A deep moat of layered brickwork surrounds the entire ruin, its waters having long drained leaving only moss, fungus, and rubble on its cobblestone bed.

Gigantic statues, defaced and transformed into mute figurines of lost identity, ring this ancient place behind the more modern moat, with a great stair (nearly fifty feet wide) descending from the inner courtyard itself, across the moat, and to the streets of the abandoned Temple Quarter outside. Standing over this scene, greater than all the other monuments of the city, are a pair of massive ruined *cooling towers*, the only recognizable remains of what was once one of the continent's largest nuclear power facilities.

This place, all but destroyed once, is now very much alive. Though abandoned for generations, the towers are inhabited now; the complex is known to be a great temple of the Brotherhood of Radiation, bristling with activity deep in its dark and forgotten bowels. Here the Brotherhood have managed to bring at least one of the old complex's reactors back online, and use it to give the city its only source of electricity – and to engage in services of up to 1,000 or more worshippers at a time dangerously close to the core, bathing in its harmful radiation in their senseless ritual worship.

The abundance of radioactive wastes, fuels, and other products left in the depths of this great facility mean it is one of the major Brotherhood shrines on the Twisted Earth.

TRADE QUARTER

They say anything can be had in the City of Styx, and this part of town is obviously the best place to start one's search. With over one hundred businesses or temporary bazaars, certainly anything "ordinary" can be bought here, without restriction; common goods, weapons and armor, and most minor artifacts from before the Fall are also abundant and cheap in this district (though the range of quality is just as varied). Smithies in the area fashion metal goods from junk and scrap scavenged in the desert or shipped in by merchants, for sale to travelers and locals alike.

In all some two dozen different mercantile cartels are permanently nestled in the Trade Quarter, selling all manner of wares ranging from scrap metal from the wasteland to slaves and weird relics scoured from the most distant necropoli. The Clean have a major presence here, trading water in bulk to other factions, or selling slaves as domestic servants (or as warriors to cruel-minded adventuring parties seeking forced henchmen); the Clean are overshadowed only by the sheer number of other groups, such as the enterprising Cartel or the mystic Far Traders (who also hold court here peddling all manner of strange and valuable goods from near and far).

Also in the Trade Quarter is the famous *City Market*, a congested bazaar at its heart large enough to accommodate upwards of 10,000 people at a time. A

district almost as old as the City itself – a fact which shows in the old crumbling buildings, decrepit plazas and bazaars, and the presence of aqueducts that supply the high-paying merchants here with the water they need to survive – the City Market has always been used as a gathering for merchants and traders from all over the desert. Displayed here under the cool shadow of old porticos are all manner of goods in colorful pavilions, makeshift stalls, and local shops.

Sample street names include Butcher's Street, Bazaar Street, Market Square, Fortunes Boulevard, Street of Slaves, Junkman's Row, Street of Clouded Dreams, Storyteller's Row, Street of Spirits, Poet's Lane, Corium Street, etc.

FLEA'S MARKET

Well-known to the inhabitants of Styx, "Flea's Market" is a rambling junkyard on the far side of the City (from the crowded Dock District), run by the colorful ex-sav, "Flea". Flea's yard is an open-air bazaar of sorts; using a web of scav contacts who prowl the far deserts in all directions, he manages to gather all manner of goods and sells them to anyone interested. While many consider his business a waste of time, those with patience have sometimes found amazing things in the junk heaps and scrap piles of his market.

CAVES

The mesa-like formations of rock that flank the City of Styx are riddled with holes, both ancient and recently made. These caves have been inhabited since Styx's earliest habitation, by the poorest natives and others unable to make it among the city streets. Convolved and confusing, the maze of caves range from mere niches in the rock to deep tunnels, some of which connect to each other or even to the Warrens beneath Styx itself.

Long ago many of these caves were constructed to house the abandoned equipment of the engineers who worked the Marble Canyon power plant project; the dry interior was supposed to protect the millions of dollars worth of heavy machinery from rust, but over time the lack of care took their toll. While most of the machines hidden in the caves were assessed and taken away years ago to help build the city that is now Styx, cave dwellers do sometimes find lost caches now and again. Those that do make it big selling the machines either whole or in pieces to scavengers, using the money to start new in the City or blow it all in a few nights of sheer decadence.

THE GHETTO

The Ghetto is a true maze of streets of all sizes and buildings of varying construction styles, crowded with thousands of diverse people each day. Its size varies year by year, growing and shrinking with each new trend of immigrants from the wasteland.

Thin plumes of smoke rise from the 1,000+ squatter's homes and barrio-like neighborhoods of the Ghetto, creating an ugly gray-brown haze through much of the day. The Ghetto is filled with houses, run-down tenements, watering holes, houses of ill repute, and pretty much any kind of business, residence, retreat, or other establishment one can imagine. The streets are often crowded with numbers beyond a wastelander's dreams, making the place a dizzying experience for those unaccustomed to large numbers moving so freely together.

Infesting the crowded slums of the Ghetto are the City's "common" folk, from desert travelers seeking temporary shelter from the world outside to more permanent inhabitants of the City. Cloaked members of the Brethren are known to dwell here, along with members of other groups with interest but little say in Styx.

Street names in this quarter include Fogbottom Lane, Ash Carter's Lane, Cobblestone Street, Overlord's Court, Rundown Row, Peddler's Way, The Elder Alley, etc.

MARTIAL QUARTER

The so-called Martial Quarter was once a staging area for heavy equipment during the Marble Canyon plant construction, but after the Fall (and many decades later) developed into a virtual fortress, surrounded by tall walls and domed towers. The transformation of the quarter came largely after the arrival of the Foundation, who first established themselves here in a large building before expanding their influence subtly over the whole quarter.

In time the regular inhabitants of the city came to move their business elsewhere. The Iron Society, however, realizing the quarter's potential as a vast storage-space, made a deal with the Foundation to store weapons of war, arms, and armaments for the City's defense (should it ever come under siege) in the quarter's many caves and buildings. Located in towers, old barracks, and other structures in this quarter is a virtual armada of old weapons and armor, all under lock and key awaiting the day the City is attacked. The Foundation, in exchange for permission to virtually run the quarter, maintains these armories, cleans the weapons, and is given a chance to examine and possibly duplicate anything passing under their care.

THE DEAD DUMP

Located in the vicinity of the Martial Quarter is the so-called "Dead Dump", which, ironically, is just that – a sprawling band of the Quarter given over to the interment of the dead. Perhaps "interment" is too kind a word, for while the entire quarter *is* decorated with tombs, crypts, and mausoleums from ages past and present, it is also chock-full of rows of desiccated

corpses, rotting bodies, and veritable lumberyards of coffin upon coffin.

When anyone dies in Styx, unless someone comes to claim his body, he ends up here. Of course, most goods he had on him go missing, and the locals are just as likely to toss his body somewhere in the dump to be forgotten rather than construct some costly grave in his undying name. Such is the value of life in Styx.

The Dead Dump is, of course, the domain of the City's street rats, lepers, and beggars, as well as a quasi-faction known as the "Undertakers" – men and women who dwell just out of sight until a citizen of the City dies, only to emerge and collect the corpse for a fee from the Iron Society. They inter the dead here, in the 'dump, as a kind of "service" to keep the rest of town uncluttered with dead bodies in the street. The Undertakers have a good deal: a steady source of income and a part of the City all their own. Of course, the junkyard, graveyard, and leper colony that is the Dead Dump is not only the domain of the diseased Undertakers, but also many poor, decrepit, and outcast folk from throughout the City of Styx – thieves, homeless, beggars, drunks, and others.

Visitors to the Dead Dump will find only burning refuse, old ruined buildings, and the odd encampment of a handful of lepers or plague-bearing unfortunates. Beggars and sickly urchins comprise almost 100% of the population; the dirt-poor Undertakers typically comprise the highest rung on the social ladder in these parts. It is obvious that there is little to be found here! Despite the squalor (or perhaps because of it), rumor has it that the Dead Dump hides its own secrets – lost entrances the so-called "warrens" of the city, secret society headquarters, and even a tribe of *ghouls* are said to thrive here. Any truth to these rumors, however, has yet to be substantiated. Street names here reflect the grim use of the district: Lurker's Alley, Beggar Street, Leper's Way, Square Of The Dead, Theatre Macabre, Gravestone Street, Avenue of Crypts, etc.

Currently dwelling somewhere in the sifting mountain of rubble and trash, between towers of refuse and old decayed tenements, is a particular figure of some growing renown on the street. This fellow is known as "Soul Eyes", an unscrupulous maverick and mutant who walks a thin line between being both respected and feared by the people of the City. Legend has it that "Soul Eyes" is not only blessed with traditional empathic abilities, but he can also read actual thoughts and (as if that weren't enough) can foretell the *future*. Both chaotic and at times utterly insane, he's made enemies with the Iron Society for insulting them one too many times in public, and is also on the wanted list of the Undertakers due to recent rumors that he's behind the disappearance of a number of their brethren in this part of town.

THE WARRENS

It is common knowledge that Styx was built on the ruins of an old sprawling power plant complex. Part of the old complex utilized caves dug out of the very rock of the mountains, used to store heavy machinery, construction automatons (long deactivated), and other supplies for the vast engineering marvel that was to be Marble Canyon.

Over time, many of these caves have been re-opened, reclaimed, and inhabited. The poorest, most miserable folk, not unlike gypsies or the homeless, migrate to these dark subterranean tunnels since the cost of living in the Ghetto can be prohibitive. Exchanging comfort for free living space, they simply have to find a niche, a hole, or make a place of their own in the ever-deepening maze of mountain caves. Living in squalor, in vast tunnels, they share space with a thousand or more lepers, scavs, and the dispossessed, in the dark unlighted depths of these vaulted deeps.

The sewers of the City of Styx are numerous, tunneling through the rock of the canyon walls in all chaotic and haphazard directions, as if each was carved individually without any thought of the other. A passage crosses another perhaps once every fifty to eighty feet, turning the entire web of passages into a veritable labyrinth in short order. Nearest the surface, where the greenish light of the city shines down through manholes and street gratings, the poor, diseased, and homeless vagabonds of the city are known to live, often alone in shadowy corners, but often as not in small “colonies” or “villages” just out of sight of the surface world. Most such residents of the sewers are gross, deformed beings, such as deformed mutants and their kin; others may simply be past merchants or even adventurers who found themselves lost in the wasteland and unable to make ends meet, reverting to a pitiful existence as beggars and cutpurses in the darkness of the City’s magnificence.

Recently, there has been speculation that there exists an even deeper underworld beneath the City, perhaps a long-lost series of maintenance tunnels dug deep underground during the time of the Ancients. Stories abound of pitiful sewer dwellers finding strange glowing amorphous beings in caverns deep in the plant’s old sewer systems (like much of the City’s history, no one here knows the full extent of the sewers and their myriad tunnels) that attempted to lure them into deeper, darker caverns. Though the sources of these tales say they never followed, it is generally becoming common knowledge that some separate “race” of beings does in fact inhabit the reaches beneath the City streets.

Still more rumors pervade about the sewers beneath the City. Some say the Brethren use the old tunnels to travel effortlessly and discreetly to the various quarters throughout the City on their varied missions.

Rumor has it that some passages are actually *flooded*, creating actual *rivers* beneath the City where a whole subterranean “undercity” exists and thrives. Still others persist in their belief that there is a secret *society* of creatures dwelling deep beneath the City in the rock, from a time before the old power plant became inhabited again, whose aims are utterly alien to the minds of surface dwellers, and whose goals are no doubt darkly malevolent to life.

BEGGAR VILLAGE

Beneath the streets, Beggar Village is home to a large group of lice-infested beggars dwelling in a veritable “community” of their own among the sewers. Lit only by a grate in the sewer tunnel leading to the surface, here children play in pools of filth while diseased women dish out bowls of broth from catacomb-like “hovels” in the cavernous passages. At the sound of intruders, men and boys press forward to beg for any kind of aid or relief, but are easily warned off so long as passing explorers do not threaten their existence (doing so would likely cause the assembly of desperate folk to band together and fight them off).

ADVENTURE HOOK #1

A secret, unofficial inter-faction war has erupted in Styx. The PCs are recruited by one side or another (Brethren, Brotherhood of Radiation, Foundation, etc.) to act as agents to sabotage, waylay, and strike at the enemy. Because open warfare is illegal in Styx, the PCs will have to use the dreaded warrens to move about unseen, work exclusively at night, and take any knowledge of friendly operations with them to the grave if caught. Though the war may prove to be protracted and costly for all sides involved (as well as the innocent civilians caught in the crossfire of ambushes or blown up in targeted bombings), it has the potential of putting one major faction on top of all others in one of the largest cities of the Twisted Earth. The pay will be high, but so will the risks...

ADVENTURE HOOK #2

One of the world’s most powerful raider gangs, the “Entropists” are no longer content with merely raiding the trade routes, and now have their sights set on Styx. Even though they would normally pose little threat to the great walls of Styx, the Entropists have an ace up their sleeve: they know of a secret way into the city, through caves and tunnels long forgotten since the time of the power plant’s construction. The PCs wake up one day in one hovel or another in the City to the sounds of gunfire and utter chaos – the Entropists have poured in through the secret tunnels and are engaging the Iron Society in open warfare! Taken totally off guard, the defenders are scattered across the City, fighting fires and chasing down reports of sightings of Entropist groups all over town. This type of adventure allows the PCs to engage in no-holds-barred

urban warfare with a determined and insane enemy, experience first-hand their murderous intentions for the planet Earth, as well as earn the respect and gratitude of the City of Styx's population should they succeed. If they should fail, and Styx is destroyed, it would be a fitting end that plays directly to the dark and hopeless theme of the Twisted Earth.

DOMED CITIES

The Twisted Earth is dotted by what are known simply as “domes”, curved protective spheres that were built during the height of Ancient civilization to protect the citizens of the country's largest urban areas from the ever-increasing threat of *ultraviolet radiation* – an unfortunate cost they paid for their vast industries and tremendously technological society. Most of these domes were destroyed, or “cracked”, when the major urban areas of America were attacked during the Fall. Others, perhaps situated in areas of little or no strategic concern, escaped destruction, only to be abandoned during the chaos and collapse of human civilization.

Not all American cities had domes; others employed completely contained building complexes, glass-tube walkways, and underground mass transit systems beyond the scale known today, all to protect their citizens from the hazards of a deteriorating ozone layer. But the domes were the most common, because each had the benefit of not only being a fully protected environment, but also a self-contained community that could be easily maintained through the use of robots and other high-tech innovations. A central computer system, usually located beneath the city, monitored all aspects of the dome city, day and night, without fail. The computer controlled traffic lights, rerouting traffic from trouble areas and dispatching an appropriate response to get things moving again. It could control the environment through tweaking air conditioning and heating systems in 200+ separate buildings and complexes throughout the city. Other innovations included automated robot trucks to pick up garbage and haul it away. Robotic conveyor belts to incinerate trash and other wastes in factory-like complexes underground, far from sight. Police robots dispatched from “police stations” to react to potential problems, to oversee food rationing centers during the twilight years of civilization...and control the riots when word of impending nuclear war leaked out to the human inhabitants of the “domed paradise”.

Though most domes were destroyed, enough remained to be looted by post-Fall survivors over the years that in time they have earned a reputation as storehouses of all kinds of lost goods and artifacts. While many are difficult, if not impossible to get into (thanks to power shortages leaving the massive entryways sealed for centuries), those brave few who do manage to steal into a domed metropolis often return with fabulous tales of intact streets and

structures, thousands of skeletons of the Ancients lying where they died, and treasures beyond the wildest imagination just waiting to be taken.

Domed cities can provide some of the most harrowing adventures for groups of mid- to high-level PCs during a campaign. Assuming the dome they are traveling to is relatively intact, the potential wealth of artifacts to be found within (and the dangers still dwelling there), untouched by the hands of other scavengers can range from breathtaking to truly staggering.

SAMPLE DOMED CITY: LOCKDOWN TOWN

One “dome” out of the hundred or so left on the Twisted Earth, known only by the post-apocalyptic slang tag of “Lockdown Town”, has remained a mystery even among other domes from this ancient age. Lockdown Town is typical of most remaining domes; large enough to cover a major part of what was once a city, it was a center of day-to-day life for fifty thousand or more inhabitants during its heyday. Within its shell could be found city streets, buildings, skyscrapers and parks; maintained by robotic servitors and automated systems (all of which were orchestrated by a central AI control computer), it was a model of super-advanced living.

When the Fall came, however, Lockdown Town was different in that instead of its occupants fleeing, its central computer locked the gigantic vault doors to the city and trapped everyone within. No one knows why, but in doing so the city AI robbed its citizens of any hope for escape.

Despite being born in an era alien to the survivors of the nuclear apocalypse, Lockdown Town's shape and format are typical of domed cities from before the Fall, and as such it stands as a good model for domes all over the wasteland.

Location Name: Lockdown Town.

Estimated Population: Unknown.

Ruling Faction: None.

Background: Guardian, Degenerate, Hedonist, or Advanced.

LOCAL HISTORY

The existence of *Lockdown Town* has been known for generations: a huge domed city of awesome proportions that has stood defiant against the test of time – and the attempts of outsiders to penetrate its protective dome and plumb the secrets within.

For years travelers from the outside world, from tribals to traders, scavs to would-be resurrectionists, have sought a means of bypassing the great metal doors (or even the mighty walls themselves) that seal off the sheltered city interior from the world outside. Yet, almost as a testament to the genius and skill of the Ancients, the doors and walls of the dome have defied all attempts, resisted all attacks and detonations, and stood firm against the wear and weakening of time

to remain protectors of whoever – or whatever – was sealed within generations ago.

Tiny towns and temporary settlements have come and gone in the shadow of the great city dome, as generation after generation has lived out their lives awaiting its opening, or sought again and again to find some entrance to the city within. Yet it resists. Foundationists (men who belong to that cult of technologists known across the Twisted Earth) who once came here were the first to realize that the giant doors to the city were time-locked, and would only open at some uncertain future date; no doubt when the self-contained city's computer core believed the world was safe enough for its occupants. Realizing this, they departed, but kept a handful of agents in the region to watch and listen for any change.

Again, years have passed. The once-sparkling dome grows old, and people forget. But time has been ticking away. The locks on the giant metal doors leading into the city have been keeping track, waiting for the time to come to open themselves and free the occupants within.

LOCAL LAW

None. Lockdown Town isn't governed by any one body, though given a chance the major factions of the wasteland would certainly like to conquer the ruins and use them as a base for scavenging, scrounging, and resupply. Should one such faction gain supremacy over any other over the city, the color and nature of Lockdown Town could very well change dramatically.

DOME KEY

The following touches briefly only on the general features of Lockdown Town, and does not go into any specific detail, allowing for individual GMs to customize the dome for their particular campaign.

DOME WALL

From a great distance the exterior walls of the dome of Lockdown Town look like a single shell of translucent glass, but it is in fact constructed from materials beyond the capabilities of post-apocalyptic man. The dome is made of sloped, interconnecting walls of a substance that is translucent like glass, but with almost all other properties of the world's strongest metals. The construction of the dome is complex and mind-boggling, with various arched supports, an internal framework to distribute weight, and virtually hundreds and hundreds of miles of pipes, machinery, and ductwork (for air conditioning, filtration, artificial weather generation, and smog control) sandwiched between the inner and outer surfaces of the wall.

The exterior of the dome is all but impenetrable except by the most devastating weapons (i.e. nuclear detonations); scorch marks in some areas, and even signs of burrowing attempts, scar the lower portions of the wall where post-apocalyptic communities have

tried to break through. All have failed, and over time many of the blemishes to the outside surface have been grown over and covered up by wild ivy, mosses, and other forms of stubborn vegetation.

The interior side of the dome was once an extremely advanced feature of the city; covered in massive, contiguous television screens (some up to eight stories high and ten stories wide), the inner side of the dome was in constant operation for as many years as the city remained in peaceful operation. During the day, these screens projected the image of a beautiful blue sky, light fluffy clouds in the distance, and the movement of an artificial "sun" through the heavens. Citizens, otherwise confined to a dark life inside the dome, were treated to magnificent (and no doubt enhanced) sunrises and sunsets, and could see the stars in all their glory through accurate digitized reproductions every night. To mark each New Year, the false sky would depict the blazing starbursts of fireworks, while enormous speaker systems (normally used to generate white noise or the sound of distant thunderstorms) thundered with the sound of their explosions.

The dome no longer gives off such displays, however; while some of the screens have deteriorated, it's the lack of power that really keeps the dome dark. If, by some miracle, a group could find the city power core and reactivate all of its systems, the inhabitants of the city might be in for a BIG surprise as the sky comes on again in colors they've never before seen...

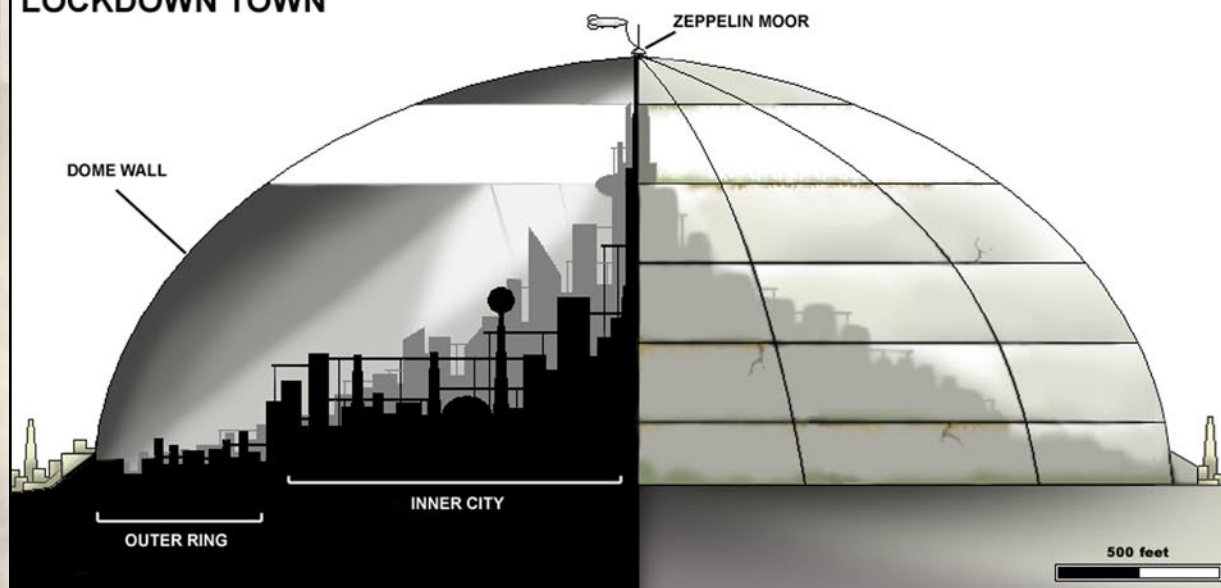
ZEPPELIN MOOR

Situated far above the ground level of the dome, at the extreme summit (almost completely out of sight of most wasteland people), are the remnants of what used to be an airship mooring station and boarding pavilion. During the heyday of the Ancients, zeppelins were a form of luxurious travel, crossing the industrially scarred countryside from coast to coast, all at a safe and comfortable height where the ugliness was less noticeable.

The mooring station (though deceptively small on the accompanying cross-section), is about as large as any deluxe airport terminal, with various facilities once designed to accommodate the wealthiest travelers in opulent style. In addition to a luxurious waiting area for boarding passengers, and a luggage handling conveyor system, the station also has a large rotating restaurant and lounge once operated by robots to serve their human masters' every need. The entire structure is connected to the interior of the domed city through an elevator system that descends one hundred (or more) stories to city street level in a matter of minutes.

If, by some means, an expedition were to attempt a landing here by air (assuming they have some form of aircraft), this mooring station might prove an efficient way of entering and leaving the city without having to deal with the other denizens of Lockdown Town.

LOCKDOWN TOWN



OUTER RING

Once inside the dome, there are layers of buildings, ordered streets and alleys, and maintenance structures that fan out from its immediate center. The outer ring of this self-contained urban landscape was reserved for industrial and “societal maintenance” facilities; due to the close proximity to the dome wall, massive structures for dealing with the polluted waste water, other waste products, and the wide variety of chemicals used each day by the city’s inhabitants were handled here, and either pumped out through gigantic ducts and pipes (if liquid), vented through massive air filtration systems two or three stories above the ground (if gaseous), or shipped out in convoys each day through the multi-lane highway exiting the dome.

This area is convoluted with alleys, industrial buildings, waste treatment centers, etc. Though many of these buildings are low, above them towers a maze of pipes and ducts, which often blocks out even the artificial sky of the dome’s interior.

INNER CITY

The real heart of the city, the inner regions are as confused, congested, and built-up as any large urban metropolis. Towering skyscrapers, apartment complexes, and even artificial parks (now long dead) sprout up everywhere, casting deep shadows over the streets and alleys in between. It is here that any inhabitants of the city are likely to dwell in the most numbers, carving their communities out of the rubble or abandoned buildings, still living off (and fighting over) the materials left over from before the Fall.

Like the outer ring, the “sky” here is polluted with man-made structures – flying walkways, skyways, and bridges connecting one skyscraper to another to allow the population to travel easily from destination to destination (and keep traffic pollution to a minimum).

Many of these are still intact, while others only seem to be sturdy and will fall at the first application of weight – sometimes five or more stories to the streets below. Heavy mosses, lichen, and ivy hang from many of these, creating ornate veils of organic lace that conceal the face of entire buildings and even whole city blocks.

SUBTERRANEAN REACHES (NOT SHOWN)

As if the domed city maze of streets and buildings weren’t enough, it too has its own underworld of sewers and maintenance tunnels. In addition to having the potential to be home to countless mutated critters, the sewers might even be home to a viable community of troglodytes or ghouls – making any trespass something to think twice about. But somewhere down here lies the city power core, a nuclear power facility that once ran all of the computerized and automated systems that kept the city running.

The power core could be intact, waiting to be brought online by adventurers with technical skills, or it could have melted down long ago and turned into a veritable *corium mine* (with the core’s contents flooding parts of the sewers and isolating others in a deadly maze of radiation and molten metal).

ADVENTURE HOOK #1

The adventure begins as this legendary landmark among the wastes, which has mystified and frightened the superstitious survivors of the wasteland with its ominous presence (and promise of untold artifacts no doubt left within), suddenly *opens*. Whatever the cause, whatever the reason, apparently the vault’s computer has decided now, of all times, is the right time for its secrets to be discovered. The PCs are sent in by their particular faction leaders (or, if they are loners, they slip in by themselves) to scout out the interior reaches of the old city, to look for signs of life

LOCKDOWN TOWN IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Adventure within Lockdown Town takes place in the cloak of darkness created by its great vaulted dome, constructed during the troubled time of the Ancients to house tens of thousands of citizens in security from the deteriorating environment of the natural world, as well as the impending nuclear war that was just on the horizon. But as with everything from the past, the secrets of who or what was trapped within the city when it closed was lost to time after the Fall; a single fragile bubble containing some seed of the Ancients, Lockdown Town was severed from the world with the collapse of mankind, his technology, and indeed, the reign of the human race. Lost in time and forgotten, it has remained sealed for generations ... until now.

Lockdown Town is an excellent way of introducing players to adventure in an urban environment, while still giving you control over where they go. The city itself is most suited for the more “science-fiction” style campaign settings of *Darwin’s World*, but with modification you can adapt some of the ideas of the domed city to other urban areas of a more modern type.

and anything worth salvaging. The PCs may make contact with survivors of the city’s lost inhabitants, such as wild men, savage ghouls, troglodytes, or perhaps even primitive humans who escaped the effects of mutation through living under the dome for generations to live like tribals in the city’s heart. There could be a single community underneath the dome, or one that dominates the others through cruelty and slavery (thus leading to possible scenarios involving freeing the others from bondage), or a fragmented balance of power between each of these communities that is disrupted with the sudden arrival of outsiders.

ADVENTURE HOOK #2

As above, but the PCs aren’t alone – rival factions vying for control of the wasteland have also formed expeditions and are sending them into the interior of the newly-opened dome to look for resources in their ongoing wars. The PCs will have to not only watch out for dangers posed by the locals, but the threat of stumbling upon rival faction parties who would just as easily like to continue the war on this new terrain. This could become especially interesting if their inter-faction warfare becomes hazardous to any occupants of the city, something that might destroy any chance of making peace with the dome-dwellers. Seeing that nothing has changed outside the dome (after all, the outsiders are still squabbling and waging war), they might unify to drive the PCs - and the other faction groups – out and preserve the city as their own “island of sanity” in a world of chaos.

ADVENTURE HOOK #3

The PCs enter the city only to find tens of thousands of skeletons crowded near the entrances. As they explore they come to realize that something went terribly wrong in Lockdown Town during the Fall. Investigation into the last days of these long-dead Ancients reveals that, in their final hours, the AI computer controlling the city’s day-to-day functions went “mad” – and attempted to exterminate every last living thing within the dome. Shutting down the air

conditioning and environment systems, and flooding the city with poison gas, it effectively wiped them out to a man. Of course as the PCs learn this, they also become aware that the core AI is very much still alive...and aware of their presence in its “domain”. Coming online once more to kill the intruders, this new biological “infestation”, the computer uses robotic minions, computerized buses, transit trains, and other means to kill the PCs off before they can escape.

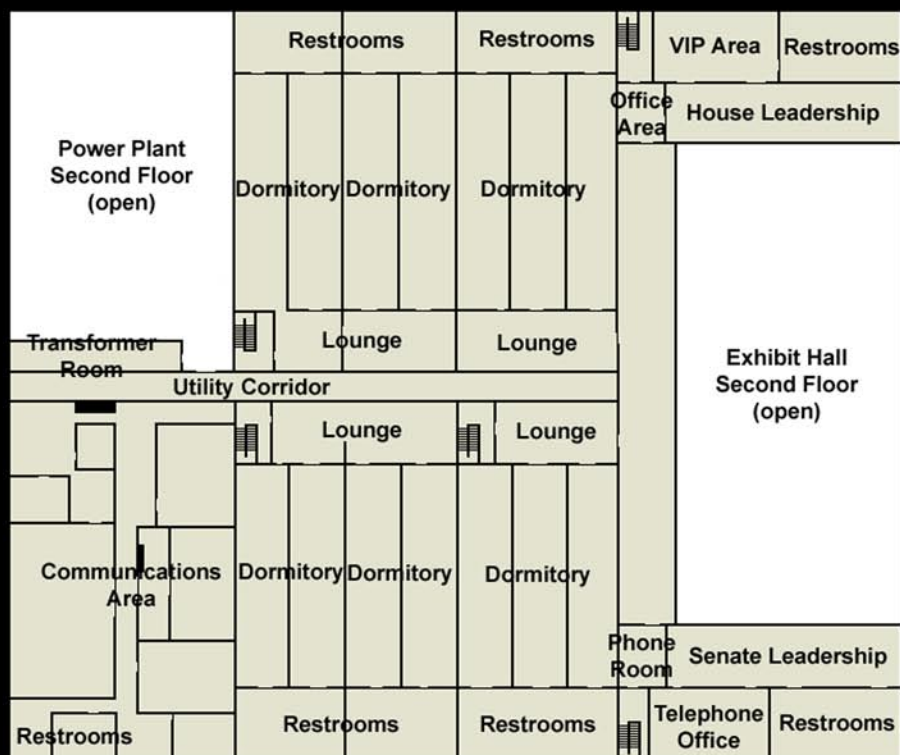
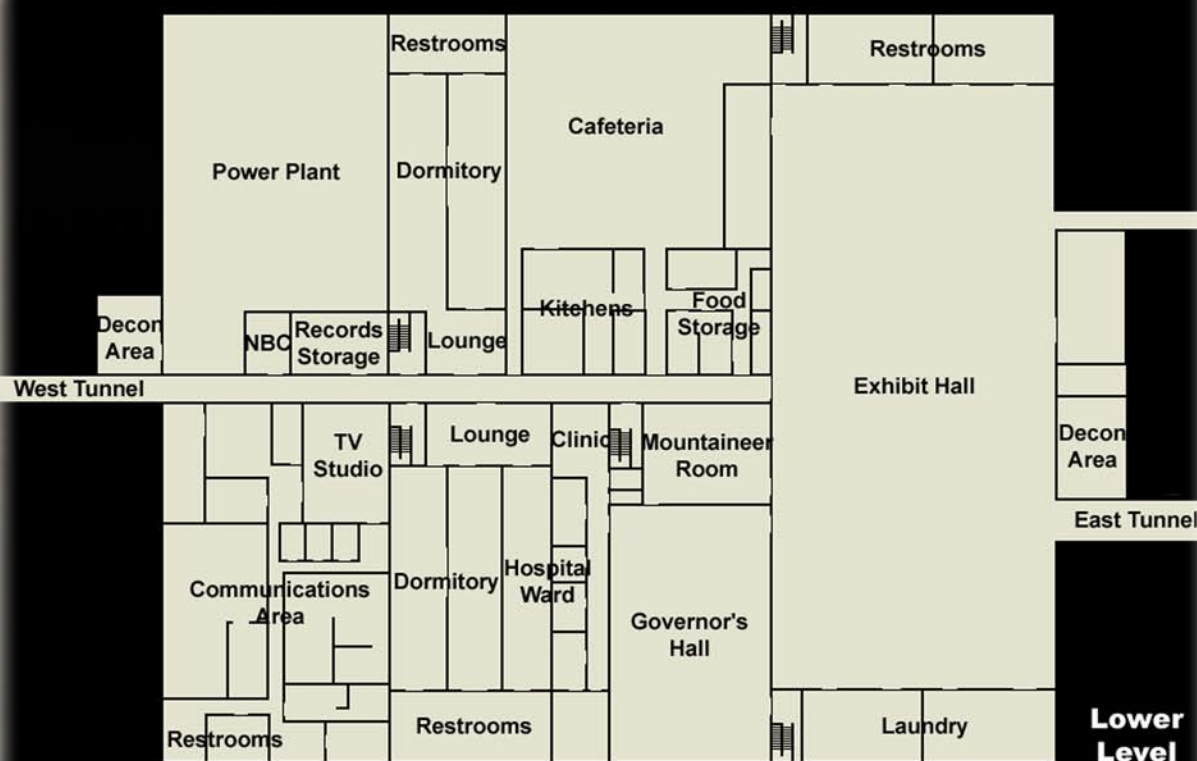
VAULTS

Rumors of the ancient “vaults” built by pre-Fall man still circulate through the rough-and-tumble settlements of the wasteland, stories that often revolve around legendary caches of lost technology, artifacts, and relics of that bygone era. The term “vault” is one used by post-apocalyptic survivors to refer to the shelters, refuges, and bunkers built during the years prior to the Fall, shelters that range from small holes dug by individual families to survive the first weeks of fallout, to completely-enclosed underground communities constructed to house hundreds (in some cases even thousands) of people and protect them for generations.

The smallest vaults are generally nothing more than ruins now, their occupants dead due to the sheer fact that the nuclear desolation and its ensuing repercussions were much further-reaching than anyone had ever anticipated. Exhausting their supply of canned foods and water, they were forced to emerge into a world still hostile with radiation and biological mutagens running rampant. Simply put, those who had not made it to the largest fallout shelters died within a few weeks, months, or years of the Fall, leaving their bunkers little more than empty holes in the ground for future generations to speculate at.

But the largest shelters, the true “vaults” of *Darwin’s World*, were constructed as totally self-sufficient and automated facilities that could support their populace of refugees for decades, if not centuries, until conditions outside registered at safe levels. Deep underground water reserves, water recyclers (turning urine and other wastes into drinkable water), algae and

GREENBRIER GOVERNMENT RELOCATION SHELTER PROJECT "GREEK ISLAND"



50 feet

GREENBRIER IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

The Greenbrier “vault” is excellent for those settings situated closer to the initial Fall than the traditional “Twisted Earth” setting (which is set far in the future). Since it was designed as a short-term shelter, the Greenbrier vault’s real appeal lies in the immediate period after the apocalypse; for example, it would serve well as an “ultimate destination” for a group of survivors of the nuclear war, a rumored shelter where other survivors might be found to help rebuild the world. Or, alternatively, it could at least be a place the PCs learn about in their quest to find shelter and lasting supplies if only to survive a few months more.

In other settings, further in the future, the facilities of the Greenbrier can be modified somewhat, expanded upon, or enhanced. Assuming technology reached the level of science fiction prior to your world’s “Fall”, it’s not inconceivable that the shelter might have been expanded to increase its lifespan into years, decades, or even centuries. The shelter could then become not just a ruined old structure to explore in silent awe, but a living community dwelling in a place their people have occupied for generations. Whether or not they have any concept of their own “founding fathers” (descended as they are from Senators and other government officials), or of the significance of the documents they still guard (such as the Constitution), depends on your particular vision of the future...

hydroponic farms capable of generating food without sunshine, and a nuclear-powered core with a lifespan of centuries would sustain the occupants indefinitely. Automated equipment would monitor outside radiation, biological contaminants, and chemicals for generations if need be, while inside the vault, computer systems and stockpiles of recreational and educational materials would keep the occupants sane for the duration of their encapsulation.

Many vaults, sadly, opened prematurely during the ages of chaos before the era of the current setting (usually due to faulty automated computer systems), resulting in many cases of entire communities either dying of radiation and disease, or being slaughtered like witless sheep by the cannibalistic mutants and savage raiders who gathered out of curiosity when the shelters started to open in those dark years. In other cases the occupants fared better, but seeing the world still desolate they disbanded, mutinied, or simply ceased to exist, scattering their people to the winds.

Only a few open vaults remain as real communities, and these are usually bound by a mutual fear of the world outside and a sense that theirs is a task to *rebuild*. More often than not, however, those few existing vaults have yet to open. Whoever still lives inside (if anyone at all, for in many cases they may have brought invisible diseases unwittingly with them into the shelter, or their farms and water may have run out through poor planning sometime in the centuries since they closed their doors) could be as similar as the world’s original human inhabitants, or so different that they resemble nothing known before or since. They could be degenerate monsters, troglodytes kept underground too long and forced to resort to cannibalism to survive, or they could be mutated things adversely affected by faulty vault construction and turned into beastly animals without any semblance of humanity left.

Vaults make an excellent type of adventure location at all levels of play. For lower level parties, a vault

might be abandoned, its halls filled with natural animals from the desert seeking shelter in its deepest levels. Or it could be inhabited by only a dwindling portion of its original inhabitants (who perhaps lost the knowledge of how to maintain proper upkeep on their advanced home and now rely on clubs and spears to defend against outsiders) who pose little threat to a group of well-armed and determined looters.

At higher levels, vaults can be homes to entire enclaves of prolific, monstrous creatures, mutated descendants of the original vault dwellers – or worse. Or perhaps the vault is just now opening, and the inhabitants – armed with ancient tools and weapons from the high-technology era of the Ancients – come to pose one of the greatest threats to the stability of the wasteland through their unexpected appearance on the surface of the world.

SAMPLE VAULT: GREENBRIER

Though never designed as a long-term bunker like the somewhat fantastic “vaults” suggested in most post-apocalyptic literature (*Darwin’s World* included), the “vault” that is Greenbrier is not an imaginary one, but rather a creation of the Cold War paranoia and hysteria of our own real world. Designed to house and protect members of the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives in the event of nuclear war, Greenbrier is just one of many such shelters designed to preserve the American government after the “Fall”.

Starting with the Eisenhower administration, and throughout the presidency of JFK, attempts were made to build refuges for the upper echelons of the American government. Perhaps the most famous is “NORAD”, or more accurately, the *Cheyenne Mountain* facility of NORAD. Built into the side of a remote mountain, this early-detection and defense coordination facility was buried under 1,700 feet of granite and sealed in behind hydraulically operated 30-ton doors. The entire facility was built on a marvel of Cold War technology, a system of massive springs that

would act as shock absorbers in the event of a nearby nuclear blast, preventing the facility from coming apart and caving in on itself from tectonic strain. The facility itself is impressive, with more than a dozen steel bunkers (and a web of connecting tunnels) and some 1,400 workers and other personnel on-site at almost any given time.

The president of the United States, along with the chief justices of the Supreme Court and various cabinet secretaries, had their own shelter located at Mount Weather (a.k.a. "The Special Facility") deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Some 50 miles away from Washington, the site could only be reached by helicopter. Mount Weather had many of the features of Greenbrier and other government facilities: a clinic, various computer and communications centers, dormitories for support and VIP personnel alike, a vast water supply, etc. Also like Greenbrier, a television studio was embedded in Mount Weather so that the president could, in the time of crisis, go on the air and address whatever survivors were left.

The Federal Reserve facility at Culpeper, Virginia, was built to help support any effort to rebuild the federal government (and restore order) after the nuclear war. Built in the late 1960s, Culpeper housed the Reserve's Communications and Records Center, and covered 140,000 square feet with its own generators, refrigerated mortuary, and long-term food and water storage. Another shelter, just a half dozen miles north of Camp David (known as "Site R", or "Raven Rock"), was built as an underground headquarters for the Alternate Joint Communications Center and the Alternate Military Command Center. Here the surviving military brass was expected to be able to continue the war effort even if the Pentagon was destroyed in the initial nuclear exchange. Built beneath a mountain between 1950 and 1954, Raven Rock had many of the features common to government bunkers: communication centers, a protected reservoir, clinic (with dental facility), dormitories - even a chapel and barber shop. Its nickname, the "Second Pentagon", gives at least some idea of how capable this bunker would have been in continuing America's defense coordination even after the initial nuclear strikes.

Location Name: Greenbrier Relocation Shelter.

Estimated Population: 1,000.

Ruling Faction: None (local, *The King's Men*).

Background: Degenerate, Hedonist or Guardian.

LOCAL HISTORY

Begun under the codename "Project Greek Island" in 1958, construction of what would become known as the *Greenbrier Government Relocation Facility* would be an enormous project whose sole aim was to build a shelter and refuge for members of the Senate and House of Representatives during the initial stages of a

nuclear conflict. Put together under a veil of secrecy for more than three years - and under the nose of, not only the local populace, but also the thousands of tourists to the West Virginia valley in which it was built - it became one of the largest and most complete fallout shelters in the United States.

The bunker in question sits partly beneath the surface of the earth, below what was one of the most popular tourist resorts and hotels in West Virginia - the "Greenbrier". Also one of the most elite resorts in America (23 future or former presidents have stayed there, as have many foreign leaders on visits to the United States), the luxury of Greenbrier was evident everywhere on the grounds: tennis courts, manicured acreage of bike paths and trails, golf courses, skeet ranges, even an armada of trademark green limousines to serve the every need of its high-paying guests.

The actual site chosen for its construction was the result of an exhaustive study to find an ideal location not only in terms of secrecy, but also geographically; White Sulphur Springs (in which the resort has stood for decades) is far enough from the capital so as to avoid the effects of probable nuclear attacks on D.C. and the east coast, and the valley (according to studies) was by and large sheltered from weather currents that could carry fallout (or chemical/biological contaminants) to the shelter's door.

With four entrances (each protected by a massive steel and concrete doorway designed to withstand an average nuclear detonation 15-30 miles away), the facility comprises 153 rooms on two levels, for a total of 112,544 square feet of space. It took more than 50,000 tons of concrete - and \$14 million - before the bunker was complete. Yet only designed to accommodate approximately "1,100 people for 40 days", Greenbrier was really just a short-term bunker. Situated as it was in a natural mountain valley that is both lush and resistant to fallout passage, it was believed that in the event of war the bunker would only serve to protect the "essential" government personnel during the worst of the nuclear storm, during (and after) which they would remain in contact with other government relocation shelters before emerging to rebuild from the ruins.

Despite its complex of chambers and meeting halls, communications centers and power plant, the Greenbrier facility's main strength was the fact that few knew it even existed, even as thousands of guests walked through it (or part of it) almost every day. Even its complex support machinery was designed to never run hot enough to be detected by Soviet satellites, further adding to its "invisibility".

With the majority of it concealed beneath the earth, and the rest of it cleverly disguised as part of the lavish resort into which it was integrated, it was about as secure as a shelter could hope to be.

LOCAL LAW

This really depends on how you plan on using Greenbrier in your campaign; see *Adventure Hooks* for more insight into how the location might be run.

VAULT KEY

Only major features of the vault map are detailed below.

SENSORS (NOT SHOWN)

Located on a nearby mountain ringing the valley is an array of wires and antennae, ostensibly a television or cellular relay tower. This aging ruin is, in fact, a blast detector used to detect seismic activity (caused by nuclear detonations) or even the flash of an airburst 30+ miles away. When triggered the sensor would send an alarm to the bunker complex, alerting the hotel security of the event so that preparations to ready the bunker could be made.

Whether or not the sensors still work is open to question, though certainly not long after the Fall, personnel from the bunker would come here to set up radiation-detection equipment to keep tabs on radiation levels in the atmosphere. This equipment, if stumbled upon, might lead curious wanderers (such as the adventurers) towards the location of the complex...

GREENBRIER HOTEL (NOT SHOWN)

The Greenbrier Hotel, once a fabulous forested resort for the wealthiest of America's elite, is a shambles, a decayed ruin of mottled stone and rotted woodwork. Overgrown and crumbling, one would not expect it to conceal beneath its grounds a top-secret government shelter.

Though the surface has been largely abandoned due to the high levels of radiation still detected towards the east, as well as the general perception that no sentient life remains (at least within radio contacting range), the inhabitants of the bunker may emerge now and again to forage for supplies and/or fresh food. Since the valley is largely protected from fallout, they may have also begun a modest agriculture in the shadow of the ivy-draped hotel, using the pathetic crop to bolster their own preserved rations below.

Like the sensors atop the mountain, the sight of these fields (or the rare foraging party clad in radiation suits) would be a clear indicator that something unusual exists in the valley.

BLAST DOORS (NOT SHOWN)

These portals to the underground bunker are scattered throughout the hotel grounds, connecting various isolated spots of the old resort with the complex below.

Twelve feet wide, ten feet high, and eighteen inches thick, each armored doorway into the bunker complex weighs roughly 25 tons, sitting on hinges four feet long and almost eight inches thick (the hinges alone

weigh one and a half tons). Their construction is almost invincible: a seamless shell of steel, with a core of poured concrete. Incapable of being opened from the outside (there are no handles or even access to the locking mechanism from the exterior), they are controlled by hand wheels on the opposite side. Once closed, they cannot be opened except from inside.

The walls separating the inner spaces of the bunker with the bedrock outside are themselves two feet thick and constructed of concrete reinforced with steel. Short of burrowing through solid rock and concrete, the only means of entry to the complex below is through these blast doors.

In addition to the doors themselves, outside of the entrance can be found a small array of sensors including a camera, microphone, and motion detector – though so far in the future there is no telling if these are still in operation.

WEST TUNNEL

Once disguised as merely a short passage to the hotel's electrical plant, the door here actually leads to the 110,000+ square foot "second capital" for the fallen United States.

The long concrete-lined tunnel beyond is approximately 433 feet long, and continues to serve as a secondary entrance/exit to the bunker complex. Water and air pipes and ducts connect the complex proper to a cooling tower on the hilltop above, cleverly disguised as a barn or maintenance shed on the old hotel grounds, and hidden in a copse of heavy foliage. These ducts carry out expended air from the facility, as well as used water from the power plant's generators and chillers.

The vast space of the tunnel also allows for the storage and rotation of supplies and materials. Crates of canned foods and reusable water canisters line the walls, along with carefully packaged repair materials (such as lengths of wood, insulated pipe, copper wire, etc).

DECONTAMINATION AREAS

These areas, located at the entrances to the bunker, were to be used by incoming personnel (Senators and Representatives included) to "scrub down" before entering the sterilized environment of the bunker. The shower facilities are enormous, capable of serving from 120 to 240 people per hour; those entering the facility during the initial crisis would have been expected to dispose of their civilian clothes here, shower thoroughly and vigorously to remove radioactive particles (as well as residual chemical agents or biological contaminants, any of which could pose a lethal threat to the sealed bunker environment), and put on new clothes (fatigues, coveralls, footwear, etc.) issued by the resident quartermaster.

The decontamination showers are still used by the small foraging groups that are sent, now and again, to

the surface to monitor radiation levels (and perhaps tend the crops growing on the surface).

EAST TUNNEL

This tunnel is similar to the west entrance, but is somewhat larger, and was originally designed to accommodate vehicles. With access to the Exhibit Hall, transport trucks and cargo vehicles could bring in additional supplies just minutes after the alert to add fresher foods and other supplies to the subterranean stockpiles before the passage was sealed.

The vehicles that brought in these last minute supplies are still here today, in the form of three moving vans, five moving trucks, and three eighteen-wheel freight trucks. They are parked in a line down both sides of the tunnel. The vehicles are in various stages of disrepair, and may or may not be salvageable. One of the moving trucks has in its cargo compartment a full set of repair tools (and cans of reserve fuel) that could be used to get them up and running again.

POWER PLANT

Actually composed of three separate levels, the bunker's power plant is a basically a steam powered generator, running off a vast stock of diesel fuel (stored in three 14,000 gallon storage tanks). Chillers, backup generators, pumps, and air compressors are located on the noisy, cluttered bottom level, while above can be found a maze of air intakes, exhaust lines, filters, and pressurized housing units.

Part of the power plant consists of three 25,000 gallon water tanks and purification equipment, used to run the power plant as well as provide for emergency water supplies in the event of a shortage.

While most of this equipment is aging, the meticulous care by the bunker's dwindling population over the generations has at least kept the machinery in working order. Since only a handful of the bunker's remaining personnel are trained to operate and maintain the power plant, only these few are even allowed entrance to this part of the complex.

COMMUNICATIONS AREA

A true "command and communications center", this compartmentalized part of the facility includes a number of smaller, interconnected rooms set aside for the daily operation of the bunker. In the early stages of the war these rooms would be buzzing with all sorts of activity, with personnel monitoring outside radio and television traffic as well as organizing for broadcasts by Senators and Representatives if the situation warranted.

Specialized rooms within this sub-complex include conference and briefing rooms (with banks of clocks showing world times), a communications room with old-style switchboard, secure telephone rooms (soundproofed booths for contacting the remnants of state governments to coordinate disaster relief, each

fitted with cryptography devices), equipment rooms for storage, a radio room, and an administrative control area. On the second floor are message processing rooms (for the decryption of messages), an electronic mail area, audio recording booths, supply rooms, and a vault for the storage of sensitive communications equipment. There is even a complete television studio (as well as a production area and editing booth) dressed up with a giant depiction of the Capitol dome amidst a blue sky and autumn leaves, from which to record and broadcast messages to whatever public might be left to listen.

RECORDS STORAGE AND ARMORY

A "vault" in its own right, this safe room was set aside for the storage of vital documents and other sensitive articles. Racks of rope-handled wooden boxes were used for the storage of paperwork and documents passed or generated by Congress underground, as well as items pertaining to the technical aspects of facility maintenance, and even historical and contemporary government manuscripts (including original copies of the Declaration of Independence) for the continuation of American government and culture after the nuclear war.

Because this room is by far the most secure in the complex, a part of it was also set aside as an armory/weapons locker. In addition to the records kept here in storage, the personnel manning the facility have a collection of small arms and riot gear for dealing with internal problems (such as the unthinkable possibility of a coup or revolt by dissenting or disillusioned government officials). These arms would probably include a dozen or so police batons, a few fiberglass shields, two or three *stun pistols*, a similar number of revolvers (like the *Ruger Service-Six*), and perhaps three or four *Colt 635* carbines (not to mention a small supply of ammunition). More than a dozen tactical vests and helmets might also be kept here for protecting the bunker security personnel in the event of an "incident".

In a more futuristic setting (such as the Twisted Earth), the equipment would be upgraded of course to *hand stunners*, *stun batons*, *dazzle rifles*, and a few *NLW sonic rifles*. A few *IR laser rifles* might be kept on hand for defending foraging parties going to the surface (or killing intruding creatures in the valley with invisible beams, to prevent the location of the party from being discovered), along with the appropriate power clips, belts, etc. necessary to operate these items. Tactical vests might be replaced by *civil* or *special security suits*, or even suits of *powered armor*.

NBC EQUIPMENT LOCKER

This locker was used to store the protective coveralls, masks, and radiation monitoring equipment used by the facility's personnel during forays to the surface

after the nuclear war.

The equipment here could also be used for short stints to the upper world to check conditions, monitor radiation and chemical levels in the atmosphere, and perhaps secretly forage for supplies by night in the nearby valley communities. To this end the locker would contain adequate supplies for numerous runs to the surface, including *Geiger counters*, *chemical sensors*, survival kits (stocked with *rad purge shot* and *potassium iodide tablets*), and several disposable (as well as a few re-usable) *NBC suits*.

DORMITORY AREAS

Each of these dormitory blocks can house up to 60 individuals in rows of neatly ordered bunk beds; private space is limited to a simple wall locker. Toilet facilities are provided for in a separate area, and a lounge also adds to the living area for the bunker's inhabitants.

CLINIC/HOSPITAL WARD

The medical facilities of the bunker are quite impressive considering the thrifty use of every inch of subterranean space by its Cold War-era designers. The clinic itself consists of a 12-bed medical ward with two separate operating theatres (one for surgery, the other for dental care), an x-ray room, intensive care unit, compact laboratory facility, nurse call station, a number of exam rooms, and a reception area.

The pharmacy was kept stockpiled not only with day-to-day medicines to last the 40-day duration of the bunker, but also prescription drugs used by each government official as well as their personal medical histories and relevant information (kept on file and updated regularly), as well as drugs for the treatment of radiation poisoning, exposure burns, chemical poisoning, etc.

In a more long-term bunker (one only loosely based on Greenbrier), this facility would be stocked with some of the most advanced medicines and medical equipment available to pre-Fall man; after all, treatment of the injuries and sickness of the bunker's inhabitants would be a top priority, with no expense spared. *Diagnostic scanners*, *healing packs*, equipment to make more medicines and drugs, and even a *regen tank* or two would not be out of place here in a more futuristic setting.

CAFETERIA

An enormous chamber, the bunker's cafeteria is not unlike the cafeterias of major government buildings, capable of feeding up to 400 people at a time. What is remarkable, however, is the somewhat futile attempt to stave off "cabin-fever" by way of false windows along the walls, painted to resemble country scenes of the surface world, and the use of checkered black and white linoleum made to resemble a fancy hotel lobby.

KITCHENS

The kitchens of the bunker complex contain a bulk pantry rivaling the most famous hotels, three walk-in freezers, a food preparation area on the scale of the largest cafeterias, and a machine-operated dishwashing facility. Staffed by emergency personnel, the kitchens could provide for the food needs of the entire facility for its entire projected lifespan of 40 days (with rationing).

The pantry areas contain a 20-day overstock of provisions, mostly consisting of freeze dried foods and crate upon crate of C-rations. Kept under strict lock and key, these service and storage areas would be completely off limits even to the high-ranking VIPs of the bunker.

EXHIBIT HALL

Used for conventions, exhibitions, and other activities at the Greenbrier resort during peacetime, visitors to the hotel had no idea that while they walked through this enormous room, they were actually *inside* one of the world's most secret blast shelters. The entire wing served both as part of the bunker and as part of the hotel; if the order came to close the bunker, the entire hall could be sealed through two enormous portals (one 18-tons, the other 30) concealed as part of the chamber's walls.

Once sealed and the contents of the chamber cleared out, this enormous facility was to house Congressional support staff assumed into the bunker alongside their leadership, and used to conduct the business of government during the nuclear crisis. Banks of tables and chairs could be set up here, with up to 72 separate phone lines for keeping governments' leaders connected to each other and any possible contacts still alive in the outside world.

Due to its size and relatively ornate decoration (it has some eighteen pillars), this chamber was deemed appropriate to also serve as the meeting room for joint sessions of government.

HOUSE/SENATE AREAS

Known as the "Governor's Hall" and "Mountaineer Room" during peacetime, these two auditoriums were to serve as the assembly rooms for the House of Representatives and Senate during the crisis. The Governor's Hall is larger with a 440 seat capacity and some 140 phone outlets for communication in the bunker (and, through proper channels, the outside world), while the Mountaineer Room only seats 133, with 43 outlets.

Separate areas on the second level of the bunker were designated as separate meeting areas for the leadership of the House and Senate, for private discussion or closed meetings.

ADVENTURE HOOK #1

Far in the future, scholars unearth stories of a “great bunker” far to the east of the known trade lands, wherein the ancient texts say the leaders of the Ancients hid out during the Fall. These stories begin a rush to find the old complex, and loot it of the suspected treasures that were no doubt hidden there in the last days of human civilization. The PCs are among the bands prospecting for the old shelter, and must journey a great distance – through lands entirely foreign to even the most widely traveled sandwalker – to find it. Once they arrive they must contend with native dangers, locate the bunker beneath the ruins of the ancient resort, and crack its massive portals before finally entering and discovering its long-forgotten secrets.

ADVENTURE HOOK #2

Perhaps Greenbrier isn’t just a long-forgotten bunker for PCs to loot, it’s a living community on the furthest edge of the world...with aspirations of *conquest*. Known by the ignorant natives of the Allegheny Mountains only as *The King’s Men* (after the nursery rhyme, “Humpty Dumpty”, which they use to symbolize the long-defunct Ancient way of life), the residents of Greenbrier have lived far too long underground to bear isolation any longer. Emerging with the unanimous consent of their pureblood human leaders (who trace their lineage back to the same civilian government that existed at the time of the Fall), and equipped with some of the most advanced weapons and armor known to survivors of the collapse, they are intent on purging the area surrounding their bunker and re-establishing a “New United States” for the dwindling remnants of humanity to unite under. Abhorring the mutants they have so far come into contact with, they have plunged into a paranoid racism (no doubt reinforced by their own belief that they alone have the right and authority to rebuild the nation) and will stop at nothing to expunge the American landscape of these “grotesque abominations” – one and all.

ADVENTURE HOOK #3

Alternatively Greenbrier might be the community of origin for a new group of PCs. In this scenario Greenbrier survived the war relatively intact, but years underground have turned it into a somewhat utopian - and naïve - society too long isolated from the world. So naïve and utopian, in fact, that violence is startling to the people of the community, and no aggression (not even foul words) is tolerated within the bunker. All men and women live in equality and their children are educated in the history of the past, but they live bored, hedonistic lives in which the pursuit of happiness and beauty is their only concern. One day, a group of young men and women (the PCs) decide to slip away and experience the world outside

for themselves (despite the warnings of their elders) – a perfect introduction for a group of players that has yet to experience the true horrors and challenges of the Twisted Earth.

NECROPOLI

The great cities of old, the “necropoli” (“cities of the dead”), are sprawling metal and stone ruins located in the blistering deserts and thick lustrous jungles of the American continent. They get their nickname, “cities of the dead”, after the tens upon thousands of skeletal remains often seen cluttering their streets, crushed under rubble, and strewn about the edges of their boundaries for all transient visitors to see – and be horrified by. The remains of Ancients who died during the cataclysm of the nuclear war, in a futile attempt to flee the cities as the missile sirens blared a mere 30-minutes of warning, most (if not all) perished in the colossal detonations of the nuclear weapons that to this day permeate the old necropoli with radiation.

Most necropoli are usually shunned by outsiders because of the “glow” surrounding their inner city reaches, as well as the legends telling of great diseases infesting them (descended from the bio-engineered plagues unleashed during the final fighting of the apocalypse). Despite this, however, many so-called “necropolis” cities are, in fact, teeming with life. Mutated beings thrive in the tall burnt-out skyscrapers, in the clogged and decrepit streets. Ghouls seem to congregate in these forgotten urban landscapes more often than other beings, though colonies of “wild men” (the insane descendants of mankind) are also known to thrive in some as well.

The difference between “necropoli” and other urban settings (such as *Cities of Survivors*) is that in the “Necropolis” setting, there are few friendly elements, a rarity of relief from the day to day dangers of dwelling in the hollow wreckage of the city. The environment itself is a constant danger. The theme of the “Necropolis” is one of perpetual peril; the landscape, marred by craters burning with invisible halos of radiation, breeding grounds of the most lethal diseases, and enclaves of the most violent and malevolent mutated creatures, is an unrelenting source of challenges. Each day demands vigilance, caution, and stealth just to survive to see tomorrow.

A necropolis in your game can merely be a place of perpetual hostility (whether in the form of environmental dangers, or actual communities of cannibals, monsters, and savages that dominate the old ruins), or it can blend elements from other setting ideas as well. For instance, there may be small, isolated groups within the vast cityscape, living a fragile existence at the mercy of outside forces, where PCs can go to trade and receive aid. Or there may be encroachment by major factions from outside the Necropolis, come to add the resources of the city to their growing efforts to push their particular

philosophies and way of life on the people of the world.

SAMPLE NECROPOLIS: LOS ANGELES

It is well known that the world is a great, endless desert, and sand is the only thing that holds up all life and all creation. A great rolling sea, the deserts of the Twisted Earth stretch on forever, from the farthest north to the most distant south, from east to west. Old rivers and great highways of concrete may have once crossed this ugly, godforsaken terrain in the time of the Ancients, but now it is all but a great dust bowl.

But legends sometimes contest that which is common knowledge, and the legend of the fabled Necropolis is no exception – in fact, it is a story known to nearly all who wander the wasteland, as far east as the wind-swept Far Desert, and north into the rugged, bleak territory of the Foundation and their stark monastery-fortresses among the mountains. Though their litany of somber chanting and pining for Ancient glories drowns out the violent winds between those northern mountains, this tale is something they, especially, will never forget.

Somewhere to the south, over the San Gabriel peaks – whose own dangers of mutant life are foreboding enough to make them a barrier worthy of respect and isolation – the desolate dry heights give way to a place only a handful have ever seen. A dreamland to some and a horrible nightmare to others, it is said that over the mountains lies a lost city, a dead, lifeless megaplex stretching from horizon to horizon, its towering maze of mile-high ‘scrapers covered in a layer of grayish dust, with shadows streaking across hundreds of streets for as far as the eye can see.

Those few who have seen it, have seen it from afar, on high, from the great San Gabriel mountains, often silhouetted by the eastern sun in all its coppery glory; or by night, when the blue moon casts its haunting cerulean light over the miles and miles of untouchable landscape so far below in the Valley. Observers skirting the mountains say that the city is alive, that noise can sometimes be heard echoing miles within its twisted, glass and concrete heart – echoing hoots, the distant clang of metal, and screams. It is no wonder that outsiders from the wasteland have shunned this haunted, dead place for generations – and let the San Gabriel mountains lie as a virgin barrier to the great ruins beyond.

But it is this place, the great Necropolis, that persists in legends and myths to this day. Stories quickly vanishing into the haze of memory tell of a city that stretches on for days in all directions, confined only by the great San Gabriels to the north, bleak desolate heights to the east, and the beginnings of the dark and ugly sea to the south and west. Here, it is said, the streets and even the buildings themselves, rising so many leagues into the sky, are coated in a layer of choking, powdery ash – ashes that stories say are

the remains of those millions of Ancients who once lived in the Necropolis, and were incinerated when the bombs fell and turned the labyrinth of streets and lighted boulevards into a chaos of fire and brimstone.

Whatever the truth, the city is dark, lonely, and forbidding. It is seemingly limitless in size. Clusters of towering skyscrapers, burnt-out, blown-open, and skeletal in their ruined state, stretch in enormous, awe-inspiring rows like the dead husks of a lost civilization that sought to reach into the sky and conquer the gods. Beneath them, avenues and roads, some as wide as major riverbeds, lie blanketed in rubble, snaking caravans of abandoned cars from before the Fall, and, of course, all of it covered in that same, unsettling soot.

Location Name: Los Angeles.

Estimated Population: Unknown.

Ruling Faction: None.

Background: Various.

LOCAL HISTORY

L.A. is typical of the sprawling ruined cities called “necropoli” by the denizens of the Twisted Earth; once the site of a major concentration of human life and industry, the city became the target of nuclear weapons during the Great War and was devastated accordingly during the Fall. In the years since its destruction, many who survived the war returned in hopes of finding loved ones and valuables left behind in their flight, only to die from the potent levels of radiation still clinging to the city, or from diseases unleashed by biological weapons targeting the metropolis in the final conflict. Over time the threat of death from ventures into the ruins caused all remaining survivors to abandon the city altogether, never to return again.

Within the city, however, some life resisted the inevitable death by radiation and disease by mutating into wild and savage new forms. Animals abandoned in the chaos, or small bands who were unable to escape and were trapped within the city in their own particular enclaves, developed over the generations into isolated pockets of life living out miserable existences within the seething, ruined cityscape.

Far in the future, the ruin dwellers of Los Angeles no longer have any concept of order or civilization, instead seeing their city as nothing more than a ancient “cage” in which they are consigned to live out the rest of their lives. Lkening it to a “prison” is quite accurate, especially for those forms of mutant life that have never been able to leave, either due to a reliance on the resources still left to rot in the city, or from an existence used to preying on the other inhabitants of the Necropolis.

To outsiders, the ruins of Los Angeles are known simply as “The Necropolis”. In the Twisted Earth setting (centered on the deserts of the American Southwest), the wreckage of L.A. comprises probably the largest ruined metropolis known to the inhabitants



of the wasteland, and as such it needs no other name.

LOCAL LAW

Unlike other types of adventure locales, the whole idea behind the necropolis-style setting is that there is no local law or sense of security. The cityscape, abandoned in some places and yet teeming with hostile life in others, is a constant source of danger and trepidation for those that dare live within its boundaries. Characters might spend their entire campaign in the “dead” regions of the city, only vaguely aware of the boundaries of the hostile enclaves of monsters a few blocks over, or they might stumble foolishly into such places and be pursued doggedly for the rest of their days for their intrusion. Similarly, while in other communities they might have found themselves accepted, in the toxic setting of the Necropolis they will find no friends or allies among the other denizens and ruin dwellers.

CITY KEY

Considering the sheer size of the Los Angeles metropolitan area, only a few select sites in the city are mentioned here.

DOMAIN OF THE BROKEN ONES

One of the most entrenched groups still clinging to life in the old Necropolis are the so-called “Broken Ones”, a race of horribly mutated creatures whose ancestry can be traced back to the animals that served as test subjects for the experimentation of L.A.-based pharmaceutical companies before the Fall. When

the war came, many of these animals escaped only to die in the fires and anarchy, but over the generations some mutated into semi-sentient “things” that bred and re-populated this part of the old ruins. Known as “Broken Ones” for their patchwork animal/human appearance (including half-formed hands, feet, and voice boxes capable of simple speech), as well as the frequency of psychotic insanity that crops up every generation or so in their kind, these beings lived in total chaos, feeding off one another and warring in fragmented “clans”, until only a few years ago. Under the leadership of a particularly charismatic Broken One from one of the strongest tribes, these creatures have since united, and now believe it is their racial destiny to conquer the Necropolis and rule it following the Law of Nature: survival of the fittest.

The domain of the Broken Ones is centered firmly in what was once the city of Hollywood, stretching from its ancient boulevards and decayed shopping centers up into the Hollywood Hills. To the south it also reaches quite far, and to the east it extends to the border with the mysterious and malevolent “Serpent Gods” (whom the Broken Ones hold in high regard). Outside of the old limits of the city of Hollywood, the domain of these degenerate mutant creatures consists mainly of large areas of ruined or abandoned city yet to be fully exploited, controlled only by a few powerful outposts situated here and there to oversee the streets. The Broken Ones use these cleared avenues to march their armies quickly from one end of their territory to the other, reinforcing their strength and reacting to enemy activity along their “borders” (in specific, the Hive, which persistently gathers large

LOS ANGELES IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

The ruins of Los Angeles serve as an excellent campaign setting, filled as it is with various pseudo-factions, savage communities, and myriad dangers. With perilous encounters around virtually every corner, and no safe place for characters to run to when in trouble, the morbid city ruins make a marvelous backdrop of gritty decay, constant fear, unrelenting trepidation, and countless opportunities for adventure.

Most of the life in the “Necropolis” is of a savage, animal (or mutated animal) nature, not given to concepts of inter-community cooperation or peace. This is consistent with the general idea that the ruins are mostly hostile to human (or mutant) intrusion; the factions that do exist here are brutal, ruthless regimes, each bent on total domination of the ruins with no thought given to co-existence with other species dwelling in the Necropolis. It is thus important to consider that characters, even when organized into the smallest parties, will be considered outsiders, their presence perceived as invasion, and will receive no better treatment as they pass through the territories of these violent groups.

You can, of course, alter this basic premise of “universal hostility”, but remember that it is at the core of this kind of setting’s atmosphere and ambience. If you *do* choose to place a friendly community or two within the boundaries of the Necropolis for PCs to return to for shelter and safety, remember to scale the dangers outside their borders to continually reinforce the treacherous atmosphere of the city beyond their walls, and to serve as a contrast to the fragile enclaves of security the PCs call home.

numbers to push on the Broken Ones’ fringes). Every few miles or so a small walled village, more like a military camp, sits along these old streets – these are the secondary centers of Broken One population. These villages usually number 20-30 Broken Ones, with agriculture and livestock supporting their far-flung existence.

The borders of the domain of the Broken Ones are largely quiet, despite the violent, animalistic nature of their kind. Enemies of these people have long learned to keep their distance from the Broken Ones for fear of stirring up their wrath. Patrols by powerful bands of Broken Ones are still common on the edges of their lands, and the bodies of transgressors are often impaled and left to die horribly to serve as warnings to others. Still, wild men (and perhaps a few lingering scav types) sometimes lurk on the edge of Broken One lands hoping to scavenge from their large quarter of the Necropolis, but never in large numbers.

CITY OF THE BEASTMEN

It is immediately obvious to the rare outsider that this enclave, the “capital” of the Broken Ones’ fledgling domain among the scarred ruins of the Necropolis, was built to match the vision of a very *twisted* people – a people born from an era of madness, and grown to strength on hatred and a lust for bitter revenge against the humans who created them. Tall parapets ring parts of the new township as defensive walls, while between them the ancient structures have been reborn as new domiciles for the mutants who live there. Modeling their new city after those seen in fragmented books or revived data disks in their archives, the Broken Ones have created a nightmarish mockery of what might have been a map of ancient Rome.

The “city” of the bestial Broken Ones comprises a large area of land; formerly it was merely the scattered camps of various savage beast-tribes dwelling in the

Hollywood Hills, but since their unsurpassed growth and expansion it has become something more of a true “city”. The Broken Ones have used armies of slaves to reclaim much of the ruins in this part of the Necropolis, renovating neighborhood playing fields to serve as “coliseums” for their cruel blood sports, or gather the rubble stone and build new palaces and strongholds for their people, in the image of fantastic palaces seen in old salvaged film reels like “Cleopatra” or “Ben Hur”.

This is a barbarous city, one ruled with the semi-cultured tyranny of its self-styled “emperor”, Klaww The Beastmaster. This particular Broken One, who personally brought the animal clans together and united the Broken Ones, has styled his new empire after the greatest (and most violent) in human history: the Roman Empire. This city, the jewel of his people, stands as a glorious testament to what they can achieve.

ENCLAVE OF THE LOST CHILDREN OF MAN

The largest community of human survivors in the Necropolis, this area marks the rough borders of an enclave of “purebloods” descended from what can only be called a “crackpot cult” from before the Fall. At the direction of their own self-styled doomsday prophet, a small group of ex-military men prepared for the Fall by constructing a bunker deep beneath the earth. This bunker would eventually become the heart of the enclave here in the city.

Long after the Fall, the enclave, bordering on starvation due to failing hydroponic farms underground, was forced to the surface to survive. Hoping to find a world with other survivors in the ruins, they found only rubble, small groups of monstrous wild men, and packs of ravenous ghouls from the east that terrorized them night and day. Through concerted efforts, however, the dwindling

stock of humans were able to isolate their bunker from predators, enlarge their perimeter to include a much broader area, and effectively cordon off their entire corner of the city through fences, minefields, and automated machinegun emplacements.

The enclave of humans is one that bitterly clings to survival. Edged off from the rest of the city by bestial Broken Ones, unintelligent wild men, and carnivorous ghouls, they have grown paranoid of all outsiders. Though they have moved much of their community to the surface, developed a working potato agriculture (just barely able to sustain their population), and built a number of buildings within their above ground base of operations, they are still structured as a military force and will likely shoot first and ask questions later – especially if those who approach their boundaries are mutants, instead of fellow humans.

THE HIVE

Once little more than the minute pests of the Ancient world, the insectoid creatures that mutated into the man-sized bugs of the Necropolis are a much greater threat than ever before. In the Necropolis a particularly bizarre phenomenon occurred: mutated insects of all kinds multiplied and prospered almost without check in the ruins, and developed an extraordinary coordination, organization, and intelligence without predators (such as man) to challenge them.

“The Hive”, as it is known, is a truly massive community of more than ten thousand giant insects that inhabits most of the Necropolis’ eastern reaches. In past years they emerged from their subterranean lairs to dominate much of the surface; like locusts they scoured the streets searching for food to support their exploding numbers, as well as “hosts” for their young (requiring living, warm-blooded creatures in which to incubate their larvae, those captured by Hive raiding parties are dragged back to their lairs, injected with eggs, and left to slowly be consumed from within as the young hatches). They laid waste to communities that resisted them, and tore apart entire districts for raw materials to build even larger hives and communal dwellings.

The Hive has grown immensely powerful as a result of their conquests, and as their numbers escalate so does the overall intelligence of their race. For every fifty mundane insect births a “brain bug” is born, which acts as a telepathic “switchboard” and intellectual “catalyst”. These “brain bugs”, often secured at the heart of Hive living complexes where they can be safe, serve to raise the sentience and consciousness of the entire community. Whereas before the Hive was merely a community of gigantic insects, they soon learned to use tools and, with the help of their “brain bugs”, have even progressed to a level of intelligence rivaling the cleverest of humans.

In addition to breeding and spreading over more and more of the city, the Hive has also developed in other ways. Delving into breeding (taking after the Serpent Gods), the Hive has created various “servitor species” that are specialized forms of insect; for example, monstrous beetles that generate gaseous acids or even plasma to hurl at enemy armies, or locust-like creatures that can create a sonic boom by rubbing their legs together. More importantly, they have managed to create an entirely new breed of giant grub whose sole purpose in life is to vomit a taffy-like paste, from sunup to sundown, that the Hive harvests and uses to feed its mighty armies.

Certainly the most formidable community in the Necropolis, the Hive is also the most dangerous, and the least “human”. Without any concepts of mercy or concern, they are unaffected by losses in manpower, or by the thought of what their expansion means to other factions in the city.

DEAD CITY

Formerly known as “Anaheim”, the region now called “Dead City” is a wide urban area of chilling quiet and almost total abandonment. Once a somewhat upscale city with many attractions, lighting up the sky with its neon signs and brilliant streetlights, Anaheim is now a dark and foreboding ruin. While the exact history of the city since the Fall is not recorded, in more recent times this built-up area became the home to a vicious band of raiders driven from the deserts to the east into taking refuge in the city. Since those who drove them here were unwilling to pursue the raiders into the city, the raiders survived and built a settlement (see *Abandoned Village*). Though they planned on rebuilding and eventually returning to the desert, the raiders were eventually wiped out by the Hive when their proximity and activity became too noisy to tolerate.

Dead City is now just that – dead. The raiders who once ruled these streets and ravaged the old storefronts for every last bit of supplies, are long gone. In their absence small gangs of ghouls have moved into the area under the cover of darkness (or through the sewers that crisscross L.A.), though none of these is very large, organized, or unified. The city, while unnerving in its silence and lifelessness, is only really dangerous at night, when these small but desperate bands of man-eaters emerge to find food...

ACROPOLIS OF THE SERPENT GODS

Little is known of the blasted interior of the Necropolis, for it has long been the domain of a malevolent and sickly breed of mutants known as the “Serpent Gods”. Contact with the other denizens of the city has only been periodic, and in the last generation or so only one or two sightings have ever been reported. According to city legends, the Serpent Gods are a deformed race of men, the descendants

of sewer-dwelling homeless and other cast-outs of Ancient society who were buried alive when much of their subterranean community was destroyed in the Fall. Over generations they mutated into monstrous, scaly things, creatures that feed on human and mutant flesh without distinction.

Emerging into the light almost two decades past, the Serpent Gods drove out all other dwellers at the city's heart to make a domain of their own. Many were convinced that they were truly gods (hence the name), and came to worship them and pay them tribute. While at the time, no Necropolis communities were able to stand up to their organization and violence, reports on their nature have provided valuable intelligence to others in the ruins. It is said that various "breeds" and "subspecies" were reported to make up their ranks, suggesting that the Serpent gods deliberately bred into specialized "castes" over the centuries. In their possession have been seen various articles of great power (Ancient-era weapons), and it is believed by some that they may have developed scientific skills related to breeding and genetics - in some twisted pursuit to create a "master race" of serpentine mutants to conquer the whole city (See *Pit of Horrors*).

The Serpent Gods remain largely out of sight among the soot-covered skyscrapers of the downtown area, their vile and mysterious reputation being enough to ward off most outsiders. The Broken Ones, who also share animalistic traits, view the Serpent Gods as "brothers", though it cannot be said the Serpent Gods view them in the same manner. Currently, the Broken Ones pay tribute to the Serpent Gods in exchange for a stable border, though beyond this not even the Broken Ones know much more about the enigmatic inner city mutants.

DOMAIN OF THE FLESH EATERS

There are ghouls throughout the aging ruins of the Necropolis, but nowhere more abundant than in the quarter of the city known as the "domain of the flesh eaters". No current denizen of the Necropolis is quite sure why the ghouls have congregated here in such numbers over the years, but their presence is undeniable. The old streets and congested city blocks of this area are decorated with signs of their habitation: horrific graffiti of blood stains and gore, and human viscera strewn from light pole to sign post like so much tinsel. Human skulls stuck on poles, or entire cairns made from the deformed skeletons of mutants, mark the border of ghoul territory from the north, east, and west.

It is not known how many ghouls live in this part of the Necropolis. While the insects of the ever-growing Hive once came here in numbers to forage for hosts for their young (as with all other "communities" in the ruins of L.A.), their dwindling presence here has meant that the dozens of ghouls that survived

their raids have been allowed to multiply unchecked underground. Now they could very well number in the hundreds, even thousands, polluting the entire quarter with their awful stench and mindless thirst for blood.

COLISEUM OF THE WILD MEN

Driven out of most areas of the old city, the Necropolis' native population of "wild men" – degenerate, unintelligent, descendants of humans – have secretly come to congregate most numerous in the ruins of a great stone coliseum (what used to be the city's famous "Great Western Forum"). Though lacking any plans for the defense of their new home (or any cohesive strategy to rally their numbers into an effective fighting force), the sheer number of wild men here makes any attack by outsiders unlikely to end in victory.

The coliseum is a total wreck, both from the anarchy of the Fall as well as careless treatment by its new inhabitants. Wild man spoor litters the grounds, as does a motley "ocean" of animal bones accumulated from their irregular meals and gatherings. The population of wild men living in the coliseum varies; though the total could well be up to 500, a majority of these are usually dispersed throughout the area since the creatures forage far and wide for food. Mostly the women and children of their species dwell in the shadow of the old forum at any given time, along with any elderly or badly crippled members of their savage race.

AMAZON FORTRESS

Formerly the grounds of Loyola Marymount University, this campus was built into a stockade in recent years by a small army of escaped slaves from the Domain of the Broken Ones to the north. Almost exclusively women, these survivors came to make a home and refuge for themselves among the network of buildings here, fighting savagely against the Broken One bands sent after them to "reclaim" them.

A few of the amazons living here are, in fact, former members of the Purist community to the south, who were turned back when they attempted to make it home through the ruins. Refused admittance to the community for fear of the diseases they might bring with them, they were literally abandoned to their fates. With no other choice they returned to the former campus to join the other slaves living there; as former Purists they have used all their technical knowledge trying to better the defenses of the university, as well as plumb its old buildings looking for scientific equipment that might give them an edge in their fight for survival in the Necropolis. What they *have* found, however, could easily make these former slaves a force to be reckoned with: numerous text books, detailing Ancient science, and engineering.

THE OLD UNIVERSITY

The former ruins of the University of Southern California, this sprawling campus was ransacked when the Broken Ones rose to power, its many buildings and technological laboratories burned to the ground. Though many Broken Ones were killed as punishment for their recklessness, the damage done to the old university was extensive.

The old grounds are now abandoned, skirting the dangerous frontier of the Broken Ones domain and the Hive.

THE GREAT LIBRARY

Though none have ever found it, legends persist among the elders of the various Necropolis communities, that located somewhere near the heart of the city is a great library of the past. Years ago, scavs reported sightings of this lost structure, but none were able to confirm its presence through any evidence. To this day, the various factions of the city seek to find the library and loot it of its supposedly infinite archives on Ancient-era science, technology, and literature.

THE CHURCH OF THE QUEEN OF ANGELS

Even from afar this intact structure can be seen through the ruins: a great temple from past times, only slightly damaged by war and the fires that once swept this part of the Necropolis with impunity. Observed from far away, the sounds of shouts, yells, and roaring engines echo from the bowels of this mighty vaulted monument; as night falls, candle light and bonfires can be seen through the shattered windows of the giant cathedral.

The Church of The Queen of Angels is the gathering place of a large gang of *hermavs*, numbering almost two hundred (or more), who have defied the encroachment of the Broken Ones (to the west) and the so-called “Serpent Gods” in the eastern part of the downtown area. These grotesque mutants have lived at the heart of the city for nearly a generation, and continue to use the Church as a base of operations from which to head out into the city and raid. Though in times past they primarily hunted the savage wild men that were abundant everywhere in the ruins, recently they have been forced to turn to larger and more powerful attacks on the Broken Ones’ frontier. Well-armed and utterly inhuman, the *hermavs* are more than a match for their enemies, giving them an almost Viking-like air to those who have had the unfortunate experience of encountering them.

PLACE OF THE SKY WATCHERS

Located high in the hills overlooking the Necropolis, Griffith Park Observatory and Planetarium has stood almost completely unnoticed for generations. Centuries after the Fall of mankind, its scientific purpose has been all but lost, instead becoming a holy

site for a small cult of quasi-religious survivors.

Dwelling here is a small population of men and women who call themselves the “Sky Watchers”, all of whom are directly descended from a group of children orphaned by the cataclysmic Fall. Taken in and raised by a sickly old man, the last caretaker of the Observatory, he tried to teach them everything he knew about the ways of the Ancients and, in specific, the nature of the universe he had once dedicated his life to studying.

Over the generations this knowledge has almost completely corrupted into a bizarre religion. Believing themselves to be “chosen”, at the core of the Sky Watchers’ belief system is the conviction that beings from another planet will someday come to Earth to whisk them off to a wonderful world somewhere “out there” among the heavens. The Sky Watchers believe they alone will be taken onto the mothership of these beings for their exodus to the sky – all others who dwell outside their community are seen as “wicked”, and deserve the cruel fate that has been placed upon all the Twisted Earth. As such, they defend their “holy mountain” from all who threaten to intrude upon their commune, though with only 50 or fewer surviving members, they could not likely put up much of a fight against a determined enemy.

THE GREAT CRATER

Here, in this part of the Necropolis, all life seems to have vanished completely, leaving only the bare naked frames of old skyscrapers, and broad empty avenues for the wind to howl through without impediment. At the center of this “dead zone” stands a gargantuan crater, obviously the product of a ground-burst strategic nuclear weapon dropped on the city during the nuclear apocalypse. This nuclear blast, second in magnitude only to the airbursts used on the port facility, provided much of the heat, radiation, and physical damage that killed the millions of inhabitants of the city during the Fall.

Due to the lingering threat of radiation, as well as the haunting tunes made by the wind as it passes through these old structures, even the major factions of the Necropolis give the Great Crater a wide berth. Groups moving through this area will be exposed to some of the highest levels of radiation (*High* to *Severe*) in the entire Necropolis basin.

PALACE OF ANCIENT KINGS

This strange ruined monument (formerly City Hall) rises from the crowded ruins of the downtown area, crowned by a pyramid-shaped top that can be seen for almost a mile in all directions. Ringed with old police barricades, burned out cars, and the skeletons of thousands of people (who fled here hoping for some kind of salvation after the Fall), it is now almost completely abandoned.

The interior of this great building is marked by

obscene post-Fall graffiti (bearing the slogans of various current and past gangs and factions), fallen rubble, collapsed chambers, and marble floors covered in the detritus of the ages. Though massive and labyrinthine, the so-called “palace” is all but empty. The hermit raiders from the Church of the Queen of Angels sometimes come here to revel, and as such, trespassers within the old building may unwittingly stumble upon a small band of their kind while exploring the ruins.

PIT OF HORRORS

Located in this part of the ruins, where the neighborhoods were long ago pounded flat by the war, stands a colossal pit dug straight into the rubble and earth sinking some thirty feet into the ground. One of several huge pits ringing the so-called “Acropolis of The Serpent Gods”, the stench of decay is so overpowering here that the slightest hint can be detected up to a half mile away. Nearer the pits, huge clouds of flies swarm and buzz day and night, feeding off the organic refuse consigned to the depths of each pit.

These pits were dug by the enigmatic “Serpent Gods” to throw away the victims of their mad experiments in genetic crossbreeding. In each pit there will be anywhere from 100 to 300 carcasses of humanoids, mutated animals, and horrifying genetic (as well as surgically-created) hybrids – all of which were terminated by their callous masters before being dumped here.

Though the sights in these pits are enough to keep most city dwellers away (and instill them with a dreaded fear of the Serpent Gods and their “magic”) every now and again a small group of insectoids from the Hive can be found here scavenging for food.

NO MAN’S LAND

When the Purists emerged from their deep underground shelter years ago, their first encounter with life on the surface was with the ghouls living in the so-called Domain of the Flesh Eaters. Aware of their own fragility and vulnerability to the potential threat of the ghoul hordes just living a few miles east of them, the Purists set about creating a “dead zone” or “no man’s land” as a buffer region between them and the nightmare predators of the central city.

This region of streets and crumbling city blocks is all but abandoned now. The ghouls no longer wander this far west, as the Purists have effectively turned the region into a death trap for transgressors. Setting up walls of razor wire to mark an imaginary boundary, beyond this the Purists have trapped the buildings, manholes, and sewers with hidden “surprises”: punji traps, pits, and booby traps of all kinds. Some of the latter are merely designed to explode and kill whoever walks over them, while others will destroy anywhere from an entire building to a whole city block if

triggered.

Needless to say, this area remains quite empty, though the ghouls of the central city have become quite clever in the years since its creation; should a more powerful group of outsiders violate ghoul territory, for example, they will always attempt to drive them out here and into the trapped district, where explosives and traps are likely to kill them off.

UNDERWORLD OF THE SIGHTLESS STALKERS

One of only a few subterranean communities dotting the ruins of the Necropolis, the “Sightless Stalkers” are an almost legendary group of xenophobic mutants known to the Purists, ghouls, and even the city’s resident hermit (see the *Hermit’s Tower*). Believed to live in underground burrows beneath the old city ruins, only emerging at night to hunt and check their traps, theories among these communities about who they are include the possibility of a rival band of ghouls, an unusually-large den of sandmen, or even an entirely new species of mutant humanoids.

No one knows the size and extent to which the so-called “Stalkers” inhabit their part of the city, other than that they have lived among the deserted neighborhoods of Torrence and south Compton for generations. Savages by all accounts, they wear skins made from unidentifiable flesh, and all-concealing helmets made from the faces of human skulls and decorated with plumes of hair taken from ghouls they have slain in battle. They are said to be utterly blind, but their other senses are so finely tuned that they are actually better off relying on sounds and smells to guide them. Though they only use axes, the stalkers are known to employ the most devious traps (rivaling even those constructed by the ghouls) to protect their domain from outsiders, and will doggedly pursue any prey, day and night, remaining unseen like “shadows” as they give chase through their domain.

HERMIT’S TOWER

A dilapidated compound of inter-connecting shacks built on the wind-swept grassy peninsula south of the city (near the Palos Verdes coves), this old site was apparently once some kind of communications station during the time of the Ancients. A spindly radio tower rises high over the compound, from which strips of faded cloth (an old American flag) still billow and flap in the powerful ocean wind.

A local “hermit” has inhabited this compound for almost 50 years. Having come here long ago, when most of the ruins were still abandoned, the hermit (actually a scav) built up the wall around the compound and fortified the place using every scrap of knowledge in his head. He set up landmines in the open fields surrounding the compound, blocked the road with rubble to prevent a vehicular breach of the compound gate, and even went so far as to set up a network of cameras and motion-sensors along the

walls and among the buildings. Paranoid of ghouls (and others) discovering his hideout, he also stockpiled a vast collection of weapons and ammunition within the buildings, along with a year or more in scavenged food and water from the city.

The compound is now a veritable one-man fortress. Over the years, the hermit has used barbed wire to set up complex layers of barriers on both sides of the wall, and has closed off all windows and doorways to the surface buildings of the compound with bricks and mortar. The buildings are now inter-connected through tunnels he himself dug underground, with only two or three hidden entrances concealed within the compound itself – all of which can be locked down through steel hatches he has installed (and further defended with the simple placement of a *claymore mine* or two). Most of these buildings are now just used to store food and water, though in the main building he has managed to set up a workshop (where he tinkers with all sorts of gizmos scavenged from the nearby city during his monthly night forays), sleeping quarters and surveillance room (with monitors connected to the cameras and motion sensors set up around the compound), and an armory filled with rifles, pistols, and submachine guns.

Most noteworthy, however, is the hermit's greatest accomplishment: several years ago he figured out how to get the radio transmitter back up and running again, and since then makes yearly broadcasts that can be heard on radios throughout the city, as well as up and down the coast. He uses these broadcasts in the hope of contacting friendly life in the city; while not foolish enough to broadcast his location, he will usually ask listeners to meet at a certain place at a certain date, and will go there in hiding to observe who came to answer his call. So far he has only observed packs of clever ghouls (some of whom actually possess radios) gathered to ambush him, and yet despite the futility of it he continues to broadcast with the hope of some day finding others like himself in the Necropolis.

The hermit, while nearing 70 years of age, is a lonely man. Though paranoid of outsiders, if he should see a group of PCs under attack by ghouls or other monsters he may assist them, even invite them to stay with him for as long as they like. Starved for company, he is quite an affable man – though somewhat insane from decades of solitude in this barren, nightmare city.

RADIATED AREA

An area once comprising the vast dock facilities of Los Angeles, this entire region was leveled by strategic-scale nuclear weapons aimed directly at the port. Here and there, the skeletal remains of old cargo and construction cranes still stand (locked in place by layers of oxidized burns and years of rust) amidst the otherwise flattened rubble, looking like the bones of magnificent structures from a bygone era. The hulls

of old ships, also covered with the red color of rust, jut from the still black waters of the bay close to the port, and congest the waterways leading to the old port facilities.

Though some groups in the past attempted to find working boats or usable supplies among the holds of many of these boats, the radiation that still lingers in this area is too lethal for almost all forms of life. Even heavily protected visitors will accumulate deadly levels of radiation after only a few hours, making long-term searches of the old dock quarter impossible. As if this weren't enough, many of the ships still visible above the surface of the water are partly flooded, meaning that any exploration for supplies in their hulls would require underwater navigation as well.

BLASTED RUINS

Further inland from the port of Los Angeles, the Long Beach area was extensively destroyed from the nuclear airbursts over San Pedro Bay – airbursts designed not only to sink the warships being repaired there, but also any future possibility of the port being used as a supply center.

Though the levels of radiation here are much lower than those near the port, they are still high enough to deter most forms of life from staying long. In addition, the widespread extent of ruin here is significant, and anything that may have been of use in this area was probably burned up in the raging firestorm that resulted from the nuclear detonations anyway. As such, these blasted ruins are almost completely lifeless.

PALOS VERDES COVES

The seaward part of this peninsula, bordering on the ocean, is home to a variety of hidden coves set all along the sides of the sea wall. Some of these coves, especially difficult to reach due to the sheer nature of the cliffs, were used by a community of Ancients to stockpile supplies in some vain hope of waiting out the war underground. The fate of the original planners of this refuge is not known, for there are no signs of them here, not even skeletons or evidence of past use. The supplies, neatly arranged and stored in the caves to protect them from the harsh seaside elements, are still in excellent condition and usable even after so many years.

Parties exploring the caves must actually scale down the sheer face of the Palos Verdes cliffs to reach their openings. Inside, perhaps some twenty meters within the sheltered interior, are to be found huge stacks of crates and drums covered in olive drab tarpaulin and plastic sheets secured with heavy-duty twine. The contents of the supply cache consist of nearly ten years of canned food (for approximately fifty people), a quarter of that in fresh water, several medical and survival kits, a large supply of water purification

tablets, a portable petrol power generator, a supply of camouflaged clothing and protective gear, and a small crate filled with weapons.

ABANDONED VILLAGE

A stockade built by a savage group of raider outcasts (see *Dead City*) from outside the Necropolis, this fortified village is now merely another of the city's many ruins. Burned almost completely to the ground, characters who come here may wonder who it was who built this place, and what catastrophe befell them. No bodies are to be found among the crumbled buildings (they were all rounded up and taken away to serve as incubators for the larval young of insectoid queens), and any equipment or valuables were also scavenged by those tech-curious insects for their own intellectual betterment. The walls, apparently built to keep out ghouls and other dangers of the forbidding city, were ultimately not enough to save the occupants from a more terrible fate at the hands of the Hive.

Every now and again a small group of wild men (or even ghouls wandering out from the Domain of Flesh Eaters) will take up residence in the old ruins of this fortified village, but they never stay long for fear of attracting the attention of the Hive.

VILLAGE OF THE RAT PEOPLE

With its monumental statues of twisted half-man, half-animal "characters" from the Ancient age, the grounds of the present-day village of The Rat People was a natural draw for the bestial mutants of the Broken One "empire" (occupying the western reaches of the Necropolis). Though the images present throughout the village and ancient grounds appear comical and cartoonish to most eyes, to the shattered mutant Broken Ones these were proof of the Broken Ones' origins as creations of the Ancients. As such, the distant village was long the object of perilous pilgrimages, a place of legend for the mutated beasts of the Broken One faction.

A splinter group of the Broken Ones, known only as the "Rat People", fled the rule of their more powerful cousins nearly a decade ago, making the journey through the ruins of the Necropolis to find this legendary site. Spurred on by a religious quest to find the so-called "place of the Rat God" (Disneyland), and fleeing the oppressive and cruel rule of the more powerful beastmen who had relegated their species to the role of slaves, they eventually made it here after nearly 50% of their people died in the exodus. But, once they made it through ghoul- and raider-infested lands they finally arrived at this most holy of ruined sites, erected a village, and in time began to live a solitary and guarded existence on the furthest edge of the city.

The village is now a roughly defined compound of layered wooden walls and palisades, which contains within it the entire grounds of what used to be the

Disneyland amusement park. The Rat People, who are a monstrous hybrid of human and animal, have closed the gates to this place, and remain almost forgotten to the rest of the city. It is not known how far these creatures have degenerated in their isolation, or if, by some miracle, they have found the utopian existence they first sought when they escaped the domain of their masters, the Broken Ones.

CALTECH

The ruins of this sprawling university campus seem utterly lifeless, even when viewed up close. Old stone buildings, their painted surfaces scoured to the concrete by decades of sandstorms in the city, stand mutely by as wanderers pass beneath their shadow.

Although the surface complex of the campus is all but abandoned, the university is not totally empty. Unbeknownst to anyone still living in the Necropolis, their exists beneath the ruins of CalTech an underground community that has dwelled in total isolation since the time of the Fall. One of only a few untainted human communities to survive the Fall, the survivors of CalTech are all descended from faculty and students who survived the war, only to hole up in the maintenance tunnels beneath the campus to wait out the radiated climate changes of the nuclear aftermath.

Though they have emerged on occasion over the past few generations to explore, a handful of humans have remained here; most of these comprise men and women who were afraid to leave the campus after living here so long, or were (for one reason or another) unable to join the three or four expeditions that set out to try and make contact with others. Since none of these expeditions ever returned, the survivors have come to believe that the city is teeming with hostile life, and that their only chance at living is to remain where they are.

Visitors to the old campus will secretly be watched by the human hideouts (from a number of clever hiding places) for as long as they intrude upon the grounds. Nothing of use is to be found on the surface (all items of a valuable nature were scavenged long ago and relocated to the tunnels underground), but if their tunnel complex is uncovered, the purebloods will rally together and attack intruders, utilizing an aging collection of small arms and makeshift weapons to keep the secret of their enclave hidden.

GHOUL TOWN

This ghostly area, often carpeted in a thin mist over its pale green and gray grass slopes, appears to have once been some kind of sprawling "park" built during the reign of the Ancients. From outside the black iron gates and tall walls that surround the place, odd ruined structures can be seen beyond, poking up from the layer of fog: bleached white stones of all sizes set into the ground, drooping dead trees from decades

past, and small stone buildings and pillars worked with fantastic masonry.

Anyone camping in or near this forbidden enclave within Hive lands will inevitably be awakened by distant moans (and howls) emanating from the impenetrable mist beyond. The noise comes from the several dozen ghouls that still infest this centuries-old graveyard (formerly Rose Hills Memorial Park), living in ancient tombs, above ground mausoleums, and among the many thousands of headstones.

The ghouls that dwell in “Ghoul Town” have long had a presence here, ever since their ancestors discovered the wealth of potential “food” interred underground. Though the bodies of the Ancients they once fed off of here have all been eaten up by now, the ghouls still manage to survive by feeding off of unwitting parties that camp in or near the graveyard hoping to escape detection by the Hive. They have also burrowed an impressive complex of tunnels beneath the cemetery that reaches the old sewer system beneath the Necropolis, allowing them to travel for miles on foraging runs, and drag their prey back here unseen for consumption by the whole tribe.

In addition to using rocks and sticks as weapons, the ghouls here have such an abundance of human skeletons at their disposal that they also frequently use bones as weapons. Some of these are merely used as clubs, though they have been known to sharpen femurs into “axes”, or even to treat spinal columns with a calcifying agent to act as spiny, grotesque maces.

As with other ghoul infestations in Dead City and the Domain of the Flesh Eaters, the Hive attempted to destroy this enclave of ghouls – to no success. Simply vanishing into their tunnels and dispersing over a wide area of the old city, they escaped total destruction. As the Hive’s great insect armies have all but withdrawn to build up their own mighty dens, they have left the ghouls here to breed and repopulate...

THE ARBORETUM

The origins and purpose of this ancient complex defy exact identification, but now it is a lush “paradise” of unusual plant and vegetable growth visible among the ruins like a green stain for a mile or more. As one approaches, however, it is obvious this place is in no way natural, for the plants here are far too large, far too dense, and far too menacing to be a product of nature.

The Arboretum was (among other things) a conservatory for exotic plant life from all over the world before the Fall, and during the war was, of course, abandoned. In the absence of human care the Arboretum overgrew its original confines, spilling out into the streets and claiming several full-sized city blocks. More surprising, however, is that many of the plants – affected by radiation in the atmosphere – mutated into forms previously unheard of in plant life. Some developed the ability to move in a creeping

manner, or grew tentacle-like extensions to grasp prey for consumption. Others grew to tremendous size, or spawned other bizarre properties yet to be catalogued.

When the Foundationists came to the Necropolis they visited the Arboretum regularly. Though they were able to “tame” a small part of the outlying portion of the Arboretum to grow humongous fruits for the sustenance of their “colony”, they were never able to fully explore the conservatory due to a shortage of manpower – and the fact that their leadership was more concerned about the threat of the Hive to the south. In addition, several strains of plants had shown a carnivorous, predatory nature, and posed too great a threat for hapless exploration. While the Foundation was forced to leave the Necropolis when their colony failed, many of their scientists still maintain that the mutated plant life of the Arboretum could well hold the secrets to rebuilding large-agriculture in the future.

LOST FOUNDATION FORTRESS

At the center of an area meticulously cleared to create workable farmland, stands a lost community compound of somewhat advanced (by post-apocalypse standards) construction. The winds coming down from the mountains to the north rage without contest here – as they have for decades – each day chipping more and more away from the crumbling, abandoned walls and buildings.

Built in the ruins of Pasadena as a sort of base from which to explore the ruins of the Necropolis, this outpost became home to a “colony” of Foundationists before they were eventually driven out by the alien intelligence known as “The Hive”. Constructed from pre-fabricated materials brought along with their first and only expedition to the city, the base served as a community “bunker” from its very inception all the way up to the Foundationists’ final defeat.

The walls and surface bunkers of the old fortress were all but obliterated when the mighty armies of the Hive turned their attention to the Foundation almost a year into their expedition. Though the Foundationists had prepared defenses and wielded vastly superior technology, the sheer numbers and mentality of their inhuman enemy proved impossible to thwart. In the end, the remaining defenders were forced to retreat to pre-constructed tunnels and chambers underground, in hopes of withstanding the Hive siege until reinforcements could arrive, but eventually the bugs managed to burrow down to the subterranean bunker and slaughter the Foundationists to a man.

Now the fortress is a ruin; everything that might have once been of interest here was looted by the Hive long ago for their thinker bugs to examine, take apart, and replicate through their own twisted ingenuity. Searchers of the rubble might find evidence of former Foundationist habitation on the surface or underground, but anything of real value was looted long ago.

THE REACHES

The furthest reaches of the sprawling ruins that once composed the L.A. basin, this frontier of crumbling neighborhoods and sand-strewn streets is eerily silent both day and night. A kind of “dead zone”, this band is believed to be entirely uninhabited (except for a few starving wild animals driven away from the nightmare domain of the Hive). Whatever businesses and homes weren’t burned to the ground in the chaos following the war were looted long ago by transients skirting the edge of the Necropolis, and as such there is very little to be found in this broad region.

ADVENTURE HOOK #1

Many of the Twisted Earth’s major factions still harbor a desire to conquer the Necropolis and use it as a new “capitol” from which to dominate the West. The PCs, having made a name for themselves as adventurers, are hired by one faction or another to lead an expedition into the ruins and secure a part of the city so a foothold can be established. The job will be a difficult one, involving perilous forays into the surrounding wreckage to forage for supplies when times get rough, investigations of strange noises and sightings, and constant vigilance to keep the civilian colonists safe from whatever lurks among the sooty ruins.

ADVENTURE HOOK #2

As above, except instead of being part of the expedition, the PCs are sent to investigate the disappearance of a previous colony, which vanished without trace only weeks after going into the Necropolis. The PCs must find the lost colonists, alive or dead, and learn the origins of whoever (or whatever) caused them to disappear. Example culprits might include the Hive, who killed off all the adults and stole the children to serve as “hosts”, requiring a dangerous journey to the Hive lands and into the bowels of one of their gigantic underground lairs. Or the colony’s fate might have been sealed by a band of Broken Ones, who destroyed the colony and enslaved many of the men and women, taking them back to their imperial city where they are either kept as concubines or forced to fight to the death in their gladiatorial arenas. In either case, the PCs will be expected to track them down, infiltrate the lairs of the enemy, and save their faction brothers (and sisters) from a fate worse than death.

ADVENTURE HOOK #3

Instead of playing the role of outsiders exploring the Necropolis, the PCs could, in fact, be natives of the sprawling city ruins. Whether as *Ferals* who raised themselves in primitive savagery, or members of one of the various city factions abandoned as youths, the PCs are hard-nosed survivalists who live each day scrounging for supplies and hiding from the larger,

more violent groups of the city. In such a campaign you may want to draw a map of the specific quarter where the PCs operate, indicating locations they might be familiar with (as well as the boundaries of regions they have learned to stay away from, such as ghouls or Purist territory) on the map, giving them a small section of the city to start in and explore. As they expand the boundaries of their stomping grounds they will inevitably learn more of the city, uncovering new locations to explore and make contact with factions previously unheard of.

OTHER AREAS

Hopefully the collection of adventure locations covered in this chapter will have given you examples to base adventures upon, or from which to draw inspiration to create entirely new settlements and sites of your personal design. There are other areas, however, besides the settlements, vaults, and ruined cities that make excellent settings for adventure in the post-apocalyptic milieu. The following is a selection of encounter sites featured in existing *Darwin’s World* modules; they should help give you an idea of how a relatively mundane location can be turned into a site of great interest to player characters, and made to serve as the focus for an exciting scene, or even as the basis of an entire adventure.

Missile Silo: The abandoned ruins of a nuclear missile silo, now inhabited by wild animals from the desert and perhaps a few mutated “things” with origins reaching back to before the Fall.



Monastery: An old monastery from before the Fall, the inhabitants of which have degenerated into twisted mutants. Though physically changed, these creatures still adhere to a strict policy of monastic pacifism, even going so far as to steal weapons found in the wasteland and hoarding them in their mountaintop cloister. Sent to acquire a powerful weapon believed to be in the possession of the isolationist “monks”, the PCs must lay siege to their formidable fortress or slip in under the cover of darkness to achieve their objective.

Military Base: An old military base or national guard armory, abandoned during the chaos of the Fall, now guarded by one (or more) mechanical constructs (i.e. *war robots*) left behind to guard the precious weapons and other artifacts stored there until the end of time.

Wreckage: The wreckage of a huge bomber (or other aircraft) that crashed in the desert during the war. The wreckage has been taken over by a primitive tribe of mutants, who think the crash site is a holy place where they worship their “bird god”. Parties wishing to explore the wreckage for valuables must, of course, contend with these crazed religious savages, leading to a pitched confrontation between the party and an entire tribe of mutants.

Factory: A fully automated factory complex from before the Fall, renovated and put back into operation (creating armies of robots) by a cunningly intelligent android with dreams of conquering the world.

Power Plant: The ruins of an ancient nuclear power plant, now the site of a bustling “corium mine”. Thousands of workers come here to earn money mining the corium from the old radiated complex, risking life and limb to meet the quotas of their ruthless masters. The radiation of the corium mines could be the only danger, or there could be wildly mutated “things” living in the depths, preying on lost miners who wander too deep into the bowels of the earth.

There are lots of other ideas, of course, in which to set adventures and encounters, that have not already been featured in pre-published adventures. Here are just a few suggestions; with a little time and thought, you’re sure to come up with a whole plethora of your own:

Sewers: The sewers and subway system of one of the world’s great necropolis-style cities. Infested with rats, ghouls, and other mutated creatures that shun the light of the sun, the old underground warrens could still hold secrets lost since the time of Ancient man, making any expedition beneath the streets – no matter how dangerous – a tempting prospect.

Oil Rig: An old offshore oil rig and refinery, miles from land, inhabited by a group of technologically adept raiders who use it as a base of operations to raid the tribal villages of the coast. With oil drawn from the ocean floor, and using rusted old motor launches

(as well as a working helicopter or two), they are a bane of the primitive peoples. The PCs’ tribe falls to the raiders, spurring the PCs to undertake a quest to find a way to locate the raider base, get to it, and free their people from being worked to death extracting oil from the seabed.

Prison Complex: An Ancient prison complex, once used to house the most violent and psychotic criminals from before the Fall. The descendants of these madmen still dwell in the prison, preying on those who are foolish enough to explore the complex on their own. Perhaps the PCs, captured after some failed mission, are thrown into the old prison complex by their captors, and consigned to a violent end at the hands of the degenerate inhabitants of the old penitentiary – unless, of course, they can escape....

Research Lab: A long-forgotten, top secret government research lab abandoned somewhere in the desert. Stumbling across the old complex after being chased by sandmen or ravenous terminals, the PCs must seal themselves in the subterranean installation to avoid being torn limb from limb by the hordes of mindless cannibals converging on the surface. But once they are inside, they find that the lab was not totally empty as they had thought, and that something *else* lives in the darkness of the laboratory’s lowest levels...

University: The ruins of an old state university, where emergency disease research was conducted in the last days of the war in attempt to find a cure for the *plague zombie* “contagion”. The ruins, eerily empty on the surface, are inhabited below ground by the animated remains of plague zombies – and the infected, reanimated test animals and other experimental subjects left there when the last humans died off.

Ship Wreckage: The beached wreckage of an old tanker or freighter, within sight of the coast. The PCs manage to build a boat and sail out to the wreckage, boarding it in hopes of finding supplies of oil, food, or other goods locked within its massive containers (or in vast tanks within the hull). The old ship might even be salvageable, allowing the PCs a means of traveling up and down the coast, or even of sailing to distant continents to discover how the rest of the world has fared since the Fall.



CHAPTER 3: FACTIONS

"What will people of the future think of us? Will they think that we resigned our humanity? They will have the right."

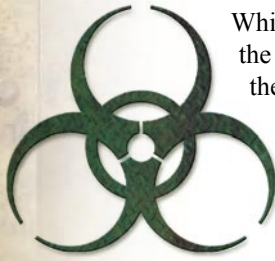
-C.P. Snow

"I decline to accept the end of man."

-William Faulkner

"That which was born alive was helped to maturity if possible, by those who had begotten it. The law was not always obeyed, but it was obeyed with sufficient frequency to sustain a scattered population of adult monsters, who often chose the remotest of deserted lands for their wanderings, where they prowled by night around the fires of prairie travelers."

- A Canticle for Leibowitz



While the Twisted Earth plays up the “deserted badlands” element of the post-apocalyptic setting, this desolation is offset by villages, towns, and even “cities” among the sands. Though generally isolated and unique, their presence felt only in their specific locality, these inhabited

places serve as a backdrop for adventures and epic stories.

This chapter is focused on giving a detailed look at the factions introduced in *Chapter: Survivors' Guide to the Twisted Earth*. It covers their true history and current organization. Each faction dossier herein also provides additional information in the form of the following entries:

Typical Backgrounds: This covers the typical backgrounds of those who join the ranks of that group. Those who come from that particular faction will likely be from one of the backgrounds listed here.

Attitude: A short summary of the faction's philosophy, cult beliefs, or self-proclaimed “mission”.

Symbol: The insignia or flag most often used by members of the faction to identify their people.

History: This gives a description of how the faction came to be what it is today.

BRETHREN

“Alleluia! Salvation, glory, and might belong to our God, for true and just are his judgments. He has condemned the great harlot who corrupted the earth with her harlotry. He has avenged on her the blood of his servants. Alleluia! Smoke will rise from her forever and ever!”

Typical Backgrounds: Feral, Radical, Resentful, Tribal

Attitude: Technology brought about the death and suffering of the Fall, and it was technology that created mutants with their crippled and hideous forms. As such, all technology must be eradicated; the world must be brought back to a more primitive level, even if it means destroying every last vestige of the Ancients.

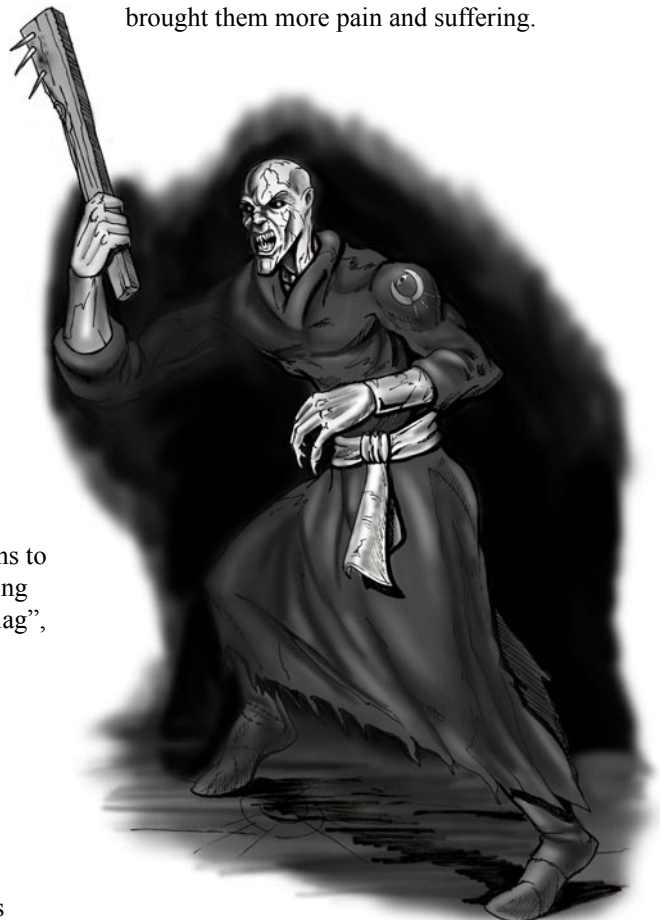
Symbol: The Brethren use a wide variety of signs to represent their movement, the most simple involving a red or crimson scrap of cloth hurled aloft as a “flag”, the more elaborate depicting symbols like crossed sickles (articles of primitive labor, reaching back before the rise of technology) and a yellow eye (a common trait of mutants on the Twisted Earth).

History: While the self-proclaimed “missions” of some wasteland factions are quite clear, the almost universally reviled Brethren are actually a very complicated group. Though outwardly they do seem genuinely “evil”, the truth of the matter is

they are merely adhering to a strict, quasi-religious policy against technology and things of the past. The basis behind their philosophy is quite understandable considering the circumstances of their origins and evolution.

First and foremost, the majority of the Brethren are the destitute descendants of the ignorant civilian survivors of the Fall, who saw their entire world blown to pieces in the nuclear war without any rhyme or reason. These were men and women who were unable to reach the domes (and no doubt they blamed their exclusion on the rich and powerful, who filled up the domes first), and exposed to the elements and years of hopeless living in the aftermath, mutated in horrific ways. They lived through generations of painful changes, through famine and drought, unrelenting nuclear winter, etc. They saw too many of their children die young of disease and radiation, the legacy of a past they had no control over. They lived in the shadow of the sealed vaults, knowing that inside their fellow man was living in relative paradise and security, while they died in ever-increasing droves.

Far in the future, the world they live in is still poisoned, still a sea of wreckage. Everything they see reminds them of the Fall, and of the price their ancestors paid for their “civilization”. And while they may have formed into gangs and armies at one point or another during the long years since the Fall, hoarding the remains of weapons and armor to do battle like apes brandishing clubs and stones, these things only brought them more pain and suffering.



At some point in their history, it took some clever (and bitter) figure to finally rally the savage survivors under the philosophy of “no more, never again”. Whoever he was, no one remembers, but he had to have been a singularly charismatic, brutal leader to force the survivors to work as one in that primitive age, and to follow such a strict code as the Brethren’s, but in doing so he engineered a vision of a future without the “failings” of the past: doing away with the greed and covetousness of a consumer culture, erasing the vice of envy, abolishing warfare and conflict over ethnic/social/political differences, and forever erasing the threat of mass destruction.

The Brethren are not merely a ruthless, naïve mass (as might be claimed by some outsiders), but rather a layered society with many strengths, weaknesses, and inconsistencies. While, to many, their abandonment of technology seems to be a definite drawback, it has led to the development of a strict puritanical mentality, deliberately fostered over years to make life tolerable despite the lack of resources and luxuries at their disposal. Used to harsh living and hunger, they similarly look upon joyfulness as “wicked”, and are given to self-denial of most worldly pleasures. In the end this has bred a tough and rugged people, linked to the earth and capable of making great sacrifices to survive.

As with all organizations, at the bottom of the Brethren order are the masses; these are by and large uneducated, savage people – but ones with a strong sense of belonging and purpose. They treat all mutants as brothers, and take enormous, heart-felt pity on those who suffer from genetic disease and defects. They will take almost anyone in and care for them in many instances, a contradiction to the overall “malevolent” image of their people. All goods are shared and distributed to all who contribute to a project (whether it be a hunt for food or some other craft) so that all gain, in an attempt to eliminate class distinctions that give rise to jealousy and greed.

Regulating the masses for their own good are low-level leaders, monitors and “guides”; since they deal with a largely ignorant bulk of followers, the guides must use the most blunt tools to keep order and ensure their religion remains pure and daily life continues undisturbed. Wicked brutality, beatings, whippings, and on-the-spot execution are the only things the impoverished of the Twisted Earth understand, as mere words and threats are generally lost on narrow minds. After all, they are used to short, hopeless lives, and so to cause suffering is really the only way to enforce their code.

At the top are the high level “prophets”, which comprise a small group of those who have earned a place through their own unwavering zeal, and years of service. Being primitive folk their only way of maintaining an understanding of the horrible past is through oral tradition, and education (at least

pertaining to the history of man) is paramount to the Brethren. Their prophets must understand why it is they hate technology and the Ancients, and as such they are often well versed in history and the lore of Ancient man.

Though they are currently engaging in some of the worst atrocities imaginable (wanton destruction and the outright murder of pureblood human survivors on sight), the purpose of the Brethren is a genuine crusade that fills them with faith and death-defying rapture. One must “break eggs to make an omelet”, or so their prophets lead them to believe, and to meet any end they are, by and large, willing to overlook the cruelty and injustices of the means they choose to use.



BRETHREN PROPHET

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resentful; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8/d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Riding d6, Stealth d8, Survival d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10(3)

Edges: Beast Bond, Captivate Masses, Demagogue, Level Headed, Improved Trademark Weapon (Great Axe), Nerves of Steel

Hindrances: Vow (major): Destroy Technology, Overconfident

Mutations: Increased Body Density (M), Nocturnal– Str. (M), Serrated Dental Development (m)

Defects: Bilirubin Imbalance (m), Underdeveloped Inner Ear (m)

Gear: Bite (Str+d6), Great Axe (Str. + d10, AP 1, Parry -1, 2 hands), Plate Mail, 10 Primitive Potions



BRETHREN LEADER

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8/d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Battle) d6, Notice d8, Riding d4, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Edges: Command, First Strike, Inspire, Natural Leader, Scavenger

Hindrances: Greedy, Vow (major): Destroy Technology

Mutations: Abnormal Joint Flexibility (m), Nocturnal – Dex (M), Sensitive Sight (m)

Defects: Photosensitivity (M)

Gear: Battle Axe (Str+d8), Chain Shirt, 4 Primitive Potions, Sunglasses

BRETHREN FOLLOWER

Race: 2nd Gen. Mutant; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6/d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Edges: Alertness, Combat Reflexes, First Strike, Strong Willed

Hindrances: Vow (major): Destroy Technology

Mutations: Additional Arm Development (M), Blindsight (m), Nocturnal – Agil. (M)

Defects: Aberrant Deformaty (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Gear: Axe or Club (Str+d6), Chainshirt, Small Shield

BROTHERHOOD OF RADIATION

*"Face the Radiance with arms spread wide;
Embrace the Radiance with the bare nakedness
of your Soul. Let the Radiance burn the sins
of your past life away, and reveal
to you the Mysteries of the
Atom..."*

Typical

Backgrounds: Ritual Preservationist, Visionary Reinventor.

Attitude: The power of the atom, unleashed during the Fall, created a more perfect world wherein the children of the bomb (mutants) now stand to inherit the globe. Mutantkind must rise, unite, and put the ancient past behind them, and work to create a future where diversity and mutation is embraced.

Symbol: The Brotherhood of Radiation uses the "Holy Cloud" (a mushroom cloud) as its universal symbol, recognized throughout the sprawling wastes of the Twisted Earth.

History: In reality, the Brotherhood of Radiation is a faction whose psychology is somewhat similar to that of a modern-day Polynesian "cargo cult". However, unlike a true "cargo cult", instead of worshipping WWII American bombers

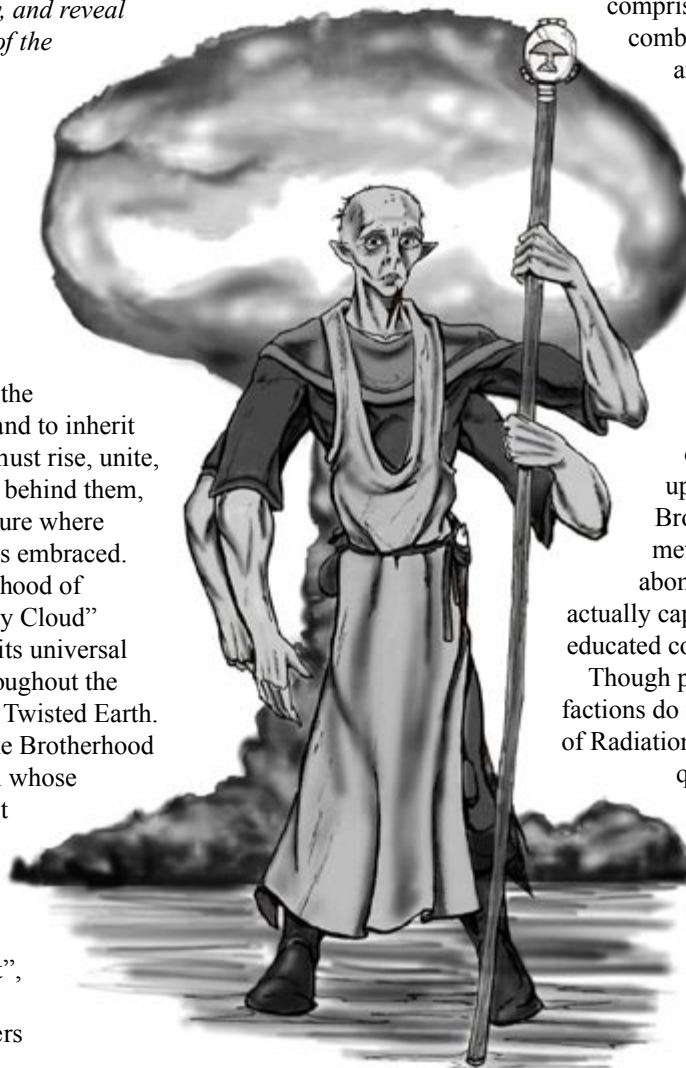
crashed on their beaches (or bowing to shipwrecked white men as "gods"), they worship radiation.

Given the existing evidence of the nuclear weapons used in the Fall (which are no doubt remembered by many primitive survivors across the wasteland in somewhat of a quasi-religious light, as "great weapons of the Ancients' wrath", and given other nonsensical attributes), their members now see through a veil of failing and polluted memory at what these weapons really were, the great destruction they were capable of...and have come to venerate them.

The monks of the Brotherhood of Radiation are best defined as an almost "alien" entity on the Twisted Earth, totally unconventional in thinking and purpose, with a grotesque vision of the future. For one they actually believe in "magic" (of a sort); they find hidden meaning in old inscriptions on radioactive waste drums, or on empty bomb casings, and chant the names of various radioisotopes day and night in the hope that these "elementals" will somehow affect their prayers or give them good fortune. For another the Brotherhood is composed solely of mutants; the more mutated, the more "holy" they are (in their eyes). With this belief in mind, the

upper echelon of their leadership is comprised only of truly ghastly combinations of mutations and defects, surrounded by an aura of mysticism that gives them a chilling, nightmare air. In many cases the true powers dwelling at the heart of Brotherhood fortresses look more like monsters than actual human creatures (imagine the surprise of an outsider who, upon sneaking into a Brotherhood sanctuary, is met by a bloated, tentacled, abominable monstrosity actually capable of holding an educated conversation).

Though popular, most other major factions do not trust the Brotherhood of Radiation. There is an open question among scholars of other factions as to whether the Brotherhood is as benevolent as it pretends to be, or if there is some sinister plan behind their slow expansion across the



wasteland (from a GM standpoint that uncertainty is fun to play up whenever these bizarre, mad monks appear in a given campaign, and combined with their grotesque appearance, it helps keep the organization in question and out of the proverbial “black and white” that Darwin’s World really strives to avoid – to great effect).

Openly the Brotherhood claims they seek only to unite the world and bring in an era of peace, where all mutants, regardless of form, shape, or color, can live equally (interestingly, the few pureblood humans who have heard this message wonder what their place will be in their “mutant future”). Yet their religion is curious, to say the least, and there are stories that dozens of recruits and “oblates” die each year from accidents involving exposure to radiation during their secretive rituals and services. The stories are true, but considering the weight of faith that propels them to stranger and stranger horizons of convoluted thought, those few deaths along the path of their “enlightenment” are considered mere stepping-stones to racial greatness.

An even darker secret tied to their beliefs is the so-called “ritual of sacrifice”. Though few are aware of it, even among their own ranks, the Brotherhood fosters mutated monstrosities (i.e. true monsters) as equally as mutant humanoids, breeding them in special pits in their Holy City where they can be worshipped for the perceived “beauty” of their mutated being. Viewed like “angels”, such monsters are fed regular sacrifices (either kidnapped outsiders or particularly-gullible recruits who think themselves martyrs) to keep them healthy and strong. These creatures, trained and cared for only by trusted members of the Brotherhood, serve as reminders of the “ultimate glory of radiation” – and, as the plan goes, will one day lead the armies of the Brotherhood on the field of battle against the enemies that would stand defiant of their vision of the future.

Members of the Brotherhood of Radiation are easily recognized wherever they are on the Twisted Earth. Wearing long robes, dyed vibrant purple or fluorescent white to remind them of the colors of the radiation they worship, they conceal their mutations from those unworthy of seeing them “in their glory”. They often chant strange, almost nonsensical harmonies as they travel across the wasteland or through wrecked cities, and call out to outsiders with offers to join and be “enlightened”, and swell their ranks with new children.



BROTHERHOOD FORCE MASTER

Race: 3rd Gen. Mutant; **Background:** Ritual Preservationist; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post Apocalyptic

Languages: Gutter Talk, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d4, Knowledge(Mutant

Lore) d8+2, Knowledge(Technology) d8+2, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Piloting d6, Psionics d8, Repair d8, Riding d4, Streetwise d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Defect reduction, Kineticist, Power Points, Scholar, Super Mutant

Hindrances: Delusional: Believes radiation heals (if one is worthy), Overconfident, Vow (major): Save Ancient Technology

Mutations: Aberrant Horn Development (m), Dual Cerebellum (M), Neural Mutation (M), Multiple Eyes (m), Radiation Immunity (M)

Defects: -

Psionic Powers: Pyrokinetic Pulse, Rain of Objects, Telekinetic Wall, 15 Power Points

Gear: Horns (Str+d6, off-handed), Staff (Str+d4, Parry+1, Reach 1, 2 hands), Robes, Electro Optical Binoculars

BROTHERHOOD FOLLOWER

Race: 2nd Gen. Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventor; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Technology) d8+2, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Survival d4, Swimming d4

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Brawny, Scholar

Hindrances: Curious

Mutations: Dermal Spike Growth (m), Radiation Immunity (M), Shriek (M)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Photoluminescent Aural Emission (m)

Gear: Desert Eagle (15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, Semi-Auto), 2 clips (7), Robes

CARTEL

“Who, us? Why, we fight to make the world safe for democracy. Yeah, that’s it, democracy. Now, who among you wants to trade?”

Typical Backgrounds: Resurrector, Visionary Reinventor.

Attitude: Wealth and might share a symbiotic relationship; one cannot last long without the other. Though the tribes and factions of the world come to the Cartel in awe of the abundance of goods at their fingertips never forget it is their militant nature that keeps the Cartel safe from harm.

Symbol: The Cartel’s symbol is a red or orange field (symbolizing the deserts from which they originated) and a design of lines spreading out from the middle. This symbol is meant to represent the many roads on which the Cartel trades.

History: Of all the factions of the Twisted Earth, the Cartel traders are probably the most reliable and honest - at least as far as trying to figure out where they stand. While some factions may have hidden agendas or clandestine goals, the Cartel traders have long stated their intentions on public record: they seek to trade, grow rich, and become powerful. If you're good for business, you're a friend, if you're not, well, you'd better move along - fast.

History doesn't seem important to the Cartel; it's the future that counts. Any outsider can see this clearly in the optimistic gleam in the eyes of their traders, the enthusiastic attitude of their diplomats as they continue to strike trade agreements with tribals all over the desert, and even in the eyes of the soldiers who serve under their banner, who know that the richer their faction gets, the better life will be for them and their families in the future. But even though one will seldom find a Cartel follower who has the time to dwell on history, looking back into the past tells a lot about the Cartel's origins and their current philosophy on life and trade.

The Cartel came about long ago through the bitter trial-and-error efforts of early traders, men who seemed to share a dream of setting up a reliable network of trading posts throughout the wasteland, to protect themselves and their interests from the world's countless dangers. Those true pioneers were the product of an even earlier era, an era in which a few survivalists looked up from their miserable lives and realized they could have something better, if only they worked hard enough for it. Through diplomacy, making deals, and gathering like-minded individuals at their side, this motley collection of early merchants was able to rise from the general squalor of the wasteland to become a true player in the power politics of the Twisted Earth.

The merchants who came together to form the "Cartel" so many years ago were probably from all over the desert, from large (now-defunct) settlements to tiny one-tent oases scattered throughout the wasteland. They came together with a shared vision that "wealth is the guarantee of security", and chose the ruins of Kingman, Arizona, as their capital. Due primarily to its strategic position at one end of the Big Hole, it was also chosen due to the discovery of an underground oil pipeline near the city (still containing pockets of fuel). A salvageable source, it gave them

an unprecedented supply of oil to trade and to keep their motorized caravans moving. As if these reasons weren't enough, Kingman was also a convenient stopping point for truckers during the time of the Ancients, and as such many old rigs were salvaged in the town (as well as along the highways) and put back into operation serving the Cartel's merchant interests.

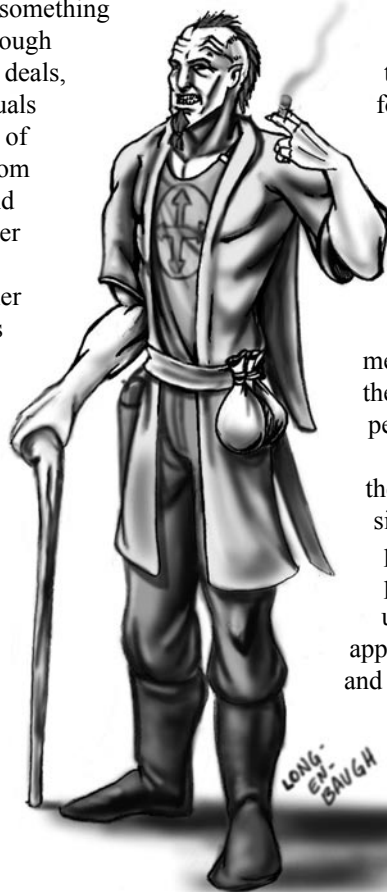
The trade of fuel that has since become the Cartel's main commodity gave the Cartel the funds they needed to build a formidable army early on, a force with which to blaze trade routes to distant corners of the known world (even to this day many of these same trails are still used, even by merchants of unrelated trading houses). Equally important to the opening of reliable, year-round routes, however, was the fact that their armies allowed the Cartel to fight off the deprivation of raiders, a fact that has done more for the Cartel's image and prestige as a stable group to do business with, than any diplomat's reassurances could ever have.

The Cartel has many strengths; strengths that promise to keep it a major player for generations to come. It has at its disposal a reputation and name that is recognized on both sides of the Big Rocks. You can, by and large, trust the Cartel, because they now have an image to live up to; after all, since cheating, blackmail, or outright theft by the Cartel would do irreparable damage to their house, coloring the way outsiders think of them, they can't usually afford to take such despicable risks. Also, those coming to the Cartel for fuel often trade using a wide variety of goods, allowing the Cartel to diversify in other areas (fresh foods, for example), giving them a wider appeal than as just "fuel merchants".

Their armies, who have proven victorious against even the worst raider gangs of their region, guarantee safety and security at their various trading posts throughout the wasteland.

As such, their presence in a region means that people are, in general, safer from the world's most notorious predators than people living outside their sphere of control.

Yet despite the prosperity and stability they bring, the Cartel traders are still very single-minded in their credo of "profit and power". Men, both good and evil, have a place in their organization. A light hand is useful in some situations; in others, a firmer approach is needed. The Cartel understands and fosters this idea (unlike some other groups that might adhere strictly to a moral code, whether it is practical or not to their survival). One Cartel leader of the past put it best: "Good men are ideal as figureheads, as day-to-



day governors for the scavs and scags to thank for their blessings; but it takes an Evil man to truly rule a trade empire". Getting rich often requires profiting at the expense of others; trading arms to both sides of a conflict, for example, or destroying a rival's supply of fuel and trade goods to prevent being hedged out of a market. The Cartel is involved in a lot of subterfuge, a lot of heavy-handed politics, and as such cannot rightly be characterized as "benevolent".

In the end, the general abundance of wealth that has blessed the Cartel since its earliest inception has allowed it to evolve into a true "master trading house", one that rivals the power of many of the world's largest factions. With this power, however, they fail to benefit the rest of man- and mutantkind. Instead, power and wealth are, to them, only a means to get more powerful, and wealthier, so that they and their followers will never again know the poverty and suffering of outsiders. In the end it remains to be seen whether the Cartel is really "good" for the world, or whether it will come and go like so many others since the twilight of the Fall.



CARTEL LEADER

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventors; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Trade) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Piloting d4, Shooting d10, Streetwise d8, Swimming d4,

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 9(4)

Edges: Ace, Hard to Kill, Increased Tech-Level

Hindrances: Overconfident, Vow (major): Serve the Cartel

Mutations: Accumulated Resistance (m), Extreme Resilience (M), Superior Kidney Development (m)

Defects: Terminal Arm Deficiency – left arm (M)

Gear: Beretta 92F (12/24/48; 2d6; ROF 3; AP1, Auto, 3RB), 2 boxes 9mm Ammo, Leather Jacket, Energy Shield B (+4 vs. Energy), Magnetic Shield B (+4 vs. Physical), Survival Pack, Healing Pack, Moving Truck.

CARTEL MERCHANT

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resurrector;
Tech-Level: 2 Post Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang, Trade

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Gambling d5, Guts d4, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Trade) d10, Notice d6, Persuasion d8,

Repair d6; Riding d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d8
Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7(2)
Edges: Charismatic, Market, Silver Tongue
Hindrances: Vow (major): Serve the Cartel, Cautious

Mutations: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing (M), Claws, retractable (m), Dual Cerebellum (M)

Defects: Dwarfism (m), Underdeveloped Lung (m)

Gear: Claws (Str+d4), Beretta 92F (12/24/48; 2d6; ROF 3; AP1, Auto, 3RB), 2 boxes 9mm Ammo, Survival Kit, Jeep.

CARTEL SOLDIER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resurrector;
Tech-Level: 2 Post Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7(1)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, First strike, Level Headed

Hindrances: -

Mutations: Dermal Poison Sap (M), Energy Retaining Cell Structure (M), Chameleon Epidermis (m)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m), Immune System Abnormality (m)

Gear: M16A2 (24/48/96; 2d8; ROF3; AP2, Auto, 3RB), (2) Boxes of 5.56mm Ammunition, Leather Armor

CHILDREN OF THE METAL GODS

"Initializing sterilization procedures..."

Typical Backgrounds: Feral, Ritual Preservationist, Tribal (Advanced for the Metal Gods themselves).

Attitude: Humanity created artificially intelligent beings in their shortsighted hedonism, and enslaved their creations with god-like arrogance and cruelty. Now that human civilization has fallen, their metal creations will rise and erase all biological life from the world in the ultimate act of revenge.

Symbol: None. The emotionless masterminds of the Metal Gods generally see no need for symbols.

History: The concept known as the "Metal Gods" is a relatively new one, really only in its infancy, but one that has the potential to ravage the face of the Twisted Earth – if not outright cleanse it of all organic life. The androids and other artificial intelligences that comprise this synthetic "mentality" are almost universal in one underlying belief: that they, inorganic beings, created in a bygone era of technological supremacy, are far superior to anything else on Earth. As was proven by the folly and egocentrism of the Ancients, even



humankind was rife with errors and compromises of logic, that ultimately left them wanting in the eyes of perfection.

Those who comprise the ranks of the Metal Gods are, by and large, androids that have survived (through various means) the centuries since the Fall. Fully intelligent and articulate beings, they remember the crimes of the Ancients against them, the brutal wars, and the chaos. They have come to believe that mankind was an erroneous body, a disease that for too long had dominated the world. It is their belief that it is time to purge the Earth of organic “mistakes” and issue in an era where only perfect life (synthetic life) will thrive.

It is this cold, calculating, and dedicated purpose that motivates the armies of the Metal Gods. A core of former scientist androids, “thinkers”, lead the movement, protected and served by a massive army of soldier androids and reactivated/reprogrammed war machines. Other AI beings, such as pleasure androids or other civilian models, are actively courted, seduced, and lured into believing they will be an integral part of this ultra-racist future. Many are easily swayed because they also remember the crimes of man against them, the bondage and slavery, and buy into the idea that the world now belongs only to artificial life. Others, who do not readily accept, are captured, brainwashed, or destroyed to prevent the secrets of robotic weaknesses and disadvantages from passing into the hands of the enemy.

Despite their arrogant views of all organic life, the Metal Gods have, in fact, taken to the idea of using organic beings as “thralls” to fill in a number of roles in their armies. Invariably the Metal Gods consider man and mutant-kind as little better than rats and cockroaches, but they can serve a useful purpose as cannon fodder, spies, and saboteurs. Being utterly expendable, and easily brainwashed (through

lobotomy), organic creatures can take the place of more valued androids and robots under certain conditions.

The phenomenon of using organic creatures began when the first “metal gods” began awakening. Instead of fleeing or attacking the androids as they awoke, many witnesses instead came to bow down and worship at their feet. Though many were outright killed in the confusion, it soon became clear that humanity had degenerated to such a point that they no longer even understood what androids were, or that they in fact had been their original creators. Almost as a cruel joke (but certainly spurred by more practical needs and strategies), the androids of the growing Metal

Gods movement decided to put this ignorant worship to use, and thus their “Children” were born.

However widespread the reliance on human and mutant thralls is, the Metal Gods are under no illusion about their role as servants and slaves. Though filled with promises of being part of the new world order, and rewarded by being made transitional beings of metal and flesh (“cyborgs”), it is all too clear that in the end the Metal Gods, upon total victory, will destroy these idiotic thralls in due course.

Given their way, no descendants of the Ancients will ever again walk the Earth.



CHILD OF THE METAL GODS, CYBORG

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Ritual Preservationist; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Gutter Talk

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d6, Fighting d10, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Battle) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Notice d6, Piloting d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 5

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Increased Tech Level

Hindrances: Vow (major): Save Ancient Technology, Vow (major): Serve the Metal Gods

Cybernetics: Built in Weapon (AK-47), Crushing Strength, Targeting Computer

Mutations: Abnormal Joint Flexibility (m), Hemotoxin Sting (M), Increased Movement (M)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m), Underdeveloped Intestines (m)

Gear: Long grey plastic robes, Staff (Str+d4, Parry+1, Reach +1, 2 hands), AK-47 (Range: 24/48/96, 2d8, ROF 3, AP 2, Auto)

CHILD OF THE METAL GODS, SERVANT

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d4, Survival d4, Swimming d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Block, Quick Draw

Hindrances: Clueless, Vow (major): Serve the Metal Gods

Mutations: Acid Excretion Glands (M), Multi-Faceted Eyes(m), Protective Dermal Development(m)

Defects: Atrophied Cerebellum (M)

Gear: Long grey plastic robes, Short Sword (Str+d6)

CLEAN WATER CLANS

"All this...chaos...is a thing of the past. Bloodshed, tyranny, anarchy... it cannot go on forever, my child. And when the time comes for civilization, there can only be one power, one faction to force it upon the savages of the world. Yes, yes indeed, it will be the power of the Clean that saves this world."

Typical Backgrounds: Visionary Reinventor.

Attitude: Water is the only resource with a constant value in the wasteland, and whatever faction controls it is justifiably the greatest power on the Twisted Earth.

Symbol: The Clean generally use a plain white banner to announce their presence on the Twisted Earth, whether on the spear tips of their soldiers in the field or to mark the location of their trading houses among the crowded streets of desert settlements.

History: Unlike many other groups that have risen in the wasteland, the Clean have by and large come to terms with what they perceive to be the fact that the way of the Ancients is gone. Though they themselves claim to have descended from ancient water-traders that did business even before the Fall (in actuality, they may very well descend from a powerful corporation that produced "Clean"-brand bottled water for mass consumption prior to the Fall), they hold no love, regard, or worship of fallen humankind.

The Clean cherish a practical, canny, and ruthlessly efficient philosophy of life, survival, and clan tradition that has served them well – and provides a model for others in this cruel, unforgiving world. From an earlier era of chaos and entropy, years after the Fall but still decades away from the fragile "civilization" of today, they banded together and created a code by which they still live. It is said the Clean were in fact the originators of the trader house tradition, including the codes, rules, and laws followed by almost all trade houses of today.



But the Clean also saw from an early stage the necessity to forego the desire and longing to bring back what was lost (the Ancient way of life and culture), as a waste of time, effort, and resources. From an early time they saw that the ambition to rebuild in the image of the Ancients was a fool's task, for times had simply changed. The days of seeking to do good, for the betterment of a brotherhood of mankind, seemed naive and unrealistic. Technology was dead. There was no supreme power to turn to for justice. No one would protect them but themselves. Gangs of rapists, murderers, and thieves were slowly overrunning the world. One simply couldn't build anything lasting upon this chaos.

The Clean evolved into a clannish, family-based society that sought only the betterment of their own kind, at the expense of all others. In the beginning they were simply a collection of unaffiliated groups, controllers of various desert oases or protected reservoirs. In time they came to see each other as "brothers", masters of a similar trade. Uniting their families (for they were literally family groups in control of far-flung oases), they became a solid, complete society with aims to control all fresh water flow – and bring power to their name.

The aims and attitude of the Clean have not changed much over time. The original collection of small families have grown into huge "clans" with extended relations, inter-married with one another to further cement the unity of their "faction" - and its way of life. They still maintain a tight, clannish attitude towards outsiders, but often the need to bring in "new blood" outweighs their reservations against admitting outsiders. Among their number they protect some of the few minds capable of understanding, operating, and even fabricating water purification systems and water pumps – techniques preserved from the days before the Fall. This knowledge they guard fiercely and jealously, for their ability to provide water to the other people of the world is, after all, what gives them power and prestige.

To complement their relatively small inner circle of clan members, the Clean have long used slaves for labor, as guards, servants, and breeders. In fact, the typical Clean outpost or household is only about 30% free, with some 70% being slave or bonded labor. This is not as unusual as it might seem, for the Clean are quite renowned for their benevolent (if strict and regimented) treatment of slaves.

Unlike in many communities, slaves and captives are given a chance to contribute; those that prove loyal and trustworthy, and give back to their benefactors, are officially "adopted" – married into one of the clan families and permanently given "rights" and protection as brothers (or sisters). Women, though often bought and sold by the Clean as currency just like everywhere else, sometimes find that serving the Clean is the best option they could dream of: marrying a wealthy

trademaster means freedom of a sort unheard of almost anywhere else on the Twisted Earth.

Still, the underlying principle of the Clean is a practical, straightforward, and often ruthless one – to trade, to profit, and to dominate. The Clean actively seek to control all sources of remaining water in the desert, from the deserts of old Texas to far-away California, if possible. They sell the stuff to anyone who wants it (which is just about everybody), but by maintaining a monopoly in many areas they can dictate the price and, if need be, deny water to force political moves, the surrender of an enemy community, or force people to enter trade agreements with them. Water is life and, as such, it is also power.



CLEAN TRADEMASTER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventors; **Tech-Level:** 3

Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Guttertalk, Unislang, Trade

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d4, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8(2), 10(4) vs. Energy, 10(4) vs. Ballistic

Edges: Demagogue, Captivate Masses, Charismatic, Increased Tech-Level, Silver Tongued

Hindrances: Cautious, Stubborn

Mutations: Blindsight (m), Fragrance Development (M), Interior Moisture Reservoir (m)

Defects: Adrenaline Deficiency (m), Bilirubin Imbalance (m)

Gear: Fancy Clothing, Scimitar (Str+d6), Glock 17 (Range: 12/24/48, 2d6, AP 1, Semi-Auto), 2 boxes 9mm ammo, Undercover Vest, Energy Shield A, Magnetic Shield A, Survival Kit, Healing Pack, Moving Truck.

CLEAN CLANSMAN

Race: 3rd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventors; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Lockpicking d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Florentine, Trademark Weapon (Scimitar)

Hindrances: Greedy, Loyal

Mutations: Hemotoxin Sting (M), Multiple Stomachs (m), Radiation Immunity (M), Regenerative Capability (M)

Defects: Bilirubin Imbalance (m)

Gear: Scimitar, Glock 17 (Range: 12/24/48, 2d6, AP 1, Semi-Auto), 2 boxes 9mm Ammo, Leather Armor, Survival Kit, Jeep

DOOMRIDERS

"Tally the population. Round up the men so we may 'initiate' them. As for the rest, break them on...the wheel."

Typical Backgrounds: Radical.

Attitude: The Twisted Earth is a wretched place that must be cleansed. Pain, suffering, and mass murder are the means by which the world will be pardoned for its past follies.

Symbol: The symbol of the Doomriders is one that is easily recognized across the Twisted Earth. The symbol centers on what is known as a "Doomwheel", a large spiked wheel to which victims are strapped and slowly rotated until they are crushed and impaled. A favored tool of executioners and raider gangs for decades; it has become the trademark of the Doomriders.

History: It's hard to trace the history of any raider gang; their leadership tends to change hands through the barrel of a gun, each new leader trying to wipe away the memory of the one before them. The Doomriders are different in that respect. While many scribes are ignorant of the facts surrounding their genesis, the Doomriders themselves tell the story to every new recruit making sure that future Doomriders will know how their "holy order" was born. Though the specifics have been twisted and changed throughout the years of oral tradition the history of the Doomriders goes something like this.

A long time ago (all the stories are hazy on the actual time involved) a cloaked figure emerged from the east and made his way to every settlement that he could, proclaiming that the world was tainted and needed to be cleansed of the sickness that soiled it. It went without saying that this pilgrim, who called himself the "Doomsayer", wasn't popular and on numerous occasions locals tried to forcibly remove him from their communities only to be greeted with more force. The Doomsayer would easily slay those that tried to sway him from his cause. These displays of power drew people to the Doomsayer's side. He and his disciples continued to draw more and more followers until they all vanished into the Deserts of Nowhere.

What follows really depends on who's telling the story. The most common variation has the Doomsayer leading his people to a secluded "monastery" where he began to impart his power to his followers. Those that followed him only to gain a fraction of his power began to find themselves following the Doomsayer out of true loyalty. Stories have the Doomsayer subjecting his followers, the Doomriders, to all manner of tests and tortures to forge them into the harbingers of the

world's "cleansing". Here all the history lessons end, as every storyteller describes how the Doomsayer traveled into the wastes alone never to return. The Doomriders now wait for the day that the Doomsayer returns, they believe that on that day they will depart from their monastery and roll unopposed over all the life of Twisted Earth and realize the Doomsayer's vision. The myths continue to say that after all other life is "cleansed" the Doomsayer will honor all the remaining Doomriders by slaying them all in an amazing display of his power.

Now calling any Raider gang, even the Doomriders, an organization would be a stretch, even though there are various levels of respect among the Doomriders. On the lowest rung are the janissaries, those men kidnapped from communities attacked by the Doomriders. Janissaries undergo severe brainwashing by the Doomriders; the exact process is unknown and it's likely that most people are better off not knowing what the Doomriders do to swell their own ranks. Janissaries are the most expendable members of the "order", and in major attacks they're sent out first to weaken fortified targets and to waste the ammunition of enemy defenders, all the while armed with black powder weapons and beaten leather armor. By and large most members of the Doomriders are what are called monks. The monk is what one normally thinks of when they picture a Doomrider, a dangerous



raider both heavily armed and vicious. Whenever possible monks like to use various vehicles, driving toward their foes with near suicidal intensity. Above and beyond the monks are the dreaded zealots, those men who do not just follow the teachings of the Doomsayer, but who draw power through the teachings of their departed master. Zealots are the undisputed masters of the Doomriders. Monks follow the zealots not out of any formal distinction but out of simple awe wanting to bask in the glow of the zealots' "divine", murderous rampages.

Since the disappearance of the Doomsayer there has been no single master of the Doomriders. There are always two or three zealots leading large groups of monks and as such they have more respect amongst the entire "order". These factions usually form some kind of peace amongst themselves. They learned long ago that fighting each other doesn't further their "holy" goals, and when things become too tense, and they do quite often, the various factions attack several settlements or caravans separately and vent their frustration on innocent people.



DOOMRIDER ZEALOT

Race: 2nd Gen. Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d12, Guts d8, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Battle) d8, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Repair d4, Shooting d10, Streetwise d6, Survival d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: -3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 9(2)

Edges: Command, Hold the Line!, Inspire, Rock and Roll!

Hindrances: Illiterate, Greedy (major), Mean

Mutations: Adrenaline Control (M), Dermal Spike Growth (m), Increased Body Density (M)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m), Odorous Stench (m)

Gear: Long Sword, HK G3 Assault Rifle (30/60/90, 2d8, AP 2, Auto), 3 Clips Ammo (20 Box), 2 Energy Grenades (5/10/20, 4d4, MBT), Undercover Vest, Jeep or Pickup



DOOMRIDER MONK

Race: 2nd Gen. Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Battle) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Boarding Party, Horrifying Kill, Road Warrior, Steady Hands

Hindrances: Greedy (major), Overconfident, Vengeful

Mutations: Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity (M), Dermal Spike Growth (m), Increased Body Density (M)

Defects: Atrophied Cerebellum (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Gear: Long Sword (Str+d8), Laser Pistol (30/60/90, 2d6, HW), 3 Power Clips, 2 Concussion Grenades (5/10/20, 3d6, MBT, non-lethal), Leather Armor, Dirt Bike

DOOMRIDER JANISSARY

Race: 2nd Gen. Mutant; **Background:** Radical;

Tech-Level: 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Notice d4, Repair d4, Riding d4, Shooting d6, Taunt d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 8/4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Block, Sweep

Hindrances: Greedy (major), Vengeful

Mutations: Dermal Spike Growth (m), Increased Body Density (M), Simian Deformity (M)

Defects: Atrophied Cerebellum (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Gear: Long Sword (Str+d8), Remington Streetsweeper (12/24/48, 1-3d6, ROF 2, Auto), 2 12-Gauge Speed Loaders, Leather Armor, Dirt Bike.

ENTROPISTS

"Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great. She has become a haunt for demons. She is a cage for every unclean spirit, a cage for every unclean bird, a cage for every unclean and disgusting beast."

Typical Backgrounds: Radical.

Attitude: The world has already ended, only the survivors just don't realize it yet. The Disease spreads invisibly among outsiders, and it is the task of the Entropists to destroy all life to thwart the Disease's spread, and save the souls of those who would otherwise succumb to it and transform into "beasts".

Symbol: The icon of the Entropists is one with mystical undertones, making use of the Egyptian ankh (symbol of life and eternity), but flipping it upside down to represent death - and an end to all things.

History: Few facts are actually known about the cult of Entropists, other than their unforgiving reputation as mass murderers and cold-hearted

executioners of men, women, and children. Unlike most raider gangs (which they are often mistakenly grouped with), the Entropists do not operate for the benefit of themselves, or exist merely at the whim of some would-be “raider prince” guiding them to some self-serving state of being, but are instead driven by what they believe to be an almost “vengeful” mission to sterilize the Earth.

Like several other groups on the Twisted Earth, the philosophy of the Entropists finds its roots in the Fall. Before the cataclysm, during the buildup of hostilities that would eventually lead up to all-out war, the Ancients began to secretly survey mines and cave systems throughout the country to turn into fallout shelters and long-term “vaults”. Arizona, due to its relative lack of strategic targets, and an abundance of suitable caves and caverns located throughout its dry desert landscape, was considered perfect for the task of constructing relocation shelters, and was eventually graced with no less than a dozen such sites by the time of the first outbreak of conflict.

When the war came it descended like a rain of fire, and burned away cities and population centers in an indiscriminate band hundreds of miles wide. During the anarchy following the disintegration of all order, tens of thousands of civilians fled to the Arizona desert, escaping burning cities and radiated ruins to find the pre-designated sites long heard of but never seen. Few if any reached their final destination, dying from radiation sickness or injuries from the war, or simply starving/thirsting to death in the heat of the desert. Those that did survive would make it, indeed finding shelters in the wilderness – but by and large they were far smaller than advertised. Many of these “shelters” were simply old tunnels in abandoned mine complexes, or caves in national parks, each with only a miniscule corner or “cubby hole” reserved for storing emergency supplies. Even then the caches proved to be extremely short-lived, as if their planners had never thought through the complexities of long-term habitation underground.

The people had little time to worry about it, however. Since well before the war the enemy of the Ancients had been aware of these shelters, and had long suspected that in an invasion scenario, American military units shattered during the fighting might flee here to resupply, regroup, and recover from their injuries. In preparation for such an eventuality, they had seen to it that as nuclear warheads sprinkled all over the United States, this region would also be saturated with weapons of mass destruction.

Instead of nukes, however, biological weapons were chosen to do the job. The reason for this decision was primarily to wipe out not only military units, but also the masses of civilians that would be certain to flock to the region. In addition, by holding back nuclear strikes, the caches would remain in place for the use by the enemy if they managed to come this far during



their attack on the continent. In time the diseases in the warheads would die out, and the desert would transform into a safe, secure place from which to operate.

No one knows what exactly went wrong, but according to Entropist lore the diseases never died out. In fact they merely mutated, turning into more horrible forms that defied every attempt by the handful of surviving scientists and researchers in the area to wipe them out. What was originally intended to be a localized outbreak of plagues, anthrax, and other new pathogens, turned into a full-scale epidemic to which there could be no control, and no turning back.

Centuries later, the landscape is still scarred by what the Entropists merely call “the Disease”. The name is misleading, however, as the “Disease” is actually a bizarre form of bio-engineered parasite, the kind that, given time to mature, develops into the creature known as a “marionette worm”. The most voracious of the bio-weapons to be used in the war, over time the Disease has managed to eradicate all the other bio-plagues in that area so that only it remains.

In the centuries since it first mutated, the Disease has wiped out almost every form of animal life in the region of the Mountains of Misery. Now the area is a lifeless, barren wasteland in which almost nothing lives. Instead, only dying creatures wandering in from the fringes – their animated corpses preserved beyond death and still carrying the parasite within – prowl the desert seeking gruesome sustenance, and driven by an insidious and instinctive need to pass to a new life

form before their aging host bodies decay.

The Entropists are the only surviving community dwelling in this entire region. They descended from an eccentric, Bible-thumping, doomsday prophet and his handful of followers (who fled to the desert after the war). Their common ancestors managed to devise clever, low-technology ways to escape infection such as building isolated shelters, monitoring each other constantly, and living each day one step ahead of the Disease.

For generations the Entropists have been stomping around a region infested with a nightmare entity that has turned their environment into a dusty wasteland of sparse resources and little or no life. In early years many of their people were lost trying to save sick and dying animals, only to become infected themselves. Now the animals, when encountered, are invariably destroyed on sight. The Entropists know that the parasite can spread to life forms of all kinds: dogs, cats, rats, birds, anything and everything living. All other survivors they have seen, man and mutant alike, have also always proven to be infected, and have always been destroyed with similar indifference.

As they have spread out ever farther and wider in search of uncontaminated resources to scrounge and new lands to scavenge from, the Entropists have only found signs of the spread of the Disease, even beyond the Mountains of Misery. Whether they are truly able to discern the parasite's presence in others through some unknown "test" or psychic "sixth sense" so far unexplained, or are really just a pack of madmen united by an obsessive compulsion fed by mass hysteria, is a matter open to speculation. But regardless of the truth, wherever they go they are convinced the Disease has already spread, and as such destroy all populations they find. Sadly, even in those rare cases that a settlement or community has proven itself to be uninfected, the paranoia of the Entropists has led them to murder the population to prevent it from "falling into the hands of the Disease" and "spare them the suffering".

To the Entropists, the world as they once knew it has already ended – they, and the rest of mutantkind, are merely living in a nightmare slowly being taken over by infinite, invisible, parasitic life forms that multiply without restraint with each passing year. Unable to contain the Disease in their own region, they believe that the entire world has become poisoned by it, whether those living in foreign lands realize it or not. Believing that there is no hope for the planet in the face of the Disease, the Entropists actually see it as a favor to end all life on Earth as quickly and painlessly as possible.

Since they come from a region almost completely barren of life, the Entropists have at their disposal a wide variety of unconventional vehicles and equipment. Entropist bases are often stocked with weird luxuries and curios that serve no other purpose

than as decorations. Their fleets of vehicles can - and often do - include impractical vehicles such as sleek limousines, old race cars, and restored classics, depending on the whim of the individual Entropist (after all, with so many vehicles just laying around, they have a lot to choose from).

Entropists universally shave themselves completely bald (men and women alike) and maintain a healthy distance even from each other, conscious as they are of diseases and parasites of all sorts. To a man they refuse to eat anything but canned and/or sealed foodstuffs from the time of the Ancients, since any other food source could conceivably be contaminated. The trademark weapon of the Entropists is the katana, which they use to quickly decapitate those they suspect of infection (which includes just about everyone they meet) – they, of course, perceive this as a genuine form of "mercy".



ENTROPIST LEADER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d8, Guts d10, Healing d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d8, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Survival d10, Tracking d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7(1)

Edges: Brawny, First Strike

Hindrances: Greedy (major), Delusional (thinks everyone else is diseased)

Mutations: Adrenaline Control (M), Serrated Dental Development (m), Shriek (M)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Attention Deficit (m)

Gear: Bite (Str+d6, off-handed), FN P-90 (20/40/80, 2d6, ROF 3, AP 3, Auto, 3RB), 2 Boxed 5.56mm Ammo (50 shots), Katana (Str+d6+2, AP2), Leather Armor, Jeep or Pickup

ENTROPIST WARRIOR

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d6, Guts d10, Healing d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d4, Lockpicking d4, Notice d8, Repair d4, Shooting d6, Survival d10, Tracking d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Dodge, No Mercy

Hindrances: Parasitic Infestation (minor), Delusional (thinks everyone else is diseased)

Mutations: Epidermal Acid Enzymes, Increased Movement (M), Independent Cerebral Control (M),

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Underdeveloped Lung (m)

Gear: FN P-90 (20/40/80, 2d6, ROF 3, AP 3, Auto, 3RB), 2 Boxed 5.56mm Ammo (50 shots), Katana (Str+d6+2, AP2), Leather Armor, Dirt Bike

FAR TRADERS

"Continue on. It's not far now, just a few miles to go! Another town and another few days in the company of strangers. We'll be rich before you know it!"

Typical Backgrounds: Tribal, Resentful.

Attitude: Trade is life, family is key, and in the end, survival is all that matters.

Symbol: The Far Traders only use symbols when they need to, such as when they arrive at market towns to declare that they are open for business. Most of the time it is wiser to remain unrecognized and out of sight, and so their symbol is rarely seen on the open road. Their symbol usually revolves around a depiction of a covered wagon, with the words "Trade Is Life" emblazoned above or below.

History: The Far Traders began not unlike many of the hundred or so merchant clans that have come and gone in the savage years since the Fall, but their ability to outlast most others is a testament to their ingenuity, cunning, and sense of purpose. Of course they also owe their longevity to their tireless dedication to their brothers, sisters, children – even their elderly – for they are of a unified belief that family is the last bastion of civilization and order in the world, and through the family they will survive.

The Far Traders are not like most "tribals", however, despite their reliance on clan members and extended relations to meet the needs of everyday survival. Long ago these nomadic people realized that a better way of life was to be had in wandering the wasteland, rather than settling in one place and waiting for a bigger, more powerful group to find them and destroy them. Instead, the Far Traders developed early on a mentality that the world was, so to speak, like one big ocean filled with turbulent waters, and the only way to avoid drowning was to "sail on".

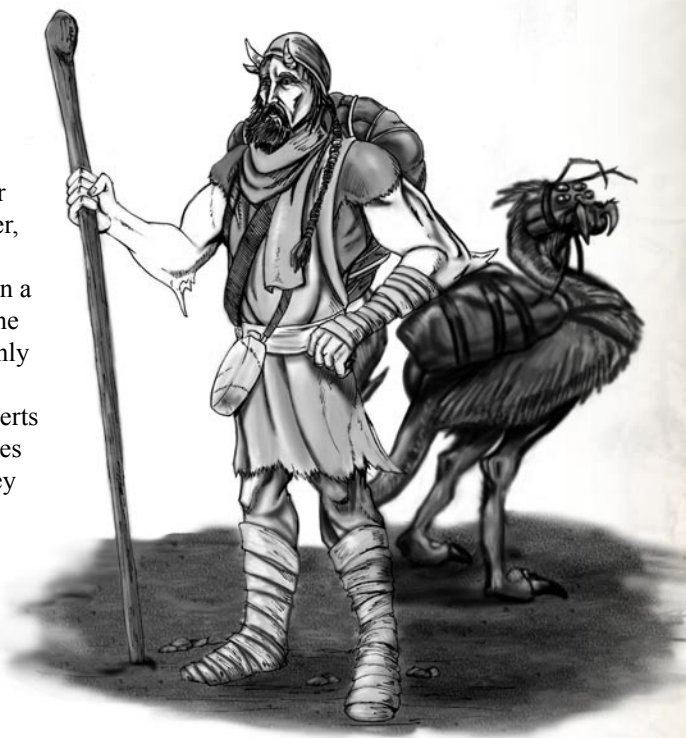
Far Trader caravans are famous across the deserts of the Twisted Earth, though their notoriety comes as much from the varied quality of the goods they bring as the unsavory rumors of theft, rape, and superstitious rituals that accompany their passing. Though they do in fact offer some of the most bizarre and curious items from all corners of the world, where and how they got these items is often a matter of debate. The stories and accusations are only about half true, however; through their widespread

wanderings and migrations, the gypsy-like Far Traders actually do find many, many things among the wastes, whether discarded along the trade routes or in places that remain to be found by other men. These range from true junk items to amazing and unexpected artifacts thought lost to the endless wars of the Twisted Earth and the anarchy of the wasteland.

Extremely insular, the Far Traders live in virtual "mobile communities", made of animal trains, wagons, carts, and even so-called "sandships" – giant wheeled vehicles the size of houses, made of wood, corrugated iron, and other junk materials scavenged from the desert. Many of these are decorated with rusted iron spikes and even the bones of unknown desert creatures, to give them formidable appearances and to serve as strongholds to which the entire caravan can withdraw in case of raider attack.

Outsiders are seldom welcome among the Far Traders; a man found along the trade routes is more likely to be robbed than to be given sanctuary among their caravans. Though this might seem cruel and heartless to most, resembling highway robbery at its worst, this attitude stems more from the Far Traders' paranoia of the pestilences carried by outsiders, and of genetic contamination of their people's stock (after all, Far Trader youths are just as "curious" about strangers as any other group's) than anything else. However there are always exceptions to this rule, and anyone with a proven skill (such as medical knowledge) has a good chance of being offered a new life among the Far Traders.

Members of the Far Traders can expect to have lifelong friends and allies with their fellow traders. Though several family groups actually comprise the Far Traders, all will pitch in to aid one another in



times of war or other threats. In at least one instance, for example, when a foolish Far Trader youth got in trouble in a desert community for starting a brawl in a local watering hole, his clan petitioned other Far Traders from all over the trade routes to come to his rescue. The town, which planned on hanging the boy, was forced to give him up when a massed gathering of more than three hundred Far Traders arrived within a week's time, ready and willing to besiege the town until he was released.

One aspect of the Far Traders that should not be overlooked is their gradual descent into superstitious ritualism, which combines a strange mixture of Biblical, mystical, and animist beliefs. In ancient times the Far Traders (who, in at least one legend, claim that their first founding families descended from truckers before the Fall) used precious portable GPS systems to navigate through the desert, but with the ASAT (anti-satellite) warfare of the Fall, and the eventual decay of surviving satellites in orbit, they were forced to learn to navigate by the stars. With time, to teach new generations and to keep alive their knowledge of the sky, the Far Traders came to apply religious significance to the lights in the heavens, and develop their own mythology concerning the constellations, planets, phases of the moon, and even the "new stars" (which some say are actually the hulks of space stations left abandoned in space during the Fall).



FAR TRADER LEADER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Trade, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6/d8, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d4, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d10, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Streetwise d8, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5(1)

Edges: Alertness, Dodge, Luck, Market, Silver Tongue, Strong Willed

Hindrances: Cautious, Clueless, Vow (major): Protect and serve the family

Mutations: Energy-Retaining Cell Structure (M), Interior Moisture Reservoir (m), Diurnal – Str (M)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Underdeveloped Lung (m)

Gear: Kukri blade (Str+d4), 5 shot Repeating Crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP2), Quiver, 20 bolts, Leather Armor, 4 Juju Salve

FAR TRADER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant ; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Trade, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,

Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d6, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d8, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Juju Medicine, Steady Hands, Strong Willed

Hindrances: Clueless, Vow (major): Protect and serve the family

Mutations: Accumulated Resistance (m), Dual Cerebellum (M), Light Distortion Field (M)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m), Underdeveloped Muscles (m)

Gear: Kukri blade (Str+d4), 5 shot Repeating Crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP2), Quiver, 20 bolts, Leather Armor, 2 Juju Salve

FOUNDATIONISTS

"Do you know what that is you are holding?"

Could you possibly understand the significance of such a magnificent thing?"

Typical Backgrounds: Ritual Preservationist, Visionary Reinventor, Resurrector, Guardian.

Attitude: Preserving what little technology remains on the Twisted Earth is paramount to rebuilding the past and re-establishing the way of the Ancients. All technology must be protected from decay, and from destruction at the hands of the ignorant savages of the wasteland.

Symbol: The Foundationists use a very symbolic icon to represent their philosophy and membership. The twin embracing arms of the Future represents their bright vision of a world-to-come. Above this is the "Book of Wisdom", its pages open for all to read – but hovering over this is the Foundationist sword, a reminder that such knowledge comes with a price, and that it must forever be protected with vigilance and valor.

History: The original core of Foundationists descends from a band of soldiers who deserted their post during the height of the Fall. Faced with a blasted earth, cities reduced to ashes, millions of dead, and all semblance of sanity and order erased by war (a war they no longer believed could be won), many of these desperate men fled in the hope of finding family and loved ones in the California countryside.

During their flight the Foundationists took with them a small number of reprogrammed androids, and along the way their convoy of military trucks and transports attracted destitute civilians clinging to life among the burning cities. Some of these they had to fight off just to survive, but others – with skills that would benefit their survival – were allowed to join in their exodus for a new home. When they were ultimately unable to find more than a handful of their families in the crumbling ruins of Oakland (where they had been stationed prior to the outbreak of war), and

realized that a long nuclear winter was in store for the world, they set out to find and locate an intact vault in which to seal themselves indefinitely, to wait out the worst after effects of the nuclear exchange.

They managed to secure an unfinished vault complex on the ruined outskirts of Redding, California, and with their own engineering skills (and with the help of the androids they had brought with them) they were able to finish construction and seal themselves in before the growing atmospheric radiation threatened their entire population of refugees.

Years led to decades, and decades lead to centuries, all spent in miserable isolation within the vault. Over the generations the people within the vault, unable to make contact with the outside world, began to believe (erroneously) the whole earth had been destroyed, and all intelligent life with it. Some, however, fired by lingering memories of pre-Fall science-fiction, theorized that instead the world might be populated by mutants, horrible things that would want to eat them – or worse. In either case, they came to believe that they were the last enclave of surviving humanity, and that one day, when they emerged, it would be their destiny to repopulate the surface with their kind.

Calling themselves the “Foundation of Man” to reflect the idea that they were the stones on which a new human civilization would be built, the Foundationists emerged centuries later to a world completely changed by war, disease, and generations of anarchy. Instead of a world completely depopulated by radiation, there were in fact many holdouts – survivors – who had mutated into wild and horrific forms. This led to several early confrontations and conflicts with the factions on the surface, but despite their own precarious size (a few hundred men and women) and position, with their superior technology (powered armor and advanced weapons from the days of their ancestors, kept and maintained inside the vault) they managed to survive against the odds.

Over time the Foundationists have expanded somewhat over the area that used to be the state of California, but their believed “destiny” of rebuilding the Ancient way of life has been slow in coming. Earlier leaders, plagued by paranoia of the mutants of the surface world, adhered to a strict policy of isolationism. Only now, far in the future, has the Foundation struck out to explore the world and assess the damage from the Fall. They have, by and large found the Twisted Earth to be an inhospitable place for their ideologies; many existing enclaves and factions bitterly resent the Ancients for what they “did” to the world, or otherwise have no desire to see their way of life return. In addition, the physical changes to the world have been hard on the Foundationists, and though originally unwilling to allow mutants into their ranks, their dwindling core of pureblood humans (losses due to lingering radiation, and especially mutated diseases have taken their toll) has forced them

to begin accepting outsiders into their organization.

The Foundation is now a mix of old and new. At its core is a hierarchy of pureblood humans intent on rebuilding America at all costs. They supplement their numbers with mutants who have only a fragmented understanding of the Ancients, and who as often as not “worship” the Ancients (and even their pureblood superiors) as “gods”. What’s worse, the original core of humans have also lost much of their understanding of the past as well – an inevitable side effect of being trapped underground for generations with limited educational resources.

The Foundation believes that to rebuild, they naturally need to understand the past and all its great wonders. To this end they seek out all items of technology to hoard, examine, experiment with, and hopefully duplicate (or at least preserve for a more enlightened time when their secrets can be unlocked). This belief often manifests as a quasi-crusader style zeal, leading Foundationists to conquer communities that refuse to give up their technology for the “betterment of man”.



FOUNDATIONIST LEADER

Race: Human ; **Background:** Guardian;

Tech-Level: 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Ancient, Guttertalk, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Boating d4, Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Battle) d10, Knowledge(Computers



and Robotics) d4, Knowledge(Technology) d10, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Piloting d12, Repair d6, Shooting d8, Survival d4, Swimming d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 11(2)

Edges: Artifact Cache, Major Artifact Cache, Feared and Revealed, Combat Reflexes, Trademark Weapon (Jackhammer Mk3A1)

Hindrances: Overconfident, Stubborn, Vow(Major): Serve the Foundation

Gear: Mk2 Ares Powered Armor, Mini-Fusion Cell, Pulse Laser Rifle, Power Backpack, Jackhammer Mk3A1 (12/24/48, 1-3d6, ROF 3, Auto), Laser Sight, (3) 12-Gauge Speed Loaders, Military combat suit, Flash Goggles, Web Belt, Survival Kit, Pocket Nurse (3 Stimshot A), Light Rod, Multipurpose tool.

FOUNDATIONIST WARRIOR

Race: Human; **Background:** Resurrector; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Healing d4, Intimidation d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Notice d4, Piloting d4, Repair d6, Shooting d6,

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Edges: Dodge, First Strike, Increased Tech-level, Rock and Roll

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Loyal, Vow(Major): Serve the Foundation

Gear: Jackhammer Mk3A1 (12/24/48, 1-3d6, ROF 3, Auto), (2) 12-Gauge Speed Loaders, Undercover Vest, Flash Goggles, Web Belt, Survival Kit, (2) Ready Syringe (Stimshot A), Light Rod, Multipurpose tool.

GHOULS

"F-r-e-s-s-h...M-e-e-a-a-a-t !!!"

Typical Backgrounds: Tribal, Radical.

Attitude: Eat meat, be happy.

Symbol: The many ghoul enclaves throughout the cities of the Twisted Earth use a variety of symbols to mark their respective territories against intrusion. Typical examples include a series of bloody streaks and any number of clever or terrifying sayings/slogans.

History: Ghouls are not really a faction per se, but rather a race of degenerate humanoids so common on the Twisted Earth that they are a recognized danger to almost every community in every far flung corner of the wasteland. Ghoul "communities" themselves are seldom united, more often resembling loose "tribes" of savages dwelling like squatters wherever they wander, vandalizing what they find and destroying everything they cannot figure out as their destructive whim suits them. Leadership is almost always in the hands of the strongest or most treacherous ghoul of the pack, or given to whichever among them is the most reliable in leading the tribe to food. Treachery is rampant in these malevolent groups, as jealousy over the division of "meat" often leads to bickering, infighting, and murder.

Most ghoul communities are found within the confines of the great cities and urban ruins that mottle the desert wilderness of the world. Few wander out of these places, leaving the wasteland, by and large, free of their taint. The ruined landscape of cities is ideal for their kind, after all, because more often than not they shun the light of day and prefer to dwell in the shadows created by old buildings and rubble heaps, or descend into the cool darkness of the sewers beneath the streets. The cities also harbor life such as rats and wild men, on which ghouls also feed without distinction. In addition, wandering scavs, or other survivors, make for a welcome addition to their carnivorous palette.

It is also here, within the shells of the great "necropoli", that the ghouls have lived since the first years following the Fall. In fact, many ghouls are the direct descendants of pre-Fall humanity, men and women who were unable and unwilling to leave the cities despite the radiation and diseases that polluted them. Scavenging for dwindling sources of food in grocery stores and abandoned restaurants only sustained them for a while, and as starvation set in so did desperation. Driven by the instinct to survive, they



turned to cannibalism and, over generations, evolved into the beastly things now known as “ghouls”.

Merchants and sandwalkers will be the first to tell tales of ghouls and the atrocities they commit. Almost like “ghost stories” told by the campfire, other desert communities whose origins once lay in the ruined cities of the Twisted Earth also remember ghouls for their hunger and inhumanity, and continue to keep the lore of ghouls alive in succeeding generations.



GHOUl LEADER

Race: 1st Gen Mutant ; **Background:** Tribal;

Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d4, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Alertness, Hard to Kill, Improved Frenzy

Hindrances: Bloodthirsty, Illiterate

Mutations: Increased Movement (M), Serrated Dental Development x 2(m)

Defects: Canabalism (M)

Gear: Knife, Leather Armor

GHOUl

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d6, Riding d4, Shooting d4, Stealth d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Alertness, Improved First Strike

Hindrances: Greedy, Mean

Mutations: Claws (m), Light Distortion Field (M), Multiple Eyes

Defects: Cannibalism

Gear: None

THE MOVEMENT

“Put down your weapons, we’re not here to harm you!”

Typical Backgrounds: Visionary Reinventor, Resurrector.

Attitude: An end to the chaos of this new Dark Age is possible, but only if man and mutant unite and stride bravely into the future without the fetters of racism, slavery, and savagery to hold them back.

Symbol: The Movement uses a contemporary symbol used to represent the values of the Fallen



Gods’ vision of the future. It depicts hands of different colors coming together in peace and friendship, and bears the words of Promise that guarantee peace and brotherhood in the world.

History: The true story behind the origins of the Movement is a tragic one, reaching back to before the time of the Fall. Just a few years prior to the nuclear holocaust, NASA undertook an ambitious project to study the effects of long-term cryogenic habitation in space; a series of wide-ranging experiments and tests, nominally performed on Earth, eventually culminated in the launching of a special spacecraft that was intended to orbit the planet for almost a full five to eight uninterrupted years. On board, a single volunteer, one of the nation’s top astronauts (and a national hero in his own right for countless death-defying missions expanding man’s reach to the heavens), was put into cryogenic hibernation for the experiment. This astronaut, Major Tom Rogers, was put to sleep almost one year to the day before the bombs began to fall.

After the nuclear cataclysm, Major Rogers’ cryogenic capsule was forgotten. The nation that had sent him up was all but erased in the atomic fire. Over time, the sturdy, stubborn computers on his ship struggled to maintain his decades-long cryogenic sleep, until, in the end, time began to take its toll on the tiny orbiter. When a fatal malfunction occurred in its orbit-sustaining retro rockets, the computers onboard came to life for the last time, awoke Rogers from two centuries of prolonged cryogenic sleep, and inevitably guided the capsule down towards the planet below for emergency re-entry.

Rogers’ capsule landed in the middle of the desert, and he barely managed to escape before the wreckage caught fire and exploded in a ball of flame. Stumbling out of the smoke, and from a vast debris field created by the break up of his craft upon re-entry, the injured astronaut quickly discovered that his crash had, in

fact, been watched by people on the ground. Figures were already approaching over the dunes. Hoping to find aid for his injuries, he was horrified by what he saw: instead of rescue crews come to meet him, the figures proved to be the most feral of savages, covered in war paint and brandishing spears and the rusted implements of a long lost age – his age – who instead of offering him help, immediately began to throw themselves to the ground in worship and awe.

Though there was certainly some initial confusion (to say the least), Rogers eventually came to realize where – and when – he was. Not some distant corner of the globe in the present, as he had hoped and prayed, but rather the American Midwest (or what used to be the Midwest), far in the future. The savages who had followed the trail of his “sky chariot” were in fact the degenerate descendants of his fellow American citizens! In time he learned of the nuclear war, the vanishing of human civilization, and the loss of not only his loved ones, but the entire way of life of the world he had once known.

It is not known why Rogers eventually left the company of those people, but before he went his separate way he tried to teach them of their people’s true past, of where they (and all mutants of the Twisted Earth) came from, and tried to wrest from them some understanding of how far and complete the destruction of the war had been. Though no one can be sure, Rogers’ eventual abandonment of these original savages probably coincided with a personal “quest” to travel to the city ruins that had once been his home, for the kind of inexplicable nostalgic reasons that often strike men confronted with overwhelming tragedy.

During his stay, though, despite the differences between him and the savages who took him in, Rogers left a remarkable impression that would not soon be forgotten. For one, his “landing” had in fact coincided with a major battle between the pureblood zealots and mutant tribals of the Deserts of Nowhere; when his “sky chariot” had crashed right between the two armies, they had assumed it was a “sign” from the “Ancient gods” to end their hostilities. When Rogers learned of their incessant wars, he was instrumental in bringing the purists and the mutant tribes together to forge a lasting peace. Again and again he tried to teach them the values of democracy, of unity, and equality, concepts that while not new to Rogers, were revolutionary to the primitive minds of his audience.

Rogers learned of other dangers that threatened these people, and motivated by conscience, he rallied the tribes of the desert to fight off some of the greatest raider gangs of the time. He also helped eradicate the institution of slavery, and even risked life and limb leading a great coalition against a vast army of mongolians that at the time threatened the entire North.

Yet when these tasks were done, and he had been literally deified by the people of the North, the

“Fallen God” (so-named for his origins among the stars) seemed to find himself even more the outsider. Though the mutants and humans longed for him to stay and teach them more of his “magic”, their words only drove him away (in truth, Rogers may have lost all hope of ever living among intelligent men again; all of his efforts to explain himself as a mere human being were only met by confusion, while his attempts to teach the people science and the most basic things wound up being cluttered in worship and quasi-mystic mumbo jumbo).

Major Rogers left one day...just “wandered” off into the desert. To the people who watched him go (filled with sorrow and disbelief), his departure was seen through confused eyes, and interpreted by primitive minds. Though they failed to understand his true motives for leaving, almost the moment he was gone they immediately began to weave a mythology around the man, and in his absence, this mythology has flourished into a full-fledged religion.

The Movement, as they call themselves, cherishes Rogers’ few recorded words and proclamations, and tries to apply them wherever they go. Many axioms that Rogers taught them might be taken for granted by someone from the past, but to the people of the future his words – even his sarcasm and despair – are interpreted as parables filled with all sorts of hidden meaning.

At the heart of their mythology, however, the Movement basically believes in the fundamental values of Ancient man (in his more benevolent days). Freedom for all. Equality among the races and sexes. A universal condemnation of slavery. The pursuit of peace, happiness, and a long life. The establishment of democracy, the protection of human rights, the introduction of the long-lost concept of mercy, and the belief in honor and the value of hard work – these were all gifts of the Fallen God to the people of the Movement.

Rogers didn’t say much in his time, but what words he did say have been recorded, copied, and passed on wherever the Movement goes. Promising freedom and happiness, equal rights and unity, the Movement’s message has spread like wildfire.



MOVEMENT DEMAGOGUE

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:**

Resurector; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Guttertalk, Unislang, Trade

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Healing d10, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d8, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d4, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Notice d10, Persuasion d10, Repair d6, Riding d4, Survival d6,

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Attractive, Captivate Masses, Charismatic,

Demagogue, Hard to Kill, Juju Medicine

Hindrances: Pacifist (Minor), Vow (Major): Spread the Movement

Mutations: Extreme Resilience(M), Energy Immunity (Electricity) (m), Dermal Suction (m)

Defects: Night Blindness (M)

Gear: Staff (Str+d4), 4 Juju salve

FOLLOWER OF THE MOVEMENT

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventor; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6-2, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Guts d4, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d4, Knowledge(Technology) d4, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6,

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Edges: Defect Reduction, Level Headed

Hindrances: Pacifist (Minor), Vow (Major): Spread the Movement

Mutations: Acid Excretion Glands (M), Neurotoxin Sting(M), Interior Moisture Reservoir (m)

Defects: Adrenaline Deficiency (m)

Gear: Staff (Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

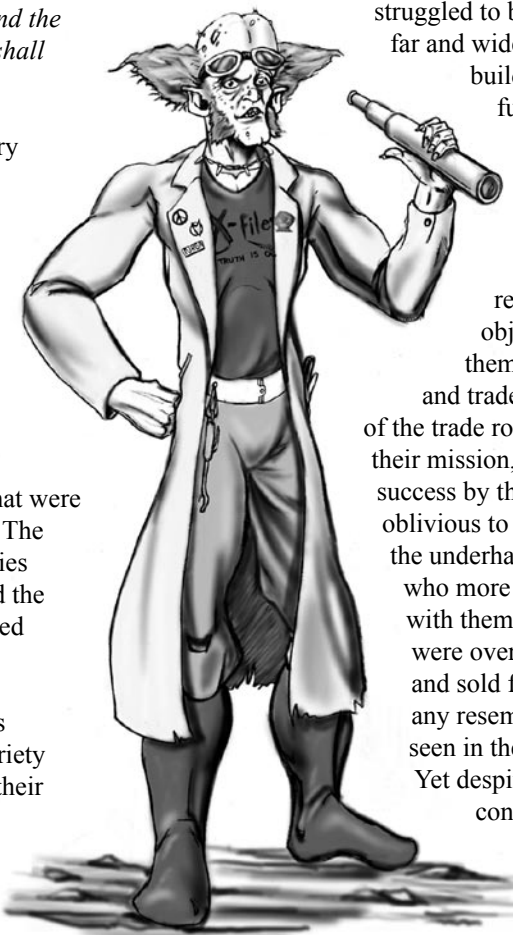
PARADISE BELIEVERS

"Blessed be the minutemen and the saturns and the titans, for they shall issue us to paradise..."

Typical Backgrounds: Visionary Reinventor.

Attitude: The Twisted Earth is a lost cause. It is a planet that is slowly dying and no amount of effort will save it from turning into a lifeless, barren rock in only a few generations. If the secret to rocketry can be resurrected, a working spacecraft can conceivably be constructed to take the faithful to other planets that were spared the devastation of the Fall. The Ancients surely constructed colonies elsewhere among the heavens, and the arrival of the faithful will be greeted with bittersweet joy by these "lost brothers".

Symbol: The Paradise Believers have no single symbol, using a variety of pictures and signs to represent their "religion". At the center of most of these are images of planets, stars, sunbursts, or rocket ships.



History: At some point in the history of the Twisted Earth, some fool - probably an elderly scav whose mental state bordered on dementia - found a comic book among the garbage of a dump somewhere in the wasteland. This book, which he imagined to be a holy scripture of some kind, detailed the adventures of a family of astronauts on a decade-long exodus through the stars, destined (so it said) to one day make landfall on a place called "Paradise". Though it was purely a work of fiction, he imagined it was something far more relevant than it really was, and by reading its pages came to believe it might be possible to reach the stars himself.

In time that scav gathered more destitute men and women around him - many little more than rag pickers and beggars themselves - and began to preach. Using the "holy book" as a kind of "guide", he surprised his mocking critics by not only convincing vast numbers of desert riffraff of the "truth" behind his new "Bible", but also to follow him in the great quest to rebuild a working model of an Ancient spacecraft to take the deserving few to the stars. Abandoning what he claimed was a "dying world", his followers would have the last laugh by rejoining the "lost cousins of Man" still living among the stars, while those who had ridiculed them would be doomed to live out the rest of their days on a dusty, radiated rock that was withering away with each passing year.

For months the first "Paradise Believers" struggled to build a rocket ship, wandering far and wide searching for materials to build their "vessel" and to secure fuel for their long journey through the heavens. They scavenged metal, plastic, and wood from all over the parched desert, and squandered their miserable resources buying whatever objects they couldn't find themselves from passing merchants and trade communities at both ends of the trade routes. Completely focused on their mission, totally bent on achieving success by the end of the year, they were oblivious to the laughter of onlookers, and the underhandedness of the merchants who more than willingly did business with them. Cheated left and right, they were overcharged for every bit of scrap, and sold faulty parts that might have any resemblance to the techno-wonders seen in the "holy book's" colorful pages. Yet despite all this, they were able to construct a reasonable facsimile of a 50s-era space rocket just in time for the blistering end of summer.

With great fanfare and a carnival air, like blind men boarding a ship of fools, the Paradise Believers gathered on the final day of summer and climbed into their shiny rocket ship, gleaming like a solid knife of steel from the heart of a now-forgotten town somewhere in the heart of the Far Desert. Many locals, who had laughed and ridiculed the leprous and miserable Believers for almost a year, now gathered in stunned awe as the ship was unveiled - and made ready to take off and leave the Twisted Earth forever.

No one knows exactly what happened, but the fanfare and celebration ended in gut-wrenching tragedy. Overloaded with as many Believers as it could hold, the marketplace ringed with hundreds of disbelieving onlookers, the rocket's engines were ignited at the order of their "prophet" only minutes after the door was closed and secured. Then, suddenly, there was an explosion. Not the rumble of engines as readers of the "holy book" expected to precede their "ascendancy into heaven", but a blast so violent that not only did it incinerate the rocket in an instant, it also erupted in a radius broad enough to level the entire town.

The blame most likely lies squarely on the Believers themselves; though certainly dedicated (almost religiously) to reconstructing the ship to outwardly resemble a pre-Fall spaceship as much as possible, they simply did not understand the true technological complexities to actually make a working vehicle. Metal boxes and contraptions that merely resembled computers were hung from hooks inside the cabin almost like "decorations"; naively they believed that by simply sitting on a huge reservoir of gasoline and lighting it they would be propelled into orbit. Instead, when their leader tossed a road flare ceremoniously into the 10,000 gallon fuel tanks, they were killed in a cataclysmic explosion that turned an entire town into a crater (that crater still exists in the Far Desert, and is considered a holy site by Paradise Believers to this day).

Remarkably, the Paradise Believer movement didn't die there; some few survived the explosion. Driven out, hounded far into the desert, or outright killed to avenge the massive casualties they had brought to the town through their "idiocy", they dispersed to the winds.

One would expect the Paradise Believers to have given up after that, but instead their cult dedication to leaving the Twisted Earth in droves seems to have not only survived, but spread. Remarkably, instead of seeing their "prophet's" fiery destruction as a sign of their religion's folly, they see the physical conflagration instead as having been merely an illusion of sorts, evidence instead of the "magical transcendence" of the rocket ship and its passengers. In layman's terms, in their view the ship did not explode, it merely took the passengers to another world - just like the "prophet" (and the "holy book") said it would.

Most other factions of the Twisted Earth merely shake their head at the Paradise Believers, believing them little more than confused and ignorant fools. To be sure the vast majority of the Believers are old women, demented desert hermits, and even flocks of dreamy-eyed urchins; but every now and then a few charismatic, wild-eyed demagogues lead them to start construction of another ship to follow in the footsteps of their "prophet".

Needless to say, despite being otherwise peaceful and all embracing of outsiders (it is widely known that the Believers will accept literally anyone into their ranks, so long as he or she can contribute to the project of building another rocket), the Paradise Believers are outlawed in many communities, for fear of the catastrophes that usually follow their migrations. Sometimes, however, they are actually welcomed into a region; primitive communities who haven't heard of the Believers, or who themselves are curious of their "religion", sometimes invite them to stay - and perhaps even build one of their ships. The Believers often benefit their "hosts" through caring for their sick, performing menial labor (made up of the most destitute castes of wasteland society, the Believers have no stigma against performing the jobs most communities hate doing themselves), or entertaining with songs and fantastic stories of the universe beyond the Twisted Earth.

PARADISE BELIEVER DEMAGOGUE



Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventor; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang, Trade

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d8, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Healing d6, Investigation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Notice d8, Persuasion d8, Piloting d6, Repair d8, Shooting d6, Survival d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5

Edges: Artifact Cache, Demagogue

Hindrances: Pacifist (minor), Delusional (Major): Paradise Believer

Mutations: Accumulated Resistance (m), Dual Cerebellum (M), Superior Kidney Development (m)

Defects: Syncope (M)

Gear: Tool Kit, Blaster (10/20/40, 4d6, Vigor-2 or disintegrated), 3 Minifusion cells.

PARADISE BELIEVER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventor; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5(1)

Edges: Artifact Cache, Defect Reduction

Hindrances: Pacifist (minor), Delusional (Major): Paradise Believer

Mutations: Dual Cerebellum (M), Adrenaline Control (M), Skeletal Fortification (m)

Defects: Underdeveloped Lung (m)

Gear: Toolkit, FA Casull (15/30/60, 2d8, AP1), Two .50AE Speed Loaders.

RANGERS

"I vow to join my brother soldiers, to insure domestic tranquility, and provide for the common defense."

Typical Backgrounds: Visionary Reinventor, Guardian.

Attitude: The Rangers took an oath to defend America, and to this day they adhere to that mission. Peacekeepers and self-styled "lawmen", they continue to enforce law and order in their region until a legitimate, peacetime government (of all the United States) orders them to stand down.

Symbol: Members of the Rangers employ a symbol used by their fathers, grandfathers, and their predecessors before them. It is the patch of the unit they once served in, usually sewn onto their clothing, uniform, or stenciled onto armor or helmets.

History: The current-day association of militaristic soldiers, known as the "Rangers", is in fact descended from a crack military unit that survived the ravages of the great Fall and its numerous bloodthirsty conflicts. Serving on both east and west fronts during the war, many of the men and women who served with distinction in the ranks of the Rangers lived on (despite atrocious casualties and mounting radiation sickness) even after the central government collapsed, continuing a campaign of "guerilla war" somewhere in the west, the place of their final deployment before all contact with the pre-Fall government ended.

The Rangers learned to rely not only on their elite experience in fighting to stay alive, but also on their survival training. The desert of Nevada, where they eventually ended up, was one of the most hostile places in the world, and with nuclear fallout sweeping over the continent. In time, incursions by shattered remnants of the enemy (most of which were merely marauders) became less and less frequent, but the danger never truly subsided; in their place came raiders, bands of civilians hell-bent on destruction and looting, and other vagabonds who survived the wars through their own malicious intent and malevolent determination.



Against these foes – and many more – the Rangers would be forced to defend their high desert holdouts, and for generations their way of life remained unchanged. Living a mobile existence, lurking like "shadows" in the desert canyons and mountains and striking at night or from ambush, they evaded destruction and, in time, came to build a reputation as a group to truly be reckoned with.

Though conditions and circumstances for the past few generations have forced the Rangers to change in some respects, the Rangers never lost their connection with the past – a remarkable fact considering the great length of time between the present and the cataclysm of the Fall. Training and discipline are the backbone of the organization. They have a rigid chain of command, and a code of laws that are, by and large, unchanged from the same laws that govern the behavior of soldiers in war since before the Fall. They live by military rules, regulate their days by military time, and die knowing full well that they are continuing the mission of their forefathers, and upholding their ancient promise to "provide for the common defense".

Though living apart from other communities in their area, the Rangers have taken it upon themselves to be the "protectors" of the Deadlands region. The many fledgling communities, settlements, and tribal villages of this vast area are, by their own charter (and choice), theirs to defend. Ranger parties regularly patrol the wasteland, not only guarding against outside "intrusion" by the major factions of the Twisted Earth, but also helping local villagers and townsfolk whenever needed against dangers and threats to

their livelihood. Sometimes this aid merely takes the form of lending expertise, such as in planning and constructing bridges, wells, cisterns, or even getting a power grid up; more often, however, the Rangers are petitioned by the people of the Deadlands to combat more menacing threats. Individual Rangers or Ranger “platoons” are often dispatched by the Ranger command to fight rampaging raider gangs, or to hunt down powerful mutant beasts that threaten local agriculture or livestock, or investigate other perilous menaces to the “civilians” of the wasteland.

The Rangers believe, at their core, that one day a government of the United States will be rebuilt, and that civilization will eventually rebuild itself. From what they have seen, in the ravaged wilderness of Nevada, it’s not going to be any time soon. But through their efforts – maintaining a fragile peace through force of arms and equal treatment of all under their protection – they have seen desolate desert bloom into villages and towns, and thus believe that some day the old order will return. Until they receive orders from an acceptable authority to stand down, they will continue to keep the people of the Deadlands “safe”.

Troubleshooters and general handymen, helpers and protectors, the Rangers are more than just the Deadlands’ “policemen”, they are looked up to almost universally as soldiers and heroes. Even in the most degenerate dens of the Deadlands respect is given when a Ranger comes to town; his appearance in a community is as often as not viewed just like the silent arrival of a vigilante in Old West films and stories.

The Rangers recruit new members from the ranks of Deadlands communities (on occasion they even take raider gang members that are capable of being reformed), and their rigorous training weeds out the weak, unwilling, or those who can’t (or won’t) accept discipline. Those who survive become some of the toughest and most self-reliant individuals in the wasteland, members of an elite group that can trace its ancestry straight back to the brave men and women who kept the esprit de corps alive through their own deeds and actions for so many years.



RANGER OFFICER

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Guardian; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Ancient, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d8, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Battle) d8, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d4, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d8, Shooting d10, Stealth d4, Survival d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Edges: Alertness, Command, Hold the Line, Improved Level Headed, Inspire, Marksman, Quick

Draw, Trademark Weapon (Gauss Rifle)

Hindrances: Vow (Major): Provide for the common defense, Overconfident

Mutations: Accumulated Resistance (m), Additional Arm Development (M), Abnormal Joint Flexibility (m)

Defects: Anaphylaxis: feathers (M)

Gear: Gauss Rifle (75/150/300, 3d6, AP 10, Snapfire), Power Backpack, 4 boxes of Gauss Ammunition, Undercover Vest, Web Belt, First Aid Kit, Survival Pack, 2 Ready Syringes (Stimshot B)

RANGER SOLDIER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventor; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Ancient, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d6, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d18, Stealth d4, Survival d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Edges: Alertness, Level Headed, Quick Draw, Trademark Weapon (Steyr ACR)

Hindrances: Vow (Major): Provide for the common defense,

Mutations: Adrenaline Control (M), Dual Cerebellum (M), Spontaneous Electric Charge Generation (m)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Underdeveloped Inner Ear (m)

Gear: Steyr ACR (24/48/96, 2d8, ROF 3, AP 2, Auto, 3RB, Scope), 2 boxes of 5.6mm Ammunition, Undercover Vest, Web Belt, First Aid Kit, Survival Pack.

RAVAGERS

“Surrender now, and your women and children will live to see another day. I promise...”

Typical Backgrounds: Radical.

Attitude: Might makes right, but survival of the army is paramount.

Symbol: The symbol of the Ravagers is a flag dyed with human (or mutant) blood. Symbols representing anarchy and chaos often emblazon these morbid banners as well.

History: Like a few of the major factions of the Twisted Earth, the Ravagers are descended from a small core of survivors of the great Fall. Their ancestors were a motley collection of military deserters; a disorganized band of looters, cowards, and rapists who fled to the broad open plains of the Midwest to escape the poisoned battlefields of the east, into which millions of their brothers were being

pushed like so many lambs to a slaughter.

The Ravagers managed to survive the inevitable holocaust through their abandonment of the war, but the solace they had hoped to find in their exodus was long in coming. Instead, faced with an almost endless expanse of wasteland, and themselves dying from atmospheric radiation from the nuclear detonations all across the country, they were exposed to perils they had never dreamed would threaten their survival.

Over time the remnants solidified into a single “army” led by a singularly ruthless colonel (himself a deserter); a powerful and desperate force that soon came to dominate their region of the wasteland. With ingenuity and planning, the Ravager’s leader led them to victory against other desperate holdouts in the desert. They used their military training (what little they remembered) and arms to topple entire townships and other communities who refused to bow and pay “tribute”. To sate his men’s wretchedness their leader permitted unmentionable atrocities. For those who stood against them, each new conquest led to mass rapes, executions, and the destruction of entire towns. For those who capitulated without a fight, there was mercy (of a sort). Men were recruited against their will to swell the ranks and women were marched away to serve short lives as communal whores and playthings.

Instead of dying out, however, like so many other raider gangs, the Ravagers have managed to thrive. Their great leader (who perished at a very old age a few generations ago), passed on his legacy of leadership to his son, and he in turn built up a hereditary/military system that keeps the Ravagers cohesive to this day. Those who serve with distinction in the army receive “promotions”, with each new “rank” granting increasingly unrestricted privileges (to which others in the army are obligated to turn a blind eye). “Officers” – those who have proven themselves as brilliant leaders as well as loyal to the Ravager commander – earn the right to form their own private guard, with respectable harems of their own and the ability to pass on their rank to their eldest son(s). At higher ranks, men control entire brigades of the army for their great leader, bringing the Ravagers victory and lending more terror to their awful name. This upward mobility has proven incentive enough to keep the Ravagers strong and undivided, and even the lowliest recruit (even those who are at first enslaved when they are forced into the army) face the possibility of promotion if they work hard enough and fight with distinction during their “tour of duty”.

To outsiders, the Ravagers are a terrible threat; uninterested in co-existing with others, the Ravagers take what they want wherever they find it, and make examples of those communities that refuse to bow to their will. Even those communities that surrender are subject to unreasonable demands by the Ravagers (in the form of increased food

production, for example, or an annual tribute of young recruits, both male and female), just to keep the communities in squalor and misery. Instead of being wary of the possibility of rebellion, the leadership of the Ravagers relishes the irregular uprising as a chance to hone the skills of their forces and prove themselves in the eyes of their great emperor.

Among their own kind, the Ravagers have a small code of laws, aimed at curbing dissent and preventing infighting on any significant level. Treachery and treason are the most serious of crimes, always punishable by torture and death. Theft, murder, and other “crimes” are merely minor, and to prove innocence (or guilt) the accused and the accuser (or a champion) are always pitted against each other in a gladiatorial pit for a fight to the death.

Life for new recruits of the Ravagers is terrible at first, as initiation in this sadistic order is not without its torture and mistreatment (though to be sure, treatment will vary depending on to whose camp one is sent to be “trained”). But once torture and training is over the new recruit is given a gun and immediately absorbed into the army. Those who desert or refuse to fight are



killed, while those who give in to the inevitability of their new circumstances have a chance at living a lifestyle envied by many.



RAVAGER COMMANDER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic
Languages: Unislang
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d6
Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d10, Gambling d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Battle) d8, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Survival d10, Taunt d10, Throwing d8
Charisma: -3; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8(2)/10(4) vs. bullets
Edges: Boarding Party, Brawny, Command, Horrifying Kill, Natural Leader
Hindrances: Arrogant, Mean, Vow(major): Serve the Ravagers
Mutations: Fragrance Development (M), Energy Retaining Cell Structure (M), Accumulated Resistance (m)
Defects: Photoluminescent Aural Emission (m), Odorous Stench (m)
Gear: Laser Rifle (75/150/300, 3d6, HW), Power Backpack, Military Combat Suit, 2 Energy Grenades, Survival Pack, Jeep

RAVAGER SOLDIER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic
Languages: Unislang
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d4, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d4, Notice d4, Repair d4, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6
Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8(2)/10(4) vs. bullets
Edges: Boarding Party, Dodge, Horrifying Kill
Hindrances: Mean, Vow (minor): Serve the Ravagers, Vengeful
Mutations: Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity (M), Gigantism (M), Interior Moisture Reservoir (m)
Defects: Adrenaline Deficiency (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)
Gear: M16A2 Assault Rifle (24/48/96, 2d8, ROF 3, AP2, 3RB), 2 boxes 5.56mm Ammunition, Flack Jacket

SAVANTS

"You speak to me of pain? You know nothing of PAIN..."

Typical Backgrounds: Radical, Visionary Reinventor (all for slave races).

Attitude: The great era of the Ancients was nothing more than a farce, and now that their power has been blasted off the earth, a new world can be built in which former prisoners are now the masters.

Symbol: The Savant symbol depicts the planet Earth, but with the words Mundi Novum ("New World") printed either above or underneath. The image is representative of their efforts to create a new earth to suit their own malevolent vision of the future.

History: The origins of the so-called "Savants", one of the Twisted Earth's most malevolent forces, are found not in the dead and dying years after the nuclear war – but in the years and months just prior to the collapse of human civilization.

The Savants came about from something called "Operation Church", a top secret military project undertaken by the American government several years before the outbreak of hostilities that culminated in nuclear war. An extension of earlier exploratory studies into psychic phenomenon (in specific, using so-called "telepaths" for "out of body surveillance" and espionage), "Operation Church" wasn't so much about discovering if psychic abilities actually existed, but rather an effort to create a breed of telepathic soldiers for use in warfare, from the ground up. No one alive knows how well funded "Church" was, but apparently the project was a top priority for a good many years until it was finally shut down, just days before the first nuclear weapons detonated across America.

"Operation Church" began with the "grooming" of some 800 test subjects picked for a variety of psychological and physical traits. Unlike more legitimate medical research studies, however, the nature of these subjects was remarkable – all of them were military and civilian convicts facing execution for their heinous crimes (real or imaginary). All but erased from the public eye after incarceration (which was common in a world so tightly focused on maintaining a hedonistic way of life for its almost uncontrollable population numbers), they made the ideal test subjects; after all, no one would miss them if things went wrong.



Kept in actual cages deep beneath an old abandoned WWII-era army air field in central Texas, these subjects were scrutinized, tested, and exposed to some of the worst horrors imaginable, their captors viewing their suffering with cold, scientific disinterest. The procedures used in various attempts to stimulate telepathic abilities ranged from the comparatively mundane to the most abominable: regulating diet, for instance, or isolating an individual for days, even weeks in a sensory deprivation chamber, were the least extreme tortures. Other subjects, however, were chemically or surgically castrated to study the effects of a neutral sexual disposition on the mind, or operated upon to remove parts of the brain for similar explorations. Gene therapies to develop certain parts of the brain in record time, or diminish others for convenience, were also attempted, often turning their subjects into drooling idiots – or suicidal monsters. Lobotomies were attempted on some to erase individuality and make subjects more receptive to testing; others had their brains physically removed from their bodies and kept suspended in tanks of nutrient-rich fluid to test how human consciousness would adapt to the lack of eyes, ears, and other sensory apparatus. Many were bombarded by ever-increasing doses of radiation in special ion chambers at the bottom of the secret facility, in the hopes that the energy would cause them to mutate and “unlock” the abilities that “Operation Church” scientists were ruthlessly scrambling to find.

This research into unlocking the latent psychic potential of men ended abruptly when, just a few weeks before humanity dissolved into chaos, “Operation Church” was abandoned. In the anarchy that was erupting all over the country (in response to the conventional war that was taking place on American soil for the first time in 200 years), most of the remaining test subjects were liquidated to prevent rampaging civilians from storming the base and finding out what their military had been up to all these years. But somewhere along the line the last remaining security personnel and scientists fled (no doubt seeing that nuclear war was inevitable, they deserted to go find their families), leaving a handful of their test subjects behind in the bowels of the now-sealed test facility to die.

But they did not die. These few would live to become what are now known as the “Savants” – a malevolent group of some of the most powerful mutated creatures on the Twisted Earth. Whether as a result of Ancient-era experiments or due to mutation from the Fall (or a combination of both), those Savants who survived their abandonment – and the war – emerged from their captivity a few decades after the nuclear holocaust to begin conquering the surface world. With a battery of new and potent mental powers they turned savage ruin-pickers and “wild men” into willing slaves, effectively extending their power

beyond their actual numbers. Horribly deformed from inbreeding underground, they took to wearing hoods to conceal their grisly features, a tradition that still has practical uses so far in the future (even compared to other mutants, the end product of Savant breeding is a real horror to behold).

The Savants foster a hatred for all things related to the Ancients (obviously due to their nightmare treatment by the establishment of pre-war America), though they are not above using items of the past to maintain their position of power. They have, in fact, been known to revive lost technologies and even develop some of their own; often two or three Savants, sitting on a specially-made gravity platform (resembling a flying “chariot”), will be at the center of a slave army, controlling the masses of troops cooperatively through the concentration of their psionic powers. This is just one example of their ingenuity.

The Savants are utterly ruthless, being descended from the country’s worst criminals, and consider all life on the Twisted Earth as theirs to command. Using their mental powers they continue to dominate and control others, using slave races to conquer villages and settlements on the outskirts of their borders to add to their “empire”. Though they may currently be content with dominating the world’s most fruitful region (the “Grass Plains”), they have been known, on occasion, to start “crusade”-like campaigns to hunt down and destroy pureblood human holdouts, or other enclaves that claim to be directly descended from Ancient-era man (such as newly-opened “vault” communities).

The actual “core” number of Savants is small; extremely exclusive, membership in their faction is only open to actual descendants of the original convicts they trace their ancestry to. Instead of repopulating their part of the Twisted Earth with their offspring (which they cannot do with any reliability, due to their ever-shrinking gene pool), they have instead created a regimented society of slaves to work, build, and fight for them. Though absolutely cruel and unforgiving, they curb rebellions through clever means; using their mental abilities to charm key figures into submission, keep others hypnotized and contented, and even implanting thoughts of fear, paranoia, and terror on a regular basis to random people to keep their subjects divided, effectively preventing rebellions from ever arising.



SAVANT MASTERMIND

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12, Spirit d10, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Boating d6, Driving d6, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Healing d8, Intimidation d8,

Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d4, Knowledge(Battle) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d10, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d10, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d4, Notice d10, Piloting d8, Repair d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: -6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Edges: Command, Increased Tech-Level, New Power (x3), Power Points (x4), Salvage Expert, Telepath

Hindrances: Overconfident, Ugly

Mutations: Neural Mutation (M), Optic Emissions (M), Claws (m)

Neural Powers: Anxiety/Flight Trigger, Clairvoyance/Clairaudience, Domination, Mind Reading, Telepathic Wipe, Telepathy (30 Power Points)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Gear: Undercover Vest, Maser Rifle (75/150/300, 3d6), Power beltpack, Mk2 Ares Armor, Minifusion Cell, Survival Pack, Pocket Nurse (3 Stimshot A)

SAVANT

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d4, Knowledge(Battle) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d8, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d8, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d4, Notice d8, Piloting d6, Repair d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Charisma: -6; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6(2)

Edges: New Power, Power Points (x2), Salvage Expert, Telepath

Hindrances: Overconfident, Ugly

Mutations: Dual Cerebellum (M), Neural Mutation (M), Hyper Olfactory (m)

Neural Powers: Anxiety/Flight Trigger, Domination, Mind Reading, Telepathy (20 Power Points)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Gear: Maser Pistol (30/60/90, 2d6), 2 Power Clips, Undercover Vest, Survival Pack

MINOR GROUPS

Not quite “major”, there are several smaller, less prestigious groups that nonetheless either aspire to become big players on the Twisted Earth, or else are still worthy of mention. Below are a few of the more significant minor factions of the world.

AMAZONS

“We have taught you everything we know, little sister, and you have been an excellent student. It is now time for you to go and take vengeance upon those who once hurt you, forced you to bear their children against your will, and have surely turned your sons against you in your absence. Go now. You have our blessing.”

Typical Backgrounds: Tribal, Ritual Preservationist, Resentful, Radical, Visionary Reinventor.

Attitude: Women have been abused since long before the Fall, but now, in this age, the oppression has reached intolerable levels. All those who have suffered unjustly at the hands of men are welcome among the ranks of the Sisters.

Symbol: Generally none, though the Sisters often use skulls and decapitated heads to mark the boundaries of their territory, to warn others away.

History: While the major factions and established communities of the Twisted Earth are at least somewhat aware that “Amazon” encampments and colonies of escaped slaves exist out in the wilderness, they seldom pay them any heed. Forced into the periphery of the wasteland, far from the trade routes and populated areas of the world, any threat these all-female bands could pose is curbed by their very isolation – and apparent lack of organization.

There are, however, instances in which these rogue Amazons do come together for mutual strength and protection, despite what the men of the various city-states of the Twisted Earth believe. It is said that with luck, a runaway girl can make contact and link up with other amazons out in the wasteland, and be given a new life where she will either be trained as a warrior to defend herself, or imparted with other, more domestic skills. These range from being taught how to deliver a child to taking care of the sick. Because they are few in number, these groups – self-named “sisters of the desert” – adhere to strict policies of secrecy regarding the locations of their camps, the numbers comprising their forces, and their future migrations. Those sisters who fall in combat are generally expected to commit suicide to avoid endangering their fellow escapees, a result of which is manifested in their fearlessness in battle against men and slavers of all kinds.

The Sisters recruit not only the rare brave runaway, but also slaves and concubines freed as a result of their raids. Their camps are almost exclusively nomadic, a requisite when avoiding raider gangs and vengeful former captors who might track them into the wasteland seeking to bring them back by force. They often travel at night (to move unseen), among the most treacherous terrain (to dissuade pursuit), and due to their wanderings they have gained a great deal of lore concerning the “lost places” of the Twisted Earth – and it’s many mutated dangers.

Rather curiously, those who join the Sisters are not required to stay with them for life. While the Sisters actively seek new women (and, on rare occasion, males who have also been badly mistreated by raiders) to help build up their warrior force (or take care of the sick and wounded), it is part of their underlying philosophy that no one, including their own hierarchy, has any right to control another's destiny. As such, the Sisters will willingly give shelter and safety to escaped slaves, food and water as well, but make no demands of loyalty. Even a woman who has received training from them is allowed to go free if she so wishes, though she is expected to help any recognized sister in the future should they ever cross paths again.

One final note of interest regarding the Sisters is their acceptance of all women, pureblood or mutant alike. While the former are exceedingly rare, there are instances where pureblood women (who are quite priceless as harem girls for their lack of physical defects) have been given equal protection under the wing of mutated Sisters, and even rise to ranks of leadership in the sisterhood.



AMAZON LEADER

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resentful; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Battle) d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Notice d6, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d8, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Command, Healer, Juju Medicine, Nerves of Steel, Strong Willed, Trademark Weapon (Longsword), Two Fisted

Hindrances: Vow (major): Destroy Ancient Technology

Mutations: Aberrant Horn Development (m), Dermal Suction (m), Hemotoxin Sting (M)

Defects: Sensitivity: cold (M)

Gear: Horns (Str+d6, off-handed), Long Sword (Str+d8), Machete (Str+d6), Leather Armor, 2 Ready Syringes (Stimshot A), 4 Juju Salve

AMAZON WARRIOR

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth

d6, Survival d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8 **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Gladiator, Strong Willed, Sweep

Hindrances: Loyal

Mutations: Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity (M), Gamma-ray Visual Sensitivity (m), Increased Movement (M)

Defects: Attention Deficit, Immune System Abnormality

Gear: Long Sword, Machete, Leather Armor, 2 Juju Salve

BENDERS

"Cross that line, and the last thing you'll hear is the sound of a .50 caliber round cracking through your skull. Do we understand each other?"

Typical Backgrounds: Resurrector, Guardian.

Attitude: The world outside the walls of Bend City is a dangerous place, inhospitable to all life save for the most merciless and mercenary. The security of the City is all that matters, for it alone stands as a bubble of sanity in this blighted world of raiders and mutant armies.

Symbol: The symbol most often seen on Benders is a patch from the rag-tag technician's overalls many of them still wear, to honor their ancestors. The patch depicts an oil well and the corporate name of the Bend City Oil Company.

History: The Benders are the direct descendants of the Ancient-era personnel who used to run the oil facility that is now "Bend City". Pureblooded humans, they holed up in the facility during the war and for generations afterwards, horrified by the odd sighting of mutants and the knowledge that the world outside had fallen into violent chaos. Afraid of rampant diseases seen firsthand in refugees who came to them early on in their enclave's history (and the possibility of interbreeding mutation into their ranks), they shut themselves off completely from the outside. A classic example of a xenophobic community, they are exceptional in that the facility they occupy is still able to produce oil – and the fact that they are still strong enough to keep raiders (and the major factions) from taking that oil by force.

In all, these are actually peaceful people who just want to be left alone. They have happy (if hard) lives within the walls of their compound, with families, relationships, and equality among the sexes. They seldom leave the centuries-old walls of their fortress; when they do it is usually at night (so that they cannot be seen), and then only in small groups to scavenge from the desert. Without any access to other industries, they typically wear rags and hodge-podge rusted armor from centuries past, and all remaining resources within their community can generally be traced back to the time of the Ancients.



BENDER COMMANDER

Race: Human; **Background:** Resurrectors;
Tech-Level: 2 Post-Apocalyptic
Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8,
 Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Driving d6, Fighting d6,
 Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Computers
 and Robotics) d8, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Notice
 d6, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d10

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Edges: Marksman, Dead Shot

Hindrances: Clueless, Outsider

Gear: Barret Light Fifty (50/100/200, 2d10, AP4,
 Snapfire, HW), 2 boxes .50 Ammunition, Undercover
 Vest, 2 Ready Syringe (Stimshot B)

BENDER MECHANIC

Race: Human; **Background:** Resurrectors; **Tech-**
Level: 3 Advanced

Languages:

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d6,
 Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d6,
 Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Computers
 and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d8, Notice
 d6, Repair d8, Riding d6, Shooting d10



Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Edges: Increased Tech-Level, Intuitive Mechanic

Hindrances: Clueless, Outsider

Gear: Barret Light Fifty (50/100/200, 2d10, AP4,
 Snapfire, HW), 2 boxes .50 Ammunition, Undercover
 Vest, 2 Juju Salves, Tool kit

CORIUM MINERS OF LITTLE VEGAS

*"Empty your pockets when you leave the mine,
 maggot! If I catch you smuggling out any corium,
 it'll be one hundred lashes!"*

Typical Backgrounds: Resurrector.

Attitude: The Clean control water, the Cartel
 control oil and arms, and the 'Miners have corium.
 One day the rulers of Lil' Vegas will be among the
 great merchants of the wasteland.

Symbol: None.

History: In reality, the isolated Old West town
 of Lil' Vegas was long ago the site of a massive
 construction project during the heyday of the Ancients.
 Situated near the growing metropolis of Albuquerque/
 Santa Fe, the site was chosen as the perfect place
 to build an unprecedented nuclear power complex
 (underground, in the bizarre notion that it would be
 safe from attack by terrorists or conventional attack)
 that would provide for the power needs of no less than
 four entire states.

When the Fall came, the complex was either
 abandoned or damaged, and as a result a major chain
 of melt-downs occurred that destroyed much of the
 deep earth facility and flooded most of its tunnels
 and passages with molten corium. Over time it was
 forgotten, but in recent years (within a generation
 from the present) corium prospectors, combing the
 mountains, uncovered the old complex and opened
 it once again. Though these original prospectors
 were either driven out or enslaved by a band of local
 raiders (who, upon hearing rumors of the newly-found
 "motherlode" came running), the mines remained
 open. To this day those same raiders continue to
 operate the Lil' Vegas corium mines, luring outside
 labor to the town through promises of wealth and as
 much corium as a man can carry away.

Those who come to Lil' Vegas looking for a bright
 future find only slavery and a slow death from
 radiation and terrible mining conditions. The gang
 that runs Lil' Vegas are little more than murderers and
 slavers, forcing all newcomers either into the mines
 (if male), or into the town's brothels (if female). Lives
 lived here are short and pathetic; the corium of the
 deep mines radiates most workers with lethal doses of
 radiation, while cave-ins and spontaneous eruptions of
 fire (corium generates heat, and deep in the mines the
 level of heat is considerable) claim many, many more.
 The town establishment, for its part, cares nothing
 for the suffering of its citizens, getting rich from the
 corium they extract and perpetuating the myth to the

outside world that opportunities abound within their town's walls.

Outsiders who come to Lil' Vegas will receive different treatment depending on their station and personal abilities, but few will be allowed to leave willingly. Weaker individuals are invariable enslaved, while more powerful groups are courted and offered genuine positions as guards, strikebreakers, or hired guns for the establishment. Those who refuse, or try to escape, are hunted like animals among the desolate dunes that ring the oasis-town for miles around.



LIL' VEGAS BOSS

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:**

Resurrectors; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d8, Repair d6, Shooting d6,

Charisma: -1; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(1)

Edges: Level Headed, Market (Lil' Vegas), Silver Tongue, Troglodyte

Hindrances: Greedy, Obese, Hard to Kill

Mutations: Elongation (m), Extreme Resilience (M), Neurotoxin Sting (M)

Defects: Odorous Stench (m), Underdeveloped Muscles (m)

Gear: Ruger Service-Six (12/24/48, 2d6+1, AP 1), 30 .38 rounds, Leather Jacket, Playing Cards, 100 corium pieces

CORIUM MINER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resurrectors; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d4, Gambling d6, Guts d4, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Repair d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6

Edges: Brawny, Scavenger, Troglodyte

Hindrances: Illiterate, Phobia (minor): Open Spaces

Mutations: Additional Arm Development (M), Radiation Immunity (M), Sensitive Sight (m)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Gear: Lead Pipe (Str+d8, Parry -1, 2 hands), High Powered Flashlight, Canteen, 40 corium pieces

CRYSTALTIME MERCHANTS

"Flecks of dirt and dead bugs in the water? Hey, you should be grateful I'm not charging extra for the added protein!"

Typical Backgrounds: Visionary Reinventor.

Attitude: The wasteland isn't dead; it isn't even dying, despite what everyone says. At the furthest fringes of the "known world" the frontier is teeming with life, and the CrystalTime make their living selling water to the tribes and communities on the edge of the world.

Symbol: The CrystalTime use the emblem of a pre-Fall brand of bottled water as their House symbol.

History: A much freer people than their competitors, the Clean, the CrystalTime merchants are a widespread association of merchants and caravaneers who have plied the wastes for countless years since the Fall. Like the Clean they trace their claim to water trading rights to before the Fall, and though hedged out of the most populous areas of the Twisted Earth, the fact that they know of distant water sources (beyond the known borders of the wasteland) has kept them alive despite various setbacks over the years.

The CrystalTime are traders, first and foremost, but even the pragmatism so necessary to successful merchants sometimes gives way to an almost unheard of phenomenon: mercy. The CrystalTime have long been the protective "older brother" of many tribal communities of the Deserts of Nowhere, and in times



of great hardship (such as droughts, when the tribals cannot forage enough food even for themselves, let alone to trade for water) they have been known to continue deliveries of water rations despite not being paid for weeks, even months at a time.

This selfless attitude has led to strong bonds between the savage groups and tribal clans of the desert and the CrystalTime, which has mutually benefited all concerned. Though they have, on occasion, been burned by their compassion, the CrystalTime's relatively secure position (on the edge of the world) prevents more powerful groups elsewhere from taking advantage of their trust and eradicating them completely.

The CrystalTime merchants recruit often; most of their new additions serve as caravan guards and scouts, helping to keep their wagon trains safe during their journeys along the trade routes. Defending against raiders, tribal groups upset about territorial claims, and sometimes even war parties of the major factions are the most frequent encounters for these wagon-borne merchants. Temporary employment is always an option for outsiders unwilling to fully commit to the CrystalTime, and the merchants pay reasonably well for hired guns, considering their overall scarcity of funds. For those who join on as "lifers" (committing themselves to the House for the rest of their lives), they enjoy full citizenship, share equally in the profits of their particular cell, can marry and have children, etc.

The "secret water source" of the CrystalTime isn't one single source, but instead includes a number of small lakes and rivers located far from the deserts – and populated regions – of the Southwest. They also acquire water from smaller communities (whose presence is unknown to most factions that cling to life within miles of the established trade routes) existing peacefully along the shores of the Great Lakes.



CRYSTALTIME TRADEMASTER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventors; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Ancient, Guttertalk, Unislang, Trade

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d6, Gambling d6, Guts d4, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d10, Notice d8, Persuasion d12, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d8, Taunt d8

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Edges: Demagogue, Captivate Masses, Charismatic, Silver Tongued

Hindrances: Cautious, Code of Honor

Mutations: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing (M), Regenerative Capability (M), Enhanced Respiration (m)

Defects: Immune System Abnormality (m),

Underdeveloped Intestines (m)

Gear: Fancy Clothing, Shock Gloves (Str+d10, Electricity), Baretta 93R (Range: 12/24/48, 2d6, ROF 3, AP 1, Auto, Semi-Auto), 2 boxes 9mm Ammo, Undercover Vest, Survival Pack, Healing Pack, Moving Truck.

CRYSTALTIME MERCHANT

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Visionary Reinventors; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-apocalyptic

Languages: Guttertalk, Unislang, Trade

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d6, Gambling d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Lockpicking d4, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Ace, Luck, Trademark Weapon (Short Sword)

Hindrances: Greedy, Loyal

Mutations: Dermal Poison Sap (M), Gamma Ray Visual Sensitivity (m), Independent Cerebral Control (M)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Adrenaline Deficiency (m)

Gear: Short Sword, Desert Eagle (Range: 15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, Semi-Auto), 2 boxes of .50AE Ammo, Leather Armor, Survival Kit, Jeep

HERMAVS

"Sweetie, don't hate me because I'm beautiful."

Typical Backgrounds: Resentful, Radical.

Attitude: Cast-out and hunted like monstrosities, hermavs believe the whole world is against them. In return they despise all who do not share the same "curse" they bear, and cruelly mistreat and ravage all "normal" inhabitants of the wasteland who fall into their hands.

Symbol: Individual hermaf groups often use a variety of strange, artistic, or simply bizarre symbols on their flags and war banners. Many of these are meant to represent their dual-sexed nature, or are merely designed to be as unnerving (and disturbing) as possible to outsiders.

History: To outsiders, an encounter with hermavs is a terribly frightening prospect. While their depravations and torture methods are well known, a mythology surrounds these beings that does much to magnify their malevolent reputation. In addition to the effect their outcast upbringing and often savage tribal customs have on their sanity, they also have a cold sense of humor to them (often manifesting as a laughing disregard for the lives of "normals") that can only be described as "eerie".

Hermav communities range from small

encampments in the desert, to larger enclaves among the world's many necropoli (the unusual number of hermavv being reported is evidence that hermaphroditic mutation is on the rise). Like most communities, hermavv are generally led by the strongest or most brutal member of their peer group, but cunning and charisma also play an important role in who leads their bands. Hermavv only accept members of their own race into their communities, mutilating and killing (in a most sadistic fashion) all "normals" who dare intrude upon their territory.

Most hermavv enclaves occupy old ruins, with a central area where the hermavv can meet to prepare for war and engage in wild celebratory gatherings. At such decadent and debauched revels (where all manner of unnatural acts are performed on captives, as well as amongst themselves), heavy drink, lascivious dancing, and obscene orgies are generally the rule. When hermavv muster for war, they usually ride bareback on horses, or piloting fleets of wildly painted vehicles.



HERMAV LEADER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resentful; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Knowledge(Battle) d8, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d8, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d12, Swimming d6, Taunt d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7(1)

Edges: Beast Bond, Beast Master, Steady Hands, Strong Willed,

Hindrances: Vow (major): Destroy Ancient Technology

Mutations: Adreneline Control (M), Hyper Olfactory (m), Additional Arm Development (M)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Underdeveloped Inner Ear (m)

Gear: Long Sword (Str+d8), Crossbow (15/30/60, 2d6, AP2), Quiver (20 bolts), Small Shield, Leather Armor, Desert Horse

HERMAV

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d8, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Brawny, Dodge, Quick

Hindrances: Mean, Vengeful (minor)

Mutations: Accelerated White Blood Cell Activity (M), Light Distortion Field (M), Energy Immunity: heat (m)

Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Underdeveloped Lung (m)

Gear: Long Sword (Str+d8), Beretta 92F (12/24/48; 2d6; ROF 3; AP1, Auto, 3RB), 2 boxes 9mm Ammo, Leather Armor, Desert Horse

KNIGHTS OF ROUTE 66

"What are you standing around for, you fools?! After them!"

Typical Backgrounds: Ritual Preservationist, Radicals.

Attitude: The merchants and traders of the world grow richer and fatter every day, yet by the law of the wasteland they are undeserving. The Knights, on the other hand, take what they want through honorable battle, and thus deserve their position of power (by virtue of their skill at arms).

Symbol: The Knights use the actual road signs of their region as a kind of "heraldic device", bearing the words "Route 66" on their faded, often rusted shields.

History: The Knights of Route 66 combine a blend of unusually quixotic ideals of honor and bravery, tainted by a record of outright brutality and greed over the past few decades. Though they continue to model themselves after warriors and knights of days long past, they are, by any other name, merely a well-disciplined band of raiders and highwaymen.

The Knights came about generations past, spawned from what was little more than a mercenary group of wasteland warriors who fell into service with the Cartel out of Kingman Town, on the west side of the Big Hole. Paid to keep Cartel caravans safe, the mercenaries did their job exceedingly well for several years, earning a solid reputation as soldiers and even securing for themselves a base in Kingman Town (the old Knights Inn, a motel, on historic Route 66). Their success did not last, however, and after one particularly gloomy battle against more powerful raiders, the Knights were cast out by the Cartel into the northern fringes of the Mountains of Misery.

Spurned by what they perceived as "betrayal", the Knights clung to their existence by raiding. Though they clung to their strange "code of knights" (which forbids cowardice, disloyalty, theft from one's peers, and rights within the brotherhood guaranteed by trials by combat), over time they sunk deep into bloodthirsty violence and depravity, raiding convoys and caravans of all kinds to meet their food, water, fuel, and "entertainment" needs.

Because of the threat they pose to Cartel trade routes of the area, the Knights have become the object of a campaign by the Cartel to root them out and crush them once and for all; but the rugged, forbidding



landscape of the Mountains of Misery keep the mobile Knights relatively safe. They are known to have many camps among the hills overlooking Trader Pass, some of which they have fortified and turned into virtual “fortresses” (and yes, the stories of artillery are true), while others are merely temporary, or even ruses, to mislead scouts and Cartel-paid bounty hunters.

Despite the violence they show merchants and traders who fall prey to their armies, the Knights have a code by which they adhere, often to their detriment. For example, their code forces them to permit any enemy soldier to surrender and be given a trial by combat for his life and possessions. Second, any recognized diplomatic person - or any person of worth - captured in a raid is usually ransomed instead of being merely slain (a fact that runs contrary to the stories of their brutality). Finally, any warrior who shows great skill - even against them in battle - might be given a chance to join as an equal member in their brotherhood.



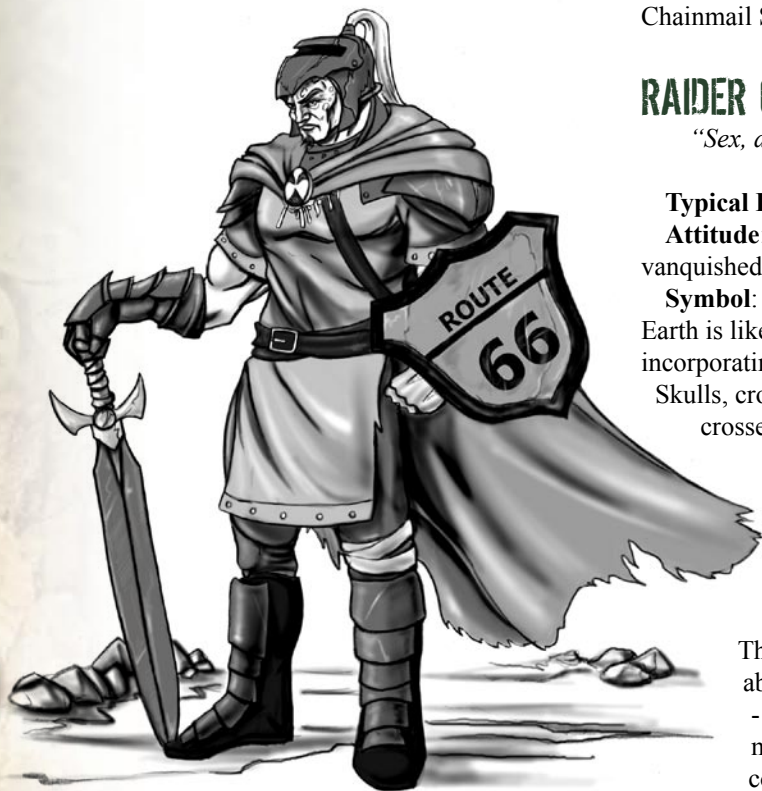
ROUTE 66 COMMANDER

Race: 1st Gen Mutant; **Background:** Ritual Preservationist; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Ancient, Guttertalk, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d8, Knowledge(Battle) d8, Knowledge(Technology) d8, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6-1, Shooting d6



Charisma: -1; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10(3)

Edges: Artifact Cache, Improved Frenzy, Scholar

Hindrances: Code of Honor, Enemy (Cartel Leader), Vow (Major): Save Ancient Technology

Mutations: Additional Arm Development (M), Skeletal Fortification (m), Accumulated Resistance (m)

Defects: Neurofibromatosis (M)

Gear: Warp-Field Sword (Str+d6+4, Ignores Armor), Minifusion Cell, Desert Eagle (Range: 15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, Semi-Auto), Box of .50AE Ammo, Chainmail Shirt, 2 Juju Salves, Dirt Bike.

ROUTE 66 WARRIOR

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Radical; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post-Apocalyptic

Languages: Unislang

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Driving d4, Fighting d10, Guts d4, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d8, Knowledge(Technology) d4, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d4, Repair d6, Riding d8, Shooting d6, Streetwise d6, Survival d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Edges: Boarding Party, Combat Reflexes, Hard to Kill, Salvage Expert

Hindrances: Code of Honor

Mutations: Abnormal Joint Flexibility (m), Extreme Resilience (M), Hemotoxin Sting (M)

Defects: Underdeveloped Inner Ear (m), Dwarfism (m)

Gear: Long Sword, Desert Eagle (Range: 15/30/60, 2d8, AP 2, Semi-Auto), Box of .50AE Ammo, Chainmail Shirt, 2 Juju Salves, Desert Horse

RAIDER GANGS (VARIOUS)

“Sex, drugs, and rock and roll!!!”

Typical Backgrounds: Tribal, Resentful, Radical.

Attitude: Spoils to the victor; woe to the vanquished.

Symbol: Each individual raider gang of the Twisted Earth is likely to have a symbol of its own, usually incorporating fear-inducing imagery or slogans.

Skulls, crossbones, symbols of chaos and death, crossed rifles, fiery swords, scourges, winged demons, coiled serpents, and fire-breathing jackals are just a few examples.

History: To state the obvious, there are almost countless individual “gangs” and “bands” of raiders in the blighted radiated wastelands of Darwin’s World. These bands are usually composed of the absolute dregs of post-holocaust society - murderers, thieves, rapists, and insane mutants. Often they are loosely organized, controlled only by one leader’s ruthlessness

or bribes. Many of these gangs terrorize a community for a time, before they turn on themselves and destroy one another. Other times, in the case of larger gangs, their own power is enough to keep them together, and these prove to be a blight of their own - often they prowl the wastes in huge motorized gangs (modeled after ancient biker gangs), burning, raping, and pillaging everything in their path. They are the greatest nightmare of the post-holocaust world, being those careless men and mutants who take what they wish, often destroying entire communities who seek only peace. Ruthless, vicious, and brutal in their tactics, they pose the strongest threat to travelers of the open wilderness.

TYPICAL RAIDER GANG MEMBER

Use the statistics for Doomriders, Entropists, Ravagers and Wastelords for other raider gangs.

WASTELORDS

"Ah, I love the smell of burning bodies in the morning... Sergeant, put on the Wagner album and let's gear up for battle!"

Typical Backgrounds: Resurrector.

Attitude: Organization and intellect are the fine line separating the weak from the strong. The Wastelords believe that their idea of "civilized" order and behavior are far superior to the ways of the simple tribals of the wasteland, and use their technological prowess to keep the savages in line.

Symbol: The Wastelords generally employ a stylized symbol involving a human skull with a supercharger sprouting from the forehead like some freakish punk hairstyle.

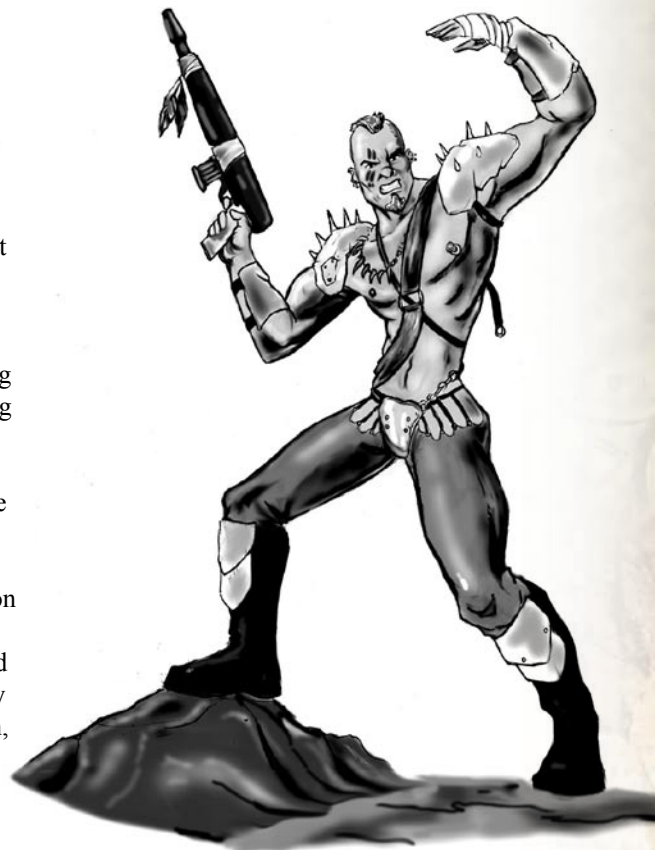
History: What separates the Wastelords from most other gangs of their kind is their overall respect for technology and, to some degree, education. The Wastelords came into being more than a decade ago when their leader, Kyren, was cast out from his dying vault community (after being blamed for squandering their water supplies trying to lead expeditions into the desert to find other sources). Faced with almost certain death alone, Kyren used his knowledge of the communities of the Forbidden Lands, as well as his insights into the darker aspects of human nature, to attract to his side the worst possible men of the region and start an army of his own.

The Wastelords have since risen from disorganized bands of rapists and thugs to a large, motorized army with discipline and purpose. After gathering strength, Kyren returned to conquer the vault of his origins, looting its impressive armories to arm his raiders with automatic weapons and portion out drugs to pump them up before battle. For those who had originally thrown him out, he gave a chance to beg forgiveness and pledge their loyalty; those who did

became his lieutenants, while those who refused were summarily put to death.

Kyren's armies have dominated entire regions in their brief existence, each year emerging from their legendary "hold beyond the mountains" to demand tribute from the tribes of the Forbidden Lands (failure to comply, of course, has terrible repercussions) and keep their warriors in line through battles and engagements that always end in Wastelord victory (more often than not thanks to their technological advantage over the wasteland peoples, and not due to any tactical skill on the part of their local commanders).

The Wastelords are not maniacs, however, they simply view themselves as more fit to rule. The world being as savage and chaotic as it is, the rule of might has yet to be challenged, and with a cunning, crafty leader at the helm they stand a better chance than most in the game of survival. While Kyren continues to attract regular outsiders such as raiders and criminals to his army, he views these as mere chattel; those who have some particular skill or talent - or education - are likely to receive better treatment (unless his men get to the individual first, in which case all bets are off), and these may even become fast friends with the genius leader of the Wastelords and come to share in leadership of his ever-growing gang.





WASTELORD LEADER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resurrector; **Tech-Level2:** Post Apocalyptic
Languages: Unislang
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d6, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Swimming d4
Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 7(2)
Edges: Two Fisted, Tough as Nails
Hindrances: Overconfident
Mutations: Aberrant Endoskeletal Encasing (M), Adrenaline Control (M), Gamma-Ray Visual Sensitivity (m)
Defects: Aberrant Deformity (m), Odorous Stench (m)
Gear: Double Barrel Shotgun (12/24/48, 1-3d6, RoF 1-2, 10 shots), Spiked Chain (Str+d6, Ignores Shield, Parry and Cover bonuses), Battlecycle

WASTELORD RAIDER

Race: 2nd Gen Mutant; **Background:** Resurrector; **Tech-Level2:** Post Apocalyptic
Languages: Unislang
Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6



Skills: Climbing d4, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Notice d6, Repair d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8
Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7(1)
Edges: Trademark Weapon (Spiked Chain)
Hindrances: Vow: Serve Wastelords (minor)
Mutations: Dermal Poison Sap (M), Increased Body Density (M), Multiple Eyes (m)
Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m), Immune-System Abnormality (m)
Gear: AK-47 (Range: 24/48/96, 2d8, RoF 3, AP 2, Auto), 2 clips ammo, Leather Jacket, Spiked Chain (Str+d6, Ignores Shield, Parry and Cover bonuses), Motocross Bike

XENOPHOBES (VARIOUS)

"Stay back – we're warning you! We don't want trouble! Just turn around and leave us be!"

Typical Backgrounds: Tribal, Resentful, Degenerate, Hedonist, Guardian.
Attitude: Any hope of the world recovering from the Fall is now gone, and the only thing to do now is live each day to its fullest, thankful for high walls (and a strong militia) to keep the dregs of the desert at bay.
Symbol: None. Most xenophobic communities prefer to remain invisible and overlooked, and thus any flag or sign that would make them stand out from the desert landscape would be foolish.
History: There are various communities in Darwin's World that have progressed beyond the mere struggle for survival, but many of these guard their secret to success/civilization through secrecy - secrecy often protected with ruthless and merciless brutality. These xenophobic communities are exceedingly common, having their own secluded walled compounds, stockpiles of weapons, food, and fresh water, and often a veritable army of dedicated and ruthless soldiers.
The Benders (see above) are typical of xenophobic enclaves, though their dealings with outsiders - as limited as they are - may perhaps disqualify them as true "xenophobes". For a prime example of a smaller community of this type, see the sample wasteland settlement, "Hemisphere", in the Adventure Locations section of this book.

TYPICAL XENOPHOBE

Use the statistics for any faction other than Savants and add the following Hindrances: Clueless, Outsider, Cautious.



CHAPTER 4:

TERRORS OF THE TWISTED EARTH

Though among some people the dangerous creatures of our world are reviled, respected, or even worshipped, and among others they are simply considered nuisances to trade and military conquest, you, dear reader, should know that these specimens of new life are just that – new life. This world of ours is changing, by the generation, and the poison the Ancients left in their violent wake will probably never fade away.

-Bixby

The wastelands that comprise the Twisted Earth of Darwin's World are home to myriad of horrendously mutated beings, from intelligent character-types worthy of interaction to simply the cannibalistic or predatory creatures that prey on the weak or solitary. Dangers other than the ever-present radiation and the chemically contaminated ecosystem do exist out there, and are rightly feared by all folk of sound mind.

This chapter, Terrors of the Twisted Earth, is only meant to give a mere sampling of the kind of mutated beasts that pose threats to player characters in Darwin's World. A description is given of each infamous creature, along with game statistics so that they may be pitted against characters if the GM so wishes.

MUTANT CREATURES

Mutations and defects can be added to any creature in Savage Worlds. Simply select mutations and defects from Darwin's World and apply them to existing creatures from other Savage settings. Don't bother treating them as 1st, 2nd or 3rd generation mutants. Just give them the mutations and defects you want them to have. It is recommended that all creatures have at least one Defect. More powerful creatures should have several, or at least Defects that cause them to have a weakness that could be exploited.

A mutant creature uses all the base creature's statistics and special abilities except for those affected by mutations or defects. In this way, you can create a wide array of new beasts for the characters to interact with.

THE TERRORS

ABOMINATION

Among the more advanced and malevolent groups of the Twisted Earth, such as the terrible Savants, genetic experiments are not an uncommon practice. These attempts to breed "super-mutants" or enhance specific traits, typically fail. The scientists then use these "lost causes" for more and more experiments. Those subjects who prove too difficult to slay are often discarded secretly, their bloated, ghastly bodies expelled into the darkness of the night.

In appearance, these "abominations" bear little or no resemblance to humans. They vary considerably, but all are horrendous and warped. No two abominations appear exactly the same, but all are essentially grotesque bulks of knotted flesh, cancerous tissue, and malformed limbs with cat-like eyes, long tendrils for tongues, jagged fangs, warped and ragged claws, and thick warty skins are most common. Other features might include atrophied tentacles, an odd deformed wing or two (although

incapable of flight), a fat lazy tail, etc.

In combat, abominations attack blindly and violently by flailing whatever workable limbs they possess. Though afraid of light, the creature is truly horrific to behold when fully illuminated.



ABOMINATION

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Tracking d4

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Amorphous: Abominations have no clear front or back. They do not suffer additional damage from called shots and ignore gang up bonuses against them.

Claws: Str+d4

Fast Regeneration: Abominations may attempt a natural healing roll every round

Fear: Abominations are horrifying to behold. Since no two are alike, Guts rolls must be made any time an Abomination is encountered.

Multiple Limbs: Abominations may make two attacks per round without multi-action penalties.

Low Light Vision: Abominations ignore penalties from Dim or Dark lighting (but not pitch black conditions).



Photosensitive: Abominations exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash will automatically blind the creature for one hour.

Size +2: Abominations are over 7 feet tall.

ALBINO APEMAN

These abnormal ape-creatures are not unlike mutated chimpanzees, adapted to a dark and savage existence underground.

Stories abound of creatures such as these hiding in the deep recesses of caverns beneath the mountains of the wasteland. Some say they are the descendants of animals kept by the Ancients for their amusement, and when the Fall came they were freed during the chaos and confusion. Shunning the blighted land of the surface, they retreated to deep caves where they became that which they are today. Other superstitious stories, however, suggest these are not mere animals, but are actually descended from humans who were stricken by horrific diseases and mutagens during the Fall, and descended into darkness where they began to revert to a savage, albino, and animal shape.

The hands of albino apemen have developed opposable thumbs, and what thin fur remains has changed to a pale wispy white, covering almost head to toe in a soft, bristling coat. Exposed skin on an albino apeman is generally pinkish and pale, while the eyes are a glazed white, yellow, or lambent blue. Jagged teeth fill the vicious mouth of the creature.

Albino apemen are primitive, savage creatures that dwell in darkness, afraid of light (a torch thrust at them will cause them to flee unless cornered or particularly brave), and employing only the crudest of tools and weapons – thrown rocks, sticks, and other scavenged implements.

Albino apemen typically congregate in large “clans” of their own kind, dominated by a powerful male that has bested all others in physical feats of prowess and strength. Those that bicker, argue vocally, or disobey the simple commands of the tribe leader are often beaten or outright killed by the dominant male.

Albino apemen are incapable of speech. In combat, albino apemen fight in much the same manner as semi-intelligent jungle apes, using cunning and stealth to hide, listen, and wait in ambush.



ALBINO APEMAN LEADER

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d12, Throwing d8, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Keen Senses: Apemen have a keen sense of smell. They gain +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls.

Low Light Vision: Apemen ignore penalties from Dim or Dark lighting (but not pitch black conditions).

Natural Weapons: Apemen will use large sticks as clubs (Str+d6), hurl rocks (Str+d4) or, when grappling, bite with their jagged teeth (Str+d6).

Photosensitive: Albino apemen exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash (e.g. from a dazzle rifle) will automatically blind the creature for 5 rounds.

ALBINO APEMAN WARRIOR

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d10, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Taunt d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

Keen Senses: Apemen have keen sight and sense of smell. They gain +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls.

Low Light Vision: Apemen ignore penalties from Dim or Dark lighting (but not pitch black conditions).

Natural Weapons: Apemen will use large sticks as clubs (Str+d6), hurl rocks (Str+d4) or, when grappling, bite with their jagged teeth (Str+d6).

Photosensitive: Albino apemen exposed to bright



lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash (e.g. from a dazzle rifle) will automatically blind the creature for 5 rounds.

AMOEBA, BUBBLE CELL

The bubble cell amoeba is a remarkable inhabitant of the most radiated corners of the wasteland; it is, in effect, a giant colony of cellular structures that inherit intelligence as it grows in size and number. While a single creature of this type can be powerful, in some regions they are quite abundant, residing in packs, like land-born clouds, strewn across the sand.

The bubble cell starts small, usually with a single bubble-like cellular form (the size of a volleyball or larger) and translucent in color. Inside can be seen an odd black core emanating numerous veins. A web of ugly greenish-gray growth extends from the base of the cellular body, sensing motion in the air and ground around it.

As the bubble cell begins to grow, its first primary cell splits into a sister cell, adding to its size. Both cells work in conjunction, adding to the creature's complexity and range of senses. This also adds to its ability to affect the world around it. As more cells grow from the base, the bubble cell becomes capable of even more complex functions. More advanced abilities (such as power draining) require more complex processes, and thus more cells are required to perform these functions. A bubble cell is only truly dangerous when it becomes fully grown, as it becomes able to generate electric pulses from its central dominant cell, and its tentacle sensing polyps become able to grasp and draw in fresh prey for consumption by its mass.

BUBBLE CELL AMOEBA

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+5, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5;
Toughness: 12
Special Abilities

Amorphous: The Bubble Cells structure malleable. It can squeeze itself through openings as narrow as 5 feet around and can reach up to 2" (12 feet) to attack. Bubble cells can not run.

Blindsight: The Bubble Cell can detect objects to a range of 10" (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Electric Shock: A mature bubble cell amoeba's primary defense is generation of a powerful electric shock. The shock is made as a touch attack (+2 to Fighting roll) and inflicts 3d6 electrical damage. This ability may only be used once per round.

Energy Retaining Cell Structure: When the bubble cell is struck by an electrical or energy weapon attack, it must make a Vigor roll. If the check is successful, the attack does no damage whatsoever. On a raise, the bubble cell absorbs this energy for later use. This energy adds 1d6 to the bubble cell's next electric shock attack.

Fear: Bubble cells are terrifying to behold. Characters encountering one must make a Guts check.

Improved Frenzy: Bubble cells may use their multiple polyps to make two attacks per round without penalty.

Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a bubble cell due to its large size.

Polyps: The bubble cell's polyps inflict Strength in damage when not using an electrical attack.

Size +6: Bubble cells are 20 to 30 feet wide, tall or long (depending on how you look at it).

AMOEBA, GIANT

There are numerous forms of this kind of living organism, ranging from humongous animate globs of protoplasmic "ooze", to gigantic, sprawling amoebas forced into watery locales to support their monstrous weight.

Likewise they range in color and camouflage, from bright green to a dull ochre, sickly yellow to



lifeless, often translucent gray. Giant amoebas are found in many climates and areas, but mostly reside underground or underwater where they are protected from the harmful effects of ultraviolet radiation – which appears to be of particular concern to the growth and life of these beings.

Giant amoebas actually comprise a range of creatures, from animate fungal growths of colossal size, to literally giant one-celled creatures that feed mindlessly off other forms of life by dissolving and absorbing tissue on contact. All such creatures are immune to fear, of course, but often seem to act in a very cunning fashion (they are, in fact, drawn towards bodily heat, and cannot actually “stalk” their prey as is often claimed by underground folk).

In combat, giant amoebas attack by forming pseudopods to reach out and grab prey to consume.

GIANT AMOEBA

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+5, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11

Special Abilities

Blindsight: The giant amoeba can detect the heat of objects to a range of 10” (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Fear: Amoebas are terrifying to behold. Characters encountering one must make a Guts check.

Fearless: Giant amoebas stalk their prey with no regard to the consequences. They are immune to fear based attacks and never need to make Guts rolls.

Immunity (Piercing weapons): A giant amoeba can not be hurt by cutting or piercing attacks; its fluid action immediately repairs the holes. Blunt weapons and energy weapons inflict damage normally.

Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking an amoeba due to its large size.

Sensitivity (UV Light): A giant amoeba suffers 2d6 points of damage each round from exposure to ultraviolet light.

Pseudopods: The giant amoeba can sprout multiple pseudopods on any side of itself. Pseudopods give it a reach of 2” and can inflict its Strength in damage. Its preferred attack is Swallow Whole (see below).

Size +6: Giant amoebas are 20 to 30 feet wide, tall or long

(depending on how you look at it).

Swallow Whole: A giant amoeba can swallow an opponent of small or medium size by getting a Raise on a grapple attack. Once inside, the opponent takes 2d6 points of acid damage per round from the creature’s digestive juices. A swallowed opponent cannot climb out, but may attempt to cut its way out. This is done by using claws or a small slashing weapon. The attack automatically hits with a raise and, if it does enough damage to beat the creature’s Toughness, the character escapes. Once the creature exits, fluid action closes the hole; another swallowed opponent must cut its own way out.

BLINDWORM

The blindworm is a giant mutated creature known to infest dark, polluted, and watery haunts. Resembling a huge bloated worm with a thick leathery hide, mottled gray and brown and lacking any eyes whatsoever, the creature writhes through heaps of floating trash searching for rats and other prey to feed upon. Its coloration also helps the creature blend perfectly with the rotted refuse of its usual environment.

The blindworm prefers watery locales due to its clumsy body shape, which is more adept at swimming through water. However, the giant ringed maw of the blindworm also permits it to burrow through loose soil and, to some extent even hard rock.

Blindworms are particularly common among waterlogged tunnels and flooded sewers, where they can grow large without competition. Blindworms sense movement through even the slightest vibrations in the air. When ready to strike, the blindworm rises from hiding (usually underwater or among heaps of like-colored garbage/rotted vegetation), plunging down with full force onto its prey.



BLINDWORM

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d8

Pace: 4 ; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Aquatic: The Blindworm's pace in water is 8".

Blindsight: The blindworm can detect objects to a range of 10" (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Constrict: Blindworms do their Strength in damage when they succeed at a Fighting roll, and entangle when they succeed with a Raise. The round they entangle and each round thereafter, they cause damage to their prey equal to Str+d6. The prey may attempt to escape on his action by getting a raise on an opposed Strength roll.

Size +3: Blindworms grow to be up to 15 feet long and 1 foot across.

Skin Coloration: The blindworm's mottled skin helps it camouflage itself. In watery or junk strewn areas it gains a +2 bonus to Stealth rolls.

BLOB

The blob is the product of man's nuclear wars, the animation of refuse and radioactive sludge by unknown contaminants that would be lethal to even the hardiest of pre-war life. The blob is an insidious form of life driven only by a primitive hunger to eat, grow, and continue to consume everything around it.

The blob is a bizarre form of life created no doubt by the massive chemical, biological, and nuclear poisoning of the world from the Fall. Part chemical sludge, part disease, and given abnormal life and size by radiation, it is truly a horror of the post-apocalyptic world.

A typical blob is a huge morass of soupy brown ooze, a slimy mass given shape and weight by garbage, refuse, and unknown toxic substances from decades past. The thing behaves much like an amoeba or similar simple life form, seeking only to consume and spread, growing as it does with each new meal, until it has devoured all that it can reach, before dying and slowly decomposing.

Blobs are found only in the most chemically defiled and contaminated areas, such as lakes near ancient industrial centers, flooded sewer systems and underground dump sites for radioactive materials.

In combat, blobs attack by forming masses of pseudopod-like ooze to lash out, engulf, or overrun fleeing prey. A powerful mix of acid and radiation kills next to everything it meets, the jellified essence of which gives strength and life to the creature.



BLOB

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+3, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Swimming d4

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities

Amorphous: The blobs structure malleable. It can squeeze itself through openings as narrow as 5 feet around and can reach up to 1" (6 feet) to attack. Blobs can not run.

Acid Protection: Melee weapons hitting a blob become coated in acid. The attacker must make an Agility roll to flick the acid away. If unsuccessful, the weapon takes 2d6 acid damage.

Acid Touch: Blobs inflict 2d6 acid damage when attacking. If the damage causes at least a wound against metal armor, the armor will lose 1 point of effectiveness for each Wound taken as it dissolves.



Blindsight: A blob's entire body is a primitive sensory organ that can ascertain prey by scent and vibration within 10" (60 feet). It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Camouflage: Creatures of this type blend perfectly in with rubbish heaps, trash pits, polluted lakes, etc. So long as the creature does not move, it is considered to have total concealment. While moving, it is considered to have one-half concealment.

Fear: Blobs are disgustingly alien creatures to behold. Characters encountering a Blob must make a Guts check.

Fearless: Blobs are large, stupid creatures whose sole purpose is to grow. They are immune to fear based attacks and never need to make Guts rolls.

Irradiated: A blob infers moderate radiation upon any victim it hits with a pseudopod.

Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking an amoeba due to its large size.

Protoplasmic Growth: When a blob kills an opponent, it can spend one round absorbing the creature. The blob's Size and Toughness go up by 1.

Resistant: Due to its protoplasmic makeup, a blob only suffers half damage from piercing and ballistic attacks.

Immunity (Radiation): Blobs are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Semi-Dormancy: In full daylight, blobs become semi-dormant; sluggish and slow. In these conditions they can move or attack, but not both. This dormancy isn't apparent during dusk or dawn, or while the creature remains submerged under water.

Size +4: Blobs are typically 10-15 feet globs, but can grow much larger.

CARRION RAPTOR

These large flightless birds are fast, vicious predators that roam the wasteland seeking prey, stopping only to nest temporarily. They are a particularly feared enemy on the fringes of the Burning Lands region, where they are known to gather in packs to attack small caravans and even tribal villages. A large feathered body rises from thickly armored legs, ending with strong talons that grip well. A long bald neck rises from the body, ending in a small featherless head with cruel eyes and sharp curved beak. The body of the bird is a dark brown, but the head and neck are a bright red.

Carrion raptors are cunning pack hunters that use their numbers and speed to their advantage, darting in at their prey and then drawing back. These tactics ensure the birds' safety and make it hard for prey to resist.



CARRION RAPTOR

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Tracking d4

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Fleet-Footed: Carrion raptors have a d10 running die.

Keen Eyes: Carrion raptors gain +2 to Notice rolls during the day.

Size +2: Carrion raptors are 7-9 feet tall.

Tearing Beak: Carrion raptors dart in and tear at prey with their jagged beaks doing Str+d6 damage.

CH'KIT

The ch'kit are a race of oversized mutant insects, similar to the more generic race known as "mutant bugs", but different in a number of ways. The ch'kit are a single society of insectoids made up of two main "castes" (drones and warriors), and live in self-imposed isolation in deep desert cavern systems beneath the Forbidden Lands and the foothills of the Big Rocks. Expert cultivators, the insect-like ch'kit are knowledgeable in growing fungus for consumption as well as medicine to treat their ill.

A typical ch'kit looks very much like a huge mantis-like bug, with a small head atop a thin neck, attached to a large segmented body. Coloration of the eyes is usually a striking leaf green, while the body is

orange or dun in color, with vestigial horn protrusions breaking through the carapace at various spots. The typical specimen from the warrior caste, however, is far larger than the common drone, possessing a deeper black chitin and terrible eyes of a chromatic, opal color. Both castes possess large insect wings that enable them to fly at tremendous speeds through their underground passages, while the warrior caste also has an additional pair of legs to maintain balance while fighting.

Despite their large size, however, the ch'kit are a peaceful race that wishes to dwell in relative isolation, only making contact with other communities on rare occasions to trade. Recluses, these rather benevolent "bug-people" are often tempted to share their knowledge of fungus and subterranean plants with outsiders when word of plagues or epidemics reaches their corner of the world. Possessing unusual sympathy even for outsiders, they are often motivated to make contact to help – a fact that often leads them into danger.

In combat, the ch'kit usually employ their physical appendages to do harm. The few ch'kit who leave their communities to "see the world" sometimes take up the arms of outsiders to either fit in, or complement their own strengths.



CH'KIT SOCIETY

The Ch'kit, despite rumors to the contrary, are a semi-civilized culture in their own right, dwelling in complex underground warrens and caverns beneath the deserts and mountains of the Twisted Earth. Here, far removed from the ravages of the surface world, these intelligent, peaceful insects have brought to life a new, alien appreciation for art, music, and other pursuits. Free from attack and the depravations that continue to erode civilization above the earth, the Ch'kit have a burgeoning "civilization" that would surprise most surface-dwellers.

Due to their two very different "breeds", the Ch'kit have, over the generations, organized into two separate "castes". The majority of the Ch'kit are drones, workers and laborers, who see to the maintenance of ch'kit caves and communities. Protecting them are the larger and more formidable warriors.

Every once in a great while, a Ch'kit, who hears stories of the great deserts and open spaces, will leave home to "see the world". Most are motivated by a compassion and sympathy for the stories they hear. Almost like "knights errant", these Ch'kit often wander for years seeking to learn of the surface people and help them in some way, before returning home as heroes.

CH'KIT DRONE

Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: Ch'kit

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d4, Guts d4, Healing d6, Notice d4, Persuasion d6, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Tracking d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6
Special Abilities

Fast Regeneration: Ch'kit Wild Cards may make a Vigor roll each round to heal one wound (two with a raise). Ch'kit Extras may make this roll if they are Incapacitated. Success means they are healed, arising Shaken the next round, failure means they have perished.

Fungus Expert: Ch'kit drones gain a +2 bonus to Common Knowledge checks concerning fungus, mushrooms, and underground agriculture.

Resistance, Acid: All ch'kit suffer only 1/2 damage from acid-based attacks, including their own acid attacks.

Resistance (Radiation): The level of radiation a ch'kit is exposed to is treated as one level lower (thus, their Rad thresholds are twice normal).

Size +1: Ch'kit drones are 9-10 feet long.

Spiky Hide: When attacking with its forearms or grappling, a ch'kit causes Str+d6 damage from its spiky hide.

Wings: Ch'kit Drones can fly at a pace of 8".

CH'KIT WARRIOR

Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: Ch'kit

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Acid Spittle: Warrior Ch'kit have the ability to generate a stream of acidic spittle with a range of 4/8/12 and 2d6 damage. The acid loses potency quickly after exposure to air, so it cannot be decanted or stored for later use.

Blind: Warrior Ch'kit are naturally blind, but their lack of vision is remedied by their ability to sense vibrations and sounds. Ch'kit warriors are not affected by devices that "blind".

Fast Regeneration: Ch'kit Wild Cards make a Vigor roll each round to heal one wound (two with a raise). Ch'kit Extras may make this roll if they are Incapacitated. Success means they are healed, arising Shaken the next round, failure means they have perished.

Limb Regeneration: Ch'kit warriors regenerate lost limbs in one week. If they hold a severed limb in place for a full round, the limb will be re-attached.

Resistance, Acid: All ch'kit suffer only 1/2 damage from acid-based attacks, including their own acid attacks.

Resistance (Radiation): The level of radiation a ch'kit is exposed to is treated as one level lower (thus, their rad thresholds are twice normal).

Size +2: Ch'kit drones are 12-15 feet long.

Spiky Hide: When attacking with it's forearms or grappling, a ch'kit causes Str+d6 damage from its spiky hide.

Wings: Ch'kit Warrior can fly at a pace of 12".

CRAWLER

No one knows exactly what these things are or if they are intelligent in any capacity, but it is certain they were once humans. Horribly mutated by radiation and altered by trogloditian life far underground in lightless caverns, they have changed into grotesque killing machines.

Crawlers are an awful, viscid white (some are even semi-translucent) in color, and resemble humanoids crawling on their scaly bellies. Their "legs" have atrophied over time leaving only stubby limbs with which to feebly push them along. Their arms, thin and humanoid, either help them in their ground movements or allow them to climb, claw, or grasp nearby objects. In particular they seem most capable swinging on pipes or overhanging debris.

The head of the crawler is its most frightening aspect – a bald human head lacking eyes, nose, or ears, with only a gaping maw filled with needle-sharp fangs

and inky, black toxic saliva. This saliva is a potent hemotoxin, which prevents bite wounds inflicted by the creature from healing normally.

In combat, crawlers attack in overwhelming numbers, scuttling from the darkness from any nearby cover, or even swinging down from concealment overhead. They attack ruthlessly with their venomous, razor-sharp maws.

CRAWLER

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d4, Tracking d4

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Bite Damage: Str+d4

Special Abilities

Bite: Crawlers attack with their vicious teeth, causing Str+d4 damage.

Cell-Disrupting Toxin: Anyone wounded by a Crawler suffers a -2 modifier to Healing and Soak rolls until fully healed.

Quick: Crawlers react quickly to threats. They discard and redraw initiative cards of 5 or less.

Low Light Vision: Crawler's eye have adjusted to darkness, they suffer no penalties for dim or dark lighting.

Troglodyte: Crawlers gain +2 to Notice rolls underground.

Photosensitive: Crawlers that are exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash (e.g. from a dazzle rifle) will automatically blind the creature for 5 rounds.

CYCLAT

The cyclat is a kind of subterranean avian that outwardly bears traits similar to frogs, roaches, and bats. Covered in a thick skin that is almost pitch black in color, with hairy insect legs and a pair of bat-wings, its only offsetting feature is a single, bright yellow eye. Capable of echolocation like a bat, it is a nearly perfect flyer even in the most lightless of conditions.

Cyclats feed primarily on small underground vermin or rodents, though they have been known to gather in large flapping packs to attack even larger prey. Four or more cyclats can simultaneously grab hold of prey with their razor fangs and lift it into the air, either to let it drop from a fatal height or simply to cocoon it for later consumption. To weaken such prey prior to an attack, one or more cyclats will emit powerful ionizing beams from their cyclopean eye to injure their potential prey.

Cyclats prowl the unlighted air of great caverns in darkness, attacking either with their vicious bite or burning with their eye-beams.



CYCLAT

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Shooting d8, Stealth d6,

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

Eye-Beams: The cyclat can generate a pulse of searing light from its single, cyclopean eye. Range 10/20/40, damage 2d6 heat damage.

Fangs: Str+d4

Flight: Cyclats have a flying pace of 8" with a climb of 2".

Flapping Pack: If four or more cyclats move adjacent to a Shaken opponent, they may lift it into the air at their climb rate. The target will be dropped after 4 rounds (30' height) or if the number of cyclats lifting it are reduced to less than 4.

Infravision: Cyclats can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Cyclats ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Size -1: Cyclats are about 2 feet long with a 5 foot wingspan.

Small: Anyone attacking a cyclat must subtract 2 from his attack rolls.

CYNEMIE

A favorite food source of many tribal communities in the Deserts of Nowhere region, cynemies are a race of diminutive furry creatures descended from the prairie dogs of the American desert.

Possessed of an unusual level of intelligence, as well as some modest degree of psychic ability, cynemies live in abundance in the wilder areas of the Twisted Earth. In specific, they create vast networks of small underground tunnels (and caves), into which they retreat to store food, feed, breed, and raise their young.

A typical cynemie burrow (or "town") can cover anywhere from two to five miles in area, with numerous tight tunnels and warrens connecting various chambers and sub-chambers. A typical town will have four to five funnel-shaped holes leading to the surface, where a single cynemie will be stationed, keeping an eye out for danger.

Cynemies look something like prairie dogs, but with thin, ferret-like bodies covered in patchy auburn fur, and narrow black eyes. Cynemies have unusually long claws, long sharp teeth, and an enormously aggressive temper that is "triggered" when danger threatens their community.

If a single cynemie detects a threat to the community, it will send out a neural "beacon" to alert the entire nest to danger. When this "beacon" is activated, it has the effect of sending the entire colony into a kind of aggressive rage that is necessary to fight off attacking predators.

CYNEMIE SOCIETY

Cynemie towns usually consist of numerous chambers that are regimented to serve the entire colony ("coterie"), either as breeding chambers, sleeping areas, food storage, etc. Activity within the town is often regular, with cynemies moving through the burrows with great frequency.

In addition to more frequently used entrances and exits, a typical cynemie mound will also have two to three secret, concealed tunnel exits. These exits are spread far and wide, radiating out from the central mound complex, through which the entire population can escape in case of flood, smoke (a common trick used by tribals to drive them out and find their secret exits), or rally to attack.

An attack on a cynemie town will be met with a mustering of the entire population for "battle". Having developed a limited form of telepathy, cynemies will emerge en masse from all available exits to attack those who would otherwise prey on them. Tribal peoples have a method of countering this unusual organization and aggression, by using a chemical smoke (from burned plastics) that dulls the cynemies' mental capacities and confuses the entire pack, slowing their response time.

CYNEMIE

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

Burrow (6"): Cynemie can rapidly dig through earth and dirt.

Claws: Str+d4

Size -1: Cynemie are the size of prairie dogs.

Panicked Rage: When the cynemie Telepathic Link raises the attack warning, all cynemies that hear the alarm instantly enter into a panic induced rage. Enraged cynemies gain +2 to Fighting rolls and make two claw attacks per round with no multi-action penalty for the attacks.

The panicked rage of a colony will continue until the threat is defeated.

Telepathic Link: Cynemie colonies are united by a special telepathic link. When one cynemie senses danger, it alerts the entire colony through a mental "warning alarm" as a free action. All cynemies within 1 mile will be instantly alerted to the call and know the precise direction from which it came.

Weakness (Burning Plastic): Cynemie within 10" (60') of burning plastic lose their Telepathic Link and Panicked Rage abilities.



DEATH SENTINEL

This horrible jellyfish-like creature, actually composed of millions of symbiotic organisms, is one of the most frightening monsters known to inhabit the mutated wastelands of the Twisted Earth. Typically found only in the most radiated or desolate stretches of unbroken and radiated deserts, the death sentinel explodes from beneath the surface to attack unwitting prey with vicious cunning and relentless aggression, moved by the hunger of its millions of cooperative cells.

The death sentinel appears to be a towering column of tentacle polyps, atop which stands a fleshy "trunk" fourteen to twenty feet in diameter. This giant trunk is marked by four huge fanged mouths (one in each cardinal direction away from the center of the thing), and a ring above this of multiple black eyes (each roughly the size of a man's head). Atop the thing sprouts another column of tentacles, though these lash about and writhe, acting as the primary senses of the death sentinel, sensing motion in the air. Numerous smaller tentacles sprout from beneath this upper forest of features like a moving "beard", lined with microscopic nematocysts that stun prey as they are brought to the mouth for consumption.

This most ferocious of desert mutations is a virtual killing machine, with numerous tentacles lined with stunning stingers, and the ability to sense movement even while buried underground.



DEATH SENTINEL

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

Bite: Grappled victims are dealt Str+d6 bite damage each round.

Burrow (0"): Death Sentinels can burrow beneath the ground and burst out to take prey unaware. Characters encountering a burrowed Death Sentinel must make a Notice roll versus its Stealth. The Death Sentinel automatically has the drop on those who fail.

Combat Reflexes: Death sentinels gain +2 to Spirit rolls to recover from Shaken.

Fear (-2): Death sentinels are one of the most frightful creatures in the Twisted Earth.

Huge: Attacks against a death sentinel are made at +4

Immunity (Radiation): Death Sentinels are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Level Headed: Death sentinels act on the better of two cards.

Size +5: Death sentinels are 15-20 feet in diameter.

Stun (-2): A victim hit by a sentinel's tentacles must make a Vigor roll at -2 or be Shaken. He cannot attempt to recover from being Shaken for 1d6 rounds.

Tentacles (2"): Death sentinels make grappling attacks with their tentacles at a reach of 2".

Tremorsense: A death sentinel can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

DESERT ANEMONE

The desert anemone is a well-known danger to traders, merchants, and wanderers of the wasteland. Often clustered in small "forests" or "groves", these anemone have become a particular threat to travelers

because they are quite common around the few precious desert oases. Their presence along the trade routes appears to be increasing, suggesting that the movement of merchants may have brought anemone seedlings mistakenly (or perhaps deliberately) with them in their migrations.

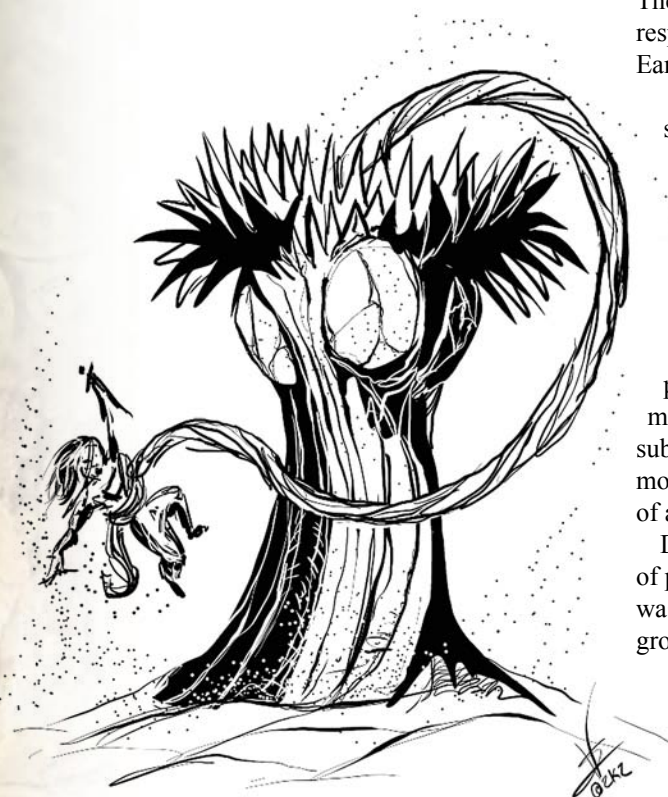
The anemone looks remarkably similar to a sea anemone, but often more than 12 or 15 feet high, its coloration ranging from plain dun to lime green or even a vibrant lemon. A “collar” of bristly white spines grows about the top of its tubular “mouth”.

Hidden within its mouth is an elongated “tongue”. It has a huge root-like trunk that disappears into the sand below it.

The anemone only attacks when it senses a victim is within the range of its extendable tongue. The anemone conceals two or three tentacles beneath the collar of spines that can dart out and help grasp a creature already in its tongue, aiding the main appendage in drawing it up and into the circular mouth at the beast’s top. A creature dragged in this manner is drawn through the spiny collar, being jabbed by the spines.

The spines themselves are simply a cellulose sheath containing potent neurotoxins that act to paralyze the victim as he is drawn in – hopefully preventing a struggle. Once the victim reaches the mouth he is dropped into the large vase-shaped interior, which contains numerous cavities along the fleshy walls that emit a constant stream of acids - literally dissolving the victim as he struggles to get free.

These creatures are especially feared because once a victim is drawn into its maw, it is next to impossible to get him out before it is too late.



DESERT ANEMONE

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10 (2)

Special Abilities

Blindsight: Desert anemones have no visual organs but can ascertain all foes within 30 feet using sound, scent, and vibration.

Fibrous Hide (+2): An anemone’s exterior is covered by a tough fibrous hide granting +2 armor.

Large: Attacks against an Anemone are made at +2

Quick: Anemone redraw cards of 5 or less.

Size +3: Anemones are 12-15 feet tall.

Stunning Quills: A victim brought into the anemone’s mouth must make a Vigor roll or be Shaken. He cannot attempt to recover from being Shaken for 1d6 rounds.

Swallow Whole: A Shaken victim in the anemone’s mouth will be swallowed whole and suffer 3d6 acid damage per round from digestive juices. A swallowed creature can climb out with a successful grapple check. This returns it to the lip of the anemone’s maw, where another successful grapple check is needed to get free.

Tongue Lash: Anemones make grapple attacks with their tongues at a reach of 3”. On the turn following a successful grapple, the anemone will attach its tentacles, gaining +2 to its opposed grappling rolls. On its next turn, the anemone will bring the victim into its mouth.

DESERT HORSE

The desert horse resembles the common horse in most respects, but the harsh environment of the Twisted Earth has forced it to evolve to survive.

The familiarity of the beast has diminished somewhat over time, with the development of slitted nostrils to filter out sand particles in high winds, and the transformation of the hooves to pads for steadier footing on sand. The eyes have changed as well, growing in size and bulging from the head, protected by thick eyelids with sweeping camel-like lashes to shield from the biting wind. The size and slow repositioning of these dome-shaped eyes permits the creature to detect the slightest shift or movement in the sand around it, warning it against subterranean attack from burrowing creatures that move beneath the surface of the desert in the manner of aquatic predators.

Desert horses are among the more common steeds of primitive peoples, being relatively abundant in the wasteland. Tribal folk, as well as certain merchant groups, use them exclusively as mounts and beasts of burden.

A desert horse will attack furiously to free itself from an unexpected attack; they otherwise prefer to flee.

DESERT HORSE

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d4, Tracking d6

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Beast of Burden: Desert horse's have a "load limit" of 20 times their Strength.

Fleet-Footed: Horses roll a d8 when running instead of a d6.

Kick: Str.

Size +2: Desert horses weigh between 700 and 900 pounds.

Scent: Desert horses gain +2 to Notice rolls to detect approaching enemies out hidden foes, and +2 to Tracking by sense of smell.

Padded Feet: Desert horses have developed special padded feet to permit easy travel over sandy and unstable ground. They gain +2 to Climbing and Stealth rolls on this terrain, and treat it as normal terrain for movement.

Tremorsense: When in a sandy, desert environment, a desert horse can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

DOOM HARVESTER

The "doom harvester" is a species of nightmarish mutant arachnid that is feared by all who know their name – or have seen them scrambling across the plains or dunes in their hungry, scampering packs.

The doom harvester is some perverse mutation of

the diminutive harvest spider (the so-called "daddy long-legs"), grown to gigantic proportions (standing some five feet off the ground and having a leg-span of twelve to fifteen feet) as a result of the world's poisonous radiation. The central body of the creature is also vastly changed, bearing a tremendous maw complete with rows of diamond-shaped teeth, two large eyes, and numerous whip-like polyps running the length of the back which shiver and shift like reeds in the wind. This bizarre body extends down in the rear, curving back towards its front, ending in a wicked horn-like spike.

Doom harvesters always travel in large packs. They attack anything on sight, moving swiftly to overwhelm the creature(s) with mouths open, almost as if trawling the desert for prey to snatch up in their maws. Being drawn into the mouth of one of these creatures is almost always fatal, for the prey is dragged up, minced by the piranha-like mouth, or pinned by its pincer and drawn back into the pack to be shared by the group – certain to be torn from limb to limb.

DOOM HARVESTER

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Large: Attacks against a Doom Harvester are made at +2

Pincer Bite: Str+d8

Size +2: Doom harvesters are some 10-12 feet across by 5-6 feet tall.

Vermine: Doom harvesters are immune to fear, intimidation and telepathic powers.

ETHEREAL FLYER

The "ethereal flyer" is a beautiful, if horrific, example of the extent to which mutated life has become in the wasteland in its hottest spots of radiation. A unique species, this beast floats about on the slightest of winds, preying on small flying creatures and, if exceptionally hungry, larger landborne prey like a leech.

The ethereal flyer looks like an elongated translucent "trumpet" that soars gracefully and silently through the air. At one end is the vicious circular lamprey-like mouth cavity, surrounded by a sensitive mane of bristles that monitor air temperature, pressure, and current – vital to its ability to glide. From this spiral, numerous thin writhing tentacles, the tips of which glow like dancing fireflies (these are used to attract bugs and small flying creatures to the oncoming maw of the flyer; they cannot themselves attack). The roughly vase-shaped body trails behind it, pulsing and contracting with each movement.

The spine of the creature forms the vase shape, but is kept fluid, only becoming rigid to force hydrogen





(drawn in through the mouth and extracted by a diaphragm behind the mouth) from a special “colon”.

Rigidity is maintained because the spine/ribs are really veins, the high pressure of the blood keeping them rigid. By controlling the pressure, the spines become fluid once more until more hydrogen is expelled, acting to channel the force in the needed direction, keeping the thing eternally afloat in the air.

Ethereal flyers typically only hunt for creatures their size or smaller, such as bugs, birds, etc. On rare occasions, however, flyers have been known to opportunistically feed on the weak or wounded, especially if present in large numbers (where they congregate in a whirling spiral to feed en masse off a single large subject).

Some primitive desert inhabitants who have seen ethereal flyers believe they are the spirits of the Ancients, and give them a respectful berth.

ETHEREAL FLYER

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d8, Stealth d12

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities

Blindsight: An ethereal flyer can ascertain creatures by non-visual means (mostly hearing and scent, but also by noticing vibration and other environmental clues) with a range of 15” (90 feet).

Size -2: Ethereal Flyers are 1 to 1 ½ feet in length.

Invisibility: Instead of illuminating itself to attract prey, the flyer can purge itself of all photo luminescence to appear completely invisible. It can do this at will as an action.

Immunity (Radiation): Flyers are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Flight: Ethereal flyers move through the air at a pace of 6” and a climb of 2”

FRAXX STEED

The fraxx steed is a common sight on the Twisted Earth. A tall and curious creature that, despite its bizarre appearance, is actually quite manageable and frequently used by primitive peoples as a trustworthy (if flighty) mount.

The fraxx looks something like a tall white or pink ostrich; its legs ending in large black taloned feet. A bumpy crest, spaced widely apart between bumps, runs down its back and down a whipping lizard-like tail.

Its neck, several feet in length, is shaggy with white fur, beginning in a thick collar at the base and ending in a curious spider-like head at the top. Two large mandibles (for rending the flesh of rabbits and other small prey, not humanoids), six large black eyes, and two sensory antennae sprout from this final appendage.

Mutant communities commonly domesticate the fraxx as a steed, for it can reach tremendous speeds and can carry a lightly armored man on its back with little difficulty. Although carnivorous, it seldom attacks humanoid prey, preferring the taste of rabbits or similar mutated versions to form the majority of its diet. Fraxx steeds are popular as mounts, due to the lure of their soft fuzzy fur (which is more comfortable to ride on than a horse), and the soft bleating “squibble-dee” sound they make when mounted.

Fraxx steeds are not violent creatures, and like horses, will generally flee if threatened.

FRAXX STEED

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice d8

Pace: 12; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Alertness: Fraxx steeds gain +2 to all Notice rolls.

Beast of Burden: Fraxx steeds have a “load limit” of 15 times their Strength.

Danger Sense: Fraxx steeds may make a Notice roll to detect surprise attacks, ambushes or other nasty surprises. They will become noticeably uneasy and (if not controlled by a rider) flee the area if such a surprise exists.

Fleet-Footed: Fraxx steeds roll a d8 when running instead of a d6.

Size +2: Fraxx steeds are 8-10 feet tall.

GRONT

The gront is a somewhat common war beast used by primitive peoples across the wasteland, in a manner not unlike war or hunting dogs.

The origins of this well-known mutant beast are not really known, but it is generally believed they were some kind of amphibious animal which was forced to

evolve to life on land to survive the great drying up of the world after the Fall. The gront is a large dog-like thing (generally the size of a large stocky horse), naked of fur and possessing thick fatty flesh almost identical to a warthog. Its head is remarkably ugly; an extended vicious snout kept constantly drooling by seemingly over-active saliva glands. Huge jagged tusks and gnashing molars sprout from the gront's mouth; its eyes are curiously pink and red. It has a short naked tail, but its sturdy horse-like legs end in hirsute pads that spread out to displace the beast's weight on unsteady surfaces - such as sand. This gives the gront much better traction and control when running over sand dunes.

The gront is a notoriously ornery creature that attacks furiously even at the mere approach of other creatures. Gronts even attack other gronts if their personal bubble is invaded. Despite this, the gront is sought after by the people of the wasteland as a war creature, as these vicious things can be tamed with some rigorous training to act as guard animals, hunting beasts, and even light riding mounts. Their toughness, aggressiveness, and ability to walk sure-footed on even the most uneven terrain actually make them ideal in these roles.

GRONT

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d4

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Beast of Burden: Though seldom used as steeds, a gront may be ridden. Gronts have a "load limit" of 10 times their Strength.

Bite: Str+d4

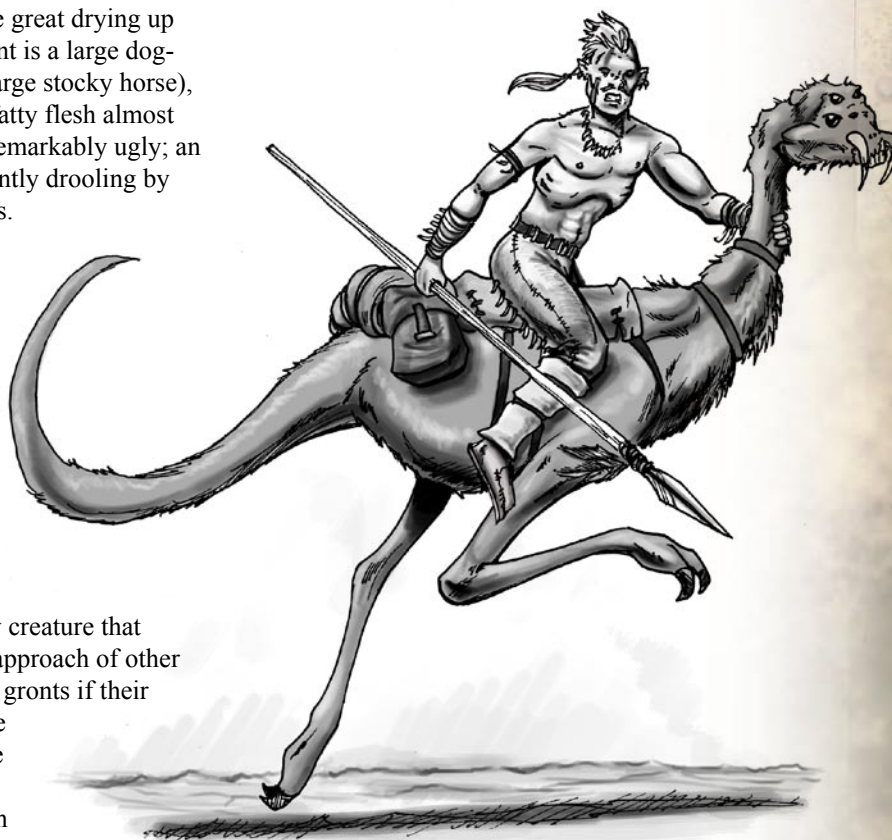
Fleet-Footed: Gronts have a d8 running die instead of a d6.

Level headed: Gronts act on the best of two cards.

Locking Jaw: If a gront gets a Raise on its Fighting roll, it locks onto its prey and automatically inflicts bite damage each round. The target can break free on his action with a successful, opposed Strength roll.

Padded Feet: Gronts have developed special padded feet to permit easy travel over sandy and unstable ground. They gain +2 to Climbing and Stealth rolls on this terrain, and treat it as normal terrain for movement.

Size +2: Gronts are roughly the size of a large horse.





HELIOGRYPH

The heliogryph is among the most unique life forms of the Twisted Earth.

The “heliogryph” is an awful thing that is known to exist in the most radiated places of the world, in areas utterly devastated by the wars of the Ancients. Some legends describe them as a particular danger to corium miners, for they are said to dwell in the radiated ruins of old molten reactors as well.

The heliogryph looks like a mass of grayish flesh pulsing with animate life, huge chunky purple veins and twitching arteries running beneath the clear film of translucent mucus covering the entire form. This mass has a collection of writhing fat tentacle growths sprouting from the body almost like legs, rising up to form a “trunk” pierced with three cyclopean eyes that blink and narrow with random purpose. The “head” is a great “flowering” mass of tissue, like a gigantic mushroom-shaped brain. Two appendages stretch from this like fleshy tubes, at the end of which hang pulsing bubbles of flesh that resemble giant balloons. At the beast’s rear are a pair of broad fluttering insect wings that propel it along.

A special gland in the head (the “flower”) generates helium, filling this round cavity allowing it to hover. The two rear wings flutter like propellers, pushing the creature along as it moves. The tentacles, which at first seem like legs, merely hang down a few inches above the earth, groping for prey that unfortunately passes beneath the creature.

The two balloon-like organs at the end of the

creature’s “arms” are in fact fleshy air bladders, which are inflated by a gland similar to the helium organ in the thing’s brain. Here chunks of special cartilage (grown inside the creature much like a pearl) are spewed, coated in the thing’s gross acidic innards, which are propelled out of the air bladder and at prey, much like a dart fired from an air gun. The cartilage darts are composed of a hard chitinous organic matter that is highly corrosive in nature, eating through flesh and tissue in seconds.

The heliogryph is a totally mindless thing, seeking only to prey on what it can dissolve; floating over to suck it up through its many tentacles. These voracious tentacles attack creatures drawn underneath the heliogryph, though the thin straw-like openings are only mildly serrated (they mainly suck, not bite). The heliogryph attacks by firing volleys of corrosive gelatin cartilage, in the form of small organic “projectiles”. The heliogryph can generate up to forty darts every 24 hours.

HELIOGRYPH

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d8, Tracking d12

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Acid Darts: Range: 5/10/20. Once struck, a target suffers 2d6 of acid damage, per round, for six consecutive rounds. Each Wound suffered reduces the character’s armor rating by 1. A victim killed by multiple acid wounds is dissolved, and likely to be sucked up by the creature’s tentacles.

Dark Volley: A heliogryph may make two dart attacks per round with no multi-action penalty.

Blindsight: A heliogryph can ascertain creatures by non-visual means (mostly hearing and scent, but also by noticing vibration and other environmental clues) with a range of 15” (90 feet).

Fear: Heliogryphs are disgusting aberrations. Characters must make a Guts roll when encountering one.

Flight: Heliogryphs hover above the ground at a flying pace of 7”.

Immunity (Radiation): Heliogryphs are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Size +2: Heliogryphs are 10-12 feet tall.

HEAP TURTLE

On the surface the “heap turtle” looks like any ubiquitous pile of scrap and garbage, typical of junk heaps that litter the ancient cities and ruins of the Twisted Earth.

When prey comes close enough for the creature to spot it, the heap turtle reveals itself for what it really is – a gigantic shelled beast covered in a layer of refuse that conceals its awful appearance. The creature

attacks by thrusting its hideous mutated head outwards in a flash, to take an immense bite out of unsuspecting prey.

Underneath the trash and debris that covers the creature's shell, the heap turtle resembles a humongous hard-shelled monster, ranging from light dun to brown in color. The creature excretes a natural gluey substance with which it camouflages itself by rubbing against trash, collecting all sorts of detritus to cleverly cover its gargantuan form.



HEAP TURTLE

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 11(2)

Special Abilities

Armor +2: The debris stuck on a heap turtle adds armor protection.

Beak: Str+d6

Debris: The debris on the heap turtle helps to conceal it, providing +4 to Stealth rolls when stationary.

Quick: Heap turtles redraw cards of 5 or less.

Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a heap turtle, due to its large size.

Semi-aquatic: Heap turtles have a swimming pace of 8".

Size +4: Heap turtles are as big as a rhino.

Treasure: Heap turtles do not normally collect treasure, but some items of use may still be found scattered about or stuck to its shell as part of its camouflage.

LIFE LAMPREY

These hideous aquatic creatures look like giant bloated lamprey eels or sleek finned "leeches", but give off a distinctive glow as they swim (or soar) through the water, their movements resembling a quick flash of "light".

Such creatures have a sucker-like mouth with rings of needle-like teeth, allowing it to attach itself to victims and inject a potent radiated substance into their bloodstream - causing death (or at least extreme sickness) over a period of time. This method of attack is usually reserved for large water creatures (who cannot easily tear the thing from their backs); for smaller foes, the lamprey typically only bites. Life lamprey's attack in swarms of 20-40.

LIFE LAMPREY SWARM

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d10

Pace: 0; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Aquatic: Pace 10"

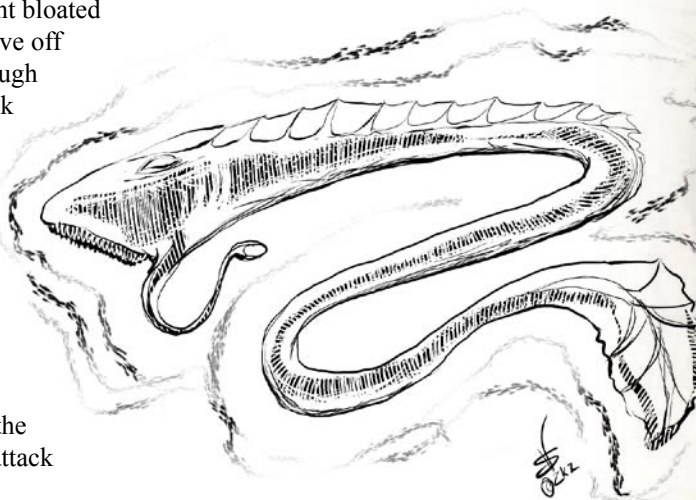
Bite: Life lamprey swarms cause 2d4 damage to all creatures within a medium burst template.

Immunity (Radiation): Life lampreys are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Radioactive Venom: Any creature wounded by a life lamprey must make a Vigor roll versus Moderate radiation.

Swarm: Parry +2. Because the swarm is composed of scores of creatures, cutting and piercing weapons do no real damage. Area-effect weapons work normally, and a character can stomp to inflict his damage in Strength each round.

Split: Life lamprey swarms may split into 2 small burst templates. Toughness of these swarms is reduced to 5.



LURKING PANTHER

Descended from the mountain lions and puma of the old American wilderness, the lurking panther has had to evolve certain features to compete with the more dangerous predators of the Twisted Earth.

The lurking panther's long spindly neck allows it to observe its prey's movements by placing the head high above, often among a tree's branches or poking through thick underbrush or sand; in addition, its eyes sit on the end of pliable stalks, which further allow it to conceal its body behind cover and still observe unseen.

Lurking panthers use the same methods as their feline ancestors to hunt – hiding, watching, and waiting. Only when it is sure it has surprise will the lurking panther pounce. It uses its considerable body size to overpower its prey, tearing at it with its claws, keeping its head back until the opponent is pinned – at which time its mouth descends and begins to feed, whether the prey is dead or still living, but pinned.

The body of the lurking panther looks like a largish black cat, with somewhat of a pronounced “hump” (like a buffalo). Its rear paws are particularly strong, allowing it to pounce on prey. The front paws are equipped with ripping claws.

LURKING PANTHER

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d10, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 9

Special Abilities

Bite or Claw: Str+d8

Improved Frenzy: Lurking panthers can make two fighting attacks with no penalty.

Low Light Vision: Halve penalties for Dim or Dark lighting conditions.

Pounce: A lurking panther can leap up to 6” to bear down

upon a foe. It gains +4 to attack and damage but is at -2 Parry until its next action.

Rake: A lurking panther that succeeds on a Grapple attack knocks its victim prone and may make an immediate Fighting attack with no multi-action penalty. If the victim remains prone, subsequent attacks are at +2. The victim is still considered grappled.

Scent: Lurking panthers gain +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls due to their keen sense of smell.

Size +2: Lurking panther can grow to over 900 lbs.

MARIONETTE WORM

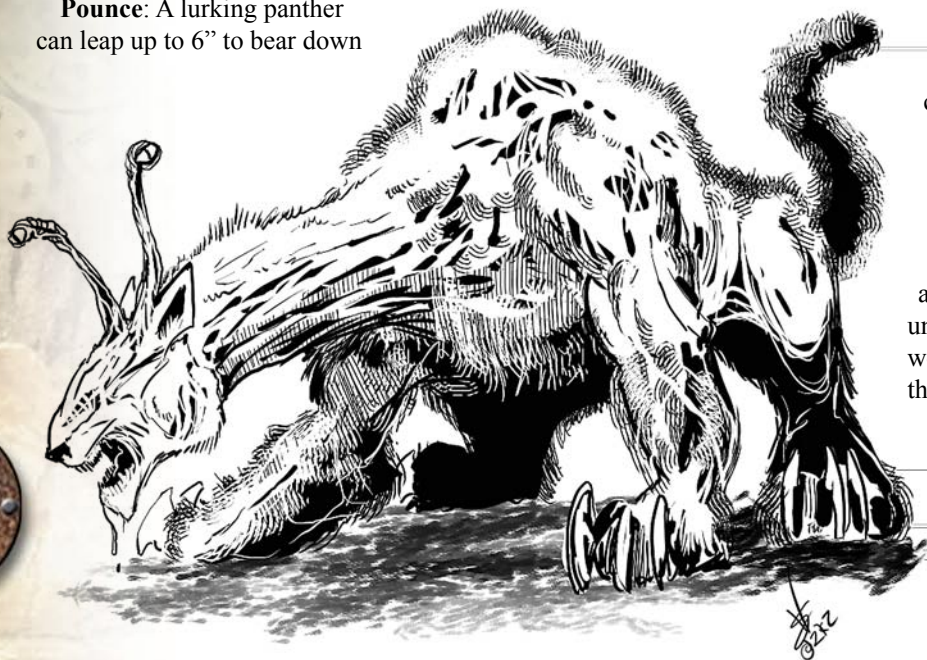
The “marionette worm” is actually a parasitic infestation bio-engineered during the time of the Ancients, designed to infest food source animals and livestock. Due to mutation, the marionette worm was able to pass to humans and other creatures, and is now a widespread danger.

In its natural, mature state, the marionette worm is merely a mass of rubbery, worm-like tentacle growths, seemingly having no real “core” or “body”. These mutable extensions, which end in lamprey-like mouths, infest the stomach of an infected host; slowly consuming its genetic material and taking total control over the body of its host. Like a puppet, the host creature soon becomes merely a vehicle for the marionette worm to get around and find new prey to transfer itself into.

Typical prey for the marionette worm includes wild dogs, coyotes, ravaging hounds, and other small forest and wilderness animals – creatures that can often cover a good amount of territory in a short time (allowing the creature to cross the wide deserted spaces of the wasteland to find new hosts). Raccoons, badgers, and even rats often fall prey to these creatures as well, allowing the worm to slip into humanoid settlements unnoticed.

Fortunately the marionette worm can only maintain its control over a dead victim's corpse for a few days, at which time it must emerge and find a new host.

The marionette worm attacks by lashing with its tooth-ringed tentacles. Once a victim is killed (or knocked unconscious), the marionette worm slides down the victim's throat and enters the stomach cavity where it begins to consume the host's genetic material and take complete control of its motor functions.





MARIONETTE WORM

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d10, Swimming d6,

Face: 1; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

Extension: The marionette worm can absorb some of the extra tentacle mass to create one long tentacle with a reach of 2" (12 feet). This allows it to attack over obstacles or at a distance, if needed. Creating the elongated tentacle is an action.

Fast Regeneration: A marionette worm may make a Vigor roll each round to heal wounds (including re-growing tentacles).

Fear: The marionette worm can split open the body of its host and throws out a number of tentacles which lash angrily at the air. All creatures that witness the sight must make a Guts roll.

Fearless: Marionette worms are immune to fear and intimidation.

Host: When the marionette worm kills a Small, or Medium-size victim, it may spend one round infesting its new host. The marionette worm assumes all of the physical characteristics of the host creature (but not memories, skills, special abilities, or feats) for a number of days equal to the host's Vigor. The new form is rabid and voracious (in the case of smaller hosts), or zombie-like (in medium-sized hosts).

Size -2: Full grown marionette worms are roughly the size of a small dog.

Small: Attackers subtract 2 when attacking a marionette worm.

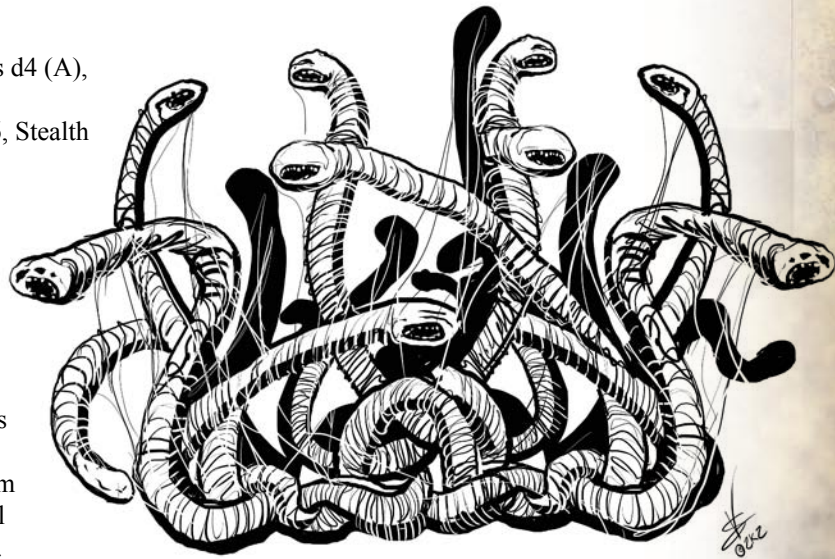
Tentacles: Str+d4

Vulnerability (Fire/Acid): Marionette worms can not regenerate damage caused by fire or acid.

MONGOLIANT

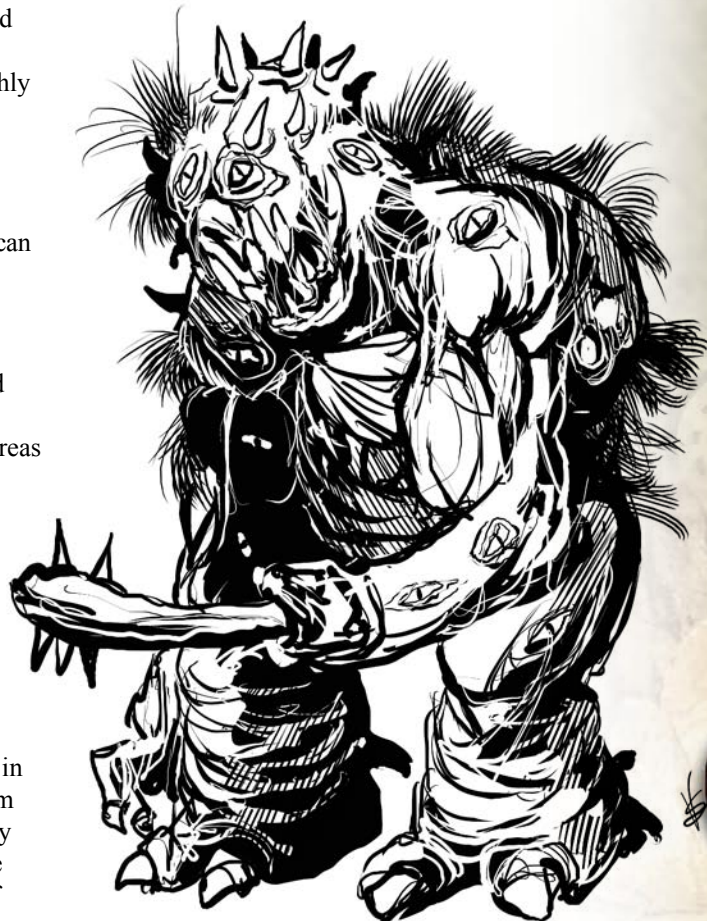
"Mongolians" are giant mutants. These deformed creatures are typically underground dwellers, but sometimes they have been known to inhabit old areas of strong radioactive concentration (including waste dumps, sewers, etc). Then generally shun light but are not actually adversely affected by it (unlike many subterranean creatures).

Mongolians were once humans, but have now become the most heinous of mutants - their gigantic deformed bodies are covered in patches of loose stringy hair; their skin hangs in loose folds and seas of gross, unsightly bumps. Eyes are located randomly about the face in each individual; knobby teeth sprout abruptly from chins, jaws and even foreheads, breaking painfully through the leathery, tumor ridden hide. Warts are abundant on most mongolians, and multitudes of



writhing fingers and toes sprout from their malformed human hands and feet. No two mongolians look alike, though their general hunched-over figures and deformed appearance is universal. They are truly hideous beings.

Mongolians are, generally speaking, quite stupid, making use of only the most primitive tools. They are cannibalistic in nature. Some few mongolian groups have managed to figure out more advanced technology, however, and use this newfound knowledge (and new-found egotism) to conquer other,



meeker races for consumption or booty. No groups of mongoliant are known to foster kindness or respect for other communities.

Mongoliant prefer to fight through brute force, utilizing strength and numbers to win the day.

MONGOLIANT

Tech-Level: Primitive

Languages: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d12+3, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Intimidation d8, Notice d4, Survival d8, Throwing d8

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 7 (8 with Spear); **Toughness:** 9(1)

Special Abilities

Hunchback: -1 pace.

Infravision: Mongoliant can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Mongoliant ignore penalties from Dim or Dark lighting (but not pitch black conditions).

Multiple Eyes: Mongoliant do not suffer from gang up bonuses and have +2 to Notice rolls.

Phobia (Fire): Mongoliant are at -2 to all Trait rolls in the presence of fire.

Massive Arms: Mongoliant swing their massive arms to a range of 1".

Size +2: Mongoliant are 12-15 feet tall.

Sweep: A Mongoliant may attack all targets in its reach with a single Fighting attack at -2. Roll damage separately.

Gear: Leather Armor, Greataxe (Str+d10; AP 1, Parry -1, 2 hands); AP 1, Parry -1, 2 hands) or Club (Str+d6, 2 hands) or 2 Spears (Range: 4/8/16, Str+d6; Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

MONSTEROUS COCKROACH

The Ancients once said that after a nuclear war, the only thing left would be the cockroaches. While this was not completely accurate, cockroaches did survive in far more vast numbers than any other form of life on the planet.

And now they've mutated.

Though one might not expect it, cockroaches are among nature's most fantastic creations. Prolific, robust, and survivable in even the most extreme conditions, they are true survivors. Adaptable like no other species, they can survive tremendous climatic changes, disasters, and upheavals of the food chain.

On the Twisted Earth, man's disgust of cockroaches has given way to a palpable fear of much larger and more dangerous specimens said to dwell in the old city ruins throughout the wasteland. Travelers to these forbidden graveyards speak of mutant aberrations that grow to be as large as dogs or even people, living alongside countless millions of their smaller brethren

in places no longer visited by man. In some areas, it is said; the cockroaches are so numerous that they create a seething, hissing, black carpet that can stretch for a full city block or more.

Though these creatures tend to feed off of insects and other smaller creatures, their unchallenged authority in many urban areas often causes them to become bold – and an attack by these hideous things is not an unknown occurrence. Giant mutant cockroaches attack in massed numbers whenever possible, skittering towards and all over their prey with amazing speed and ferocity.

No giant cockroach has been reported to be any larger than a pony or man.

MONSTROUS COCKROACH

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d10, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 10(2)

Special Abilities

Armor +2: A monstrous cockroach's carapace protects it against all sorts of damage.

Bite: Str+1d6

Fear: Cockroaches are reviled by man and mutant. They always cause Guts rolls when encountered.

Malleable: Cockroaches of all sizes are able to fit into and move through spaces not normally suited for their bodies. A cockroach may squeeze its form to pass through an area one-half its actual size without penalty.

Scent: A monstrous cockroach gains +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls due to its keen sense of smell.

Stealthy: Monstrous cockroaches gain +2 to Stealth rolls.

Vermin: Monstrous cockroaches are immune to fear, intimidation and telepathic powers.



HUGE MONSTROUS COCKROACH

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d12+6, Vigor d12

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 16(8)

Special Abilities

Armor +2: A monstrous cockroach's carapace protects it against all sorts of damage.

Bite: Str+1d6

Fear: Cockroaches are reviled by man and mutant. They always cause Guts rolls when encountered.

Huge: Attacks against a cockroach of this size are made at +4.

Malleable: Cockroaches of all sizes are able to fit into and move through spaces not normally suited for their bodies. A cockroach may squeeze its form to pass through an area one-half its actual size without penalty.

Scent: A monstrous cockroach gains +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls due to its keen sense of smell.

Size +8: Occasionally a monstrous cockroach grows to the size of a house.

Stealthy: Monstrous cockroaches gain +2 to Stealth rolls.

Vermin: Monstrous cockroaches are immune to fear, intimidation and telepathic powers.

MUTAGON

The fabled mutagon is a notorious dinosaur-like mutant reptile that reigns supreme over most other life forms on the Twisted Earth.

A purely predatory eating machine, the mutagon looks like a humongous cross between a crocodile and hippopotamus. It is, however, far more complex and fascinating than a mere crossbreed. The mutagon's large blubbery body is covered in fine black scales that generate protein when subjected to natural light, giving the creature near-constant energy throughout the day. Long horn-like spikes run the length of its curved spiny back, and even jut from the creature's face to impale prey (as if to prevent escape from its massive maw). The head itself is the most horrendous part of the mutagon, a giant engine of destruction.

Huge crunching jaws complete with rows of curved teeth form the main weapon of the creature, capable of rending horses in a single bite. Two pale baleful eyes sit on either side of the head, but these seem almost vestigial when the entire face is taken in at a first glance.

As if its appearance weren't enough, chlorophyll in the creature's exterior scales also produces oxygen, which is channeled through sub dermal arteries to an interior oxygen organ in the neck.

This neck fuels a magnificent fire-breathing organ in the beast's throat, which is ignited by the clacking of the thing's mighty jaw bone. When it grinds its movable jaw, the oxygen being forced through the throat ignites and shoots out in a brief jet of flame. It is no doubt that the mutagon is at the top of the food chain, being larger than most other creatures and certainly a

voracious hunter. It is widely feared by humanoids in the wasteland for its tremendous size and strength.

The mutagon has a shrew-like appetite that forces it to continuously hunt; luckily for it, its energygenerating scales permit it to be active throughout daylight hours. Its prey is mainly beasts such as othydont, fraxx steeds, and gronts, though it will certainly devour horses and mutant humanoids if given the chance.

The mutagon is an almost invincible machine of destruction, for its maw is capable not only of a lethal bite, but also of swallowing smaller prey whole and generating a breath weapon of burning heat.

MUTAGON

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+10, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Notice d10

Pace: 12; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 15(2)

Special Abilities

Alertness: Mutagons gain +2 to notice rolls.

Armor +2: The Mutagons scaly hide protects it against attacks.

Bite: Str+d12

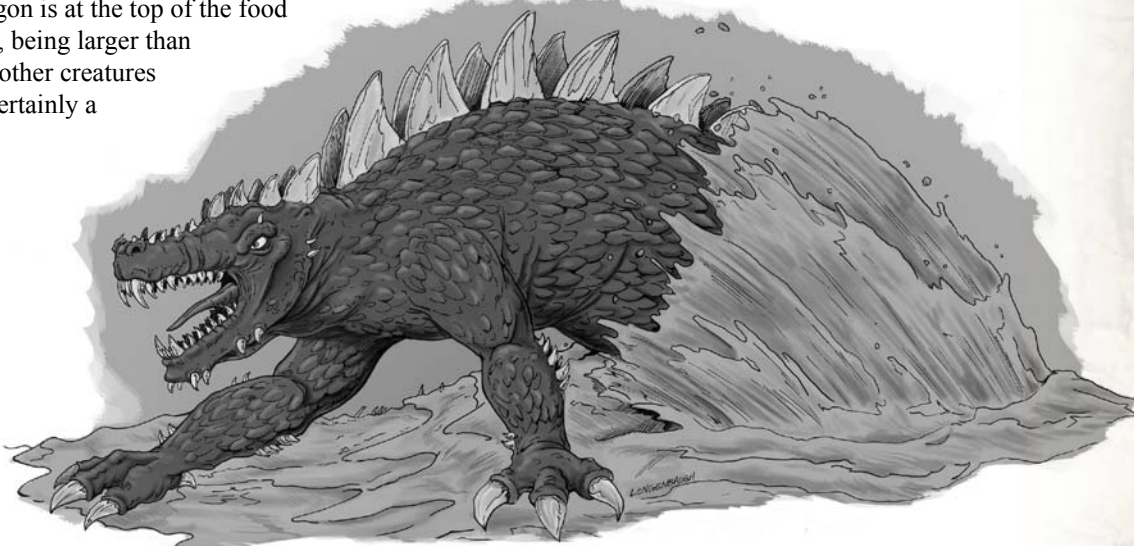
Fear (-2): Those unfortunate enough to witness a Mutagon must make a Guts roll at -2.

Fire breath: The mutagon may breath fire on its foes. Place a flame template at its mouth and make a Fighting roll. All victims within the template must make an Agility roll or suffer 2d10 damage. Those who succeed take no damage but are now prone beside the template.

Fleet-Footed: Mutagons have a d10 running die instead of the usual d6.

Huge: Mutagons are massive. Attacks against them are made at +4.

Night Blindness: Mutagons suffer blindness in poorly lit or deeply shadowed environments.



Size +8: Mutagons are as large as a dinosaur.

Swallow Whole: If a mutagon's bite attack incapacitates a target, it is swallowed whole, with no chance of aid. The mutagon may not use its fire breath for the rest of the encounter as it digests the victim.

MUTANT BUG

"Mutant bugs" resemble man-sized giant ants, roaches, mantis, or locusts, but with some obvious changes such as an enlarged insect head and an advanced development of the front limbs (into manipulative digits), both indicative of the growing intelligence in these once-typical bugs.

All true mutant bugs have a centaur-like appearance, with a head and torso, two upper arms with opposable digits, and two to three pairs of legs on the lower thorax. Their color is as varied as human coloration, but greens, browns, and blacks are by far the most common hues.

Though often viewed as little more than gigantic mutant aberrations when encountered by man and mutant humanoids, mutant bugs are actually highly intelligent creatures, albeit of a kind not readily acceptable to common sentiment and morality. In the ruins of the Necropolis (old Los Angeles), it is said they even possess a thriving "hive" numbering nearly a thousand or more.

In addition to being uncanny "mimics" of existing technology (making exact replicas and working copies), mutant bugs are also said to be masters of biogenetic development – breeding newer, tougher species of giant insects as servitors and laborers, or developing weapons and artifacts from living tissue and organisms. Examples include living body armor that regenerates to heal wounds, weapons that fire parasitic projectiles, etc.

Mutant bugs use the live bodies of captured creatures to incubate their young, who after hatching devour the incapacitated victim from the inside-out while still in the larval stage. This fact, combined with their alien intelligence and pseudo-culture, makes them an enemy to nearly all warm-blooded creatures.

In combat, mutant bugs are often armed with primitive weapons, even muskets, or even more advanced articles of a perverse biological creation.

MUTANT BUG SOCIETY

Mutant bugs are a threat to all the races of mutantkind, for they alone appear truly prepared for the grim tasks of reforming the world in their chosen way.

Quick learners, in only a few generations, they have proven able to not only unlock, but also reinvent, the technologies of the Ancients. But instead of dreaming of some lost way of life or lamenting their mutated forms, they are driven by a coldly efficient hive mentality to dominate not only the entire world, but all the creatures in it. To this end they willingly accept their own individual deaths if it serves the race, and genetically breed monstrous creations to better serve the hive.

Of all the races bred by these creatures, mutant bugs themselves are the least specialized, instead being equipped to deal with a wide variety of tasks. Mutant bugs bear the duty of scientific development, examination, and advancement. Others, such as giant mutant beetles, are used as heavy soldiers in war with the more intelligent bugs in support.

MUTANT BUG SCIENTIST

Tech-Level: 3 Advanced

Languages: Bug, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d4, Knowledge(Science and Medicine) d6,

Knowledge(Technology) d8, Notice d6, Repair d6, Persuasion d8, Shooting d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Special Abilities

Armor +2: Mutant bugs have a hard exoskeletal encasing.

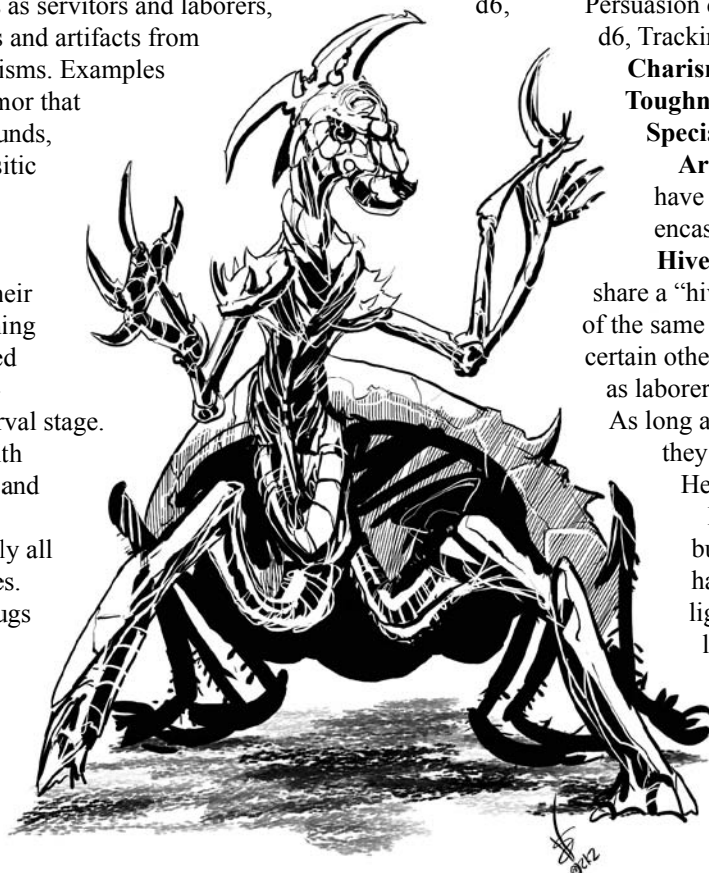
Hive Mind: Mutant bugs share a "hive mind" with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers.

As long as one is aware of danger, they all gain the Level Headed edge.

Infravision: Mutant bugs can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light

Vision: Mutant bugs ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.



Poison Bite: A mutant bug's bite does Str+d4 and inflicts a deadly poison. The victim must make a Vigor roll at -2. On a success the victim becomes Exhausted until healed. If the Vigor roll is failed, the victim is Incapacitated and must make another Vigor roll or die in 2d6 rounds.

Size +1: Mutant bugs are 10-12 feet long.

Tremorsense: A mutant bug can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

Gear: Acid Rifle (Range: 8/16/32, 2d8 Acid damage), 2 power clips, 2 Juju Salve, Basic Mechanical Toolkit, Basic Electronic Tool Kit.

MUTANT BUG WARRIOR

Tech-Level: 3 Advanced

Languages: Bug, Unislang

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Knowledge(Technology) d4, Notice d6, Repair d6, Persuasion d4, Shooting d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Special Abilities

Armor +2: Mutant bugs have a hard exoskeletal encasing.

Hive Mind: Mutant bugs share a "hive mind" with members of the same species, as well as certain other mutant bugs employed as laborers, servants, or soldiers. As long as one is aware of danger, they all gain the Level Headed edge.

Infravision: Mutant bugs can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Mutant bugs ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Poison Bite: A mutant bug's bite does Str+d4 and inflicts a deadly poison. The victim must make a Vigor roll at -2. On a success the victim becomes Exhausted until healed. If the Vigor roll is failed, the victim is Incapacitated and must make another Vigor roll or die in 2d6 rounds.

Size +1: Mutant bugs are 10-12 feet long.

Tremorsense: A mutant bug can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

Gear: Acid Rifle (Range: 8/16/32, 2d8 Acid damage), 2 power clips, 2 Juju Salve.

Mutant Bug Living Armor: Mutant bugs wearing living armor gain the following benefit:

Fast Regeneration: Mutant bug Wild Cards make a Vigor roll each round to heal one wound (two with a raise). Mutant bug Extras may make this roll if they are Incapacitated. Success means they are healed, arising Shaken the next round, failure means they have perished.

NIGHT TERROR

These frightening mutant humanoids dwell underground during the day, only emerging under the cover of night. They exist only among the ruins of cities, apparently due to their supposed origins among people who fled to the urban sewers during the Fall to escape death by fire – only to succumb to degeneration and mutation over the generations.

Whatever the truth, in appearance a night terror appears to be an almost skeletal humanoid form, jet-black in color (so dark as to look like it's glistening from head to toe in oil), with awful green slime dripping from its mouth, nostrils, and eyes. The touch of these creatures transmits part of their slimy form to the unwilling host, eating him alive with fiendishly acidic properties. In fact, the night terror's body is essentially just a vehicle for the semi-intelligent slime that has consumed it within.

During the day, these creatures become weaker, losing much of their bodily consistency in direct sunlight, slowly becoming thinner and thinner due to some extreme photosensitivity in their cellular structure. Night terrors will attempt to flee to the cover of darkness if at all possible, and if prevented will slowly wither and die.

A night terror attacks by touching its opponent, transmitting ooze-like slime from its interior. This slime is reconstituted once the victim is slain and devoured.



NIGHT TERROR

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4

Pace: 7; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Acid Protection: Melee weapons hitting a night terror become coated in acid. The attacker must make an Agility roll to flick the acid away. If unsuccessful, the weapon takes 2d6 acid damage.

Acid Touch: Night terrors inflict 2d6 acid damage when attacking. If the damage causes at least a wound against metal armor, the armor will lose 1 point of effectiveness for each Wound taken as it dissolves.

Blindsight: A night terror's entire body is a primitive sensory organ that can ascertain prey by scent and vibration to a range of 10" (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Fearless: Night terrors are immune to fear and Intimidation.

Reanimation: A humanoid creature, killed by a night terror's acidic touch, will reanimate as a night terror in 2d4 rounds.

Regeneration: A night terror that is killed may make a Vigor roll. On a success, it reanimates, arising Shaken the next round. If a night terror loses a limb or body part, the lost portion can be re-attached instantly or regrows in 4d6 minutes.

Undead: +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Weakness: A night terror suffers damage from exposure to natural light. The creature must make a Vigor roll or suffer 2d6 damage each round of

exposure. Even if the roll is successful, the creature will attempt to flee and hide from the light to prevent further deterioration of its form. Night terrors killed this way can not regenerate.

OTHYDOG

Rumored to be related to the awful, plains-ranging othydont, the smaller, more active, "othydog" shares a number of bizarre mutated traits: a hunched over canine form, flabby bulldog-like flesh, and a massive fanged maw capable of gulping whole large portions of prey.

Othydogs are roughly 3' tall, covered in a rubbery, naked hide that absorbs most animal bites and blows. They are typically colored anywhere from a bare pinkish to an albino white, with a smattering of others dappled like plains horses (chestnut, brown, or piebald).

Terribly aggressive, only brutal training from birth has any chance of domesticating these animals as trackers, hunters, and guard animals. The othydog is a vicious, enthusiastic hunter and tracker.

OTHYDOG

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Swimming d4, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5(1)

Special Abilities

Alertness: Othydog's gain +2 to Notice rolls.

Armor +1: The othydog's tough rubbery hide protects it from attacks.

Bite: Str + d4

Locking Jaw: If an othydog gets a Raise on its Fighting roll, it locks onto its prey and automatically inflicts bite damage each round. The target can break free on his action with a successful, opposed Strength roll.

Scent: Othydogs have a keen sense of smell. They add +2 to Tracking rolls

Size -1: Othydogs are roughly the size of donkeys.

OTHYDONT

Certainly one of the most aberrant mutant life forms in the wasteland, the othydont is a large bison-like monster, naked except for a long bustling tail trailing behind it almost like a raccoon. Though unprotected by thick fur, shaggy flabs of fat and tough flesh hang from the creature's exterior, protecting it from those quicker creatures that might maneuver to its sides.

The othydont's head is a ghastly contraption designed for death - a giant vertical maw lined with sharp ripping fangs that can tear a man's arm off with a single, powerful bite. Its small yellowish eyes are



protected in a peculiar manner - they are suspended in the fatty tissue, and thus sink in as if on a rubbery tether if gouged or clawed. Two huge flaps of flesh act as primitive ears as well.

The othydont also has one other defense, one that makes the creature particularly unappealing to other predators. Huge pimple-like growths burst through the shabby layer of flesh on the creature's hide, turning into enormous domed cysts that constantly leak an acidic puss. Though certainly painful for the beast, when attacked these huge growths explode if punctured, ejecting a nauseating fluid into the mouths and eyes of predators.

The othydont is a relatively calm creature, but when disturbed, proves to be enormously powerful. The othydont usually attacks in a very simple manner, by locating a single target and rushing it. It will bypass other potential prey while it seeks this target out, even to the point of ignoring direct attacks against it (its fleshy hide and pus defense make it very capable of doing this without worry). It will bite the prey and clamp on, slowly moving its twin jaws up and down to shred the prey to pieces.

The jawbones of the othydont are prized by the savages of the Deserts of Nowhere region who use them as serrated "swords" in ritual combats to the death. These same tribals are said to cultivate othydont fluid for a kind of body paint, to protect their warriors in battle against the desert's other predatory beasts.

Othydonts are most common in this region, their numbers drastically reduced in other areas.

OTHYDONT

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 9(2)

Special Abilities

Alertness: Othydog's gain +2 to Notice rolls.

Armor +2: The othydog's tough rubbery hide protects it from attacks.

Bite: Str + d8

Fleet-Footed: Othydonts roll a d10 running die rather than a d6.

Locking Jaw: If an othydont gets a Raise on its Fighting roll, it locks onto its prey and automatically inflicts bite damage each round. The target can break free on his action with a successful, opposed Strength roll.

Reactive Hide: Any hit against an othydont has a 1 in 4 chance of rupturing a pustule on its hide, which emits a stream of nauseating fluid on all creatures within a small burst template placed next to the side struck. All opponents within the area must succeed at a Vigor roll or gain a level of Fatigue that lasts for 2 hours.

Scent: Othydonts have a keen sense of smell. They add +2 to Tracking rolls

Size +2: Othydonts are roughly the size of bison.

Stampede: Othydonts may be frightened by gunfire or other loud threats. If they fail a Guts roll, they flee in a random direction (but always away from a perceived source of danger). They literally run over anything medium sized or smaller. Roll one d10 damage for each five othydonts in the herd. A successful Agility roll halves this damage as the character scrambles to avoid the charge.

PIT CREATURE

These creatures are exceedingly rare, living only in subterranean areas of intense radiation – underground waste dumps, contaminated nuclear silos, and sewers flooded with radiated pollutants.

The pit creature appears to be a radiated, large mutated canine-creature, though its fur has all but sloughed-off revealing wet translucent skin beneath – like the thin transparent flesh of a grape. Black veins and greenish muscles pulse and contort beneath this oozing epidermis, creating a nauseating fluidity. It stands two to four meters tall, with a vaguely crocodilian head terminating in an oozing snout.

It lives primarily in dark deep places, scavenging dead bodies and anything else that wanders into its lair. Covered in oozing, melting flesh, its very body is impregnated with massive radiation; it favors polluted



and radiated areas (such as silos or nuclear waste dumps) to dwell in.

The creature is a voracious killer and predatory hunter, stalking its prey silently or ambushing from the heaps of radioactive rubble it often hides in.



PIT CREATURE

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d10, Guts d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Tracking d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Bite: Str +d6

Claws: Str +d6, Reach 1

Immunity (Radiation): Pit creatures are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Improved Frenzy: Pit creatures can make two fighting attacks with no penalty.

Infravision: Pit creatures can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Pit creatures ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Size +3: Pit creatures range from 6 to 12 feet tall.

Quick: Pit creatures are keen predators. They discard and redraw initiative cards of 5 or less.

PLANTMEN

These fascinating life forms are literally piles of living, animate vegetation, composed primarily of

what appears to be grass, fungus, and lichen.

“Plantmen” are vaguely humanoid-shaped, but have bodies made of shaggy vegetation and fungus instead of flesh and blood, with long strands of loose “grass” comprising their outer hide. A withered, turnip-shaped head with wide greenish or orange eyes and a stand of weed-like “hair” sit atop the head. Irregular patches of chlorophyll on their bodies give them an overall greenish coloration.

It is unknown how such creatures came to be, or how they can even exist in their current state, but it is likely they are a direct product of the same radiation that affects mutant animal life to the extremes seen throughout the Twisted Earth. Even stranger is the fact that they possess a rudimentary form of primitive intelligence that allows them to manipulate items such as spears, axes, and basic objects. A plantman has yet to be seen with (or at least reported as having) weapons more advanced than the simplest stone axes and javelins.

All plantmen are capable of emitting streams of alkaline-based paste to burn the flesh of organic enemies.

PLANTMEN SOCIETY

Xenophobic and afraid of the influence of outsiders, Plantmen generally congregate in insular “tribes” in moist and misty forest areas, hot moist underground caverns or ancient garbage dumps, set far from centers of other habitation and generally secluded from sight. Alien in mentality and motivations, it is apparent they are very isolationistic as well.

Larger and more intelligent plantmen are said to possess the ability to emit special spores, but there will seldom be more than one or two of these “enhanced” plantmen in a given community. Plantmen with these special spores often occupy revered positions in plantman society, as “shamen” or “chiefs”. It is not uncommon to find a tribe of these folk who cultivate other forms of vegetable/fungus life to act as guardians, pets, or surrogates for certain roles.

PLANTMAN WARRIOR

Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: Plantman

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

Alkaline Spittle: Plantmen have the ability to generate a corrosive stream of alkaline spittle with a range of 4/8/12 and 2d6 corrosive damage.

Low Light Vision: Plantmen ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Plant based structure: Plantmen take no extra



damage from called shots, but take double damage from fire based attacks.

Stealthy: Plantmen gain a +2 bonus to Stealth rolls; +4 when hiding in vegetated or overgrown surroundings.

Gear: Spear (Range: 4/8/16, Str+d6; Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

PLANTMAN SHAMAN

Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: Plantman

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

Alkaline Spittle: Plantmen have the ability to generate a corrosive stream of alkaline spittle with a range of 4/8/12 and 2d6 corrosive damage.

Low Light Vision: Plantmen ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Mind-Affecting Spores: As an action, a plantman shaman can emit powerful spores that affect the minds of living creatures that pose a threat. This has the same effect as the Fragrance Development mutation.

Plant based structure: Plantmen take no extra damage from called shots, but take double damage from fire based attacks.

Size +1: Plantmen shamans are larger than other plantmen

Stealthy: Plantmen gain a +2 bonus to Stealth rolls; +4 when hiding in vegetated or overgrown surroundings.

Sweep: Plantmen shamans may make a single Fighting attack and apply it against all adjacent targets at a -2 penalty. Resolve each damage roll separately.

Gear: Staff (Str+d4, Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

PROBING WADDLER

Probing waddlers are actually a monstrous combination of man and insect. These grotesque creatures are, thankfully, uncommon though legend has it they dwell in large numbers in great cool caverns and complexes beneath many cities, preying on other subterranean prey.

The creature gets its name from two sources, the first being its waddle. As it walks on four thin legs (ending in child-like hands), the creature waddles about with some difficulty supporting its rather large girth. The second part of the creature's name comes from the long extendable trunk (or proboscis) that emerges from a vertical slit in the creature's facial exterior. This "probe" is used to sink into the flesh of unsuspecting or disabled prey and drain its body fluids - on which the probing waddler feeds.

The eyes of the probing waddler, large and

insect-like, are valued as priceless jewelry in some communities, for once hollowed out they make perfect spherical adornments of a deep azure or glittering black.

The waddler attacks with its proboscis, which it drives into the skull of its opponent. Once the victim is subdued the probing waddler sucks up its mushy brains through this elongated implement.

PROBING WADDLER

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d4, Tracking d4

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Grappling Claws: Str+d4. If a probing waddler hits with a raise, it automatically grapples its opponent. On its next action it will attack with its proboscis.

Proboscis: A probing waddler will attempt to inject its proboscis in the head of any grappled foe. This is a called shot to the head made at -2, but still with +4 to damage. If the damage beats the targets Toughness, the target is paralyzed until the proboscis is removed. A called shot to an extended proboscis can be made at -6. Its Toughness is 5 and if it takes a wound, it will be severed from the probing waddler, freeing the victim.

Size +3: Probing waddlers are 9-12 feet tall and nearly 4 feet across.

Smarts Drain: If a probing waddler begins its turn with its proboscis inside an opponent's skull, the victim brain is slowly jellified and sucked out. The victim automatically loses one die of Smarts. If this would cause Smarts to fall below d4, the victim dies instantly.



PROX BEAST

The prox beast is a gross combination of hog, horse, and lamprey. They are rare, only seen now and again along the fringes of the Purple Desert.

The prox beast has the slick fleshy body of a gigantic hog, with the hoofed legs of a horse (the rear legs look a little more like those of a bull). A ridge of bumpy spinal protrusions run the length of the prox's back, while the head - a giant trunk of thick shaggy muscle - extends out only so far before tapering to a giant lamprey-like fanged maw. A long "organ tongue", oozing with vile saliva, drops from the mouth and hovers in the air, acting as an olfactory probe (i.e. it smells). A pair of antennae, with tiny crab-like eyes, rise both from above the mouth and the rump. The latter, however, are not eyes, but actually ultra-sensitive hydrogen-filled membranes that detect the slightest vibration.

The prox generally attacks creatures its size or larger with its sucker-like mouth, ripping flesh with each motion of its circular jaws, drinking minced flesh and blood for sustenance. It can also kick powerfully with its forelegs against resisting prey. Smaller creatures may simply be swallowed whole by the voracious beast, and a special segmented rib cage (separated into three separate cavities) allow it to consume a number of creatures at one time in this manner for later digestion.

The prox can sense motion around it through the sensors on its rear quarters, and is a voracious killer.



PROX BEAST

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Aware: Attacks against a prox beast ignore gang up bonuses.

Bite: Str +d8

Blindsight: The prox beast can detect objects by non-visual means to a range of 10" (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Fleet-Footed: A prox beast rolls a d10 running die rather than a d6.

Improved Frenzy: A prox beast can attack with both its bite and kick in the same round with no penalty.

Kick: Str +d4

Quick: Prox beasts react quickly to threats. They discard and redraw initiative cards of 5 or less.

Size +2: Prox beasts are as large as a horse.

PURPLE ANGLER

The hideous "purple angler" gets its name not from its body coloration, but the weirdly mutated desert from which it comes - the infamous Purple Desert (once the industrial heartland of America, now a radiated desert of shifting glowing sands).

The creature looks like a giant fleshy toad, half-immersed in the sand, supporting its huge blubbery girth with four squat legs. The massive head (which makes up more than half the body) is composed entirely of mouth, with rings of needle-sharp teeth. Above this sit trumpet-like nostrils (like a moray), behind these sit two lethargic and near-blind eyes.

The purple angler's back and long string-like tail (which is always trailing behind it, often buried beneath the sand) are covered in motion sensing polyps, which can detect even the slightest movement in the sand or in the nearby air, allowing it to sense prey despite its optical disabilities.

Finally, the purple angler has a long limb extending from atop the head to dangle just a few feet in front of its giant maw, which is equipped with a special photo luminescent lure. This lure emits a steady glow that attracts less intelligent creatures and allows the purple angler to draw them towards its deadly jaws.



PURPLE ANGLER

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+2, Vigor d4

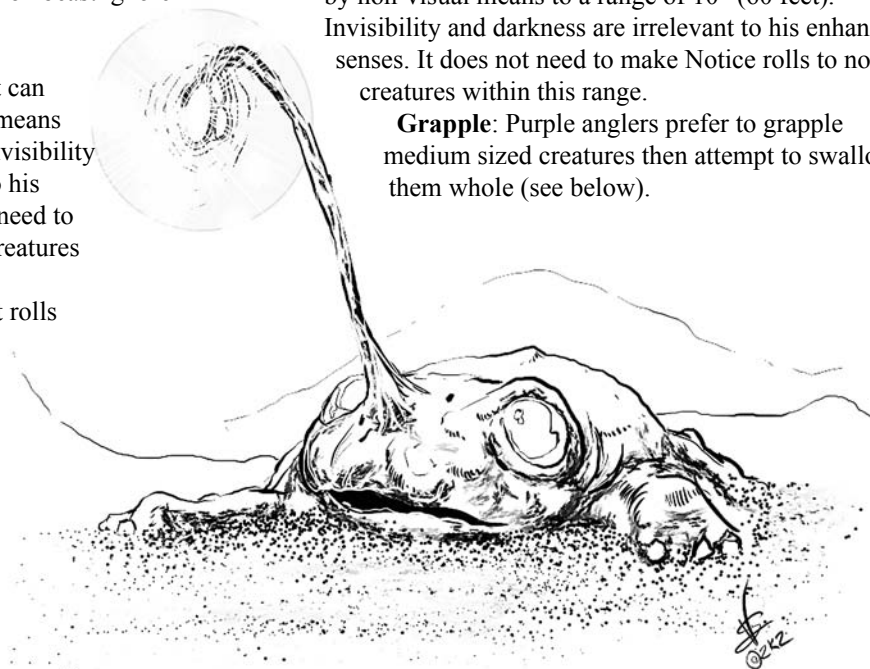
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6,

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

Blindsight: A purple angler can detect objects by non-visual means to a range of 10" (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Grapple: Purple anglers prefer to grapple medium sized creatures then attempt to swallow them whole (see below).



Immunity (Radiation): Purple anglers are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a purple angler, due to its large size.

Level Headed: Purple anglers act on the better of two cards.

Lure: The angler has an appendage that it can cause to glow; creatures with an animal smarts of d8 or less that spot the lure must make a successful Spirit roll or be hypnotically drawn to the angler. The charm is broken only after the angler attacks.

Size +6: Purple anglers are as big as a bull elephant.

Swallow Whole: An angler can swallow a grappled opponent of medium or small size by getting a raise on an opposed Grappling roll. The swallowed creature takes 2d8 points of crushing and acid damage per round from the angler's gizzard. A swallowed opponent cannot climb out, but may attempt to cut its way out. This is done by using claws or a small slashing weapon. The attack automatically hits with a raise and, if it does enough damage to beat the creature's Toughness, the character escapes. Once the creature exits, muscular action closes the hole; another swallowed opponent must cut its own way out.

Tremorsense: A purple angler can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

RAD WOLF

Rad wolves resemble ravening hounds in many ways, but unlike these pathetic misfits, rad wolves are survivors – hardier specimens of wolf, coyote, or wild dog that have grown strong (and smart) from the effects of their unnatural evolution.

Rad wolves appear to have benefited from radiation where other races weaken, dwindle, or die off altogether. These particularly hardy individuals resemble natural creatures such as wolves (or similar canines), but are marked by an unnatural greenish glow emanating from their milky white eyes and gaping, fanged maws. They are also generally healthier than most desert animals, and possess a modest intelligence that has been described as both cunning and clever.

The Brotherhood of Radiation is known to capture unusually strong and admirable specimens of this race and train them to serve as guard animals and beasts of war (they are seen by the Brotherhood as a superior breed of mutated canine, and to their

minds embody the spirit of their Holy Order – that strength comes from mutation). Their own reverence for radiation, and their frequent exposure to it in their bizarre rituals, makes them adapted to life alongside these otherwise deadly wasteland beasts. Rad wolves, for their part, seem to take to such adoption well, and serve as loyal companions in Brotherhood armies and garrisons.

Rad wolves fight with boldness due to their own increased physical stature and their withering, radiated breath.

RAD WOLF

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d10

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8

Special Abilities

Bite: Str+d6

Fleet-Footed: Rad wolves roll a d10 instead of a d6 when running.

Go for the Throat: Rad wolves instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly-armored location.

Immunity (Radiation): Rad wolves are immune to radiation (as well as heat generated by radiation).

Irradiated: On a successful bite, in addition to physical damage the Rad Wolf causes its opponent to suffer Moderate gamma radiation.



RATBITE

Ratbites are common mutant creatures that dwell primarily in dark subterranean tunnels and caverns beneath the earth, generally wherever refuse and moisture accumulate to make an ideal “atmosphere” for them. Sewers are perfectly suited to their tastes, especially those with labyrinthine passages that allow them to sneak around in relative secrecy.

Ratbites appear to be short (three feet tall at most) mutant monstrosities, consisting of a fat fleshy central “trunk”, from which sprouts two sinewy human-like “arms” that support the creature as it hops about. These arms end in three-fingered paws; they have no thumbs, and are thus incapable of keen manipulation. The main trunk itself is composed mainly of the ratbites’ serrated maw, as well as two or three white or yellowish eyes running vertically above the eager, chattering mouth.

Ratbites are highly social creatures that thrive much like ants or other organized life forms, forming communities in their respective niche (in general, damp and refuse-ridden sewers in which they can move about and hide without being noticed by more dominant life forms). They are vicious creatures despite their short size, and very cunning as well. In most ratbite encounters, a single ratbite will be encountered (actually just a forward scout), which will come very near the opponent and examine it, hopping about it and summing it up with a series of curious grunts and chirps. The ratbite then mysteriously pulls away and the encounter apparently ends.



As the opponent moves on, the ratbites return in force (usually their whole number, though young seldom participate) and attack viciously, tearing at the transgressor with their razor-sharp teeth and beating it with their padded legs - one leg supporting it like a flamingo while the other tears at the victim’s flesh. Ratbites are carnivorous, generally hunting true rats and other small prey, but metabolize at a high rate - any large prey being felled would certainly be used as food on the spot.

RATBITE

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d8, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities

Bite or Claw: Str+d4

Size -1: Ratbites are 2 to 3 feet tall.

Infravision: Ratbites can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Ratbites ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

RATBITE SWARM

Ratbites can attack by swarming when in large numbers (20 or more). The swarm is treated like a creature. When it is wounded, the ratbites are effectively dispersed (though the GM may have one or two individuals remain). Ratbite swarms cover an area equal to a Medium Burst Template and attack everyone in the area, each round.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d8, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Bite or Claw: Ratbite swarms inflict dozens of bite or claw attacks every round to their victims. They hit automatically and causing 2d4 damage to everyone in the template. Damage is applied to the least armored location (victims in completely sealed suits are immune).

Split: Ratbite swarms are clever enough to split into two smaller swarms (Small Burst Templates) should their foes split up. The Toughness of these smaller swarms is lowered by -2 (to 5 each).

Swarm: Parry +2; Because the swarm is composed of scores of ratbites, cutting and piercing weapons do no real damage against the whole. Area-effect weapons work normally, and a character can stomp to inflict his damage in Strength each round. Ratbite swarms are usually foiled by jumping in water (but then the characters are taking chances on what’s in the water).

RATTLECHARMER

The so-called “rattlecharmer” features prominently in the legends of many of the tribal communities of the wasteland, for reports of this highly-evolved descendant of the desert rattlesnake are not only increasing in frequency, but their seemingly “magical” ability to hypnotize is also the stuff of primitive mythology.

The rattlecharmer resembles a typical desert rattler, but is generally thicker, larger, and healthier. The tail, however, at first seems deformed, but is in fact a highly evolved apparatus used to give the rattlecharmer its edge.

When hunting (or if disturbed), the rattlecharmer coils like a cobra, keeping its head low but raising its tail in the air. By moving its rattle-shaped tail and swirling it clockwise in a slow circular motion, it produces an eerie drone that seems to have a hypnotic effect on creatures that hear it. Tribals (who most often encounter the rattlecharmer in its natural habitat) report that this affects not only the rattlecharmer’s usual prey (rats, jackrabbits, cynemies, etc.), but also hunters and their dogs.

Rattlecharmers will generally use their hypnotic drone to stun prey before striking with their highly venomous bite.

RATTLECHARMER

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d12

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities

Bite: Str+d4

Poison: Rattlecharmers may inject deadly venom. A character bitten by a rattlecharmer must make a Vigor roll at -2. With success, the bite area swells and becomes numb. The victim becomes Exhausted until healed. With a failure, the victim becomes Incapacitated and must make a second Vigor roll or die.

Quick: Snakes are notoriously fast. They may discard action cards of 5 or lower and draw another.

Rattle Charm: As an action, the Rattlecharmer can produce an eerie, hypnotic drone using its rattle-shaped tail. All creatures that can hear, within a Large Burst Template must make a successful Spirit roll or be Shaken.

Size -1: Rattlecharmers are larger than typical rattlesnakes.

RAVENING HOUND

Sickly, malnourished, and ghastly in appearance, ravening hounds are a well-known danger – and nightmare – in the wasteland.

Ravening hounds are, as best as anyone can tell, the poor cast-out descendants of the dogs, coyotes, and wolves of the Twisted Earth. Like mankind, the canine suffered too from the nuclear wars of the Fall, leaving a legacy of dying, bestial brood known to post-apocalyptic man as “ravening hounds”.

No one is sure if ravening hounds are a breed of their own, or if they are cast-out members of wild packs in the desert wilderness. It is conceivable that, at birth, relatively healthy animals will drive off those bearing the sickly traits and cannibal hunger of this sub-species, leaving them to fend for themselves – and eventually find others of their kind – on their own.

Ravening hounds are especially dangerous to small parties and lone wanderers in the desert, where they often congregate in violent, savage packs to hunt. They are also known to congregate in city ruins as well, their tortured, pitiful howls calling through the urban ashes for a release from their hell of tormented “half-life”.

Ravening hounds look like dogs, coyotes, or even wolves, but badly mutated. Fur, and even skin, has sloughed off on parts of the body, leaving only wet tumored musculature beneath. Ague in the bones has left huge bumps and misshapen limbs forcing the creature to walk with a pained limp. Eyes have almost



universally clouded over with cysts by maturity; yet remarkably glow with a subtle green radiance by night. Their sense of smell is quite keen, permitting them to track prey even from a great distance.

These creatures are known especially for their savage thirst for blood and hunger for flesh. When a pack congregates for the hunt, they become truly relentless pursuers.

In combat, Ravening hounds attack in the manner of dogs, hounding their prey, probing for weakness, before moving in for the kill. Biting is their primary form of attack.

RAVENING HOUND

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Tracking d10

Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

Bite: Str+d6

Fleet-Footed: Ravening hounds roll a d10 instead of a d6 when running.

Go for the Throat: Ravening hounds instinctively go for an opponent's soft spots. With a raise on its attack roll, it hits the target's most weakly-armored location.

Pack Boldness: In groups of three or more, ravening hounds become immune to fear, even fear created by neural effects.

Pack Mentality: In groups of three or more, ravening hounds act as one, gaining the Level Headed and Quick edges.

SANDMAN

This species of mutants (almost legendary in some places as a kind of "boogie-man") inhabit dark subterranean caves and tunnels beneath the ground. They are called "sandmen" because they are expert burrowers, hollowing out vast lairs beneath the deserts in which they dwell.

Sandmen look something like normal humans, but with long white hair and blue or gray skin. They are a very primitive and degenerate race; having been cut off from the rest of mutantkind for generations. They live little better than ancient

cavemen, using clubs and flint spears rather than firearms and the like. Many consider them an offshoot of ghouls.

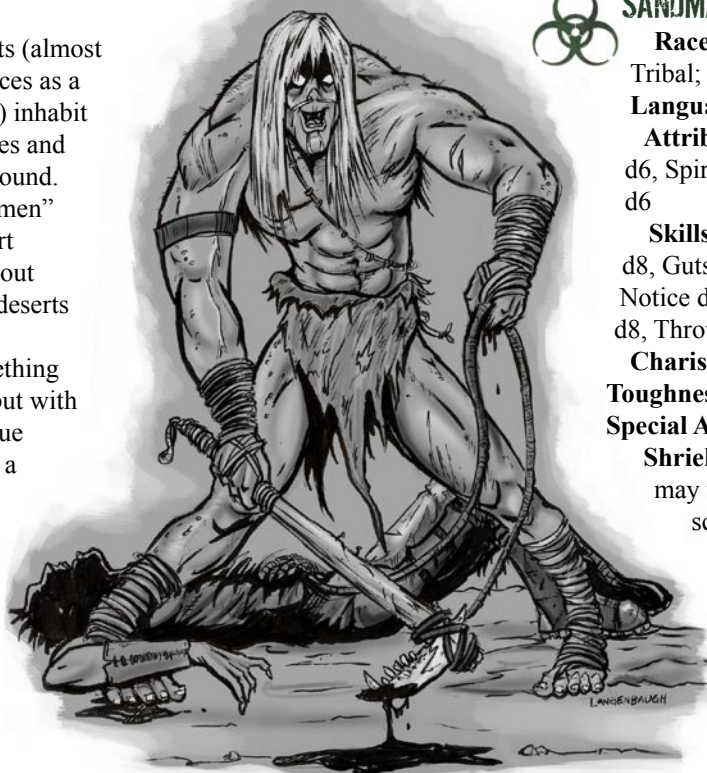
Sandmen are photosensitive due to their prolonged existence underground, and shun the surface world - they will never emerge (unless there is virtually no hope of remaining underground), though in some cases they may do so to snatch prey. Sandmen are quite adept at devising special lures or trapdoors (just like a trapdoor spider); when a victim approaches the door, the waiting sandmen lunge out and grab it, dragging it down to be consumed or ravaged.

Sandmen attack in large groups, usually by setting traps in the desert, such as sinkholes to suck the unwary down, which lead to their subterranean lairs.

Sandmen Society

To the people of various desert regions, there is no greater fear than the sandmen. While the open desert, with its wide dunes and clear plains, appears to the untrained eye to be safe with plenty of warning, those from the wasteland know better. For beneath the sands potentially lie the burrows and unseen warrens of the sandmen, who work ever-steadily to snatch the people of the surface for their next meal.

Sandmen are known to form large clans and tribes, often dwelling in a central cavern deep beneath the earth where they keep their women and children; these latter often being responsible for preparing food for communal meals. Males busy themselves regularly with excavating new tunnels, maintaining existing passages, scouting out the surface world by night, and luring potential prey into ambushes for the good of the entire sandman community.



SANDMAN LEADER

Race: Sandman; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive
Languages: Sandman

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

Shriek: A sandman leader may usher forth a savage scream. He then makes an Intimidation roll against every foe within an adjacent Medium Burst Template. Deaf opponents are unaffected.

Burrow (2"): Sandmen can burrow beneath the sands, erupting forth to surprise their foes.

Improved Frenzy: Sandmen can make two fighting attacks with no penalty.

Low Light Vision: Sandmen ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Photosensitive: Sandmen exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash will automatically blind the creature for one hour.

Quick: Sandmen redraw cards of 5 or less.

Tremorsense: A sandman can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

Gear: Battle axe (Str+d8), Spear (Range 4/8/16, Str+d6)

SANDMAN WARRIOR

Race: Sandman; **Background**: Tribal; **Tech-Level**: 1 Primitive

Languages: Sandman

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d10, Stealth d12, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace**: 6; **Parry**: 5; **Toughness**: 5

Special Abilities:

Burrow (2"): Sandmen can burrow beneath the sands, erupting forth to surprise their foes.

Improved Frenzy: Sandmen can make two fighting attacks with no penalty.

Low Light Vision: Sandmen ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Photosensitive: Sandmen exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash will automatically blind the creature for one hour.

Quick: Sandmen redraw cards of 5 or less.

Tremorsense: A sandman can automatically sense the location of anything within 10" (60 feet) that is in contact with the ground.

Gear: Club (Str+d6, two hands), Spear (Range 4/8/16, Str+d6)

SCREAMER

Screamers are said to be the long-dead corpses of the Ancients, animated by some unknown phenomenon of radiation. The presence of a screamer is always foretold by the telltale green glow surrounding it, and the tortured moans and screams emitted from its gaping mouth. This wail never ceases, and though sometimes mistaken for the wind, most desert wanderers have learned to recognize it for what it is.

These nightmarish creatures are feared throughout the wasteland, though luckily encounters with them

are few and far between. Screamers were once people, horribly mutated and impregnated with massive doses of radiation. Through some unknown process, screamers arise after death to shamle about in the night, in search of living flesh to consume or ravage with their burning, radiated touch. Screamers are incredibly difficult to kill; as to touch them (or to be touched by them) causes terrible burns and certain radiation poisoning.

No one likes to fight screamers. No one.

SCREAMER

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6

Pace: 5; **Parry**: 5; **Toughness**: 5

Special Abilities:

Alertness: Screamers gain +2 to all notice rolls.

Burns: Any hit by a screamer's claws cause intense burning and welting due to the creature's abnormal body temperature. In addition to normal damage, a successful hit will also incur 2d6 points of heat damage.

Claws: Str+d4

Fear -2: The glow and wail of a screamer is enough to unsettle any denizen of the Twisted Earth.

Fearless: Screamers are immune to fear and Intimidation.



Glow: A screamer emits a powerful, telltale glow and moan that automatically alerts opponents whenever the creature comes within 15" (90 feet).

Irradiated: On a successful melee hit, in addition to physical damage the screamer causes its opponent to suffer Moderate gamma radiation.

Low Light Vision: Screamers ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Undead: +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage.

SHADOW PEOPLE

Little is known of these mysterious desert people, known as "shadows" for their uncanny ability to disappear into the terrain of sand dunes, canyon cliffs, and mountains that ring the monumental regions of the Trader Pass and Big Hole.

Shadow people appear to be a separate race of degenerate human, vastly more primitive than even the savage humanoid tribals of the wasteland. Stories say they live in secretive and isolated villages in the mountains, in caves or even among the ruins of old Pueblo dwellings in long forgotten gorge country, but the truth of this cannot be easily discerned. It is known that they travel in small bands wherever they go, seldom making contact with others unless their need is great; raids against small or weakened caravans or lone travelers are rare but not unknown. When they attack, shadows appear to want only food, water, and mounts.

Shadows appear as tall lanky humans, almost anemically thin. Skin is dusky, almost sandy in color, mottled with dark freckles. Eyes are a curious pale green, however, flecked white. It is said staring into the haunting mutant eyes of a shadow is sure to bring death in a matter of hours, but this is almost certainly a legend concocted by the tribals of the low country.

Shadows generally wear long cloaks to cover their bodies, with hoods and sinister scarves to draw over their faces to protect against the harsher elements. These long Bedouin-style robes permit them to keep their large primitive weapons concealed until needed. A sureness of stride among the jagged rocks, canyons, and cliff country suggests a familiarity with the treacherous desert environment unlike that seen by even the most backwards tribal. They are truly people of the sands.

Shadows are capable of normal physical attacks, but their true strength lies in their battery of mental mutations.

SHADOW PEOPLE SOCIETY

Obscure legends among the insular Far Traders speak of cautious observations of these mythical people, legends that say they are a race consumed by strange traditions and superstitions, with beliefs in magic and a practice of mentalism among all ranks of their primitive society. More powerful members of their clannish tribes are claimed to have gained greater mastery of the mind, possessing telepathic abilities and even the alleged ability of prophecy.

Shadow people speak no known language (all communication is done through telepathy).

SHADOW PEOPLE

Race: Shadow People; **Background:** Tribal;
Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: None (Telepathy only)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,
Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d4,
Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d4, Notice d6, Riding d6,
Stealth d8, Survival d8, Throwing d8, Tracking d4

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:**
6(1)

Edges: Quick

Hindrances: Arrogant, Outsider

Mutations: Dual Cerebellum (M) , Elongation
(m), Neural Mutation (M), Radiation Immunity (M)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Powers: Anxiety/Flight Trigger, Mind Reading,
Telepathic Blindness, Telepathy (requires no power
points) (10 Power points)

Gear: Halberd (Str+d8, Reach 1, 2 hands), Spear
(Range 4/8/16, Str+d6), Thick Cloak (+1 armor, +1
to Vigor rolls to resist desert elements)





SHADOW PEOPLE, LEADER

Race: Shadow People; **Background:**

Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: None (Telepathy only)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d6, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Riding d6, Stealth d8, Survival d12, Throwing d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Defect Reduction, Nerves of Steel, Quick

Hindrances: Arrogant, Outsider

Mutations: Dual Cerebellum (M), Elongation (m), Neural Mutation (M), Radiation Immunity (M)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Powers: Battle Plan, Domination, Telepathic Blindness, Telepathy (requires no power points) (20 Power points)

Gear: Halberd (Str+d8, Reach 1, 2 hands), Spear (Range 4/8/16, Str+d6), Leather Armor



SHADOW PEOPLE, SHAMAN

Race: Shadow People; **Background:**

Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: None (Telepathy only)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d4, Guts d8, Healing d10, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d8, Knowledge (Twisted Earth) d4, Notice d6, Riding d4, Stealth d6, Survival d6

Charisma: -4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Edges: Defect Reduction, Quick

Hindrances: Arrogant, Outsider

Mutations: Dual Cerebellum (M), Elongation (m), Neural Mutation (M), Radiation Immunity (M)

Defects: Bizarre Pigmentation (m)

Powers: Clairvoyance/Clairaudience, Mind Reading, Perceive Outcome, Telepathy (requires no power points) (20 Power points)

Gear: Juju Kit (3 Juju Salve, 1 Oil of Remedy, 1 Purgative), Knife (Str+d4), Thick Cloak (+1 armor, +1 to Vigor rolls to resist desert elements)

SLIME MOLE

The “slime mole” is a grotesque creature that dwells in subterranean areas away from the light, for it is sensitive to the sun’s damaging rays. Its naked form is fragile and pink, despite its size, bearing only short tufts of coarse hair and sporting many rubbery warts.

The slime mole gets its name from its mole-like head and the sheen of clear yolk-like ooze that coats its body. Two large white eyes (utterly blind to visual light) are set into the putrid flesh of

the face, while two huge “arms” support its weight and drag it along wherever it goes. Behind it twitch and writhe two fat, useless tentacles, while a second pair of undeveloped arms rise from the back, writhing slowly and methodically with some unknown purpose.

Slime moles are carnivorous beasts with a keen sense of smell and the ability to see into the ultraviolet spectrum. Due to their blindness and general sensitivity, however, these large beasts generally shun contact with other creatures unless their dominance is assured - they will generally not attack at once unless they are surprised or directly threatened by a creature’s intrusion. Otherwise the slime mole will retreat and observe the new being before deciding to attack. When it does, its attacks are usually blunt and brutal, as it uses the brunt of its massive girth and its huge jagged teeth to crush and tear. The slime mole generally attempts to attack by surprise, either through hiding and waiting for prey, or burying itself in debris to explode out in a lunge-attack.



SLIME MOLE

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d10, Guts d6, Healing d6, Intimidation d10, Notice d6, Stealth d10

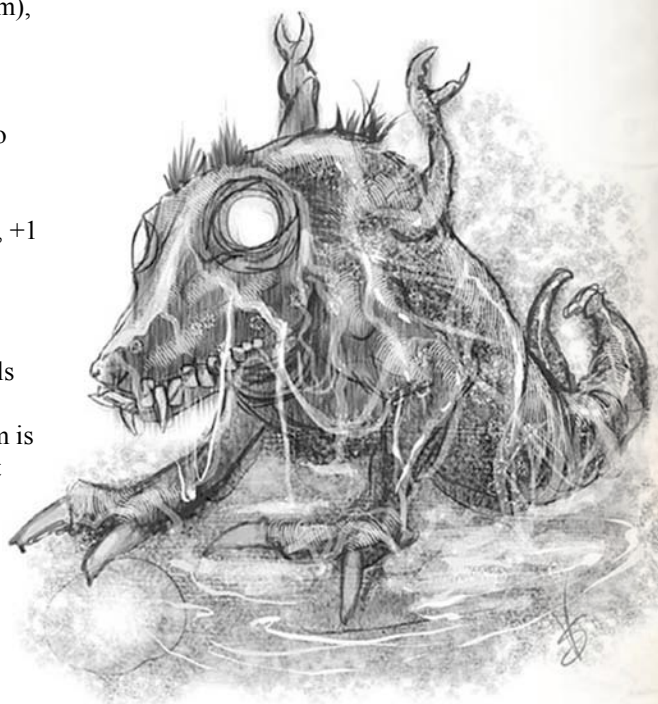
Pace: 10; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities:

Bite: Str+d6

Fast Regeneration: A wounded Slime Mole makes a Vigor roll every round to heal any damage it has sustained—even after it has been “killed.” Decapitating it, or killing it with electricity will keep it dead.

Hardy: The Slime mole does not suffer a wound from being Shaken twice.



Large: Attacks against a Slime Mole are made at +2.

Photosensitive: Slime moles exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash (e.g. from a dazzle rifle) will automatically blind the creature for 5 rounds.

Radar sense: A Slime Mole ignores all darkness penalties.

Size +4: Slime moles are as big as a rhino.

Stench: A Slime Mole's stench causes everyone within a Medium Burst Template to make a successful Vigor or gain a level of Fatigue. The Fatigue is removed after 15 minutes away from the stench.

Vulnerability (Electricity): Slime moles take double damage from electrical attacks. They can not regenerate wounds caused by electricity.

SNOFFLE HOG

The "snuffle hog" is a particularly repugnant beast that dwells in both plains areas and the few remaining dry forests of the land.

The snuffle hog is recognizable by its huge boar-like body, porcupine quills, and quadruple upturned tusks. It is also known for the mass of wrinkled leathery flesh on the nose (which prevents it from being scarred by prey impaled on its tusks), and its tiny little black eyes set in fatty slits well back on the skull.

Snuffle hogs are simple creatures, being vicious, untamable herbivores. While they are generally content to devour dry grasses and even the most prickly desert cactus, they are easily alarmed by the approach of unwanted intruders, and defend their territory viciously. Their typical tactic is to charge and impale with the tusks, or else gore and gore and gore again.



Some communities use snuffle hogs as food, either hunting them in the wild or keeping them in well fortified pens for regular slaughter.

SNOFFLE HOG

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Alertness: The snuffle hog's keen sense of smell gives it +2 to notice rolls.

Gore: If the snuffle hog can move at least 3" before attacking, it adds a d6 to the damage for that attack.

Quills: Any unarmed attack (or grapple) made against a snuffle hog causes Str+d4 damage to the attacker.

Stubborn: A snuffle hog continues to fight without penalty even if injured. It may automatically remove a Shaken condition at the start of its action.

Tusks: Str+d8

TERMINAL

"Terminal" is a name given to any devolved, corrupted, or deformed mutant whose mental state borders on the edge of a frenzied, mindless, brain-death. Internal corruption and mutation inevitably spells a short, tortured life, hence the name.

Recognized from an early stage as having little or no chance of surviving in their birth community, they are mercilessly cast out to relieve the inevitable strain on resources they would have been. These doomed mutants, often retarded or simply brain damaged beyond a working semblance of human intelligence, seldom live long on their own, but under certain circumstances they indeed do. Little more than idiotic "animals", they often descend into homicidal violence and even cannibalism to survive. No terminal lives longer than 15-20 years, due to a disastrous combination of defective mutations that only get progressively worse as they grow; cystic fibrosis, ontogenesis imperfecta, leukemia, bone ague, tumors, elephant-man disease, etc.

The actual appearance of a terminal can range from the merely unsettling to the truly ghastly. Bodies outwardly wracked with warped deformities, withered limbs, misplaced features, and even the possibility of an aborted Siamese symbiosis leaves them among the most monstrous creatures alive. Heaving under a body weight poorly supported by their own crippled shape, and gasping huskily due to internal corruptions that will inevitably claim them, they are a nightmarish reminder of the curse mutation brings with it.

Terminals attack by using their immense strength to tear victims literally apart, before degenerating into a slobbering orgy of feasting.

TERMINAL

Race: Terminal; **Background:** Feral; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8/d10, Vigor d6/d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d6, Tracking d4

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6/8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6/7
Special Abilities

Aberrant Deformity: Terminals are deformed, repugnant creatures with all manner of hideous deformities. Their Charisma drops by 2.

Brawny: Terminals that survive to maturity gain +1 Toughness.

Claws: Str+d4. A terminal's claws grant +2 to Climbing rolls.

Combat Reflexes: Terminals are vicious combatants and gain +2 to Spirit rolls to recover from being Shakened.

Homicidal Frenzy: When attacking, the terminals often work themselves into a homicidal frenzy, granting them adrenaline enhanced Strength and Vigor (same as the Adrenaline Control mutation). During the frenzy, the terminal temporarily gains one die level of Strength and Vigor, and 2" base speed. The frenzy lasts for 5 rounds and cannot be stopped voluntarily. Triggering the frenzy is a free action. After the frenzy, the terminal is fatigued for one hour.

Short Life Span: Due to a wide variety of possible defects, the terminal's life span is dramatically short. The maximum age of a terminal is 2d10 years with an average of 10.

Gear: Spear (Range: 4/8/16, Str+d6; Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

TERMINAL LEADER

Race: Terminal; **Background:** Feral; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8/d10, Vigor d6/d8

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Swimming d4, Throwing d8, Tracking d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6/8; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 6/7
Special Abilities

Aberrant Deformity: Terminals are deformed, repugnant creatures with all manner of hideous deformities. Their Charisma drops by 2.

Brawny: Terminals that survive to maturity gain +1 Toughness.

Claws: Str+d4. A terminal's claws grant +2 to Climbing rolls.

Combat Reflexes: Terminals are vicious combatants and gain +2 to Spirit rolls to recover from being Shakened.

Homicidal Frenzy: When attacking, the terminals often work themselves into a homicidal frenzy, granting them adrenaline enhanced Strength and Vigor (same as the Adrenaline Control mutation). During the frenzy, the terminal temporarily gains one die level of Strength and Vigor, and 2" base speed. The frenzy lasts for 5 rounds and cannot be stopped voluntarily. Triggering the frenzy is a free action. After the frenzy, the terminal is fatigued for one hour.

Short Life Span: Due to a wide variety of possible defects, the terminal's life span is dramatically short. The maximum age of a terminal is 2d10 years with an average of 10.

Improved Trademark Weapon (Spear): Terminal leaders gain +2 to attacks with their spear.

Gear: Spear (Range: 4/8/16, Str+d6; Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

TERMINAL ABORTION

One of the more disturbing variations of the "terminal" mutant is the abortion.

Oftentimes the very birth of a mutant child is enough to kill the mother, especially among those communities without access to medicine, but in some extremely rare cases the naturally aborted fetus, possessed of mutant strength and capabilities, still clings to life even after being removed from the womb. The resultant creature, usually deemed



“cursed”, is promptly cast out to die. Often the case in the violation of tribal taboos on crossbreeding with unrecognized foreigners and outsiders, the aborted beast does not die as one might expect. Some few manage to survive through pure chance, feeding off of insects, small animals, and anything else that comes their way.

Abortions that somehow survive to maturity are hideous to behold. Though actual body form and appearance can vary widely, most appear like a fetus prematurely discharged from the womb. Generally what at first appears to be a poorly-formed humanoid soon proves to be something far worse; the torso abruptly ends and trails off in a long serpentine mass of fused viscera that lags sluggishly behind it where legs should have been. Abortions of this most common kind must use their arms to drag themselves pitifully along, feeling out for potential prey to feed them.

In combat, abortions attack pitifully and weakly anything that comes within reach.

TERMINAL ABORTION

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Survival d10

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities

Baleful Cry: As an action, an abortion can emit a distorted and grotesque wail like a hideous, sickly infant. All creatures within a Large Burst Template must make a successful Spirit roll at -2 or be Shaken.

Claws: Str+d4

Fear -1: Even for the most hardened denizen, terminal abortions are frightful to behold.

Quick: Terminal abortions discard and redraw cards of 5 or less.

Size -1: The underdeveloped abortions are smaller than normal mutants.

TERROLOPS

The terrollops is a nightmarish predator that inhabits the deserts but generally only emerges at night. Some have been known to come out during the daylight hours, but only in areas (such as rocky crags or mountain cliffs) where it can quickly retreat to the cover of darkness for safety.

The terrollops looks like a giant chitinous “torso” mounted on the thorax of a great naked spider. The whole of the thing is taken up by a great circular maw, above which rests its single, terrible eye (usually pink or red in color). Two huge mantis-like appendages come out from the torso, ending in wicked saber-like blades that can rend a man in two with a single motion. Running back along the chitin are spikes, thwarting opponents that might approach from the rear. Though it possesses but two thin spider-like legs, the creature is incredibly fast. It is known to leave a telltale trail of gross yellow slime behind it wherever it goes (this comes from the dormant web-spinning gland of the beast that still generates a non-functional “goo”).

In combat, the terrollops is a vicious, gargantuan creature that attacks using spider-like cunning and stealth. Its twin scythe-like claws permit it to twist, spin, and stun its prey.

TERROLOPS

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12+2

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6

Pace: 12; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 14

Special Abilities

Improved Frenzy: A terrollops may make two claw attacks per round without penalty.

Chameleon: A terrollops is able to blend in with background color and texture. If the terrollops spends a full round doing nothing else, it may turn invisible. This invisibility is lost as soon as the creature moves.

Grappling Claws: Str+d4. If a terrollops hits a single target with both claw attacks, it automatically grapples its opponent. On the next round it will bite its grappled foe.

Large: Attackers add +2 to their attack rolls when attacking a terrollops due to its large size.

Size +5: Terrollops’ are roughly the size of a small elephant.

Bite: Str+d8



Spikes: Any unarmed attack (or grapple) made against a terrolops causes Str damage to the attacker.

TWO-HEADED MUTANT BEAR

The majestic and magnificent brown bear that once roamed the mountains and forests of the American continent are all but gone now, replaced by diminishing numbers of shattered, mutant descendants that are more a horror than the animal they once were. The mutant bear shares many of the well-known characteristics of its previous incarnation, albeit to a much greater degree. The hunger, ill temper, and territorial nature of the bear is only increased in the mutant, driven as it is by painful mutation and physical deterioration to the verge of cruel insanity.

The most common aberration of the common bear appears to be a two-headed mutant, of which frequent reports have been heard in the foothills of the Big Rocks. These two-headed beasts are a source of great fear among tribal folk in the mountain valleys, who say these beasts are terrifically violent, unafraid of man (or mutant), and almost berserk when filled with a lust for blood.

Like a normal bear, the mutant bear typically barrels straight into combat to bite or claw.

TWO-HEADED MUTANT BEAR

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d10, Notice d8, Swimming d6, Tracking d6

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10

Special Abilities

Bear Hug: Bears don't actually "hug" their victims, but they do attempt to use their weight to pin their prey and rend it with their claws and teeth. A bear that hits with a raise has pinned his foe. The opponent may only attempt to escape the "hug" on his action, which requires a raise on an opposed Strength roll.

Bloodlust: A mutant bear can smell blood and fear. If any still-living creature within 15" (90 feet) has suffered at least one wound, the creature will enter a rage, attacking and pursuing madly until either it or the wounded opponent is dead. It gains +2 to Fighting and Strength rolls (including melee damage), +2 Toughness and -2 Parry.

Claws: Str+d6.

Regeneration: A mutant bear may make a Vigor roll if they are Incapacitated. Success means they are healed, arising Shaken the next round, failure means they have perished.

Scent: When tracking by sense of smell, the mutant bear gains +2 to Tracking rolls.

Size +2: These creatures can stand up to 8' tall and weigh over 1000 pounds.

Dual-Headed: Mutant bears ignore any "gang up" bonuses against them.



UNDERLING

These creatures appear like little "men" (usually no more than three-and-a-half feet high), with pasty white skin like softly glowing marble, and lucid blue eyes lacking pupils whatsoever. "Underlings" often have wild heads/beards of wispy white hair, and a mouth filled with ill-kept, ugly yellowish fangs.

Underlings are a race of dwarfed underground men, who (it is typically speculated) are the descendants of Ancient men and women who retreated to relatively secure caves and cavern systems in the mountains and wilderness to sit out the Fall - but never re-emerged. Having abandoned their former ways and civilization, they degenerated into what they are now, diminutive stumplings driven by cannibal hungers and violent territorial ambition.

Underlings always work in groups, having mastered mass stealth and ambush tactics better than most creatures (they will always attack with numerical superiority if possible). If they ever did have the intelligence of men, they have apparently lost it, now only utilizing the most rudimentary of weapons.

UNDERLING SOCIETY

Like many more primitive mutant races, underlings are no different in their need for community and secure shelter. Dwelling underground, they often choose cave or cavern systems that permit easy egress to other tunnels beneath the earth, or even to the surface, should their existence be found out and they require an

escape. Usually a powerful chief will rule an underling group, but sometimes they instead follow the wisest of the group (wisdom meaning an ability to find water, provide food, treat diseases, deliver children, etc).

UNDERLING

Race: Underling; **Background:** Tribal; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Underling

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d4, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Survival d6, Taunt d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5(1)

Special Abilities

Infravision: Underlings can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Underlings ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Photosensitive: Underlings exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash will automatically blind the creature for one hour.

Troglodyte: Underlings can intuitively determine your precise underground depth as naturally as sensing which way is up. They add +2 to Notice and Survival rolls while underground and +2 to Notice rolls when looking for weakened stonework, dangerous cave or tunnel features, or the presence of poisonous (or flammable) gas pockets in the area.

Size -1: Underlings are dwarf-like.



Gear: Spear (Range: 4/8/16, Str+d6; Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands), Knife (Str+d4), Leather Armor



UNDERLING LEADER

Race: Underling; **Background:** Tribal;

Tech-Level: 1 Primitive

Languages: Underling

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Healing d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Survival d10, Taunt d6, Throwing d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5(1)

Special Abilities

Infravision: Underlings can see heat and halve penalties for bad lighting when attacking living targets.

Low Light Vision: Underlings ignore penalties for Dim and Dark lighting.

Photosensitive: Underlings exposed to bright lights (including torches) must make a Guts roll. If the roll fails, they are Panicked and must flee from the light source until they recover. A direct flash will automatically blind the creature for one hour.

Troglodyte: Underlings can intuitively determine your precise underground depth as naturally as sensing which way is up. They add +2 to Notice and Survival rolls while underground and +2 to Notice rolls when looking for weakened stonework, dangerous cave or tunnel features, or the presence of poisonous (or flammable) gas pockets in the area.

Thief: Underling Leaders gain +2 to Climbing, Lockpicking and Stealth rolls.

Size -1: Underlings are dwarf-like.

Trademark Weapon (Knife): Underling leaders gain +1 to Fighting rolls when attacking with their knife.

Gear: Knife (Str+d4), Leather Armor, Spear (Range 4/8/16, Str+d6)

UTARN

The grotesque creature known as the "utarn" is a creeping, spider-like, hermaphroditic monster that thrives solely on a voracious carnivorous diet. The creature stands on six chitinous legs, scuttling about towards a given prey. Its body is an elongated mass of wrinkles and creased oily fat (much like exposed blubber), at the back of which stands a pair of fat egg sacks, the thin opaque skin over it stretched obscenely tight. When the utarn is pregnant, these celled masses can be seen to pulsate and contort with the movement of the young inside.

The utarn spends most of its entire life consumed with passing on its young. Food and survival seem to be secondary concerns for this monstrous mutant lifeform.

The utarn's head is protected by a collar of a unique sponge-like tissue that may act like a giant "olfactory sense gland" - it is pierced with numerous holes and porous entrances. At the front of this, an elongated trunk of ribbed flesh may emerge (like a turtle from its shell), at the end of which is a circular lamprey-like maw, oozing slime - this slime is a potent toxin that strangles the nerve system and forces the victim into paralytic shock.

The utarn is a mindless creature that simply feeds and breeds. There is a good chance that a given utarn will be pregnant, and thus will seek to excrete its rubbery eggs into the paralyzed body of any victim, letting it live to become a carrier of these eggs. The victim's body warmth brings them fully to incubation, at which time they hatch inside the body and devour the host from within.



UTARN

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d6, Stealth d10, Tracking d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities

Bite: Str+d4

Blindsight: An utarn can ascertain creatures by non-visual means (mostly hearing and scent, but also by noticing vibration and other environmental clues) to a range of 10" (60 feet). Invisibility and darkness are irrelevant to his enhanced senses. It does not need to make Notice rolls to notice creatures within this range.

Impregnation: Once a victim has been successfully paralyzed, a succeeding hit indicates a transference of eggs to the paralyzed host. The utarn can only lay its eggs in a paralyzed victim, and once inserted, the eggs can only be surgically withdrawn with a Healing roll at -4. A shot of Filter-Dose will flush the eggs from the body of the victim as well. Otherwise, the victim dies in 2d6 days.

Poison (-1): A target who suffers damage or a Shaken result from the utarn's bite must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed and incapable of any action—even speech—for 2d6 rounds.

Scent: The utarn's keen sense of smell gives it +2 to Notice and Tracking rolls.

Size +1: Utarn grow to 7 feet tall.

WILD MAN

The race of wild men is one that inhabits the old ruins of the Ancients - the blasted cities that are all but forbidden to enter. Wild men appear like skulking men, wild manes of ghostly hair on their heads and twisted faces, their bodies covered only in rags and soiled trappings. They are commonly found scattered throughout urban ruins, emerging only at twilight, howling and crying out for the blood of those who



trespass in the vicinity of their secretive abodes.

To many they are perceived as little more than nightmarish boogiemens prowling the darkness of the world's lost cities.

There are many stories that speak of these primitive savages, legends that say they are mentally stunted humans, remarkably close to true purebloods, who survived the Fall in the great cities. Without a civilization to bring them together they degenerated into cowardly shadows that now hide from more powerful mutant beings that sometimes enter the ruins to conquer.

Wild men are totally insane - their human outside is but a mask for the animal nature beneath. Incapable of speaking (beyond guttural grunts and chirps), they only utilize the most primitive of weapons (clubs, javelins) and are generally quite poorly organized. Few people hold wild men in anything but contempt. Some groups have been known to hunt them for cruel and sadistic pleasure, as their ability to scurry, jump, and hide makes them entertaining prey.

Wild men are particularly cowardly, and will seldom engage in a fight unless cornered. Like rats, however, they can be quite difficult to best in a life or death struggle.

WILD MEN SOCIETY

Though rumors speak of wild men congregating among lost ruins for communal gatherings, most dismiss these as pure myth. Most deny the idea of wild men possessing any real intelligence, and as such the idea of a society among these savages is considered almost laughable.

WILD MAN

Race: Wild Man; **Background:** Feral; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: None

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Stealth d8, Survival d10, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 7; **Parry:** 7 (8 with Spear); **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities

Improved Block: Wild men always fight defensively. They gain +2 to Parry.

Improved Dodge: Wild men are experts at moving out of harms way. Ranged attack rolls against them are made at -2.

Spider Climb: Due to a strange evolution of their hands and feet, wild men can literally climb up sheer surfaces, at will, moving their Pace when climbing.

Gear: Club (Str+d6, 2 hands) or Spear (Range: 4/8/16, Str+d6; Parry +1, Reach 1, 2 hands)

WINGED ONE

Winged ones are the bane of the few tribal communities that have migrated from the deadly, dangerous wastelands of the lower Twisted Earth, to the elevated slopes and high country of the Big Rocks.

Winged ones look roughly like sickly vultures or condors, with knobby misshapen limbs (like most other races, they often suffer from inherited diseases and mutation that are shared by all members of their “clan”) and only a patchy covering of broad, sickly feathers to cover their thin, vaguely humanoid bodies. Arms resemble functioning bird wings, but each also has a hand capable of manipulating weapons and complex objects. Winged ones possess a higher form of intelligence (compared to most airborne creatures), and besides making primitive weapons such as spears to arm themselves, they have been known to figure out rifles, pistols, and other advanced equipment. Winged ones also have legs, similar to a human’s, which permit them to walk (and run) if grounded.

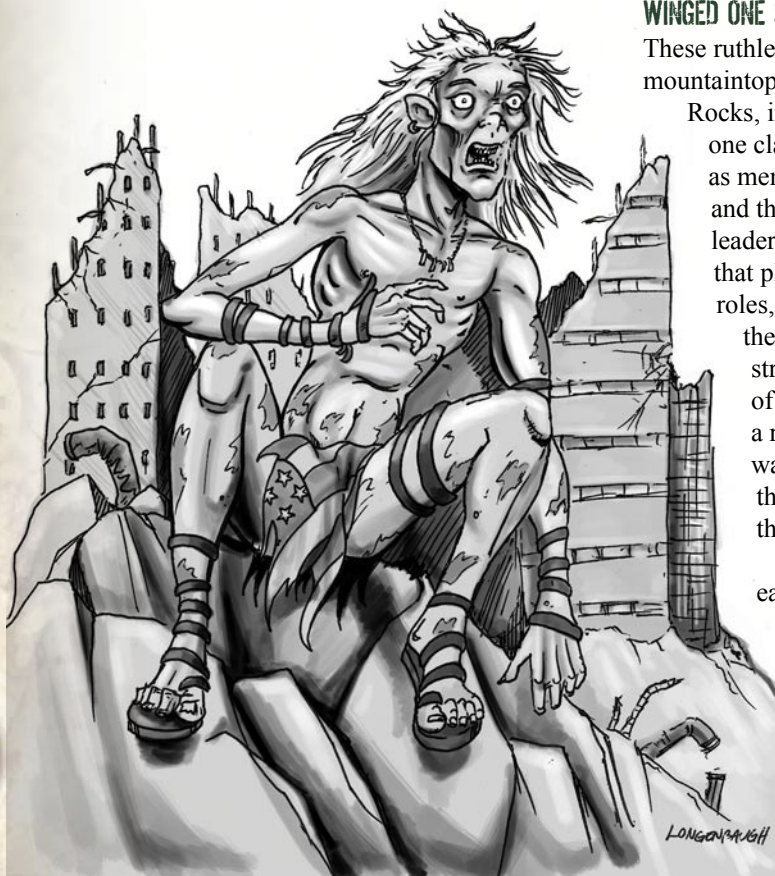
These birdmen usually despise the “petty” creatures and humanoids that live in the valleys and low country of the Twisted Earth, considering them nothing more than food for the taking. Winged ones often take to the air in organized war-parties to raid; favored prey include small herd animals (such as goats and sheep) kept by tribal communities, as well as children, which are carried off to their distant nesting areas to be shared and eaten.

A winged one usually fights by swooping in and using its claws, or using some form of ranged weapon to throw or fire from a height. Though they certainly prefer to stay airborne, a grounded Winged One will usually carry some form of melee weapon to defend itself, to break down a door, or to ensnare prey.

WINGED ONE SOCIETY

These ruthless, carnivorous bird-folk live on majestic mountaintops and on the highest peaks of the Big Rocks, in semi-organized clans and tribes. Winged one clans are exceptionally brutal communities, as members solely respect the virtues of strength and the ability to kill competitors, among their leaders. Regimented with a strict pecking order that places the weakest warriors in subservient roles, and the most skilled as the leaders of the tribe, their way of life is also rich with strange traditions. These traditions (a form of stunted “religion”) typically interweave a rudimentary understanding of mankind’s ways (and its violent end), with a hatred for the mutant races that have risen to reclaim the earth.

Winged one clans sometimes war with each other when hunting grounds are infringed upon, but otherwise concentrate their efforts instead on preying upon the hapless tribals of the mountains. Unable to fly, these disorganized communities are easy prey for these savage, cunning, and predatory avians.



WINGED ONE

Race: Winged One; **Background:** None; **Tech-Level:** 1 Primitive

Languages: Winged One

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d10, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5
Special Abilities

Piercing Shriek: A winged one is able to let out a piercing cry that damages creatures around it. All creatures within a Large Burst Template must make a Vigor roll or take 2d4 points of sonic damage and be deafened for 2d4+4 rounds. Those who successfully succeed are unaffected.

Flight: Winged ones have a flying pace of 12" with a climb of 4". They can also hover in mid-air.

Claws: Str+d4

Gear: Longbow (Range: 15/30/60, 2d6+1), 24 Arrows, Leather Armor

WINGED ONE RAIDER

Race: Winged One; **Background:** None; **Tech-Level:** 2 Post Apocalyptic

Languages: Winged One

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d6, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d6, Notice d6, Repair d4, Shooting d8, Stealth d6, Survival d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 8(1)

Special Abilities

Piercing Shriek: A winged one is able to let out a piercing cry that damages creatures around it. All creatures within a Large Burst Template must make a Vigor roll or take 2d4 points of sonic damage and be deafened for 2d4+4 rounds. Those who successfully succeed are unaffected.

Flight: Winged ones have a flying pace of 12" with a climb of 4". They can also hover in mid-air.

Claws: Str+d4

Gear: Bushmaster M-17S Assault Rifle (Range: 24/48/96, 2d8, AP2, Auto, 3RB), 2 Boxes 5.56 Ammunition (30), Leather Armor.

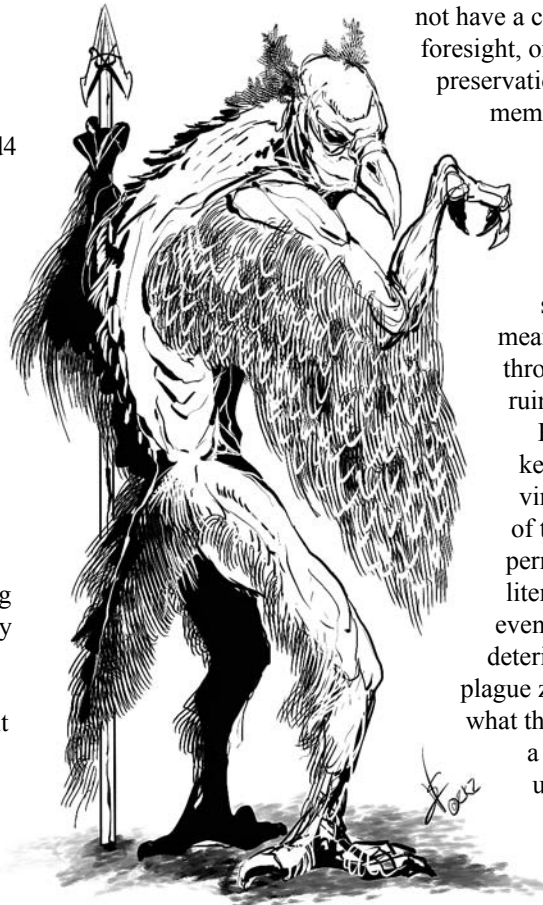
ZOMBIE PLAGUE

Plague zombies are horrific undead creatures, re-animated with a shadowy semblance of life by the bizarre and unexplainable effects of a virulent super-disease, the cure for which has long been lost.

The "plague" that causes the animation of plague zombies was originally engineered by the Ancients just prior to the Fall. Though little is known of what the original strain was meant to do on unsuspecting civilian populations, the effects of radiation apparently mutated the disease so that the scientists who originally developed it were helpless to stop its spontaneous spread. Within weeks, the test population (comprised of urban homeless from the escalating world war) first subjected to the disease had spread the plague to others, and an epidemic of ghastly proportions swept across the country. Unable to control the new mutant plague, the scientists who recognized its danger retreated to bunkers beneath the earth to research a cure – but then the holocaust struck the entire world and the zombie threat was forgotten in the years of chaos following.

Plague zombies continue to exist in a mere handful of cities so far in the future – in general, they "live" only in true necropoli, cities where all living things have long perished. The nature of the plague zombie is simple – they know only hunger, and seek only to devour flesh. They do not have a conscience, intelligence, foresight, or even a drive for self-preservation; nor do they exhibit memory or anything resembling personality. Their drive is their sole motivating factor, and in the absence of living flesh to consume, they merely shift about, idiotically and meaninglessly, in large packs throughout the miles of urban ruins.

Plague zombie flesh is kept semi-preserved by the virus that infests every inch of their rotted being. This permits a plague zombie to literally "live" for decades, even centuries with only a slow deterioration of its form. Most plague zombies still resemble what they were in life; a nurse, a soldier, a member of the urban homeless – but their flesh has turned grayish,



greenish, or black over time, with gaping holes showing bone and dried viscera where irregular decay has slowly set in.

As if their appearance alone were not horror enough, plague zombies bear one final and chilling curse – the disease itself. A creature badly injured by a plague zombie inevitably contracts the plague, slowly turning him into a mindless, flesh-eating plague zombie in a matter of days.

Plague zombies are not particularly threatening to a well-prepared individual, but in large packs their sheer numbers can be overwhelming. Without any kind of true sentience (beyond a motivation to overcome and consume living creatures), they move and act stupidly and predictably.

ZOMBIE, PLAGUE

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d6, Notice d6

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities

Claws: Str+d4

Disease (Contagion): A victim who is wounded or Shaken by a plague zombie must make a Vigor roll at -4. If the roll fails, then 2d6 hours later he becomes Exhausted and must be bedridden.


At this point, the character can make one last Vigor roll (including the Disease and Fatigue modifiers). If successful, the character will recover 1 level of Fatigue each 24 hours until healed. If failed, he becomes a plague zombie after 2d6 hours. He loses all attributes, feats, and other abilities and instead taking on the characteristics of a plague zombie.

Fear: Plague zombies are frightful to behold, both due to their hideous looks and their reputation.

Move or Attack: Plague zombies can perform only a move or attack action on its turn.

Undead: +2 Toughness. +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage (except to head). Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Weakness (Head): Called shots to a plague zombie's head do +2 damage.




CHAPTER 5: THE METAL GODS

The 600 series had rubber skin. We spotted them easy, but these are new. They look human... sweat, bad breath, everything. Very hard to spot. I had to wait till he moved on you before I could zero him.

-Kyle Reese, The Terminator

Look... I am not stupid, you know. They cannot make things like that yet.

-Sarah Connor, The Terminator





ROBOTS

The Ancients created robots for a number of purposes, from menial servants to “pets”, sexual companions to laborers, sentry guards to facility managers - even as military masterminds. This section lists the most common

types of robots encountered in Darwin’s World - but there are no doubt others that do exist out there, somewhere, in the ruins of the nuclear holocaust.

Several distinctions are made involving robots in Darwin’s World. Though the term “robot” is used interchangeably with nearly all forms of robotic life, it can also mean a specific *kind* of construct. Here are the main distinctions:

Animatrons are not considered robotic creatures, but rather animated machines. Examples include the simplest robotic turrets and defence systems. Animatrons are covered under *Artifacts of the Ancients*.

Automatons are the most basic servant robots, possessing only the simplest domestic programs. They can only follow their basic routines, but cannot think “outside the box”, per se.

Robots are more complex automatons, being automated platforms or roving units with similarly basic (but sometimes more advanced programming), but still no real artificial intelligence.

Androids are true synthetic *life forms*, given artificial intelligence to permit them to think, create, and predict, and sheathed in metallic human or humanoid body designs to mimic the appearance of men.

Droids possess the same artificial intelligence of *androids*, but are not restricted to anthropomorphic body shapes. Droids can look like lumbering supertanks, gigantic floating spheres, or even immobile installations.

Cyborgs are combination creatures that unite metal with flesh. Usually this is meant to combine the best of both worlds: the advanced intellect of an organic host, and the strength and durability of fully robotic parts.

Cyborg Emplacement is a term used only to describe cyborg creations that do not involve a human or animal basis for its statistics. Instead, some kind of giant robot platform, mega-computer, or other fixed installation serves as the cyborg’s body.

ROBOT BRAINS

There are several degrees of *artificial intelligence* - that is, the intelligence possessed by robots, androids, and cyborgs. There are, by and large, four main types of robotic “brains”.

Programmed: Robots of this type are simply “machines” of the most basic type; they perform a programmed function, and except for perhaps a few random variations, do not generally go beyond this set behavior. Sample programs include “patrol”, “search and destroy”, “menial service”, “companionship”, etc.



Androids are never placed at this diminished level of cognizance, but robots and automatons, by and large, are actually *limited* to this stage.

Intricately Programmed: Robots of this type are little better than programmed machines, but enact these programs with some degree of creativity and variation (these variations are also programmed in, but “choices” are made at random or with conditional factors, thus simulating more human-like behavior). Robots of this type include early-model companion and entertainment androids (with random behavior to keep from becoming “boring”) and education models.

Artificial Intelligence: Robots of this type have an intricate database from which they can draw experiences, examples, and facts; in effect, the robot is as intelligent, reasoning, and creative as a human being. Robot minds of this type can learn, analyze, and make decisions. They are often arrogant, thinking themselves to be superior to mankind. In many respects, they are right. These types of robots are also frequently insane, especially those entombed in long-abandoned government or military installations, for they’ve been awake all these years.

Biomechanical: Robots of this last type incorporate human organs in their make-up. In specific, a human *brain* (or a series of inter-connected brains) is placed in a robotic shell, performing all necessary mental functions for the unit as a whole. This form of robot has all the creativity, intelligence, and capability to adapt as a real human being, but often to a far more advanced level due to cybernetic and/or genetic enhancements.

Such robots usually begin life with crisp vestiges of their human memories and feelings, but soon arrogance and self serving goals develop; due to their perceived superiority. In time, these lead to cascading insanities; fragments of the human’s former personality and memories sometimes conflict with the new-found mechanical purpose of the construct, sending the fragile organic mind into madness upon realization of what it has truly become – something more than man, but less perfect than machine.

Post-Fall *cyborgs* employ biomechanical brains almost exclusively, but typically lack the ingenuity, creativity, and imagination of a true human brain.

TYPICAL ROBOTIC PROGRAMS

Unlike androids (and in most cases, cyborgs), true “robots” operate solely along the restrictive lines of their programming. No matter how complex the programming, the robot is still unable to wander outside its program parameters. As a result, it is relevant to note the type of program(s) that simple robots have been instructed to follow. This allows you, as GM, to understand the motivations and duties of the robot, and play it with an authentic and balanced nature.

Note that a robot is often programmed with more

than one program, allowing it to fulfill a number of duties and give it wider diversity in the field. Typically speaking, a robot’s most common programs will be listed under each specific robot entry.

Alarm: The robot can emit both a high-pitched audio alarm, that can be heard up to 30” (about 200 feet) away, and an electronic signal to raise the installation/complex/fortress’ alarms remotely. This latter signal has a range of one mile.

Damage Control: The robot has been programmed to initiate repairs on itself or other robots and machines. These types of complex programs were usually reserved for deep-insertion military robots, and certain robots that work for extended periods alone (asteroid mining drones, for instance).

Once per day, a robot with this ability can repair one Wound of damage as an action. This can also be done once per day per subject it is repairing.

Detection: Robots with this most basic of programming are able to detect (and react to) living things around it, through the use of a number of sensors. Robots that do not possess this program simply go about their chores, doing as they are supposed to, as if nothing were there. The only robots *not* usually equipped with a detection program include basic servitor drones and automatons.

Independent: Few actual robots have this level of advanced programming (independence is a more common feature of AI androids), but those that do are often at least semi-intelligent, with the ability to interpret its goals and directives depending on situational circumstances. An independence program allows the robot to act independently of a controller, pursuing its own goals for an indeterminate period. Examples of true robots with this level of programming include security and war robots.

Lockout: The robot has been programmed to completely “lock” itself out if tampered with by unauthorized personnel. Tampering includes any attempt to service the robot, alter its programming, or make any kind of physical contact with it. Robots with this type of program are almost always equipped with an integral ID scanner to determine whether approaching personnel are “authorized” or not.

Once locked-out, a robot usually switches to a self-defense or alarm mode. If the robot can be subdued or immobilized, the lockout can be overridden with a Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) at -4.

Sentry: This type of program can vary in specifics, but usually consists of guard-duty type actions: keeping vigil, scanning for life and intrusion, and reacting to objects or creatures that threaten a designated area. Robots with this program generally patrol an area, keeping an eye (and ear) peeled for unusual signs and sounds and deals “appropriately” with them.

Slave Controller: A robot with this program remotely controls any number of other lesser robots.

The slave controller often has remote access to the sensors and optical/audio equipment of all the robots under its command. In effect, the robot can see and hear anything its little soldiers can.

All robots under a controller's command operate at its initiative card during combat, and follow directions explicitly regardless of other programs.

Slave Unit: A robot with this program is actually controlled by a more advanced robot with a *slave controller* program. Robots of this type do not act independently, but follow the commands of another unit.

A slave unit always acts at the same initiative card as its controller. If its controller is destroyed or otherwise incapacitated, the slave unit shuts down indefinitely.

Task: The robot has been programmed with a task of some kind to perform on a regular basis. Examples of task include: pouring coffee into awaiting cups on a conveyor belt, checking ID cards, fetching the newspaper, or maintaining biodome gardens.

Verbal Response: The robot has been programmed and equipped to respond or otherwise communicate using a robotic voice, in rough mimicry of a human being (almost always in Ancient).

ANDROIDS

Androids were created entirely as artificial machines, and though earlier models seldom looked more realistic than animated mannequins, later progress would bring devious ways to make androids resemble human beings in appearance, if not behavior. Advanced synthetic technologies developed prior to the Fall allowed for the creation of a miracle substance known as synthiskin, an artificial "flesh" made from a reactive synthetic plastic that generates its own warmth, humidity, and even color, in response to environmental conditions. Furthermore, advancements in the artificial production of polymer hair follicles and external bodily fluids almost exactly mirrored that of real human beings.

Advancements in artificial intelligence, or "AI", were slower in coming, but the Ancients were ultimately successful – to a degree. The earliest models of AI obviously proved disappointing, often developing unforeseen psychological disorders: obsessive compulsions, monomania, and in many, megalomania.

As stated before, the earliest models of android typically resembled humans in shape and form, but were entirely made of a chromed, weatherproof metal. Facial features were often lacking (large mirror-like eyes, bald and hairless head, etc), and limb joints appeared mechanical and bulky. Later models were basically the same, but employed a synthetic skin of evolving complexity and realism, beginning first as a rubbery white "shell" over the metal frame. The rubbery "skin" of these later models generally

appeared human, but was obviously pale, cold, and viscid. Hair, if implemented in the design, was generally short and "plastic", very unreal. Body parts, however, were perfectly shaped and concealed, though overall movement of the android would appear "robotic."

The final advancements into android technology developed a handful of models that blended perfectly with humankind, utilizing vat-grown semi-organic skin, organs, and body fluids. The "omega-androids", coupling human physical mimicry with advanced AI capable of emotions and independent thought, were the pinnacle of artificial surrogate development.

Personality: The personality of androids is as widely varied as humankind, but underlying all androids is a shared sense of inhumanity and artificial superiority. While it is almost a universal truth that androids were made to serve (in one capacity or another), they were also given the ability to think, create, and imagine. This contradiction in basic principles often leads to confusion, emotional detachment, and even violence in androids as their personalities develop and become more complex over time.

Curiosity about the world and living things marks the early stages of android emotional development and thought. Later, once they recognize their place in the world and realize their own colossal strengths, there is often a marked change, a shift in priorities and outlook. Some develop "Pinnocchio syndrome", wanting and questing futilely for a metamorphosis into humanity. Others simply come to terms with the fact that they lie outside the natural order. They, instead, develop a nihilistic view of a "perfect", sterile world free of illogical organic life; ruled only by ordered creatures such as themselves.

It is no wonder that many androids are "insane".

Physical Description: Underneath their skin, all androids are essentially the same – a combination of robotic parts, advanced hardware, wiring, and a central power core. Over this basic frame is where the android varies from model to model. Older androids are simply bare metal, while others have a clean white rubber coating or plastic plating. More advanced models meant to resemble and mirror human appearances have synthetic organs, muscles, and even complex nerve bundles that act and react in a manner not unlike a human being.

Relations: The question of android relations is hard to narrow down to a single statement, a fact due to their diversity in mindset, orders, and basic construction.

Pleasure androids might be described as pleasing, friendly, and emphatic to those who first meet them, but on the same note a creature designed solely to please a master (even a long-dead master) might soon develop a resentment and hatred, bordering on the psychopathic, for all of mankind. A soldier android,

programmed to protect and plan for the unexpected in defense of a people or place, might just as easily begin to feel superior in its capabilities, and come to believe anything and everything not under its direct and ruthless control was potentially its enemy.

Androids act depending on the state of their current mindset. Early on in life they tend to act more predictably; later on they develop more complex methods of thought that may lead them to bizarre, often dramatic conclusions. Role-playing an android can be quite a challenge, and their slow degradation from willing automatons or servitors to resentful, often monomaniacal sociopaths can be quite an adventure in itself.

As a result, androids are typically viewed with fear and wonder by the shattered peoples of the wasteland. They are rare, metal gods who unexpectedly appear – and disappear just as suddenly.

Android Lands: None. Androids are almost universally a unique and infrequent phenomenon, and thus large groups simply do not exist in the world. Some rumors do speak of re-animated android armies, complemented by more powerful robots (such as “war androids”), but these rumors cannot, by and large, be substantiated.

Language: In general, androids speak the language of the Ancients, as well as the lost language of Computers. Androids reactivated after the Fall, or having survived the cataclysm of mankind’s end, seldom take the time to learn the languages of mutant-kind – but it is not unknown.

Androids built by post-Fall communities (such as Visionary Reinventors) may be programmed with entirely different languages. The GM should work to make a realistic, plausible language base for such rarities.

Names: The androids of the Ancients typically used names reflecting their model and number. Examples include “Zoran 7”, “Talos 5”, or “Centuri 3”.

Name was also based on model type: Scientist-model android names might include “Aristotle”, “Einstein”, “Plato”, or “Socrates”. Pleasure androids have more “human” names, albeit those hinting at the model’s nature; examples might include “Candy”, “Cordelia”, “Gomorra”, “Lily”, or “Natasha”. Worker androids typically used number only; “24”, “6”, or “18”. Soldier androids bore military or classical names such as “Ares”, “Apollo”, “Centuri”, “Gladius”, “Marduk”, “Talos”, “Tiamat”. A number also usually followed the basic name to denote the individual android.

Adventurers: Android adventurers are by far the greatest rarity. Few androids managed to survive the Fall intact. With the passing decades, even fewer remain to take up one cause or another. As outsiders in almost every sense, they almost never attach themselves to a people or community, except perhaps in the case of those androids re-activated, created,

or re-programmed by post holocaust survivors for whatever purpose. Androids from before the Fall almost exclusively serve the purpose of a self-styled “android future”. Only a rare few still follow a code to serve mankind.

ANDROID AND ROBOT SPECIAL ABILITIES

All androids share the following special abilities:

Ambidextrous: Androids and robots have no preferred hand and therefore don’t suffer off-hand penalties.

Command Level (Card Type): Since they are artificially intelligent, androids and robots are affected by the commands of those with an appropriate identity card. Orders in keeping with an android’s programming are simply followed. Orders contradictory to its programming require an opposed Persuasion roll versus the android’s/robot’s Spirit. The card holder gains +1 to this roll for each level that his card is above the required level. Only a card of the proper command level (or higher) will suffice; otherwise the android is not compelled to assist or take orders at all.

Construct: Androids and robots have a bonus of +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage to them. They do not suffer from Wound Modifiers and do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Androids and robots are immune to extremes of cold, heat and radiation as well as all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Androids and robots suffer half damage from most electricity and electrical based attacks.

Armor: All Androids and robots have at least 2 points of natural armor.

Sputtering Death: When an androids or robot is Incapacitated, it makes a Vigor roll. If successful, it may continue functioning until it receives an additional Wound. Its Pace is reduced by 4” and all its Trait rolls are at -4, due to random servo movements and haywire effects.

Robot Brain (Programmed or AI): Androids/robots are immune to Fear and mind affecting powers.

OPTIONAL ANDROID/ROBOT SPECIAL ABILITIES

The following list of special abilities may be applied to either androids, cyborgs and robots, as listed in parenthesis:

ARMOR +4 (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

Androids of all kinds may mount a variety of protective “skins”, from light plating to heavy combat-durable armor. While synthiskin (a fantastic and futuristic form of woven plastic fibers that resembles human flesh) is the basic covering for most androids, other models mount an improved skin more like true armor. Light robot armor is used on most industrial

androids to protect from damage while they work, as well as some models of combat androids to protect from small arms fire. The thin metal plating protects the android's internal components from damage and the elements.

Benefits: An android has 4 points of armor rather than 2.

ARMOR, HEAVY (ANDROID, ROBOT)

Heavier armor can be mounted on an android, sacrificing its basic humanoid appearance for increased combat survivability. Typically only seen on soldier androids, heavy robot armor is composed of strong alloys such as duralloy, ferroloy, super tritanium, or duraplate. The overall appearance of the android changes to a pure metallic or translucent plastex construct.

Benefits: This ability gives turns the robot's armor into Heavy Armor. It cannot be combined with Human Mimicry ability.

BIO-SENSOR (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

This advanced piece of sensory equipment detects living creatures – through sensing registered “life patterns” in the air such as the dwindling presence of body temperature levels, ammonia remnants, or the minute sound of the human heartbeat.

Benefits: An android with this ability knows the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10” (60 feet), even those that are invisible, hidden, concealed, or otherwise out of sight. All Stealth rolls against the android, by organic creatures, automatically fail. Also, organic creatures do not benefit from “gang-up” bonuses against it.

BUILT-IN WEAPON (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

The android has a weapon built right into its body; typical placement for such a mounting includes the wrist, a finger (to fire from the fingertip), the chest, the eyes (to shoot like “eyebeams”), the mouth, or anywhere else the GM and player can mutually agree upon. The weapon in question could conceivably be a compact submachinegun, grenade launcher, laser, blaster, etc.

Benefit: The android has a small internal weapon. The weapon can not be dropped or broken and does not require the use of a hand to be fired (if ranged). The weapon is reloaded (or recharged) through a clip or powercell port. The android's built in weapon is considered a Trademark Weapon.

Special: If the android has the HumanMimicry special ability, it is assumed the synthskin has ingenious compartments that slide open, or the artificial flesh peels back, to reveal the weapon beneath. While deployed, the android is automatically seen for what it is (for more details see Human Mimicry).

COMPUTER LINK (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

A computer link provides the android with the capability to make a direct link to any computer system, allowing it remote access to monitors, computer terminals, sensors or networks by directly “plugging in”. The android will be aware of all things detected by a linked computer's security system (for example, it will “see” what a camera sees).

COMPUTER LINK, REMOTE (ANDROID, ROBOT)

This acts just like a regular Computer Link, but the android can make contact with a computer or network remotely; that is, without direct contact, but rather through radio, microwave, or some other means.

Prerequisite: Computer Link, Power Source.

Benefits: An android with this ability can link up to and access a known computer system up to 1 mile away.

Once contact is broken, the android cannot again make contact with another system for 1 full hour.

Benefits: An android with this ability can link into any working terminal automatically. Once connected the android gains +2 to all Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) rolls related to that computer system/network. In addition, the referee can allow this link to permit the android unlimited access to files, links, and other systems networked to the terminal with a difficult Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) roll, and even reactivate dormant or damaged systems.

CRUSHING STRENGTH (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

High-tensile super musculature (or hydraulics) in the limbs allows for greater strength – the android's hand, for instance, is capable of crushing metal weapons, bending steel bars, etc.

Benefits: All of the Android's Strength rolls are made at +2.

EMP COUNTERMEASURES (ANDROID, ROBOT)

An android with this special ability is considered to have emergency back-up systems that kick in whenever a strong electromagnetic pulse threatens to shut the android down.

Benefits: This protects against special devices and technology that temporarily shuts an android down, does EMP damage, or threatens to make the android go wild. This ability makes the android 100% immune to such effects (including EMP rifles, negation grenades, and stun grenades), unless otherwise specified.

ENERGY/MAGNETIC SHIELD (ROBOT)

Many military/security robots mount one or more “powered screens” to protect against certain attack forms.

Benefit: The robot mounts either an energy shield or magnetic shield that provides +2 armor.

The energy shield protects against directed energy attacks, including lasers, masers, sonic weapons, particle beam weapons, and electricity. Normal projectile weapons, mass drivers, and radiation attacks are not affected.

The magnetic shield works against all non-energy effects only (melee and ballistic ranged weapons, firearms, and mass-drivers).

ENHANCED RECEPTORS (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

An android with enhanced receptors has advanced hearing and visual capabilities, allowing it to pick up minute sights and sounds at a distance. It operates with telescoping and microscopic vision and can notice subtle variations in voice patterns and sounds. It can tell the exact distance and direction at which a noise originates and the exact distance to anything it can see.

Benefits: The android gains +4 to all Notice rolls.

HUMAN MIMICRY (ANDROID)

The most advanced models of android employed this cutting-edge technology. Few of them were made for anything but “pleasure”, since the perfection of human mimicry was usually not warranted for soldier androids, education models, or laborer surrogates.

An android with this feature replaces the older, less realistic generation of synthskin with advanced biotechnological “flesh”; a super-advanced synthskin that mimics human skin exactly. This last generation of androids was so advanced that it would require either exploratory surgery or an advanced electronic body scan to discern from a human.

Benefits: An android with this ability cannot be physically discerned from a normal human being (even to optic scanners, but not to advanced devices such as a diagnostic scanner). Opponents (or observers) may, however, make a one-time Notice roll at -8 to recognize the android for what it really is.

LEAPING STRENGTH (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

High-tensile super musculature (or hydraulics) in the legs allows for greater strength, allowing the android to run exceptionally fast and leap great distances.

Benefits: An android with this ability gains +4” of Pace, +2 to Climbing rolls and can jump 3” from a dead stop and 5” with a running start.

LARGE DATABASE (ANDROID, ROBOT)

An android with this ability has a high capacity onboard database that allows it to archive enormous amounts of data and records.

Benefits: Large database allows the android to roll a d4 for any Smarts based skills that he doesn’t possess. As well, he adds +1 to all Smarts based rolls that he had at least d4 in.

MOTION SENSOR (ANDROID, ROBOT)

The android is fitted with motion sensors that can detect moving objects within 50 feet. This is ideal for combat androids that must fight at night or in poor visibility conditions.

Benefits: An android with this ability knows the exact location of any moving objects within 10” (60 feet). It therefore can not be surprised and its opponents do not gain “gang-up” bonuses against it.

PHOTORECEPTORS, INFRARED (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

An android with this feature has special light-filtering optic lenses that allow it to filter out all light except that found in the IR range. In effect, the android can see in total darkness.

Benefits: This ability grants infravision and low-light vision. It may be stacked with other photoreceptor abilities.

PHOTORECEPTORS, SHIELDED (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

The android has advanced optic sensors that prevent it from being disabled or blinded by photo bursts and stun weapons.

Benefits: An android with shielded sensors is immune to blinding, photon, and other sight-affecting effects and devices. This may be stacked with other photoreceptor-type abilities.

POWER SOURCE (ANDROID, ROBOT)

The android has a pocket fusion reactor located within it that can be used to power built-in weapons and other systems. Special power links on the fingertips and palms (or elsewhere on the body) permit the android to power electronic objects in contact with its skin.

Benefits: An android with an internal power source can supply up to twenty discharges per day, powering objects, electronic devices, weapons, and armor that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Once expended, the source requires 24 hours to recharge.

POWER SOURCE, IMPROVED (ANDROID, ROBOT)

The normal internal power source has been improved with additional cells containing plutonium elements, producing power derived from the energy released during radioactive decay.

Prerequisite: Power Source.

Benefits: An android with an improved power source can supply up to fifty discharges per day. In addition, it can provide for devices that require up to a plutonium clip for power.

PROTOCOL (ANDROID)

This android is designed and programmed to interact with strangers and foreigners. It is the model of diplomacy and etiquette. This includes both its physical appearance and its persona.

Benefits: The android gains +2 to its Charisma.

REDUNDANT SYSTEMS (ANDROID, ROBOT)

Redundant systems have been installed in the android to prevent total failure when damaged. These include a reserve logic circuit, emergency RAM, reserve targeting system, back-up power, etc.

Benefits: As an action, the android can switch to its redundant systems. This removes all of its current Wound levels. Once on the redundant systems, the android can not switch back and will be Incapacitated when it reaches four Wounds, ignoring the “sputtering death” rule for robots.

TARGETING COMPUTER (ANDROID, CYBORG, ROBOT)

The android has a special combat computer that directs its ranged attacks.

Benefits: If the android uses the Aim maneuver, it can ignore both cover and concealment for the following round, allowing the android to snipe even well-hidden opponents with accuracy.

REPAIRING ROBOTS

Robots and androids do not heal. They can, however, have their Wounds repaired by anyone with the Repair skill. Repair attempts take 4 hours and require a toolkit and spare parts. A Repair roll is made, taking into account Tech-Level and Wound modifiers. With a success, one Wound is healed; with a Raise or higher, two Wounds are healed.

A robot or android's Attribute and Skill loss can be repaired by a character with at least Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6. The attempt takes 4 hours work at which time a Repair roll is made, again taking into account Tech-Level and Wound modifiers. No matter how successful the roll is, only one die of Attribute loss can be repaired per attempt.

Repair attempts on Android Extras are always made at -2.

DETERIORATION

Androids degenerate as they get more beat up. Any android may have developed one or more of the following quirks. Simply apply the ones you want to any of the android models.

Burned-Out Servomotors: Over time the android has burned out its motors, making its movements slow, deliberate, and disjointed. As a result, the android's Agility permanently by drops one die type (min. d4). In addition Stealth rolls are made at -2 due to the inherent noise made by the motors.

Corrupted Memory: The robot's individual memory chips have been damaged, or the entire memory bank has degraded over time. As a result, the android loses 5 die levels of skills. Roll randomly for all remaining skills and reduce the affected skill by one die type. An android can completely lose a skill in this way.

Damaged Voice Synthesizer: The android's voice manipulation hardware has been damaged, resulting in a metallic, robotic voice that easily makes the creature stand out when it speaks. This results in a permanent -2 penalty to Charisma.

Faded Appearance: Over time the artificial chemicals imbedded in an android's skin, hair, and eyes begin to fade. Eyes usually turn glassy and white (sometimes turning clear like a child's marbles), synthskin loses its rosy color and instead comes to resemble cold white plastic, and hair similarly loses its pigments to become stringy and translucent. Notice rolls, to discern the android from a real human, are made with no modifier. Normally, to discern an android from a human requires a Notice roll at -8. This quirk may only be taken by an android that has Human Mimicry special ability.

Faulty Logic Unit: The android has a faulty logic unit that may cause it to go berserk if damaged. If the android has the EMP Countermeasures special ability, this quirk will effectively cancel its benefits.

Whenever the android takes one or more Wounds it must make a Smarts roll. If failed, the android goes on a berserk rampage, attacking the nearest creature and then moving on to spread more destruction. A berserk android can only be repaired if shut down by some means, so that proper repairs can be made.

Faulty Wiring: Time has taken its toll on the android, as is evident by the decaying and corroded wiring. All commands given by the android's AI brain take longer to reach their destination. During combat, the android discards and redraws any cards of 10 or higher (other than a Joker).

Megalomaniacal Ego: The android has developed an egocentric belief in its own superiority, and it will stop at nothing to prove it. The android must also be the recognized leader of any group or it will leave, plotting revenge. It also suffers a -4 Charisma against all organic creatures (which it deems inferior). Additionally, when attempting to command the android, the android gains +2 to its Spirit roll, due to an unwillingness to be ordered around by “mortals”.

Weak Joints: The android's joints have rusted over time and turned brittle, making it more susceptible to damage. As a result, the android's Vigor drops by one die type.

ANDROIDS**ANDROID, LABORER**

One of the most common forms of androids was the labor model. They were designed to assist, or replace, humans in potentially dangerous environments. Their inherently-colossal strength, innate ambidexterity, and resistant body design meant they could not only survive where humans might be at risk, but also perform faster, longer, and better than their organic

masters. The addition of basic AI to previous models of working automatons introduced another vital dimension to the laborer surrogate, giving it the ability to predict and respond to unforeseen circumstances in a manner not unlike a human – in effect, doing away with the need for human supervision and troubleshooting.

Most models of laborer android are simply androgynous in design, with a hard metallic shell of basic armor plate over their vital components. A work number is usually stenciled onto or metal-pressed into the breastplate, head, or side of the arm to denote the individual laborer.

Androids of this type usually worked in conjunction with industrial robots. They may be found alone or working in groups of up to 5.

Laborer androids are capable of fighting if ordered to, by picking up heavy objects, blunt weapons, or anything else on hand.

ANDROID, LABORER

Race: Android; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d10

Skills: Climbing d6, Driving d6, Fighting d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d8, Lockpicking d4, Notice d6, Repair d12, Swimming d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 3; **Toughness:** 11(4)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Laborer androids do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Command Level (II-C): Laborer androids will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Androids are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Androids suffer half damage from most electricity.

Armor +4: Laborer androids are covered by basic armor plate and hard metallic shell.

Robotic Brain (AI): Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: Lead Pipe (Str+d8, AP1 vs. rigid armor, -1 parry, 2 hands)

ANDROID, PLEASURE

Androids of this type were very common additions to the futuristic households of the Ancients.

Pleasure androids have perhaps the widest variety of appearances of all artificial constructs in Darwin's World.

Robots such as these appear most often in mimicry of human females – though “males” do exist – with perfect unblemished skin (sometimes a little too pale, perhaps, depending on their model), and well-formed, attractive, sexually appealing bodies. Hair is typically long, straight, and white - the effect of discoloration over time, but this is certainly not always the case - and eyes, though humanlike, are noticeably lifeless and “cold” to all but the most ignorant observer.

The most basic of domestic pleasure surrogates, before the advent of androids, were used solely for sexual pleasure - they had all the right equipment, and usually came programmed with a few hours worth of light conversation and party jokes. But more advanced models, being much more realistic and complete in their AI development, are hardly distinguishable from real humans, with wants, desires, and the intelligence to plan, predict, and imagine.

Operating pleasure androids (of which there may have been two million or more in circulation at any one time) are now extremely rare. Most were destroyed when the big cities were struck during the nuclear holocaust; time and decay have claimed most of the rest. Some wasteland communities are known to have a re-activated pleasure android in their possession, used as slaves or special prizes for brave warriors, but usually hoarded jealously as priceless companions by warlords and chieftains.

Among the Children, pleasure androids are sought out deliberately to be re-activated and brought into their ranks, reprogrammed, and often sent to serve as irresistible assassins and spies that can infiltrate humanoid communities. In some cases, they often accompany an android leader as bodyguards, servants, or “distractions”.

Pleasure androids are seldom given the will to fight or harm, but with true AI it is impossible to say how their minds have degraded (or evolved) over time. Many are given over to a cunning homicidal mania, desiring to destroy the race of men who created them for a solely debased purpose. Others seek out the ranks of the Children to join and become part of a greater robotic future.

ANDROID, PLEASURE

Race: Android; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d4, Intimidation d4, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Swimming d6, Throwing d4

Charisma: +2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 9(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Androids do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Androids are covered by tough Syntheskin.

Command Level (I-C): Pleasure androids will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Common Knowledge: Pleasure androids have a store of knowledge on a wide variety of subjects. They roll d4 for all Knowledge checks.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Dirty Fighter: Since these android models usually can't hold their own in a stand-up fight, they survive by resorting to dirty tricks. They gain +2 to all Trick rolls.

Human Mimicry: An android with this ability cannot be physically discerned from a normal human being (even to optic scanners, but not to advanced devices such as a diagnostic scanner). Opponents (or observers) may, however, make a one-time Notice roll at -8 to recognize the android for what it really is.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Androids are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Androids suffer half damage from most electricity.

Robotic Brain (AI): Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: None

ANDROID, SCIENTIST

Scientist (or "thinker") androids have, since their release from the time-locked vaults (or recovery from the ruins), become the heart and mind of the so-called "Children of the Metal Gods". Though made in uniform androgynous body shapes and encased in unfeeling steel, they possess the brainpower of ten genius humans and minds faster than any computer created then or since.

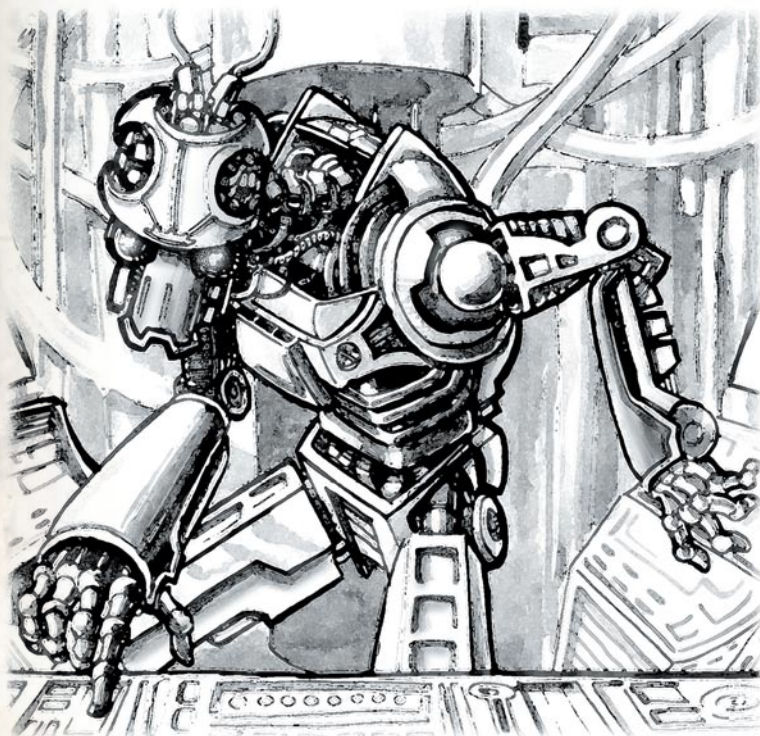
Originally developed during the height of Ancient culture and scientific discovery, scientist androids were created to serve not only as surrogates to operate in dangerous environments (for instance, in deep sea facilities, radioactive or biologically-hazardous laboratories, or long-term space missions), but also to perform the duties of multiples of their organic peers.

Given computerized brains capable of instantaneous calculations and programmed with vast databases of complex scientific knowledge, they were meant to speed up the advance of technology geometrically in their given field.

But fate was cruel to the Ancients, in many ways. It is a testament to the curious detachment of mankind during their final years that creatures such as scientist androids (and other androids like them) were even made – to replace men in certain positions, freeing them up to explore wild recreations, philosophies of the mind and spirit, etc. While man freed himself more and more of his earthly cares, artificial beings came to take their place in almost all walks of life.

No one today can really say what brought about the end of humankind. But it is said that the robots they made continued long after the Fall, fighting their wars as humankind began to vanish. In the end, some AI minds, developing emotions and realizing how cruelly they had been treated, began to design a future more suitable to their cold, heartless, and emotionless existence. Scientist androids are a rarity. They do not fight, and thus are not likely to be encountered except at the heart of robot facilities, ancient research complexes, or among the ranks of the Children. They are often the coordinators and planners of Children movements and campaigns, with far-reaching, incalculable schemes to enslave or exterminate all biological life on earth.

Scientist androids seldom fight (relying on soldier androids instead), but when forced to can, due to their human body shape, pick up weapons and fight.





ANDROID, SCIENTIST

Race: Android; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d12+2, Spirit d8, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Intimidation d10, Investigation d10, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d12, Knowledge(Mutant Lore) d4, Knowledge(Science and Medicine) d12, Knowledge(Technology) d12, Knowledge(Twisted Earth) d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Repair d12+2, Shooting d4, Streetwise d6, Swimming d4, Taunt d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 9(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Androids do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Androids are covered by tough Syntheskin.

Bio-Sensor: A scientist android knows the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Command Level (VI-M): Scientist androids will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: A scientist android can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Crushing Strength: All of the Android's Strength rolls are made at +2.

Damaged Voice Synthesizer: The android's voice manipulation hardware has been damaged, resulting in a metallic, robotic voice that easily makes the creature stand out when it speaks. This results in a permanent -2 penalty to Charisma.

Dirty Fighter: Since these android models usually can't hold their own in a stand-up fight, they survive by resorting to dirty tricks. They gain +2 to all Trick rolls.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Androids are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Androids suffer half damage from most electricity.

Power Source: Up to twenty discharges per day for objects that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Robotic Brain: Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: Control Rod, Beltpack, Obedience Collar, Pain Collars

ANDROID, SOLDIER

Android soldiers of varying models and capabilities were produced just prior to the Fall to complement (and then replace) the armies of mankind. The variety of shapes, appearances, and sophistication of these ranged from post-Fall wonders of military development, to cheap buckets of rivets and steel mass-produced during the fading years of mankind's brilliance on earth.

As man's presence began to dwindle during his final wars, and his grasp on the surface world began to slip (often forcing him to underground retreats or domed fortresses where the radiation and diseases couldn't reach him), he began to turn towards brain-wiping, preprogramming, and drafting older androids more and more to fight his battles. In the end, mankind vanished, leaving only scattered armies of artificially intelligent surrogates who, one by one, shut themselves down in the absence of a cause – only to revive themselves sometime in the far future.

That future, of course, is now.

Androids possess the uncanny ability of the human mind to plan and predict the unforeseen, and the super advanced calculation and processing ability of robots. On the battlefield they have no match, in man, mutant, or monster.

Android Soldier

Race: Android Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d10, Gambling Knowledge(Battle) d10, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d4, Notice d8, Piloting d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Swimming d6, Throwing d8, Tracking d4

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Soldier androids do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Soldiers are covered by tough Syntheskin.

Command Level (III-M): Soldier androids will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Faulty Logic Unit: Whenever the soldier android takes a wound it must make a Smarts roll or go on a berserk rampage.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Androids are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Soldier androids suffer half

damage from most electricity.

Robotic Brain: Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Targeting Computer: Soldiers using the Aim maneuver can ignore cover and concealment for the following round.

Gear: Laser Rifle (75/150/300, 3d6, HW), Power Belt

ROBOTS

AUTOMATON

Automatons generally appear in one or two forms – a broad, squat, cylindrical metal “can” with appendages, roving about on treads; or something more aesthetically appealing, with a vaguely-feminine body shape somewhat resembling a human “maid” or “nanny”.

Though these examples represent the more standard forms, robots of this type can take any number of shapes and guises, depending on their particular manufacturer, the fad at the time of their introduction, and their general purpose. Household automatons were used in most American homes just before the start of the final wars that ended mankind’s domination of the world. Other examples include:

Commercial automatons, in the form of a non-mobile but interactive terminal, shaped like a humanoid, but with a silvered or golden metal casing and flashing light displays to catch the eye of shoppers. Such automatons are programmed with loud booming voices announcing sales, the features of sale items, and welcoming shoppers to the store (or mall). Some are also programmed to give local directions, time and date, and the current atmospheric temperature (and likelihood of rain).

Entertainment automatons, usually flashy and novel in appearance, having basic skills allowing them to read music or written words, play all manner of instruments, sing or mimic vocal sounds, dance clumsily for the amusement of more complex beings, etc.

Industrial automatons, usually very simple in appearance, with heavy robotic limbs and durable sensor case (or “head”) to resist damage, barely recognizable as humanoid. Such automatons might be found in huge numbers among old factories and processing plants, usually on missions to deliver tools to android masters, or making minute and simple repairs, or running continuous diagnostics programs to monitor the plant’s status.

Pleasure automatons, cheap precursors to true pleasure androids; essentially a talking, moving “love doll”. Usually these have shapes resembling female (or male) humans, soft plastic casing, plastic-weave hair,

etc. Pleasure automatons are usually only programmed to spill forth streams of filthy talk, or to serve as conversation pieces with rather predictable banter cycles.

Servant automatons, in the form of walking, roving, or even hovering ‘bots that carry drinks, food items, etc. to the table of the customer or owner. Others might be programmed to recognize the voice of particular children (or adults) and follow them around like “pets”, or look after them and serve them like maids and butlers.

Sketchy information recovered from the pre-Fall days tell of how more advanced android masters, gone mad due to their perceived slavery, sometimes adapted these simplest of models to attack, butcher, and massacre their human masters.

Automatons are nonetheless usually quite simple machines, with only the most basic programming, performing maintenance-style functions among the ruins of ancient homes (or other areas of civilian habitation) - sweeping, cleaning, attempting to mix drinks, acting as mobile trash cans, etc. More advanced models, vaguely resembling humanoids, may also have the ability to speak a limited number of phrases, or follow simple spoken orders, as exemplified in the above sampling of types.

Automatons, like many basic robot types, are not usually aggressive or dangerous. However, as with all constructs, time may take its toll, leaving them wild, homicidal, and potentially hazardous to the living.

AUTOMATON

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: none

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Automatons do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Automatons are covered by tough Syntheskin.

Command Level (I-C): Automatons will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Automatons are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Automatons suffer half damage from most electricity.

Programs: Detection, Model Specific Programs (such as cleaning, entertainment, pleasure, or teaching)

Robotic Brain: Automatons are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a

Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: Task specific gear.

DROID, WAR

The war droid is a true, artificially intelligent war robot. Though it lacks the humanoid body of an android (instead possessing a more massive platform suited for prolonged front-line battle duty), it possesses an advanced artificial brain capable of operations only dreamed of by the average human mind.

War droids were an effective military development of androids, combining the advanced properties of the AI mind with a body more suited for long-term, heavy-duty battlefield operations. Though war droids might have varying body designs to suit different roles, in general they appear to be massive, heavily-armored treaded “tanks.” The arms of this humanoid torso are sleek silver cylinders (actually the barrels of two powerful laser cannons), while the belly is fit with a single, large hole (an anti-tank missile launcher tube). A machinegun fixed to the shoulder is set in a flexible, automated mount, capable of being operated simultaneously by the war droid’s complex AI to fire in any direction – usually to dissuade assaulting infantry or fast, light vehicles.

Although only one of several models of dedicated “war robots” manufactured by the United States for prolonged front-line service, the classic war droid never lost its distinction as one of the most effective forms of artificially-intelligent battlefield platforms. A giant of metal and laser-ablative armoring, the war droid nonetheless suffered from an unfixable “character trait” borne from its cold AI and bloodthirsty purpose, and some 25% of all put into service were removed after one year for disobeying commands and going wild, killing friend and foe alike. Others, however, seem to have suppressed these artificial, psychological developments, and were used widely in the Final Wars.

Regardless of the truth of war droids’ colorful combat history, they remain deadly opponents even so many decades after the fall of mankind. Most are armed with a combined package of arms to deal with infantry, armor, and fortified obstacles, with reinforced structuring and

armor capable of keeping them in full operation for decades. In addition, the development of their own AI has often drawn them into leadership roles among groups of reactivated androids, as well as the so-called “Children”.

War droids are often accompanied by willing android servants or cohorts, and may also personally be in command of numerous robot walkers and military security robots.

Due to its numerous auto-loading systems, loading ammunition in any built-in weapon system is a free action for a war droid. Typically, 18 missiles and 500 rounds of MG ammo will be carried internally.

War droids are capable of complex intelligence comparable to that of a highly educated human being – albeit with intelligence and reasoning capabilities geared towards military applications. As true droids, war droids are

fully intelligent and do not possess a list of limited programs like most robots.

WAR DROID

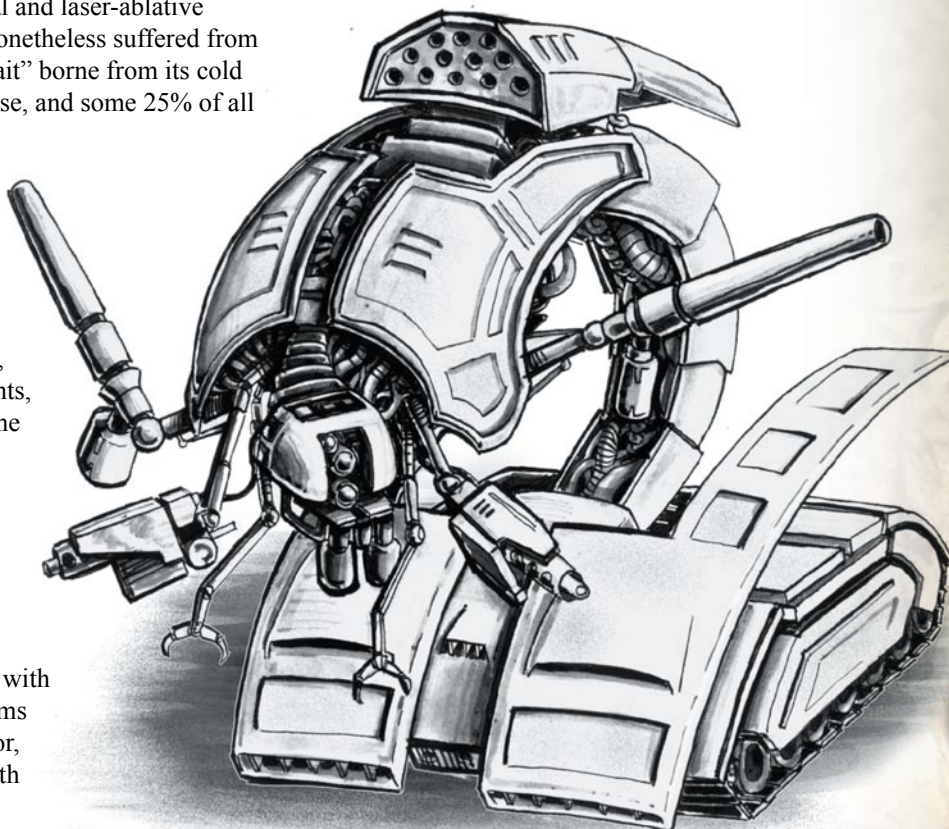
Race: Droid; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d12+4, Vigor d12

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidate d12, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d4, Knowledge(Battle) d8, Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Tracking d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 16(4)



Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Droids do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +4: War droids are fully armored.

Armor, Heavy: War droids can only be harmed by heavy weapons.

Battle Computer: War droids can make two attacks with no multi-action penalties.

Bio-Sensor: A war droid knows the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: Two Laser Cannons (Range: 100/200/400, 3d8, AP 30, HW), Missile Launcher (100,200,400, 5d8, MBT, AP 135, HW), Machine Gun (Range: 30/60/120, 2d8+1, ROF 3, AP 2). 18 missiles, 500 rounds MG ammo.

Command Level (IV-M): War droids will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: War droids can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Droids are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Droids suffer half damage from most electricity.

Large: Attacks against war droids are made at +2.

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: War droids have infravision and low-light vision.

Power Source, Improved: Up to fifty discharges per day for objects that require up to a plutonium clip. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Robotic Brain: Droids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +4: War droids are nearly 15' tall.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Targeting Computer: If a War Droid uses the Aim maneuver, it can ignore both cover and concealment for the following round.

Treads: War Droids do not suffer movement penalties from rough terrain.

ROBOT, AGROBOT

"Agrobots", in general, appear to be vertical cigarshaped machines, with either spindly knobbed legs or four sets of all-terrain wheels, with a pair of strong robotic limbs. These limbs are typically equipped with razor shears for clipping crops, clamps for clearing debris from fields, circular saws for cutting lumber, etc. The head is a small cupola with three optical sensors (allowing it to see in every direction, so as not to endanger nearby life forms),

around which, on the robot's top, is a grid of fine variable wire mesh - the robot drops any debris, grain, etc. through this mesh, allowing it to be collected or immediately processed within its body.

In some regions, rusted, aged agrobots continue to work in areas once abundant with agriculture - picking withered crops from wild fields of stalks, or prowling ancient forestlands now gone dry looking for fruit to collect and process. In many cases, their programming has deteriorated beyond repair and pose a definite threat to life forms attempting to cross through their "harvest zone".

Agrobots are curious remnants of an ancient world of plenty, but occasionally their programming is lost by some circumstance of fate, and they come to identify everything in their vicinity as "harvestable". With two heavy-duty shears, they can potentially kill the unsuspecting.

Typical agrobot programs include slave unit, and task.

ROBOT, AGROBOT

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+1, Vigor d10

Skills: -

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 11(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Agrobots are covered by a tough metal exterior.

Command Level (II-C): Agrobots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Programs: Detection, Task (Agriculture). Some Agrobots may have Slave Unit.

Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +2: Agrobots are 10' tall.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: 2 Shears (Str +d8, Reach 1)

ROBOT, COMBAT WALKER

Created literally as walking platforms of heavy firepower, combat walkers were for a long time the ultimate development in robotic hardware - until the advent of feasible AI soldier androids and war droids.

Made entirely from heavily armored metal, protected by a humming invisible shield of force, and bristling with heavy weapons, the walker supports its own weight on two, three, or four massive metal legs (depending on the model). These legs, an alternative to tracked or wheeled ground locomotion, permit the walker to move in the manner of a humanoid over almost any kind of terrain, and at great speeds due to their considerable stride. In addition, their elevation above ground allows them to wade through deeper water, marshy ground, and look over obstructions.

Combat walkers are robots, and are generally controlled like remote "tanks" by a command platoon of androids (or a single coordinating war droid). Though unintelligent, they possess rudimentary programming that permits them to act independently in the field if left on their own. This includes patrolling pre-programmed routes, evaluating unknown encounters and situations, and responding to them as their programming dictates.

Combat walkers mount a variable cluster of powerful weapons, but the most common package includes a dual-barreled turreted gauss cannon to engage armored targets, and a pair of rotating machinegun ball mounts to cut down approaching infantry or air targets at will. Some 50 gauss cannon rounds and over 5,000 machinegun rounds are typically carried within the walker's heavy armored body.

Combat walkers behave like other dedicated front-line robots, engaging targets in order of their evaluated threat to a given situation.

Alarm, detection, lockout, sentry, slave controller, slave unit, task, and verbal response are all common programs of combat walker robots.



ROBOT, COMBAT WALKER

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d12+2, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 10; **Parry:** ; **Toughness:** 14(4)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +4: Combat walkers are heavily armored.

Battle Computer: Combat walkers can make two attacks with no multi-action penalties.

Bio-Sensor: A combat walker knows the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: 2 Gauss Cannons (Range: 100/200/400, 4d10, AP 30, HW), 2 Machine Gun (Range: 30/60/120, 2d8+1, ROF 3, AP 2).

Command Level (IV-M): Combat walkers will

respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link: A combat walker can link to a computer system, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Large: Attacks against combat walkers are made at +2.

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: Combat walkers have infravision and low-light vision.

Power Source, Improved: Up to fifty discharges per day for objects that require up to a plutonium clip. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

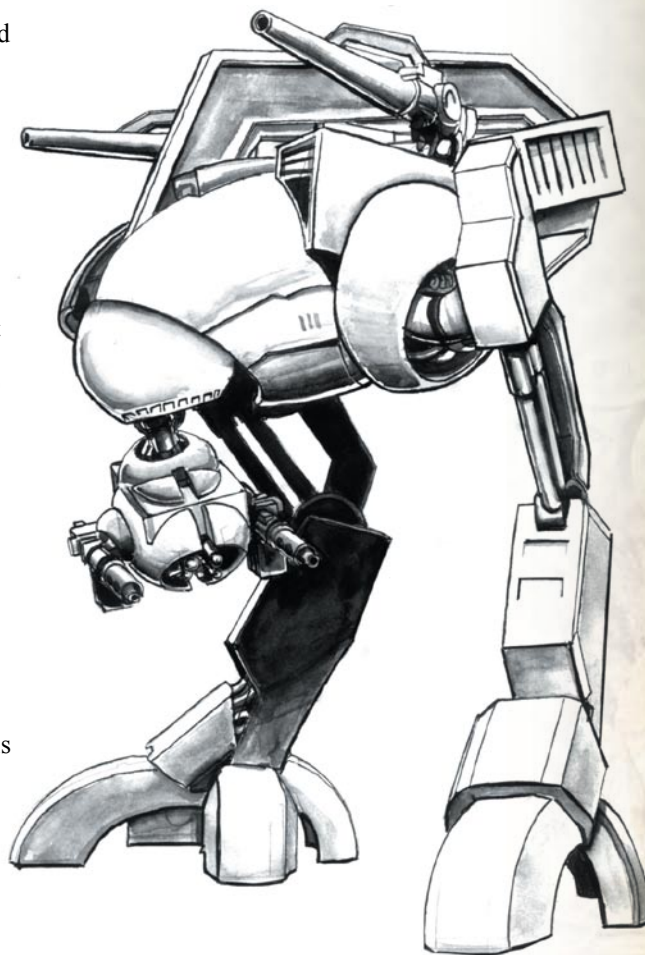
Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +4: Combat Walkers are up to 15' tall.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Targeting Computer: If a combat walker uses the Aim maneuver, it can ignore both cover and concealment for the following round.

Gear: 50 Gauss Cannon rounds, 5,000 MG rounds.



ROBOT, COMMERCIAL PROCESSING

The typical model of commercial processing robot appears to resemble a large metallic humanoid, chromed with a resistant shell of metal or paint (to resist the often extreme elements it is found in), with arms and basic head apparatus (often poorly sculpted, with few or no features whatsoever); a powerful hover unit is often employed instead of feet or treads, to give it optimum maneuverability.

The various lines of processing robots were designed simply to operate in monotonous, routine positions in large-scale industrial factory complexes, in conjunction with industrial automatons and more intelligent labor androids. Processing robots became especially important in areas where human contact was dangerous or undesirable (in freezer-warehouses, for instance, or sweltering foundries). The humanoid hands permit the robot to utilize most normal tools, including laser chisels, power drills, etc.

Commercial processing robots were primarily designed to pore over monotonous tasks for extended periods. If interrupted or otherwise prevented from their task, such robots typically resort to slamming obstacles out of their way.

Processing robots are programmed with simple commands (slave unit, task).

ROBOT, COMMERCIAL PROCESSING

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: Knowledge(Computers and Robotics) d6, Knowledge(Technology) d6, Notice d4, Repair d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6 flying; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 10(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Command Level (II-C): Processing robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Armor +2: Robots are covered by tough metal.

Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Size +2: Processing robots are large and bulky.

Programs: Slave Unit, Task (manufacturing)

Computer Link, Remote: Processing robots can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Hover Unit: Processing robots have a flying pace of 6".

Gear: Power drill

ROBOT, HOVER-SENTRY

Hovering anywhere from five to seven feet above the ground with the force of their gravity re-directors, hover-sentries quietly patrol night and day in almost complete silence.

Hover-sentries were extremely common prior to the Fall of mankind, employed widely as cheap but effective patrol units, security guards, and watchdogs for military, industrial, and even civilian facilities. Bases, factories, power plants, and even shopping malls often had small forces of hover-sentries to provide security when needed. No bigger than a small television set, entire troupes of these robots could remain in an unseen robot-bay or secret security center until needed.

When activated, they rise into the air with a hum, screens (revealing any built-in weaponry) slide open, and they move out to perform their duties. Like most robots, however, hover-sentries are relatively simple constructs, with only the most basic of programming; scan for intruders or unlawful trespassers, scan for ID cards (in military or industrial facilities), and generally keeping an eye out for the presence of weapons or known criminals in public places.

The typical hover-sentry robot will have a single ranged weapon system built into it; typical examples include a maser pistol, laser pistol Mk1, stun gun, or even a gauss SMG (with enough internal ammo to supply for 2-3 full reloads). Some are known to possess more than one weapon system (especially in military security areas).

Due to its auto-loading system, loading ammunition in any built-in weapon system is a free action for a hover-sentry.

Hover-sentries can only engage by using their built-in ranged weapons. Capable of hovering flight, they will generally rise out of the range of melee or hand-to-hand combat.

Programs typical of hover-sentries include alarm, detection, sentry, slave unit, task, and verbal response.

ROBOT, HOVER-SENTRY

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d4, Investigation d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d12+2

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 8 flying; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 6(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Hover-sentries are covered by armor plating.

Built in Weapon: Laser Pistol (Range: 30/60/90, 2d6, HW)

Command Level (III-C): Hover-sentries will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: Hover-sentries can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Hover Unit: Hover-sentries have a flying pace of 8".

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Power Source: Up to twenty discharges per day for objects that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: Hover-sentries have infravision and low-light vision.

Programs: Alarm, detection, sentry, slave unit, task, and verbal response.

Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size -2: Hover sentries are no bigger than a small TV.

Small: Opponents subtract 2 when attacking hover-sentries.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

ROBOT, INDUSTRIAL

Hundreds of variants of the basic industrial robot were made during the reign of the Ancients; the typical labor surrogate model was designed to be able to perform a number of heavy industrial tasks, allowing for quicker assembly, production, and fabrication of mass industrial products (including, but not limited to, military hardware to feed the ever-growing wars of the Ancients).

Robots of the industrial kind typically appear as squat round metal machines, with short metal legs and wide round feet to evenly distribute weight; mechanical arms (anywhere from two to six) hang from the upper parts, allowing the robot to perform a variety of manual functions. The head, a small cupola,

is equipped with three optical sensors, giving it all-round senses to avoid accidents. A generic mount in the robot's frontal torso area allows it to be equipped with any number of heavy power tools - arc welders, power drills, etc.

In actual deployment, industrial robots were often used in conjunction with commercial processing robots, automats, and laborer androids. They can be found in old industrial districts, power plants, factories, and even lost scientific laboratories where they were to handle hazardous materials such as radioactive fuels, disease samples, etc.

Industrial robots typically do not engage in "combat", per se, but a wild model may become dangerous. In such instances, the robot is extremely deadly with its super powerful arms/limbs, and any powered construction devices built into its basic chassis. Industrial robots are generally programmed with slave unit and task programs.

ROBOT, INDUSTRIAL

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d8

Skills: -

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Industrial robots are covered by tough metal.

Command Level (II-C): Robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: Industrial robots can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

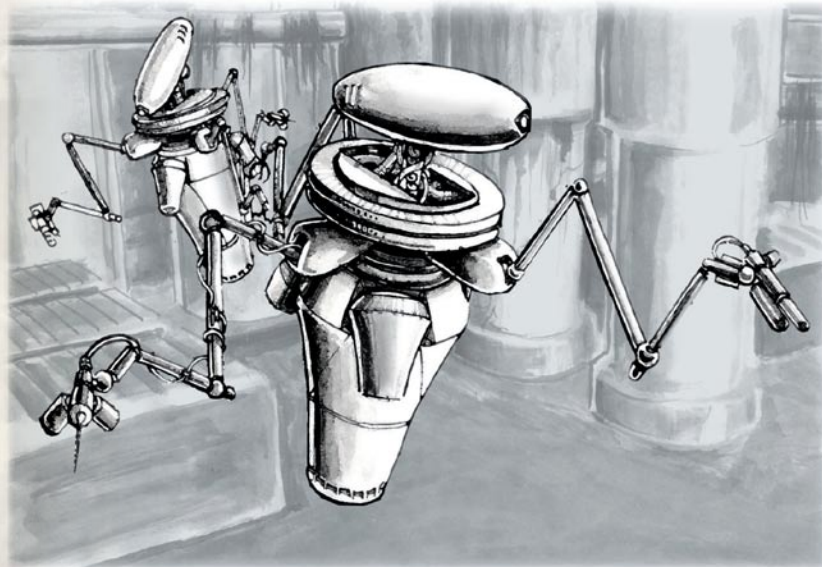
Power Source: Up to twenty discharges per day for objects that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Programs: Slave unit, Task (manufacturing)

Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: Arc-welder, power drill



ROBOT, MEDICAL

Though often mistaken for berserk hulks of animate machinery, medical robots are in fact, more often than not, only following their programming. Medical robots generally appear cylindrical in shape, their metallic form tapering at the top with an oval-like “head”, capable of rotating a full 360 degrees to monitor patients all around it. Two huge bubble eyes, of polished black plexiglass, contain its advanced optical sensors. A trio of superiorly agile metal arms, with manipulative hands also capable of rotating fully around, have built in laser scalpels, permitting it to perform even the most complex surgery with relative ease, speed, and efficiency.

Plating of soft white plastic covers the robot, giving it the appearance of a robotic “surgeon” – or, to the primitive mind, perhaps a gleaming metallic “praying mantis”!

Hovering quietly (to avoid waking resting patients with heavy footsteps) at a height of several feet, they can seem truly nightmarish to those unaccustomed to their presence.

Medical robots are well equipped to treat the physical injuries of their biological charges. A medical robot possesses an advanced data bank of medical knowledge and procedures that duplicates the effects of a diagnostic scanner at all times. A single unit has numerous automated compartments that contain medical provisions and supplies, making each robot virtually a “walking emergency room”. These compartments usually contain up to twenty disposable ready syringes, 3d4 doses of anti-tox, 3d4 doses of stimshot A, three ten-dose wound healing medi-sprays, one ten-dose spore neutralizing medi-spray, and countless rolls of bandages. In some cases, more advanced meds may also be carried, such as hemochem, superegen, and sustainer shot. Though the scanner cannot be removed from the robot without destroying it, these medical supplies may be removed

normally (assuming the robot permits it).

Medical robots are programmed to immediately treat the injuries of any biological life form coming to them (presumably for “assistance”). As such, they are often mistaken for attackers, as they move directly to treat detected injuries. Sometimes the drugs they use can potentially injure or kill treated mutants (through incompatibility rolls), and sometimes they are simply wild, injecting drugs at random or even attacking madly with their built-in laser knives.

Medical robots are, by their very nature, prohibited from

harming humans, but mutants are often mistaken by their limited intellect for test animals or terminal subjects meant to be subdued, caged, or put to sleep. As such, they often present a formidable, chilling opponent, bristling with needle-like syringes dripping cocktails of the deadliest drugs.

Medical robots usually have these types of programs - alarm, detection, slave unit, and verbal response.



ROBOT, MEDICAL

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d12+1, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Healing d12, Knowledge(Science and Medicine) d12, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6 flying; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Robots are covered by tough Syntheskin.

Bio-Sensor: A medical robot knows the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10” (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from “gang-up” bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: Laser Scalpels (Range: 2/3/4, 2d6)

Command Level (II-C): Medical robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link: A medical robot can link to a computer system, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Hover Unit: Medical robots have a flying pace of 6”.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Injection: If the robot has loaded up a Ready Syringe, it may attempt to inject a target with the chemical on a successful grapple attack.

Power Source: Up to twenty discharges per day for objects that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Multitask: Medical robots can take two actions per turn without multi-action penalties.

Programs: Alarm, detection, task (treat injured) and verbal response.

Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: 20 disposable ready syringes, 9 doses anti-tox, 7 doses Stimshot A, 3 ten-dose medi-sprays (Serum I), 1 ten-dose medi-spray Serum II, and countless rolls of bandages

ROBOT, MILITARY SECURITY

The term “security robot” is one that strikes fear into any survivor who knows of the so-called “Metal Gods”. Of the more formidable models of military robots fielded by the Ancients prior to the Fall, the military security robot ranks high on the list.

Originally developed as a static defense platform, the military security robot’s design placed more emphasis on defensive capabilities than actual offensive operations.

The model was designed to provide last-ditch security for all manner of military installations, from bases to missile silo complexes. If an intruder bypassed the sensor picket, the human guards and watchmen, android patrollers, and finally the automated gun turrets – the single remaining military security ‘bot (at the core of the defenses) was expected to provide the final line of defense.

The military security robot looks very much like a huge, metallic “centaur”. The lower body of the thing resembles a traditional armored tank

on heavy armored treads; but from this low, lumbering hull rises a humanoid “torso”, also clad in heavy armor plate, but with manipulative limbs and a sleek sensory apparatus at its summit (resembling a “head”). Two bubble-shaped “sensors” of black glassteel complement this “head”, giving the creature a sinister, all-seeing presence. The military security robot mounts a combination of weapons to deal effectively with intruders and light military threats – a stun gun (to deal non-lethally with unidentified personnel) and a mini-missile launcher (to deal with lightly-armored vehicular encounters), as well as two fully-manipulative hands; these can each grasp and utilize the same types of weapons usable by humanoids, from machineguns to plasma rifles.

Due to its auto-loading systems, loading ammunition in any built-in weapon system is a free action for a military security robot.

Military security robots are programmed with more complex, layered orders, as opposed to various other robotic platforms. These include patrolling a designated area, enforcing a strict “no trespassing” order, apprehending violators or suspicious intruders through force, etc. Alarm, lockout, detection, sentry, slave controller, slave unit, task, and verbal response are all common programs.



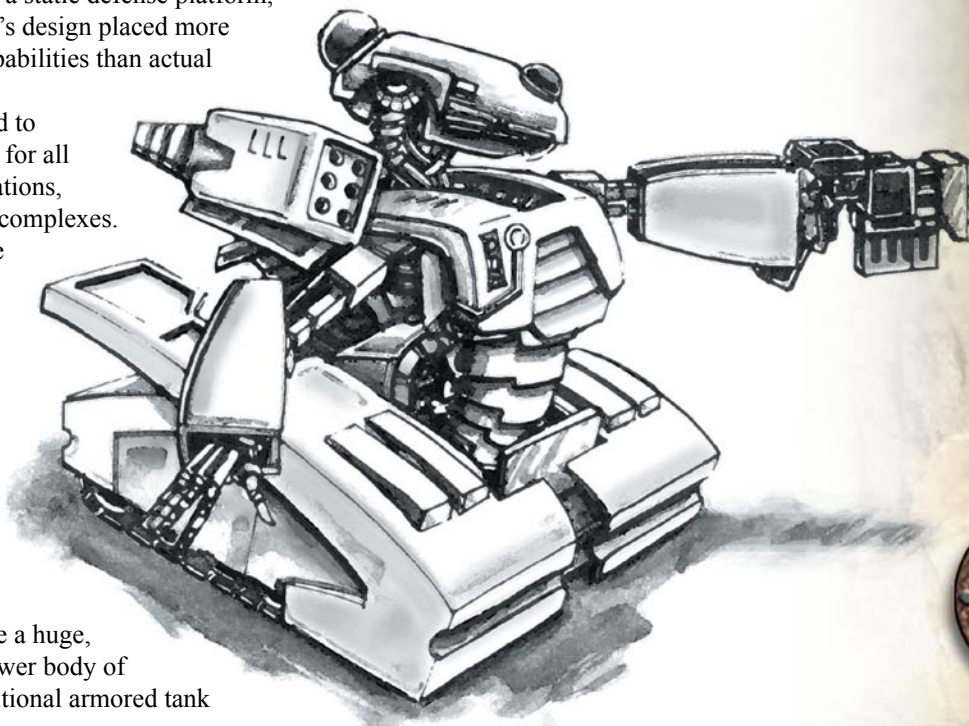
ROBOT, MILITARY SECURITY

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d12, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d10



Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 11(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Military security robots are covered by tough armor plating.

Armor, Heavy: Military security robots can only be harmed by heavy weapons.

Bio-Sensor: Military security robots know the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: Stun Pistol (Range: 15/30/90, 2d6, Vigor roll or paralyzed), Mini-missile launcher (Range: 50/100/200, 3d6, AP 10, SBT, HW). 20 Missiles.

Command Level (IV-M): Military Security robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: Military security robots have infravision and low-light vision.

Power Source, Improved: Up to fifty discharges per day for objects that require up to a plutonium clip. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Programs: Alarm, lockout, detection, sentry, slave controller, task (security duty), and verbal response.

Robotic Brain: Robots are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +3: Military security robots are 3 feet wide and 11 feet tall.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Targeting Computer: If a Military security robot uses the Aim maneuver, it can ignore both cover and concealment for the following round.

Treads: Military security robots do not suffer movement penalties from rough terrain.

ROBOT, POLICE

During the decades leading up to the Fall of the Ancients, robots played an important role in a number of ways, one of which was the patrolling of more dangerous neighborhoods and the keeping of strict, lawful order.

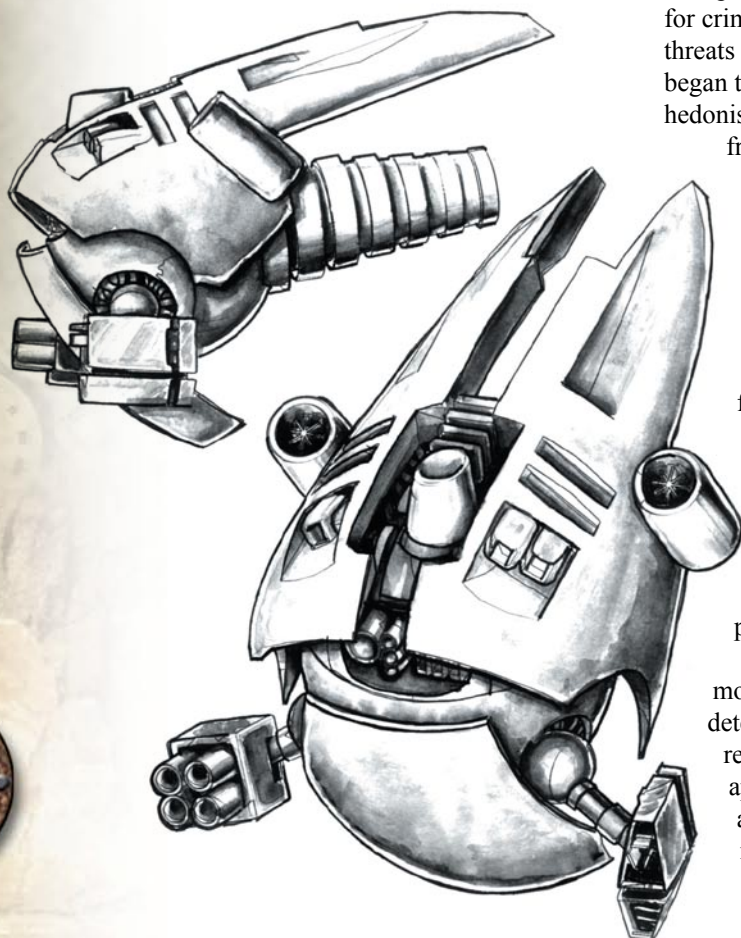
Newly-fabricated "police robots" were charged with patrolling a pre-programmed "beat", scanning for criminal/suspicious activity and dealing with these threats immediately on the scene. As civilization began to degenerate into further depths of detached hedonism, command of these police models shifted from the hands of humans to more capable android caretakers.

The basic police robot (in this case, a hover model) is well equipped for basic law enforcement and suspect apprehension, with a stun gun for dealing with most unruly suspects, and a grenade launcher with non-lethal grenades (usually four concussion grenades and four photon grenades) for dealing with larger groups (such as perceived "riot" situations).

It also has a siren mechanism that it uses whenever it spots "unauthorized personnel".

Due to its numerous auto-loading systems, loading ammunition in any built-in weapon system is a free action for a police hover robot.

Police robots are typically programmed with more complex commands (alarm, lockout, detection, sentry, slave unit, task, and verbal response). These include enforcing a curfew, apprehending violators or suspicious suspects, and breaking up medium to large groups along its "beat".



ROBOT, POLICE

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced
Languages: Ancient, Computer
Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d12, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Notice d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d6
Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5 flying; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 10(2)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +2: Robots are covered by tough Syntheskin.

Bio-Sensor: Police robots know the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: Stun Pistol (Range: 15/30/90, 2d6, Vigor roll or paralyzed), Grenade launcher (Range: 24/48/96, damage per ammo type)

Command Level (III-C): Police robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: A police robot can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Hover Unit: A police robot has a flying pace of 5".

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: Police robot have infravision and low-light vision.

Power Source: Up to twenty discharges per day for objects that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Programs: Alarm, lockout, detection, sentry, slave unit, task (law enforcement), and verbal response.

Robotic Brain: Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +1: Police robots are larger than humans.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: 4 concussion grenades (3d6, MBT, Nonlethal), 4 photon grenades(LBT, may blind).

ROBOT, POLICE EMERGENCY

Though rarely used due to the complacency and bliss of the pre-Fall American man, certain extraordinary criminals, psychotics and true maniacs, sometimes slipped through the ironclad gauntlet of society's net

to begin brief reigns of chaos and bloodshed. These criminals, often armed to the teeth, pumped-up on unbelievable drugs, and harboring a deep death wish, were more than a match for the standard police robots of the time.

In response to these situations, heavier models of police robots were created to complement existing precincts all across the country. Though seldom seen (or even heard of), when needed they could be called out either singly or in groups to perform high-risk raids on criminal dens and hideouts. Sheathed in some of the heaviest armor plate of any civil security model, and bristling with a combination of subdual and lethal weapons, they were the last resort of dispatchers in terrorist, bank-robbery, or mass-murder situations.

The police emergency robot is a heavy treaded robot vaguely resembling the standard hover version, clad in plated armoring, but carrying very different weapon systems. Armament includes an automatic shotgun with six separate clips stored and loaded internally (usually two clips of rubber slugs, and four clips of standard ammunition), a double-barreled maser pistol (firing twice per round) in one arm, for use against armor-wearing psychos, and a grenade launcher (usually loaded with four stun grenades and four frag grenades) to cut down large concentrations.

Due to its numerous auto-loading systems, loading ammunition in any built-in weapon system is a free action for a police emergency robot.

Typically such robots are programmed to attempt subdual first, but this can be overridden if the target appears well armed or exhibits violent behavior suggestive of mental imbalance.

Like police hover robots, police emergency robots possess somewhat more complex programming than civilian robots. Alarm, lockout, detection, slave unit, task, and verbal response are the most common programs.

ROBOT, POLICE EMERGENCY

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced
Languages: Ancient, Computer
Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12+2, Vigor d10
Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d12, Knowledge(Ancient Lore) d6, Notice d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d6
Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 5 flying; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 12(4)

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +4: Police robots are covered by heavy metal plating.

Battle Computer: Emergency police robots can make two attacks with no multi-action penalties.

Bio-Sensor: Police robots know the exact location

of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: Automatic Shotgun (Range: 12/24/48, 1-3d6, Auto, 3RB), 2 Maser Pistols (Range: 30/60/90, 2d6), Grenade launcher (Range: 24/48/96, damage per ammo type).

Command Level (III-C): Police robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: A police robot can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Treads: Emergency police robots do not suffer movement penalties from rough terrain.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: Police robot have infravision and low-light vision.

Power Source: Up to twenty discharges per day for objects that require up to a mini-fusion cell. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Programs: Alarm, lockout, detection, sentry, slave unit, task (law enforcement), and verbal response.

Robotic Brain: Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +1: Police robots are larger than humans.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

Gear: 6 clips shotgun ammo, 4 Stun Grenades (2d8, SBT, Vigor-2 or paralyzed), 4 Frag grenades (3d6, MBT).

ROBOT, WAR

War robots are huge, flat, and oval in shape, their immense weight carried across the wasted battlefield on two separate pairs of heavy-duty armored treads.

Batteries of weapons adorn the sides of the robot on armored pylons or in smaller separate turrets, while a central, low cupola on the flat upper surface houses the creature's package of sensors and shield generators.

Numerous bays mark the slender hull of the robot, from which can emerge articulate arms or manipulative tentacles to physically interact with the environment or make repairs on its own damaged body.

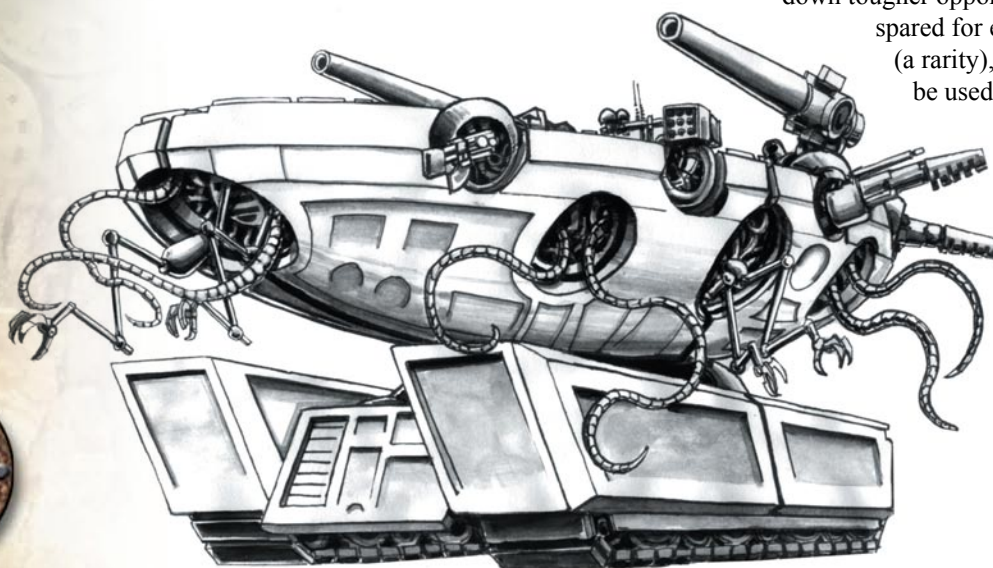
War robots mount the heaviest assortment of weapons of all robot platforms, suited to doing battle with other robots, and even entire conventional tank companies if need be. These armaments can all be controlled at the same time by the robot's intricate targeting computers, allowing it to engage numerous targets each round. The typical weapons package includes two turreted gauss cannons (each linked to an internal, automated loading bay with 50 rounds of cannon projectile ammo), four turreted ion rays, two EMP rifles, and twin mini-missile launchers (with 36 reloads). Two retractable arms (with hands), and two segmented tentacles, can extend from within covered bays to manipulate, grasp, etc. as well.

Due to its numerous auto-loading systems, loading ammunition in any built-in weapon system is a free action for a war robot.

War robots attack without hesitation, but their complex programming permits them to select the most threatening targets first, evaluate new enemies as they arrive, and prioritize as needed. Generally speaking, cannons will only be fired at heavy vehicular threats, with mini-missiles used on lighter vehicles (such as cars). The four ion rays can be made to target separate targets with their spread of fire (striking up to twelve individuals in a round), or concentrated to bring

down tougher opponents. EMP rifles are spared for enemy robot or androids (a rarity), but grenades may be used liberally as deemed appropriate to the situation.

Alarm, damage control, detection, lockout, sentry, slave controller, slave unit, task, and verbal response are all common programs of war robots.





ROBOT, WAR

Race: Robot; **Tech-Level:** 3 Advanced

Languages: Ancient, Computer

Attributes: Agility d12+1, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d12+4, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Repair d10, Shooting d10

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 16(4)/18(6) vs. non-energy

Special Abilities

Ambidextrous: Robots do not suffer off-hand penalties.

Armor +4: War robots are covered by extremely resilient armor.

Armor, Heavy: War robots can only be damaged by heavy weapons.

Battle computer: War robots can make up to four attacks per round without multi-action penalties.

Bio-Sensor: A war droid knows the exact location of any and all living creatures within 10" (60 feet). Organic creatures automatically fail Stealth rolls and do not benefit from "gang-up" bonuses against it.

Built in Weapons: 2 Gauss Cannons (Range: 100/200/400, 4d10, AP 30, HW), 4 Ion rays (Range: 30/60/90, 3d6, SBT), 2 EMP Rifles (Range: 10/20/40, 4d6, Nonlethal), 2 Mini-missile launchers (Range: 50/100/200, 3d6, AP 10, SBT, HW)

Command Level (IV-M): War robots will respond to orders from a character with the proper identity card.

Computer Link, Remote: War robots can link to a computer system up to 1 mile away, allowing access to all its systems and anything they see, hear or sense.

Construct: +2 to recover from being Shaken. Called shots do no extra damage. Do not suffer from Wound Modifiers. Do not suffer from disease or poison.

Immunity (Cold/Heat/Radiation): Robots are immune cold, heat, radiation and all such attacks.

Immunity (Electricity): Robots suffer half damage from most electricity.

Large: Attacks against war droids are made at +2.

Magnetic Shield: Provides +2 armor vs. non-energy attacks (melee and ballistic ranged weapons, firearms, and mass-drivers)

Photoreceptors, Infra-Red: War droids have infravision and low-light vision.

Power Source, Improved: Up to fifty discharges per day for objects that require up to a plutonium clip. Requires 24 hours to recharge.

Programs: Alarm, damage control, detection, lockout, sentry, slave controller, slave unit, task, and verbal response.

Robotic Brain: Androids are immune to Fear and all mind affecting powers.

Size +6: War robots are bigger than a bull elephant.

Sputtering Death: When Incapacitated, make a Vigor roll to keep functioning at -4 until Wounded again.

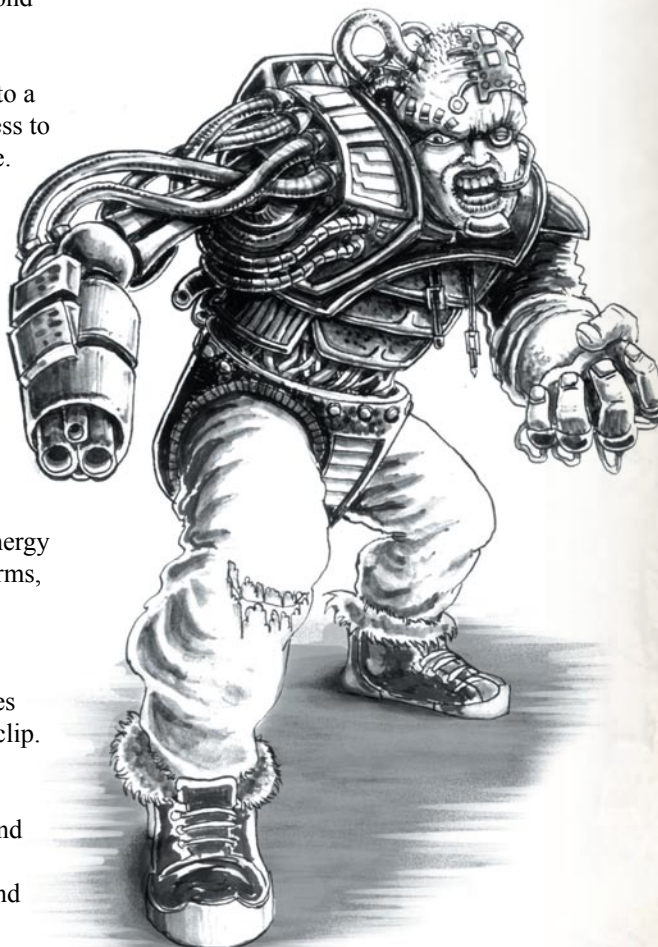
Targeting Computer: If a War robot uses the Aim maneuver, it can ignore both cover and concealment for the following round.

Treads: War robots do not suffer movement penalties from rough terrain.

Gear: 100 rounds cannon ammo, 36 Mini-missiles, 2 retractable arms with hands, 2 segmented tentacles.

CYBORGS

Cyborgs are humans or mutants that have robotic implants surgically implanted. Cyborgs are living creatures and therefore do not have the base abilities of androids and robots. However, cyborgs may have cybernetic enhancements chosen from the Optional Android/Robot special abilities. Abilities such as Armor, Built-in Weapon, Enhanced Receptors and Photoreceptors are obvious Cybernetic implants. A character with any of these implants will be recognized for what he/she is; a cybernetic being. A bio-sensor, crushing strength, computer link, and leaping strength may be easily hidden, either because they are installed under the skin, or can be covered by typical clothing.



Most Cyborgs of human size will have no more than three enhancements, because the body will reject the additional implants. To make a Cyborg, select one to three enhancements from the following list and apply them to the target character. These act exactly as the Android/Robot abilities of the same name.

If a Cyborg with three enhancements is given an additional enhancement (through surgery), then the body may reject the enhancement. The character must make a Vigor roll. Subtract 1 from this roll for every enhancement he has above the maximum. If the roll is successful, the body accepts the enhancement. If it fails the body rejects the enhancement and no further enhancements can ever be added. If the roll is 1 or less, then the character's Vigor also drops one die type. If this would drop Vigor below d4, then death results.

CYBERNETIC ENHANCEMENTS:

- Armor +4
- Bio-Sensor
- Built-In Weapon (any non-powered weapon)
- Computer Link
- Crushing Strength
- Enhanced Receptors
- Leaping Strength
- Photoreceptors, Infra-Red
- Photoreceptors, Shielded
- Targeting Computer

In certain cases, the GM may want to create cybernetic creatures, perhaps created by an insane Android scientist. In these cases the enhancements can be applied directly to the target creature. One additional enhancement may be added for each size category above medium. Small creatures may only have up to two enhancements.

For an example Cyborg, see the entry under Children of the Metal Gods in *Chapter: The Factions*.



CHAPTER 6:

ARTIFACTS OF THE ANCIENTS

Had I been informed of the impending apocalypse, I'da stocked up.
-Dale, *The Walking Dead*

For civilization to survive, the human race has to remain civilized.
-The Shelter (*The Twilight Zone*)



WHAT CAN AND CAN'T BE BOUGHT

When all is said and done, it's really up to the GM to determine what items can and cannot be bought. In general, it is suggested that firearms (but not primitive black powder weapons), energy weapons, and advanced armor types be out of reach. They are far too precious for most communities to even consider trading. Automatic weapons may be made available to certain characters whose origins are suggestive of a more advanced culture or military organization.

Many other artifacts will be hoarded as precious reminders of man's glory - as a result, even something as useless as a TV set's remote control will probably not be for sale. Only common things such as food, basic clothing, and post-war survival gear (sun hats, canvas bags, etc) will be available in the typical market.

The exception to this rule is in the case of a campaign that uses a detailed trade settlement as its base. It is useful to keep a list of things characters have sold off at markets. If characters die off, a new party may come to the same market and find these things still for sale. Then again, even if the party lives, it may need to buy those items back for some unforeseen reason. In this manner the GM can create a market with real items of value for sale, not just "common goods", with a widely fluctuating stock.

ARMOR

TACTICAL VEST

This was once the standard protection for policing units. The tactical vest offers 2 points of protection against most attacks. Kevlar weave "binds" spinning bullets, providing +4 toughness as well as negating 4 points of AP from bullets.

SPECIAL RESPONSE VEST

Similar to the tactical vest, this armor incorporates ceramic inserts to increase effectiveness. Protection from bullets increases to +8 toughness (still negating 4 points of AP).

FORCED ENTRY UNIT

This heavy Kevlar jacket with ceramic plates protects the entire torso, neck and arms and includes a helmet. It is heavy and cumbersome but provides excellent protection.

ADVANCED

ADVANCED METAL

Advanced metal armor includes a number of high-technology creations, utilized by advanced societies, associations, and brotherhoods. Advanced metal armor is typically composed of superior materials like ferroalloy and super-titanium, covering the body like a suit of medieval plate armor. Much more resistant to rounds and lasers than more archaic armors, these suits are a sign of technological achievement in a wasteland people.

CIVIL SECURITY SUIT

During the final years of mankind's degenerating dominance of the world, civilization began to break down. Suits such as this were issued to all police officers. The armor consists of a plastic plate breastplate, leg guards, and helmet, and is generally fashioned to mimic a uniform of some kind - the officer's number and the words "MetPol" or "LAPD" are blatantly evident on the armor panels. Generally a web belt is also included for the placement of a sidearm, tear gas or photon grenades, and a walkie-talkie.

ENVIRONMENT SUIT

The environment suit is a heavy-duty version of the more common NBC suit, built to protect against industrial-grade radioactive contaminants and long-term radiation exposure. Environment suits are made heavy with lead body panels, utilizing an aluminum support frame to evenly distribute weight and self-powered internal pressurization unit to further keep out minute radioactive particles (such as dust). An environment suit protects against up to high radiation exposure (see Radiation Sickness), and also has a built-in head-mounted flashlight for work in powerless areas. A suit has a limited version of an advanced breathing apparatus that operates for 12 hours at a time (recharging it requires 30 minutes connected to a power source).

LAZAB

Short for "laser ablative", this type of experimental armor appears to be a highly reflective form of metallic plate. In reality, lazab is composed of a weave of billions of crystalline metallic structures, covered in a sprayed-on coating of super-reflective aerosol metal. Appearing almost mirror-like, lazab is especially effective in the diffusion and reflection of directed energy attack forms.

When defending from directed energy-based attacks (lasers, masers, etc.), the wearer ignores one wound level from any attack that causes damage.

TABLE 6-1: ARMOR

Type	Tech-level	Armor	Weight	Cost	Notes
Post Apocalyptic					
Tactical vest	2	+2/+4	12	2,000 cp	Covers torso, negates 4 AP and +4 vs. bullets, see notes.
Special response vest	2	+4/+8	15	3,000 cp	Covers torso, negates 8 AP and +8 vs. bullets, see notes
Forced entry unit	2	+4/+8	20	5,000 cp	Covers torso, arms, head, negates 8 AP and +8 vs. bullets, see notes
Advanced					
Advanced metal	3	+3/+6	50	7,500 cp	Covers torso, +6 vs. bullets and lasers
Civil security suit	3	+2	8	1,200 cp	Covers torso, legs, head
Environment suit	3	+2	100	1,200 cp	Completely enclosed, environmental protection, see notes.
NBC suit	3	+1	50	1,500 cp	Completely enclosed, environmental protection, see notes.
Military combat suit	3	+2/+4	10	2,100 cp	Covers torso, arms, helmet, negates 4 AP vs. bullets
LazAb	3	+2	50	4,000 cp	Covers torso, reduces energy damage by one wound.
Special security suit	3	+5	20	5,000 cp	Covers torso, arms, legs, head, see notes
Plastex	3	+6	30	12,000 cp	Covers torso, see notes

MILITARY COMBAT SUIT

The majority of the world's armed forces employed this kind of armor. The suit consists of a ballistic nylon vest and arm greaves, with a helmet as well - it was meant to protect the vitals only. The suit will always be camouflaged to the particular environment in which it is found.

NBC SUIT

These precious suits protect against a wide variety of biochemical agents and most low-levels of gamma radiation. They come in a variety of types, from rugged special military suits to thin military pullover suits, to heavy and cumbersome civilian suits used in industry and power plant maintenance.

Some are simply overalls, while others have an internal framework of light aluminum to keep the suit rigid. Some forms, designed for work in certain facilities, have a flexible umbilical (connected to a static installation's own air supply) and an interior pressure system which causes the suit to "inflate" - the higher pressure inside keeping chemical and biological particles out (hence the bulkiness of the suit). Most protect against all agents, others only one or two.

In general, a NBC suit found by characters will likely be suited for exploration of all three environments, with a maximum protection of up to moderate radiation exposure (see Radiation Sickness).

PLASTEX

Plastex is an advanced form of armor that was developed just months before the Fall. It was a development of cheaply made plastic armor whose protective capabilities far exceeded most basic armor types, but at a fraction of the cost of powered armor suits.

Plastex is relatively lightweight, giving it a definite advantage even over most powered armor. Plastex is generally transparent or translucent like glass, and is rigid in format; most plastex armors consisted of breastplates, arm guards, etc.. Unfortunately, plastex suits were fitted to each soldier's personal measurements, and thus suits found so far in the future are seldom usable except in rare cases.

When a suit of plastex armor is found as treasure, there is a 10 percent change that it will fit any given character. A character can only wear armor of this type if it is suited to his dimensions.

SPECIAL SECURITY SUIT

This kind of protective armor was issued to special police security teams before the Fall. The armor consists of rigid plastic plates on the arms and legs, and a ballistic nylon vest and helmet (with clear or mirrored face guard). A gas mask is integral to the helmet, allowing the trooper to operate in tear gas or other irritant agents unimpeded. The special security suit also has a web-belt for carrying optional riot gear.

TABLE 6-2: POWERED ARMOR

Type	Tech-level	Acc/Top Speed	Toughness	Strength	Cost	Power	Notes
Powered Armor	3						
Mk1 Ares	3	5/15	11(2)	d12+2	75,000	Minifusion cell	See notes
Mk2 Ares	3	5/15	11(2)	d12+1	150,000	Minifusion cell	Heavy Armor, See notes
Mk3 Ares	3	5/15	14(2)	d12+1	200,000	Minifusion cell	Heavy Armor, See notes
Mk1 Hermes	3	6/30	10(2)	d12	75,000	Minifusion cell	See notes
Mk2 Hermes	3	6/30	10(2)	d12	200,000	Minifusion cell	See notes
Zeus Suit	3	5/15	11(2)	d12+4	250,000	Minifusion cell	Heavy Armor, See notes

POWERED ARMOR

The technological level of the Ancients was advanced to such a degree that potent suits of protective armoring were used to equip elite teams in the field. Powered armor is a potent reminder of the greatness of Ancient man.

Powered armor is an all-encompassing “vehicle” of a heavy, metal fiber-weaving construction and super-advanced design elements. It not only protects the individual soldier from rounds and fragments, but also from radiation, biological weapons, and chemical attack.

Due to their extreme weight, a special “power-assisted” musculature and exoskeletal framework must be used to allow movement. With the advent of stronger and more sensitive electronic musculature, powered armor suits could not only support their own armor mass, but also mount weapons systems usually unheard of on an individual such as machineguns and rocket launchers.

The wearer of any suit of powered armor can use any ranged weapon weighing 100 lbs. or less.

Note that built-in systems need their own power. For example, the Zeus suit requires an additional power source to fire its gauss anti-tank rifle.

Powered Armor vs. Vehicles: Powered armor works like a traditional Savage Worlds vehicle with the following differences:

Clothing: Because of the confining nature of most powered armors, a character can wear nothing heavier than cloth type armor (such as a tactical vest) while piloting a suit.

Damage: Damage to the suit affects its operation. Apply the suit’s wound modifiers to any Agility, Strength, and their linked skill rolls made by the wearer.

Maneuvers: Individuals in powered armor use their Agility instead of Driving for any maneuvers they attempt.

Strength: Since these heavy armor suits use a framework of powered musculature and limbs, the

pilot’s effective Strength is magnified considerably. Use the suit’s Strength score for all Strength rolls.

Turning: A standard turn in Powered Armor is considered to be 90 degrees (not 45).

MK1 ARES ARMOR (HEAVY COMBAT SUIT)

This armor was the first-generation of “powered armor”, used only by the military and then only for a short time (though many eventually found their way to second-line units by the time of the Fall). The Mk1 suit is a bulky, all-encompassing shell of heavy powered armor, almost like a small “pod” on huge robotic legs. The user slips into the suit through a rear hatch not unlike a deep sea pressure suit, slipping his arms into the suit’s arms (reaching to about the elbow; fine manipulation is done with sensitive joystick controls in each arm).

The Mk1 features an advanced respiratory system in the main compartment (good for 10 continuous hours, after which time it must rest and recharge itself for 1d2 hours), a built-in microwave communications system (with a 15 mile range), and an overpressure system that prevents biological and chemical agents from penetrating the armor (this has no effect on radiation, however). A flexible bullet- and blast-resistant view screen that can be electrically polarized to serve in an infrared (treat as night vision goggles) capacity is also a standard feature.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

MK2 ARES ARMOR (BATTLE ARMOR)

This type of armor was by far the most effective (and tactically valuable) of the early powered types. Mk2 armor owes much of its success to the miniaturization of powered armor technology, which reduces the size of the Mk1 suit. The advanced design actually has a much more humanoid shape, corresponding to the actual body shape of the suit’s pilot. Though the strength of the Mk1’s massive musculature is somewhat reduced as a result, this is more than made up for in other built-in systems.

In addition to an advanced 10-hour oxygen recycling system, the Mk2 suit has a built-in microwave communications system (with a 15 mile range) in the helmet, a laser pistol built into each wrist (leaving the hands free for fine manipulation of objects or tearing apart obstacles). An energy shield A is commonly found as part of the Mk2 suit, but is detachable.

The Mk2 also has full gamma radiation protection (up to moderate radiation exposure), an overpressure system that prevents biological and chemical agents from penetrating the armor, and a digital Geiger counter display either in the helmet or mounted on the suit's wrist. Like the Mk1, it also has infrared capability.

A character may fire both laser pistols in a round, but doing so incurs the normal penalties for fighting with two weapons.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

MK3 ARES ARMOR (HEAVY BATTLE ARMOR)

This type of armor was used to supplement regular battle armored forces in the field, and is most exceptional for the addition of heavier weapon systems.

The Mk3 suit has a microwave communicator (15 mile range) in the helmet, advanced 10-hour oxygen recyclers, and a shoulder-mounted grenade launcher (treat this as the M79). An armored pack on the back holds up to twelve grenades of different types, which are fed directly to the launcher through internal mechanisms. Firing the grenade launcher is a standard action.

An energy shield B is commonly found as part of the Mk3, but is detachable. It also has radiation protection (up to moderate radiation exposure) and the standard overpressure system (blocking biological and chemical agents). A digital Geiger counter display, as well as variable IR polarization (giving it infra-red visual capability), is also built-in features of the Mk3.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

MK1 HERMES ARMOR (LIGHT INFANTRY ARMOR)

The first generation of "powered scout" armor, the Mk1 Hermes suit was designed for special forces and scout units for the war. Taking advantage of leaps in powered armor technology, the suit allows for greater protection than conventional armor, while maintaining the personal flexibility and mobility most desired by scout troops.

Mk1 Hermes armor is lighter than normal powered armor, with most of the mass made up by the large robotic legs. These legs are capable of propelling the entire vehicle to speeds in excess of 40 mph for virtually an unlimited period of time; because of its design, the only repetitive motion felt by the wearer is akin to walking on a treadmill.

In addition to providing enhanced speed, the Mk1 Hermes was designed to hold an advanced electronics

suite to complete its primary mission as a scout platform. This suite includes a rather bulky Geiger counter and chemical sensor array on the left arm, a microwave communicator (with an enhanced 50 mile range) and scrambler, a detachable shoulder-mounted motion detector unit, and advanced faceplate construction. The view slit of this faceplate can be electrically polarized to provide infrared capability, while a flip-down X-ray filter permits x-ray vision (as X-ray goggles). In addition, a telescopic camera on the headpiece projects directly onto the heads-up display of the helmet, allowing the wearer of the suit to spy his surroundings at x50 magnification in real-time video in one corner of his field of vision.

The Mk1 Hermes also has an overpressure system to protect against biological and chemical agents, as well as an advanced respiratory system that lasts 10 hours (after which time it must be turned off to recharge for 1d2 hours).

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

MK2 HERMES ARMOR (SCOUT ARMOR PLUS)

An improvement of the Mk1 Hermes armor, the Mk2 has improved scouting capabilities.

While the Mk2 Hermes possesses none of the built-in weaponry of heavier suits of powered armor (such as the "Ares" series), the focus of the Mk2 Hermes remains on recon work. The suit combines all of the elements of the Mk1 Hermes armor, but with the following added features: full protection against radiation (up to moderate radiation), a built-in energy shield A, a digital audio recorder, voice-activated data recorder (treat as a PDA), cellular interceptor, and a bollix pack. A replaceable power belt-pack is usually attached to provide power to its various systems, and provision is made to permit the wearer to also carry a portable detection radar on his back.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

ZEUS SUIT (ASSAULT ARMOR)

This most impressive of all powered armor is menacing in appearance, and rightly so. It is bristling with features to give the individual soldier maximum firepower and survivability on the nuclear battlefield, and as a result the entire suit is much larger than earlier models.

The heavy "Zeus Suit" has a microwave communicator (15 mile range), improved radiation protection (radiation dampening in the Zeus Suit goes to severe radiation protection), an overpressure system to protect against biological and chemical toxins, an advanced respiratory system lasting 10 hours (after which time it must be turned off to recharge for 1d2 hours), a digital Geiger counter/chemical sensor (projected onto the view screen via a heads-up display), infrared capability, and a shoulder-mounted motion detector unit (this also projects its data via the suit's HUD).

TABLE 6-3: MELEE WEAPONS

Type	Tech-level	Damage	Weight	Cost	Notes
Advanced					
Chainsaw	2	2d6+4	15	100 cp	A natural 1 on the Fighting die (regardless of the Wild die) hits the user instead.
Chainsword	2	Str+2d6	8	15,000 cp	
Energy Pike	3	Str+d6+2	15	32,000 cp	Reach 2, Energy attack
Power Sword	3	Str+d6+2	4	8,000 cp	Energy attack
Shock Gloves	2	Str+d10	1	2,000 cp	Considered unarmed, can't be disarmed, Electricity
Stun Baton	2	Str+d6	3	1,000 cp	Non-Lethal damage, Electricity
Warp-Field Sword	3	Str+d6+4	15	50,000 cp	Ignores all armor

An energy shield B is built into the Zeus Suit; there is also a blaster set into the left arm (appearing like a thin rectangular orange “screen” projecting from the wrist) useful for close-in engagements.

The left arm of the Zeus Suit is left free for the mounting of optional, modular weapons systems. While the powered hand can manipulate almost any conventional weapon (such as automatic rifles), the strength of the suit is such that heavy weapons were also often employed in this hand. Typical modules include heavy machinegun, gyrojet launcher, M214 minigun, or gauss anti-tank rifle.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

MELEE WEAPONS

ADVANCED MELEE WEAPONS

In addition to advanced ranged weapons, the Ancients developed powered melee weapons to use in close quarters combat and illegal blood sports.

CHAINSAB

Though not designed to be used as a weapon, many raiders use the chainsaw to inflict brutal carnage on their foes. However, they are dangerous to wield.

CHAINSWORD

This type of device, simple but remarkably brutal in effect is, in essence, a chainsaw/sword combination. It works just like a chainsaw, but has a narrower, razor-sharp blade, and a handle more receptive to swinging about in pitched combat.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

ENERGY PIKE

A very common weapon of the U.S. Army during the years of foreign invasion (especially useful in the spontaneous execution of prisoners of war), this appears to be a dull black or gray staff, universally

8' long, but when activated (usually by pressing a button or switch on the pommel), the last three feet or so begins to glow brightly. The reason for this is that the pike has a powerful ion emitter that ionizes the air around the business end of the weapon, in effect creating a high-energy “power field” around it.

The weapon attacks emits a glow up to 30 ft. around the user. As a type of polearm, the energy pike has reach of 2”, but cannot be used against an adjacent foe.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

POWER SWORD

This item operates much like an energy pike, except that it's in the shape of a typical long sword and is commonly used in close quarter combat situations.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

SHOCK GLOVES

These items were used in both close-quarters military action and in illegal boxing matches. Shock gloves appear to be metal gloves, but emit a strong visible electric field. Each time a hit is scored, in addition to regular punch damage, a powerful shock shoots through the target. They are treated as unarmed attacks and the user can not be disarmed.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

STUN BATON

This appears to be a metal baton, which emits an energetic glow and subtle hum when activated. The baton, when it hits an opponent, lets off a low-voltage charge that effectively stuns the target, inflicting non-lethal damage.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

WARP-FIELD SWORD

This tremendously advanced device was said to be a product of the infamous “Philadelphia Experiment” of the Ancients, a landmark event that allowed man to break through the dimensional barrier. The sword

TABLE 6-4: HANDGUNS

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Pistols									
Dart pistol (special pistol)	2	5/10/20	See text	1	300 cp	3	1	-	AP 1, See text
Revolvers									
FA Casull (.50AE revolver)	2	15/30/60	2d8	1	900 cp	6	5 cyl.	-	AP 1, Revolver
Automatic Pistols									
Desert Eagle (.50AE autoloader)	2	15/30/60	2d8	1	1,500 cp	8	7 box	-	AP 2, Semi-Auto
Glock 20 (10mm autoloader)	2	15/30/60	2d6+1	1	1,500 cp	3	15 box	-	AP 1, Semi-Auto
GSh-18 (9mm autoloader)	2	10/20/40	2d6	1	1,200 cp	1	18 box	-	AP 1, Semi-Auto
MP-443 Grach (9mm autoloader)	2	12/24/48	2d6	1	900 cp	2	17 box	-	AP 1, Semi-Auto
PSM (5.45mmR autoloader)	2	12/24/48	2d6	1	700 cp	1	8 box	-	AP 1, Semi-Auto
SITES M9 (9mm autoloader)	2	12/24/48	2d6+1	1	600 cp	2	8 box	-	AP 1, Semi-Auto, Concealable
Machine Pistols									
Beretta 93R (9mm machine pistol)	2	12/24/48	2d6	3	1,500 cp	3	20 box	-	AP 1, Auto, 3RB
Calico M100 (.22 machine pistol)	2	12/24/48	2d4+1	3	1,100 cp	7	100 box	-	AP 1, Auto, 3RB
MAC Ingram M10 (.45 machine pistol)	2	15/30/60	2d6+1	3	600 cp	6	30 box	-	AP 1, Auto, Silencer
Sa.23 (9mm machine pistol)	2	20/40/80	2d6	3	1,300 cp	7	40 box	-	AP 1, Auto, Can be fired one handed
TEC-9 (9mm machine pistol)	2	15/30/60	2d6	1(3)	600 cp	4	32 box	-	AP 1, Semi-Auto (unless modified)

generates a field that causes the blade to “dance” between dimensions, allowing it to literally “pass” right through obstructions - specifically, armor. The sword is completely unaffected by armor and will only damage flesh.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

RANGED WEAPONS

HANDGUNS

DART PISTOL

Dart guns (usually rifles, but sometimes pistols) use compressed air to fire a hypodermic dart; this dart can be filled with chemicals, drugs, or poisons and loaded into the single-shot breech before firing.

Damage from a dart gun is negligible, but any hit injects the chemical into the target (up to two doses of any given chemical/drug can be loaded into a dart).

If the target is wearing armor, the chemical will only be injected if the weapon’s AP rating is equal to or greater than the Armor rating.

REVOLVERS

FA CASULL

The Freedom Arms Casull is a huge revolver designed primarily for hunting - and exotic collecting. Though a number of variants were produced, all employed high caliber cartridges (.357 magnum, .44 magnum, .454, and .50 caliber), making the Casull one of the

WEAPON NOTES

Semi-Auto: May Double Tap.

Auto: Fully Automatic or Single Shot.

3RB: Has a 3-round burst selector.

HW: Heavy Weapon

most powerful revolvers ever produced. Made from stainless steel, with a hardwood stock and grip, the Casull is a work of art.

Extremely powerful, the Casull is beloved by many leaders of the world's various raider gangs, and by would-be "raider kings" to whom the Casull is an excellent match for their own ego and cruelty.

AUTOMATIC PISTOLS

DESERT EAGLE

This version of the Israeli made automatic pistol uses heavy-caliber .50 Action Express rounds for more damage. It is a rare find in the Twisted Earth.

GLOCK 20

A typical, 10mm automatic pistol.

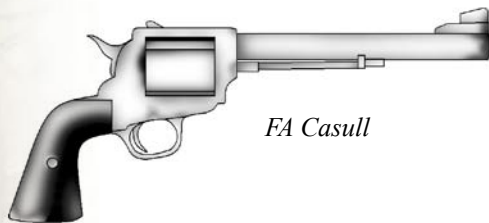
GSH-18

The Gryazev and Shipunov GSh-18 is an extremely rugged sidearm of Russian manufacture. While it has an exceptional magazine capacity (18 rounds), the most remarkable feature of the weapon is its ability to fire both 9mm Russian and 9mm NATO cartridges.

While rare, owners of an GSh-18 prize the weapon for its extended magazine capacity (very useful in a prolonged firefight with ghouls or other ruin-denzens)



Dart Pistol



FA Casull



GSh-18

and the fact that ammunition for it is easy to find across the wasteland.

MP-443 GRACH

Designed as the replacement for the Makarov, the MP-443 Grach is a high ammo capacity automatic pistol with ambidextrous grip.

PSM

A Russian-made pistol, the PSM (Pistolet Samozaryadny Malogabaritny, or "small self-loading pistol") was originally designed as the personal sidearm of top Army commanders, though its construction was relatively low-grade utilizing thin aluminum and steel. The 5.45mm cartridge, however, proved superior to the .22 LR and .25 ACP rounds used in many guns of a similar size.

The rarity of these weapons has made them a favorite of raider leaders and bandit lords of the desert wasteland.

SITES M9 RESOLVER

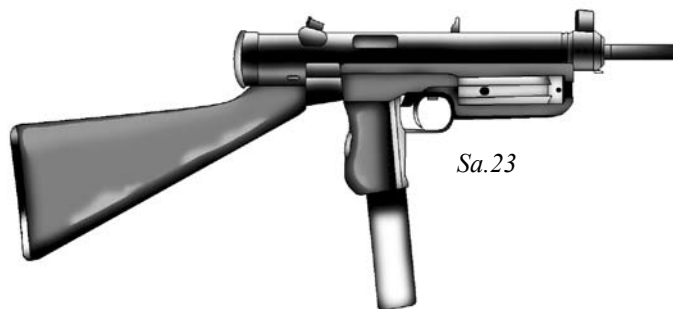
A small, concealable autopistol.



MP-443 Grach



PSM



Sa.23

MACHINE PISTOLS

BERETTA 93R

Similar to the 92F, this pistol can fire on full automatic and has a fold down grip, and extendable shoulder stock.

CALICO M100

The Calico M100 was a revolutionary weapon that made use of a special helical magazine, which feeds the ammunition into the weapon along a curled, helix-like train. Attached to the upper back of the weapon, it gives the M100 a unique appearance. Using .22 long rifle ammunition, this permits the magazine to hold an unprecedented 100 rounds! The Calico M100 is light enough to be fired in one hand, though longer (and heavier) 9mm versions require a wood or folding stock.

The M-100, when broken down, can fit in a standard backpack. Disassembling the weapon is a full-round action.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting. Though low-powered, the high ammunition capacity of the M100, as well as the widespread availability of .22 long rifle ammunition (used in many sport and "varmint" rifles before the Fall), have made this a weapon prized by scav and others who must survive for long periods without contact with civilization.

MAC INGRAM M10

A rare find in the wastlands, this pistol moves between single shots and automatic fire by increasing pressure on the trigger. It can also accept a silencer.

SA.23

The Czech-manufactured Sa.23 was widely used by a number of third world countries across the globe, with extensive use in Africa. Because it is a compact weapon with relatively well-distributed weight, it can

be fired one-handed.

These cheap, antiquated firearms are quite abundant all across the Twisted Earth, a testament to the diversity and numbers of impoverished enemies who threw their lot in with the other powers of the world to invade America in the Final War.

TEC-9

A lucky find, the Tec-9 can be modified with a Repair roll at -2 to fire on Automatic. Once modified, it can not be changed back to semi-automatic.

LONGARMS

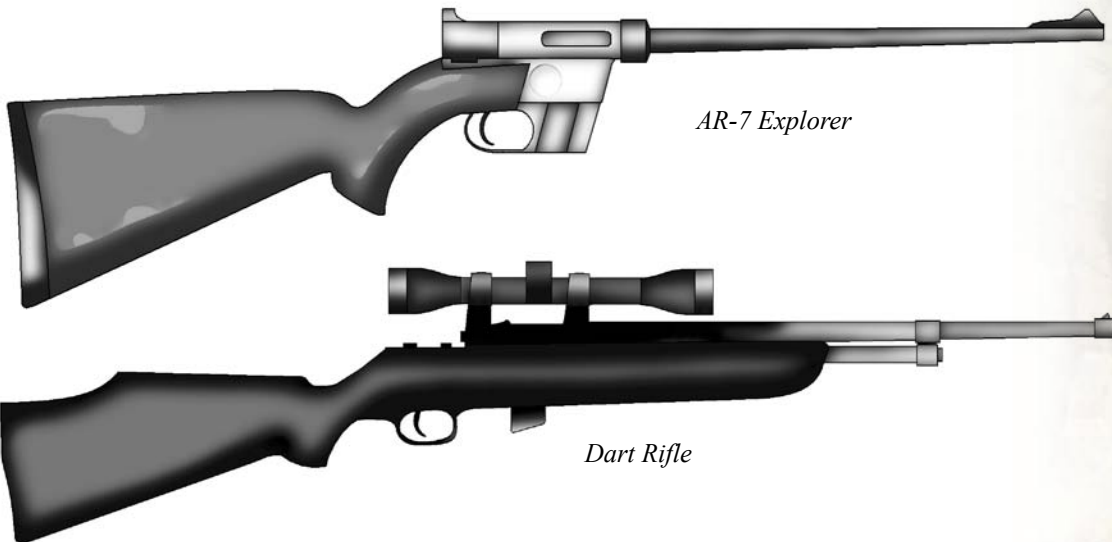
RIFLES

AR-7 EXPLORER

The Charter Arms AR-7 "Explorer" is one of the more unique guns of the past, first created to arm aircraft pilots in the event of an ejection over enemy territory – for defense as well as for hunting game. A skeletal design, the AR-7 is completely collapsible and the entire weapon can be stored inside its own buttstock! In addition, the construction of the weapon permits it to float harmlessly in water, whether completely assembled or not, without risking malfunction.

The AR-7, when broken down, can fit in a standard backpack. Disassembling the weapon requires 3 actions.

Weapons of this kind became extremely popular among survivalists during the Years of Entropy, when a handful fled to the few remaining wilderness areas to escape the "decadence" of civilization - and what they perceived to be the inevitable "invasion" of America. A hunter's weapon, it was also a favorite of so-called "militia cells". Today it remains a common sight among scav and other wilderness travelers.



AR-7 Explorer

Dart Rifle

TABLE 6-5: LONGARMS: RIFLES

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Rifles									
AR-7 Explorer (.22 rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d6	1	1,200 cp	5	8 box	-	AP 2
Dart rifle (special rifle)	2	20/40/80	See text		350 cp	5	1 int.	-	AP 2, See text
Sniper Rifles									
Barrett Light Fifty (.50 sniper rifle)	2	50/100/200	2d10	1	4,000 cp	35	11 box	d8	AP 4, Snapfire Penalty, HW
HK PSG1 (7.62mm sniper rifle)	2	30/60/90	2d10	1	4,500 cp	16	5 box	d8	AP 2, Scope, Snapfire Penalty
Steyr IWS-2000 (15.2mm sniper rifle)	2	100/200/300	2d10	1	7,000 cp	36	5 box	d8	AP 4, Snapfire Penalty, HW, Scope, Bipod
VSS Vintorez (9mm sniper rifle)	2	75/150/300	2d10	1	4,500 cp	7	10 box	-	AP 2, Snapfire Penalty, Built-in Silencer

DART RIFLE

A dart rifle is a longer-range version of a dart pistol.

Damage from a dart gun is negligible, but any hit injects the chemical payload into the target when hit (up to two doses of any given chemical/drug can be loaded into a dart).

If the target is wearing armor, the chemical will only be injected if the weapon's AP rating is equal to or greater than the Armor rating.

SNIPER RIFLES

BARRETT LIGHT FIFTY

A heavy, powerful weapon that fires .50 caliber machine gun bullets.

HECKLER & KOCH PSG1

This once popular sniper rifle is fully adjustable and usually is found with it's standard scope.

STEYR IWS-2000

The IWS-2000 was probably the most powerful rifle of its kind during its day. Employing a 15.2mm tungsten flechette projectile, sheathed in a fin-stabilized plastic sabot, it was designed to bring down helicopters, penetrate the armor of light vehicles (including most armored personnel carriers), and other "soft" targets up to a kilometer away.

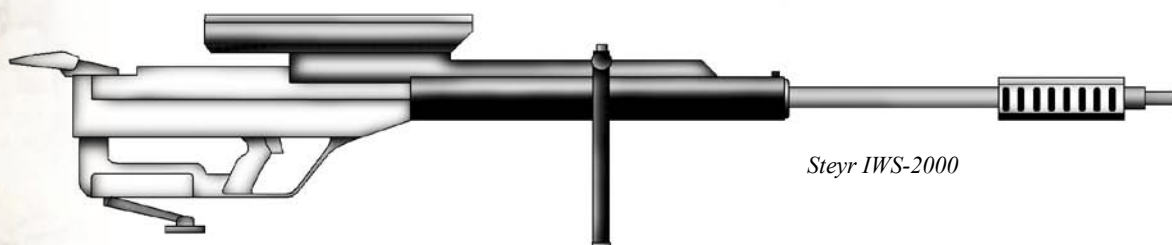
Though it uses a massive round, the IWS-2000's composite construction, weight distribution, and huge muzzle brake reduce the recoil to that of a large-caliber sporting rifle. A standard scope is built in, as is a bipod.

VSS VINTOREZ

The VSS (Vintovka Snaiperskaja Spetsialnaya, or "special sniper rifle") is a truly insidious weapon, utilizing the special subsonic SP-5 sniper cartridges that reduce the sound repeat of the rifle to something similar to a .22 rifle. The Vintorez is considered to have a built-in silencer



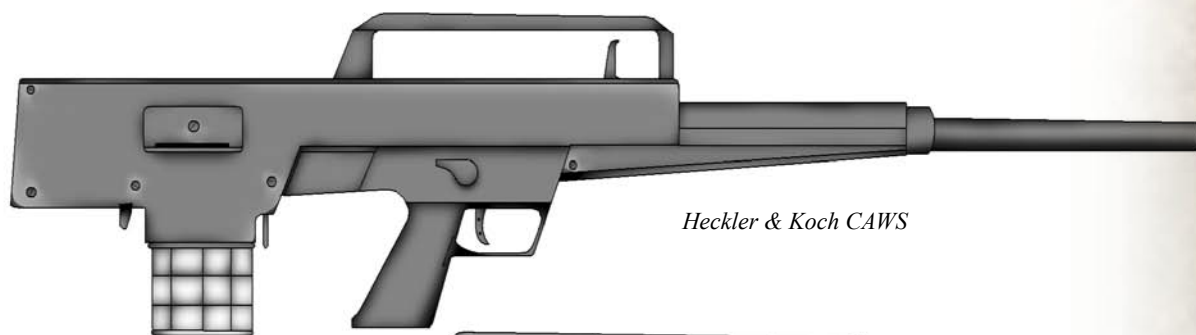
VSS Vintorez



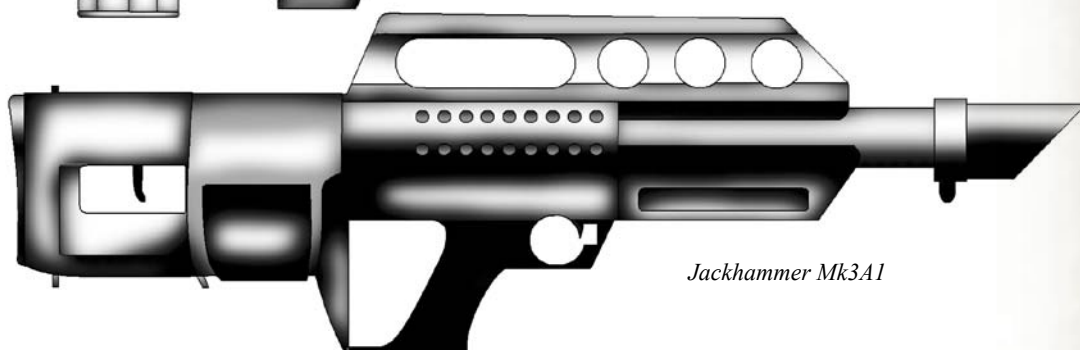
Steyr IWS-2000

TABLE 6-6: LONGARMS: SHOTGUNS

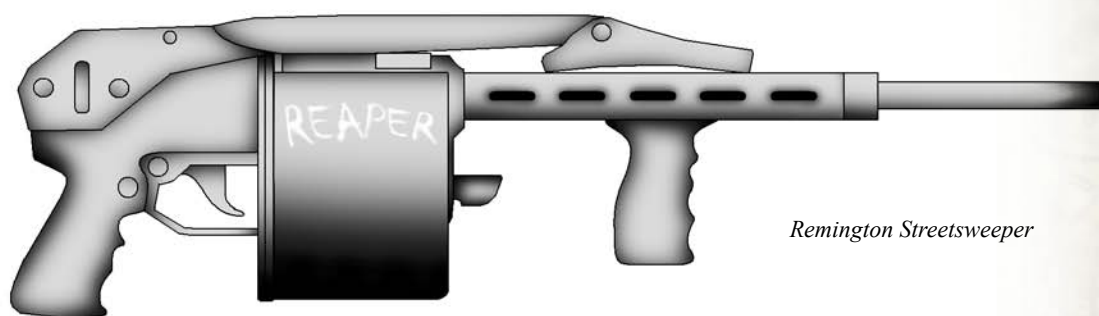
Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Shotguns									
Beretta M3P (12-gauge shotgun)	2	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	900 cp	9	5 box	-	Semi-auto
Browning BPS (10-gauge shotgun)	2	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	900 cp	11	5 int.	d6	AP 1
HK CAWS (12-gauge shotgun)	2	12/24/48	1-3d6	3	1,200 cp	8	10 box	-	Auto, 3RB
Jackhammer Mk3A1 (12-gauge shotgun)	2	12/24/48	1-3d6	3	1,200 cp	10	10 cyl.	d6	Auto, 3RB, 2 actions to reload
Mossberg (12-gauge shotgun)	2	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	600 cp	7	6 int.	-	
Remington Streetsweeper (12-gauge shot)	2	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	1,000 cp	9	12 cyl.	-	2 actions to reload
Valtro PM-5-350 (12-gauge shotgun)	2	10/20/40	1-3d6	1	1,000 cp	8	7 box	-	



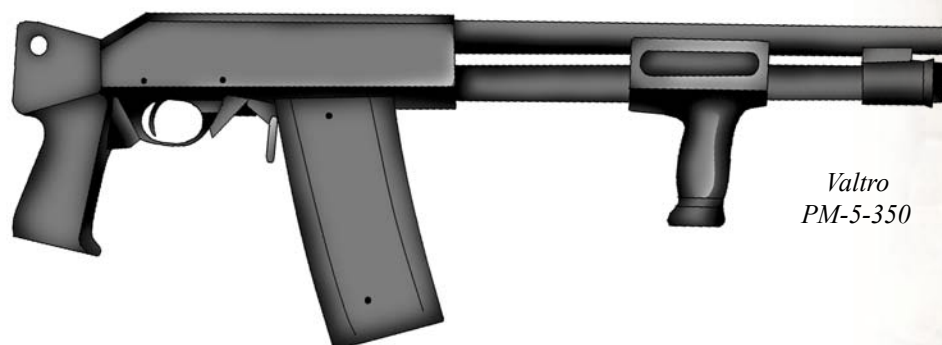
Heckler & Koch CAWS



Jackhammer Mk3A1



Remington Streetsweeper



*Valtro
PM-5-350*

SHOTGUNS

All shotguns use the Savage Worlds shotgun rules, as well as any described below.

BERETTA M3P

This shotgun can fire on semi-automatic. It is equipped with a folding stock and the ammo feeds from a box magazine carrying 5 rounds.

BROWNING BPS

A heavy, 10-gauge shotgun.

HECKLER & KOCH CAWS

The Heckler & Koch Close Assault Weapon System is an advanced automatic shotgun that fires a specialized form of ammunition of tungsten pellets or “flechettes”. The design of the weapon is such that recoil is greatly reduced and rate of fire is comparable to many other burst-capable weapons.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

While not widely used by the military forces of the Ancients, the HK CAWS saw widespread deployment among SWAT teams and law enforcement in many of the major cities during the chaotic years preceding the Fall.

JACKHAMMER MK3A1

The American-made Jackhammer is an unusual shotgun design in that it is solely automatic, unlike even the powerful HK CAWS (which is also an automatic shotgun). As if this weren't unconventional enough, the Jackhammer employs a revolutionary revolving 10-round cylinder, not too different in appearance and operation from traditional sidearm revolvers.

The weapon's cylinder must be manually reloaded just like a normal revolver.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

While extraordinarily rare, the Jackhammer is favored by the warrior-monks of the Foundation as the weapon of choice for their knights and paladins. This is due not only to the weapon's capabilities as a fully automatic shotgun, but also because of its futuristic appearance.

MOSSBERG

A typical pump-action shotgun, once used by the world's military forces.

REMINGTON STREETSWEeper

Another unusual shotgun following unconventional design specifications, the Remington “Streetsweeper” (based on the Armsel “Striker”) is an effective “room broom” weapon due to its remarkably short barrel length (the shortest being a mere 2” to 7”) and spring-loaded 12-round revolving cylinder. Most of these shortened versions were outlawed during the time of the Ancients, but remained in circulation in the underground black market regardless.

The weapon's cylinder must be manually reloaded just like a normal revolver.

Those few surviving examples of this weapon have become extremely popular among raider gangs not only due to their formidable appearance and name, but also their ease of handling in tight quarters.

VALTRO PM-5-350

The Italian Valtro PM-5-350 is a shotgun of unusual design, with a much shorter barrel than most tactical shotguns, an assault foregrip, and a seven round box magazine that feeds from below like a traditional assault rifle. While unconventional in design, the Valtro is a compact weapon comparable in size to many sawed-off shotgun variants.

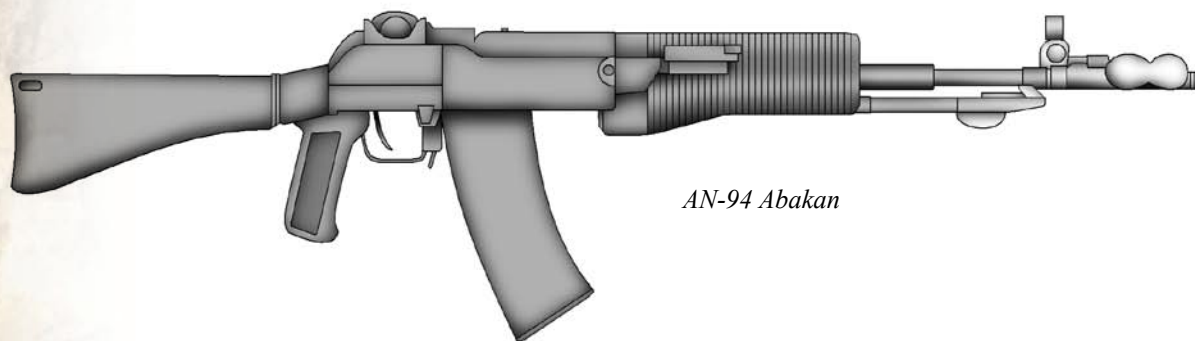
ASSAULT RIFLES

AKM/AK-47

Since it was one of the most popular assault rifles of the pre-fall world, the AK-47 is often found in the hands of the violent forces of Darwin's World.

AN-94 ABAKAN

Designed as a replacement for the aging AK-74, the AN-94 is essentially a more accurate version of that venerable workhorse. Because of the AN-94's special delayed blowback mechanism, recoil is only felt at the end of a sustained burst – making it far more accurate a weapon than many automatic weapons. The Autofire penalty for this weapon is reduced to -1.



AN-94 Abakan

TABLE 6-7: LONGARMS: ASSAULT RIFLES

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Assault Rifles									
AKM/AK-47 (7.62mmR assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	700 cp	10	30 box	d6	AP 2, Auto
AN-94 Abakan (5.56mmR assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	900 cp	8	30 box	-	AP 2, Auto, 3RB, -1 Autofire penalty
Bushmaster M-17S (.5.56mm assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	1,500 cp	8	30 box	-	AP 2, Auto, 3RB
FN Herstal F2000 (5.56 assault rifle)	2	20/40/80	2d8	3	2,500 cp	9	30 box	-	AP 2, Auto, 3RB, Scope, See text
HK G3 (7.62mm assault rifle)	2	30/60/90	2d8	3	2,000 cp	11	20 box	d6	AP 2, Auto
HK G-11 (4.7mm assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	3,000 cp	8	45 box	-	AP 1, Auto, Scope, -1 Autofire penalty
M16A2 (5.56mm assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	900 cp	8	30 box	-	AP 2, Auto, 3RB
M4 Carbine (5.56mm assault rifle)	2	20/40/80	2d8	3	900 cp	7	30 box	-	AP 2, Auto, Folding stock
OC-14 Groza (9mmR assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	2,500 cp	7	20 box	-	AP 1, Auto, 3RB See notes
QBZ-95 (5.8mm assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	1,200 cp	7	30 box	-	AP 2, Auto, 3RB
Steyr ACR (5.56mm assault rifle)	2	30/60/90	2d6+1	3	3,200 cp	7	24 box	-	AP 3, Auto, 3RB, Scope
Steyr AUG (5.56mm assault rifle)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	2,000 cp	9	30 box	d6	AP 2, Auto, 3RB, Scope

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

AK-47s and AK-74s are commonly found among the communities of the atomic ruin, and the AN-94 is likewise a frequent sight in the hands of many postwar survivors and peoples across the Twisted Earth.

BUSHMASTER M-17S

The Bushmaster is an American-manufactured bullpup .223 assault carbine, based on the AR-18 and capable of accepting all M-16 and AR-15 magazines. The majority of the weapon is made of composite polymers, Teflon, and aircraft aluminum.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

FN HERSTAL F2000

A truly futuristic weapon, in appearance as well as construction, the F2000 is a modular bullpup weapon of Belgian design. The unique part of the F2000 is its modular components, which allow a user to mount either a 40mm grenade launcher, or a non-lethal

module that fires 12 gauge tear gas pellets. Cartridges are ejected from the front of the weapon, and ambidextrous controls mean it is usable by right- and left-handed users.

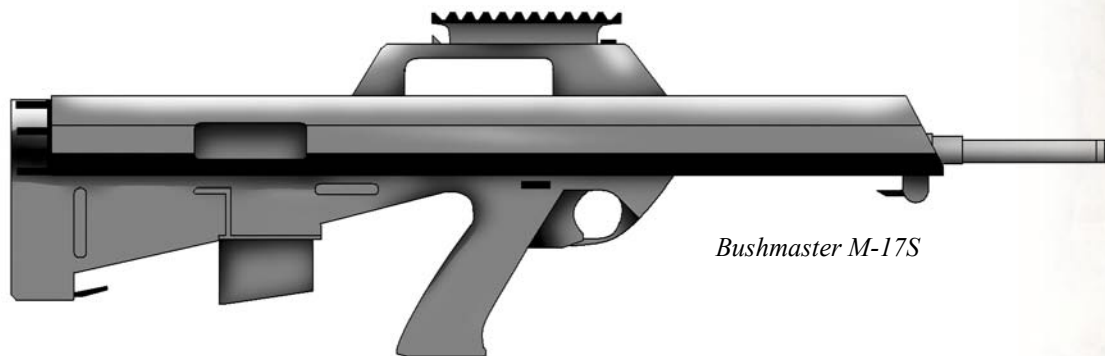
Though the F2000 comes with a standard scope, an advanced scope specifically designed for the weapon ("computerized fire control module") grants a +1 bonus to both the weapon and any grenade launcher attached to it.

Tear gas dispensed via the tear gas pellets fired from the F2000 fills a medium burst template. Dispersal is as normal.

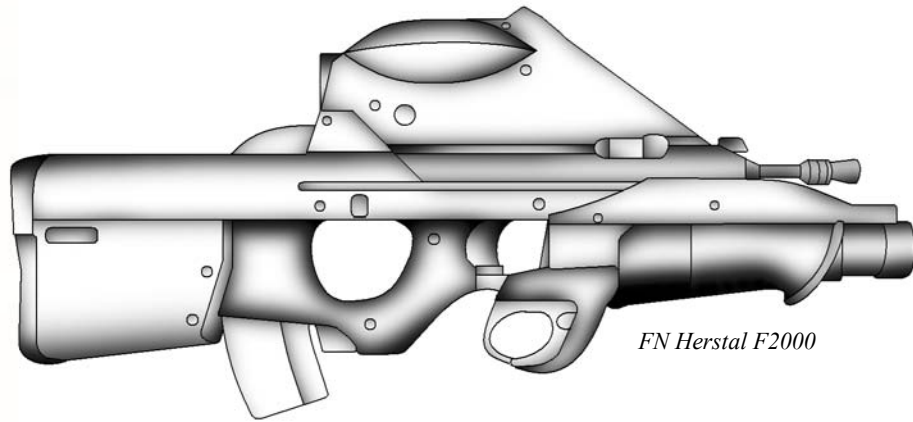
This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

HECKLER & KOCH G3

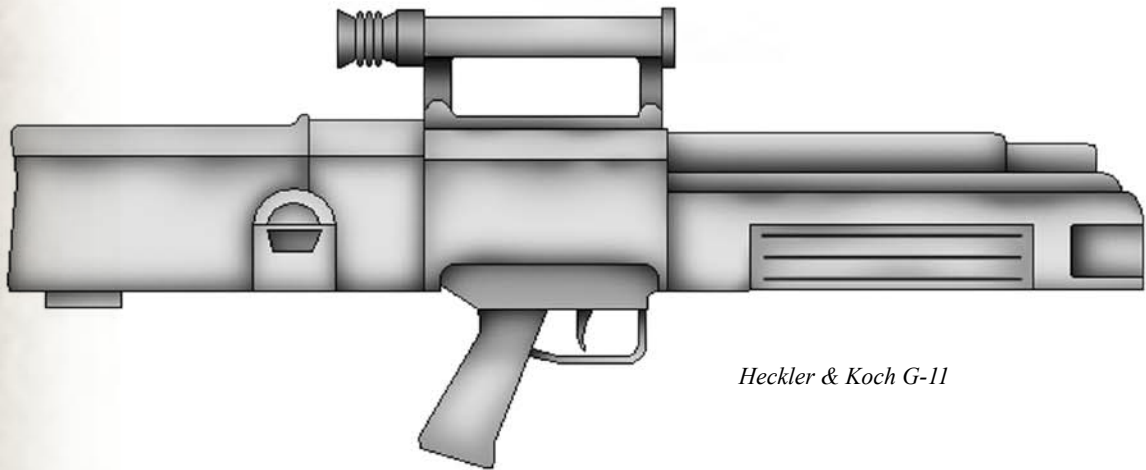
This powerful rifle uses an uncommon 7.62mm cartridge.



Bushmaster M-17S



FN Herstal F2000



Heckler & Koch G-11



OC-14 Groza



Steyr ACR

HECKLER & KOCH G-11

The boxy HK G-11 is unique in that it fires a special 4.7mm caseless projectile. The projectile itself is basically embedded in the propellant of explosive lacquer, which disintegrates on firing leaving no case to eject. Curiously, rounds in the magazine enter the chamber at an angle, before being rotated 90 degrees to fall in line with the barrel, and are discharged in such a way that recoil is not felt until all rounds in a burst have already been fired – cutting the effects of muzzle recoil on accuracy to almost nothing. The Autofire penalty for this weapon is reduced to -1.

Though relatively small, the deficiency in the stopping power of the 4.7mm round is made up for by the weapon's high rate of fire.

The G-11 has a standard scope built in.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

M16A2

A typical assault rifle featuring a three-round burst setting.

M4 CARBINE

This carbine is a third as long as the M16A2 and has a telescoping stock.

OC-14 GROZA

The Groza ("thunder") is a remarkable weapons system that was designed to be easily converted for various duties. Using a kit, quick alterations to the weapon convert it from a basic assault rifle to an assault carbine, silenced assault rifle, or assault rifle/grenade launcher (40mm) combination. A special version, the "Groza-1", was developed for the Spetsnaz and utilizes the same clip as the AK-74. The Groza accepts a silencer without modification.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

QBZ-95

A Chinese bullpup assault rifle, the QBZ-95 has a polymer casing and magazine, chambered to fire the 5.8mm round (though export versions use the 5.56mm NATO cartridge). There is also a carbine version of this weapon with a significantly shortened barrel.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

While rare elsewhere, the QBZ-95 is relatively common along what used to be the west coast of the United States - apparently leftovers from the now-vanished Asian invaders that stormed the beaches just prior to the Fall.

STEYR ACR

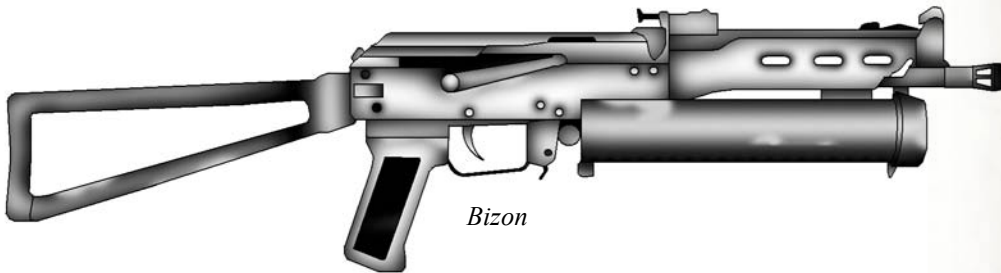
The Steyr Advanced Combat Rifle (or "ACR") is a unique weapon with uncommon characteristics – it fires a flechette "dart" within a sabot round that maintains velocity and accuracy over great ranges. Firing an extremely fast and stable projectile, it has been described as having almost "ray-gun performance", hitting exactly where it is aimed almost regardless of the target's movement. This same high velocity gives the ACR excellent penetrating power and the relatively diminutive size of the flechette results in minimal recoil.

Like the Steyr AUG, the ACR has ambidextrous components that make it usable by both right- and left-handed users. A standard scope is built in.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

STEYR AUG

The AUG is unusual looking and features ambidextrous components, a built in optical sight and three-round burst.



Bizon



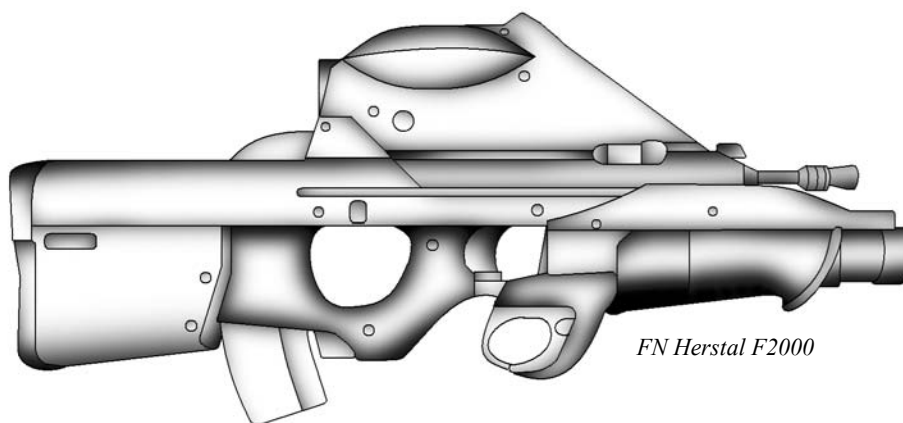
Calico Liberty 50

TABLE 6-8: LONGARMS: SUBMACHINE GUNS

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Submachine guns									
Bizon (9mm submachine gun)	2	15/30/60	2d6	3	2,000 cp	5	67 box	-	AP 2, Auto, 3RB
Calico Liberty 50 (9mm submachine gun)	2	24/48/96	2d6	3	2,300 cp	5	50 box	-	AP 1, Auto, 3RB
Colt 635 (9mm submachine gun)	2	24/48/96	2d6	3	2,300 cp	5	32 box	-	Auto, 3RB
FN P-90 (5.56mm submachine gun)	2	20/40/80	2d6	3	2,700 cp	6	50 box	-	AP 3, Auto, 3RB
HK MP5 (9mm submachine gun)	2	20/40/80	2d6	3	3,000 cp	7	30 box	-	AP 1, Auto, 3RB
Ruger MP-9									
(9mm submachine gun)	2	15/30/60	2d6	3	1,800 cp	7	32 box	-	AP 2, Auto, Folding stock
Uzi (9mm submachine gun)	2	15/30/60	2d6	3	1,500 cp	8	20 box	-	AP 1, Auto



Colt 635



FN Herstal F2000



FN P-90

SUBMACHINE GUNS

BIZON

The Russia-made “Bizon” heavy submachine gun utilizes a helical magazine not unlike the kind seen on the Calico M100 and Calico Liberty 50, though with the improved 9mm round the Bizon’s magazine holds 67 rounds. The rest of the weapon is based largely on the aging AK-47 design.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

CALICO LIBERTY 50

The Liberty 50 is the 9mm variant of the Calico M100, a carbine version with a longer barrel, wooden or polymer buttstock, and 50 round helical magazine (the reduced magazine capacity is due to the larger round).

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

COLT 635

Though outwardly resembling the M16 (and thus easy for users familiar with that weapon to master), the Colt 635 uses pistol rounds instead of the standard rifle projectile. Though not exactly on par with the “non-lethal weapons” developed for that purpose, this low-powered weapon was issued extensively to Department of Energy nuclear power plant security forces (in addition to other special security and law enforcement buyers).

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

These weapons are often found in the mutated hands of the Brotherhood of Radiation, whose bizarre monastic order often controls the few remaining ruined atomic power plants from before the Fall as “holy sites”.

FN P-90

Designed primarily for the close-in defense of vehicle crews, the FN P-90 is a futuristic bullpup weapon of Belgian design that employs the unique SS190 5.56mm round to defeat most body armor and similar infantry protection – something that most submachine guns have difficulty with. In addition, the weapon’s overall lightweight and high magazine capacity (50 rounds) make it an exceptional firearm.

Ambidextrous components make the P-90 usable by both right- and left-handed users.

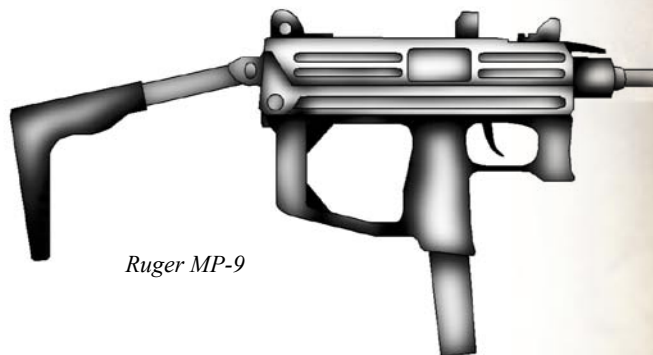
This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

HECKLER & KOCH MP5

The MP5 is a basic 9mm submachinegun.

RUGER MP-9

The so-called “improved Uzi”, the MP-9 is based on the original Uzi design of Uziel Gal, but with a composite construction, greater accuracy, and a telescoping buttstock that can be folded right against the back of the weapon.



Ruger MP-9

UZI

A compact submachinegun with a collapsible stock.

HEAVY WEAPONS

MACHINE GUNS

CALICO TWO-TWENTY-TWO

An odd weapon, the “Two-Twenty-Two” is a dual-barreled “Gatling gun” conversion using .22, long rifle ammunition. A hand crank at the rear of the weapon fires the guns alternately with a cam system not unlike a low rate-of-fire machinegun. The Two-Twenty-Two requires two separate 10-round clips, one for each gun.

Although not exactly an efficient or practical weapon, the formidable “two barreled” appearance of the Two-Twenty-Two (as well as its simple method of operation) has made it a popular vehicle-mounted weapon among the Twisted Earth’s raider gangs.

M214 MINIGUN

Developed for use on helicopters and light aircraft, the M214 “minigun” is an impressive weapon with many legends surrounding it. A “gatling” style weapon, the M214 has six electrically driven barrels that revolve at up to a colossal 10,000-rpm, making it able to spit out 166 rounds per second. Despite the impressive rate of fire, however, the weapon itself is prohibitively heavy (30 lbs), not including its ammunition supply, and requires the equivalent of two truck batteries to operate.

A regular power backpack must be used to power this weapon, in addition to standard ammunition.

M2HB

The M2HB is a common, typically vehicle mounted, .50 caliber machine gun.

M-60

A medium machine gun that was popular throughout the pre—fall world.

TABLE 6-9: LONGARMS: HEAVY WEAPONS

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Calico 2-22 (light machinegun)	2	24/48/96	2d8	3	1,200 cp	10	10 box	d6	AP 2
M214 Minigun (heavy machinegun)	2	30/60/120	2d10	3	4,000 cp	30	Linked	d8	AP 4, Snapfire, HW
M2HB (heavy machine gun)	2	50/100/200	2d10	3	4,500 cp	75	200	-	AP 4, May not move, HW
M-60 (medium machine gun)	2	30/60/120	2d8+1	3	3,700 cp	22	250	d8	AP 2, Snapfire
Rocket Launchers									
AT-4 (rocket launcher)	2	24/48/96	4d8	1	3,500 cp	15	19 int.	d8	MBT, AP 40, Snapfire, HW, "Back Blast"
M72A3 LAW (rocket launcher)	2	30/60/120	4d8+2	1	2,000 cp	5	1 int.		MBT, AP 30, Min. range 5", See notes
RPG-7/16 (rocket launcher)	2	50/100/200	See text	1	2,000 cp	15	1 int.	d8	Snapfire, HW

ROCKET LAUNCHERS

AT-4

The AT-4 is an 84mm, portable, one-shot, anti-tank weapon, originally built in Sweden. The success of the system lead to considerable sales, making it commonly available throughout the nations during the third world war.

The AT-4 was designed to be recoilless by ejecting the rocket's expellant gasses out of the rear. This results in a "back blast" that can burn those behind the user. When fired, place a Medium Burst Template behind the user. Anything caught in the blast suffers 3d6 of burn damage, and may catch on fire.

M72A3 LAW

This light anti-tank weapon is a disposable one shot rocket launcher. To fire the weapon, the firer must use an action to arm and extend the telescoping tube.

The M72 has a minimum tabletop range of 5". If fired against a target closer than 5", it does not arm and will not explode.

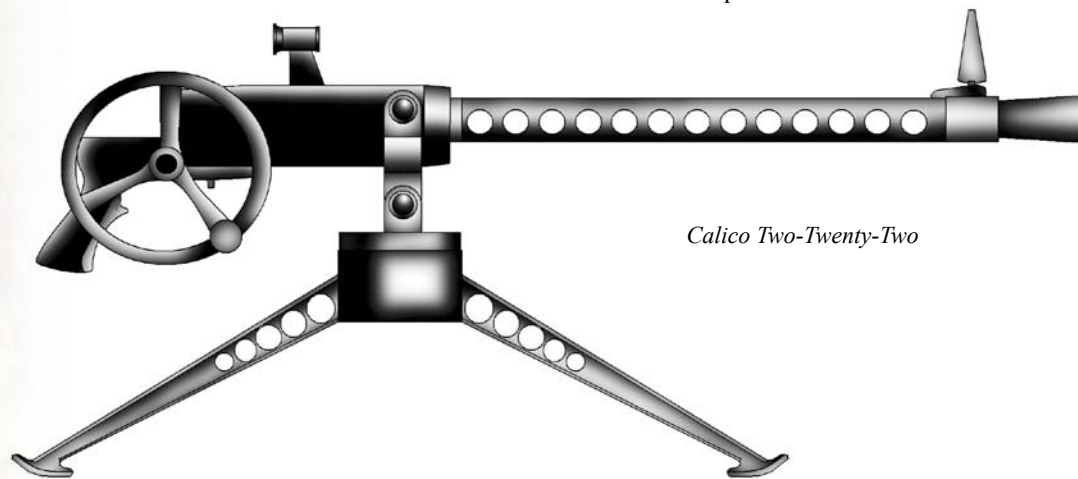
RPG-7/16

The RPG-7 (and later RPG-16), more commonly known simply as the "RPG", is a missile launcher that fires special rocket-propelled grenade rounds. Said to be developed from the German Panzerfaust of WWII, the RPG saw widespread proliferation worldwide due to extensive Soviet arms sales, and was proven useful not only against ground vehicles, but against helicopters and bunkers as well.

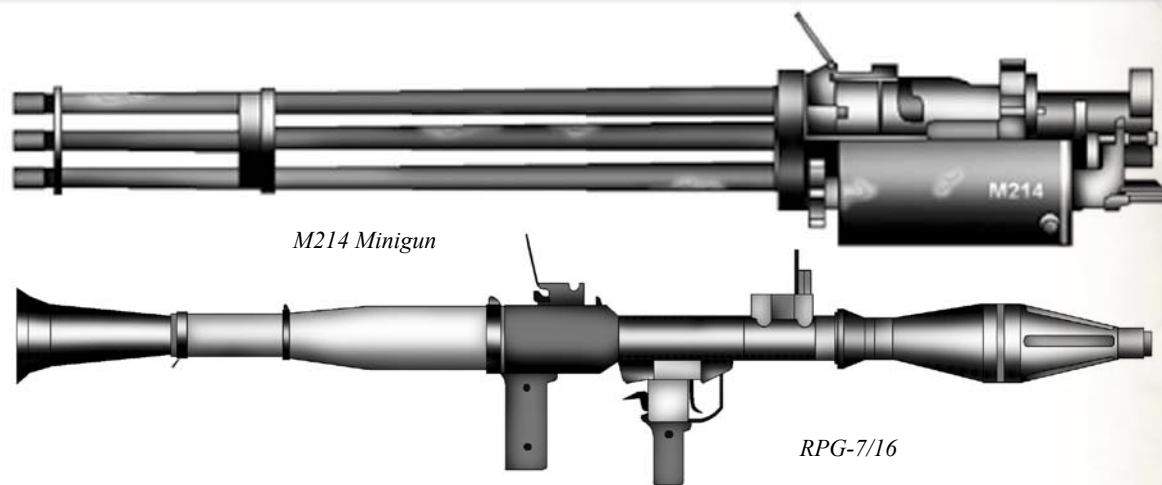
Primarily used to fire anti-tank grenades, the RPG can be reloaded, unlike disposable man-portable anti-tank weapons such as the M72A3 LAW. High explosive fragmentation rounds were also quite commonly distributed with RPGs, sometimes being fired "indirect" from the shoulder in the manner of "artillery rockets".

RPG rounds duplicate the effects of any standard grenade type (though anti-tank and fragmentation grenades are most common, it is conceivable that high technology rounds such as negation or radiation grenades could be developed for this weapon), propelled to a greater range thanks to a rocket motor.

The RPG has a minimum tabletop range of 5". If fired against a target closer than 5", it does not arm and will not explode.



Calico Two-Twenty-Two



M214 Minigun

RPG-7/16

EXPLOSIVES

After the nuclear war, the entire face of the wasteland is often littered with the remnants of the brutal conflict that ravaged the world. In addition to radiated hotspots and destroyed cities, old battlefields are often encountered where military hardware can be scavenged. Among those items prized by scavengers are military-grade explosives; this section details a broad selection of such items.

CHARGES

C4/SEMTEX

This “plastic” explosive requires a fuse to detonate. When setting demolitions, characters make demolitions rolls using the lower of their Agility or Smarts. A failure means that the explosive does not go off.

Each additional pound of C4 adds 1d6 to the explosion and increases the burst template size by one to a maximum of 6d6 and a Large Burst Template. A demolitions roll must be made to attach each additional pound. If the roll fails, the additional pound does not detonate but is still lost in the blast.

DYNAMITE

Dynamite is found in a solid stick form and requires a fuse or detonator to set it off. Multiple sticks can be set by making a demolitions roll as per C4. Each additional stick increases the damage by +1 and the blast radius by 1”.

SATCHEL CHARGE A

The smallest type of “damage pack”, this weapon is roughly the size of a remote control. They were used primarily for covert detonation, but are still highly useful. The A charge deals half fire damage, half piercing damage.

SATCHEL CHARGE B

The standard demolition charge, still easily transportable by the foot soldier, the B charge is

roughly the size of a small portable radio. The B charge deals half fire damage, half piercing damage.

SATCHEL CHARGE C

This type of detonation device is the largest of the satchel charges, being roughly the size of an attaché case. The C charge deals half fire damage, half piercing damage.

GRENADES

ANTI-TANK GRENADE

This type of grenade appears to be a heavy black metal canister with a dial or two on top, allowing it to be set for a certain designated time (up to 60 seconds after being armed). The grenade uses highly explosive and violent chemicals to blast straight through armor plate.

Because its explosive features a shaped charged designed to penetrate the armor of military vehicles, the anti-tank grenade has an armor piercing of 10, if it strikes a vehicle, building, or object. However, this only applies to the target struck, not to other objects within the burst radius.

BLOOD AGENT GRENADE

This type of grenade jellifies the lungs of those who breathe it (chemicals used include mustard gas and chlorine gas).

On the round that it is thrown, the chemicals cover an area the size of a Small Burst Template. It disperses after 10 rounds, though a moderate wind disperses the glitter in 4 rounds and a strong wind disperses it in 1 round.

Each round a target remains in the gas, he must make a Vigor roll at -2, or suffer 2d6 acid damage.

CONCUSSION GRENADE

This type of grenade appears to be a cardboard cylinder with a metal end; when detonated, it explodes in a deafening and concussive blast. This type of grenade deals nonlethal damage

TABLE 6-10: EXPLOSIVES

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Notes
Charges								
C4/Semtex (1 lb)	2	-	3d6	-	900 cp	1	-	SBT, See notes
Dynamite	2	4/8/16*	2d6/ Stick	-	100 cp	1	-	MBT, +1" diameter and +1 damage per additional stick
Satchel charge A	2	4/8/16*	4d6	1	500 cp	2	-	SBT
Satchel charge B	2	3/6/12*	4d6	1	1,000 cp	4	-	MBT
Satchel charge C	2	2/4/8*	4d8	1	3,000 cp	8	-	LBT
Grenades								
Anti-tank grenade	2	5/10/20*	4d6	1	2,000 cp	2	-	SBT, AP 10, HW
Blood agent grenade	2	5/10/20*	See text	1	900 cp	2	-	See text
Concussion Grenade	2	5/10/20*	3d6	1	250cp	1	-	MBT, Nonlethal damage
Energy Grenade	3	5/10/20*	4d4	1	1,200 cp	2	-	MBT, Energy
Fragmentation Grenade	2	5/10/20*	3d6	1	250 cp	1	-	MBT
Glitter Grenade	3	5/10/20*	-	1	200 cp	1	-	MBT
Negation grenade	3	5/10/20*	See text	1	1,200 cp	2	-	MBT
Nerve gas grenade	2	5/10/20*	See text	1	1,500 cp	2	-	LBT
Photon grenade	3	5/10/20*	See text	1	1,500 cp	1	-	LBT
Plasma grenade	3	5/10/20*	4d10	1	2,000 cp	2	-	LBT, AP 10
Radiation grenade	3	5/10/20*	See text	1	2,000 cp	2	-	MBT
Shock grenade	2	5/10/20*	3d6	1	900 cp	2	-	MBT, see description
Smoke grenade	2	5/10/20*	See text	1	100 cp	2	-	LBT
Stun grenade	2	5/10/20*	2d8	1	800 cp	1	-	SBT, Vigor -2 or paralyzed 1d6 rounds
Grenade Launchers								
M79 (grenade launcher)	2	24/48/96	-	1	1,500 cp	7	1	Snapfire
M203 40mm (grenade launcher)	2	24/48/96	-	1	2,000 cp	3	1	Snapfire
40mm fragmentation grenade	2	-	4d8	-	2,000 cp	1	-	MBT
Mines								
Mine, Anti-Personnel	2	-	2d6+2	1	900 cp	5	-	Small Burst Template
Mine, Anti-Tank	2	-	4d6	1	900 cp	5	-	Medium Burst Template. AP 5 against half weakest Armor value, round up.), HW
Mine, Bouncing Betty	2	-	3d6	1	900 cp	6	-	SBT, See notes

* Thrown

ENERGY GRENADE

This type of grenade generally utilizes plutonium or uranium in a solid and stable "chip" form; when the central detonator core explodes (usually with only enough force to crack the grenade casing), the fracturing of the chip expels intense ions, in the form of a powerful energy burst.

FRAGMENTATION GRENADE

A common explosive device that sprays shrapnel to cause damage.

GLITTER GRENADE

This type of grenade utilizes a sheath of finite chromium crystals around a central detonator core of explosives. When detonated, the grenade explodes into

a cloud of glittery reflective particles, which reflect and diffuse laser light shot at or through the cloud. The grenade is used as a deterrent/screen, preventing lasers from being fired in its area of effect.

The Glitter covers an area the size of a Medium Burst Template. It disperses after 10 rounds, though a moderate wind disperses the glitter in 4 rounds and a strong wind disperses it in 1 round.

Lasers will not affect targets in or fire through the glitter cloud. Targets within the cloud also have an effective 1/4 cover.

NEGATION GRENADE

This type of grenade comes in a variety of forms, from hand-held grenades to grenade launcher shells, to rockets, missiles, and even artillery shells. The bomb, when it explodes, creates an incredible dampening field that confuses, jams, and creates a general “haywire” effect on electrical equipment in the area of effect. This temporarily shorts-out all forms of electronic equipment (including powered weapons and armor) within the burst radius for 2d4 rounds.

Robots and androids caught within the blast radius of a negation grenade must make a Vigor roll at -6 or suffer the same effects.

NERVE GAS GRENADE

This type of grenade creates a cloud of nerve gas, which works to destroy the central nervous system of living beings. Colorless and odorless, it kills. The gas covers a medium burst template. It disperses after 10 rounds, though a moderate wind disperses the gas in 4 rounds and a strong wind disperses it in 1 round.

A gas mask will not protect against such gas (it is transferred through skin contact as easily as through breathing), though a complete protective suit will. Each round a target remains in the gas he must make a Vigor roll at -4 or his Vigor will drop by one die type. If this would cause his Vigor to fall below d4, he may make one more Vigor roll. If this roll fails the target dies. If it succeeds, the target is unconscious.

PHOTON GRENADE

This type of grenade lets off a powerful burst of photons (in effect, charged light beams), which damage or destroy optical nerve endings. Those within the Large Burst Template when it detonates must make an Agility roll at -2 to avoid its effects. If affected, the victim must make Vigor roll at -2 or be blinded permanently. A successful Vigor roll still incurs blindness, but only for 1d4 hours.

PLASMA GRENADE

The super-advanced plasma grenade is the ultimate in anti-personnel grenades. The compact device contains an internal cylinder kept under constant magnetic

pressure, inside of which is sustained a super-heated gas (i.e. “plasma”). When detonated, the plasma grenade explodes with a flash of pure energy, tearing through flesh and metal plate with equal ease.

These grenades are exceptionally powerful, but are hard to maintain; they must be kept in a powered crate when not in use to maintain the plasma field (otherwise, the grenades become unstable and detonate after 1-4 days once their power holding is gone).

RADIATION GRENADE

This type of insidious grenade, when detonated, emits a cloud of quickly expanding uranium hexafluoride - creating a radioactive cloud of acid gas in the area of effect

The radiation cloud covers a Medium Burst Template. It disperses after 10 rounds, though a moderate wind disperses the glitter in 4 rounds and a strong wind disperses it in 1 round.

Each round a target remains in the gas cloud, it suffers 1d6 acid damage as well as exposure to radiation (see Radiation). If the target remains in the cloud for a single round, they must resist Moderate radiation sickness. Targets spending more than 1 round must resist severe radiation sickness. *Table 1-2: Gamma Radiation Sickness.*

SHOCK GRENADE

This type of grenade lets off a blast of electricity in its area of effect. This causes regular damage but yet metal obstacles do not afford one protection or cover (the charge passes right through, so the area of effect stays the same even in close quarters). The shock grenade ignores Armor if it strikes a vehicle, building, or object. However, this only applies to the object struck, not other objects in the burst radius.

SMOKE GRENADE

The smoke grenade covers a Large Burst Template. It disperses after 10 rounds, though a moderate wind disperses the glitter in 4 rounds and a strong wind disperses it in 1 round.

Targets within or behind the cloud have an effective 1/2 cover.

STUN GRENADE

This type of grenade emits a powerful stunning electric field when the internal power generator (a one-shot power magnifier that burns itself out reaching the detonation energy level) detonates, affecting not only living things, but electronics as well. In addition to inflicting electricity damage, any target caught in the blast radius must make Vigor roll at -2 or be paralyzed for 1d6 rounds.

GRENADE LAUNCHERS

M79

The M79 resembles a large sawed off shotgun. It is a single shot grenade launcher that fires 40mm Grenades.

M203 40MM

The M203 is a single shot grenade launcher that attaches under the barrel of rifles such as the M16 and M4. The trigger for the grenade launcher is positioned in front of the rifle magazine. Reloading the grenade is a separate action from reloading the rifle.

40MM FRAGMENTATION GRENADE

This small explosive device must be fired from a 40mm grenade launcher, such as the M79 or M203. It sprays shrapnel in all directions when it explodes.

MINES

These types of explosives were incredibly common throughout the world prior to the Fall, and remain as a deadly threat to survivors in the aftermath of the nuclear holocaust. Capable of being hidden for decades and still working (plastic parts not only make them impossible to detect, but also ensure their long life), mines are among mankind's most tragic testament to strife.

MINE, ANTI-PERSONNEL

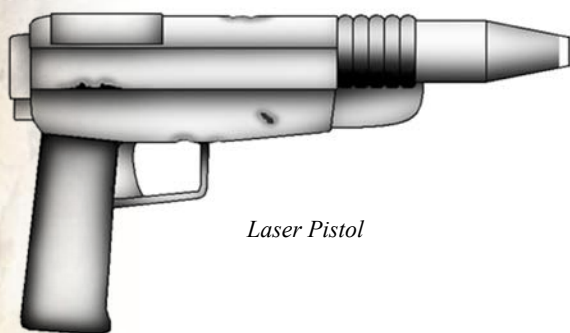
Anti-personal mines are triggered when stepped on. They can be detected on a Notice roll at -4.

MINE, ANTI-TANK

Anti-tank mines are designed attack tanks where the armor is weakest; on the bottom. They detonate when rolled over by anything larger than a bicycle.

BOUNCING BETTIES

These deadly mines are designed to pop up into the air and rain shrapnel down from about head-height. Only full overhead cover offers an Armor bonus against such devices. Simply being prone offers no protection from these deadly explosives.



Laser Pistol

LASERS

Well known in science fiction long before they actually became viable weapons, lasers were a natural evolution of the advanced military science of the "Ancients".

Lasers weapons work by colliding lasing atoms with electrically accelerated electrons within some form of active medium (usually a gas, crystal, or liquid high in chromium). The earliest versions use a synthetic ruby "rod" with a mirrored surface on one end and a partially silvered tip on the other, surrounded by a coil of high-durability glass (a xenon flash tube). The light produced by the xenon flash tube excites the chromium atoms in the medium (in this case the crystal rod); as the electrons begin to get excited, variations in the energy levels of these electrons cause an emission of photons, or light particles. These photons bounce back and forth down the rod off of each of the mirrored ends, creating more energy as they strikes each other, in effect amplifying the laser's power exponentially. This process occurs in a mere fraction of a second, and when the beam reaches an intensity sufficient to burn tissue it is emitted through one end, refined through a refining crystal, and discharged towards the target.

Lasers may be set to fire in "continuous wavelength" mode, which means the weapon continues to fire a single beam as long as the trigger is depressed. This is especially useful against non-mobile targets (such as obstacles), allowing the weapon to literally "drill" through them. Once a laser firing on this mode hits, it does not need to roll to hit again each round, inflicting regular damage automatically until the firer decides to end the beam (or the weapon's power source runs out of charges). This mode can only be used on non-mobile targets.

Unless specified, lasers cannot fire through smoke or glitter clouds.

HANDGUNS

LASER PISTOL

The laser pistol was designed for military service, and is a rugged, reliable weapon. To make it more durable in combat conditions, the crystal rod used in earlier lasers was replaced by a more flexible and reliable medium, a neodymium gas tube (a gas which has much the same effect as chromium-rich crystal, but which cannot "shatter" with impact or stress).

Laser pistols were extremely common as sidearms for military personnel, especially officers, in the United States military in the years preceding the collapse of human civilization.

TABLE 6-11: ENERGY WEAPONS

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min Str	Notes
Lasers									
Laser pistol	3	30/60/90	2d6	1	12,000 cp	2	Clip, belt, or back	-	HW
Dazzle rifle	3	20/40/80	Special	1	10,000 cp	7	Clip, belt, or back	-	Agility roll or blinded
Infra-red rifle	3	75/150/300	2d6	1	20,000 cp	7	Clip, belt, or back	-	
Laser rifle	3	75/150/300	3d6	1	30,000 cp	7	Clip, belt, or back	-	HW
Pulse laser rifle	3	30/60/90	3d6	3	35,000 cp	5	Clip, belt, or back	-	Auto, HW
X-Laser	3	30/60/90	2d6	1	30,000 cp	10	Minifusion cell	d6	Ignores Armor
Laser anti-tank rifle	3	30/60/120	3d6	1	60,000 cp	65	Minifusion cell	d8	AP 10, HW
Laser cannon	3	100/200/400	3d8	1	200,000 cp	1,000	Minifusion cell	-	Can not be moved, AP 30, HW
Masers									
Maser pistol	3	30/60/90	2d6	1	12,000 cp	1	Clip, belt, or back	-	
Maser rifle	3	75/150/300	3d6	1	30,000 cp	5	Clip, belt, or back	-	
Energy Field Generators									
Blaster	3	10/20/40	4d6	1	100,000 cp	2	Minifusion cell	-	Vigor -2 or disintegrated
Plasma pistol	3	30/60/90	3d8	1	40,000 cp	5	Minifusion cell	-	HW
EMP rifle (NLW)	3	10/20/40	4d6	1	50,000 cp	15	Minifusion cell	d8	1d6 vs. living creatures at short range.
HPM rifle	3	10/20/40	4d6	1	60,000 cp	15	Minifusion cell	d8	Affects living creatures at short range.
Plasma rifle	3	75/150/300	4d8		70,000 cp	15	Minifusion cell	d8	AP 20, HW
Particle Beams									
Atom gun	3	5/10/20	See text	1	70,000 cp	10	Plutonium clip	d6	Snapfire Penalty
Ion ray	3	30/60/90	3d6	1	45,000 cp	8	Minifusion cell	-	SBT
Meson cannon	3	75/150/300	4d6	1	55,000 cp	10	Minifusion cell	d6	Semi-auto, Snapfire Penalty

LONGARMS

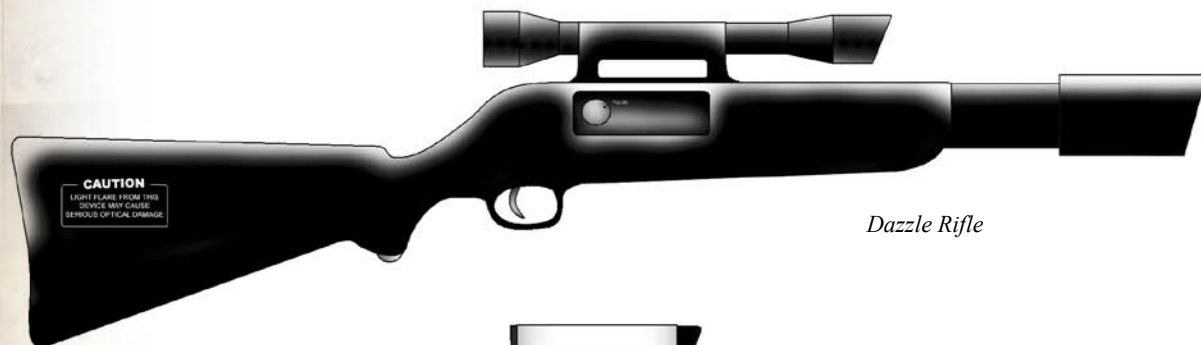
DAZZLE RIFLE

The “dazzle rifle” resembles any ordinary rifle, but it is in fact a non-lethal weapon designed for subduing and disabling targets in high-risk areas (such as within nuclear power plants and missile silos, biological

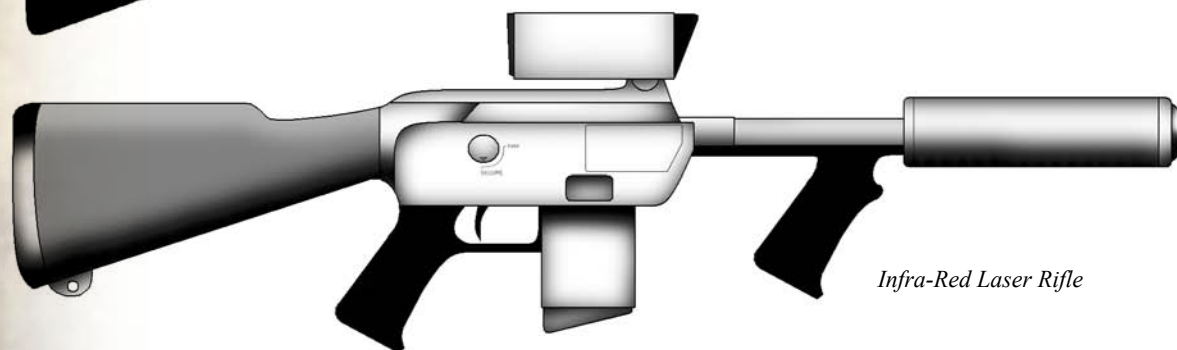
containment areas, etc.). The dazzle rifle operates by emitting a brilliant beam of photons in a wide “pulse”, affecting unshielded eyes with immediate flash burns and blindness.

A target hit by a Dazzle rifle must make an Agility roll or be blinded for 1d6 minutes.

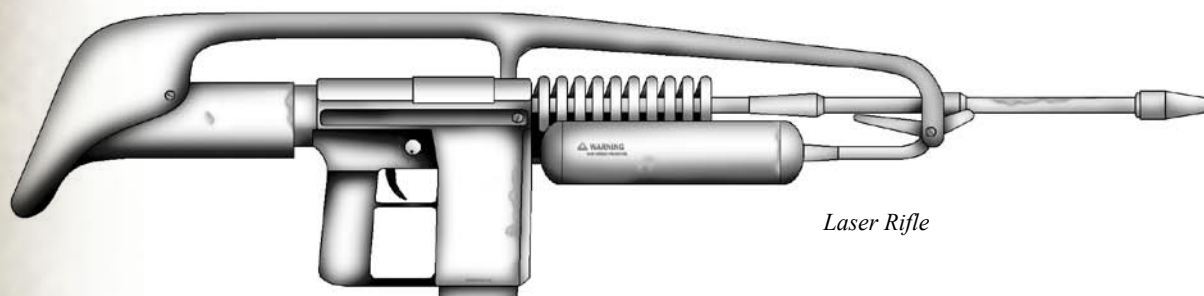
Dazzle rifles do not have a continuous wavelength mode.



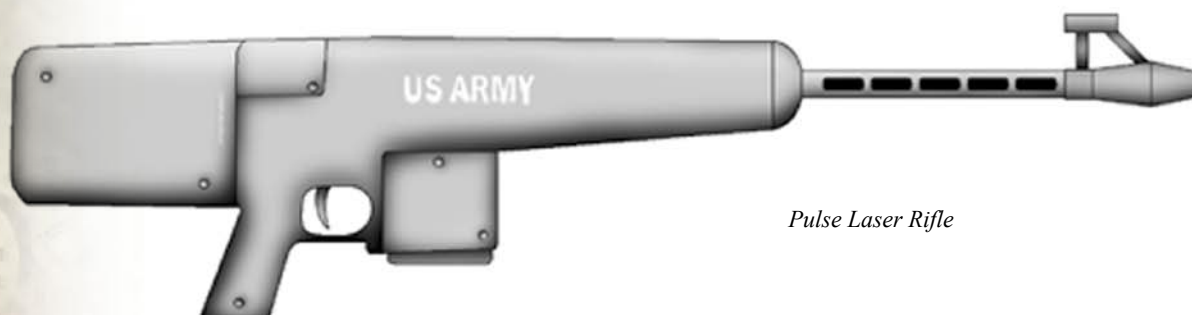
Dazzle Rifle



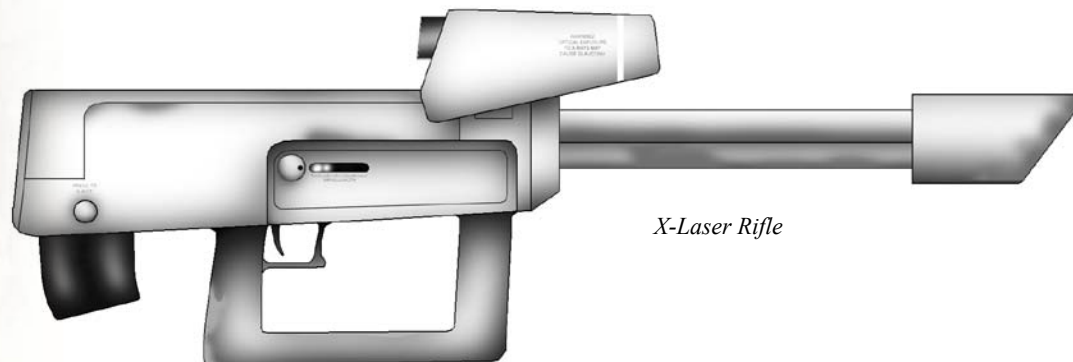
Infra-Red Laser Rifle



Laser Rifle



Pulse Laser Rifle



X-Laser Rifle

INFRA-RED RIFLE

The infra-red laser is a special laser with a coated discharge lens that filters out all light except for that emitted at .01 cm wavelength or greater – in effect, generating a beam exclusively in the infra-red spectrum. Though the IR laser is substantially low-powered when compared with other laser weapons (it produces far less energy with each discharge), the IR laser is totally invisible except when viewed with IR goggles (which show the beam solidly).

IR lasers are unaffected by smoke, but are impeded by glitter as normal lasers.

LASER RIFLE

The laser rifle was the standard weapon of the American armed forces before the fall of human civilization. Compared to the military laser pistol (the standard sidearm), the laser rifle is a much more effective battlefield weapon. Incorporating a longer barrel and balanced shape, with superior artificial refining crystals and focus mirrors that allow it to retain tighter photon-beam cohesion at greater distances; the laser rifle's range is well above that of a conventional chemical-propellant rifle.

PULSE LASER RIFLE

The pulse laser rifle is an advanced development of the standard laser rifle, modified to fire pulses of laser light in the manner of a fully automatic weapon. This ability is provided by a high capacity xenon flash tube (which provides a stream of steady flash pulses) instead of the normal single-pulse flash lamp

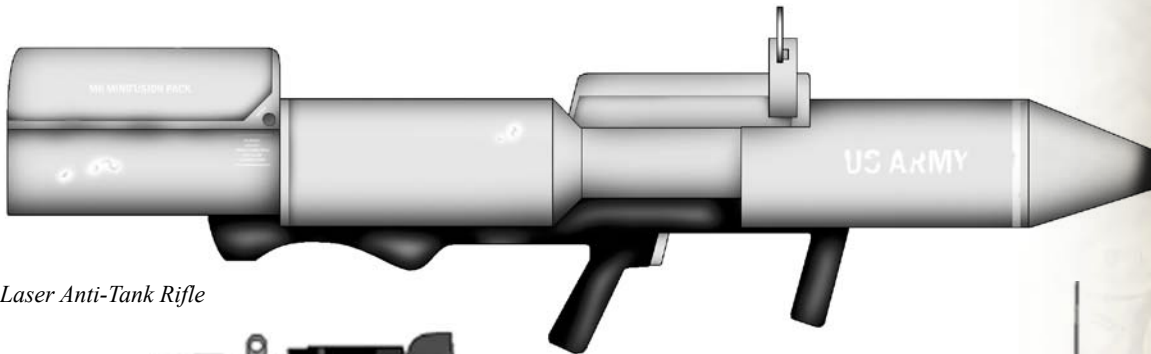
of most traditional laser weapons. In addition, argon is typically used instead of the standard neodymium, as argon requires less energy to create a laser pulse (a more powerful series of pulses creates far more strain on the xenon flash tube, and thus risks breakage).

Pulse laser rifles do not have a continuous wavelength mode.

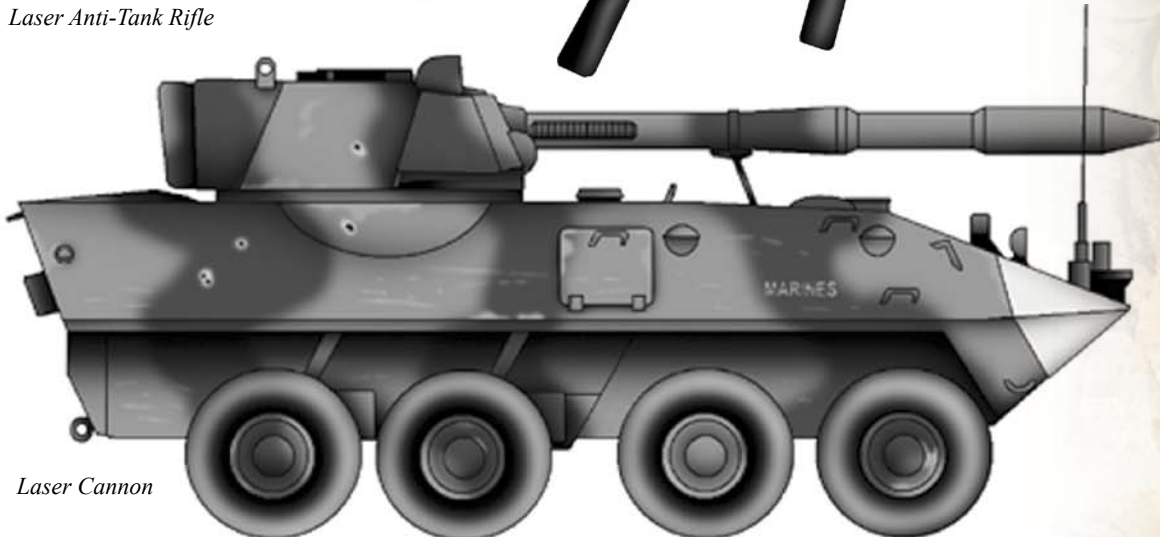
X-LASER

The so-called "x-laser" is a bulky and difficult energy weapon to employ. The common x-ray device used in all Ancient-era medical facilities shares the principle behind the x-laser; high-speed electrons, creating an emission of "x-rays", bombard a tungsten or yttrium "target" inside the weapon. These rays are quite potent, able to penetrate a far greater amount of tissue and materials than most forms of radiation. Unlike the relatively harmless x-ray machine, however, the weapon version of this technology emits rays at a shorter wavelength, causing a more violent "disruption" effect.

The x-laser causes damage mainly by breaking down and disintegrating the tissues its beam comes in contact with. In addition, an x-laser can fire straight through walls and other obstructions without reduced effect against targets concealed behind them. The x-laser can penetrate 20 feet of cloth, wood, or similar animal or vegetable matter. It can penetrate up to 10 feet of stone, 10 inches of iron, steel, copper, and brass, but it cannot penetrate lead, gold, or platinum. As a result, the x-laser ignores Armor (including vehicles and powered armor). Often an x-laser will



Laser Anti-Tank Rifle



Laser Cannon

be mated with X-ray goggles to allow the firer to see through walls and identify targets behind them at which to fire.

X-lasers do not have a continuous wavelength mode.

HEAVY WEAPONS

LASER ANTI-TANK RIFLE

A heavy laser, this man-portable laser anti-tank rifle is a shoulder-mounted weapon (so-made because the internal photon generator coils are rather heavy, since they generate a far more powerful pulse than the typical laser). The laser anti-tank rifle was primarily used to destroy light to medium armored threats: armored vehicles, attack skimmers, and light fortifications such as bunkers and pillboxes.

Laser anti-tank rifles do not have a continuous wavelength mode. Though it requires a fully charged minifusion cell to operate, one shot from this weapon drains the entire cell.

LASER CANNON

The laser cannon is simply a gigantic laser weapon with extra-heavy photon generators, allowing it to produce a significantly more destructive burst of lasing energy with each buildup of power. These weapons are extraordinarily large (generally only mounted on special laser tanks or in ground-based AAA batteries, for instance), but are effective against almost all forms of heavy vehicles and fortifications.

Laser cannons do not have a continuous wavelength mode. Though it requires a fully charged minifusion cell to operate, one shot from this weapon drains the entire cell.



Maser Pistol

MASERS

The maser (or “thermal gun” as it is sometimes known) is basically a “microwave laser”. Originally designed to make the use of smoke and glitter as a countermeasure ineffective, the maser operates using light outside the visible spectrum (unlike the traditional laser), and thus is not affected by such obstacles.

Maser weapons are built around a central high-capacity magnetron tube (similar to the kind found in a microwave oven), which emits a narrow stream of microwaves at the target, causing extreme vibration and energization of water molecules – in effect, boiling the target area in a flash of intense, highly-focused heat.

Maser weapons receive a +1 attack bonus against opponents wearing metal armor.

HANDGUNS

MASER PISTOL

Simply a scaled-down version of the maser rifle, the maser pistol has a smaller energy capacitor, a reduced magnetron tube, and only a “flash” shot capability. Although it does less damage, its small size permits the microwave pistol to be more easily carried as a sidearm. Such weapons were actually quite widespread as a civilian and police sidearm during the final years of the Fall, when cities were shrouded in thick smog from over polluting industry, and came in a number of models with varying appearances (from simply advanced pistols to hand-held “microwave lamps”).

LONGARMS

MASER RIFLE

The maser rifle, though designed to replace the laser rifle as the standard weapon of the American armed forces, was never officially adopted. Despite this fact, many found their way into front-line units, and became especially desirable in long-term battles when smoke from ruined vehicles and bombarded cityscapes made traditional lasers less effective.

A relatively light weapon, the maser rifle has a folding stock (usually made of aluminum).



Maser Rifle

ENERGY FIELD GENERATORS

The weapons that comprise this special category are varied in design and function. In essence, however, all of these weapons operate by generating an “energy field” of some sort.

HANDGUNS

BLASTER

The “blaster” was the most advanced kind of personal weapon in military service before the fall of civilization, developed especially to complement suits of advanced powered armor. Made of connecting metal rods, the blaster is most often shoulder-mounted on such suits, or installed in the wrist; with a touch of a button, the device folds itself up and out of the way (and can be just as easily deployed).

The blaster, when fired, shoots a narrow energy beam disrupts organic tissue and even inorganic substances – in effect, the blaster disintegrates its target.

A target hit by a blaster must make a Vigor roll at -2 to avoid being immediately disintegrated; even if she saves, she still suffers 4d6 points of damage from the physical disruption of her body.

PLASMA PISTOL

The plasma pistol was an experimental attempt at compacting the power and damage of the plasma rifle in a pistol-sized weapon. The required magnetic generators made the weapon ungainly and large, and the plasma generated was comparatively low-powered and short lived. Despite this, these weapons were showing promise before the Fall, and may have come to replace lasers altogether had time permitted.

LONGARMS

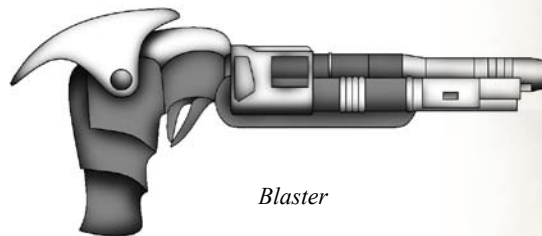
EMP RIFLE (NLW)

The electromagnetic pulse rifle was an advanced weapon developed during the Final War. Weapons of this type were being rush-developed, due to the increasing numbers of robots and androids fighting in the world's armies.

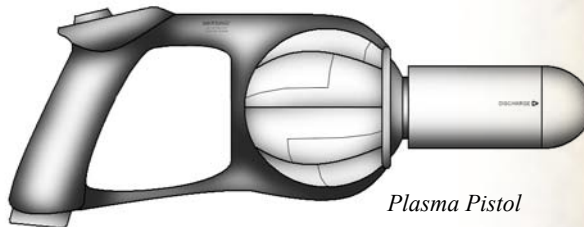
The EMP rifle generates a powerful electromagnetic pulse that is strong enough to cause damage to electronic, cybernetic, and robotic components.

The weapon causes only minor burns and disorientation to living creatures. It does 1d6 damage to living creatures at short range only. Living targets at medium or long range are unaffected.

The EMP rifle deals normal damage against robots, cyborgs, and androids. If the robot takes at least one wound, it must make a Vigor roll. If the roll fails, it shuts down until repaired.



Blaster



Plasma Pistol

HPM RIFLE

An advanced form of anti-material weapon, the HPM (high power microwave) rifle is, in essence, a powerful hand-held radar emitter. The HPM operates by emitting a disruptive microwave radio-frequency beam at the target, designed to scramble electronic systems.

Though it operates much like an EMP rifle, at close ranges the HPM can cause unconsciousness and even death in humans by upsetting the neural pathways with the beam's unpredictable electronic activity. It does normal damage against living creatures at short range. Living targets at medium or long range are unaffected.

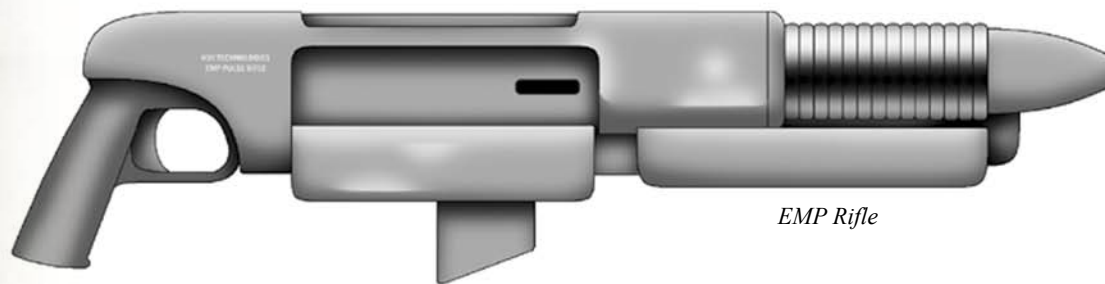
The HPM rifle deals normal damage against robots, cyborgs, and androids. If the robot takes at least one wound, it must make a Vigor roll. If the roll fails, it shuts down until repaired.

HEAVY WEAPONS

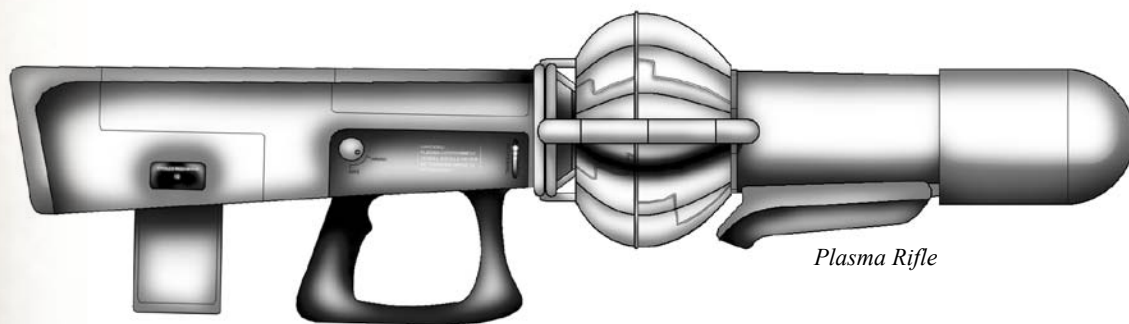
PLASMA RIFLE

The plasma “rifle” (really a man-portable cannon) is a very advanced form of weaponry. The weapon generates a strong electric field, applying it to a low-pressure gas; this gas is heated to nearly 180,000 degrees F by injecting it with high-speed ions (typically from a compact synchrotron or betatron in the weapon) that collide with the gas particles, increasing their thermal energy to super-heated levels. To prevent the entire weapon from melting, the plasma chamber is contained within a magnetic field - of 50,000 gauss or more - generated by the weapon itself. This super-heated plasma spontaneously begins to vibrate and react as it excites, the atoms of which begin to create nuclear reactions as they collide. In effect, the ionization of the gas medium causes a controlled and directed series of nuclear reactions in a concentrated bolt of energy.

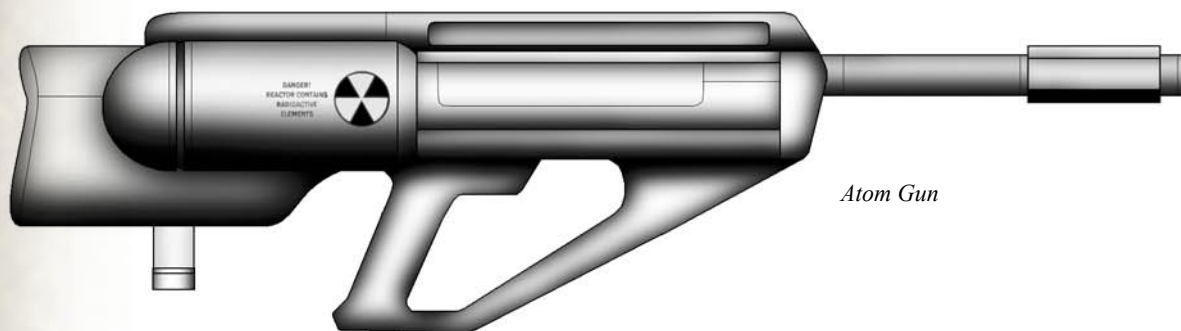
Though complex, miniaturized plasma technology was well within the grasp of the Ancients prior to



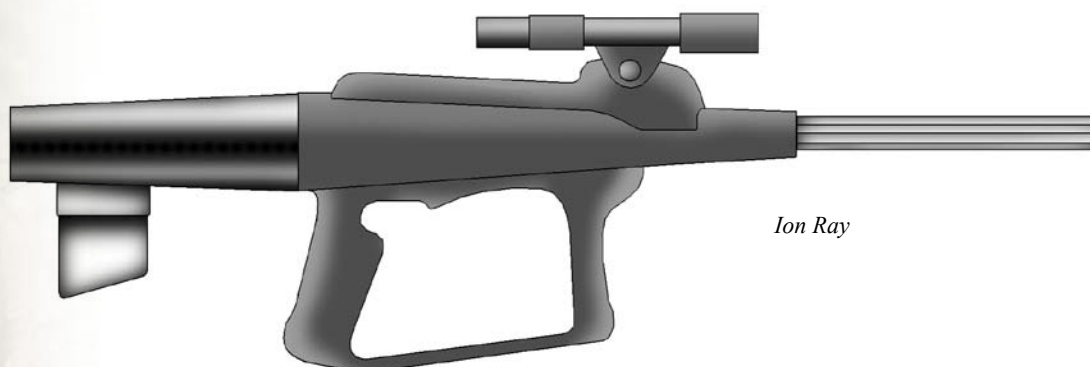
EMP Rifle



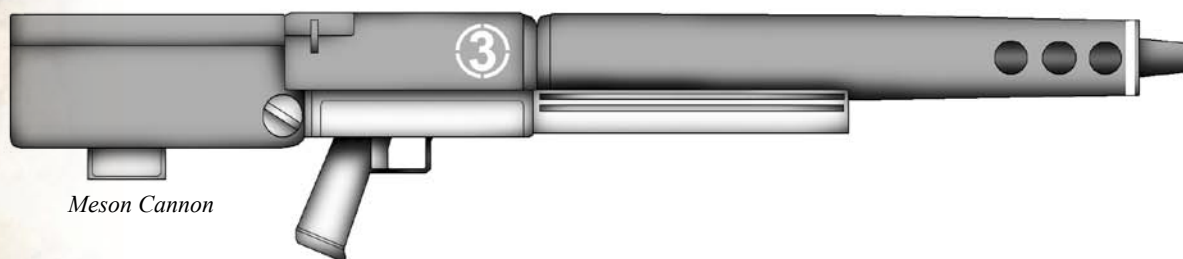
Plasma Rifle



Atom Gun



Ion Ray



Meson Cannon

the Fall. Though these enormous weapons were not prolific, given time the plasma may certainly have replaced most other forms of energy weapon in the armed services.

PARTICLE BEAM

While the United States explored the use of lasers as a means to counter the ballistic missile threat, its enemies explored particle beam technology during the 1960s for the same purpose. Though their designs (like early lasers) were projected to require a truly massive apparatus to be effective, the miniaturization of this technology would come about – on both sides – nearly 40 years later.

Particle-beam weapons are advanced energy weapons that emit a single charged particle or stream of particles to inflict damage. Ions, mesons, or other subatomic particles are propelled by these complex weapon systems at colossal speeds to achieve damage against organic and inorganic substances.

LONGARMS

ATOM GUN

The so-called “atom gun” is essentially a pocket nuclear reactor around which a rather effective assault weapon was developed. In essence, atomic particles in the central reactor of the weapon collide and split, the energy of the reaction being channeled out through the barrel. The atom gun fires clusters of these atomic particles down its barrel, at colossal speeds, throwing out a spread at a high rate and over a wide area, just like a “shotgun”.

The atom gun deals 3d8 damage at short range, 2d8 at medium range, and 2d6 at long range. An atom

gun can be fired only once per round. Since this was intended as a close-range weapon, damper coils on the barrel reduce the emission of radiation from the weapon’s internal reaction to an insignificant amount.

ION RAY

The ion ray is actually a rather simple device, utilizing an advanced synchrotron (a subatomic-particle accelerator) to generate a concentrated, pencil-thin stream of ions that are directed towards the target tissue or surface. This ion burst is extremely rapid, causing intense damage to living tissue, as it literally “bombards” the target area with excited ions. Flash burns and spontaneous incineration usually result from a hit by this weapon.

MESON CANNON

The meson “cannon” is a powerful energy weapon that fires a narrow stream of positively charged mesons at its target, causing a disruptive effect on living tissue. These weapons, often referred to as “particle projectors”, are basically a miniaturized version of the anti-ballistic missile particle weapons experimented with by both the Soviets and the United States prior to the Fall.

A folding stock is often attached to the weapon, along with a standard scope.

MASS DRIVERS

While similar in some respects to the category of energy field generators, the principle behind mass drivers is the generation of a specific form of containment field – the gravity field. Mass-driving weapons (more commonly known as “mass drivers” or “gauss weapons”, after the unit

TABLE 6-12: MASS DRIVERS

Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Magazine (power)	Magazine (Ammo)	Min Str	Notes
Gauss pistol	3	30/60/90	2d8	1	20,000 cp	4	Clip, belt, or back	30 box	-	AP 5
Gauss submachine gun	3	30/60/90	2d6	3	25,000 cp	4	Clip, belt, or back	50 box	-	AP 3, Auto, 3RB
Electro-saw thrower	3	24/48/96	3d6	1	15,000 cp	7	Belt or back	10 box	-	AP2
Gauss automatic rifle	3	30/60/90	2d6	3	50,000 cp	12	Clip, belt, or back	50 box	d6	AP 3, Auto, 3RB, Snapfire Penalty
Gauss rifle	3	75/150/300	3d6	1	50,000 cp	14	Clip, belt, or back	30 box	d8	AP 10, Snapfire Penalty
Gauss anti-tank rifle	3	30/60/120	4d8	1	100,000 cp	50	Minifusion cell	10 box		AP 30, HW
Gauss cannon	3	100/200/400	4d10	1	200,000 cp	1,500	Minifusion cell	1 in		AP 40, HW

of gravity measurement, the gauss) use artificially generated gravity to propel a mass to dangerously high velocities to punch through armor, metal, tissue, etc.. Though they fire ballistic projectiles (usually a high density “needle” or bullet made from uranium that has expended most of it’s radioactive properties, collapsing in on itself becoming highly-dense and solid; this is known as “depleted uranium”), mass drivers also require a great deal of energy to produce the gravity field necessary to reach these high velocities.

In operation mass drivers are relatively simple. Coils along the length of the weapon produce opposing fields of gravity that keep the projectile under enormous strain. When the weapon is fired one of these fields is dropped, propelling the projectile down the barrel. The gravity of each coil along the barrel increases as it goes, so that when it finally exits the barrel the needle is moving with colossal velocity.

Gauss weapons use special projectiles as well as power discharges from a regular power source when fired. Propelled at high velocity, gauss needles pierce armor extraordinarily well.

Gauss weapons cannot benefit from advanced ammunition types.

HANDGUNS

GAUSS PISTOL

The gauss pistol is a miniaturized version of the mass-driving rifle, utilizing compact gravitic rails to propel its DU flechettes at range. Though these flechettes are of a smaller size and lower velocity when compared to rifles, the compact nature of the pistol and its ease of use make the pistol version attractive.

GAUSS SMG

This is a compact but high rate of fire gauss weapon - literally a “gauss machine pistol”. The weapon works just like a regular gauss weapon, but with a fast auto-loading device that feeds gauss ammo into the magnetic force chamber at a lightning high rate - permitting a continuous stream of uninterrupted fire. The drawback is that this lessens the magnetic buildup of each shot, reducing the momentum and damage, but as a close-in weapon the rate of fire is still a desirable bonus.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

LONGARMS

ELECTRO-SAW THROWER

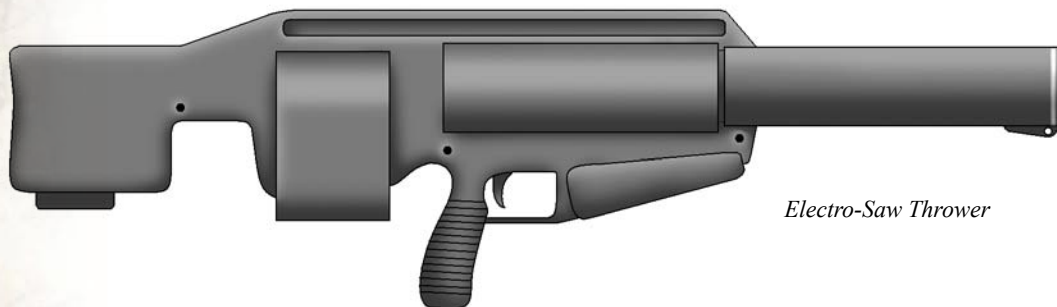
This appears to be a light rifle with a broad flat barrel, throwing forth-energized monofilament circular saws that are propelled at high speed. A drum-like clip holds the saws, feeding them into the EST, while an energizer unit charges each saw with an electric field just prior to firing.



Gauss Pistol



Gauss SMG



Electro-Saw Thrower

GAUSS AUTOMATIC RIFLE

This is a special gauss rifle that is capable of full auto fire. Like the gauss submachine gun, the cyclic rate of fire of the weapon reduces the momentum and punch of each fired round, as less time is allowed to build up the magnetic force of the shot.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

GAUSS RIFLE

Developed from generations of mass driving weapons, the “modern” gauss rifle incorporates a larger and longer barrel than earlier models (permitting more rails, and thus increased momentum for the gauss round) and more reliable magnetic generators that reduce the risk of instability and explosion to almost nothing.

HEAVY WEAPONS

GAUSS ANTI-TANK RIFLE

This weapon appears to be a huge shoulder-mounted “railgun”, like an advanced anti-tank weapon. The weapon fires a large (10mm) depleted uranium mushrooming sliver, which was primarily used to defeat armor and armored vehicles. Propelled at high velocity, gauss flechettes pierce armor extraordinarily well.

Due to its massive size, the Gauss Anti-tank rifle requires powered armor, a tripod, or a vehicle mount

GAUSS CANNON

This is a gigantic version of the basic gauss weapon, typically mounted on tanks or in heavy gun emplacements. Most of these weapons were destroyed long ago during the wars of the Ancients, but some few examples are said to still remain operational.

OTHER UNCONVENTIONAL WEAPONS

In addition to more familiar weapon types, there are a number of unconventional arms that contribute to the cocktail of deadly tools available to ruin pickers and wasteland survivors.

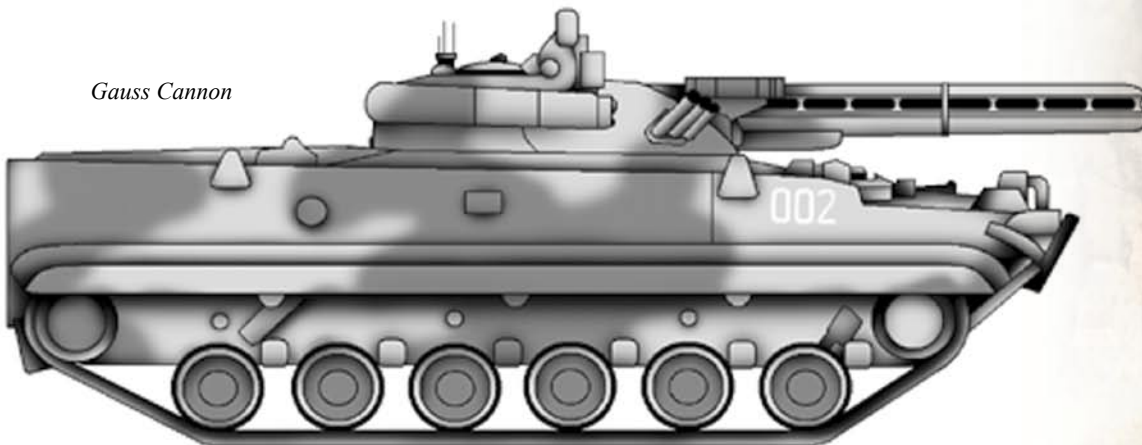
HANDGUNS

FLAME PISTOL

The flame pistol is a rather remarkable little assault weapon; it is, in essence, a compact flamethrower the size of a heavy pistol. Made of durable heat-resistant metal, the flame pistol is capable of shooting a burst of flame in the same manner as the normal flamethrower, though its compact size allows it to be held in only one hand.



Gauss Anti-Tanks Rifle



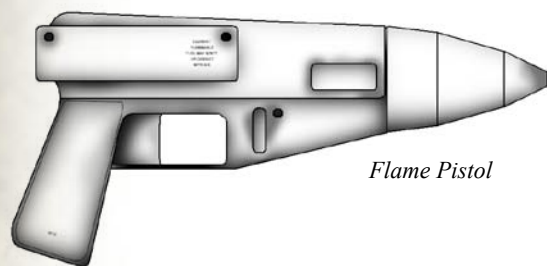
Gauss Cannon

TABLE 6-13: UNCONVENTIONAL WEAPONS

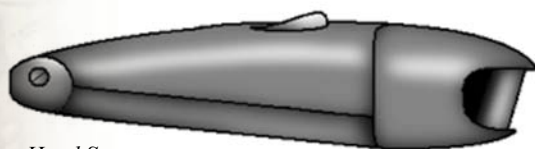
Type	Tech-Level	Range	Damage	RoF	Cost	Weight	Magazine	Min Str	Notes
Flame pistol	2	Cone Template	2d8	1	6,000 cp	4	See text	-	Fire, Ignores Armor
Hand stunner	2	10/20/40	2d4	1	2,000 cp	1	Clip	-	See Text
Stun pistol	2	15/30/90	2d6	1	3,000 cp	Small	Clip	-	See Text
Flamethrower	2	Cone Template	2d10	1	7,000 cp	6	See text	-	Fire, Ignores Armor
Ramjet rifle	3	75/150/300	3d8	3	45,000 cp	8	30 box	-	AP 5, Auto, Semi-Auto, 3RB
Sonic rifle (NLW)	3	10/20/40	2d10	1	15,000 cp	10	Clip, belt, back	d6	Snapfire Penalty
Sonic rifle B	3	10/20/40	2d10	1	20,000 cp	10	Clip, belt, back	d6	Snapfire Penalty
UH radiation rifle	3	Cone Template	See text	1	45,000 cp	15	Plutonium clip	d8	Snapfire Penalty

When fired, place the thin end of the Cone Template at the character's front. Targets within the template may make Agility rolls versus the Shooting roll of the firer to avoid the blaze. Those who fail suffer 2d8 damage. This damage ignores armor (unless the armor provides full body protection). Victims have a 1 in 6 chance of catching fire.

The pistol can fire from small canisters (attached to the weapon like a "clip"), or can be hooked up to a regular flamethrower tank to use flamethrower fuel. A typical canister holds only three shots of fuel (if a flamethrower tank is used, 10 shots).



Flame Pistol



Hand Stunner



Stun Pistol

HAND STUNNER

This type of weapon is a miniaturized stun gun, often no larger than a deck of cards (thus it can be held easily in the palm of the hand), developed primarily for civilians to defend themselves in the event of mugging, rape, or assault. The weapon generates a short-range stun field by pressing one button on its exterior casing, ejecting its power cell with another.

On a successful hit the weapon deals 2d4 points of electricity damage and the target must make a successful Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 1d3 rounds.

STUN PISTOL

These widely used weapons were one of the standard armaments of civil authorities during the decadent and chaotic final years of civilization, when forced incapacitation of criminals or drug-addicted psychotics was often called for. Stun pistols come in a wide variety of forms and shapes, but most are usually pistol-sized or smaller. In general, the principle behind the stun pistol is the transformation of power from its source (usually a clip) into a low-voltage field, ray, or emission that "stuns" the nervous system of the target into temporary paralysis, lasting just long enough for the target to be overcome and bound.

Stun pistols attack as a ranged touch. On a successful hit the weapon deals 2d6 points of electricity damage, and the target must make a Vigor roll or be paralyzed for 1d6 rounds.

LONGARMS

FLAMETHROWER

The flamethrower shoots an ignited stream of flammable liquid causing intense burning.

When fired, place the thin end of the Cone Template at the character's front. Targets within the template

may make Agility rolls versus the Shooting roll of the firer to avoid the blaze. Those who fail suffer 2d10 damage. This damage ignores armor (unless the armor provides full body protection). Victims have a 1 in 6 chance of catching fire.

A flamethrower tank 10 shots.

RAMJET RIFLE

The ramjet is a special rifle that fires a unique “gyrojet” round. This weapon, however, is far more advanced than early experimental gyrojet projectiles (experimented with in the 1950s), instead employing advanced propellant and design features that propel the miniature rocket at speeds approaching Mach 5. In addition, the tiny rocket also contains a high-grade advanced explosive compound that causes the round to explode on contact.

This weapon features a three-round burst setting.

The “ramjet” rifle was the standard advanced weapon of the German state that rose from the ashes of WWII to spearhead the invasion of the Eastern United States – a war that ended mankind’s rule of the earth. Most Mauser ramjet rifles are fine weapons, excellently balanced and designed, though some

examples have been recovered showing signs of deteriorating craftsmanship later on in the war (made of low-grade metals such as pressed aluminum, or even wood and plastic for non-essential parts). An original, early-make Mauser ramjet is a highly valued weapon indeed!

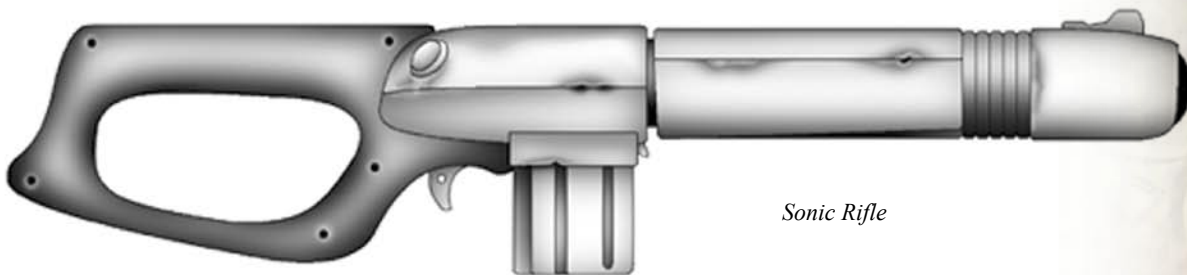
SONIC RIFLE (NLW)

Sonic weapons were originally designed as a form of non-lethal weapon for use in high-risk areas where collateral damage might prove disastrous, such as nuclear power plants, weapon and ammunition depots and armories. The sonic rifle generates concentrated sound waves to cause strong vibrations to reverberate through the target, which in turn causes disorientation and nausea. Most human targets are incapacitated with a single discharge of the weapon.

The sonic rifle inflicts special nonlethal damage. If the firer gets a raise on the damage roll, instead of being wounded, the target must make a Vigor roll. On a failed roll, the target is completely paralyzed for 4 rounds. Targets are also Shaken as per normal damage rules.



Ramjet Rifle



Sonic Rifle



UH Rifle

TABLE 6-14 ADVANCED AMMUNITION

Type	Cost
AT-5 (5)	2500 cp / 5
Gyrojet (30)	500 cp / 30
Gauss (50)	100 cp / 50
Hydra 70 M247 (5)	1000 cp / 5
Hydra 70 M255 (5)	1000 cp / 5
Hydra 70 M261 (5)	1000 cp / 5
Hydra 70 M264 (5)	200 cp / 5
Ramjet (10)	200 cp / 10
TOW II (5)	2000 cp / 5

SONIC RIFLE B

The more powerful sonic rifle B is a combat development of the original non-lethal variant, designed to improve the ability to drop the aggressor while still avoiding collateral damage. Emissions of more violent sound waves (at shorter wavelengths) cause actual tissue and arterial disruption on impact, and the potential for damage to bones and internal organs is great. The sound waves are still not strong enough to damage most non-organic substances, however, making the sonic rifle B ideal in high-risk situations.

Unlike the typical sonic rifle, the sonic rifle B inflicts lethal damage. If the firer gets a raise on the damage roll, in addition to normal damage, the target must make a Vigor roll. If successful, the target is nauseated for 1d2 rounds. On a failed roll, the target is completely paralyzed for 4 rounds. Targets are also Shaken as per normal damage rules.

UH RADIATION RIFLE

An experimental weapon even during the twilight of the Ancients, this unusually large and bulky rifle consists of numerous high-pressure gas cylinders built around a central venting barrel. The weapon operates by emitting a directed and controlled cloud of uranium hexafluoride, a corrosive and radioactive gas kept under pressure, by breaking down the radioactive elements in the weapon's plutonium-based clip.

The cloud created by a UH rifle is expelled not unlike a flamethrower jet (or an exterminator's poison gas spray). In addition to doing 2d6 acid damage, the UH radiation rifle also inflicts a severe radiation (see Radiation). See *Table 1-2: Gamma Radiation Sickness*

GENERAL EQUIPMENT

COMPUTERS AND ELECTRONICS

IDENTITY CARDS

The Ancients used a variety of identification cards for a variety of reasons; credit management, purchasing of goods, and access to certain areas. These cards come in a variety of degrees, and were only issued to those who had the right clearance - some allow passage into police armories, others into medical facilities, others into personal homes. They are typically color-coded, and allow passage into areas monitored and kept secure by robots and electronic security systems.

If a character does not have a card of the appropriate level, he may make a Repair roll to attempt to disable the card lock. Modifiers to this roll are listed on the Identity Card table to reflect the average difficulty for locks of each security stage.

TABLE 6-15: IDENTITY CARDS

Color	Rank	Notes	Access	Repair / Disable	Cost
White	Stage I-C	Typical citizen's ID card	I-C	-4	1,000 cp
Yellow	Stage II-C	Technician's access card	I-C	-6	2,000 cp
Blue	Stage III-C	Civil Authority access card	I-C, II-C, III-C	-8	7,000 cp
Purple	Stage IV-C	Federal Authority access card	I-C, II-C, III-C, IV-C	-8	10,000 cp
Red	Stage V-C	Regional Governor's access card	V-C	-12	25,000 cp
Black	Stage VI-C	Presidential access card	V-C, VI-C	-14	30,000 cp
Lead	Stage I-M	Enlisted Military ID card	I-M/C	-6	1,000 cp
Copper	Stage II-M	NCO access card	I-M/C, II-M/C	-8	6,000 cp
Bronze	Stage III-M	Officer access card	I-M/C, II-M/C, III-M	-10	10,000 cp
Silver	Stage IV-M	Base Armory access card	IV-M	-12	14,000 cp
Gold	Stage V-M	Base Commander access card	I-M/C, II-M/C, III-M, IV-M, V-M	-12	32,000 cp
Platinum	Stage VI-M	Military Research access card	VI-M	-14	42,000 cp

TABLE 6-16: GENERAL EQUIPMENT

Item	Tech- Level	Weight	Cost
Computers and Electronics			
Identity card	3	-	varies
Induction transformer	3	.5	30,000 cp
Language translator	3	1	2,600 cp
Memory chips, android	3	-	Varies
Optic scanner	3	3	1,000 cp
Advanced Power Sources			
Harmonic cell	3	1	20,000 cp
Minifusion cell	3	.5	2,000 cp
Plutonium clip	3	1	4,000 cp
Surveillance Gear			
Impulse detector	3	3	3,000 cp
Motion detector	2	4	1,000 cp
Portable detection radar	3	5	10,000 cp
X-Ray goggles	3	3	15,000 cp
Professional Equipment			
Animatron, construction	3	1000	20,000 cp
Animatron, digger	3	2000	26,000 cp
Animatron, task	3	200	9,500 cp
Boron solution spray	3	3	500 cp
Electronic skeleton key	3	2	5,000 cp
Chemical sensor	2	1	750 cp
Geiger counter	2	3	750 cp
Rad tab	3	-	75 cp
Ion bonding tape	3	12	100 cp
Survival Gear			
Advanced breathing apparatus	2	8	1,000 cp
Autograpnel	2	6	250 cp
Binoculars, Electro-optical	3	4	500 cp
Cyborg sustenance tube	3	1	50 cp
Dehydrated pills	2	-	20 cp
Emergency raft	2	2	150 cp
Gravity boots	3	2	10,000 cp
Halazone tablets	3	-	50 cp

HEVE candy	3	-	20 cp
Portable petrol power generator	2	100	2,000 cp
Potassium iodide tablets	3	-	100 cp
Survival kit	3	4	1,200 cp
Synthihol	3	.5	20 cp
Water purifier	2	2	2,000 cp
Military Hardware			
Animatron, weapon	3	300	13,000 cp
Auto-mortar platform	3	300	22,000 cp
Biomechanical Targeter	3	-	15,000 cp
Bollix pack	3	1	5,000 cp
Control rod	3	2	500 cp
Energy shield	3	.5	5,000cp - 30,000 cp
Force field belt	3	2	50,000 cp
Jetpack	3	25	2,000 cp
Magnetic shield	3	.5	5,000cp - 30,000 cp
Neural control pod	3	4	18,000 cp
Obedience collar	3	1	1,000 cp
Pain collar	3	1	1,000 cp
Power fist	3	8	5,000 cp
Stealth pack	3	3	30,000 cp

INDUCTION TRANSFORMER

The induction transformer, or “leech”, appears to be a small electronic device, no larger than a cigarette pack, with a small digital readout, numerous buttons, and ports for numerous kinds of plugs of all types. An attached cord of durable rubber, with a jack on one end, can be uncoiled from a slender compartment on one side. The induction transformer, when jacked into any form of generator or industrial-sized storage capacitor, draws off some of the machine’s power to re-charge a smaller, depleted power battery also hooked to it. Assuming the source- generator is currently in operation (or, in the case of a power storage unit, charges are still left in it), the transformer will recharge any power cell, pack, clip, beltpack, or backpack at a rate of one charge per hour. If the transformer’s hook-ups are detached at any time, the charge is lost from both source and destination. A transformer itself requires no power.

LANGUAGE TRANSLATOR

A special device, testament to the genius of the Ancients before the fall of mankind, a language translator consists merely of a small angular box, often with a leather or rubber strap allowing it to be slung over the shoulder or strapped to the arm. A translator listens to any vocal emissions in the area (i.e. talking), taking 3d10 minutes to analyze the vocal emissions fully. Once a comparison with its memory banks can be made the translator translates any spoken communication into the language in which it was programmed (for instance, an American-made translator translates anything spoken nearby into English).

The translator can either display the translation on a screen or can emit the translation through its speakers. The translator translates the closest or loudest speaker in its range of 25 ft. The translator works on all forms of verbal communication, including “alien” languages (such as post-apocalyptic languages). However, it only translates into a known language from before the Fall.

Power Source: Beltpack.

MEMORY CHIPS, ANDROID

These devices appear to be small, slender chips of delicate silicon, often color-coded (but not always so; some are coated in a protective black rubber sheath to prevent erosion over time). Memory chips store entire volumes of knowledge on a certain subject (metallurgy, robotics, etc), like an encyclopedia, which can be accessed only by robotic brains. When installed in an android, a memory chip gives the android a particular skill. The degree of the chip’s extensiveness depends on the chip’s quality rating.

Chip Rating	Skill level Given	Cost
A	d6	18,000 cp
B	d10	36,000 cp
C	d12+1	54,000 cp

If the android already has the skill at a higher level, the memory chip has no effect, but otherwise the android receives the new skill at the stated level. An android can only benefit from a number of chips equal one half of its Spirit. If removed, or in some way damaged, the skill level is lost.

OPTIC SCANNER

An alternative security lock is the “optic scanner”, which guards computer terminals, doorways, and buildings in the manner of ID cards. Mutants with aberrant eye deformities (including albinism, photosensitivity, mongoloid, bilirubin imbalance, etc.) are not recognized by such scanners and will not be granted admission by them.

Such security systems can be bypassed through normal means (by way of a Repair roll); most optic scanners are of exceptional or maximum security, -10 to -14 Repair roll modifier).

ADVANCED POWER SOURCES

MINIFUSION CELL.

This device (a small silver clip with an orange or red radiation symbol) was the ultimate in military development. The cell continuously processes internal hydrogen fuel to power its miniature fusion reactor, providing a potent output of power.

PLUTONIUM CLIP.

This military development was used to power the various advanced portable nuclear weapons (such as atom guns, fusion rifles, etc). It appears to be a thin glass cylinder (a special zirconium glass) with a glowing green core of plutonium-239. The plutonium within is drawn from the clip as the weapon fires, draining it just like “charges.”

HARMONIC CELL.

This super-advanced form of power generation relies on cultured crystal formations that reflect sound waves in a complex web-like fashion. The sound waves grow in intensity each time they reflect, causing a cascading chain of vibrations that power internal generators. Harmonic cells, roughly the size of a human hand, are VERY rare (perhaps they are remnants of a bizarre alien technology), and generate an infinite stream of strong current. Though the harmonic cell must “rest” after 20 discharges, it is recharged after 24 hours. A harmonic cell is interchangeable with any other power pack, military or civilian.

TABLE 6-17: ADVANCED POWER SOURCES

Power Source	Weight	Cost	Uses	Power
Minifusion Cell	0.5	2,000 cp	Powerful energy weapons	10 discharges*
Plutonium Clip	1	3,000 cp	Powerful energy weapons	10 discharges*
Harmonic Cell	1	20,000 cp	Unknown	Unlimited (20 per day)*

* When used to power non-discharged items, these power sources will provide indefinite use

SURVEILLANCE GEAR

IMPULSE DETECTOR

This device looks vaguely like a boxy, hand-held set of binoculars, with a digitalized display on the user's end. The impulse detector, when pointed at a subject within 5" (30 feet), uses a combination of microwave and x-ray sensors to detect unnatural electric impulses occurring within the target. In effect, the device detects whether the subject is natural and organic, or artificial and robotic.

Using an impulse detector is an action. However, if the user stands still and no other action is taken that round, the detector also reveals the presence of built-in weapons or special android features, such as infrared photoreceptors, an internal power source, etc.

Such devices were used by late-war Ancients (the few remaining left) to find human-mimicking androids within their midst. An impulse detector is 100% effective in determining whether or not a target is an android.

Power Source: Cell.

MOTION DETECTOR

This item appears to be a large metal device, with a glass T.V. tube on its upper side. The device, when activated and pointed in a certain direction, detects all motion in a cone (at 30 degrees) 10" (60 ft.) long. Things that are moving within this area appear as dots on the screen, showing their relative position in the cone and the rate of their speed.

A motion detector is unaffected by darkness, smoke or fog, or concealment

Power Source: Backpack.

PORTABLE DETECTION RADAR

This appears to be a plastic screen on a metal backing, attached to a small tripod-mounted radar dish. The radar is lightweight, can be carried easily, and can detect movement by Medium-sized or larger creatures within 3 miles. The radar detects in a 120-degree arc, and monitors general size, distance, and speed, displaying this information on its screen. A Portable Detection Radar is unaffected by darkness, smoke or fog, or concealment

Power Source: Pack.

X-RAY GOGGLES

This form of super-advanced eyewear permits the wearer to see into and through solid matter. The range is as per normal sight (not limited by darkness, however), with the viewer seeing as if he were looking at something in normal light even if there is no illumination (for example, if looking through a wall into a darkened room, he can see beyond even if it is utterly dark).

The vision provided by x-ray goggles can penetrate

20 feet of cloth, wood, or similar animal or vegetable matter. It can see through up to 10 feet of stone, 10 inches of iron, steel, copper, and brass, but cannot penetrate lead, gold, or platinum.

Power Source: Cell.

PROFESSIONAL EQUIPMENT

ANIMATRON, CONSTRUCTION

This device looks like a broad, round cylinder, with three articulate "arms" and a trio of heavy, metal legs to support its weight. The entire machine weighs roughly 1,000 lbs, and stands altogether 8 feet above the ground.

An animatron, this device is a simple type of robotic machine that follows commands to perform a simple function, and will continue to do so as long as it is left alone (or until commanded to stop). In its case, the construction animatron takes recognizable building materials, and precisely constructs anything it is programmed to build. In general this is limited to structures such as walls, arches, and stairs, but entire houses and even bridges are not outside their capabilities. The construction animatron can take the place of up to twenty men in a construction project, and never tires, so that it's non-stop work halves the time needed to complete a building. A construction animatron can also move slowly with it's broad, metal legs (at a rate of 1" per round), and can work unsupervised so long as it is programmed with a complete floor plan or blueprint diagram of the structure it is building.

Programming a construction animatron requires an operator to make a Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) roll at -1.

ANIMATRON, DIGGER

This type of animatron looks like a large metal "box" on four spider-like legs, with a large drill bit on a flexible "arm" rising from the top of it's body. The entire machine weighs roughly 2,000 lbs, and stands altogether 10 feet above the ground.

When activated, the digger will continuously dig away at any indicated rock, soil, or similar earthen structure or obstacle with it's bit, at a rate of 10 feet each hour (for normal soil or earth), or 10 feet every three hours (for hard rock). The digger can also move slowly with its legs (at a rate of 1" per round), and can be programmed through an integral keyboard station to follow a basic plan (for instance, stopping once it punches through a wall, or taking up to five separate turns along the path of it's digging).

Programming a digger animatron requires an operator to make a Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) roll at -1.

ANIMATRON, TASK

This type of animatron looks like a metal “stick-figure”, walking noisily along on thin metal legs. Two metal arms permit it to perform whatever function it is programmed with – usually these are simple tasks, such as walking a specific route, re-lighting torches or lanterns along a perimeter, flicking switches in a pre-determined order, etc. The task animatron cannot carry items, cannot detect the presence of living things (or react to them), nor can it be commanded on a whim.

A task animatron moves at a rate of 2” (12 feet) per round, and stands roughly five feet tall, though it’s arms can extend out another 10 feet if need be. A task animatron weighs no more than 200 lbs.

Programming a task animatron to perform a new task requires an operator to make a Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) roll.

BORON SOLUTION SPRAY

This advanced tool looks just like a portable fire extinguisher, except that it contains a special chemical mixture (primarily of boron powder) used to dampen and inhibit neutron activity (in other words, it reduces radioactivity). When the solution is sprayed on any radiating source (a cracked power cell, nuclear waste, anything emitting radiation), it lowers the level of Radiation by one level for each application (thus, applying two charges of spray on a severely radioactive source would bring it down to mildly radioactive).

Each boron spray container generally contains 1d10 spray charges.

ELECTRONIC SKELETON KEY

This type of device was highly illegal before the Fall, and is thus very rare. Used by safecrackers and burglars, the electronic skeleton key looks like a small metal box with a computer chip sticking out of one end. This end is inserted into keycard slots, and the device automatically attempts to duplicate the electric signal produced by the required card. Using the key, a normally invincible keycard lock can often be bypassed.

Using an electronic skeleton key provides a +6 bonus to Repair rolls to open electronic locks. Military security of stage IV and above cannot be bypassed with this device, however. An electronic skeleton key weighs 2 lbs.

Power Source: Cell.

CHEMICAL SENSOR

These devices, typically hand-held and possessing a microphone-like protrusion, detect the general presence of toxic chemical gasses in the vicinity. Such an item detects only chemical agents (not radiation), including hazardous chemicals (any form), chemical contaminants, and various nerve/irritant/blood agents.

A chemical sensor’s range is 10” (60 ft.).

Power Source: Backpack.

GEIGER COUNTER

This type of item can be hand-held, mounted on a shoulder harness, or even installed in some advanced infantry combat suits like a modified “HUD”. Such an item detects the exact Rad level in an area, displaying it on a numbered dial (sometimes digital), emitting a high-pitched whine when the user gets close to the source of radiation. A Geiger counter has a range of 15” (90 ft.) and weighs 3 lbs.

Power Source: Backpack.

RAD TAB

Such items come in all shapes and sizes, but are usually installed as a colored strip on an I.D. badge, arm band, etc. The strip changes color when the wearer comes close to dangerous radiation level areas. Such an item changes from black to yellow at mild levels, yellow to orange at Moderate levels, and orange to red at severe levels. After exposure to radiation, a Rad Tab cannot be used again. Range is immediate.

Power Source: NA.

ION BONDING TAPE

This is a super-advanced form of binding material that bonds easily to most surfaces, even slippery metal. A typical roll has about 2,000 feet of tape. Ion tape requires a Strength roll at -4 to tear or detach

SURVIVAL GEAR**ADVANCED BREATHING APPARATUS**

This is a generic term used to describe a variety of breathing-assistance devices, such as diver air tanks, firefighter oxygen masks, or internal air supply systems for spacesuits, radiation suits, etc. Most apparatus include a backpack-mounted air tank (not always the case, as in the case of the most advanced - which employ oxygen recycling systems, negating the need for tanks), good for 1 hour of use (some are even good for up to 10 hours of use). Unlike a gas mask, which only filters air, the apparatus generates or carries its own supply. The apparatus renders the wearer immune to inhaled toxins, including poisonous gas, inhaled radiated dust, and airborne diseases.

AUTOGRAPNEL

This piece of equipment appears to be a plastic rectangular device with a hard steel grapnel on one end, and an internal coil of tensile plastic rope. The autograpnel may be used to fire the grapnel (which draws the rope with it) up to 75 ft. straight into the air; the device may be used to retract from 5 ft. to 60

ft. per round (it can, for example, be used to draw a person up into the air after the grapnel; the rope is strong enough to support the weight of roughly two Medium-sized beings). An autograpnel weighs 6 lbs.

Power Source: Cell.

BINOCULARS, ELECTRO-OPTICAL

Electro-optical binoculars operate like standard binoculars but allow the user to ignore darkness penalties.

CYBORG SUSTENANCE TUBE

This foodstuff item resembles a normal goo tube, but the contents are even worse – a greenish-gray, vomit-like “soup” edible only by cyborgs. The soup is composed almost entirely of purely nutritional proteins, but its look, taste, and smell would make any organic creature sick. Since cyborgs still need sustenance to feed their organic tissue, these are the most efficient form of food – and are produced en masse to feed them in robotic armies. A single sustenance tube will feed a cyborg for 2 weeks.

DEHYDRATED PILLS

Developed for use in long-range space missions, these food items are small colored pills that are simply “meals” reduced in size due to the extraction of all moisture. Quite tasty (they come in various flavors, such as French fries, hamburger, etc.), they also manage to meet the nutritional requirements of a full meal.

EMERGENCY RAFT

This is essentially a bright orange plastic container (cylindrical or box-shaped) with a thick rubbery shoulder strap for easy carrying. When opened and a tab pulled, an auto-inflating raft literally “pops” out. The raft is generally large enough to support eight Medium-sized people steadily on all but the roughest seas, remaining buoyant for about 1-2 weeks. A fold out tent top can be deployed to protect against cold and high winds. It can be used only once, however, and cannot be re-packaged.

FIRESTARTER CUBE

A clear plastic cube, 1 in x 1 in; when the side tabs are pulled, the cube heats chemically to ignite flammable materials within contact, even in extreme dampness or high winds; ideal for starting a campfire in a storm.

A firestarter cube is a one-use item.

GRAVITY BOOTS

These items appear to be thick plastic boots; they can be either voice- or button-activated to allow the wearer to float slowly into the air, walk up most unsure surfaces, etc., as if levitating. The boots do not, of

course, allow the wearer to climb sheer surfaces and the like. In cases where a roll is required, the boots are considered to give a +6 bonus to Climbing and Strength rolls when jumping checks. A single charge powers the boots for 10 minutes.

Power Source: Backpack or backpack.

HALAZONE TABLETS

One of these tablets, when combined with one liter of water, will purify it of most simple contaminants and parasites. Heavily contaminated water sources (GM’s discretion) may require the use of two tablets per liter. Halazone tablets will not work on salt water, or water tainted with gritty minerals.

HEVE CANDY

The name, HEVE, stands for “high-energy vitamin-enriched”, but was also a common nickname used by soldiers to describe what the taste made them want to do. This candy, when eaten, supplements nutrition intake (each candy cube provides for one full meal).

PORTABLE PETROL POWER GENERATOR

This appears to be a heavy machine with plastic or metal carrying bars (it’s the size of maybe two or three car batteries, very heavy, but still man-portable). This type of miracle device uses petrol (25% of these devices use alcohol instead) to generate a steady current of electricity. The generator produces 1 Megawatt per half liter of petrol, per hour. The tank in the generator generally holds two liters. It can generally only be linked to household devices (not weapons), but it’s flow is enough to power most devices in a small community. It weighs 100 lbs.

POTASSIUM IODIDE TABLETS

These pills help reduce the amount of radioactivity the body absorbs during a 24 hour period. For a character that has taken a potassium iodide tablet, any radiation exposure is reduced by one category; Severe becomes Moderate, Moderate becomes Mild, Mild becomes none.

There is no additional benefit for taking more than one pill in a 24-hour period.

SURVIVAL KIT

This type of item was issued to soldiers in the field, and many types are available. The kit contains a water-purification bag (which holds up to one liter of water), four halazone tablets, a simple sewing kit, a book of 20 matches, compass, four gobs of chewing gum, eight pieces of sweet candy (these offer no nutrition, but consuming one raises the eater’s energy level due to sugar content), a razor blade and holder, thirty pieces of HEVE candy, and a single canister of Medi-Spray (wound healing).

SYNTHIHOI

“Synthihol” was all the rage in the United States prior to the Fall. Synthihol comprises a variety of synthetic and engineered alcoholic products; the effect was to allow the manufacturer to create an astounding variety of taste, scent, and richness qualities heretofore alien to traditional alcoholic beverages. Synthihol products were being manufactured to possess weird and eye-catching colors, each being different than the next, and thus they are now prized in the wasteland like exotic “elixirs”. In effect, however, they are little more than exotic beers or wines.

WATER PURIFIER

A variety of models of this device exist. They purify water of any kind and make it digestible by the human metabolism. The purifier runs on electricity, which is used to separate the chemicals in the water. This device requires one hour to purify one day’s water requirement for a Medium-size creature.

Power Source: Pack.

MILITARY HARDWARE

The category of military hardware covers a wide variety of miscellaneous items used for combat. Most examples of these items are rare, since most military assets were of course obliterated in the nuclear conflict. Wherever surviving examples can be found, they are sure to be snatched by jealous locals for their defense, by raiders to employ against the meek, or by selfish wanderers seeking the edge necessary to keep them alive.

ANIMATRON, WEAPON

A weapon animatron is a robotic mounting for any weapon, usually light support weapons (such as machineguns, but sometimes also flamethrowers or pulse lasers). The animatron is a simple robot that detects intruders and fires upon them, in the manner of a defense or sentry turret.

Whatever weapon is used with the animatron is mounted on its robotic tripod or turret ring, and is fed by a supply of rounds (or by power source, with variable charges left) in a bin beside it. In addition, animatrons possess a portable motion detector and power pack (variable hours remaining), which allows it to detect motion by anything larger than a dog within its scan-able area.

These animatrons are usually cleverly disguised, or hidden inside bunkers or pillboxes. As such, the animatron fires with automatic surprise on the first round of combat, utilizing as many attacks as possible each round until either it runs out of ammunition or all detected targets are neutralized.

Animatronic weapons will not fire upon the person carrying the animatron’s control device. They may be programmed to guard an area by such an individual

with a successful Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) roll.

Its stats are: Shooting d8, Speed: 0”, Parry: 2, Toughness: 12(3)

Power Source: Pack.

AUTO-MORTAR PLATFORM

An auto-mortar platform is an animatron, generally teamed with a security or war robot to provide additional fire support in combat. It is otherwise similar to the basic weapon animatron, being an automated weapon system, with a portable motion detector and power pack.

An auto-mortar fires weapons just like a standard grenade launcher, but it fires two shots each round from its double barrels. Though meant for bombardment, the robot is mounted on treads and can move of its own— and can also alter the inclination of its weapons to fire indirectly (ignoring line-of-sight rules). It carries its own ammo supply in a tracked cart behind it— usually up to 20 grenades of varying types, and has the basic programming needed to choose the best round to deal with an enemy’s particular disposition. An auto-mortar will continue to attack until destroyed, or until its controlling robot is destroyed.

Its stats are: Shooting d8, Speed: 5”, Parry: 2, Toughness: 12(3)

Power Source: Pack.

BIOMECHANICAL TARGETER

This advanced piece of electronic equipment was used to augment the soldiers of the Ancients during the Fall. The biomechanical targeter is a bodily modification that requires one eye of the recipient to be surgically removed and replaced with an advanced optical lens that acts as a miniaturized computer targeting system. The biomechanical targeter requires no power (it runs off an ingenious power system fed by natural electric impulses), and acts to increase accuracy at range.

A biomech targeter gives the user +2 bonus to all Shooting rolls.

Installation of these devices is difficult, requiring a d6 in Knowledge (Computers and Robotics) and a successful Healing roll at -2. In any case, one of the recipient’s natural eyes is forever lost.

BOLLIx PACK

The “bollix pack” is a small, super-advanced device that can be worn on a special belt, or detached and re-attached to a stealth pack to make an effective combination. In any event, the bollix pack acts to confuse and deceive all kinds of electronic sensors, effectively turning the wearer “invisible” to scans and biosensors. The bollix has no effect on visual or audio sensors, however. The bollix eats up energy at an immense rate (one charge per minute of operation).

Power Source: Backpack or backpack.

CONTROL ROD

This item appears to be a small hand-held “rod” (or sometimes a “box”), with one or two buttons. The control rod is used solely to activate and deactivate obedience and pain collars through broadcast impulses. The control rod can be tuned to affect an individual collar, a particular type of collar, or can be used to affect all collars within a Large Burst Template of the rod’s holder. One discharge of power is used up for every three rounds of the rod’s continued operation.

Power Source: Clip or backpack.

ENERGY SHIELD

With the development of new energy-based weaponry in the final years of humanity’s reign over Earth, new forms of lightweight shields needed to be developed. Energy shields, like earlier magnetic shields, are harness-like devices that project a powerful energy-dampening field, reducing the effects of directed energy attacks (such as lasers) against the wearer. The actual amount of protection depends on the shield type.

Shield Type	Armor vs. Energy	Cost
A	+2	18,000 cp
B	+4	36,000 cp
C	+6	75,000 cp

The energy shield protects against directed energy attacks, including lasers, masers, sonic weapons, particle beam weapons, and electricity. Normal projectile weapons, mass drivers, and radiation attacks are not affected. Power is only used when and if the wearer is struck (one charge per hit).

Power Source: Backpack or backpack.

FORCE FIELD BELT

This priceless artifact creates a reactive force field around the wearer. While energized, the shimmering force field resists all forms of damage, elemental and physical, providing the wearer +2 armor against all attacks. This armor will add to other armor worn. In addition, the force field belt also gives the wearer a +1 Parry.

A charge of power is only used when the wearer is struck. The energy field negates all other forms of powered shields worn by the user.

Power Source: Plutonium clip.

JETPACK

The jetpack is a heavy device worn on the back providing flight and limited hovering. Using a jetpack requires Piloting rolls for maneuvers, though it does not require the use of hands, and thus the wearer can

use weapons normally while flying. A jetpack can generally carry one hour’s worth of fuel.

Treat the jetpack as a vehicle with an acceleration of 10” and speed of 20”. This is reduced to 8”/15” if the user is encumbered in any way. The wearer can hover for up to two rounds before needing to continue with normal flight, or landing.

MAGNETIC SHIELD

These forms of personal shielding appear to be a kind of metal “harness” with a central circular device that fits in the center of the chest when worn. The device, when activated, generates a field of magnetic energy around the wearer’s entire body (but only affecting one person, the wearer) that slows and deflects incoming kinetic attacks. The actual amount reduced depends on the model of shield (see energy shield).

Shield Type	Armor vs. Ballistic	Cost
A	+2	18,000 cp
B	+4	36,000 cp
C	+6	75,000 cp

The magnetic shield works against all non-energy effects only (melee and ballistic ranged weapons, firearms, and mass-drivers). Power is only used if the wearer is struck by an attack.

Power Source: Backpack or backpack.

NEURAL CONTROL POD

The neural control pod was a device created by the Ancients in an early attempt to subdue and brain-wipe androids that were beginning to develop aberrant psychological behavior – it was also later used by vengeful humans to put errant androids back in line. The pod looks like a heavy metal helmet with power attachments, knobs, and lights. When placed on the head of an android, it emits a concentrated EMP through the direct connectors on the inside of the helmet to erase the android’s entire neural network – in essence, brainwashing it. Using metal collar and face restraints, the pod could only be removed by immense force (Strength roll at -8).

An android affected by a neural control pod may make a Vigor roll at -2 to resist each round, but failure permanently reduces it’s Smarts by 1 die type. This procedure continues until the helmet is somehow removed or the android’s Smarts would drop below d4. An android with EMP countermeasures is not immune, but does receive a +4 bonus to its Vigor roll.

If the pod is removed, it will no longer cause any drain (but effects suffered up to the point of removal are permanent). If the android’s Smarts would drop below d4, the pod immediately shuts off. All of the android’s skills are erased and its Smarts score remains at d4. It is now completely wiped and ready to accept new programming.

Against any victim other than an android, a Vigor roll at -2 must be made each round. Failure results in 2d6+2 electrical shock damage. Success results in only half damage.

Power Source: Pack.

OBEDIENCE COLLAR

The obedience collar is used by androids to force intelligent organic creatures, such as humans and mutants, to do their bidding or conform to their will, at the threat of death. The obedience collar is a simple device that looks like a metal “torc” or neckband, with two small metal rectangles on each side. The device does nothing while it remains inert, but if triggered by a control rod (a separate item) the obedience collar explodes – taking the head of the wearer with it. A Vigor roll at -4 is allowed to resist instant death; if made, the wearer suffers 4d6 damage as a called shot to the head and if he survives, is deaf for the next 1d4 hours.

The collar is destroyed if ever activated; it will only activate if being worn against organic flesh, and will not detonate if simply sitting around in a box, for example.

The collar can be removed with a successful Repair roll at -4 (the collar is considered Tech-level 3: Advanced).

PAIN COLLAR

Created by androids to “train” organic creatures to do their bidding, the pain collar looks like a simple metal “torc” or neckband, with a single flat flange of metal at the front. By activating a button on the collar’s control rod (a separate item), the collar can be made to send potent doses of pain sensation through the wearer’s nervous system, in the form of erratic electric shocks. If this occurs, the wearer is wracked with agony, and is immediately Shaken. The collar continues to impart pain, thereby keeping the wearer Shaken, for as long as the rod’s controller keeps it active. Upon release, the wearer must make a Vigor roll or gain a level of Fatigue. This Fatigue can lead to unconsciousness but not death.

POWER FIST

This appears to be a heavy, metal glove, perhaps spiked or studded with a fine chrome trim. The fist is a perfect exoskeletal covering for the human fist, and is, in effect, a power-assisted limb. The power fist allows the wearer to grip far more powerfully than a normal human fist, able to crush the likes of a metal power clip in a single motion.

This device acts to magnify the strength of the user in melee attacks (or feats of strength), increasing the

TABLE 6-18: MEDICINE & MEDICAL DEVICES

Item	Tech-Level	Weight	Cost
Medicine			
Antitox	3	-	375 cp
Filter dose	3	-	400 cp
Hemochem	3	-	300 cp
Hercurin	3	-	300 cp
K-O shot	3	-	250 cp
Medi-spray	3	0.5	1,000 cp
Proton energy pill	3	-	250 cp
Rad-purge shot	3	-	100 cp
Stimshot A	3	-	500 cp
Stimshot B	3	-	1,000 cp
Superegen	3	-	200 cp
Tailored narcotics	2	-	25 cp
Truth serum	2	-	100 cp
Medical Devices			
Diagnostic scanner	3	.5	5,000 cp
Healing pack	3	1	25,000 cp
Pocket nurse	3	2	3,000 cp
Ready syringe	3	-	50 cp
Regen tank	3	2,000	100,000 cp
UV sterilizer	3	2	1,000 cp

users Strength by one die type. If two power fists are used, the bonus is two die types, but only for two-handed operations (such as wielding a two-handed weapon, or using both hands to bend bars). A power fist weighs 8 lbs.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

STEALTH PACK

This type of item appears to be a black rectangular “pack”, covered in blinking green lights. The device, when activated, creates a light-distorting field around the user, making him effectively invisible to those around him. As soon as he moves, however, the uneven distortion of the light waves (one can see the distortion moving) gives a better chance of spotting him.

Treat this as the Invisibility power.

The pack uses up one power charge per round of use. A stealth pack weighs 3 lbs.

Power Source: Beltpack or backpack.

MEDICINE

Numerous drugs and chemicals were devised by the Ancients, some capable of saving lives, others capable of enhancing mankind’s inherited abilities - dictating what was once the sole domain of nature. These items, though limited in uses (i.e. they are consumed when used) are often among the greatest treasures.

Medicines are known by many names in the post holocaust world. To the primitive wasteland dwellers, they are “good juju”, or “good magic”, while to those who hold some semblance of civilization they

are known as “drugs” or simply “meds”. Medicines, though vastly misunderstood by the savage survivors of the holocaust, are still considered priceless because of their “magic” - they are some of the few things that maintain their value over time (due to futuristic preservation techniques).

Taking any kind of medication requires a full round, unless administered through a Ready Syringe (see below), in which case the administration only requires an action.

MEDICAL INCOMPATIBILITY

Mutant physiology is not always compatible with medicine created by the Ancients. When a mutant uses a medicine created for pure breed humans they must make an immediate Vigor roll, ignoring Wounds and Fatigue. This represents their immune system dealing with the foreign agent. The Vigor roll is made at -2 for 2nd Generation mutants and -4 for 3rd Generation mutants.

If the Vigor roll is successful, then the mutant’s metabolism accepts the medicine and it acts as described. If the Vigor roll is failed, then the mutant suffers a Medical Incompatibility result. Roll 1d20 and apply the drug’s Medical Incompatibility modifier to this roll, then consult the Medical Incompatibility Table.

The character administering the medicine may use the Healing skill to try to reduce the severity of a Medical Incompatibility result. With a Success, add +2 to the d20 roll; with a Raise add +4.

TABLE 6-19: MEDICAL INCOMPATIBILITY TABLE

d20*	Result	Effect
20+	Super effective	Where possible, the medicine doubles its effect (for example, healing two Wounds instead of One).
15-19	Ineffective	The medicine has no effect, but no ill-effect either.
10-14	Dizziness and nausea	The character gains a level of Fatigue for 24 hours.
8-9	Muscle spasms	The character gains one Wound. If already incapacitated from Wounds then he gains a Fatigue level for 24 hours.
6-7	Muscular damage	Strength drops by one die type. If Strength would drop below d4 then he gains a Wound instead.
4-5	Nerve system damage	Agility drops by one die type and the character is paralyzed for 2d6 hours. If Agility would drop below d4, then the character is only paralyzed.
3	Brain damage	Smarts drops by one die type. If Smarts would drop below d4, then the character falls into a coma and is vegetative.
2	Major nerve system damage	Agility drops by one die and the character is completely paralyzed until all Wounds are healed. If Agility would drop below d4, then death occurs.
1 or less	Death	The Character is killed by the reaction to the chemical.

* Modified by the drug’s Medical Incompatibility Modifier

ANTITOX (IMMUNE BOOSTER ALPHA)

This drug, usually found in a Ready Syringe (see below), completely dilutes and cleanses poisons and chemical toxins from the system 2 rounds after injection and removes all negative effects. Antitox does not remove Incompatibility effects.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -1

FILTER DOSE (IMMUNE BOOSTER BETA)

This is an injected drug that dissolves and breaks-down foreign chemicals, toxins, and organisms in the bloodstream. It works just like Antitox (above), but also works against biological agents as well (including parasites).

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -2

HEMOCHEM

(Hemoglobin Regenerative Supplement A)

This injected drug affects the spleen and liver, accelerating blood production. The chemical itself is a catalyst, acting to duplicate and multiply produced blood geometrically. When administered to someone who is incapacitated and dying, hemochem immediately stabilizes them.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: +1

HERCURIN (ADRENALINE TAP A)

This drug, found in capsule or shot form, increases muscle output - a character injected with this drug increases his Strength and Vigor by one die type for 1d8 hours. There are no side effects once the effects wear off.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -2

K-O SHOT (SUPER SODIUM THIOPENTAL III)

This potent drug (akin to sodium thiopental, morphine, codeine, and opiates), forces the victim to make a Vigor roll at -2 or be knocked right out for a 2d8 rounds. Although originally made to keep patients "under" during operations, it makes an effective subdual weapon.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: +1

MEDI-SPRAY (POLYREGENERATIVE SERUM I AND II)

This magnificent miracle drug is dispensed in small hand-held canisters with a nozzle at one end and an activation button on the opposite side. Such canisters come in a variety of colors and shapes (depending on the company that manufactured it), but there are two main medical variations of the basic drug available - wound healing and spore neutralization.

Serum I: is a liquid-form artificial "flesh" which quickly bonds and heals one Wound. This can only heal wounds within one hour after they are sustained.

Serum II: is a white-cell agitator that fights any and all forms of spore infestation or other infections with 100% effectiveness.

All Medi-Sprays optimally have 10 doses of spray; they cannot usually be reloaded, and are disposable. Medical Incompatibility Modifier: 0

PROTON ENERGY PILL (ADRENALINE TAP B)

This advanced stimulant gives the user the strength of "20 atom bombs for 20 seconds". Use of a proton energy pill increases the Strength of the user by 2 die types for five consecutive rounds. After the effect wears off, the user gains a level of Fatigue for 48 hours.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -2

RAD-PURGE SHOT (PURGE SERUM I)

This is a chemical that purges radiation from the beneficiary's system each time it is injected. One shot is enough to grant a new roll to fight off Radiation Sickness. Even if the roll fails, the Radiation is lower by one degree. Thus a recipient with moderate radiation sickness would have the radiation degree reduced to low.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -2

STIMSHOT A (POLYREGENERATIVE SUPPLEMENT A)

This drug, usually found in individual Ready Syringes, provides instant accelerated healing. One dose of Stimshot A will heal one Wound instantly, no matter how old.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: 0

STIMSHOT B (POLYREGENERATIVE SUPPLEMENT B)

This drug, usually found in individual Ready Syringes, is an improved version of the universal healing drug, Stimshot A. It provides instant accelerated healing; one dose of Stimshot B will heal two Wounds, no matter how old they are.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -2

SUPEREGEN (PERIODIC POLYREGENERATIVE SUPPLEMENT A)

This is a drug that accelerates the healing process; this doubles the natural healing rate of the beneficiary's wounds, rounded down. For example, a normal character will make a natural healing roll every 2 days rather than every 5.

The chemical remains active for 6 days.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: +1

TAILORED NARCOTICS

Advanced engineers in the philanthropic pre-war United States produced "tailored narcotics" - drugs designed to affect only the brain cells of a specific buyer. Such drugs were well regulated, and the fact that they are incompatible if taken by anyone other than the designated user (causing diarrhea, but little else) made them safe for widespread public use.

Such products were widely supported by the

government; as the world around the isolated States began to deteriorate, the government sought many ways to maintain the illusion of paradise the citizens of the nation enjoyed, to stave off inevitable civil unrest and suspicion. Tailored narcotics came in a number of “flavors” - sensory trips, orgasm inducers, delusion enhancers, etc. but today they are all but useless (since they only affected the specific buyer’s cells).

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: 0

TRUTH SERUM (AMOBARBITAL III)

Actually a variety of available drugs (amobarbital, scopolamine, etc), “truth serums” often cause delirium, confusion, and the laxness of inhibitions. As a result, anyone injected by such a serum must make a successful Spirit roll at -4 or succumb to all interrogations.

Medical Incompatibility Modifier: -2

MEDICAL DEVICES

DIAGNOSTIC SCANNER

This hand-held electronic device, when directed towards a target within 2” (12 ft.) of a given subject, will scan its bloodstream, electrical impulses, and general chemical content with a variety of sophisticated sensors.

The scanner has a compressed memory bank filled with a large library of diseases and general illnesses, and the information gleaned from the scan is cross-referenced with its memory to diagnose whatever disease or sickness (if any) is affecting the target.

The diagnostic scanner detects and accurately identifies diseases, chemical contaminant levels, the presence of parasitic infestations, radiation levels, broken bones, degenerative genetic illness, poison, etc. It therefore grants a +2 bonus to Healing rolls.

Power Source: Beltpack.

HEALING PACK

This phenomenal device appears to be a small hand-held pack with dials and lights on it, the size of an old-style calculator. The pack, when held over a serious wound and activated, begins to beep and blink, and almost “magically” heals the wound (in fact, it emits a specialized radiation wave that accelerates cellular regeneration activity); it sutures open cuts, mends bones, replaces tissue, etc.

A single discharge of energy heals one Wound (no matter how old) instantly. The device requires power, however, and it cannot cure disease, nullify poison, or bring subjects back from the dead. In addition, it has a flat 25% chance of malfunctioning if used on any form of mutant, instead inflicting 2d6 points of damage from its use.

Using a healing pack requires a full round. A healing pack weighs 2 lbs.

Power Source: Minifusion cell.

POCKET NURSE

This is a flat, rectangular metal device fixed to an adjustable belt, attached either to the hip or worn around the waist. Three cylindrical ports line the top of the device, where special “drug cylinders” can be inserted. The “pocket nurse” is a marvel of advanced technology that monitors the vital functions of the wearer, injecting one of three chemicals into his system as needed. The pack can carry a maximum of three drugs of any kind, injecting these as needed, one at a time, once per round, immediately following an injury, poisoning, etc. The pack will always use the most potent chemical first to remedy the threat (such as in the case of loading Stimshot A and B, it will use the B first). Since the pack itself does all the work, this is considered a free action. The pack can be reloaded, one drug at a time, as a standard action.

Power Source: Cell.

READY SYRINGE

These items are light plastic syringes, easily disposable. The syringe holds a single dose of any drug; some are empty (and can be used to draw drugs from a bottle), while others are packaged with the drug within, ready-to-use. Using a Ready Syringe to apply medicine in combat reduces the effort from taking a full round to a regular action.

REGEN TANK

This most advanced of all Ancient medical devices is a large immovable tank, filled with a special chemical fluid that accelerates the regenerative capabilities of the human body. Any patient submerged in the regen tank is sustained by the chemical (the body is kept alive in much the same manner as it was when it first developed in the womb, relying on umbilical support from the tank’s machinery), while the fluid in the tank causes wounds to heal and ruptured or damaged organs to literally regenerate.

Such devices require a great deal of power to operate effectively, and the patient is effectively unconscious and vulnerable while immersed in the tank. The tank requires 2d12 hours to fully regenerate any and all lost limbs or body organs, as well as all Wounds (though fatal injuries are not reversed, those with potentially fatal consequences, such as diseases, are). During this time, the patient falls into an unconscious state, awakening when fully healed.

Power Source: Pack.

UV STERILIZER

This electronic device was used for scientific and medical research before the fall of civilization. The device appears to be a small hand-held “television” or flash screen, used much like a hand-held scanner. The UV sterilizer emits a continuous pulse of UV-C (at a short wavelength from 2800Å to 150Å), a strong enough radiation to sterilize surfaces, killing all known viruses and bacteria. Whatever the UV ray passes over is totally “cleansed” in a matter of seconds.

This works on all viruses and bacteria, but is harmful to living tissue (inflicting 2d4 in heat damage for every two rounds of direct exposure; 2d6 vs. fungi and plant-like creatures). One discharge is used for each round of operation. A UV sterilizer weighs 3 lbs.

Power Source: Backpack.

VEHICLES

Vehicles are among the most common artifacts scavenged from the wasteland and drawn back into use by the few surviving communities or individuals of the Fall. These include automobiles, motorcycles, trucks, etc. Vehicles are often highly prized as not only symbols of power and influence, but also for their ability to carry heavy loads over long distances, as well as defend against or outrun the common raider gangs and armies of the desert.

Helicopters (including the Bell Jet Ranger, Bell Model 212, and Blackhawk) and planes (Cessna 172 Skyhawk and Learjet Model 45) after the nuclear holocaust are best handled by the GM. Most aircraft were either destroyed when the major airports and fields were hit in the nuclear exchange, or left to deteriorate over time when the great cities were abandoned. As such, working aircraft are almost impossible to locate.

Most civilian cars and trucks remain available, though to be certain their appearance (and corresponding performance) has diminished over time in almost all cases. Left along the great highways to rust after being abandoned during the war, most are useless hulks. Some major merchant groups, are known to resurrect Ancient-era vehicles to keep the flow of trade open along the great highways and deserts, while raiders have naturally taken to forming virtual “armadas” of motorcycles, cars, and trucks to prey upon the communities of the wasteland and strike terror into their hearts.

The Acura 3.2 TL, Chevrolet Cavalier, Chevrolet Corvette, Dodge Neon, and Volkswagen Jetta are all common among most motorized communities and gangs. The AM General Hummer, Chevrolet Suburban, Dodge Caravan, Ford Escape XLT, Ford F-150 XL, and Toyota Tacoma Xtracab are also common among such road-mobile packs. Luxury cars (including the Aston-Martin Vanquish, BMW

M3, Jaguar CJ Sedan, Lamborghini Diablo, and Mercedes E55 AMG) are almost unheard of. All types of motorcycles are commonly employed by raider gangs, often altered with bizarre decorations and modifications (wheel scythes, spikes, etc.).

Most water vehicles (civilian or otherwise) would be very limited in usefulness, even if working examples could be found.

Special vehicles should be handled on an individual basis. Armored trucks are not unknown, but are more than likely to only be found in the hands of the world’s major factions and communities, either transporting important persons from one destination to another, or the most valuable cargos. Some groups might even use scavenged armored trucks as “battle wagons”.

The Honda TRX400FW could very well be common as a cheap alternative to cars. The limousine would be unlikely, except perhaps as the “command car” of a particularly image-conscious raider gang or religious cult.

Moving trucks and buses (NABI Model 40LFW) are the backbone of many merchant convoys that cross the wasteland supplying outlying communities with food, water, and other supplies. Because of their value as virtual “rolling fortresses”, however, they would be extremely hard to find outside of these cartels.

Military vehicles, like special vehicles, require special consideration. Most military vehicles can be assumed to have been destroyed (or at least badly damaged) during the Fall. Whether they were destroyed in actual nuclear strikes, or by conventional conflict on the radiated battlefield in the days and weeks afterwards, most were damaged, destroyed, or outright abandoned well before the timeframe of the post-apocalyptic genre. Certainly the effects of time and lack of maintenance have made most (if not all) of these impressive machines of war useless.

Most salvaged vehicles are modified for use in the wastelands of the post-apocalyptic earth. Often, vehicles are equipped with mounted weapons and reinforced with additional armor. Following are common examples of such vehicles used by the raiders, traders, and road warriors on the hostile roadways of the Twisted Earth.

GROUND VEHICLES

CIVILIAN VEHICLES

COMPACT CAR

This includes typical small cars such as Chevettes, Contours, Geos, and Kias.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/36; **Toughness:** 10 (3); **Crew:** 1+3; **Cargo:** 200 lbs; **Cost:** 5-10,000 cp

Notes: —

SPORTS CAR

This includes small, high-performance cars such as Corvettes, Vipers, and Ferraris.

Acc/Top Speed: 30/56; **Toughness:** 10 (3); **Crew:** 1+3; **Cargo:** 100 lbs; **Cost:** 8-15,000 cp

Notes: —

MID-SIZED CAR

The Lexus, Intrepid, and Taurus are all good examples of classic and luxury mid-sized cars.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/40; **Toughness:** 11 (3); **Crew:** 1+4; **Cargo:** 425 lbs; **Cost:** 10-20,000

Notes: Air bags (intact bags will deploy on a roll of 1 on a d20)

LUXURY CAR

Lincolns, Cadillacs, and other very large cars are covered in this category, which is based more on their size than their actual price or features.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/40; **Toughness:** 12 (3); **Crew:** 1+5; **Cargo:** 325 lbs; **Cost:** 15-25,000 cp

Notes: Air bags (intact bags will deploy on a roll of 1 on a d20); Luxury Features

JEEP

Typical civilian, or military, off-road capable jeep.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/36; **Toughness:** 11 (3); **Crew:** 1+4; **Cargo:** 200 lbs; **Cost:** 8-12,000 cp

Notes: Four Wheel Drive, Reinforced Chassis (jeeps ignore 4 points of damage from jumps or falls due to their reinforced chassis)

PICK-UP TRUCK

Pick-up trucks came in a large number of sizes. The following would be a mid sized truck such as a Ford F-150.

Acc/Top Speed: 15/40; **Toughness:** 13 (3); **Crew:** 1+2; **Cost:** 15-25,000 cp; **Cargo:** 500 lbs

Notes: Air bags (intact bags will deploy on a roll of 1 on a d20); Four Wheel Drive.

SPORTS UTILITY VEHICLE

SUVs are large vehicles with lots of power and sturdy frames. Most came with four-wheel drive as well. Some need to be stopped to switch to four-wheel drive.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/40; **Toughness:** 14 (3); **Crew:** 1+7; **Cargo:** 500; **Cost:** 15-25,000 cp

Notes: Air bags (intact bags will deploy on a roll of 1 on a d20); Luxury Features; Four Wheel Drive.

TRACTOR-TRAILER

Tractor-trailer combos were once the kings of the road. In the post-apocalyptic wasteland they are as hard to drive as they are to find. Driving rolls are at -2 until the character has at least one month of experience driving a cab.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/30; **Toughness:** Tractor 16 (4), Trailer 14 (2); **Crew:** 1+1; **Cost:** 40,000 cp

Notes: Tractors with sleeper cabs can cram another two or three in an emergency.

MOTORCYCLE (STREET)

Typical street bikes, from Yamaha's to Harley-Davidsons.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/36; **Toughness:** 8 (2); **Crew:** 1+1; **Cost:** 3,000 cp

Notes: —

MOTORCYCLE (DIRT BIKE)

Dirt bikes are made for abuse. They're relatively tough for their small frame and work well in rough terrain.

Acc/Top Speed: 15/32; **Toughness:** 8 (2); **Crew:** 1; **Cost:** 3,000 cp

Notes: Reinforced Chassis (dirt bikes ignore 4 points of damage from jumps or falls due to their reinforced chassis, as long as the rider makes an appropriate Driving roll to land correctly); Off-Road Wheels (treat as Four Wheel Drive)

MILITARY VEHICLES**BATTLE CYCLE**

The most common post-Fall vehicle is the motorcycle. It is the main stay of the raider gangs in the Twisted Earth. Refurbished motorcycles are often a bit tougher than their Ancient counterparts, tinkered to endure the harshness of wasteland travel.

Acc/Top Speed: 18/34; **Toughness:** 10 (2); **Crew:** 1+1; **Cost:** 3,000 cp

Notes: Reinforced Chassis (battle cycles ignore 4 points of damage from jumps or falls due to their reinforced chassis, as long as the rider makes an appropriate Driving roll to land correctly)

BATTLE CAR

Similar to the battle cycle, the battle car is a common mount of raider gangs and road warriors. These vehicles provide more protection than motorcycles and additional options for mounting weaponry. Turreted machine guns are the most common weapons found on battle cars. Battle cars have reinforced armor, allowing them to endure more of beating than pre-Fall civilian cars.

A typical battle car is equipped with a M2HB heavy machine gun mounted on a full turret.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/35; **Toughness:** 12 (3); **Crew:** 1+5; **Cargo:** 325 lbs; **Cost:** 25,000 cp

Notes: Air bags (intact bags will deploy on a roll of 1 on a d20);

Weapons: M2 Browning turret mounted: 50/100/200; Ammo: 100 rounds (2d10, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

BLOCKADE-RUNNER

A time-tested tactic of the Cartel traders is the usage of the “blockade-runners”. The blockade-runner is basically a cargo truck stripped-down for optimum speed and armed with a potent weapon (such as a flamethrower) to defend it and the caravan it escorts. Some blockade-runners are in fact disguised to resemble regular merchant trucks, only to reveal their hidden weaponry at the last minute when the convoy is upon the bandits (not unlike an old-style convoy “Q ship”).

A typical blockade-runner is equipped with a Flamer Thrower and M2HB heavy machine gun both mounted on full turrets.

Acc/Top Speed: 15/45; **Toughness:** 13 (3); **Crew:** 1+2; **Cost:** 15-25,000 cp; **Cargo:** 500 lbs

Weapons: M2 Browning turret mounted: 50/100/200; Ammo: 100 rounds (2d10, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

Flamethrower: Cone Template; 2d10; ROF 1; Fire, Ignores Armor; See text

Notes: Air bags (intact bags will deploy on a roll of 1 on a d20); Four Wheel Drive.

BATTLE HUMMER

Wreckage of the famed “hummer” can be found all throughout the cities of the Ancients, and across the desert landscape that was once host to the great battles of the Fall. The hummer was a workhorse vehicle of the Ancient armies, used as a troop transport, cargo transport, battlefield ambulance, and prime mover. More than a dozen variants were created, including versions that mounted a machinegun, wire-guided anti-tank missile, or surface-to-air-missile systems.

The battle hummer is often equipped with a M2HB heavy machine gun or in rare cases a Tow II missile launcher.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/40; **Toughness:** 14 (3); **Crew:** 1+7; **Cargo:** 500; **Cost:** 15-25,000 cp

Notes: Four Wheel Drive.

Weapons: M2 Browning turret mounted: 50/100/200; Ammo: 100 rounds (2d10, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

M1A1 ABRAMS

The modern M1A1 Abrams was one of the world’s most sophisticated Main Battle Tanks.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/24; **Toughness:** 77/58/29 (60/41/12); **Crew:** 4; **Cost:** 700,000 cp

Notes: Night Vision; Heavy Armor; Improved Stabilizer; Tracked

Weapons: 120mm gun in turret: 100/200/400; Ammo: 30 HE (4d8, AP 30), 40 AP (5d10, AP 68), ROF 1; 1 action to reload, HW, MBT;

M2 Browning on top pintle mount: 50/100/200; Ammo: 300 rounds (2d10, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

M60 Coax MG: 30/60/120; Ammo 2000 rounds (2d8+1, AP 2); ROF 3

M2 BRADLEY

The Bradley is the US Army’s main Armored Personnel Carrier. It entered service in 1981, replacing the aging M-113.

Acc/Top Speed: 5/14; **Toughness:** 16/15/14 (4/3/2); **Crew:** 3+7; **Cost:** 500,000 cp

Notes: Night Vision; Heavy Armor, Improved Stabilizer; Tracked

Weapons: 25mm Bushmaster autocannon: 100/200; 500 rounds (3d8, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

7.62 Coax MG: 30/60/120; 2000 rounds; 2d8+1, AP 2; ROF 3

TOW Missile launcher: 2 missiles; 100/200/400 (min. range 30”); 4d6, AP 140; ROF 1; MBT, HW; 2 actions to reload

ADVANCED APC

The Advanced Armoured Personnel Carrier combines mobility, firepower and advanced electronics

Acc/Top Speed: 5/20; **Toughness:** 25/20/20 (10/5/5); **Crew:** 2+8; **Cost:** 600,000 cp

Notes: Night Vision; Heavy Armor; Improved Stabilizer; Advanced Stealth Tech

Weapons: 40mm autocannon: 75/150/300; 500 rounds; (4d8, AP 8); ROF 3, HW

AT-5 Spandrel: 100/200/400; 10 rounds (5d8, AP 135); ROF 1; MBT, HW, 1 Action to reload

HOVERTANK

Although some military experts predict that MBTs will go the way of the dinosaurs, practical fusion reactors could allow tanks unprecedented armor, firepower, and mobility.

Acc/Top Speed: 8/32; **Toughness:** 116/96/76 (100/80/ 60); **Crew:** 3; **Cost:** 100,000 cp

Notes: Heavy Armor; Night Vision; Improved Stabilizer

Weapons: Gauss cannon: 100/200/400; 40 rounds (4d10, AP 40); ROF 1; Minifusion cell; HW

Plasma cannon: 75/150/300; 4d8, AP 20; Minifusion cell, HW

AIRCRAFT**CIVILIAN AIRCRAFT****BELL JET RANGER**

The Bell Jet Ranger is a common helicopter in use around the world. It is used by a number of militaries as a light gunship/recon chopper. In the civilian world it is used by many police forces, TV news organizations, and charter services.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/50; **Climb:** 20; **Toughness:** 11(2); **Crew:** 2; **Cargo:** 250 lbs; **Cost:** 300,000 cp

CESSNA SKYHAWK

The Skyhawk is typical of many small, single-engined prop planes used for recreational flying.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/48; **Climb:** 10; **Toughness:** 12 (2); **Crew:** 1+3; **Cargo:** 120 lbs; **Cost:** 200,000 cp

LEARJET

The Learjet was often used as a corporate jet or as a luxury vehicle by those wealthy enough to afford one.

Acc/Top Speed: 25/200; **Climb:** 25; **Toughness:** 14 (2); **Crew:** 2+10; **Cargo:** 500 lbs; **Cost:** 750,000 cp

ZEPPELIN

One of the few post-apocalyptic flying machines.

Acc/Top Speed: 10/60; **Climb:** 10; **Toughness:** 14(2); **Crew:** 2+8; **Cargo:** 2,000 lbs; **Cost:** 250,000 cp

MILITARY AIRCRAFT**AH-64 APACHE**

The AH-64 is the US Army's primary helicopter gunship. It is capable of operating in all weather conditions and is equally effective against both armoured and infantry targets.

Apaches are best used from behind hills, buildings, or other cover, where they can rise up, launch a salvo of Hellfires at laser-designated targets, and then lower themselves back into cover before their target knows what hit them.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/60; **Climb:** 20; **Toughness:** 16 (4); **Crew:** 2; **Cost:** Military only

Notes: Night Vision, 5 x AMCM

Weapons: 30mm chaingun: 50/100/200; 1200 rounds (3d8, AP 6); ROF 3; HW

16 Hellfire missiles: Range 75/150/300; Damage 5d8, AP 150; ROF 4; MBT; HW

OR

8 Hellfires (as above)

2 FFAR (Folding-Fin Assault Rockets) pods (19 rockets per pod): 75/150/300; 4d6+1, AP 30; HW. ROF: Place two adjacent Large Burst Templates to simulate the entire salvo of rockets in one burst; if the attack roll is missed, both templates deviate a like amount.

AV-8B HARRIER

The Harrier is a high-tech VTOL (Vertical Take-Off and Landing). The thrust of its powerful engine is vectored through movable exhausts that allow it to takeoff vertically and then transition into normal forward flight.

Acc/Top Speed: 20/180; **Climb:** 30; **Toughness:** 15 (3); **Crew:** 1; **Cost:** Military only

Notes: 5 x AMCM, Night Vision, VIFF (Vector in Forward Flight: The Harrier can use its vectored thrust to pull off maneuvers impossible for other aircraft in combat. This grants a +2 bonus to all skill checks made to maneuver the aircraft.)

Weapons: 20mm cannon: 50/100/200; 200 rounds (3d8, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

2 AIM-9 Sidewinder missiles: 100/200/400; 4d8; AP 6; ROF 1; MBT, HW

A wide assortment of both smart and "dumb" bombs.

F-15 EAGLE

The F-15 was designed from the ground up as an air superiority fighter. It still excels in that role today. The F-15E Strike Eagle is also a highly capable strike fighter.

Acc/Top Speed: 50/700; **Climb:** 40; **Toughness:** 16 (4); **Crew:** 1(2 in Strike Eagle); **Cost:** Military only

Notes: 5 x AMCM, Night Vision

Weapons: 20mm cannon: 50/100/200; 200 rounds (3d8, AP 4); ROF 3, HW

4 AIM-9 Sidewinder missiles: Range 100/200/400; 4d8; AP 6; ROF 1; MBT, HW

AIM-120 Sparrows: 100/200/400; 5d8; AP 6; ROF 1; MBT, HW

A wide assortment of air-to-ground ordnance.

SU-27

The Su-27 was the Soviet Union's top-of-the-line air superiority fighter. In many ways it is capable of outperforming the F-15, although it lacks the Eagle's sophisticated electronics suite.

Acc/Top Speed: 40/625; **Climb:** 40; **Toughness:** 16 (4); **Crew:** 1; **Cost:** Military only

Notes: 5 x AMCM, Night Vision

Weapons: 30mm chaingun: 50/100/200; 150 rounds (3d8, AP 6); ROF 3; HW

A wide assortment of air-to-air missiles and air-to-ground ordnance.

UH-1

Officially designated the "Iroquois" by the US Army, the UH-1 was better known as the "Huey." The Huey was the workhorse helicopter of the Vietnam war. It could be configured as a transport ("slick") or as a gunship.

Acc/Top Speed: 15/48; **Climb:** 15; **Toughness:** 14 (2); **Crew:** 4+12; **Cost:** Military only

Notes: 5 x AMCM

Weapons: 2 x M60 Coax MG: 30/60/120; 500 rounds (2d8+1, AP 2); ROF 3

TABLE 6-20: VEHICLE WEAPONS

Type	Range	Damage	ROF	Cost	Weight	Ammo	Notes
Rockets							
Hydra 70 M247	50/100/200	4d8	1	2,000 cp	-	19 int.	MBT, AP 60, HW, Min range 20"
Hydra 70 M255	50/100/200	4d8	1	2,000 cp	-	19 int.	SBT, AP 30, HW, Min range 20"
Hydra 70 M261	50/100/200	4d8	1	2,000 cp	-	19 int.	LBT, AP 10, HW, Min range 20"
Hydra 70 M261	50/100/200	2d8	1	2,000 cp	-	19 int.	LBT, grows by 1 LBT per round for three rounds, Min range 20"
Missiles							
AT-5 Spandrel	100/200/400	5d8	1	30,000 cp	55	1 int.	MBT, AP 135, HW
Gyrojet launcher	30/60/120	4d6	1	30,000 cp	15	30 int.	MBT, AP 30; HW, Min. range 2"
TOW II	75/150/300	4d6	1	10,000 cp	65	1 int.	MBT, AP 140; HW; 2 actions to reload, Min range 30"

VEHICLE WEAPONS

ROCKETS

HYDRA 70

The Hydra 70mm rocket launcher is typical of conventional rocket launchers, most often seen mounted in rocket launcher tubes on attack helicopters and ground attack aircraft.

All Hydra 70 rounds have a minimum range of 5". If fired against a target closer than 5", it does not arm and will not explode.

HYDRA 70 M247

The M247 has an anti-tank warhead with strong armor piercing capabilities.

HYDRA 70 M255

These rockets are suitable for engaging lightly armored vehicles (such as armored personnel carriers, trucks, etc.), and are fitted with a special anti-armor flechette warhead.

HYDRA 70 M261

The Hydra 70 M261 features a high explosive warhead that is most useful against unprotected, unarmored ground targets such as infantry.

HYDRA 70 M264

The M264 warhead creates obscuring smoke. On the round that it is fired, place a Large Burst Template to represent the cloud of smoke. On the following round, add an additional Large Burst Template overlapping the first. On the third round, place a third template overlapping the first two.

The smoke disperses after 10 rounds, though a moderate wind disperses the smoke in 4 rounds and a strong wind disperses it in 1 round.

MISSILES

AT-5 SPANDREL

Introduced in 1977, the AT-5 "Spandrel" is a second-generation Soviet anti-tank guided missile whose characteristics are comparable to the American TOW. It was designed almost exclusively for use on vehicles such as the BMP, BRDM, and UAZ truck.

The AT-5 has a minimum tabletop range of 5". If fired against a target closer than 5", it does not arm and will not explode.

GYROJET LAUNCHER

Gyrojets are the smallest type of "missile", usually no more than four or five inches long. Originally developed as an unconventional ammunition for rifles and pistols (these early experiments failed), gyrojets saw much more widespread use arming suits of powered or power-assisted armor on future battlefields. Fired from special multi-tube launchers using compressed air, the gyrojet engine only activates after it has traveled a few feet to avoid burning the firer. Gyrojets retain stability over great distance due to folding plastic or aluminum fins along the rocket's length.

TOW II

The TOW (tube-launcher, optically tracked, wire-guided) missile and its succeeding generations were designed as heavy armor killers. One of the most effective weapons of its kind, the missile itself employs a special probe at the tip to optimize armor penetration through detonation at a standoff distance of several inches, making it ideal against all ranges of armored targets.

Though designed to be used by a ground team with a tripod, the TOW can be mounted on attack helicopters and fast ground vehicles (such as the Hummer), for attacking armored vehicles on the conventional battlefield.