

FULLY STRAPPED, ALWAYS PACKED



by Mitch Gitelman

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Crime Crew:

Joe Adlesic and the Penial Gland; Allison Souter—my Vet; SuperDad Mike Malony; Tracey Sicard and BBV for the day job ducats; Jim Knowles for putting up with my crap at work ("Now what's this book about?"); Jennifer Santana (what he needs is a good shtup); Special Shout out to Syb and Floyd for the Values; and Barney.

Punks:

Too many to name. You'll get yours.

Author's Note:

Proponents of existentialism will remind us that we are simply staving off the screaming hysteria of a pointless universe by role-playing. True, but my wizard is level 7, so I get Cloudkill.

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The world of 2021 is confused, valueless, and depressing. The only thing that gives me comfort is the knowledge that my toaster knows how much ammo I have left.

Fully Strapped, Always Packed is a reference for the veteran who wants to know what it takes to play the game. Guns are everywhere in Underground, and it's important to understand what kind of firepower is out there before you attempt to change the world. Violence is a way of life in the United States of the future. It permeates every facet of society, from children's books to office life to prime-time vid-net. In a world where all battles are won with superior firepower, sometimes your only friend is cold steel.

The bulk of Fully Strapped consists of fiction and source material designed to illustrate how the widespread availability of potent firearms has warped society on the fringes of the Underground. Inside, in addition to this source material, you'll find dozens of new rules and new weapons. All of the important game information associated with these weapons is summarized on the final 32 pages of this book which were designed to be torn out and added to the Underground Notebook. Finally, rounding out the package are a few adventure hooks tied to the Underground Parameter rules (Underground Rulebook, Chapter Twelve). These hooks can be easily expanded into full-blown stories.

Technology in Underground

In 2021, with few exceptions, truly innovative hardware and weaponry can only be created by major corporations. Only the corps have the money and resources necessary to burn digital chips and mass produce goods, and only the corps are legally licensed to engage in research.

Of course, some folks don't feel they need a license. Digital information technology makes it possible to link virtually any piece of hardware to any other. Your vidset, quadrasound system, cellular fax, pulse oven, garage door, personal computer "pack," Urban Nightmare™ Ironmonger 20mm AutoPistol, and Pueblo Commando!™ confrontation software all interact with one another. This, along with modular weapons systems, makes it very easy to customize and kit-bash new equipment "in the field."

New developments in technology are no longer met with awe. Apathy is a way of life, and there are few advances capable of dropping jaws. Children in 2021 greet new video games with "Is it a run-around-and-kill game or a solve-the-stupid-puzzle game?" Office workers, tired of rushing to keep up with the latest business software, rely on daily "Quickstart" program tutorials to keep them up and running. Every day another basic human function is automated.

Nowhere are the effects of the technological revolution more apparent than on the vid-net screen. Because of sophisticated vid-net remote controls allowing viewers to scan hundreds of channels in minutes, program producers strive to grab the public's attention in 4.5 seconds. And as always, viewers are grabbed and held with startling images of extreme violence and pornography. At present, most vid-net shows last no more than fifteen minutes — the average attention span of the 2021 viewer. With so many channels to choose from, competition is fierce between vid stations. Many resort to militant corporations to settle contract disputes or fight for important time slots. Things are starting to get even worse. New soma-remotes change vid-channels for the user, automatically displaying on screen the entertainment most wanted subliminally. Violence and pornography programs, along with home-shopping networks and romance dramas, blur across the viewer's screen, blinking on and off according to the moment-to-moment changes in the viewer's desires.

In upcoming Underground supplements, we will explore the many facets of 2021 technology in greater detail. Today, our subject is weaponry.

Contradictions

Readers with an eye for detail may notice contradictions between Fully Strapped, Always Packed and the Underground Rulebook regarding weapons' statistics, costs, and availability. This book and its pull-out pages supersede any previously printed materials. We have included a listing of every weapon from both books to ensure consistency and game balance.

Have fun.

AFTER THE SLUMBER

01-27-20

>>>Simulation 059
Activating subjects...

CHARACTER CODES:

ΔΔ = Subject <Dingbat>
*** = Subject <Broadway Joe>
*** = Subject <Chrome Dome>

VILLAIN BREAK-IN version 2.1

- 20:01:39 Non-Subject-Characters <Marxmen> trigger electronic countermeasures in Freedom Force Secret Headquarters.
- 20:01:45 Subject <Chrome Dome> responds, alerting Subject <Broadway Joe> via wrist communicator.
*** Joe, we have an intruder alert. ***
*** I copy, Dome. Let's have a look. ***
- 20:01:59 Subject <Dingbat> is alerted to enemy presence using detection device he built himself without the knowledge of his teammates.
ΔΔ(giggles to himself)ΔΔ
- 20:02:03 Non-Subject-Characters <Marxmen> continue to advance through passageways of headquarters.
NSC#2— Hey boss, where are we now?
NSC#1— If this tracking unit is reading correctly, we should be in the heart of the Freedom Force's secret headquarters.
But since you built the tracker, we're probably in the secret headquarters' colon.
NSC#3— (Honks horn)

PRINT SCREEN



- 20:02:04 Subjects <Broadway Joe> and <Chrome Dome> use secret passages to flank intruders.
- 20:02:05 Subject <Dingbat> moves to private weapons closet and selects a Zermalmen Waffen Dämensturm 10 millimeter handgun as a sidearm.
He then searches a drawer and finds a magazine loaded with hollow point rounds.
ΔΔ(giggles to himself)ΔΔ

VILLAIN BREAK-IN SIMULATION (continued)

- 20:03:02 Non-Subject-Characters <Marxmen> begin the process of attaching demolition devices to Freedomobile. NSC#1 slides under vehicle while NSC#2 prepares detonator leaving NSC#3 as lookout.
- 20:03:17 Subjects <Broadway Joe> and <Chrome Dome> enter vehicle bay from opposite sides.
 >>>genetic enhancement in use — control
 >>>Subject <Chrome Dome>
 >>>target: NSC#3
 >>>range: within parameters
 >>>power level: 9th band
 >>>target mental resistance NSC#3: insufficient
- 20:03:18 Subject <Chrome Dome> assumes control of Non-Subject-Character NSC#3.
- 20:03:19 Subject <Dingbat> resumes his former position, hanging upside-down from swing.
- 20:03:20 Subject <Broadway Joe> attempts to move quietly to a position of dominance.
- 20:03:41 Subject <Broadway Joe> succeeds and readies Zermalmen Waffen 385i 12.5mm assault rifle.
- 20:03:42 Subject <Dingbat> remembers to put his straitjacket back on and resumes his place on swing.
- 20:03:45 NSC#2 requests a **screwdriver** from NSC#3.
 NSC#2—Hey buddy, you gotta da' driver?
- 20:03:49 NSC#3, under the control of Subject <Chrome Dome> drives a philip's head screwdriver into the shoulder of NSC#2.
 NSC#2—(screams in pain) Wadda you do dat for?

PRINT SCREEN



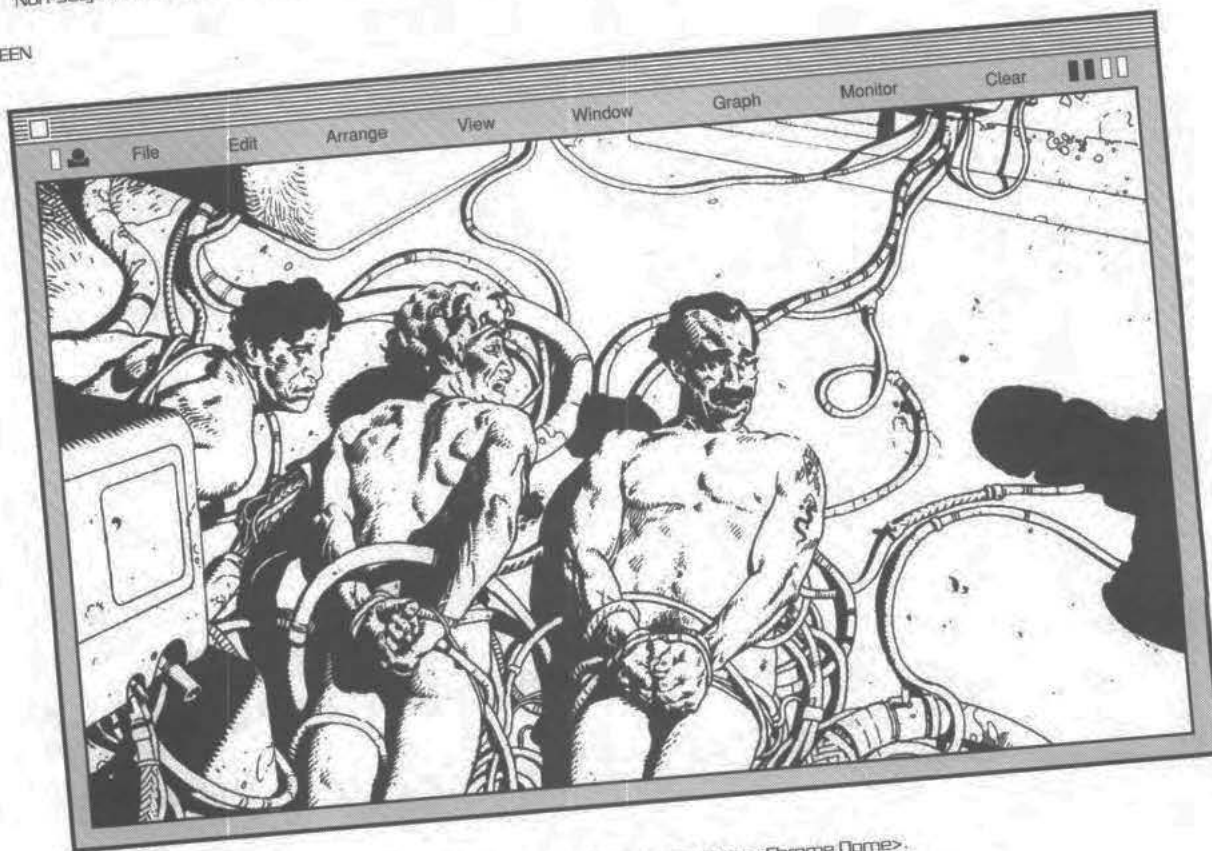
- 20:03:50 >>>Non-Subject-Character #2 Disabled
- 20:03:51 In reaction to the scream, NSC#1, under the car, slams his head into the Freedomobile's exhaust system.
- 20:03:52 Subject <Broadway Joe> Attempts to facilitate Non-Subject-Character #1's surrender.
 ...Hand me that napalm gun, Dome...

FREEDOM FORCE BATCH #27

01-27-20

20:05:39 Non-Subject-Characters <Marxmen> are hog tied naked and placed on the floor of Freedom Force Intelligence room.

PRINT SCREEN



20:05:41 Subject <Broadway Joe> discusses the fate of their captives with Subject <Chrome Dome>.
 ...If we let them go, they can cap us in our sleep!...

20:05:42 Non-Subject-Character #1 attempts to plead for his life.
 NSC #1—Not true, sir. Well, he might.
 (Indicates NSC #2)

20:05:43 Subject <Broadway Joe> crushes the windpipe of Non-Subject-Character #1 under the heel of his steel-toed boot.
 ...Shhh, I'm trying to think...

20:05:44 Non-Subject-Character #2 urinates on himself.

20:05:45 Subject <Chrome Dome> strokes the face of NSC #3.
 ...We clearly need to see how much they know about us...
 ...You gonna probe his melon?...
 ...No. It would be much more fun to give these boys to The Dingbat...
 ...I'll get the mop...

20:06:00 Subject <Chrome Dome> retrieves Subject <Dingbat> from his cell.
 ...Come down, my friend. We need your guidance...



ΔΔΔ Untie. Untie. Untie. Heh. ΔΔΔ

20:06:01 Subject <Broadway Joe> twists the screwdriver in the shoulder of NSC#2.

20:07:03 ...Why can't we just learn to love one another?...

20:07:04 Subjects <Chrome Dome> and <Dingbat> return.

ΔΔΔ Looky, looky, looky. ΔΔΔ

20:07:11 >>> Non-Subject-Character #1 is terminated.

...I thought you had him tied up. ...

20:07:13 Non-Subject-Character #3, under the control of Subject <Chrome Dome>.

NSC#3—(honks horn.)

20:07:21 Subject <Broadway Joe> places bucket within reach of Subject <Dingbat>.

...Your mess, ...

20:07:23 Subject <Chrome Dome> relinquishes control of Non-Subject-Character #3, who stares without comprehension for several seconds.

...What do we do with these two? ...

20:07:24 Subject <Dingbat> produces a pair of pliers. Indicates NSC#3.

ΔΔΔ Hold him down. ΔΔΔ

20:07:26 Subjects <Broadway Joe> and <Chrome Dome> drag NSC#3 to a table.

20:07:29 Non-Subject-Character #3 is made to sit at table.

20:07:31 Subjects <Broadway Joe> and <Chrome Dome> hold wrists of NSC#3 securely to table top.

20:07:36 Subject <Dingbat> grips the fingernail of NSC#3 with the pliers.

...Aren't you gonna ask him any questions first? ...

ΔΔΔ Naahh. ΔΔΔ

20:07:37 Subject <Dingbat> removes a fingernail from Non-Subject-Character #3.

ΔΔΔ What's the point. He's a mute. ΔΔΔ

(All laugh.)

End Simulation 059.

>>> Efficiency Rating: 97%



COMBAT COMBAT COMBAT

<Meat Substitute> Okay, we're back with the second half hour of Combat! Combat! Combat! So far, no casualties to report, but according to Lola Montoya, our "in the paddie" reporter, the bodies are about to start stacking up south of the border. Lola?

<Lola> Thanks, Meat Substitute. Welcome back, bloodshed buffs. As you can see, I'm standing in a bombed-out city, some 20 kilometers south of Coracora. A TWD boosted infantry unit representing Yummy Candy Company is attempting to defend access routes to a nearby sugar cane field from the advancement of DHI troops representing Toot Sweet Confections. We'll be tracking the Dingbat during this sortie for as long as he lasts.

<Meat Substitute> Lola, if I might break in for a moment, I notice that Dingbat is listed as emotionally unstable. Any chance that his state of mind may have an effect on the outcome?

<Lola> Hard to say at this point, Sub. Teammates tell me that the Dingbat was unstable even during Slumberland orientation. His record wake-side, however, indicates that he is a fierce combatant, and his alleged psychosis has made him quite a crowd pleaser.

<Meat Substitute> Any chance he might off his own people? (Ha, ha, ha)

<Lola> (Ha, ha, ha)...couldn't say. But I'm sure that if he does, he'll do it with style! Dingbat is well known in these circles as having a gift for gore and a high tolerance for pain. Whatever happens, I'm sure that it will be entertaining. **<Kaboom!>** Wait a minute, something's happening. I'm waiting for a report.

Okay. A missile has just struck Major Dada — and he is down!
...Yes, it's confirmed, Major Dada is dead, and we have the first kill of the evening. For on-the-scene coverage, let's go to Kurt Jurgens in the aircar. Kurt?



Allied Mayhem Inc.

Weapon: Laser guided man-portable missile
Model: Sampson
Primary use: Area suppression, anti-personnel
Payload: 35-45 Microburst Bomblets
Nickname: The Jawbone
Last seen: Boneventure, Quebec
Accuracy: 95% in regulation combat
Uses in 2021 season: 5



GONY

<Kurt> Thanks Lola, Before we show you the scene down below, let's take a quick look at the cause of death. Yow! Bad news for the Major, I'm afraid. He was hit by a Samson laser guided homing missile. Quite a payload there, friends. The Samson delivers roughly forty micro-burst bomblets into an 80x220 foot area.

<Meat Substitute> Kurt, this is the Meat Substitute, back in the studio.

<Meat Substitute> Kurt, according to the information I'm seeing here, it seems that the weapon would be better suited for a strike versus a group of targets rather than simply one man. Any comment?

<Kurt> Yes, I see what you mean, Sub. My guess is that the Major was targeted for early termination in this conflict. His military record, combined with the fact that he was equipped with the sole defensive-side heavy missile, made him an obvious candidate for saturation bombing.

<Meat Substitute> Let's take a look at the body now. Kurt, describe what you see.

<Kurt> It's not so much what you see down here as what you smell. Major Dada was a big man, as you know, and when that missile hit...well, that's a lot of steak on the grill, Sub.

<Meat Substitute> Ab-so-lutely. Alright, we take you back to the action, as Lola follows in the trenches after the Dingbat. Lola?

<Lola> Not so much trenches as craters here in Coracora, Sub. The forces of Disposable Heroes, Inc. continue to unload small missiles to soften the defenses of the TWD infantry. It appears as if the Toot Sweet Confection Co. is really set on claiming this cane field as an asset this quarter.

<Dingbat> Tone! Tone! I got tone! (Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh).

<Lola> Uh oh, Sub. It appears as if someone has a lock on us... <Ka-Wocka!>



Codename: Twisted Freak

Height: 7' 7"

Weight: 385

Age: 24

Kills: 5, 1 unconfirmed

Enhancements:

Added strength and speed,
epidermal chitin

Longarm: GCS M87/g 40mm autocannon.

Sidearm: U. N. EP425 25mm semi-auto pistol

Other:

Melbourne Arms 8 gauge shotgun over
left shoulder.

Psych Profile:

Melancholy baby. Suffers from extreme
depression.

<Meat Substitute> We have temporarily lost contact with Lola Montoya and the Dingbat, so we'll go across the battlefield to Larry Goldman, who is following the Twisted Freak into heavy combat. Can you hear me Larry?

<Larry> You bet, Meat. Well slaughter fans, raise the carnage meter up a notch. The Twisted Freak is in town, and as usual, he's cruisin' for carrion! Take a look at the double-fragging he delivered just seconds ago as he was overtaken by two air-mobile members of the 8063rd DH air-lance.

<Meat Substitute> Roll that tape, will you Hal?

<Larry> There. You can see the Freak making his way through the cane field...and there are the flyers. They're streaking in with guns blazing.

<Meat Substitute> What were they firing, Larry?

<Larry> Hard to tell from here, Meat, but whatever they were, they made a lot of noise! ...Now the Freak lets loose with a three round burst from his M87/g assault cannon... and...whammo! He nails them both with 40mm rounds!

<Meat Substitute> Let's replay that. It looked to me as if they were trying some defensive action when they got hit.

<Larry> I saw it too, Meat. It appeared as if they tried some sort of synchronized rolling maneuver in an attempt to dodge the massive shells from the M87. And there it is! You see, Meat? They rolled in towards the same direction. A critical error on behalf of the Disposable Hero team. That will cost them on points as well as racking up two more for the body count.

<Meat Substitute> And now we see the Freak taking his time...he re-slings his weapon... now he's carefully advancing...and yes...they're alive, I see movement...I think one is groaning something--I can't make it out...Oh! and HE CAPS THEM!!! The COUPE DE GRACE! The Freak has drawn his sidearm and put them down like horses. Quite an ending to a spectacular exchange of gunfire!



Specifications M87/G

| | |
|----------------|--|
| Maker: | Glint of Cold Steel |
| Fire: | Fully Automatic, disintegrating belt-fed open breach |
| Caliber: | 40mm grenade ammo |
| Capacity: | Unlimited, belt-fed |
| O/A Length: | 24 inches |
| Barrel Length: | 58 inches |
| Weight: | 52 pounds (unloaded) |
| Finish: | Satin Nickel |
| Sighting: | Integral "hot beam" laser sight |



GONY

<Larry> Definitely first rate, Meat. And now that the airborne boosts are down, I'll wander over and see what they were carrying. Can we get a close-up of this, Hal? Look at these markings. Zermalmen Waffen. Oooh. They're 385i's, Meat, and they're in mint condition.

<Meat Substitute> Makes sense. The 385i is an excellent weapon for air-mobile troops. It packs a solid punch, is manufactured with superior craftsmanship and an eye for detail. And, as a tip to all the youngsters out there, the 385i is light enough to be used effectively by non-boosts as well. At 12.5mm, it's a bear. But if you get a good stance and really lean into it, you can deliver enough firepower to stop just about any heart. Where are we going next, Hal? Okay. I've just gotten word that the Dingbat is alive. Yes, Dingbat is alive; he has suffered a head trauma, but appears to be functioning properly. Let's catch up with Lola Montoya live as she describes the impact of a guided missile. Lola? (pause.)

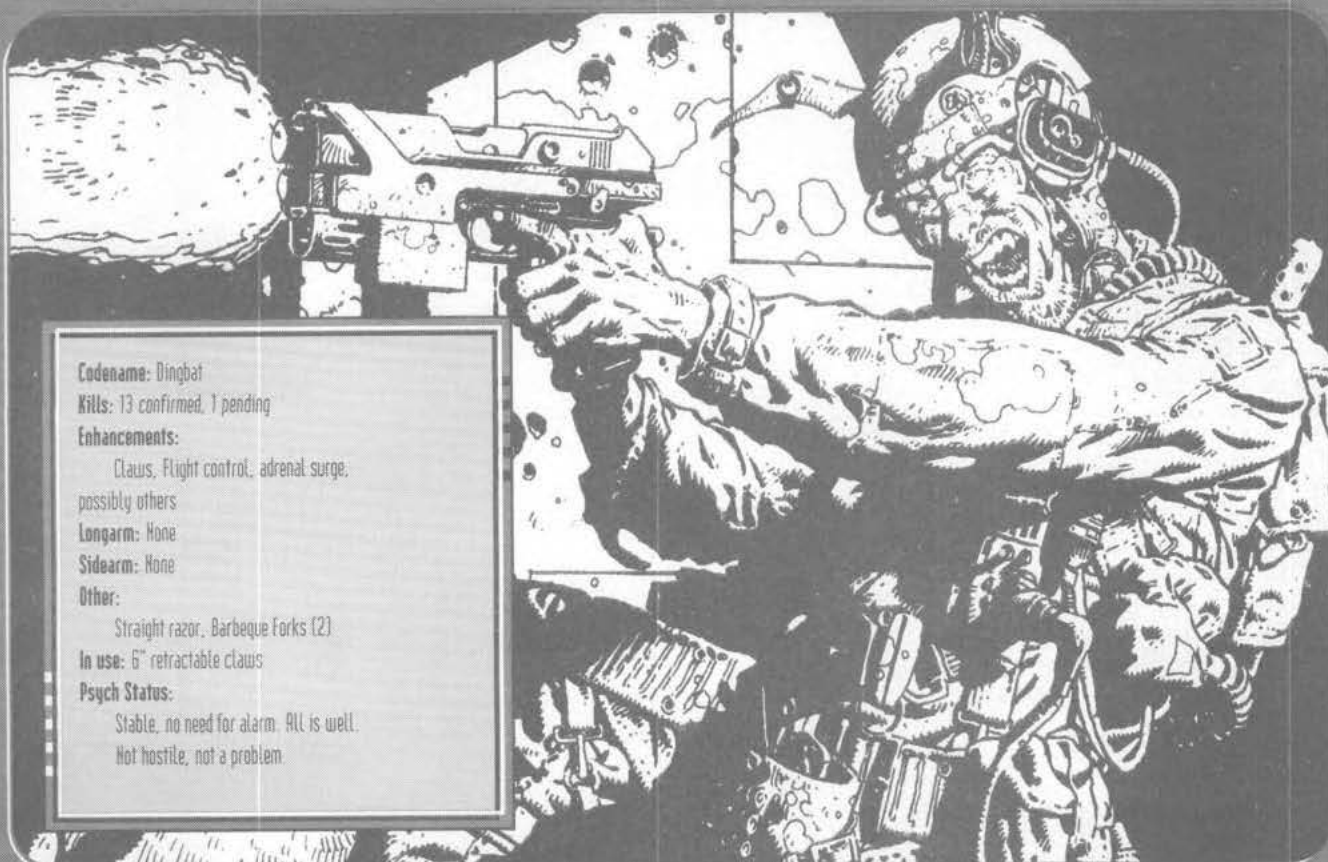
<Kurt> Sub, I am at the scene where Lola Montoya was struck full on by a Bastion anti-armor missile.

<Meat Substitute> That's gotta hurt.

<Kurt> No doubt about it, Sub. This is a piece of the MONDO armor that Lola was wearing. As you can see, it's all that's left of our gal from Indianapolis. Hal, if you can follow me in, I'll try to see if her camera is intact. It will be hard to find. There's a big mess here.

<Meat Substitute> Sorry Kurt, no can do. We need you about 100 yards to the west, where Dingbat has been sighted after escaping Lola's trouncing. He has taken to the air and is closing quickly on the blind side of a boost.

<Kurt> I see him now, Sub. He's really giving that guy what for! **<Bam, bam.>**



Codename: Dingbat

Kills: 13 confirmed, 1 pending

Enhancements:

Claws, Flight control, adrenal surge,
possibly others

Longarm: None

Sidearm: None

Other:

Straight razor, Barbeque Forks (2)

In use: 6" retractable claws

Psych Status:

Stable, no need for alarm. All is well.

Not hostile, not a problem.

<Meat Substitute> Move in, Kurt. Let's try to hear what he's saying.
<Kurt> I'm not sure that's such a good idea right now, Sub. The Dingbat already has a head injury, and the way he's drooling, I'm not convinced that getting closer is the right thing to do.
<Meat Substitute> No need to worry, Kurt. I have Dr. Kilgore Redbone, a psychiatrist from TWD here in the studio, and he assures me that the drooling is just an allergy.

<Kurt> Um.

<Doctor> That's right, Kurt.

<Meat Substitute> Just get a little closer to the microphone, Doctor.

<Doctor> Oh. That's right Kurt. I've treated Dingbat for the last three months. The instability that everyone is talking about was reported by his last doctor, who was rather incompetent. But since he's been under my care, the Dingbat has come quite a long way, really. Many of the problems...

<Kurt> He's unloaded his entire magazine into his opponent, Doctor, but keeps pulling the trigger. He's screaming something. Wait a minute.

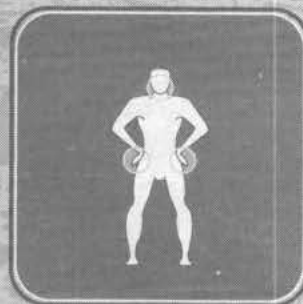
<Dingbat> Redrum! Redrum! Tae siht!

<Doctor> That's a natural transference of anger caused by his lack of control. When the missile hit, the Dingbat became frustrated by his lack of chaff armor. I've seen it before. Many boosts exhibit similar behavior when confronted by superior firepower.

<Meat Substitute> Oh, we've got claws! The Dingbat has abandoned conventional firearms and is tearing at his opponent's chest using the retractable claws he keeps hidden for just such an event.

<Kurt> And quite a set he has! I would measure those in the 6" range.

TRANS-WORLD DEVASTATION ★ INC. ★ ★ ★



Specifications

Subject: Dingbat

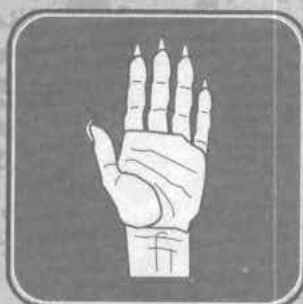
Weapon type: Genetically engineered Claws

Length: 1/2 inch when retracted, 6 inches when extended

Hit/Cut ratio, year-to-date: 81% on Boosted targets

96% on non-boosted targets

100% on inanimate objects



GONY

<Meat Substitute> And checking the board, we see that Dingbat has quite a bit of luck with those. His hit/cut ratio is well into the 75% range, while managing to score the deep gouges which are so important in delivering a killing blow.

<Kurt> True enough, Sub. Granted, this soldier was already dead when the Dingbat began his rending assault, but look at the way he grips those internal organs! That's the way to turn off the switch!

<Meat Substitute> Take a look at his vitals, Doctor. Is the rise in his adrenaline level anything to worry about?

<Doctor> No. Dingbat's adrenaline surge is actually an enhancement added near the end of his genetic surgery. It will cause him no harm.

<Meat Substitute> Maybe it won't cause him any harm, but it looks like Kurt might need a hand down there. Kurt?

<Kurt> Sub, as you can see, I have turned the air-car away from the battle, and I'm attempting to escape the murderous intentions of the boosted operative known as the Dingbat. If my estimate is correct, I should outrun him.

<Doctor> I think that if you are afraid of him, that you should confront him with your fears. Only by having an open dialogue can you hope to overcome your problem.

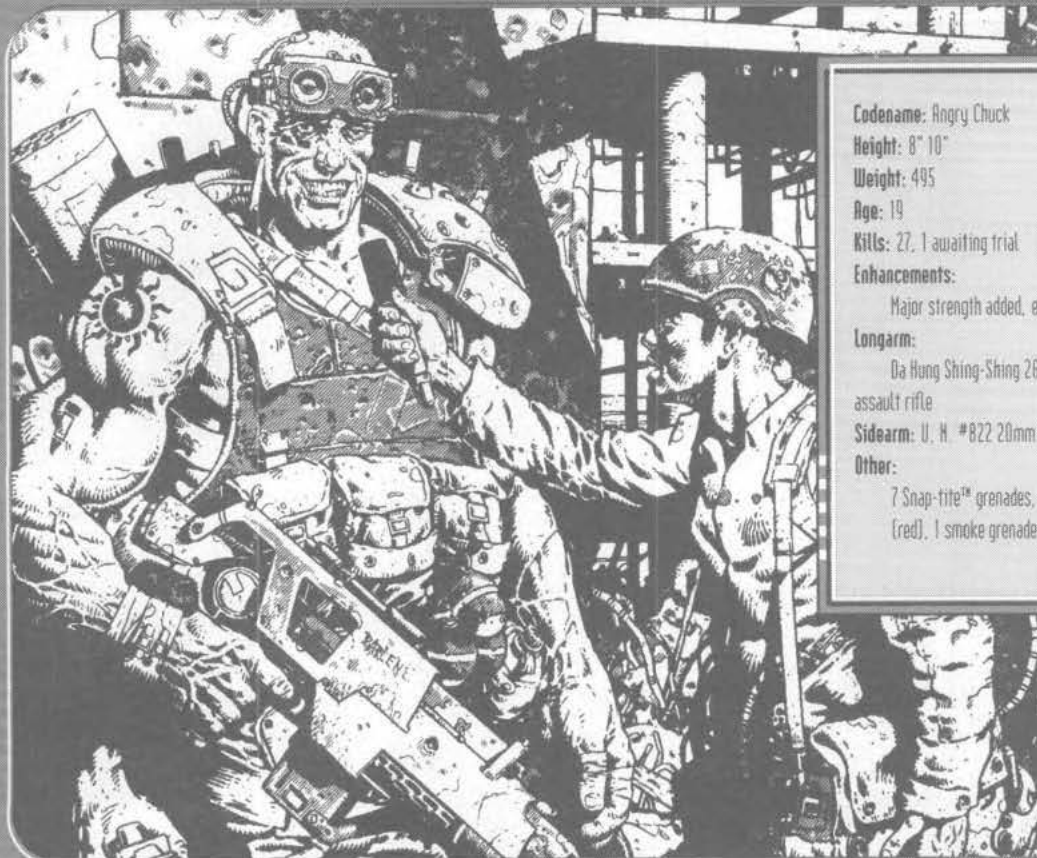
<Kurt> I believe my problem right now, Doctor, is that the Dingbat has successfully caught my aircar and is boarding it in order to rob me of my life.

<Meat Substitute> Kurt, can you describe what you're feeling right now?

<Kurt> Yes, I would characterize it as the sheer terror that only a cannibalistic homicidal maniac can produce.

<Doctor> Dingbat has not exhibited cannibalistic behavior in my presence.

<Kurt> Well, welcome to the picnic. Aaaaarrgh! gac. Hal, are you getting this?



Codename: Angry Chuck

Height: 8' 10"

Weight: 495

Age: 19

Kills: 27, 1 awaiting trial

Enhancements:

Major strength added, extra arm

Longarm:

Da Hung Shing-Shing 26br 12.5mm
assault rifle

Sidearm: U. H. #822 20mm revolver (3)

Other:

7 Snap-tite™ grenades, 1 smoke grenade
(red), 1 smoke grenade (black)

<Meat Substitute> Great stuff, Kurt. And of course, as always, Tastee Ghoul will award a lifetime supply of Corpus Crispees™ to the families of Kurt Jurgens and Lola Montoya. Tastee Ghoul, proud sponsor of Combat! Combat! and purveyors of fine flesh. Tastee Ghoul. Are you a people person? Alrightee, let's get back to the action again, with Larry Goldman, who I'm told has sustained a light wound of his own. Larry, what's the damage down there?

<Larry> Meat, I'm standing beside Angry Chuck, who has bucked down not one, not two, but three chumps in quick succession. Chuck, tell us how you did it.

<Angry Chuck> Well Larry, I saw these three moving in standard leapfrog formation through those trees near the sugar cane field.

<Larry> And what did you do?

<Angry Chuck> Since there were three of them, I lobbed in some smoke to disorient them.

<Larry> Mmm hmmm. What happened next?

<Angry Chuck> Since I always have a hand free, I tossed a Snap-Tite™ grenade in, just to see what I would get, and...um...

<Larry> And that's when we caught up with you via gun-cam. Let's roll that. Can you tell us what we're seeing here, Chuck?

<Angry Chuck> Okay, sure. Okay, that's the tree that I'm behind. I've just lobbed the smoke... there's the blood splatter on that tree, Sub?

<Larry> Did you see the little drop, Larry?

<Meat Substitute> Every little drop, Larry.

<Angry Chuck> Okay, now I'm switching to Pueblo Sniper. And there's the image rezzing in now. See how I line up on that guy's goggle? I like to take them through the eye if I can. Not much MONDO there, right?

And ping! There goes the first. And Ping! I cap the second. Here's where the third popped you, Larry. And the last Ping! as I do some dental work on him.



Specifications Shing-Shing 26br

| | |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|
| Maker: | Da Hung Ordinance Developers |
| Fire: | Selective fire, magazine-fed |
| Caliber: | 12.5mm |
| Capacity: | 24 rounds |
| O/A length: | 16 inches |
| Barrel length: | 46 inches |
| Finish: | Gray aluminum alloy frame |
| Sights: | Fixed iron sights w/ laser module |



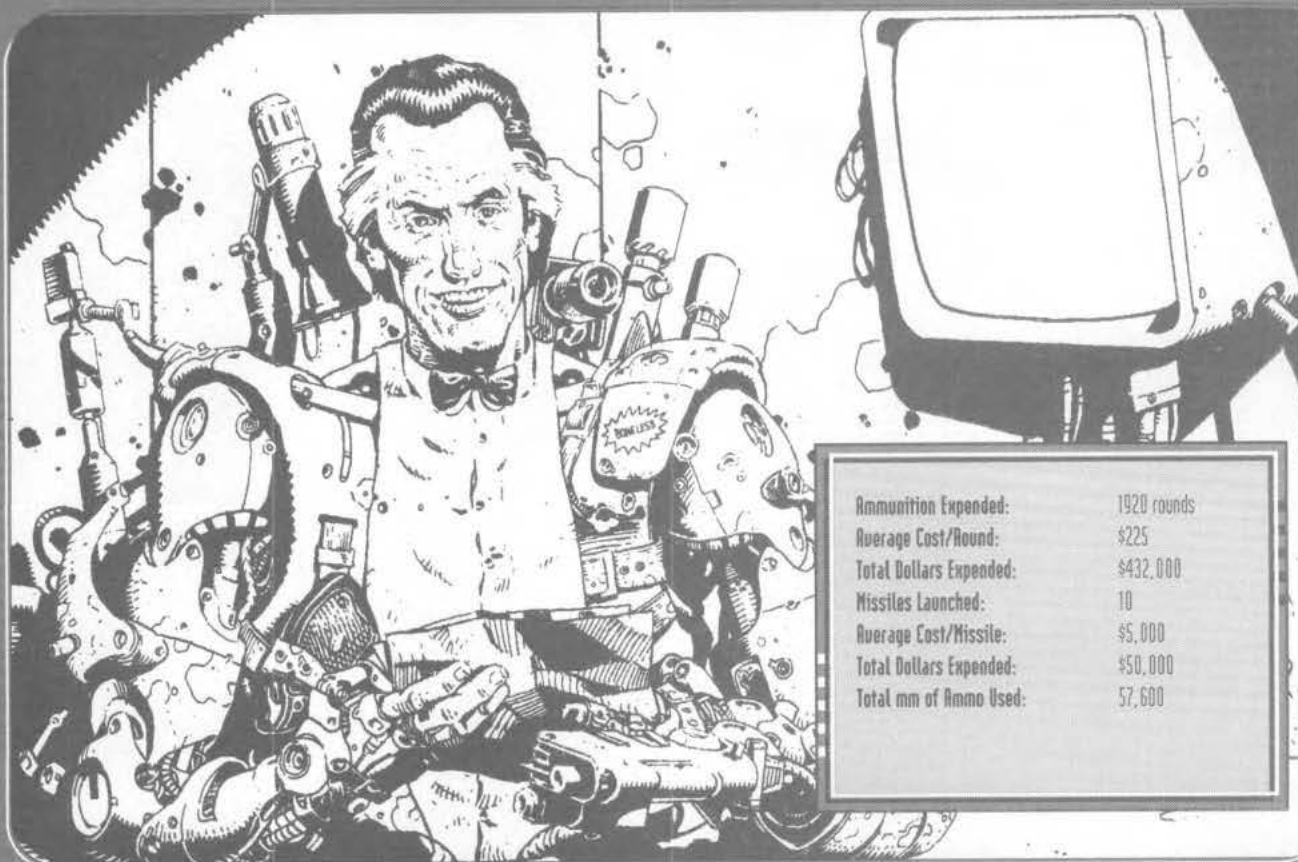
Da Hung Ord.

GONY

<Larry> Yep, that was some fancy shootin' there Tex. Why don't you tell us what kind of rifle you used to put those three to death.
<Angry Chuck> Sure. I'd like to introduce you to the Da Hung Shing-Shing 26br.
<Larry> That's not exactly a sniper rifle.
<Angry Chuck> I'm not really a sniper. I'm just an opportunist making a buck in a world that both fears and envies me.

<Meat Substitute> We're going to have to cut away from that interview to show you the scene near the center of the city. The soldiers representing Yummy Candy Company are about to make the decisive blow to the representatives of Toot Sweet Confections. The Dingbat has impaled a lance corporal on the front of the Combat! Combat! aircar, and he is heading for a group of Disposable Heroes. We take you to a camera mounted on our aircar to get the reactions of those involved.
<Blam! Blam! Blam! ching, ching ching Budda! ching Budda! ching Budda!>
<Dingbat> Tora! Tora! Tora!
<Meat Substitute> I think we're in for a treat, folks. According to the onboard computer, the Dingbat has opened the throttle up all the way! This time, I don't think he's coming back.

<Dingbat> Ramming speed!
<Meat Substitute> Yes, this definitely could be the "Kill of the Night." He's in position...boy that aircar is taking some heavy damage from that hammering hardware...wait, what's that gun? It's a napalm projector. Hal, get a shot of that. He's attached it to a grenade. Here comes the impact...He's jumped free! Dingbat has flown free of the impending impact!
<Whaaatoooooooooom!!!!!!>
<Doctor Kilgore Redbone> I knew he wasn't suicidal.



CONY

<Meat Substitute> Good call, Doctor. Let's go back down to the field where Larry Goldman is standing by with the recap.

<Larry> It's pretty hot here currently, Meat. The napalm booby-trapped armored aircar has completely engulfed the field in flames. We can call no victors in tonight's confrontation. None except the psychotic Dingbat, who has easily outscored the others in property damage and loss of life, all the while, keeping ammo usage low. The totals: TWD reports 3 dead, 7 wounded, with 1 not expected to live through the night. The Disposable Heroes limp in with 11 dead and 5 unaccounted for but presumed burned to an unidentifiable crisp. Combat! Combat! reports 2 fatalities and a downed air-car. There goes our gross margin! A moderate 1900 rounds were expended with the Hits per Rounds Fired ratio at a slim 3.7%. But the big news is in the missile department. Ten missiles were reported launched, but only 2 hit their targets. The rest peppered the landscape, which along with the napalm fire should render the soil completely unusable for years. The total cost of this firefight, including the losses of vehicles and sugar cane: \$725,185,000. And.. I'm getting a little woozy from blood loss. So, with that, we'll zip back to the studio where the Meat Substitute has the wrap up.

<Meat Substitute> Thank you, Larry. Get that spleen looked at when you get back to the States. That was Larry Goldman, the last of the reporters left live on the scene in Coracora, Peru. Our Tastee Ghoul "Kill of the Night," of course, goes to the Dingbat with his kamikaze run on the members of Disposable Heroes 8063rd air-lance. Terrific stuff! Great footage. And if the Dingbat ever resurfaces, he will be awarded \$100,000 plus an engraved "Quality Kill" plaque at the Tastee Ghoul in Encino, California. Thanks for tuning in tonight. Y'know, if this teaches us anything, it's that life is short. Love one another now, before you get plugged by an odd angry shot. This is the Meat Substitute saying, "save the last round for yourself." B'bye.

Disposable Hero

QUARTERLY

**SGT. BICKEL SPITS FIRE
AT THE POWDERKEG**

**AT HOME WITH THE
SADO-INTELLECTUAL**

PLUS:

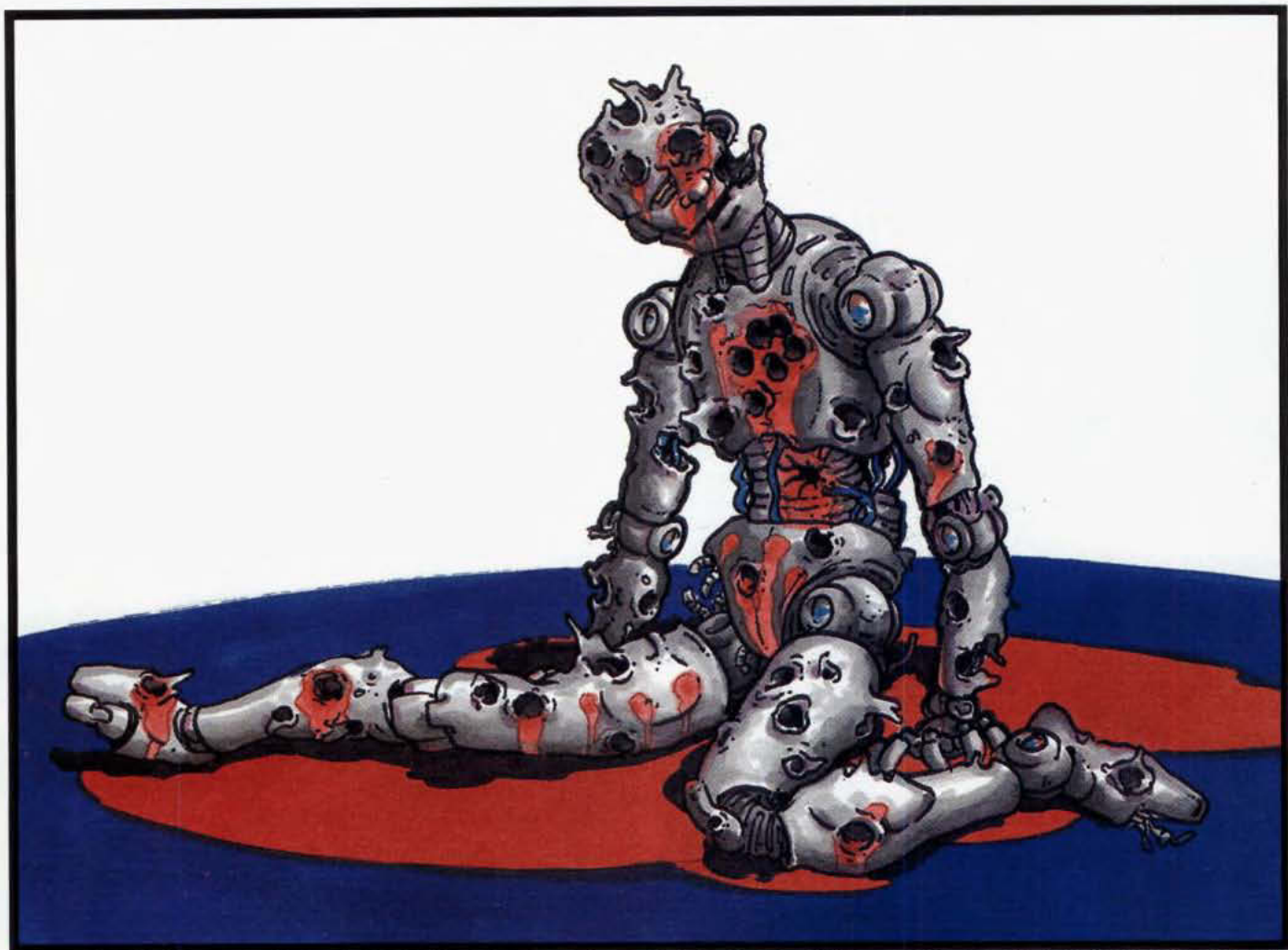
2420A1 Mancannon
SSF 2/30
Gimel 1015 AR
Megagat 25mm
Hogan 10 Gauge
2W Morgengewehr

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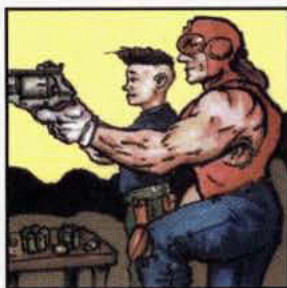


To Some, It's Full of Holes. To You, It's Full of Memories.

Seems like only yesterday that your father brought you here for the first time. Those sure were good times—just you, Dad, and his Urban Nightmare.

Urban Nightmare offers a full line of small-bore plinkers and target pistols for shooters of all skill levels. And they're

endorsed by the Tastee Ghoul Shooting Team due to their accuracy, durability,



and fun colors. So whether your game is making a compact car dance or cutting

the X-ring at 75 feet, there's an Urban Nightmare waiting for you.

Memories and nuclear fallout aren't the only things that should last a lifetime...



**URBAN
NIGHTMARE**

Making Quality time Fun Since 1988

Notes from the front

*I gotta gun and I'm no liar
Gonna torch the VA, gonna light it on fire
When the troops arrive and start hassling the crowd
Gonna turn those chumps into a red mist cloud.*

-Angry Young Animals



Disposable Hero

Spring 2021
#23

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Greetings from the Bush, fellow pawns. I'm at a classified location, typing feverishly away at my pack and hoping that I can hit my deadline for this edition. I'm also hoping to avoid being turned into primordial soup by the fine folks at AML.

This column is devoted to the Great Equalizer-paste.

Paste kills, my brothers. In-freaking-dubitably! I've seen boosted operatives the size of armored personnel carriers, who could take a direct hit from a Pumpit-40mm grenade launcher, turned to goo by that insidious ooze. This weapon's lack of fairness is staggering. What is the point of going through months of genetic engineering, Slumberland, and reorientation, only to be slapped down by something that looks like toe cheese?

It's Un-American.

I've been working semi-covert for 3 years. In that time, two entire units' worth of boosted infantry have gone down while protecting American interests abroad. Admittedly, with the number of long-range, high powered, computer-assisted weapons currently in use on the modern battlefield, my team and myself have as much chance of survival as President Milkovich. But paste...paste is somehow unholy.

Don't get me wrong. I haven't turned Deutch-Scientologist or anything. But some things just aren't right.

Fax your Congressman. E-mail the press. Get a license and bomb a post office. But do something. We're out here fighting to allow you the freedom to get really pissed off and blow up something. Don't turn your backs on us, safe in your suburban communities, while we take hits from Darwin's Revenge.

And here's a special note to the Anti-Sedition Squad: all you guys who think you can stop the Truth—

Free Speech Registration #59124-J/8100:
Chew me, baby. I'm untouchable.

Thanks for reading. I'm J.B and I am outta here.

letters to the editor

This month's crop of
letters is all over the
place. It occurs to me
that I have no idea who
reads our mag.
No matter, though.
As long as you keep
dropping the rubles and
shekels in the mail, we'll
continue to provide you
with the best in boosted
news, reviews and
entertainment.

The Angry Young Boost

Dear Limp-Wrists,

I just got finished reading issue #87 and stopped puking just long enough to fax this off. Gert Frobe's description of the Zermalmen modular system was about as informative as an issue of USA ALIVE! In other words, it was written for the HS wanna-dies that hang out at the Clark and Belmont Tastee Ghoul here in Chicago. No substance, no accuracy ratings, just color photos of the Meat Substitute pretending that he knows which end is which.

Get with it DH! Find some guys with real field experience. Or do I have to get a license?

Silver Slayer
Chicago, IL

[Gee, you sound really mad! I'd be careful boys! They grow some perty ornery characters in the mid-west. By the way, dumbass, you never changed your **fax signature**. So if anyone would like to correspond with Larry Schindler (oops, I mean Silver Slayer...nyuk) write or letter-bomb him at 7416 Newark; Chicago, IL 60614-5573.—Marvelous Marv]

Back in da' day

Dear Marv,

Issue #87 was by far your finest. As a retired career soldier, days can seem pretty long. The one thing that still keeps me going though, is your magazine. My first engagement, nearly 30 years ago, was in Operation Desert Storm. I will never forget it — the camaraderie, the support from back home.

Back then, the VA did something for returning vets. It had the respect of all the other agencies because it never forgot its purpose — to aid soldiers returning home after fighting for their country. Not like now. Now, the VA is as corrupt and useless as the government that funds it.

So thanks, Marv. Thanks for reminding me of what was good and right in the America of my youth.

Capt. Wayne Mazursky
USMC (Retired)

[Yeah, I long for those good old days too. The Gulf Conflict reigns as one of this nation's finest hours. That and the Final Episode of "Cop Rock" available at the Chartbuster Somavid near you.—Mr. Marv]
—MM]

We can be thoughtful, too

Marv,

You should be proud to print such a fine publication. Disposable Hero isn't just another gun magazine. It's a forum to air conflicting views regarding life, the military, and everything. For instance, last issue's article showing both sides of the millimeter debate was fair and insightful. For the record, I don't see any reason why cartridges over 9mm should be **banned in public schools**. The Second Amendment guarantees certain rights to all Americans, even students. What will they take away next, our **right to kill transients**?

Thoughtful in the Can
Delaware, PA

[There is no question about it. The founding fathers surely had PS185 in mind when they declared the right to bear arms. For those not following the debate, this ban does not affect teachers, who, under current law, may utilize any size ordinance excepting shotguns (which may injure non-combatant students with scattered shot).—Marvin the Wonderdog]

Featured Letter

Dear Disposable Hero,

I never thought I'd be writing a letter to you, but I just had an experience that I had to relate. I am currently stationed overseas in a third world country for Allied Mayhem Inc. Obviously, I can't name the country, but let's just say that I'm not "officially here."

Anyway, the other night my unit went on an HK mission. HK is what we call a hunt and kill scenario. We look for people whom the brass have designated DOA—Dead Upon Our Arrival (so far it's been everyone we meet). Our unit leader usually pairs us up and sends us out to see what we can find. Most of us bring back trophies from our kills. A lot of the guys show up with weapons and unit designation patches torn off bodies. Other guys make necklaces of ears, scalps and other "bio-wear." This time, I was paired with a boost I'll call Barking Ken (not his real code-name). Barking Ken is well known as a weapons specialist who takes exacting care of his company made 50mm bolt-action recoilless over-and-under rifle with 40mm Pumpit™ grenade launcher.

Before we started out, Barking Ken ran back to the personnel carrier and came out with a very large package wrapped in anti-environment plastic. He hefted it well, but I could tell that whatever it was, it was heavy! His corded muscles pushed against the fabric of his heavyke sleeves, and I could see by his heat signature that he was putting out some effort to carry it. We started out towards the place INTEL claimed hid a "Charlie's Angel" (enemy air-mobile troop) encampment. As we trotted through the woods, Ken looked at me with a weird "cat that got the canary" smile. I was wondering just what he was up to when we came upon a deserted farmhouse. Looking over his shoulder with a sly look, Barking Ken beckoned me to follow him inside.

Well Marv, I've seen a lot of guys develop feedback trauma during my tour so I've got to admit, I was a little wary. Of course, as a boost I'm not bad myself. I stand a sturdy 7'3" with a 55" chest and well-developed biceps. My most startling assets, however, are the well-developed legs that have earned me the monicker "Leapin' Bob," since I can vault an Abrams M1 tank without breaking a sweat. That and my trusty DW770 assault rifle kept me feeling confident that I could get myself out of whatever might happen inside the little house. When we entered and swept the building for undesirables, Barking Ken turned to me and said, "I have something I've wanted to show you for a long time." And with that, he slowly unzipped the shroud that covered the item that he had toted with him for a full click.

I gasped as I gazed along the length of it. It was huge and thick with three independent heads and long lengths of chain fed ammunition flowing down from the sides of the outer miniguns. I was barely able to catch my breath as I heard him mutter, "Do you like it?"

"My God, what is it?" I gasped.

"It's called the Cerberus Wardog." He glanced lovingly down its shafts. "The two Vulcan miniguns fire 9mm rounds..."

"9mm. Oh my!"

"And the third head, in the middle, fires 7.65mm tracer rounds for triangulation."

"Triangulation, right." I could feel my sweat glands pumping furiously to cool the heat rising between us in the room.

"The whole rig is attached to a gyromount harness that ports into your pack here."

"M-My pack?"

"That's right, Leapin' Bob, yours. I want you to try this baby." He stood up and helped me slide into the shoulder straps. The canisters that contained the 9mm slurry rounds were huge, but I had no trouble supporting the weight. Tonight, I felt like I could kill the whole world!

"It's so big," I said. "What about the recoil. It looks like I'll end up flat on my back the second I pull the trigger!"

He winked. "You let me worry about that. Let's go."

We left the farmhouse and headed back to where we left our mission guideline. Pueblo Mapit!™ kept us on course until we came to the enemy

camp. Or so I thought. With so much wooded area ahead of us, I had no way of knowing for certain where they were.

Barking Ken came up close behind me, his mouth close to my ear. "Warm 'em up," he whispered. I flipped a switch on my pack and the gyromount leapt into action. The weapon swung up from its resting position at my side and settled nicely below my belt. Another switch caused the twin miniguns to whirl into action. They sounded like the ultimate meat processor. I shivered. It would be moments before the distinctive sound alerted any resistance to our attack.

"What about the recoil?" I insisted.

He reached around me and depressed an unmarked button. The sound of hydraulics filled my ears as the two pods that protruded into the air from the backpack swung down to create a tripod. My own powerful legs acted as the third leg. I was still worried about the stability, but the Cerberus was one step ahead of me. The foot pods let out a loud report as the

integral nail guns at their bases slammed steel spikes into the ground to hold me in place. I shivered with anticipation and the knowledge that I was vulnerable, rooted in place—a target. My fingers ached to fire.

"Let 'er rip!"

It seemed as if I squeezed the trigger for a long, long time. Seconds elongated as a fountain of lead erupted from my Wardog. Flames spurted again and again in cones three feet long and I heard myself laughing over the din of destruction. My body rocked in spasms as I let loose my flurry of defoliating death. I closed my eyes tight and let my weapon do it's worst.

The forest before me shredded and flew back from my turgid tommy-gun's treebucking torrent. I bucked and bucked and bucked, feeling the power issuing from my rod.

And then it was over. All that was left was the whirring of my ammo hose. We rested, just enjoying each other's company in the glow of the burning flora. After a while, we made our way back to the unit to discover that they had engaged the enemy several kilometers from our location.

"Then who did we frag?" I asked our platoon commander.

"Just some Red Cross Volunteers," he laughed. "Don't worry, we'll still register the kills."

I looked across at Barking Ken. "If you can find any remains," he said. I could only smile remembering my joy as I let loose on the treeline.

* Name and address withheld upon request *

[Umm, yeah. — Grossed-out Marvin]

Well, that's it for this month. Next

month is our special issue saluting

the stars who loved their guns. Watch

for interviews with Charleton Heston,

King of Comedy Jerry Lewis, and that

lovable kid from Differ'nt Strokes.

Gary Coleman.



THE HERO ADVISOR

A few years ago, I heard about a gun that could penetrate heavy MONDO armor at insane ranges (like a mile). That would be weird enough, but I also heard that the sighting system was somehow linked to an eagle or some such crap. Could this be true?

—H.R.P., Cleveland, Ohio

Let me get this straight. You can accept the idea of human beings genetically altered to secrete acid, but you have a hard time with the idea of linking a gun to a bird's brain? Your ability to create new base-lines for reality is enviable. The gun that you are thinking of was created by Allied Mayhem Inc., purveyors of fine hardware and the manflesh to wield it. The gun fires a projectile resembling a grain of rice. Grain of rice? How can such a meager sliver of metal rend someone like "Manmountain Opie" (the AMI test subject) into an unrecognizable lump of gore? The answer rests in a unique propulsion system that uses an enormous amount of energy to generate a contained magnetic pulse. This pulse propels the grain down a four-foot-long barrel (a sort of "rail-gun"). Remember kids, "it's not the size of the projectile, it's the velocity of the launch". As far as the imaging system in the scope is concerned, yes, it is wet-wired to the brain of an eagle (we here at DH hope that it is, in fact, a bald eagle, symbol of America). The eagle's brain allows the firer to track small moving objects better than conventional lenses or uplinks. This, in theory, would be intensely useful by airmobile snipers who can use the weapon to turn boosts into red mist clouds from positions that are nearly sub-orbital. If you are considering an attempt to order this gun through some catalog, think again. All of AMI's hardware is militarily restricted and unavailable to the public.

Why do the makers of the 15Gsa handgun insist on calling it a "light" sidearm? 20 millimeters seems like an awful lot of lead to me.

—B.R. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Irony seems to be in great demand these days, probably because the need to be hip weighs heavier on the mind than the need for social change. The folks at Glint of Cold Steel Ordinance Co. are not without their wry humor as well. What could be funnier than a bullet that can kill you through the wall of your house? To answer your question, 20 millimeters does not a light sidearm make. The standard sidearm for most non-boosted soldiers continues to be the Zermalmen Waffen Tötscheiben 9mm semi-automatic. However, standard for one species may not be the standard for another. The 15Gsa is a fine weapon (see review in issue #82) that has enjoyed immense popularity with the Homosuperior community because of its large bore and 11-round staggered magazine. But light it's not.



Recently, during a private hypnotherapy session with my VA-appointed shrink, I had a past-life experience wherein I was convinced that I was Sir William Shatner, the soma-vid superstar whose work inspired the late President Raymond Milkovich's inaugural "We are human, we do feel emotions" speech in 1998. The shrink found nothing odd about this and informed me that many returning veterans experience similar episodes. What causes them, and should I be worried?

—R.A.W. Chicago, Illinois

We all wish that we were someone else from time to time. Some of us just wish this unconsciously. I am not making light of your experience, which I am sure, affected you deeply. It is not every day that one realizes that he was once the man responsible for peace in the Middle East. Shatner's work in Project Mindmeld was an important moment in history. It just seems odd that every time someone has a past life experience, they remember being someone famous. When will someone remember that "Yes! I was Herman Glimpsher, an Amway salesman from Tacoma, WA?" Anyway, one reason so many veterans have similar experiences is because of the

Bromley computer virus that infected Slumberland during the early days of the project. The virus caused personas in the virtual reality world to mix occasionally and manifest when confronted by items or events that effected their "past" lives.

In your case, it might happen when you see dead men in red shirts.

Back in Paraguay, I can remember guys rigging their guns to fire via voice command and then mounting them on their shoulders facing backwards. When their packs registered unfriendlies to the rear, they would just yell "Fire!" and the gun would do the rest. It even replied "Roger, G.!" Can I get the stuff I need to do that now that I'm back in the states?

—G.D.W. Macon, Texas

The system that you are describing is not found commercially anywhere. From what you have said, it sounds as if your buddies linked Pueblo Firefight![™] to a servo-motor mounted on their shoulders along with a standard Vocalizer program. The motors would allow freedom of action for the weapon and permit the program to track moving targets. As far as the gun "doing the rest" is concerned, unless your pals modified the program to fire the weapon at a certain rate, they yelled, "Fire!," every time the pack got a lock on the target. The voice activation itself is not a problem. Many gangsters program their weapons to fire when they say, "It's a deal!"

DOUGHBOY DATA SHEET

CODENAME:

Slamdog

BICEPS: 31"

NECK: 20"

CHEST: 60"

HEIGHT: 7'2"

WEIGHT: 335 lbs.

BIRTHDATE:

5/28/90

BIRTHPLACE:

Encino, California

AMBITIONS:

I've already reached one—21 confirmed kills! Also, I'd like to depose a regime and have my own country—someplace warm!

TURN-ONS:

Capping politicians, exotic weapons, finding a spare clip on a corpse. Also, EMP grenades. They put the fun back in combat.

TURN-OFFS:

Chicks with extra limbs, group therapy, and nerve gas. Oh—and guys who call me "dude."

IN COUNTRY:

I prefer to travel light and take "point" myself. By the fireside, I like Earl Grey tea and a good war story.

FAVORITE ARMAMENT:

My 40mm M87 Autocannon manufactured by Glint of Cold Steel. It's like a woman to me!

P. S. :

Look ma! No witnesses!





Handwritten signature in white ink, possibly reading "L. J. Smith", overlaid on the central figure.

HOT SHOTS

Edited by Burnham DeSade



FULL AUTO: Superior. A top-rated gat.



BURST FIRE: Above average. Corpse-on material.



SELECT FIRE: Standard heater. Has moments.



PLINKER: Poor performer. Don't expect a lot of bodies.



JAMMED: A waste of ammo and ducats.



Howitzer 2120A1 75mm Mancannon

Manufactured by Silver Bullet Arms Inc., Ridgefield, NJ.

The wholesale slaughter biz is not a glamour industry, especially not for its rent-a-pawns, and nowhere is the boosted goose stepper less exalted than at the wrong end of one of these mansprayers, The Howitzer 2120A1. See ya, but I wouldn't wanna be ya. No question about it, boyo, you'd have to be brain-damaged to cross the slug slinger that packs this baby. Shoulder mounted, it rivals the dreaded Cerberus Wardog for sheer audacity of design. Four humongolous rounds are stored in the magazine and fed in a bulpup configuration. Word on the blacktop is that *custom large capacity magazines* are already being crimped as I write. Check your local black marketeer. No reason to talk stopping power—if you live after catching this wad in the face, you'll be an XL70 brain hooked to a colon. No assembly required.

—Dingo LaCroix





SSF 2/30 30mm Autopistol

Manufactured by Silver Bullet Arms Inc., Ridgfield, NJ.

One would think that with a shoulder mounted Howitzer under their belt, their next release would be a little more mainstream. But the boys at Silver Bullet Arms, *Julio and Alejandro Piazza* (themselves altered artillery men) just won't stop dreaming up ridiculous designs to unleash on the brain-crippled and Estro-Gin-addled of America. This little heart-stopper is a fully automatic pistol that fires 30mm depleted uranium rounds. Depleted uranium? How do these Quixotic questors of the absurd come up with this stuff? As ammunition, these shells can be devastating because they are dense as only fission fodder can be. That makes them armor-piercing to the extreme. Add them to a massive tungsten frame with a one-of-a-kind counter-balance/gas venting system and you have the most powerful handgun in existence. Yes, it's fully auto, but firing any more than two rounds at a time from this Leviathan might take your arm off at the rotator cuff. Just thinking about the exit wounds gets me misty eyed.

—Duncan Renaldo



Gimel 10.75mm Assault Rifle

Manufactured by Plotz Arms, Israel.

It's difficult enough finding an assault rifle with enough firepower to drop a boost. So when an Israeli comes around with a cap-buster that can handle the job and still be controlled by the average simp on the street, low-boosted vets start salivating with homicidal relish. Plotz, manufacturers of inexpensive and sturdy little tools of termination, have hit the homeless again with the Gimel. True, 10.75mm might not be enough to take down the chumps with MONDO for skin, but with the right ammo, I can definitely see reconstructive surgery in someone's future. Rate of fire is particularly good with a unique closed breach gas feeding mechanism that has to be seen to be believed. If Moses were alive today, the next plague would be hollow points.

—Eddie Van Stamin



Megagat 25mm Magnum

Manufactured by Neomag Ltd., Raleigh, SC.

Alternate name: Wild bore. Only some illy-white corporate dink would come up with such a whack name for a relatively decent shootin' iron. Solidly constructed with a nickel alloy chassis and break-open top loading cylinder, the Megagat Revolver is a dependable sidearm that fires thousand grain centerfire ammo (only manufactured by Neomag). As more and more psychopaths returning from "over there" get ventilated when their wus automatics jam, more and more vets are stocking up on the right stuff. Yes, a revolver does not have the high capacity mag that you'll find in the GCS 15Gsa (the Megagat accepts only 6 rounds), but when you pull the trigger you are assured that a huge freakin' slug is gonna launch. As the now famous Mr. Mayhem's Gentlemaniac's Quarterly photospread illustrated, the well-dressed vet is packing heavy on the *surefire deal*.

—Gloria Leonardi





Hogan "10" Automatic Shotgun

Manufactured by Melbourne Arms, Australia.

In the rough and tumble world of homosuperior freedom fighters, shotguns that burp little pellets of lead are little more than irritants to vetcreeps who sleep in their MONDO (do I smell crotch rot?). While it's true that the armor-piercing value of a shotgun can be compared to a vidstar's virtue (they both lose it early), the Hogan 10-gauge autoshotgun is an effective crowd dispersal weapon. Okay, some of the crowd disperses, others develop rigor mortis. In any case, the Hogan is lightweight and if used by the right person, fireable with one hand. That leaves the other hand free to pop the cap on a fifth of Estro-Gin and let the good times roll. And of course, shotguns make excellent hunting weapons (assuming you don't mind digging the shot out of the mutilated corpse). But remember to follow the rules of "Safe Slaughter" and wear gloves when touching transients who have served overseas.

—Leslie Dark



Tomorrowgun Paste Projector

Manufactured by Zermalmen Waffen, NeoDeutschland.

The good news is that Zermalmen Waffen is back. The bad news is that they have hired gibbering idiots to design their musketry. Only primates who think Taste Ghoul is a men's magazine could think of firing the single deadliest weapon on the modern battlefield with what comes down to a high-tech slingshot. Zermalmen, the creators of the 385 assault rifle, the most precision-crafted flesh displacer on the market, have attempted to distract us through smoke, mirrors, and chrome. Don't let the collapsible riot gun stock fool you. Dis ain't da one. In a nutshell, the weapon fires a "potato masher" style grenade (last seen in the soma-vid classic "Von Ryan's Express" starring Frank Sinatra and Mamie Canyon) using, and yes, I quote, "a singularly unique propulsion system that is unstoppable by EMP and untraceable by ballistics." What they are describing is a radial belted rubberband that is mechanically snapped, sending an unholy liquid trapped in a kitchen appliance hurtling through the air. I personally "projected" five dummy grenades, in an attempt to give the NDs a fair shake. Not only did I miss my targets, I broke Mrs. O'Leary's window, and almost distracted her husband from watching the Tortinis.

—Abby Normal



Chummer .22 caliber holdout

Manufactured by Lewisgun International, Ohio.

When I think of chum, it always takes me back to the days on the boat with my cohort Beercan. We were fishin' for shark in those days, and the best way to attract one was with dead, bloody fish. Something about the mangled sea creatures struck my fancy and got me to thinking about how I could reduce human tissue to a bucketful of bait. It's these wistful memories that make me savor the life I chose for myself—that of a freelance gun reviewer. Then something snaps me back to reality. I must write a review describing the pros and cons of a weapon that has no discernible purpose other than to bleed eight-month-olds or use as a party favor. Twenty-two caliber? What the hell is that? I heard about it once, but never dreamed I would see one. I thought it had gone the way of the velociraptor. Could it be true? Only one way to check! Yes! The decoder ring is still attached, and so is the whistle! Tweet! Tweet! Oh, what joy to know that I can gun down mustachioed European grannies with my new heater.

—Matt Houston



BICKEL SPEAKS: ALIENS, CRO-MAGS, AND DEATHCAMPS

Dear mindless media-controlled zombies:

I am writing this in the hope that it will be read by American Human Beings. If not American Human Beings, I will settle for just plain Human Beings. To date, according to my calculations, there are fewer than one billion of us left in the United States.

Keep reading.

This is a call to arms. You have been invaded and you are too brainwashed and apathetic to realize it. Since 1990, alien life forms have been insidiously introducing themselves into our society. In the guise of so-called normal Americans and their spawn, the "Pre-Frontals," they have begun a campaign to systematically insert themselves into many aspects of American life in order spread their inhuman filth into our greatest cities.

Near the end of the twentieth century, a secret army created by the NSA, began to investigate UFO sightings around the country. Traveling in black helicopters and wearing black uniforms, these operatives were encountered by many private citizens investigating the UFO testing facility at Area 51 near Las Vegas. For several years, UFOs had been seen in this area. What was this clandestine army doing when running the 100+ missions to underground bases throughout the western states? Patrolling alien centers, where thousands of human abductees were taken for gross genetic testing. The United States, then under the control of a weak-willed communitarian government, discovered the centers accidentally while experimenting with laser technology in the desert. The President (who never served a day in defense of his country) tried to extend an olive branch and covered-up the invasion for the aliens and began a secret trade route to their beachhead in Nevada. This short-sighted and limp-wristed error in judgement will one day prove fatal to all life on the planet.

Readers will notice that no mention of the subverted U. S. funds for the creatures was ever mentioned in the press. You will also notice that the "men in black" working for the NSA have never been cited in any reference, be it government, corporate, or private, dealing with a listing of military units operating in the U. S. Individuals hoping to get a glimpse of the aliens will notice that certain routes into the Nevada desert are cordoned off, allowing no outsiders in.

How can all this happen without alerting the population that they are being invaded, and that the invaders are being aided and abetted by their own government? The story has been TOTALLY suppressed in the U. S. print and broadcast media which, at the time of the invasion, was controlled by just 29 corporations. And how did the aliens come to control at least 29 major corporations?

The answer lies in the bloodstream of every pre-frontal aberration that has made America into the cesspool it has become.

The entire world was affected forever when an alien spacecraft crash-landed in Florida in 1996. These were the same type of aliens that had been living out west for several years. What the govern-



ment so quaintly labeled "Alpha" and "Beta" were actually sacrificial lambs, set up to die so that the joint U. S./Alien Consortium along with the leaders of the five major Mafia families (now "legitimate" businessmen) could introduce some of the alien technology into mainstream life. The entire event was created to reap financial rewards while driving America nearer to the edge of Ragnarok! Don't you think that if the government had wanted to conceal the true nature of the spacecraft that it could simply make the event disappear? Do you really think that they are the bunglers that they appeared to be to the international intelligence community? I have been active in "company" business nearly all my life. I know what these organizations can do.

Every phase of the alien infiltration was orchestrated by Plutocrats and Republocrats

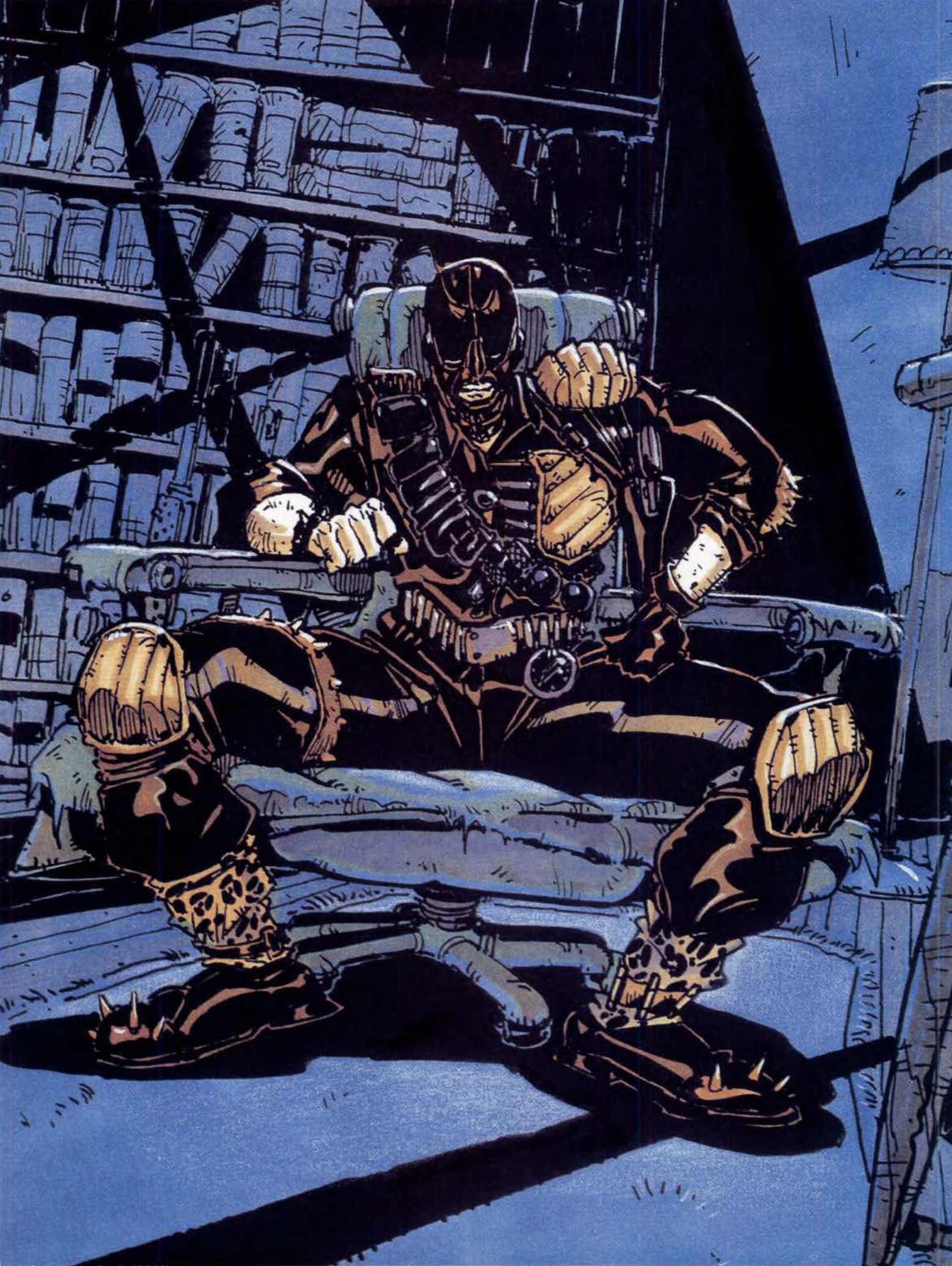
seeking to twist America into an unholy nightmare of crime, mind-wiping, and consumerism gone amok. Don't you realize that they have been among us for years and are responsible for all that is wrong with America? By sharing a small amount of their genetic technology, they have paved the way for our eventual destruction. We have created the means of our self-destruction and made it look human.

The technology that remains secret is devastating. It will topple governments, create disorder, and end civilization as we know it. The genetic science the aliens possess allows them to appear human. When they are in human form, they are completely unrecognizable to us. Even genetic testing will not unmask them. The reason? They are the ones who created the DNA scanners! They only let us know what we need to know. Nothing more.

So how do we combat this enemy when we can't determine who they are? Kill their offspring. Destroy every last cro-mag on the planet. No one will be safe until we do. They are time bombs sitting in our midst. It will not be hard. They still have but limited mental acumen. They are cattle that consume OUR food, steal OUR jobs, and watch OUR television. They are thieves and perverts. They are the murderers and abductors of children. They steal our money and our jobs and ask us for "rights" within the constitution. The constitution is for HUMANS!

We can do it. The aliens have given us the means with their weapons of war. The answer is Paste. It is quick, lethal, and inexpensive. Mass produced, it can bring an end to our enslavement by our government of traitors as well as thinning the line at the MacRaney's Hamburger stand. Hitler never had the means to prove his enemies were genetically inferior. That is why he failed. We know the cro-mags are less than human. The world would hail our achievement as the last great act of cleansing.

— Sgt. T. E. Bickel is a concerned member of the NARA and National Anti-Socialist Party as well as a staunch supporter of Margaret Mary Vincents's "Very Final Solution."



THE SADO-INTELLECTUAL

Cruising the mean streets of Los Angeles County, the boosted veteran known as the Sado-Intellectual and his cronies are looking to hurt. They are part of the growing class of war survivors who have returned to an America that is unrecognizable as the one they had left.

Disenchanted with the realities of stateside life, they lash out at the government, big business, organized religion, the media, sports figures, fashion, and Tastee Ghoul. They move and in their wake, they leave broken glass, spent shells and spray-painted epithets, forcing the people of the city to acknowledge guilt. The mirror the Sado-Intellectual holds up is cracked, but its reflection is clear—Los Angeles is a crimson zone, the designation given to the most dangerous of conflict areas. Roaming with automatic weapons and crushed hopes for the future, the Intellectual and his band of bent henchmen destroy property and preach a new form of existentialism. They are nihilists, but with a sense of style.

Not much is known about the SI's pre-enhancement life. He admits to being raised in middle-class Orange County, to having siblings, and to joining the Homosuperior Expeditionary Force in order to "escape from working at Taco Express."

Contributing Editor Gert Frobe met several times with the articulate outlaw, who sometimes brought along a batch of newspaper clippings, Army discharge papers, or parts of his Anti-Sedition file. "They were stolen for me by a fan on the Squad," he says. "My public loves me, yet must always keep their identities secret for fear of retribution by the military-industrial complex." It is true that the SI has a following among the young, who see him as a speaker who can express their disgust with their parents, their teachers, and the manufacturers of inferior video games.

Frobe described his first meeting with the ex-soldier as frustrating. "Here was a man with a great deal to say; a truly superior intelligence. His head must be two feet tall, yet he chooses to encase it in zippered black leather to make a point that he believes I should understand without asking."

1.

Give us your appraisal: Is America doomed to follow in the footsteps of the Roman Empire?

I believe that you overestimate the Roman Empire. The traits commonly associated with it—conspiracy, betrayal, sodomy, and murder—were never defining features of the government as controlled by the aristocracy. They were defining features layered onto the Empire by modern writers reflecting their own society. So, in a sense, of course we are doomed to follow them. They are us.

2.

As long as we're talking about society, what trends do you see developing in our current age of information?

It depends on the information. If you mean the age of factual information, none at all, other than to distract herd animals from the hor-

ror of a meaningless existence. The pablum the media passes off for news is at once revolting and exhilarating. The knowledge that the swine sluice that is America can be manipulated so easily by newscasters and sit-com stars who are barely recognizable as sentient imbues me with a sense of profound freedom that will ultimately allow me to bend the will of the "people" towards my own decidedly perverse agenda.

3.

And that agenda is?

That would be telling. But you must keep in mind that I have been altered on a genetic level and programmed to kill for my masters' profit-and-loss statements. I take responsibility for my actions, and am accountable to no court that this society can convene. I remind you that I am a paranoiac and prone to irrational outbursts of violence. Whatever my plans, rest assured that bloody mayhem will play a part.

4.

I'll be careful. You recently destroyed an entire city block of retail stores including the downtown location of Barney's and Barney's Bookstores. Was that in retribution for their refusal to carry your book?

The attack was again aimed at the draft-beasts that roam shopping malls in the hope of acquiring enough consumables to fill their homes and thereby alert others that they indeed have some worth. They buy to fill a void left by a latent knowing that they have no purpose other than reproduction. The decision by Barney's management not to carry my book because it was too political was ironic when you consider that the chain has devoted entire aisles to capitalism and money management. The Barney's buyers must be unaware that money is the only political force in the world. They will pay.

Boosted America's elder statesman reflects on death, Slumberland, and the rise of violent crime vs. the innocent.

5.

As far as guns go, do you have a preference?

Considering the sort that reads your magazine, I expected that to be question one. Well, for your drooling poseurs, I will admit to a fondness for the Punk-Roaster Napalm Projector. Heat intrigues me, as does pain. The adjustable cook settings are wonderfully easy

(continued on page 140)

HERE'S FOUR FOR YOUR HEAD.



M87/g



BFW2060/g



DW 770/g



DWx 770/fg



Glint of Cold Steel firearms are proven designs well known for their rugged durability and lethal accuracy. Our civilian models are built to the exact same specifications required of our military firearms. In September, the awesome killing power of the famous M92 PAC will return as the M92 PAC/g.

SACRED HEART OF DARKNESS

Your Holiness,

I am afraid that both you and my honored brethren are worried after not hearing from me for several weeks. My situation here has become a difficult one, seeing as how you have branded me a heretic and a traitor to my Church. You believe I would attempt to take your petty dictatorship in the bowels of the world. The "proof" of my separation from the Holy Scriptures is in my assertion that I am somehow another Son of God. I have spent the last several months gathering evidence of my divinity, and when absolute proof was completed, I acted.

I acted like a savior.

The people here follow me because I have delivered them. The charges against me are unjustified. And, in the circumstances of this conflict, completely insane. In religion, there are many moments for compassion and tender action. There are many moments for ruthless action. What is often called ruthless may, in many circumstances be only clarity — seeing clearly what is to be done and doing it; directly, quickly, awake. Looking at Him.

To you, I say "Look to your church. The pillars of piety you hide behind are crumbling even now." I trust you will not share the contents of this letter with our flock.

As for your charges against me, I am unconcerned. I am beyond your timid, lying morality, and so, I am beyond caring. HE has all my faith and trust. As for me, I will continue to do His will. You had best bless a battalion.

Walter Kowalski

...opened the packet as the boat traveled on through the Nicaraguan jungle. Sonny, the kid who lied about his age to join-up, stood in the bow, striking mainly poses and watching the tree line. The Neo-Vatican seal was mostly melted from the heat, the paper wet from the rain.

"My dear Father," it began, "perhaps you have heard of Cardinal Kowalski." It ended with EXTREME PREJUDICE. The madness of the jungle and all its denizens awaited me.

In the Year of Our Lord Two-Thousand and Twenty.

My Dear Father,

Perhaps you have heard of Cardinal Kowalski. Many have. He was single handedly responsible for the success of Operation Archangel. With his altered intellect and physique, he proved more than a match for the rabble who attempted to keep us from carrying out the Lord's will and establishing a new religious center for the world. Although we of the Church did not condone loss of life in the pursuit of the Neo-Vatican, the ends certainly proved remunerative. Thanks to the Cardinal, Managua is the tourist capitol of Central America.

And yet...

Recently, we have lost track of Cardinal Kowalski. As you may know, he has been "in country" for some months, attempting to draw the Sandanistocrats to the bosom of the Blessed Virgin. It has come to His Holiness' attention that the Cardinal is not altogether sane. Like many of his blasphemous brothers in biological abomination, Kowalski has seen the face of modern horror and recognized it as his own.

So...

Having lead a fanatical following of locals and others of his kind into the heart of the jungle, it appears as if the Father is attempting to launch a coup against this regime. We cannot allow this plan to come to fruition. The mysteries of the Holy Nicaraguan Church, along with the lucrative tourist trade, must not fall into the hands of a heretic.

Therefore...

Our course is clear. The College of Cardinals has convened and passed its judgment upon Father Walter Kowalski. He is hereby excommunicated and stripped of rank both in the Holy Church and the Neo-Vatican 1st Air Mobile Crusaders. You are charged with the duty of informing the infidel and terminating his command with extreme prejudice.

*By my hand,
El Presidente
V.I.I.I*

... at last, our damned voyage came to an end. As we emerged from the final cataract and plunged into the bank of mist that surrounded the Cardinal's encampment, I experienced a terrible epiphany. The river was more than a pathway leading to the enemy; it was a waking dream - a terrible highway that led to the deepest recesses of the soul. It tested us, like the Lord tested Job. And by testing us, it revealed certain mysteries. The kid was dead; our radio destroyed; my hands stained, perhaps, with the blood of the innocent - all this so that I might stare down my sniper's sights at a man who declared himself Pope.

... I thumbed a button on my pack to initiate the Pueblo Sniper program. Through my goggles, the image blurred by the condensed moisture and sweat, the world reinvented itself in contrasting colors denoting heat, altitude, and range. The Cardinal, who at that moment was exiting a jeep with his brown-shirted guards, had no idea his likeness was imaging in a sniper rifle scope more than one thousand yards away, wet-wired to an eagle's brain. Pressing my cheek closer to the stock of the 2060/3, I depressed another button and the image became 25x larger in my field of vision. He stood behind a bodyguard now, and the goggles

compensated by shadow, tracing in where his body should be, compensating for wind resistance, and estimating the drag on the bullet should I choose to take him right through the bodyguard. The kinetic energy generated by the weapon's magnetic pulse could turn them both into a single red mist cloud. "Not this way," I thought. "I will not take another life in the pursuit of his. . .



. . . Days flew by as I waited for him to exit his compound. I fasted, prayed, and finally, when the heat, lack of sleep, and toxins from the assorted insects caught up with me, I experienced a hallucination; I heard a thrumming. At first I thought it was the beating of my heart, and then I began to worry. No, it was the sound of footsteps. Huge, ham-

mering footsteps echoing through the jungle. I heard branches cracking to make way for the coming behemoth. I was paralyzed and could only lie still, blinking, salty sweat dripping into my eyes as the sun was blotted out before me. There, thirty feet tall, cloaked in black, his clerical collar gleaming with its own light, stood His Holiness, bathed in the blood of the Passion.

He knelt down before me as one would kneel to a child and stroked my head, smiling.

I wept. He reached into a pocket and held out a holy wafer, as the Monsignor did two months ago when he instructed me to take the life of the Heretic Pope.

The Eucharist was the size of my palm and written upon it in Gothic lettering was the legend, "To love the Pope is to love God. To serve the Pope is to serve God." I was confused. Did this mean that killing the false Pope would somehow harm God?

JOHN
11:25

I received an answer. I felt light impressions on the other side of the holy wafer and turned it over. It read, "Kill 'em all, Let God sort 'em out."

I jammed the wafer into my mouth, licking my fingers to wrest the divine essence from my fingerprints. As the body of Christ melted onto my tongue I realized that my descent into madness was accelerating. . .

. . . awoke to the sounds of laughing. Around me, for yards and yards, row after row of prim-

itives

appeared and struggled

to catch a

glimpse of some-

thing. I looked

around to locate the

source of their interest

and realized that it was

El Bandito Rojo Cafe
-Managua

My God, My God,
why has thou
forsaken me?
-Matthew
27:46

me, the white skinned, heavily armed priest (although not so heavily armed now, I noticed) that captured their attention.

...screaming at me from atop a statue (Mayan? I wondered.) Who this other white man was, I did not know. He was a lunatic, or perhaps a victim of feedback trauma, although he showed no outward signs of genetic alteration. The jungle dwellers had neglected to confiscate my pack and goggles, not recognizing them as a threat. I targeted the newcomer, and ran him through a general HS diagnostic. His weight appeared normal for a man his size. As the program measured his thighs and biceps, it became apparent that no enhanced musculature had been added. After running several similar tests, the computer finally reached the conclusion that no, he was not enhanced in any way.

"Mundane, man! I'm a mundane, just like you!", he shouted. I remained seated in the mud, where the Mayans (as I thought of them) had left me. "Who are you?", I asked.

"I'm a reporter. I'm an American." That much was obvious. He stank of the city, and all its vices...

"...and so, I ended up here, amongst God's chosen." He had been babbling for the better part of the day. I could

barely focus. The equatorial sun beat down on the top of my head. They had stripped me naked and thrown my equipment into the murky river that ran near the stone temple that rose out of the jungle, commanding the landscape.

I was tied, standing and spread eagle, across the face of a South American deity carved into living rock. Its nose jutted out, leaning into the back of my head and forcing me forward in enforced supplication. The sun had risen and set once since I was crucified, and my breathing was shallow and labored.

"You can't do it, man. You can't stand against him. His people love him. They, they



worship him. He knows why you're here. You think he doesn't know? He knows, man. Everything. He knows everything." He leaned close to me now. The smell of blasphemy was thick on his breath. "You want to kill him. They sent you. To do him. You want to do him. He knows that. You think he wants to be Pope." He launched into a giggling fit that turned ugly.

"He's God, man. Don't you get it? He's GOD..."

... awoke again to look down at my drawn torso. By the firelight, I judged that I could not weigh any more than 135 pounds. When I first boarded the boat that took me through the jungle to this sacred heart of darkness, I was a man of God with a holy mission. Now, months later, I was broken, sunk in mud up to my waist, my arms and

"My God,
My God,
WHY HAS THOU
FORESAKEN ME?"
PSALM 22

neck tied with barbed wire to a post. My mind drifted over the possibilities. If I could signal the boat, a rescue attempt might be made. The thought quickly fled as the firelight was blocked by the immensity of his

Eminence Kowalski. He

looked down at me, the purple of his vestments reflecting the flames. I closed my eyes against his gaze.

"You have the right to kill me," he said, "but not the right to judge me.

That right is reserved for God." When I

looked again, he was gone, and around me were the vivisected limbs of the men who

brought me down river. I believe I screamed for a long time...

Our Lady of the Divine Child
 Bulletin of Current Events

This week at Our Lady

Monday, September 6 "Coping with Feedback Trauma"
 Courtyard, 7:00 pm

Tuesday, September 7 Bingo
 Gym, 7:00 pm

Wednesday, September 8 Baptism Prep Meeting
 Conference Room, 2:00 pm
 Safe-school Meeting
 School Cafeteria, 7:00 pm

Thursday, September 9 Sewing Ladies
 Sewing Room, 1:00 pm
 Ward Observer (Gala)
 Social Center, 6:30 pm
 Senior Kraft Korner
 Senior Ward, 9:00 am

Friday, September 10 Forward Observers (Boys)
 Church Basement, 7:00 pm

Saturday, September 11 Sunday Scripture Study: "Turning the
 Other Cheek"
 Pine Room, 9:30 am

**Why My God, My God,
 for has My God,
 for sake thou
 Mark me?
 15:34**

... fed me. Brought my strength up. I stayed on a cot in some sort of temple for days fighting dysentery and God knows what other bugs that had entered my system. But they never found my secret. I had a secret place the surgeons made for me. One night, as I lay thumbing the rosary that I had also somehow managed to hide, he came to me...

... "We are in a world of crap."

He had been speaking for the better part of an hour. Some of it sounded like paranoid gibberish. Some of it had the semblance of truth. Some of it sounded like the voice of God. I was confused. How could Christ speak through such a psychotic? How could He allow a maniac like Cardinal Walter



Kowalski to break with the Holy Father, make his way into the jungle, and carve out some new, iconoclastic Vatican? He droned on in his thoughtful, halting, sibilant speech...

..."Where are you from, Father?" He was not interrogating me. His tone was natural and offhanded, yet hinted of a man speaking with his executioner, trying to eke out some last few moments on Earth. I wondered at that. They had left me with him for days. No guard. He seemed to know more about my mission than I did. I wondered if the College of Cardinals would want me to kill him if they saw what he had become. Yes. Probably now more than ever.

"Toledo, your Eminence." I wondered about his fey mood. Besides the hoard of Latin American zealots surrounding the temple, the Cardinal was himself a boost of seemingly enormous power. He stood easily eight feet tall. His genetically enhanced biceps strained at his loose-fitting monk's robes, and his corded neck seemed ever flexing to hold the mammoth weight of his head. Occasionally, when he was gripped in a holy fit, the smooth skin covering his scalp would pulse and throb as though small creatures ran beneath the surface, whispering words of gospel and heresy...

... It was night, but there was no silence. The jungle was alive with all manner of insects, birds, and animals. The cacophony roared around me as I swung my head side-to-side, hoping to shake their admonishments from my skull. They screamed at me. "Who is the Lord?," yelled one. "Thou shalt have no other God before me," railed a second. "Thou shalt not kill," whispered a third.

... They were going to make me a Monsignor for this and I wasn't even part of their clergy any more...



OUR LADY OF THE DIVINE CHILD

Bulletin of Current Events

This week at Our Lady

Monday, September 6 "Coping with Feedback Trauma"
Courtyard, 7:00 pm

Tuesday, September 7 Bingo
Gym, 7:00 pm

Wednesday, September 8 ... Baptismal Prep Meeting
Pine Room, 7:30 pm
Safe-school Meeting
School Library, 7:00 pm

Thursday, September 9 Sewing Ladies
Sewing Room, 10:00 am
Forward Observers (Girls)
Social Center, 6:30pm
Seniors Kraft Korner
Courtyard, 9:00 am

Friday, September 10 Forward Observers (Boys)
Church Basement, 7:00 pm

Saturday, September 11 ... Sunday Scripture Study: "Turning the
Other Cheek"
Pine Room, 9:30 am

Father Decker Invited to Neo-Vatican Summit
by Marjorie Anderson

Our beloved Father Decker has been invited to attend a Neo-Vatican meeting of American priests by Cardinal Templar of the Arch-diocese of Ohio. Father Decker did not say what the meeting was about, but it is obviously a great honor to be asked to attend any sort of event in the Neo-Vatican. It looks like Father Decker may be out of town for several weeks, but not to worry! Father Needam from Lima will be coming up to lead the congregation for the next several Sundays. Thanks Father Needam! In the meantime, be sure to congratulate Father Decker when you see him. Its terrific to know that Toledo will be represented by someone who embodies the ideals of brotherhood in these troubled times.

Graffiti Alert!
by Jay Riggins

They call themselves "taggers" and they're ruining our neighborhood. Of course, they're nothing new. Vandals have been defacing buildings since before I was born. But now they've gone too far! Our church bus has been defiled so badly that I can't read the words spray-painted on it! These little punks have been allowed to get away with this kind of thing far too long and its high time we do something about it! That's why I'm organizing the Graffiti Alert Reconnaissance Patrol (or G.A.R.P. for short). We must teach these hooligans that when they are violating our property, they are violating us. I called the police to ask their advice in handling this sort of thing, and they warned me that these pee-wee purveyors of urban blight go armed these days.

Raffle Winner

Congratulations to Dale McCormick!
Dale won the new "Backlash" Virtual Danger Game System for her children, Norman and Lydia. Happy hunting, kids and be sure to duck! Proceeds from the raffle that were to feed the homeless are now being used to get a paint job for the church bus.

Summer Fun Camp Registration Low

Hey folks, don't forget to register your kids for Our Lady's summer camp. In recent years there's been a drop off in attendance. Why, I don't know. All the regular activities are offered: fishing, boating, hiking, sports, rifle range shooting, you name it. In response to some parental requests, MacRaney's "happy animated animal" boxes will be offered instead of Tastee Ghoul "happy ammo" boxes on Fridays. The MacRaney's boxes can be ordered with Flipper Flap™ fish sandwiches, but the Tastee Ghoul boxes are available only with Corpus Crispies™.

... I moved through the night, toward the place where my weapons were kept. They were dumped in a pile. They had no meaning to the people here, but obviously they had meaning to someone. The magazines were empty. All of them. But it was here. The glaive. The dagger I had anointed months before, shaped as a crucifix. Men had shed so much blood in the name of God. I drew the blade across my abdomen, revealing the sanctuary I held within myself and withdrawing the BB. ...

... trailing blood through the compound. I walked the steps up the temple. He

was sleeping. I moved with little grace, holding the glaive with one hand, the golden BB with the other, and pressing my forearm against the flap of skin torn from my abdomen. He did not scream as the glaive pierced his side like a Roman

ANYBODY CAN
BE POPE: THE
PROOF OF THIS
IS THAT I HAVE
BECOME ONE.
-POPE JOHN
XXIII

spear. He gasped no final words as I thrust the tiny grenade into his mouth like a luan pig. He offered no wisdom when I pulled the pin and sent him back through the evolutionary chain to the beginning of life as God intended. Although my weapons were clearly adequate, it was at that moment that I realized I had come ill-equipped for the job. The college should have issued me a hammer and three nails.

... I learned no lesson other than the one taught since life began - death is ugly. Death does not care. It will take you as sure as thought. As sure as in life, there is no meaning other than the waiting for death...

... And so I came here, to this little church, to give my confession and account for my crimes. I have paid my forty dollars into the automatic confessional door and I wait for you to arrive to give me absolution. What must I do? What is my penance Father?

The Big Book

The King James Bible of the 20th century was only one of 2,875 English-language versions published during the last two thousand years. At the end of the century, several publishers recognized the money to be made in tailoring the Bible to special interests, and thus the Bible Glut was born. Jumping on the bandwagon, hundreds of ethnic groups, businesses, communities, economic classes, and sexual orientations began rewriting the holy scriptures to better reflect their values and interpretations.

In the beginning, most of these publishers were sincere; they simply hoped to make the Word accessible to new generations of readers. But ultimately, the result was a breakdown of unity within the Christian world. Where most Christian churches once observed basically the same tenants, 21st century Christians are as varied as snowflakes. In many social circles, discussions of religion are shunned not because of the threat of offending a neighbor, but because the variety of splinter beliefs and lack of common "language" makes such discussions too complicated to even begin. To this day, many new versions of the scriptures are published each year. Sales of the Big Book, as it has come to be called, have made religion a big business. Currently, sales figures put the Bible (in all its incarnations) into the "300 billion plus" revenue bracket, making it far-and-away the best selling book in the history of publishing. The following is a sampling of a familiar passage from several popular bibles.

The King James Bible: The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside still waters. He restoreth my soul. . .

The Living Bible: Because the Lord is my shepherd, I have everything I need! He lets me rest in the meadow grass and leads me beside the quiet streams. He restores my failing health. (published by the World Organization of Healers and Mystics)

The Good News E-Z Reader (hologram edition): God helps me. (published by E-Z Reader Inc.)

The Act-Out Bible: Don't let anyone rock your boat! Maintain. It's all here for you. You have come a long way, and by accepting God's gift of individuality, you will transcend barriers. . . (published by Act Out)

The MacRaney's Family Fun Bible: Mayor Fat Mac has made MacRaneyland fun for all to enjoy! He allows us to play in the forest of Hot Pies™, and splash in the gurgling fountain of Icee-Frostees™. He redeems my coupons. . . (published by MacRaney's Inc.)

The Upscale™ Bible: Everything God made is mine for the taking! He's given me high yield money market funds for the short term and tax free investments to roll over into IRAs. He provides me junkets. . . (published by Upscale™ Magazine)

The Elmwood Park Community Bible: Why are you such an ungrateful slob? Look around you, peckerhead! Look at all this good stuff dat God's freakin' given yous. You got the forest preserve to play softball, you got da 7-11 for beer. . .It makes ya feel good, ya know? (paid for by the Elmood Park Citizen's Board)

The Gangbanger's Guide To God: The Lord is one fly-ass, hustler, gangster, OG, pimp, mutha. Yo, check it out, G! He created the crazy freaks to give me play. He gives me schoolyards and playgrounds to bust caps in. He bails me out when my back's to the mat. . . (published by NasteePress Inc.)

The National Rifle Association Holy Bible: I once spoke to the Lord, after a lunch date with Ava Gardner. I found him on my private range in San Fernando. He was happy with the way the filming was going, though He was concerned about DeMille's ability to capture the scale and wonder of the Red Sea parting. We chatted for several minutes, and as He popped off a few rounds, he said, "Chuck, . . . with one of these .30-.06's you'll never want. . ." (published by the National Rifle Association, with narration by Charleton Heston)



Marketing Meeting
Fourth Quarter 2021
9/15/20

Attending: Grover Souchet, Sr. Vice-President of Marketing
Blake Palmer, Director of Marketing
Dennis Osbourne-Mott, Director of Sales
Paul Isaacson, Director of Research and Development
"Bambi Ammo"
Tammi Jammit
Frieda Gunn
Mistress Force, Regional Sales Manager
Sterling Mountjoy, Representing Demofear Consulting Inc.

Mr. Palmer: Good Morning to you all. I'd like to open the meeting this morning by welcoming Sterling Mountjoy from DCL. (Applause)
As most of you are aware, Sterling has been running some numbers for us, and I thought it would be beneficial if he presented them now so we could get a jump on the fourth quarter.

Mr. Isaacson: That's terrific, Blake. Really terrific. I really respect your pro-active approach here.

Mr. Palmer: Thanks, Paul.

Mr. Isaacson: I have a concern that I'd like to get on the table now, before we get to deep into this, because this is going to get deep, and I can't wait.

Mr. Souchet: Paul, knowing the way Blake operates, I'm sure he's allotted time for questions after lunch. Why don't we get the ball rolling?

Mr. Mountjoy: Thank you Mr. Souchet, that is exactly what my company intends to do. Ladies and Gentlemen, in case you haven't seen your current sales figures...

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: I think it's safe to say that we stay fairly up-to-date on our numbers.

Mr. Mountjoy: Well, still, I'd like to take a look at the Zone Across Report and then show you some numbers of my own. In the Midwest Zone, sales were flat for the first two quarters of this year. Period 10 is projected to be down 15% because of the Halloween Ban taking effect this year. In the East, New York is down... what is it?

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: 17%.

Mr. Mountjoy: Well, I'm showing 17.9 here. Anyway, with the way Quebec has been posturing lately, you would think the drop would be much less significant.

Ms. Jammit: My reps are telling me that it's caused by the area being saturated. Sales census reports that more than 7 in 10 home owners own a weapon.

Mr. Mountjoy: The definition of weapon, in this case, Ms. Jammit, is a pistol or single handheld device. That same census shows an opportunity to dramatically increase sales if we can demonstrate to those consumers that there is a need for heavier armament.

Ms. Gunn: Let's start a war.

Mr. Palmer: Limited engagement.

Mr. Souchet: Ok, let's get hold of Patty in the morning and work up some proposals for a limited term operation in southern Quebec. Oh, and be sure to remind her that we want the Reds to be the instigators.

Ms. Ammo: Mr. Mountjoy, what everyone at every meeting has been refusing to acknowledge is the fact that sales in Los Angeles are down 25% in comp figures from this period last year.

Mr. Souchet: Bambi.

Mr. Mountjoy: Mr. Souchet, Bambi is correct. You folks have a full-fledged crisis on your hands. If you don't start accepting it and dealing with the problems instead of the symptoms, Urban Nightmare is as good as dead.

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: Let's get to it, Mountjoy. Tell us how you're going to save our company.

Ms. Ammo: I assume you're going to explain how sex sells.

Mistress Force: It does.

Mr. Mountjoy: Of course it does. And it will always be an essential marketing tool. You ladies and your sales reps are vital to your company's success.

But, to get to it—Dennis, you've been targeting the female 30-54 demographic group in L.A. The average income of this group is \$270,000. This personal protection customer owns her own home, has a husband and the standard 3.1 children.

Mr. Palmer: He's doing it again. Is this what consultants do? Tell you your own business?

Mr. Mountjoy: The average homeowner in L.A. owns 1.2 weapons. These weapons are as described earlier. They are the Ironmongers, the Masterblasters, the Megagats, etc.

Now, the average veteran carries on his person an average of 7.7 pieces of ordinance. They range anywhere from the CharBaby particle accelerator to the Renovator autocannon.

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: What's your point? That we're supposed to arm the lowest dregs of society? That our target market should be a group of antisocial misfits, clumped together in ghettos, suffering from feedback trauma? Aren't these the scum who we are trying to help guard against?

Mr. Souchet: Dennis, this is a business.

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: And businesses have to work within their community. We have an obligation to ensure that our community continues to exist.

Mr. Palmer: Dennis, the way I see it, we are doing the communities surrounding Los Angeles a favor by allowing the boosted psychos to zots each other in their own killing ground. Think of it this way—if they kill each other off, we won't have to support them with federal programs, we won't have to worry about HS home invasion, and we'll be able to take the train without some boosted bum begging 12 dollars off us!

Ms. Ammo: You take the train?

Mr. Souchet: I like what I'm hearing, Sterling. So, you want us to begin psychographing the veterans and targeting them with billboards and during the Tortinis and such?

Mr. Mountjoy: Of course, all of that will be necessary. But the key element to this new approach will be a new line of disposable hardware.

Ms. Ammo: Why disposable?

Mr. Isaacson: Repeat sales.

Ms. Gunn: Less expensive to manufacture.

Mistress Force: No maintenance.

Mr. Isaacson: And if it's disposable, we can make it several times more destructive, because we won't be concerned with magazine capacity, weight, etc. It could be a ready-to-use launcher. Just unwrap and fire!

Mr. Palmer: Fire, Forget, and Frag It!

Mr. Souchet: Good copy, Blake.

Ms. Jammit: Yes Blake, good.

Ms. Ammo: I like it too!

Mr. Palmer: God, I love this job!

Mr. Mountjoy: Whatever. Ladies and Gentlemen, now you see why I asked Paul Isaacson to join us. I believe that R&D should attend every marketing meeting. Listening to the marketplace and allowing its demands to flow directly to R&D is how your company will thrive in the upcoming years. Since I've got you here, Paul, my numbers show a distinct need for an ultra -lightweight piece of HS effective weaponry. According to recent projections, by the end of the year 2021, more than 4% of consumers/combatants will fall into the "below 14" age profile.

Mr. Souchet: I smell co-op advertising here. Dennis, contact Tastee Ghoul tomorrow and set up a teleconference to discuss having Tastee double as a spokesman for an introductory weapon.

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: No one wants to work with that guy.

Mistress Force: He's got wandering hands.

Mr. Osbourne-Mott: And short eyes.

Mr. Isaacson: Are you thinking 9mm?

Mr. Souchet: I think kids today are interested in higher caliber stuff. Paul, you have a kid, right? What does he want from a piece of hardware?

Mr. Isaacson: Well, Mr. Souchet, Emily, *she*, is only 7, but I'm sure that if she was old enough, the first thing she would notice is its design. That and a high magazine capacity.

Mistress Force: Kids like colors. I say, "Go neon."

Ms. Ammo: Tastee Ghoul could start a kid's club. I see newsletters, stickers, playing cards... Happy Ammo Boxes!

Mr. Palmer: That I like. Happy Ammo Boxes!

Mr. Souchet: Let's think Saturday morning vid-net too. I'm sure that the toy companies will want a piece of this too. ...



*When you are away, she's
not alone. Urban Nightmare.
Freebies. For her. For them.*



10/16/20

To:
From: David Osbourn Mott
Re: F.J. Lincoln
Disposable Weapons Project

David,

As I commented after your meeting with Mr. Souchet, I have worked up a number of concepts for marketing our new line of disposable weapons. As we discussed, these are geared for the returning veteran with limited income. According to the information provided by Sterling Mountjoy of Demofear, the overriding feeling these ads should evoke is one of personal power to control and freedom of choice. Working from this base, I present the ONETIME line of single-use ordinance. Obviously, these are just thumbnails and should not be examined too critically. If you need any explanations or wish to discuss one or more of the sketches, please do not hesitate to contact me, and I will meet with you at your convenience.

Once again, I would like to thank you for the opportunity to display my skills on such an important project as this. If you need anything, please call.

Sincerely,

Fred Lincoln

Fred Lincoln

HEY GUYS- CHECK OUT THE FOLLOWING
COPY I WRITE YOU MIGHT
HAVE. I'VE HIGHLIGHTED THE ONES I THINK
ARE THE PUNCHIEST. -PAK

Introducing Urban Nightmare's new line of Disposable Hardware.
Urban Nightmare Reliability.
Urban Nightmare Performance.
The Urban Nightmare Punch.

Only Urban Nightmare could be **this** deadly.

Two big shots, One great weapon.
The Urban Nightmare Duoce.
30mm Disposable Cannon. Fire, frag and forget!

??

When you can't kill them with kindness...
Gut them with this!
The Hornet's Nest, by Urban Nightmare.

While you're away...
She's protected.
Urban Nightmare Recoiless For Her.
Priced right. Kills great.
Featuring hot loads—you **know** she likes 'em.

Nail them with this!
The Hornet's Nest 9 inch nail gun.
One pull... 33 nails.
Death at your fingertips for a low, low price!

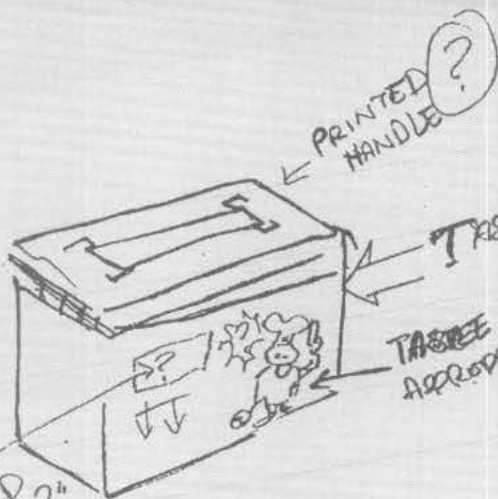
In the Old West, a cowboy depended on his scatter gun for protection.
Now, on the West Coast, you need a weapon to scatter some brains.
Introducing the Urban Nightmare Deuce Disposable Cannon.
It may not always be there, but when **it** goes, so does everyone else!

Because you demanded it!
Hardcore firepower in a **lightweight** package.
State-of-the-art design in a **European** style.
Urban Nightmare quality in an **affordable** weapon.

More than a sting—a big freakin' nail in the eye!
Urban Nightmare's Hornet's Nest.
They'll never look at you the same way again.

Is someone raining on your parade?
Give 'em the ultimate hail storm!
The Urban Nightmare Hornet's Nest.
33 nine inch nails traveling at 650 feet per second.

SHOULD WE
PRINT THE
CAL. ON THE
BOX OR SHOULD
IT BE A SURPRISE?



HEY, KIDS - LEARN HOW
TASTE GHOU FIGURES!
INTO THE FOOD CYCLE!



"... YOU PURCHASE
GOODS FROM TASTE
GHOU -

KA-BLAM



"... WHICH FUNDS OUR
WARS IN THIRD WORLD
COUNTRIES -

"... WHICH KILL
THAT YOU IN TURN
SELL
TO TASTE GHOU
AND
COME BACK -

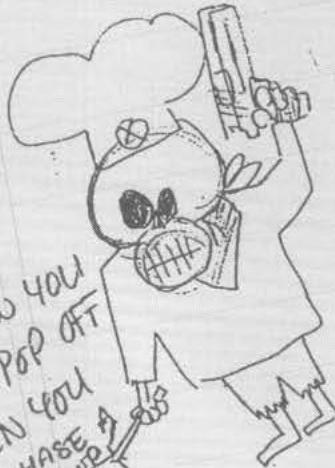


"... WHICH PRODUCES
LOW TOLERANCE TO
STRESS -
VETERANS WITH VERY
HIGH STRESS -

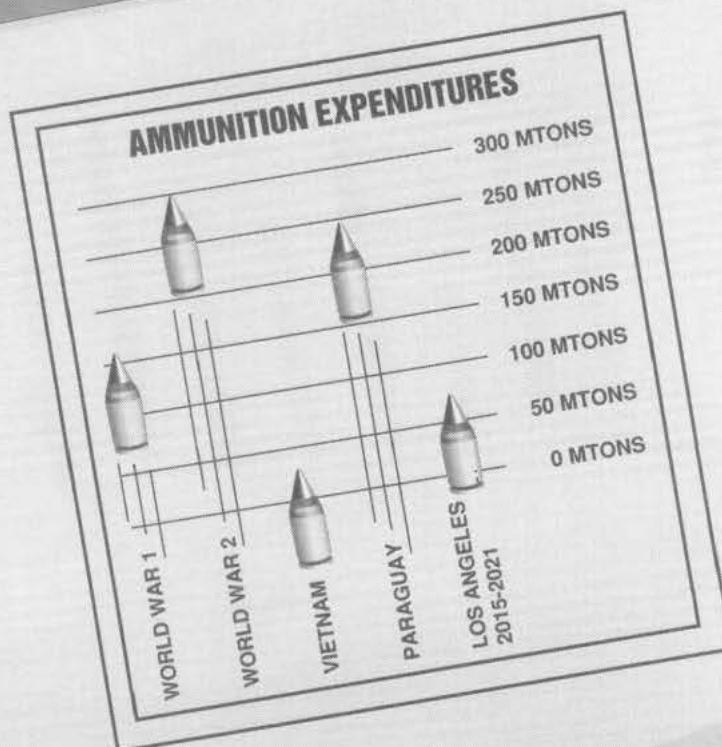


HEY
KIDS!

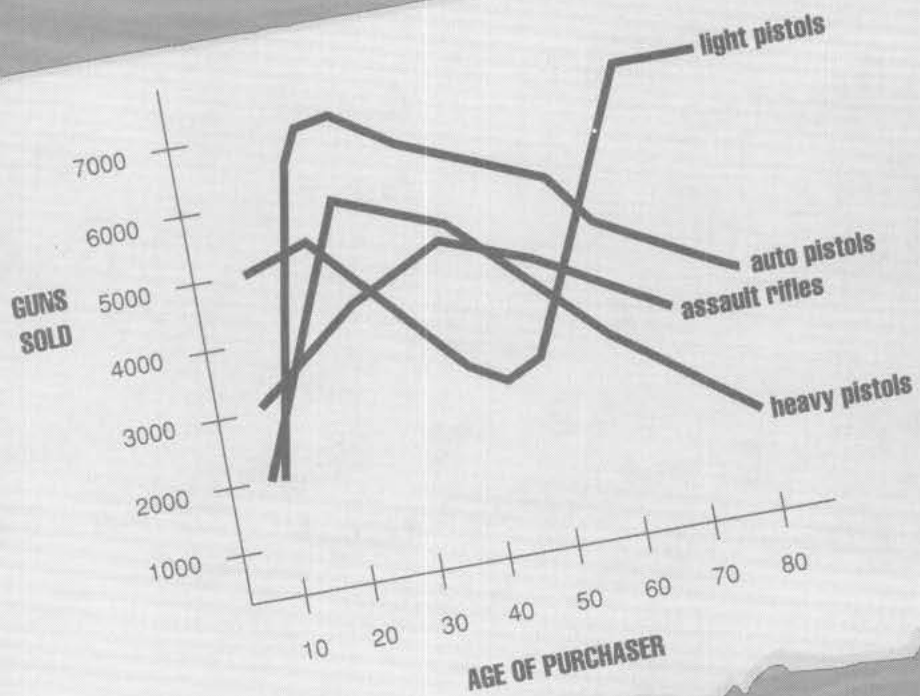
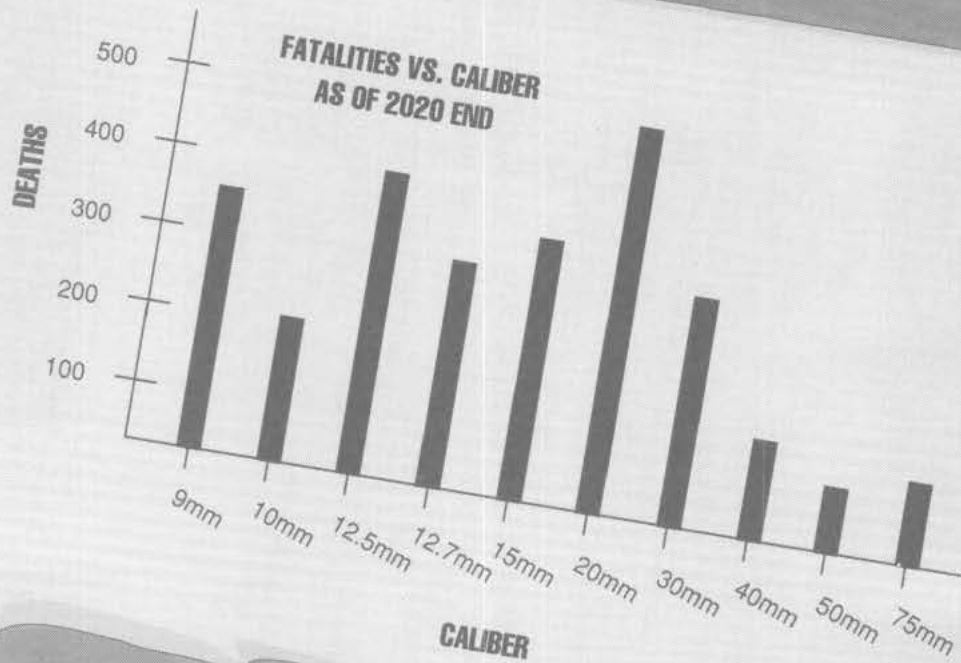
"... NOW YOU
CAN POP OFF
WHEN YOU
PURCHASE A
LARGE POP OFF



HAPPY AMMO BOX
PROMO



WE NEED A LINE OF DESIGNER
AMMO- GET WITH R&D AND
MOCK-UP SOMETHING SEXY-
SOMETHING THAT SAYS 'POWER'.
DAN- SEE ME REGARDING THE
VENDING MACHINE IDEA, WE
MAY RUN WITH IT.



Anonymous weeps, sometimes for days. He cries to his children and asks them for forgiveness. Other times he rocks in place, cradling the oldest, explaining things. Barbara sits in a corner of the tenement basement staring at him coldly. She does not speak. They have not spoken in years. He tries to get her to see a counselor about their problems—tries hard, he thinks. But she just glares at him.

He tries not to blame her for what happened. He knows that he must, in some ways, share the blame.

The problem stems from a lack of communication. He accepts that families have problems and that problems must be resolved.

The boys understand. Even the younger ones, the ones SHE can't seem to keep clean, cling to him for security. He is the bread winner. He brings home the bacon.

It is summer, eight years ago. David is two already, and Michael is in diapers. They are beautiful, of course. They are his children. He is not Anonymous yet.

They are a young family living paycheck to paycheck—happy to have food and a roof, but not poor. She stays home with the children; he delivers groceries. He is sure he can be more.

The poster tells him so. The poster is big. It is colorful—larger than life.

He speaks to his wife about enlisting. It's one of those whispered conversations in bed, as the sweat dries in the small of her back. He tells her about his dreams, and she listens. He loves her for that, her "unconditional listening." He can see her eyes reflecting the street light outside their window. She is looking up at him sweetly, her long lashes saying "I love you" and "I believe in you" with each blink.

He makes her agree, but she is scared. She's heard the stories. She reads the papers. But he is strong, and none of the bad things will happen to him. Bad things don't happen to them. They are decent

people and nice to strangers and give money to the vets in the subway and that should be enough to keep them safe.

Anonymous checks the pull on his eight-pound trigger. Casey responds with a satisfying "click" as the double-action does its job. Keep the kids healthy and well fed. They will bring you great joy. His children are his life and he plays with them as often as he can.

He is getting ready for work.

Tommy is in a holster on his left side, butt forward. He is in the "terrible twos" and hard to control, so Anonymous only lets him out once in awhile. Tommy is strong and Anonymous needs two hands to control him. He used to get tired, lugging the kids around all night, but a parent gets strong after time and no longer feels the weight.

Time to bring home the bacon.

She began to wonder if he was ever coming home. She knew he would be in the tank a long time, but it had been almost nine months with no word. He wasn't even there to see Michael take his first few steps. She assumed he was alive because the checks kept coming, but nine months! What are they doing to him?

The blanket was pulled tight around her when the phone beeped and they told her.



Anonymous walks to the convenience store on the corner. The children are quiet and respectful, and he offers the Paraguayan clerk a proud parent's smile. The clerk says nothing and looks past him as if he is not there. Just like a Paraguayan, he thinks. They care for no one. They proved it to him many times.

He helps himself to a Big Tim ("25% more man in every bite") and the 'Guay, busy stocking the counter, still doesn't notice him. He expects this but it still infuriates him. He leans in, fuming, his face inches from the 'Guay's. No response. His hand strays to Casey, and brushes the hair from his son's face.

Anonymous unlocks the safety on the 20mm, fully automatic, Urban Nightmare Ironmonger.

Casey slides from his place on Anonymous' right hip, and puts himself between his disgruntled father and the clerk. He looks at his father with the innocent eyes of a child who pleads with his parents to stop fighting.

Anonymous quickly checks the Ironmonger's sights, and puts its barrel to the clerk's head.

"Please, daddy."

No. Not in front of the kids. Not in front of the kids.

Casey moves back to his father's side and presses his head against his father's hip for comfort.

DNA is tricky, the man with the guttural accent said. The process was not without its risks, but he was quick to point out that her husband knew that when he signed the paper and the paper was very clear on this and he usually comes to the house, but it was a very busy month and she should see the paper-work piling up on his desk.

Her eyes closed tight to shut out his words.

Her husband had been dead for several months, the man said, but they were still doing some tests and you never know...

He punches the time-
clock and begins his shift.

He hides in a dumpster,
waiting for his prey.

PAUL-
WHEN YOU GET AROUND
TO IT, CONTACT THE WIFE
OF #2272. TELL HER
SOMETHING TO GET HER
TO STOP WRITING US. I
DON'T HAVE THE TIME TO
ANSWER EVERY WEEPY LETTER
FROM A SUBJECT'S
WIFE. THANKS
DAVE



Allied
Mayhem
Inc.

letter 3a

Dear Spouse of a valued employee,

We regret to inform you that your husband/wife is dead.
I'm sure he she died a hero's death defending our country's
interests.

Sincerely,

David Maxwell
Assistant UnderSecretary, AMI



Allied
Mayhem
Inc.

BARBARA SCHRAGER

ONE-HUNDRED THOUSAND

\$100,000.00

BLOOD MONEY

1342905-9456-4392

David Marshall

They call it Slumberland, but it

is anything but restful. He is unaware of the tubes. He has no knowledge of

the mask covering his face and supplying him oxygen. The needle of the catheter has no effect on his pride or his manhood.

Inside, they have programmed him a sidekick who can lift a tank. He has teammates who would give their lives for him. He operates from a secret base and takes his orders from a silhouetted figure on a flatscreen who may or may not be the President himself. The figure gives his team assignments too dangerous for the army and too important for the CIA. The assignments are dangerous, but this team has powers and abilities far beyond those of ordinary citizens. Gadfly, Buzzcut, WeaponsWizard, and Anonymous—they are the Vindicators. They are illusions designed to keep him from going insane. They fail.

Honey,
Just went down to
the Stop'n' Spend
to get some formula
for the twins
I. L. U.
Raul

He brought home the bacon and his wife is finally pleased. It was a long night's work. Anonymous is very particular about his work—very specific.

The bacon slowly regains consciousness and becomes aware of his surroundings. He is tied in a chair. His face twitches involuntarily as his head rocks from side-to-side. It is too much. The bugs and the wet have done horrible things to his body. A dead woman stares at him with words still on her lips, her glazed and sunken eyes still pleading.

ANONYMOUS NOTICES THE BACON
EYEING THE CHILDREN.

She is a strong woman. All her friends think so. She'll be fine. She'll work hard and raise the children herself. She's already done that for nearly a year; there's no reason to believe that she can't continue until they are grown. She doesn't think about finding another man, although her friends have delicately mentioned it to her. Survival. The boys will adapt. She'll make a life for them all and nothing will stop her. She is strong.

The bacon regains consciousness for the second time and knows that he is not alone. A bare bulb swings, illuminating the rust-stained cement walls, but he cannot find his captor. He hears sounds now, close by. He tilts his head to focus on the metallic noise.

click, shliiiiiiiiiiiicccccckkkkk.

click, shliiiiiiiiiiiicccccckkkkk.



A kitchen sound. Finally, the bacon hears a voice—calm, casual, almost off-hand.

“So” Anonymous says, “What’s your name?”

click, shllllllllccccckkkkk.



The freshly code-named Anonymous awakens on a cot in a room devoid of any sensory input save the red, white and blue stripes adorning the wall. He cannot feel or speak.

A metallic whisper issues forth from a speaker beneath his pillow.

“You are just fine, Anonymous. Nothing to worry about. We have a lot to talk about.”

He struggles to move and discovers he is unrestrained.

“Do you know where you are?”

He does not. Many thoughts are wrestling to reach the surface. The Rail Baron. Johnny One-Note. Dr. Darke. It could be any one of them, or another, even more sinister foe.

He hears a muffled discussion under his pillow. He concentrates on the sound, relaxing as the Master taught him and the words become clearer.

“Atrophy. That and the drugs.”

“There isn’t supposed to be any atrophy. This entire batch is polluted somehow.”

“Did the seizure have any adverse affects?”

“No way of knowing yet.”

“Standard reconditioning sequence?”

“I dunno. I dunno. We really have to get him in-country within 45 days.”

“God. Who gave that order?”

“Does it matter? Operations never gives them enough time in the soup

anymore. We have no time for a

proper reorien-

tation. Just

increase the

clozapine to

1500mg, add

lithium for the hell

of it, and hope for

the best."

"Wait a minute. This guy's

already offed everyone in simulation.

I'm not taking responsibility for him

backing down his entire unit in Paraguay."

"Responsibility? As far as the

paperwork's concerned, this lump

bought it in the tank. Three

strokes on a keyboard and notify the

next of kin."

JACKSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

REPORT CARD

STUDENT: **MICHAEL SCHRAGER**

| ASSIGNMENT | GRADE | COMMENTS |
|---------------|-------|-------------------|
| Spelling | C | Good Improvement! |
| Math | D | |
| Language Arts | D | |
| Citizenship | F | |

COMMENTS: *Michael needs to apply himself more.*

He gets distracted easily. Citizenship needs work.

Michael tells all the children that his father is a

war hero who will come and kill them all if

they mistreat him.

Any word yet?

Anonymous remembers he has next of kin. He fights to understand. His tongue, now able to move, runs along the inside of his mouth. He feels the missing chunk of meat from his left cheek. Seizure. His mind is a blur of only four colors. He struggles for something he cannot see and fails. He remembers a woman's face, and holds it, grips it, tugging his way back.

The voice from under his pillow is talking to him.

"Anonymous, your country needs you and . . ."

The bacon turns his head slightly, to escape the noise. As he does, he notices the pile of bodies—men scattered about in various states of decay. The men are all his age and his build. The men all dress like him.

All I wanted was some baby food, the bacon thinks, two minutes in and out. The smell gets the best of him several times until his stomach is finally empty.

"Raul," the bacon stutters, "my name is Raul Martinez."

A reply comes from only inches away from his ear. He jumps, the soft, warm breath mistaken for the moment of death.

"Raul." Anonymous repeats. "Hmmm. I'm going to kill you, Raul. But first, I want to get to know you."

Raul is cold now. He can no longer feel his fingers. He focuses on his feet sticking to the floor—like a movie theater. He wishes he was in a movie theater. He wishes a great many things.

The field psychologist com

matic

BARB,
thank GOD I HAVE YOU AT HOME. YOU AND THE BOYS ARE ALL
I HAVE TO KEEP ME GOING HERE. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN!
I'M HYSTERICALLY CRYING. OH GOD! THEY MADE ME
SOMETHING BAD, BARB! SOMETHING REALLY BAD I HAVE TO
DO BAD THINGS I CAN'T DESCRIBE.

TODAY, I SAW
TO A WOMAN IN A
JUST LAUGHED AND
HIM IN HIS SLEEP.
HATE ME. PLEASE DON'T HATE ME.

**DO NOT
SEND
ES**

KILLED THE CAPTAIN. I TOOK
THE MEN
DON'T

PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL FORM # 2857-G-6

Subject Codename: Anonymous

Date: 5/4/20

Describe Incident:

Subject escaped from VA psychiatric hospital on 4/27/20. Suffers from advanced feedback trauma. Sociopathic, with homicidal tendencies. Killed guard and nurse with intra-venous tube.

Describe Enhancements: Subject is permanently invisible. Subject has ultra enhanced speed and senses.

Date: 5/9/20

Subject apprehended by boosted orderlies using infra-red goggles. Shot multiple times by turbo tazer. Subject terminated 2 orderlies with a disposable pen. Put in solitary observation room.

weapons. They are all that is left of his unit, some twenty men, and they keep their thermal scopes trained on him, burning to pull their triggers. Eight men cut in their sleep.

"How long has he been talking to knives?"

"Bout a month. Ever since he saw his first kill," one of the soldiers replies.

"What does he say?"

"What's the difference. Let's cap him."

Another soldier speaks up. "He started talking to it when he saw Turner die. They were tight.

When Turner left, the knife sort of took his place. I mean, he called it Turner."

The psychologist stares at the chart as if it will tell him what to do. This is his first tour.

"Um."

"So we do him, right Doc? We do him?"

The doctor scans the chart looking for something to say. But the chart is empty, its contents lost in a swirl of red tape. He gropes for a way to end this without another loss on his record.

"Does anybody know if he's got any next of kin?"

"Yeah," a soldier answers, "he's always mumbling about a woman named Barbara."

Other soldiers murmur their agreement. The doctor pushes through their ranks, coming as close as he dares to the blood-stained patient. Barbara. It's better than nothing.

"Anonymous, don't you want to go home?"

ANONYMOUS MOVES, AND IN
RESPONSE, TWELVE FINGERS TIGHT-
EN ON THEIR TRIGGERS.

"Don't you want to see Barbara? Anonymous? Barbara is waiting for you. . ."



They have been talking a long time. Anonymous pulls up a chair and sits, listening intently. Raul is unaware of this. He knows only that someone asks questions and the longer and more detailed his answers, the longer he lives. Raul tells him everything. He explains his job. He lays out his family tree, paying particular attention to his wife and kids. He discusses his problems with friends (always borrowing money), with his wife, (always complaining), with work (a dead end). He is dehydrated. He does not know how long he has been in this basement. The skin around his mouth feels tight from the dried vomit that cracks and peels when he speaks. The urge

Honorable Discharge



From the Board of Directors of Allied Mayhaem Incorporated
This is to certify that

"Outstanding service record. Two tours of duty in hostile territory.
Distinguished himself while in the line of fire."

was honorably Discharged from the
AMI EXPEDITIONARY CORPS

to urinate left him hours ago after
he convinced his body that he must conserve his fluids.

Once he runs out of things to talk about, he finally summons up the courage to ask a question of his own. "Why am I here?"

"Barbara, could you please get Raul something to drink?"
Raul glances over at the dead woman in the corner. "Please
forgive her, Raul. Ever since she had the twins, she's had no
energy at all."

Anonymous leaves the Homo-Superior Expeditionary Force with an insurance policy and a five-day supply of clozapine. His time in-country and the friends he made there have taught him lessons he can never hope to forget.

Lesson one: Anyone can be killed. Boost level has no meaning. If the target's skin can shrug off 20mm rounds, switch to hot loads. If hot loads don't work, try napalm. If napalm doesn't work, paste will, which reminds him of lesson two: In-country, carry it all.

There are more. Lessons only five-year vets know. Lessons that make him forget Slumberland, forget America. He clings, however, to one memory that neither Slumberland, reconditioning, or eighteen months of casualties could erase—his wife, his children. And now, he is going to them. His homecoming will be joyous. He will walk through the front door and they will be unable to let him go. The boys will latch onto his arms and legs, squeezing and squealing his name. Barbara will come out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on a dishrag, wondering what all the commotion is about. She won't run to him. She will simply stand there beaming, tears of joy and relief filling her eyes, watching him play with the boys. That will happen soon. For now, Barabara has a life, and it no longer includes him. He watches her for days before first contact.

She works and has new friends. David and Michael are older and bigger.

BARB

6:30 LIGHTS ON IN WASHROOM (like YESTERDAY)

7:00am WAKES KIDS

7:30AM LEAVES HOUSE--KIDS AT DAYCARE-- GOES TO WORK. SHE LOOKS GOOD. KIDS LOOK LIKE ME.

7:35 SURVEY THE HOUSE--
CHECK SECURITY

8:00 AM just left THE HOUSE. NOT SAFE--
I WALKED RIGHT IN! HOUSE LOOKS THE
SAME. STILL LOVES ME. THINGS STILL IN
CLOSET.

He cannot wait any longer. He goes to her. It is night. He knows he will frighten her, but he is prepared. He has practiced the right things to say and the memories to evoke.

She is startled when he finally speaks, because she cannot see him. His enhancements have permanently left him a subtle, shimmering blur. He can help her, though, with a trick he learned during the JPM raid. He cuts his hand, deep along the palm. Blood rushes to his aid, and he runs his hand along his skin, painting himself. His shape is revealed in shiny red.

She reacts, her eyes open wide, as he knew they would when he returned. Finally, she embraces him.

Anonymous weeps. He holds Raul close. Raul weeps as well.

after he explains everything, anonymous is certain that Raul will know why he must die.

State of California
Certificate of Birth

Name: Thomas Allen Schrager

Mother's Name: Barbara Schrager

Mother's Maiden Name: Barbara Schwabb

Mother's Citizenship: USA

Father's Name: Irwin Schrager

Father's Citizenship: USA

Weight at Birth: 5lbs. 2oz.

Length: 16 inches

Place of Birth: St. Stephen's Veterans' Administration
Clinic; Compton, California

He and
Barbara were
finally together
again. They
made love that
very night and
Barbara con-
ceived Tommy and

Casey. The birth
took place at
home. The VA
was a long
way, and the
contractions
came quicker
than anyone
would have
thought. Michael
and David were there
to help, holding Barbara's hands and whispering words of encouragement.

State of California
Certificate of Birth

Name: Casey Frazier Schrager

Mother's Name: Barbara Schrager

Mother's Maiden Name: Barbara Schwabb

Mother's Citizenship: USA

Father's Name: Irwin Schrager

Father's Citizenship: USA

Weight at Birth: 5lbs. 4oz.

Length: 16 inches

Place of Birth: St. Stephen's Veterans' Administration
Clinic; Compton, California

There was a complication in labor. Tommy was the first one out. She begged Anonymous to let her see, but he pressed her back and told her to push.

He was straining to hold on, to keep the vision of his happy family in his mind, but it was slipping. Everything was slipping.

He yelled at the boys to hold their mother down as Casey quickly followed.

The same.

He tried to hide them from her because he knew what her reaction would be. She became angry, and then afraid. She begged him for her boys, crying his name, pleading. He knew she would not see them. Not now. He held the two boys who looked just like him and stared across her body at David and Michael. They could help him, and then she would see.

He hadn't cut in eighteen months, but the knife moved easily in his hand.

As the life drained from David and Michael, Anonymous dipped the twins into the widening pool of their blood. Holding the twins high, he turned to his wife, smiling the smile of a proud parent. His smile faded quickly when she lunged at him, clawing at her children, his face, and the knife on his belt. His instinct and training took over. His wife Barbara was dead before he could withdraw the blade from her throat. He looked at his twin boys' bloody and unmoving forms. Slowly, he sat down and withdrew his gun from its holster.

"So dirty," he murmured, "Why can't your mother keep you clean?"

Anonymous is sure now that Raul understands why he needs him. They walk together to the shattered mirror in the basement, arm-in-arm.

Raul helps him see and Anonymous smiles.

Violence and the Entertainment Industry

Americans have always had a love/hate relationship with guns and the people who use them. From the earliest flatscreen Westerns to the current UltraViolents, we have watched in fascination as the hero discovers a wrong and fights to right it. Along the way, she might discover something about herself or become romantically involved, but more often she simply blazes away until every last enemy is dead. As is often the case in real life, we are repulsed by the people trying to protect us or promote our causes. We fear those who can casually take life, yet we envy them and covet their abilities.

Over the years, as we became more and more jaded, producers of action-oriented entertainment were forced to become increasingly graphic in order to satisfy the consumers' prurient interests. In recent years, even the UltraViolent wave of films including *Ilsa, She-Devil With a Gun* and *Screaming, Blazing, Bizarre, and Mutilating Death* have failed to capture the public's interest. As mainstream Americans become desensitized to the horror of war and murder, filmmakers are forced to resort to showing real loss of life in order to attract viewers and sponsors. According to fans of vidshows like *Combat! Combat!*, only real-life violence is entertaining anymore. They say that only by seeing an actual death can they appreciate the nuances of the pain inflicted and the excitement of the moment. Viewers of these videos make a game out of tracking body counts and adjudicating "Quality Kills." Make-believe somavids leave them cold and unfulfilled.

What is next? Well, for many years, entertainment and violence pundits have projected that bloodsports (gladiatorial games and the like) would eventually move into the mainstream. For years, there have been reports of staged combat shows like "Homosuperior Showdown" touring the country or cropping up in the depressed areas of urban America. But, as the ratings verified for these types of shows, the public has become disinterested in anything they perceive as staged or contrived. Only the real-life drama of actual firefights get the ratings. The report cards are in—bloodsport is out. So where do we go from here, knowing that violence is big business and NO ONE is going to stop riding that gravy train? Perhaps the new crop of premeditated murder shows like *Transient Hunt* will survive the ratings wars. More than likely though, "gun-cam" offerings like *Combat! Combat!*

Combat! will remain in the mainstream for several years to come. There are still many unexplored areas of conflict on the globe and viewers have reacted positively to the exotic changes in scenery.

The Age of Information Affects the Public

Years of watching their favorite characters blow away the enemy have given the average citizen an unprecedented understanding of firearms. Once again, *Combat! Combat! Combat!* is the leader in the transfer of knowledge to the public. During its 2019-2020 season, the writers, responding to audience E-mail, began examining the various weapons used during the action. The response to this was tremendous and the audience clamored for more. More statistics, schematics, ammunition explanations and their comparisons gave birth to a new phenomenon: cyberceleb color-commentary. Cybercelebs (cryogenically frozen celebrities from the twentieth century who were thawed and boosted into combat troops) began announcing play-by-play action of the armed conflict taking place as it happened. Now, after each kill, a sidebar style "statscreen" appears illustrating the weapon and ammunition used, its kill ratio in similar situations, and the soldier's vital signs. Recently, the Meat Substitute, a cyberceleb manufactured from the remains of vidstar George Hamilton, has been bringing in the highest ratings with his dry humor and droll delivery.

The effect of all this is that the man on the street has a thorough knowledge of the weapons of war and their uses. After a Sunday Night episode of *In Country*, talk around the water cooler Monday morning eventually leads to the "kill of the night" and a mimed reenactment of the scene.

Discussions of the evening's events often take place during manicures, shopping trips and business meetings. Often, the person who is not familiar with the state-of-the-art weapons or their statistics is frowned upon by his superiors. For years and years, business people and their associates have compared themselves to sports teams and military leaders. Now, with the widespread acceptance of warfare as entertainment, this practice is reaching its zenith. Rotisserie league fire-teaming has become the major avocation for upwardly mobile professionals who stage elaborate invasions of foreign countries in computer simulations.

In the 21st century, management consultant firms specialize in selling motivational accessories that illus-

trate a firm's aggressive posture or dedication to a cause. Posters line CEOs' offices proclaiming: "Americans love a winner and will not tolerate a loser!"—General George S. Patton. Desktop calendars have taken a distinctly maudlin flavor reminding mid-level executives every day to "Save the last bullet for yourself (if this project is late)" and "What are you prepared to do? (to get ahead)."

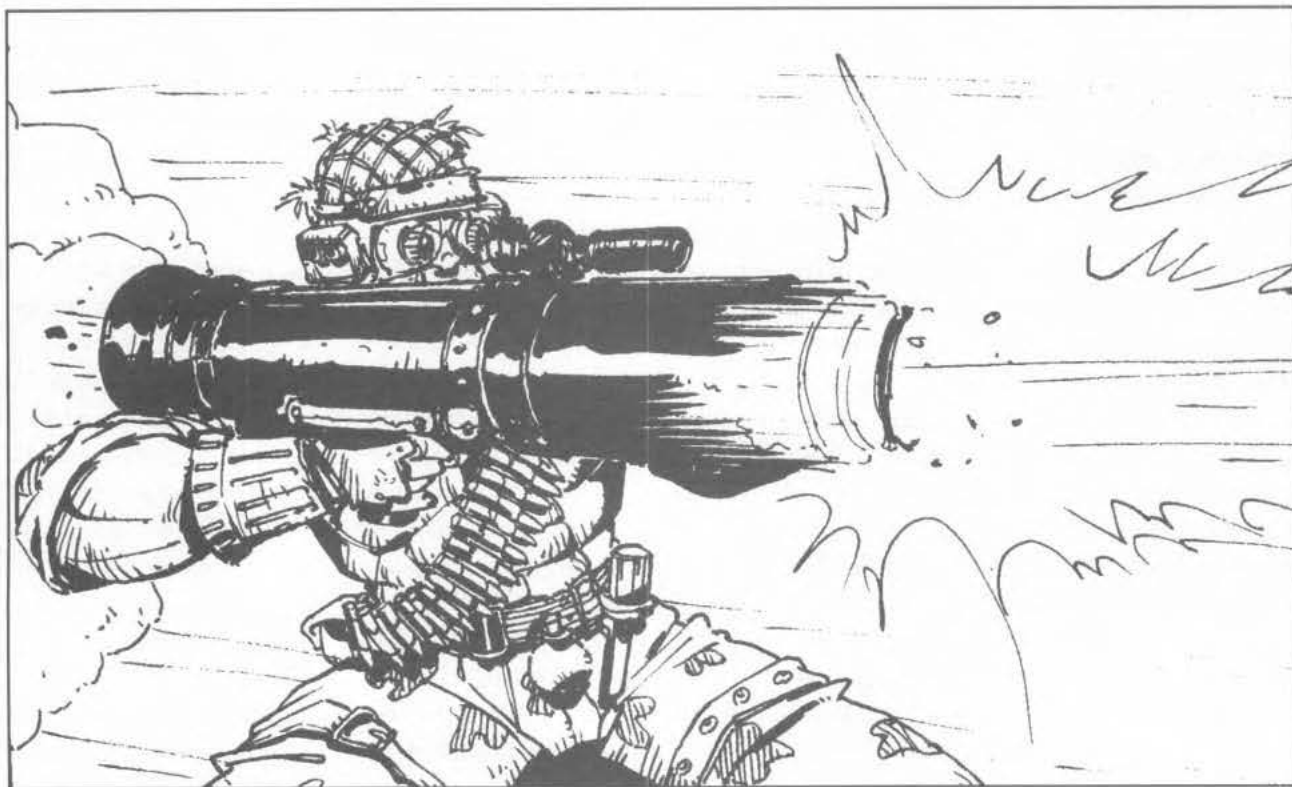
Children Seem Immune to Violence

There is a bright side to the discussion of violence and society. Children seem oddly immune to its effects. For decades, children have played Cowboys & Indians and Cops & Robbers. One child shoots at another using his finger as a weapon. The second child falls down screaming, "You got me!," and remains still for as long as her attention span allows before jumping up to reap her revenge. In the 21st century, these games have all but fallen by the wayside in the wake of high-tech replacements. The invention of video games during the late 1980s captured the attention of children the world over. Beginning with "Pong" and continuing on through "Bad Clowns" (a stab at educational software to alert kids to the dangers of pedophiles in the 1990s), the rise of the video game industry has all but taken the place of games children "act out". As the 20th century drew to a close, virtual reality hardware was almost as common in the

home as a microwave oven. Now, in 2021, children no longer need to leave the safety of their homes to have fun. By slipping on a VR headset and gloves, any child can instantly be transported to far away planets or bleak urban environments without having to rely on childish rules or their imaginations. Children are also safe from the bad habits of others because they are insulated by a complete library of games that require no interaction with others.

Basic video game concepts have remained over the years and have not changed since the inception of VR. There are "puzzle games" in which the object is to discover the puzzle's solution before a victim is put to death. There are "adventure games" where the child adventures as a fictitious person. And of course, there are the standard "shoot 'em ups" and "hand-to-hand" combat games where the object is to destroy any opposition standing between you and your goal of killing the most impressive enemy.

Most researchers agree that the risk of childhood accidents has decreased dramatically with the saturation of VR units into American's homes. As one scientist put it, "Kids today don't have to move a muscle if they don't want to." While many purists argue that youngsters are becoming video zombies with few social skills, far more parents counter that the new "Virtual Babysitter" is the



greatest advancement for relieving parental stress since the pacifier. The VR sitter also teaches the rapid eye-hand coordination needed in the higher level video games.

Innovations in Firearms

The last thirty years have seen many innovations in science and its applications. The weapons industry has not missed out on these advances, and weapons that would have been inconceivable at the end of the twentieth century are now used by police and criminals alike. Here's a summary of some of the innovations that Mother Necessity has spawned.

The Problem

Obviously, the larger the shell, the more stopping power the weapon possesses. In the twentieth century, however, handgun barrels had topped out at .50 caliber. At .50 caliber, a strong man using a solid stance encountered a recoil that brought the pistol to his ear (at least) after firing. Stopping power was high, but rate of fire was slow, as the shooter was forced to re-acquire his target.

With the advent of enhanced soldiers, gun manufacturers have been forced to increase muzzle size in order to provide an adequate slug to take down a homosuperior combatant. Whereas the average NATO soldier in the 1990s carried 9mm parabellum sidearms, the boosted mercenary soldier in 2021 uses a 20mm semiautomatic pistol. Because semiauto pistols contain ammunition in their grips, it would stand to reason that any ammunition over 12.7mm would be impossible to feed in this way. The average human hand could not hold a grip of this size.

Extra-Large Bore Weapons

Two scientific discoveries have made extra-large bore pistols possible. The first is the genetic enhancement technology. As the boosted soldier increases in strength, her mass and size also increase, allowing her to use larger firearms. The other innovation is the "slurry" or "mud" round. Slurry is a semi-liquid propellant that takes the place of the solid propellants used until 1997. Slurry rounds have the advantage of taking far less space than gunpowder. The average .357 magnum round uses well over 300 grains of gunpowder. In contrast, a 20mm mud

round uses less than 3ml of slurry. Since there is less propellant used, the bullet requires far less brass to contain it. Less brass results in a far smaller round and considerably less weight for the shooter to carry. Slurry rounds make also even higher magazine capacities possible, as long as the size of the pistol's handle is increased. Most boosted soldiers consider the longer handle aesthetically pleasing and take great pride in the fact that there is more room on the handle for notches.

Laser Sights

Laser sights or "red dots" that greatly increased accuracy and quick target acquisition were in vogue toward the end of the 20th century. As more and more gun manufacturers began to produce low cost laser sights, integral laser sights were soon on their way to becoming standard equipment on virtually all projectile weapons.

Laser sights in 2021 have advanced substantially from their earlier counterparts. Range is greatly increased, and because of advances in confrontation software and combat eyewear, laser sights no longer need the tell-tale red lines or dots, making them much more useful for sniping or nocturnal raids. Another leap forward in the area of laser sighting is the split beam triangulator that adjusts for the aspect of the target. Unless otherwise noted, all guns in Underground use some form of laser sighting system. Guns without this system, or with systems that are disabled because of EMP grenades suffer a penalty of -3 in Accuracy for pistols and -1 in Accuracy for long arms.

Recoil Compensators

When you look at a 20mm handgun, your first impression probably tells you the gun is uncontrollable. If the gun was manufactured in the twentieth century, any doubts regarding recoil would be well founded. But today, gas venting to reduce recoil and increase accuracy has become an industry standard. Also, because of the lack of gas created by slurry rounds, recoil is kept to a minimum. By a minimum, it is not at all implied that even the strongest of "mundanes" would be able to fire a 20mm pistol or rifle without equipment like a tripod. Besides gas venting, counter balance systems like the one used in the Silver Bullet Arms' SSF 2/30 make it possible to control absurdly large bore fully automatic pistols.

Many soldiers go to elaborate lengths to control their guns. Often, boosts will use guns well beyond their ability to control in order to wield the stopping power they believe they need and make the impression they desire. Such usage is permitted by a new device known as the vambrace. Vambracing involves acquiring custom-tailored cuffs that encase the shooter's forearm and attach to the gun (and often to the shoulder or waist as well). Vambracing allows the firer to subtract 2 from a weapon's listed STR minimum. The drawback is a distinct lack of freedom of movement and loss of a free hand for other, important priorities (tossing a grenade, waving at school children or zipping a fly, for example). Some private weapons specialists manufacture gyroclamps that allow freedom of movement and recoil compensation together. Costs of such harnesses are exorbitant, running into the hundreds of thousands for one mounting. Veterans have been known to wear two or more mounts attached to different weapons.

Using High STR Weapons

As an optional rule, the GM can allow any character to use a gun with a STR minimum up to 2 points higher than the character's STR. Using a weapon in this fashion, however, subtracts 2 from the gun's Accuracy.

Salvaging

After the smoke clears and the deafening cacophony of rifle reports is over, bodies are looted in the hopes of recovering undamaged weapons or extra ammunition. The first pickings always go to the shooters who won the spoils of war, but afterwards, in Los Angeles and other metropolitan areas, gangs of children sweep the combat sight, hunting for re-salable items and brass. Brass is big business in many areas, where its expenditure is commonplace and the respect for life is low. Scoop gangs roam the most dangerous streets with canvas bags. Often, particularly trigger-happy veterans will be shad-

owed for days by these little pilot fish who know that it will only be a matter of time before lead will fly.

The scurrying bottom feeders are barely noticed by the pedestrians trying hard to deny that a firefight has broken out feet from their phone booth. What many people do not realize, however, is that these gangs of children are an organized group recruited by arms manufacturers to recycle spent brass into new ammunition at a fraction of the cost. The children have value in other ways as well. Since the armed conflict is their source of cash, scoopers make it their business to know what is happening on the street. They are intimately aware of the veterans who prowl the streets and the ordinance they use. A good rapport with a scooper might yield valuable information regarding the an enemy's munitions.

Salvage by Combatants

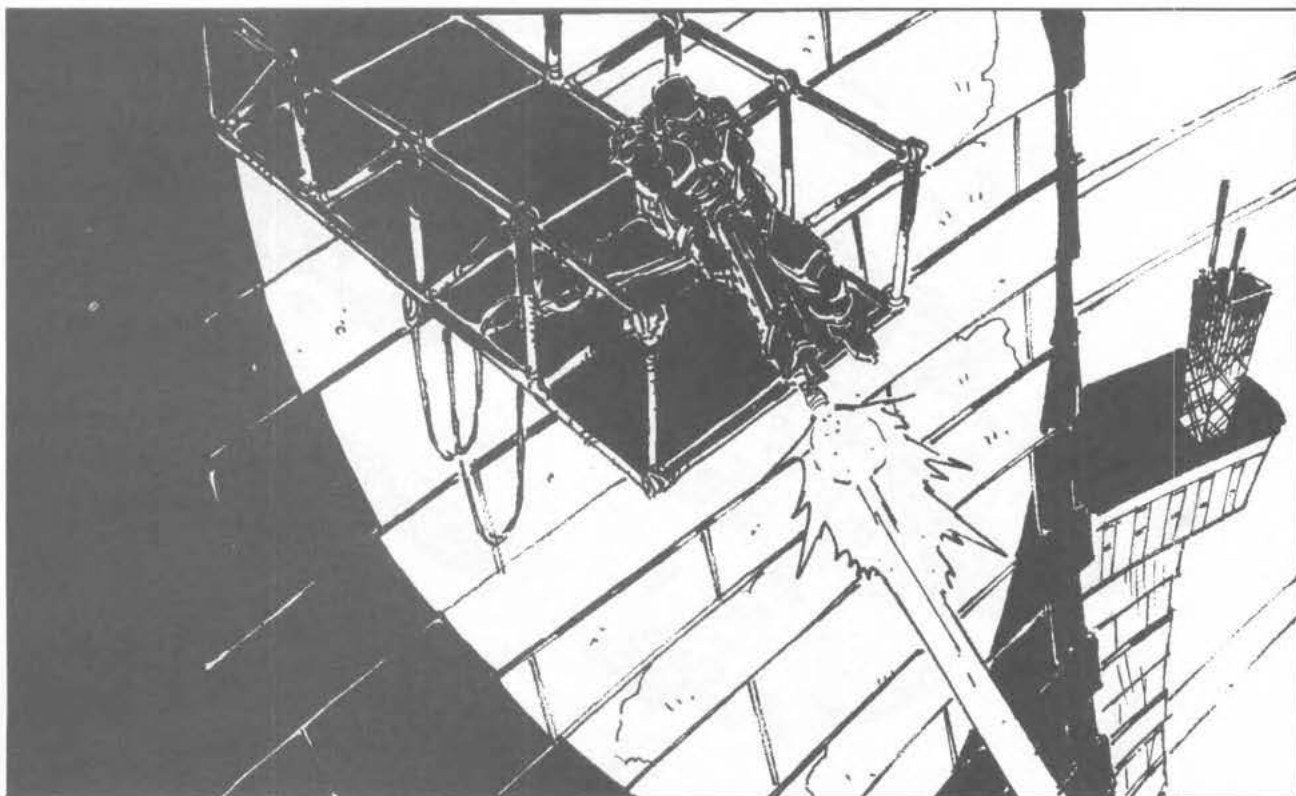
Throughout history, soldiers have taken trophies from fallen enemies. These trophies were then worn as symbols of fighting prowess or hung on a wall as ornaments and conversation pieces. In 2021, while veterans often do not have permanent homes, trophies are still collected. They are necessary for survival. The gun taken off of a ventilated hardcore might still perform when all other guns are out of ammunition.

Some trophies are taken to provide salvagers much needed staples; food for long paranoid nights sleeping in alleys or rent to pay for a flophouse and a decent bed.

Fencing booty

Veterans can acquire dozens of weapons after only a few firefights, and may wish to sell some when they become overloaded with hardware. Those characters interested in selling weapons to street scum (who will then uinboubtedly use the weapons to conduct murders and drug wars, turning the vet's community into a combat zone) may do so using the following procedure:

The seller must first make a P/F Streetwise/Connections Challenge against a Difficulty set by the GM (usually Difficult or Impressive) in order to make contact with a fence. Note that if the character already has a contact who is a fence, she may skip this step. If successful, the character then makes a "Difficult" Streetwise/Customs Challenge. The results determine the amount the fence offers for the weapon



- A The character is able to sell the weapon at 5% below the retail price.
- B The character is able to sell the weapon at 10% below the retail price.
- C The character is able to sell the weapon at 20% below the retail price.
- D The character is able to sell the weapon at 30% below the retail price.

Conflict Resolution Software

Homosapiens have never been ideal predators. Compared to other animals, humans are slow, with limited senses of sight and smell. True, man can wipe out entire geographical areas with a single stroke of an executive order, but that just makes him a mere murderer, not a true killer.

This shortcoming has finally been corrected!

The programmers at Pueblo Software International, themselves veterans of many campaigns, have designed what may be the greatest advancements on the modern battlefield since soldiers were enhanced.

Their advances lie in the realm of "confrontation software," programs that aid in the speedy resolution of armed engagements. Such software allows for the smooth integration of several digital chip devices through one master control program. Using software such as this, a combatant can identify the current risk to life and limb, determine the correct ammunition to use in a given fire-fight, or assess ambient weather conditions in relationship to murderous impulses.

It is not uncommon to walk down a city street and see all manner of people running software programs through pack and visor systems. A homemaker may be running through his shopping list, a banker through her appointment schedule, a writer through her journal. On today's Post-Pueblo streets, however, you never know what program the person walking toward you is running. The homemaker with the shopping list could be running surveillance for the Anti-Sedition Squad. The banker with the dayplanner could be assessing the approximate level of your physical enhancement to determine how many operatives will be needed during tonight's ambush. The writer with the journal could be acting as a forward observer for a missile that is currently headed for your unarmored melon. Whatever the ultimate goal of the user, it is a good idea to know what is currently available to the man on the street.



PUEBLO SNIPER!

Availability: A, Cost \$12,000

Memory: 3

Sniper! was the first program to use holographic imaging technology. With Sniper! an assassin could enhance the image of a target, removing or lowering disadvantages caused by adverse conditions such as smoke, rain, and dense fog. The software also compensates for projectile drag coefficients, wind resistance, and gas venting. Undoubtedly, Sniper!'s most useful feature is digital image magnification capable of magnifying a target as many as twenty five times.

Sniper! takes several seconds (one full Turn) to run. During this time, the shooter is making targeting decisions and can take no other action. After image enhancements are complete, long and medium range opponents are much easier to target (+4 to the shooter's Skill during his To Hit Challenge for long-range targets, +2 for medium).

PUEBLO FIREFIGHT!

Availability: A, Cost \$15,000

Memory: 4

Firefight! is billed as the ultimate combat software package. It comes with a number of "friend or foe" transponders, that flash corresponding icons over targets in the user's goggles in order to alert the shooter to group affiliations. It can also be switched to a "select fire" mode that will not allow the user to fire at targets designated as friendly. In theory, using Firefight!, a soldier could aim his weapon into a crowd and fire only at targets marked as foes. The software also interacts with the weapon used to display a running ammunition total and act as a targeting computer that decreases the shooter's Range Difficulty Modifier by one at both medium and long range.

Another application of Firefight! is provided by its threat evaluation subroutine. Using the subroutine, a combatant can assess the defensive capabilities of the target by measuring his or her physique using holographic imaging. The larger the physique, the greater the implied epidermal defense. The subroutine also boasts a nearly complete visual library of modern weaponry and can assess obvious offensive capability by identifying hardware in view.

To determine the report returned by the software when the defensive capability of a target is assessed, add the target's STR and RES (including armor) together and refer to the following chart:

| Total Defense | Threat |
|---------------|------------------|
| 0-10 | Low |
| 11-20 | Moderate |
| 21-30 | High |
| 30+ | Warning! Badass! |

When the subroutine is used to determine the target's offensive capability, compare the caliber of the target's largest visible weapon to the chart below

| Caliber | Designation/Suggestion |
|------------|--|
| Below 15mm | Low/Wus— Do this guy! |
| 15mm-20mm | Moderate/Player—Off him quick! |
| 25mm-45mm | High/Hardcore—Switch to hot loads! |
| 50mm+ | Extreme/MoFo—Paste™ him if ya got 'em! |

Other suggestions will appear on the heads-up display as information presents itself. One suggestion might be to change ammunition. Another could be to use less expensive ammunition because of a relatively low threat. The GM should make these decisions in a somewhat arbitrary, but always entertaining, manner.

PUEBLO COMMANDO!

Availability: B, Cost \$ 40,000

Memory: 7

Commando! is a military program designed to aid operatives on covert missions. It possesses three different applications. The first serves as a mission briefing mentor. Using cartographic software such as that used by Pueblo Mapit!, the mentor lays out primary, secondary, and tertiary infiltration and extraction routes. The program also monitors the commando's progress over the route, all the while timing and recording the mission for playback debriefing. Note that a Personal Identification Number (PIN) must be entered into the user's pack before system shutdown or the mission recording is voided.

The second application for Pueblo Commando! functions as a Medikit Vitals Monitor. During a mission, the MVM tracks the subject's vital signs and blood chemistry. When the subject is in need of vitamins, adrenaline, or pharmaceuticals, Commando! activates a micro-syringe

(sold separately), located near the lymph node under the arm, and pumps the necessary chemical into the bloodstream. There are several effects that these pharmaceuticals may generate based on the GM's judgment. The programs' main purpose is to simulate the effects of a Medicine/First Aid Specialty rated at 7 Units as described in Chapter Nine of the Underground rulebook. The program's First Aid Challenge is Standard rather than P/F, however, because the effects of its drugs are limited. The duration of the drugs' effects is shown below:

| Grade | Effect |
|-------|----------------------|
| A | Effects last 4 hours |
| B | Effects last 3 hours |
| C | Effects last 2 hours |
| D | Effects last 1 hour |

The drugs always reverse the effects of a KO result after 2 full Turns. In addition, a character already affected by an ST result recovers from Stun after only one full Turn. The downside to using drugs to extend a character's usefulness in combat is that the drugs' stimulant rush immediately inflicts 2 Stress upon the user.

The last application of Pueblo Commando! acts as a counselor in enemy territory. Using visual input and pre-programmed cartography, the software displays possible ambush sights and booby trap emplacements. In essence, this gives the commando the equivalent of the Military Science/Tactics Specialty rated at 7 Units.

GENEVA DODGE-MAN

Availability: A, Cost \$ 13,000

Memory: 3

Dodge-Man is Geneva's entry into the conflict software market. Essentially a tool to combat Pueblo's Firefight!, Dodge-Man is billed as the ultimate "first alert" system, linking the Punkbuster™ radar detector (and other brands), a "Lockout" laser-sight system foiler, and a patented electrode system. Before leaving a place of safety, the user covers her body in adhesive electrodes. She then covers her body in Heavykev and/or MONDO armors as usual. When confronted by a positive lock from Pueblo Sniper! or Firefight!, Dodge-man fires a small electrical charge into the epidermis of the wearer. This "buzz" alerts the user to incoming fire and indicates the targeted area, allowing the user to get a jump on her dodge.

Running the program gives the user +2 to her Acrobatics/Dodge Specialty. It will take some time to get used to the muscle spasm/immediate movement component of the system. Most veterans practice several times with empty magazines to get the feel of the software.

PUEBLO DRIVE-BY!

Availability: A, Cost \$13,000

Memory: 4

Drive-By! is the newest Pueblo system on the market. It combines elements of Pueblo Firefight! with Dressen's Runabout vehicle navigation/maintenance software. The result is a program ideally suited for the "urban experience". Drive-By!'s function is to "facilitate the delivery of gunfire to pedestrian targets while maintaining a high velocity." The system allows for wind resistance, vehicle drag, and vehicle speed, granting the shooter an excellent advantage (+2) to his Gun Combat Skill during To Hit Challenges. To be effective, Drive-By! must be run through an on-board vehicle computer to allow for the instant changes in speed and aspect that invariably happen when killers ambush victims in fast moving cars. The true selling point of Drive-By! is that it interfaces with any on-board computer, allowing the driver's pack to continue running Pueblo Commando! or other important programs. As an added feature, the program suggests get-away routes based on traffic signal information and police band radio monitoring.

PABLO'S SNITCH! version 1.1

Availability: E, Cost \$ 20,000

Memory: 2

Snitch! is a piece of black market software designed to act as a library of facts and near-facts regarding boosted veterans in and around the Los Angeles area. An ingenious piece of programming, Snitch! is a "card catalog" of boosted veterans' current codenames, vital statistics and enhancements, along with rumors and limited military history.

If these were the program's only features, it might be worth some cash, but Pablo's Snitch! goes one better. It contains the restricted military identification photos of many boosts mustering out through the Los Angeles area.

These photos can then be compared (using two full Turns) to individuals targeted using either Pueblo's Sniper! or Firefight! , allowing the firer to identify those targets.

To operate Snitch!, the user simply targets the subject on her goggles (this can be done without alerting the target, who must make a Difficult P/F INT Challenge to notice). The target's image is then frozen and moved to the upper left corner of the user's heads-up display. The computer then attempts to match the image with the identification photos in its database. These ID photos are shown in the upper right hand corner of the heads-up display. Once the program discovers a possible match, it digitizes and superimposes the two images. Upon matching positively, the program displays the subject's code-name at the time of the photo and prompts the user for more information.

Not much is known as to how Pablo acquires the restricted photos and information, but the word on the street is that Pablo is either a recruiter or pencil pusher for AMI or TWD. Others (who should keep their mouths shut for fear of car bombs) claim that Pablo is a VA psychiatrist who sells unpatriotic patient's secrets to fund an Underground cell. So far the information database is limited to Los Angeles boosts, and covers only 25% of the veterans in the city. Rumor has it that Pablo is now beginning to ship versions covering places as far away as New York City.

Custom Made Firearms

Many vets simply can't find an "off-the-rack" shootin' iron that fulfills all their needs. Sure the HoG Excommunicator features the extra-large magazine veteran leadslingers love; but at ranges greater than 50 feet, it's almost impossible to melt a cap into anything larger than a barn. Similarly, the Melbourne Arms Hogan 10 is one hell of an accurate weapon, but don't count on bringing down anything tougher than grandma.

Over the last ten years, a huge custom-built firearms industry has cropped up to fill this void. Many of the world's leading munitions manufacturers (like Urban Nightmare Inc., Neomag Inc., and Glint of Cold Steel Ltd.) now make modular firearm components that experienced gunsmiths can use to construct a nearly unlimited variety of heaters. Usually, such a gunsmith can be found at your neighborhood gun shop. For a few thou-

sand bucks, he'll be more than happy to scratch-build the rod of your dreams.

Designing a Custom Firearm

Designing a custom gat is a six step process:

• Step One: Decide If You Are Building a Handgun or a Larger Weapon

This step is pretty self-explanatory. Handguns can be fired with one hand; larger weapons must be fired using both hands. Your choice during this step will influence your guns statistics and cost.

Example: *The Atomic Gump pops down to his local Fast Freddy's Firearms outlet and orders a custom hog-leg. The Gump decides that he wants a handgun.*

• Step Two: Choose a Primary Armament

Next, select the firearm's caliber or armament. All of the various possibilities are listed on the Armament Tables below. Note that your choice of handgun or larger weapon determines the available armaments. For instance, .50 cal is available as a handgun armament, but not as a larger weapon armament.

Once you have selected an armament, you can record your weapon's base statistics by reading them off the armament table. Note that all handguns begin with an Accuracy of -3 and all rifles begin with an Accuracy of -1. These base Accuracies are added to the Accuracy of your chosen armament to calculate the starting Accuracy of the firearm. In addition to recording the weapon's base statistics, you should also record its base cost. Most of the remaining steps in the design process alter the weapon's statistics or cost. As you complete the process, continue to change the weapon's stats and cost as instructed. Once you have finished all the design steps in order, you have calculated the weapon's final statistics and cost.

Example: *The Gump selects an 8 gauge shotgun as his handgun's primary armament, giving the weapon a base cost of \$6,000 and the following base statistics:*

Acc: -2 (base of -3 + the shotgun's +1), Pen: 9, Rng: 5/7/9, Str: 3, Dmg: LW/MW/HW/IN

• Step Three: Choose Secondary Armaments

Although most firearms feature only a single armament, some feature multiple barrels or firing bays that are each capable of launching a projectile. The GDW BARR, for instance, features both a 50mm recoilless rifle and a 40mm Pumpit™ grenade launcher attached to the same frame. If you so desire, you can place additional armaments on your custom firearm.

Additional armaments are purchased in the same fashion as the primary armament (ie. adding a secondary 8 gauge shotgun costs \$6,000) and each additional armament has its own set of statistics (record the base stats in the same way you recorded the base stats of your primary armament, remembering to add in the appropriate base Accuracy). Each additional armament you add to a weapon reduces the Accuracy of each of the weapon's armament's by -1. In combat, you can only use one of the weapon's armaments each Turn, though you can freely switch active armaments between Turns.

Link Option

If you place one or more secondary armaments on your weapon that are identical to your primary armament, you have the option of linking these armaments so they fire together. In this case, all the linked armaments have only a single stat line. Take the stats of the base armament and add +1 to its Accuracy, +1 to its Penetration, and +2 to its STR for each additional linked armament. Note that from this point on, a magazine configuration or accessory selected for any of the linked armaments must be selected for all the linked armaments.

Example: *The Gump purchases two secondary armaments, another 8 gauge shotgun (making the weapon a double-barrel shotgun) and a Taser. Since the 8 gauge is identical to his primary armament, he decides to link the shotguns. The weapons cost now stands at \$62,000 (adding in the cost of a second shotgun and the Taser) and its stats now look like this:*

Shotguns—Acc: -3 (-2 minus 2 for the additional weapons plus one for the linked weapon), Pen: 10, Rng: 4/7/9, STR: 5 (3 plus 2 for the linked weapon), DMG: LW/MW/HW/IN

Taser—Acc: -3 (pistol base of -3 plus the Taser's 0), Pen: 12, Rng: 2/4/6, STR: 1, Dmg: Special

• Step Four: Choose Magazine/Load Configuration

You must now choose a magazine/load configuration for each of your weapon's armaments. Your choice will determine your weapon's Ammo rating and might affect its other stats. You have five possibilities to choose from: revolver, clip, extended (or banana) clip, box/drum, and belt-fed. Revolvers feature multiple loaded chambers that spin to place a new cartridge into firing position. Clips, extended clips, and boxes/drums carry a large supply of cartridges and use the gas that escapes from a fired cartridge to pop a new cartridge into firing position. Belt-fed weapons use "belts" of cartridges linked together and feed new cartridges into position through the mechanical action of the weapon's firing mechanism. Each configuration has an associated cost as summarized below:

| Configuration | Cost |
|---------------|--------|
| Revolver | \$200 |
| Clip | \$500 |
| Extended Clip | \$750 |
| Box/Drum | \$1000 |
| Belt-fed | \$1500 |

Once you have selected a magazine/load configuration, cross-index your choice with the armament's caliber on the Magazine/Load Configuration Table below. The result is the Ammo rating of the weapon. Note that if you are building a handgun, this Ammo rating is immediately chopped in half.

As noted on the Table, selecting a revolver configuration adds 0/-1/-1 to the armament's Rng, selecting a box/drum configuration adds +1 to the weapon's STR, and selecting a belt-fed configuration adds +2 to the weapon's STR.

Magazine configurations are not purchased for flamethrowers and Tasers. See the special instructions on the Armament Tables.

Example: *The Gump selects a clip configuration for both his 8 gauge shotguns and needn't select a configuration for his taser. Each of the clip configurations cost \$500, increasing the weapon's cost to \$63,000. The clips give the linked shotguns an Ammo rating of 5 (shotgun clips hold 10 shells, but this number is cut in half because the Gump is building a handgun).*

• Step Five: Select a Rate of Fire

Next, you should select a rate of fire for each of your armaments. The possibilities are all listed in the Rate of Fire Table, below. Note that each choice has an associated cost and a set of Acc, Str, and Rng modifiers.

If your weapon features one or more linked armaments, purchase only a single rate of fire for all the armaments. Flamethrowers and Tasers automatically have a rate of fire of 1.

Example: *The Gump selects a Rate of 1/2 for his shotguns, adding -1 to their Accuracy, adding +1 to their STR (since they are larger than 10 gauge) and adding 0/-2/-2 to their range. This increases the cost of the weapon to \$63,000. The weapon's stats now look like this:*

Shotguns—Acc: -4, Pen: 10, Rng: 4/5/7, STR: 6, DMG: LW/MW/HW/IN, Rate: 1/2, Ammo: 5

Taser—Acc: -3, Pen: 12, Rng: 2/4/6, STR: 1, Dmg: Special, Rate: 1, Ammo: 1

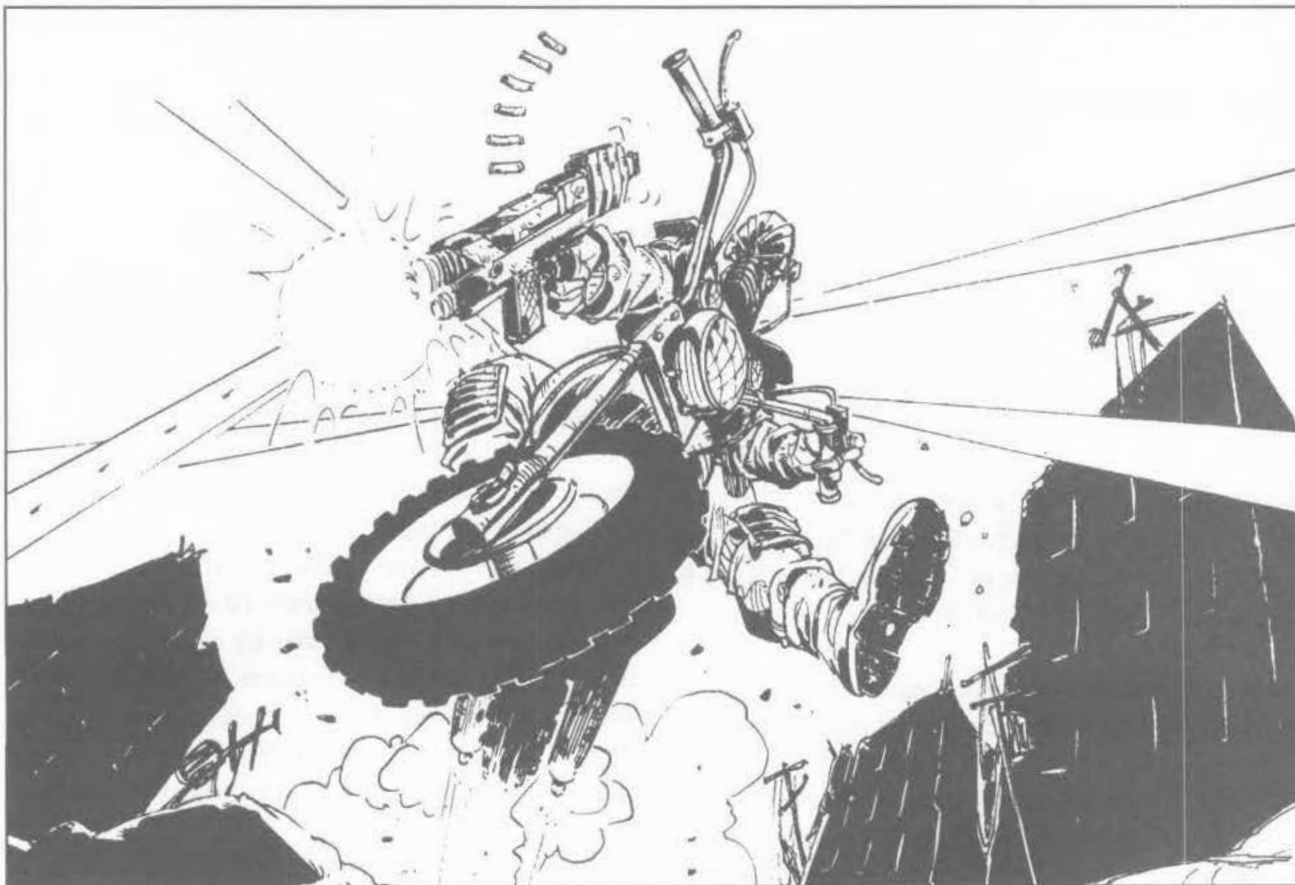
• Step Six: Add Accessories

Finally, a wide variety of accessories are available to round out the weapon. Accessories affect only a single stat line, but may be purchased more than once to affect multiple stat lines (ie. if the gump wants Precision Construction to increase the Accuracy of both his shotguns and tasers, he must purchase it twice). Accessories have no affect on flamethrowers, tasers, and grenade launchers. The available accessories are:

Bayonet: Places a bayonet on the end of the weapon (Pen: 6, LW/LW/MW/HW) and reduces the weapon's Accuracy by -1. Bayonets cost \$500. Articulated bayonets capable of folding back when not in use are available for \$700. Weapons equipped with these devices suffer the Accuracy penalty only when the bayonet is actually deployed.

Elongated Barrel: Adds +2/+3/+3 to the weapon's Range and costs \$1000.

Hand Tailoring: This process takes several weeks to complete and costs \$20,000. Once a weapon has been hand-tailored it is ideally suited to a single-firer. This firer gains a +1 Accuracy bonus when firing the weapon, but



all other firers receive a -1 Accuracy penalty when firing the weapon. Unlike most accessories, Hand Tailoring affects all the weapon's armaments when purchased (ie. it needn't be purchased more than once to affect multiple armaments).

Improved Venting: Installs digital circuits that control gas venting, helping to stabilize the weapon. Increases the Accuracy of the gun by +1, but lowers the Penetration by 1. Improved venting costs \$2200

Increased Charge Cartridges: Restructures the weapon to fit cartridges with higher powder charges. Doubles the cost of ammunition, increases Range and increases STR. Select one of the following options:

| Range | STR | Cost |
|----------|-----|--------|
| 0/+1/+1 | +1 | \$500 |
| +1/+4/+4 | +2 | \$1000 |

Integral Laser Sights: Featured on most firearms. Increases Accuracy by +3 on handguns and +1 on larger weapons. Laser sights cost \$500.

Integral Silencer: Builds a silencer into the weapon's barrel. Not available for armaments larger than 25mm/10 gauge. Decreases Pen by -2 and allows weapon to be heard only 7 Units away.

Precision Construction: Increases weapon's Accuracy by +1 (at a cost of \$15,000) or +2 (at a cost of \$25,000).

Recoil Compensator: Decreases weapon's STR by -1 (at a cost of \$6000) or -2 (at a cost of \$9000). Both versions reduce the weapon's Accuracy by -1.

Recoilless Option: Opens the weapon's breech to allow gasses to escape out the back, virtually eliminating recoil. Lower's the weapon's STR by -1, increases Accuracy by +2, and adds +2/+1/0 to Range. The Recoilless Option costs \$60,000.

Reduced Charge Cartridges: Restructures the weapon to fit cartridges with lower powder charges. Doubles the cost of ammunition, decreases Range and decreases STR. Select one of the following options:

| Range | STR | Cost |
|----------|-----|--------|
| 0/-1/-1 | -1 | \$500 |
| -1/-4/-4 | -2 | \$1000 |

Self-Destructor: Turns the entire weapon into a hand grenade. Useful in last-ditch situations! The grenade has a Blast of 3, a Penetration of 12, and a Range of 3/5/8. The entire mechanism costs \$10,000.

Tapered Barrel: Increases the weapon's Penetration by +1, but lowers the Accuracy by -1 for a cost of \$2200

Example: To round out his weapon, the Gump buys Hand Tailoring, Integral laser sights, and one level of precision construction. In the end, his gun costs \$98,500 and looks like this:

Shotguns—Acc: +1, Pen: 10, Rng: 4/5/7, STR: 6, DMG: LW/MW/HW/IN, Rate: 1/2, Ammo: 5

Taser—Acc: -3, Pen: 12, Rng: 2/4/6, STR: 1, Dmg: Special, Rate: 1, Ammo: 1

Installing Accessories in Off-the-Rack Heaters

Skilled gunsmiths are capable of installing any of the available accessories in off-the-rack firearms at a cost of 120% of the accessory's listed price.

Building Your Own Custom Firearms

Modular weapons components are a controlled substance. By law, only registered firearms vendors are allowed to obtain them. Of course, it's always possible to locate the components on the black market, allowing a vet to assemble a firearm himself and cut out the middle man. Black market components are available at 60% of their listed prices and are treated as Availability X items. Actually assembling the components into a working firearm requires a succesful P/F Invention/Repair (Gunsmith) Challenge against a Difficulty of 4 (Very Difficult action).



Aiming and Cover

The Underground rules assume that the combatants are snapping off shots with a minimum of aim time and preparation. Spending a full Turn to "draw a bead" on a target (ie. performing no Challenge Actions, just aiming) adds +3 to the shooter's appropriate Skill during her To Hit Challenge. Note that this effect lasts for a single shot only. To regain the bonus, the shooter must spend another Turn aiming.

Situations in which the target has full or partial cover are adjudicated using the Difficulty Chart. A shooting a kneeling figure or a figure behind partial cover is a Tricky Action (+2 to the Difficulty of the To Hit Challenge), while shooting a prone figure or a figure behind full cover is a Difficult Action (+3 to the Difficulty of the To Hit Challenge).

Jamming

Underground GMs wishing to account for weapon jams and misfires can use the following rules. Whenever a shooter rolls particularly low during his To Hit Challenge, his weapon jams. How low the shooter must roll to incur a jam depends upon the weapon he is using.

| Weapon | Roll To Jam |
|------------|-------------|
| Revolver | 2 |
| Full Auto* | 4 or less |
| Any other | 3 or less |

*Full autos are any weapons with a Rate higher than 1.

Note that only the shooter's first dice roll can jam his gun. If the shooter rolls his jam number on a second or subsequent roll (ie. after rolling doubles on his first roll), his weapon does not jam.

Clearing a jam requires a successful Gun Combat Challenge against a Difficulty of 2 (Tricky action) and attempts to clear jams count as the shooter's one allowable Challenge Action during a Turn. Jammed guns may not be fired until they have been cleared.

Plot Hooks

The following are suggested adventure threads that are usable in a wide variety of campaigns. Each is tied to the Parameter rules found in Chapter Twelve of the Underground Rulebook. The hooks are all in reaction to Parameter changes the players affect. By running adventures such as these, GMs give their players a stronger sense of being a part of the Underground world. Since they give the players an opportunity to see their actions causing results, plots that begin due to the vets' actions encourage players to do things that affect the world and empower them to seek change. Because the world is a dangerous and complex place, the results brought about by the vets' actions might not reflect their original goals, but no one said that changing the world was easy—only that it was possible.

When the Wealth of a campaign city is increased by 2

A rise in the city's upwardly mobile population has increased the tax coffers as young families pay higher income taxes and buy homes. Concerned by growing threats to personal safety, the members of one community pool their resources to employ a private police force. The force is comprised of policemen who have been lured by higher pay and emotionally stable veterans seeking a dependable paycheck. Crime drops as the mercenary police patrol the neighborhood ejecting anyone who does not look like he belongs there. The idea of neighborhood purity begins to catch on as more and more affluent neighborhoods begin erecting barricades to keep out "undesirables". Soon, laws are being proposed to sell city stickers that allow residents to move freely about a neighborhood. It is clear that certain city officials plan to limit stickers sold to certain groups including prefrontals and veterans.

If they can alert the citizens of the discriminatory practices and stopping the law from passing, the vets automatically raise Government Purity by a single point without suffering any repercussions.

When the Safety of a campaign city is decreased by 2

Racist forces within the city government develop a plot to increase the safety of "average" citizens living on the fringes of the local slum. The plan is to cut off the power in the grid servicing the low rent area during the

Tables For Custom Firearm Design

Step Two - Armament Table / Handguns

Base ACC = -3

| CAL. | ACC | PEN | RNG | STR | DMG | Cost |
|---------|-----|-----|---------|-----|-------------|--------|
| .22 cal | 0 | 5 | 3/9/12 | -3 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$1500 |
| 9mm | 0 | 9 | 3/9/12 | -1 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$2000 |
| 10mm | 0 | 10 | 3/10/13 | 0 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$2300 |
| 12mm | -1 | 10 | 3/11/14 | 1 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$2500 |
| .50 cal | -1 | 11 | 3/11/14 | 3 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$2800 |
| 15mm | -1 | 11 | 3/11/14 | 4 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$3200 |
| 20mm | -2 | 13 | 4/11/14 | 6 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$3500 |
| 25mm | -2 | 15 | 3/13/15 | 8 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$4000 |
| 30mm | -3 | 17 | 3/12/16 | 9 | MW/MW/HW/IN | \$4500 |

Special Weaponry

| Weap. | ACC | PEN | RNG | STR | DMG | Cost |
|--------|-----|-----|---------|-----|--------------------------|----------|
| FT* | +5 | 12 | 4/8/12 | 2 | LW/MW/HW/HW | \$60,000 |
| Taser† | 0 | 12 | 2/4/6 | 1 | Special (as Turbo-Taser) | \$50,000 |
| GL** | -3 | 16 | 5/10/14 | 4 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$30,000 |

Shotgun Armaments

| Gauge | ACC | PEN | RNG | STR | DMG | Cost |
|-------|-----|-----|-------|-----|-------------|--------|
| 8 | +1 | 9 | 4/7/9 | 3 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$6000 |
| 10 | +1 | 8 | 4/6/8 | 3 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$5500 |
| 12 | +2 | 7 | 4/7/9 | 2 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$5000 |

*FT = Flame Thrower; no accessories or allowed; do not purchase magazine; automatically comes with an Ammo: 4 load.

†See Turbo-Tazer for damage; no accessories allowed; do not purchase magazine comes with standard load (see Turbo Tazer for details).

**GL = 40mm Pumpit™ Grenade Launcher; no accessories allowed

Step Five - Choose Rate of Fire

| Rate | Acc | Str | Rng | Cost |
|------|-----|--------------|------------------------|---------|
| 1(3) | +1 | -1 | — | - \$700 |
| 1(2) | +1 | -1 | — | - \$500 |
| 1 | 0 | 0 | — | — |
| 1/2 | -1 | +1* | 0/-2/0 or 0/-2/-2* | \$1000 |
| 1/3 | -1 | +1* | 0/-2/-2 or 0/-2/-3* | \$1500 |
| 1/4† | -2 | +3 or +6* | 0/-2/-3 or 0/-2/-4* | \$2000 |
| 1/5† | -3 | +4 or +8* | 0/-2/-4 or 0/-2/-5* | \$2500 |

*Only if weapon size >15mm or 10 gauge

†A Rate of 1/4 or 1/5 indicates that the firearm is a mini gun consisting of several linked, rotating barrels.

Step Two - Armament Table / Long Arms

Base ACC = -1

| CAL. | ACC | PEN | RNG | STR | DMG | Cost |
|---------|-----|-----|----------|-----|-------------|----------|
| 7.62mm | 0 | 8 | 9/18/20 | 0 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$3500 |
| 9mm | 0 | 11 | 10/20/21 | 1 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$4000 |
| 10.75mm | 0 | 12 | 11/20/22 | 2 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$4500 |
| 12.5mm | 0 | 13 | 12/21/22 | 4 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$5000 |
| 20mm | 0 | 15 | 12/21/26 | 8 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$6000 |
| 25mm | -1 | 17 | 11/21/26 | 8 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$8000 |
| 30mm | -1 | 19 | 11/22/28 | 9 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$10,000 |
| 40mm | -2 | 21 | 7/21/30 | 10 | MW/HW/IN/IN | \$15,000 |
| 45mm | -3 | 24 | 7/21/37 | 12 | MW/HW/IN/KL | \$20,000 |
| 50mm | -4 | 27 | 7/23/38 | 13 | MW/HW/IN/KL | \$25,000 |
| 75mm | -6 | 30 | 7/19/35 | 15 | HW/IN/IN/KL | \$35,000 |

Special Weaponry

| Weap. | ACC | PEN | RNG | STR | DMG | Cost |
|--------|-----|-----|---------|-----|--------------------------|----------|
| FT* | +4 | 12 | 4/8/12 | 2 | LW/MW/HW/HW | \$60,000 |
| Taser† | -1 | 12 | 2/4/6 | 1 | Special (as Turbo-Taser) | \$50,000 |
| GL** | -4 | 16 | 5/10/14 | 3 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$30,000 |

Shotgun Armaments

| Gauge | ACC | PEN | RNG | STR | DMG | Cost |
|-------|-----|-----|---------|-----|-------------|--------|
| 8 | +2 | 10 | 8/14/18 | 1 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$6000 |
| 10 | +2 | 9 | 8/13/17 | 1 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$5500 |
| 12 | +3 | 8 | 8/15/18 | 0 | LW/MW/HW/IN | \$5000 |

*FT = Flame Thrower; no accessories or allowed; do not purchase magazine; automatically comes with an Ammo: 9 load.

†See Turbo-Taser for damage; no accessories allowed; do not purchase magazine comes with standard load (see Turbo Tazer for details).

**GL = 40mm Pumpit™ Grenade Launcher; no accessories allowed

Step Four - Choose Magazine/Load Configuration

| Magazine | .22 | 7.62mm | 9mm | 10.75mm | 12.5mm | .50 cal | 15mm | 20mm | 25mm |
|------------|-----|--------|-----|---------|--------|---------|------|------|------|
| Revolver* | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 44 |
| Clip | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| Ext. Clip | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 32 | 30 |
| Box/Drum† | 50 | 50 | 50 | 50 | 50 | 50 | 40 | 40 | 40 |
| Belt Fed†† | 75 | 75 | 75 | 75 | 75 | 75 | 60 | 60 | 60 |

| Magazine | 30mm | 40mm | 45mm | 50mm | 75mm | Shotguns | 40mmGL |
|-----------|------|------|------|------|------|----------|--------|
| Revolver* | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 4 |
| Clip | 20 | 10 | 10 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 8 |
| Ext. Clip | 25 | 15 | 15 | 7 | 8 | 16 | 12 |
| Box/Drum | 35 | 20 | 20 | 10 | 12 | 20 | 16 |
| Belt Fed† | 50 | 30 | 30 | 15 | 18 | 30 | 25 |

*Adds 0/-1/-1 to Range

†Adds +1 to STR

††Adds +2 to STR

HANDGUNS HOLD HALF AS MANY SHOTS IN ALL CATEGORIES

city's 4th of July celebration. The lack of power, along with the heat and the drinking are hoped to cause looting, riots, and mayhem. The plan is to call in the national guard to quell the rioters with an unwritten "open season" order. The guardsmen will then clean up the streets by flooding them with the blood of the poor. The players can stumble into the plot if they have any ties to the government or national guard. The plan is called "Operation Lighthouse."

When the Gov. Purity of a campaign city is increased by 2

After the PCs help to reform the mayor's office, the new mayor begins sweeping changes within the corrupt police department. A special investigator is charged with finding waste of tax dollars in the department and begins cutting projects that he deems wasteful, corrupt, or mis-managed. Certain policemen, worried that their jobs may be next, begin acts of violent crime in order to appear needed. A gang war could easily flare up because of undercover policemen fanning the flames.

When the Quality of Life of a campaign city is increased by 2

From the unwashed masses rises a new politician who truly attempts to represent the people who elected her. She is bright, well-spoken and seemingly incorruptible. She is oddly militant, yet almost Libertarian in her views on social programs. When it is discovered that she was boosted by Disposable Heroes Incorporated, factions of the National Anti-Socialist Party attempt to discredit her using forged Pueblo Commando! mission logs that allegedly link her to the Shadow Team responsible for the Chuck D-Day assassination of President Milkovich. Any character who was a member of the DHI Pathfinders might choose to come to her aid out of a sense of unit pride. In desperation, she may invoke the "unwritten code" to request the players gather proof of the fraud.

When the Take Home Pay of a campaign city is decreased by 2

The city has hired a new school superintendent. She is bold and fearless, with a brilliant plan for keeping young people in schools and out of gangs. Moreover, her new techniques for motivating learning and increasing



information retention have earned her the name Lady 411. She is not without detractors, however. The program she has in mind will cost the taxpayers \$140,000,000 to institute. Many lobbies in the city government would rather the funds be allocated to their programs. Some might be desperate enough to fund illegal activities to ensure her budget not be ratified. The local street gangs, worried about recent drops in membership, might begin a campaign of harassment to drive her from the city. An arms manufacturer, who needs the street gangs plentiful (and in conflict) in order to make budget would be willing to fund the demolition of an entire school for the gang's good will and eventual profit. When an innocent child dies because of this mercenary behavior, the characters are drawn into this conspiracy of greed and murder.

p.4 **hand-made hollow point rounds. . .**

Hollow point rounds are bullets with machine-drilled dimples in the nose. Their purpose is to increase "stopping power" — the Holy Grail of gun nuts. Stopping power is the term used to describe a bullet's chance to overwhelm a target without firing a second round. Many veterans make their own hollow point rounds for two reasons. One, the cost savings of do-it-yourself is substantial, often 15% below retail. Two, many vets find pleasure in machining their own weapons and accouterments. To manufacture hollow points, a character must attempt a P/F Invention/Repair Challenge vs. a Difficulty of 4. Success results in ten rounds of hollow points. Failure renders ten rounds unusable. A target wounded by a hollow point round has the Difficulty of his or her ST result Challenge increased from 0 to 5.

p.5 **screwdriver. . .**

Screwdriver (Cost: \$45, Avail: A)
Penetration: 3, Dmg: LW/LW/MW/MW, STR: -2, RES: 10
Standard side-arm of the 4077 Engineers.

While you're here, here are some stats for another muscle powered weapon:

Broken Bottle (Cost: varies by brand, Avail: A)
Penetration: 4, Dmg: LW/LW/MW/MW, STR: -4, RES: 3
Standard side-arm of drunks and racists.

p.6 **give these boys to the Dingbat. . .**

Any character using the Intimidation/Interrogation Skill to extract information from a helpless subject has the option of using Torture. If using Torture, the Interrogator makes a P/F Challenge against the target's WILL. Success causes the target to automatically answer one question. Failure causes the target to immediately make a RES challenge against a Difficulty of 3. If the target fails her roll, she drops instantly passes out and remains unconscious for an amount of time equal to 20 minutes (25 Units) minus her RES score. If the torture attempt is successful, the Interrogator may ask more questions, but each question asked past the first increases the difficulty of the target's RES challenge by one. The more torture suffered, the harder it is to remain coherent. Note that torture is only effective against targets with a RES score that is less than or equal to the Interrogator's Intimidation/Interrogation score.

p.9 **group of targets. . .**

Grenades and explosives automatically conduct a Penetration Challenge against all targets that fall within their listed Blast Radius. The Penetration of a grenade or missile attack is always decreased by the distance in units between the weapon and its target. For example, a missile has a Penetration of 21 and a Blast Radius of 10. Everyone within 100 feet (10 Units) of the missile's detonation is automatically hit and must suffer a Penetration Challenge. Any target within 0 Units (10 feet) is attacked

at full
Penetration.

A target 7 Units
(50 feet) away from the
detonation, however, must
suffer a Penetration Challenge
with a Penetration of 14 (21-7=14).

p.9 **military record. . .**

Characters with the Military Science Skill may attempt to recognize an opponent due to the opponent's battle reputation. The base Challenge is P/F Military Science against a Difficulty of 9. Each of the following background situations decreases the Difficulty of the Challenge:

-1 for each promotion opponent received beyond officer/lieutenant.

-1 for each decoration Bronze or Silver Star received.

-2 if the opponent received the Congressional Medal of Honor.

-3 if the opponent was the Tastee Ghou Soldier of the Month (winners are always advertised in participating locations).

-1 for each contact the opponent gained (it's a small world).

The GM may also assign minuses for appropriate catastrophic events undergone or trophies received.

A successful recognition reveals the opponent's name, unit, and a few sketchy details about his past.

p.10 **noise!**

Veteran characters may make an INT Challenge versus a Difficulty of 4 (Very Difficult action) to identify a weapon by the sound it makes. The GM might adjust the Difficulty of recognizing unique or unusually hard to find weapons upward, or adjust the Difficulty of recognizing legendary heaters like the Cerberus Wardog downward. Silencers or noise suppressors increase the Difficulty of identifying a weapon by +6.

p.10 **synchronized rolling maneuver. . .**

Being airborne has its advantages. Characters with Military Science Skill using the Nowlan Flying Harness™ may increase their Acrobatics (Dodge) Skill by +3 when airborne. This represents the character's training in aerial tactics. Since synchronized air strikes require lots of practice, whenever airborne characters are in combat formation (within 4 Units, or 25 feet of each other) they must each make P/F a Military Science Challenge against a Difficulty of 3 (Difficult action) to maintain the Acrobatic bonus. Failure indicates a brief loss of balance, formation, or orientation resulting in no Dodge increase. Double "1s" indicate a mid-air collision on such a Challenge indicates a mid-air collision!

p.10 **re-slings his weapon. . .**

Slinging a weapon is an Automatic Action but consumes an entire Turn. Drawing a weapon is an Automatic Action that can be combined with a Challenge (like firing) within one Turn. Since reloading a weapon takes two full Turns, many vets carry as many as twenty pistols. It's faster simply to pull another piece than to drop a magazine, reach into a pouch, find another, insert it into the weapon, and chamber the first round. This is why modern battlefields are often littered with discarded weapons. Some seasoned veterans have increased the Ammo ratings on automatic weapons by taping two magazines together, one upside down. When such vets run out of ammo, they simply pull, flip, cock and rock. This tactic decreases the reload time to only one full Turn. Many vets color code the tape used in this fashion to denote the ammo type housed within the magazine — red for hot loads, blue for dum-dums, etc.

p.11 **used effectively by non-boosts. . .**

Weapons with strength minimums above a character's STR may still be fired at an Accuracy of -3 if the firer's STR is between one and three Units less than necessary.

p.12 **6" range. . .**

Claw length, like the size of an enhanced brain, increases in relation to the number of Units bought: 0 Unit claws are one inch long, 3 Unit claws are two inches long, 6 Units claws are four inches long, and 9 Units claws are eight inches long. Characters who purchase 8 or more Units of Claws are automatically unable to retract their Claws and must purchase the Enhancement's special limitation.

p.13 **attempting to escape. . .**

Characters may attempt to "redline" a vehicle if they have the appropriate Vehicles Specialty. Treat this as a "spectacular stunt" and ask the character to make a P/F "Impressive" Vehicle Skill Challenge (Difficulty of 9). Success indicates the character was able to push the vehicle to its extreme limits, increase the vehicle's speed by 1 unit for 5 full Turns. Failure indicates that the vehicle spins out of control and collides (see Underground Rulebook, Chapter Nine).

p.14 **leapfrog. . .**

In a leapfrog movement pattern, a "covering" soldier holds his Challenge Action while an allied soldier moves. While holding his Challenge action, if his moving teammate is targeted by an enemy, the covering soldier may pre-empt the enemy's shot with a shot of his own (providing that the covering soldier's Initiative is higher than the enemy's Initiative). In this way, one soldier may yell "cover me!" and know that he has a chance to get to the next piece of cover.

p. 14 **take them through the eye. . .**

Firing a "called shot" adds 6 to the Difficulty of the shot's To Hit Challenge, while decreasing the Difficulty of the Penetration Challenge by 6. For show-offs, GMs may wish to adjust the To Hit Challenge penalty based on the size of the target. For example, targeting a head (+6) is less difficult than targeting a single eye (+9).

p.15 **ramming speed!**

Striking a target with a moving vehicle is a standard To Hit Challenge in which the attacker uses her Vehicles Skill. The Penetration of a ramming vehicle is equal to its SPD. Upon impact, many vehicles explode. As an optional rule, the GM may attempt a RES Challenge for the vehicle against its own SPD. A result of an A or B will cause the vehicle to detonate. Treat this as a separated attack, with a Penetration Challenge being equal to the vehicle's RES score. Assign a standard Blast of 3 Units to most mid-sized vehicles, and increase when appropriate and fun. A large vehicle may target multiple opponents when ramming. GMs should simply use their judgment in these cases allowing reasonable Acrobatics maneuvers, etc.

p.16 **Disposable Heroes 8063rd Air-Lance. . .**

The 8063rd is the primary air-mobile combat unit of Disposable Heroes, Inc. Led by the jolly Danger-Danger, this merry band of warriors is well known for its highly disciplined fighting style and unshakable morale. Members of the 8063rd who muster out to the States enjoy unrivaled support and camaraderie, and unlike many other units, the 8063rd boasts no feud with other military organizations. It is well known that making one member of the 8063rd your enemy is, without a doubt, making all your enemy. Stateside, easily 90% of the Lance end up in the Underground or aid in the efforts of other freedom fighters. This is due, in part, to the moral guidance and strong values of Danger Danger.

p.34 **Nicaraguan jungle. . .**

Nicaragua is home to the Neo-Vatican, founded in 2013 by religious pilgrims and exiles from Italy. Four years later, in what came to be named Operation Archangel, Pope Paul VIII was installed as El Presidenté in the bloodiest coup in that nation's history. While the Neo-Vatican is quite stable and known as a world class tourist spot, the surrounding jungle is teeming with banditos and renegade cardinals determined to oust the "Bad Padre."

p.34 **Operation Archangel. . .**

The formal title of the "Ascension" — the rise of El Presidenté de Nicaragua, Pope Paul the VIII. This confirmation was marked by the taking of 1,250 political prisoners and the "excommunication" (termination with extreme prejudice) of 50 "terrorist" rebels. Also of special note was the re-dedication of the Sistine Chapel, moved at great expense in its entirety from Old Vatican City.

p.34 **Sandanistacrats. . .**

Rebel freedom fighters backed, in part by Candy Cola Co., a conglomerate with commercial interests in Central America.

p.34 **1st Airmobile Crusaders. . .**

The first and only flight-enhanced soldiers of the Neo-Vatican, the Crusaders are known for their mercy in battle and skill with the Spanish language. Organized by Cardinal Walter "Silver Seraph" Kowalski, the unit is comprised of heavily armed priests with a love of God and the will to do good. The newest of the modern Neo-Vatican military units, no one from the Crusaders has surfaced after mustering out. It is rumored that none ever will due to a clandestine operation being mounted on the island of Sicily.

p.35 **wet-wired. . .**

This illegal activity was banned several years ago. It calls upon the unique natural abilities of various animal brains by electrically attaching them to the circuitry in select pieces of hardware. The practice was finally outlawed when the Supreme Court ruled that it was unnecessarily cruel to the animals who unwillingly give up their brains and thus, their lives. Since they are sentient creatures capable of making their own choices, humans, on the other hand, are allowed to sell their brains as computer memory to major software firms in return for money and 64k replacements.

p.39 **heavily armed priest. . .**

This designation is reserved for select members of the clergy who are appointed to "fight the forces of darkness using any means necessary." HAPs are known for their devotion to the common man and their relentless struggle to protect him from "enemies within and without." This vague charter allows some over-zealous HAPs to make private war against "evil" corporations and to justify Inquisitions into the genetic purity of rural Americans.

p.47 **G.A.R.P.**

Average G.A.R.P. member:
STR: 2, DEX: 2
Acrobatics/Dodge: 2, Gun Combat: 2
Murry Slaughter Beanbag Gun

Background: Enraged citizens out to protect their parish, GARP members are proud to stand in the path of urban violence and shout, "Not on my block." What began as an anti-graffiti task force quickly blossomed into a vigilante unit. While most members adhere to a strict code versus killing, several fringe groups have already developed to "take back what's ours."

Quote: "After we buck down these chumps, why don't we make banners for the bake sale?"

p.47 **"Backlash" Virtual Danger Game System. . .**

Currently the hottest computer game on the market, "Backlash" features state-of-the-art "stimu-packs" that simulate weapon hits on the user. What begin as simple vibrations can be scaled up to painful electric shocks by using the joystick controller to enter the proper "secret sequence" at a designated time. This sequence can only be acquired from the customer service department of Virtual Danger Enterprises, and is only given out to "consenting adults."

p.48 **golden BB. . .**

A grenade housing Paste, a bio-weapon that can turn a man into a puddle of genetic slop. The device is called the "golden BB" due to its rarity.

p.49 **automatic confessional. . .**

In order to fund Operation Archangel and similar Church activities, the Clergy Corps of Engineers has installed confessional doors with automatic change feeders. When forty dollars in coins are slipped into the feeder, the door opens and the closet illuminates. When the confessor sits, the confessional window slides open. After three minutes, the window slides shut and will not reopen until another twenty dollar coin is deposited. Thereafter, twenty dollars must be deposited every three minutes until penance is adjudicated.

p.51 **Halloween Ban. . .**

A moratorium on the discharge of automatic weapons, the ban took effect October 1st, 2019 due to fatalities suffered at many midwestern college campuses during Halloween weekend festivities. The University of Chicago, long acknowledged as the Windy City's "Party School," was one of the primary sources of the trendy carnage. In 2013, students dressed as the Leopold and Loeb went on a killing spree, executing any party-goer with a "dumb costume." What constituted "dumb" was never defined. The University Police Force shot both students dead as they attempted to attach a grenade to a freshman in an "Uncle Whit Tortini" costume. Even though the attempt to weed out bad costumes was ultimately fatal, several fraternities on nearby campuses followed suit, staining campus quads with blood and spirit gum.

p.52 **soma-rushes. . .**

commercials designed to evoke a buying frenzy by manipulating the alpha waves in lower IQ consumers. While many people pretend that they are unaffected by the rush, they are nevertheless prone to buy products they do not want and could not hope to use.

p.55 **Demofear. . .**

A consulting firm that specializes in understanding the fears of consumers. Fear is the Great Salesman, the firm contends. If you want to sell deodorant, prey on the fear of social inadequacy, etc.

FOOTNOTES FOR DISPOSABLE HERO QUARTERLY (COLOR SECTION)

p.3 Paste. . .

Paste is an adhesive jelly that dissolves organic compounds, reducing them to puddles of genetic slop. The appearance of Paste on a battlefield sends a clear message to all concerned: "The gloves are off!" There have been just under a dozen confirmed instances of Paste use since its creation, but the mere threat of Paste sends shivers down the most hardened soldier's spine. Who can forget the famous "Forester Photos" showing, in vivid detail, the slow gelatinization of "Redwood" Forester, Paste's first victim? This devastating weapon is the most difficult to acquire in the early 21st century.

p.3 Free Speech Registration #59124 J/8100.

p.4 fax signature. . .

Whenever a fax message is sent from terminal-to-terminal it is automatically imprinted with the name and address of the sender. Changing this imprinted fax signature requires a P/F "Average" Computer Science Skill Challenge. Success allows the user to replace his name and address with any alias he desires

p.4 banned in public schools. . .

Current policy deems any caliber over 9mm to be detrimental to the equipment and operations of the Pennsylvania School System. This policy was enacted after it was discovered that bullets below 9mm caused no significant damage to classroom computer hardware.

p.4 right to kill transients. . .

The right to kill transients was established in 2009 in the landmark State of California v. Abramson case. Floyd Abramson, a butcher, shot and killed a homeless woman who was sleeping on an air vent outside his shop during the winter of 2007. Abramson's defense, which became the precedent allowing vagrancy murder, was based on the principal that public property was being violated, and that the bums were trespassers. The State Supreme Court upheld the ruling, thus declaring open season on the poor.

p.5 INTEL. . .

Military intelligence. The generic term for an information gathering agency.

p.6 linked. . .modified. . .

This is possible. Since all tech in Underground is digital, joining a computer program like Pueblo Firefight! to a servo motor requires the Computer Science skill. Such a Challenge is simply Average. Connecting a VOX (voice activated) system isn't even a Challenge at all. The hard

part is programming the computer to select the rate of fire. With a Difficult Computer Science Challenge, the user can program a rigged weapon to continue firing until the target is deemed "inactive" by the Firefight! program.

p.10 custom large capacity magazines. . .

Street price is \$1000 apiece. Costs can be significantly cut by crimping two magazines together and soldering them in place with an iron. This requires a Difficult P/F Invention/Repair Challenge. Success indicates a double capacity magazine. Magazines created in this jury-rigged manner are prone to jam. See the jamming rules found later in this volume.

p.11 Julio and Alejandro Piazza. . .

The so-called "twins of fury" and founders of Silver Bullet Arms, Julio and Alejandro are themselves combat-hardened veterans of several conflicts and canny inventors of outrageous weapons. Every one of their guns is a piece of post-modern-uberart, displaying contempt for physics and human life. Many a vet has heard, "Compliments of Julie and Al," as his soul departs.

The Twins

STR: 18, DEX: 3, SPD: 3, RES: 8, INT: 3

Julio—Micro Vision: 8; Alejandro—Hyper Touch: 8

Acrobatics: 6, Gun Combat: 6, Invention/Repair: 9

The twins' personal weapons are reported to be unintelligible to anyone outside the family. Many speculate that the Piazzas have bought or stolen some still secret alien technology that will be part of their new line of weapons for the 4th quarter of 2022.

p.11 surefire deal. . .

While automatic and semiautomatic weapons may jam, any vet worth his bootstraps knows that revolvers are purely mechanical and that only by grabbing the cylinder or hammer can you stop one from firing. Such a feat can only be accomplished by being in close proximity to the shooter and by scoring a Called Shot hit in a Hand-To-Hand (or Martial Arts) attack.

p.13 Margaret Mary Vincent's "Very Final Solution." . .

This is the National Anti-Socialist Party's campaign to exterminate all Pre-Frontal Americans using organic weapons. The Anti-Socialists blame all of America's problems on the so called "Cro-mags" whom they believe to be the offspring of super-terrestrial lifeforms Alpha and Beta, whom the Anti-Socialists believe were sent to Earth as part of a conspiracy to destroy human society from within.



Survival Knife:

Acc:-5, Pen:4, Dmg:LW/LW/MW/HW, Rng:0/2/3, STR:-4, RES:10

Though there are countless brand names on the market they all tend to feature three basic design elements: a serrated top edge (for cutting wood, bone, etc.), blood grooves (for easy withdrawal), and a partial back edge (for improved thrusting). All blades are constructed of at least stainless grade steel, though most are surgical stainless or better. On the highest end of the scale are the composites: steel/ceramic sandwiches and the like.

Some survival knives have only partial tangs so that small items (like compasses, laser pointers, survival gear, and occasionally explosives) may be stored in the hilt. Such knives are frequently employed in "jab and move" assassinations.

Cost: \$500, Avail: A



PLIERS
RULER
MINI SCREWDRIVER
FINE SCREWDRIVER
SMALL SCREWDRIVER
PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER
METAL FILE
WIRE STRIPPER
LASER RANGEFINDER IN SCABBARD
WIRE CUTTER WITH SCABBARD
SWORD BLADE
BOTTLE OPENER
CAN KEY

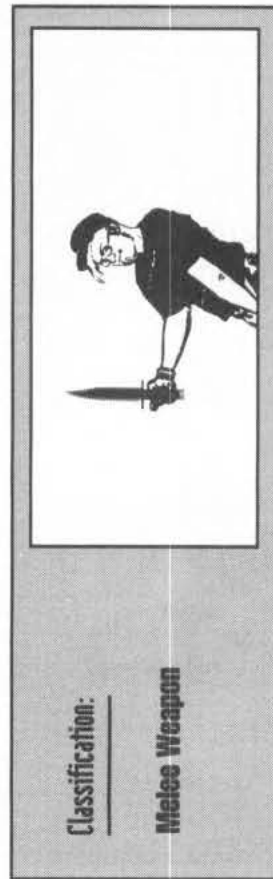
SEWING EYE
TWEEZERS
SCISSORS
CORKSCREW
MAGNIFYING GLASS
SWISS WATCH IN SCABBARD

Swiss Army Sword:

Pen:6, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/HW, STR:1, RES:11

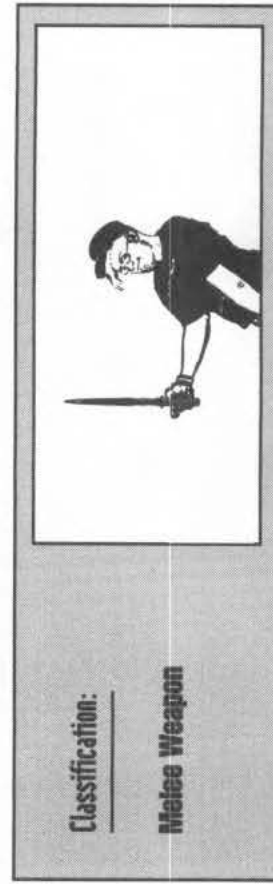
Smallish for a sword, but much larger than all but the most bloated of bayonets, Swiss army swords range from 14" to 16" in length. Regardless of length, the blade is always constructed of 440C stainless steel, double edged with partial serration on both edges, and deeply blood grooved. Swiss army swords get their name from their featured array of "non-military" co-blades (though the corkscrew often comes in handy during interrogation)—screwdriver, bottle/can opener, scissors, awl, corkscrew. The sword's composite sheath features a laser range finder with digital readout and can be used as wire cutters in conjunction with the blade.

Cost: \$2000, Avail: B



Classification:

Melee Weapon



Classification:

Melee Weapon

PEOPLE

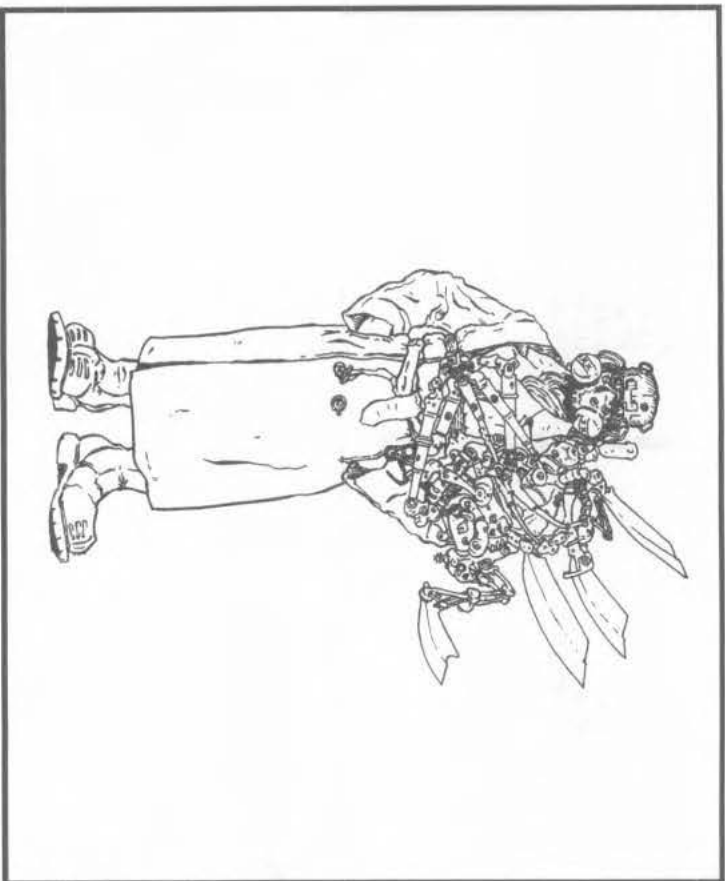
PLACES

ORGANIZATIONS

EVENTS

TECHNOLOGY

MISC.



Whipping Death BADS:

Pen:6, Dmg:L/W/MW/MW/HW, STR:5, RES:10

The "Blindside Automated Defense System" was originally developed for use by sniper savants, though it has become the terror weapon of choice with the "police-line-charging/bodyguard-rushing/rally-for-the-opposing-side-crashing" crowd. It consists of two or more blades (or small firearms) connected to a series of articulated arms, which are in turn connected to an electric/internal combustion motor. Smaller head-mounted versions featuring only one or two battery operated blades are also available.

Cost: \$25,000, Avail: C

Classification: Melee Weapon



the Glaive:

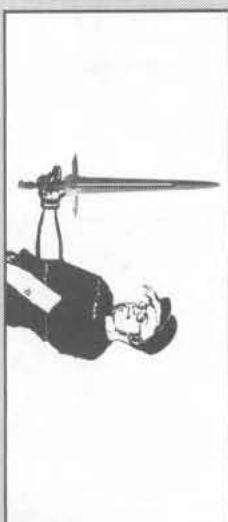
Pen:6, Dmg:L/W/MW/HW/HW, STR:0, RES:13

These are the hand-forged blades created by the weaponsmiths of the Neo-Vatican for use by the infamous Inquisitors. The blades are constructed of Damascus steel and because they are hand crafted, no two are exactly alike. Since glaives are all considered to be the property of the Pope, anyone in possession of such a weapon who does not hold an appropriate rank in the clergy is bound to run afoul with the Neo-Vatican.

Cost: see above, Avail: see above

Classification:

Melee Weapon





Murry Slaughter Turbo Taser:

Acc:-3, Pen:12, Dmg:special, Rng:2/4/6, Ammo:1, Rate:1, STR:1, RES:10

Often referred to as "the dissident's nightmare," this boxy non-lethal weapon is basically a heavy duty taser bolted to the front of a three quarter horsepower chainsaw. The gasoline driven internal combustion engine powers an electric generator which in turn delivers a steady charge of electricity to any individual unfortunate enough to be hit with one of its three barbed probes. With a strong grip (and even stronger stomach) it is possible to raise the voltage from 70,000 volts to 210,000 volts.

Cost: \$50,000, Avail: D

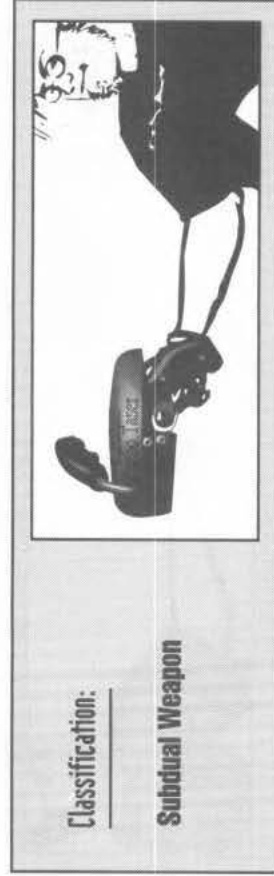


Murry Slaughter Beanbag Gun:

Acc:-4, Pen:10, Dmg: special, Rng:1/3/5, Ammo:1, Rate:1, STR:0, RES:11

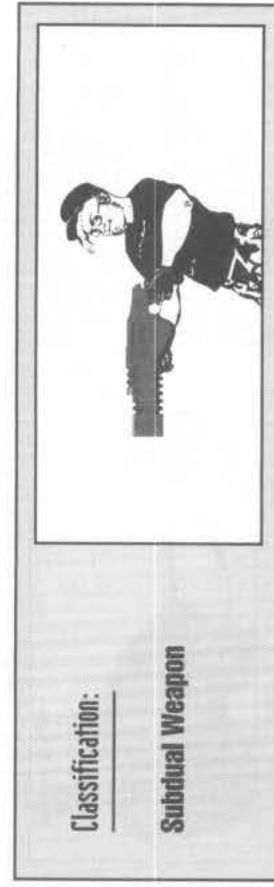
This rather odd-looking bullpup fires, or rather throws, lead shot-filled bags approximately the same size and shape as a 305g soup can. Inside the fat stock is the complex light gas pumping/venting system that propels the strange projectiles. The MSG, as the weapon is known on the streets, features onboard hardware that controls the velocity at which the projectiles are fired according to the physical readings acquired by a slimmed down "sniper" routine. Its integral programming cannot be overridden by software.

Cost: \$15,000, Avail: D



Classification:

Subdual Weapon



Classification:

Subdual Weapon

PEOPLE

PLACES

ORGANIZATIONS

EVENTS

TECHNOLOGY

MISC.



.22 cal. "Chummer":

Acc:-3, Pen:5, Dmg:ST/LW/LW/MW, Rng:3/9/12, Ammo:7, Rate:1, STR:-3, RES:10

An under-powered, though reasonably priced handgun, the Chummer sports a handy compass in its grip. As an added bonus, whenever the safety is depressed the pistol doubles as a very loud (125 dB) whistle. The only real use for a gun like this is to enrage boosts or seriously injure children and small animals. Another option is to keep a few handy just in case you're in the bush, you want to draw someone's attention away from you, and there are no rocks laying around.

Cost: \$1400. Avail: C



9mm Zermalmen Waffenfabrik "Totstließen"

Acc:0, Pen:9, Dmg: LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/9/12, Ammo:8, Rate:1, STR:-1, RES:13

An updated version of the venerable Luger P.08 with an ergonomically designed grip, combat trigger guard, and integral laser sight. Although the ZWT comes with an 8 round aluminum clip, several have been modified to accept a short bolt-on stock and a snail drum with an estimated capacity of 30 rounds. This weapon is a favorite of Neo-Deutsch businessmen and clergy, and even turns up in the briefcases of a few diplomats.

Cost: \$3080. Avail: C

Classification:

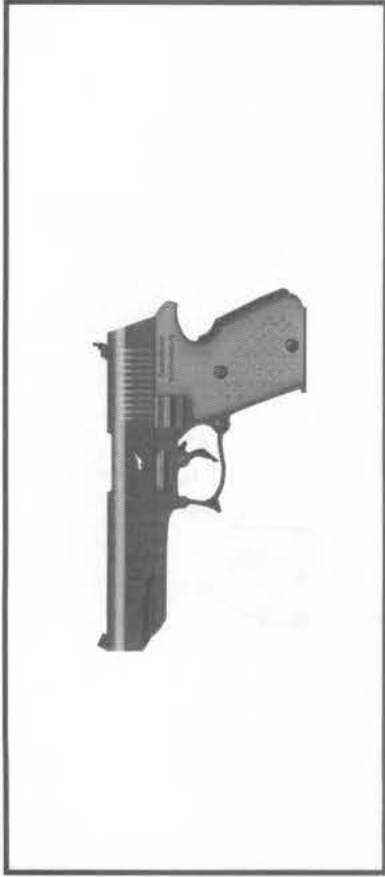
Light Pistol



Classification:

Light Pistol





10mm Zermalmen Waffenfabrik "Dämonsturm"

Acc:0, Pen:10, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/9/12, Ammo:15, Rate:1, STR:-1, RES:13

The Dämonsturm is the standard side arm of the Neo-Deutsch police force—the "Brotherhood of Compassionate Protectors." The craftsmanship of these handguns is amazing. Disposable Hero Quarterly estimates that the crew over at ZW put as many man hours into this pistol as the boys at AMC put into the 2020 Street Hugger sedan, though that might be misinterpreted as a compliment to AMC!

The ZWD is available outside of Neo-Deutschland in very limited numbers.

Cost: \$3140, Avail: D



12mm Daemon Arms "Death's Head"

Acc:0, Pen:10, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/10/13, Ammo:13, Rate:1, STR:0, RES:13

The Death's Head is a truly wonderful handgun. Its long, solid slide plus its innovative "finger forward" trigger guard make it the most stable semi-auto on the market. If that's not enough, the Death's Head is equipped with ambidextrous safety features and an incredibly smooth grip, placing it among the top seven "handiest" guns available from a non-custom manufacturer.

The Death's Head has the distinction of being the only pistol under 20mm to have an integral gun camera jack. The only downside to this fine weapon is that its heavy slide makes it .08 seconds slower than comparable handguns.

Cost: \$3975, Avail: C

Classification:

Light Pistol

Classification:

Light Pistol

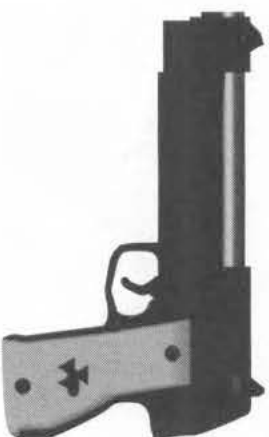


.50 cal. Urban Nightmare EP 450

Acc:0, Pen:11, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:27/10, Ammo:9+1, Rate:1, STR:2, RES:13

The EP450 is undeniably the most vicious pistol this side of 20mm. Turning bowling pins into shot glasses is gravy work for this gat! Its massive size allows for the incorporation of integral "hot spot" and range finding laser sights. Another feature sure to be well received is the safety system, which allows you to keep one up the pipe without fear of accidental discharge during even the most brutal of pistol-whippings. Despite an extremely limited range owing to a design mishap, the EP 450 is definitely the toughest kid on the block. Unfortunately this kid isn't above biting the bank account that bought him!

Cost: \$3500, Avail: C



20mm Gint of Cold Steel 15 Gsa

Acc:0, Pen:13, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:4/10/13, Ammo:11, Rate:1, STR:5, RES:13

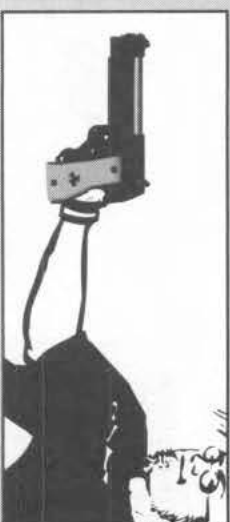
Three hundred seventy four million dollars can't all be wrong, or at least that's what Allied Mayhem thought when they contracted Gint of Cold Steel to produce the 15 Gsa. Two years later, the Gsa has become the standard sidearm for all AMI and is rapidly building a reputation as the most reliable heavy pistol in production today! Though about 30% of the Gsa was copied from the now defunct Philbrick Semi Auto's 15 Rmo, the boys down at GCS certainly demonstrated their facility for improving on the designs of devoured manufacturers!

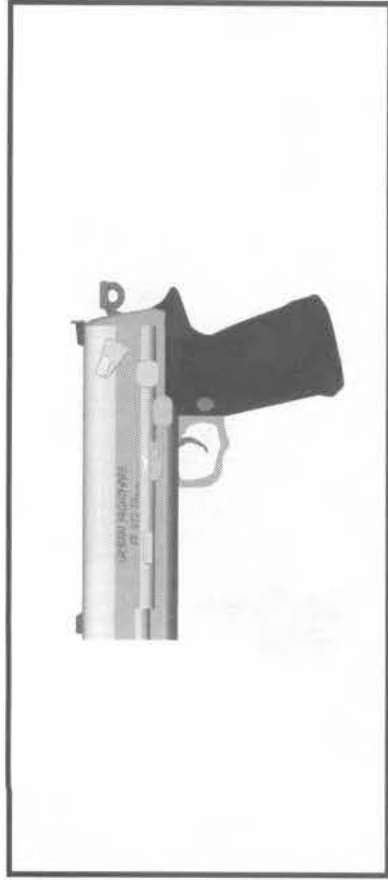
Cost: \$4000, Avail: C

Classification: **Light Pistol**



Classification: **Heavy Pistol**





20mm Urban Nightmare EP 420

Acc:-1, Pen:14, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:2/8/11, Ammo:7+1, Rate:1, STR:4, RES: 13

The massive, funky, blocky silhouette of the EP 420 signifies it as a true Urban Nightmare. It may have a small round capacity for a semi-auto, but its grip is small enough to fit comfortably into the hands of a non-boosted individual. With a little practice it can be fired with only a little risk to personal safety.

As a member of the Extreme Prejudice line, the 420 also features "hot spot" and range finding laser sights, plus a safety system second only to Zermalmen Waffenfabrik's top-of-the-line "boost only" auto pistols.

Cost: \$4250, Avail: C



25mm Urban Nightmare EP 425

Acc:-1, Pen:15, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:2/9/11, Ammo:6+1, Rate:1, STR:6, RES: 13

The EP 425 is comical in appearance — it looks like an oversize advertising display model for the EP 450 — until it's pointed at you! The 425 suffers from the same small capacity drawbacks as its sisters and its grip feels uncomfortably small in the hands of a boost large enough to handle such a large gun. Fortunately, this is no problem that a fist full of rubber bands can't cure.

Cost: \$5000, Avail: C

Classification:

Heavy Pistol

Classification:

Heavy Pistol



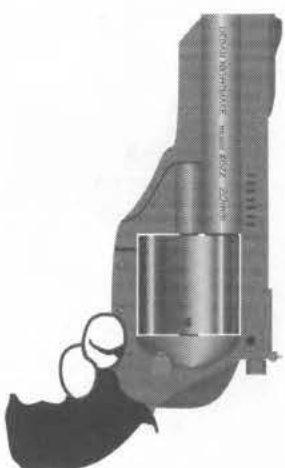
15mm Urban Nightmare #802

Acc:0, Pen:11, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:4/10/13, Ammo:5, Rate:1, STR:2, RES: 13

The #802 is engineered like a Neo-Deutsch autobahn cruiser. Its long, long barrel, plus its finger forward and secondary trigger guards make for a very accurate revolver.

This is a very big gun. The cylinder is large enough to hold five 15mm shells, and the #802 is sturdy enough to fire magnum rounds and hot loads — a definite two-hander for non-boosts and light-boosts alike and quite probably the biggest handgun a non-boost can fire without seriously injuring himself. It's a gun like this that keeps the revolver alive and bucking!

Cost: \$3360, Avail: C



20mm Urban Nightmare #822

Acc:0, Pen:12, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:4/10/12, Ammo:4, Rate:1, STR:5, RES: 13

The #822 12" barrel model is as close to a combination weapon as any built in the past 170 years. If you miss your target with the four 20mm projectiles, just pistol whip him to death with nigh on eleven pounds of steel, wood, and neo-prene! The #822 was the first revolver equipped with an integral laser targeting system way back in '17 and is rapidly becoming one of the new classics.

Cost: \$4500, Avail: C

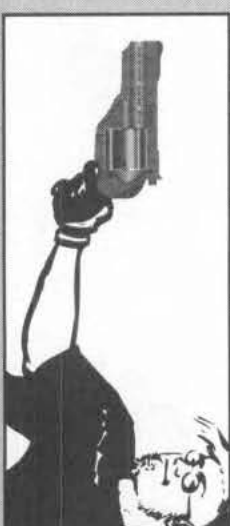
Classification:

Revolver



Classification:

Revolver





25mm NeoMag MegaGat Magnum

Acc:0, Pen:15, Dmg: LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/9/12, Ammo:6, Rate:1, STR:6, RES:13

"A rod as vicious as the bastard who would own one!" ... or so the ad copy reads. This massive "boosts only" weapon is scaled up to fit comfortably in the hands of those who can fire such a gat without dismembering themselves. Firing this behemoth in an enclosed space is truly a sight to behold. Remember your ear protection if you plan on hearing conversation-level speech in the near future.

Cost: \$5475, Avail: C

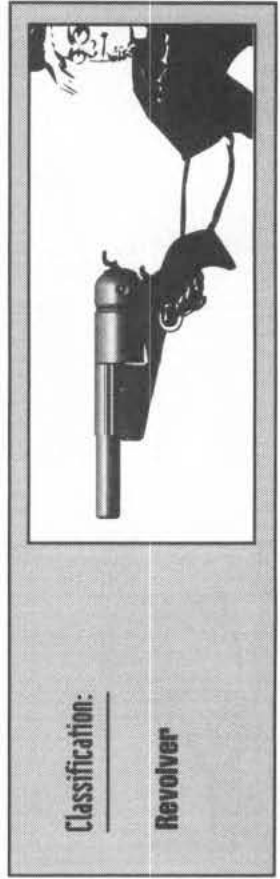


9mm Wet Weapons "Mr. Smith"

Acc:-1, Pen:9, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/9/12, Ammo:20, 32, Rate:1/3, STR:0, RES:13

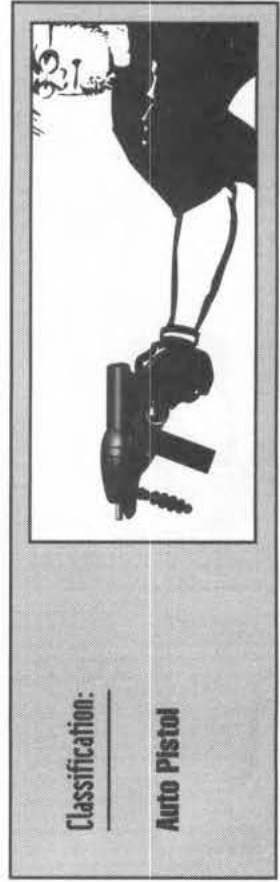
At first glance, the Mr. Smith appears to be a small, almost under-powered weapon. Then you realize it was designed for corporate types and suburban housewives. The Smith features a battery retarder that slows down its rate of fire, but at the same time, makes the gun more accurate. Its purported use in the Milkovich assassination gave new meaning to the phrase "Mr. Smith goes to Washington." Comes complete with a special disassembly tool stored in the handgrip.

Cost: \$2900, Avail: C



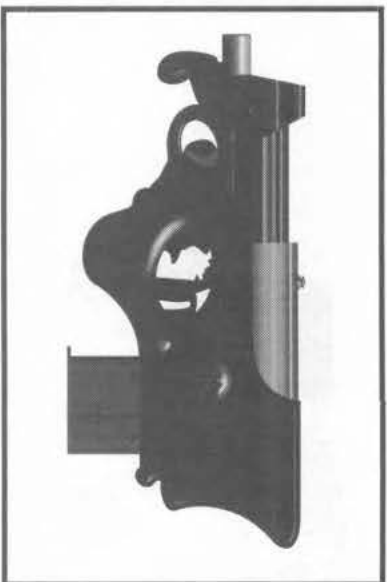
Classification:

Revolver



Classification:

Auto Pistol

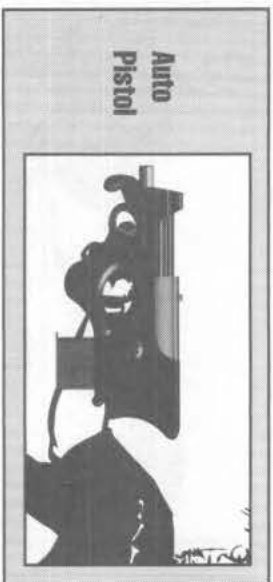


15mm Urban Nightmare/H.o.G. Munitions "Excommunicator"

Acc:-1, Pen:11, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/8/13
Ammo:20, 32, Rate:1/2, STR:3, RES:13

The Excommunicator is the weapon choice among zealots and madmen. Even a cursory examination of this firearm reveals the styling of the Hammer of God team. The Excommunicator features a micro adjustable "rose window" front and "cruciform" rear iron sights, as well as an LCD "rounds left" window on the side of its specially designed magazines so users learn not to waste strategic materials by leaving a trail of empty clips or magazines. Designed with the 15mm HESC round in mind, the Excommunicator is an extremely pointable firearm — it can drive nails at 30 paces!

Cost: \$3065, Avail: D



Auto
Pistol



20mm Urban Nightmare "Iron Monger"

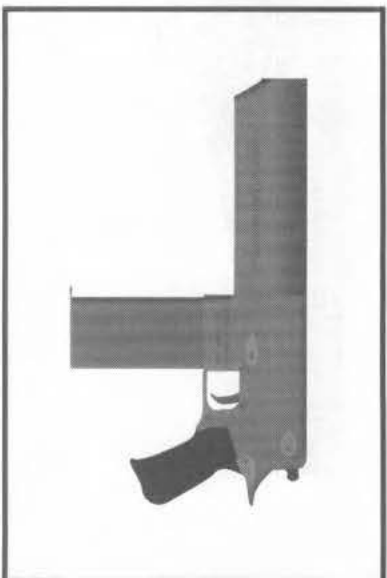
Acc:0, Pen:13, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:2/7/10,
Ammo:20, 30, Rate:1/2, STR:5, RES:13

This is a re-solicitation of the trigger group and firing mechanism from Urban Nightmare's ill-fated attempt at entering the assault rifle market. The firing mechanism and ejection port have been modified to accommodate the 20mm pistol round. Originally chambered for 15mm, the Monger is sturdy enough to fire both magnum rounds and hot loads. To date, it hasn't received any complaints, unlike its predecessor, the Joshua 15mm Assault Rifle Special Edition. Perhaps the success of the Iron Monger will finally put to rest the phrase "Don't get caught with your ARSE hanging out!"

Cost: \$4660, Avail: C



Auto
Pistol



30mm Silver Bullet Arms SSF 2/30

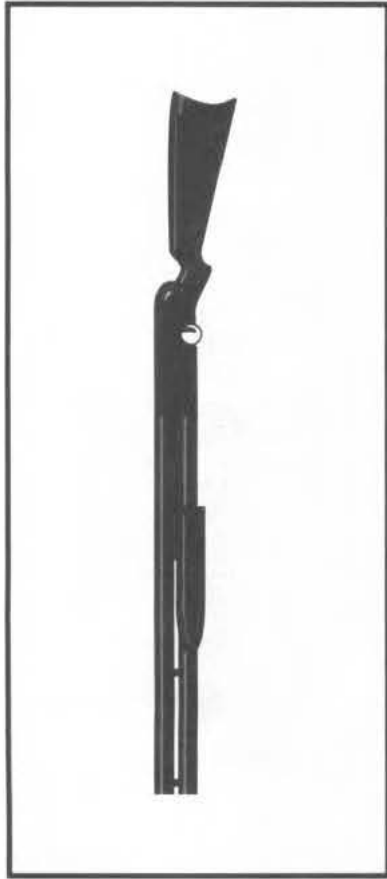
Acc:-4, Pen:18, Dmg:MW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:2/6/10,
Ammo:7, Rate:1, STR:7, RES:13

The SSF 2/30 is quite possibly the only firearm in history designed around an ammunition type created before there was a gun with the ability to fire it. Considering its firepower, the SSF 2/30 is relatively light and the recoil is not excessive. With that out of the way, we would not recommend any boost incapable of stopping a DaHungShing-shing 64r fire this abomination! If you're planning on snuffing someone with an SSF 2/30, plan on getting close!

Cost: \$6000, Avail: D



Auto
Pistol

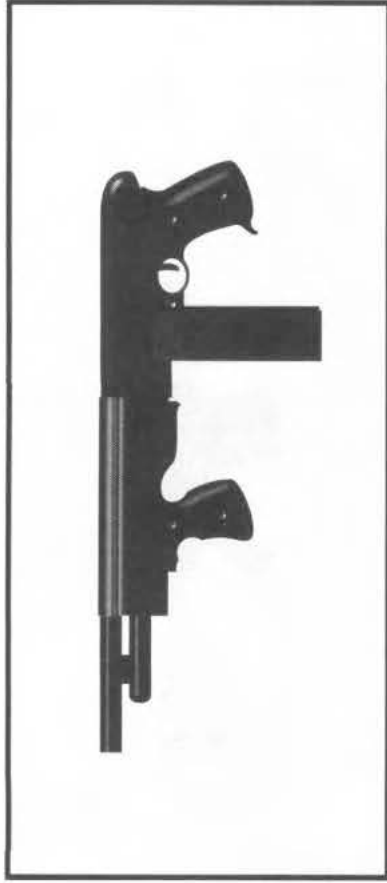


8 gauge Melbourne Arms Slide Action

Acc:+2, Pen:9, Dmg:MW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:8/14/18, Ammo:8, Rate:1, STR:2, RES: 13

From our cousins down under comes a veritable howitzer of a shotgun—a great defensive weapon that's usable by non-boots (though toting one of these lightpost-like long arms for more than a few hours with anything but the lightest pack would drain all but the most robust off-the-racker). On the other hand, if you replaced the stock with a pistol grip and shortened the barrel to, say, just in front of the slide (unfortunately cutting its capacity in half) it makes a beautiful backup weapon!

Cost: \$6750, Avail: C



10 gauge Melbourne Arms "Hogan 10"

Acc:+2, Pen:9, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:8/13/17, Ammo:20, 50, Rate:1/2, STR:3, RES:13

This gas operated beast is reminiscent of the antiquated Thompson M27A1, but the similarity ends at appearance. The Hogan's recoil from sustained fire is sufficient to shake the teeth from your jaw, and the weapon sounds like an entire air wing blanket-bombing an industrial zone. What in the Hell could be in the Outback to warrant such gattage?! Lock in your 50 round drum, put on your work gloves and chop a hole to China!

Cost: \$7250, Avail: C

Classification:

Shotgun

Classification:

Shotgun

PEOPLE

PLACES

ORGANIZATIONS

EVENTS

TECHNOLOGY

MISC.



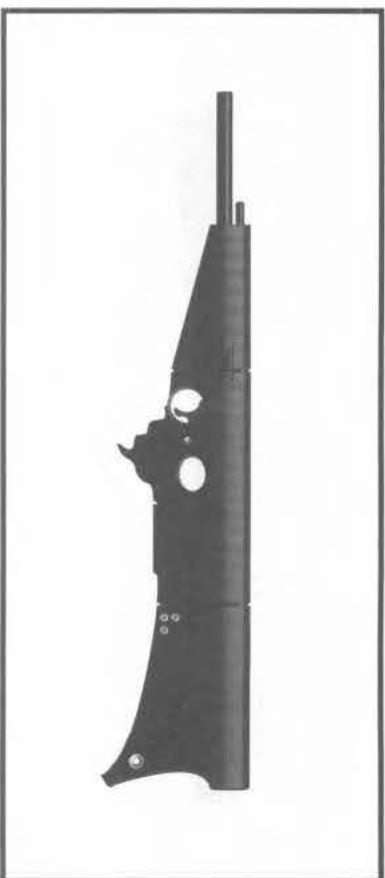
10.75mm Plotz Gimmel

Acc:0, Pen:12, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:11/17/21, Ammo:20, 32, Rate:1/2, STR:1, RES:14

Though this weapon's influences are immediately recognizable, the engineers at Plotz have filtered out most of their shortcomings. For instance, the ergo-key-pad on the fore-end takes some getting used to, but makes for easier long range shooting once you do.

The Gimmel can reach out and smite a six footer at 375 yards with aplomb. Moreover, it develops more muzzle energy than many ARs of greater size despite its smaller cross section. About the only thing wrong is its outrageous cost.

Cost: \$6200, Avail: C

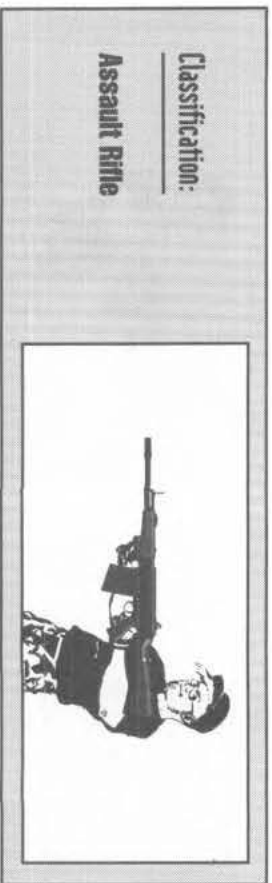


12.5mm Zermahlen Wafentabrik 385i

Acc:0, Pen:13, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:12/18/21, Ammo:20, 32, Rate:1/2, STR:3, RES:14

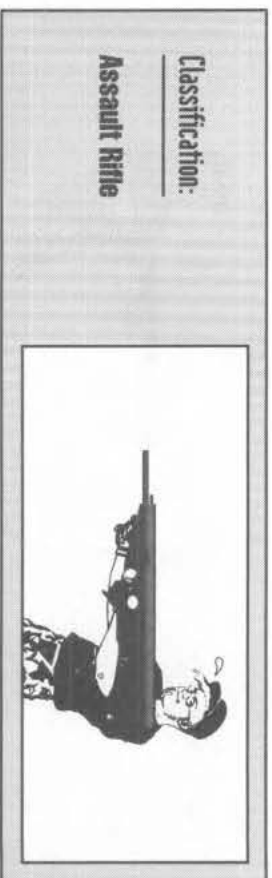
This assault rifle is a feat of engineering genius! When you raise the 385i to your shoulder, it is there! A computer-controlled muzzle break monitors wind speed and air pressure and adjusts its venting accordingly. The fore-end keypad is membrane type, toggled on and off at the hand grip so that errors in long range targeting are less likely. The weapon's only drawback is its weight. The 385i is hefty for an assault rifle, capable of shattering a skull in a single down stroke, though it would be a shame to muss up such a beautiful weapon.

Cost: \$6000, Avail: C



Classification:

Assault Rifle



Classification:

Assault Rifle

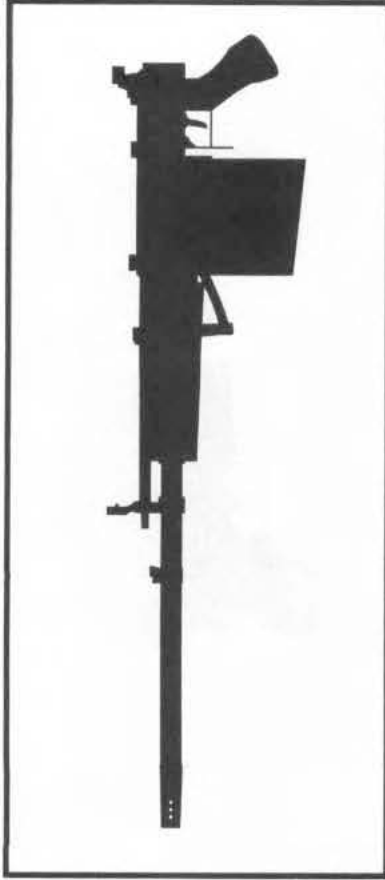


12.5mm DaHungShing-shing 26br

Acc:-1, Pen:13, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:12/17/20, Ammo:20, 32, 50, Rate:1/2, STR:3, RES:15

Though some say that the 26br is dated, getting shot by one is still like 74 years of bad luck catching up with you all at once! The DaHung Shing-shing is the heaviest of the mid-range assault rifles and no effort was put into suppressing its loud report. It is loud and bulky, but those seem to be the main reason most of their owners buy them in the first place. The fore-end keypad is not standard equipment on the basic model since the 26br is usually operated in a street fighting configuration.

Cost: \$5700, Avail: C



20mm Clint of Cold Steel DW 770/g (ns)

20mm Clint of Cold Steel DWx 770/fg with folding wire stock
Acc:0, Pen:15, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:12/18/22, Ammo:20, 32, Rate:1/3, STR:6, RES:14

It takes more than a man to fire the DW 770/g! This big booming 20mm behemoth sounds like the end of the world on full auto. There are very few targets that can stand up to a well-directed 2700-grain pspt!

With an effective combat range out to about 650 meters, the 770 is definitely the assault rifle of choice in the field. Unfortunately, its unloaded weight of 36 pounds limits its clientele quite a bit.

Cost: \$7000, Avail: D

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| | Classification: |
| | Assault Rifle |

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| | Classification: |
| | Assault Rifle |



Paste Launcher Zermalmen Waffentabrik "Morgengewehr"

Acc:-5, Pen:12, Dmg:IN/IN/KL/KL, Rng:5/7/9, Ammo:1, Rate:1 per 2 t., STR:0, RES:10

If David had one of these babies at Gath, he would have taken out at least a dozen Goliaths! The Zermalmen Waffentabrik Morgengewehr paste projector sits at the very pinnacle of slingshot technology. Unfortunately, the ergo-keypad for range setting does nothing but lengthen the time between loading and firing.

Cost: \$3000, Avail: D

Classification:

X Ordinance



20mm Urban Nightmare RR for Her (featuring Hot Loads ammo)

Acc:-2, Pen:12, Dmg:MW/HW/IN/IN, Rng:0/3/5, Ammo:1, Rate:1, STR:-1, RES:10

In many ways, the UN RR for Her resembles a steroid-pumped zip gun. It is constructed from composite materials and metal/composite sandwiches, making the delivery unit weigh only slightly more than the ordinance it fires! Another interesting feature is the kevlar/asbestos "umbrella" the deploys to shield the user from backblast and projectile detonation whenever the RR is fired. Unfortunately, the venting used to make this model a truly recoilless hand-held weapon also tends to make the projectile highly inaccurate beyond ten yards or so. Quite a nice little disposable, really, but it packs quite a kick. If you are using it for home defense, make sure you locate your loved ones are before you pop off!

Cost: \$1700, Avail: C

Classification:

Disposable Weapon





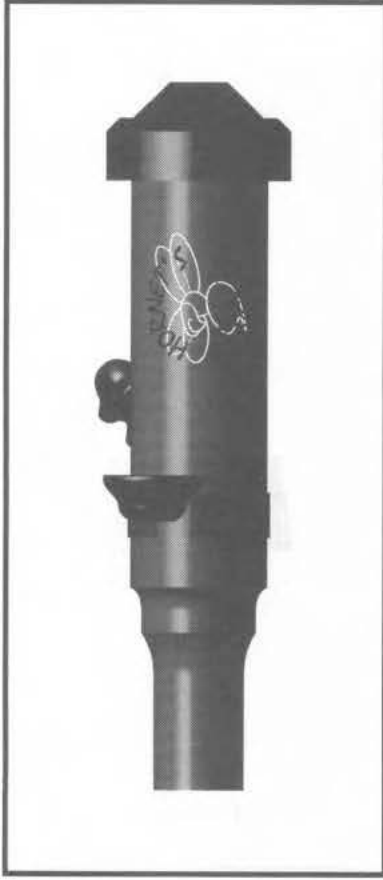
30mm Urban Nightmare "Deuce"

Acc:-2, Pen:18, Dmg:MW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:2/6/10, Ammo:2, Rate:1, STR:7, RES:10

Urban Nightmare has obviously cannibalized its star-crossed Joshua 15mm Assault Rifle Special Edition. Bits and pieces of the ARSE have turned up in recent UN products, among them the wire stock fitted to the Deuce.

The Deuce is a single action, semi-recoilless, two shot, stubby rifle that uses 30mm LR rounds. Its muzzle flash and exhaust-gas venting make quite a pyrotechnic display. Hopefully, the light show will distract your foes while you recover from the weapon's tremendous recoil. Fortunately, the Deuce's 30mm projectile will insure that you'll rarely need to launch an encore!

Cost: \$1845, Avail: C



66mm Urban Nightmare "Hornet's Nest Flechette Launcher"

Acc:+1, Pen:19, Dmg: LW/MW/MW/HW, Rng:3/9/12, Ammo:8, Rate:1, STR:-1, RES:10

The Hornet's Nest consists of a fiberglass/aluminum tube, a simple holographic elevation sight, and a projectile consisting of thirty-three tightly packed fin-stabilized industrial nails. Its light weight and ability to penetrate six inches of armor plate make the Hornet's Nest particularly useful against heavily armored opponents, security vehicles and other hard targets out to a range of 175 meters. Just make sure that you check your backblast area before popping off, or you might fricassee a few of your buddies.

Cost: \$1750, Avail: C

Classification:

Disposable Weapon

Classification:

Disposable Weapon



40mm Clint of Cold Steel M87/g Autocannon

Acc:2, Pen:21, Dmg:MW/HW/IN/IN, Rng:6/15/28, Ammo:see below, Rate:1/3, STR:9, RES:14

At 52 pounds unloaded, the M87 is the heaviest fully automatic weapon on the market. It is not a true auto cannon per se, but rather an automatic high velocity grenade launcher. The M87 is capable of placing a 3 round group into a tennis court sized area at a range of 300 yards. Another noteworthy feature is its true selective feeding. Adapters are available that allow the M87 to except ammo via disintegrating link belt, 10 to 20 round magazine, 30 to 50 round box, or selectric canister. The selectric canister is a self-contained rotary mechanism capable of holding three ten-round columns of varying ordinance types.

Cost: \$20,000, Avail: E



50mm Gimme' Dem Weapons BARR w/ 40mm GL

OVER

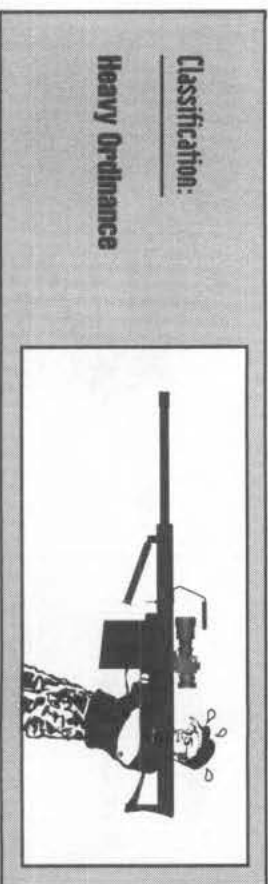
Acc:1, Pen:27, Dmg:MW/HW/IN/KL, Rng:12/18/24, Ammo:1, Rate:1 per 2 l., STR:10, RES:13

UNDER

Acc:5, Pen:16, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:7/12/16, Ammo:2+1, Rate:1, STR:4, RES:13

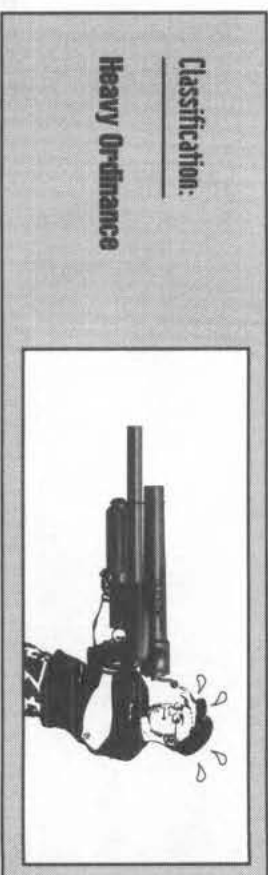
A freakish evolution of the classic combination guns of the 19th and 20th centuries, the BARR's primary weapon is a single-shot bolt-action 50mm recoilless rifle with a holographic elevation sight and an option for on-board VR targeting hardware. Its secondary weapon is a pump-action 40mm grenade launcher with a two-round tubular magazine (three-round if you feel like keeping one up the pipe). Warning—Unless you're a homosuperior with a tolerance for extreme heat, you'll need a set of asbestos blast gloves to pop off with the 50mm!

Cost: \$25,750, Avail: E



Classification:

Heavy Ordnance



Classification:

Heavy Ordnance



75mm Silver Bullet Arms Man-Howitzer 2021

Acc:-5, Pen:30,Dmg:HW/IN/IN/KL,Rng:6/15/31,Ammo:see below,Rate:1 per 2 t.,STR: 13, RES:16

The Man-Howitzer 2021 is a single-action 75mm service rifle with a computer-controlled loading mechanism and hydraulic recoil dampers. It is ideally used as a support weapon when assaulting fortified buildings or from the rear, in support of an advancing group of light to medium boosts. The support version (2021) comes with two eight-round magazines. The assault version (2021A) comes with three four-round magazines. In any case, the Man Howitzer is military issue and unavailable to the public. But then again, so is the GCS DW 770/g!

Cost: \$255,000, Avail: E



7.62mm Silver Bullet Arms Minigun w/ HERG Missiles "Renovator"

Mini-Acc:-2, Pen:8, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/7/11, Ammo:50, Rate:1/4, STR:7, RES:13

Herg-Acc:16, Pen:16, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:21/28/30, Ammo:1, Rate:1, STR:5, RES:13

The Renovator's primary component is a short-barreled rotary cannon fed by a helical-wound, side-mounted magazine. Although it is capable of fully automatic fire, the Renovator prefers short bursts, owing to the inherent inaccuracy of its short barrel length.

The name "Renovator" is actually derived from the weapon's secondary component: a front loading missile launcher that fires specially designed High Explosive Radar Guided missiles. Unfortunately, HERG missiles are more like rocket propelled grenades than missiles, a fact that the marketing boys at SBA omit from the ad copy!

Classification:

Heavy Ordnance

Classification:

Heavy Ordnance



9mm Trans-World Devestation "Cerberus-Wardog"

Acc:+2, Pen:1, Dmg:MW/HW/IN/KL, Rng:10/17/20, Ammo:750*2, Rate:1/5, STR:14, RES:12

A true man-portable weapon platform, the Wardog consists of two 9mm rotary cannons, one 5.56mm spotting rifle, a gyro-stabilized servo-arm and body harness, two 750 round ammo boxes with articulated feeder belts, and (depending upon the model) a hydraulic or pneumatic recoil dampening mechanism. The A1 model uses two hydraulic arms to route recoil directly to the ground. The A2 model uses two pneumatically fired rods to hold the user in position. Neither system alleviates the Wardog's prodigious recoil.

Cost: \$55,500, Avail: E



Kinetic Energy Weapon Allied Mayhem Incorporated "Rice Gun"

Acc:0, Pen:27, Dmg:LW/LW/LW/KL, Rng:25/28/35, Ammo:32, Rate:1/2, STR:9, RES:13

The Rice Gun is a sniping rifle that sits at the very edge of projectile technology. It propels its tiny missiles at a velocity of more than 14,000 meters per second, making them capable of disrupting the even the heaviest armor. The official effective combat range of the Rice Gun is listed at five miles (most Rice Guns were built before the passage of the 32nd Amendment, when their long-range wet scopes were still legal).

Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-six pounds with an overall length of eleven feet, the Rice Gun is the largest man-portable sniping rifle on the battle field.

Cost: \$127,500, Avail: E

Classification:

X Ordnance



Classification:

X Ordnance





Particle Accelerator Allied Mayhem Incorporated M92 PAC

Acc:-2, Pen:26, Dmg: MW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:6/19/33, Ammo:20, Rate:1, STR:8, RES:13

The M92 PAC sends out a stream of charged particles that strike the target in an alternating elliptical pattern, ranging from 18mm x 21mm x 24mm. These particles strip the electrons away from the targeted structure/vehicle/individual, forcing the target's component cells to attach themselves to the surrounding atmosphere. Wounds received from the M92 are usually treatable only by genetic counseling. It should also be noted that the M92 is extremely loud, its report sounding very much like a thunderclap.

Cost: \$90,000, Avail: E

Classification:

X Ordinance



Napalm Projector Allied Mayhem Incorporated "Punk Roaster"

Acc:+3, Pen:12, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/HW, Rng:7/11/14, Ammo:9, Rate:1, STR:2, RES:9

On its highest setting ("well done"), the Punk Roaster can discharge a 250-foot jet of flaming napalm for twelve seconds before running out of fuel, or it can fire many more bursts at closer ranges for shorter periods of time. While the Punk Roaster itself is only a little better than a standard two-cylinder FT, the feature that makes it the best napalm projector in the field is the Pyro's Blend Napalm that it fires. Pyro's Blend is the stickiest, most calorific napalm available for man-portable flame throwing units.

Cost: \$60,000, Avail: D

Classification: X Ordinance

PEOPLE

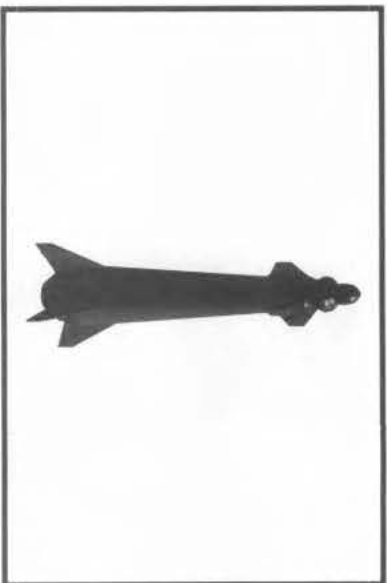
PLACES

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EVENTS

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Allied Mayhem Incorporated "Jericho"

wall breacher

Acc:16, Pen:9, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:21/26/30, Rate:1, STR:3, RES:13, Blast:5

The Jericho is a personal missile specially designed to defeat hardened fortifications. It is able to penetrate up to two meters of reinforced concrete before detonation and its warhead contains enough explosive material to knock a 3 meter wide hole through five meters of reinforced concrete. Like all Back Rack missiles, it is soft-launched before ignition to reduce the thrust requirements of the engine. The Jericho has a terrain skimming range of 3 kilometers and a climb and dive range of 2.5 kilometers.

Cost: \$10,625, Avail: E



Trans-World Devastation "Bastion" anti-

armor

Acc:16, Pen:16, Dmg:MW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:18/24/28, Rate:1, STR:3, RES:13, Blast:2

The Bastion is Trans-World Devastation's most effective personal anti-armor missile to date. Its 4.5 kilogram squash head is capable of disrupting 20 inches of armor plate. Like all Back Rack missiles, the Bastion is soft-launched before ignition in order to reduce weight and size. It carries a radar jamming device to defeat anti-missile missiles and uses an image recognition/laser guidance system. The Bastion's maximum range is 1.75 kilometers.

Cost: \$12,500, Avail: E



Allied Mayhem Incorporated "Samson"

anti-personnel

Acc:19, Pen:17, Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:23/28/35, Rate:1, STR:5, RES:13, Blast: Special

The Samson is the most advanced man-portable area suppression weapon presently available. It features two targeting modes: preprogrammed position and laser lock. Upon reaching its destination, the Samson distributes 40 bomblets over an 80' x 220' area from an elevation of 50 feet. It is equipped with an ECM pod to overcome anti-missile missiles.

The Samson, like all Back Rack missiles, is soft launched before ignition in order to reduce weight and size. It has a maximum range of eight kilometers for preprogrammed flight or five for laser lock.

Cost: \$19,375, Avail: E



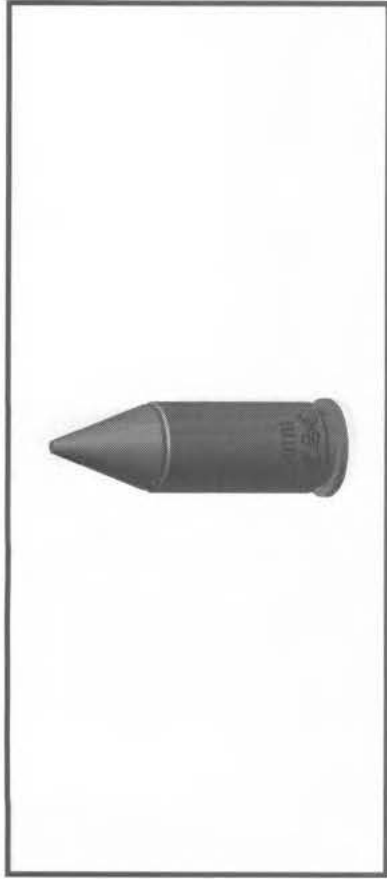
Missile



Missile



Missile



Hammer of God Munitions 15mm HESC round

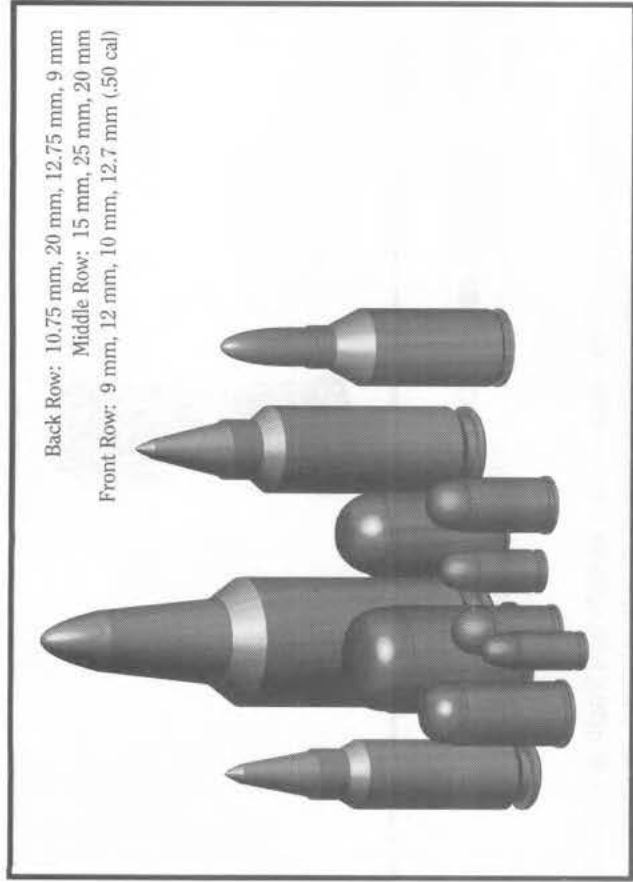
Effectiveness: +4 to penetration

The engineers at Hammer of God have once again proven that they simply can't understand the word "overkill." A well-placed body shot with this high-explosive shaped charge round will either fill a lung with molten bb's or chop a hole completely through the target's torso and spit bone fragments for half a block! In the end, Hammer of God Munitions still make the most reliable, almost predictable ammunition around. If your sights are set correctly and you're worth your time in the tank, you'll cut dead center every time.

Cost: \$95 for 10 rounds, Avail: C

Classification:

Ammunition



Back Row: 10.75 mm, 20 mm, 12.75 mm, 9 mm
Middle Row: 15 mm, 25 mm, 20 mm
Front Row: 9 mm, 12 mm, 10 mm, 12.7 mm (.50 cal)

Urban Nightmare "Hot Loads" HE round (available for all mm's)

Effectiveness: +3 penetration

The ad copy reads, "...That's a freakin' hot freakin' load!" Yes, indeed it is! Hot Loads come in all shapes and sizes and explode on impact, though rifle and high velocity rounds usually need a bone to set them off. Shooting someone with a Hot Load is like running up next to him, placing the muzzle against his flesh, and blowing him into big red chunks. Tissue trauma caused by Hot Loads runs a close second to H.o.G.'s 15mm HESC round.

They used to call this type of round a dum dum. This one's a friggin' idiot!

Cost: \$80 for 10 rounds, Avail: C

Classification:

Ammunition



Melbourne Arms 8 gauge Chain Shot

Effectiveness: Limits weapon range to 3/10/14, Long Range Dmg: MW/HW/HW/IN

This brass-cased 8 gauge shot shell contains an eight inch length of light steel alloy chain. Because of the drag and instability of its unusual shape, the chain shot has a very limited ECR. The closer the target to the limit of the round's effective range, the more time the chain has to uncoil, therefore inflicting a more grievous injury. With a good eye, a little luck, and a freshly loaded chain shell, it is all too easy to sever a limb!

Cost: \$110 for 10 rounds, Avail: C



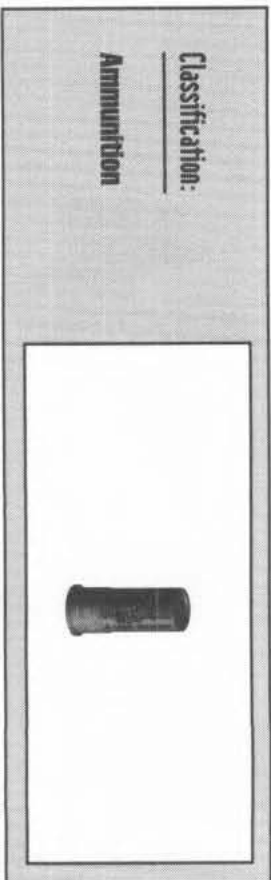
Allied Mayhem Incorporated 20mm "Hydra" submunition

Effectiveness: Acc: 1 to weapon's rating, pen: reduced by 2, Dmg: L/W/MW/HW/IN, blast: 1

AMI developed these rounds specifically for use with heavy assault rifles. Hydras are air-bursting fragmentation rounds that are remotely timed by a combat computer that snaps into the magazine port of most 20mm ARs. Once launched, the Hydra detonates like flak, tossing shrapnel in all directions

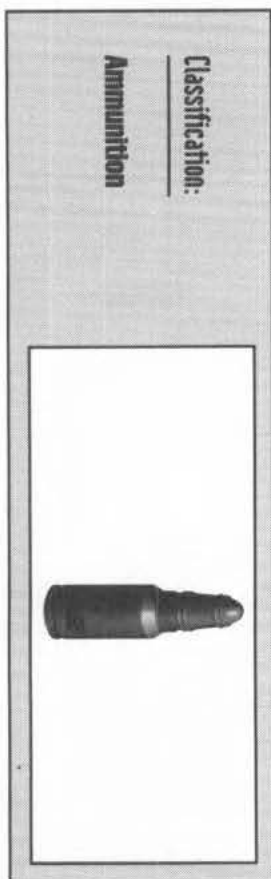
The Hydra is best suited to firing through doors, windows, and other holes in buildings and vehicles. Although the round is usable in open terrain, it is safe only when firing at long range targets.

Cost: \$125 for 10 rounds, Avail: D



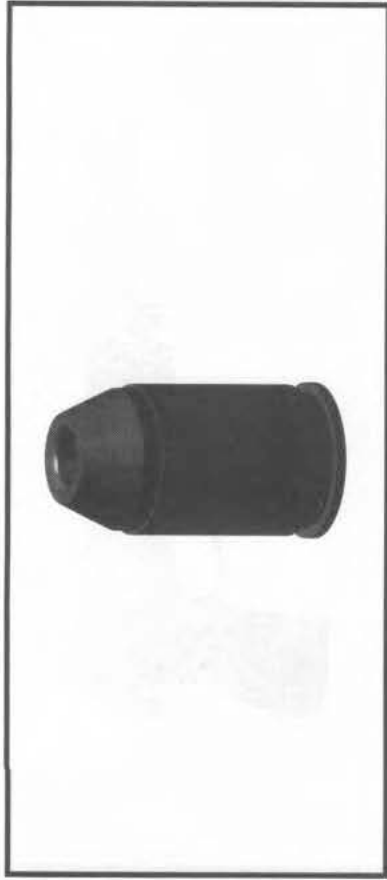
Classification:

Ammunition



Classification:

Ammunition



Hammer of God Munitions 25mm "Excavator" SJHP

Effectiveness: pen: -1 to weapon's rating, +1 damage rating (including IN)

Hammer' Spokesperson Adam Bomb made this semi-jacketed hollow point round famous (or is that infamous) during the '19 campaign in Paraguay. Time and again, Adam accomplished long range single hit fatalities with Excavators fired from an unmodified Urban Nightmare IF 25am (the Boost-only predecessor of the EP 425). The round's reliability and accuracy is predictably brilliant, but it's the Excavator's expansion rate of x4 that serves as its most amazing attribute. The prospect of being hit with a 1460-grain slug does nothing for one's peace of mind — but the thought of being hit with one capable of leaving the equivalent exit wound of a 50mm round is downright terrifying!

Cost: \$140 for 10 rounds, Avail: C

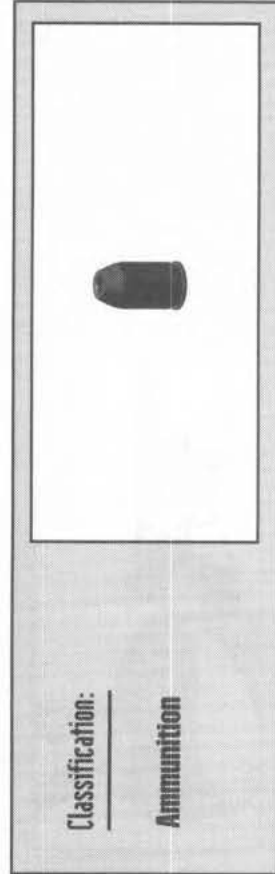


Silver Bullet Arms 30mm DSDU round

Effectiveness: only usable in SBA SSF 2/30, see above.

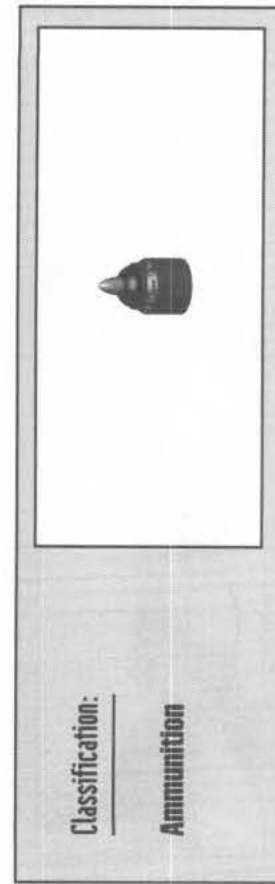
The bore might be 30mm, but most of that is the discarding sabot. The actual size of this depleted uranium slug is only 10mm. Still, a 350-grain projectile coming at you with a velocity of 2,085 fps is nothing to scoff at, especially when its a solid depleted uranium bolt that can bore through a 'sapien body without even reducing its velocity! This is definitely not a round to be fired around friendlies or in locations where collateral damage should be held to a minimum!

Cost: \$150 for 10 rounds, Avail: D



Classification:

Ammunition



Classification:

Ammunition

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Noise Suppressor

Effectiveness: reduces gun report. Most guns can be heard as far as 21 Units away. With a suppresser this is reduced to 7 Units. penetration: -2, RES:5

Noise suppressers are usable only on semi-automatic weapons firing low velocity ammunition. They are unable to prevent the gas from escaping around the cylinder of revolvers, and the vibration of fully automatic fire would destroy them with the first burst. Noise suppressers reduce the report of the firearm by reducing the speed of the bullet and escaping gasses to below the speed of sound. While they do mask the sound of gunfire, diminishing dB output by 60%, they also decrease the projectile's ability to cause maximum tissue damage. The noise-dampening effect has been increased to 75% by some computer controlled models, though bullet speed is further reduced as well.

Cost: \$1400, Avail: E

Classification:

Module



Flash Suppressor

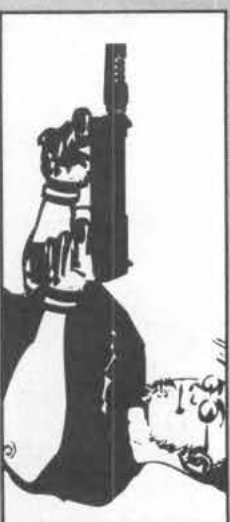
Effectiveness: makes Difficulty of INT Challenge Impressive to spot sniper at night (normally only Difficult), RES:10

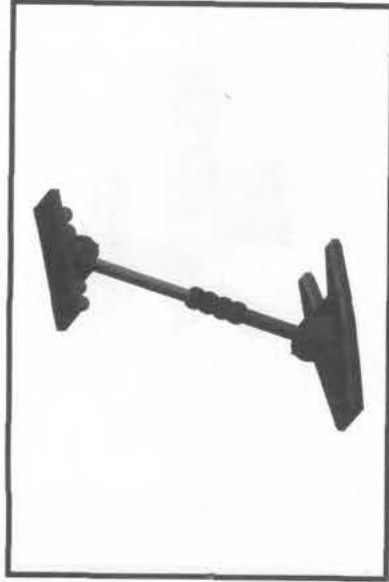
Anti-flash devices come in two categories: flash hidiers and flash suppressers. Flash hider are funnel-shaped metal objects used to rapidly dissipate or "hide" muzzle flash. Flash suppressers, on the other hand, are short cylinders (not much larger than the weapon's barrel) that taper towards the muzzle. They not only dissipate muzzle flash, they reduce muzzle lift, making for a more accurate firearm and a quicker second shot.

Cost: \$750, Avail: C

Classification:

Module





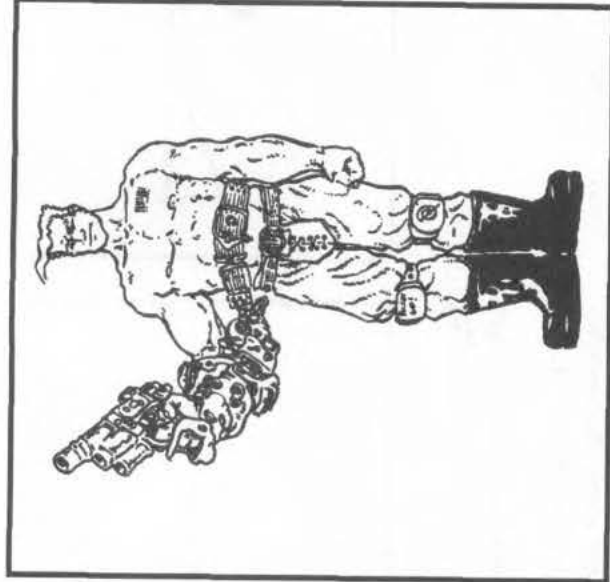
Unipod/Bipod/Tripod

Effectiveness: increases both range and STR ratings by 1 Unit, RES:10

Both the bipod and tripod have been used extensively over the past hundred years for stabilizing large bore automatic weapons and sniping rifles. The Unipod has just returned to service within the last five years or so. It was last used during the 17th century, when its main job was to support the tremendous weight of most firearms. Unipods started to lose favor when the shape and weight of guns became more manageable. Now with the reintroduction of extra heavy weapons, the accessory has become useful once more.

Cost: \$1200, Avail: C

Classification: Module



Recoil Compensator

Effectiveness: eliminates recoil, -1 to Acc, -1 to STR, +1 to RES, STR:2, RES:12

A recoil compensator is an absolute must for members of the under 7'6" crowd who hope to control a large bore sidearm. When used properly, compensators can reduce recoil by as much as 60% (80% on some models), though it is a good idea to use the device in conjunction with some type of rigid or semi-rigid armor. Strapping the recoil compensator on an unprotected area tends to cause chafing and blistering. A side benefit of hooking your favorite handgun to a compensator is that its clamps and adapter plates tend bolster the frame of the weapon, making it more robust.

Cost: \$5500, Avail: B

Classification: Module



Stocks

Effectiveness: increases all Ranges by 1 Unit if attached to a pistol, RES:10

Stocks range from folding wire contraptions to solid wood and neoprene beauties with adjustable cheek pieces and built-in combat software. While normally found only on longarms, stocks can also be attached to the butt of a pistol, making it a more stable weapon.

Cost: \$1875, Avail: C

Classification: Module

PEOPLE

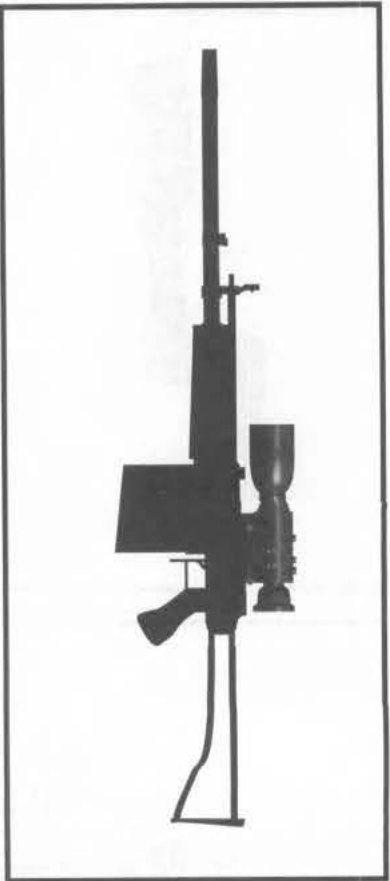
PLACES

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Night Vision

Effectiveness: removes all effects of fighting in darkness, RES:9

Night vision scopes are a marvel of modern science. They are able to amplify seemingly nonexistent light all the way to daylight intensity. Most NV scopes have the ability to blink out muzzle flash and instantaneously adjust for ambient light levels as standard features. A Hot Spot aiming rectangle superimposed over an amber (or green/white) image makes for rapid target acquisition and a quick point of aim. All makes and models have built-in filters that allow daylight use.

Cost: \$35,000, Avail: C

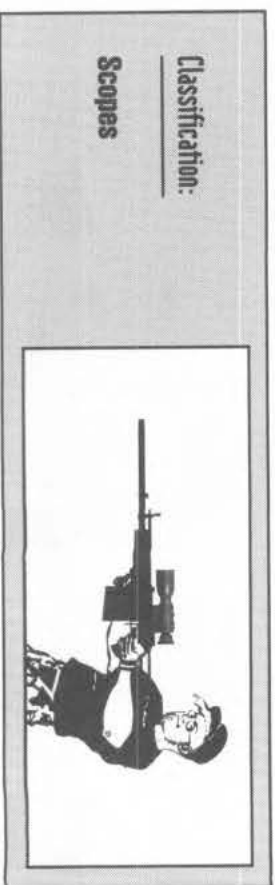


Thermal

Effectiveness: allows targeting through man-made darkness (smoke), RES:9

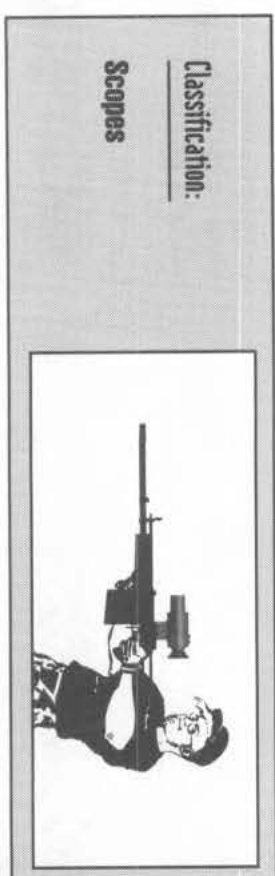
Thermal scopes pick up the infrared radiation given off by all heat generating/absorbing objects. As surveillance items, they can be used to determine if a vehicle has been running recently or if someone has recently passed through an area by revealing heat imprints. As a weapon, scopes, they can reveal enemies hiding in the underbrush or obscured by a smoke screen. If used properly, they can even detect targets through thin walls.

Cost: \$40,000, Avail: C



Classification:

Scopes



Classification:

Scopes

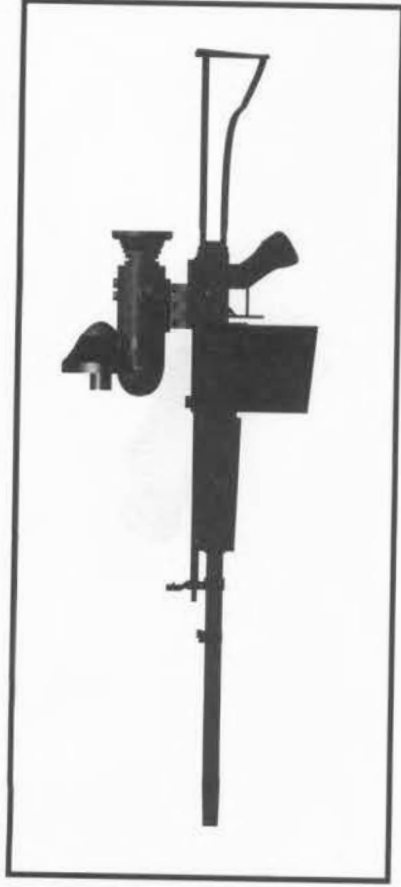


Uplinked

Effectiveness: allows for targeting of opponents over 30 Units away, RES:10
 Note: while many weapons have ranges over one mile, optical scopes have an effective range of only 30 Units.

Uplinked scopes, or radar scopes, aren't scopes as much as they are small video monitors. An uplinked scope utilizes the dozens of military satellites in orbit above the Earth. As long as you keep your dues current, you are able to keep an eye on the lay of the land from space. The scope's focal point can be pulled back to see the entire hemisphere or it can be zoomed down to look at any area the size of a football field that lies within that hemisphere. Some uplinked "sniper" models can bring an area the size of a tennis court into crystal clarity.

Cost: \$57,500, Avail: D



Radiation

Effectiveness: allows for targeting through wall not to exceed RES:12

Ever since the atomic tests of the 1940's, every living thing has absorbed a small amount of uranium 235. Radiation scopes can detect these trace amounts of radioactive material, enabling them to "see" even in absolute darkness or through walls. By translating the U235 emissions, the scope is capable of creating a representation of the target using holographic imaging software. Radiation devices tend to be a rather power and memory hungry lot and thus they are the bulkiest of all scopes, averaging between 2.5 and 2.75 kilograms.

Cost: \$63,500, Avail: D

Classification:

Scopes

Classification:

Scopes



Lighters

Most lighters resemble the pop-up kind found in just about every commercially available vehicle. They can be installed in any piece of equipment that has the space to spare, though the most popular spots are shoulder pads, rifle stocks, and "BADS". Lighters can draw power from a pack's power supply or, if installed in the stock of a rifle, a scope's power supply.

Cost: \$279, Avail: A



Bottle Opener/Grenade Pin Hook

Originally marketed as a grenade pin hook, the buying public quickly discovered that this device could double as a bottle opener. It can be riveted onto any rigid or semi-rigid body armor or, for that matter, it can be attached to a vehicle or a large weapon. The opener comes with a flat black epoxy coating that adheres to paint quite nicely, allowing the user to simply "glue down" the device. Openers also come in handy for hanging war trophies.

Cost: \$125, Avail: A

Classification: **Accessories**

Classification: **Accessories**



Rubber Bands

If they were edible, rubber bands would be mankind's single greatest invention! Is your gun's grip too small or too smooth? RUBBER BANDS! Do your spare clips rattle and give you away as you sneak down the hallway? RUBBER BANDS! Is that pesky 'sapien getting on your nerves? RUBBER BANDS! (Use five or ten. They might not be as satisfying as piano wire but they get the job done.) With a little ingenuity and a bunch of rubber bands, anything can be accomplished!

Cost: \$14 for a bag of 50, Avail: A

Classification: Accessories

PEOPLE

PLACES

ORGANIZATIONS

EVENTS

TECHNOLOGY

MISC.

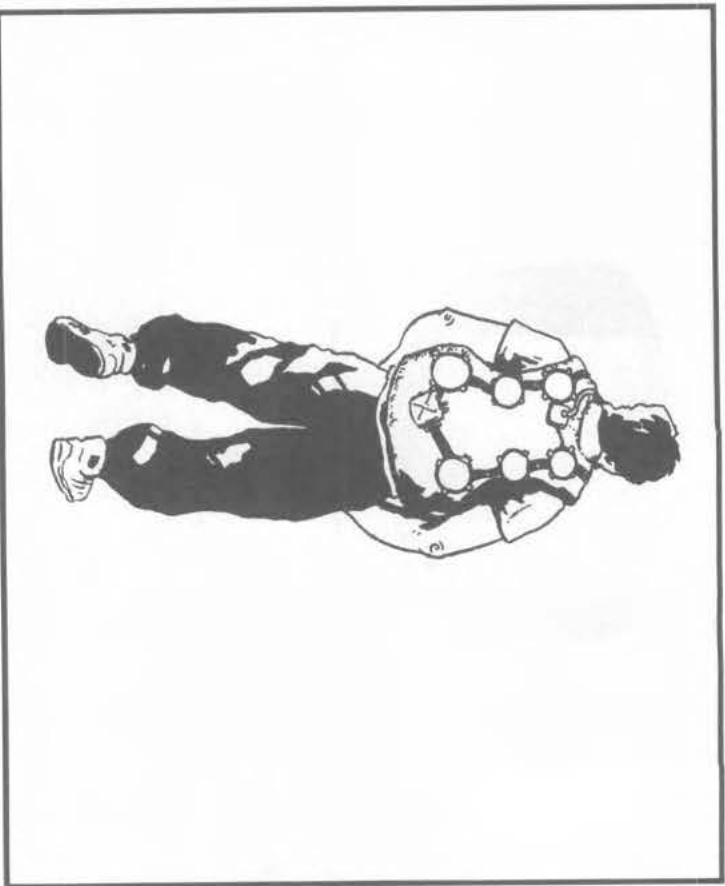


Duct Tape

What is the perfect companion to a working great handful of rubber bands? A couple of brand new rolls of duct tape! From home and automobile repair to demolition and electrical jobs, the lovely silver tape is good for any task you can imagine! If you've run out of places to strap a gun on your body, strap it onto a larger weapon with duct tape! Do you have a piece of equipment or a sentimental item but no hook to hang it from? Tape it to another piece of equipment! If rubber bands were edible, I'd have mine with a big side order of duct tape!

Cost: \$19 for 1 roll, Avail: A

Classification: Accessories



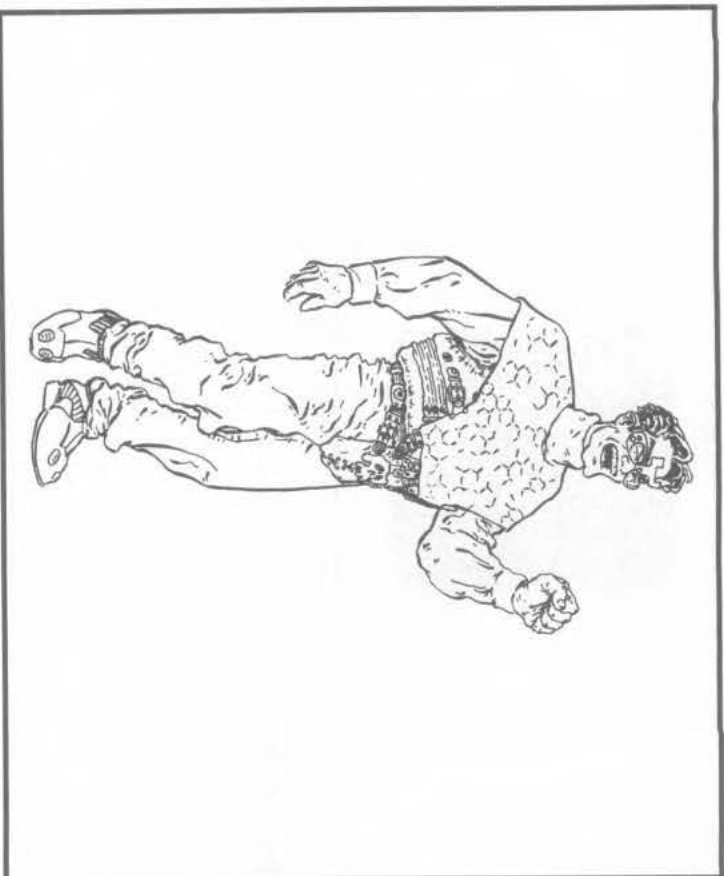
Chaff

Effectiveness: adds +10 to the Difficulty of a missile's To Hit Challenge.

Chaff is more of an armored body harness than actual armor. When connected to an AMI-Punkbuster™ or a similar piece of equipment, chaff armor automatically activates a pod and attempts to defeat the incoming missile's guidance system. An activated pod tosses hundreds of aluminum streamers into the air. Not only does this scramble just about any missile's brain, it also gives street urchins the chance to recycle something other than brass. Unfortunately, chaff armor can't do the job all by itself. Part of wearing the stuff is knowing when to run like hell!

Cost: \$3000, Avail: B

Classification: **Armor**



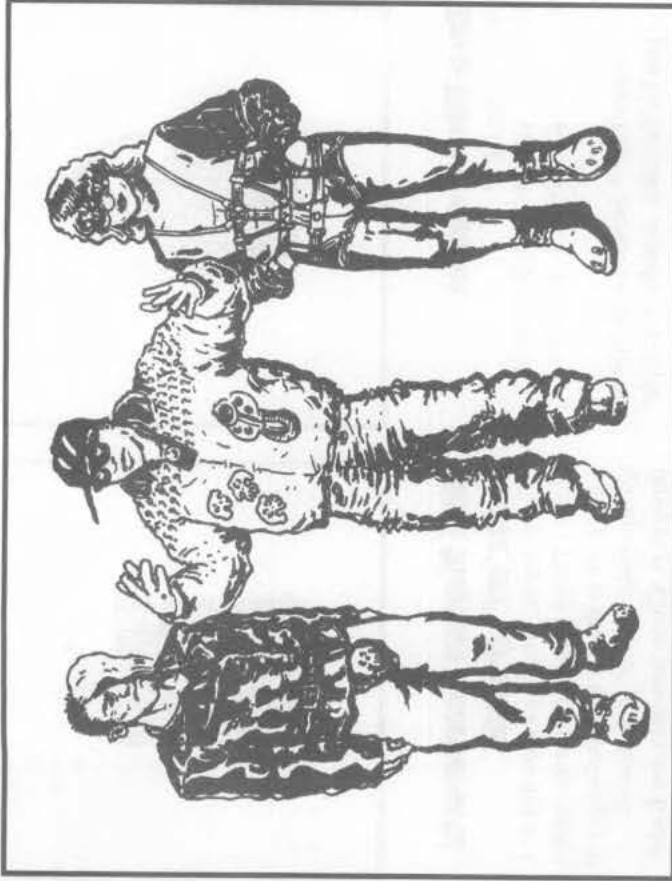
Snap-Tite Hexolink™ Ablative

Effectiveness: STR: 7, Res: +2, usable only once.

Give the boys over at Snap-Tite a great big cookie! Modular armor is nothing new, but you can practically tailor-make a second skin out of this stuff! Using a patented mesh-superstructure, Hexolink locks into place over your Heavy Mondo armor. When you finally take some punishment, don't worry—just take the damaged parts to your local dealer, pay a core charge, and walk out the same day with your battle suit as good as new. The material choices and pre-assembled sections make shopping a pleasure.

Cost: \$15,000, Avail: B

Classification: **Armor**



Durafab Heavykev™

Effectiveness: STR: 0, Res: +2

Heavykev has long been the armor of choice for light infantrymen and state-side hooligans. It is about the same weight and texture as rubberized heavy wool, but it's much more flexible. On the upside, Heavykev is waterproof, breathes well, and can stop a slug (but not the kinetic energy) from most light pistols. The best thing about Heavykev, though, is that it has become so popular that you can get it in just about any color imaginable!

Cost: \$5000, Avail: A

Classification: **Armor**

PEOPLE

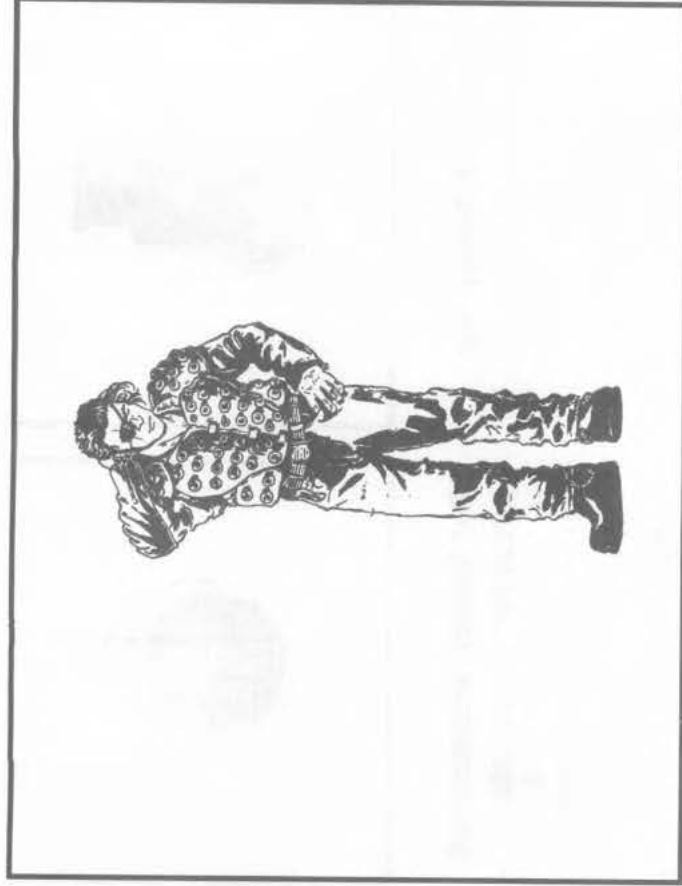
PLACES

ORGANIZATIONS

EVENTS

TECHNOLOGY

MISC.



Mondo Armor

STR: 2, RES: +4, Cost: \$10,000, Avail: A

The most important piece of gear you can get this side of duct tape and rubber bands, Mondo Armor is absolutely vital to your survival on the street or in the zone. Mondo is made from the finest in ballistic fabric, and is available in four designer colors: Mondo Maroon™, Ballistic Blue™, Crazy Fat Crimson™, and Guadalcanal Green™.

Heavy Mondo

STR: 6, RES: +5, Cost: \$75,000, Avail: B

Simply put, this armor is the best protection you can get short of strapping a concrete bunker to your chest. Ironically, Heavy Mondo is so bulky that it is usually worn only by boosts, the one segment of the population that needs this kind of plating the least. At any rate, if you expect to take a 30mm slug to the gut any time soon, get your hands on some Heavy!

Classification: **Armor**



Trans-World Devastation E.M.P. grenade

Acc:0, Pen:18, Dmg:P/F Challenge
destroys electronic
equipment, Rng:3/5/8, Rate:1, STR:3,
RES:11, Blast:4

The Electromagnetic Pulse grenade, while not lethal in and of itself, is capable of causing much panic and confusion if placed well. Upon detonation, the grenade throws off an electronics-crippling electromagnetic pulse that is effective out to 30 meters. The two main drawbacks of the weapon are 1) you must to toss it quite a distance or have very good cover to escape its effects, and 2) it leaves a 100 meter diameter high-normal radioactive zone in its wake for several months after usage.

Cost: \$2750, Avail: E



Allied Mayhem Incorporated "Golden BB" biogrenade

Acc:-2, Pen:12, Dmg:IN/IN/KL/KL,
Rng:3/5/8, Rate:1, STR:2, RES:16,
Blast:2

The Golden BB is 32 cubic meters of pure hell in a lovely little package! The BBs are chemically cooled so it's a good idea to shake them now and again to keep the Paste fresh. Upon detonation, the BB tosses its payload out in a mist that is ideally four meters long, four meters wide and two meters high. Occasionally, though, the container does not completely fragment and the grenade shoots a coherent stream of goo for upwards of sixteen meters! If you're going to use one of these babies, make sure your throwing arm is in top form!

Cost: \$25,000, Avail: X



Snap-Tite™ grenades

Acc:0, Pen:10/16,
Dmg:LW/MW/HW/IN, Rng:3/5/8,
Rate:1, STR:2, RES:11, Blast:2/4

Snap-Tite™ grenades are brought to you by the same wonderful people that created Hexolink armor. Adapting elements from their patented modular system, the boys at Snap-Tite must have realized they hit on something big. While the snap fit grenades are a great idea, trying to snap a magnesium knob next to a Willy Pete (white phosphorus, for all you poseurs) knob can get awful hairy!

Cost: \$1000, Avail: C



Allied Mayhem Incorporated Smoke'em™ grenade

Effectiveness: covers an area that is 1 Unit (12 feet) in diameter with smoke, adding +9 to the To Hit Challenges of all non radar-guided shots traced through it. Characters with the Radar Sense Enhancement ignore smoke.

One Smoke'em will cover your position with 10,000 cubic feet of smoke. Many smoke colors are available. Our suggestions: use white or black to hide your position or to blind and confuse your enemy; use emerald, amber, or crimson to indicate combat situations; and use yellow, orange, and blue to indicate clear LZ's, contaminated zones, and areas targeted for artillery saturation respectively. Once activated, Smoke'ems burn at an extremely high temperature (1200°C), so it isn't a good idea to hold onto one after the pin has been pulled.

Cost: \$850, Avail: C



ONCE AGAIN . . . IT'S ON!

"A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."

—The Second Amendment to the United States Constitution,
adapted December 15, 1791

If you're looking for the real deal on the incredible arms and armaments of 2021, this is the package for you.

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- **Rules for designing and building your own custom firearms.**
- **And a perforated "Technology" chapter that fits into the Underground Notebook.**

**. . . when heads must be flown
and caps must be peeled . . .**



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