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# VANPIREEARTHA SAVAGEWORLDSSOURCEBOOKBYE.E.KNIGHTCOPYRIGHT 2005FULRIGHTSRESERVED

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# Vampire Earth Sourcebook

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# PART I: Player's Guide



The Allegheny Foothills, April, the Forty-Third Year of the Kurian Order:

Sabot smelled the worker's blood against the tarry air of the refinery as she searched the shadows below the catwalk. Towering cracking tanks loomed all around, and above them the three fire-belching stacks stood against the nighted horizon like tines of a pitchfork thrust into the sulphur-colored murk. The furnaces fed by the stacks roared as they turned Kentucky coal into gasoline and diesel oil for shipment east and north.

The oil-stained man beneath her gave a shudder and expelled his last breath into her gloved hand. Quisling or conscript, good or bad, his breath— which smelled of the spring's first onions—could not tell her. He'd come up on the catwalk and she'd had no choice. She wiped her stiletto on his sleeve and slipped it back into the spring-loaded sheath strapped to her forearm.

She marked the pipe junction. According to Squinty that was the weak spot. A few pounds of plastic explosive there and two hundred sixty thousand gallons of flaming gasoline would go rolling down the hillside toward the Ohio River docks, crowded with tanker-barges.

"A river on fire. Now that's a sight worth seeing," Squinty had said, and the local Resistance leader had nodded. His hundred men couldn't get within ten miles of the refinery.

But a lone Cat could.

A patient Cat, Sabot had worked the refinery job for four months, first hauling garbage out of the worker's quarters and then slinging hash in the commissary. She'd made friends, but didn't dare think about the reprisals. Not until the Ohio ran with orange flame. Then she could wage war with her conscience, arguing with herself whether she could have made it in some other way.

A screech like aluminum tearing – she looked up. A white flare exploded in the sky near one of the forty-story stacks, bathing her hiding place in glare like a gutter-crawling rat caught by a powerful flashlight. She instinctively blocked the dazzling light with her palm, saw the source of the scream.

The Thing stood against the flame-topped stack on a tiny service crows-nest, oblivious to the height, the fumes, or the heat, an evil black scar outlined by the flames behind. It jumped.

Cape and cowl fluttered as it fell, and fell, and fell toward her. It landed on all fours at the other end of the catwalk hard enough to make the body beneath her bounce, but it absorbed the shock of the landing with inhumanly jointed limbs. Then it stood, two meters of death with pale yellow eyes, pointed at her, and shrieked again. The sound, rather than unnerving the Cat, sent her hand to the .44 with its six precious shells in its holster under her arm.

As she drew the Reaper came for her.



Welcome to Vampire Earth.

Forty years ago, within the single dark annus horriblius of 2022, the alien **Kurians** smashed human society as it existed and replaced it with an Order of their own. An Order with only one goal: the satisfaction of their vampiric appetites.

They came through interstellar gates from the dark world of **Kur** in the aftermath of a worldwide series of earthquakes. With the help of variegated aliens known as **Grogs**, their avatar **Reapers** that harvest human fodder, and a few select **Quisling** humans recruited to betray their own species, they were soon masters of a shattered Earth

Humanity no longer divides itself by race, by religion, by gender, or by class. There are now only three groups: those who aid Kur, those who endure Kur, and those who resist Kur.

Those who aid Kur have the easiest time of it. Someone canny enough to survive and rise in the Darwinian world of the **Kurian Order** is often rewarded with land and power over their fellows. A few work within the system to mitigate the evil and improve the sorry lot for those they oversee, but most know that manna flows from above. Displeasing these new earthly demigods means a quick trip to one of their earthly hells.

Those who endure Kur recognize that Earth is a very different world than that their grandparents knew. Life as a Quisling is out of the question; resisting the Kurian Order leads but to the grave. So that leaves accepting the world as it is, and perhaps carving a comfortable niche somewhere as far from the nearest **Kurian Lord** as possible in the unorganized **Nomansland**.

Noble, quixotic--or perhaps both-- those who resist Kur try to return humanity to their former position at the top of the food chain. A few **Freeholds** remain in poor and remote corners of the Earth, overlooked by Kur in the chaotic days of the **Overthrow** and organized for resistance before the Kurians had a chance to properly incorporate the regions into their Order. They maintain their



independence only by great bravery and sacrifice. Within the Kurian Zone there are also small guerrilla bands. Their victories--a sentry murdered here or there, train tracks ruined, a warehouse burned--are small but significant. They are tiny points of light in the Kurian darkness, but those who resist believe that enough points of light can drive away the shadow over mankind's future.

What kind of world will you work for? In Vampire Earth role playing, players will face this and many other choices as they work their way through their adventures.



# **GAMING VAMPIRE EARTH**

While the fast-paced *Savage Worlds* rules that form the basis for resolving game events in the World of Vampire Earth contain a more-than-adequate description of role playing, for those who are novices to the hobby a short discussion of **role-playing game** (RPG) theory might be useful.

First, let's get a few terms out of the way. A role-playing game involves two or more people creating a shared story. A roleplaying game needs a judge, variously called

> the "gamemaster" or "referee" or "director" or "game guide"--the terms are varied but the duties are the same. For purposes of this work, and to maintain consistency with the *Savage Worlds* rules, we will call this person the "gamemaster" (GM). A role-playing game also need one or more **players**, who take on the personas of their characters much as an actor does in a theater.

> The beauty of role playing is that you can play anyone. Few directors would be brave enough to cast Woody Allen as the lead in Shakespeare's Henry V, but in a RPG you can play anyone from Mata Hari to Oliver Twist regardless of your age or sex. The character a player is "running" or "acting out" through the events of the game is called a **player** character (PC). Unlike a play, there is no script; events are determined through a combination of game rules, decisions, and dice-rolling familiar to anyone who has ever



spent an evening over a Monopoly<sup>™</sup> board, with the added component that each player takes on a role. Thus the term roleplaying game.

To carry the dramatic metaphor one step further, the GM is like the Chorus in a Greek or Shakespearean play, a narrator in a documentary, or the godlike voice an author sometimes uses to describe the people, places, and things in a book. The GM sets the scene and arranges the props. The GM also plays any number of roles, like an extra in a play who changes into five different costumes over the course of a performance, appearing perhaps first as a priest, then a townsman, the priest again, later a soldier, and finally a doctor. These "cast members" collectively are known as **non-player characters** (NPCs). At the end of an adventure the GM determines how much and in what way the characters have grown through their experiences.

How closely a PC plays her character is up to each individual. Some players are comfortable speaking in the voice of their character as they interact with the GM. If her

character needs to intimidate her (or his, there's no reason a female might not play a male, and vice versa) way out of a potentially hostile barroom situation, the player might tell the GM she's going to intimidate the person bothering her PC, and say in a loud, threatening tone: "touch your gun or the doorknob, buddy. Either way you're leaving" as she rolls the dice. Or if she isn't comfortable with that, she might say to the GM "I'm going to give the thug a choice: go for his gun or the door." as she



makes her roll to determine the success of her intimidation. Someone very new to roleplay might just tell the GM: "I'd like to intimidate him into leaving" and roll...but the first two ways are a lot more fun for everyone concerned.

The best role-play sessions involve a great deal of interaction between player and GM as well as players and other players. The more "alive" a GM can make the world to the players, the better they will be able to visualize their characters in the situation the GM has created. Which group of players in the following situations is able fully to imagine their predicament? Who is having the better time acting out their characters?



#### Gaming Group A (two Wolves and a Cat operating in Nomansland)

GM: Your three day patrol in the Donner River Valley is nearly over and nothing has happened.You've got one stop left, in a little walled village called Ratkins Grove. It's almost dark, and the town is getting buttoned up for the night as you walk in. There's a man at the gate, ready to close it at nightfall. You were here a few months ago, and now it seems like the place has less people.PC1(lobnson, a votoran Wolf): It's friendly?

PC1(Johnson, a veteran Wolf): It's friendly?

GM: So far. Some Wolves' horses stabled here got stolen, but they've never given you any trouble.

- **PC2**(Price, a young wolf, an excellent marksman and something of a hotshot because of it): I'm going to walk with my rifle out of its sheath, not threatening, though.
- **PC3**(Leena, the Cat, though the Wolves think she's just a Freehold government functionary doing a geographic census that they're supposed to escort): I'm going to wave at the man at the gate.
- **GM**: He waves back. As you approach the gate you see a kid herding geese into a pen under the town gate. The kid makes a throat-cutting gesture.

#### Gaming Group B (same two Wolves and a Cat in Nomansland)

- **GM**: The wolves have thick chin stubble and Leena, you have three days worth of dirt under your collar as you approach Ratkins Grove, your last stop before heading back for Free Territory. Your sweep through the Donner River Valley has been quiet; the only bloodsuckers you've run into are the summer's first mosquitoes. Ratkins Grove is a little town of a dozen families built up around an old apple orchard about a half mile from the river on a bluff. The setting sun illuminates a rusty old rooster weather-vane on top of the biggest building in town, an old barn that still has a working cider press. You Wolves smell apple-blossoms on the breeze. Some of the families in town must be good engineers, because there's a thick log wall around the town. Railroad-tie wood nine feet high in two layers with dirt filled between joins the outer buildings. Scrap aluminum from old soda cans and house siding has been cut out and set like fish-scales on the outer walls of the buildings to prevent fire in case of attack. You hear shutters being closed and bolts being drawn as you approach, though a man-sized door in the aluminum gate--a side of a mobile home on a runner--is still open, and a man with a shotgun under his arm stands ready to close it. Only about half the houses look like there's a light burning inside; the last time you were here there were little cracks of light under every window.
- PC1(Johnson, the veteran Wolf): I've been in this area longest, what do I know about Ratkins Grove?
- **GM**: The last time you were here was last fall. They've always been willing to trade bullets for hot food and a bed. They've always been friendly to you. Some Wolves' horses stabled here got stolen, but they've never given you any trouble.
- **PC2** (Price, the young Wolf): Well, I've never been here, so I'm unsheathing my rifle. I'm not going to make a big-deal of it John Wayne style or anything, I'll just carry it one handed, barrel pointed down with my right hand gripped by the trigger.
- **PC3**(Leena, the Cat): I turn toward him "I want a bath, not a firefight, Price." I'll wave at the man at the gate, with a smile big enough for him to see at the distance.
- **GM**: He lifts his hand and waves you toward the door. A barefoot boy, about nine or so, is driving some squawking geese with a big bamboo stick that looks like it might also be a fishing pole. He's taking the flock to a pen set against the wall right next to the gate. He looks around, then at you, and draws his forefinger across his throat like this (*the GM demonstrates the classic cutthroat gesture*).



# GETTING INTO VAMPIRE EARTH

So what is this dark world of life-ordeath decisions and bitter choices?

Vampire Earth is a French Resistance story set within H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds*. It is a John Ford western as written by Bram Stoker. It is the *Road Warrior* with battles over individual containers carrying 14 gallons of blood rather than tanks of gasoline.

Vampire Earth is a post-apocalyptic world of larger-than-life heroes and villains. The Earth we know has been wracked by earthquake, wave, and flood, ruined by war and neglect, depopulated by disease, and reorganized under a dreadful and grasping hand. Brother may betray brother over a sack of corn; men and women give their lives for faces unknown and a future unknowable.

Humanity is not alone in its struggle. The **Lifeweavers**, kith and kin to the Kurians and sundered by a civil war eleven millennia old, have come to aid humanity as they did long ago, though some of a philosophical bent wonder who is aiding whom. Through the Lifeweavers, certain promising individuals are giving talents and abilities to combat those of the Reapers. These chosen few, which some call the **Hunters**, spend their lives fighting the Kurian Order.

The Hunters come in three flavors, named for animal fetishes used the first time Kur invade Earth before recorded history. **Wolves** run long and hard, patrolling the borders and penetrating the defenses of the Kurian Zones through enhanced endurance and senses. **Cats** operate undercover, often alone, as spies, assassins, and saboteurs deep within the Kurian Zone, relying on reflexes and stealth to get in and out alive. The most fearsome of the Hunters are the **Bears**, killing machines of great power and resilience who work themselves into a battle frenzy before going into action.

The roles that might be played are limited only by GM and player imagination. There are traders and smugglers, farmers and business executives, teachers and prophets and scoundrels and doctors all trying to live in a radically reorganized society. It is even possible for players to take on the role of one of the newly imported species (generally called Grogs), brought in 2022 to help with the Overthrow and now granted lands to settle.

Broadly speaking, there are three types of lands the players will act in and move through as they pursue their characters' short- and long-term goals. These are the Kurian Zones, Nomansland, and the Freeholds.

#### KURIAN ZONES

The **Kurian Zones** (K-Zs) are far from uniform once you get away from the basic fact that they all exist to feed the Kur.

Each Kurian Lord, or family (or in a few rare cases, clan) orders his domain as he sees fit from a well-guarded fortress. If he wants temples built in his honor and flaming sacrifice to his name, it is so. There are Kurians who rule after the fashion of Roman despots and Kurians who run their cities with corporate efficiency.

The Kur maintain their rule with the help of their genetically engineered Reapers and Grogs. But without some cooperation from





mankind their task would be impossible. They win men over with a risk/reward equation: the more helpful you are to the Kurian Order the more likely it is that you will be rewarded by being spared. Rebellion, disobedience, or even nonconformity make an evening visit by the Reapers more likely. For a few Quislings who do great service at their lord's behest, the coveted **brass ring** is awarded. The winner of one of these is spared, along with his or her immediate family, for the ringwinner's natural lifetime, with the tacit understanding that the good behavior will continue.

The Kurians live the protected, reclusive lives of bloodthirsty banana republic dictators. With their drug addict outlook on life they spend most of their time scheming over how to acquire sources of **vital aura**, the energy created by sentient, emotionally developed beings (like humans) that the Kurians feed on through their Reaper avatars and how to protect what they already have. But even more important than that is their



desire to protect their own precious hyperextended lives.

The Kurian Zone seems to be at a level of late nineteenth to early twentieth century technology. Anything later than that must be repaired, because the Kurians don't want to be bothered with replacing it. Rail and water are the main modes of transportation. Telephones work in many, but by no means all, Kurian territories. The humans under Kurian control are encouraged to exist in a state of obedient, dumb animalism. They provide ample, if unappetizing food for the most part, and encourage any kind of sexual activity as long as it might result in natural increase. In most KZ's a husband and wife who produce offspring every eighteen to thirty-six months are quite safe from the Reapers.

Humans under the Kur have adapted in the two generations since the Overthrow. With the living memory of Pre-Kurian times fading, a new set of traditions and mores have sprung up in the KZs. With literacy rates low, people entertain themselves with song and storytelling. Popular stories at gatherings are rather Br'er Rabbitish, about wily characters who outsmart the Kur through wits and moxie.

Wits or no, few in the KZ reach old age. At the first sign of illness or infirmity, the person in question is placed in a van and "reallocated" or "retired."

#### FREEHOLDS

There are still parts of the country unstained by the Kurian evil, where the Reapers are fought instead of obeyed.

They remain free with the protection of mountain, forest, weather, and the courage of the residents. They are the refuges of the Lifeweavers, and bases from which the Hunters strike back at the New Order.



Life for the Freeholders is in many ways harder than for their enslaved brethren. The Kurians control the good farmland for the most part, so food is always a problem. New mouths constantly wander in, seeking asylum from the KZ, and none are turned away (even at the chance of a Quisling spy or two slipping in).

The children might be hungry, but they go to school. And they have a future.

It isn't without danger. To the Reapers, the Freeholds are prime hunting territory. To the Grogs, the mountains and deserts and forests and tundra are living space that the Kur have not claimed.

The Freeholders are a happily close, cooperative group. Serious crime is virtually unknown, and troublemakers are simply banished to Nomansland.

They fear that the reason the Kur haven't smashed the Freeholds is not because they can't, but because they have no need to. Yet.

#### NOMANSLAND

A good portion of the territory of North America belongs to neither Kurian nor Freeholder.

It is called Nomansland. While the occasional Kurian stronghold dots the reaches of Nomansland at important transport hubs or resource centers, away from these vital points it is contested ground. The Grogs claim some of it, Quislings and outlaw bands of humans other pieces, and a good deal of territory is controlled by disorganized groups of people wanting only to be left alone.

In reward for their service, the Kur have placed thousands of square miles under the ostensible control of the Grogs. Grog societies vary from species to species. The grey ape-like beasts, being the most



intelligent and social (and cruel, they consider it great sport to have humans doing their menial work to the pace of the lash), build large towns and live in ruined cities in considerable numbers. Should mankind ever send the Kurians back where they came from the issue of what to do about the Grogs is going to be a difficult one.

Elsewhere bandit gangs, knowing law of neither Kurian or Freeholder, roam the landscape, not so much resisting Kurian rule as avoiding it. They make deadly enemies to those weaker, and poor friends to those stronger.

And finally there are hundreds of hidden enclaves of people living as quietly and secretly as possible, retreating to the deepest woods and swamps when the Kurians sweep through hunting for auras. A few enclaves battle the Freeholds and Kurians with equal vigor--it is hard to get close enough to bargain as they shoot anything that appears within range.

Earth, circa 2065, is either a chaotic mess or organized for humanity's exploitation and enslavement. Whatever promise we have as a species, whatever destiny we have in the universe, is going to slow waste as long as Kur dominates our planet.

Time to make a decision.



# WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

"What then must we do?" Tolstoy asked. The question is the same in 2065 as it was for the Russian author in 1886. There is misery and fear everywhere save for a few slices of Freehold and privileged Quisling enclaves.

Some will resist to the last drop of blood, fighting Kur and its minions, trying to protect the Freeholds or establish new ones. Each life saved is a victory for these gallant souls.

Or Quixotic fools, to others. There are those who recognize that life has always been a fight for survival, and while they have no wish to be under the tongue of a Reaper, also don't want to throw their lives away in pursuit of an Impossible Dream. They've seen the "Freeholds" with their pressgang drafts and taxes and "let's all give our utmost for victory"

become guerrillas, but the dangers and reprisals make those in the **underground** wonder if the losses are worth the small victories. Then there are those who chose to collaborate, either to work and rise within the Kurian system with whatever tiny leeway they have to better the lot of those they know, or truly join in body and spirit in an effort to win a brass ring and the life of luxury and security that goes with it.

waiting inevitably at the end of it. Some

The choice is yours.



### CAMPAIGN CHOICES

The players and the GM need to decide where their Vampire Earth adventures will begin. Will they do battle with Kur and its minions from a Freehold, wander through the human, Grog, and Kurian chaos of Nomansland between the warring camps, or work within the Kurian Order, either to help humanity or for their own gain?

A Freehold campaign might include military missions within the Kurian Zone to destroy

atmosphere and want no part of it. They wander between the two sides seeking freedom and comfort, luxuries only doled out in tiny amounts within the warring camps.

Those within the Kurian Zone face their own bitter choice: submit, resist, or collaborate? Submission just means a life of drudgery, the **Last Dance** with a Reaper key objectives, like Sabot's proposed destruction of the coal-to-gasoline refinery at the beginning of this Sourcebook, rescue missions to bring out people under the heavy hand of Kur, defensive missions to halt depredations within the borders of their Freehold, patrols into Nomansland, diplomatic missions to gain allies, courier runs, and so on.



In Nomansland the goal is survival. Caught between partisan armies of both sides, dangerous Grogs, mercenaries, bandits, the occasional Kurian strongpoint, and would-be local strongmen running their lands as they see fit, adventures in Nomansland will run the gamut from filmnoir western to warring states samurai epic. Characters wandering Nomansland might deliver justice or mercy in their own way, carve out a new civilization, help or hinder the Kurians and Freeholders and Grogs as they see fit, or even set up a business.

Within the Kurian Zone players could take to the hills as a guerrilla band, acquire power within the system and then cleverly use it to the dismay of Kur, or abandon their fellow humans and go for a brass ring for the power and freedom from fear it brings. Who wants to play for a losing team anyway?

Once the overarching theme of the campaign is chosen, it is time to generate characters for the players to run in pursuit of their goal.





"Even knowing what I know now, I still have fond memories of that KZ school. Only they didn't call it a school, it was a 'Community Childcare Center' or a Threecee. We played games and talked in sharing circles and worked in effort groups. We collected metal and rubber and food and paper. Especially paper. You brought in an actual book and for the rest of the drive-day you wore a blue satin sash with a gold star on it. They taught us to be good little zoners, that's for sure. Threecee was all electric light on bright-colored construction paper and gold foil, so different from the house and mom and dad in their brown clothes under peelingwallpaper.

"I found out the folks were going to make a break for it. I made the discovery during a thing we were supposed to do called a 'home safety check,' kids on the lookout for smuggled food and stuff like that. I rushed right out and told Mrs. Ponter, my teacher. Only it ended up that Mrs. Ponter was some kind of local underground leader, I think, because she marched me right back to my parents and had some words and ended up giving them a compass and a map.

"'Freedom,' my dad said to me as we camped in the woods that night, in the middle of a bunch of big stones that supposedly messed with the Reapers senses. 'You don't know what it means, Lonny.'

"We made it to a place called Ybor. A little piece of nothing, a few houses around a grain silo with this trickle flowing through town that they called 'the river.' Typical Nomansland dump, run by a guy called Sheriff Belling. He had a badge, anyway, but the folks called him 'Belly.' Not to his face. He took us into his own house and was nice enough, though now that I'm older I think that maybe he had an eye for my mom.

"Miserable place to grow up, and nothing to do but work.

"I'd just turned fifteen when the circus came to town. To me it was a circus. To you guys it was just six-wagon recruiting column drawn by mules outta' our little slice of clean earth. But when you've seen the same faces every day for seven years new folks showing up made everything a carnival. They had a little band of guitars, snare-drum and a sax, an officer and a politician who made a speech, and pretty ladies handing out food. I liked the music, but the food...jellied hams, baked fruit pies--they had an oven they hauled around--chocolate and jawbreakers and real spiced rum and schnapps. They needed recruits and Dad said 'now's your chance for freedom' so I joined. After me and a couple others signed they laid out a spread--Sheriff Belling started up about kidnapping then about had a coronary after I called him Belly to his face but there were two Wolves with the column who took him into the barn and explained things to him so that he got the point--and we ate and got these little canvas-envelope hats to wear. Learned too late they were called 'foolflips.'

"The rest of the trip there weren't any more jellied hams and chocolate, at least not for those of us in the envelope hats. Life as a recruit back then kissed Grog--we only got meat Friday nights and Sundays, and 'liberty' was just a word on our belt buckles.

"I got back to Ybor once. It was empty and ten years wild. I searched my parent's house, all the houses, looking for a clue about what happened. I searched for a note harder than I ever looked for books during one of the Threecees environment drives. Never found anything. I don't think my dad ever got his 'Freedom.' I sure didn't, not in these years of keeping the Reapers out. But my son's living in a better world.



A player's "character" defines the sort of person s/he is playing. Strengths and weaknesses, skills and gaps in knowledge, special talents and deficiencies are all defined by the character's attributes, advantages, and skills.

Characters in Vampire Earth are built using the normal rules for **Savage Worlds** with a few notable exceptions.

#### RfICES

Certain races have abilities that far outstrip normal humans. To maintain game balance these races have a cost in Experience Points that must be paid in order for the character to be a member of that race. That cost is listed in parentheses beside the name of the race. Players may take these races as Novices, but they effectively start in Experience Point debt. All earned Experience Points must be applied to pay this debt first. Grog is the generic name for any of the new introduced species the Kurians brought to Earth to aid in their conquest. The two most common types of sentient Grogs are described below, but there are a variety of other more rare versions as well. Grog PC's are always exceptional members of their race, and as such may not have some characteristics commonly attributed to their race (such as the Common Grogs' fascination with fire).

#### GROG, COMMON (10xp deficit)

The most common of the "Introduced Species" since 2022, Common Grogs are not as slow-witted as some claim. They are great observers and mimics when it comes to tool use and technology, though for some reason they do not use this skill for gestures or verbalization. Also known as the "Gray Ones" and the Hur-rack, they call



themselves the Hezh in their own language. They are highly social and religious, if many of their customs seem strange to us, no end of problems have come from human traders and leaders who accidentally caused insult.

• **Strong:** Grogs are built like bulldozers. Strength starts out at d8 and can be increased to a d12+2 through normal advancement.

• **Tough:** Grogs have constitutions to nearly match their Strength. Vigor starts at a d6.

• **Size +1:** Grogs aren't much taller than humans, but have huge chests and torsos. In addition, their Load Limit is doubled.

• Armor +2: Grogs have hides like rhinos.

• Fast: When they choose to go on all fours, Grogs can cover all kinds of terrain very quickly. Pace is increased by +2, and they suffer no reduction of movement for difficult terrain. While using their arms in this fashion, Grogs cannot perform any other actions that require use of their hands.

• **Deadeye:** Grogs are careful and experienced shots, trained to conserve ammunition. Bringing down game with more than a single shot leads to ridicule. They gain the Marksman Edge for free.

• **Outsider:** Grogs suffer a –2 to Charisma when dealing with humans.

• Alien: Grogs can't really understand Earth or humans. In effect, they have the Clueless Hindrance, suffering a –2 penalty to Common Knowledge rolls to anything not related to their own culture or people.

• Linguistic Difficulty: Grogs have a hard time understanding and learning languages other than their own. It costs a Grog twice as many points to learn the Knowledge (language) skill at character creation, and a Grog must always use one level up to increase the skill one die type. Grogs may not increase their Knowledge (language) skill higher than their Smarts.

#### GROG, "GOLDEN ONE" (20 deficit)

Distant cousins to the Common Grogs, the Golden Ones are skilled linguists and have evolved socially beyond family, clan, and tribal social structures. While they know how to mix with humans, most avoid it because of problematic experiences. There is underlying resentment in most Golden One communities against the Kurians, who rewarded their fathers for their service with land grants in ruined cities, along poisoned rivers, and in resourceless backwaters.

• **Strong:** Golden Ones are thickly built. Strength starts out at d8 and can be increased to a d12+2 through normal advancement.

• **Tough:** Golden Ones have constitutions to match their Strength. Vigor starts at a d8 and can be increased to a d12+2 through normal advancement.

• **Fast Healers:** Golden Ones make natural healing rolls each day and gain a +2 bonus to those rolls.

• **Size +1:** Golden Ones aren't much taller than humans, but have huge chests and torsos. In addition, their Load Limit is doubled.

• Armor +1: Golden Ones have pebbly leather-like hides.

• Fast: When they choose to go on all fours, Golden Ones can cover all kinds of terrain very quickly. Pace is increased by +2, and they suffer no reduction of movement for difficult terrain. While using their arms in this fashion, Golden Ones cannot perform any other actions that require use of their hands.

• **Deadeye:** Golden Ones are natural shots, just like their "Gray One" cousins. They gain the Marksman Edge for free.

• **Outsider:** Golden Ones suffer a –2 to Charisma when dealing with humans.



• **Apprenticeship:** Golden Ones spend their early years at a trade in a culture where artisanship is highly prized. A Golden One adult starts out with d6 in a Knowledge skill related to arts and crafts representing his specialty, such as Ironmongery, leatherworking, pottery, woodworking and so on.

#### OTHER RACES

While less common, there are too many variations of Grogs to fully list (though not all are related like the Gray Ones and Golden Ones). In addition, in the Nomanslands there are a few isolated enclaves of Grogs who escaped from labs where the Kurians experimented on their genetic structure. These Wereds (just one of their many names) may have different abilities from their original racial stock. With the GM's approval, a player may create a new race using the following rules.

Grogs and Wereds are built using the racial abilities from the GM's section of the **Savage Worlds** basic rulebook. The player starts with 2 points with which to build their new race. Major Abilities cost 2 points and Minor ones cost 1 point. Major Penalties grant +2 points to spend and Minor ones grant +1 point. One exception is the Outsider Hindrance that all must have and get no points for.

In addition, players may gain additional points by giving their race an Experience Point cost to play. This may be 5, 10, 15, or 20 points with the cost to play granting an equal amount of points with which to buy racial abilities.

#### DERIVED FIBILITIES

One optional change from the standard **Savage Worlds** character generation system



is the inclusion of additional derived abilities based on attributes. Toughness is already derived from Vigor; in addition, characters gain levels in certain skills derived from their other attributes. The character gets automatic skill levels in each of these equal to the attribute. The skills are increased automatically if the character's attribute rises, or can be increased through the expenditure of skill or experience points.

These abilities are: Agility confers skill level in *Stealth* Smarts confers skill level in *Notice* Spirit confers skill level in *Guts* Strength confers skill level in *Climbing*.





#### TRAGIC ORIGINS

The world of Vampire Earth is a harsh place, and many people have faced horrible challenges a young age. To reflect this, characters may take an additional Major Hindrance to reflect some prior tragedy. They gain points for this Hindrance as normal.

# CULTURAL BACKGROUND

A character's cultural background determines "Common Knowledge" (*Savage Worlds* rules p. 25). What's common knowledge for the son of a Brass Ringwearing Quisling and common knowledge for a nomad child brought up in a Dakota teepee are two very different matters.

Nothing in this table should be construed as limiting the character in what skills may be learned or edges purchased. It is included to offer some flavor to the character generation process beyond a mundane list of skills, edges and hindrances.

Cultural Background is determined by a draw from the *Savage Worlds* initiative deck (a standard deck of playing cards with the jokers left in).

CULTURAL BACKGROUND TABLE						
	Suite					
Value	•	•	×		<b>^</b>	
2	KZ-PRI	NL-PRI	FH-PRI		Т	
3	KZ-REM	NL-PRI	FH-PRI		Т	
4	KZ-REM	NL-PRI	FH-REM		Т	
5	KZ-RES	NL-REM	FH-REM		Т	
6	KZ-RES	NL-REM	FH-RES		Т	
7	KZ-RES	NL-REM	FH-RES		Т	
8	KZ-RES	NL-REM	FH-RES		Т	
9	KZ-RES	NL-RES	FH-UNT		Т	
10	KZ-UNT	NL-RES	FH-UNT		Т	
J	KZ-Operator	NL-Wanderer	FH-Artist		T-Rogue	
Q	KZ-Sciences	NL-Resource	FH-Commu	nity	T-Celebrity	
К	KZ-Leadership	NL-Tsar	FH-Leaders	hip	T-Baron	
А	KZ-Military	NL-Merc	FH-Hunter		T-Hero	
Joker	Player Choice					
Society		Technolo	Technology Level		Facecards are special. See	
KZ – Kurian Zone		PRI – Pr	PRI – Primitive		explanations below.	
NL – Nomansland		REM - Re	REM – Remnant			
FH – Freehold		RES – Re	RES – Restored			
	T Transition	RES – Re	RES – Restored			



#### SOCIETY

All characters will be better able to "blend in" and escape notice in the society they grew up in. They gain a +2 bonus to Stealth to "blend in" to their home society. Transitional characters gain a +1 bonus in their two home societies.

#### Kurifin Zone

The character came from the Kurian Zone, and will be used to the sight of Grogs, the occasional Reaper, some symbols for Kurian clans and cartels. He was probably taught to consider freeholders terrorists.

#### NOMANSLAND

The character was born in Nomansland, and will be familiar with the social customs, aversions, trading practices, and property markings for that society. Chances are she was brought up to be wary of both Freeholds and Kurian Zones.

#### FREEHOLD

The character was born in a Freehold, and will be used to the freedoms and responsibilities of someone enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If a character is unhappy with a draw, the Gamemaster might consider making this the default origin.

#### TRANSITION

At some point in the characters background, he or she went from one society to another through escape, capture, or chance of fortune and war. The character should draw two more cards to determine first origin and second where they ended up. A spade allows the character to choose. A facecard drawn first will mean the character was born into that position, then the second draw could mean loss of position. A rapid rise in his family's fortunes is equally possible.

#### TECH LEVEL

#### PRIMITIVE

No phone, no lights, no motorcars...The character grew up in the most rugged of conditions, using tools and clothing made within the family and community, basically a Neolithic lifestyle.

He was unfamiliar with telephones, electricity, and engines. The character starts with a free d6 Skill Level in Survival to reflect their self-sufficiency.





#### Remnant

FACECARDS

A few implements are left from the world of 2022, though some may be used for different purposes than their manufacturers intended. Guns were items of awesome power, there is a plains-indian type of vague knowledge of trains and everything else didn't rise much above the comforts a feudal noble enjoyed. Indoor plumbing was a luxury. The character starts with a free d6 Skill Level in Riding or Boating or may start with a d4 in both to reflect their reliance on simple transport.

#### RESTORED

What was possible to be rebuilt was rebuilt. The character is familiar with electricity, phones, vehicles, sewing machines, and concepts like radio – though service for all of these may be spotty. A latenineteenth century lifestyle exists. The character starts with a free d6 Skill Level in Repair to reflect their ability to upkeep their own equipment.

#### **UNTOUCHED**

A good deal of pre-2022 material is still operational. The character has a good idea of what a computer, cellphone, dvd, or digital camera can do, why a plane or helicopter can stay in the air and how the various parts of it work together, though in many cases the infrastructure to support said devices is a rarity and they are almost useless beyond a limited area. The character starts with a free d6 Skill Level in Streetwise to reflect survival in "civilization" being dependent on who you know more than what you know. The character comes from a famous or important background that applied to a parent, close relative, or guardian... some of the fame may cling to the character whether s/he likes it or not

**Artist:** famous writers, painters, photographers, filmmakers, musicians.

**Baron:** Certain rare items are wanted and used by all societies. This person was a maufacturer, importer, smuggler or supplier of specialty valuable materials, old art, fine weapons, furs, jewelry, apparel, vehicles, and so on.

**Celebrity:** There are still singers of songs, poets, and socializers who somehow attract attention with their glitter.

**Community:** The sort of pillar a community rallies around, be they a church leader, healer, military leader, or humanitarian.

**Hero:** Through some twist of luck and fate, the family name is known for bravery.

**Hunter:** The character was born into the Hunter caste. The GM may wish to automatically award the character with an arcane background edge.

**Leadership:** Certain families rise to lead their communities, whether elected (Freehold) or appointed (KZ).

**Merc:** The character grew up around hardened guns for hire in the harsh world of Nomansland.

**Military:** Professional soldiery in the Kurian Zone is a highly trusted caste.



**Operator:** Semi-legal organizations make sure the masses in the Kurian Zone are supplied with entertainment, and recreation.

**Resource:** Control over a vital natural resource brings with it power to bargain even with a Kurian Lord.

**Rogue:** The family never has fit in with the rest of their society. Perhaps they are human rulers of a Grog nation, or run the last surviving trans-oceanic airline, or preside over an "underground" university in the KZ.

**Sciences:** Technical know-how is a valuable commodity in the Kurian Zone. This character's familiy might operate some hightech remnant or act as an "Igor" figure to a Kurian scientist.

**Tsar:** A ruler in Nomansland, responsible for the welfare of a large group of people. The character could be anything from a child expected to inherit to a disfavored bastard.

**Wanderer:** Rootless operatior moving across borders and through "pipelines." The character's upbringing didn't lack for variety.

# VAMPIRE EARTH SKILLS

#### MASKING (SPIRIT)

Masking is the skill of hiding your lifesign from those with the ability to detect it – usually Reapers though Kurian Lords also



use their Lifesign sense to search for enemies. In effect, it works exactly like the Stealth skill except it opposes Notice rolls based on Lifesign Sense. The Stealth modifiers for crawling and dim light/darkness do not apply; however, the modifiers for running and cover are used. In addition, a character gains a +2 modifier to Masking if they take no other actions or movement. Usually learned from another character with the skill, often a member of the Hunter classes or a Lifeweaver.. Once initially learned, it can be improved without further training.



# VAMPIRE EARTH HINDRANCES

#### DUTY (MINOR OR MAJOR)

This can mean everything from a part time-occupation to having a household pet. The character will sometimes have to follow orders or otherwise attend to this responsibility. A career, military service, or childcare constitutes a duty. Normally, this is a Minor Hindrance, but if the Duty entails providing for one's infant or being regularly subjected to hazardous situations, such as active military service, then it counts as a Major Hindrance.

#### HEAVY SLEEPER (MINOR OR MAJOR)

The character sleeps like a log and has no chance to notice anything less than an alarm clock going off (loudly) or a hand grenade when asleep. As a Minor Hindrance the character suffers a –2 penalty to Notice rolls while asleep. As a Major Hindrance, the penalty increases to –4, and the character must make a Spirit roll for each hour of inactivity or fall asleep.

#### INTOLERANT (MAJOR)

Intolerant characters have an irrational hatred of a particular type of person or being. The character suffers a -4 to Charisma when dealing with that type of person or with anyone familiar with his intolerance who does not share it. Furthermore, characters of that particular type suffer a -4 to Charisma when dealing with him.

#### **RESENTFUL (MINOR)**

The character sees herself as wronged or discriminated against. As intolerant but -2 modifieres toward members of the class.

# VAMPIRE EARTH EDGES Arcane Edges

Arcane abilities are handled differently that in the normal **Savage Worlds** rules. Since the full description of how arcane abilities work in Vampire Earth relates to setting information that may not be available in all games, that information is covered fully in the Arcane Player's section. The GM will let you know if you have access to this section. For now, none of the Weird Edges, Arcane Edges, or Edges with Arcane in the name is allowed as listed in the basic rulebook.

#### KURIAN/LIFEWEAVER ALTERATION

**Requirements:** Novice (Inherited) or Seasoned (Designed)

This character has a special arcane powers through genetic changes courtesy of Lifeweaver or Kurian science.

The Inherited version means the changes have been passed down through a parent or other ancestor who was altered. These changes are unplanned and result in random abilities. The character draws a card from the Action Deck and uses the Random Alteration Chart to determine their ability or abilities.

Only a Lifeweaver or Kurian can perform the designed version, and they only do so on those they trust (thus it is rare for a Kurian to perform such an alteration). In this instance, the Lifeweaver or Kurian performing the alteration chooses the specific ability. (Note: Lifeweavers specialize in the "package deal" changes to create Hunters and so those are handles as separate Edges.)



#### RANDOM ALTERATION CHART

Draw	Result
Red Joker	Pick any two effects from the red suits
	(Hearts and Diamonds).
Black Joker	Pick any two effects from the black suits
-	(Spades and clubs).
Spades	
2-10	Smarts increased one die type and
210	
	may be increased one die type
	higher through normal
	advancement.
Jack	+2 to all Smarts attribute rolls.
Queen	Savant: Gains all Knowledges through
	one Knowledge (All) skill.
King	Arcane Aptitude (see Arcane Player's
	Section).
Ace	Pick one ability from the Spade List.
Hearts	The one ability norm the space list.
	Strongth increased one dia type and
2-10	Strength increased one die type and
	may be increased one die type higher
	through normal advancement.
Jack	Load Limit is doubled and minimum
	Strength for gear used is reduced one
	die type.
Queen	+2 to all Strength attribute rolls.
King	Fighting damage is doubled any time
_	you draw a face card or higher for
	Initiative.
Ace	Pick one ability from the Heart list.
Diamonds	
2-10	Agility increased one die type and may
2.10	be increased one die type higher
	through normal advancement.
Jack	Gain +2 to Parry.
	+2 to all Agility attribute rolls.
Queen	
King	Gain the Quick and Ambidexterous
	Combat Edges.
Ace	Pick one ability from the Diamond list.
Clubs	
2-10	Vigor increased one die type and may
	be increased one die type higher
	through normal advancement.
Jack	Gain +2 to Touchness.
Queen	+2 to all Vigor attribute rolls.
King	"Turned all the way up." Gain two
0	additional Superior Abilities when
	taking a Hunder Edge
Ace	Pick one ability from the Club list.
1100	There one ability norm the club list.

#### HUNTER EDGES

Hunter Edges are the result of Lifeweaver manipulation of human DNA. They are only available with GM approval, and a character may only take one Hunter Edge per Rank. Each Edge comes with a number of predetermined base abilities, and each of those has an optional Superior ability. When a character takes one of these Edges, they get all of the base abilities and may choose two of the Superior abilities as well.

#### WOLF

**Requirements:** Novice, Human, Masking d4, Spirit d6, Vigor d6, Notice d6, Survival d6, Tracking d6

A Lifeweaver has altered you into a member of the Wolf Hunter caste.

Enhanced Speed and Surefootedness Base: Your Pace increases by 2, and your Running Die is increased by one die type. Superior: You suffer no penalties for Difficult Ground to your Pace.

#### Advanced Recon Training

Base: You gain the Professional Edge: Woodsman.

Superior: Your bonuses from that Edge apply in all non-urban terrain, not just woodlands.

#### Enhanced Endurance

Base: Your Vigor increases two die types and can be increased through normal advancement to d12+2. Superior: Your resistance to exhaustion is increased. You double the time required before a Vigor roll to resist Fatigue due to exertion and halve the time required to recover Fatigue loss from. This includes Fatigue caused by lack of sleep, and your





character only requires half as much sleep as an unaltered character.

#### Hard Senses

Base: Your Notice and Tracking skills gain a +2 bonus, and the range of your senses is doubled. The sense of smell becomes highly acute as well and the character can recognize and differentiate scents. Superior: Your Notice skill increases two die types and can be increased through normal advancement to d12+2.

#### Advanced Wilderness Training

Base: Survival and Tracking both increase one die type.

Superior: The character finds sustenance for five times the number of people on a

successful Survival roll, and the character suffers no terrain penalties for Tracking.

#### **(**ft

**Requirements:** Novice, Human, Masking d6, Spirit d6, Agility d6, Climb d6, Lockpicking d6, Stealth d6 A Lifeweaver has altered you into a member of the Cat caste.

Modification Training Base: You gain the Professional Edge, Acrobat Superior: You gain your bonus to Parry even while encumbered, and you gain an additional +1 to Parry when unencumbered.

Advanced Mission Training Base: You gain one of the following Edges: Assassin,

Martial Artist, Prof. Edge: Investigator, or Prof. Edge: Thief (Pick one, but you must meet all the normal requirements for the Edge).

Superior: Pick a second Edge from the above list (you must still meet the normal requirements).

#### Enhanced Reflexes

Base: You gain +2 die types to Agility, and Agility can be increased through normal advancement to d12+2 Superior: You gain the Background Edge, Quick. If you already have this Edge, the benefit increases to allow a redraw on a 7 or less.



#### Cat-like Modifications

Base: You gain Low Light Vision and a successful Agility roll halves any damage from a fall plus you automatically land on your feet.

Superior: You can leap 2" vertically and 4" horizontally.

#### Intrusion and Combat Training

Base: Stealth and Fighting are both increased one die type.

Superior: Stealth and Fighting are increased a total of two die types, and both can be increased through normal advancement to d12+2.

#### Improved Masking

Base: As long as you are conscious, others take a -4 penalty to Notice to detect you with Lifesign Sense. You may turn this ability on and off as a free action.

Superior: The penalty increases to -6.

#### BEAR

**Requirements:** Novice, Human, Masking d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Fighting d8, Shooting d8

A Lifeweaver has altered you into a member of the Bear Hunter caste. A Bear's heightened metabolism requires more fuel and rest. You require twice as much food as a normal person and a minimum of eight hours of sleep each night to avoid making rolls to avoid Fatigue. Bears also have a reputation of ripping the arms off people who annoy them; you suffer a -2 Charisma with any non-Hunters who know you are a member of this caste. Unfortunately, Bears are also easily annoyed; you suffer a -2penalty to resist Taunt-based Tests of Will, and regardless of the opposing Taunt skill roll, if you fail against a normal TN: 4, your next action must be to attack the character



you believe to be taunting you (Note: the best taunts against Bears start with, "Did you hear what that guy said about you..."). Trying to rip that person's arms off is optional.

Enhanced Strength

Base: You gain +2 die types to Strength, and Strength can be increased through normal advancement to d12+2 Superior: Your Load Limit is quadrupled.

#### Regenerative Capability

Base: You gain a +2 bonus to Vigor rolls on the Knock Out Blow or Injury tables, and injuries are permanent only on a critical failure.

Superior: The bonus increases to +4.

#### Enhanced Healing

Base: You make natural healing rolls every three days instead of every five days and gain a +2 bonus to your rolls. Superior: You make natural healing rolls every day and heal all wounds with a raise on your roll.

#### Advanced Combat Training

Base: You gain one free Combat Edge regardless of Rank requirements, but you must meet all other requirements. Superior: You gain a second Edge as above.

#### Pain Resistance

Base: You ignore one level of wound penalties.



Superior: You ignore an additional level of Wound penalties (two levels total). Damage Resistance

Base: You gain a +2 to recover from being Shaken.

Superior: You gain a +2 to Toughness. *Battle Frenzy* 

Base: You may enter a condition similar to a berserker fury though you retain control of your actions. It takes an action to initiate this state but not to maintain it. While it is active, you gain a +2 bonus to Fighting and Strength rolls and suffer no penalties for wounds or fatigue. This adrenaline-fueled condition is not without its downside; at the end of a combat (or any situation) in which it was used, the character must make a Vigor roll.On a raise, you suffer no ill effects. On a success, you take one level of Fatigue. On a failure, you suffer two levels of Fatigue, and on a critical failure, you are automatically Incapacitated by Fatigue. Each Fatigue level can only be recovered by two hours of sleep above the normally required amount. Superior: You are better able to handle the effects of your Battle Frenzy. You suffer no effects on a successful Vigor roll, one level of Fatigue on a failure, and only two levels on a critical failure.





#### NEW COMBAT EDGES

#### **HCK-HCK**

**Requirements:** Novice, Shooting d8+ Artillery is queen of the battlefield, and you're king of the big guns. Your character is skilled at taking out targets with big guns like artillery and larger vehicle-mounted weapons. Reduce your range penalties by 2 for any ranged weapon of the Heavy Weapon type. This has no effect on Short range, but you suffer no penalty for Medium range and only a –2 penalty for Long range.

#### GUNNER

**Requirements:** Novice, Shooting d8+ Born with finger already flicking the full auto switch! Putting a lot of bullets on target is this character's specialty. When using the suppressive fire attack (Savage Words page 65) the character gets +1 to his shooting roll to determine burst template placement. In addition, targets are wounded with a Spirit roll of 1 or 2.

#### MARTIAL ARTIST

**Requirements:** Novice, Fighting d8+, Agility d8+, Spirit d8+, Strength d6+

You show the skill and the spirit of a true warrior, grasshopper! The character is devoted to making his entire body a weapon and knows how to strike the vulnerable spots on a human body. The character is considered armed even if he does not have a melee weapon for the Unarmed Defender rule, and his unarmed attacks do Str+1 damage. The character may ignore 2 points of Called Shot penalties for the Fighting skill. Also, in grapple attacks, the character does damage the same round as the successful grapple is made.



NEW PROFESSIONAL EDGES

#### **A**SPIRANT

**Requirements:** Novice, Spirit d6+, Survival d6+

Most Hunters are apprenticed to groups of the caste they wish to join. The youths, some as young as ten, learn the skills they'll need to survive when they become fullfledged Wolves, Cats, or Bears. These characters gain a +2 to Survival and Vigor rolls to resist Fatigue. In addition, they gain a d4 in Masking skill and may now raise the skill through normal advancement.

#### AZZAZZIN

**Requirements:** Novice, Trademark Weapon, Stealth d8+, Agility d8+ Sapper, cleaner, wetwork expert, there are a lot of names for it, but they all mean the same thing. This character is adept at killing swiftly and silently. In any situation where



the character has The Drop on an opponent and uses her trademark weapon, her damage is doubled.

#### DOC

**Requirements:** Novice, Smarts d6+, Healing d8+, Knowledge (Medicine) d8+

The character is a professional healer, whether through herbs or a lancet and scalpel. The character gains a +2 bonus to Healing and Knowledge (Medicine) rolls, and a second raise on a Healing roll removes a third wound. In addition, characters under their care make a natural healing roll in half the normal time.

#### KURIAN SHADOW

**Requirements:** Novice, Agility d6, Smarts d8

While informants are commonplace, trained agents are rare. To help detect Freehold terrorists and sniff out threats to the Kurian Order, a few with psionic gifts have their abilities enhanced and developed to carry out this task.



The Shadow is altered by her Kurian master and granted Psionic Powers. The Shadow may choose two powers from the Proto-Psi list (see the Arcane Players Section).

#### KURIAN AGENT

**Requirements:** Seasoned, Kurian Shadow, Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d10

The most effective Shadows are given special training to go outside of their own KZ and into neighboring territories to gather information or carry out operations. Their psi powers are further enhanced to make them a match for the Cats.

The Shadow is enhanced by her Kurian master. The Shadow may choose two powers from the True Psionic Power list (see the Arcane Players Section).

#### LOGISTICS COMMANDO

**Requirements:** Veteran, McGyver, Driving d6, Riding d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d6, Streetwise d6

Logistics Commandos are responsible for obtaining and smuggling supplies to the Free Territories or to troops on the move. A lot of Wolves transfer out of the main fighting force to the Logistics Commandos either when they get too old for the front lines or simply because a commander sees a certain talent.

They are experts with acquisition, transport, and repair. Logistics Commandos gains a +2 bonus to Streetwise and Persuasion rolls to find and purchase goods of any kind. Due to their experience at taking "alternative routes," they suffer no penalties to Driving or Riding rolls for Difficult Ground.

In addition, even if they can't find the item needed, Logistics Commandos can often scrounge up something to serve the same function. First, they need to make a successful Notice roll to find an object to



use. Then they must make a Repair roll at -2. On a success, the item will serve its function for 1d6 hours before breaking down. With a raise, the item will serve normally in its new purpose. Such items are limited to basic mechanical functions (including simple melee weapons) subject to GM approval.

#### NEW UNIVERSAL CHURCH ACOLYTE

**Requirements:** Novice, Spirit d6 Boys and girls as young as eight start working for the NUC, learning how to keep their fellow humans reasonably content and thriving.

Acolytes receive +2 to all Charisma and Intimidation rolls when dealing with those loyal to, or cowed by, the Kurian order. In addition they enjoy a degree of protection from Reaper predations. They are also expected to unquestioningly obey their superiors in the NUC and Kurian Order.

#### NEW UNIVERSAL CHURCH PRIEST

**Requirements:** Seasoned, NUC Acolyte, Spirit d8 Priests provide many of the social services in the KZ – except for higher education, which is reserved for NUC clergy and the social elites. Healthy, obedient populations of breeding humans

are their responsibility. The Priest's patron Kurian modifies him to grant the Kurian Link ability, and develops contacts within the Kurian Order affording him a greater safety from Reaper attacks (though they are by no means untouchable). NUC Priests, however, have a strong Duty to the Order and are watched closely for signs of disloyalty. They are also expected to unquestioningly obey their superiors in the NUC and Kurian Order.



#### NEW UNIVERSAL CHURCH SUPERIOR

**Requirements:** Veteran, NUC Priest, Spirit d10

The managerial class of the NUC begins to learn some secrets of the Kurian Order to fulfill their duties of keeping both the Church, and the population, under control.

Priests receive the Empathy Proto-Psi power, and one other Psi power of their Kurian master's choice. In addition the priest gains a further +2 to all intimidation rolls against those living under Kurian rule.



However, a NUC Superior is fitted with a brain bomb detonatable by any of the NUC Archons or the Kurain's internal security agents.

#### NEW UNIVERSAL CHURCH ARCHON

**Requirements:** Wild Card, Legendary, NUC Superior, Spirit d12

The highest-ranking Churchmen are vital to the Kurian Order. Many learn to manipulate vital aura for their own benefit.

The Archon receives the Kurian Necromancy Arcane Background Edge, and the Auranetics skill at d4.

#### PADRE

**Requirements:** Novice, Spirit d8+, Knowledge (Religion) d6+

Not so much a profession, as a calling, this character truly feels it is his mission to be a spiritual guide to others. He gains a +2 bonus to Charisma with anyone who follows a religion, even one that is not his own. In addition, whether it is the blessing of a higher power or simply the strength of faith, he gains an extra Benny each game session. Despite the name, this Edge is open to women as well as men.

#### PERFORMER

**Requirements:** Novice, Charisma 0+, Persuasion d6, Knowledge (performance type) d6

Live performances are once more the main form of entertainment across the land.



Your character is skilled enough to get paid for an evening's entertainment. On a successful Knowledge (performance type) roll, you can earn \$1 + \$1 per point of Charisma you have for each person in the audience. With a raise, the performance is memorable, and you earn 5x that amount. On a failure, you earn nothing.

In addition, as a performer you have some measure of fame. If a character is familiar with your work, either by seeing it personally or through a successful Common Knowledge roll, you gain a +2 Charisma to rolls specifically targeting them (this modifier does not affect money earned from a performance).

#### POTENTATE

**Requirements:** Novice, Arcane Alteration or Noble or Connection or Filthy Rich

The character is a powerful individual in her society. The character has a +4 Charisma bonus with any character who is an active member of her society (Kurian, Nomansland, or Freehold). However, the character suffers a -2 Charisma with characters who oppose their society, even if those characters are member themselves.

#### SHCE

**Requirements:** Novice, Scholar, Smarts d8+, d10+ in Scholar affected Traits

The character is a recognized authority on a subject. The bonus to the two Knowledge skills from Scholar is increased to +4.

#### Soldier

**Requirements:** Novice, Knowledge (Battle) d6+, Smarts d6+

The character is a professional warrior. He may be a member of an official military



unit or a mercenary working for hire. Any Leadership Edges he has work on subordinate Extras within 10" instead of 5". In addition the character gains a +2 bonus to Knowledge (Battle) rolls and a +2 Charisma when dealing with other soldiers, even those of opposing forces.

#### NEW SOCIAL EDGES

#### CULTURAL ADAPTATION

**Requirements:** Novice, Smarts d6, Spirit d6

This character has gained an understanding of a different race's culture or is simply more naturally in tune with the other culture. This may be a Grog who is familiar with human culture or a human who is familiar with the culture of one of the Grog races. This character gains a +2 Charisma when dealing with the other race.

#### VAMPIRE EARTH ARCANA

Characters who acquire the Arcane Aptitude ability from the Kurian/Lifeweaver Alteration Edge gain access to a special group of Edges and abilities. As an Inherited Edge, the character gets the Proto-Psi ability automatically. As a Designed Edge, a Kurian may instead give a character the Igor or Kurian Link ability.

#### PROTO-PSI

This character has the first indications of psionic power. The power is not controlled and works unconsciously. The player may choose one power from the Proto-Psi list. The character also gains access to the Psionic Edges.

#### PSIONIC EDGES

These Edges open up new and unique powers to the human mind. Humans with Proto-Psi can attain these abilities naturally, but it is easier to achieve them by allowing a Kurian or Lifeweaver to alter them through their science. Psionics are not without risk; anytime the character fails a Spirit roll to activate or maintain a power, they gain a level of Fatigue.

#### TRUE PSIONIC

**Requirements:** Veteran (Seasoned with Kurian/Lifeweaver alteration), Proto-Psi, Spirit d10

This character has learned to consciously control his psionic potential. He gains one power off of the True Psionic list.

#### PSIONIC MASTERY

**Requirements:** Heroic (Veteran with Kurian/Lifeweaver alteration), True Psionic, Spirit d12

The character has achieved access to one of the most powerful of the psionic abilities. He gains one power off of the Psionic Mastery list.

#### EXPANDED PSIONICS

**Requirements:** Seasoned, True Psionics (or Psionic Mastery)

The character gains an additional psionic power. This power must be from a list at least one level lower than the character's highest power. Thus a True Psionic can gain a power from the Proto-Psi list, and a character with Psionic Mastery can gain a power from the True Psionic or Proto-Psi list. This Edge may be taken multiple times to gain different powers.



#### PROTO-PSI POWER LIST

**Beast Link:** The character has an instinctive connection with animals. This gives the character the Beast Bond and Beast Master Edges.

**Empathy:** The character has an intuitional sense of other people's emotions. This gives the character a +4 bonus to Charisma and a +2 bonus to Notice rolls to detect when someone is lying. These bonuses do not apply to a character with the Psi-Shield power.



**Natural Masking:** The character has an innately hidden lifesign. Others suffer a –4 penalty to detect the character with Lifesign Sense. This ability is always active and cannot be turned off. It does stack with the Improved Masking ability of Cats.

**Psi-Shield:** The character has an autonomic resistance to psionic powers. This works just like the Improved Arcane Resistance Edge from the **Savage Worlds** rulebook.

**Reaper Sense:** The character can detect the aural essence unique to Reapers. In effect, this gives the character the Lifesign Sense ability but only to detect Reapers. Personal modifiers to the Notice skill affect this ability as well.

#### TRUE PSIONIC POWER LIST

Some of these powers are listed as maintained. They stay active as long as the character wishes if successfully activated, but they may drop if the character is Shaken or Wounded. In those cases, the character must make a Spirit roll to maintain the power each round it is in effect.

**Befuddle:** The character can confuse any targets he chooses within a number of inches equal to his Spirit. He makes an opposed Spirit roll against his targets. On a success, the target is affected for 1d6 rounds, and on a raise, the effect lasts for 2d6 rounds. While befuddled, targets suffer a –4 penalty to all Trait rolls and count as *inactive* for Stealth rolls. In addition, the targets' memories of the time spent befuddled is hazy at best; they must get a raise on a Smarts roll to recall anything other than vague impressions that occurred during that time. On a raise the befuddler can subsitute a false memory


**Illusory Cloak:** The character can set up a mental projection that causes others to sense him as someone or something different. In effect, the character can disguise himself as anyone or anything. Others must make a Notice roll if they become suspicious to detect that the character is something other than what they appear to be. The character must make a Spirit roll to activate this maintained power. On a success, any Notice roll is at –4, and on a raise, the penalty is –6.

**Mental Attack:** The character can make an opposed Spirit roll against a target to cause damage. A success results in a Shaken and each raise causes a wound. This ability only works in close proximity to the target; the maximum range is half the character's Spirit in inches.

**Beast Cry:** The character can send out a psionic distress call that can perform one of two functions. The first calls any nearby animals to fight on the character's behalf as if the character were one of their own young in danger. The character makes a Spirit roll. On a success, 1d6 animals fight for the character. With a raise, the number increases to 2d6 animals. Swarms count as a single creature as normal. The Spirit roll may be modified based on the availability of local wildlife. If no animals are currently present, they arrive in 1d6 rounds.

The second use of this power alters the call to one of pure danger and fear. The character makes a Spirit roll. On a success, all animals within a number of inches equal to his Spirit must make a Fear check. With a raise, the creatures' Guts roll is at –2.

**Lifesign Sense:** This works just like the Lifesign Sense ability of Reapers.



**Psi-Static:** The character is able to project a psionic signal that disrupts the active use of psionic abilities. The character must make a Spirit roll to first activate this maintained power. On a success, all psionic powers within a number of inches equal to the character's Spirit suffer a –4 penalty to use. Furthermore, maintained powers in use must make a roll each round at the –4 penalty to stay active. If the character gets a raise on his roll, the penalty increases to –6. Controlled Reapers within this area must make a Spirit roll each round or be Shaken.

#### PSIONIC MASTERY POWER LIST

**Control Other:** This power allows the character to control the actions of another being within a number of inches equal to his Spirit. The character must make an opposed Spirit roll each round. On a success, they



control what the other being does, but they suffer a –2 penalty to all Trait rolls. With a raise, there is no penalty to their actions. If two or more characters try to control the same being, only the character with the highest Spirit roll is successful.

**Seeming:** The character can create a psionic duplicate of himself. The duplicate cannot perform any physical actions, but the character can sense and communicate through it just as if he were in its location. The duplicate can be created within a number of inches equal to the character's Spirit, but once created, the character can move up to a mile away. The activate this maintained power the character makes a Spirit roll. On a success, the duplicate is created but any Trait rolls by the character or duplicate suffer a –2 penalty. With a raise, actions suffer no penalties.

#### KURIAN NECROMANCY

Arcane Skill: Auranetics (Spirit) Starting Power Point Limit: 10 Starting Powers: 3 (1 for non-Kurians)

Kurian Necromancy is the ability to manipulate the energy of vital aura, and is the source of all the Kurian's power. Its secrets taught to occasionally favored Qulisings, who go on to be feared and reviled for their powers.

Characters with Kurian Necromancy do not regenerate Power Points as per the **Savage Worlds** rules, but can only regenerate power points by absorbing vital aura. Necromancers who learn the Power Points Edge double their Power Point limit each time the Edge is taken. Vital aura can be regenerated slowly by surrounding yourself with living beings, but the quickest way is to drain it from living beings. Power Points regenerate as per the table below:

Location	Power Points
Barren Area	None
Open Plains	1 per month
Farmland, Wilderness	1 per week
Forest, Jungle	2 per week
Urban sentients	1 per day

Necromancers who run out of Power Points can drain part of their own aura, and gain 2+ Half their Spirit die type in Power Points, by taking a wound. This wound can be soaked as normal with bennies.

**Backlash:** When rolling a 1 on an Auranetics die, a Kurian is automatically shaken. A non-Kurian Necromancer has to make a second skill roll against his knowledge. Failing that, a Aural Mishap occurs. Roll on the following table with character's Auranetics skill:

1 – Extinction Level Event:: Massive
earthquake, volcanic eruption, die-off,
firestorm, windstorm, or some combination
based on what the character was trying to
accomplish
2 – Disintegration
3 - Death
4 – Heart Attack
5 - Incapacitated
6 – Blast 4d10 medium burst
7 – Electric bolt 3d6+1 strikes nearest
grounded metal
8 – 3 wounds, vigor roll against incapacitation
9 – 2 wounds
10 – 1 wound
11 – Amnesia for 1-6 days
12 – Amnesia for 1-6 hours

**Powers available:** All the powers from the **Savage Worlds** rulebook except Teleport and Zombie are available to Necromancers, along with those new powers listed below. A



quisling practitioner's choice of powers is limited by his Kurian overlord and will tend to be along a particular theme.

#### BEFUDDLE

Rank: Novice Power Points: 2 Range: Spirit Duration: One short meeting or encounter

**Trappings:** Personal symbol of office.

This power clouds the mind of a single intelligent being. The target rolls Smarts versus the priest's Zealotry total to avoid the effect. While befuddled, targets suffer a –4 penalty to all Trait rolls and count as *inactive* for Stealth rolls. In addition, the targets' memories of the time spent befuddled is hazy at best; they must get a raise on a Smarts roll to recall anything that occurred during that time.

Every minute the encounter goes on, another opposed roll must be made for the effect to continue.

#### (LOUD

Rank: Seasoned Power Points: 5 Range: Spirit Duration: One short meeting or

encounter Trappings: The character's symbol of

faith.

This power works as the Befuddle power but affects a Large Burst Template.

#### DRAIN AURA

Rank: Seasoned Power Points: 1 Range: Touch Duration: 1

**Trappings:** Bodily fluid of the being robbed of its aura (blood is the usual source). If a victim dies while being touched



by a priest with this power, some or all of the victim's aura is absorbed by the character. The most common way for this to happen on Vampire Earth is a Reaper draining blood from its prey. Every wound beyond the first inflicted on the initial attack adds +1 to the Auranetics roll to activate this power.

An aura is tied in to a character's stats. A success on the Auranetics roll to activate this power drains 2 + Half Spirit die type in Power Points and adds them to the Necromancer's total. Every raise on the Auranetics roll increases the number of Power Points gained by 2.

#### GATEWAY

Rank: Legendary Power Points: 1 per Kilometer of real distance

Range: to power point limit



#### Duration: Instant

**Trappings:** Matter specific to both points. For example, making a Gateway between the White House and the Vatican might require a piece of White House carpet and a snip of drapery taken from the Vatican.

Space as we know it is more malleable than it seems. This power allows the creation of a "portal" between two points separated by physical distance allowing instantaneous travel. The portal's size is determined by the roll, each number above success equals a square meter of opening. Thus if a Kurian opening that door between the Vatican and White House had a 4 chance of success and rolled an 8, the portal he created would fill 4 square meters.

#### **ILLUSION**

Rank: Seasoned

**Power Points:** 1 per meter filled, +1 for each sense (thus a two-meter wide pillar of fire that is to be seen burning, heard roaring, and give the illusion of heat would be 6 power points)

Range: Sight

**Duration:** 5 minutes (1/minute) **Trappings:** Picture or drawing or memory of the shape that is to be created.

This allows the character to create a highly realistic illusion. Characters who interact with the illusion can make an opposed Notice roll versus the Necromancer's Smarts to realise it is an illusion. Every raise on the Auranetics roll to activate this power gives the Necromancer +1 to this opposed roll.

#### ILLUSORY CLOAK

#### Rank: Novice

**Power Points:** 2, +1 for each sense (thus taking on the appearance of a local honcho costs 2. Sounding like him would be 3,

smelling like him would cost 4)
 Range: Sight
 Duration: Concentration
 Trappings: Picture or drawing or
 memory of the shape that is to be created.

This is an "everyday" power for Kurians and Lifeweavers, they can automatically use the power, and only a shift in appearance engenders a power point cost. For others, it acts as a very realistic disguise. Characters who interact with the illusion can make an opposed Notice roll versus the Necromancer's Smarts to realize it is an illusion. Every raise on the Auranetics roll to activate this power gives the Necromancer +1 to this opposed roll.

#### **RENEW AURA**

Rank: Seasoned Power Points: 5

- Range: Touch
- **Duration:** 7 days plus 1 day/power point **Trappings:** None

This power replenishes a beings Aural energies, making the character immortal (at least as far as lifespan goes) for game purposes. At each doubling of the being's life span the Power Point cost is doubled, thus a Kurian (normal lifespan of 2000 years) who has prolonged his lifespan past 8000 years needs to spend 20 power points to prolong his existence.

Normal power points cannot be used for Renew Aura, only Aura Power Points. If the power runs out even an extremely ancient character doesn't instantly crumble into dust, rather s/he suffers similar effects to hunger in the **Savage Worlds** rules p96. If starved of Aura and then re-supplied, a fresh aura infusion allows the character to recover a fatigue level every hour.

A Kurian undergoing "aura fatigue" becomes less discriminating about which minions should be harvested.



#### STORE/RECOVER HURA

Rank: Veteran

**Power Points:** 1 (1 to place the aura in the vessel, one to withdraw it)

Range: Touch

**Duration:** As long as storage object is intact

**Trappings:** Glass bottles, wooden or plaster masks, urns, gems, glassworks.

Sometimes a Necromancer will wish to store Aura for future use. This practice allows aural power points to be placed into an object for future use. More than one Power Point may be placed into an object, but all Power Points must be put into the object at once. The Power Points may be withdraw in smaller amounts, but a separate skill roll and Power Point cost is required for each withdrawal.

Failure on a roll results in the aura being deposited or withdrawn being lost.

#### TRANSMOGRIFY

Rank: Veteran

**Power Points:** 12 per attribute change or edge given.

Range: Touch Duration: Permanent

**Trappings:** Typically a medicinal form such as a poltice, injection, infusion, transfusion, or operation. Sometimes there will be several stages to the operation with vigor checks done to ensure the alteration "took" and the subject survived.

The Lifeweavers are skilled at reshaping biologics, making them better, stronger, more useful, or simply more attractive. Use of this power allows Lifeweavers to create Wolves, Cats, Bears and so on. The Kurians have similar abilities, unfortunately, but usually create unintelligent beasts rather than something or someone that might turn on them. Humans who learn this power do not have to complete understanding of their Kurian masters, and must make a Smarts roll at a target number of 2 per modification the target is getting or already has or kill the target creature.

#### WRACK

Rank: Heroic

**Power Points:** 10 per square decameter affected (thus a one-kilometer volcano formation would cost 100. A paraclastic cloud rolling out three kilometers in every direction from the exploding volcano would cost roughly 1000)

Range: Sight

Duration: Event duration

**Trappings:** Detailed topographical/geological map or threedimensional representation.

When breaking up our society in 2022 the Kurians made extensive use of this power to cause earthquakes, volcanoes, floods, tidal waves, and windstorms. The spell creates a destructive event within the area affected, and can potentially spill over to neighboring areas. The GM should work out the detailed effects with the player. This power should not be used lightly.

## KURIAN DESIGNED ARCANE APTITUDES

#### KURIAN LINK

All Kurian designed arcane abilities are rare, but of them, the most common is the Kurian Link. This ability is generally reserved for high-level members of the New Universal Church who use it to show the "benevolence" of Kurian rule.

The process creates a psychic bond between the Kurian and the human, weaker



but similar to the Kurian's bond with its Reapers. Through this bond, the human is able to channel the Reaper's power to achieve two specific results.

The first is healing. On a successful Spirit roll, the person can heal one wound and one Fatigue level. With a raise, two wounds and Fatigue levels are healed. A success also eliminates any poisons in the target's system. In addition, it alleviates the symptoms of any diseases of the sufferer for one hour, though true curing is impossible.

The second ability is the creation of realistic psychic illusions. The illusion itself must be fit within a Large Burst Template centered on the creator, but it can be perceived by anyone who could normally detect that area. The creator must make a Spirit roll to use the ability. A success inflicts a –4 penalty to Notice rolls to detect the illusion. A raise increases the penalty to –6. Maintaining the illusion counts as an action for each round it is continued, but it may also be freely adjusted and altered to act "realistically." The creator may use this ability to achieve effective invisibility.

There is one other effect of the Kurian Link that no human is told about and all Links include. Every time the person uses their power the Kurian with which they are bonded gets a sense of where they are and what they are doing. With any successful use of a power, the Kurian may make a Notice roll to get a sense of the character's general direction and distance within a mile. If they get a raise on this roll, they can perceive everything as if seen and heard through the human's senses for the duration of the power. Since the link with the human is not perfect, this roll is at -2 normally and unmodified if the human gained a raise on the roll to activate the power.

#### GORS

The concept of making mechanical or electronic devices is as alien to the Kurians and the Lifeweavers as they are to humans. It's not that they don't have the knowledge, but that the knowledge is so rudimentary the idea of doing it is somewhat distasteful to them. It would be a bit like modern man having to milk a cow when he knows the grocery store has gallons of it down the street.

Still, the Kurians have found that humans have no such compunctions, and so some of them alter humans to understand the most elementary facets of Kurian science. To them, it is a bit like pre-school learning; to humans, it is a nearly unfathomable collection of facts and data. In fact early in their experiments, the Kurians discovered that the human mind could not handle the information on a conscious level, but if the information was layered into the subconscious, humans could process it without falling into insanity... mostly.

Kurians make Igors from humans who already have an innate mechanical talent, thus to become an Igor a human must have the McGyver Edge. In addition, an Igor's brain is literally "not wired right." Once a character becomes an Igor, he suffers a –2 penalty to Notice rolls to account for the fact they are always a little lost in thoughts of other things and a –2 penalty to Charisma because their brain generally outpaces their mouth. An Igor who takes the Cultural Adaptation Edge can apply it to other humans to effectively negate this penalty to show he has worked to focus his mind on "normal" conversations.



Typically, Igors work for months in wellstocked laboratories provided by the Kurians just to design a single new and stable invention. This kind of effort is far outside the events that occur within any standard game; however, the more impressive and accessible ability of Igors is the potential to jury-rig devices comparatively quickly for a variety of effects. Their only real limitations are the finickiness of the devices and the capacity of their mind to handle the knowledge to maintain them.

Igors may create special devices that mimic any power in the **Savage Worlds** rulebook with a required Rank equal to or less than their own. These devices do not require Power Points to activate, but the Igor must dedicate a number of Powers Points from his total equal to the maximum number of Power Points that can be used. These Power Points represent the amount of Kurian knowledge the Igor must have conscious access to in order to keep the device in a functioning condition. Igors start with 10 Power Points.

These devices obviously require materials to build, but an Igor may even create bizarre devices from natural elements. If an Igor does not have access to Restored or Untouched Tech Level resources, devices cost twice the number of Power Points to build.

Optionally, an Igor may build a single use device. These cost half the normal Power Points, rounded up.

To build an item, an Igor must make a Repair roll. On a success, the device takes 10 minutes per Power Point to build. With a raise, the device takes 1 minute per Power Point to build. On a failure, the time is spent, but the device does not work. On a critical failure, the device blows up as the Blast Power with equivalent Power Points (2 PP's minimum).



To activate the item, requires a skill roll for each use. This will either be the Repair skill, or the GM determines the skill based on the type of device and its power (generally *bolt* would use Shooting, etc.). If this skill die comes up a natural 1, regardless



of the Wild Die, the device fall apart (possibly after one final use, depending on the Wild Die) and must be rebuilt.

Maintained powers only work for the base duration when used on anyone other than the Igor who built it. In addition, devices always fall apart after one use if activated by any non-Igor character. Thus, any Igor who specifically builds a device for another to use is better off making it a single use item.

One disadvantage of these inventions is that they can be attacked and destroyed in combat. Each device has a base Toughness equal to 2 + half the Igor's Repair skill. One wound destroys the device, and a Shaken result means it fails to work until the Igor makes a successful Repair roll. It typically requires a Called Shot at –4 to specifically target a device in combat. When building a device, an Igor may choose to make it tougher but larger (+2 Toughness; -2 Called Shot to hit) or more fragile but smaller (-2 Toughness; -6 Called Shot to hit).

Igors may take the Power Points Edge from the **Savage Worlds** rulebook; this represents their ability to learn to access more knowledge simultaneously.





## EXAMPLE OF IGOR POWERS

Jodi is playing a newly made Igor at Seasoned Rank with 10 Power Points and Repair at a d10. Since she is in an Untouched society, she has the resources to build whatever she wants. **Quickness** looks nice and costs 4 of her 10 PP's. She makes her Repair roll, and 40 minutes later she has a "neural stimulator."

Since even her status as an Igor doesn't assure her of avoiding a Reaper attack, she thinks **light** would be cheap but very effective against them if she were to define it as sunlight. She gets a raise on her Repair roll, and it only takes her a minute to put the "F.L.A.R.E. – Fusion Luminescence And Radiation Energizer" together. She makes this a small device, -2 to Toughness and a Called Shot at –6 to hit.

Reapers aren't the only threat out there, so she decides **armor** would be good. Unlike her "neural stimulator," which she could use on others, she determines the armor is just for her, so she makes it a single-use device. It only costs 1 PP, and it is simply activated one time. She wears the "skin calcifier" as a bracelet and gains a wonderful alabaster complexion too!

She has 4 PP's left and still wants a weapon of some type. She decides to get a little creative. She makes up a "plasma gun" with the **bolt** power at 2 PP's. Since the weapon only has 2 PP's in **bolt**, it can only fire two 2d6 bolts or one 3d6 bolt, but then she also decides to add the **burst** power at 2 PP's as well. She wants it to be intimidating, so she increases the size too (+2 Toughness; -2 Called Shot). That will be a big surprise for the next person to jump this girl genius.

Jodi's final devices are:	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,		
Power	Cost	Toughness	Skill
Quickness	4	7	Repair
Light	1	5 (-6 called shot)	Fighting (touch attack)
Armor (1 use)	1	9 (-2 called shot)	Repair
Bolt & Burst	2+2	9 (-2 called shot)	Shooting
Total PP	10		



#### SAMPLE CHARACTER CREATION

Let's put all this together...

Howard is the GM and talks the world over with Eric, his player. They decide to run a classic Vampire Earth good-guy Freehold campaign. Eric outlines a character for Howard that he wants to play, a boy from a Nomansland backwater with Remnant Technology whose father wanted to keep him out of the wars for reasons the father wouldn't say, but who joined up with a group of Freehold Wolves nonetheless after his family's murder. Howard likes the idea for Eric's character, David, and skips the character background card draw for Eric's creative roleplay that offers a narrative hook.

Vitals:

Age 18

Trained

Human Male

**Occupation:** 

Southern Comand

Labor Corps (volunteer)



His Attribute Purchases: Agility d4 (David is in the awkward years) Smarts d6 (Average intelligence) Spirit d8 (A good deal of willpower) Strength d4 (Still a scrawny kid) Vigor d6 (Healthy) He buys these skills:Climbing d4Fighting d6 (2 pts)Guts d8Healing d4 (1 pt)Knowledge (History) d4 (1pt)Knowledge (Kurian Order) d4 (1pt)Notice d6Persuasion d6 (2pts)Riding d4Shooting d6 (2 pts)Stealth d8 (4 points)Survival d6 (2pts)Swimming d4Tracking d6 (2pts)

Notice the Derived and Background Skills in italics. Now it's time for Hindrances. Eric decides that David is basically Loyal and since he's joined the military, he has a Major Duty. He's also odd about his personal hygiene, and bathes frequently and spends a lot of time caring for his hair and cleaning his teeth...a minor Quirk. For his Tragic Background, Eric decides that the loss of David's family has driven him to prevent any other innocents from facing such tragedy, and so he is Heroic as well.

On to Edges. David has six points and a free Edge for being Human. He takes a Leadership Edge – Command (he's used to keeping a schoolroom full of preteens quiet), Attractive (being odd about his hygiene has been beneficial), Aspirant (he's on the path to becoming a Wolf, and this gives him Masking at a d4), and the Arcane Edge, Kurian/Lifeweaver Alteration. He draws a card since his ability would be inherited and gets the Black Joker. Excited, Eric chooses "Turned all the way up," which will come in handy when David becomes a Wolf, and Arcane Aptitude. Consulting with the GM, they decide David's Arcane Aptitude manifests as Reaper Sense, an oddity he was born with.



Hindrances:

Duty (Major)

Heroic

Loyal

Thus David now has the following Character Record: David V, Human Male, Age 19 Attributes: Agility d6 Smarts d6 Spirit d8 Strength d4 Vigor d6

Pace 6 Parry 5 Charisma +2 Toughness 5

Edges: Aspirant Attractive Command Lifeweaver Alteration "Turned all the way up" Arcane Aptitude: Reaper Sense

David buys a Glock 9mm and some ammuntion. He also has his "Aspirant" starting equipment.

Howard asks Eric why he doesn't just have David do the Aspirant/Wolf careers, and Eric says he wants David to earn a place in their ranks through gaming experience rather than character creation mechanics. Howard likes that attitude, and secretly awards David Valentine an extra Savage Worlds bennie that he can use for the first gaming session. Howard also decides that David Valentine will be asked to join the Wolves as soon as he distinguishes himself in some way. And he's going to need it, there are some Harpies on the way to the village where David is working as a Laborer/Militiaman as part of a Labor Regiment.

And a Reaper smells blood in the neighborhood.

**5** Experience Points Skills: Cimbing d4 Fighting d6 Guts d8 Healing d4 Knowledge (History) d4 Knowledge (Kurian Order) d4 Masking d4 Notice d6 Persuasion d6 Riding d4 Shooting d6 (2 pts) Stealth d8 (2 pts) Surivival d6 Swimming d4 Tracking d6





"Afternoon ladies and gents, I am Sergeant Isaak van Patten and for the next four hours I will be giving you your next period of instruction. Before I jump up on my soap box you had better listen up and listen well, if you feel like you are going to nod off you had better sure as hell stand up and behind. If the boot next to you looks like he or she is about to drop, then smack 'em on the back of the frigg'n head, hard.

"I don't like running my gab, especially to a bunch of boots. Hell, my skivvies have more field time than you sorry asses have all together. Anyway, I have been elected, or condemned, however you want to look at it, to talk to you guys about your field craft kit selection and T/O weapons, basically what to do and not to do regarding field kit.

"OK, what's the most important thing you have in the field? Hey, hello out there I just asked a frigg'n question! Ok, that's cool I see how it is. We are all fat and happy from stuffing are little pie-holes full of pogey bait from the chow hall. I have just the remedy... everybody drop and give me twenty... four count that is!

"Good, now that I have everybody's pulse rate pumping I expect your undivided attention. Again, what is the most important thing you have in the field? Whoa, one at a time. Ok, good answers but you are all wrong! The most important thing you have in the field is your damn feet! So you had better take care of them because there is no re-issue in this outfit. Gents, all you have to remember is to keep them dry and change your socks often. Use your foot powder, if you run out in the field, improvise, adapt and overcome. Bust up some bricks and use the brick dust instead. As far as your little booties are concerned it's up to you. Just pick a good well worn and broken in pair first. Otherwise you will be crying for mommy because the leather is literally rubbing the skin from the bone. Also wear leggings to keep the critters out of your boots. If you can't find or get you grubby little dick skinners on a pair then tape around them with some duct tape. Next on the list is your primary, or your long gun. Now there is a whole school of thought on this subject gents, so I won't go in-depth. However, I will tell you what this old dog carries into the bush. I was able to get my hands on a good old American made Marlin 1889G Guide Gun custom chambered for the .457 magnum round. This baby can also chamber the standard .45-70 and .410 shot shell. So you can see the diversity this baby gives me in the field. Not to mention it is compact, light weight, and has a widened lever-action for fast handling.



# UTILITY GEAR

#### FILTER MASK

Protects the mouth and nose from particles, with the additional bonus of dampening odors. Used by people engaged in everything from sanitation to industrial work. Makes a good emergency mask for escaping a fire.

Cost: 20 Weight: -



#### **G**AZ HOOD

Protects the head and neck against everything from tear-gas to chemical weapons. Has vision slits (fancier versions come with auto-darkening lenses). Comes with built-in filter mask.

Cost: 70 Weight: 1

#### E-SUIT

An overall designed for the harshest of conditions, including chemical/biological warfare. There are special deep-winter E-suits, firefighting versions, and disposable hazardous waste cleanup suits.

**Cost:** 50 (for cheap disposable) to 1000 (airtight biological warfare version with six hour air supply) **Weight:** 3

#### CHEMICAL CANDLE

Larger version of a basic flare. Provides illumination out to 30" (60 yards). Can be seen from miles away.

Cost: 150 Weight: 2



#### THERMITE

Burns hot enough to melt through steel. Coming within 1" of burning thermite will do 1d10 damage per round.

Cost: 600 Weight: 1

# MEDICAL

#### UNIVAX

An all-purpose Ravies vaccine. Effective for one year.

**Cost:** 30 (single injection) **Weight: -** or 1 per box of 20 needles

#### HYPE

A short-lived program used by the Kurians to make their soldiers a match for Wolf and Bear teams, Hype is a superstimulant . It is also addictive (+1 vigor roll after each use or character becomes addicted) and has been known to induce psychosis (an addict failing a fatigue check becomes incoherent, violent, or suicidal). It's use now is limited to "dead-end" labor camps like mines, fishing, and timber camps. Elevates strength, agility, and vigor by one die level for six hours

**Cost:** 250 **Weight: -** or 1 per box of 20 needles

#### **CHOPE**

A pleasantly relaxing depressant which is added to tobacco (known as Willow, Cool, Vive and a host of other labels) and smoked, or put into drinks. There are "choped" beers, wines, and hard liquors available in the better run KZs). Renders the taker docile and somewhat suggestible (+1 to any persuasion roll), and induces mild sexual arousal in both males and females (+2 to seduction rolls).



Probably the single most common drug in most Kurian Zones, and added to common painkillers. Mildly addictive (Chope addiction is a minor habit ).

Cost: 5 Weight: -

#### SMILEY

A mood-altering drug common to higher-level quislings. Smiley is nonaddictive in a physical sense (though emotionally addictive, again, a minor habit) and induces mild euphoria in its users. It is often prescribed to those getting over the loss of a relative, managers trying to finish a project requiring long hours, and other under stress. A dose of smiley reduces fatigue level by one for twelve hours. There is a sleep variant called "Sleepy" or "Dozy" as well as a sexual arousal variant called "Horny."

Cost: 15 Weight: -



# **FIRMOR**

Туре	Area Protected	Armor	Weight	Cost	Notes
Grogscale	Torso and thighs	+2	20	N/A	Rare to find any that fits, can be made by trade
Imp Helm	Head	+1	3	20	Sports helmet
Imp Suit	All	+1	6	40	Mixture of sports gear
Wolf leathers	Body	+1	12	100	Mixture of leather and advanced fabrics
Riot Helm	Head	+3	6	120	With facemask up there is only 50% chance of protection from headshot
Riot Gear	Upper body	+3	14	200	
Riot Shield	_		15	250	+2 Parry, +2 armor to ranged shots that hit
Entry Suit	All	+4	14	2000	Light Swat Armor
Battle Plate	Head, Torso	+6	24	N/A	Advanced Infantry Armor
Reaper Cloth	All	+8	6	N/A	Very Rare

# HAND WEAPONS

Туре	Damage	Weight	Cost	Min Str	Notes
Axe, Grog	Str+5	15	600	d10	Has pick hook on reverse of blade
Axe, Grog (1h)	Str+4	-	-	d12	Mixture of sports gear
Pickhook	Str+3	-	-	d10	Point of Grog Axe, used like crowbar on doors and such or for dismounting riders
Parang	Str+2	3	100	-	Can be used to chop down small trees
Bat, Spiked	Str+3	9	25	-	
Cat Claws	Str+1	1	14	50	Parry +1 per set worn
Mancatcher	+2 to Opposed STR roll	10	15	250	"Noose on a stick" Successful use means immobilization if opposed STR role is failed



# FIREARMS

Туре	Range	DMG	ROF	Cost	Weight	Shots	Min	Notes
							Str	
Pistol								
8 ga Slug	10/20/40	3d6	1	180	9	1	-	"Hoodstopper"
Multigun, bullet	12/24/48	2d6+2	1	NA	7	14	-	AP 2
Multigun, zap	12/24/48	-	1	-		6	-	Special attack
Rifles								
Grog gun	50/100/200	2d10	1	600	38	D8	D8	AP4; Snapfire penalty

Multigun Note: Fires a "zap" which is really a highly charged pellet. It ignores armor upon striking, and inflicts 3d6 against a character's toughness. Target is automatically shaken, is unconscious if the 3d6 is above toughness, and any points after a raise are damage.



# **ARTILLERY**

Туре	Range	DMG	ROF	Cost	Weight	Min Str	Notes
60 mm mortar	10/20/40	2d6+2	1	Military	20X2	d6	Takes at least two men to carry



# VEHICLES

## GROUND VEHICLES



#### PATROL (AR

Where fuel economy and ease of maintenance are a factor, you will encounter the Patrol Car (called a Prowler or Cruiser in other places). Only can go off-road in good conditions.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 9	<b>Crew:</b> 1+3			
Speed:20/40	(1)				
<b>Cost:</b> \$20-40,000	<b>Range:</b> 400				
available	(300 riot) mi				
Notes: Armored "riot" version has speed cut by					
10, 4 pts armor					
Weapons: Person	al				

#### INTERCEPTOR

A souped-up version of the Patrol Car, the Interceptor is designed to travel on decent-quality paved or gravel roads at a high speed, used to quickly set up roadblocks or run down smugglers.

Acc/Top	Toughness: 10	<b>Crew:</b> 1+3			
Speed: 25/50	(1)				
Cost:\$40-80,00	<b>Range:</b> 350 mi				
available	-				
Notes: High maintenance vehicle					
Weapons: Personal					

#### PATROL 4

This heavy car is a SUV reequipped for police and paramilitary purposes, often encountered in border zones. Many carry a weapon mount in the cargo bay, mounting anything from a .50 caliber machine gun to a telescope. A Patrol-4 will often carry its passengers to a good watchpoint and put up camouflage netting obscuring it and them.

Acc/Top	Toughness: 12	<b>Crew:</b> 1+7			
Speed:20/40	(2)				
Cost:\$25-40,000	Range: 300				
available	mi				
Notes: Four wheel drive					
Weapons: Person	Weapons: Personal or on mount in bed				

#### FODDERWAGON

A delivery van (sometimes with the old UPS or FedEx logos still visible) used for rounding up candidates for the Reapers. In zones of guerilla activity they will be armored cars with solid rubber tires.



Асс/Тор	Toughness: 14	<b>Crew:</b> 1+1			
Speed:10/30	(4)				
<b>Cost:</b> \$30-60,000	where	<b>Range:</b> 400			
available	miles				
<b>Notes:</b> Armored version has speed cut by 4, +2					
Toughness; 4 pts armor; Firing Slits (+6)					
Can carry 12 secured or 20 unsecured					
passengers					
Weapons: Personal					



#### GUNBED

A delivery six-wheel flatbed with a 30 mm AA gun mounted in the bed, used as mobile light artillery.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 12	<b>Crew:</b> 1+4		
Speed:10/40	(2)			
<b>Cost:</b> \$60-80,000	where available	<b>Range:</b> 300		
miles				
Notes: Truck bed will sometimes be sandbagged				
to protect crew				
Weapons:				
30mm Oerlikon (Ammo 500) (Range				
50/100/200; Damage3d8; ROF 3; AP 6				

#### BATTLEBAGO

A stopgap measure as a troop/weapons platform from decades ago, some Battlebago's survive because at first glance they don't look like military vehicles. Sometimes they will be found in a convoy of other transports, intended to surprise any would-be land pirates.

Acc/Top	Toughness: 18	<b>Crew:</b> 6+4		
<b>Speed:</b> 5/30	(4)	CICW.014		
Cost:\$150-200,0	000 where	<b>Range</b> : 450		
available (extrem	nely rare)	miles		
Notes: High Mai	ntenance Vehicle			
Weapons:				
81 mm n	nortar fired throug	h retractable		
roof (Am	mo 40) (Range 75	/150/300;		
Damage	3d8; ROF 1; Med	ium Burst; 2		
actions to	o reload			
Flamethr	owers right and le	ft (Ammo 5		
each)(Ra	nge Cone Templat	te; Damage		
2d10; RC	OF 1; Ignores armo	or)		
25mm Bi	ushmaster cannon	in cupola		
	river(Ammo 200)	0		
	00; Damage 3d8;			
7.62mm	7.62mm MG right and left (1000 rds			
each) (Range 30/60/120; Damage 2d8+1;				
ROF 3; AP 2)				
Grenade Launcher Right and Left (100				
rds each) (Range 50/100/200; Damage				
3d6 Med	ium Burst Templa	te; ROF 3)		

#### **RIOT TRUCK**

Found in more built-up urban areas, the Riot Truck is a converted bus or fire truck. It can transport riot troops to a crisis, hold those arrested, and even serve as a quicklyset up street barrier for cordoning off an area.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 16	<b>Crew:</b> 3+20		
<b>Speed:</b> 5/30	(4)			
Cost:\$80-160,00	00 where	Range: 250		
available		miles		
Notes: 4 pts arm	or, Firing slits (+6	); Paddywagon		
version with spa	ce for 40 prisoner	rs		
Weapons:				
Water Cannon (Ammo 200) (Cone				
Tem	plate; 2d10 again	st target's		
toughness or shaken, raise means				
target incapacitated, each raise after				
does	1d6 damage)			

#### **fim**phib

A leftover from the short-lived water/land utility vehicle craze (when they were known as Wylds: Water & Land Sportsmachines) of the 2020s, the Amphib isn't very good on land or water, but useful for crossing lakes and calm rivers. Though almost unsinkable, if they become waterlogged (shooting holes in one set of side panels is enough to accomplish this) they are unmaneuverable in the water and tend to float wherever wind and current take them until the tires get purchase again.

Acc/Top Speed:5/20 land (5/5 water)	Toughness: 8 (2)	<b>Crew:</b> 1+7			
Cost:\$50-100,000 where available					
Notes: Amphibious					
Weapons: Personal					





#### SKIMMER

Swamp-running boats driven by an air fan rather than a propeller, Skimmers are surprisingly versatile, especially in these days of downed levees and broken dams. The ones outfitted for military use are soundbaffled in such a way that most of the noise is shunted out the sides and back, they are capable of surprisingly fast and silent approaches.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 8	<b>Crew:</b> 1+6			
<b>Speed:</b> 3/12					
Cost:\$25-50,000	) where	Range: 100			
available		miles			
Notes:					
Weapons:					
Armed variant mounts a 7.62mm MG					
(1000 rds) (Range 30/60/120;					
Damage $2d8 + 1$ ; ROF 3; AP 2) with					
shield $(+4)$ for gunner and shell for					

snieid (+4) for gunner and shell for pilot (+4). Can only carry two

additional men.

#### FIRMED PHTROL BOHT

Larger converted pleasure craft mostly, these boats are the most common sight on the world's rivers and large lakes. Frequently the occupants will live on board for a week or so in more rural areas.

Acc/Top Speed:2/10	<b>Toughness:</b> 14 (3)	<b>Crew:</b> 3 (plus troops/passengers depending on size)
<b>Cost:</b> \$60-120, available	000 where	Range: 300 miles

Notes: Some may be radar equipped

#### Weapons:

M2 Browning (300 rds) (Range 50/100/200; Damage 2d10; ROF 3; AP 4

#### GUNSHIP

Post-2022 ships built specifically to carry medium and cannon along coastlines, lakes, and rivers. They are only rarely found out on patrol, generally they are taken out of the water and mothballed when outside a battle area.

Acc/Top	Toughness: 16	<b>Crew:</b> 20+40		
Speed:1/8	(6/2/2)			
<b>Cost:</b> \$300-600,		Range: 500		
available				
Notes: Heavy Armor, Firing slits (+6);				
Weapons:	*			
2 X	30 mm AA guns (	(Ammo 500 ea)		
(Rai	nge 50/100/200; [	Damage 3d8;		
	= 3; AP 6)			
	M-60 MG (fore, a			
	board) (Ammo 10	0		
	50/120; Damage 2	2d8; ROF 3; AP		
2				
Artillery				
	120mm Mortar (A			
	NP, 100 starshell)	0		
	/200/400; Damag st; 2 actions to rel			
or	st, 2 actions to rei	Udu)		
-	90mm Howitzer	(Ammo 400 HE		
	WP) (Range 75/1			
	nage 4d8; ROF 1;			
relo	0	i detton to		
or	,			
1 X	120 mm Cannon	(Ammo 200 HE		
100	AP) (Range 100/2	200/400;		
	nage 4d8; ROF 1;			
reload; 360 degree field of fire in				
turret)				
2 X 81 mm Mortar (Ammo 100 HE,				
	Starshell) (Range			
	g 3d8; Small Burs	t Template; 1		
acti	on to reload)			



#### ARTILLERY BARGE

Very heavy guns are moved by barge. There are special mortar-barges and rocketbarges that can deliver a surprising weight of shellfire in a few seconds once set up, used mostly where there is no chance of counterbattery fire. Artillery barges also move larger, rail-gun sized pieces. All require anchoring or beaching for weapons to be used. Due to their value they are usually escorted by an assortment of patrol craft and gunships, and covered by land troops.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 16	<b>Crew:</b> 10	
<b>Speed:</b> 1/6	<b>Speed:</b> 1/6 (4)		
Cost:1 million a	Range: 800		
available	·	miles	
Notes: 4 pts armor except around weapons			
where it is 10 pts	5		
Weapons:			
	20 mm cannon (Ar		
,	ge 50/100/200; Da	amage 3d8;	
	3; AP 4)		
	A-60 machine gun		
	oard) (Ammo 500	0	
	0/120; Damage 2c	18; ROF 3; AP	
2			
Mortar B	•		
	Omm mortars (Am		
	WP) (Range 100/2 age 8d10 Large Bi		
	1; AP 40; 3 action		
Rocket B	, ,	is to reload)	
	X 150 mm rockets	(Range	
	400/600; Damage	. 0	
	ium burst template		
40)		,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,	
,	tillery Barge		
(extreme	, 0		
	nch gun (Ammo 40	00) (Range	
150/300/600); Damage 10d10; Large			
	Template; AP 100	•	
reloa	d) .		

## **AIRCRAFT**



#### SPOTTER PLANE

A fairly common, but by no means everyday, sight in some Kurian Zones, these small single-engine planes provide eyes in the sky for their Masters. Reapers have been know to fly as observers, using their Lifesign sensing skills to spot troop concentrations.

Acc/Top	Climb:	Toughness:		<b>Crew:</b> 1+3	
Speed:	10	10 (2)			
18/42					
Cost:\$150-3	<b>Cost:</b> \$150-300,000 where			Range: 500	
available			miles		
Notes: Water version can take of and land in					
water on pontoons, range reduced by 100 miles.					
Weapons:					
Sometimes carries six smoke marking rockets for artillery					

#### LIGHT FIGHTER

The same as above, with more advanced avionics (usually) and an assortment of

machine-guns.

Асс/Тор	Climb:	Toughness:		<b>Crew:</b> 1+3	
Speed:	12	10 (2)			
19/50					
Cost:\$200-400,000 where Range: 500					
available		miles		es	
Notes:	Notes:				
Weapons:					
2 X 7.62mm MG (400 rds) (Range					
30/60/120; Dambag 2d8+1; ROF 3;					
AP 2					



#### INTERDICTION CRUISER

Twin-Engined Utility aircraft converted to military use. They carry everything from simple napalm bombs and rockets to Vulcan-style rotating cannon.

Acc/Top	Climb:	Toughness:		<b>Crew:</b> 2+2
Speed:	20	14(2)		
18/160				
<b>Cost:</b> \$400-800,000 where <b>Ran</b>			Rang	<b>ge:</b> 600
available		mile		S
Notes: Can double range by carrying fuel tanks				
instead of weaponry				

#### Weapons:

20mm Vulcan (500 rds) (Range 50/100/200; Damage 3d8; ROF 3; AP 4

With

8 rockets (Range 75/150/300 Damage 4d6 +1; ROF 2 (or special); AP 30. All rockets may be fired in unison and use Large Burst Template.

Or

2 jellied gasoline bombs (each attacks as flamethrower using medium burst template)

#### DOOMBRINGER

Four-Engine transport aircraft carrying a variety of weapons from 30mm gatling guns to 75mm cannon. Extremely heavy fuel/air explosives are sometimes deployed from the bay. Extremely rare.



Acc/Top	Climb:	Toughne	ss:	<b>Crew:</b> 12
Speed:	12	18 (4)		
10/20				
Cost:Not ava	ilable barr	ring	Rang	<b>ge:</b> 1600
special circu	mstances		mile	S
Notes: Night	Vision and	d Improve	d Stał	oilizers
Weapons	s:			
2	X 30 mm	Cannon (1	000	rds) (Range
5	0/100/200	; Damage	3d8; I	ROF 3; AP
6	)	-		
7	5 mm Aute	ocannon (	50 HI	E 60 AP)
4	X Rocket	Packs (Rar	nge 7.	5/150/300;
Ľ	Damage 4d6+1; AP 30; ROF Special:			OF Special:
Р	lace two a	djacent La	rge B	urst
Т	Templates to simulate the entire salvo			entire salvo
	of rockets in one burst; if the attack			
ro	roll is missed, both templates deviate			es deviate
	like amou	•		

#### DUSTER

Poison gas, herbicides, and even the latest version of Ravies is distributed by these wood-and-canvas crop-duster aircraft. They serve as spotter planes in lower tech areas. The insecticide tanks are sometimes filled with a mixture of gas and explosives and used for suicide missions against key targets and hardened structures.

Acc/Top	Climb:	Toughness:		<b>Crew:</b> 1+1	
Speed:	10	8 (1)			
16/32					
<b>Cost:</b> \$100-200,000 where <b>Ra</b>			Ran	Range: 350	
available		mile		es	
Notes:					
Weapons:					
2 X 80 gallon tanks					

#### SKEETER

Twin engine woond-and-canvas airplane based on the WW2 "Mosquito." Used as a long-range reconnaissance aircraft, insertion ship, courier, and bomber.



Асс/Тор	Climb:	Toughne	ss:	<b>Crew:</b> 2+4
Speed:	12	10 (1)		
18/200				
Cost:\$300-6	00,000 wl	here	Rang	<b>ge:</b> 1200
available			mile	es
Notes:				
Weapon	s:			
2	4 X M2 Browning (Ammo 1000)			
(	(Range 50/100/200; Damage 2d10;			
F	ROF 3; AP 4)			
or				
2 X 2000 lb bombs				
or				
8 rockets (Range 75/150/300 Damage				
4d6 +1; ROF 2 (or special); AP 30.				
All rockets may be fired in unison				
	and use Large Burst Template.			
		0	•	

#### ASSAULT GLIDER

Towed by more conventional transports, an assault glider is a silent way to deploy 20 or more troops, and even light vehicles. Specialized mercenary units employed by the Kur throughout the arid regions and high plains of the American West and Southwest are infamous with their quick-hitting, accurate power.

Асс/Тор	Climb:	Toughne	ess:	<b>Crew:</b> 2+20
Speed: n/a	n/a	8(1)		
<b>Cost:</b> \$30-60	Cost:\$30-60,000 where			<b>ge:</b> 2 miles
available			per .	5000 feet of
	altitude			ude
Notes: Essentially a one-use vehicle. Can also				
carry four motorcycles; a small vehicle; or a				
piece of light field artillery				
Weapons:				
Suicide Variant carries 4000 lbs of				
explosive				

#### **(**HUG

Twin-engine transport aircraft modeled after the old DC-3. Rugged and reliable. A slightly faster and more-long range three engine version is also in use. Many are piloted by mercenary organizations or members of Quisling caste-unions.

Асс/Тор	Climb:	Toughne	ess:	<b>Crew:</b> 2+30
Speed:	12	14 (2)		
16/120				
Cost:\$300-600,000 where		Range: 1500		
available		mile		ès
Notes:				
Weapons:				

## RAILED VEHICLES



All Railed vehicles require tracks to run on or they suffer an automatic crash.

#### HANDCART

A one-or-two man craft driven by muscle.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 14	<b>Crew:</b> 1+6
<b>Speed:</b> 2/10		
<b>Cost:</b> \$8-16,000	where available	Range: until
		Range: until fatigued
<b>Notes:</b> If only one man is working it, Acc/Top speed is 1/8		

#### STANDARD ENGINE

A typical mover for a train.

Асс/Тор	Toughness:	Crew:1+ 4
Speed:2/28	18 (4)	
Cost:\$200-750,000 where		Range:
available		1000 miles
Notes: Driver is fully protected in cabin by		
safety glass		



#### Weapons:

Improvised protection platform with 2X7.62mm MG (600 rds) (Range 30/60/120; Damage 2d8 +1; ROF 3; AP 2) in sandbagged cart is sometimes pushed before engine in hostile territory

#### TROOPCAR

A train car designed to house and support troops, sort of a mobile barrack.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 15	<b>Crew:</b> 0+30	
Speed:	(3)		
Requires			
Engine			
Cost:\$25-50,00	00 where	Range: -	
available			
<b>Notes:</b> Sometimes equipped with firing slits (+6).			
Cooking and laundry facilities for troops.			
Hospital variant can care for 25 patients. If			
simply used as a transport, can carry up to forty			
men rather und	omfortably.	· · · ·	

#### firmed (fiboose

Vital cargos will usually have one of these attached just before or behind the engine and at the back of the train. Some rely only on internal troops, others have weapons mounts. They are occasionally camouflaged to draw guerilla activity.

Асс/Тор	Toughness:	<b>Crew:</b> 1+8
Speed:Requires	18/18/14	
Engine	(4/4/3)	
<b>Cost:</b> \$35-95,000 w	here available	Range: -
Notes: Heavy Armo	or; Firing Slits (+6	5). Either has
an observation cup	ola for a riflemar	n or a MG
ring.		

#### Weapons:

Armed variant mounts a 7.62mm MG (500 rds) (Range 30/60/120; Damage 2d8 +1; ROF 3; AP 2) with shield (+4) for gunner.
Heavy Duty Variant mounts port and starboard M2 Browning (Ammo 1000) (Range 50/100/200; Damage 2d10; ROF 3; AP 4).

#### **HA PLATFORM**

A heavy-weapons version of the Armed Caboose, this will have light artillery equally useful against vehicles or aircraft.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 16	<b>Crew:</b> 3		
Speed:	(3)			
Requires				
Engine				
Cost:\$75-120,00	0 where	Range: -		
available		_		
Notes: Stabilizer; Flatcar is sometimes protected				
by sandbagging		-		
Weapons:				
4 X N	A2 Browning (Amm	no 500)		
(Rang	(Range 50/100/200; Damage 2d10;			
ROF 3; AP 4) in powered cupola.				
Or				
30 m	m Cannon (200 rd	s) (Range		
50/1	00/200; Damage3d	8; ROF 3; AP		
6)	0			







#### HARDENED ENGINE

Trains traveling through Nomansland will usually have an armored engine and some shelter for the engineers. In dangerous zones a guard or two are posted in the engine to guard against sabotage at stops or take on guerillas.

Асс/Тор	Toughness:	<b>Crew:</b> 2 + 2
<b>Speed:</b> 2/26	60/30/20	
-	(45/15/10)	
Cost:\$500-950,00	)0 where	Range: 800
available		miles
<b>Notes:</b> Heavy Armor; Firing slits (+6) in doors.		
Weapons:		
Weapons: Armed variant mounts a 7.62mm MG (500 rds) in AA cupola. (Range 30/60/120; Damage 2d8 +1; ROF 3; AP 2) with shield (+4) for gunner and shell for pilot (+4). Can only carry two additional men.		

#### WARENGINE

An engine specifically designed to be driven into a combat zone. Sometimes they are disguised to look like an ordinary Hardened Engine. Fairly rare.

Acc/Top Speed:1/25	<b>Toughness:</b> 90/60/40 (60/40/12)	<b>Crew:</b> 2+6
<b>Cost:</b> \$1-2 millio available	n where	<b>Range:</b> 500 miles

**Notes:** Heavy Armor; Stabilizers, Firing slits (+6) in doors

#### Weapons:

2 X 76 mm recoilless rifles (Ammo 30 HE 20 AP each) (Range 70/140/200; Damage 3d8; ROF 1; Medium Burst; 3 actions to reload) mounted in cupolas so each can cover forward or its side. ROF is extremely slow because of elaborate blast venting. Crew is covered except for aiming slit (+6) 2X7.62mm MG (600 rds) (Range

30/60/120; Damage 2d8 +1; ROF 3; AP 2) in engineer AA cupola 25mm Bushmaster Autocannon (500 rounds) (Range 50/100/200; Damage 3d8; ROF 3; AP 4)in nose cupola

#### BATTLECAR

A railcar designed for fighting, carrying an assortment of machine guns and grenade launchers worked from armored cupolas. Again, these are sometimes disguised to look like ordinary railcars behind fake wooden or aluminum sides that fall away as soon as battle is joined.

Acc/Top	Toughness:	<b>Crew:</b> 12
Speed:	20/124/14	
Requires	(6/6/6)	
Engine		
Cost:\$300-600,0	000 where	Range: -
available		
Notes: Heavy An	mor; Firing Slits	5 (+6)
Weapons:		
25mm Bushmaster cannon in cupola		
(Ammo 500) (Range 50/100/200;		
Damage 3d8; ROF 3; AP 4)		
7.62mm MG right and left (1000 rds		
each) (Range 30/60/120; Damage		
2d8+1; ROF 3; AP 2)		
Grenade Launcher Right and Left		
(200 rds each) (Range 50/100/200;		
Dam	age 3d6 Mediui	m Burst
Template; ROF 3)		



#### ARTILLERY CAR, LIGHT

A railcar built to fire mortars, recoilless rifles, and other near-range artillery. Will usually appear only if there is little or no chance of counterbattery fire. Vehicle must be stationary to fire effectively.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 16	<b>Crew:</b> 3	
Speed:	(3)		
Requires			
Engine			
Cost:\$125-275,0	000 where	Range: -	
available			
Notes: Flatcar is usually protected by			
sandbagging			
Weapons:			
3 X 81 mm mortar fired through			
retractable roof (Ammo 300) (Range			
75/150/300; Damage 3d8; ROF 1;			
Medium Burst; 1 action to reload.			
Or			
2 X 2	2 X 76 mm recoilless rifles (Ammo		
200	HE 100 AP each)	Range	
70/140/200; Damage 3d8; ROF 1;			
Medium Burst; 1 action to reload)			

#### ARTILLERY CAR, HEAVY

A railcar carrying long-range artillery that can be quickly shuffled in and out of battle. Usually there will be a armed caboose that serves as the fire direction and control car and a number of bunker-like ammunition wagons. Will usually appear only if there is little or no chance of counterbattery fire.

Асс/Тор	Toughness: 16	<b>Crew:</b> 6		
Speed:	(3)			
Requires				
Engine				
<b>Cost:</b> \$250-500,000 where		Range: -		
available				
Notes: Flatcar is usually protected by				
sandbagging, once gun is set up directional fire is				
limited to a single 90 degree aspect				

#### Weapons:

1 X 120mm Mortar (Ammo 500 HE, 150 WP, 100 starshell) (Range 100/200/400; Damage 4d8 Medium Burst; 2 actions to reload)

or

1 X 90mm Howitzer (Ammo 500 HE 200 WP) (Range 75/150/300; Damage 4d8; ROF 1; 1 action to reload)

#### Railgun

A special train designed to pull and support a naval-sized weapon, capable of firing at a distance of twenty miles or more. Will usually appear only if there is little or no chance of counterbattery fire. Extremely rare

Асс/Тор	Toughness:	<b>Crew:</b> 12
Speed:	90/60/40	
Requires	(60/40/12)	
Engine		
Cost: Special		Range: -
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**Notes:** Limited field of fire: gun can only point along axis of rails

Weapons:

16 inch gun (Ammo 200) (Range 150/300/600); Damage 10d10; Large Burst Template; AP 100; 12 actions to reload)





"Good Afternoon. My name is Sendra Ray, a civilian these days, so you can relax around me. As much as relaxation is possible, that is. You're about to go on your first operation in the Kurian Zone.

"I don't blame you for being scared, even if you won't admit it.

"You're all wondering about my head. Normally, I wear a wig, but for this briefing I leave it in my bag. I left my scalp in Utah courtesy of the Copenhangen Tin Tribe Grogs, who were so busy pulling bounty hair they didn't bother to make sure I was dead.

"My speech is pretty standard, I've given it a dozen times a year, and every year you all seem to get younger. I came up as a Wolf and when my knees finally went I transferred into the Logistics Commandos, the fine people you can thank for your DEET and sulfa powder and sniping optics.

"But I'm not here to give you Logistics 101 and warn you about the plagues of Egypt that'll descend on you if you leave a mortar plate behind. I'm here to prepare you, mentally, for what you're going to see out there.

"The bodies aren't so bad, except for the smell, as the slackers who end up on disposal detail will learn. Some of their Lordships aren't too careful about disposal, they'll drive a few wagonloads out to the nearest bridge outside their territory and dump them so they head downriver. It's our Christian duty to see to them.

"You'll see a lot of billboards and pamphlets and books and placards and even comics about how rotten and polluted the world used to be, about religious wars and racism and skin cancer and all the other stuff the Kurians claim to have put a stop to. There'll even be photos and accounts of atrocities, complete with pictures, your brothers and sisters in uniform committed. Pay it no mind.

"It's a lot harder to ignore the poor souls you'll meet on the other end of Nomansland.

"The people you'll be trying to help, except for some of the guerilla bands, are going to be scared of you. The men are told you'll cut off their nuts to keep them from breeding more stock for the Kurians; the women all get lectures on the "Rebel Prime Directive" that supposedly allows you to rape anything you can run down and the kids get told you'll eat them cause their flesh is the tenderest and tastiest. Don't spend time arguing, these people can be drained for being seen talking to criminals and terrorists.

"Which is what they label you. Also how you'll most likely get treated if you're captured, so maybe you should consider reviewing your escape and evasion plates again.

"You're not going out there to die. Your superiors have gone to a lot of effort to train you, so they want flexibility and calculated risk-taking, not go-for-broke attacks on the first Kurian Tower that breaks your horizon. Hit the enemy where he can't hit you back, at least not easily. It's judo out there, you've got to get them off balance and then use your strengths against their weaknesses.

"Okay, enough of my yakking. Time to start the slideshow. You, in the back, with the shaved eyebrow – get the lights, will you?"



## LIFESIGN

Kurians and the Reapers they've built have the ability to "see" vital aura (they also see just fine in the visual spectrum, but bright light bothers them), at roughly the same distance that ordinary household lights can be spotted on a dark evening. The more individuals grouped together, the brighter their collective signature and the farter away it can be spotted.

How much lifesign a being gives off is somewhat determined by attributes and level--thus in some situations a Legendary character with d10 in all his stats will be at a disadvantage to a novice with d4. The GM should add a bonus of +1 or +2 for heroic and legendary characters to lifesign detection rolls.

Certain things obscure the aural emissions. Direct sunlight smothers it completely: only the heaviest cloud cover allows it to be recognized at any kind of distance. Because all life gives off a low level of aura, trees and foliage will obscure it to an extent. A few hundred meters of thick jungle will obliterate it, unless the lifesign in question is a truly massive gathering of humanity. Herds of animals have even more of a masking effect. This is one reason Kurians tend to locate their fortresses high off the ground, it allows clearer aura reception and recognition.

A character who can see in the Aura spectrum (a Kurian, a Reaper, or a very special human) uses Notice skill to spot aura. No darkness modifiers apply. Tracking can also be accomplished using lifesign as life forms leave aural residue just as they do footprints, but there is a –2 per hour penalty to the skill roll.

## QUALITY

Shoddiness is endemic to Vampire Earth. Slave labor is not noted for producing fine workmanship, and the Freeholds are making do with machine tools that are decades old.



In Nomansland scrounging can only accomplish so much. From artillery rounds to individual bullets, mortars to mule shoes, everyone is making do with the repaired, restored, and recycled.

Unless an item is from a reliable source, there is a potential for quality control problems. Guns that jam, bayonets that break when opening a tin can, boots that fall apart, and bread that is full of sawdust or weevils will be occasional irritants or lethal complications.

In game terms, this will mean that many guns will have a –1 or even –2 (in the case of poorly built and maintained) modifier for shooting rolls. Any time a natural 1 is rolled while using a tool, vehicle, or weapon, the GM should determine an appropriate setback (jammed gun, tire blowout, dud grenade). The character can attempt to recover use of his item with a second roll, but another natural 1 renders it destroyed for game purposes until a major overhaul is performed.

The effects of quality are cumulative. If a character is using a -1 pistol with -1



ammo, she will have a –2 modifier for her shooting rolls until she acquires a better weapon and/or ammunition.

## RAVIES

Ravies is a "designer disease" used in 2022 to break up human society with its chaos-creating effect. Vaccines and the human body's immune system has reduced its effect, but in certain tracts of Nomansland it is still used to interfere with Freehold operations.

Many in the larger Freeholds and those in the Kurian Zone are vaccinated against the various forms of Ravies.

**Ravies 6 (-3):** Violent madness for 1d6 days, with great wasting of flesh despite ravenous hunger. A second –3 roll is made at the end of the madness, failure results in death. Any non-raise success results in permanent ill effects, usually a reduction of intelligence to animal level.

## SCARCITY

The Federal Reserve hasn't operated in better than forty years. While most Kurian Zones and Freeholds use a mixture of currency and coin, their notes are worthless outside their particular locality – and even there some will refuse to honor the coin of the realm when it is more advantageous for them to trade in gold or valuables. Nomansland has only the most rudimentary economic system.

Without common currency people have little choice but to barter for their needs. So a barter system exists throughout Vampire Earth.

To help the GM deal with relative values of this system, the following chart may do as a starting point.



Of course, blankets will be worth a little less near a textile mill, and salt will be far more valuable in a remote region of desert. The GM should feel free to adjust the relative value of these items. And naturally, there will be times when an item is simply unobtainable for any price.

Characters should be careful about carrying currency in the form of gold and jewels. Constantly paying for everyday necessities with gold and gemstones will attract attention from the wrong sort of people.

SW	Hard Currency	Everyday Barter
Dollars		Items
50,000	Gold bar	Functioning
		Hummer or Range
		Rover, equipped
		sawmill
2000	1 ct. diamond	Trained Wagon
		Team, repairable
		but non-functional
		pickup truck,
		assault rifle,
		healthy/skilled
		human captive
500	1 oz. gold "eagle"	Horse or mule
		and harness,
		young or sickly
		human captive,
		repeating rifle,
		quality field boots
100	1 oz. silver	Black powder
	"birdie"	gun, good liquor,
		box of cigars,
		waterproofed
		clothing or
		greatcoat
10	Silver "dollar"	Wool blanket,
		gallon of
		petroleum, bag of
		salt, pack of
		cigarettes, pair of
		sunglasses
1	Silver "flip"	Bullet, fresh egg,
		shot of whiskey,
		loaf ofbread

## STATUS

For games centered in the Kurian Zone, the GM may wish to include a "social" attribute called status. Like other attributes, it is measured by die type, the "average" being d6. A character with a d4 status is at the bottom of the social pyramid and in danger of becoming aura fodder. Someone with a d12 would be considered vital.

Once a year (barring a crisis) a character would have to make a die roll or suffer a regression in status. A character already at d4 level who fails the status roll goes to the Reapers – barring game events.

If the character is observed taking actions that benefit the Kurian Order a raise on the status change roll increases the character's status by a die. There should be bonuses to this die roll based on experience in the past year (for example, if the character has been working for the Kurians and gained enough experience to "level up" three times in the past year the Status check is +3).

The character would have the option of using her status die rather than a skill for a hodgepodge of events that might otherwise be covered under streetwise, investigation, intimidation, or persuasion. If a character is observed taking action that

indirectly threatens the Kurian Order (i.e. smuggling refugees) there should be an immediate status roll. If failed, the character drops one die type in status. Characters who drop to d4 status are shipped off to a forcedlabor camp or "punishment brigade" military unit, depending on training and occupation.

Characters who are caught directly threatening the Kurian order (smuggling guns to guerillas) should make an immediate status roll, with success resulting in shipment to forced labor/punishment brigade and failure resulting in a visit from the Reapers.



# PART II: VAMPIRE EARTH PRIMER



"Don't even open your mouth, I know what's coming. People always ask me what I miss most about the bygones. Uh-huh, I knew it. I've got a liver spot for every one of you kids who's asked: Gunny, what was it like? What do you miss most? The internet or the Relief stores or gleaming cars or Las Vegas or jets that could take you anywhere or rock concerts or space-agebody-contouring-cushion-foam-technology mattresses or just being able to take a ride at night and get together and look at all the lights with your friends, without worrying if you were too bunched up.

"I was eight, for cryin' out loud. I miss Playstation 4 and Cap'n Crunch and my mom smelling like baby powder during the day and Esty Louder when she got dressed up.

"My dad had this phone in his glasses that had a sweet voice programmed to tell him when he had a call. It was the voice of an actor named Bogard or Bogarth or something, and as we were pulling into our driveway after he'd picked me up his phone announces in this kind of funny tone, like a guy talking out of the side of his mouth: "Archer, there's that dame on the phone again. Your ex. Ya want me to give her the brush?" which is how he knew mom was calling. "Christ, I can't have you for twenty minutes without..." he said and touched the rim.

"Travis, turn on your TV RIGHT NOW!" my mom said in a tone that sounded like her arguing voice only scared. We went to the TV, you all know what that was, right? Like a window that had a changing view all the time. We went in with my dad talking to my mom and her saying something about earthquakes in California and an eruption in the Cascades and then I wondered about my grandparents who lived in Eureka right up by the Oregon border. So Dad switched the big window over to television news and there it was, the sky full of smoke. On another channel there were aerial shots of broken up roads and buildings that were just big hunks of roof on the ground now. Another channel had fires in Los Angeles.

Then it hit us in St. Louis when the New Madrid went and the TV quit working. The chandelier in the entryway fell, the windows broke, and Dad pulled me under the big kitchen counter where we listened to lamps hit the floor and pictures fall off the wall. That was the day that the Mississippi flowed backwards."

Welcome to my world. Thanks for picking up this worldbook. With it, I'd like to import my Vampire Earth dystopia to your gaming group, and maybe your hometown. Oh, I know, it was rude of me to interrupt Gunny, but I've got rank so he can't come down on me with both feet like he can those poor shavetails. Let's get the rest of his story, and I'll see you in the New Order.

"So civilization went deaf, dumb, and blind for a little bit. I didn't hear until later about whole islands in the Pacific blowing up, or the superwave that came out of the Azores and rolled across Florida and didn't stop until it hit the Sierra Madre mountains in Mexico, or the horn of Africa breaking off from Addis Abbaba to the Zambizi. All I saw were sunrises and sunsets so beautiful it looked like the sky had caught fire. We heard a lot of crap from the government over the radio about help on the way but went for the real news to old Benjamin Liebnitz. Mr. Liebnitz had a short wave and generator rig that he moved out of his house and set up down at the library because he was sick of people leaning through his broken windows to listen.



"We always thought the army or the national guard showed up in situations like this but I guess they had stuff to do in more important places than Valley Park. Over the next week or so Dad and I got to know and rely on our neighbors. Suddenly the Bauers and the McCalls were more important than anyone in Washington or Jefferson City. Dad left me with the Bauers and used what gas he had left to go get Mom and my baby sister Tahoma; Mom was okay but her part of town was really starting to smell, not from dead bodies because the police and firemen were taking care of them but because of the plumbing being gone. He came back with the driver's side window smashed and Mom looked really frazzled and scared.

"I guess Mom and Dad saw things a little differently, or maybe each other a little differently, because there wasn't any more fighting. Dad didn't go into the law office. The police and ambulances and fire department had what gasoline there was. Mom helped distribute canned food while I took care of Tahoma and Dad made a tool belt out of his hiking pack and went to work fixing windows and cracks in people's houses where the chimneys came away from the frame. I saw a bunch of army or national guard trucks one day but they just roared down the road; they didn't stop in Valley Park.

"We started getting reports over the Liebnitz short-wave about people rioting in the cities, looting and burning and brawling. All of a sudden most of the police and a lot of the firemen disappeared. All that was left were some of the older ones. Officer Loring, who shot some stray dogs that were acting funny, he said they'd been 'detached and attached' somewhere else.

"Then the power came back and we had such a party that night out in the street with music blaring out the broken windows. Everyone felt like the worst was over and I can't remember my Mom and Dad ever kissing so much. 'The worst is over' everyone said. I got so sick of that phrase, 'the worst is over.' Now, every time I hear it, I get the feeling that there's a new 'worst' just around the corner. The power went out again a couple days later. Afterwards I learned it was from an EMP bomb, but we thought it was just a temporary interruption.

"I know, I know. Anyone who's ever heard from one of us oldsters is waiting for it. The Ravies plague. If my generation goes on about it, it's probably because you don't forget a shock like that. I won't talk about it forever. But can you blame us? With me it was waking up to the sound of screams, and then people busting in our door and mom snatching me out of bed and Dad holding my sister in one hand and his gun in the other and then running and a gunshot and the hallway lit up like a photo strobe. Then there was fighting and one of them bit Dad and my mom screaming and more shots. We hid for the rest of the night in the attic with the smell of gunpowder on Dad's pajamas and Dad pouring Scope mouthwash on his bite.

"I saw a few of them through the attic vent. I think it was the first time I was really scared. I wasn't scared during the earthquake or when Dad went to get Mom. But seeing starved-looking people running around like their hair was on fire, wailing like alarm sirens, smeared up to the elbows in blood, some of them naked, and hearing the screams for help of your neighbors as their houses burn -- it stays with you like an unpaid debt.

"We hid in that attic for three days and I expect you know my Dad was done for. When he got sick he gave the pistol to my Mom, but she didn't use it until he went after Tahoma. He just woke up and reached for her and I don't know if Mom was expecting it but she shot him. Which brought a bunch of them to our house and then we heard screams, and even worse, smelled smoke.



"I'm talking to you so you know I got out of it. The 'Meramec River Militia' had been going through Valley Park and were attracted by the commotion. At that point they didn't have any uniforms but a red bit of flannel tied on their arms or around their necks. The officer had us pack up some stuff, just clothes and shoes, and go to the High School. We passed the library on the way and saw Mr. Liebnitz hanging from the parking lot light with his own microphone cord looped around his neck. A hand-lettered sign duck-taped to the lamppost said 'misinformer.'

"We saw bodies everywhere. Some of them still hadn't been lined up yet; the crows and flies were having salad days, I can tell you. I smelled burning flesh too. We spent a few days at the High School and Mom did everything real slow and deliberate. It's a good thing it was summer because we were mostly outside at first while they built shelters and put up wire to keep the 'screamers' out in case more showed up. There was food out of gigantic pots and coffee out of big kettles and orange drink for the kids out of these big plastic barrels like the platoon scuttle over there. Not plentiful, but no one was starving to death and there was a lot of trading for what the MRMs were scrounging on their patrols. Mom would show up all tired-eyed after a visit to their motor-lodge with jars of honey and eggs and a candy bar for me now and then. One of our Washington DC congressmen, a man named the Honorable Mister Partridge, came one day and spoke to us about the war we heard was going on and said it was mostly rumor and was sputtering out anyway but he needed "volunteers for Missouri and the United States" to help out with reorganizing and rebuilding. A truckload of chickens and pigs showed up with him. 'The worst is over' everyone said. 'Things'll get back to normal now that Washington's finally getting its act together.'

"That night I heard what sounded like a thunderstorm in the distance and went out to have a look. I went to the top of the football bleachers where there were some teenagers making out, planning to watch the storm roll in when the MRM staff started running around and yelling at the folks in the school to keep away from the windows. I heard motors and one of the MRM guys chased the teenagers away but I swung down into the rigging beneath the bleachers and perched like an owl and he didn't see me.

"A convoy came down the highway past the school. Trucks hauling tanks and guns and such on flatbeds. Then I saw in the moonlight what was driving the trucks, and what was sitting on the flatbeds with the equipment. Now most of you have seen Grogs, even just dead ones, but forty-plus years ago I didn't know what to think, just that this column was filled with things like huge gray apes wearing football padding, it seemed, until I learned that the football padding was slabs of their own hide. The MRM guy rousting the teenagers saw them too and just stood there and swore, so I knew I wasn't having visions. Hummers, SUVs, even a bunch of motorcycles and sidecars with the things working the throttles drove past and were gone.

"I told my mom about it and she said not to speak of what I saw to anyone, anytime. I must have been dreaming or fantasizing it, she said, but she held me and Tahoma real tight and cried.

"Kids don't worry as much as adults and get over shock fast. Life at the high school got back to what I thought was normal. Except the portions of food at each meal seemed to shrink. Once the truck full of pigs and chickens was gone there was less and less to eat each day, and hardly any deliveries. Then it snowed at the end of August, and that was the start of the starvation year all your grandparents have told you about. We made space-heaters by burning wood in lockers ripped off the walls.



"We made do as best we could. By now the MRMs were getting lazy and a couple of them hired me to keep their boots and gear clean. Then on one of the warm days when it was almost like summer The Honorable Mister Partridge showed up again as we were all enjoying one of those beautiful sunsets. I guess you could call it a sunset on a way of life. Well, Partridge drives in with a Brinks armored car and a motorcycle escort. Only this time he had a tall, thin man with him who got out of the Brinks truck, and the tall guy shadowed him all the time like a bodyguard and wore a heavy winter cloak-like thing and wrap-around sunglasses, even though it was night and almost as warm as a normal September evening. The Honorable Mister Partridge gathered us in the football field and stands and as we filed in handed out real, honest-to-Dunkin doughnuts and hot coffee and apple juice to everyone. Once we were all talking about how good it tasted and I felt like puking from eating seven frosted doughnuts, the Honorable Mister Partridge speaks and starts apologizing for the 'service interruptions.' The 'temporary population' in the Meramec Valley was going to be moved across the river to Illinois where we could be better supplied through the winter, except for some 'key labor' to stay at the Daimler Plant.

"We'd have to walk some of the ways, he was sorry to say, and 'other arrangements' would be made for people who were too sick or old to go on foot. But once in Illinois, where things had been reorganized properly, everything would be better.

"'Sounds like the worst is over' everyone said.

Mom didn't think so. I heard later that some of the MRMs got the willies from Partridge and his bodyguard, and I guess after Partridge and his entourage took off one of the militia, a corporal named Marion, told Mom about a secret 'bug-out' that a few of them were planning. The next morning we had a short service for Mrs. Streiber, an old lady with pneumonia who'd been in the hospital --well, it wasn't so much a hospital as it was a warm biology classroom next to the cafeteria-- and as Mrs. Streiber was loaded onto the diesel station wagon that took corpses out my mom stuffed a bunch of extra clothes into my jacket and put a cap on my head and hustled me over to the equipment shed.

I saw my mom for the last time among the high schools mowers and baseball field graders as she held Tahoma and handed me over to some of the MRMs who were 'bugging out.' They had their rifles, which were normally only issued outside the camp fence and this Corporal Marion who liked my mom gave her a kiss on the cheek and said that he'd take care of me. 'You'll be safe, I hear pregnant women are making the trip in trucks' he told her but my mom ignored him and just hugged me and I could feel her body sobbing even though she didn't make any noise.

Just then a fire broke out in the barracks and Corporal Marion said 'that's it, we've got to run' and he grabbed my arm and my mom held out Tahoma and said 'kiss your sister' but I was getting pulled out the door and I think I started crying. Corporal Marion shut me up with a slap to get us out the side-gate. The side-gate guard went along with us, but the slap was nothing when you compare all he did for me on the trip to the Ozarks. That's a story in itself but I've about talked your young ears off here, so let's break for chow."



Though Gunny's story makes it sound like the Kurian Order all came about over the course of one long, bad summer, **Vampire Earth** didn't just happen overnight. In fact, it sort of happened once before, but even that isn't the true beginning of the story.

## TIMELINE

#### 65 MILLION YEARS AGO

The **Preentities** traveled the **Interstellar Tree**. No one knows how many planets were once part of the tree, connected by a series of "**gates**." We don't know what they looked like, how they communicated, or where they came from. They were immortal, or lived so long that to us they were as immortal as a planet. Some argue that they must have had corporeal form, for the gates vary in size from a little larger than a two-car garage door to the size of Washington's face on Mount Rushmore. We know they left the gates, the **touchstones**, and that they fed off of the **vital aura** of living creatures as we know them. And that is all.

The gates I've mentioned. The touchstones are repositories of knowledge. They look like ordinary stones, some are smooth, some are a little rougher, some do not even have markings visible to human eyes. But when held in both hands, or perhaps paws, or perhaps tentacles, of a powerful enough mind a circuit is closed, and an instantaneous "download" of the touchstone's content occurs. This process has been known to drive human minds mad.

Vital aura is the cause of all of humanity's woes circa 2065. We, unfortunately, are brimming with it. It is an energy created by living beings, roughly according to their size and intelligence. A horse, though many times the weight of a woman, is weak in vital aura when horse and rider are compared. It is thought that the Preentities lived off of the vital aura of gigantic creatures like the dinosaurs. But


something happened. Some say that their race began to die off, they needed more and more aura to keep alive, and wiped out whole planets, and finally each other, to prolong their already impossibly long lives.

# 700, 000 YEARS AGO

The Lifeweavers picked up the pieces of the Preentity civilization. They trickle down to us as legends of divine angels, prophets, wizards, mysterious demigods and guides to other worlds. At their height, they traveled between nine different habitable planets, populating them as they saw fit with beautiful and useful creations. For that is the Lifeweavers' one overarching talent: the ability to shape DNA as Michaelangelo shaped marble.

They made contact with the first ragged human societies many thousands of years ago. We built temples to honor them, wrote songs and poems exalting them, and in return they bestowed on us the occasional gift, or took a talented poet or two on a trip to another world.

Who can blame our forebears for worshiping them? They could take on the appearance of a flaming Phoenix as easily as you or I change our clothes. They typically appeared to us in human form, albeit exceptionally large and attractive. Their technology met the threshold of being so advanced as to appear magical.

We do not know much about Lifeweaver culture or history, save that by the time they interacted with us they had solved many of the problems that have dogged man through the ages. Hunger, disease, war, crime and above all fear were apparently eliminated so long ago that the words for them were considered an arcane part of their vocabulary.

In their pride, and to their lasting sorrow, the Lifeweavers delved deeply into

the knowledge of the Preentities. A large collection of touchstones was discovered on the planet **Kur**, one of the nine worlds of the Lifeweaver span. The probing scientists gained the ability to make use of the vital auras on which the Preentities fed.

The first hint of the schism that doomed the Lifeweaver civilization came about during debates over what to do with this new-found knowledge. "A miraculous cup has appeared to us, wanderers in a desert, a cup that does not empty" Dar-Ai-Milinin-Kur, one of the chief proponents of adapting to extending their lifespans through the use of vital auras, argued at the Third Council. "For our ability to travel, to learn, and to grow is limited by our lifespan as surely as one's ability to cross a desert is limited by the water supply."

However the majority argued that Those-Who-Came-Before (the Preentities) had tried that road before, and it ultimately destroyed them. But Dar-Ai-Milinin-Kur and





his associates would not be dissuaded despite the weight of opinion against them. They raced against their own lifespans to acquire, largely in secret, the key to making use of other being's vital auras.

They succeeded.

# II,000 YEARS AGO

Around the time we were learning it was easier to grow food than to catch it, the rift between the Kurian Lifeweavers and the other eight planets widened. The secret preparations of the Kurians began to grow more and more open, but the rest of their civilization, having tried reason without success, was at a loss about what to do next.

Open warfare was inevitable, but both sides had more or less forgotten how to go about it. They fought by proxy: the Lifeweavers for the simple reason that they could not do otherwise, and the Kurians because their newfound "immortal" existence made their lives all the more precious. The Kurians began with a great advantage: the **Reapers**. Because the actual process of killing to obtain the required vital aura requires physical contact with the source, a messy and sometimes dangerous task, the Kurians developed powerful familiars to do their dirty work. Each Kurian could control up to thirteen of these Myrmidons, sensing what it senses and controlling its actions through a psychic link.

Once the killing began there was no stopping it. Luckily for the Lifeweavers, the first assault by the Kurians was poorly planned because of the initial ease of their first triumphs. They became overextended, and ultimately failed in the attempt to destroy their foes. A great part of the credit is due to the Lifeweavers on Kur who tried to resist their vampiric brethren. The died to the last, but their sacrifice delayed and diverted the Kurians long enough for the Lifeweavers elsewhere to adapt and plan.

Then it was the Lifeweaver's turn to err. In an attempt to cauterize the Kurian cancer they shut, and destroyed, all the doors between their worlds regardless of whether they were currently winning or losing the various battles for control of the nine planets. Any chance of a unified

> response was doomed in this "devil take the hindmost" panic that spread across their civilization. Kur was cut off, but not destroyed. And while the gates on the nine other planets were shut, the ones on Kur were still open...

# 7500 YEARS AGO

The Lifeweaver colony on Earth was defended by a curious ad hoc alliance of Lifeweavers, some of their creations, and their human allies (or worshipers). Their principal city, **Sybar** on the upper Danube, had a pre-Fall





population of several hundred Lifeweavers at the time Egypt was building pyramids in the images of touchstones their priests had seen in the possession of the Lifeweavers.

The Kurians managed to gain control of a minor settlement, **Syax**, located in what is now Asia minor. They also controlled a portal to Kur in Southeast Asia. And most valuable of all, they gained control of a powerful warlike race, the Aryans. And of course there were the Reapers and various genetic creations undertheir thrall.

The Lifeweavers selected and trained the likeliest humans they could find, improving on their genetic stock, and assigning them classifications that appealed to primitive sensibilities. They designated their human scouts and spies as "Cats." These were the sharpest eyed and most intelligent of the humans. Those with the best stamina became "Wolves," fleet-footed warriors who acted as horseless cavalry. The toughest fighters became "Bears," the shock troops who attained superhuman strength in their battle frenzy.

The battle, which is recorded in history only with the destruction of the Indus Valley civilization by the brutal Aryans, eventually went to the Lifeweavers but at great cost. Sybar was burned and its foundations destroyed, and over half of the Lifeweavers fell victim to the Kurian's Reapers. But the doors to Kur were shut and their horrors banished to forgotten corners of the globe. For a time...

# 7000 YEARS AGO

Having won a great victory, we promptly forgot it.

The deeds of the **First Incursion** faded into legend, the foes into tall tale, and the powers which protected us into superstition. In the 20<sup>th</sup> century, when mass graves from the war were dug up in places like Talheim

Germany, it was attributed to local rivalries over growing space, and marks of Reaper feedings were ignored or missed.

Certainly a Kurian or two still lurked in remote mountain ranges and deep jungle ruin. Their fierce creations, the **Grogs**, were hunted down and killed, remaining in our history in the experiences of Beowulf and Greek dramatics. The Lifeweavers retreated into the mists of the pagan pantheons, and perhaps served as inspiration for Merlin or Shiva, Brahma and Vishnu.

In the three-and-a-half thousand years allotted us, humankind rose farther than even the Lifeweavers would have guessed. But with our achievements came the hubris that accompanied forgetting our origins and the danger that still potentially lurked outside our world.

The first trembling of the earthquake to come rippled through the late eighteenth century. The Kurians had discovered a way to open gateways between worlds, at a great cost in vital auras. To open more doors, further harvests of death would be required.

The Twentieth Century would provide for them amply....







# 250 YEARS AGO

For most of the Nineteenth Century, the Kurians reacquainted themselves with the Earth and the weaknesses of their prospective fodder. Wherever war and chaos allowed them to do their work unnoticed, the Kurians and their cloaked Reapers harvested what necromantic energy was available from the fire and slaughter.

The agents of the Kurians stirred up trouble in India, the Belgian Congo, and the Philippines. Thanks to the American Civil War, a doorway was established in Virginia, strategically close to Washington DC. In 1914 their investment in the Balkans paid great dividends. In the slaughter and confusion enough vital aura was collected to open a door in Europe's Alps. An Austrian corporal was recruited with promises of unlimited power, and a Soviet secret service agent received the advice and tools necessary to rise to a position commanding the gulags. China and Southeast Asia seemed rich fields for vital auras, thanks to the contentions between the Japanese and the mainlanders.

Under the swastika design last used by the Aryans in Asia, six years of mechanized death begat a number of new doors in Russia, the Balkans, China and Japan. Nanking, Leningrad, Babi Yar, Dresden, Auschwitz, Tokyo, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were all causes for immense satisfaction.

The second half of the century did not quite live up to the promise of the first, but the Kurians took opportunities in Cambodia and Africa where they could find them. At the Millennium, as humanity celebrated, the Kurians patiently drew their final plans. Economic chaos arrived, throwing the entire world into depression, and Kur began to mobilize. When they were ready to march, they sent word to their agents and **Quislings** in the world's capitals: prepare the way for the Overthrow.

When the Earth convulsed in the spring of 2022 in a series of devastating worldwide earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, not a few thought God's final judgment was beginning. They could not have been more wrong....

# FORTY YEARS AGO

The dominion of man ended on the sixth day of June, 2022.

Catastrophe after catastrophe had rocked the world: economic chaos, climatic change leading to poor harvests on a worldwide scale, natural disaster in the form of earthquakes and tidal waves. With each calamity people took a deep breath and told themselves "if I can survive this, I'll be alright. Nothing can be worse than this."

It got worse.

**Overthrow** first revealed itself with the **Ravies** virus (it got its name from the fact that victims fought and bit like rabid dogs, screaming and raving until collapse and death). Simultaneous outbreaks all over the country of a new disease which brought the host to a state of violent psychosis in seventy-two hours shattered the tottering civil authority worldwide. A few recognized the biowarfare assault for what it was and started working on countermeasures, but



even the military was overwhelmed. The services had been spread too thin in dealing with natural disasters and food distribution.

Defeat was organized from within as well. A few key individuals sold their species for gifts of power and promises of a place in the New Order.

Into this maelstrom came the Reapers. Scarecrow figures in their heavy cloaks, seemingly superhuman in their terrible strength, they took control where civil order was weakest, and imposed their rule mercilessly. Some welcomed them, for they brought peace, food, and protection. Or so it seemed at first. Elsewhere armies of Grog warriors appeared, adapting with alacrity to human armaments when they did not possess better weapons of their own.

What resistance there was quickly escalated to the use of a few tactical nuclear weapons in the world's last need. Vast stores of equipment at airfields and shipyards were destroyed if they could not be used. Washington burned, and the Vice President fled, taking with her what was left of the government and the Joint Chiefs to Mount Omega, clutching in her hand a final Executive Order. The President shot himself shortly afterwards, having just heard that his family was killed in their emergency residence at Quantico by the Ravies virus.

Within just a few short months, the Earth belonged to the Kurians.

### NOW

It is a new feudalism. A Twenty-First Century dark age. Patches of vicious anarchy sewn together by ties of terror.

There are almost as many different forms of Kurian rule as there are Kurians. Some rule as god-kings, a few as warlords, some act as puppet masters, governing in secret, and others manage their realm with almost corporate bureaucracy. There are a few commonalities to the Kurian Order. First, humans are their servants and livestock. A farmer depends on his horse to pull the plow, the dog to flush game and bark in warning, and the pig for bacon. And the lifespan of a cow whose milk production drops or the chicken who no longer lays eggs is a short one. The Kurians demand production and obedience. They possess terrible weapons to punish disorder and rebellion.

Why then do they not control every square meter of ground? Because the Kurians exhibit all the focus and some of the weaknesses of heroin addicts. Their lives are very simple: obtain the next infusion of fresh vital aura. As long as the aura is flowing nothing else really interests them for long. Millennia ago they ceased developing the Lifeweaver sciences, though at one time they were the greatest minds of their race. They apparently lack appetites for food, drink, or sex--although they still reproduce. Some





appear to enjoy wielding their power in cruel and capricious manners while others adhere to absolute standards.

The greater Kurian families place buffer areas around the few Freeholds using Quislings, Grogs, or less powerful Kurians to secure the borders of their little realms. They resemble prohibition era ganglords warring for turf. Most Kurians, when they work together to rule an area, belong to the same family. Betrayals between blood kin appear to be rare; some theorize that relations are able to make use of each other's Reapers if necessary so perhaps black sheep of the families do not last long.

In the fifty years since the Overthrow, technology worldwide seems to have dropped to a late nineteenth century level. A few samples of higher technology are nursed along as long as spare parts and skill allow. But mention of an "internet" usually involves a discussion of fishing, and the sight of an airplane in flight is a reason to stop and stare. Railroads are the chief means of transporting goods cross country, or coal and oil-burning ships at sea. The Freeholds use short-wave radio to keep in contact, with couriers for confidential information. While the Kurians have the phones working in most places, it is not unusual to see a horseman galloping with a message across the brokendown road system.

Most of humanity is oppressed and miserable, and wherever those conditions existed throughout history, there have been people willing to die to change it. . .



# ORGANIZATION OF THE KURIAN ORDER

Kurians organization differs according to the whims and taste of the Kurian (or group of Kurians) in charge of a particular area. Some are organized only by fear, others use a mixture of punishment and reward, and a some Kurians are loved as a monarch or worshipped as a demigod... but there are a few commonalities.

Among the ranks of humanity you usually find these basic similarities.

A "Youth" Organization: Schooling, such as it is, teaches only the minimums needed to ensure obedience to the Kurian Order (emphasis on the war, crime, chaos, overcrowding, pollution, and injustice rampant in the Old World) and simple job skills. Groups of children are brought together everywhere from old churches to schools to rural camps for this odd mix of indoctrination and training. Within school and youth groups there are tests and/or trained observers who pick out likely candidates to lead future generations of humanity. Those selected (and their parents and underage siblings) are somewhat elevated in status as long as the exceptional child/young adult performs.

Adult Trials: Grown-ups have their own sets of tests and quotas. The first is reproduction. Being able to produce a large family is the simplest way to be seen as a success in the Kurian Order. Labor output, invention, and reporting thievery and unorthodoxy can also win one recognition. There are occasional tests and physicals to weed out the weak. While a Brass Ring ensures that you will live to a ripe old age, elders who are seen as model citizens are



often kept on until they die of natural causes as an example to be emulated.

The Dead End: Those who go to the Reapers through age, infirmity, crime, or just bad luck are quietly picked up either while going to or leaving their places of employment or places they frequent. When couples or whole families are rounded up it is usually in the dead of night. Only a thoughtless few discuss the disappearance of an individual. If formal paperwork is kept, they are marked as "reallocated" or "transferred." Occasionally someone who has disappeared for months or years returns after having completed a real work assignment. This puts just enough doubt, or perhaps hope, in people's minds as to the true nature of the system that they remain quiescent.

Once safely in a fodderwagon, those reallocated are sometimes brought to the Kurian's refuge to be toyed with before final extraction, much as food is prepared by cooking and spicing it. Others are simply traded away, deferring their fates for a few days or weeks.

**Status Signs:** Those favored human in the Kurian Order wear everything from a uniform to a badge to a cockade as a symbol of their status. With the position goes warrants against "reallocation" for periods of years. The ultimate status symbol, of course, is the Brass Ring.

**Favoritism (and Corruption):** Most Kurians are excellent judges of human quality. Perhaps it's due to their strange powers or advanced biometrics. So in the highest circle of human society (that nearest the Kurian and therefore with the most power) you tend to find talented, resourceful individuals.

But below the circle closely supervised by the Kurian and his Reapers, there are lesser lights. Sometimes more resourceful at



feathering their own nests than accomplishing the Kurian's plans, those lower in the power pyramid. Sometimes these men and women keep certain names off the fodderwagons thanks to bribe-taking or family and social connections. This sort of behavior is ignored as long as it poses no threat to those at the top.

If an individual is shown to be a threat to the Order, no amount of favoritism will help.

# ORGANS OF THE STATE

**The Kurians:** Ultimate executive authority rests with the Kurian at the top. When a group of Kurians run a territory, there is usually a predominant one.

**The Reapers:** These avatars act as eyes, ears, and mouths to give orders to the humans beneath them. The oldest and most experienced Kurians can puppet up to a dozen or so avatars at once. Younger and





less powerful Kurians animate their Reapers one at a time. In either case the Reapers are saved for supervisory duties or backbreaking attacks.

The Kurians never fully trust any one group of humans under them, so they will often play different organizations (such as military, will enforcement, and intelligencegathering) against each other.

**The Military:** Most Kurian principalities keep their armed forces at (or beyond) their borders to make a *coup-de-main* less likely. Only a small, well-controlled elite are given powerful weapons and vehicles, the Kur are more likely to train or hire unimaginative Grogs to do the fighting.

**The WEOs:** Will-enforcement has replaced law-enforcement, since there is little law save Kurian edicts. In charge of everyday order on the streets, backed up by better trained-and-equipped Riot and SWAT units, the police organizations are subdivided to make conspiracy more difficult.

**The Spies:** Most Kurian principalities have a "secret service." The spies do everything from take reports from a host of lesser informants to keep an eye on the Kurian's neighbors, Freehold, Nomansland, or fellow Kurian.

The Grogs: Kurians seldom rely just on humans to run their lands. Grogs do everything from manual labor to providing security for the Kurian's refuge. Humans who work with or supervise Grog labor or military formations are viewed with some amount of social distaste. Some Kurians introduce, or invent, new forms of life to terrorize their enemies.

# "FOREIGN" RELATIONS AND TRADE

Relations between the Kurians and their fellows are complicated at best. Open warfare is rare, it tends to leave each so weak that both sides risk losing their entire holding. Instead there are a myriad of halfalliances and half-betrayals where competing factions of Kurians wage war by proxy. A Kurian who is seen as becoming too powerful finds his shipments mysteriously raided and insurgencies erupting within his territory.

Trade is complicated by the fact that the only currency with real value is human auras. "Banks" of a sort have sprung up at key locations (usually run by "neutral" human barons) which are really vast concentration camps filled with human fodder (the people inside are not prisoners but called "cans" or "tics" by the guards). A Kurian in Georgia buying armored cars from a Kurian who runs a factory outside Detroit will deposit the agreed number of tics in the nearest bank., which will transfer tics north to a different bank (or perform another trade), and then the Kurian in the north will



apply to the bank with the Georgia Kur's "breather bond" and withdraw the tics for consumption. The tics withdrawn and killed will probably not even be from Georgia.

Thus each principality tries to be as selfsufficient as possible, conserve food and fuel, and barter rather than go through the laborious process of exchanging auras for material.

# THE NEW UNIVERSAL CHURCH

Social Service, such as they are, come courtesy of the New Universal Chruch. Many churchmen and women at the lower levels are good-intentioned souls, doing what they can to provide medical care, education, and occasionally entertainment to their flocks. There is a strict hierarchy in place to make sure that they do not rise in power.

The New Universal Church handles mundane tasks such as the post (slow but fairly reliable—letters are routinely opened in transit, though maintaining the post is not as huge a task as it sounds because few ordinary people have contacts beyond the patch of land where they live) and a labor market clearninghouse. In cooperation with the local schools they hold paper drives, metal drives, food drives. In some locations they publish a local newspaper.

In many smaller or medium sized towns in the Kurian Zone the NUC runs a hostel, providing a safe night's lodging for travelers. The cost is minimal or free in return for attending a propaganda session at night and a prayer service in the morning.

At higher levels the Church is considerably more insidious.

In a dark version of the Lifeweaver's modifications to the human form, certain knowledges and abilities are passed on to

trusted, high-ranking churchmen which allow them to perform "Kurian Wonders" or "miracles." The sick are healed (and occasionally the dead return to briefly address those assembled for the memorial service), criminals suddenly babble out full public confessions, and the unorthodox recant their heresies...all that is required is the touch of a New Universal Churchman. If the dead use words they did not know in life, and the criminals confess to crimes it was physically impossible for them to commit, few notice.





# RAIL AND WATER BARONS

The divided nature of the Kurian system requires that certain services remain in the hands of humans. State-spanning rail and water transport lines are to vital to be in the hands of any one family, so humans run the networks for their masters.

Kurians serviced by the network serve as an informal "board of directors," though the "board" only acts if matters go seriously amiss.

The men and women in charge of these companies ruthlessly protect their interests. If too many shipments are lost to guerillas or thieves, the Kurians at both termini will unite to remove the human and replace them with someone who can get the job done. Consequently the Barons employ guards, mercenary companies, and even bountyhunters to eliminate those who would prey on their lifelines. Some even maintain their own internal intelligence service to look for corruption, betrayal, and disloyalty, as well as provid ing them with information about threats to the network and cargoes for which they are responsible.

Away from their desks, these men live lives of luxury rarely seen in human history, for the Kurians reward those skilled enough to keep the trains running and the barges afloat with whatever whims they desire. Transportation jobs are often awarded as sinecures to victorious generals and heroic middle-grade officers – the brave and successful get wealth and the freedom of movement that owning a transport network brings.

Nice work if you can get it.











# **GAMEMASTER'S SECTION**



"Welcome to the middle of the food chain. I see a few new faces out there. For those of you who didn't have me for the Earth and the Lifeweavers seminar, I'll introduce myself. Dr. John Lecht. That's L-E-C-H-T. I know I'm called Dr. Lich or Dr. Wretch behind my back, but you do it to my face and I'll have you walking border markers for the next two years in the depths of Old Timber. If the Bodysnatchers don't get you the Hoods will, so let's have a little common courtesy. I earned this face, ugly as it is, in holes I hope you never have to shine a light in, let alone crawl out of.

"I've got a Doctorate, though I'm not particularly proud of it. It just makes me unique around here... No, Lieutenant, it's a degree representing academic accomplishment, not medical training. They still hand those out, with a chair with your name on it and a piece of paper with a ribbon and seal. I got mine in '49 at the New Universal Church school in Ithaca back when I played for the other team. I've talked to Kurians and I've talked to Lifeweavers and I've bartered sidemeat out of Grog tribes with human scalp legwarmers. I spent better than ten years in the KZ hell, telling people how great everything is until I had a running ulcer the size of your fist and a cirrhotic liver. Then I took my chance and lived through

thirty eight months of purgatory getting to this little slice of paradise. So I hear any bitching about the rancid butter or another meal of beans and rice... well, they always need men in Old Timber.

"I got a few blank looks when I said 'food chain.' It's a semi-scientific term to describe what feeds off of what in nature, though it might be better described as a web since only a few species live solely on one food source. Even the New Management will resort to a Grog or a horse or even a dog in an emergency. But put simply, the food chain meant that grass lived off the sun, grasshoppers lived by eating grass, trout lived by eating grasshoppers, and man, formerly at the top of the food chain, lived off the trout. That used to be the end of it.

"The first principle, the prime mover, the heart of darkness in humanity's current distress is that a little over forty years ago another link showed up in the food chain. A link beyond us. The Kurians came back in 2022 and show no intention of leaving. People used to laugh when they were called 'vampires' but no one's laughing any more. What I'm going to do in the next few hours is talk about how it all works. I've seen every piece of it up close and personal. So listenup. The life you save may be your species'."



As you've probably figured out by now, Vampire Earth runs the gamut from postapocalyptic survival to western or military adventure, with a generous dollop of WW2 underground resistance thrown in. I usually tell people that if they imagine Eastern Europe circa 1942 and substitute Vampires for Nazis, they're better than halfway along in creating a feel for this milieu.

The first decision your Vampire Earth gaming group needs to make is a determination of what kind of campaign the group wishes to play. This permits the characters to make advantageous choices as they generate their characters and allows the GM to establish plotlines and rewards.

A good campaign will morph as it grows, sometimes because of player actions, sometimes because the GM adds a new element to the amalgam. For example, a campaign may start out within the confines of a Freehold as a group of inexperienced characters helping those on the border who suffer Reaper depredations. Eventually the characters may become powerful enough to carry the war into the neighboring Kurian Zone and operate as guerrillas for a time. Should they succeed in overthrowing the local Kurian lord the territory may turn into Nomansland, so the GM introduces a nation of opportunistic Grogs who arrive to fill the power vacuum. With further effort a new Freehold is born and the campaign has come full circle, with the characters now responsible for a population in the thousands.

Assuming they've survived all the challenges involved in giving birth to a new Freehold.

The following section will briefly describe the world of Vampire Earth. After that will come some notes for each possible Vampire Earth setting, along with enough adventure seed corn to get a campaign going. The GM is encouraged to plant or hybridize these ideas, or simply draw inspiration from them for her own depiction of Vampire Earth.



# THE INTERWORLD TREE

"They didn't come in spaceships the size of a city and they didn't crawl out of hell, though I can see how that story got started since the gates to the Interworld Tree are deep underground. They got in as easily as you got into this classroom, they just had to open a door and came in...."

The Preentities left a legacy of gates and the touchstone that the Lifeweavers found. From the touchstones the Lifeweavers learned how to re-open the gates, and using the gates the Lifeweavers found more touchstones as they explored the Interworld Tree. The Interworld Tree connected nine worlds at apogee of the Lifeweaver civilization. There are three known gates in North America: the largest is in Virginia, the oldest in New Mexico (unless you count the now almost three hundred year old one in Haiti), and the most frequently used one is near the California/Mexico border.

Not much is known of Kur these days. The Lifeweavers describe it as a dark, gloomy planet of heavy clouds where most of the gardens are domed. Tales tell of omnipresent red skies, something the Kurians are still trying to achieve on Earth, and an underground world millions of years old dating back to the Preentities (indeed, some Kurians seem to be searching deep within the bowels of our own Earth for Preentity tunnels, perhaps in the hope of finding more lost gates to the rest of the Interworld Tree). On Kur the Lifeweavers found the richest deposits of touchstones; it became the center of Lifeweaver science.

Thousands of years ago humans were sometimes invited to travel the Interworld tree. They saw Ero, the home planet of the Lifeweavers, by all accounts an idyllic, garden world of great beauty.

Descriptions of Mes fill a few legends: it is a world of towering spires of rock inhabited by winged beings who perhaps formed the basis for visions of angels.

There is also Rulallah, a planet of howling winds, storms and a hard life within stout stone walls.

Korkh may have many climates, but the only one we know of is vast, deep, rugged jungle where the grey-skinned, apelike Grogs lived between the triple canopies of vegetation.

The gates themselves are unremarkable. All the ones we know of have been found underground. They are usually circular, though some are described as being arches or portals that look like a Greek Omega. There are no swirling clouds of energy or crackling bolts of electricity: you can see through to the other world as easily as you might look through an open door. People who have passed through them and returned say that there is sometimes a feeling of air-pressure change, or a different smell to the air, but as the Lifeweaver circulatory system also burns oxygen as well there is no chance of asphxiation.

Touchstones are hard for humans to identify as well. They tend to be made of very dense stones such as granites. Sometimes they have a mark chiseled into them, though the markings resemble runes if they are anything more than an angular line. Touchstones might be found fitted into the carvings surrounding a gate, but they are also carried loose. The smallest known touchstone would fit in the palm of a child's hand, a flattened slate-colored river rock with a faint whitish spiral running around the edge. The largest touchstone men's eyes have ever seen is about the size of an Egyptian obelisk.



Both gates and touchstones may be destroyed by shattering. The destruction of a single carved stone rimming a gate has been known to prevent it from functioning. In other instances, every stone rimming the gate has been drilled and blasted, and while it prevents travel from Earth to Kur, trips can still take place between Kur and Earth.

Opening a new gate requires a tremendous application of aural energies. It is thought that there are Kurian specialists devoted to keeping the gates open and building new ones. Some call them the **Necromancers**, for every time a new gate is opened it comes at the price of thousands of human deaths.



# ADVENTURE IDEAS--GATES AND TOUCHSTONES

# FREEHOLD

Prevent the opening of a new gate by releasing the captives before the Necromancer can sacrifice them and channel the aural energy. Destroy a recently opened, but strangely abandoned, gate using anything from explosives to sledgehammers. Be watchful for what might come through.

### NOMANSLAND

Reapers and a new kind of Grog are raiding out of a cave they've never

been known to inhabit before. Find out if a new gate has been opened. A touchstone containing metallurgical knowledge of a potentially profitable nature (i.e. it reveals how to turn lead into gold) is coming up for auction at a local baron's fortress. The Baron will pay well for security to watch over the auction. The touchstone may or may not be authentic.

# Kurifin Zone

Round up and then guard bodies for a Necromancer's ceremony to re-open a closed gate.

Travel briefly on to Korkh to recruit more Grogs.

# ĦNY

Obtain a touchstone that renders any human who comes into physical contact with it extremely susceptible to suggestion.

Seize control of an unoccupied gate linking two points on Earth and hold it long enough for reinforcements to arrive.

# LIFEWEAVERS

"The world Lifeweaver is a translation, and not even a very appropriate one at that. It's a bit like dogs calling us 'Bowlfillers' because that's the talent we show that most impresses them. But to our ancient ancestors who first met them, 'Lifeweavers ' they were, for they often took a form of life and tinkered with it, improved on it, made it beautiful or useful or exotic. Maybe they made peacocks for the fun of it. Any of you know a peacock from a peanut? I didn't think so. But back to



our allies... yes, I said allies, just because they're the same race as the Kurians doesn't make them part of the problem..."

The Lifeweavers, our greatest allies, are both powerful and mysterious.

Their foremost ability is their skill at shaping DNA. At the height of their science, they created many beautiful and valuable creatures.

They are a race of scholars, scientists, artists, and philosophers who take to fighting poorly (although some of them in this, their last extremity, have adopted it and relearned). They use others as their weapons, such as the enhanced Hunters they create out of promising but ordinary humans.

Lifeweavers can change their appearance as easily as we climb in and out of our clothes. According to what they think will work, they may appear as a wise old wizard, a beautiful woman, an old crone, or even an eagle. The masks are illusions though, for a Lifeweaver who transforms himself into a lion certainly cannot fight like one. Underneath and undisguised they are a bluish combination of octopus and bat, hideous to us. The females are thought to be slightly larger than the males.

They have a lifespan of millennia, and seem to breed rarely. Only a few dozens are known to be on Earth, living as recluses, the last remnants of the population of the old jeweled city of Sybar. They were our counselors and advisors (and in some ways dependents) when once they were our gods.

The Lifeweavers keep hidden as much as possible, for the Kurians consider them their deadliest enemies. The Kurians gladly issue brass rings to anyone who brings in a captured Lifeweaver.

# Adventure Ideas: Lifeweavers

### FREEHOLD

A secret meeting of six Lifeweavers from three different freeholds is taking place in a stoutly-built old bank. This would be a high priority target for Kur. Provide security for the meeting, make sure the Kurians haven't placed an operative among the staff, and formulate a plan for spiriting the Lifeweavers away if an attack is imminent or in progress.

A Lifeweaver comes upon you during an otherwise unremarkable frontier patrol or trade mission. She's the last surviving Lifeweaver from a small freehold in a different region. She's drawing Reapers like flies. Get her back to her kind in the heartland of your freehold posthaste.

# NOMANSLAND

The characters come across a wellguarded procession moving through Nomansland. They spot a man of such impossible beauty and grace that he must be a Lifeweaver. Kur would pay a great deal to know what he's up to and where he's going... While scouring through the remains of a battle between warrior Grogs and a Freehold column the characters come across very canny horse trying to slip away. It's a Lifeweaver. The wretched, fearful alien promises them anything they desire if they just take him back to the nearest Freehold. But Kur would certainly pay better. Both sides are no doubt seeking him. At the inn in your town there's a very strange room. It's been rented by a man, but you've seen a woman, a



# Henne vour home to a refugee

child, and even an old man come out of the room, go elsewhere in town, and then return to the room but never emerge again. The charwoman says the only person in the room when she goes in is the same man who rented it. What is going on?

# KURIAN ZONE

Operatives report that a Lifeweaver is on his way to a remote location, supposedly to "invoke" some of the fools who are deluded enough to fight for a lost cause. Intercept this troublemaker, or better yet bag him and his bunch of ramshackle guerillas. Failure is not an option. At least not an option you'll survive. There's a new, thriving Freehold on the border of your lord's territory thanks to a gifted, determined, and aggressive Lifeweaver. Infiltrate the enemy ranks and assassinate their deluded demigod. Even better, capture the Lifeweaver and bring him to his Lordship and you can take a brass ring and an estate for your trouble.

### **ĦNY**

A local warlord has captured a Lifeweaver and is going to ransom him to the highest bidder from his stronghold. Find out where the alien is being held, attend the auction, and get him! Sorry, a resourceful servant like yourself can rely on talent rather than money to obtain the prize. The rewards will be great.

# THE KURIAN LORDS

"What are they like? I've met them, talked to them, lived with them, and I can't tell you. Reclusive. Scheming. Secretive.



Mysterious. They do not mix with men much unless they fall into madness. The Kurians prefer to speak through their Reapers. For all I know they've also created creatures that have the chameleon abilities of the Kurians to go among us in their form, and that is what I met. They're like Mighty Oz, though the man behind the curtain might be the Kurian, or the great flaming face, or the Wicked Witch. Who can tell?

"They came here for our auras. It's the psychic energy that renews their immortal lives. Something about man, his combination of intelligence and emotional range, I've heard, suits their appetites. We breed quickly enough for them, and unlike other kinds of livestock, take care of ourselves given the right conditions. They keep humans in pens and on farms, only they don't look like pens and farms to us. To us they're camps and villages. Here's the kicker: We in the Freeholds are nothing more than occasionally troublesome free-range stock to them. Don't you forget it."

The Kurians are vampiric chameleons, a faction of the Lifeweavers broken off by civil war caused by their use of aural energies to extend their lives.

Only a great shared need for new feeding sources would have driven the Kur to the cooperation required to carry off the Overthrow of Earth. As a rule, the Kurians are their own worst enemies. Until the additional feeding sources and territory on Earth took some of the pressure off, the Kurians were constantly at each other's throats while they were trapped on that thinly populated, underground world. There are old grudges from those days still being settled here on Earth.

Another truism, although many are surprised to learn it, is that the Kurian Lords are craven cowards as a rule--but anyone who bets their life predicting what a Kur will do dies young. They jealously guard their solitude and precious immortality, taking precautions that make old Howard Hughes look reckless. A Kurian stronghold will be hard to get to, well guarded, and have numerous escape routes just in case. If they cooperate with members of their family they live in a tight group of trusted servants and a bodyguard or two. A Kurian Lord on his or her own usually keeps only to the company of his coven of Reapers and slaves frightened almost into idiocy. While a few have been successfully assassinated, mostly by Cats who worked their way inside a stronghold or by a massed assault of Bears, the majority of Kurian deaths can be attributed to murder by a fellow Kurian in an effort to take over more feeding territory.

Like the Lifeweavers, Kurians can appear in any guise. While they have two distinct sexes, they will not, unlike most Lifeweavers, stick to a single gender role. Kurians can usually be counted upon to change their appearance frequently to avoid assassination attempts. One of the most popular guises is one of their own Reapers, for Reapers are so formidable that few will hazard themselves against one.

Cowardly, scheming, double-dealing, and false, they are nonetheless the most formidable foe humankind has ever faced.

# ADVENTURE IDEAS--KURIAN LORDS

# FREEHOLD

A nearby Kurian Lord is building a Ziggurat near his current catacombs in an old nuclear power plant. The new temple is a massive structure, and the Kurian is bringing in labor from across his zone to complete it. Infiltrate the workforce as labor or



support personnel and learn all you can about the structure. Perhaps a weakness can be found. But stay healthy; the laborers are dying like flies from overwork.

Mr. Smith has come out of the neighboring Kurian Zone, shows his Brass Ring to prove his credentials, and gives an interesting proposition. His Master has an old score to settle with one of the neighboring Kurians. But he wants the Freeholders to kill his Lordship's enemy to prevent a blood-feud. Mr. Smith will remain as a hostage until the mission is done, provide a guide and maps to the Kurian's Keep, and give the word to an operative high up in the neighboring Kurian's organization who will make sure that the patrol and guard duties will be botched. There are only three Reapers to guard this Kurian--he's something of a mental weakling. Mr. Smith assures the Freeholders that the fate of the humans and the lands under this hated lord are of complete indifference to Smith's master. What do you say?

### NOMANSLAND

A lot of Kurian mouthpieces have been in the local Baron's mansion lately. Rumor has it a Reaper has even visited. Now the same rumormongers claim that an important guest is coming to town. It's well known that the Baron would borrow against his grandmother's wheelchair to finance his latest deal, but he's never had anything to do with Kur before. What's going on? Something happened in the neighboring Kurian Zone. There was a big battle, the artillery fire could be heard two counties over, and stragglers say there was a takeover of one Kurian by another. Now a bunch of drained bodies have been found at the Gupta homestead, that band of wild mustangs led by that old Appaloosa came screaming out of the Tabletop hills and didn't stop running until they crossed Bull creek, and no one who's gone to the salt works up ten-mile road has come back. This used to be such a nice place to live, too...

# KURIAN ZONE

His lordship, who you've served loyally with little to show, at least so far, has suddenly announced that he has a "son" now of an age to go out and create his own province. How he produced a son without, apparently, ever mixing with his own kind is a matter of some speculation. His lordship is looking for volunteers to aid his son. It is a prime opportunity to get in on the ground floor of a new Kurian Zone. Brass Rings will be handed out like party favors once his lordship's son is established elsewhere. Of course, carving out a new Kurian Province among those recalcitrant Nomanslanders and trouble-making Freeholders will mean some risk.

His lordship has recently lost several Reapers and some of his best troops in battle against the Freeholders. There have already been reprisals against a few leading human families, and soon someone might point the finger of blame at you. Word is that a neighboring Kurian has sent some of her operatives into your zone. You



think you know the identity of one, at least, a New Universal Churchman who has recently shown up and is talking to a lot of the police officers. Do you turn him in to your lord or send out a feeler that you are interested in helping a new regime take over?

# ĦNY

A Kurian has been evicted and has fled into Nomansland with a small retinue. The Kurian who supplanted him has offered a bounty to anyone, even a Freeholder, who returns the dead alien body.

A meeting of three Kurian families is taking place on "neutral land" under the protection of a powerful Baron in Nomansland. The Baron is taking on extra guns to provide security outside



of town. There are high-level Quislings, Brass Rings, and all manner of mouthpieces in town. Join the security staff, make connections, intrigue, or even attempt an assassination for patriotism or profit.

# REAPERS

"You've heard the expression 'lookedDeath in the face' I imagine. It's no metaphor. That's what meeting a Reaper is like. They're cold, they seem to pull all the heat out of a room, out of your body.

Meeting their eyes is like leaning out over the edge of a cliff. They stand like a praying mantis, absolutely still until they strike, and when they move it's just a blur and a snap of flying robe and cape.

"The Kurians animate them somehow. While the master Kurian is connected to his Reaper he sees what the Reaper sees, hears what it hears. I hope they feel what it feels, for I've seen Reapers burned alive, blown up, hacked to bits, and shot to pieces. Usually some combination of the above, in fact. Reapers are the hardest thing to kill on God's green Earth. The only way you'll live to tell about meeting one, looking Death in the face, is to exploit their weaknesses. Your best chance against them is to get them out in daylight: daylight hurts their senses and interferes with the link to the Kurian puppeting it. Burn them out of their hideouts during the day, then get far enough away so another one can't read your lifesign by night."

Each Kurian controls a coven of up to thirteen Reapers.

Most people think of the Reapers as individual entities. They are in fact carefully constructed parts of a larger being: the



Kurian Lord. The Reapers are avatars of their Master Kurian. The Lifeweavers believe that each Reaper was created from cell matter of the Master Kurian to make the psychic connection that exists between the pair that much stronger. Depending on the Kurian's mental ability and skill, he or she can animate up to five Reapers at once, although it is rare to see a Kurian who can operate more than three at one time. When their Kurian puppet master is not pulling the strings, a Reaper will slip into a deep sleep or go feral and behave in a very instinctual manner when threatened.

Beneath the layered robes of bulletresistant material the Reapers wear is a bony, angular physique of wiry muscle. Their knees and elbows can bend either way in an unsettling manner. Aside from the grotesqueness of its motions, this allows the Reaper to coil its entire body for a leap, climb rapidly, and change position in a hand-to-hand fight with terrifying speed. Their bones are not white, but rather a dull black, as are their pointed seizing teeth within their snake-hinged jaws. Their blood turns into a thick, tarry substance when exposed to air, so they rarely bleed to death.

They have a rudimentary digestive system, leaving more room for lung and muscle and redundant systems. There's no need for much in the way of a digestive tract because they feed on the blood of the victims while acting as psychic modems for the transfer of vital aura. To accomplish this they use their long, flexible, beaked tongues to stab into the prey, using their teeth to fix on the victim as a lamprey does while they pierce poor wretch's heart with their stabbing lingular syringe. They see poorly in the normal spectrum of daylight: sun makes them dopey and vulnerable as a drunk in a fog. At night they read vital auras of living beings with ease, allowing them to track

their prey in all but the worst terrain. They are hard to kill, vulnerable only to massed firearms, burning, or decapitation. Battle reports recount Reapers having a grenade blow up in its face and still be able to hunt and kill using only its nose or weakened hearing.

Only a fool takes on a Reaper alone at night.

# ADVENTURE IDEAS--REAPERS

### FREEHOLD

Stage a daylight raid at a known Reaper hideout in the bowels of an old university.

Two Reapers have been causing chaos in your freehold. Track them down and stop them before they reach the villages.

### NOMANSLAND

The freeholders have killed a neighboring Kurian lord. His ten Reapers are running loose, unguided but still dangerous. People, livestock, they're grabbing whatever they come across. Bring them in dead. Or Alive-the Freeholders will trade almost anything for a live one, if it can be managed.

A military-minded Kurian has sent a Reaper in to organize a group of bandits into a Quisling paramilitary force. If they become operational, they'll control a large chunk of territory. Assassinate this Reaper and whatever trained bandit commanders you can. Luckily, you can count on assistance from the locals; the only thing they hate worse than bandits is the idea of coming under Kurian control.





# Kurian Zone

A new Reaper broom from a different Kurian Lord has come into the borderlands to clean house; too many smugglers and freeholder guerrillas are coming across the border. Assist it and rise, fail it and end up on the menu.

A Reaper has just shown up at your post with a dozen prisoners. It needs your assistance in finding out what they were up to--and then you'd better put a stop to whatever they were doing.

# ĦNY

There is a new Reaper in the neighborhood. It's hiding out in an

old empty water tower. It's not here to hunt; no one is missing. Find out what it's up to.

Grog tracks, Reaper bootprints, and a dead body are a bad combination to find at a nearby river ford. Better find out what's going on.

# GROGS

"There's no generalizations that I can make about the Grogs, except that you have to learn their individual idiosyncrasies. New ones show up all the time; just in my years in the Freehold three new items have been added to Hitchens Catalog of Introduced Species, all of which are modifications of creatures indigenous to Earth. Some of them have only been encountered once, perhaps failed experiments or creatures that couldn't adapt to our environment. If you read the 'sightings' appendix in Hitchens you'll see that there are potentially dozens more as yet unclassified due to lack of physical evidence. That's why it's vitally important to collect bodies, take footprint molds, and retrieve artifacts. Those of you who grew up in this area perhaps remember the "Screaming Weemies" who hatched in the swamps south of here a decade ago. We don't care for a surprise like that again, so anything out of the ordinary that can't be easily classified should be reported. 'Be aware and beware,' I've heard it put..."

Cataloging all the Grogs would require a tome the size of a medieval bestiary.

Their origin is in the DNA-shaping science of the Lifeweavers. They come in all shapes and sizes, from viciously cunning modified rats to multi-legged behemoths which could step over a bull elephant.



Most people consider the Grogs just as bad as the Kurians, part of the same menace. While they were right during the days of the Overthrow, the Grogs have since been give areas of their own, perhaps as a reward for loyal service, and some groups of them act as free agents. Alliances have in fact been formed under special circumstances.

There are large, grey, slab-skinned Grogs which move like mountain gorillas and shoot like Olympic marksmen. There are moderately sized flying Grogs popularly known as gargoyles, and slightly smaller, more trainable ones called Harpies. Some stretches of ocean team with fish-frog creations, goggle-eyed and toothy. They attack anyone left vulnerable in the water, taking out a grapefruit-sized chunk of flesh then waiting for the victim to bleed to death. There are long snakelike Grogs that look like an old tree trunk covered with debris until they bite you in half. Human DNA seemed to be a popular base with the Kurians; they have created Tiger-men, Ox-men, desertstalking Lizard-men and ponderous Bear-Men. While none of these creations have been successful on their own in the wild, every now and then a Nomansland wanderer will come across an enclave of bizzarity living in a ruined town like a broken down freak show.

Pity them or fear them, that is the question...

# **FIDVENTURE IDERS--GROGS**

### FREEHOLD

A new tribe of Grogs is just outside your Freehold's borders. Determine what they're doing-–are they enemies, or a potential buffer state or possibly even allies? Smoke on the horizon! An invasion of Grogs is coming hard, burning barn and house as they invade. Your group will have to scout their numbers, find out about their leadership, and discover any potential weaknesses and report back so they can be stopped before they reach the heartland of your Freehold. A disgusted, and rather disgusting, Grog chieftain is sick of all his best young Grogs being taken by the Kurian recruiters. He'll start an uprising if you can just get him enough weapons.

# NOMANSLAND

Previously peaceful Grogs slaughtered thirty-nine people of a trading caravan. Many of your Baron's advisers are calling for an immediate counter raid and a pile of heads at the site of the ambush. Find out what really happened before a war starts. A neighboring Grog enclave likes to use human labor to work their fields, and they trade lives into the Kurian Zone in exchange for weapons. Free the captives.

# Kurifin Zone

A new species of Grog built out of kangaroo DNA have proven hard to manage and prone to run away. Go into their arid region and wipe them out.

Some local Grogs claim that the Kurian Council has not fulfilled its treaty obligations to them, and are in active revolt. Go find their chieftains, make examples of them, and then write a new, more advantageous treaty.





# HUNTERS

"I know they're odd. I know they give you the 'heebie jeebies.' They smell strange, or they move too fast, or they growl and shake like excited dogs on a leash before action, and come back from a fight like they were dipped in blood. They lose their temper-sometimes with deadly results. They go about with the Lifeweavers and that makes you mistrust them. You've heard that story about the Bear in River Ridge, Paul Singer, who went berserk in a barroom and killed eight men and a woman. A fact most of you don't know is the woman and one of the men killed in the brawl were Bears themselves trying to restrain him. They're out there, beyond the borders, living on green corn and barn rats keeping the Reapers out

of your mother's bedroom, so try to show a little humanity. They've lost a chunk of theirs."

The Hunters saved humankind once.

Thousands of years ago when the Kur first came, a few Lifeweavers, some creations from the planets Interworld Tree, and man managed to beat the vampiric invaders back into their kennel and seal off the portals. The Lifeweavers have always had a certain fondness for man, and a respect for his aggressive abilities as a warrior. So when it came time to mold a tool for battle against the Kur, the Lifeweavers tempered man.

By enhancing man's strength, endurance, and senses the Lifeweavers created a being able to approach the Reaper killing machines in physical abilities, with the advantage of a cunning and creative mind that the Reapers lack when not under animation by their Master Kurian. They also trained their warriors in mental disciplines that reduced or hid their vital auras from the Reapers.

During the first incursion, these enhanced warriors were identified by animal fetishes that appealed to early man's atavistic nature. The Hunting Cats took their enemies by stealth and surprise, usually working alone as scouts, spies and assassins. The Hunting Wolves were pack fighters, whose specialty was stamina, endurance, and covering vast stretches of terrain at a steady, loping run. The most formidable of the Hunters were the Bears, pure killing machines of berserk power.

These old Hunter's Arts have been relearned in the age of Vampire Earth. Before they proved enough to defend against a chaotic invasion. But will they be enough to win back our birthright?



# ADVENTURE IDEAS--HUNTERS

# FREEHOLD

A Kurian invasion is threatening your Freehold. Guide a group of Bears to an important bridge built by the Kurian vanguard. After they've destroyed it, get them out of there again.

A Cat has come out of the woods with a wild story about a secret meeting of a group of important Quisling leaders at a riverboat. She needs you to accompany her now and attack the riverboat regardless of risk. A very tired squad of Wolves comes in, they've harassed a Kurian column and drawn a counter-raid. They need food, shelter, and ammunition. Guard them while they rest and then help them prepare an ambush.

# NOMANSLAND

A party of Wolves is crossing your ground with a mule-train of guns and explosives. The mule-train is valuable, but news of the column and

information about where they might be going would be worth a lot more to the Kurians.

Some hare-brained attack by the Freeholders went bad. Now a beat-up pair of Bears is nearby, trying to get home. Bears have the best weapons, Reaper armor, grenades and rockets. This might be an opportunity to upgrade your arsenal. Ever since the local Baron betrayed the Freeholders and guided them into that ambush, his henchmen have been turning up dead in the oddest places. One of those Cats must be operating in the area. The man who brings the Cat in will be given an estate and made the Baron's #2.

# KURIAN ZONE

Spies report some of those scarecrow "Wolves" and murdering "Bears" outside of town. An important munitions train will be coming through town in the next sixteen hours, but his Lordship is convinced they're after him. Arm enough men to guard the Kurian and take care of the terrorists. There's another supply train on a siding. Could it be loaded with men and used to ambush the ambushers?

A message has been intercepted giving the date and details for a raid into the neighboring "Freehold" planned at a recent staff conference. There's a spy in town with access to secret plans, possibly one of those wretched "Cats." Find out who it is and make a name for yourself.





# ÆNY

Entire companies of Wolves prowl the area, screening some kind of assault convoy of horses, men, and machines. Whenever the Freeholders have concentrated this much force it must mean a crisis. As the Chinese observed, crisis can also mean opportunity. Someone might pay to know what they're up to. The Freeholders might even pony up some goods in exchange for assistance. If nothing else, there might be some good loot after the smoke clears. A wounded Cat has been cornered in a deserted truck stop. There are already two dead bodies outside; she's raving about her mission and killing anyone who approaches with throwing spikes.

A Bear team is on the run. They need a week or so to rest, heal, and eat. Their lives would be worth a lot to the local Kurian, their guns worth a lot to the nearest Baron, and their return would earn you the gratitude of the Freehold. What are you going to do about it?

# FREEHOLDS

"Sometimes it seems like we're less free than those in the Kurian Zone, just because so much more is expected of us. We don't have the resources, the land, the people, or the equipment of the KZ; we scratch a living out of our forgotten corners and pockets, defend them somehow, and try to carry the war to the enemy. You know the cost, in mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters..."

There are still parts of the country unstained by the Kurian evil.

Set mostly in rugged terrain or intemperate climate, humanity still orders its own affairs in these spots. Freehold they are called, and free they remain with the protection of mountain, weather, and the determination of the residents. They are the refuges of the Lifeweavers, and bases from which the Hunters strike back at the New Order.

Life for the Freeholders is in many ways harder than for their enslaved brethren. The Kurians control the good farmland for the most part, so food is always a problem. New mouths constantly wander in, seeking asylum from the KZ, and none are turned





away (even at the chance of a Quisling spy or two slipping in).

The children might be hungry sometimes, but they have a future.

But it isn't without danger. To the Reapers, the Freeholds are prime hunting territory. To the Grogs, the Freehods are living space that the Kur have no claim to.

Perhaps because of the troubles besetting them from all sides, the Freeholders are a close, cooperative group. Serious crime is virtually unknown, troublemakers are simply banished to the KZ.

Their greatest worry is the long term plans of the Kurians. Sooner or later there will be need for their auras. They fear that the reason the Kur haven't smashed the Freeholds is not because they can't, but because they have no need to.

Yet.

The types of adventures your players have in a Freehold Campaign will be determined, in part, by the size of the freehold. There are freeholds that cover entire states, and freeholds confined to a single valley or island.

The GM should give some thought as to why this area remained free of Kurian influence during the Overthrow, and how it manages to support its population in the altered world of Vampire Earth. Is it now too strong to easily conquer, or so small that it is overlooked?

Remember, Vampire Earth is always in flux.

# LARGE FREEHOLDS

A large Freehold lifts some weight from the players' shoulders. They needn't concern themselves with the day-to-day running of the territory because there is some sort of government in place to deliver the mail and patrol the roads. Replacement weapons and ammunition are easier to obtain. With a larger freehold comes organization and regimentation, it is up to the GM to decide just how organized the freehold is--some are draconian.

# SMALL FREEHOLDS

A smaller Freehold may allow characters more freedom to act as they will, but there will be more day-to-day irritations. Disputes over gored oxen might require their intervention. A bad summer of weather could mean provisions will run short, a powerful gang of bandits might consider the freehold a convenient place to obtain more food and horses. Unless it is very hard to get to, more powerful neighboring territories will try to incorporate it. The characters may find themselves doing more diplomacy than fighting in an effort to find allies so that they might remain free.





# FREEHOLD DUTIES

Within the borders of a freehold there will be raids to deal with, whether Kurian, Grog, or bandit. Kurian raids will be especially troublesome; they devote considerable skill to terrifying their enemies and making freeholders' lives as miserable as possible. Entire adventures might be built around preparing for an invasion and then dealing with it. A freehold campaign needn't be stationary. The freehold might be overrun, forcing the characters to relocate to a new, safer place with as many people and as much material as can be salvaged over a whole series of adventures. In the oceans there are mobile "freeholds" of ships sailing from place to place like gypsies. The Kurians seem uncomfortable with ocean travel, so many seek the freedom of the seas. Until a storm destroys their craft.

The most common Freehold Campaign will probably be one where the players' territory serves as a safe base for incursions into Nomansland and the Kurian Zones. The Gamemaster should be careful not to keep the Freehold static, however. Nations are like organisms, they grow, decline, evolve, and adapt. To vary things at home the GM might have the Freehold become allied with another force that the characters need to work with. A new powerful political figure might rise at home, an ambitious man or woman of doubtful intent. Disease, famine, or extreme weather might threaten them occasionally.

As the years go by the characters should feel as though they've made a difference to their freehold. Seeing a village they've helped years ago prosper, a person they've saved have children who are then named after the characters, or even a statue erected in their honor may mean more to the players in the long run than any award of experience points.

# **HDVENTURE IDEAS--FREEHOLD**

# **NOVICE CHARACTERS**

You'd think building a bridge deep within your own territory would be easy, but at night a flock of wild Harpies descend to destroy the engineer's hard work every few days. They steal tools, burn, and make a huge racket doing it, too, almost a ceremony. They haven't killed anyone yet so it is hard to get the military's attention. The players need to either defend the bridgework at night or find the Harpy nest and destroy them or drive them away. A gang of malcontents has been robbing honest travelers. The local law wants the players to pose as teamsters and execute an ambush. Livestock are disappearing near the frontier. There aren't any known rustlers in the area, and the military won't get involved until there's a definite sighting. Your job is to make that sighting or find the rustlers. Start with the old lead mine and the resort lodge, maybe someone--or something--has moved into one or the other.

# SEASONED CHARACTERS

A Reaper is raiding the area. No one is able to find out where he's holed up. A party of Wolves has tracked it twice to a town. Someone is providing aid and comfort to it during the day. Find out who. Some neighboring humanoid Grogs grow a mushroom-like substance that



is tasty (some compare it to pumpkin pie), keeps well, and is very filling. The Grogs are not fond of the Freeholders; there've been skirmishes for years, and they've been known to eat humans. The military would like to know how these crops are grown in the Grogs' inhospitable, flintly hills. Take a trade mission and learn about this mystery staple without getting on the menu yourselves.

While escorting some prisoners back into the Freehold for processing, you hear an astonishing story. A Quisling officer claims that his "Kurian" lord is in fact a fraud. It's no Kurian, but an elderly human 2022 TV personality. He has eight extraordinarily tall men dressed up as Reapers, and is running his own little fifty-square mile princedom in Kurian fashion. In return for a pardon and a healthy horse, he'll help you unmask the charlatan and liberate thousands of people. No one higher up is inclined to believe him: Quislings, especially officers, will say anything to save their necks.

### **VETERAN CHARACTERS**

Provide a diversion in the north for the Freehold's real attack in the east. The players are one of several teams asked to go into the Kurian Zone and cause as much confusion as possible without revealing their real numbers. If you can get the Kurians to commit substantial formations of men, Grogs, and especially Reapers to chasing you around, you will save hundreds of lives in the east.

Sometimes getting back out of a Kurian Zone is harder than getting in. You're at a temporary river ferry at the border, guarding it while waiting for a group of Bears and Wolves to return from a raid. Then one night deer, raccoons, waterfowl, even alligators come rushing north up the river. They're trying to get away from something coming along the river and its banks towards the ferry you've been assigned to defend. Several of the ferry laborers know a good idea when they see it and are following the deer north as fast as their legs will carry them.

Some peaceful marsh-dwelling Grogs in your Freehold have been stirred up, perhaps by Kurian agents, perhaps by some perceived injustice. The military has nothing to spare at the moment and the Grogs are just smashing, not killing. Perhaps diplomacy will work.

# HEROIC CHARACTERS

Reaper cloth is one of the most sought-after materials in the world. Light, breathable, flexible, and bulletresistant. But how is it made? A refugee from a distant Kurian Zone claims to know. Terrible, spider-like Grogs spin it deep inside nests like giant termite dens. Prisoners are driven into the nests on extremely hot or cold days when the creatures go into a topor to gather it--but not so much of a topor that they fail to defend their nests. He was a "nest runner" and will take the characters to his plant on one condition: they liberate his brothers and their families, still working at the nest, waiting for the next summer heatwave or winter cold-spell. A Kurian Lord appears to be building some kind of executive council. The Cats are saying that rather than the



usual feudal system, the lords under him convene yearly to vote on important issues. Democracy? More are looking to join this Kurian confederation. If this lord succeeds, Kur's ability to rule and organize its power will increase exponentially. This Kurian must be assassinated, and then the others in his confederacy will fall back to squabbling. Kur owns the coast. They do not venture out to sea much, so they guard the coast closely to prevent communication between ocean and land. They appear to have overlooked an inlet near your Freehold. Find a safe route to the ocean and set up a smuggling port--once you've dealt with the hungry amphibian Grogs, of course.

# NOMANSLAND

"In some ways the empty lands between us and the KZ are the worst. I came closer to dying out there more often in a few score months than I did in all my years in the KZ or in any of the crises here. Lawless, ruthless, largely hopeless, the Nomanslands are best kept out of unless you have a guide you can trust. Reapers one day and Grogs the next, with cutthroats showing up in between. I wouldn't wish it on any of you, but that's where you'll be spending most of your dutytime..."

Perhaps half of the territory of North America belongs to neither Kurian nor Freeholder.

It is called Nomansland. While the occasional Kurian stronghold dots the reaches of Nomansland, and various factions claim to own it, Nomansland is contested ground. The Grogs inhabit some of it, Quislings and outlaw bands of humans other pieces, and disorganized groups of people wanting only to be left alone control a good deal of territory too.

In reward for their service, the Kur have placed thousands of square miles under the ostensible control of the Grogs. Grog societies vary from species to species. The grey apelike beasts being the most intelligent and social (and cruel--they consider it great sport to have humans doing their menial work to the pace of the lash) build large towns and live in ruined cities in considerable numbers. Should mankind ever send the Kurians back where they came from the issue of what to do about the Grogs is going to be difficult one.

Elsewhere bandit gangs, knowing law of neither Kurian or Freeholder, roam the landscape, not so much resisting Kurian rule as avoiding it. They are deadly enemies to those weaker, and poor friends to those stronger.

And finally there are hundreds of hidden enclaves of people living as quietly and secretly as possible, retreating to the deepest woods and swamps when the Kurians sweep through. A few regions battle the Freeholds and Kurians with equal vigor; it is hard to get close enough to bargain as they shoot anything that appears within range.

A Nomansland Campaign will emphasize survival and scarcity, but it offers a good deal more creative freedom than a KZ or Freehold Campaign. According to GM taste and player preference the characters may be part of a society large or small. They might be drifters. They might be idealists looking to form a better society than either the current Freeholds or the brutal Kurian Zone. They could, for example, grab a resource location and hold it against all rivals until they can establish trade with



those who need what they have to offer. For those who like to move around, possibilities range from mercenary duty to operating a trade caravan, negotiating passage rights through each piece of Kurian Zone and Nomansland they travel. Perhaps they might search for lost relatives, or a safe place to call home for their families.

As they grow in power they may find themselves leaders, even Barons eventually-and not nearly as free as they thought.

# ADVENTURE IDEAS--NOMANSLAND

# **NOVICE CHARACTERS**

Bandits plague your lands. There's a new bounty on the heads of bandits by a local baron. Gather some heads, but as the terms of the bounty are rather nebulous be sure no one turns yours in.

A plague has struck a substantial river town. If you can avoid catching it yourself, there might be some loot to pick up.

A trade caravan is hiring guards. You know a few of the faces, and wonder

if they're going to guard the caravan or rob it themselves.

# SEASONED CHARACTERS

A "flesh-merchant" out of the KZ is in town. He's paying double the normal price for men, triple for women of childbearing age. Some Kurian must be very hard up for new stock. Over a hundred escapees from the Kurian Zone are passing through Nomansland. Poorly armed but determined, they are moving towards the nearest freehold as fast as their stolen wagons can keep up. The local Baron is trying to round them up and return them to their owner. Will you aid or hinder them? A team of tough bounty hunters has

mistaken one of the players for a notorious Cat. They're going to take the player back to the KZ, alive or dead.

# VETERAN CHARACTERS

Is anything more dangerous than a wounded beast? A great, tiger-like





Grog has been hunted up and down your region; your Baron wants its unique head for his wall. Its skin might make a fine cloak. Its hand and heart might make a finer ally. A group of fiercely independent technicians keep a chemical plant going, selling everything from fertilizer to explosives. Though he takes a tribute from the technicians, the local Baron has decided he wants the whole goose, not just an occasional golden egg. The technicians will blow up the plant rather than lose their freedom. There's a fierce turf-war between two powerful Nomansland factions. Both sides have been weakened. Help one side finish the other off for a price, or make both so weak you can take over yourself.

# HEROIC CHARACTERS

It's finally happened. The neighboring Kurian has allied himself with a fecund Grog tribe and is making a bid for your stretch of Nomansland. Negotiate your submission, organize a defense, or evacuate.

A hard-pressed Freehold is asking for help. For years the Freehold has drawn the attention of the Kurians. If it falls, your independence may go with it.

Emissaries from the far-off Reconstituted Government of the United States show up. They wish to take a census of your territory and decide what an appropriate taxation level will be so that you might "fully contribute to the war effort." They've got allies in your lands willing to replace you if you fail to recognize their authority.

# KURIAN ZONES

"Keep out of the KZ unless you have the training to survive it. If you get there through accident, through capture, or through being dumb enough to volunteer to help the insurgents all I can do is tell you this: blend in. Anything out of the ordinary gets reported, and anything reported gets investigated.

"There are holes you can exploit. The Kurians can't be bothered with running a society efficiently so there's a good deal of undocumented traffic in people, goods, and services between the Kurian zones. This makes some smugglers wealthy men, as long as they're propping up the system rather than defying or exploiting it.

"Everyone in the KZ is afraid of angering a **Clout**. There are other names for them: 'big shots', 'honchos,' 'ringers,' but they're all people in good with the Kurians who hold that power over their fellow men like the Sword of Damocles. Make someone think you're associated with one, or better yet, are one yourself, and you're halfway there..."

The Kurian Zones (K-Zs) are far from uniform once you get away from the basic fact that they all exist to feed the Kur.

Each Kurian Lord, or family (or in a few rare cases, clan) orders his domain as he sees fit. If he wants temples built in his honor and flaming sacrifice to his name, it is so. There are Kurians who conduct themselves after the fashion of Roman despots and Kurians who run their cities with corporate efficiency.

The Kur maintain their rule with the help of their genetically engineered Reapers and Grogs, of course, but without some cooperation from mankind their task would



be exponentially more difficult. They win men over with a simple risk/reward equation: the more helpful you are to the Kurian Order (no matter how bizarre or cruel the form) the more likely it is that you will be rewarded by being spared. Rebellion, disobedience, or even nonconformity make an evening visit by the Reapers more likely. For a few Quislings who do great service at their lord's behest, the coveted brass ring is awarded. The winner of one of these is spared, along with his or her immediate family, for his natural lifetime, with the tacit understanding that the good behavior will continue.

The Kurians live the protected, reclusive lives of bloodthirsty banana republic dictators. With their simple, drug addict outlook on life they spend most of their time scheming over how to acquire more sources of vital aura (a Kurian running short lives every moment in painful weariness) and how to protect what they already have, especially their own precious hyper-extended lives.

The Kurian Zone seems to be at a level of late nineteenth to early twentieth century technology. Anything later than that must be repaired because the Kurians don't want to be bothered with replacing it. Rail and water are the main modes of transportation. Telephones mostly work. The humans under their control are encouraged to exist in a state of obedient, dumb animalism. If alcohol helps, all the better. They provide ample, if unappetizing food for the most part, and encourage any kind of sexual activity as long as it might result in natural increase. In most KZ's a husband and wife who produce offspring every eighteen months are quite safe from the Reapers.

Humans under the Kur have adapted in the two generations since the Overthrow. With the living memory of Pre-Kurian times fading fast, a new set of traditions and mores have sprung up in the KZs. With reading a rarity, people entertain themselves with song and storytelling. Popular stories at gatherings are rather Br'er Rabbitish, about wiley characters who outsmart the Kur through wits and moxie.

Wits or no, few in the KZ reach old age. At the first failing of health or ability, their usefulness is considered to be at an end...

A Kurian Zone Campaign will usually go in one of two directions. The characters will either struggle to aid Kur, winning power and recognition in the process, or resist the system in some way. Resistance may be overt, through guerilla warfare or open revolt, or it can be covert, through confounding the Kurian system from within (Oskar Schindler's actions in Kennely/Spielberg's *Schindler's List* might be an archetype for this kind of sabotage).

Over a long period of time, a Kurian Zone Campaign will inevitably lead to conflict with the Kurians in one form or another. Even the most loyal Quisling might find herself the target of a rival Kurian's attention, to deprive the Quisling's lord of her services. Those who oppose the Kurians, either openly or secretly, will eventually have to face the consequences of their actions.

# Adventure Ideas--Kurian Zone

# **NOVICE CHARACTERS**

Infiltrate a group of smugglers and determine if they are bringing in weapons for the guerillas. If they are gun-runners, report and have them ambushed; taking prisoners being the priority. If not, remain within the organization and report regularly on their activities.



A collection of vehicles in an old temporary National Guard motor pool has been discovered. Find spare parts and equipment to get them running again through trade or theft from the neighboring Kur and Nomansland territory.

Patrol a series of watch points in the rougher and less inhabited terrain of the KZ. Round up runners and stragglers and look for signs of guerilla activity.

# SEASONED CHARACTERS

Keeping the rail lines open in your KZ has become difficult lately. Terrorist "Wolves" are blowing tunnels and bridges. They've even ambushed trains. Overland consolidated is sending an armored train camouflaged to look like an ordinary freight train, but they need additional soldiers for defense and pursuit. Sabotage at an important factory is becoming an issue. Infiltrate the factory posing as workers and determine who is causing the havoc. Some local Grogs have an important religious ceremony approaching. They'll be gathering and deciding about tribal leadership. Make sure they stay friendly to Kur.

# VETERAN CHARACTERS

A corrupt New Universal Church Superior is thought to be giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Learn all you can about his contacts and then round everyone up.

Establish a road to the neighboring Kurian Zone without anyone learning your purpose, then scout out the rival's lands beyond and determine a route into the heart of enemy ground for an invasion.

There's been an uprising in the local worker housing complex. It started over tainted meat and some children dying from food poisoning. Quell the disturbance without a wasteful bloodbath.

# HEROIC CHARACTERS

Several prominent officials have been assassinated. They were all taken unaware at close range. There could be a "Cat" operating in the area. Investigate the murders and find out who is responsible.

Otherwise reliable Grogs next to your zone are in revolt. There may be terrorist agents inciting the revolt. Without the Grogs, half of your master's military strength is gone, leaving him vulnerable. Even worse, the Grogs might join a rival or the "Freeholders." The Grogs must be brought to heel! Kill a neighboring Kurian Lord and make it look like terrorist action. Then take over before another Kurian moves in to fill the vacuum.



The "Adventure Ideas" section assumes the players are cooperating with their Kurian Lords. Even if they are opposing them in secret, the objectives the Kurians expect them to achieve will remain the same.

The Kurians are famously unforgiving.


Now that you've decided what sort of campaign you and the players desire, it's what part of Vampire Earth you wish to explore. I'm going to suggest that you set your campaign in whatever region of the world you and the players inhabit. The resources, wildlife, weather, and terrain will be familiar to you, and perhaps your knowledge of towns, cities, and coastlines can be incorporated into the game. If the gaming group resides in Seattle, perhaps you could run a campaign set in the Pacific Northwest of the United States and the western coast of Canada. A group of players in Scotland might choose to have their area by the United Kingdom, Norwegian, Danish, and French coasts, and Iceland. Australians in Sydney could set their campaign in Southeastern Australia and perhaps Tasmania.

But of course, it's up to you. If centering a campaign on Manhattan Island, New York, is the goal of your gaming group in Manhattan, Kansas, go for it. Wherever you choose to locate your campaign, you'll need to build your own piece of Vampire Earth on it, layer by layer, as you populate your region with nations, peoples, and plots. Extra effort as you go about your worldbuilding will pay off in the long run: the players will find your campaign world more interesting and more potential adventures will rise out of it.

# THE FIRST LAYER: GEOGRAPHY

Once you've made your decision for a campaign location, it's time to get out a map and make some decisions. The events of the 2022 Overthrow and subsequent guerilla fighting leveled cities, burned towns, destroyed bridges, shut down power plants, and wrecked river locks and levees. Hundreds of nuclear weapons went off worldwide in the Old World's death throes. Depopulation thanks to the Ravies viruses used to break the back of the social order left



vast areas almost empty or inhabited by fever-riddled, gibbering idiots. Farmland returned to forest or swamp and coastlines have been worn away by tidal waves or storms. The effects of climate change brought on by the volcanic cataclysm of 2022 are still being felt. If your campaign is set near a volcanic range or a major fault line the topography might be altered thanks to a new cone or two.

Kur isn't interested in rebuilding infrastructure: quite the opposite, they're tearing apart unneeded towns and villages to this day; the Kurians want the human race as isolated, ignorant, and subservient as medieval peasants. Save for key sections of the rail network, much of what was wrecked stayed wrecked.

# THE SECOND LAYER--THE ZONES

With the geography done, you'll have to decide what areas belong to Kur, what parts are Nomansland, and where there might be a Freehold or two. Don't be afraid to name parts of your map "Terra Incognita" for future expansion. For many people, anything farther than a day's walk or ride is just that, or the subject of secondhand rumor.

Kur will control the population centers and important resource points. They also tend to control the ocean coasts or cede the coasts to fierce Grogs. Arable land will be dotted with Kurian Lord towers much as the occasional giant grain elevator looks out over farmland now. Key bridges and rail centers will belong to them.

Freeholds have sprung up in geographically isolated areas. Oases surrounded by desert, islands in the ocean (perhaps in the aforementioned Australia example Tasmania would be a Freehold), mountain valleys, swamps, and deep forests might all hide Freeholds large or small.

Any other area should be considered Nomansland.

# THE THIRD LAYER--THE PEOPLES

Next the GM has to populate the map. Not all Kurian Zones mimic each other. The Freeholds run the range from conglomerations of fractious individualists to military-dominated territories that most of us today would call "fascist." Nomansland will have everything from Grog tribes to human Barons with their principalities scattered around.

The GM should work out the details of a few areas for the first few adventures:

How does the most powerful Kurian clan run their territory? Who are the important Quislings? What is the major Freehold like?

Vague ideas for the rest should be enough, but echoes of events happening in other areas should be relayed to the players (a human/Grog war, for example, or a new Kurian taking over a piece of Nomansland, or the fall of a distant Freehold) in the first few adventures.

# THE FOURTH LAYER--THE PLOTS

A good campaign should have several "macro" plot threads constantly running that the players might or might not be aware of, but could result in future adventures. These



plot threads should represent slowlydeveloping conflicts that might one day blossom into full-out crises. Inevitably, the players will be forced to take action as the situation worsens. The GM should always keep a few problems bubbling in the background, bits of which will filter up to the players through NPCs.

For example, their Freehold might have a rift developing between the military forces defending the Freehold and the citizenry thanks to heavy-handed administration by the top generals. The players might spend a few adventures hearing farmers grumble about seized livestock or an accusation of rape of a teenage girl by a patrol... then at an unexpected point in the campaign the players get caught up in a rural revolt against the men in uniform. In Nomansland a bandit leader might be gaining power and influence to the point where he is a major leader in his own right, controlling a large section of territory and courted by both Kur and the nearest Freehold as a potential ally. Early on the players might just hear the leader's name in stories about thefts and raids, later they might hear of him winning a pitched battle against forces sent out to capture him. After a few adventures they could be offered a reward to infiltrate his band and assassinate him. In the Kurian Zone a Kurian Lord on the border might be growing ever weaker thanks to the loss of Reapers and territory in feuds until his backstabbing neighbors decide to evict him. Early on they might just hear of a Reaper or two being killed in a skirmish, then later they could hear of a big raid by the Freehold into his territory (perhaps in the current adventure the players help or hinder this operation in some way), then in the next adventure they learn of a breakout by some of his human serfs. Finally they will become involved in overthrowing the weak Kurian Lord.

The point of all this groundwork is that by the time the players actually become involved in the situation they'll feel like it's a part of their character's history too, and will have much more "at stake" in the outcome.

The GM should keep a "campaign notebook" with a list of these plot threads, what the players have learned, and how far along the crisis is. Each adventure he should introduce a new thread or two. Some should be allowed to peter out without anything further happening--they'll still add flavor to the world—but others will grow and change with the campaign.

# THE FIFTH LAYER--FLOURISHES

The last step a GM should take before writing her first adventure is to create a few minor but memorable NPCs and locations that the characters will encounter now and then as the campaign progresses. Some examples might be:

- An "Everybody Goes to Ricks" Cantina
- A corrupt but occasionally Quixotic sheriff
- A traveling rock-and-roll band that can use machine guns as well as their guitars
- A horse trader who can make the most broken down old plowhorse look like a prize stallion for a day or two
- A farmer with the Bourbon-brewing skills of Jim Beam
- An empty but still intact church filled with graffiti describing local history

All these characters and places might not change the course of any adventure, but they make interesting spots to visit and people to



meet, as well as spin-offs for future adventures. By adding these flourishes the GM will add that much more life to her slice of Vampire Earth.

For an example of how one VE GM converted his hometown to Vampire Earth, look over the next section.

# SAMPLE CAMPAIGN SETTING

**Location:** Sioux City **Region:** Northwest Iowa, Plains Gulag **Kurian Lord:** Kasara

# DESCRIPTION

It is said that in the early 21<sup>st</sup> century, Sioux City was known as "Little Chicago." The Kurians have since helped the city regain its title, though it has sunk to a level of decay and depravity that would have horrified its earlier residents.

## DESIGN POINT

Why compare Sioux City to Chicago? First, Sioux City was historically known as "Little Chicago" during the 1920s because of rampant crime, corruption, and bootlegging. Gangster Al Capone reportedly had relatives living in the area, though he had no control over any criminal activities here. Second, Chicago in 2065 is a hive of corruption, debauchery, and depravity. As a writer, I decided to capitalize on Sioux City's historic nickname to make it a place fitting for a Kurian and his Quisling lackeys.

Sioux City extends across the Missouri River into Nebraska (South Sioux City) and South Dakota (North Sioux City). When the Kurians started their rule of Earth, Kasara, a minor Kurian Lord, took over the ruins of Sioux City, giving control of North and South Sioux City to his siblings. Their exact names are not known, having been lost to time, an internal feud, and the iron law of Kasara. After two decades of power sharing the two siblings began to chafe under Kasara's thumb (so to speak).

Kasara's siblings launched a coup, fielding as many Quislings as they could muster. Unfortunately for them, Kasara had taken his two decades of power seriously and had consolidated a considerable military force. His siblings were quickly defeated: they and their officers were never heard from again. Vital aura has to come from somewhere, after all.

## DESIGN POINT

Why three Kurian Lords? Sioux City is a tri-state city. I figured since the Kurians are very territorial, they probably would have divided the city up amongst state boundaries. The establishment of Kasara and his siblings is an embellishment of this, playing on the Kurians' territorial nature and their lust for power. Every Kurian wants it all, but each has their own way of getting what they want. Kasara figured it would be easier to take his siblings out once they had tipped their collective hands.

Today, Sioux City is the apex of what has become known as the "Golden Triangle" in the Plains Gulag. Kasara fortified the few remaining farming communities along what was left of Highway 20--Lawton, Moville, Holstein, Galva, and a few others that hadn't been wiped off the map. He then began looking at ways to use their surviving industries and resources to fuel his regime. The Kurian learned of the city's agricultural



past and decided that he would have the most to gain by making it an agricultural center once again.

Kasara first focused on the main crops and other products of the area: corn, soybeans, and livestock. After some additional research, the dark lord made a surprising discovery. For all its destructive nature, humanity had found a way to expand the usefulness of their crops beyond their role as food. With all due haste, Kasara began gathered workers and scientists to restore what would become a major lynchpin in his operation: Two ethanol plants--one near Galva, the other near Marcus. Both were fully restored in a decade and both have proven to be valuable in fueling the vehicles of Kasara's military machine.

#### DESIGN POINT

Why ethanol? Being in the Plains Gulag, the prime food-producing region for the west, Iowa has several things going for it (or against it, if you will). First, its prime crops have been corn and soybeans. Second, ethanol, which is produced from processed corn and soybeans, can be used as fuel. I made the assumption that since the Kurian Invasion began in 2002--a time when ethanol fuel research and production was beginning to really take off--the Kurians ruling the region would make the most of their resources by capitalizing on this concept. While they may be brutal and depraved, the Kurians certainly aren't stupid. In addition, I knew of two ethanol plants close enough to Sioux City that could provide Kasara's regime with what he needed while still being close enough to adequately defend. This is also what gives

Kasara's region of power--regardless of how small it is--the nickname "The Golden Triangle".

The ethanol plants under Kasara's control have turned out an additional boon: dry ice. This Kasara has found useful in preserving tissue samples and specimens in his medical experiments upon the hapless denizens of his domain. Being a major city in northwest Iowa, Sioux City had the luxury of having two hospitals within its boundaries. In reality, there were actually three hospitals in the city, one of which was converted into a shelter for troubled children. Over the years Kasara has made much use of their facilities to further his twisted ideals. The Kurian Lord is enamored with something in humanity's past which was secretly inspired by the Kurians themselves: Nazi Germany--particularly Hitler's work to create a master race and the Third Reich's experimentation on "undesirables". The going rumor is that after the feud with his siblings, Kasara had them shipped to one of the hospitals as "test subjects" where they died in some grisly experiments.

As a result, one hospital, the old Mercy Medical Center, is dedicated solely to providing health care to the region's Quislings. The second, what was once Saint Luke's Hospital, is now used as a facility to experiment upon prisoners. The third, formerly Saint Joseph's Hospital, has a much more sinister purpose. It is rumored that Kasara is trying to create a hybrid Reaper/human, something that can pose as a human, doesn't need blood to survive, and yet can transmit the vital aura to him. At this time, success remains elusive, but that hasn't stopped the Kurian. Press gangs reportedly roam the area, sometimes kidnapping young



women for the Kurian's breeding program/supersoldier project.

#### **DESIGN POINT**

Why medical experimentation? As we've seen, Kurians are a powerhungry lot. They want as much power as they can get, even at the expense of their own kind. It only makes sense that each Kurian is going to be trying to find a way to get the upper hand over rivals. At the same time, it is also safe to assume that they're going to go about it covertly. Kasara's experimentation is a key example of this. Kasara intends to create a Reaper/human hybrid as a supersoldier, but he can't do it overtly. Instead, he's doing it "for the better of his race." At the same time, he's making the most of the hand he's been dealt in the course of the Kurian Order's regime on Earth.

The stockyards in Sioux City have once again taken up their prior role in feeding this area, though not to the extent of their glory days. What barge traffic there is makes a stop at the port facilities provided by Kasara's regime to offload and take on cargo bound for other territories, such as that ruled by the Tulsa Four. Work on the farms and docks is tiring and sometimes brutal, but the workers have a saying "Better the Gulag than the Green Hell." Stories have trickled in from travelers concerning the brutality of the Kurians ruling over some of the southern states and their farming operations there.

On the river's western shore, various fortifications provide security for the port. The largest of these is Fort Marina, which is built around the crumbling ruins of the Marina Inn hotel and the old Siouxland Convention Center. In addition, South Sioux City has become a mustering point for Kasara's Grog forces. Most come from Omaha, which is now settled primarily by Grogs.

Also on the western side of the river, the Dakota County fairgrounds have just recently begun to serve a new purpose. Originally they were campgrounds for a number of Grog recruits and conscripts. Within the past few months the fairgrounds have been cleared and operations for a new endeavor have started up: a legworm farm. Having already seen success with a similar operation on the former Woodbury County fairgrounds in Moville, Kasara has decided to double the possibilities by raising, breeding, and training legworms closer to home. In addition, the farms provide Kasara with a twisted bit of entertainment. From time to time, the Kurian has been known to throw resistant prisoners, political dissidents, useless slaves--and even the occasional failed experiment or two--to the legworms.

Still, Kasara's power center resides in Sioux City. A number of the surviving buildings, including city hall, the Badgerow Building, and the old Central High School, house the power structure and administration of the Kurian's regime in this area. The old Warrior Hotel has been remodeled into a barracks and administration building for Kasara's elite guard. Of all the cogs in the Kurian's power center, the old Central High building-formerly known as "the Castle on the Hill"--is the most sinister and oppressive.

Situated on a hill in the center of Sioux City's northeast side, the building housed a high school until the latter half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. In the early 21<sup>st</sup> century it was apartments. Then Kasara moved in. Dark and brooding, it befits its new master's image and has become known as "The Dark Fortress". The stone exterior has had two of



its entries blocked and fortified. Black steel armor now covers a good portion of the walls, adding to the building's imposing form and its defense. While there are certainly a number of offices and living spaces within the five-story building, a lot of the rooms have been transformed into cells, guard and defense points, a war room, communication center, and the Kurian's own private space. Few humans--be they Quisling, slave, or prisoner--have ever set foot in Kasara's private living quarters; those who do seldom come out alive. The few who do return alive are changed forever. Whispered tales tell of Kasara's plot to create supersoldiers in the twisted image of the Southern Command's Wolf, Bear, and Cat castes, but these have yet to be confirmed or denied.

#### **DESIGN POINT**

Why a castle? The old Central High School has long been a part of the Sioux City landscape and is now a historical landmark within the city. When I was still sorting out what to do with this region for the game, I hit across an interesting notion one morning. I had just returned from work and was sitting in my car in the parking lot, staring absentmindedly at the building which had just recently become my home (that right, I have an apartment in the old Central High School/Castle Apartments). As I spaced out, I remarked to myself how formidable and dark the castle still appeared. Then it hit me--why not make this the seat of Kasara's regime?After all, a dark lord must have a dark fortress, right? Thus, the Castle on the Hill became the Dark Fortress of Kasara.





# FORWARD BY JAY LODGES [COL. UTFP, RET'D]

Patricia Sunrise ("Sunny") Hitchens, daughter of a computer programmer and a veterinarian, had just completed the tenth grade in 2022. According to the story Sunny tells, she hated every class except gym and music "particularly the sciences." The only books she liked to read were rather macabre thrillers about serial killers--not the kind of literature that earned As from her English teachers. Again, to hear her tell it, the only travel that interested her involved either a mall or a beach resort. Nonetheless, in the confusion and chaos of the first decade after the Kurian Arrival she maintained a remarkable journal of observations that forms the basis for her famous Guide, updated almost yearly and now in its sixteenth edition.

Through hunger, terror, and something akin to a religious awakening,

she kept her journal going as an "anchor against a drift into madness." Thank God she did. I have.

The no-nonsense observations within have saved more of my soldiers' lives than bulletproof vests. Because of an idle reading of her description of Gargoyle mating rites I bought myself five precious seconds in a firefight that allowed me to live to write this poor prose.

I met Sunny on patrol in the Kentucky Bluegrass not long after that encounter. To me, she was just a fortyish woman whose face looked older but whose body had the vigor of a twentysomething's, paddling up the Green River in a camouflage-painted aluminum canoe crowded with camping gear and a motley trio of mixed-breed dogs. She introduced me to Tybalt, the famous "backpack cat" as I questioned her about her doings so near the KZ, and only then did the low-wattage bulb between my ears flick on that the woman who introduced herself as "Sunny" was Patricia S. Hitchens.

During our quick celebratory meal my men did everything but kiss the Navajo bracelet on her wrist, which brought only a gentle smile and a few "oh, you don't have to go that far"-type expressions. She

Colonel, Upper Tennessee Free Protectorate, now retired



accepted offerings from our supply train, taking tinned pork, sugar, and trading tobacco with the same polite smile, but moved on as soon as her dogs gobbled the last scrap from our cook's improvised feast.

This pocket edition, it is hoped, will be readily available to everyone who has any kind of dealings with "the Grogs." Soldiers, traders, travelers, government officials... I can't think of anyone who wouldn't be the poorer for "leaving home without it." I miss being able to order my men to study it, but I'll tell you the same thing I told them:

Ignorance kills.

# AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION (FROM THE TENTH EDITION)

If anyone had told me the summer after my sophomore year in high school that I'd write a zoological treatise one day, I'd have laughed in their face. I hated all my classes except for gym and the office technology one, particularly the sciences. Anyway, I was busy planning a trip to Mexico at that point with my girlfriends Leigh and Astra.

At the last moment we switched to Acapulco instead of Cancun thanks to Astra's father, who found us a cheap condo--two weeks rental for the price of one. That decision saved us more than a week's rent. It saved our lives. Otherwise we would have been caught by the superwave that broke across the eastern Mexican coast nine days later in June.

When the local Mexicans declared martial law I started keeping my journal. Originally it was going to be a scrapbook of glued-in snapshots and bar coasters. After Leigh went out one night--she didn't tell us where or for what--and never returned I realized that things had changed "for keeps" as Astra said. As matters worsened the journal became my last testament. I became convinced I'd never get out of Mexico alive and I wanted my parents to know what happened to me. I kept it in a postage-paid shipping envelope (the act of an optimist, I suppose, and quite contrary to my mood at the time) with a huge blockletter label to my parents in Portland.

There's no room for the story of my trip back north, except to say that I was helped hundreds of times by dozens of people. Paul and Garth, who helped Astra and me on our trip north, and who brought us food and fuel when the Ravies hit Astra and comforted me after her death. The Jorge family kept my existence a secret when the "United World Relief" people came around listing all residents; thanks to them I didn't get a radio-location eartag that kept so many others in their UWR district. Hernando, my guide through the mountains of Southern California...

I saw my first Grog then. No, that's not quite how it happened. I should say I heard my first Grog then.

We were in the hills somewhere between San Diego and Los Angeles, traveling by following a series of eerily silent power lines (we knew enough to keep off the roads by then). I heard a thumping like wooden drums and a hooting. Hernando hurried us in the opposite direction, but then I heard singing. It sounded a little like one of those "Dogs Howling Christmas Carols" tunes people used to create as gags.

I left Hernando and the rest and followed the sound.

Then I smelled cooking and my mouth watered. I crept up from downwind, though from the amount of noise they were making I don't know why I bothered being quiet, and saw a line of parked trucks, SUVs, and even one of those brown parcel delivery vans parked in a little back road. I circled away from that and went up a hill, and looked down into a little natural amphitheater.

At first I thought it was a bunch of wrestlers gathered around a circle of cooking pits and bonfires, because from



the distance and the angle it reminded me of their builds, and thanks to the ring of light I could only make out silhouettes. My eyes adjusted and I rubbed them again, not believing what I saw. Grey, ape-like forms with thick plates of skin like football padding about their shoulders sat all around the ring of campfires. Every now and then a couple would leap over the flames, into the circle, and lead the others in song, or screams. Some of them wore army helmets and Kevlar vests. I saw a lot of M-16s and machine guns and bigger weapons on tripods too. They had huge shell-shaped skillets made from what looked like car hoods, and were cooking heaps of meat and potatoes and onions. I had to punch myself in the stomach to stop the flip-flops my empty belly was doing.

I watched wrestling matches. I saw groups of the figures fight each other with curved sticks with a shovel-like paddle at one end and a hook at the other like a shepherd's crook we used to see in the nativity scenes. A smaller form...a female....jumped into the center of the fire and held up a pair of squalling infants, all eyes and ears, and the gathered crowd roared in approval.

It went on for hours, with me just getting colder and hungrier. Finally a file of armed ones went into the center and one by one tossed different things that looked like sandals, or belts, or gloves into a pile at the center of the fires. The assembly let out with these quavering moans as they did this. The last one in the file, I remember he had about thirty men's dress ties around his neck so they looked kind of like a big, multicolored nylon cape, he set fire to the pile of mementos.

An hour before dawn they awoke and kicked out all the fires except for the one of the souvenirs, climbed in their trucks and jeeps and vans, and headed north toward LA.

My stomach hadn't stopped growling and I went down to the campsite. I licked the grease and scraps off of a big cooking



platters—it was a piece of a highway sign—and found some scraps of potato here and there. Then I saw a bunch of crows and vultures close to where they'd parked their vehicles and I wandered over to see if there was something else edible. When I saw what had been the makings of the feast my scavenged meal came up. The offal heap had perhaps ten fly-covered, brown-stained human skulls among the other bits and pieces.

That night I wrote every bit of it down in my journal as an anchor against a drift into madness.

\* \* \*

When I first began to put together my notes on the new life forms I'd observed I didn't know anything about zoological



classification. It seemed to me there were two kinds though: social ones that worked together and individual species that hardly ever mixed with their own kind except when mating or dueling. The only science I'd learned was from reading serial killer books, which were popular back then, all about the FBI Behavioral Sciences people who tried to figure out what was going on in the minds of the killers that made them do it. I remembered that they divided serial killers into "organized" and "disorganized" groups. Since these murdering creatures preved on people the way serial killers did, when I first organized and rewrote my notes I did the same thing and divided the different species into "organized" and "disorganized." Some people with more than a tenth grade education have criticized me for this, but I think it works.

I've included descriptions of Kurians and Reapers in the interest of completeness, though they rate a book unto themselves. A braver person than I will have to do the necessary research.

# POCKET GUIDE TO INTRODUCED SPECIES (2<sup>ND</sup> EDITION)

Adapted from The Hitchens Guide to Introduced Species By Patricia S. Hitchens

A note on naming conventions: The word "Grog" is of disputed origins. I've heard it began as an acronym Greedy (or Grody) Repulsive Otherworld Genomes, or a version of grok, since they "groked" on to our technology so quickly, or some mixture of grotty and groggy, or a variant of "trog." When in pain, they let out a growl-moan that hits some ears as *graaawg*. I know that humans heap any introduced species into the umbrella term "Grog" but properly, the "true" Grogs are the two (some say three) humanoid species most familiar to us: bipedal, heavily-muscled, long-armed, thick-skinned sapients varying slightly in form and ranging in color from blue-black to arctic white, with gray as the most common coloration. For other species I will use the most common term and give any variants.



## **ELECTICS**

Range: Any save arctic

**Description**: Tiny, the size of the smallest ants, though with elongated bodies



reminiscent of stick insects. The queens are not even an inch long.

- **Society**: Queen-based, again like ant colonies.
- **Habits**: These creatures are drawn to electrical current. They chew through insulation and form living "circuits," drawing current to the heart of the nest, where specialized versions of the creatures generate heat and a dim glow. Queens and their consorts are capable of flight to establish a new nest.
- **Strengths**: Their size makes them hard to see and to keep out of electronic equipment. Touching the nest without first disconnecting the "power source" will lead to a sudden, sharp shock.
- **Weaknesses**: Vulnerable to most insecticides. Wrapping electronics in cheesecloth, or surrounding them with an oil slick (which traps the bugs) sometimes works (unless a



queen manages to land on your component).

**Other Observations**: These creatures are the bane of tinkerers, electronics technicians, and radio operators everywhere. The "chains" they form tend to short out circuit boards. If the power is turned off for a few months (or less, depending on temperature) the nest will die off naturally and the corpses can be brushed out of the device.



#### FIRMITES (DIGGERS)

- **Range**: Temperate, Sub-Tropical, Tropical in dry-soil areas of vegetation.
- **Description**: Terrier-sized termite-like burrowing creatures. Their forward jaws resemble medical forceps. Behind this are ten short legs, each with a tiny claw.
- **Society**: Built around "breeding nodes" where queens lay eggs which turn to grubs and eventually hatch into Firmates. They feed off of any plant roots, but are particularly fond of tubers, which they will gather, masticate, and feed to grubs. When a nest is large enough a new "breeding node" is established at the furthest tunnel, which in turn builds more tunnels. Networks spread for dozens of miles.
- Habits: Rarely venture above ground except in cases of extreme flooding which fills their rainwater-traps. Many of their tunnels are large enough for three to four Firmates to get by each other, thus are big

enough for most people to crawl through.

- **Strengths**: They will defend their nests vigorously, digging to come up behind enemies and swarming foes with insect-like self-sacrifice.
- **Weaknesses**: Smoke puts them into a stupor and with sufficient time will kill them, though they will close tunnels to shut themselves off from fire sources. The usual way to rid an area of them is to dig a narrow shaft or two near a breeding node deeper than the node, insert dynamite, and detonate. The difficulty is in finding a node in an area that could cover several dozen acres.
- **Other Observations**: Though they do damage to crops, the real danger is in the tunnels they create. Reapers hide in their nests during daylight hours, and somehow are able to crawl right through a breeding node without being attacked. An airshaft a Reaper has recently used will have a "clawed through" look with a lot of tossed dirt about, as the Reaper will have to dig to widen the shaft enough to gain access. The Reaper will usually not be found near the entrance he made, but will travel some distance, twisting and turning, to make discovery less likely.

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d12, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d6		
<b>Parry:</b> 3	Toughness: 4	
es:		
Grapple (d8) - fi	rmite acts as a	
dead weight tryi	ng to drag	
character down or hold in place		
so others can attack. Each		
grappled firmite acts as 30 wt of		
encumbrance.		
Bite (d10 if grappled, otherwise		
d6) does 2d4 damage.		
	Parry: 3 es: Grapple (d8) - fi dead weight tryi character down so others can att grappled firmite encumbrance. Bite (d10 if grap	





#### GARGOYLE (GRIFFS, NIGHTIES)

#### Range: Any

**Description**: Humanoid, though rather hunchbacked because of the muscle-mass driving the wings. The head is egg-shaped and scaly. Males have curved horns rather reminiscent of bighorn sheep, save that they extend out to flanged points at the side to help rudder air. Adolescents and females have horn buds. Shoulders peak in a hump of tissue that supports the wing-joints. Their arms are underdeveloped and weak, really only used for clinging. Legs have reversed knees, and as a result Gargoyles walk like turkeys with bobbing heads. Largish spur on ankle. Wings are the largest limb, a mixture of leathery skin and feathers. They have tubby tails with fan of feathers.

- **Society**: Almost non-existent except when raising young. Once young are born, the male becomes extremely territorial, kills indiscriminately, but is no longer allowed to visit the home. Females too old to breed can often be found assisting new mothers, and teaming up to ward off fathers. Females stay with young until they can walk, then takes them out on short hunting jaunts, sometimes feeding off of male kills. "Family," such that it is, breaks up after approximately seven years, when young are old enough to fly themselves.
- **Habits**: They avoid men unless on a "mission" for their Kurian or Quisling handlers. In the wild they rarely use tools more complicated than a sharpened stick or conveniently shaped rock.
- **Strengths**: Highly intelligent. Can be made literate. Can solve puzzles at level of a human grade-schooler. Higherlevel testing is only now being carried out on Gargoyles who can read and write. Terrifically strong and can fly with burdens of 50 lbs or more.
- **Weaknesses**: They are easily tempted by cooked meats, pastries, breads, and gathered nuts. Males especially would rather perform simple duties for Kur than feed themselves, which is why you find them hanging around Kurian strongholds instead of living in the wild. They are fragile despite their strength thanks to hollow bones and thin skin. Sudden loud noises, especially from something about their size, will often cow them, as males take up and finish challenges by screaming at each other. Gargoyles in the wild collect weapons if they can, but ammunition rarely lasts as they use it shooting in the air to intimidate foes.



**Other Observations**: They sicken and die very quickly in captivity. Kur employs them as spies and couriers and smugglers. They are aggressive only when trapped or when they have young to defend, otherwise they attempt to flee danger.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6,
Strength d8, Vigor d10
Skils: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Intimidation d10,
Notice d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d10, Throwing
d4 (d8 if a left and dropping compthing)

d4 (d8 if aloit and dropping something)			
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 6	Toughness: 3	
walking 14			
flying			

**Gear:** 2-6 grenades or a single satchel charge (if on a raid) otherwise binoculars and small-caliber pistol. "Wild" Gargoyles will have whatever gear they've managed to acquire.

#### Special Abilities:

**Claw Swipe** can lash out surprisingly far with ankle spur (d8+1 damage, +2 to hit against someone who has never fought a Gargoyle)

**Claw Drop** against opponents taken unaware, Gargoyles will sneak-attack from the sky and will attempt to blind, deafen, or cut the throat of foes with a quick ankle-spur swipe (+4 damage to head, no called shot penalty)

# **GROGZ (**TROGS, GRAYBACKS, HULKIES, HUMPTIES**)**

- **Range**: Any but most often found in good farming or ranching ground, or human ruins.
- **Description**: Mammals, two breasted. Adult males range from 1.6 meters to over two meters in height. Largest ever verifiably measured was of the

fawn-colored variant at two point seven meters. Weight varies somewhat with social standing; the most powerful Grogs eat the most and grow the biggest, but mature adults range from eighty kilos to two hundred sixty. Females are usually about 25% smaller. Thick skin varying from slab-like armoring about the neck and shoulders, almost hairless, to pebbly with coarse hair at the legs (the hair tends to be thickest about the ankles and calves and gets progressively thinner until it is almost absent above the waist). Eyes set under heavy, sun-shielding brow, ears hair-fringed, pointed and expressive like a dog's.

Society: Most basic unit is the clan, lead by a dominant male with as many female mates as he can afford to keep. The dominant male's brothers and nephews and their wives will remain in the clan until they grow strong or wealthy enough to found their own clan. Challenges to clan dominance take place at "planting" or "harvest" festivals, and involve non-lethal combat within the family. If an outside attempts to take over, duels can be lethal. The largest clan counted had nearly three hundred members, counting children. In a crisis, a clan can field one in four of its members armed and ready to fight.

Up one level from the clan is the tribe, based on regional affiliation. Clan leaders will settle disputes at tribal council, often on the basis of arbitration. Occasionally a very strong tribal leader will become a paramount tribal chief and be able to enforce his will on the clans.

Without outside intervention, above the tribe there is only the nation, represented by shared culture and artifacts. Members of the same nation settle disputes



through wrestling matches or contests involving hook-like clubs, sometimes through champions but more often in mass scrimmages that are more sporting contest than warfare. Those who do well in these scrimmages are rewarded with livestock by clan leaders and tribal councils. With competing nations there will be open lethal warfare, often ratcheted up to heavy weapons unless swift diplomacy occurs. Warriors who do well against a competing nation are rewarded substantially enough so they may become clan chiefs themselves.

Under Kurian control with human officers, a team of humans usually controls several clans. If sufficient rewards are promised, an entire Grog nation might go to war after a meeting of tribal councils, fielding upwards of 40,000 warriors in some cases, though this is rare since the Grogs received their land grants after 2022.

**Habits**: In warmer climates Grogs are most active from dawn until mid-morning. They sleep out the heat of the day, then become active again in the evening, though family and social activity is most common in this period. In colder weather they are only active during the warmest hours of the day.

They are fond of mushrooms and sweets. Barbecue sauce is an especially sought-after-trade item, as is molasses and honey.

Strengths: They are expert livestock keepers and low-level planters. Where possible have adapted human technology (pickup trucks, tractor-trailers) to their needs. Extremely skilled shots thanks to the young males duties as hunter/gatherers--Grog fathers give their sons one bullet and expect them to come home with something for the pot. They rarely waste shots



(poorer families hunt with slingshot and crossbow, but the same oneshot rule applies). Sharp hearing and better-than-human low-light eyesight. Sense of smell appears to be weaker than human; Grogs do not seem to mind strong sulfur, pepper, or excremental smells.

Expert leather workers, weavers, and dwelling-builders with everything from bamboo to birchbark. They also do beautiful work with beading.

**Weaknesses**: Just behind and below their armpit, when viewed from the side, is a y-shaped set of folds of skin called the "turkey neck" by some. It is about the size of a canteen. A shot here is almost always lethal.

> Bright, direct light hurts their vision. They almost never attack into a rising or setting sun, and consider having the sun to their backs a good omen for battle and will maneuver, sometimes foolishly, to gain this advantage. Grog snipers are almost always flushed by using searchlights or white phosphorus flares. They are only limitedly trainable, and adapt most technology to doing what comes



naturally to them. If a group of tribal elders are given phones for example, they will all go to a room together and speak to each other over the phones for tribal council.

**Other Observations**: The dominant male is in charge of all activities having to do with fire: fire and power are one and the same in Grog society. They will often use Legworms as mounts (see entry under "disorganized"); some train Rogs and keep Swordbacks.



**Chieftain Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8, Throwing d6

Pace: 8 (all	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 10
fours) 6	-	

**Gear:** Coalscuttle Helm +4, Kevlar Vest +2/+4 bullets, Sporting gear +2 (legs and arms), M-60 with 2 belts, Sawed-off Double-barrel shotgun, Custom Battle Axe (Strength +5), 8 assorted grenades

#### **Special Abilities:**

Size +2 (long reach)

Warrior or Dominant Male Attributes: Agility			
d6, Smarts d4,	Spirit d6, Strengt	h d10, Vigor d8	
Skills: Climbing	Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8,		
Intimidation d6	Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting		
d10, Stealth d4	d10, Stealth d4, Throwing d6		
Pace: 8 (all	Parry: 4	Toughness: 8	
fours) 6			
Gear: Ad-hoc helm +3, Studded leather/chain on			
left arm (+2), Sports shinguards +2, Grog gun			
with 30 rounds in bandolier, battle axe (Strength			
+4),			
Special Abilities:			
opecial / tome	5.		

Size +1

Female/Non-Warrior Attributes: Agility d6,				
Smarts d4, Spir	Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d6			
Skills: Fighting	<b>Skills:</b> Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6, Shooting			
d6, Stealth d6, Throwing d4				
Pace: 7 (all	Parry: 4 Toughness: 6			
fours) 4	fours) 4			
Gear: Machete (Strength +2)				
Special Abilities:				

## GROG VARIANT "GOLDEN ONES"

- **Range**: Thought to be limited in the United States to Great Plains, large enclave in Omaha.
- **Description**: Taller than normal Grogs thanks to slightly longer legs. Thinner skinned about the shoulders and chest. More hair, of a golden-faun color, across . Slightly flatter face with drooping, catfishlike whiskers, and more delicate ears.
- **Society**: Built more along the lines of a human family. All males and females capable of producing offspring are treated equally. "Elders" are elected by those of childbearing age, usually from a pool of those too old to have families to care for; they become the patriarchs and matriarchs of groups of families so the entire tribe becomes their "grandchildren" so to speak.

When a community gets too large a group is formed and it treks off as far as possible from the old community, severing all ties.

**Habits**: Less nomadic than the greyskinned Grogs, Golden Ones tend to settle in one spot and build. Their dwellings extend both above ground and below on multiple levels. They have been seen in human cities.

**Strengths**: Better language skills than the other Grogs, they are sometimes fluent in English and other tongues. They read, write, and have some



concept of mathematics. They appear to despise their grey-skinned relatives though they do trade finished goods to them. It is from the Golden Ones that the Greyskinned Grogs get some of their finely finished weapons and steel tools.

They are skilled climbers and astonishing runners over broken ground. They swarm over obstacles like army ants, helping each other.

They fight in a very threedimensional manner, digging fortifications, escape tunnels, and traps. Using rope and woven branches they will create secret treetop paths in forested areas, or just-submerged footlog paths in swamps. They are born guerilla fighters and can quickly assemble and disperse.

They are skilled at mosaics; their dwellings are mixtures of recovered brick, stonework, glass, and steel. They show some skill at engineering

- **Weaknesses**: They have a terror of flame, especially when used as a weapon.
- **Other observations**: Since shortly after 2022 the Golden Ones have only rarely been seen working for the Kurians. Several Golden Ones say they were cheated by Kur and now avoid intercourse with the Kurians.

Leader or Trader Attributes: Agility d8,			
Smarts d8, Spir	it d8, Strength d1	10, Vigor d10	
Skills: Climbing	g d8, Fighting d6	, Guts d8,	
Persuasion d8,	Notice d10, Sho	oting d8, Stealth	
d10, Tracking o	d10, Tracking d6, Trekking d10		
Pace: 7 (all	Parry: 6 Toughness: 9		
fours) 6	fours) 6		
Gear: Grog gun w 60 rounds, .44 revolver, Maul			
Str +3			
Special Abilities:			
Size +2			

Average Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit				
d6, Strength d1	0, Vigor d8			
Skils: Climbing	d8, Fighting d6,	Guts d8,		
Persuasion d8,	Persuasion d8, Notice d10, Shooting d8, Stealth			
d8, Tracking d6	5, Trekking d10			
Pace: 7 (all	Parry: 5 Toughness: 7			
fours) 6	fours) 6			
Gear: Grog gun w/bayonet (Str +2), machete				
str+2, maul Str +3				
Special Abilities:				
Size +2				

#### HARPY

Range: Temperate, Tropical, Sub-Tropical

- **Description**: 4-5 feet high, elongated face with slanted black eyes, horn-like ears, extremely long arms with wing-webbing, short legs linked to main wings and webbed between long toes. Thumb-forefinger "hand," other fingers elongated with main part of wing. Thick hair on back and legs. Dark brown to blue-black in color.
- **Society**: Harpies have a caste-like social structure, although it appears that one can move up or down in the structure. A harpie must prove itself to move up, and either willingly leave an upper caste for a lower or be demoted . Each "caste" has its own special purpose: there are





leaders, warriors, fixers/healers, and a group that appears to be general workers. Reproduction is based on two sexes and does not seem to be tied into the caste-like system: about 60 to 70 percent of reproducing couples are of mixed caste, which provides a wider genetic profile. They have live births, in litters from 2 to 6, with higher numbers possible but rare. (Litters as big as 14 are known, although bigger litters tend to lose more younglings early. Strangely, higher litters seem to have both a higher percentage of young live to adulthood, and they tend to be tougher then other harpies.) Leadership of the group falls on a general "council" that is made up of one senior member of each caste. When things are deadlocked decisions are turned over to one or two elder harpies that have, at least by Harpy standards, long lives. When they give their input or show up to a council session they are usually listened to and their comments are given great consideration in the final decision.

Harpies live in family groups of up to 25. Bigger groups can be seen but usually don't last long, although a few stable ones are known to exist.

Habits: Nocturnal. They dwell in either an abandoned structure or some other natural feature, such as a cave. When none of these are available they try to make their home in the center of a large group of trees. Prefer dry warm places to sleep and raise their younglings, but make do with whatever situation they find themselves in. Most wild harpies are either ones that escaped/left their handlers or are descended from ones that have escaped so tool and weapon use is handed down from generation to generation. They are capable of building crude shelters.

**Strengths**: Exceptional night vision, thought to have excellent hearing. Their bite usually brings a nasty fever.

- **Weaknesses**: Don't walk very well, nor do they take off well. They have to climb so they have a six-foot drop or more to take wing..
- **Other Observations**: Often confused with the much larger, more solitary Gargoyles. It falls onto the Quislings to train the harpies to use various sorts of bombs to drop onto enemies. Most of this is done with positive reinforcement. Usually the trainers begin by showing the harpies what to do, then the reward, which gets the attention of the harpies. After that the harpy is usually enticed to play along; things like warm places to sleep versus sleeping outside in trees. To reinforce allegiance they are sometimes shown people garbed as freeholders shooting harpies. Harpies are smart enough to recognize general wear and how things look and transfer their anger onto the desired item.

Trained Warrior Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts		
d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6		
Skills: Climbing	d8, Fighting d4,	Guts d6, Notice
d8, Throwing d	6	
Pace: Walk	Parry: 4	Toughness: 4
4, Climb 6,		
Fly 12		
Gear: 6 grenad	es or two small b	oombs if
equipped for a	raid	
<b>Special Abilitie</b>	s:	
Low Light Vision – Ignores Dim		
	or Dark Penaltie	S
Infection (-2) from a bite (d4+1		
dmg) that does damage brings a		
high fever for two days with $-2$ to		
all rolls. If disease vigor check is		
failed with a raise, victim is		
incapacitated for three days.		



Feral Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d4,				
Strength d6, Vi	gor d4	-		
<b>Skills:</b> Climbing d8, Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice				
d8				
Pace: Walk	Pace: WalkParry: 3Toughness: 3			
4, Climb 6,				
Fly 12				
Special Abilities:				

#### pecial Abilities:

#### Night Vision

**Infection (-2)** from a **bite** (d4+1 dmg) that does damage brings a high fever for two days with -2 to all rolls. If disease vigor check is failed with a raise, victim is incapacitated for three days.

#### KURIANS (MASTER VAMPIRE, OVERSEER, KUR, Horda, Dji)

- **Range**: Prefer warmer climates. Grow increasingly rare as you approach poles, save for areas warmed by coastal flows.
- **Description**: May appear to human eyes as anything, even an inanimate object, though for some reason the more sets of eyes that are upon it, the less animated the illusion can be. Beneath the illusion, usually only revealed upon the death of the creature, is something resembling an octopus, bat, and spider. They have a bulbous head with four eyes (two large ones to either side giving them near 360 degree vision, and two smaller, close-set "focus" eyes for detail work) and eight legs descending from the head around a remora-like mouth, ending in paired digits that aren't quite fingers but aren't quite crab-snips. The shortest of the legs are just under the closeset smaller eyes, and they get progressively longer, the rear pair being between two and three meters in length and is the best indicator as to the age of the Kurian. Between the legs is a webbing which allows

them to glide, and even fly if there is a strong wind blowing.

It is thought that they have genders, though there is some indication that they either willingly or naturally change gender at various times in their lives. "Females" are more cooperative and nurturing. "Males" tend to behave more aggressively, and can usually control more Reapers, since their mental energies are not directed at their progeny. They begin life as sexless "buds" off of the parent (ten or so years), spend their childhood as vigorous, exploring males (decades in our time). then mature into female form when they locate a proper habitat (a few centuries). When they grow too old to breed, resources run low, or if danger threatens, they revert to "male" form. Older males sometimes encourage females to live under "his" protection and produce young. A single powerful Kurian may have eight to twelve "wives" with occasional purges if his position is threatened. A female will occasionally take over and destroy all the other wives and their buds.

- **Society**: I considered placing the Kurians in "disorganized" because they are generally uncooperative outside of their clans and syndicates. Treachery is common even in these organizations, however.
- **Habits**: Reclusive, cowardly, they rarely mix with humans unless the situation is within their control. They inhabit strong structures with a great deal of vertical height. From high points in their towers they can better communicate with their Reapers, and they like to have catacombs for their possessions and safe living space.
- **Strengths**: Very canny and careful. They are cautious about committing their Reapers to battle and only do so in



desperation or with a great deal of planning to ensure their safety. Unless struck by debris, they have an amazing ability to survive powerful blasts and even flame, briefly. Kurians have been known to crawl out of napalmed caves and survive overpressure from bombs.

- Weaknesses: Their tendency to fortify themselves within their towers and strongholds means that they are easy to locate within their territory. When observed moving, or mixing with others, they are highly vulnerable. For all their resistance to explosives, they are very vulnerable to edges, points, and bullets. A stab in the head with a butterknife is enough to cause a mortal wound. Extreme pain to one of their Reapers causes momentary confusion and even a severing of the psychic link. In the oldest of the Kurians, senility sometimes sets in and they go insane, or so it seems to the poor humans caught in their clutches. Electric shock, a jet of cold water, sudden loud noise, or surprise can sometimes shake them out of their disguise.
- **Other Observations**: The more distance you put between yourself and a Kurian stronghold, the better off you'll be.

Attribute	es: Agility d10, Si	marts d12, Spirit
d10, Strength d	4, Vigor d6	
Skills: Climbing	g d10, Fighting d	6, Guts d4,
Intimidation d12 +2, Knowledge (Kurian		
Necromancy) d12+2, Notice d10, Aural		
Manipulation d	12, Stealth d12,	Taunt d10
<b>Pace:</b> 6,	Parry: 8	Toughness: 2
gliding 10	,	5

0 0		
Gear: A Kurian	holdout weapon	1

#### **Special Abilities:**

Vulnerable: Temperatures near or below freezing are the death of these creatures. They get frostbite very easily. Double any damage and fatigue from cold and exposure. Blast-resistant: This species is oddly resistant to overpressure from large explosions. While they take normal damage from shrapnel and so on, simple blasts have less effect on them. Treat as though they have +4 armor from explosions. If they can fit into shelter (a floor drainpipe will do) they're almost immune to concussion.

**Arcane Background:** They will be familiar with either Kurian or Lifeweaver science.

#### **Special Abilities (con't):**

**Shapechanging:** They can appear as almost anything of roughly equivalent mass (somewhere between a largish sheep and a pony, a teenage child to an NBA center, a condor to a fat turkey) and if necessary will appear to dissolve into a mist or a fog. Asocial: Getting two members of this race to agree on anything is extremely difficult, though once an alliance is formed it can last for generations. They are slow to trust and quick to argue. Persuasion between two members of the species should either be a non-issue or done with a ridiculous modifier, in human terms it takes years to negotiate simple alliances and agreements. Aura-sucking: A Kurian's touch upon an open wound or sensory organ (mouth, nose, eyes, ears) allows it to do an Aural Manipulation attack. A hit means the character is automatically shaken, each raise causes one wound.



#### **REPS (REP-MEN, GOONERS, FISH-HEADS)**

- **Range**: Temperate to Arctic coastal areas. **Description**: 5 feet tall, blackish-green skin, bulbous eyes. Their mouths brim with teeth and they have clawed hands, feet, and a pointed spur on the backs of their elbows. Hands and feet are large and webbed.
- **Society**: The Reps live in small packs of between three and ten, with a dominant male, two or three females, and offspring, which are identical except in size. It is theorized that once the offspring reach a certain size they depart for their own territories.
- **Habits**: Bred to cause trouble for Freeholders in the colder north. They spend two-thirds of their time in the water, but come onto dry land after dark and forage. They have a



dog-like intelligence and are adept at ambush. They are solely carnivores, and make their lairs underwater.

- **Strengths**: Tremendous swimmers, the Reps also have thick rubbery hides. They are swift, and their claws are razor sharp. They have been known to drive travelers toward a body of water and then attack and drown them, but they are more often known to attack isolated travelers and lurk on the outskirts of human settlements.
- **Weaknesses**: Nocturnal; must remain close to large bodies of water. More often found near lakes than rivers, though they will make their way up rivers to forage in human settlements. They despise bright lights.
- **Other Observations**: Whoever bred these grogs seems to have created them with a fondness for human flesh. Reps will go out of their way to find it. Fortunately they are extremely rare. They can be heard making gibbering calls to each other in the woods when they smell prey.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d5, Spirit d6,			
Strength d8, Vigor d6			
Skills: Swimming	Skills: Swimming d10, Fighting d8, Guts d6,		
Intimidation d6, N			
Stealth d8	C	,	
Pace: 10 (2	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 6	
turn burst) then		_	
4, Swimming 8			
Special Abilities:			
Hide +3			
Claws Str+2			
Weakness (bright light) If in			
radius of a bright light or hit by a			
spotlight, -3 to all rolls			
•	<u> </u>		





#### RIPITS (SNAGGLEFROGS, DOWNSERS, HOPPERS)

- **Range**: Temperate to Tropical freshwater lakes and streams. Will venture into ocean from freshwater estuaries.
- **Description**: A cross between fish and frog, Ripits are about the size of a good-sized tortoise if you don't count the legs. They have a wide, snaggle-toothed mouth, hinged north-south rather than the more usual human east-west. Eves are set on the jaw, so in the instant of biting the prey the eyes are both protected and prevented from seeing the victim for a moment. There's no neck to speak of but there's a wreath of gill-tissue where its neck should be, and a pot-bellied body. Four tiny stabilizing fin-feet end in webbed toes that can be folded tight against the body, and two more longer, more powerful legs in the rear are hinged so the flats of the feet meet and form a "tail" for propulsion underwater or hopping on land.
- **Society**: They tend to school, and are cannibalistic against the weak and the sick. Eggs are usually found submerged in wet, rotting wood. The eggs hatch into tadpoles which cluster at lakeshores and riverbanks

to keep from being eaten by the school.

- Habits: Voracious, omnivorous eaters. Most of their time is spend nosing bottoms for food.
- **Strengths**: Can explode out of the water in leaps of nine feet or more, given deep enough water for them to dive and then gain momentum on the way up.
- **Weaknesses**: Unintelligent, driven by pure instinct, but can be trained to attack. Sensitive to pressure and electrical current, can be kept away by mild charges in the water. If attacked, the best way to drive them off is with explosives, deployed grenade-fishing style. They go torpid in colder climates in the winter.
- **Other Observations**: Most dangerous at sexual maturity, when both sexes come ashore and forage. They dart forward incredibly fast. Over short distances they can run down anything on two or four legs, given that both get a standing start. They either tire or grow discouraged very quickly, only giving chase for fifteen seconds or so.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4,			
Strength d6, Vigor d8			
Skills: Swimmi	Skills: Swimming d12, Fighting d8, Notice d6		
Pace: 5 land/	Parry: 4	Toughness: 6	
8 water		_	
Special Abilities:			
<b>Explosive Jump</b> (+3 attack and			
damage) –2 to Parry.			
Vulnerability (electricity) Electric			
shock does triple damage			

## ROGS

- **Range**: Any, tend to be found near good scavenging sites.
- **Description**: Bulldog size, brown skin with patchy hair. Small, powerful clawed



legs, with a face boasting somewhat rat-like large incisors.

- **Society**: Rogs travel in wolf-like packs of between five and twenty individuals. They appear to be matriarchal, with a dominant female, her sisters and cousins. A few males are tolerated along the fringes, but are more often solitary wanderers. The males are said to be especially vicious, but stupid.
- **Habits**: Scavengers and omnivores, Rogs like to rummage through deserted cities living off trash and anything that can't outrun them, including humans.
- **Strengths**: Rogs have excellent senses of smell and immensely powerful jaws and teeth. They also have a considerable amount of endurance.
- Weaknesses: Rogs have poor eyesight and only fair hearing. While quick when cornered, their short legs make it possible to outrun them. Perfectly capable of wearing down their prey in an extended chase, but if something else gains their attention—another source of food or even an interesting pile of trash-they can easily be diverted.
- **Other Observations**: Rogs have sometimes been spotted in the company of anthropoid grogs, who are reported to use them like bloodhounds.



 Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8,

 Strength d6, Vijor d8

 Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d6, Notice d8, Tracking d8

 Pace: 7
 Parry: 5

 Toughness: 6

 Special Abilities:

 Bite: Str +2

 Go for the Throat: With a raise on the attack roll, automatically hits target's most weakly armored location.

 Size −1: Rogs are relatively small creatures

## SWAMP-SQUID (SQUIDS)

- **Range**: Any large expanse of standing water.
- **Description**: Six to eight feet long bodies, bluish-green, ten to fourteen inch circumference. Four tentacles near the creature's front with a four-foot reach and octopus-like suckers. The Swamp Squid queen is stationary and must remain completely submerged. First-hand experience with the queens is rare (at least from survivors) but it looks to be little more than a bloated sac rooted to the bottom of a body of a water with a circle of teeth and tententacles.
- **Society**: A hive mind, with hunters travelling in packs of two. Each group of squids has a stationary queen who produces the squids, and the queen must be fed.
- **Habits**: The Swamp Squids tend to travel in groups of two to four, hunting small to medium size creatures, dragging them beneath the water to drown them, and feeding them to the queen. The squids themselves rely primarily on their tentacles for attacking, but will bite, though their mouths are small. If the swamp squid queen is especially well fed it sends out shoots like a spider plant



and another queen grows at the end of the shoot (100 yards or so). According to some there's an immense nest of these things in the eastern everglades.

- **Strengths**: The squids are extremely fast and usually attack in twos or threes. Their real forte is dragging people down to drown.
- **Weaknesses**: The swamp-squid tentacles, while rubbery, are somewhat fragile. Two squids are not powerful enough to drag a grown man off his feet, though they could drag a swimmer under water.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4,		
Strength d4, Vi	gor d8	
Skills: Swimmi	ng d10, Fighting	d8, Guts d10,
Notice d10		
<b>Pace:</b> 10	Parry: 8	Toughness: 6
(swims only)		
Special Abilities:		
<b>Grabber +2:</b> Gets bonus for all		
grapple attacks. Once grappled,		
uses swimming skill to haul it		
beneath surface.		
Vulnerability (edged weapons):		
Blades and penetrating weapons		
do double damage to this		
creature.		

## SWORDBACKS (HUNTING HOGS, SHOVELPUSS)

**Range**: Temperate, Sub-Tropical, Tropical. **Description**: Boar-like creatures the size

of a black bear. On the males, their front lower tusks fan up and out into something that looks like a battle-axe. The front tusks are thick and slightly curved, and are used like picks. The thick, ox-like muscle ridge on the back of males is covered with stiff hairy fringe that resembles curved scimitar swords. Females have smaller tusks and no



fringe, wider hindquarters and overall thicker bodies.

- **Society**: Highly territorial. Travel in herds led by a dominant male. Younger males and some females wander the outskirts, females and young cluster to the center around the dominant male. Average litter is eight.
- **Habits**: Omnivorous. Very fond of fruit and nuts, but will root up rabbit burrows, rat nests, mouse holes, and devour prey as large as a raccoon almost whole. Will not eat or be tempted by carrion.
- **Strengths**: Though they are herd animals, they are highly aggressive in anything but open ground, where they will run. In denser vegetation the females will form a protective shield around the young and the lead male. Younger males and females will fan out to either side, using cover, and encircle the threat. They will then charge, slashing with their scythes at knees and feet or butting down their foes and trampling them. They almost always go for foes who have their back to them, facing another charging Swordback, who will often feint at the last moment and turn toward any target not facing it. After the first attack, they will wheel for a second, where wounded or crippled foes are pinned with the pick-like



tusks and killed. Can sprint over short distances faster than a man.

- **Weaknesses**: An instant, rushing attack against the dominant male and the young will sometimes cause the whole herd to run away. Hitting the prominent testicles on the males will cause them to flee squealing.
- **Other Observations**: Thought to have come with the Grogs from their world, as some tribes keep them as livestock. They provide milk, meat, hide, and the male tusks in their variants make excellent tools.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6,			
Strength d8, Vi	gor d8		
Skills: Fighting	Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d8, Notice d6		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 5 Toughness: 10		
Special Abilities:			
Scythes: Str+3 Raise on attack			
results in target being knocked			
prone			

#### SWARMERS (FLAPJACKS)

- **Range**: Temperate, Tropical, Sub-Tropical remote areas.
- **Description**: Nearing the size of a medium bat, Swarmers are a brilliant orange and resemble nothing so much as a flying wing with feelers. Their underside has two ripping claws and a small mouth with a reaper-like tongue.
- **Society**: The Swarmers fly en masse, like bats, but little else is know about their social structure.
- **Habits**: Swarmers are all but extinct at this point, thanks to the accidental discovery of their great weakness. In the past, they would swarm out of the night, buzzing faintly, and attack individuals en masse, multiple Swarmers on single targets, digging in with their claws and sucking blood. Several dozen Swarmers could easily drain the



blood of a full-grown human in a matter of minutes. Unlike vampire
bats, Swarmers release no anesthetic—victims are in great pain throughout a Swarmer assault.
Worse, in the dark days after the invasion, survivors of Swarmer attacks almost always contracted ravies.

- **Strengths**: Their grip is intractable and the Swarmers themselves are either so zealous or stupid they are impossible to remove short of killing them. They latch on and suck. In large numbers they are truly horrific.
- Weaknesses: In addition to the aforementioned stupidity is their great weakness to pre-overthrow cleaning products. One blast from an old spray can of Rinso-Clean is absorbed by their skin straight into their circulatory system, killing them almost instantly. Most large nests of Swarmers have long since been hunted down and eliminated, though reports of smaller groups persist in the southern Appalachians. For those without Pre-overthrow cleaning products at hand, a solution can be mixed readily from any strong ammoniated product. In a pinch, urine boiled down and concentrated will do.



Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d10,			
Strength d8, Vigor d10			
Skills: Notice d	8		
<b>Pace:</b> 10	Pace: 10         Parry: 5         Toughness: 5		
Special Abilitie	s:		
Bite: Swarmers cause 2d6			
damage per round unless victim			
has no exposed flesh.			
Swarm: Parry +2 Only area-effect			
weapons work normally.			
Characters can inflict their			
strength in damage by swinging			
their arms.			

## TITANS (DEMONS, WASTE GIANTS)

- **Description**: Largest humanoids known, measured up to twenty feet tall. Reddish skinned with prominent eyebrow ridges that rise up and out from their heads rather like tiny horns, which they often decorate with gold or silver paint with designs made up of tiny dots. Wealthier or more powerful Titans will implant gems in their eyebrow ridges. Hairless, except for large pads on shoulder blades, outer sides of thighs, and calves which have long, silky hair. Pads are fat repositories that seem to work like a camel's hump, allowing them to exist without food or water for extended periods. Foul-smelling in a musky way to most humans.
- **Society**: Titans keep to small groups of 3-5 families at most, though there are rumors of towns of them fed by human slaves.
- **Habits**: Nomadic, herder culture. Very few females ever reach maturity, though there is debate whether this is genetic or the result of culturallybased infanticide. Females dominate what society there is and are objects of worship, and arbiters of social morality. Fond of silks and

lightweight fabrics that they can use as turbans or cloaks.

- **Strengths**: Titans have the sly intelligence of a human teenager. Alternately sullen, lazy, or furiously active, with occasional outbursts of destructive violence.
- **Weaknesses**: Overly-fond of alcoholic beverages, they will drink themselves into a stupor if given an opportunity. Severe mold allergies, in any kind of wet climate they will constantly sneeze, sniffle, and be rubbing their eyes.
- **Other Observations**: Used as physical labor by the Kurians. Great stonecutters and earth movers, if properly motivated through female dominants. Often found working large construction projects in arid zones. Rarely used as aura fodder because of slow breeding rate. Some are reputed to feed on humans in the manner of other grogs. Are intensely suspicious of humans not under their direct control, but sometimes braver males will meet with free humans to trader.
- **Range**: Deserts, high plains, and other semi-arid zones.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,			
Strength d12+2	Strength d12+2, Vigor d12		
Skills: Climbing d5, Fighting d8, Guts d8,			
Intimidation d10, Notice d4			
<b>Pace:</b> 8	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 14	
Gear: Massive Maul (Str+5)			
Special Abilities:			
Improved Sweep: May attack			
all adjacent foes			
Size +4			



**(ACHIES (CHOKERS, TREEGROGS) Range**: Sub-Tropical and Tropical Forests.



- **Description**: Six-and-a-half foot high spider monkey, with arms extending a dozen feet or more. Reddishhaired, wide eyes, narrow nostrils, smallish childlike jaw.
- **Society**: Cannibalistic. Rarely mix except to mate. Pregnant females will sometimes hunt down and devour mate.
- **Habits**: Usually found only in thick forests, where they keep to the treetops. They are light-boned, and can swing and jump surprising distances. Shy of large groups of men.
- **Strengths**: Marginally intelligent. Superb sense of sight and smell. They move with uncanny silence among the branches, and their victims will rarely know they are present until the long fingers (or a rope, or a belt) is about their throat. They hold their prey at a distance until it strangles, then they will place it in a high treetop. When they observe birds pecking at the corpse, they will scare the birds away and feed.
- **Weaknesses**: Strangely susceptible to disease. They will be found wandering the forest floor in a fever, when they can be dangerous in an irrational manner.
- Other Observations: Expert throttlers. They will make use of ropes, vines, and especially leather human belts as man-catchers. Thought to be a Kurian food-species brought over from another world. Luckily they are rarely encountered.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d8,		
Strength d8, Vigor d4		
Skills: Climbing d12, Fighting d6, Guts d4,		
Notice d8, Stealth d10		
Pace:5         Parry: 3         Toughness: 5		
Gear: Sometimes has a noose (Str +1 dmg)		

#### **Special Abilities:**

**Improved Drop:** First attack is +4 attack +2 damage if cachie has surprise. Raise means victim is choking (Shaken until strangles or breaks free)

### LEGWORM

Range: Temperate Zones.

- **Description**: Mature Legworms are 70-90 feet long, pale yellow, with small black claw-like legs running bilaterally like a centipede. Soft tissue body narrowing at either end Mouth-end wider and better formed, horn-like thicker tissue around mouth used for rooting.
- **Society**: None. After mating they leave eggs with their offal.
- **Habits**: On their own they prefer grassland vegetation or brush, pulling up plant and soil with their tough mouths. They leave furrow-like feeding trails.
- **Strengths**: Instinctive reaction to pain is to hurry away. If something is clinging to them they roll and writhe, usually crushing predator with sheer weight. Can lose up to one third of their body from either end with no long-term ill effects.
- **Weaknesses**: Nerve center at middle of creature. Nerve ganglia center is marked by closer-set legs.

**Other Observations**: Like worms, they consume everything they can fit in their





mouths and leave a constant trail of fertilized soil. Grogs use them as mounts, riding in groups of 1-8 on top.

	Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d4,		
Strength d12+5, Vigor d12			
Skills: Climbing d6, Guts d8, Notice d4			
Pace: 12         Parry: 4         Toughness: 15			
Special Abilities:			
Armor +2: Thick skin			
One Gear: Legworms cannot run			
Lash: Will thrash at enemies +2			
attack Str +1 damage			
	d6, Guts d8, No Parry: 4 Armor +2: Thick Dne Gear: Legw ash: Will thrash		

## MENFICE (SCOPID, FANGX)

- **Range**: Anywhere Kurians have settled, but rare. Believed to be imported from Kur.
- **Description**: Leathery skinned mix of octopus and spider. Same four-eye combination as the Kurians.

#### Society: None.

- **Habits**: Similar to Reapers. Unless being animated by the Master Kurian or "wild" they tend to sleep underground.
- **Strengths**: Like their brethren they are superb climbers and gliders. Have limited chameleonic ability, are able to color-shift to better blend in to the background and match lighting.
- **Weaknesses**: Unlike the Reaper, the flexible, draining tongue does not come out of the head, but from a mouth at the junction of the legs. If the tongue is ripped out in some fashion, the creature will either bleed to death quickly or die of starvation.
- **Other Observations**: Thought to be the original "Reapers" designed by the Kurians to prey on others of their kind. Only rarely found now, usually animated by Kurians at the peak of a paramountcy and used to frighten others of their kind. They have a

harder time surviving on their own than "feral" humanoid Reapers.



**Attributes:** Agility d12, Smarts d4\*, Spirit d4\*, Strength d10, Vigor d12

**Skills:** Climbing d10, Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d10, Notice d12

Pace: 12Parry: 8Toughness: 14Special Abilities (Use Reaper below except<br/>where noted):

Fleet-Footed: Menaces roll a 3d6 instead of a d8 when running. Gliding: Limited flying ability (treat as Pace 10) based on being able to descend or ride strong air currents. Can fall any distance safely as long as there is atmosphere for the webbing between their tentacles. Incommunicative: Mencaces lack the voiceboxes to form words.

#### **REAPER (HOOD, HISSER, SHRIEK, OVERLORD,** NIGHT STALKER, VAMPIRE, BLOODHYPER, YELLOWEYE)

**Range**: Anywhere Kurians have settled. **Description**: Humanoid, pale-skinned.

- Black nails and fangs. Yellow, slitpupil eyes. Usually of intimidating height. Thanks to their thick tongue, used to stab the heart region and then drain the victim of blood, they do not vocalize well unless a breathy whisper.
- **Society**: Will usually only work together with other Reapers animated by the same Master Kurian.





- **Habits**: Will hunt and feed at night, "lie up" during the day. Usually wear robes of bullet-resistant material.
- **Strengths**: Very hard to kill thanks to redundant nervous and circulatory systems. Strong enough to claw through a safe, given time. Will be highly selective about where and when to attack, moving and stalking with the craftiness of the highly intelligent Master Kurian behind their actions.
- **Weaknesses**: Sunlight interferes with their senses and the connection to the Master Kurian. Decapitation or destruction with explosives is the surest way to destroy them. If the Master Kurian is killed they revert to animalistic, instinctive behavior and can be hunted.



#### **Special Abilities:**

**Bio-Constgruct:** +2 Toughness; +2 to recover from Shaken; Piercing attacks do half damage. Only Called Shots to the head and neck do extra damage. **Fleet of Foot:** Reapers have a pace of 10" and roll a d12 when Running. **Lifesign Sense:** Reapers can sense Lifesign. This can be used in place of normal sight in darkness and when the targets are obscured.

**Carbonite Bones:** Reapers do +2 damage with their nails, teeth, and tongue.

**Ferocious:** Masters don't have the intincutal sense of self-preservation when it comes to the controlled Reapers. When a controlled Reaper makes a Wild Attack, they gane an additional +2 bonus to Fighting rolls but suffer an additional –2 penalty to Parry. **Leap:** Reapers can jump a distance upt to 5" as part of their normal movement, and they may fall up to 10" with a successful Agility roll without suffering damage..

**Tongue Attack:** A Reaper that has grappled an opponent and chooses to do damage on a successive action can make a Called Shot to the throat at no penalty. This does +4 damage and may bypass armor. If this attack is successful, the Reaper gains a +4 bonus to maintain the grapple and automatically inflicts an additional wound each following action. If the target is Incapacitated, this is automatically considered a Finishing Move.

Weakness (Quickwood): Reapers take double damage from any weapon with a Quickwood point, and their resistance to piercing damage is ignored. Futhermore, if the weapon causes a damaging result (Shaken or wounds) but does not kill the Reaper, the weapon gets stuck in



the wound. On each of its following actions, the Reaper must make a Vigor roll at -4. On a failure, it dies. If not dead, a Reaper can attempt to pull the weapon out with a Strength roll at -4. Even if successful, they are shaken by the removal of the weapon.

**Dayweak:** In bright sunlight Reapers suffer a –2 to all Trait rolls, Pace, Parry, and Toughness. This penalty is reduced to –1 when the sky is heavily overcast. Only in the worst storms is this penalty removed.

**Conduit:** Reapers may act as a conduit for their creator's Drain Aura power (see Kurian Necromancy). The Kurian sees, hears, and smells what its Reaper does.

Kurian Slave Mentality: Reapers suffer a -4 penalty to resist the control of a Kurian if not already being animated. In addition, a Reaper that is not currently under a Kurian's control reacts as if under bright daylight above. Each full week that passes without the Reaper being controlled it may make a Spirit roll. On a success, self-awareness asserts itself, and it no longer suffers penalties for not being under control Not Built for Water: Reapers can swim fast but not well. Their Pace while swimming is equal to their Swimming skill, but they can take no other actions and divide their Load Limit by 10 for determining their penalty while swimming. Hated and Feared: Reapers represent everything that is evil about the Kurian Order. Reapers receive +4 to Intimidation rolls **Slow Learners:** Player character Reapers begin play with these abilities and level up only every 10xp instead of every 5xp. Ranks are gained at the normal rate (becoming Seasoned at 20xp, and so on)



#### SANDBUG (POTHOLER, BEEBEE)

- **Range**: Loose-soiled areas such as dunelands, beaches, grasslands.
- **Description**: Looks like a gigantic sawbug from the top, with a reticulated carapace narrowing to a forward point. Rows of tiny legs like oars that propel it as though a small fringed carpet were on the move.
- **Society**: None, they are not known to cooperate in any way, though they give off a pheromone when attacking that attracts others. After successfully attacking they will mate and leave one to six larvae buried with corpse of victim. The number of larvae will be determined by size of prey; a sheep will just have one left, a human two to three, and a horse or cow six.
- **Habits**: Burrows through loose or sandy soil and lies in wait for prey to come near enough, then seizes a limb and attacks with its stinger. In rougher ground the creature will burrow under leaves. To attack or escape if a slope is favorable they will curl themselves into a sphere and roll toward or away from the target.
- **Strengths**: Very difficult to eradicate from an area once they get a foothold. They spend all but a few months of the summer dormant and are



difficult to detect during this period. They can render cattle and horse pasturage unusable due to livestock losses.

- **Weaknesses**: When above ground they give off a strong rotting-leaves smell easily picked up. An experienced eye can recognize the well left by a dormant sandbug's burrow. They are easily dug up and killed in the cold months when the ground isn't yet frozen.
- **Other Observations**: Kurian formations sometimes bring a refrigerated truck with dozens of sandbugs and hundreds of larvae on a quick raid, planting them in appropriate ground (sandy banks, especially near water sources) and slaughtering and burying livestock for the larvae.

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Fighting d8, Guts d12, Notice d8, Stealth d10

**Parry:** 4

**Pace:** 6

**Special Abilities:** 

**Sting:** Hit with stinger leads to Vigor –4 roll, failure results in Incapacitation. Larvae will be planted on victim and do 1d6 damage every six hours until victim dies.

Toughness: 6

## SLACZ

- **Range**: Dry and Semi-Arid Sub-Tropical to Tropical.
- **Description**: Slags are slate gray, roughly the size of chimpanzees. They lack heads, but have a large mouth at the end of their wide, tubular necks. Their skin is covered with long black hair that serves as feelers and can be extended like tendrils. Two clawed, double-jointed arms extend from each side of their torso. They have been seen standing upright on

their hind legs, but are more often seen loping along on all six limbs.

- **Society**: Solitary by nature, territorial and have never been encountered in groups. Produce soft-shelled leathery eggs which are dropped into shallowly dug holes and then abandoned, and it is not known whether the creatures are asexual or if they meet occasionally to mate. Researchers at Miskatonic report that a baby Slag can reach fullgrown size in just under six months. Slag territories vary in size from between three to six miles
- Habits: Vicious omnivores that prowl the ruined cities and country sides of the southwest. Rarely hunt humans or approach human settlements, but will prey upon man's livestock. Extremely territorial, they often attack well-armed parties of humans or even vehicles that enter their areas.
- **Strengths**: The sharp claws at the ends of their double-jointed arms can do a lot of damage, swiftly, and they have a preternatural sense of hearing and smell, thanks to the complicated sensory net that is their "fur." They attack with all the ferocity of a





wolverine, and will not give up on a quarry until it is dead. Their six limbs make them quite agile.

Weaknesses: The area just behind the neck is especially sensitive, providing one can get past the wildly swinging arms. Coyotes find their soft eggs palatable enough and easy enough to get that the Slags havehave grown increasingly rare. When faced with a group, they will inevitably focus their attack on only one member, regardless of the actions of others in the group. They are renowed for their stupidity and recklessness, and can be heard howling for hundreds of feet in broad daylight long before they are close enough to attack.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d10,		
Strength d8, Vigor d10		
Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d10, Guts d12,		
Notice d8, Stealth d10		
<b>Pace:</b> 9	Parry: 8	Toughness: 8

Special Abilities:

#### Claws (Str +2)

**Sucker-bite:** If grappled or against a prone enemy a slag will use its lamprey-like mouth to dig at major blood vessels (Any raise hit does Str +3 and 1d4 bleeding damage per turn until first aid is applied).

### WEREDS [PRONOUNCED "WEIRDS"](BEAST-MEN, (ROSSKIND, DEFORMS, MISSEGS)

#### Range: Any.

- **Description**: Varies from creature to creature. Sometimes the base species mixed with man can be distinguished, other times the blend has destroyed most of the identifying characteristics of both.
- **Society**: Very little. Sometimes two or more will pair up for

companionship. A "village" of Wereds has never been known to last longer than a season.

- **Habits**: Tend toward reclusiveness and suspicion. Once a relationship is established, they keep close to whomever they trust, and show severe anxiety if separated.
- **Strengths**: Tend to have sharp senses, good instincts for hiding and picking a path. They can show the same intelligence and tenacity as man in combat; once they pick an enemy they'll alternately observe, stalk, and attack, waiting for an lapse.
- **Weaknesses**: Can turn suddenly violent if taunted, teased, or if they feel threatened. Once their trust is earned, they are easy enough to kill. Professional hunters of wereds spend days earning a creature's trust then kill it with a quick shot at close range.
- Other Observations: These poor, lonely creatures resulted from Kurian genetic experimentation. The object of the Kurian research is not always readily discernable. Some think they were attempts by the Kurians to create the equivalent of "Wolf" and "Bear" teams directly. Others maintain that they were attempts to replace man as an aura-generating creature with a species more docile and easily harvested. These "failures" have either escaped or been released into the wild near free territory. Most trouble no one, some travel looking for others like them. It is hardest on the intelligent ones. The ones I've met have all been pathetic in their desire to belong to a herd or a pack.

Stats vary according to type.



Leopard Mix Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4,			
Spirit d4, Streng	gth d6, Vigor d6		
Skills: Climbing	g d10, Fighting d	6, Guts d4,	
Intimidate d6,	Notice d8,		
Stealth d10			
<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 7	Toughness: 7	
Gear: Knife (Str	Gear: Knife (Str +1), Leather coat (+1), Bow (2d6)		
Special Abilities:			
Claws Str +1			
Low Light Vision: Ignores attack			
penalties for Dim lighting.			
<b>Pounce:</b> +4 attack and +2			
damage. Parry reduced –2.			

<b>Polar Bear Mix Attributes:</b> Agility d6, Smarts d4,		
Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8		
Skills: Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6,		
Notice d8, Swimming d6		
Pace: 6         Parry: 6         Toughness: 7		
Gear: Harpoon (Str +3)		
Special Abilities:		

Claws Str+1 Thick Hide (+2) Size (+2)

Rottweiler Mix Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4,			
Spirit d10, Stre	ngth d8, Vigor d8	3	
Skills: Fighting	d8, Guts d8, Inti	midation d6,	
Notice d10, Tra	acking d6, Stealth	ח d4	
<b>Pace:</b> 7	Parry: 4 Toughness: 4		
Gear: Steel Helmet (+3)Black Powder Kentucky			
Rifle (2d8),			
Special Abilities:			
Bite (Str)			
Fleet Footed: Rolls a d10 when			
running			



# PART IV: STARTER CAMPAIGN "CHATTANOOGA (HAOS"



"The Tower on Lookout Mountain is gone. Gone. Blown up, fell down, most everyone heard the boom. You're a stranger, so I suppose you don't know what that means, but I expect it means a double serving of bad with worse on the side. Some say it's the Resistance, some say the Seer's old techie was working on a fuel-air bomb to drop on the guerillas up over Eagle Mountain and got his wires crossed. But one thing's sure: the Seer and his hissing, blooddrinking Retinue are gone. Hard to imagine Chatter without them. Half the populace is drunk and fucking to celebrate, the rest are hiding in their basements from the loose Reapers running wild. That fat mouthpiece, Governor Charles, is holed up in his mansion with his

whores and cooks and buttflossers. No one respects him without the Retinue to back him up, but he's acting like he's still in charge. Word is Captain Blackmund is looking for men to back him and the troopers, oust Charles and get some real rank and bennies. Miss Stairs up at the River Belle, she told me Blackmund just let every local convict out of the Hole, gave 'em each a name and a knife and promised 'em if they come back with the right scalp they'll get a pardon and a star to wear on their chest. No trains have come in, but lots of strangers are in town. More folks have run. I'm thinking about running. So what are you going to do?''
# WELCOME TO CHATTANOOGA

Chattanooga, April, the Forty Seventh Year of the Kurian Order: Some call it "Chatter" for the endless click-clack of locomotives passing through. To others, the old mountain gap city is the "Cauldron," a mixing of people and materials, rail, road, and river traffic busy constantly melding and picking up flavors from across half a continent. The tree-covered mountains, blue in the early morning light, certainly resemble the iron rim of a cauldron ringing the town, and the clouds trapped within on overcast days resemble the misty steam floating above a witch's brew.

Since the Overthrow, the Seer has made Chattanooga his own. His tower on Lookout Mountain, an engineering marvel of steel and stone tiered like a wedding cake, dominated the town and sometimes seemed higher than the sky itself. His mark, an eye atop a silhouette of Lookout Mountain reminiscent of the "Novus Ordo Seclorum" design on an old United States dollar bill, could be found on everything. Doorways, the badges of his police, the patches of his paramilitaries, the white coats of his doctors, the front of his train engines, the flags on his river barges...even the sewer manholes. Petty criminals sentenced to labor service bear his mark as a tattoo on the back of their hand along with the year of their coming release. Prostitutes servicing the river and rail workers carry the seal on a card certifying

their health, mothers show a similar ID to get their rations of sugar, corn, and powdered milk.

An explosion last Friday night rendered all the seals meaningless. A bright flash and a rolling BOOM that echoed as the mountainsides batted it back and forth shook windows in their panes and rattled cups on their hooks. When Saturday dawned clear -the residents look out their windows every morning, if the mountain trees can be seen clearly, it means rain, if they are blurry and indistinct, the day will be fine—nothing but intertwining wisps of smoke could be seen at the northern edge of Lookout Mountain, like a ghost of the tower that had once stood there.

It took two days for the town to decide that its ruler was dead. Some celebrated, some (those with positions dependant on the Seer) mourned and worried, and a few cynical old tongues clattered as regularly as the trains: "better the devil you know..." Some took the opportunity to disappear from town, adding to the confusion. Already there has been an accident at the railyard and a fire at a riverside warehouse. Some orders are being obeyed; others are not.

There is a power vacuum in Chattanooga. Nature (and the rulers of Vampire Earth) abhors a vacuum. The next few days will determine who, or what, will fill it.



CHATTANOOGA FIREA MAP



# THE SETTINGS

# **CHATTANOOGA (KURIAN ZONE)** HISTORY

# THE OVERTHROW . . .

The great earthquakes of 2022 hardly touched the mountains of the Cumberland Gap. Chattanooga became an important node in the supply chain sending relief to the hard-hit Mississippi Valley and the portions of the southern coast, from Savannah down, hit by the superwave. Because of United States Army and National Guard presence, the ravies plague caused less chaos here than elsewhere. It took its grim toll among the population, of course, but the city did not burn. The roads stayed open. The tower at the airfield kept guiding planes in and out. The trains continued to run, bringing civilians out of Atlanta and the Carolinas on the return trips after dropping off their relief supplies.

Kur found another way to disrupt this important juncture of road, river, and rail.

General Lwellynbranch's crimes have been numbered elsewhere, and this is no

vigor by General Micheal Bishop. A fog of "swarmers" descended on Chattanooga like a rain, and at that time the CDC in Atlanta considered the swarmers the main vector of the ravies virus. Though abated by a team of civilian cropdusters working in concert with the army, in the confusion of the collapse of civil authority after the president shot himself and the vice president disappeared into the bowels of Mount Omega Lwellynbranch ordered and deliberately mistimed a "cleansing" use of a trio of airburst tactical nukes over downtown Chattanooga. The three fireballs caught the retreating Marines and Army units falling back from Virginia and the Carolinas as they arrived to organize the city for defense. The hills sprouted Grogs, who tore through the ruins of the city and stole military fuel and vehicles as they spread north for Kentucky and east for the city of Indianapolis on their way to their day of destiny at Congress's Last Stand.

Rumors flew and anger over the use of nuclear weapons on American soil with extensive civilian loss of life (by no means a rare occurrence during this, the death throes of the United States) resulted in the formation of no less than three ad-hoc militias. One was almost exclusively

place to debate whether his brain tumor caused his behavior or motivated it through the belief that Kurian science could cure him. As fighting broke out in Virginia and on the devastated gulf coast between man and Grog Lwellynbranch's famous "scorched earth" order was applied here with exceptional





military, one civilian, and one a mix of National Guard, civilian, and Marine remnants under General Bishop, who had survived the airburst with a portion of his command intact and a grudge against a command structure that had dropped nuclear weapons on him. Bishop lashed out against both the "military" and "civilian" militias for refusing to obey his orders. Thanks to his combination of support from some of the civilians and military equipment and training, within six weeks General Bishop was the Master of Chattanooga.



# IN THE FORTY-SIX YEARS SINCE . . .

In the early days of the Kurian takeover Chattanooga was an impoverished backwater. The civilian population had been devastated and dispersed. The Kurian known first at the "overseer" arrived in Chattanooga with his otherworldly glamour intact. The Kurians, you will remember, were originally greeted with enthusiasm and acclaim by what was left of the media for their successful efforts in restoring order and providing succor. Perhaps the "false dawn" in the darkness of the terrible winter of 2022-2023 made General (now often called "Governor") Bishop throw in with Kur, or perhaps he had been working for them in secret all the while. The Overseer offered to confirm him as Governor as the Kurian cornucopia of supplies began to flow into Chattanooga (in his later years General Bishop was sometimes heard to mutter "he said *he'd* be working for *me"*). Georgia guerillas in the mountains between Chattanooga and Atlanta were the main source of trouble in the spring of the First Year of the Kurian Order. The remnants of the "civilian" and "military" militias Bishop had expelled were licking their wounds and reorganizing three valleys away to the northwest near Mount Eagle. The Overseer advised General Bishop to move with his best forces to Dalton, and from those stands of mountain pine suppress the guerillas.

The Overseer perhaps should have been called the "Farseer," for he was something of a visionary. While other Kurians fought and backbit over the raviesravaged population centers, the Overseer established himself in this depopulated valley in relative security. His hungry brethren turned avaricious eyes on Atlanta, Nashville, and Durham rather than his blackened ruins. The Overseers Reaper's



established their authority over the forces General Bishop left behind for the security of his principal base, picking a quick-witted legal officer with the regal-sounding name of Richard Henry Charles as his main mouthpiece. After General Bishop burned out the last guerilla enclave and sent his final prisoners to Chattanooga for "reconstruction" he learned he'd become an army without a country. The Overseer sent a team of Reapers with a "request" that Bishop remain "where the action is" in the mountains south of Chattanooga. Bishop had married a young woman who had fled the chaos of Atlanta, and now she was pregnant, and whatever he thought of the New Order taking root, agreed for her sake. Like a feudal lord Bishop divided his command into counties, putting his best officers in charge at the "County Stops." Bishop believed that an effective leader roamed his command constantly making visual inspections -- both the General and County officers might turn up anywhere.

Chattanooga's natural role as a mountain-valley juncture paid off for the Overseer, who became just the Seer once he'd built his landmark tower on Lookout Mountain. As long as the city remained orderly, his Reapers hunted only outside the "city limits" of the ridge-peaks surrounding Chattanooga, and there was safety of sorts to be found in Chatter's Cauldron. Residents could go for years without seeing the dark cloaks of his Reapers, provided they stayed away from Governor Charles's mansion or police headquarters at night. The Seer became almost a figure of legend. A few said he was an invention, sort of a "mighty Oz" created by Governor Charles. Churches sprang back up and existed as long as the ministers concentrated on the rewards of the afterlife and never mentioned the Kurians.

The Seer kept the New Universal Church out of Chattanooga, except for a small station that provided free lodging to travelers in return for a night's worth of lectures. He concentrated his energies in keeping the rail lines open (even as he destroyed all but a few service roads), getting power running, and negotiating with the surrounding Kurians his "tithes" for use of the cross-mountain rail network.

As Chattanooga regrew he allowed two relatives to settle in the city (they'd been forced out of their own territories east and west of the mountains and fled to the safety of their cousin's dominion). They settled in the city where he could keep his eye on them, and their Reapers concentrated on the critical rail lines outside the city limits. Just how he controlled them is uncertain. Some say he kept terrible creatures in their city residences, others say he has a piece of technology implanted in them, a sword of Damocles courtesy of his technologist Tomas "China" Nelson that can kill them with a wave of his hand.

The Seer only had one real failing, and the fault was not entirely his. The militias expelled by General Bishop were never really destroyed, just driven out of Chattanooga and away from the railroads. The Overseer/Seer only learned of their existence after he'd become estranged from General Bishop, and in the early days of his rule didn't have the strength to surround and destroy them, though he did have power enough to keep them from causing him harm. They've since been adopted by a Lifeweaver, and are occasionally visited by others, and now have real teams of Wolves and Bears (and an occasional pair of Cat eyes in Chattanooga) guarding what is now one of the tiny Freeholds dotting the Smokies.





# LANDMARKS, POWER CENTERS, AND KEY Locations

# THE WALL

Chattanooga is a walled city now. The wall is both a physical barrier (to smugglers and troublemakers) and a psychological one. The permanent, lawabiding residents of Chattanooga know they are "safe" within the wall, day or night. Structurally, the wall is not particularly impressive. A mixture of preexisting wall and new masonry, it is usually about twelve feet high, zig-zagging to make best use of existing structures. The outside is festooned with an overhang of barbed wire, but the inside has cheerful, brightly colored artwork, public lighting, and even planters and small trees partially camouflaging it here and there.

There are any number of secret tunnels beneath it. Few attempts are made to plug these, rather the police concentrates on checking the papers of new faces (with the



city the way it is right now, the police have more important things to do). There are even a few wide gaps for rail lines and roads.

Within the Wall are several key districts, some have a unique "boss" running the show.:

# RIVERSIDE

There is not a great deal of river traffic compared to the constantly-running trains, but what there is clusters around here. Houseboats and converted cabin cruisers house a few of the town's neer-do-wells, as well as technicians who like to fix up boats in their spare time like Steve Moore. A mixture of warehouses and greasy eateries mark the border. Merle Keene oversees much of the labor there.

The no-man's land of Chatters is the lowland down by the river, and the head man down there is Merle Keene. Shrewd, ruthless, and tough, the balding Keene runs his river mafia with a tight fist. Most of his lieutenants are related to him in some way, and he comes from a large family. Keene has had his hands full trying to keep order in his stretch of Chatters, which is ironic considering it's reknowned as a refuge of the lawless. Keene takes a dim view to the destruction of property he owns or controls. At first he was merely protecting what he already had, but once he saw the extent of the chaos and how grateful people were for some sense of order, Keene swiftly grew ambitious. Knowing that he lacked manpower, he's allied with a group of grogs from down river and is preparing a move into the city in force, planning to make Chatters his own. He has promised the grogs most of the riverfront and the run of the city if they remain loyal. Right now he's slightly distracted by the disappearance of his little brother, whom some have said was abducted by a reaper. Keene is sure that it's

a surviving Kurian, and that the Kurian wants to negotiate. For his part he has armed parties hunting for Kurians or their sympathizers, and they are none too gentle at getting information about where the Kurians, or young Thomas, may be.



# THE MANSE

Chattanooga's favored Quislings live in these nice homes and apartments, and such has been the guiet of the past few years that sprawl of a sort has taken place, there are impressive homes going up on the ridge east of town outside the wall. A few little cafes and a market (with grocery delivery) service) cater only to the city's favored. Strangers will get nothing but rude brushoffs from the waiters and shopkeepers. The town's only firearms dealership is here, but the owner caters only to the elite. The Charles Mansion is a private annex to Hiltonia at the end of a wide, tree-lined lane. On the other side, like a grim skeleton, is Ruintop. The Manse has its own medical center, firefighters, and a police station staffed by the politest and best-spoken of Blackmund's men.





# (ROSSTOWN

The meeting of road, rail, and river traffic. People can usually be found here at all hours, and is one of the places in town where strangers are so common they don't get a second look. Many of the city's police security forces live here in free "city housing" blocks, so they can be called and quickly shuttled in case of an emergency.

# LABOR DISTRICT

Neat little homes and apartments, most fairly well kept up and with little garden plots or chicken coops everywhere. During the day it is a cheerful place of noisy women and children. After the bars close at midnight it shuts up tight.

#### JUNKTOWN

Chattanooga's "ghetto," dominated by the Rubble Roost. A dangerous maze of halfcollapsed buildings, hidden attic homes and cellar refuges, crawling with rats, halfstarved dogs, and cats. There are clusters of "citified" Grogs here (most work doing sanitation work or unloading railcars and barges).

# THE RING

On the hills surrounding Chattanooga is "The Ring." The Ring is a series of guard posts at opportune high points allowing observation of the area between the wall and the ring, and beyond.

# THE RIVER BELLE

Floating Casino/Brothel (script is good in Chattanooga only) on the Tennessee. Ostensibly run by Smilin' Sam the River Ram, the real brains behind the operation is Miss Stairs. She'll provide temporary refuge/food/medical services to any freeholder she trusts. She doesn't think too much of Smilin' Sam, and if things get tough has it set up so he takes the blame.

Only special friends know her first name. Her hair color changes daily. She's fond of big hair, big costume jewels, and big feathers and behaves like the ultimate party girl. When she's not entertaining on the *Belle* she's an archtypical madam and mother-figure to her girls, but she's also the secret leader of the Chattanooga Underground.

# THE CHARLES MANSION

Equal parts Scarlett O'Hara's Tara and the Playboy Mansion, this fine old estate is evocative of a classic plantation, were all the servants female, beautiful, and between the ages of 16 and 25. Charles is smart enough



in his own way, a superb propagandist, but a coward. There is an outer wall and a lot of security.



Governor (Harles Human Male

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

**Skills:** Climbing d5, Fighting d4, Guts d6, Intimidation d4, Notice d6, Persuasion d10, Riding d8, Seduction d6, Shooting d6, Swimming d6

<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 4	Toughness: 6
Gear: .22 Automatic (2d6-1)		

**Special Abilities:** 

Yellow (-2 Guts check) Knowledge, Chattanooga Politics d10 Rich Sidekick Ving Chen (driver/bodyguard)

When he travels in Chattanooga it's usually in a gleaming black SUV. There's usually a police escort of a couple of motorcycles whenever he drives anyhere, though with the city in the state it is in he will only go out if summoned by a Kurian, and then with a pickup full of armed police and mansion security in train.

His guardian of last resort is a sullen bodyguard named Ving Chen. Of indeterminate origins but indisputable skill, Chen never leaves the Governor's side when he's away from the mansion, and only rarely when within it's walls.



Ving Chen Human Male Governer's Bodyguard

**Attributes:** Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

**Skills:** Driving d6, Fighting d10, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Repair d4, Shooting d8

Pace: 6Parry: 7Toughness: 7Gear: Switchblade, Police Baton, Uzi 9mm (2d6)Special Abilities:Combat Reflexes (+2 Spirit)Florentine (two weapons)Level Headed (two cards in<br/>combat)

# Police Headquarters (The Armory) Located off of Victory Square

Captain Blackmund must have had a pirate somewhere in the family tree. He's something of a buccaneer, equally interested in fighting and loot. His men have the best weapons and uniforms in the city, and his headquarters is crammed with trophies and valuables. And Alexandra Nelson. Alexandra is the lovely young daughter of the late Dr. "China" Nelson, who was one of the top Quislings in the area—one of the only human advisors to the Kurian lord. Anthony's to blame for blowing the Kurian lord and his holding to kingdom come. Sick at what he'd become and sick at the research he'd been conducting he committed suicide and took the Kurian, three of his reapers, and a bunch of Quisling goons along with him. Alexandra's the only person who has an inkling about what happened because she found a suicide note. She knows that Nelson's also rigged the armory to blow but isn't about to divulge that to her current "guardian," Captain Blackmund. She'd just as soon see it go up in flames as well. Alexandra is a goldmine of information about Kurian activities and know-how since her father has told her where his notebooks are hidden, and she'd gladly turn it over to leaders of the nearest freehold given the chance.





# Alexandra Nelson Human Female Lab Technician

**Attributes:** Agility d6, Smarts d10, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6

**Skills:** Climbing d4, Driving d6, Guts d8, Notice d8, Piloting d4, Repair d8

 Pace: 6
 Parry: 2
 Toughness: 5

Gear: Basic electronic and mechanical toolset

#### **Special Abilities:**

Very Attractive (+4 Cha) Knowledge General Science d6 Knowledge High Tech d8 Knowledge Bombmaking d6 Knowledge Kurian Operations d8

# THE STATIONS

There are two train stations, one for cargo switching (which looks more like a WW2 prison camp, wire, and towers) and one for passenger/troop traffic (somewhat nicer and near the New Universal Church Dorm) on opposite sides of the city. The cargo one is near the river. Both are really run from Union Hall.

# LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

There's still a railway going to the top. The Seer's tower and its foundations are in pieces scattered on the mountainside. There is a useable helipad and a Chinook helicopter in good condition on the south side of the mountain.

# HELL HOLE (PRISON FOR AURA FODDER)

Captured Freeholders, Underground operatives, major criminals, and anyone who crossed Blackmund ended up here. The Hell Hold is mostly empty now thanks to Blackmund's pardon-for-a-murder ploy but there's a substantial supply of riot control gear and weapons that someone has overlooked in a janitorial room.

# RUBBLE ROOST (FORMER SUB-KURIAN STRONGHOLD, NOW DESERTED)

Looks a bit like a big termite nest built out of concrete and twisted structural steel. Residents also call it "the Cactus" because of the metal beams sticking out of it. Now it is just home to a feral Reaper (at the bottom) and a feral Menace (at the top), and together they have recently consumed the Kurian and his staff. They are getting hungry again.

# Ruintop (Sengazadkonie-iz-Baal-ia-Daktkuur's stronghold)

Blown-out building. Floors nine, ten, and eleven (twelve's floor was too damaged for use, but it is a beautiful garden now beneath the observation deck, a spire in one corner sticking up with a bunker-like observation dome) have been restored. The three restored floors are aesthetically pleasing in an HR Geiger sort of way. It is the refuge of Sengazadkonie-iz-Baal-ia-Daktkuur and her few trusted servants. There is a working elevator that goes up to the spire, but it's been rigged with a key-code only the Kurian knows; a mistake in operating the code blows it up.

Merle Keene's younger brother Thomas is being held here to insure his loyalty.

# THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE (UNDERGROUND STRONGHOLD)

Amidst the rubble of downtown there is half a bridge. The Underground meets here beneath it and has a small cache of weapons and explosives hidden in a drum.



# NEW UNIVERSAL CHURCH DORM

At least it's clean. The lectures that you have to attend with your evening and morning meal are a little boring. It's a good place for strangers to rest without drawing attention to themselves. Wounds will be treated in the small free clinic, but a lot of questions get asked. All manner of folks might be met there. The Churchmen who run it are the types who have been parked here to gather dust, not considered by their superiors bright enough for much more than washing linens, cooking simple soups, and doing crude dentistry..

# RAZZAMATAZ (QUISLING NIGHTCLUB/STORE)

Formerly the place for Chattanooga's elite to see and be seen, thanks to the dangers prowling the streets at night it's been mostly empty the past few days. The owner, Kita Lange, a former girlfriend of Governor



Charles owns and runs it. "Raz" was a premium nightspot and shopping center (Lange has a good eye for quality fashions and a friend in New York who sends her merchandise). Her teenage son Peter handles the books. It's got a "Planet Hollywood" feel with a lot of cultural icon junk on the walls. Lange doesn't like troublemakers and is on Blackmund's "death list" because she throws brawlers out even if they're the chief of police. She has mixed feelings about Charles: on the one hand he tossed her like a used Kleenex, but since she was pregnant with his child Charles did set her up with the establishment...





**Skills:** Arts & Crafts (leatherwork) d4, Boating d6, Fighting d4, Guts d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Streetwise d8

Pace: 6Parry: 5Toughness: 4

Gear: K-Bar (Str+1)

Special Abilities:

Charismatic (+2 Charisma) Knowledge (Accounting) d6

# UNION HALL (QUISLING RIVER/RAIL LABOR THUG'S POWER (ENTER)

This is a center for working class meetings and entertainment. There's a bar, pool hall, and a big kitchen sometimes worked by the families of his favored labor leaders. They occasionally show old movies with a projector, though the prints are washed-out and gritty. It's run by a man named Walt Robinson.

If Captain Blackmund is the "young turk" looking to take over the town, Walt Robinson is Chattanooga's old lion. He runs the labor on the docks and in the railyards, and has his fingers in the food and fuel delivery services in town. This much can be said for him: if you work hard for him and stay out of trouble, there's no danger of a visit from the Reapers to you and your family. He would have made a fine union leader in the brass-knuckle era, now he just wants to keep his workers alive. Fiftyish and beefy, though short, he has no patients for "sadgitators" as he calls them (he means by this anyone who engages in "sabotage" or "agitation" but I wouldn't recommend correcting him) as in "you ain't engaging in sadgitation, is you?" He has a team of gorilla-sized "shapers" that he uses to "shape up or ship out" malcontents. He recognizes that good, ambitious men make mistakes, and crossing him the first time will lead to being "shaped up" – beaten up by the shapers. Robinson was "shaped up" in his own youth and it left him with a droopy left

eyelid and a badly-healed broken jaw, making his pronunciation a little hard to understand at times. But you only get one strike. The second time you cross him you're beat up and "shipped out" (handed over to the Reapers).

Robinson is one of the few people you'll ever meet who apparently has no fear of Reapers. He calls them "hissy no-balls fag sisters," often to their faces. He's pro-Charles because Charles makes a convenient foil. Work boot shortage? Charles messed up. Have to lay off a few men in the winter? Charles screwed the pooch, the idiot. Charles recognizes a good operative when he sees one, and lets Robinson rail against him as long as the job gets done. Robinson is also on the "death list." Good luck. He keeps a pair of sawed off shotguns loaded in his office.

Twice a year there are "Rebuilding Nights" where Kurian mouthpieces come to show newsreels and pass out propaganda and look for recruits either in "labor" or the "armed services". Robinson loads up on refried beans and peppersteak before sitting on a folding metal chair on the podium with the Kurian Zone dignitaries, and burps and farts his way through three tedious hours of BS, much to the unvoiced amusement of his workers. But for all his unconventionality, Robinson would never turn against the Kurians unless he felt that he and his workers would be killed anyway. Then he'd fight in order to take as many with him as possible.

On the lighter side, Union Hall is the site of some fine Christmas and New Year's Banquets and monthly dances. Sporting events (Robinson is a boxing and wrestling fan, though basketball and all-girl-volleyball are popular too) are held a couple of nights every week. Robinson has a favorite champion who sometimes brawls in the ring:



a huge and religiously loyal Grog who acts as a doorman at his office in Union hall.

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# Walt Robinson Human Male Labor Leader

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d4 Skills: Fighting d10, Guts d12, Intimidation d10,

Notice d8, Shooting d6, Streetwise d10

Pace: 5Parry: 7Toughness: 6Gear: Sawed-off DB Shotgun (1-3d6)

Special Abilities:

Elderly Small Mean (-2 Charisma) Improved Block Sidekick Grog Bodyguard

# **ROBINSON'S "SHAPERS"**

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6,			
Strength d10, V	Strength d10, Vigor d10		
Skills: Fighting	<b>Skills:</b> Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d8,		
Notice d4			
<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 5	Toughness: 8	
	1	Toughness: 8	
<b>Pace:</b> 6	uckles (Str +1)	Toughness: 8	

# THE CYPRESS DECK COPEN-AIR SMUGGLING MARKET)

A "boardwalk" section of riverfront is called the Cypress Deck. Here, from stalls, small tents, vans, trailers, wagons, and boats are all manner of traders and smugglers. The Kurians do occasional sweeps for weapons, but liquor and drugs are sold openly. Human flesh has even been known to change hands at the disreputable "south end" of the boardwalk. Despite the Kurian sweeps, weapons can sometimes be bought and sold.



The Cypress deck is one of the best places in Chattanooga to pick up information from outside the city. It is a good deal less regimented than the railroad stations and the workers and merchants feel free about talking – though some of what they have to say is useless and misleading rumor.

At the moment the Cypress deck is full of rumor that the

Grogs are going to take over the city. There will be a major political purge which will result in the ouster of both Gov. Charles and Captain Blackmund.

Charles has managed to "tame" one of the Seer's reapers and is keeping it at his manse and feeding it vagrants. Miss Stairs is going to try to break for free territory in the confusion along with some of her girls and that electrician that's always around.



# THE LAAGER (FREEHOLD) History

Apart from Ravies and a brief Grog rampage through the area in 2022, the Laager Freehold has never been occupied. A few thousand civilians live in scattered smallholdings on this Appalachian plateau, and the only industry is a small coal mine producing fuel for heating and trade and a few weapons and bits of machinery produced by the mine machine toolhouse. What outside goods there are can be found at Bainbridge's Mine Store.

This Freehold owes its survival to its small size and scattered populace. It is unusually wary of outsiders, and actively hostile to "new mouths." Employment can sometimes be found at the mine, and any children "born local" have their families more-or-less adopted into the community. Traders and wanderers are thought of as "spies" and sent to the Center.

Civilian authority resides with two men, Commissioner Routledge and Boss Jefferson at the mine. Monthly meetings, usually on Sunday after church services (the location rotates throughout the year between the Laager's four churches), allow the freeholders to do anything from try criminals to distribute mail.



# LANDMARKS, POWER CENTERS, AND KEY LOCATIONS

# CHARTER MINE

The Charter Mine is jointly owned by the miners who work it and Boss Jefferson. They trade the fuel they mine for food, equipment to keep the mine running, and a few small comforts. There are still a few "old timers" from pre-2022 doing odd jobs at the mine, taking on apprentices, and so on, and they are extra wary of strangers. The younger miners are a more welcoming lot, if a little on the boisterous side.

# BAINBRIDGE'S MINE STORE

The store is the Freehold's principal trading depot. It's built out of the shell of an old Wal-Mart, and everything from gas powered vehicles to small mountains of coal are piled inside. Dogs on the outside and a company of cats on the inside keep the critters at bay. Anyone with tinkering skills can usually find employment doing a mix of manual labor and fixing up everything from old generators to resoling shoes. There's a "lunch counter" frequented by the miners run by Letticia Plathe, who is the best source of Laager Gossip in the county. She posts news on a whiteboard behind the counter.

# O.WHITEA.2

The mine bar, usually only welcoming to workers at the Charter Mine. Anyone with something decent to trade to the owner, Ron O'Malley, might get grudging service.

# HEIDELBURG HOUSE

Ma and Pa Heidelburg, and their family (plus a couple cousins) run a bed and



breakfast for the traders coming to the Charter Mine. They have a decent little restaurant and brewery/distillery that serves O'Malley's as well. Pa Heidelburg is the area dentist and has a special formula anesthetic.

# ST. MARY'S

The Catholic Church and school also acts as the local hospital.

# MILITIA BARNS

Usually a single company of militia is "active" (duty lasts three months) and the sixty men make this their headquarters while they patrol the roads and borders. The only permanent fixture is "Colonel" Coltrane (oddly, all his military documents say "Lieutenant") and his clerk, Cpl. Bart Matthews. The Colonel is strictly a figurehead. Matthews is the real military mind at the Laager and organizes the duty schedules and patrols.

# THE CENTER

Commissioner Routledge's haunt. He has all he can do to keep the roads open and the mail being distributed. Unless you are well known to him, he doesn't have time to talk.

# NORTH GEORGIA RIDGES (NOMANSLAND)

# HISTORY

There have been small, independent settlements in the Georgia ridges for generations before the arrival of the Kur. Today many still exist under the protecting, if dominating, hand of Darren Bishop. After his "break" with the Seer, Gerrold Bishop set up his headquarters in the small railtown of



Dalton then slowly occupied the surrounding settlements for their, and his, protection. Some villages were so small that he ordered their inhabitants to abandon them and under gun they were moved to Dalton, but most of the little town's growth spurt was due to influx of Bishop's armed forces.

Today Dalton is a small city laid out with military efficiency and boasts a small but well-organized railyard, a trucking hub with a large fleet of trucks, a football stadium, and far more than its share of secret projects hidden in innocuous-looking buildings on side streets and in the surrounding hills. Uniformed men with guns are everywhere.

The Reapers hardly ever visit.





# LANDMARKS, POWER CENTERS, AND KEY Locations

# MARK'S MOVIE HOUSE

Mark Teague's grandfather was a movie buff and he passed on his wellprotected collection to Mark, a childhood friend of Darren Bishop. Mark's left leg is missing below the knee, the result of an infected bullet wound, but he can hobble on his peg leg as fast as he can walk. His passion is movies and he's managed to lay hands on an immense collection of good, bad, and indifferent fliks which he shows to the faithful in the movie house. He considers himself not just a fan, but a cultural historian, and goes to great lengths to see the films preserved. A walking encyclopedia of movie lore, Mark is looked on with both respect and a bit of disdain for the strength of his interest. Everyone in the freehold knows they're lucky to have the movie house, which surpasses anything they've heard about in even the largest cities. Mark or one of his two monkish assistants show movies for adults three evenings a week, children's movies on two week days, and run a halfday movie matinee every Saturday. The rest of the time he is working on film restoration, or repairing or building (from spare parts) projectors and other film-related equipment.

# STOPPA POLZ

The local eatery run by retired sergeant Joseph Gillis. Homey, folksy, and usually crowded—Gillis makes a mean barbecue sauce.

# GERROLD BISHOP MEMORIAL SCHOOL

After his father's death Darren Bishop saw to it that the local school was named in his father's honor. It looks more like an army barracks than a traditional school (it was built by army men) but has an elaborate playground. Moreover, a premium is placed on instruction. Students are classified early on and steered toward their interests. There's always a need for more soldiers, but there's a need for scientists and engineers as well—from scraps found here and there Bishop has assembled respectable laboratories for his burgeoning students. The school is a pet project—he is training capable servants for the future of his empire.

# THE RAILYARDS

Michael Bishop turned a small railroad junction into a major hub. The railroad yard has been built-up over the years but remains surprisingly small considering the importance of rail to Bishop's empire. The machine-shops and



spare parts are state of the art and the yard is well-guarded and run with military efficiency.

# EAGLE'S POINT

Never one to be outdone, Bishop has made acquiring air power an ongoing concern. Working planes and helicopters are a rare commodity, but the Bishops have managed to get three old army helicopters up and running and almost have a fourth. There are parts and pieces of several dozen more in the hidden caverns high in the concealed mountain top, and Bishop's always on the lookout for more. The flight program is conducted with complete discretion, and the aircraft mechanics are some of the highest paid men in the freehold—only the brightest and most trustworthy mechanical-minded folk are brought into the fold.

# FIRST BAPTIST

One of two small churches in the area, the First Baptist is always crowded on Sundays. The pastor, Zeke Farmer, is a real takin' care of the family, family is your community kind of guy. He's not real keen on the Kurians, either, which occasionally boils over when he gets really impassioned, and he's been known to compare them with demons and Satan.

# THE PERIMETER

Bishop's lands began as a military encampment and that's mostly what they remain, despite an outward veneer of civilization. The paved entrances to Bishop's lands are all guarded by polite and efficient soldiers posted in obvious positions—they are reinforced by far less obvious forces behind camouflaged embankments, and the woods and ridges for miles around are likely to contain hidden watchposts, gun emplacements, even a few infrared scopes.

# PATTON MILITARY ACADEMY

All youth of Dalton and the surrounding areas are required to serve in the military for four years after graduation, barring special achievement in sciences or technical areas. Most are sent on to the regular barracks and then posted throughout Bishop's holdings, but the truly gifted are sent on for further training at the military academy, where they are given a quality education equivalent to a 21<sup>st</sup> century high school program, plus heavy coursework in military history, tactics, and strategy, and most of all, loyalty to Bishop.

Graduates are as proud, talented and aggressive as their school's namesake





# KEY PLAYERS

# DARREN BISHOP

The Baron of Cumberland Gap is shrewd, meticulous, and extremely intelligent. He runs things so well that the Atlanta Kurians have offered him what amounts to his own little kingdom so long as he keeps things running smoothly. He intends to make Chattanooga part of that kingdom, and is moving to secure the area.

# KYLA STRAUSS

Bishop's top operative is a former Cat. Strauss is no one's pawn. She's never been the kind to like taking orders—not in the gestapo-like Kurian territory where she grew

up, not in the freehold to where she escaped, not even in the loose command chain of the Cats. Especially not when they kept ignoring her advice. That Strauss's advice sometimes involved personal vendettas might have had something to do with lack of interest from her superiors, but she was correct in thinking that they weren't as smart as she was. Now Strauss works for someone just as clever as herself—someone who values her advice. Brilliant and deadly, Strauss is reserved except when her authority is questioned. Her temper is explosive. She is often found in the field, sometimes working with an elite team of hand-picked soldiers. Strauss is slim, quick, and pretty in a severe way, with short blonde hair giving to gray.



# THE PLOTS AND CHARACTERS

Kill M

# (WHO WANTS TO RULE A (ITY?)

# I-DARREN BISHOP (OSTENSIBLY REPRESENTING THE ATLANTA KUR)

Those who rule beneath the Kurians are often thought of as spineless stooges, yesmen, heads of corrupt enterprises who can do as they please so long as they keep their masters happy and their underlings from getting too restless.

Darren Bishop isn't one of those.

Bishop's grown paunchy in the last three of his forty-two years; he exercises regularly, however, and remains in excellent shape beneath a deceptive pot belly. His face is sharp, his graving mustache well-trimmed. His lopsided grin is disarmingly effective and his clear brown eyes piercing. What he lacks in looks he makes up for in sheer presence, for Bishop was raised from birth to lead, and is equally adept at chewing out a platoon, amusing dinner guests, or wrangling concessions from rival Quisling leaders. Darren Bishop has done well for himself, building a small empire for his family and the descendants of his father's trusted underlings. He has kept things running so smoothly for the Atlanta Kurians that they've let it be known Chattanooga can be his so long as he keeps the transports running.

That suits Bishop just fine. He wasn't sure how he was going to take down the Seer, but he'd been planning it for years. It's too bad he couldn't have overseen the operation himself, but he doesn't mean to miss the chance that accident has presented him. The Seer betrayed Bishop's father, Governor Gerrold Bishop, and the late governor never forgot it. He made sure his son never forgot it either. Gerrold Bishop was too strong for the Seer to destroy outright, and Bishop was shrewd enough to lay low, running his small holdings with military efficiency.

Darren Bishop built on his father's work and his lands have prospered. So too have his people. He runs a rigid ship and expects loyalty, but those who serve him know that they will be served well in turn. He is able to completely separate personal feelings from most of his actions and has an icy grip on his temper. When you lose your temper, he says, you make mistakes. He likes to think of himself as completely ruthless and has made painful personal sacrifices in the past, but he is honestly fond of those who have earned his respect enough to join his inner circle, and this may be his only weakness. As a superior he is stern but honest; as an adversary he has usually anticipated the actions of his opponents long before they have even thought of them. He can be counted upon to have contingency plans within contingency plans.

He secretly hates the Kurians and most of the Quising rulers, but has no intention of living in constant jeopardy, like the Freeholders, for whom he has little respect. They are foolish, scattered idealists, and would have been better off if they'd been loyal to his father. Bishop is smarter than anyone he's ever met, and is either a genius or a megalomaniac. It may be that he's both. He imagines that with a strong enough base



of power and enough connections he could set the nearby Kurians against each other and be there to mop up the pieces, molding a true human empire (with him as emperor, of course) that could take down anything the Kurians throw at him. First, though, he needs Chatters for himself, and neither Kurians nor Freeholders had better get in his way.





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

**Skills:** Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Riding d10, Shooting d8

 Pace: 6
 Parry: 5
 Toughness: 5

Gear: Service Automatic 9mm (2d6)

**Special Abilities:** 

Charismatic Leadership-Inspire Born Leader Knowledge Tactics d8 Knowledge Strategy d8

# GOAL

Set Chattanooga factions, including Kurians, against each other and move in to sweep up the pieces.

# LOCATION

Camped in the woods outside Chattanooga to the Southeast, at the head of one of three columns of troops.

# METHODS

Ruthless, a master of meticulous planning, Bishop can change course in midstride without batting an eye. What he lacks in firepower he compensates for with training. The soldiers beneath him are fiercely loyal.

# RESOURCES

Three units of 120 special forces soldiers, armed with assault rifle/grenade launchers and limited grenades. They are experienced mountain men and should be considered elite. Once Bishop gives the order to move out, they will be deployed in platoons of thirty, but for now they are divided into larger groups.

# **BISHOP'S SHOCK TROOPS**

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8,				
Strength d8, Vig	Strength d8, Vigor d10			
Skills: Boating of	d4, Climbing d8,	Fighting d8,		
Guts d10, Heav	Guts d10, Heavy Weapons d6, Intimidation d10,			
Notice d8, Sho	oting d8, Stealth	d8		
<b>Pace:</b> 6				
Gear: Assault I	Gear: Assault Rifle/Grenade Launcher (2d8),			
Kevlar Vest and Helmet (+2/+4 bullets), 4				
grenades				
Special Abilities:				
	Knowledge Ta	actics d6		

One heavy infantry unit, a platoon of men with two 120 mm howitzers are moving their guns into position by nightfall so that they can fire on Chattanooga targets. (They will be in place by Tuesday night—it is hard going through the steep terrain.)

# INTELLIGENCE

Bishop has operatives within most of the factions and is aware of their plans. Likewise he is well-versed on the personalities and weaknesses of the Kurian and Quisling opposition.

# Plfin

Heavily outnumbered, Bishop plans on using the weaknesses of his enemies against



them. Bishop's top operative Kyla Strauss is already in place and if all goes according to plan she will eliminate both the Governor and Captain Blackmund, and with an elite platoon secure Blackmund's armory. He will let the Mist king's minions eliminate SiBiD. His own attacks are planned against the Kurian movements. He intends to assault and commandeer the artillery batteries manned by Major Dwemmerlek in the early hours of Thursday morning and use them to fire on the massed Charcoals as they descend upon the city at dawn. His own batteries can be trained on the monastery where his scouts believe Nufeemzahar-iz-Kuur to lurk. He will either use Dwemmerlek's batteries against the Battlebago or send in a crack assault team. He trusts to superior tactical skill to surprise the remaining forces, but expects chaos to ensue upon elimination of the leaders of the various factions.



#### Kyla Strauss Human Female FORMER (AT

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

Skills: Climbing d10, Demolitions d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Lockpick d6, Notice d8, Seduction d8 Shooting d10, Stealth d10

**Pace:** 6

Parry: 7 Toughness: 5 Gear: Stiletto (Str +1), High-Quality Breakdownable Sniper Rifle in case (2d8, 6 actions to assemble), +1 with scope

#### **Special Abilities:**

Professional Edge Acrobat Professional Edge Assassin Weird Edge Improved Mask Weird Edge Low Light Vision Combat Edge First Strike Hindrance Vengeful Hindrance Stubborn

# 2-THE MIST KING

Araptahzhar-iz-Kuur is the most powerful Appalachian Kurian Lord south of the old Mason Dixon line.. From his palace, the opulent Biltmore Estate near Asheville, he controls a feudal structure of fifteen towns and cities, mostly on the eastern Blue Ridge in the Carolinas. He is liege-lord to the "Big Skeer" in Knoxville, among others. Although not thought of as being as powerful as the corporate-run Atlanta Kur, he is in fact a good deal stronger, as the sum total of his lands and territories, though each individually insignificant, collectively make an impressive domain. His military, though smaller, is better equipped and trained than Atlanta's, and hardened by occasional skirmishes with the Freeholders.

Now he turns hungry eyes on Chattanooga. Hearing of the calamity to the Seer, he threw together an ad-hoc force from whatever was available and sent it racing pell-mell for Chattanooga. The prize is worth the risk; with it he can tighten the screws against Nashville or Atlanta, and begin to command the Tennessee River Valley. So important does he consider the acquiring of Chatter that he has sent his right-hand Kurian, Ugulhusut-et-Heshiar-ia-Nar, who has acted as Military Chief-of-Staff and has had titular command of the human/grog Charcoal Brigade for generations. But AiK does not entirely trust UeHiN. So he has given UeHiN as an aide-de-camp in charge of intelligence and communications--one Nufeemzahar-iz-Kuur, a relative of his own flesh.



He may have, for once, been too clever, for both of his underlings are plotting to do away with the other once Chattanooga is in the Mist King's grasp—or just before, should opportunity present itself. Both are loyal, but each wants to be the Master Kurian of Chattanooga. Or perhaps, cleverer still, he's intentionally pitting a promising relative against an old ally, so that the Best Kurian will end up ruling Chattanooga in a true Darwinian test.

The Gamemaster should try to make the Mist King a distant figure of dread. Make up a few stories of Hunters lost in his territory, gruesome reprisals, brilliant commanders who led defeats of freehold forces, and rumors of superbly trained agents and police forces in his realm.

7	IICIII HII	SUT-ET-HESHIAR-IA-NAR
ſ	KURIAN	201 ET 112111117 III 1(1117
Attributes	: Agility d8,	Smarts d12, Spirit d8,
Strength d	4, Vigor d4	
Skills: Figh	nting d4, Gu	its d10, Intimidation d10,
Necromar	ncy d12, No	tice d10,
<b>Pace:</b> 8	Parry: 4	Toughness: 4
Gear:		
Special Ab	oilities:	
See Kurian Listing for full list		
12 Reapers		
	Kno	wledge, Vital Aura d10
	Kno	wledge, Strategy d10
	Kno	wledge, Tactics d6
40 power points		
Avatar, Befuddle, Boost/Lower		
Trait, Fear, Illusion, Illusory		
Cloak, Obscure, Shape Change,		
Speed, Renew Aura,		
	Stor	e/Recover Aura

#### GOAL

To take over Chattanooga militarily.

# LOCATION

Roughly 20 miles northeast of town. His command vehicle, a "Battlebago," is parked at a truck stop that has been hastily restored into a military depot.

# METHODS

Something of a "brute force" approach. UeHiN plans to simply seize the town by main force and smash any opposition with absolute ruthlessness.

# **RESOURCES:**

- A dozen Reapers: One is back at the Biltmore estate for communication with his liege-lord. Three remain as his permanent bodyguard. Once is scouting in Chattanooga now. Two more are screening his Action Group. One is accompanying a supply bringing food and spare mounts in convoy from Asheville, and the other four are at the Headquarters units of the Action Group.
- Action Group Spring Lightning "Charcoal Brigade," one of the last substantial human/grog military formation in the Appalachias. The Charcoal bridgade is unusual in that it has only one combat battalion (eight companies of 100 men each). The other half of the brigade is with the human/grog families of the men in the Charcoals and functions mostly as a training/supply/reserve battalion for those too young or old for active service. Service in the Charcoals is a matter of distinct pride; you're a "lifer" or you're a "leaver." Mounted on a mixture of vans, mountain bikes,



horses (moved quickly to the scene of action in pickups towing trailers), and motorcycles, the group looks more like a well-disciplined motorcyle gang than a military unit. They have 3 81mm mortar tubes as "organic" artillery, and a pair of lighter 60mm tubes, but in their hasty departure the fuses for the shells were left behind.

**Charcoal Brigade:** This unit is commanded by General William "Hurt" Hurlseat, a pre-2022 Army Ranger with an unsettling taste for rape that he can no longer satisfy personally, but indulges through post–action "playtime." By tradition, man and Grog dust themselves with charcoal before going into action.



# GEN. WILLIAM "HURT" HURLSEAT Human Male

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

Skills: Boating d4, Climbing d4, Demolition d6,Fighting d6, Guts d10, Heavy Weapons d8,Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Seduction d6,Shooting d8, Taunt d10, Tracking d8, Stealth d8Pace: 5Parry: 5Toughness: 5

Pace: 5Parry: 5Toughness: 5Gear: Colt .45 revolvers (2d6+1), 2 grenades

**Special Abilities:** 

Elderly Sociopath Leadership Fervor Knowledge Strategy d8 Knowledge Tactics d10

# (HARCOAL BRIGADE VETERAN (HUMAN)

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

**Skills:** Climbing d5, Driving d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Heavy Weapons d6 Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Riding d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 6Parry: 6Toughness: 6Gear: Kevlar helmet (+2/+4) & flak jacket<br/>(+2/+4), M-16 reproductions (-1 quality), 2smoke & 4 pineapple grenades

**Special Abilities:** 

Knowledge Tactics d6 Beast Bond (Grog)

# (HARCOAL BRIGADE VETERAN (GROG)

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d6,<br/>Strength d12, Vigor d10Skills: Climbing d5, Fighting d10, Guts d6,<br/>Heavy Weapons d4, Intimidation d10, Notice<br/>d4, Riding d6, Shooting d10, Stealth d8Pace: 8Parry: 8Pace: 8Parry: 8Gear: Leather/chain mesh (+2) jackets, Heavy<br/>cycle leggings (+2), Grog Gun 2d10, Cutlass Str<br/>+3Special Abilities:<br/>Size +1

#### King's Valley Legion:

This brigade is a typical Mist King combat formation, and has the distinction of being the oldest unit in the Mist King's command (having its origins in a group of Kurianworshiping cultists-certain unpleasant rites and traditions are still practiced by the officers) and of renowned training is marksmanship. The first battalion is "heavy" infantry (six companies of one hundred men, "experienced" level infantry with machine gun support). For purposes of the Chattanooga campaign, the KVL has three platoons of armored cars attached. The second battalion has four companies (sixty men each) of "light" infantry which specializes in small-unit combat, and most are skilled climbers and trailblazers. They should be treated as veteran infantry. General Maria Serroano commands, a cautious but capable enough



commander with only a few months experience as a general (she's the former light battalion colonel, recently promoted).

(Saves)

Maria Serrano Human Female

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

**Skills:** Engineering d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Heavy Weapons d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d10, Riding d4, Shooting d6

 Pace: 6
 Parry: 5
 Toughness: 7

 Gear: Kevlar Helmet (+2/+4), H&K MP (2d6)

**Special Abilities:** 

Cautious Luck Leadership Command Born Leader Knowledge Tactics d8 Knowledge Fortifications d6

# KING'S VALLEY LEGION

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6,				
Strength d6, Vi	gor d8	-		
Skills: Fighting	<b>Skills:</b> Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d6,			
Notice d4, Sho	ooting d6, Stealth	d6		
<b>Pace:</b> 8	Pace: 8         Parry: 5         Toughness: 14			
Gear: Kevlar helmet (+2/+4) & flak jacket				
(+2/+4), M-14 variant (2d8)				
Special Abilities:				
Marksman				

This brigade is the most numerous, but weakest, of "Spring Lighting" and is very much an ad-hoc formation. The first battalion is eight companies (sixty men each) veterans who have been retrained as "Security" troops. The second battalion is six companies (one hundred twenty men each), recruits fresh out of basic training. The paired battalions are not used to working with each other and UeHiN plans to use them only to secure already seized objectives. The "Culls" are commanded by sixty-one year old General Raymond Tubbs. He's interested in taking over Governor Charles's mansion (he once attended a party there while traveling), and risking his life is the last thing on his mind. He intends to police the town and mop up from a very safe distance.

# THE CULLS

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4,		
Strength d6, Vigor d6		
<b>Skills:</b> , Fighting d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d6,		
Notice d4, Shooting d6		
Pace: 6         Parry: 4         Toughness: 6		
Gear: Steel helmet (+2), Carbine (2d8)		

Support: 3 120mm howitzer tubes with plentiful ammunition, drawn by 2.5 ton trucks. These guns will be used to blast enemy troops out of hardpoints. Major Fred Dwemmerlek commands. He's very loyal to UeHiN, having risen out of the Charcoals, but thick witted when faced with the unexpected.

#### Headquarters and Security: Three

companies of veteran infantry in body armor, armed with assault rifles, rocket-propelled grenade launchers, and supported by 3 pickup trucks with drum-fed 20mm cannon mounted on tripods in the beds. There is also the "headquarters column" of command vehicles, fuel tankers, and communications trucks, and a Piper Cadet spotting plane.



# PLAN

All units will be in place by sunset Wednesday in the defunct Hamilton mall parking lot off of old I-75 east of town. The Charcoals will spearhead the drive into town on Thursday morning, seizing the bridges and major intersections. Then the King's Valley Legion will blow up Ruintop and its Kurian inhabitant, occupy the Governor's mansion, Hellhole, and both train stations. Only after the Culls have secured these spots will they turn their attention to Blackmund in his Armory-should he resist. Once the town is under control, "the Culls" will garrison Chattanooga while the rest of the "Spring Lighting" Action Group will guard its approaches, concentrating to the south by occupying Lookout Mountain (Charcoals) and Missionary Ridge (King's Valley Legion) as the Atlanta Kur are the only potential threat that can reach Chattanooga quickly in force. In the confusion, Nufeemzahar-iz-Kuur will fall victim to a stray bullet thanks to a Charcoal Brigade sharpshooter.

UeHiN is unusually brave for a Kurian in that he travels with the troops. But at the first sign of personal risk he will retreat, guarded by four Reapers, in a confusing farrgo of illusions.



# <u>)-NUFEEMZAHAR-IZ-KUUR</u> **1** NUFEEMZAHAR-IZ-KUUR

	KURIAN	
Attributes: Agi	lity d10, Smarts o	d12, Spirit d6,
Strength d4, Vi	gor d4	
Skills: Climbing	g d6, Fighting d6	, Guts d6,
Intimidation d1	0, Notice d8, Ste	ealth d10
<b>Pace:</b> 8	Parry: 5	Toughness: 4
Gear:		
Special Abilitie	s:	
	See Kurian Lis	sting for full list
	4 Reapers	
	Knowledge, V	'ital Aura d10
	Knowledge, S	trategy d6
	Knowledge, T	actics d6
	30 power poi	nts
Avatar, Befuddle, Boost/Lower		
Trait, Fear, Illusion, Illusory		
Cloak, Obscure, Shape Change,		
Speed, Renew Aura,		
	Store/Recover	Aura

# GOAL

To take over Chattanooga via politics and treachery.

#### LOCATION

A former church/monastic retreat on the low ridge east of Chattanooga with a good view of the town.

# METHODS

NiK works more through guile and power politics, plots and alliances. This upand-coming Kurian recently supplanted a rival after evidence was found implicating the elder in a plot to overthrow the Mist King. NiK is absolutely loyal to his liege-lord. For now.



# RESOURCES

Four Reapers: One at Blackmund's headquarters as a negotiator, two as bodyguards at the monastary, and the last at UeHiN's headquarters.

#### Team "Hardhat Dog":

A platoon of thirty special forces soldiers armed with 2022 assault rifle/grenade launcher combos and ample grenades. They should be considered veterans at least. "Hardhat Dog" is led by Captain Earl Castle, one of the best young officers in the Mist King's forces. His only weakness is a tendency to get roaring drunk

after action.



# EARL CASTLE Human Male Team "Hardhat Dog" CMDR

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

**Skills:** Climbing d10, Fighting d8, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6Parry: 6Toughness: 7Gear: H&K MP (2d6), light intensifiers (no<br/>darkness penalty), Com gear

**Special Abilities:** 

Quick Born Leader Knowledge Tactics d10 Habit – drinking after action

# TEAM "HARDHAT DOG"

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8,<br/>Strength d8, Vigor d10Skills: Climbing d6, Demolitions d6, Heavy<br/>Weapons d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation<br/>d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d10Pace: 6Parry: 5Toughness: 7Gear: Kevlar vest & helmet (+2/+4), Bullpup<br/>Assault Rifle (2d8), 6 frag grenadesSpecial Abilities:Knowledge Tactics d6



he Freeholders...

aren't as reliable as the players might like. Beset from all sides and short of equipmenbt, there are any number of reasons the gamemaster can come up with to explain why they might arrive late or not at all!

NiK is going to support Blackmund's takeover of town. Blackmund's forces, with the aid of Team Hardhat Dog, will ambush the Charcoals as they drive into town (knowing the exact time, route and force should allow Blackmund to win). When the assault gets under way Thursday morning, NiK will have his Reaper order the observation pilot into the air. As the plane takes off, the Reaper will seize the controls and pilot it into UeHiN's headquarters Battlebago. Then the King's Valley Legion will wait outside town for NiK's orders--General Sweet is convinced that when the dust settles in Chattanooga, NiK will be the Authority to answer to.

# 4-THE FREEHOLDERS Gorl

Overthrow any Kurians in Chattanooga and establish a real Freehold. Failing that, loot the town of medical supplies, weapons, vehicles, and machine tools and wreck as much rail infrastructure as possible.

# LOCATION

The Laager, about thirty miles NW of Chattanooga.





# METHODS

Infiltration and guerilla warfare. They are smart enough to realize that it is unlikely that they can hold Chattanooga for any length of time without substantial help, so they are preparing to sieze the city for as long as reasonable possible in order to raid its docks, armories, and warhouses.

# RESOURCES

The Furies: Luckily for the freeholders, a regular regiment was in the western border country just north of Mount Eagle preparing to conduct a raid into the Tennessee Kur. There are three Bear teams (twenty-seven men all together, elite), "Oake's Soreheads," six platoons (thirty men each, veterans, supported by thirty aspirants, trained) of Wolves, attached to six companies (sixty men each) of mounted raiders (experienced), known as Grossvenor's "Centaurs". The Hunter Command Colonel in charge of the Furies is a Wolf, "Flare" Montesinos (so named because his eyes seem to glow red in battle). His favorite tactic is to hit a vulnerable spot with his Wolves. When the Kurians move in heavy units, the Wolves will try to locate headquarters and artillery units, which will then get taken out by Cat or Bear teams. He repeats this until an entire section of the state is in an uproar.



# "Flare" Montesinos Human Male "Furies" Commander

 Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d10,

 Strength d8, Vigor d12

 Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8,

 Intimidation d10, Notice d8

 Pace: 8
 Parry: 6

 Toughness: 8

 Gear: Leathers (+1), AKM (2d8+1)

 Special Abilities:

 Combat Edge Fleet-Footed

 Weird Edge Improved Senses

 Professional Edge Woodsman

 Born to Command

 Knowledge Guerilla Ops d10

 Knowledge Strategy d8

# OAKE'S SOREHEADS

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d10,			
Strength d10, Vigor d10			
Skills: Demolit	Skills: Demolitions d6, Fighting d10, Guts d10,		
Heavy Weapor	ns d6, Intimidatio	on d8, Notice d6,	
Shooting d8			
<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 7	Toughness: 7	
Gear: Kevlar h	elmets (+2/+4), v	/ests (+2/+4),	
reaper cloth die	ckeys (+6), SAWs	s (2d8), 4 frag	
grenades 4 smoke grenades			
Special Abilities:			
-	Background E	dge Armsman	
Background Edge Berserk			
Combat Edge Hard to Kill			
Combat Edge Improved Frenzy			
Bloodthirsty			
	,		

# **GROSSVENOR'S CENTHURS**

- 1 1			
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d8,			
Strength d8, Vi	gor d8		
Skills: Climbing	Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d8,		
Intimidation d1	Intimidation d10, Notice d4, Riding d8, Shooting		
d8, Stealth d8			
<b>Pace:</b> 8	<b>Parry:</b> 6	Toughness: 6	
Gear: Leather (+1), Mini-14s (2d8), 2 smoke			
grenades, 2 frag grenades			



#### **Special Abilities:**

Combat Edge Fleet-Footed Weird Edge Improved Senses Professional Edge Woodsman

**The Laager Militia:** Three companies of eighty men each (some old, some all too young, average) under a retired Bear, Ross Johnson.

## THE LAAGER MILITIA

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,Strength d4, Vigor d4Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice d4, Shooting<br/>d6, Stealth d6Pace: 6Parry: 4Gear: Steel Helmet (+4), .30-06 Hunting Rifles<br/>(2d8)

#### Col Grueber's Militia Regiment: probably

the best in the Southern Appalachias, "The Grubbies" are always the first called up and ordered to a crisis (five companies sixty men each, mountain men, many of them ex-Hunters and so on. Three companies should be played as veteran, three as seasoned). They fight more like regular soldiers than milita thanks to Gruber's skill.





# COLONEL GRUBER Human Male Militia Commander

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d10 Skills: Demolitions d6, Fighting d6, Guts d10, Intimidation d8, Notice d6, Shooting d8, Stealth d6

uo		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 7
Gear: Sniper R	ifle (2d8+1)	
Special Abilitie	es:	
-	Command Ho	old-the-Line
Knowledge Tactics d8		
Knowledge Strategy d8		

# THE GRUBBIES

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,		
Strength d6, Vigor d8		
Skills: Climbing d5, Fighting d8, Guts d8,		
Intimidation d10, Notice d4		
Pace: 6         Parry: 5         Toughness: 6		
Gear: Steel Helmet (+4), Improvised Armor (+2)		

**Exploitation Column:** A further seventy men (experienced), mostly teamsters, with trucks and horse-drawn wagons to grab captured supplies from the Furies raid. Many are ex-Wolves.

## EXPLOITATION COLUMN

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,		
Strength d8, Vigor d8		
Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d4, Guts d6,		
Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Repair d6, Riding d6,		
Shooting d6, Stealth d8		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 6
Gear: Shotgun (1-3d6)		
Special Abilities:		
Knowledge Machinery d6		



## PLAN

Unfortunately, the Freehold cannot organize itself very quickly because its forces are dispersed and the militia needs to be called up and supply depots filled. By Monday, the "ready regiment" (the Furies) of horse-riding Bears and Wolves and regulars has arrived. Calling up the men of the Laager and getting them organized will take until Tuesday, and a militia regiment (the Grubbies) is two days behind and not expected to arrive until Thursday at the earliest. Col Montesinos will follow the "get there first with the most" strategy, sending the Furies screening the Exploitation column toward Chattanooga as fast as it can get there. They will be on Signal Mountain by Thursday. The Laager Militia will garrison the Freehold and the route to Signal Mountain, and the Grubbies should be able to be in Chattanooga by Saturday.

# 5-CAPTAIN BLACKMUND

David Alan Blackmund (though he tells people his middle name is Augustus because he thinks it sounds better) is that most dangerous of men, a visionary who is both hardworking and ruthless. Some of his visions are a little strange. When he was a child he saw a movie on a video unit about a would-be world ruler who commanded nations from a high-tech Zeppelin that housed aircraft and could drop bombs and artillery shells on the sky-captain's enemies. He wants such an aerial fortress/palace and thinks the Kurians could build him one; his office is festooned with sketches and plans for it, drawn by himself and a former girlfriend who had some artistic talent. He's even been collecting scrap iron out at Lowell Field for its production. He certainly rose as

fast as a balloon in Chattanooga: he's in charge of city security at the tender age of 28.

Of average height and muscular build, Blackmund is attractive, dark-haired, and usually clad in one of the Chattanooga security jumpsuits (sort of a dark blue overall with gold trim at the collar in Blackmund's case). He shifts from periods of frantic activity (he can go for weeks on just an hour or so sleep a night if he can shut his eyes for a catnap in the afternoon). Boredom will send him into funks where he lays in bed reading an old set of encyclopedias liberated from one of Chatter's pre-2022 libraries or noisy sessions banging on a set of drums he keeps in his office. He's something of a bon vivant, and most of his chief lieutenants are also of the work-hard, play-hard school, though he never drinks to drunkeness. He considers himself a gastronome, and a quick way to get on his good side is to present him with elaborately prepared dishes.

The bad side is very bad, indeed. He and his police are used to deference from the public, and any kind of trouble is often handled informally with rough street justice. He has his own men whipped for inattention to duty. He learned a long time ago that a dead enemy rarely troubles him again, and applies that lesson two or three times a year. His men live rather high on tribute from the citizens they ostensibly protect. To keep his men "whetted" he sends (and sometimes leads) them on "hunting trips" beyond Chattanooga's ring of hills to take prisoners to turn over to the Reapers.

Best to keep on his good side while you're in town. . .





# CAPTAIN BLACKMUND Human Male POLICE CHIEF

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8, Spirit d10, Strength d8, Vigor d12 Skills: Driving d6, Fighting d8, Guts d8, Intimidation d10, Notice d8, Shooting d6, Tracking d8

**Pace:** 6

Parry: 6 Gear: Colt 1911 (2d6+1)

#### **Special Abilities:**

Knowledge Law Enforcement d8 Hard to Kill Strong Willed **Trademark Weapon** (Remington 700)

Toughness: 8

# GOAL

Win a position as human overlord of Chattanooga and become a river/rail baron. He sees an opportunity in the Chattanooga situation to rise several more steps and become a power in his own right.

# LOCATION

Shuttling between the Armory, the train stations, and "Security Stations" (i.e. police stations)

# METHODS

Brutal to those below him and loyal to those above. He'll try to take control of any situation by applying overwhelming force against any threat. A tactically-minded person might use this to their advantage.

# RESOURCES

City Security Forces: He has 122 police officers, trained more like paramilitaries. They should be considered veterans.

# CHATTANOOGA SECURITY

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,			
Strength d8, Vi	Strength d8, Vigor d6		
<b>Skills:</b> Fighting d8, Guts d6, Intimidation d8,			
Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d4			
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 6	Toughness: 5	
Gear: Baton, .357 pistol (2d6+1(, Shotgun (1-			
3d6), 2 tear gas grenades (medium burst			
template, -4 for anyone in cloud who fails vigor			
roll, -2 otherwise)			

The Chattanooga Reserve Four hundred men, more or less, Quisling functionaries who are on paper supposed to be able to answer the Call of Duty. Their weapons and ammunition are under lock and key at the armory, along with five recoilless rifles and three cannon that they get to practice firing on Kurian holidays called "Unity Days" in these parts. Fifty of them have been armed and guarding outside the Governor's mansion, and their Lieutenant, a Quisling railroad supervisor named Stitchwell, is in a tizzy over who to take orders from. He wants to obey Blackmund but there is a Reaper at the mansion...

# RESERVISTS

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6 Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice d4, Shooting d4 **Pace:** 6 Toughness: 5 Parry: 4 Gear: Riot Helmet (+3), Rifle (2d8), Bayonet (Str+1)

**The Ready Militia** This two-day-old unit is led by Hoyt Kapp, the loudmouthed Chattanooga Signal publisher. His weekly paper is a boring mix of propaganda, gossip, and births/marriages/retirements and he's



got a mind to be Blackmund's civil affairs leader. He's put together a mob of barflies and day-laborers armed with everything from a few dozen pistols and grenades to sledgehammers to rakes. Blackmund might trust them with police shotguns if things get hairy enough. Kapp has a hundred men drilling in the town square. Blackmund has given Kapp two machine guns that he's got behind sandbags surround the townsquare statue (the bronze memorial is of children playing ring-around-therosy about a granite reaper-head reminiscent of Easter Island) and is trying to pressgang more men.



Hoyt Kapp Human Male Mouthpiece

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,<br/>Strength d6, Vigor d8Skills: Fighting d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d8,<br/>Notice d4, Persuasion d8, Shooting d4Pace: 6Parry: 2Toughness: 6

Gear: Desert Eagle (2d8)

Special Abilities:

Knowledge Printing d10

# KAPP'S "READY MILITIA"

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d4,		
Strength d6, Vigor d4		
<b>Skills:</b> Fighting d4, Guts d4, Notice d4, Shooting		
d4		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 4	Toughness: 4
Gear: .38 pistols (2d6), clubs (Str +1)		

# Plan

The convicts Blackmund released are causing a lot of chaos. He's hoping one or more kill Charles, or at least murder enough people that the other important Quislings demand that the remaining local Kurian, Sengazadkonie-iz-Baal-ia-Daktkuur, gives him absolute control of the town. Failing that, he's going to throw in with the devil-hedoesn't-know, the minion of the Mist King, Nufeemzahar-iz-Kuur, though he sees this as a risk, and will be looking to better his odds, or at least make himself invaluable to the new ruler.

# G-THE RULER OF RUINTOP

Sengazadkonie-iz-Baal-ia-Daktkuur is the last of Chattanooga's Kurian rulers from the Seer's administration, and control of the city has more-or-less devolved to her, at least in theory. She is still getting used to the idea and building her power base. Not the best or brightest of Kurians, she survived only thanks to the Seer's charity.

?	SENGAZADKON Daktkuur Kurian	NE-1Z-BAAL-1A-	
Attributes: /	Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d4,		
Strength d4,	Vigor d4		
Skills: Climb	oing d6, Fighti	ng d4, Guts d4,	
Intimidation	n d8, Notice d1	10, Stealth d8	
<b>Pace:</b> 8	Parry: 4	Toughness: 4	
Gear:			
<b>Special Abil</b>	ities:		
	See Kuri	an Listing for full list	
	3 Reapers		
	Knowledge, Vital Aura d10		
	35 power points		
	Avatar, Fear, Illusion, Illusory		
	Cloak, Obscure, Shape Change,		
	Speed, Renew Aura,		
	Store/Recover Aura		

## GOAL

Maintain and consolidate her position in Chattanooga, and take a lot of prisoners.



# LOCATION

Ruintop, her lair.

# METHODS

SiBiD will use the existing power structure, such as it is, and attempt to rule the city through the Quislings in power. Over the weekend she called both Governor Charles and Chief Blackmund into the presence of her spokesreaper, and assure them that their positions will be unchanged. She knows Charles is too milquetoast to rock the boat and is trying to get an informant into Blackmund's organization.

# RESOURCES

- Three Reapers One is prowling the city at night, trying to locate the "wild" Reapers and act as her eyes in town. The second is at Charles' Mansion, helping Charles give orders, and the third acts as a bodyguard in her tower. She is skillful enough to keep all three fairly active, but in the event of a fight involving one will concentrate on working it.
- Her Quisling retinue A dozen servants that she has armed. They are green and have been promised important positions in her coming regime. While very bossy toward the local Chattanoogans, they will flee or surrender if faced with trained soldiers.

# QUISLING SERVANTS

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

**Skills:** Arts&Crafts (housekeeping) d8, Fighting d4, Guts d4, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Stealth d6

 Pace:
 Parry: 5
 Toughness: 6

 Gear:
 Club with nails (Str +2), .32 pistol (1d6+1)

#### Smilin' Sam, Merle Keene, and the Rivermen

The owner of the *River Belle* and the Grog Handler have influence with the river-traders. They think a showdown is coming between the Ruintop Kurian and Blackmund, and want a share of his copious loot for helping take him down. Smilin' Sam could put a mob of maybe two hundred men in the streets (three hundred with Keene's Grogs), armed with this and that and some firearms. But they'll be just that: a mob – and easily dispersed by trained troops.



## Smilin' Sam Human Male *River Belle* Owner

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~			
Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6,			
Strength d10, Vigor d6			
<b>Skills:</b> Boating d8, Fighting d8, Gambling d8,			
Guts d8, Intimi	Guts d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Repair d6,		
Shooting d6			
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 6	Toughness: 5	
Gear: Derringe	er (2d6+1), DB sl	notgun (1-3d6)	
Special Abilitie	s:		
Knowledge Casino Operations			
d10			
Alertness (+2 Notice)			
Charismatic +2			
Big Mouth			
Greedy			
7			

# RIVERMEN

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,		
Strength d8, Vigor d8		
Skills: Boating d10, Fighting d6, Guts d6,		
Intimidation d6, Notice d4, Shooting d4		
<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 6	
Gear: varies, pistols, clubs, shotguns		
	gor d8 d10, Fighting ( , Notice d4, S <b>Parry:</b> 5	



The Youth Vanguard Seventy teenagers (and a few as young as 10) from the Leadership Academy. Attendance at the "LA" is the path into a good position in the Kurian Order, security services, or armed forces. The kids wear uniforms of black slacks, shoes, and white shirts with an attractive red patch with the Seer's seal. They have some basic military training, can ride and shoot, and follow orders well. The "Chancellor" of the school is a retired Quisling Colonel named Loomey. He'll follow the orders of whichever Kurian controls the town, (for the moment it's SiBiD). Loomey is on Blackmund's "death list."



CHANCELLOR LOOMEY [COLONEL] Human Male Leadership Academy

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d10, Spirit d10,<br/>Strength d4, Vigor d4Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, Intimidation d6,<br/>Notice d10, Shooting d10, Stealth d6Pace: 5Parry: 5Toughness: 4

Gear: M-16 A-3 (2d8)

Special Abilities:

Scholar (Military) Scholar (Military) Knowledge Strategy d12

# LEADERSHIP SCHOOL (ADETS

<b>Attributes:</b> Agility d4, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6		
d6		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	Parry: 4	Toughness: 5
Gear: Remington Rifle (2d8)		

A Brass Ring As a last resort, SiBiD will offer the only available brass ring in her possession to anyone who can aid her at a critical moment.

#### Plan

She's determined to see Blackmund and his men securely in her pocket. To accomplish this, she intends to order Blackmund to take all his orders from Merle Keene, who will become her "Military Chief of Staff." Keene's vision is to have security in Chatters taken over by his Grogs, who are both more ruthless and less corrupt than Blackmund's buccaneers, and SiBiD likes the sound of that (not being as good a judge of human nature as the Seer, who knew that such a gesture would cause great discontent). If Blackmund defies her, she can declare him an outlaw. If he agrees, he becomes another pawn on her chessboard. Any malcontents will be stripped, boxed up at the train station, and sent out of town with a sample of SiBiD's DNA to buy and grow more Reapers to serve her.







# 7-THE CHATTANOOGA UNDERGROUND

# GOAL

Overthrow any Kurians in Chattanooga and establish a real Freehold.

# LOCATION

Scattered, they meet either in ruined buildings not yet torn down or beneath the "bridge to nowhere."

# METHODS

Infiltration and guerilla warfare.

# RESOURCES

- **The Turncoats** Over careful months and years, one of the companies of the Chattanooga Reserve has been filled with underground members. The captain of the company is loyal, but his lieutenant is an underground member, as are 90% of the men. Given the opportunity, they will turn their weapons against the other Quislings.
- **The Saboteurs** The underground has infiltrated every key location. At the code-phrase "Bluebell Dawn 1-7" (the number being the day of the

week, Sunday being 1) they will knock out power, phone, and the principal city radio tower then rendezvous at the Bridge to Nowhere for their weapons.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6,		
Strength d6, Vigor d8		
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d10, , Notice d8,		
Shooting d4, Stealth d8		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 6
Gear: 9mm Pistol (2d6)		

**The Guerillas** Two hundred thirty men ready to answer the call, though they don't have weapons beyond axes and a few pistols.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d8,		
Strength d12+2, Vigor d6		
Skills: Fighting d6, Guts d8, , Notice d6.		
Shooting d4		
<b>Pace:</b> 6	<b>Parry:</b> 5	Toughness: 5
Gear: .38 revolver (2d6)		

## Plan

The titular leader of the underground is Steve Moore, an imposing-looking electrical technician acknowledged to be the best in town. He wanders around town in overalls and workboots, festooned with tools. He's got a "Reaper Stopper," an interesting carbine that fires explosive bullets broken down into parts (a small hand drill and some electrical conduit piping providing both barrel and sight) in his toolbox. That's what the chief lieutenants think, anyway. The real leader is Miss Stairs at the River Belle, though only Moore knows this. If Moore is convinced the Freeholders can be in the city within 24 hours, he will act and create enough trouble in town (everything from arson to murder) so all attention is turned towards fighting the underground and give the Freeholders an easier shot at taking the city by coup de main. He has a complete set



of keys for all the doors at the armory and also knows the passcode to get to the top of SiBiD's hideaway, though he won't reveal this to just anyone, he'd only do so on orders from Miss Stairs.



# Steve Moore Human Male Electrician

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

**Skills:** Engineering d10, Fighting d8, Guts d10, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Stealth d8, Repair d8

 Pace: 6
 Parry: 6
 Toughness: 7

Gear: Reaper Stopper (3d8)

**Special Abilities:** 

Steady Hands Knowledge (electrical) d10 Knowledge (mechanical) d6 Knowledge (carpentry) d6



## MISS STAIRS Human Female *River Belle* Madam

**Attributes:** Agility d8, Smarts d10, Spirit d12, Strength d6, Vigor d8

**Skills:** Boating d8, Fighting d6, Guts d10, Persuasiuon d8, Seduction d8, Notice d10, Shooting d6, Stealth d8

 Pace: 6
 Parry: 5
 Toughness: 6

Gear: Silenced .22 pistol (2d6-1)

Special Abilities:

Attractive +2 Cha Charismatic +2 Cha Level Headed Knowledge Underground Ops d10 Knowledge Strategy d8

# THE TIMETABLE

# MONDAY'S CHILD IS FAIR OF FACE

(sunny)

Barring player intervention, the only major events Monday will be the murder of Rosa Gomez, the manager of the "people" train station. Blackmund's men gave chase to the knife-wielding assailant, but he vanished into Junktown, the "ghetto" of Chattanooga's indigents.

SiBid announces a meeting for Tuesday, requesting Charles and Blackmund and Keene and Robinson to attend her in the afternoon at the Ruintop.

Kyla Strauss insinuates herself at the Governor's Mansion through an astonishing show of marksmanship with a borrowed rifle. Yu Chin, the Govenor's Chief of Security, hires her and intends to use her as a sniper. She's set up on the roof of the mansion with three other in Charles's personal security detail.

Word get passed to those in the know (like Miss Stairs) that there will be a meeting of the Underground on Tuesday night.

# TUESDAY'S CHILD IS FULL OF GRACE

(windy, blustery, some rain)

SiBiD gives her ultimatum at the meeting. Blackmund shrugs at Keene's new position as Military Chief of Staff. Blackmund argues effectively against bringing Grogs into the city, says he's going to need a day or two to personally "bring his men round" to the idea.

Strauss meets Governor Charles as he stops by his Security Detail's mess at dinner.



# WEDNESDAY'S CHILD HAS FAR TO GO

(partly cloudy, PM storm is building) Charles is found in his love-nestdead. Ving Chin is found at the foot of the bed with a throwing-knife in his eye (girls brought to the Governor's love nest are strip searched and given a body-cavity inspection before donning lingerie, but Strauss did some acrobatics and taped a knife above the Governor's balcony Monday night). In her fury, SiBiD's Reaper killed two of the security detail, and the entire staff (including the security detail) fled. Most (including Kyla Strauss) have gone over to Blackmund.



SiBiD sends one of her Reapers to "see" Blackmund about the murder of Governor Charles. The Reaper goes after Blackmund (who luckily was prepared for this, knocking it down with a blast from a shotgun built into his desk. He ran out of the room and threw a switch that blew up his office and his precious drumset with an explosive hidden in one of his drums, but most of his sketches for his battle zeppelin are intact.) Alexandra Nelson escapes in the confusion. She flees to Junktown, where she will be killed by the Rubble Roost "Feral" Reaper unless someone has dealt with that threat by now

At a boxing match at Union Hall, Keene tries to throw his weight around and Robinson *literally* tars and feathers him before evicting him.

Word reaches town that there are troops on Signal Mountain, as well as east of town at the old Hamilton Place mall off the interstate.

There is a final briefing in the old movie theater at Hamilton Place. All the officers for the Mist King's Action Group "Spring Lightning" are briefed on the next day's operation, with the latest map of Chattanooga projected on the old waterstained movie screen.

The Underground sets off a bomb that night at Ruintop as one of her Reapers leaves, but only succeed in killing a few staff members.

SiBiD gets spooked and has the Youth Vanguard take over the River Belle. She will escape in it. Miss Stairs manages to get out the code word Bluebell Dawn 5.

Around midnight team "Hardhat Dog" joins up with Blackmund's forces. Blackmund stays up all night arranging the ambush on the east side of town. Blackmund learns of Bishop's forces approaching from the south and Strauss tries to assassinate Blackmund. He narrowly escapes (as does


she). Blackmund fears she is an agent of NiK's, intended to supplant him, and he flees east toward Hamilton Place Mall.

## THURSDAY'S CHILD IS FULL OF WOE

(Pre-dawn AM a good deal of thunder, hour after dawn storm breaks)

Miss Stairs arranges for the engines on the *River Belle* to break down just as it sets out at 3AM. The boat ends up moored in the middle of the Tennessee River.

Due to the thunderstorm air travel is impossible, the assassination attempt to crash the scouting plane into UeHiN's command battlebago is scrapped.

Blackmund arrives at UeHiN's headquarters. He tells of NiK's coming betrayal. One of NiK's Reapers tries to kill him but at the last moment is stopped by one of UeHiN's own Reapers. UeHiN rearranges his own plans and will swing into the city from the north to avoid the ambush.

NiK sees that the jig is up and flees toward Bishop with his remaining Reapers, sending one ahead to negotiate for sanctuary. NiK thinks Bishop is pretty able, for a human, and might find a Kurian advisor useful.

Team "Hardhat Dog" stays put, waiting to put in place an ambush that now won't happen. Strauss seduces/bullshits her way into the heart of Earl Castle, team commander, by pretending to fall for him. It's only half-play acting; his brains and charisma impress her.

UeHiN's "Spring Lighting" thrusts into town from the north, but is ambushed by the Freeholders coming off of Signal Mountain.

Castle Learns about NiK's betrayal of UeHiN. He is first and foremost loyal to the



Mist King, and takes his team west to the Hamilton Place rendezvous. Strauss accompanies him.

With the Freeholders and the Mist King's forces destroying each other outside the city wall, Bishop moves in, aided by the chaos caused by the Chattanooga Undergound uprising and Blackmund's flight. There are even a few, like Walt Robinson at the Union Hall, who vaguely knew of his father from the Seer's first years. There is a wave of enthusiasm that Bishop has returned.

Miss Stairs gets her girls off of the *River Belle*. The riverboat's engines are repaired and it escapes with SiBiD and what little is left of her retinue.



what will occur without player (or GM) intervention. No matter how it turns out, remind the players that just surviving Vampire Earth is a victory of sorts.



# **ENCOUNTER TABLES**

The GM may play these encounters two ways. Either "straight up" as an encounter with what is rolled, or allow an awareness roll (adjusting for weather, fatigue, and so on). If successful, the players see tracks, sign, or a glimpse of what they are about to encounter and can take steps to act or avoid the encounter.

The encounter table can be used either whenever the GM wants to "spice things up" or by doing a d10 roll, hourly if traveling, every 4 hours if stationary. A 1-4 indicates an encounter in daytime, a 1-2 at night.

Outside the Wall		
2d6 Roll	Day	Night
2-3	Edible wildlife	Prowling Reaper (feral)
4-5	Chattanooga Security Patrol	Edible wildlife
6	Group of Refugees	Single Refugee
7	Group of Refugees	Refugee Family
8	Group of Refugees	Pair of Refugees
9-10	"Enemy" Patrol	"Enemy" Camp
11-12	Helpful local	Prowling Reaper (feral)

"Enemy" should be determined by location or with additional d6roll

- 1-2 Mist King's column
- 3-5 North Georgia Ridges
- 6 Laager Freehold

Within the Wall		
2d6 Roll	Day	Night
2-3	Refugees	Prowling Reaper (feral)
4-5	Pack trader/peddler	Refugees
6	Children at work	"Commuter" going home to farm or
		manse
7	Farmer at work	Chattanooga Security Patrol
8	Herder at work	Prowling Grogs
9-10	Chattanooga Security Patrol	"Enemy" Scout
11-12	Prowling Grogs	Prowling Reaper (animated)

The Manse		
2d6 Roll	Day	Night
2-3	Pair of civilians out for a stroll	Guard Dogs
4-5	Kids playing	Local Vigilantes
6	Manse Security Patrol	Noisy Backyard Party
7	Commuter	Manse Security Patrol
8	Manse Security Patrol	"Enemy" Scout
9-10	Manse Peddler	Chattanooga Security Patrol
11-12	Chattanooga Security Patrol	Prowling Reaper (feral)



Junktown		
2d6 Roll	Day	Night
2-3	Street Gang	Prowling Reaper (animated)
4-5	Pickpocketing Urchins	Rape in progress
6	Black market shop	Prostitute
7	Travelling Workers	Armed Vigilantes
8	Local vigilantes	Local street gang
9-10	Grog/Street Gang turf duel	Prowling Reaper (feral)
11-12	Chattanooga Security Patrol	Smuggler

Crosstown		
2d6 Roll	Day	Night
2-3	"Ready Militia" drilling	Keene's Grogs causing trouble
4-5	Factional rally	Factional brawl
6	Newsboy selling Signal	Chattanooga Secruity Patrol
7	Chattanooga Security Patrol	Loud drunks
8	Local looking to trade valuables for weapons	Chattanooga Security Patrol
9-10	Crime scene cleanup	Patrolling Reaper
11-12	Bombing	Chattanooga Underground

#### Factional rally d6 for affiliation

- 1 Governor Charles
- 2-4 Chief Blackmund
- 5-6 Ruler of Ruintop

#### Crime scene table

- 1-3 Arson
- 4-5 Political Vandalism
- 6 Murder

Labor District		
2d6 Roll	Day	Night
2-3	Armed vigilantes (Shapers from	Keene's Grogs making trouble
	Union Hall)	
4-5	Kids playing	Armed vigilantes (Shapers)
6	Food Cart Vendor	Sporting event
7	Chattanooga Security Patrol	Chattanooga Security Patrols
8	Impromptu streetside kegger	Sporting event
9-10	Crime Scene cleanup	Wild Party
11-12	Prostitute	Underground



# RUNNING CHATTANOOGA CHAOS

# **FIDVENTURE HOOKS**

While some players can function well with general assignments, such as to perform reconnaissance in Chatters and report back what they find, others may need specific goals to get them involved. The following ideas are more narrowly focused plot threads. Slightly modified, they can even serve as adventure ideas for playing in Chatters after the Chattanooga Chaos situation itself is resolved.

## LOW LEVEL CHARACTERS

Restore order by securing the railroad depot, the river dock, and putting an end to the looting. The problem is that Captain Blackmund is already trying to secure things himself with his own band of thugs, and he's a ruthless, nasty piece of work. The characters might start out trying to secure a position or two, but pretty soon they'll have to track down Blackmund, whose men are well supplied. Blackmund himself is highly mobile, moving from place to place (more and more frantically as the different groups begin to move into "his" city). Anyone who wants to secure the armory (probably up on one of the bluffs) is going to have their hands full. Tracking down some of the nutjobs Blackmund let loose from prison. Some of them just fled into the woods and will have to be worried about later-others are simply thugs who'll waste no time

killing the people Blackmund sent them after and then looting and raping. One of those Blackmund released happens to be a serial killer. Gerald McKensie McCoy was arrested only a day before the chaos began because a missing boy's belongings were found in a search of one of his homes. Before the investigation could proceed, Chatanooga went to hell, and McCoy was released. McCoy has been certain for a long time that he's really a reaper. Unfortunately he's big and quick and owns a lot of decaying rental property near downtown, a lot of it connected by tunnels. He gets a special thrill out of killing teenage boys though he'll violently argue that he's no homosexual. He has a really swell collection of fingerbones. Sometimes he keeps kids for a day or two until he feels "hungry." McCoy has one now, the little brother of the riverboat smuggler Merle Keene. Hunting McCoy will be tricky—he knows the warrens of his property extremely well. He'll try to break the adventuring group up and has no compunctions about using thrown weapons against them, though he prefers to leap out of the shadows and stab. For mid-level characters: What even McCoy doesn't know is that there's a feral reaper prowling the tunnels. It's a canny beast and will wait until a character is alone to strike.

### MID-LEVEL CHARACTERS

There are feral reapers wandering around Chattanooga, and sooner or later



someone's going to have to hunt them down. One has made its home downtown in a backroom of the Imax pick off drunken stragglers. Another has crawled into the cellar of the abandoned Unitarian church across the river, and a third, and nastiest, is living in the upper stories of the old Holiday Inn "Chattanooga Choo Choo." A tough tribe of grogs has descended from the forested mountains and is hunting up the humans while the getting's good. So far they're staying to the city outskirts, trashing things, capturing and killing humans to bring theatre. Takings have been pretty good with all the wild celebrating on the streets at night, and it's been easy to back for the cooking pot, and taking anything that interests them—lots of guns and syrup. They're opportunists, not great tacticians, and they haven't used their newly-gotten gains yet to really fortify their position. Unless someone stops them, in a short while their leaders are going to figure out all that they have and then it's going to be a real challenge to root them out of the mountains. Someone needs to stop them before that takes happens.

ords to the devious. . .

at some point, every game group is going to surprise the game master. Some groups make a habit of ignoring vital information or heading off in the wrong direction; others are insightful and make great cognitive leaps, anticipating every plan. Some gamers want non-stop action and some thrill to endless hours of conversation in their character voices.

Chattanooga Chaos provides a variety of plots to choose from, and no one group will be able to play them all, at least not in one campaign. You, as game master, get to choose which ones to present to your players. Make your choices by asking a simple question: what will be most fun for my players? Don't force them against obstacles they aren't going to enjoy overcoming. A group dedicated to gunslinging isn't going to enjoy traipsing covertly around the city rounding up clues and allies. Lead them to the battles. Role-playing groups and those who thrive on intrigue have many opportunities in Chattanooga, and if it's their preference there's plenty to see without a shot being fired. If you think your players are going to be overwhelmed by the political machinations, then show them only a piece of the action.

A good game master knows his group and plays to their strengths. Chattanooga Chaos is a rich environment with many details. Should your characters range off the map, you're provided with at least a feel for the areas they're likely to visit: improvise from there. Remember that you don't need to use all of the information—that the campaign setting is yours to alter as you will. The Seer was a pretty interesting Kurian, and it may be that you decide to leave him alive and keep Chattanooga as your campaign base under his rule. Maybe you see one of the other figures as a more interesting head of the city for your purposes, perhaps you favor a shorter or longer timeline of events, or desire to leave some of the factions out of play. Make whatever changes you like. This is YOUR campaign.



# RANDOM ACTS OF WILDNESS

The following is a list of personalities, events, clues, and rumors the GM may insert into the adventure for flavoring, red herrings, spin-offs, and so on. It is up to the GM to determine which (if any) will be used, and to what extent the plot points are true or not.

#### 1) The Pretender

There is a train four miles west of town on a siding. Armored engine and caboose, four cargo cars full of troops, and an old Amtrack sleeper. There is a Kurian on board with his Reapers, and he's claiming to be the brother of the Seer. The Seer's lands became his on his death.

#### 2) A Bridge Too Near

The Underground believes the Freeholders to be "just over the hill." Perhaps inspired by an agent provocateur, perhaps by wishful thinking, they seized the only remaining vehicle bridge (the pedestrian one is still up) over the Tennessee in Chattanooga and have barricaded both ends. They even hijacked a load of cement and have poured improvised pillboxes among the barricades. They appear to be well supplied with food, morale is high, but they do not have enough ammunition and Molotov cocktails for more than a morning's battle.

#### 3) Grog Riot

A United States Air Force officer once said "Just 'cause the Grogs are dumb, doesn't mean they're stupid." This is the case now. The Grogs on the riverbanks north of town learned what happened and exploited the laxity in the city defenses. Now they're running rampant, looting and skewering babies on spits for their dinners, and generally getting revenge for years of human raids.

#### 4) Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Chef Louis, owner of the best restaurant in town, the Silver Dome, is throwing a free party in honor of SiBiD's rise to preeminence Wednesday night. Quislings who want to show where their loyalties are (and who want to stay in the good graces of the new ruler) should bring their spouses and attend in their best clothing. It will be a memorable dinner. Chef Louis is secretly supporting the Mist King and there will be two of NiK's Reapers hidden in the Dome to "drop in" during the main course.

#### 5) It's Lonely at the Top

West of town there's a high overlook called Overseer's Point, a pre-2022 tourist overlook where sightseers could look out over four states. The Seer kept a largish flock of Harpies there to scout his borders. The Harpies take their orders from a family of unpleasant Grog Wranglers called the Chops, who apparently take their personal hygiene cues from the Harpies. But who will the Chops take their orders from now?

#### 6) Hard Habit to Break

A traveling troop of a dozen New Universal Church "Community Sisters" has come into town in the confusion to establish a mission. Their leader, Sister Kenisha, is a formidable presence. They've been in town less than twenty-four hours and already have a school, daycare center, and heath clinic working (albeit on a shoestring). Some of the powers-that-be among the local Quislings don't want her around, for with the New Universal Church "Community Sisters" comes temperance drives, petitions to the local Kurian to close the brothels, and anticorruption pledge drives.



#### 7) Gone Fishing

Governor Charles has looked at all the possible outcomes for the resolution of the power vacuum, and none of them look too rosy (or healthy). He's taken a couple of bodyguards, his current girlfriend, and a keg of beer and gone downriver in the Gubernatorial houseboat to his favorite fishing hole. He'll return in a week when things are resolved.

#### 8) Cause Celeb

A few people were stranded when the trains guit running, including one of the most exciting people to come to Chattanooga this year. Dahlia St. John sings with the best of them at Quisling coastal resorts from Texas to Nantucket. If such a thing as "glamour" still exists on Vampire Earth, she has it in spades: the woman can literally light up a room (though the glittering sequins on the baby blue dresses she likes to wear might have something to do with it). She and her three backup singer/dancers, the "Sirens" (her word, technically they're the Nightingales) are spending their enforced layover at the Governor's Mansion. Publicly, she's a bored diva upset at being trapped in a hick backwater. Privately, she's a spy for the Freeholds. She and her Sirens are constantly being taken out to parties by important Quislings and drunken braggarts tend to talk. They pick up a lot of information and pass it on to the resistance. Mr. Brandon, her manager/minder/coked-up Nightingale Wrangler is unaware of these activities.

#### 9) Elvis Hasn't Left the Building

The Seer, by a fortunate accident, was away from his tower when it blew. He's laying low in the belfry of a ridgetop country church until his Reapers can discover the identity of his enemies in town.

#### 10) Wanna Ride?

The Reclaimed, a back-country Nomansland motorcycle gang out of North Georgia/Alabama numbering sixty bikers, have heard about events in Chattanooga and decided to come into town to do some trading for necessities while the trading (and maybe looting) is good. They're looking for recruits, especially ex-Hunters. Only difficulty is that to join the reclaimed you have to outrace a current member over rough terrain.

#### 11) Dirty Deeds Done Expensive

He's kind of undersized, bony, with thinning black hair and Mussolini-like black eyes. He wears a Reaper-cloth poncho and a broad-brimmed, pilgrim-style hat. He leads a ridiculous-looking donkey-the donkey wears a Rastafarian cap and dreads (some say there's a scalp under the cap; the dreads look real enough and they do keep the flies out of the donkey's eyes). Beneath the poncho are enough pistols, sawed-off guns, grenades, and blades to arm a Bear team, though his prize gun is a silenced H&K MP-6 machine pistol. Everyone calls him "Price," and he'll do just about anything if the money is right, half up-front, half on completion of the contract. He's never missed. His redwelted skin is crawling with fleas and lice can be seen in his hair. If asked about it, he claims the tiny parasites interfere with Reaper aura-reading.

#### 12) Pardon Me, Ma'am

SiBiD is countering Blackmund's pardon with an offer of her own: a pardon and a two-year contract to anyone who turns himself/herself in with information about what Blackmund asked them to do. Just report to her at Ruintop and claim your prize (actually after the interview with Smilin' Sam, her new intelligence chief, you get



chucked into a sub-basement until the trains start running again when you'll go out as aura fodder).

#### 13) Malaise

Everyone in town is calling in sick to their jobs until the dust settles. They desperately need men at the power plant working the coal feeders to keep the lights on.

#### 14) Politics Ain't Beanbag

A shouting match between Blackmund and Keene at SiBiD's town leaders meeting leads to Keene foolishly challenging Blackmund to a duel. Blackmund chooses pistols at twenty paces. The duel will take place Thursday morning in the town square–barring other events.

#### 15) Freedom's Just Another Word for Nothin' Left to Give

The Freeholders in Hardscrabble Valley had good intentions about coming to the aid of the Underground in the town, really. The problem is a quartette of Reapers are on a rampage in the valley, and every experienced gun is going to be needed for a week or so hunting them down.

How and when the players learn this depends on the sadism of the GM.

#### 16) Lost

The players encounter a crying little girl, in tears because she's lost her mommy, (mommy ran off with some boatman when she said she was going to go buy food). The GM can play this sad little nine-year-old straight, or she can give the players directions to her house where there are "neighbors and friends." No neighbors and friends though, just man-catching-muggers looking for "terrorist bounty" on armed strangers.

#### 17) Where There's a Whip, There's a Way

All the tension in town is making Blackmund edgy. Any PC who even looks at him cross-eyed is going to get thrown into jail and publicly whipped the next morning, twenty lashes with a painful bullwhip.

#### 18) It's a Boy

The players hear weak cries of help from a shut up house. If they investigate, upstairs they will find a woman named Terry Leigh, undergoing the final moments of a long and bloody labor (her husband was killed in the tower-cracking explosion last week). She manages to bring their son into the world but dies in the act, without even naming the infant.

#### **19) Tuesday Night Fever**

The Seer had a doomsday plan in effect in the event of his assassination. His trusted Quisling who runs the water works unlocks a freezer and dumps several trays of ice-cubes containing frozen Ravies-6 (the Freeholders in Happy Valley have a vaccine against it: any Freeholder characters were inoculated years ago) into the town water supply upon hearing of his death. Governor Charles's personal physician and the Priests at the New Universal Church (who are also inoculated) have a small supply of vaccine that will go to top Quislings. But much of the town with be frothing at the mouth, setting fires, and brawling by Tuesday Night.

#### 20) Forsaken

Dr. (the title is honorific) Mark "Irish" Wofford is a high ranking Quisling and pastor of the former Unitarian Church, now the Congregation of the Glorious Renewal, a very pro-Kurian assembly that nominally has some of the town's leading Quislings in its congregation. He's a superb speaker and can



move crowds to tears or fury depending on which emotional buttons he chooses to push. "Irish" (because of his red hair and ruddy, cherubic features) thought that all power and glory and good flowed down from the Seer. At their monthly meetings with the Seer's Reaper spokesman he felt "filled up" with grace and would return enthused about the human/Kur alliance and speak from the pulpit for the joint betterment of mankind. He missed last month's meeting due to illness and for obvious reasons couldn't meet last weekend just before services. His sermon Sunday was the most lackluster performance in anyone's memory. He seemed at a loss for words, and the ones he did say didn't quite fit. Monday he spent the day wandering around his home looking at photos of family members (his wife and son), parents, and friends, and whereas before their faces filled him with pride, now it seems odd that so many people he's known had to be sacrificed for the common good. He sits in his leather office chair with his mother's old wall-crucifix in his hand, wondering how God's sacrifice for man somehow got turned into men being sacrificed for gods. Something is building up

inside him; he's a little frightened at the thoughts coursing through his head. He's even jotted down a few notes and is thinking about addressing his extended flock at Union Hall...

## SPIN OFFS

Any number of outcomes might shape future adventures.

### KURIAN RULE

Whoever ends up running Chattanooga will need to restore order hunt down the Underground troublemankers, and establish new security forces thrown into confusion by the murder of Governor Charles and Blackmund's flight to the Mist King. Eventually the nearby Laager Freehold will have to be destroyed. It is just too near and too useful a base for guerilla activity to remain unoccupied.

### NOMANSLAND

With Bishop in charge Chatter will run efficiently, if nothing else. He may issue blanket pardons to anyone who he thinks will be useful to his administration, though





he will watch them carefully to make sure they do not misuse whatever power he allows them. He will shake up the existing power structure, probably only leaving Robinson at Union Hall in power until he can establish himself. He will not appoint someone to run Chattanooga but instead move his headquarters into town (probably occupying the old Governor's Mansion). Early on there will be diplomatic missions to the Mist King and the Nashville Kurians to guide and guard, forward posts to establish so the town can't be approached so closely again without warning, long-lost resources to bring back into production. Once things have guieted down in town some of the Atlanta Kur will come by to survey this new city that they own in name only.

### FREEHOLD

The chances of a Freehold being able to exist long on its own at the strategic point are pretty slim. The only hope the new Chattanooga Freeholders will have is to very aggressively cause trouble in the bordering states so that forces cannot be concentrated against them. It will take a few months to a year for the population of Chattanooga to get used to the idea that they might be able to live free of the Kurians. There will still be those who panic at any threat from Atlanta, Nashville, or the Mist King. While Bishop doesn't have any desire to throw in with the freeholds, one or two of his lieutenants might be "peeled off" if it looks like something viable can be build in the Cumberland Gap.

### INDIVIDUAL FATES

**Walt Robinson:** He's lived in the Union Hall most of his life, and given his druthers he'll die there like an old snapping turtle in a favorite pond.

**Blackmund:** Intends to return to Chattanooga at the head of an army and become the Mist King's Quisling Governor.

**Bishop:** If Chattanooga falls into his grasp he may wink at anti-Kurian operations such as smuggling and refugee transit as long as the railroads are kept open. He will come down hard on any activity that could jeopardize his position.

**Strauss:** She will continue to be Bishop's chief operative, working behind the scenes. He may have her insert herself into either the Freeholds or the Mist King's forces, depending on who he thinks is the greater threat.

**Miss Stairs:** If she survives she will probably set up a new house in the vicinity of either Razamatazz or Union Hall and begin to rebuild the Underground. If her affiliation becomes public somehow she will flee to the Laager freehold and work in the hospital.

**Captain Castle:** If "Hardhat Dog" sees any action and he survives, he will be promoted and given command of a battalion. He'll be looking for excuses to come to Chattanooga to seek out Kyla Strauss.

**Alexandra Nelson:** If Chattanooga becomes a Freehold or Nomansland she will set up shop as a technician. Otherwise she will try to flee to a freehold

**Hoyt Kapp:** Whoever takes over Chattanooga will find Hoyt Kapp to be an enthusiastic supporter. At the first sign of weakness, he'll start plotting with whoever



he thinks is most likely to takeover Chatters from the Freeholders or Bishop.

**Merle Keene:** Hiding out with his river Grogs. He's got himself set up as a king, with a few scoundrels who are buying guns for the Grogs and training them how to use them. Once established, his Grogs will be kidnapping women and hunting men.

**Steve Moore:** During the "troubles" as the Seer's fall will become known as, Moore started seeing Kita Lange. Eventually they'll marry and be secretly in the Underground.

**Kita and Peter Lange:** Peter is unusually upset at the death of Governor Charles, his father (though only a few townspeople know the connection exists). As he grows up he'll be looking for vengeance.

**SiBiD:** Will hide out and establish a small Kurian Zone aided by Keene's Grogs, in the center of the Grog territory. She'll rely on Keene to keep her existence a secret. **UeHiN:** Unless the Mist King rules Chattanooga, the "Charcoals" will be relocated to the border area between Chattanooga and Knoxville/Asheville, and UeHiN will be put in control of a buffer state, the first line of defense against whoever is ruling Chattanooga. They'll cause a lot of trouble.

**NiK:** Bishop will be extremely suspicious of his new "ally" and only allow him two Reapers, though it is understood that he must only operate one at a time. He'll make him a semi-prisoner within the Cactus. NiK's plan is to win over a few humans at a time and take over when Bishop dies. After all, he's immortal and has all the time in the world....



# FIDVENTURE FIPPENDIX: MILITARY NOTES AND AN EXAMINATION OF CURRENT SOUTHERN FIPPALACHIAN OPERATIONS

# KURIAN

Kurian Military formations in this area are frequently built around something of roughly brigade size (because of supply difficulties and the formidable terrain divisions are impractical). The typical Kurian brigade is made up of two battalions, each built around a headquarters company and three to nine companies. Companies are usually of a hundred men, though more specialized infantry-supporting companies tend to be smaller. Brigades are led by generals, battalions by a commander at the colonel level. Specialized companies, such as engineering, medical, artillery, or logistics are led by majors, infantry companies are under captains. Often the brigade headquarters company will also have a special oversized "elite" company expected to enforce discipline through the rest of the battalion. This company will usually break up into platoons distributed through the rest of the companies in action.

A brigade will typically occupy a larger town or key location. One battalion will be housed in the town as a garrison/reserve, the other will secure lines of supply and communication.

Horse-mounted cavalry are used more frequently in the Appalachians than elsewhere, because of narrow tracks and the poor condition of most roads. Horsed formations and foot infantry are often accompanied by artillery drawn by doubleaxel trucks or pulled by horses.

Better-organized Kurian territories will employ small aircraft as spotting planes and air support.

After 2050 or so, fewer and fewer Grog formations were used to support Kurian operations. Human commanders tended to use the Grogs to absorb the worst shocks and combat losses, leading to resentment and some mutinies. Only in regions where Grogs are trained from birth for military use (rather like K-9 units) are human/Grog formations still in use.

Operations against the Freeholders consist of a number of brigades formed into an "Action Group." They will concentrate, penetrate the Freehold area and then break up into brigades again, clearing out settlements and pursuing military formations. When sufficient damage is inflicted, or numerous prisoners are taken, the Action Group will usually retreat. Attempts to garrison the Freehold areas are attempted, but thanks to guerrilla operations entire companies are sometimes lost. Only battalions are able to operate effectively. Very rarely, "Occupation Groups" are formed with the idea of holding an area, but



the number of troops required is greater than most Kurians can field.

The best-run and most militarized KZ in the Southern Appalachians belongs the "Mist King" in Asheville. His organization is worth examining in detail.

The Mist King's forces are divided into two types of brigades. "Security" brigades and "Operations" brigades. "Security" brigades are permanently attached to a town or city and armed with law-enforcement type weapons, usually with one company has specialized heavy weapons; the others can be "upgraded" by the addition of riot armor and repeating rifles in the event of disturbances. They act as a defensive reserve for the Operations brigades, and are usually made up of veterans from those units.

The Mist King has nine "Operations" brigades, broken up into three formations of three Brigades each. One Brigade Group is usually distributed in the Blue Ridge mountains suppressing guerillas, a second is kept near his holding near the Biltmore Estate as a ready reserve. The third is usually operating outside his borders, either in the Carolina foothills or the Appalachians proper. They rotate every year: the one operating outside the borders is brought to his estate for retraining and reinforcement.

There is a special, fourth Training brigade. One battalion is devoted to "outmuster" of men whose operational service period is up, training them for duties in the "Security" brigades. The second brigade trains new recruits for the Operational brigades.

The Mist King has a small air force of a dozen or so single-engine "spotter" planes, all prop driven. These have been known to fly with Reapers in the copilot chair, socalled "Sky Eyes" operations on lifesign sweeps. He also keeps about five twinengine planes in operational condition-- they've been fitted with nose mounted M-231 rotary guns and mounts for bombs and rockets for guerrilla suppression missions, though at any time some of these may be grounded due to lack of spare parts or ammunition. There is also a commercial jet for shuttling his best Quislings between the three concrete airfields in his realm, and a few transport helicopters. The helicopters are never used outside his realm because of losses from Freeholder ground fire.

Among the Mist King's possessions are two auto-assembly plants (the famous BMW) logo still appears on many of the vehicles produced for use within the Mist King's territory). He turns out commercial vehicles for trade to other KZs, but the plants are also used to produce armored cars. Called "Spitoons" by the locals, the armored cars are built on heavy frames, with solid rubber tires and a cupola-mounted machine gun, or sometimes 20mm cannon. The "Spitoons" are usually attached to whichever Operational Brigade is on border duty, divided into "platoons" of three armored cars and a command/maintenance SUV. The Mist King experimented with larger armored vehicles, the famous "Battlebagos" which were built on RV platforms and housing multiple machine guns, cannon cupolae, and a mortar mount, but the Battlebagos' performance in battle never lived up to the legends that have somehow grown up around their use. The few surviving "Battlebagos" have been converted to headquarters/communications vehicles and Reaper-sheltering mobile homes.

The Mist King's artillery is comprised of mortar tubes and some air defense artillery (usually employed in a defensive role guarding temporary camps), transported by a variety of vehicles. The specialized units entrusted with their use constitute the cream of his army, and a promotion into the



artillery arm for a Quisling officer or soldier is usually a final proof of status before assuming a comfortable civilian role. Artillery units are always considered "Operational" and rotated in a similar manner to the other "Operational" brigades.

The Mist King's common soldiers in the ranks do not represent the best his lands have to offer. Punishment for petty and notso-petty crime is often a term "in the ranks" of two to twenty years, and prisoners taken are always offered "a life of honorable service" instead of being traded to another KZ and a probable death at the hands of the Reapers. They are a brawling, drunken, violent lot when not under their officers' eyes. Volunteers for "rank" service are funneled into the elite companies, service here is usually the first step toward officer status.

The Mist King's officers are a battlehardened group of men and women (the Mist King's domain is rare in that a female's military service is considered just as honorable a path as motherhood). Entry into the junior officer ranks is comparatively easy: usually all that is required is literacy and some understanding of math. At the junior officer level, aggressiveness, loyalty, and foolhardy displays of physical bravery result in swift promotion (and also heavy losses). Those who survive undergo further training at the Mist Kings' huge Biltmore estate, where the lucky are separated from the talented and channeled into appropriate specializations.

There is a good deal of turnover just below the general-officer rank. Service at the Captain, Major, or Colonel level is a sure path to a comfortable life in the "Security" Brigades or in the management of some Kurian concern. Those who choose to go "career" and manage to rise to the General level can look forward to retirement on a picturesque estate on the eastern slopes of the Appalachias with a generous pension and a brass ring. For those who were victorious in several actions, the estate, though not the ring that goes with it, are designated as "hereditary" and can be passed on to children, biological or adopted. Less successful generals are forcibly retired, given estates within or bordering enemy territory, a formation of problematic "Security" troops, and the opportunity to "make a go of it."

## FREEHOLD

The Freeholds in the southern Appalachian range are unique in that they rarely fight to maintain territorial integrity. They keep a flexible and highly mobile existence. If the Kurians move in, the populace simply disperses and melts into the hills. They do not keep large-animal livestock (except for horses, donkeys, and mules), but rather do what they can to feed wild pigs, turkeys, and deer. They set up fish ranches in quiet corners of ponds and keep little shacks filled with preserves and dried fruit hidden in the hills in the manner of moonshiners ("plundering" these is considered a high crime). While towns have been known to exist for a generation without being touched, there is a tradition of always being "ready to run" at a moment's notice.

The "regular" forces are comparatively tiny compared to the "militia" forces (i.e. armed citizenry): there is a ratio of ten to one or more between them - except in the matter of officers. Leaders are constantly promoted out of the "regulars" and given a commission in the reserves. A sergeant in the regulars may find himself suddenly elevated to captain if the militia needs to be called up. This grew out of the early days of the Overthrow, when regular soldiers were put



in charge of groups of volunteers to supervise and train them. The militias are rarely used in pitched battle, rather they move around, picking off easy or unguarded targets, creating a confusing blizzard of motion (and lifesign) for the Kurian formations attempting to destroy the more capable "regular" regiments.

Both "regular" and "militia" units are organized at the regimental level. A regiment consists of three to six companies of roughly eighty men. In times of crisis, support for combat operations is provided by specialized militia units usually referred to as "feeders."

Artillery and armor support is next to non-existent. Captured equipment is used, often effectively, until ammunition and spare parts run out. Bombing and mining is the usual way to destroy enemy vehicles. "Sapper" platoons are attached to the headquarters of each regiment. The Sappers specialize in improvised devices for disabling or destroying enemy vehicles, and will often operate far ahead of or behind their regiment.

"Wolf" and "Bear" formations exist in some small number, but unlike the practice in other freeholds these units, usually at platoon size or smaller, are attached to regular and militia units as the need arises as they are shuttled between trouble spots. "Hunter Command," a mixture of Lifeweavers and the best human officers, organizes these movements. "Hunter Command" has grown into the equivalent of a General Staff; it is officered by both Lifeweaver-trained "Hunter" castes and regular officers, and is the de-facto military leadership for the Southern Appalachias, though by tradition the regimental commanders defer to local leadership during "quiet spells."

One of the most oft-described military units in the Southern Appalachian range is the famous "Night Witches." They constitute the air force, such as it is, that exists to support operations in the mountain valleys. They fly at night to avoid ground fire in battle conditions or over Kurian territory. The little fleet of cropduster and stunt biplanes, single engine props, and the jet ranger "command copter" is piloted exclusively by ex-Cats, and each ship is rather romantically named for legendary mythic women. By tradition rather than rule the force is allfemale. While some of the legends that have grown up around the skills of these night fliers are patently false (such as being able to land a biplane on a barn roof, or decapitating a Reaper with the ship's prop in a grass-grazing dive) the real-life exploits of this flying circus could fill a book. Suffice to say that they provide invaluable service in reconnaissance, communication, supply, medical evacuation, and even air interdiction with a regularity (considering the supply conditions) that is more miraculous than any piece of apocryphal barnstorming.



Aspirants: Teenagers, often sons and daughters of those in a particular caste, who travel with the Hunters and perform assorted camp functions.

*Barons*: Powerful Quislings who control a vital transport or communications network, industry, energy source, natural resource, or other cartel.

*Bears:* Hunters and the most fearsome of the Lifeweaver's human weapons, warriors who go into a battle-fury resembling that of the berserks of old. The Bears are proud to take on anything the Kurians can design.

*Cats:* Trained by the Lifeweavers, these Hunters act as spies, saboteurs, and assassins in the Kurian Zone. Some work in disguises; others work openly.

*Dau'wa:* "Forwardthinkers" the minority of Lifeweavers (mostly concentrated on the planet Kur) who used vital aura to become immortal, ie vampires.

# GLOSSFIRY

Dau'weem: "Backwards-thinkers" the majority of Lifeweavers who eschewed use of vital aura to become immortal.

*Freehold*: A geographic area actively resisting the Kurians.

*Gates*: Portals that manipulate space, linking two distant points allowing for instantaneous travel.

Golden Ones: A Grog variant, more verbal and organized than the more common Grey Ones. Fawn-colored fur on their shoulders blending to white on their bellies.

*Gray Ones:* The most common kind of Grog, an apish humanoid with thick plates of gray skin. Marginally intelligent, though quick to adapt to human tools and weapons.

*Grogs:* Any of the multitude of creations the Kurians have designed or enhanced to help subjugate man. The term "grog" is in general use for introduced life forms, but properly just belongs to the humanoid variants. They come in many shapes and sizes; some are intelligent enough to use weapons.

*Hunters:* Human beings who have been enhanced by the technomagic of the Lifeweavers to cope with the spawn of Kur.

*Igor*: A Quisling who has been given some amount of technical aid or training by the Kurians. Possibly the most despised, and frightening, of all the collaborators.

Interworld Tree: An ancient network of portals between the stars, the doors of which allow instantaneous transportation across the light years.

*Kur:* One of the nine planets of the Interworld Tree. A great storehouse of touchstones was found here, it was a center of Lifeweaver science and learning. Later it became a renegade world when the Kurian Lifeweavers began to use vital aura to extend their lives, touching off a civil war that has spilled over to Earth.

*Kurians:* Lifeweavers from the planet Kur who learned how to indefinitely lengthen their lives by absorbing vital aura. They



are the true Vampires of the New Order.

*Kurain Zone*: Any of the diverse territories under Kurian rule.

*Lifesign:* Energy given off by any living thing in proportion to its size and sentience. The Reapers use it, in addition to the normal senses, to track their human prey.

*Lifeweavers:* the ancient race who discovered the old Preentity Gates between the Nine Worlds.

Nomansland: Backwaters, wastelands, borderlands, and areas not under active control of either a Kurian or the Freeholders. Sometimes the Kurians will set up a human to run an area of Nomansland, or at least make sure it's limited resources don't go toward aiding the Freeholders. *Pre-entities:* The Old Ones, a Vampiric race that died out long before man walked the Earth. From their knowledge the Kur learned how to become Vampires by living off of vital aura.

*Quislings:* Humans who assist the Kurians in running the New Order.

*Ravies:* A virus the Kurians distributed to break up the social order of man, allowing them to take over more easily.

*Reapers:* The Praetorian Guard of the New Order, they are in fact avatars animated by their Master Vampire. They permit the reclusive Kurians to interact with humans and others, and more importantly, absorb the vital aura through a psychic connection with the avatar without physical risk. The Reaper lives off the blood of the victim, while the aura sustains the Master Kurian. Also known colloquially as Capos, Governors, Hoods, Rigs, Skulls, Scowls, Tongue-Tong, Creeps, Hooded Ones, and Vampires.

*Touchstones:* Recordkeeping technology used by the Pre-entities and discovered by the Lifeweavers. Touchstones hold anything from knowledge to memories, the data is accessible by a sentient being's touch. This can be dangerous for less-developed minds such as humans.

*Tsars:* Powerful individuals, usually found in Nomansland, who control a town, area, resource, or private army.

*Vital Aura:* An energy field created by a living creature. Sadly, humans are rich in it.

Wolves: The most numerous caste of the Hunters, their patrols watch the no-man's-land between the Kurian Zone and the Free Territories. They also act as guerrilla fighters, couriers, and scouts.



# CREDITS

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