

SAVAGED FALLOUT



Welcome to ~~Green Acres Waste Disposal Site~~
LANDFILL

Landfill, lovingly dubbed "The Filth" by its inhabitants, or formerly Green Acres Waste Disposal Site is now home to a tiny community of destitute squatters and NCR rejects. Far to the south-west of The Hub, the influence of the NCR here can be called limited at best. At almost a thousand acres large, the enormous waste yard, a testament to an era of prosperity and wasteful consumption that's long gone, can be seen and smelled from miles off. Three large mountains of refuse loom over the rest of the spreading dumping site. Now, the trash of the 21st century serves as the only source of income for the two hundred-odd souls that dwell in the shanty town called Landfill, and many more fortune seekers, coming and going, hoping to salvage functional parts or unearth forgotten treasures in the deep recesses of the mountains of garbage. For many years the yard was scavenged willy-nilly. More organized groups excavated long winding tunnels in the bigger heaps of trash in the hopes of reaching older layers with more valuable findings. Some twenty years ago, a small-time businessman by the name of Harlan Clint showed up with a gang of armed toughs and forcefully seized control of the yard. Restoring the outer fences and having guards patrolling the perimeter, Clint now runs a profitable business charging would-be scavengers an entrance fee to the yard, in return for which they can haul as much salvage out of the tunnels as they can carry. Clint also introduced work contracts, allowing scavengers to go in the tunnels for free, but having to relinquish their finds for a small finder's fee to him. As Clint controls most of the town's water and supplies, the contracts have created a group of semi-indentured labourers. With caravans passing Landfill being few and far between, Clint used his newfound influence to ensure that all trade into the town would pass through him first, taking first pick of the trade goods.

The settlement is made up entirely of small, dilapidated shacks, improvised out of sheets of plastic, corrugated metal or wreckage dragged from the yard. One building, partially out of brick and mortar, stands out: the local watering hole called The Hill, a two storey edifice dedicated to every vice man can think of: alcohol, drugs, gambling and prostitution. The proprietor is a man called Shane Donaldson, bar keeper and self proclaimed mayor of Landfill. Donaldson runs a tight ship, employing a small gang of bruisers to keep the bar and surrounding area trouble free, simultaneously providing the town with its only semblance of law and order.

Points of interest and adventure hooks

*Locals: the town is lousy with beggars asking for some water or caps. Drug dealers offer their wares. A woman will accost the party and beg them to look for her husband who went missing in the waste yard tunnels. A party of three Ghouls, experienced scavengers, plan on going for a big haul and generally act rather adversarial and disdainful towards the PCs. A Desert Ranger has stopped by in town, looking for a dangerous gunslinger whom he suspects is holed up somewhere in the vicinity.

*Joe's Supplies: Joe sells all sorts of equipment a scavenger could need. Shovels and pickaxes, buckets, barrels or bags, Joe has it all.

*A few stalls scattered around the town sell food, mostly suckling pig rat caught in the yard, one buys and sells the more valuable artefacts found by more fortunate scavengers.

*The Hill: a smoky, seedy place filled with raucous drunks, addicts, gamblers and scavengers, The Hill is run by Shane Donaldson. Owning the only bar and half the townsfolk being deeply indebted to Donaldson, he's regarded by some as the one in charge of the town, a view he likes to encourage. Donaldson has his fingers in all the pies in Landfill and not much happens without his knowing or approval. Lately, Harlan Clint has become a thorn in Donaldson's side. If the party is receptive, he'll ask them to take Clint out, in the spirit of "free enterprise". Not afraid of some fair, friendly competition, Donaldson believes Clint is getting too big for his boots and will soon start monopolizing all the in- and outgoing trade. He'll offer a sizeable amount in caps for the deed. Furthermore, he'll offer a position as bouncer to any brawny or particularly strong male PC, and inform any female PCs he's always hiring new girls to work the customers upstairs.

In the basement of The Hill Donaldson has his own still, making only the finest booze and bathtub rotgut.

*Clint's compound: the only entrance to the waste yard opened to the public. Anyone caught trying to climb the fence around the yard will be shot on sight. A few larger shacks near the entrance serve as bunkhouses for Clint's toughs, storage and Clint's office. The water tank, holding a few hundred gallons of drinking water, is guarded at all times by one or two of Clint's men, it being the only real water storage the settlement has. On occasion, Clint has some water distributed for free, in an effort to gain some popularity with the locals. The company store is the largest shop in town, where most of the prospectors sell their finds, or those working under contract for Clint have to surrender everything they dig up, in return for which they get a small finder's fee. Many of the townsfolk are deeply indebted to the company store.

If the party went in the tunnels and returns, Clint's men will ask them to come with them to Clint's office for a business proposal. Clint, considered by most to be the local strongman, reveals he's planning on turning Landfill into a respectable town and having the waste yard exploited to its full potential, which would provide many with honest, fulltime jobs, according to Clint. The first step in getting the attention of the NCR however, will be in removing the blight of Shane Donaldson and his sinful establishment. Clint will offer the party a sizeable amount of caps to disrupt Donaldson's shady dealings, by sabotaging his supply of alcohol and chems. Alternatively, if the party was asked to kill Clint by Donaldson, he'll make a higher counteroffer for the party to kill Donaldson instead.

*New Khans: a small group of raiders and lowlifes claiming to be a remnant of the New Khans live a few miles east of town in a few converted trailers. They spend most of their time producing chems. Every two weeks they meet with Donaldson's lieutenant a mile out in the desert, trading 500 units of Jet, Psycho, Buffout and Med-X for a few thousand caps.

Endings to the power struggle in Landfill

Clint killed: With Clint out of the way, Donaldson took control of Landfill and slowly turned it into a large, prosperous town, dedicated to gambling, drinking and prostitution. Donaldson ruled with an iron fist. To protect his business interests, the streets of Landfill are being kept clean and orderly by his force of bruisers and own frontier brand of justice. In time, the lights of Landfill would be rivalled only by those of New Vegas.

Donaldson killed: With Donaldson out of the way, no one was left standing in Clint's way to take full control of Landfill. Banning all gambling, drug dealing and prostitution, the renamed settlement of New Green Acres would become an orderly town, in time becoming a full member of the NCR. Clint had the waste yard exploited professionally, with many of the locals now working sixteen hour shifts at minimum wages, being reduced to slaves in all but name. Thanks to your help, New Green Acres stands as a shining example of humanity's determination to rebuild civilization in the Wasteland.

Both killed: Leaderless, Landfill entered a brief period of anarchy as several gangs rose to and just as quickly faded from prominence. After a particularly violent riot, a man named Ruben Dahlgren and a dozen loyal men took control of the settlement and endeavoured to turn it into a fair and just town. Dahlgren would go on to institute a town council and become Landfill's first official mayor. Scavengers flocked to Landfill as the waste yard was opened to all.

Neither killed: Shortly after your passage through Landfill, word reaches you that a brief, violent struggle had taken place. One morning Clint's guards had stormed The Hill and killed Shane Donaldson and most of his men, as well as many innocent bystanders who were caught in the crossfire. After the bloodbath, Clint claimed full control over Landfill. His victory however, was short-lived. A few men loyal to Donaldson infiltrated the waste yard and started a fire that still spreads and rages to this day. Unable to effectively combat the situation, Landfill dispersed as toxic black fumes continued to roll over the town and the surrounding wasteland.

The waste yard tunnels

The sprawling waste yard at the edge of the Mojave desert, which gives its name to the shanty town of Landfill nestled at the foot of one of the giant trash piles, is truly a sight to behold in the desolate wasteland. Almost a thousand acres large, with three enormous heaps of refuse jutting out like the peaks of a mountain range, the landfill can be seen, and smelled, from miles around. A testament to an era of prosperity and wasteful consumption that's long gone, the waste yard is ironically the largest man-made structure in the area to have survived the Great War intact.

When Poseidon Energy surveyors scouted the terrain in 2051, they discovered a vast natural cave system, far away from human habitation and prying eyes. It was deemed a perfect disposal site for the large quantities of toxic and radioactive waste that were the unfortunate by-product of the country's

increasing reliance on nuclear power plants to sate its energy needs. Thousands of barrels containing the hazardous green goo were dumped in the subterranean caves in the span of a few years, before the site was reappropriated by E.C.O. Recycling, a subsidiary of Poseidon Energy, as a landfill. Dubbed the Green Acres Waste Management and Disposal Site, the area was converted in a rubbish dump, covering up the underground caverns. By 2077 about 37% percent of the garbage produced yearly in the California - Nevada - Arizona tri-state area was dumped at Green Acres.

After the Great War the waste yard became a veritable gold mine for prospectors. Though less lucrative than looting abandoned military facilities or the irradiated ruins of bombed cities, scavenging the mountains of trash proved all in all much safer. As the surface was picked clean in the course of time, more organized groups started digging rudimentary tunnels through the refuse to reach deeper, untouched layers, rich with the promise of valuable pre-war artifacts. Over time a small permanent settlement of mostly destitute prospectors grew around the waste yard.

The waste yard is a dungeon for about three Novice to Seasoned characters. Enemies that can be encountered in the tunnels consist are Radroaches, Pig Rats and Mole Rats. In the toxic caves a group of Centaurs has taken residence. (Loot and number of enemies should be revised for larger groups.)

For 30 caps or 20 NCR dollars per person the party is admitted to the waste yard at the guarded chain-link fence. Signs warn that intruders will be shot on sight. A short distance away from the fence and the barracks of Clint's bruisers is a shack called Joe's Supplies. Here standard prospecting gear and ammo can be bought, as well as some homemade roach-repellent (nuka-cola bottles containing a yellow-greenish liquid, to be thrown and shattered) for 10 caps or 7 NCR dollars. Joe will give first-timers some pointers about the tunnels, warning them about the wildlife that inhabits the upper tunnels, which start to roam and come out of the tunnels at nightfall, to feed off fresh garbage outside. He will also mention the rumours about strange creatures in the lower levels, said to be the cause of many a disappearance.

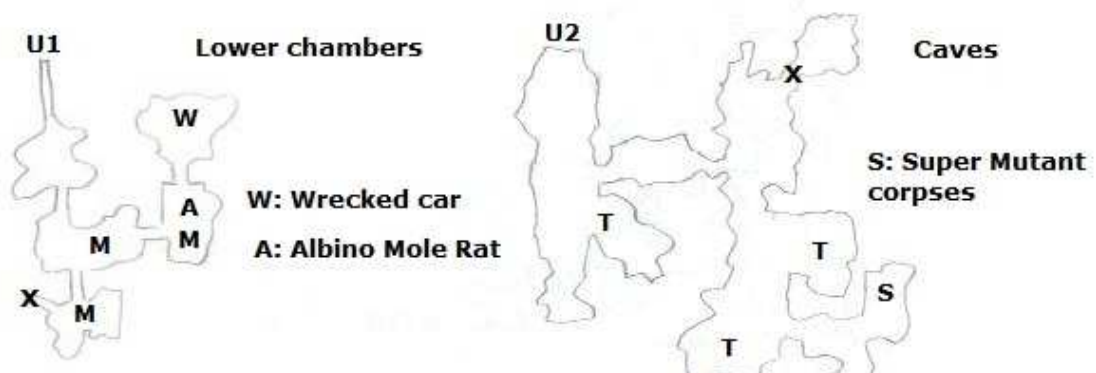
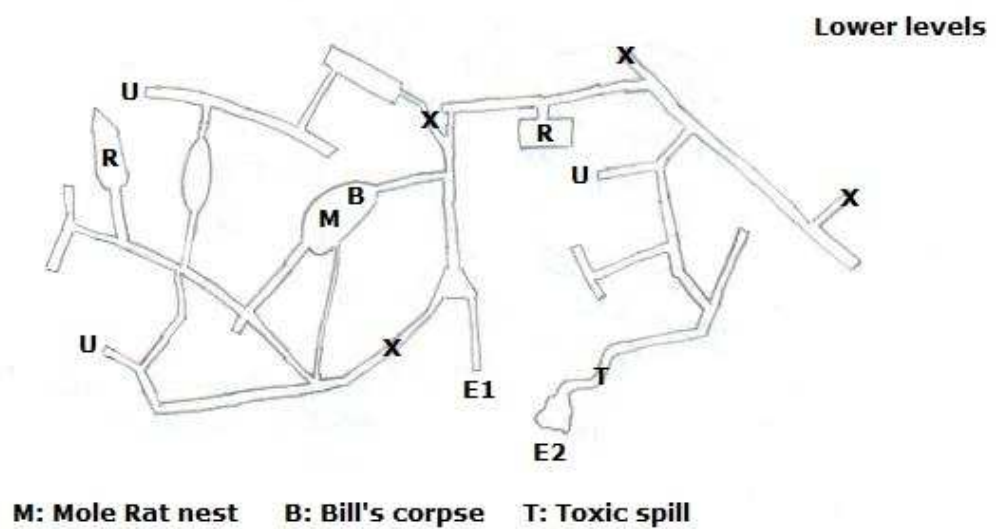
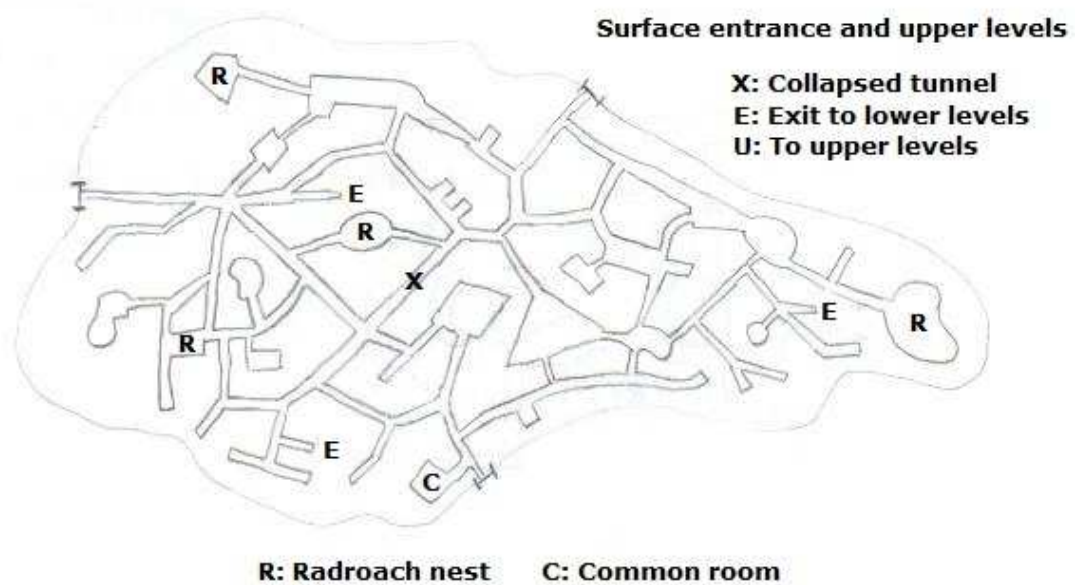
There are three entrances into the tunnels, from different sides of the trash mountain. At the entrance, an overpowering smell wafts from the tunnel. All players must make a Vigor check (modifiers for Fatigue apply). If unsuccessful the character suffers a -2 penalty on Notice checks while down in the tunnels, on a critical failure the character gains a Fatigue level. Close to the entrances the tunnels are supported by shoddy wooden beams or metal girders, but as the party ventures deeper the tunnels are just hewn or dug out of the compacted trash with very little in the way of load-carrying supports. The corridors are in most places rather narrow, allowing not more than two characters to walk abreast. Using explosives in the tunnels comes with considerable risk: in the upper levels there's a 1 in 2 chance of the tunnel collapsing; in the lower levels this will happen inevitably. In case of a collapse, a character has to make an Agility check at -2 to try and dodge any falling debris or get hit for 3d6 damage. Clearing away the debris takes 1d4 hours with proper tools (shovels, pickaxes). Naturally there is no lighting in the tunnels, so the -4 penalty for pitch darkness applies if the party does not have some form of illumination.

Immediately past the southern entrance to the left is a common room of sorts, with improvised benches and tables, where some prospectors can be found at all times. The upper level contains nests of 3d4+2 Radroaches. They are initially non-hostile and shy away from light. They will however attack if the players try to rummage through the trash piles in the nest. The trash piles on this level generally contain low value loot (broken equipment, tattered clothing with some caps) or just trash. Anyone with a Repair skill of d6 or higher can make a Notice check to discover useable Spare Parts in the trash piles. Aggressive Pig Rats can be found burrowing through the tunnels, emerging behind the players to make sneak attacks. The party will likely meet some other prospectors as well, excavating further tunnels or chambers. The tunnels keep winding down away from the entrances, and three of them go down steeply to the lower levels.

The lower levels are the home of a pack of ravenous Mole Rats, which hunt Radroaches and scavengers that get too close to their burrows. A group of 2d4+2 Mole Rats has made their lair in one of the larger chambers. The room is littered with trash and the remains of less fortunate explorers, among them the fresh corpse of Bill, whose wife may ask the players to look for him when they arrive in Landfill. From the lower levels one tunnel lead a set of (animal made) dug out chambers below. A different tunnel eventually leads to the mouth of a limestone cavern. Barrels bearing the nuclear hazmat logo are strewn about. One of the barrels has burst and spilled green goo over the floor. Characters can jump over the sludge on a successful Strength check. If the substance is touched, human characters must make a Rad Resistance check or gain 1 level of Radiation Poisoning. Ghouls with the Rad Regeneration Edge may make a natural healing check.

The lower chambers are the nesting ground of a horde of 2d6+3 Mole Rats, led by an Albino Mole Rat (Wild Card). Apart from even more bones and trash, the wreckage of a car can be found. Searching the glove compartment nets an old first aid kit, including some Rad-X, Med-X, Stimpaks, first aid supplies and a bottle of pure water. In the trash piles which litter the place chewed-on Small Energy Cells may be found, as well as some intact ones. Spare Parts can be salvaged from a severely damaged robot.

The caverns are a Low Radiation area. Barrels are stacked high along the walls of the cave, some leaking luminescent green goo. Venturing farther down into the caves will lead them to the lair of a group of 1d4+3 Centaurs. Past the Centaurs a small makeshift campsite can be found in a corner of the cave, two dead, partially eaten, Super Mutants propped up against the cavern wall. A Medicine check will reveal them to have been dead for decades. Apart from the decaying leather-and-metal armor they can be looted for an assault rifle with a couple of ammo clips, some frag grenades, a sledgehammer, a Stealth Boy, some flares, a field radio and a holotape. The holotape can be played on any computer terminal or a Pip-Boy. It relates the journey of a small group of Super Mutants after their assault on Necropolis back to the Cathedral. Along the way they are ambushed by a patrol of men in Power Armor, who manage to kill all but two of them. Together with the remaining Centaurs they flee to safety, pursued by the men, and hide in the waste yard tunnels, where they eventually die of their wounds.



Fallout

A Post Nuclear Role Playing Game

<http://savagefallout.blogspot.com/>