

THE INLAND SEA

This will be an adventure setting for the Morrow Project role playing game. It is loosely adapted from *Savage Armada* (2001), a book in the **Deathlands** series by James Axler. I have re-written it extensively to fit the MP universe, but if you have read the book then you will recognize the basic framework of what follows. Under no circumstances am I trying to offend the fine folks at Gold Eagle Publishing, or their lawyers, with this work. It is intended to be a companion to *American Outback* (R-12), building on some of the sidebar ideas of that module, but can really be used at any time and by any group. The adventure setting is the Inland Sea, the great expansion of Lake Bonneville that has taken over about a quarter of [Utah](#). It is also keyed to my **Morrow Project Travel Guide**, so please check that out while you are here. Thanks.

Background: As the lake level rose, only the highest peaks of the scattered mountain ranges remained dry. People and animals were stranded on these new islands eventually, and many more people came to them by boat once the waters stopped rising. Today, these islands are often home to settlements of fishermen and shrimpers. The whole lake is nominally part of the Deseret Empire and most all the islanders claim some sort of fealty to that empire. Often, this far out in the Sea, they have become more independent and secular.

Players can enter the lake in several different ways. They can build their own boats and float across. Or, most likely, they can buy passage on one of the Saint ferries that service the Sea. There is a Saint dock near the trade nexus of Oasis, which would be the best place to find a ferry large enough to transport a team's vehicles.

Physically, the islands are generally the same. Rocky and covered with sagebrush, there is little tillable land on most. Some of them, however, have wider and flatter areas, often formerly saddlebacks between mountain peaks, that provide land for planting crops and grazing animals. Many islands boast terraced gardens and extensive chicken runs and pig corrals. The shorelines of most also provide a fair amount of aquatic plantlife to supplement diets.

People are generally healthy and eat well enough. Background radiation on most of the islands is negligible, though the closer you get to the east the higher the readings. Also, in the areas around the nuked Hill Air Force Base, now mostly underwater, the radiation is still strong enough to warrant avoidance.

The weather of the region is varied. The Inland Sea receives relatively mild winter weather in contrast to the mountains surrounding it. Summer temperatures can soar to 90 degrees F, but the elevation (and frequent afternoon thunderstorms) help to cool the air slightly at night. This region, like the whole state, is generally arid. Most of the precipitation comes in the form of snow, during the winter months, and thunderstorms during the late summer.

The Inland Sea teems with life, and the islanders depend on those to survive. Fish have been stocked in the lake for centuries, but following the lake's expansion, these species have grown exponentially. There are also several mutant varieties, including huge brine shrimp and an unidentified sea monster that lurks the depths.

A mystery of the deep, the dreaded "Sea Mutie" has become a terror of the Inland Sea. It attacks ships and islands with terrible ferocity, often dragging an entire ship down, crew and all. Theories abound as to just what it is. Most people think it's a mutant fish, grown to enormous size by the radiation. There is also some question about how many there are, as no one has ever seen more than one at a time. As they seem to hunt by sound alone, the only salvation is to remain perfectly quiet. Some sailors have been known to drift for days waiting for a Sea Mutie to leave the area. A common story amongst the island folk, perhaps apocryphal, is of a Sea Mutie attacking a coastal village that was having a celebration for a Baron's daughter. It dragged most of the people and the buildings into the sea.

There are also a host of land animals that were stranded on the islands as the Sea rose. Scorpions, spiders, and small mammals are common, but nothing larger. Despite radiation, land animals are generally normal-sized, as the larger ones have all been killed or died of starvation. Over the years, many stock animals have been brought out to the larger islands by settlers. Now, it is common to see pigs, dogs, sheep, chickens and even cows.

The Inland Sea has always been infested with large and often predatory bird flocks. Most of these are common pre-war species, but a few are mutants, much larger and dangerous than before. The most vicious of these are great Avocets, mutated to stand three-feet tall with an eight-foot wingspan and razor-sharp claws. While they usually stick to preying on other birds and small animals, they can be abnormally aggressive towards humans at times. Known as "scream wings", they are quite tasty if prepared properly.

While there are hundreds of peaks-turned-islands in the Inland Sea, I will confine my document to the northern third of the Sea. Below are a listing of some of the more notable islands in this area. The scattered settlements are each led by a "Baron", all of differing types and effectiveness.

Scorpion Island:Part of the Newfoundland Mountain range, "Scorpion Island" is the top 1,800 feet of Desert Peak. It is called Scorpion Island because of several colonies of large mutant scorpions that call the sloping island home. A small Deseret settlement is here, clutching to the few open areas. Led by Baron Tucholka, it numbers only 60 people total. The people are armed with a number muzzle-loading black powder .75 caliber flintlocks, both pistols and rifles. So far, these weapons have been enough to keep the scorpions at bay. They have two double-canoe outrigger boats propelled by oars only which allow them to fish the coastal areas, and occasionally make the risky journey to other islands. They have a surprising amount of drinking alcohol here, and they like to get toasted at times. While this is against the Mormon code, with all the dangers out here the residents have taken alcohol up as a way of coping.

White Rock Island:Another peak in the Newfoundland Mountains, a spur off of Desert Peak, just a woody atoll now. It juts up out of the water just thirty feet from Scorpion Island, and long ago, prior residents built a rope bridge between the two islands. The bridge has not been repaired for a century and has mostly fallen down, only one strand of moldy, salt-incrusted rope remains. There are also some mutant scorpions on this island, carried over here from the bigger island over the years hiding in clothes and bags. There are no people living on White Rock Island, mostly because of the better conditions on Scorpion Island.

White Rock Island holds a bit of a secret. 135 years ago, the Newfoundlands were further above the lake level than they are now. A group of civilians, former military men and a few children took refuge on the mountaintop. There was a natural cavern here that they worked hard to modify as their fortress. They had only gotten the bunker about half the way done when a lack of fresh water and food forced them to abandon the effort. Today, the spooky ruins are still scattered around the cave entrance, now overgrown with sagebrush and blue grass. The bunker itself is fairly ad-hoc, being built from scrap metal, raw tree trunks and scavenged machinery. The whole thing is relatively small, maybe ten yards across at the most. There is no salvage to be had here anymore, as they took everything with them when they left.

The Silver Islands:The former Silver Island Mountain range is now a chain of islands in the western waters of the new Great Lake, not far off the coast of the Enlightened Deseret port of Proctor. They are appropriately called The Silver Islands.

Wendover Island:The chain of islands starts with Wendover Island, in the southwest; centered on Leppy Peak. The island is named Wendover for the now-submerged old town of Wendover, which was at the southern slopes of the mountain. As the waters of the Inland Sea rose, the surviving inhabitants of the old town moved up onto higher ground, moving as much of the old town with them as they could. Now, Wendover Island, and the community of Wendover Town in the central valley of the island, in the shadow of Leppy Peak, is home to a prospering community of 120 corn farmers and pig ranchers, led by Mayor Kit Lowe and his family. Only two Bonneville Island built fishing skiffs (see Bonneville Island, below) call this island home, as the residents focus on their farming, rather than fishing.

Silver Island:This narrow Island is formed by the ridgeline of Volcano Peak in the southwest, Rishel Peak in the center, and Tetzlaff Peak in the northeast. It is a steep-sloped island, covered with grass and inhabited only by wild goats--so it is often visited by islanders from both Wendover Island and Bonneville Island.

Bonneville Island:This largish island is mostly a ridgeline composed of Lamus Peak in the southwest, then Jenkins and Campbell Peaks to the northeast, and finally Graham Peak at the north end of the island. The eastern side of the island is stand-alone Cobb Peak. Bonneville Island is home to two small towns--Bonny, a village of 112 people on the south shore of the island, at the foot of Cobb Peak, and the smaller Gat Town, with a mere 40 residents on the north shore, at the foot of Jenkins Peak. The entire Island is ruled by King Trace Tallman (who resides in Bonny) and his younger

brother, Duke Kory Tallman (living in Gat Town). Both towns have a "fleet" of five 15-foot fishing skiffs.

Floating Island: Tiny Floating Island Peak, once just a few miles across the salt flats south and east of Cobb Peak, is now known as Floating Island. Small, shallow-sloped, and almost flat-topped, Floating Island only rises a few dozen feet above the water. The Kings of Bonneville Island have used this tiny island as a place of exile for their worst criminals for generations--as the many old human skeletons attest.

Crater Isles: The two highest points of the old Crater Island Mountain now form the North and South Crater Isles. Steep-sloped, almost vertical-sided, these two isles are rough cones rising almost 1,000 feet up from the water. The channel between the two isles is a well-known lurking place for pirates; though nobody has ever tried to inhabit either isle.

Karel Island: in the northeast part of the central Great Lake, towards Logan Bay, far from shore, lies Karel Island. Once a shallow-sloped mountain with a gravel quarry in its bowl-shaped peak, it was known as Little Mountain before Ogden, to the south, was vaporized. A handful of Survivors from nearby Bear River City fled here during the horror-filled early years after the war, led by a Survivalist named Thomas Karel; here they hid, as the lake waters rose. As time passed, these people remained hidden atop their mountain cum island holding, keeping separated from others not only by the vast waters all around, but also by legends of The Great Sickness on the far-away mainland. After over a hundred years of careful terraforming, this once barren mountaintop has been made into a garden. Between the farming, fishing, and chicken ranching, this island provides a comfortable existence for the 200 citizens of Karel Town.

However, this island holds a macabre secret. In the early years, not long after the lake waters turned this mountain into an island, a bad growing season, followed by a harsh winter caused a food shortage. Several died and, in desperation, these people turned to cannibalism. No one was killed for this, only the flesh of those who'd died from starvation was consumed. The community survived, but a combination of shame and survivor guilt threatened to destroy them. The now-elderly Thomas Karel--who had instituted the emergency cannibalism to begin with--came up with a solution. Combining his fuzzy knowledge of Egyptian Myth, his Survivalist training, and the necessity for recycling everything on the island, Karel provided the citizens with a rationalization for their cannibalism.

Now when a person dies on this island, their bodies are ceremonially "Recycled"--a process where the usable meat is stripped from the body and preserved by smoking/drying (the town mausoleum is also a smoke house), these meats are then "interred"/stored for future "emergencies", while the "leftovers" are ground into mulch and used to enrich the soil of the island, which, since this is really a barren mountaintop, has to be made by the locals. Once a year, in mid-winter, these islanders hold a ceremony to worship and praise their ancestors--"Honoring the Ancestors, who gave of themselves, that we may live"--where they consume the oldest of the "emergency stores", before they can go bad.

Overall, this is a community of good people, who fish and farm and make babies like anyone else, who have adapted to the needs of their harsh environment in a unique way.

The Island of Flowers: A low, mesa-looking island formerly Grass Benchmark in the Grass Mountain range. Home of the small town of Blackstone, huddled around a natural cove on the western shore. A fairly nondescript town, known only for a few grazing animals and not much more. The island is covered with wild flowers during the summer, giving it the name. The residents take pride in their flowers and go to great lengths to protect them during the winter and replant them in the summer. Some artistic skill is employed to work the different color flowers into colorful mosaics in fields and yards. One species of normally benign wildflower has been affected by radiation. It now produces a hallucinogenic drug of low potency, which the locals chew up and drink in tea. It is harmless enough in small doses, but if not used in moderation it can cause severe health problems. It is unknown to other islands, and is against the Mormon code, so it is rarely traded.

Tiger Shark Island: Formerly Craner Peak in the Lakeside Mountain range, home of the fishing town of Tiger Shark. This town is a frequent site of pirate raids as its approaches are deep and open. The citizens are currently desperate for more gun powder for their weapons, and have recently sent a ship to Bountiful to buy more.

Somers' Island: Formerly Tangent Peak in the Hogup Mountain range, this island is long and wide, tapering to a pointed peak on the south end. A small settlement is on the north end, home to about 100 people. They are led by Baron Somers, who is one of the more devout Mormon leaders in the islands. The ramshackle town is surrounded by a wooden spike

wall, built decades ago, and a rock-walled fortress above the village serves as the Baron's house. On the high point is a crude log house where a brilliant man named Wof Nikon lives with his hot girlfriend. Nikon is working on a "special" formula for explosives.

Forbidden Island: Formerly the heights of Antelope Island, a large island lying in the eastern extreme of the Sea. The island is forbidden because of the very high radiation levels. 150 years ago, one of the many MIRVs aimed at Salt Lake City missed and fell on Antelope Island. The exposed mountain top is still glassed over and half-melted, with nothing growing anywhere. It is a place of death, people who come too close get radiation poisoning and die. Within 20 miles, Geiger counters will start to tick. People fear such a thing is contagious and often kill or banish anyone they even suspect of having gone near Forbidden Island. Rumored that there are mutants (Blue Undead?) on the island, wandering there forever.

Stansbury Island: Not the largest island, but certainly the most populated thanks to a very wide and flat area that has been extensively farmed and planted. Stansbury Island is also blessed by an excellent harbor, well-sheltered from the winds. The town of Cold Harbor has sprung up here, curving in a semi-circle around the slopes above the harbor. There are 300 people total living across the island, most in Cold Harbor.

Cold Harbor's most impressive feature is the stout stone wall that encircles nearly the entire town. This wall is made of rock and crushed stone, fitted together by hand and cemented by mortar. The wall is about 10-feet tall and features lots of gun ports and a walkway across the top. The single entrance is at the harbor, and is very well-protected at all times. The wall is a relatively recent construction, having been designed and overseen by "Old Stoney", the island's master builder. Construction was started 25 years ago and was finished just 7 years ago. Black powder cannons wait patiently for pirate attacks from every side. As well, Jimmy, the accepted "best marksman in the islands" serves as a sharpshooter for Cold Harbor. Jimmy has on several occasions shown his worth in a Raider attack.

The Baron leads from his impressive residence in the center of the town. This building is filled with all manner of pre-war loot, from jewels and statues to piles of porn magazines. Attached to the well-guarded citadel is an even-more-well-guarded armory. Inside the armory is a huge stockpile of weapons, ranging from flintlock muskets to a case of M-16s, along with tons of ammunition. Much of the older pre-war ammunition has gone bad, forcing them to reload the bullets with black powder. This works, but results in frequent jams for the M-16s. There are also a number of cases of pre-war fragmentation grenades, but most likely they are also inert by now.

With such a nice harbor, there are always ships here. The islanders themselves own dozens of dugout canoes, two sail-powered shrimp trawlers, and a pre-war racing yacht owned by the Baron. There are a dozen pirate ships lying sunken in the harbor, victims of 100 years of attempts at raiding Cold Harbor. The most recent of these wrecks is the *Manatee* from 16 years ago, the last ship to attempt an attack.

Baron Langford has been Cold Harbor's master for the last generation. He is a bald giant of a man, all muscle, with cryptic tattoos across his arms. Langford is neither well-liked or loved, but he is respected and feared. Rumored to be a mutant, with Herculean strength and resistance to gunfire. Langford leads by intimidation and fear, both from his enemies and his citizens. His business deals are ruthless, but always in the favor of the island's economy. People have to grudgingly admit that Langford has kept the island safe and prosperous. Constantly afraid of assassination attempts, he carries two pre-war pistols everywhere he goes, one an Old West black powder Colt .44 revolver and the other a steel .357 Magnum. Once, a long time ago, a man tried to sneak into the castle and kill Baron Kinnison. The Baron tortured him to death over a full year. He also has a radiation counter on a watch band that acquired from some unknown source. He uses this counter to determine if traders have been near Forbidden Island or one of the coastal ruins, and he has been known to shoot irradiated traders himself on the spot. He has a sexy young servant girl named Silver. Silver is a mutant and a clone.

The current line of occupants are not the original founders of the island's society. The immediate post-war community thrived and built most of the infrastructure of Cold Harbor. They were all killed off by a plague and the island sat empty for a number of years before the descendants of the current inhabitants rediscovered the island and moved in. This was probably 125 years ago, and much of that early stage is lost to myth and legend. Legend has it that when these people rediscovered Stansbury Island, it was home to a group of giant hairless mutants with forked tongues who were immune

to fire and possessed inhuman strength. They were all killed off more than a century ago by descendents of the current residents. Baron Langford's own great great grandfather died fighting the last of them.

The *Constellation*: Stansbury Island has a large sailing ship named the *Constellation* that it uses to transport trade goods and supplies between islands from the island to Bountiful. It is a stout ship, a former corporate yacht whose owner came here following the war and settled down. It has a wide yellow stripe down the side, repainted often, making it distinctive when seen from a distance. To protect it from pirates, the *Constellation* is armed with two crude black powder cannons firing 2 pound solid shot and chain. The crew carries a number of flintlock muskets and pistols and melee weapons as well. The crew consists of 10 people, eight men and two women, a not unusual arrangement in the islands. The ship is commanded by Captain Fallon. His crew are named Jones, Danvers, O'Malley, Daniels, Curtis, Baltier, Black Harry, Susie and Abigail. Abigail is tall blond woman, perhaps the strongest woman in the islands. She is in love with Jones, who is just as strong and burly as she is. Abigail's father is Old Stoney, Cold Harbor's wall builder.

Bountiful: Before the war, Bountiful was a small town in Millard County named Border. The Inland Sea now laps at the edges of the renamed town, making it a port today. It serves primarily as a port of entry for this part of Sea, and a trade center for caravans coming up from Mormon lands to the south and east. There are about 3,000 people living here and it is a very prosperous town.

Bountiful is blessed with a calm bay, fortunately deep enough to allow every vessel on the Sea entrance. Entry into the main harbor is tight, only 40 feet wide and made smaller by piles of concrete and brick from pre-war ruins, along with occasional smashed wreck of a submerged vessel. Stout bunkers stand on either side of the harbor entrance, sloping log and rubble walls holding guards with M-16 rifles and Firebirds. The harbor is home to a shipyard where vessels are repaired and built. Ships come and go daily, making Bountiful a busy place to be.

A stone castle sits on an overlooking rise, called "Castle Kennison". It has manicured gardens and lawns and fountains and all sorts of pre-war opulence collected from ruins far and away. The doors are wood, bound with straps of iron, leading to a large courtyard where the Baron holds sessions.

Bountiful's economy is based on trade and gun powder. Saltpeter mines further inland provide for gun powder manufacturing, which is traded throughout the Sea for a variety of goods. Recently, some idiot goofed in a black powder bunker and blew it up, leveling hundreds of trees and killing dozens of people. The fatal mistake has seriously reduced their on-hand supply of black powder, it will take many months to recover that lost inventory. Nitrate mines also operate nearby, as well as the shipyards, both offering income to the town.

Baron Maxwell Kinnison is Bountiful's leader, and has been for nearly 31 years. In keeping with his Mormon faith, Kinnison has 19 wives, and innumerable children with them. Unfortunately, he is beginning to suffer from the first signs of leprosy, contracted from a wandering monk that he met on his last trip to Cedar City. Doctor Griffin, the Baron's personal doctor, is aware of the Baron's illness but is powerless to do anything to cure him.

HDS *Porter Rockwell*: The Deseret Empire's new steam-powered ironclad dreadnaught, constructed over a four year period at Bountiful's shipyard, is now completing her sea trials. Designed and built by three engineers from Hawthorne (see [Nevada](#) entry), this vessel represents the pinnacle of technology and firepower on the Inland Sea. At 170 feet, this 700 ton vessel is the largest vessel on the Inland Sea. Powered by two reconditioned double expansion boilers (former locomotive boilers) driving twin shafts, the *Rockwell* ("*Rocky*" to her crew) has a top speed of 22 knots. This will allow her to pursue and overtake anything now afloat on the Sea (with the exception of a Sea Mutie). Her draft of 10 feet allows for shore bombardment as well as open sea cruising. Powered primarily by charcoal (manufactured in Bountiful), her engines utilize an ingenious coal oil injection system for short bursts of speed when overtaking pirates and other such riff-raff. Oil gives twice the pressure and speed, but can burn out the boiler if not careful. She is also handicapped by two smoke stacks that kick out so much black smoke and ash that you can see the ship coming for miles. Two steam motor launches are carried for boarding actions and maritime inspection.

The captain of this dreadnought is one Craig "Old Iron Ass" Brandon, a tall, hulking, brutally handsome man with coal black hair and crimson eyes. He is well respected by the citizens of Deseret, and feared by everyone else (including his crew, as he is an stern and exacting taskmaster). The 88-man crew are all veteran sailors of the Inland Sea, and the 30-man Marine detachment are all Deseret Pathfinders. The Pathfinders are armed with three .338 Lapua sniper rifles, 27

M16A2 rifles and M1911 pistols.

Ship's armament consists of a 120mm smoothbore cannon with its turret (from a salvaged M1A1 Abrams tank), mounted in the bow with a 210 degree arc of fire. This weapon fires high velocity solid shot and canister rounds (anti-personnel/anti-material, manufactured in Hawthorne). There are four elevated gun tubs mounted amidships each containing single mount, water-cooled M2 HMGs with gun shields, port and starboard case-mated 4.2" mortars, and four 2-ponder black powder cannons. Two banks of "Repentance Rockets" flank each side of the *Rockwell* for close-in defense and pre-boarding suppression. Repentance Rockets are finned black powder rockets lit with a fuse and launched "Hail Organ" style in mass. Unreliable and notoriously inaccurate past 600 feet, they are devastating when they connect with their target. The Mormons just recently traded for a 25mm Chain Gun after the ship was already built and are now thinking about switching out the 120 if it doesn't work out in "real life trials" (like flipping her over on her keel with the first shot...).

The *Rockwell* is currently undergoing sea trials off Bountiful, having just been launched this summer. Initial trials have been very favorable and the ship will be ready for its first extended cruise in the spring. The Pirates are aware of the *Rockwell*, and its potential to exterminate them. There have been some talks about trying to raid its home port this winter and either sink or capture the *Rockwell*. Only the presence of the legendary Deseret Pathfinders gives them pause.

Pirates: Like any large body of water, the Inland Sea is home to pirates, who kill and steal with the same fervor as their kin has done for millennia. The pirates on the Sea make a living raiding shore communities, as well as shrimp trawlers and the ferries. The Deseret Empire is mostly powerless to combat these pirates, as it has only limited seafaring combat ability. The best defenses are well-armed shore and island communities and vigilance on the part of sailors. Many Deseret ships carry weapons, but they are generally no match for the pirates. The only hope is the Deseret battleship *Rockwell*, which is just now entering sea trials. Pirate crews are usually a mix of wanderers, bandits and Mormons who have fallen from the faith. They are a universally cutthroat bunch, with little regard for human life. The pirate ships each operate independently, but all pirates are bound by a code of thieves honor. They occasionally join forces to attack a particularly lucrative target, but not very often.

There are five main pirate vessels operating on the Inland Sea at this time. They are the *Delta Blue*, the *Langolier*, the *Gibraltar*, the *Amsterdam* and the *Cortez*. They are all pre-war sailing craft, former pleasure boats that survived the war and the rising lake. They are all wooden-hulled and retrofitted with weaponry.

The *Delta Blue*: A large pre-war sailing yacht, long and sleek with a sloped wooden hull. A grandfather named Draco had found the yacht abandoned in a rich man's mansion a few decades after the war. She was still on her trailer but had suffered much from the elements and looters. Draco and his clan lovingly repaired it by hand, using tools found in various shops. It had taken him and a host of others almost a year to complete the job, as the waters of the lake rose and rose. It took nearly another year to find a manner to drag the vessel six miles to the rising shores of the Lake. All the effort and the not-so-surprising revelation that he was trapped on a lake with no outlet drove the old man insane and he slit his own throat. His wife took over command of the yacht, and then her sons, and the Draco family lived on. Soon, they fell to pirating on the Inland Sea.

Her general appearance these days is battered and beaten, but she is still very deadly. The ship is a patchwork of repairs, signs of decades of storms and the occasional battle, unpainted green wood is mixed with seasoned timbers taken from captured vessels. The *Delta Blue* is armed with two black powder 3 pounder cannons firing solid shot and grape shot, and the crew carries flintlock pistols and rifles as well as bows and melee weapons. They have grappling hooks for boarding operations, which is their primary means of capture and plunder.

The crew of the *Delta Blue* numbers about twelve. The commander is Captain Draco, latest in a long line of privateering Dracos. He is a large man, tall and heavily-muscled, his face is a mass of scars and one eye is marbled white dead for numerous fights. His clothes are perpetually badly stained but not patched and he carries a pre-war revolver tucked in a gun belt draped across this chest. His first mate is Giles, a very violent man. Giles has long greasy hair in a ponytail, and a face pockmarked by old acne scars. He carries a rusty iron fire axe and matching flintlock pistols in a wide belt.

[The Gibraltar](#): A medium-sized sailing ship. "Trust nothing, and stay alive" carved on the bow, ship's motto. Odd for a raider, she carries a smaller skiff for boarding actions against unarmed targets. Commanded by Captain Bachman, whose men consider him a bit soft on captives, but he knows that starved and abused captives are worth nothing. Wears pre-war eyeglasses given to him by a whore, and guards them closely, considering them more valuable than even his ship. His first mate is Red Blade, who was on the *Manatee* when she attacked Cold Harbor 18 years ago. He was the only one of the crew to escape captivity and he still carries a livid facial scar given to him by Baron Langford's mother while in captivity. As such, his grudge for Cold Harbor is still smoldering.

[The Langolier](#): Said to be the fastest ship in the pirate fleet, as well as carrying the most cannons.

[The Amsterdam](#): A small raider ship.

[The Cortez](#): Another small raider ship.

[The mutants](#): Those legends about giant mutant humans on Stansbury Island are indeed true. For a time the island was held by a group of near immortal mutants. These were created by a mixture of radiation and released viral and chemical weapons from the nuked Toole Depot. They somehow infected the original residents of the island with the plague. Not all of the mutants perished in the past, either. Today, at least two are known to live in the islands, 125 years after the rest of them were killed off. One is Nikon's hot girlfriend from Somers' Island and the other is Baron Langford's servant girl Silver. Anyone who saw them together would notice immediately that they are absolute identical twins, as if they were clones.

The end...I hope there is something in here that you can use. I have finished another companion module for the northern reaches of [Nevada](#), check out [The Coast Road](#).