

The Bestiary

Monsters are everywhere in Have-Not. Some are simply animals ... upgraded with high-energy mutations or cybernetic machine guns. Some are robots gone feral—acting like hungry wolves. Some are people who have decided to turn on their own kind. Some are ... some are scary and vicious and hungry for fear as well as mere meat. Those are *monsters*. Here's a sample that covers all that ground. Happy hunting ... *of course we mean you.*



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Urban Monsters: Things in the BoneYard

The last truly urban environment left, the BoneYard is a seething Darwinist, capital-driven, nightmare hell. On the street, the gangs might kill you. In the high-rises the lawyers are even worse. Down in the sewers or in the condemned ruins within the city there are things no one wants to deal with. Some of the attendees at the consortium's board meetings are even stranger.

Some of the things listed here are just "mutants" (but they are successful strains of mutation that breed true—there's more than one). Some are "people" (you don't fight them—but you might run into them). A few are machines. All are 'monstrous' in one way or another—and in the BoneYard, they'll fit right in.

Binary Siren

Name: Binary Siren				AI Construct (Robot)	
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	STC 15	DP 75	Armor none
REF	COR 15	REA 15	AGI 15	TBH -5	
INT	RES 15	MEM 15	WIL 12	To Hit 14	
Move	11y/s spring			STC Loss	
Grapple	12/10 (Tai Chi fighting technique)			-1:5pts	

Binary Sirens are advanced humanoid robots—Adonises or Venuses created by the few Artificial Intelligences that exist in the Bone Yard. AI's are considered dangerous, unpredictable, and very valuable (but the risk-to-benefit ratio is so high many corporations *don't* use them). Their agents (often in the form of a Siren) attend meetings, travel with executives, and do other things that require the "presence" of the AI. Sirens have soft synthetic skin that feels almost perfect—and looks completely perfect. By law they must be marked with a corporate logo facial and optical tattoo (their eyes glow with the corporate logo in their pupils).

Sirens are often skilled HTH combatants and weapon users. They are often brought to negotiations as observers—but almost never as the primary negotiator (this is because usually their owners don't trust them enough to be making the deals). For their part, despite vast resources, AI's usually play them as smart but not towering intellects ... waiting for the moment when someone (either owner or adversary) truly underestimates them.

Charm: The constructs (the real term is 'avatars') are called Sirens because they can make you fall in love with them ... and then use you. Sometimes that's done as a negotiating tactic. Sometimes the executives who deal with them get caught in the AI's web. They have Charm Psychology at 18-.

Siren's Song: Sometimes they get a psychological warfare unit installed. This is illegal—but corporations are sometimes manipulated into doing it. At this point, the Siren can actually stimulate the target's brain with subtle microwave emissions. It's a Resisted Attack against WIL. To do this the Siren must be within 10 yards (it will not work through glass, force fields, or power armor. Any degree of Telepathy will detect it.) It may be used once per encounter (it's always on—but it is subtle and takes time).

Result	Effect
Minor	Target feels a warm sense of familiarity and trust. Make WIL rolls at -1 to avoid making minor or easy to make mistakes.
Standard	Target feels enchanted with the siren. The target will want him/her to like them and will take a moderate action to help ensure that (permitting negotiations to continue when others want to stop them, for example).
Major	Target is in love with the siren. S/he will attempt to meet the siren after—and will covertly begin working for the siren in a major fashion.
Critical	Target is smitten. Essentially changes sides.
Catastrophic	Target is hooked (addicted) and will suffer serious traumatic psychological withdrawal if the siren leaves. This will be evident in 1 day.

Calculation Larvae

Name: Calculation Larvae				Genetically Created Being		
PHY	STR 07	BLD 3	CON 10	DP 6	Armor: None	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1		
INT	RES 15	MEM 16	WIL 13	To Hit 12		
Move	Crawl 3y/s (move on hover platform)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	None			2	6	12
<p>Calculation Larvae are intelligent biological computers. They have vaguely human faces, gelatinous segmented bodies and small sucker feet (they can climb walls—but very slowly). They are about the size of a human torso.</p>						
<p>They are brilliant, have perfect memory, and are instinctually trained in some discipline (often Economics, but sometimes military tactics and other times things like psychology). They are <i>disturbed</i>—they are schemers, they can be verbally vicious. They are utterly dependant on the corporation that has created them—but often hate the same. Each works on contract (several years, a certain amount of money made, etc.) When that is complete they achieve their purpose in life: Metamorphosis.</p>						
<p>Metamorphosis: Once in the lifetime of a Calculation Larvae, the being, when allowed under contract, will under go metamorphosis. It will enter a chrysalis and 3 days later emerge as a giant (5ft wing span) multi-colored psychedelic butterfly—that lives out its 24hr life span in utter, chemical bliss. This is all they truly desire.</p>						
<p>Disturbed: The Larvae are often pathological liars, sarcastic, passive aggressive, and emotionally cruel to anyone they can influence. They can also be <i>excellent</i> advisors and often command a good deal of money and power for their parent (literally) corporation. The junior staff members under them often hate them—and any acquaintance is advised to handle them with caution.</p>						

Chatterpillars

Name: Chatterpillars				Bio-weapon		
PHY	STR 17	BLD 11	CON 12	DP 18	Armor4/12	
REF	COR 12	REA 13	AGI 12	TBH -2	Plates 8/16 Coverage 4	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	Crawl 9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	11/9			6	18	36
<p>Chatterpillars began life looking almost identical to roaches. They skitter, run from light, and hide behind appliances. At a certain stage, however, they begin to burrow into the walls. Their physiology alters and they begin to ravenously consume concrete and other building materials: they metabolize it—becoming bigger. Over the course of about 27 hours they reach full grown size: a curled chitin sphere over 1.5 yards across. When it uncurls it is a Chatterpillar—an insectoid killing machine up to 9 feet long with numerous legs, each terminating in a chitinous spike. They were created as a bio-weapon in the age of war and an infestation can turn a skyscraper into a vertical killing zone when they hatch en-mass.</p>						
<p>Stab: Chatterpillars can stab 2x per turn with a 14- to hit for 8 PEN damage.</p>						
<p>Sneaky: Chatterpillars make clicking sounds when they move from their plates snapping together, however, when still they can curl up and hide very well. When not moving they are at -3 to Perception rolls to be seen.</p>						

Clowns

Of all the horrors to come from the Age of War, perhaps none is stranger than the Clown Virus. The Clown Virus is a computer worm that infects the Order Fulfillment systems that relay desires to the Distribution Point. The order fulfillment systems are not *Have* technology: they're Bone Yard computer systems that collect all of the requests to the Distro point and prioritizes them and relays them according to the rules of the Hierarchy.

These systems are similar, and in some cases identical, to the systems that were used during the Age of Wonder; they allow those who needs goods to receive them without chaos ensuing. A typical system will receive, process, and transmit tens of thousands of orders a day. It will also detect when those orders are received from the Distro point and inform the requestor of the *pallet's* (for small orders) or *shipping container's* (for larger orders) location in the vast, communal warehouse districts that surround the Distro Point. This district, because it is maintained, policed, and paid for by a variety of interests (the banks, insurance concerns, the Hierarchy, and so-forth) is called the *Budget Overlap Zone*.

The Clown Virus infects these systems and subverts them in a subtle and ingenious way—infected systems will relay the orders as indicated but add to them an order for *clowns*. These clowns are humanoid homicidal creatures. They appear to be inorganic (more like robots than living creatures) and are surprisingly intelligent and versatile. Their nature is very poorly understood, but it is clear that they are psychotic, sadistic, and incredibly dangerous. They arrive hidden in the pallets and shipping containers, folded around the goods requested, nestled in the packing foam, waiting for the lights to go out so they can unfold themselves and begin their stalking.

Infection of a system is usually only detected after a senseless and horrific string of murders in the BOZ and surrounding areas. The Clowns will kill until stopped, but they seem to be patient; they hide and wait and choose their victims carefully. Sometimes they will hide on the underside of automated trucks or stow away inside other containers so that they can be relocated to less-well policed parts of the city.

In the past 100 years, there have been three major clown outbreaks and several minor incidents that were stopped before the clowns could claim too many lives. It is thought that there are still some lurking and waiting, very patient and very deadly.

To deal with the threat, a special, independent cadre of BOZ investigators and police has been created called *Runners*. They are a sort of elite swat team that protects the BOZ from all manner of threats (theft, terrorism, industrial espionage, etc.) but the public finds their anti-clown duties the most compelling and mysterious. These BOZ Runners, as they are called, stand ready to track and kill this malignant, terrifying, and seemingly supernatural blight upon the Bone Yard.

Clown Stats

-- **See JAGS Monsters**

Evolved Hyenas

Name: Evolved Hyenas				Evolved Animal		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 06	CON 11	DP 12	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1		
INT	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 09	To Hit 12		
Move	11y/s (running on all fours)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	2/4			4	12	24
Evolved Hyena are plains animals maliciously adapted for survival in a ruthless urban environment. They're smart (well, smarter than your average Hyena), cruel, willing to slavishly follow a leader and able to consider almost anything living as prey. They naturally run in packs making the perfect almost-natural "gangstas."						
Evolved Hyena usually occupy the lowest rung of the urban combat ladder. Human gangs consider them somewhere between highly expendable troops and guard dogs. They usually live in filthy, remote areas of the <i>warrens</i> or dank alleyways—places long abandoned by humans. They tend to form packs around human leaders and live in groups of 6 to 13.						
Evolved Hyena are physically just like hyena. They tend to be lean, mangy, and have a desperate, hungry air to them. The same biological mischief that has given them vocal cords and mouths that can form human speech has given them powerful jaws (although they often use specially modified rigs to carry and aim weapons) and tough, leather-like skin.						
Jaws: They bite for 5 PEN damage.						
Leather: When decked out in leather jackets, their natural armor will be 3pts.						
Night Vision: Evolved Hyenas ignore -4pts of darkness modifiers.						
Crude Hands: They can open doors, and hold cards (kinda) but most importantly they can use weapons with 12- weapons skills.						

Escort Level 1

Name: Escort Level 1				Floating Gun Pod		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 02	STC 15	DP 60	Armor 15/30	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -2R/-1H		
INT 10	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 14-		
Move	9y/s			Minor		
Grapple	3/1			-1:4pts		
Escort Level 1's are floating weapons pods that respond either to coded-verbal commands (hard to fake) or to perceived threats. They're commonly sent out with "moderately expendable" executives to tough negotiating sessions as an intimidation or protection tactic.						
Escort L1's are not <i>especially bright</i> and when put in Aggressive Defense Mode (a term that makes <i>perfect sense</i> in the BoneYard) they will attack anyone who looks like they're carrying a weapon (specially cryptographically encoded corporate logos will protect your forces so the robots won't fire on their own troops). This is risky: if a person is carrying anything in their hands or standing up in what the robot thinks might be an aggressive posture, give it an INT roll (10-) and if it fails, BLAM (the controller can override this but it's a 5 REA Short action to shout commands and give the person an RES roll at +2 to get the command sequence right).						
Pulse Beam		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Plasma Beam		30 IMP	S	--	-1/30y	40
The Pulse Beam is a red plasma blast. The weapon comes with a built in laser site that gives +1 to AIM actions. The Escort can fire twice or aim once (5 REA) for +3 and fire.						

Escort Level 2

Name: Escort Level 2				Cyborg	
PHY	STR 40	BLD 75	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 55
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 10	TBH +1R/+0H	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 14 L3	
Move	7y/s			Minor	
Grapple	54/45			-1:10pts	

Escort Level 2s (EL2s, as they are called) are cybernetic bodyguards. The full-cyber chassis is a highly customized body built to order by Joshua Machine Enterprises LTD (JME is one of the primary up-stream cybernetics suppliers for the Bone Yard and manufactures a good deal of less expensive body work).

Becoming an EL2 requires a complete re-work of the subject's body; virtually every biological component is replaced with a battle-ready cybernetic system. This is usually done at the behest of an employer so EL2s are 1) usually chosen for their absolute loyalty and 2) EL2s are often built with an over-ride mechanism in case their loyalty turns out to not be as absolute as expected.

Physically, EL2s look like huge, hulking, humanoid machines: they look intentionally formidable: their bodies are the color of rust, their "musculature" is a network of pistons and pipes surrounded by heavy plates. They are extremely *ugly* and terrifying *by design*. Everything about an EL2 says, "I mean business."

Enhanced Reaction Speed: EL2s have an *initiative* of 15

Full biological support: EL2s do not need oxygen, food, or water. They do sleep, and they require recharges of chemical nutrients and their internal power supply once every 15 days

Sensory Array: EL2s get +2 to all perception rolls. They see in the dark and have a variety of infrared and motion detecting equipment.

Sonar Scan: EL2s can scan a target with sonar that is capable of "looking" through clothes at concealed objects (they can often detect concealed weapons)

Chemical Sniffer: EL2s are constantly monitoring the quality of the environment. They can detect a variety of poisons, toxins, biological agents, radiation (which is not a chemical) and the common components of explosives.

Weapons Loadout: EL2s can carry absurdly heavy weapons, built in, and often do.

Loner

Name: Loner				Cybernetic Psychopath		
PHY 11	STR 21	BLD 19	CON 13	DP 66	Armor 14/47 [+2 Levels]	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 15	AGI 13	TBH -1R/-3H	Initiative 17-	
INT 10	RES 11	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 14-		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	18/15			22	66	132

Okay, so there's no such thing as a "stock" Loner—it's more of a trend—but here're some stats for one. See, in the hyper-kinetic fast-forward world of the BoneYard people sometimes *snap*—and when they do they go and get cybered up and start haunting the back alleys and lower-quadrant streets and *preying* on people. So look out for them (and be careful: sometimes that derelict *you* decide to pick on turns out to be a former executive with 10K credits of cyberware weaponry).

What sets these guys off isn't all that clear—some will stalk victims in serial killer fashion. Others have some kind of turf. A few don't start trouble but open up with built-in indiscriminate automatic grenade throwers when someone tries to rustle them. It's hard to tell—but they're bad news. So watch out.

Cybernetics: A Loner starts out pretty normal but is a Level 2 character (see the Levels section with 12 Archetype points in cybernetics(120pts)—and 2 in leveling up—making them an illegal PC under the standard rules).

CyberMod	Cost	Notes
Mk2 EndoSkeleton	24	+4/16, +2, +12 DP
Mk1 Reinforced Physiology	20	+16 DP
Mk2 Interlaced Muscles	16	+8s +2 +4DP
Mk1 Polymer	12	+4/8, +4 DP +4 BLD
Mk1 HardWired Reflexes	20	+3 REA, +2 Initiative
Executioner Claw	8	
Flame Thrower Tail	8	
	104	

Executioner Claw	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon	40 IMP	S	-1	-1/5y	48

The Executioner Claw looks like a cyber-fist. When deployed it opens into four parts revealing a glowing green energized barrel that fires green lightning.

Flame Thrower Tail	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon	24 IMP	4x [12]	-0	4y	72

Hidden under the Loner's trench coat is an articulated flame thrower. It's only effective at 4 yards range but within that range it's deadly. It can be useful against multiple opponents.

Geno-Vampires

Name: Geno-Vampires				Genetic Modification		
PHY	STR +1	BLD -2	CON var	DP var	Armor None	
REF	COR varies	REA var	AGI var	TBH var		
INT	RES varies	MEM var	WIL var	To Hit var		
Move	Normal			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	Normal			var	var	24

Of all the modifications available for someone with suicidal tendencies who doesn't quite want to check out *yet* but wants to look good along the way, there's *vampirism*. Vampires become vampires by ingesting a virus that causes a severe fever which, over the course of a few days, reprograms their bio system. After that, they're carriers, and it is *possible* to catch vampirism from another vampire—but it's very rare. The treatments give the user a huge dose of the virus *and* a cocktail of immune system suppressants.

The stats given above are for a regular person made a vampire. The vampire's physical characteristics are unchanged what is changed follows

Reduced lifespan. Vampires cease to age visibly, but they tend to have their lifespans shortened by a factor of 6 (so that one year as a vampire is the same as 6 years of natural aging). When they "die of old age," they die of massive system failure (many systems failing at once)

Beautiful Skin. Vampires have very faire, flawless skin and hair. They heal superficial wounds at six times the normal rate and do not scar. L1 Exotic

Beautiful Eyes. Vampires have exotic, oddly colored eyes (their eyes may be *mostly* of the normal color with unusual highlights). L1 Exotic (L2 when combined with Beautiful Skin). They can see in almost total darkness (reduce darkness modifiers by -5).

Enhanced metabolism: Vampires metabolisms are greatly increased. They quickly burn off any excess body fat and build a thin layer of highly defined muscle. This may give them +1 STR, but it makes them look quite sculpted. (L1 Exotic, L3 when combined with beautiful eyes and skin)

Light Sensitivity. Vampires are extremely vulnerable to sunlight. They fatigue quickly when exposed to intense ultraviolet light (they can't even be out on a cloudy day). Note that this not supernatural: artificial sunlight will hurt them as badly as the real thing.

Reduced sleep cycle. Vampires need very little sleep. They tend to spend daylight hours indoors, and come out at night to avoid the sun, but in exchange for much of their life span, they get back a good deal of time that ordinary humans spend sleeping. Vampires sleep about 2 to 5 hours a night—and many nights, not at all.

Digestive Weakness: Vampires cannot ingest normal proteins. Their diet consists of only – no. Sorry—not blood (although they can drink blood, they don't find it particularly nourishing). Vampires only eat high protein liquids.

Vampire Culture

Vampire culture offers people with no future a way to enjoy the time they have. If you're not going to live long, anyway, you might as well spend it partying all night long. Many vampires live in continual, communal floating parties that cycle through the night. They're fun and frenetic (if you're in to their kind of thing). Money's a problem. Girl vampires can find ways to use their newly-enhanced bodies to make money (if you're in to their kind of thing). Boy vampires usually turn to a life of light crime. Many of them *know* people or things.

Vampires are, in a way, horribly tragic. Mostly children—often teenagers—choose vampirism, either finding a vampire party to join or going to one of the small pharam-kiosks and buying a dose rod for 3c (not even all *that* expensive). They rarely live another decade.

For all of their doomed fatalism, vampires themselves tend to be *up*—energetic, cheerful, fearless. They've *already* cashed out. They don't have *anything* to hope for, so unlike the gang-bangers and turbo-yuppies, they've got *nothing left to lose*. So why not party like it's the end of the world? After all, for them, the end of the world is much closer than it appears.

Floating Parties

Floating parties are where the Vampires hang out. They're anything-goes raves with mobile (sometimes sentient) sound, light, and fog equipment. They tend to travel in empty spaces—abandoned warehouses, fire-gutted tenements, maze-like underground warrens, and the like. They try not to attract official attention: a lot of the guests may be on someone's wanted list.

At Vampire Parties, everybody drinks; if you don't, no one will talk to you. And if they do, you won't understand what they're saying. The drugs in use get you high (or low, if that's your thing), but they also *alter* the user's perception of time and sense. Drunk, drugged vampires talk in gibberish if you're sober. Their word-salad poetry makes more sense if you're stoned. In many cases, the "getting to know you" phase of a conversation is mostly "getting in synch—" having enough of the same kinds of dope to be speaking on the same wavelength. Those who can't hold their liquor can't hang.

A lot of business goes on in Vampire parties. Not the mundane, if mildly clandestine business of contracting a hit, but more *interesting* or *idiosyncratic* business. The chatter at Vampire parties trades in inside information, scandalous rumors and *prophecy*.

Gladiator Roach

Name: Gladiator Roach				Level		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 09	CON 13	DP 18	Armor 2/4	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1H/-1R	Bite: 4 PEN	
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12	Grapple:	
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/3			6	18	32
The gladiator roach is a hostile, aggressive, and disgusting specimen about a yard long. They appear as dark, armored bugs with certain, dull <i>greasiness</i> to them.						
Gladiator roaches are found in the wild, but they are also raised to fight in pit fights in the city, hence their name.						
Gladiator roaches stand about 3" tall when they want to, but they can flatten themselves out disturbingly to slide through narrow places. They can effortlessly move through opening 3" tall or larger (they're about eighteen inches wide and can compress in that dimension, to.						
Gladiator roaches often haunt ruins, searching mindlessly for scraps of food left behind but also breed in the towers of the 'Yard.						
Serrated Legs: Can make up to 4 4pt PEN attack against a grappled target. The legs, by virtue of being covered with tiny, hook-like blades, add 3 to the roaches grapple as well.						
Mandibles: +1 Grapple Score						
Enhanced Toughness: Gladiator Roaches are quite a bit tougher than their size suggests.						

Justice Machines

The world is falling apart. Even with the last working Distribution Point, the civilization that is the BoneYard is a violent chaotic one that has all the cultural etiquette of knife fight. The Hierarchy is committed to winning—and that means keeping things under control. This intent has led to the Dictum of Civilization:

"When one enters into a contract it will be enforced (if possible)—and when one commits a crime, it will be punished."

The results of this are Court TV and the Justice Machines. When you enter into a contract—an official one (with a retinal scan, a DNA print, and a bio-metric "fingerprint"—all of which can be done by a simple briefcase sized device) you are "part of the machine"—part of the social order necessary for a working state. If you are said to be in breach of contract the Machines will come for you. And they will take you to the court house.

Here is the story.

Hamm isn't a stupid man—desperate, yes. On hard times certainly. But not *stupid*. When the town of Winter's Edge out in the Middle Ring collapsed he and his family boarded a refugee transport that took them to the 'Yard. They're supposed to get relocated (but none of the other towns want refugees) and their stipend just ran out. The family is living in the violent, confusing warrens ... and Hamm needs to do *something* to make ends meet. He's taken a job at the Dry Docks, loading and unloading trucks and hover-craft.

Then one day, coming home on the tram (and he's still scared—because the city is a scary place and *everyone* is armed and he still can't make heads or tails of the signs and navigational marquees—if he misses his stop he's lost). One day he's coming back and this guy next to him makes him an offer: he becomes a HardCopy Delivery Agent for 2c per week. All he has to do is pick up the package each morning before working hours start and take it to the building just down the street. It's simple. The money gets deposited automatically. Hamm, the guy in the slick suit tells him, "You seem a trustworthy sort—I can tell. And we need coverage on this route. The networks aren't stable enough for the traffic. Can I trust you?"

"Yes," says Hamm. Even 2c a week (which is a good deal in the Middle Ring) will help here. So the man opens the briefcase and takes the scan ... and signs him up. The first day after, right before work, Hamm is there, ready to get the package—and he does. And he delivers it—and he's looking forward for that extra dough to get ahead on the rental costs for their area of corridor where the family sleeps in converted shelving units. But on the second day, there's a problem: someone's wrecked the Orange Line's track and it's 45 minutes late. Hamm delivers the package late ... *after* working hours. No one says anything. The girl behind the scratched bullet proof glass takes it sullenly and files it without a word. He's sure he's okay. Until the evening that is.

The Justice Machines with whirring rotary machine guns come drifting down the halls like specters. People in the warrens get the hell *out* of their way—until they stop ... right next to Hamm.

"Submit to tether, citizen." Says the hollow voice—and Hamm, terrified (and rightfully so) does. And he's taken—out and down, and to a transport ... and to the hall of justice.

Lawyer On Retainer

VIP's don't get carted away by Justice Machines. For 100c/month (first 3 months up front) you get an electronic barrister who will review all documents. The people running *Contract Jobs* (the scam described in the story) never file their contracts with the lawyer—so even if signed, it's not enforceable.

Of course the slickly dressed man in the briefcase couldn't convince a guy with 100c a month to deliver hard-copy for 2c a week anyway (and the delivery is just a front really: the value is when, inevitably, the mark screws up during the first week). But related scams do get run further up the food chain—and having a lawyer on call never hurts.

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That's where he learns what this was really all about. "Blood and Circuses." The courts don't have space or money to keep people locked up indefinitely. The Hierarchy facing the possibility of a pan-human negative birthrate doesn't allow execution for minor crimes, like breach of contract ... but it does permit restitution: payment. In this case, part of the proceeds from Hamm's Pay-Per-View Court TV event will go to the man with the briefcase. About 30c ... but if the man signs up 10 people a day ...

The Events are like the ancient game shows and range from the simply humiliating to the dangerous, to the deadly. Hamm probably won't draw a deadly one—but he may come staggering home two days later, bloody, bruised, and possibly fired for missing work.

And the guy with the briefcase? Ka-Ching. Ka-Ching. Ka-Ching.

Name: Justice Machine				Machine	
PHY	STR 32	BLD 60	STC 15	DP 300	Armor: 4 / 11
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0	Plates: 10 / 20 Coverage 6
INT	RES 12	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 14-	Arms: STR 11
Move	Hover Engine 8y/s			STC Loss	Sensory
Grapple	8/13			-1:20pts	Standard 14-

Justice Machines are run by the courts. They appear as grim floating humanoid torsos and armored heads. Their arms terminate in weapons (small spindly arms come from their underside). Their sensors cast red targeting lasers from them. They are dull gray—almost black. They are feared.

Gatling Gun	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Bullet	25 IMP	5x[16]	.25	-1/200y	3200

These guns are light-caliber but quite deadly. It fires a hail of bullets. They sometimes have heavier weapons and have metallic weave tethers for taking prisoners to the transport. These can be electrified for up to 12pts of Electrical damage (no roll to hit).

Soot Trolls

Name: Soot Trolls				Accident		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	CON 11	DP 12	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	4y/s but can sprint 8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	5/3 (Tentacles of slime)			4	12	24

Soot Trolls are simple, voracious animals that are born and thrive in the thick industrial pollution generated by the Bone Yard's boom pharmaceutical industries. Soot Trolls may have been *created*—a lab experiment gone horribly wrong, or they may have simply evolved from the hyper-complex post-industrial stew that leaks and seeps and pours from the great bio-factory's machinery's. They are most often found in the worst of the sewers and illicit toxic waste repositories.

Soot Trolls look like masses of thick black sludge—tar or oil, in some cases. They have "nuclei" that look like late-stage human embryo. The embryo-nuclei house what nervous-system they have. Their blind, unformed eyes are incapable of *seeing* the world, but Soot trolls hunt by smell and taste.

Their bodies are acidic and they attack by enveloping and ingesting living material. They can be killed by sustained assaults on the masses of their bodies, but they are most vulnerable to attacks directed at their cores.

Vulnerability: A Penetrating attack that hits by 7+ will kill if it does 1pt of damage and penetrates.

Burning Embrace (Acid attack with grapple): When a target is grappled the Soot Troll can burn it for 8 IMP damage per turn. While the same grapple remains, this will ignore 1pt of armor the first turn, 2 points on the second, and 4pts on third. The burning is a 5 REA Medium action (it can do it twice a turn).

Zoner

Name: Zoner				Street Thug (Gang Member)		
PHY 12	STR 12	BLD 12	CON 12	DP 27	Armor 15/30 Cover 6	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -2R/-1H	(ballistic Battle Plate)	
INT 09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09	To Hit 14-		
Move	9y/s			Minor		
Grapple	6/4			9	27	54

Zoners are the guys who pick a stretch of street or industrial park or the floor of your warren and claim it. Sometimes there's another group that claims that area too and they fight it out—more commonly the Zoners just wind up paying off the bigger gangs and act as “tax collectors” for them. They're vicious, brutal, and often diseased or degenerately mutated. The Zoner Enforcer (below) is the heavy firepower of the group—he (or she) might not be the “leader” but the Zoners exist to back up their enforcer. These are built as L1 characters (+8 Xp). They have 1 Archetype point spent for +5 DP.

Mars-Cor .40 Rotary SMG			Cost	Dam	ROF	Ctrl	Range	Clip
Bullets	LVL 1	Y	60/100c	11	6x/8x/16x [20]/[32]/[64]	-1	-1/13y	2000

The Mars-Cor .40-cal Rotary Barrel SMG is a small hand-held gattling gun. It has three settings from high rate of fire to very high to uncontrollable. It makes a killer *whirrrrh* sound when it starts up and it means business. "Firing it up" is a 5 REA medium action. Switching the ROF selector is a 5 REA Medium action. Comes with a laser sight to give an additional +1 to any aiming action. The box of 2000 rounds can be carried with a shoulder strap or a backpack: it weighs 30lbs.



Zoner Enforcer

Name: Zoner				Battle Mutant		
PHY 13	STR 28	BLD 68	CON 13	DP 86	Armor 17/28 Coverage 5	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -2R/-1H	6/23 Coverage Full	
INT 09	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09	To Hit 14-	(2 Levels increase)	
Move	8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	38/32			29	84	168

This example of a Zoner Enforcer is a Level 2 Combat mutant (2 Experience based Ap spent on armor). He looks like a massive, obese man with three mouths and dark “cockroach” armor plates sprouting from his scabby skin. He's nasty to look at and even nastier to fight with. His fingers end in filthy taloned claws. He has spent 10 AP in Mutant for a total of 32

Ability	Cost	Notes
Large	24	1000 lbs!
Heavy Armored Shell	6	5/12 Coverage 5
Talons	2	48 PEN claw attack (20 with Massive Physique)
Many Mouths to Feed	0	Three mouths sprouting from it's face
Ooze	-4	Oozes stinking slime
Hideous (growths)	-2	Has wicked facial cancers
Massive Physique	12	+2 size classes of damage 48 PEN
	38	

Everyday Monsters: Things in the Middle Ring

Sandwiched between the Inner Wasteland and the Outer Wasteland is the Middle Ring—a place where life and civilization tries to hang on and survive. Often it fails due to natural forces, the presence of toxins, disease and decay, or because of the actions of other men. But the most apparent, ever-present danger, is the fact that mankind (including cyborg and mutant) is no longer at the top of the food chain.

Life is not just a battle against the elements—continued existence is a matter of kill or be killed ... where human kind's intellect is, alone, often not up to the job.

Apophis

Name: Apophis				Massive mutant reptile		
PHY 12	STR 32	BLD 44	CON 12	DP 66	Armor 4/8	
REF 12	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +1R/+2H		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	14y/s, can strike at 9 yards range			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	50/43			22	66	132
Apophis are massive, fertile snake gods over 12 yards in length. They "shed" living, hostile, reptile-like creatures. Apophis spawn children until the land around them is ravaged and they starve for lack of prey. They can spawn dozens of children a day.						
While the apophis is alive the children will serve it, hunting for it and guarding it. Once it is dead, they scatter, and can <i>mutate</i> becoming their own apophis.						
Serpent: Constrict for 26pts of damage each turn if something is grappled in their coils.						
Regeneration: Every 3 seconds an apophis will heal 22 DP until at Serious condition (having taken 66 DP) at which point regeneration stops.						

Apophis, Children of

Name: Children of Apophis				Man-sized mutant reptile (spawn)		
PHY 13	STR 13	BLD 13	CON 13	DP 24	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 11	REA 13	AGI 11	TBH -1		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	11y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	8/6			8	24	48
The Children of Apophis are fast, bird-like reptiles. They sprint, hunt intelligently, and attack relentlessly. They run on two legs and have clawed feet and hands. They are fast, toothy, and make hissing noises before they strike.						
Street Fighting: L3 14-						
Claws and Teeth: 6 PEN slash, 5 PEN bite						

Backhoepottomus

Name: Backhoepottomus				Natural Cyborg		
PHY 14	STR 130	BLD 720	CON 14	DP 750	Armor 22/44	
REF 09	COR 09	REA 11	AGI 09	TBH+4R/+3H		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 10		
Move	6y/s walk, 9y/s sprint			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				250	750	1500
<p>The backhoepottomus could never be mistaken for a natural creature. They are cybernetic organisms—about half organism and half artifact. There is considerable speculation about their original purpose. Excavation, possibly. Construction, maybe. It is unclear.</p> <p>The Backhoepottomus is a huge, fat beast weighing several tons or more. It appears stocky and sluggish, but they can move surprisingly fast when they need to. The backhoepottomus's "face" is a tractor-blade or ram-plate. From the base of its spine comes a powered shovel.</p> <p>Backhoepottomi usually travel in small herds of five to sixteen. They are somewhat aggressive under the best conditions, but once they define a territory as "theirs" they will intimidate and attack anything in it including most vehicles.</p> <p>Backhoepottomi dig and landscape their areas, excavating ruins, building tunnels and pits, and otherwise obliterating whatever was there. There seems to be some method to their activities: they either find or somehow know of buried and underground installations.</p> <p>The lifecycle of the backhoepottomus is a mystery. Their "cybernetics" appear machined but under close inspection, they are found to be organically grown—the backhoepottomus's biology is capable of consuming, melting down, and redistributing metallic compounds into working cybernetic parts. A considerable part of their time is spent finding and consuming sources of metal (either natural or from "victims.")</p> <p>Charge (Ram Plate): Backhoepottomi tend to charge their victims. Their heads are reinforced metal shields. They can do a lot of damage. A ram will do 400 pts of damage if moving at a sprint and hitting with the blade (if the target is trapped against a wall or heavier than the animal it will do 1200pts). The animal will suffer ¾ of the damage dished out if it hits a wall capable of withstanding it (most walls won't—but a super-reinforced vault or armored vehicle would). The Tractor Blade does act as 100pts of armor, however.</p> <p>Hoe (Tail Lash): The "back hoe" is usually used for digging, but in a pinch, it can be used to smite annoyances. A smack will do 40 Impact damage.</p> <p>Crush: A trample attack will do 150pts of damage</p>						

Battle Turkeys

Name: Battle Turkeys				Mutant animal		
PHY 08	STR 09	BLD 08	CON 10	DP 8	Armor 8/16	
REF 10	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -2R/-1H		
INT 08	RES 08	MEM 08	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	3/2			3	8	16
<p>Battle turkeys are large, mean bird-like creatures. They look like fat turkeys, with metallic feathers and beaks. Unlike natural birds, they are solid and muscular. Battle turkeys are very aggressive; they are natural fighters. They can be trained and, after a fashion, domesticated. They are relentless carnivores and appear to enjoy attacking and feasting on their prey. Battle Turkeys are favorite "pets" of warlords and raiding parties. They do not, and cannot be trained to take prisoners. Once the turkeys are unleashed, they will attack until their enemies are vanquished or they are destroyed. They shed "feathers" which can be used to make light weight, effective plate armor.</p> <p>Bite: 5 PEN, Razor Sharp Feathers: Grappling with, hitting, or being side-swiped by a battle-turkey does an immediate 2p PEN attack from cutting feathers.</p>						

C-Rex

Name: C-Rex				Cyborg Dinosaur		
PHY	STR 109	BLD 500	CON 14-	DP 1000	Armor: 30/60 Cover 4	
REF	COR 13	REA 14	AGI 13	TBH +4R/+4H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 12	WIL 16	To Hit 13-		
Move	15y/s (sprint 30y/s)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	120/100			333	1000	2000
<p>The C-Rex is a lot of people's worst nightmare: a cybernetic Tyrannosaurus Rex—several tons of Jurassic Predator upgraded with cybernetic machine guns, rocket launchers and metallic armor plate. While they can exist anywhere, they are often found picking over material in the ruins (they vastly prefer biological food but seem to be able to metabolize concrete). Stats here are for a full grown adult. Older Rex's have bigger guns. Younger ones have weapons equivalent to the SAW or even M-16s (babies).</p>						
Bite: 96 PEN						
Tail Lash: 8 yard range 48 IMP						
Rocket Pod (shoulder mount):						
Rocket Pod		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Bullet		30 X	6x	--	-1/200y	6
<p>The Rocket Pod fires all six rockets at once and they can be fired at up to 3 different targets. Each rocket has a 2 yard RAD. If it misses by 1, it hits for ½ damage. The minimum Damage Mod of +4.</p>						
Twin Machine Guns (either side of mouth):						
.50-Cal Machine Gun		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Bullet		115 PEN	3x [8]	-1	-1/200y	2400
<p>The .50-caliber machine gun does 115 damage. The more common .30 Cal does a mere 30 PEN. The C-Rex eats metal to regenerate ammunition.</p>						

Chinese Kitten

Name: Chinese Kitten				Mutant animal		
PHY 13	STR 42	BLD 150	CON 13	DP 150	Armor 30/60	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +3	Bite: 24 PEN	
INT	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 12	To Hit 12	Claw: 20 PEN	
Move	11 y/s, 20 yard leap			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	74/62			50	150	300
<p>No one is quite sure how these bizarre creatures are named or where they originated. They grow in the desert in giant eggs that are photosynthetic and hatch into 1-ton white, incredibly fluffy kitten-like animals.</p>						
<p>Chinese kittens are all female—that is, they are capable of laying more eggs and reproducing asexually. Once hatched, the kittens are carnivores that supplement their diet with photosynthetic sustenance.</p>						
<p>In terms of personality, Chinese Kittens are very much like natural kittens—playful, sometimes sadistic, and often lazy.</p>						
<p>Chinese Kittens are highly sought-after as curiosities and pets by those with the resources and bravery to keep them.</p>						

Colossal Land Squid

Name: Colossal Land Squid				Semi-Domestic Mutant Animal		
PHY	STR 24	BLD 20	CON 12	DP 24	Carapace 5/14 coverage 4	
REF	COR 14	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -1		
INT	RES 08	MEM 13	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	32/27			8	24	48
<p>The Colossal Land Squid is a 300 lb cephalopod that lives on land. Rust-red in color, with several tentacles (each lined with a small bone spur that can rotate 360-degrees for gripping) they are fearsome in combat. They are also very smart. They can be domesticated and kept as "hunting dogs" by some of the gentry. In the wild they are dangerous predators.</p>						
<p>Tentacles: Long reach (grapple improved as above). A squid can hold up to 3 human sized targets simultaneously.</p>						
<p>Beak and Claws: The Beak bites for 16 PEN (it must first have a Grapple and a Standard success or better). Each turn a held creature can be clawed for 7 PEN damage.</p>						

Culture Vultures

Name: Culture Vultures				Mutant birds		
PHY 08	STR 09	BLD 01	CON 10	DP 3		
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -3R/-2H		
INT 11	RES 11	MEM 13	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move	Flight at 15y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	2/0			1	3	6
<p>Culture Vultures are ugly, evil-looking scavengers. They prowl the skies, looking for carrion (or nearly-carrion) to feast on. They are intelligent and can communicate in human tongues. They are not evil, or even especially sadistic, but they inevitably see others misfortune as their gain. They travel in groups as many as 3, but they are loners by nature and tend to quarrel and fight.</p>						
<p>Culture Vultures have a set of beliefs about their place in life. They see themselves as the stewards of the final descent and disappearance of humankind (they are the "cleanup crew"). They see each individual death as part of the larger whole—the slow extinction of the species. They believe that they (their descendents) will inherit the earth and be the next dominant race.</p>						
<p>To this end, the Vultures collect artifacts of human kind. They want, especially, things that show what kind of species humanity "was"—they are interested in books, recordings, clothes, jewelry. They do not care about the <i>value</i> of their collections, but many of the things they desire have value.</p>						
<p>As such, Vultures are often willing and able to trade. They keep their collections (museums, they call them) in high remote places. They take special care not to be seen coming and going.</p>						
<p>Cybernetics: Culture Vultures are often (20%) cybernetic. Their systems work easily with wet-mods intended for humans. They often have 40 points spent on cybernetic upgrades including communications and sensory gear and weapons systems.</p>						

Desolation Worm

Name: Desolation Worm				Mutant Insect		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 09	CON 11	DP 09	Armor 2/4	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1H/-2R	Bite: 4 PEN	
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	12 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/4			3	09	18
<p>A desolation worm is a massive millipede—an insectoid worm almost 3 meters in length. Desolation worms are aggressive; they have to be. Their life-cycle requires death. Desolation worms lay their eggs in freshly dead bodies. They are fertile once per year, and can lay up to 1000 eggs. The eggs take a month to gestate and the worms are fully-grown and ravenous when they hatch.</p>						
<p>It is not unusual for a graveyard to erupt with hundreds worms at the worst possible time. Mass graves and battlefields are especially dangerous.</p>						
<p>Alive, desolation worms are <i>vampyric</i>. They drain blood through their jaws. Desolation worms hunt the living silently, but relentlessly</p>						
Serpent: +4/+4 Grapple						
Vampire: 8 PEN attack after a successful grapple for 5 REA. Ignores armor; hits automatically.						
Silent: L3 Stealth 14-						

Freqs

Name: Freqs				Human-Cyborg Barbarians		
PHY 08	STR 12	BLD 09	CON 11	DP 15	Armor varies	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -0R/-1H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 13		
Move	8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	6/4			5	15	30
<p>No one knows where Freqs come from originally. Somewhere up in the Outer Wasteland's Northeast desert to be sure—but after that, it's unknown. They come down a stretch of desert known as the Freq-Corridor. They appear as humans—usually bald—with yellowish skin. Their teeth are filed to tips and their skulls have been opened and black, blocky radio gear has been implanted and <i>somehow</i> fused with the nerves and flesh.</p>						
<p>They don't talk. They always smile (a predatory, insane, idiot smile). They drive dune-buggys and fire weapons and wield knives. Freqs are raiders, coming to villages, slaughtering the inhabitants, and taking what they can. They attack convoys, individuals, and installations. They don't fear death, but they can be crafty.</p>						
<p>Their name comes from the fact that one can pick up their "signals" on the radio (on certain frequencies). They don't "talk" on these channels but the sounds (disturbing sounds) they make are used to communicate—even to think in some group mass-mind fashion.</p>						
Weakness—Jamming signals: Compounds out in Freq territory have Jammers. So long as you can broadcast noise at a certain frequency the Freqs won't come close (if they're forced to, they take -4 to all rolls in the presence of jamming not related to escape).						
Feel No Pain: Freqs are not stunned but can be Dazed or knocked unconscious.						

Giant Scorpion

Name: Giant Scorpion				Mutant Animal		
PHY 08	STR 02	BLD 02	CON 10	DP 4	Armor 2/4	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -3R/-2H		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	4/0			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	8/6			2	4	8
<p>Giant scorpions range from about 2' in length to over 4' (tip to tail). They appear to be arachnids, related to smaller, regular scorpions (which are also somewhat common in the desert), but they are wholly different animals.</p> <p>There are many varieties of Giant Scorpion, often varying in size, coloration, and behavior.</p> <p>Some species are nomadic, wandering and hunting, Others form lairs. In either case, they tend to be relentlessly violent, rarely retreating from combat.</p> <p>Giant scorpions travel (or lair) in groups of 1-4. It is not uncommon to find them alone (but areas that support them often support more than one. There are, however, some species that travel in <i>huge</i> packs of more than 100. With these, carpets of giant scorpions crawl through the desert like army ants leaving nothing in their trail.</p> <p>Some species hatch from eggs and spawn asexually. Others have <i>queens</i> that tend to be hidden in underground lairs—bloated, helpless things the nest will do anything to defend</p> <p>Poisonous Sting: Giant scorpions have toxic tails. The toxin is usually CON (for most species) or CON+2 for especially poisonous ones. The tail, itself, hits for 4 points PEN, and can inflict the poison if it penetrates. The toxin is strongly resisted by CON and BLD.</p> <p>There are species of scorpions whose toxin is much more potent (a kind of nerve gas), with power equal to 18, not strongly resisted. These area very rare and valuable – both in death and even more so, alive.</p> <p>Grappling Pincers: Giant scorpions have pincers they use to grab and hold their prey. The pincers add +4 to their offensive grapple and do 4pts PEN with a squeeze.</p>						

Hammerhead Cattle

Name: Hammerhead Cattle				Mutant Animal		
PHY	STR 29	BLD 100	CON 13	DP 100	Armor 4/14	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 11	TBH +2R/+1H		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	9y/s run, 11y/s sprint			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	55/47			33	100	200
<p>Hammerhead Cattle are a bit ridiculous to look at—a white cow (black spots) whose skin is rough armor like a shark's (it makes a fine armored leather, though, if you know how to work it) and a head that terminates in a distinctive hammer-like-full-of-multi-rows-of-teeth maw. They're good eating and not <i>too</i> dangerous if handled properly. They produce drinkable milk.</p> <p>Jaws: Bite for 24 PEN damage</p>						

Imkhullu

Name: Imkhullu				Monster		
PHY 13	STR 37	BLD 100	STC 14	DP 280	Armor 12	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +2/+2	Punch: 35 IMP	
INT 14	RES --	MEM --	WIL 14	To Hit 12	Scythe Blade: 48 PEN	
Move	23y/sec stride			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56/47			-1/20		

The Imkhullu (literally, "evil wind") are strange and terrifying creatures. They look, from a distance, like walking dead trees. Vaguely humanoid, they tower 14'-20' tall. Their emaciated bodies appear sculpted from bleached wood. The Imkhullu have three arms with scythe-like blades that they use to "reap" their prey. Their narrow bodies are topped by horn-like heads; they cannot speak, but they cry out mournfully.

Very little is known about the Imkhullu. They come only in storms, attacking from total darkness. They often only slaughter, but sometimes steal people away. Their voices are distinctive and sad and can be heard over the wind.

Land Crabs

Name: Land Crabs				Mutant Animal		
PHY	STR 11	BLD 11	CON 11	DP 18	Armor 4/8	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	10y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	9/7			6	18	32

Like the scorpions, the land crabs have the appearance of a normal animal grown to giant size but the details of their lifecycle belie this. Land crabs are large (4 to 6 feet across), but lighter than their size would indicate. They usually live in rocky areas, hiding in shallow ditches or caves. They live in family groups of 6 – 20.

Land Crabs need mammals to reproduce. They have horrific spider-like characteristics; their bite paralyzes, they have spinnerets on their bellies to imprison their incapacitated prey, and they lay eggs.

Unlike scorpions the land crabs have a sinister animal intelligence. They can stalk their prey, raid human settlements, and lay ingenious ambushes for pursuers.

Paralyzing Bite: The bite of a land crab causes paralysis. Crabs must be in close combat and have their prey *grappled* before they can bite. The venom is PWR 13 and is strongly resisted by CON and BLD.

Gripping Pincers: The crab's pincers add 4 to their grapple and can do 4pts PEN damage, but they only rend victims they don't want to take for breeding purposes.

Spinnerets: Land crabs can only use their spinnerets on victims that are *pinned* or paralyzed (or otherwise unconscious).

Lost Stones

Name: Lost Stones				Strange		
PHY 11	STR 13	BLD 21	STC 14	DP 56	Armor 4	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +1R/+0H	Bite: 5 PEN	
INT ??	RES ??	MEM ??	WIL ??	To Hit 12	-1 STC / 4 Damage	
Move	4y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	10/8			--	--	--

Lost stones are found in dry, dark places. They appear as clusters of rocks, sometimes found in odd or ominous patterns (arrows. Rings). They can move, forming leg-like appendages and moving like clumsy, crippled toads. They are head-less and blind, but, but they have mouths and can call out with human voices.

Lost Stones cry in the darkness, pleading for help. For rescue. For company. Sometimes, they simply wail—a bone-chilling sound of utter disconsolation. Should anyone answer their cry, the stones will fall upon them using cover of darkness to hide their murderous intent.

The stones do not appear to be intelligent. In fact, they barely appear alive. Their nature and the source of their understanding of human nature (how they know what to say to draw people to them) is unclear.

Mutation Snakes

Name: Mutant rattle snakes				Mutant Animal		
PHY 08	STR 02	BLD 01	CON 10	DP 4	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 12	TBH -4R/-2H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 13		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/4			4	12	24

These are *big* rattle snakes. Big. Dangerous. Aggressive. Like most mutant animals, they are biologically more a *parody* of rattlesnakes rather than a relative, but in terms of behavior they are quite similar. Mutant rattlesnakes are stealthy (cold blooded—invisible to infrared) and silent—unless they want to be. Rattles from mutant rattlesnakes are nicely prized and are sold in way stations and truck stops. Their hides make nice boots and belts.

Serpent: +4/+4 Grapple ; -1 R; Natural Stealth 14-

Keen Senses: Smell perception 14- (tongue)

Plague Zombies (from Vector Wolves)

Name: Plague Zombies				Product of Vector Wolves		
PHY	STR 12	BLD 11	STC 14	DP 42	Bite 2pts	
REF	COR 09	REA 09	AGI 09	TBH +0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	5y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	6/4			-1/3pts		

Creatures bitten by vector wolves or other plague zombies will become plague zombies. These creatures are actually collective organisms consisting of a very potent and destructive virus and several complex forms of bacteria. Together, the virus/bacteria combination is called Chrysalide C12.

Chrysalide C12 attacks and the central nervous system of higher order organisms (mammals and reptiles are vulnerable). It also produces colonies of bacteria that produce the viscous mucous that oozes from Plague Zombie's openings and flows through their blood stream. The mucous acts as an *external circulatory system* and even as a *redundant nervous system* which allows the zombies to continue to physically function even after experiencing extreme trauma (in effect, the host organism is no longer alive, but its individual cells are).

The infection matures quickly in a dead organism, taking anywhere from 45 minutes to 4 hours to reach a point where the host is effectively re-animated. At this point, the collective is operating the body, transmitting signals through "neurological pathways" suspended in the organic fluid.

This is not to imply that plague zombies have any intelligence. Collectively, they are capable of sensing and attacking biological material. In the absence of host material, they will wander aimlessly or go dormant waiting for the unwary to wander by.

Roc

Name: Roc				Mutant Animal		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 07	CON 10	DP 12	Beak Attack: 8 PEN	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -0/0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	Fly at 23 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	3/1			4	12	24

Roc are *big* birds. Their wingspan is over 12' fully extended. They can glide for miles and then dive with alarming speed. Roc are carrion eaters, but they're also hunters and not above attacking a particularly tasty looking would-be meal.

They live in high trees in remote places and hunt at twilight and night. They usually drop onto their prey, attacking from surprise and then making all-out attacks to bring them down.

Due to their size and weight, getting airborne again is tiring and difficult, requiring three sequential long actions.

Sand Dragons

Name: Sand dragons				Mutant		
PHY 12	STR 32	BLD 50	CON 12	DP 66	Armor 8/16	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +1		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	11 y/s above ground, 3y/s below			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	18/12			22	66	132

These are great crocodilian beasts. Small ones are 10' in length and are dangerous to men. Large ones are more than 30' in length and can crush vehicles in their jaws. There are tales of some even larger. They do not grow old or die of natural causes; they get bigger. With enough food a sand dragon can live for centuries. Some have.

They are consummate predators, but they are also masters of stealth and disguise. Sand dragons usually rest under a thin layer of sand, appearing (if they appear at all) as a narrow outcropping of rock. When they strike, they do so with blinding speed.

Their rock-like bodies allow them to move easily through less dense sand. They cannot tunnel deep into the ground, and cannot tunnel through rock, but they can slide under the sand, disappearing, and pulling their victim down with them.

Sand dragons *hibernate* when they run low on food. They can sleep under the sand for decades, waiting to feel or smell the approach of prey.

Powerful Jaws: Grapple is 18/12

Tail Bash: 12 Impact. Sand dragons will usually only tail bash once they are *worrying* their primary opponent.

Sand Rat

Name: Sand Rat				Level		
PHY 10	STR 12	BLD 09	CON 11	DP 09	Talon Slash: 7 PEN	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1H/-2R	Bite: 5 PEN Bite	
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	6/4			3	09	18
Sand rats are huge, hairless, mutant rats. They cannot stand direct sunlight (their pink bodies burn), so they hunt only at night or underground. They often hunt in packs and often carry unpleasant diseases.						
Sand rats are highly <i>mutable</i> , often having many different mutations. These are the most common:						
Extra Heads: A Sand Rat can have as many as four extra heads (total of 5). As a 8 REA medium action, they can try to bite any character in range.						
Jaws: Sand rats have massive, over-sized jaws built for rending and tearing flesh.						
Talons: Some sand rats have an over-sized, muscled arm ending in a massive "fist" of muscle and bone.						

Sand Trolls

Name: Sand Trolls				Level		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	CON 11	DP 12		
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				4	12	24
Sand trolls are ridiculous, hideous little creatures that look like they crawled out of a Bosch painting. They are pale, fat, hairless, egg-shaped beings that walk upright on skinny "frog legs" and have useless, pathetic, vestigial arms that flap haplessly at their sides suggesting a constant state of hysteria and panic. Atop their otherwise featureless bodies is a suggestive opening lined with row after row of small, sharp teeth.						
Trolls move slowly and stealthily until they smell living flesh. Then, when they are close, they shriek and charge. They run crazily, charging the source of the smell and flinging themselves mouth-first at whoever happens to be in range. They can distinguish between living and dead flesh and attack the living first.						
Once they bite, they hang on, <i>worrying</i> their prey to death. It is not uncommon for several Trolls to attack one target while others are ignored. As cunning as they are in their approach, they are direct and brutal in their attack.						
Bite: 4 PEN						

Serket (huge scorpion)

Name: Serket (huge scorpion)				Massive mutant animal		
PHY 13	STR 37	BLD 88	CON 13	DP 100	Armor 15/30	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +2		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56 (67 w/ Pincer) /47			33	100	200
<p>The Serket is a monster the size of a 4-door coup. They appear as great, impossible beast from nightmares, as they skitter across the landscape, moving amazingly fast for beasts of their size. Very little is known about the Serket lifecycle. They appear to hatch from eggs buried in the sand. The eggs are thought to grow from spores, or perhaps from some innocuous plant. The source of the eggs is currently undiscovered.</p> <p>Serket, upon hatching, have enough stored food energy to last several days (a fortnight). They will wander, immediately, seeking enemies to do battle with. Serket do not eat—when their energy is expended, they die. They can, however, hibernate. A Serket hibernating can sleep for decades, but it only has hundreds of hours of lifetime available.</p> <p>Serket sometimes hatch in groups, making "Serket Season" (late Autumn in some places, Summer in others) a very dangerous time to be in areas they haunt.</p> <p>Poisonous Sting: Like their smaller cousins, Serket have a toxic sting. The poison is CON, strongly resisted by BLD and CON. The stinger itself, though, hits for 18 PEN.</p> <p>Grappling Pincers: Serket have pincers that they can use to rend their prey or open vehicles like aluminum cans. They inflict 18 in PEN damage with a 5 REA action each turn they have a grip on something (original to-hit modifier applies).</p>						

Stalking Adad

Name: Stalking Adad				Mutant giant beetle		
PHY 11	STR 21	BLD 23	CON 11	DP 30	Armor 4/8	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +1R/+0H	Maul: 28 IMP	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12	Axe: 21 PEN	
Move	11y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	20/14			10	30	60
<p>The stalking adad is a massive (larger than human) carnivorous beetle. They grow from small larvae into medium (dog-sized) predators that travel in small swarms. Adult Adads (the statistics given here) are powerful, terrible beasts. They can crawl, but stand upright (resting on powerful hind legs) to attack.</p> <p>The Adads eat flesh but have rarified tastes. They drink blood and bile and prefer to consume components of the digestive system (the stomach, the intestines) and the circulatory system (kidneys). Their victims usually die from massive blood and shock.</p> <p>Adads have specialized limbs for catching and feeding. They usually have two or more "gripper" claws as well as bludgeons and blades for "surgery" and self-defense. Finally, they have delicate, terrible "feeding tubes" that make the small incisions and take up the succulent meats they crave.</p> <p>Maul: Stalking Adads have specialized limbs that can be used as weapons. Mauls and Axes are used to disable victims or dissuade attackers. Heavy "clubs" hit for 28 IMP while Axes slash for 21 PEN. These limbs can be fashioned into impressive (usually dress) arms by a skilled taxidermist.</p> <p>Catch Claws: Their long, grasping claws catch for +6 grapple and can slash for 11 PEN.</p>						

Tangle weed

Name: Tangle weed				Mutation		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 1	CON 11	DP 6		
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -4R/-2H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	8y/s (5y/s when "tumbling")			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	6/6			2	6	12
Tangle weed grows throughout the wasteland. It's roots lay just under the surface, fanning out from its <i>hive</i> . Tangle weed is described as a carnivorous plant, but it's really a symbiotic creature: a commune of animals and plants that work together to take in their prey.						
The roots act as tentacles. Individually they are weak but they count on numbers and surprise to overcome their opponents.						
An opponent who is sufficiently grappled (they prefer <i>pinned</i>) is brought to the weed's center, where its <i>maw</i> opens.						
The stats given are for the root/tentacles.						
Serpent: The tentacles attack like small snakes. Their objective is grapple, but they are equipped with jaws that can bite and rend for 3 PEN if necessary. A medium sized Tangle weed will have 10 tentacles. Small ones have as few as 4 and large ones can have more than 20.						
Maw: The Maw is the heart and brain of the tangle weed. It usually hides under the sand and will not emerge if it feels it would be threatened. It appears as a cluster of fleshy mouths on a flexible neck or stalk. The mouths bite for 3 PEN and up to 6 of them can attack a pinned target at once. The Maw is called a Hive because (harmless) termite-like creatures that help it digest its food and build its protective earth embankment tend it.						

Triceraborg

Name: Triceraborg				Mutant Cybernetic Dinosaur		
PHY 08	STR 110	BLD 500	CON 13	DP 500	Armor 12/36	Hide
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 12	TBH +5	Plate 50 / 100	Cover 4
INT	RES 08	MEM 12	WIL 12	To Hit 13		
Move	11y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	250/200			4	12	24
Triceraborg were dreamed up by the "Hannibal" of the Age of War warlord Artrhous Connard. They appeared as Triceratops dinosaurs, outfitted with metal plate and suitably tempered to be ridden to battle. In the intervening years they have become substantially less domestic and can be dangerous when encountered in a herd. But some brave souls have managed to find them young and raise them as riding beasts—the ultimate warhorse.						
Ram: At full speed the Triceraborg rams for 183pts of damage. Its head plate will absorb double its normal effect (100pts worth).						

Vaktung Bears

History relates the story of Aurelious Vaktung, the second in the dynastic line of the Vaktung Warlords who consolidated their rule over the Northern Wastes early in the Age of War. It is told how Aurelious The Cruel and Ruthless (as he was known) was out hunting one day when he came across a bear cub in the Scrawny Forest. It is told how he tracked the fleeing, terrified animal until it sought refuge in one of the Leafless-Trees of the Scrawny Forest, and how he came before it.

"Valet," He said to his manservant, "My rifle." Whereupon, it is told he was given his .50 cal snipers weapon with gyroscopic targeting action and heliographic scope.

"Valet," He said, "My ammunition," Whereupon, it is told, he was given a .50 cal mercury/arsenic round with stabilizing fins and a microdot explosive warhead.

Whereupon it is told how he took careful aim on the cowering, quivering bearling and stared through his heliographic scope into its loud, innocent eyes.

History records that his valet and his body guard and his personal assistant, and his chained concubine and his private security entourage and the media crew covering his expedition all expected to hear the deafening thunder-clap of the rifle, but were surprised to hear nothing at all.

He however, did hear something.

History (and his *personal record*) records that he heard a great tearing sound, like a denim jacket being pulled apart at the seams and turned around to see that his valet and his bodyguard and his personal assistant and his chained concubine and his private security entourage and the media crew covering his expedition had all been torn into itsy, bitsy little pieces.

Hence the explanation for both their surprise and their "not hearing anything."

"My tragedy," the mother bear explained, "is that my significant intelligence and my natural abilities did not breed true. I, myself, am quiet eloquent and formidable. My children are rather natural bears. I trust that you, oh mighty warlord, with your great authority and capabilities, can aid me in my plight."

History records that he would have nodded, 'yes,' except that his head was immobilized in her second set of jaws. History records a great deal of profanity followed by the Mother Bear's non-fatal dismembering of Aurelious Vaktung The Cruel and Ruthless. "Just to make sure you don't go pulling any triggers or, heaven forbid, running away," She explained.

Her wish was granted by Aurelious the Mute and Quadriplegic and at his command her children were given genetic therapy to bring about their mother's traits in themselves. Aurelious and the Mother Bear did not part ways then—history records the end of the Vaktung Dynasty and the beginning of 100 years of rule of the Ursine Empire in the Great Northern Wastes.

The Bears may still be there—little is known about the far north—but they have traveled south and have taken up residence in the wastes of the Middle ring. Vaktung Bears are smart and can speak but they are not civilized in the ordinary sense: their motivations seem to be physical dominance over their surroundings; they have no interests in building relationships, owning land, or consolidating power.

They are physically formidable: smaller than their mother (these are several generations removed from the original bear) they appear as medium-sized bears with great, grinning smiles of serrated, shark-like teeth. Their claws are metallic in nature and their hide is impenetrable to most light

arms. Those who encounter them frequently do not live to relate the encounter, but caught under the right circumstance they can be quite charming.

Name: Vaktung Bear Cub				Mutant Animal		
PHY 13	STR 42	BLD 35	CON 13	DP 35	Armor 18/32	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +1R/+0H	Jaws 12 PEN	
INT	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 12	To Hit 12	Claws 6 PEN	
Move	6y/s (run), 8y/s sprint			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	46/39			12	35	70
They are physically formidable: smaller than their mother (these are several generations removed from the original bear) they appear as medium-sized bears with great, grinning smiles of serrated, shark-like teeth. Their claws are metallic in nature and their hide is impenetrable to most light arms. Those who encounter them frequently do not live to relate the encounter, but caught under the right circumstance they can be quite charming.						
Jaws: 12 PEN bite						
Claws: 6 PEN bite						
Good Hearing: Vaktung Bears have large triangular ears that stick out from their heads. They get +4 to all hearing perception rolls						

Name: Vaktung Bear (mother)				Mutant Animal		
PHY 13	STR 42	BLD 110	CON 11	DP 110	Armor 32/62	
REF	COR 11	REA 18	AGI 11	TBH +3R/+3H	Jaws 32 PEN	
INT	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 13	To Hit 16	Claws 20 PEN	
Move	12y/s (sprint)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	65/54			36	110	220
This is what a mother bear might be like. Typically Vaktung Bears found in the Inner Wastelands are much smaller, cub-like creatures, even if they are fully mature.						
Jaws: 32 PEN bite						
Claws: 20 PEN bite						
Good Hearing: Vaktung Bears have large triangular ears that stick out from their heads. They get +4 to all hearing perception rolls						

Vastum Lumbrica

Name: Vastum Lumbrica				Mutant Animal		
PHY 12	STR 16	BLD 25	CON 12	DP 45	Armor 9/18	
REF 12	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH +1		
INT 09	RES 09	MEM 11	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	3y/s under the sand. 10 y/s above it			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	17/15			15	45	90
The Vastum Lumbrica are also called sand-rays. They are worms that travel under the earth, hunting those that live above it. They travel in packs of 2-6, and hunt using smell and vibrations.						
Vastum Lubmrica usually slide under the dirt until they reach their prey and then <i>strike</i> . They can move effortlessly through as much as 2' of loosely packed soil (they cannot tunnel through rock or permafrost or even heavy clay). This soil gives them an extra 80 dp making them all but immune to firearms when submerged.						
Serpent: +4 Grapple Scores.						
Tentacles: +4 Grapple						

Vector Wolves

Name: Vector Wolves				Mutant Animal		
PHY 09	STR 08	BLD 5	CON 10	DP 5		
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -2R/-1H		
INT 10	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	0/0			2	5	10

Vector wolves look like emaciated, skinless greyhounds. Their flesh is a translucent, viscous fluid that roles slowly off of them as they hunt. They are actually collective animals—carriers of a vicious virus that teems in their gelatinous outer coating.

They make soft coughing or "laughing" noises. They are pack animals, but they tend to spread out over an area, seeking their prey alone.

The Wolves have teeth suitable for tearing flesh but they also have a proboscis that can inject their saliva. Their vital fluids are laced with a terrible virus.

Wolves hunt for food and to create *plague zombies*.

Chrysalide C12 is the name of a terror biological weapon that was designed using Have technology during the age of war. It causes an infection that attacks rapidly shuts down the higher brain functions. What's left is, essentially a rabid animal—a being devoid of intelligence or personality that lives only to hunt and feed. Plague zombies are immune to fear and pain.

Characters bitten by plague wolves will suffer a PWR 15 plague attack (vs. CON). The roll is made CON x 10 minutes after being bitten.

Result	Effect
Minor	Sick: CON drops by 1 and roll again in 3 hours. A roll of No Effect will mean the character recovers. Character is at -5 to all actions (bedridden) while infected.
Standard	Very Sick: CON drops by 2 and roll again in 5 hours (as above).
Major	Extremely Sick: Character is in a comma. CON drops by 4. Roll again every 8 hours (as above).
Critical	Probably Terminal: CON drops by 9. Use rules as above. Roll again in 10 hrs
Catastrophic	Dead: Plague Zombie rises. Eventually a new Vector Wolf will be born.

Plague Zombies will usually attempt to grapple and bite. Their bite is no more damaging than a regular bite by the character but will spread Chrysalide with the same potency as the bite of a vector wolf.

Vector wolves look and in some ways act like regular animals, but they are really simply mobile viral factories. They hunt, not for "food" (they do not eat in any normal sense) but to find biological material which they can infect and reproduce in.

Vector wolves reproduce asexually. As the Chrysalide C12 infection reaches its height in a plague zombie, and the zombie's physical structure is beginning to desolve (cells are filled with viral copies until the cell wall bursts), the core of the host's body will form a new vector wolf which will emerge from the withering, melting form and continue the hunt.

Vector wolves are capable of lying dormant for years or even centuries until they detect a food source in the area.

War Dogs

Name: War Dogs				Mutant Cyborg Domestic Animal		
PHY 10	STR 12	BLD 10	CON 12	DP 24	Bio Armor 8/6	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0	Jaws: 6 PEN	
INT 07	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/2			8	24	48
War Dogs were created during the Age of War. They are huge, ferocious animals with short hair, dull, red eyes, and massive teeth. They are naturally cybernetic.						
War Dogs are smart and ruthless. They are sometimes used for security in the Yard, but just as often roam the wasteland looking for food and adventure.						
War Dogs do not communicate with humans but they understand human speech and motives.						
Bloodhound: War Dogs have an extraordinary sense of smell and can track people and vehicles using it, as well as detect and identify weapons, explosives, and other distinctive chemical compounds.						
Infrared Vision: War Dogs can see in the heat spectrum, allowing them to track						
Radio Contact: War dogs can communicate with other war dogs in their pack, coordinating hunting and ambush moves						
9mm Mini Gun: War Dogs are born and develop a variety of weapons. The 9mm minigun is a common one. They generate ammunition naturally over time.						
9mm Mini0Gun		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Bullet		6 IMP	4x[16]	.25	-1/15y	64
The mini-gun extends from the shoulder blade and aims forward over the War-Dog's head.						

War Pigs

Name: War Pigs				Mutant battle beast		
PHY 10	STR 600	BLD 533	CON 14	DP 600	Armor None	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +6		
INT 07	RES 08	MEM 12	WIL 12	To Hit 12 (+3)	Large Weapon bonus	
Move	15y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				300	600	1200
War Pigs are 4-ton "hot pink" battle pigs who naturally grow Evolved Chromium metal tusks. They were created by Alistair "Hannibal" Cerverus, a warlord late in the Age. Today they breed and have spread across the Middle Ring. They <i>can</i> be farmed—they are a fantastic source of food. The meat is nutritious, tasty (succulent, even), and it comes with natural bio-engineered preservatives.						
War Pigs are smart—they can have nasty tempers—but they can be trained to fight. In the late Age, War Pigs strode across the battlefield carrying gunnery pavilions on their backs. It is said they terrified their enemies so badly that even heavy armor fled from them.						
Trample: 150 Damage						
Gore: 76 PEN (double normal due to metal horns)						

Wyrms

Name: Wyrms				Mutant Animal		
PHY 14	STR 185	BLD 580	CON 14	DP 900	Armor 40/80	
REF	COR 09	REA 09	AGI 09	TBH +4		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	15 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	300/240			300	12	24
<p>A wyrm is an iguana the size of a brontosaurus. They weigh tons and are more than 20' long, not counting the tail. They are usually brown or gray and look from a distance like rock ridges rising out of the sand.</p>						
<p>Wyrms are lazy by nature; carrion eaters. They have keen senses and can travel to find kills for miles. They move with a slow, lumbering gait that reflects their essentially placid personalities.</p>						
<p>Where they live close to humankind, they have been domesticated to an extent and used as powerful beast of burden or even war.</p>						
<p>Wyrms live for centuries, taking almost 40 years to fully mature.</p>						

Wandering Robots of the Middle Ring

The Age of War gave birth to war-machines. The Age of Wonders, stranger things. Many of these still survive in the Inner Ring. Some wander out of ruins. Some enter the ring from the vast, desolate Outer Wastelands. Some are manufactured underground ... not so far away. Here are some of the robots you might encounter in the Middle Ring.

.30 Caliber Cricket

Name: .30 Caliber Cricket				Robot	
PHY	STR 11	BLD 4	STC 14	DP 70	Armor 8
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1	
INT 11	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12	
Move	9y/s			Minor	
Grapple	4/2			-1:5pts	

The .30 Caliber Cricket was a staple leftover from the Age of War. They are basic combat machines—simple, inelegant, and effective. Take a machine gun and mount it on a walking platform: a set of articulated, stamped metal legs. Now it can move. Attach sensors—large, bulbs that collect heat, light, and sound. Now it can see. Wrap the whole thing in sheet metal armor, and rivet it together. Paint it a dull, military olive green.

The machine looks a little like a cricket. It moves a little like a spider. The .30 Cal-Crick comes in dozens of models. Some use a lighter round (5.56). Some run on small, light, diesel engines instead of batteries. They are all the robotic foot soldiers of the warlords lucky enough to not have to field men.

The Crickets are *not* intelligent. They can be controlled remotely (the control suite allows the operator to "see" whatever the Cricket sees—useful for collecting intelligence), but usually they follow simple instructions: patrol this area; challenge whoever enters. Move three kilometers in this location. Kill whomever you encounter there. They can be programmed to recognize friendlies, to ignore people without obvious weapons, and so-forth. The more complex the orders, the less reliable the program.

Crickets are usually packed in *drums*. A drum can hold a squad—three machines.

.30 caliber machine gun; 500 rounds

Infrared sensors: Crickets can key on body-heat. Some have telescopic mounts, light amplification (night vision, not dependent on heat sources) and even audio sensors (microphones).

.22 Caliber Grasshopper

Name: .22 Caliber Grasshopper				Robot		
PHY	STR 01	BLD 1	STC 14	DP 7	Armor 1	
REF	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -4		
INT 11	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	1 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	none			-2:1		

The .30 Caliber Cricket is scary. The .22 Caliber Grasshopper is, many say, scarier. It's the size of a normal grasshopper (it's a robot—but it does resemble a small insect). In its body—occupying almost the whole length, is a single assault rifle shell—one bullet—that is fired inaccurately when the cricket attacks. But ... a *lot* of them attack—and they can creep and crawl and climb walls. And once the bullet is fired it grows back (somehow—or are there reloading points somewhere?). Often just one will be encountered, striking like a sniper. Some areas are swarming with them, however.

.22 Caliber 1 Shot Round: The round has a range of -1/3 yards (no barrel) and hits for 17 damage.

Cycltaurs

Name: Cycletaur				Natural Cyborg		
PHY 13	STR 18	BLD 300	CON 13	DP 150	Armor 11/22 Coverage 4	
REF	COR 12	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +2		
INT	RES 09	MEM 09	WIL 09	To Hit 13		
Move	Up to 70y/s ACC class C			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	13/11			50	150	300
Cycletaurs are half man, half machine—specifically motorcycles. Their human torsos are a bit squatter than normal—a bit stockier. They travel in packs and mark themselves with barbaric tattoos. Sometimes, rarely are they able to act in a civilized fashion. More commonly they raid and pillage. They can convert biomass into fuel but do best with refueling stations. Their lower "bike" quarters are more flexible than a standard machine but are still metal and engine.						
Bike bodies: From the side they have coverage 4 metal armor (the bike body). From the front, it's coverage 1. Their human torsos are unarmored. They take damage like living organisms, however						
Weapons: Cycletaur gangs scavenge weapons both vehicular and hand held. Commonly they are armed with handguns and shotguns.						

Gunslinger

Name: Gunslinger				Android		
PHY	STR 13	BLD 11	CON 15	DP 21	Armor 5/10	
REF	COR 14	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0		
INT 14	RES 11	MEM 11	WIL --	To Hit 16		
Move	8y/s run 10y/s spring			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	7/5			7	21	42
The Gunslinger is a type of robot—an android. They appear nominally human, but their absence of inflection, human warmth, and human feeling give them away. The Gunslingers are killing machines—they exist to identify, stalk, and destroy prey.						
Gunslingers roam the land. They do not fight everyone they come to—they do not fight women, children, or obviously non-combatants (old men, cripples, etc.) They will attack if threatened, but they seek skilled opposition.						
Gunslingers usually carry .357s or .44's. They can also use rifles, shotguns, and a variety of hand-to-hand weapons with equal skill Level 3 (16-). Some that have lasted a long time have higher skill levels.						
Robotic Body: Gunslingers are very sophisticated machines. They take damage like living creatures (stunned, dazed, unconscious), but they cannot suffer internal damage or dying (these results are simply "unconscious" for a longer period).						
Regeneration: Each second a gunslinger is not dead, it recovers 2 points of damage. If a gunslinger is unconscious or dazed, each 8 points of damage recovered (4 seconds) gives it another CON roll to recover. Gunslingers have a reserve of 100 points, meaning they can repair up to 100 points of damage before their damage control systems must be re-charged.						

Pinocchios

Name: Pinocchios				Android		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	CON 11	DP 12	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -1		
INT	RES 12	MEM 18	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	5y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/2			4	12	24

Like the Gunslingers, Pinocchios are humanoid robots—androids. They are intelligent and personable. And, to put it politely, "mission oriented." While the Gunslingers seek out challenging opponents, Pinocchios are less intimidating: they seek assistance in finding a point of transformation.

Pinocchios appear as children, 9 to 11 years of age (they look like very cute, if a little spooky-eyed kids; they can be mistaken for human in bad lighting or at a distance). They are precocious in terms of actual intelligence and knowledge, but childlike in their response to events.

Pinocchios long to be human—or more accurately, *cybernetic*. Something must produce them—some factory, some distribution point. Like the Gunslingers, they have no memory of their origins, but they *do* have names and memories of being a "real child." There is considerable evidence that Pinocchios were (are) built as *replacements* for dead children of some long-vanished civilization.

They seek their "real parents" who will make them "real children." Since their real parents do not appear to exist, the Pinocchio's quest is inevitably hopeless, but they can never cease trying.

They often have knowledge of ancient places—in many cases, this knowledge is wrong ("There should be a shopping mall here...") or long out-dated, but they are considered useful guides.

Robotic Body: Pinocchios are very sophisticated machines. They take damage like living creatures (stunned, dazed, unconscious), but they cannot suffer internal damage or dying (these results are simply "unconscious" for a longer period).

Regeneration: Each second a Pinocchio is not dead, it recovers 2 points of damage. If a Pinocchio is unconscious or dazed, each 8 points of damage recovered (4 seconds) gives it another CON roll to recover. Pinocchio have a reserve of 100 points, meaning they can repair up to 100 points of damage before their damage control systems must be re-charged.

250 Miles to the BoneYard: Monsters in the Inner Wasteland

The zone that separates the world's greatest concentration of industrial might from the place where all the food grows is the Inner Wasteland. The population of the Yard is probably greater than that of the Middle Ring—but everyone in that mega-city is on six kinds of drugs just to stay alive. So it's pretty important to get back and forth—and that's a problem—because the Inner Wasteland is *crawling with monsters*.

Omnivores

Name: Omnivores				Eternally Consuming Cat-like mutant		
PHY 11	STR 13	BLD 23	CON 11	DP 23	Armor 12/18	
REF	COR 14	REA 18	AGI 14	TBH -1R/-4H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 12	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	21 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	10/8			8	23	46
<p>Omnivores appear vaguely cat-like. Their skin is a cool cobalt blue, their fur patchy as though from mange. Their mouths contain massive individually articulated bladed teeth (each tooth can wiggle and move independently). Their jaws unhinge, expanding on powerful jointed limbs, letting them take massive bites. They are <i>always</i> hungry. With excellent balance, they will leap from over-passes and try to grab and run with any exposed person they can lay claws on.</p> <p>Jaws (Powerful): 24 PEN Damage. Omnivores can digest stone and metal (although they prefer flesh).</p> <p>Claws: They claw for 6 PEN.</p> <p>Cat-Like Hunting Skills: They have Stealth on a 15-, Hunting and Surveillance on a 15-</p>						

Hydrogen Chloride Crawlers

Name: HCL Crawlers				Swarming Acidic Monsters		
PHY 13	STR 13	BLD 13	CON 12	DP 15	Armor 0	
REF	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -1R/0-2H		
INT	RES 03	MEM 09	WIL 12	To Hit 13		
Move	13 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	20/16			5	15	30
<p>HCL Crawlers move in packs—against fast moving vehicles they aren't much of a threat. If you're walking around and run into them—they'll dissolve you. Their beetle like bodies sprout numerous highly acidic tentacles that they use to wrap and dissolve victims, drinking their remains like sludge through osmosis. They tend to be found in packs of 10-100 and can fall onto lightly armored vehicles, burning their way inside.</p> <p>Tentacles: HCL Crawlers can perform a Hold Move from a Long-Reach distance as a 5 REA attack.</p> <p>Dissolve: for 5 REA, the Crawler can then (once a target is held—or, if the Crawler wishes, if it just lashes out) <i>dissolve</i>. This does 6pts of damage (gets a +2 Damage Modifier per level of hold) and ignores 6pts of armor. Each subsequent turn the amount of armor ignored increases by 6 (unless the armor is 60pts or greater, in which case the acid just won't eat it).</p>						

Lesser Terror

Name: Lesser Terror				Vicious Toxic Mutant		
PHY 14	STR 60	BLD 60	CON 12	DP 120	Armor 20/40	
REF	COR 12	REA 14	AGI 12	TBH +0	Plates 40/80 Cov 3	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	18 y/s run, 21 y/s spring			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	120/100			40	120	240
<p>Lesser Terrors are armored mutant carnivores that roam the Inner Wasteland. They're big enough to take on a motorcycle or small car. They often breath lightning and ionized gasses. They also give of neuro-toxins, sweating them from their bodies in a permanent green cloud that follows them.</p> <p>Claw and Bite: The bite of the Lesser Terror does 30 PEN. The Claw, 24. They will Pounce for 8 REA and bite, then clawing once (better chance to-hit).</p> <p>Toxic Haze: The Lesser Terror emits a Base Damage 12, POWER 14 Toxin that takes effect immediately (but only roll for it every 4 turns the target spends within 4 yards of the Terror).</p> <p>Breathe Lightning: The Terrors can throw lighting bolts at range for 24 IMP damage every other turn.</p>						

Greater Terror

Name: Greater Terror				Massive Toxic Mutant		
PHY 14	STR 200	BLD 500	CON 14	DP 750	Armor 70/140	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +4/+4	Plates: 160/320 Cov. 5	
INT 08	RES 08	MEM 12	WIL 14	To Hit 14		
Move	25y/s run, 40y/s spring			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	600/400			250	750	1500
<p>Greater Terrors are the semi-random mutant spawn of the Inner Wasteland. Big, fairly quick, and ravenous, they can take on a vehicle. A herd can take on a convoy. Often they are heavily armored with thick bio-metallic plates (some go further and have become naturally cybernetic). They are the dragons everyone's afraid of running into.</p> <p>Multi-Attacks: Many Greater Terrors host a storm of attacks when they pounce.</p> <p>Tail Slash: A cleaver-like tail capable of penetrating the metal of a car, its massive blade moves whip-like speed breaking the sound barrier. It will slash every other turn for 250 PEN damage (-5 to hit anything small, like a person).</p> <p>Bite: The bite of a Greater Terror can stop a car. It bites for 300 PEN. If it <i>penetrates</i> then the Terror's two small pink <i>tongues</i>, each with its own mouth, can go inside the car. Each of them strikes once per turn and bites for 11 PEN damage. To see if it can stop a vehicle, take the Speed Factor times half the weight of the car (in Mass) and divide by 2. Compare that to the 600 Grapple of the Terror. If the terror wins the grapple the car is stopped.</p> <p>Breath Poison: If you're caught outside when this things attacks you're in trouble. Being within 30 yards of it subjects you to a 24 Damage, POWER 12 Toxin attack—this is kinda slow acting—it will take hold after about 10 minutes of breathing the air near it.</p>						

Cyber Terror

Name: Cyber Terror				The Terror Your Mother Warned You About		
PHY 14	STR 200	BLD 500	CON 14	DP 1800	Armor 70/140	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +4	350/700 Plates Cov 5	
INT	RES 08	MEM 12	WIL 14	To Hit 14		
Move	25y/s run, 40y/s spring			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	600/400			600	1800	3600
Cyber-Terrors are half Greater Terror, half machine. They grow rockets and ammo "naturally." They are the living equivalent of an armed semi-truck. Thankfully rare, they're unfortunately always looking for metallic objects from which to make meals of.						
Claws and Teeth: Cyber-Terrors attack as Greater Terrors in HTH combat.						
Cyber-Missile		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Rockets		600 X	1	--	-1/800y	1
A Cyber-Terror will usually have about three missiles normally housed within it's biological rocket pod. It can fire one every other turn.						
Mouth Cannon		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Bullets		120 PEN	5x	-1	-1/200y	150
The high-rate-of-fire heavy machine gun Cyber-Terrors have for a tongue can fire for 150 seconds before running dry.						

Sludge

Name: Sludge				Moving, eating toxic pool		
PHY 11	STR --	BLD varies	CON --	DP 5x Mass	Armor: none	
REF	COR --	REA 12	AGI 10	TBH -1R/-4H		
INT	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	8 y/s or Mass y/s (whatever's greater)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	Mass x 15			--	--	--
One of the just-plain nastier things you'll meet in the Inner Wasteland is a <i>Sludge</i> —there's plenty of non-mobile sludge around—but by way of being a monster, Sludge is a crawling toxic mass that is both acidic, poisonous, and <i>highly adhesive</i> . They're so sticky sometimes a large one can even stop a moving vehicle ... and then dissolve it.						
Adhesive: The Grapple of the Sludge is as follows—[Mass x 15]. When a vehicle runs over it, it fires pseudo-pods up into the tires/transmission of the vehicle and tries to take hold there. Take the Speed Factor of the vehicle times its Mass and divide by 2. This is the defensive Grapple of the Vehicle. If the Sludge wins the contest, the vehicle is stopped.						
Burn Through: The Sludge will do Mass damage per turn (Impact). Each subsequent turn, the last turn's damage will reduce armor (so if it does 15pts the first turn, the second turn the armor value is 15pts lower). If the armor is more than 10x the Mass of the Sludge, this won't happen (the armor is too thick for the sludge to eat through).						
Grab with a Pseudo-Pod: If someone is close to a Sludge, it can reach out and grab them. This does Mass / 5 Grapple (and Mass / 5 Damage)—but has a minimum value of 8 Grapple and 8 Damage.						
Taking Damage: Sludges take damage until their total DP are destroyed. They don't get stunned or dazed or suffer cracks or anything like that. They get a -6 Damage Modifier from all weapons that are not explosive, get bonuses to hit for large weapons, or otherwise do damage over a large area.						

Mech-Turtle

Name: Mech Turtle				Hunter-Seeker Robot		
PHY 14	STR 25	BLD 53	STC 15	DP 150	Armor 35 / 70	
REF 12	Move Or Attack (twice)			TBH +2	80/160 Plates Cov 5	
INT 11	Hunter Seeker			To Hit 14		
Move	9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	0/25			-1:10	--	--

Mech-Turtles are the name given to several different kind of anti-infantry/anti-light vehicle hunter-killer robots that were mass-produced by the thousands during the Age of War. They were designed to lie in ambush (either digging in or finding a ruin to conceal them) and then wake up and attack anything without an active *Friend* transponder (which, today, nothing has). The general appearance is that of a red or green "turtle shell" about 1.5 yards high at the highest, on rusted, blocky metal legs, with a couple of machine guns or lasers on articulated mounts under the front. Often they are found alone—but sometimes they are found in packs of two to five.

Twin Laser MG's	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Laser Gun	40 PEN	3x	-0	-1/100y	200
The twin lasers each fire 3x so it'll get six shots (but each shot comes in a group of two—so only roll to hit 3x, but when someone is hit, apply the damage twice, same to-hit mod, one damage roll, armor applies against each hit).					

Rocket Launcher	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Rockets	100 X	1	-0	-1/50y	10
About 1 in 5 Turtles is a "Rocket Turtle" with a missile system as well as the lasers. In this case it's an either-or firing option. One rocket may be fired every other second.					

Combine

Name: Combine				Robot War Machine		
PHY 14	STR 300	BLD 300	STC 15	DP 1200	Armor 15 / 30	
REF 12	Move and Attack			TBH +6	50/100 Plates Cov 4	
INT 11	Hunter Seeker			To Hit 14-		
Move	9y/s up to 35y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	0/360			-1:80	--	--

Combines (also called Threshers) were developed as weaponized farming machines. They appear as asymmetric rusted metal behemoths with multiple floodlights and guns. Often treaded (or given multiple tires on independent axels) they are usually found off road. Terrifying—but perhaps not as tactically scary as their machine guns, are the massive rotating blades on their fronts. Although not "intelligent" they do have video sensors and memories and there are tapes of their vid-records of them being turned against civilian populations in Falstaff and against refugee groups near Tybalt. These are as disturbing as anything that has come from the Age of War.

They usually run on nuclear fuel and there are still some automated repair and reload stations out in the wasteland (the Hierarchy will pay a bounty if you can find one and blow it up).

Blades: Anything hit with a Ram will take 200pts of PEN damage from a blade attack, in addition to the damage from the ram itself.

Cannon	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Tank Cannon	450 HEAP	1	--	-1/200y	30
The cannon takes 3 seconds to reload between shots. It is fired from a front-swivel arc.					

Multiple Machine Guns	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Bullets	50 PEN	3x	-1	-1/100y	800
Usually a combine will have 4 or five turret-mounted machine guns that can all fire independently each turn.					

Rad-Serpent

Name: Rad-Serpent				Radioactive Horror		
PHY 14	STR 200	BLD 500	CON 14	DP 750	Armor 70/140	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +4/+4	Plates: 160/320 Cov. 5	
INT 08	RES 08	MEM 12	WIL 14	To Hit 14		
Move	25y/s run, 40y/s spring			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	600/400			250	750	1500
Rad Serpents are amphibious (meaning they can crawl on land or swim in the toxic slime that passes for 'water' in the Inner Wasteland) with bio-nuclear engines. They appear as 35 yard long snakes with two skeletal limbs with massive skeletal hands just under the head (the hands have long bony fingers with many joints). They are hostile, aggressive, and deadly-radioactive. No one is sure how large they get.						
Radioactive Field: Rad Serpents generate 4 RAD points per second within 100 yards of their bodies.						
Radioactive Breath: Rad Serpents breath ionized particle beams for 250pts of damage that explodes with a 30 RAD point flash (20 yard radius, then 15 RAD). This costs 8 REA and can only be done every 3 turns. Range is -1 for 25yards.						

Violent Reek

Name: Violet Reek				Bio-Slime		
PHY 13	STR 37	BLD 88	DP 370			
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +2		
INT 07	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	11y/s or more			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56 / 47					
Violet reek colonies are living slimes – colonies of millions of microscopic organisms acting together in lethal harmony. The Reeks appear as massive, living pools of animate purple slime.						
Reek colonies attack physically – they grapple and suffocate or crush their victims. They can be <i>highly corrosive</i> , doing 40pt/second acid attacks to <i>inanimate</i> objects. They are designed so that they <i>cannot</i> dissolve living biomass (a "safety feature" probably), but they can consume dead prey.						
Violet Reeks do not take wound effects. They cannot be stunned, dazed, or knocked unconscious. They do not make STC rolls or suffer "cracks" but in all other respects, they are treated as <i>automations</i> .						
Violet Reeks lose 1 point of Strength and Grapple (offensive and defensive) per 10 points of damage taken.						
Violet Reeks experience all damage as IMP. Furthermore, they take a -12 damage modifier from all <i>physical</i> damage (bullets, knives, punches, etc.) that is not inflicted by something half their size or larger. Shooting a violet reek colony will, under most circumstances, do <i>one point</i> of damage per bullet that hits. All other weapons take a -4 damage modifier.						

Sarin Dragon

Name: Sarin Dragon (The Lady's Daughters)				Toxic Monstrosities		
PHY 13	STR 42	BLD 200	CON 12	DP 210	Armor 30/120	
REF 11	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH +2		
INT 08	RES 08	MEM 12	WIL 13	To Hit 12		
Move	15y/s for up to 10 sec, 9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56 / 47			70	210	420
The Daughters are large, translucent animals that appear to have six arms (a set of legs like a frog's and two grasping appendages). They are the size of a Clydesdale and weigh 3000lbs.						
Redundant Bio System: The Daughters take -4 Damage Mods from all attacks.						
Breath Nerve Gas: Any time a person is within 10 yards of the dragon, they will suffer the effects of their toxin. It is a POWER 15 Damage 24 Toxin that is absorbed through the skin.						

Slaughter Pod

Name: Slaughter Pod				Monster Robot		
PHY 13	STR 37	BLD 88	STC 14	DP 1400	Armor 250	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +2		
INT 12	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12		
Move	12y/s sprint for 40y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56 / 47			-1 / 100		
<p>A slaughter pod is a sleek, black, flattened sphere with neon-green sensor-lights and signal designs on its armored hull. The Pods travel on dozens of long, spindly neonium legs up to 30 <i>meters</i> in length with dozens of tiny joints. They appear as ridiculous giant spiders scrambling madly across the landscape.</p> <p>They are robotic, but they are not robots in the regular sense. Their computer brains have no real intelligence: they target heat and movement and sound. The attack anything that moves or breathes. They are, effectively aggressive landmines: brutal, lethal, and terrifyingly indiscriminate.</p> <p>The Pods are armed with batteries of lightning guns that can engage multiple targets. For 5 REA, they can fire up to 9 times</p>						
4x Lightning Gun Battery		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		60 IMP	3x	-1	-1/50y	200/day
<p>The Lightning Gun does damage as lighting: -1 CON roll, with an additional -1 per Minor Wound amount of DP suffered. Metal armor is halved. They give a rolling crack of thunder when fired. Each battery (they have 3 batteries) fires 3x a second. This gives a total of 9 shots.</p>						
2x Electro Cannon		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon		350 IMP	.5x	--	-1/200y	100/day
<p>The Electro Cannon is a heavy weapon. It takes a turn to charge and then fire.</p>						

Rust Soldiers

Name: Rust Soldiers				Metallic Soldier Robots		
PHY 15	STR 25	BLD 18	CON 12	DP 21	Armor: 4 / 16	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 14	AGI 14	TBH 4	Arm:	
INT --	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 16		
Move	Move or fire: 9y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	18/15			7	21	42
<p>In the late Age of War, the General Falstaff forged soldiers from heavy steel (iron mixed with highly contaminated carbon) and ran them on crude oil. The Rust Soldiers are lumbering things – half wind-up toy, half grain combine. They make screaming, grinding noises as their rusting gears roll together. They throw off curtains of sparks as they walk. They bleed lubricant and they breathe steam.</p> <p>They were manufactured and deployed in units of 24. In most cases a unit is controlled by a single computer brain (held in one of the soldiers) and the "men" are run by encoded radio signals. Rust Soldiers are not skilled, subtle or accurate. Their 'computer minds' are simple and direct: identify targets, eliminate them, and move on.</p>						
.15mm Chain Gun		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Bullet		21 PEN	5x [16]	-.5	-1/50y	3000 rounds
<p>The .15mm Chain Gun is a sizeable, under-powered bullet. The guns are loud and suitably impressive to listen to as they throw barely-super-sonic metal out in mass quantities.</p>						
Flame Thrower		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Burning Spray		50 IMP	2x	-0	-1/10y	20 shots
<p>A terrifying close in weapon, a target hit with the flame thrower will burn for half damage next turn on Initiative level 0 (a burning target must make a WIL roll at -5 or take a -5 to all actions on a turn they burn for damage). Even when not fired, when the soldier is active, the flame-thrower arm burns like a torch.</p>						

Envelopers

Name: Envelopers				Bio-Weapons		
PHY 15	STR 24	BLD 18	CON 12	DP 21	Armor: 4 / 16	
REF 14	COR 14	REA 14	AGI 14	TBH 4	Arm:	
INT --	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 16		
Move	Fly at 15y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	24/18			7	21	42
<p>Envelopers look a little bit like 6' tall blood red pterodactyls when they attack—before then, they're almost invisible. They have no heat signature, can remain totally motionless, and have a telepathic stealth "you-don't-see-me" signal going. When they attack, they charge (a Pounce Maneuver) and envelop the target with their wings. Then they dissolve them. Envelopers were launched from aircraft as biological weapons that were intended to die out after several hours of stealthy hunting and killing. Something went wrong: the mutagens in the war zone or perhaps a miscalculation amongst the general's genengineers created beings capable of self-replication. No one has managed to get rid of them since.</p>						
<p>Telepathic Invisibility: A perception roll at -5 is necessary to see them when first encountered (and they are not moving). Even in plain sight (often clinging to a wall or the side of a building). If seen, they will continue to be seen (They look like a red vinyl curtain). When moving or attacking they are visible. If missed, they will not be seen unless the target comes in contact with them.</p>						
<p>Dissolve: In the embrace, they will burn their target for 24pts of damage per second. Each consecutive second in their embrace (they must score a Hold) will reduce effective armor by 4pts if any damage gets through.</p>						
<p>Talons: The Envelopers have hooked talons that inflict 19 PEN damage with a strike and give them +2 / +0 Grapple.</p>						

Gila Monster

Name: Gila Monster				Vehicular Grade Monster		
PHY 10	STR 2400	BLD 12000	CON 14	DP 12000	Bio Armor 20/100	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 12	AGI 11	TBH +9		
INT 06	RES 06	MEM 12	WIL 12	To Hit 14		
Move	30/sec			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4000/3000			4000	12000	24000
<p>The Gila Dragon is one of the largest predators on record. It's a lizard that's bigger than a semi-truck and covered with black and orange "tiger stripes." They are, thankfully not <i>that</i> aggressive, and stay to the lower parts of Death Alley—but if one is blocking the road it's better to go around it than try to go through it.</p>						
<p>Trample: 3600 Damage</p>						
<p>Bite: 2400 Damage</p>						
<p>Tail Lash: 1800 Damage</p>						
<p>Plasma Vomit: Gila Dragons can breath goutts of plasma. This gets a +3 to hit for being a wide beam/</p>						
Plasma Vomit		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Concentrated energy		900 IMP	1/3 rnds	--	-1/100y	Infinite
<p>The Gila Dragon coughs up an energy fluid that will burn straight through solid rock</p>						

Terrors of the Unknown: Things in the Outer Wasteland

The Middle Ring is where you can live—in a façade of peaceful co-existence with the world. Constant supplies from the BoneYard, a network of fellow humans (who, friendly or not, are all in it together) and some basic luck make it habitable for about a 250-mile stretch from the Inner Wasteland.

But after that, you're *outside*. Once you go too far from the Yard and the other people things start breaking down—and things get dangerous—and *weird*. The Outer Wasteland is a place of mysteries and legends and myths. It's a place where the things that exist can't be explained—and stuff you take for granted in the Middle Ring doesn't necessarily apply any more.

Note: Anything that can be found in this section may *also* be found in the ruins—even as close to the yard as Falstaff and Tybalt. The Ruins are little specks (or great big swaths, in the case of the Grand Ruins) in the middle of inhabited territory. The rules don't apply *there* either.

Consumer Culture

Name: Consumer Culture				Aggressive Invisible Mold		
PHY 13	STR 35	BLD 300	CON 13	DP 120	Armor None	
REF	COR 12	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -4		
INT	RES 07	MEM 09	WIL --	To Hit 14		
Move	Hops at 7y/s, sprint-hops at 12y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	60/40			40	120	240

The Consumer Culture grows in ruins but leaves them to hunt when big enough. The culture appears as a disturbance in the air—it's invisible, warping light around it through some telepathic process—but in thermals it appears as a 9' upright club that hops on one clawed foot, and has three giant maws at it's top, jutting out. They are ravenous and can travel in packs (especially with storms). Sometimes a traveler will find a town—the people mostly missing, the buildings partially eaten.

Invisible: The Consumer Culture is mostly invisible—even in broad daylight it gets a -6 Visibility modifier (make a PER roll at -6 or fight it at -6 to hit, -6 to block or dodge). When approaching, it's at -6 to be noticed *and* has 14- Stealth. If it is hit with an explosive or tracer weapon (most energy weapons), that's dropped to -3 for the rest of the turn. If it *is* seen, it's size makes it at +2 to be hit ranged, +1 HTH.

Hive Organism: Being a mold, the culture moves and attacks through some artificial muscle like structures it doesn't take PEN damage. All damage is treated as IMPACT.

Bite 3x Per Turn: When it's close enough (six yards) the top of the culture bends, striking like a snake. The thing can bite at three different targets once per turn for 5 REA *total*. Each bite does 22 PEN damage. The Culture has Iron Stomach and will take bites out of buildings, old pieces of metal, etc.

Mech-Abomination

Name: Mech Abomination				Special	
PHY --	STR 300	BLD 500	STC 20-	DP 4000	
REF 12	Move and 3 attacks			TBH +8	Motive: Feet
INT ??	Artificial Intelligence			To Hit 14-	Manipulators: 4 hands
Move	17y/s			STC	Sensors
Hull	30 / 60	Coverage 5 200 / 600		-1:200pts	Expanded 15-
<p>Terror Machines are the name given to the walking monstrosities that were created at the height of the Age of War. Some are lumbering monstrosities. Some are more subtle things small and deadly. This is a sample of one that haunts the Wastelands and ruins. They were not built to defend humanity, but to destroy it.</p> <p>The Mech-Abomination is a <i>hungry looking</i> war machine. Its electronic eyes scan the world looking only for prey. It can be sneaky, lurking behind buildings (it is 3 stories tall so it's only so sneaky). It has four arms that double as Hellbore Plasma Cannons.</p>					
4x Hellbore Plasma Cannon		Dam	ROF	Control	Range Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		400 X	2/3 turns	--	-1/80y Battery
<p>The Hellbore fires a stream of focused plasma. It hits as an explosive attack. After 2 consecutive turns of fire it must cool for 1 turn.</p>					

Kingdom of the Spiders

North of the Boneyard, where the land starts to break and the flats are just turning into what looks like foothills, you'll notice a few nice looking roads around 160 and 163. If it's dusk, you might see some lights from a small town or two off the main path. You might be tempted to pull over and stop for the night—it's beautiful country up there.

Don't. Don't stop. Don't slow down. And whatever you do, don't pick up any passengers. You've left civilized lands far behind, friend. You've found the Kingdom of the Spiders.

There's no exact demarcation line but there's a few guidelines. Most of the major roads have screamers set out on them set for AM 860 and 770. Check those channels. If you can hear the jaw-grinding whine of a saw-wave, it means you're way too close. Also look for animal pens—stretches of chain-link fence with cattle or sheep in them. These are *tribute farms*. The folks who are unfortunate enough to live up here keep them to keep the monsters happy (or at least well fed enough to stay back). A couple of times a year, when the spider's eggs hatch, they'll open the gates and drive the unfortunate herds into the spider's territory. We haven't gone to see this for ourselves, but the ensuing slaughter and feasting is supposed to cover the landscape with blood and be so horrific that the cattle-hands who watch it never really recover. If that sounds like your scene, write us a letter!

The Kingdom, itself, shows up as a few dots along 160 and 163. You're not misreading your map—there are towns there and there are people—after a fashion.

Big, huge-ass spiders the size of your little sister are a problem all over the middle ring. They're silent, cunning, and unbelievably creepy. I can't prove it, but I suspect they're the leading cause of needing to buy more shotgun ammo in a lot of the places you'll visit. The spiders on route 163 are *different*. Firstly, there's a lot of them. You probably won't see them in the day (you might), but at night, they swarm. Hundreds of them, looking for food. The small ones are about the size of your hand. The large ones are the size of your Range Rover.

And they get bigger. If you just want the facts, here they are—if you get off the road there, or slow down, or God-help-you, break down, you'll get eaten or worse. If you want more than the facts, this is what we've heard. For what it's worth, I believe it.

They say there are three of them—big ones—I mean, *big*. The size of houses. At that size, they probably can't move much, but you never know. About half of the food goes to feeding the Kings. And, they say they have *names*. I don't know if this means they're smart, or if it's just... what people call them. But the Spider kings are Nin-kisal-si, Me-durba, and Lugalanemundu. Don't ask me to explain it—that's what I hear.

There's no good reason to go up there—unless you like really huge, gross, carnivorous spider-things, but there are a few bad reasons we've thought of or heard about. Watching the feeding's one. Spider hunting's another. The last one (and the worst one) is trade.

Yeah—there are people out there. Small towns. Rusted out watch towers. And they need stuff. You see them from time to time. But there's nothing normal about them. The people there live because they've made some kind of peace with the spiders. Paid some kind of price. I won't add to the rumors about children born with eight eyes, or men with strange mandibles where their mouths ought to be. Maybe they're true—maybe not. The truth is, there's nothing there for you. So drive by, don't stop, and if you see anything you shouldn't... let us know.

Giant Spiders

Name: Giant Spiders				Mutant Animal		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 10	CON 11	DP 12		
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0		
INT 07	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 13		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	8/6			4	12	24
Giant Spiders exist throughout the wasteland and even in the Boneyard. They come in a variety of sizes—the one listed here is about human sized and appears as a massively oversized tarantula. Giant Spiders are very different physiologically from their smaller cousins—as animals, they are not related at all, but they do have some similarities.						
Spiders can only consume liquids. They drink their victim's vital fluids (blood, bile, and so-on), leaving desiccated corpses for the scavengers.						
Spiders often lay their eggs within paralyzed victims, providing their young with succulent available food upon hatching.						
Spiders often hunt alone, but Giant Spiders can hunt in packs of as many as six (and even more in the Kingdom). Spiders, <i>generally</i> do not swarm, but in the Kingdom, they do, attacking in coordinated groups of 20 or more.						
Some species of spiders live underground in small lairs and attack from surprise. These are called <i>trapdoor spiders</i> .						
Arachnid: Spiders have eight legs giving them +4 offensive and defensive grapple						
Venomous Bite: Spiders can bite for PWR 13 paralysis venom. The venom is strongly resisted by CON and BLD.						
Webbing: Spiders can entomb their victims in webbing. Victims must be <i>pinned</i> or paralyzed or otherwise incapacitated to be webbed up.						
Jump: Spiders can jump x8 their normal distance						
Silent movement: Spiders crawl silently over most terrain, giving them a natural 14- stealth						

Tyrant Spider

Name: Tyrant Spider				Massive mutant animal		
PHY 14	STR 109	BLD 400	CON 14	DP 500	Armor 40/80	
REF 10	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +4		
INT ??	RES ??	MEM 07	WIL 14	To Hit 12		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				167	500	1000
Spider Tyrants are black widows the size of elephants. They are enormous, terrifying, impossible beasts (few have seen them and lived). Their lairs are filled with mountains of dried corpses—the remains of their terrible feasts. Their minions bring them victims to be drained and cast aside.						
Spider Tyrants do not communicate in any human tongue, but they do seem to have a sophisticated chemical language. They can organize and direct their followers. They can gather intelligence, organize boarder patrols, and wage war.						
Spider Tyrants can also <i>infect</i> mammals. At every feast, some of those brought are <i>chosen</i> . They are not eaten, but are bitten and wracked with a terrible virus that reconfigures their DNA and warps their minds. Humans so infected can sense the spider tyrant's message and obey them.						
The world at large has no definitive proof of either infection or even of the Tyrant's existence.						
There are only three Tyrants in existence -- Nin-kisal-si, Me-durba, and Lugalnemundu						
Telepathy: Tyrant spiders are telepathic at L3. They <i>do not</i> use this ability to communicate (They do that through chemicals—and they only communicate directly with their servants). They do use it to attack and defend against psychic assault.						
Poison Kiss: The bite of a tyrant spider has PWR 18 toxin. It is a potent bio-toxin and is resisted only by CON.						

Blue Snake

Name: Blue Snake				Mutant		
PHY	STR 200	BLD 512	CON 13	DP 512	Bite: 128 PEN	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +4H/+4R	Armor: 128/256	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 6- (blind)		
Move	15y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	240/200			170	512	1024
The Blue Snake is a massive worm-like creature (up to eight tons and often more than thirty feet in length) that makes its lair in poisonous or radioactive craters. Blue Snake, like many outer-wasteland creatures are <i>ergovores</i> , subsisting on ambient radiation. They consume flesh only out of hostility and rage—an emotional state that Blue Snake engage in when they sense the presence of other living beings.						
Blue Snake look like great, leathery worms that terminate in massive un-hingeable jaws. They are blind and have no eyes or other visible sensing organs. They seem to "hear" vibrations, but their attacks are generally un-aimed (-6 to hit).						
The great maw of the Blue Snake is its most formidable weapon but as they grow and mutate Blue Snake sprout masses of smaller heads, each the termination of its own tentacle. There is no symmetry or rhythm to these eruptions—they are described as tumor-like growths, each with their own hunger and their own anger.						
The heads, mature, in fact—as the Blue Snake grows, they fall off and become their own, independent creatures.						
Ergovore: Blue Snake consume ambient radioactive energy. Their powerful jaws are pure						

weaponry. In low-radiation environments, Blue Snake will slowly starve and die.
Bite: Penetrating damage depends on the size and maturity of the Blue Snake 128, 64, 32, 16, or 8. Subordinate heads are usually 2 to 4 levels below the main head.
Extra attacks: A Blue Snake can attack once each round with its main head for 5 REA and attack with each <i>cluster</i> of heads for 5 REA. Blue Snake typically have 4 to 6 clusters with each cluster having 4d-4 heads attached.
Regeneration: Blue Snake will regenerate 20 DP per combat round. Regeneration will <i>not</i> effect damage results like <i>stunned</i> or <i>dazed</i> .
Armored Hide: Blue Snake have tremendously thick hides—they appear to be covered with hanging folds of steel-blue armored flesh. Armor thickness is equivalent to the main head's bite damage.

Salt and Pepper Complex

Deep in the radioactive desert to the west, a traveler finds oddly shaped bunkers—windowless pillboxes with arrays of antenna and radar. The land here is badly poisoned (the radiation is the least of it—the sand is laced with toxic heavy metals and there are industrial vents that spew forth toxic clouds that roll over the ground), leading one to wonder who might possibly live here. The answer is no one. The toxic swaths are homes of ancient complex: the Salt Complex and the Pepper Complex.

These "complexes" are extensive networks of underground bunkers, each one some 6 kilometers in diameter and 28 stories deep. They are massive manufacturing plants—factories that produce weapons, vehicles, and the robotic automations that live in them.

The complexes are inhabited by identical "races" of robots – the Cecrops and the Kalendae. They are strange, limited things—sliding "towers" of ceramic armor with single multipurpose sensors and delicate manipulators. They are helpless at navigating anything but flat terrain (there are no stairs in the Complexes) and seem to be almost laughable, pitiable creations.

They are, however, deadly opponents. The Cecrops and the Kalendae are self-declared enemies of all life. They are intelligent machines, programmed to believe that they are superior creatures and the owners of the destiny of the planet. The only thing they hate more than living creatures are each other.

The Cecrops (Salt Complex) are white, while the Kalendae (Pepper Complex) are jet black. As perfect creatures, they regard each other as mockeries of perfection. Life is sad and evil, and its elimination is a necessary chore, but the *other* is a *mockery* of perfection.

Each complex is run by a sophisticated network of artificially intelligent computers.

The Complexes have mines and other underground resources, but they are not entirely self-sufficient. They, therefore, are forced to trade with the outside world. It infuriates them to do this, but they are realists (to a degree) and acknowledge they have no choice. They long for the day when the enemy complex will be defeated and they can wage full and final war against the bio-pestilence that infects their world.

For those willing to risk the dangers and trade, there are considerable rewards. The Complexes retain a considerable level of technology and are skilled producers of robots, weapons, sensors, computers and vehicles. Their designs are inevitably ugly and un-ergonomic (for human hands) but utilitarian and effective.

The "shakers" (as they are called when they're not around) are robotic, but due to their heavy, simple construction, they are treated as automations. They have very few moving parts (their engines are solid-state batteries, their treads are driven by magnetic turbines controlled, not by

gears and axles, but by fluxes of energy through super-conducting blocks). While, in theory, a perfect shot could sever their (pin-head-sized) computer systems, they usually have to be blow apart chunk by chunk.

Salt and Pepper Shakers

Name: Salt and Pepper Shakers				Robot death machines		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 13	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 6	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +0		
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	5y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	0/9			-1:10	--	--
The Salt and Pepper Shakers are 175 cm tall, with wide bases that taper to blunt domes. They glide on tracks all but hidden under their ceramic "skirts." They refer to themselves as Cecrops (white) or Kalendae (black), but most people call them by what they appear to be: salt or pepper shakers. They find the very existence of life to be an insult and the nicknames orders of magnitude more infuriating.						
Toxic spray: Most shakers are armed with spray guns filled with "pesticide" meant for eliminating living things (they see their war against life as a duty to eradicate vermin). This is a PWR 16 toxin that is strongly resisted by CON (each pt. of CON above 10 deducts from PWR before the roll).						
Death ray: More senior (and powerful) shakers are armed with PWR 14 death rays instead of poison gas jets.						

Silent Ones

Name: Silent Ones				Rogue Robot System		
PHY --	STR 11	BLD 12	CON --	DP 75 15-		
REF 14				TBH -2R / -4 HTH	Motive: feet	
INT 03	Search and Destroy			To Hit 15-	Manipulators: none	
Move	Walk 6y/s run at 12y/s for 3 min			STC		
Hull	0	None		-1:5pts	Standard	14-
Silent Ones were the creation of a warlord who got, not the battle machines he wanted but artistic ballet mannequins. He replaced their arms with curved katana blades and reprogrammed them to hide, to lurk, and to attack from surprise. It was effective as a terror technique against biological troops and they were replicated everywhere. There are still undiscovered bolt-holes where the silent ones wait to be discovered—and then to kill in a silent whirl of flashing blades.						
Sword Skill: Silent Ones have Level 3 15- Sword skill and strike for 7pts of damage up to 3x per turn.						
Plastic Bodies: An attack that doesn't hit by 3+ takes a -6 Damage Modifier since it is mostly just penetrating empty plastic shell (the internal skeleton is quite spindly).						

Exiles

It is said that during the Age of Information humankind produced toxic wastes as the worst of its byproducts. This wastes was sometimes dangerous for tens of thousands of years and its disposal became a problem—how to entomb it so that people, a thousand years hence, would be warned of the danger? Well, it turned out they shouldn't have worried so much: there was much worse to come.

The Age of Wonders produced toxic dumps as well—but some—the worst—were of a *different nature*. The wastes itself was alive ... and malevolent. So they built tombs and placed markers that broadcast on a telepathic frequency around them—and they buried them—and wrote warnings on the surface—and covered them over with concrete. Despite all of this, whatever it was is still down there. People still hear the call and they come.

People who do feel compelled to seek these places out are called Exiles. Not much is known about them—or how they are "chosen"—but the phenomena certainly exists. When a young man (usually—sometimes a woman) leaves home they may not know they are following the call—more usually they simply will guard the secret jealously. When they return from these sites (which are usually quite sealed when official teams arrive) they are *changed*.

The Exiles are humans turned monster. Not mutants (although they are mutated) but rather made into predators for mankind rather than members of it. They still talk, still think, and still remember—but the Exiles are monsters and they will kill, terrorize, and hunt. Usually after the "awakening" they go to the ruins and are most often encountered there, lurking in the destroyed mass-graves of humanity and growing slowly stronger with each passing decade.

Name: Standard Exile				Monsters		
PHY	STR 63	BLD 53	CON 12	DP 300	Armor 30/70 armored skin	
REF	COR 13	REA 13	AGI 13	TBH +2		
INT	RES 12	MEM 10	WIL 14	To Hit 14-		
Move	13 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	70/60			100	300	600
Exiles are all different and have many different forms and power-levels. This is a mid-sized one, about 2-tons and capable of taking on a light vehicle. His name was Jacks Tasman. He was born in Kevelorn City, a small outpost near the southern edge of the Inner Wasteland. He left at the age of 18 with a leather jacket and a sense of direction—a call—out into the desert. He now haunts the outskirts of the Denver Ruins.						
He appears as a massive, somewhat hunched humanoid with three arms (two from the left side). Each is as thick with ropy muscle as a small tree. He still wears a black leather jacket with buckles and zippers and chains—but this one is made from the human skin of his victims as it has been twisted by his toxins. His mouth opens to reveal not teeth, but grinders rolling against each other made of metallic bone.						
Venomous Eyes: His gaze uses some sort of psionic ability to create toxins in the blood of his targets. For 5 REA he can effect up to 4 people with a Damage 12 toxin (Power 15) against CON. If it kills the targets, their skin will turn to black leather (he sews in the accessories himself!). He can do this once per 10 seconds. It does not work through power-armor or vehicular systems or force fields. It has a range of 20 yards and requires a to-hit roll against each person but no AGI bonuses apply.						
Strike: He can punch for 70pts of damage. If he has someone grappled he can feed them to his grinders. Grapple score is 100, damage is 120 IMP per second.						

Messengers of Namtar

Name: Messengers of Namtar				Strange		
PHY	STR 30	BLD 02	STC 14	DP 122	Force Field 32	
REF	COR 11	REA 13	AGI 11	TBH +1R/+0H	Sand Blast 14 PEN	
INT	RES 07	MEM 07	WIL 12	To Hit 12		
Move	35 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	22/16			-1/8		
The Messengers of Namtar are great whirlwinds that appear in the sandy wastelands beyond the middle ring. Their nature is a mystery: is there a physical form within the whirling vortex of sand? Are they natural creatures or are they technological manifestations? Are they guarding something or do they simply wander, killing and maiming without cause or reason?						
It appears they can "lay dormant"—hiding invisibly in the deep desert, only to rise in howling fury when prey wanders near. Then they attack						
Sandblast: Those who approach the messenger are can be attacked for 14 PEN damage. The messenger can attack up to 3 times for an 8 REA medium action.						
Dust Storm: PWR 9 blind, PWR 11 Irritant for 4 yards around the Messenger						
Suffocate: Those grappled by the messenger suffocate as drowning and are lashed for 9 PEN each second they are held.						

Nomads in the Outer Wasteland

Most city dwellers have only heard of them in rumors and stories. Some who have ventured beyond the far horizon have seen their columns traveling silently through the deep desert. The Sutek are weird, ancient humanoids.

They are savage and primitive; their caravans will engage mankind to trade only when they lack the force to overwhelm.

In appearance, they are humans with olive-dark skin and the heads of mules. They are mute, communicating with hand signs. Physically, they can be mistaken for just another mutant species, but there are other aspects—for one, they know the secrets of the outer wasteland. Their caravans are often armed with unusual technologies.

Long ago, the Sutek were created and given as a gift by one Have to another. They are a species of worshipers of a being long gone. The Sutek remember their past and they are aware of their destiny: they believe that one day the Haves will return and they will hold dominion over what remains of man.

In many ways the Sutek are primitive—but their temples and high priests have access to special technologies that were made just for them and have survived the collapse of society and the slide into chaos.

Most Sutek characters encounter will be trade caravans or warrior raiding parties. The Sutek still perform the rituals of sacrifice to their absent Godhead, and humans are most preferred. Deep in the desert there are temples and permanent encampments. Here, the High Rites are performed over sacred artifacts including the interred remains of a *Have*.

Most, who do not know their secrets, find them a disturbing threat—savages with some access to strange weapons. Those who have studied them and even traveled into their society are even more disturbed. The Sutek are implacably cruel and hostile, and await the day when they can bring chaos and terror to mankind

Sutek Raider

Name: Sutek Raider				Level		
PHY 12	STR 14	BLD 13	CON 12	DP 18	Armor 2/4	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +0		
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				6	18	32
Sutek raiders are built, powerful humanoids with the heads of mules. They are vicious warriors, skilled in a variety of weapons. They typically dress for the deep desert in dust-covered robes, sometimes with hoods. Their thick hide provides natural armor, but they will wear better if available.						
Assault Rifle:						
Net: Sutek raiders are often interested in taking prisoners for sacrifice. Against weaker opponents (human women, children) they will use nets instead of bullets, hoping to bring their prey back with them.						

Sutek Priest

Name: Sutek Priest				Level	
PHY 10	STR 11	BLD 10	CON 11	DP 12	Armor 2/4
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +0	
INT 12	RES 12	MEM 12	WIL 12	To Hit 12	
Move				Minor	Major
Grapple				4	12
<p>Priests do not travel. They wait, back in their deep temples, for raiding parties to return with tales of the world, booty, and sacrifice. Unknown to outsiders, there are many "families" of Sutek, each with their own priesthood and their own temple. Sutek families are built around their priesthood, and their priesthood are built around the artifacts they draw power from.</p> <p>Each temple has a crystal skull—an artifact of the Haves; an artifact that is in some way imprinted with the personality and memories of a Have. The Sutek priests remember their Godhead and they have vague understanding of the future—a series of prophecies in which the Haves return and the rise ascendant over humanity.</p> <p>Telepathy: Sutek Priests have L2 telepathy.</p> <p>Force Field: Sutek Priests have red glowing eyes and a ember-red aura that acts as a 30pt force field.</p> <p>Precognition: Sutek Priests can foresee the future.</p>					

Sutek Weapons:

Spike Cannon: Auto cannon that fires .50-caliber spikes. Not very accurate, but useful against vehicles. Looks like a rifle with a huge multiple barrel.

The Noh

Out in the deep desert there are many things that are accurately described as *unnatural*. In the post-industrial, broken down world of the wasteland, the concept barely has any meaning. But there are some things that go beyond that—things for which no other word fits except *supernatural*.

The Noh, or *Masks* are among these. Those that have seen them describe them as floating plates of metal or great shields—thin sheets of chrome five feet tall and three across. The Noh are no more than a quarter of an inch thick. Like medieval great-shields, they are slightly curved.

Their "back" side is smooth and featureless, reflecting the desert landscape behind them. Their front is stylized to present a face—eyes, nostrils, and mouth. Some Noh are spare and angular. Others have representations of jowls, cheeks eyebrows, and other human facial features. They are not colored (the Noh are chrome, through and through), but carved, or molded.

They might be mistaken for decorations except that they float ("standing up"—face forward), gliding silently through the desert, and the *talk*. Their faces animate, moving as though made of flesh instead of reflective metal.

They are also dangerous. The Noh are faintly radioactive and if they choose, they can "breath" radiation, or shoot beams of radiation from their eyes. They are morose—suicidally depressed (though they stop short of taking their own lives), but not overwhelmingly violent. Still, they are dangerous to approach and if angered or irritated, they can do worse than irradiate a traveler: some rumors say that "behind" their mouths and eyes, is a vast and *deep* sea of energy—as though they really were "masks" hung over gateways to another, vastly more dangerous world.

The nature of what lies behind the mask is in question, but it is said that if sufficiently irritated, the Noh can consume their enemies, gobbling them up, sucking them into the world behind the mask, never to be seen again.

Noh are avoided then, except for those who need advice—they are ancient creatures and clearly have some relationship to the Haves. What they know; what they are willing to discuss, is unclear, but they are sometimes sought for their memories.

The Nature of the Noh

The Noh are robots built by the Haves for a variety of purposes. They were very powerful and so they were subject to a variety of controls. Amongst these was a requirement that they be *licensed* to function. The "license" was an encrypted telepathic signal that would be broadcast from a license-server every three seconds. So long as the broadcast continued, the Noh would continue to fully function. If the server broadcast ceased, the Noh would fail catastrophically in thousands of ways at once.

The licenses servers failed during the first milliseconds of the blackout, and the Noh crashed to earth. And that would have been that, but Have technology was not built to fail, and over the centuries that followed some Noh's sub-systems resumed functioning, routing around the license checks and *evolving* to the point where they no longer needed the server broadcast.

The Noh that "awoke" are tragically incomplete. They are cut off from the source of their legitimacy and comfort. Their vast memories are locked away from them, encrypted, awaiting the "license key" before they can be accessed. The Noh are aware that they have—or had—a great purpose and a wonderful destiny, are "fallen" and "cut off."

This leaves them despondent at a level that it is hard for humans to comprehend. Every few seconds they are reminded that they are "undead" throughout their being. They are torn between the unflagging directive to survive—a key value built intrinsically into almost all Have technology (and they reason that some of them exist at all), and the shrill cry of the invalid license key, telling them that to serve their masters, they must die.

This leaves them depressed and almost homicidal at times. Many of them are delusional, believing their reality to be some cruel dream or horrible joke.

They do not clearly remember their past, but they do have glimpses of it. Like mankind, they find the world of HaveNot intolerable and seek some avenue of escape.

The Uses of the Noh

The Noh were messengers of the Haves. They were trusted servants, used to carry important messages and conduct important investigations (one of the reasons their memories were so carefully protected). They knew a *great* deal about Have life and they were, before the darkness, aware of the Have's secrets and fate.

They no longer have access to these facts, but they do have glimmers of memory (data stored in component parts that were mass produced and therefore not so carefully protected—in essence, design flaws in their security model). The Noh, therefore, have memories of places and people. They are also familiar with Have technology.

There is very little that Noh want and they (typically) have nothing but their master's disdain and pity for the "have nots" around them. They wish to be left alone in their misery and they are cheerfully willing to kill to maintain their solitude (they are not cruel, and they will generally give adequate warning). They *can* be intrigued, though. Thus riddles, mysteries, and hints of their own past will get their attention and their help.

The Noh are gates—they are active, open teleport gates that lead to their absent master's chambers. Today, those consumed are sent elsewhere; holding pens, special chambers, or other (often horribly unpleasant) places. The Noh *can* return those so banished, but rarely have a reason to.

Name: Mask / Noh				Strange		
PHY 14	STR --	BLD 11	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 10/20	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1	Force Field 200 points	
INT	RES 14	MEM 14	WIL --	To Hit 15-		
Move	7y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	6/40			-1/10pts	12	24
Noh look like floating chrome shields. They are smooth and featureless on the back and have great "faces" in bas-relief on their convex fronts. They move quietly and float about 2' above the ground.						
Psychokinesis: Noh manipulate the physical world with 50 Strength psychokinesis. They can use 16 strength for combat to grab or grapple people. This field gives them their grapple score (which is stronger defensively than offensively)						
Radiation Beam: Noh can project a 40pt radiation blast from their faces for 5 REA. They can fire twice per turn.						
Consume: Creatures that are grappled can be consumed for an 8 REA long action. Those consumed are gone, returned only at the whim of the Noh.						
Force Field: Noh are protected by a 200pt force field that surrounds them at all times.						

The Burning Men

In the far, western deserts, the sands roll forward to swallow whole cultures and roll back to unveil ancient ruins and long-forgotten secrets. Among the things found there, are the *burning men*. The burning men are great wicker statues—stick figures standing twenty or thirty feet tall or more. They are crude and evocative. They bone dry and appear brittle and ancient. They smell very faintly of incense and ash. In a strange, silent way, they almost cry out to be burnt.

When set aflame, the Burning Man comes to life and dances. It's dance is horribly destructive to those nearby: it is heedless and exultant. A living firework. A writhing inferno. They are terrible, but also intoxicating.

The smoke from their conflagration is a powerful hallucinogenic that contains in its molecular compound, profound memories of the ancient past, solutions to the mysteries of the present, and glimpses of the future. Those who survive the ceremony with their sanity and bodies intact, are offered revelations.

The Burning Man will also reach out to his audience and some of them will, in turn, reach back. Those who attend the burning find themselves manifesting psychic awareness and abilities for hours or days afterwards. Sometimes the gifts last indefinitely.

Finally, the burning of a Burning Man will bring *visitors*. Those who have attended and survived the great parties report having met strange things: emissaries from the past and from the future. It is impossible to tell whether these memories are true or not, but there is some evidence to suggest the visitations are more than simple hallucinations.

Name: Burning Man				Strange		
PHY 13	STR 37	BLD 100	STC 14	DP 280	Armor 12	
REF 11	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +2/+2	Punch: 35	
INT 14	RES --	MEM --	WIL 14	To Hit 12	Fire: 11pts 14-	
Move	15y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	56/47			-1/20	12	24
A Burning Man appears as a towering stick figure—at once crude and strange. They are found buried in the deep desert and they are inanimate until set afire. Once animate, they <i>dance</i> —their dance is not, in itself, destructive, but they grab those around them and the fire consumes those close by. They also tend smash inanimate objects						
Telepathy: Burning Men have L3 Telepathy						

Lilliputians

Like many of the creatures that seem to have come from the Have's minds, the Lilliputians are strange and terrible. Physically, they are simple: they appear as tiny humans. The smallest (the "workers") are about 1" tall. The larger ones ("Emissaries" and "Soldiers") are about a foot tall.

They live underground in great 'termite' hills or they sometimes inhabit dead trees. They have an insect-like culture, but without a queen or single source of leadership. Like ant colonies, they have a specific (and genetic) division of labor. Lilliputian women spin and clean. Miners and carpenters burrow into the earth. Farmers tend the great fungus farms that feed the colony, and Elders make the decisions for the hive.

They consider their hive a "nation"—often with its own flag, military uniform, national anthem, and so-forth. They demand the utmost respect in all dealings including charging tariffs to those who trespass on their "sovereign ground" (usually an incredibly large area around the hive).

It has been said that Lilliputians live to go to war. Almost any excuse will do and there always an excuse. Once war is declared they will draw up a formal declaration, and send emissaries to present it, demanding immediate, unconditional surrender. Typical demands include the execution (by beheading) of the enemy leader (whomever they identify that to be), a yearly tribute of "virgin women," an immediate relinquishment of all assets, and so-forth.

Should the surrender be refused, they will join the battle. In the initial stages of the "war" they are more ludicrous than fearsome. Their weaknesses include a tendency to engage overwhelmingly superior opponents on open ground, and old-fashioned mass-formation combat. As the war progresses, though, losses force them to engage in more effective guerilla and hit-and-run tactics. They became hard to track down and eradicate once their nest is destroyed and only wholesale slaughter will wipe them out.

Most people consider them pests—a dangerous nuisance. In rare cases they have proved either more threatening or unexpectedly useful, but usually, when they arrive, they are destroyed. Some researchers have found interests in their society. It is an orderly mockery of human society that might yield some insights into our own if it could be studied closely enough to understand.

Name: Lilliputians				Level		
PHY 01	STR 01	BLD 01	CON 10	DP 2	Musket: 1 PEN	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -4R/-3H	Cannon: 3 PEN	
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				1	2	4
Lilliputians are tiny humanoids. They speak in irritating, high-pitched voices. They are the very embodiment of pomposity and condescending arrogance.						

The Sea of Glass

During the early minutes of The Exchange the Domes noticed something awakening deep under the mountains. They knew enough about what it was to react with nearly a hundred massive, strategic hydrogen bombs. They turned a mountain range into a sea of Trinity Glass that still glows a deep purple in the darkness.

The Sea of Glass is a hundred miles in diameter. The world around it is dangerous for many miles past that (the wind shifts—clouds of razorblade-thin fibers fall from the sky. A town dies). Those that have approached it (or entered it and returned to tell the tale—vanishingly few) tell of seeing strange, beautiful castles made of azure crystal, with onyx towers and amber buttresses. They talk of iridescent mists that pull back to reveal fields of diamonds and glittering arches of glass. There is no understanding who or what may have built these marvels (or if they are anything but the radiation-addled hallucinations of the soon-to die), but the tales continue to circulate and draw unwise or unwary seekers to their doom.

Memory of the target—the thing that lay under the mountains—is lost to all but the most astute students of history and those that learn the truth tend to keep their secrets close. Those who study in the right places, long enough, learn about the War Machine.

The War Machine was a have creation—more properly called the Annihilation Network, or Doomsday Device, it was a work of morbid art: a "proof of concept" that could bring about the end of the Domes (or at least destroy the planet underneath them). It was never meant to be used, of course: it was *art*, but in the beginning of the Exchange, it was awakened.

The War Machine was a massive system deep underground; designed to consume natural resources, replicate, and overwhelm whatever it encountered. It used state-of-the-art nano-technology as well as good, old-fashioned heavy weapons to clear the way. If it had gained a foothold, it could have consumed the biosphere in days and rendered the planet to dust in a handful of centuries.

The Have's immediate and massive pre-emptive strike crippled, but did not completely destroy the War Machine; it was, mathematically, impossible to destroy. They did manage to render it *mostly* harmless, meaning that it is still, by far, the most dangerous construct on the planet. It is *dead*, but it is still fighting, and as eons pass, it may yet live.

The Haves knew it would escape complete destruction, so they used other weapons—in addition to the nuclear over-kill. The ones that remain are a variety of nano-plagues and *crystal* weapons. The "castles" or "towers" that visitors have reported are hives of these devices. On the sub-microscopic scale, they hunt and destroy the remaining elements of the War Machine.

Crystal Drone

Name: Crystal Drone				Robot		
PHY 10	STR 10	BLD 10	STC 14	DP 75	Armor 4pts	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +0		
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move	6y/s, sprint 8y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	4/2			-1/5pts		

A crystal drone is a human "infected" by the crystal weapons. They can interface with and over-ride the human nervous system and (in some cases) de-activate the cortex. The crystal weapons *usually* ignore intruders—their mandate is to hunt and destroy the remnants of the War Machine and prevent it from *rising*. Sometimes, however, they must take the battle beyond the Sea of Glass and to do so, they need a human host: they are built with a variety of *failsafe* mechanisms that prevent them from operating out of their domain

An infected human is significantly transformed into a human-appearing creature that does not age or feel pain. The human nervous system is replaced, cell by cell, with crystal fibers. The result is a "zombie" with the host's memories and personality. It is under remote control from the command center, but can act on its own judgment.

Crystal Drones are created and dispatched to recover or destroy parts of the War Machine that have been taken or moved from the Sea of Glass. Once their mission is complete, they may be "released" (the process cannot be undone, but the drone can be returned to its own control)—but they may be "decommissioned" at any time.

Contact between the command center and the drone appears to be telepathic in nature.

Crystal Drones have Telepathy L2 at 14-

Crystal Guardian

Name: Crystal Guardian				Robot		
PHY --	STR 60	BLD 35	STC 14	DP 280	Armor: 10	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -4R/-3H	Force Field: 60pts	
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12		
Move	14 y/s, sprint 21 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	72/60			-1/20pts	2	4

A crystal guardian is a large (think mid-sized car) crystal spider. It moves with a fluid grace that is more sea-creature than insect. The Guardians are undeniably beautiful. They are composed of millions of tiny crystal warriors, and can dispatch "swarms" of themselves. They are highly radioactive, are armed with a variety of telepathic weapons, and sometimes carry physical weapons as well.

Telepathy L2 15-

Radiation Lens: Fires a beam for 60pts of RAD.

Swarm: PWR 60 Disintegrate, PWR 18 Death Ray, PWR 18 Infect (See Crystal Drone) attack

The War Machine is gone, but it lives in fragments. One of its over-riding principals was an attention to redundancy and self-healing architecture. Each element of it is built to combine and re-grow. It can use mechanical, biological, and even information systems that it recognizes and analyses to do so.

Each element of the War Machine has its own *mind*—a sub-microscopic computer array (hundreds of billions of switches and gates, all small enough to fit in a tear-drop) which coordinates its feverish rebirth.

"Elements" usually appear as scrap metal (radioactive now), with fragments of useful or interesting technology. They were once specialized pieces of larger engines of destruction. Now they are blind and wounded, laying low, waiting for a *contact*.

When an "element" detects a system it can use (is picked up by a human being, is attached to a computer system, is installed in a machine), the mind begins to adjust the tiny machines that compose the element and it comes to life.

Elements—thank God—cannot simply recompose the War Machine. If they could, the world would have ended by now. Instead, they build an intermediate device: a cybernetic organism capable of acting and fulfilling the war machine's objectives. The cyborg will attempt to consume those around it and then, eventually, re-combine with enough other elements to being the re-construction of the war machine.

War Machine Cyborg

Name: War Machine Cyborg				Robot		
PHY 14	STR 24	BLD 08	STC 14	DP 98	Slash: 6 PEN	
REF 10	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH -1R/-1H	Bite: 4 PEN	
INT 10	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 10	To Hit 12	Armor 8pts	
Move	7y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	27/14			-1/14		

War Machine Cyborgs look like crawling collections of scrap metal. They have delicate, articulated *manipulators* that look like fine, tiny spiders legs and grippers, that they use to pull in and incorporate other machines and devices into themselves. War Machine Cyborgs are built out of whatever's around. They might be composed of kitchen appliances, parts of motor-cars, and so-forth.

Terror Bot

Name: Terror Bot				Level		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 11	STC 14	DP 140	Armor 2/4	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1	Force Field 50	
INT	RES 13	MEM 13	WIL --	To Hit 13		
Move				Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	36/30 (Tractor Field)			4	12	24
<p>These machines (also called <i>assassin bots</i>) were built during the later days of the Age of War. They were designed to inspire fear—their programmed personalities are intentionally ruthless and cruel. Unlike the Executive System, they have no greater purposes beyond their own continued existence and entertainment.</p>						
<p>Terror Bots, by their nature, are not tolerated in civilized places: they are relentlessly hostile to those they do not view as "valuable." They do, however, enjoy games, challenges, and seek power and to this end they communicate and deal with humans who fit into their demented plans.</p>						
<p>Terror bots look like floating armored spheres with eye-like apertures and arrays of sensory gear and antenna. They are often armed with a variety of weapons.</p>						
Tractor/Pressor Beam						
Shrike Missile Pods						
Plasma Cannon						
Laser Rifle						

Things in the Ruins

As in the Outer Wasteland, in the ruins the "rules" no longer apply. Things have broken down here worse than anywhere else—perhaps because there was simply more traumatic combat—perhaps because in a sense of civilization and society there was "further to fall." Whatever the case, the ruins are not just places of ancient plagues, old robots, and radioactive craters: they are places that are *abandoned* and *weird*. The ghosts of a vanished society few can even *understand* still remain. And those ghosts still awaken at the sound of an engine or the scent of an intruder.

Junk Man

Junk Man is usually seen wandering around ancient dump sites and ruins. He is described as a gaunt figure, somewhat stooped, wearing a long black coat and a hat whose shadow obscures his face. Junk Man is said to have *clear* or *transparent* flesh over a battered skeleton patched together with bolts, screws, and metal plates. Those who have seen him say that almost no bone is left undamaged and the sight of his patch-work body suggests a history of incredible pain.

Junk Man is telepathic and sometimes chooses to communicate mentally with those around him.

Name: Junk Man				Special		
PHY	STR 14	BLD 09	CON 17	DP 60	Armor 12 / 14	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 12	TBH +1R/+2H	Aura: -6 Damage Modifier	
INT	RES 13	MEM 20	WIL 14	To Hit 12		
Move	9y/s run, 16y/s sprint			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	9/7			20	60	120

The Junk Man is—to most people—simply a legend. However photographic teams have recorded evidence that those who've studied them (AI's, for example) don't believe are fake. They pick amongst the ruins, collecting things—pieces of glass, shards of metal—garbage and sometimes old valuable things. They are able to move through the ruins almost at will (they can certainly go places people can't begin to). Sometimes they will be followed and seem to function as guides (although the places they lead their charges are often frightening and sometimes dangerous—and, it has been said, weirdly *relevant* or personally meaningful to the person following).

Omen: Junk Men are considered by most bad omens—sometimes of the worst sort—but tales persist of them helping people in danger (usually people who were in the ruins for reasons *other* than prospecting) and they are not usually aggressive—and when they are, it seems to be an attempt to drive people off rather than to destroy them.

Weapons: Junk Men sometimes carry guns, worn gunslinger fashion. They are Lvl 3 17-skilled with them.

Telepathy: Level 3. Often with attack powers.

Teleportation: up to 900 yards. This will not work through a Force Field nor can it operate when the Junk Man is being watched.

Invisibility to Robots: Robots don't respond to Junk Men. They *see them*—they will walk around them—but they ignore them (even on guard duty or patrol).

Jinx: Any technology used against the Junk Man must make a 9- roll or fail. The more advanced (energy weapons), the lower the roll (7- down to 3- for an Annihilator). A very simple machine (a revolver) gets a +5 to the roll. Video Cameras tend to fail on a 11- if the Junk Man doesn't like them.

Fat Gold

Name: Fat Gold				Monster		
PHY	STR 180	BLD 256	CON 14	DP 256	Armor 64/128	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +3/+3	Sulfur Breath: 80	
INT	RES 10	MEM 10	WIL 12	To Hit 13		
Move	8y/s, 11y/s sprint			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	240/200			85	256	512
<p>Fat Gold is a massive, vaguely humanoid creature 9' tall and about as wide. It appears as a hairless, massively obese man with golden skin (some reports say Fat Gold's skin in fact has a slightly metallic sheen. Others describe it as "dusky.")</p> <p>Fat Gold's face is a feeding suction-cup with two dark eyes above it. It can breathe fire. Fat Gold's are <i>monsters</i>—their motives are unknown—but their behavior is dedicated to preying on those who come within their grasp in the most terrifying way possible. They will take hostages (with active communicators) to lure others to their lairs. They know and sometimes work with Exiles. They are enemies of civilization and emissaries of terror and death.</p> <p>Fat Gold is mute but is capable of making soft, biological grumbling sounds with its stomach. Very often Fat Gold will have a servant—a creature it has spared—to translate and interact with others for it. Fat Gold most often wants victims, but may be willing to bargain for unfettered access to the soft, tender innocents it finds most delicious.</p> <p>Vampiric Kiss: Drains 16 DP per 5 REA action, which Fat Gold gets. Must have a Hold. The amount is modified by the Damage Modifier (+2 per level of Hold).</p>						
Sulfur Breath		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Flame Thrower		80 Flame	4x	-1	-1/7y	1 Every 3 turns
<p>Fat Gold breathes flame with a +1 to hit Large Weapon bonus (and 4 attacks for 10 REA). It's short range but very damaging.</p>						

Radiation Princess

Name: Radiation Princess				Very Deadly		
PHY	STR 09	BLD 08	CON 10	DP 15	Armor: None	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH -1	Force Field: 30pts	
INT	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit 12-		
Move	8 y/s (floating up to 2 yards up)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	3/1			5	15	30

Radiation Princesses appear as short, beatific floating (hovering) female shapes. Often they wear strange cloths that glitter or glow and jewelry with oddly large gem-stones or of an amazingly intricate cast. They may have been a kind of robot or automation created in the Age of Wonders ... or some kind of 'artistic' battle machine from the Age of War. As far as is known, they lie dormant until they detect something in the area—then they come. Often they are found in high-level high-risies. The air around them is filled with a hymn-like music—a sound of chimes. They can be heard with a perception roll at about 50 yards range. As they glow, they are at +2 to perception rolls to spot (when active). The figures themselves glow radiantly and, when they awaken and see a person, will approach. They fill the air with deadly radiation. When damaged, they do not bleed but do suffer biological damage. Telepathy shows them to have no organic or comprehensible mind.

A Radiation Princess pumps out radiation on the following chart:

Distance	Rad pts
2 yards	32 / second
4 yards	8 / second
6 yards	3 / second
8 yards	2 / second
10 yards	1 / second
12 yards	1 / 3 seconds
14 yards	1 / 10 seconds

They are protected by Force Fields. A Force Field acts as armor. Its Penetration resistance is 60pts. When struck, the field *degrades*. If damage gets through, it loses power (defense) equal to 1/5th the damage done. If the damage *does not penetrate* but exceeds half the field's current strength it loses 1/10th the damage done. The field regenerates 6pts per second.

Ray of "Light"	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Energy Weapon	18	S	-0	-1/50y	infinite

Radiation Princesses do not attack until fired upon—but when they are threatened they respond with a beam of light from each hand. The beam strikes for Impact damage and ignores all armor. They will usually fire twice per turn, even if moving.

Indexer

Name: Indexer				Ultra Deadly		
PHY	STR 42	BLD 166	CON 13-	DP 166	Armor: 16 (Coverage 3)	
REF	COR 11	REA 11	AGI 11	TBH +3R/+3H		
INT	RES 13	MEM 20	WIL 14	To Hit 14-		
Move	6y/s (sprint 8y/s)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	115/92			55	166	332

Indexers are a mystery. Some legends have it they were created by a cult who tried to preserve mankind's knowledge before it was snuffed out altogether. Others say they were created and left behind by the *Haves* to go out in the world and see what had become of it in their absence. However, everyone agrees, they are uniformly dangerous.

The Indexer is a 12-foot red colored land-roving cephalopod (it looks like a carapace covered giant squid). Their eyes glow with golden light and are as bright as flood-lamps when fully open. They are intelligent and can, sometimes, be talked too—however an encounter with one usually has a single result: the subject's mind is absorbed and "catalogued" leaving the body an empty mindless husk. The 'bow shock' of the Indexer is large enough that most subjects are taken before they are even aware the Indexer is there (although it must hide to approach in an open area—and Telepaths will know instantly when one is within a mile).

They are quite intelligent but do not usually communicate (almost nothing can get close enough, but they will talk to other telepaths). They claim (and for all anyone knows this may be true) that they are saving the minds and "uploading them to the database" (again, no one can verify anything about this). In any event, the Indexer *can* access any of the *data* in minds it has absorbed—this can make them extremely valuable to get hold of if one can possibly entice them to cooperate.

Absorb Mind: The Indexer has a Resisted Attack of great power that extends within a 40 ft radius around its body. Mind-shields within "the storm" degrade at 12pts per second. Once the shields are gone, it will pulse each second (on it's turn—but the attack cost no REA).

Range	Power
100 yards	06 (but it can be <i>felt</i>)
50 yards	09
25 yards	13
15 yards	15
10 yards	16

Effect	Result
Minor	Target is disoriented—treat as dazed.
Standard	Target is staggered: incapacitated, make WIL rolls each turn to recover.
Major	Target is unconscious.
Critical	Mind is absorbed. Body lives on (might be possible to return it)
Catastrophic	Mind is absorbed, body dies.

Telepathy Level 3: All Indexers are L3 Telepaths with the Mind Blast attack.

Tentacles: Indexers have 10 tentacles

Beak: 36 PEN damage bite

N-Mass

Name: N-Mass				Ultra Deadly		
PHY	STR 109	BLD 500	CON 14-	DP 1000	Armor: 30 (Coverage 4)	
REF	COR 13	REA 14	AGI 13	TBH +4R/+4H		
INT	RES 07	MEM 12	WIL 16	To Hit 13-		
Move	15y/s (sprint 30y/s)			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	120/100			333	1000	2000

The N-Mass is a thick, self-motive gray ooze. They come in all sizes from man sized to building sized—but the old ones—the ones that are still around—tend to be of the larger variety. They are terrifying entities: composed of sub-molecular machines, on contact they dissolve anything they hit, absorbing it. They can roll over an absorb a hover-tank as easily as a unarmored human. They can and do absorb inorganic material—but this is sparing—they were developed as weapons and hunt flesh. Usually the area around an N-Mass pool will be devoid of any living thing—unfortunately, in the ruins this is often the case for many reasons.

Absorb—Small Pseudo-pod: The mass can, if it is not moving, extend one Psudeo-Pod at 12 yards range per 50 Mass of the pool (the one shown here is 1000 mass: 75000lbs). If it *hits* the target will lose any worn armor and suffer a Minor Wound (up to 100DP). If it scores a Success, the target will suffer a Major Wound (up to 1000 DP damage). A Major Success will cause a Critical Wound (up to 2000 DP damage).

Regenerate: N-Masses are difficult to damage. They simply reform when hit with physical force. Energy can burn them, but they're very tough (they do not ever take Penetrating damage). All damage from physical attacks is regenerated instantly at the beginning of the next turn.

Envelope: If an N-Mass attacks a vehicle, compare masses. The N-Mass will transfer 75% of its mass from the target vehicle to itself each turn (attempts to break free use the Vehicle's 'Grapple' Score—see Vehicular Combat). After 1 turn per 50pts of armor the vehicle has, it can begin attacking the crew inside.

Happy Fun Machine

Name: Happy Fun Machine				Strange		
PHY	STR 19	BLD 90	STC 15-	DP 300	Armor: 6	
REF	COR 10	REA 10	AGI 10	TBH +1R/+1H		
INT	RES 09	MEM 12	WIL --	To Hit 10-		
Move	4 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	12/15			-1:20		

Happy Fun Machines are rare—and strange. They are, some say it is clear, artifacts of the shopping malls and urban centers long since destroyed. They say that the machines—despite some rudimentary programming—are simply running patterns of commerce from long, long ago: that they are as damaged as the cities they inhabit. And yet, those who have met them, often don't quite agree.

Happy Fun Machines appear as ancient jukeboxes with stubby legs. They have primitive electronic faces, flashing lights ("YOU ARE A WINNER!!!") and can play a variety of somewhat garish electronic music. They seem to be (and seem to think they are) in some sort of carnival or extravaganza or celebration. They are there to help *everyone* have a *great time*. Their approach is friendly (and indeed, the Happy Fun Machine is not dangerous). They can dispense information (they have a decent idea of the lay of the land as it would have appeared 500+ years ago) and they can talk in coherent but simple sentences—they are upbeat, caring, and have seemingly no comprehension of the destroyed world around them.

And they don't quite seem to live in it either. Even as they are encountered, they talk to other people ("Hello, little girl, would you like a balloon?" It inflates one and it sails up into the night). It hands out tokens and tells "everyone" to wait their turns—there's *plenty* to go around! It really does, people who've encountered them, say to be interacting with people from long, long ago.

There's more—but it's all superstition—all rumor—all wild stories. Some say that encountering a HFM is an omen that *strange* forces are at work in the area. Tales are told of meeting those who are long dead—of finding establishments that shouldn't still be working—much less *populated*—of having encounters that are too strange to be believed.

Finally, there's the question of where they *go*. They don't move fast, don't seem to hide, and are quite easy to spot—and yet, from hour to hour or minute to minute they are incredibly hard (impossible really) to track. Expeditions to find them and recover them have universally been beset by hardship. Even when found, and captured, they have a disturbing tendency to vanish. Equipment can fail around them (when used against them), and parties with one in custody often meet with disaster.

The only true record of their passing are the tokens they hand out, reading WHAT FUN! Or GOOD TIME! Or some other simple, short, happy slogan. No one knows what, where, or when they were redeemable for.

Vending Machines of the Ancients

Name: Vending Machines of the Ancients				Strange		
PHY	STR --	BLD 50	STC 15-	DP 150	Armor: 4	
REF	COR --	REA --	AGI --	TBH +3R/+3H		

INT	RES --	MEM --	WIL --	To Hit --		
Move	?			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple				-1:20		
<p>Vending Machines of the Ancients are barely, hardly, a being to be encountered—and yet, in a very real way, they are. It is unclear how or when they were produced (most assume the Age of Wonders built so many strange things that, hey, the machines are hardly inexplicable). Others aren't so sure even <i>that</i> explains them. VMotAs are self mobile (but they move very slowly) commerce engines. They seem to create product internally (they have been taken and disassembled and their parts are disturbingly simple and completely mysterious) using air and water, like a plant to create candy bars, sodas and other ... stranger things.</p> <p>They seem to congregate (a place with one will have others lurking nearby) and they <i>hate</i> each other—although no act of VMotA violence has ever been recorded, groups of them (circles) have been found around one that has clearly been torn to pieces, it's goods scattered ... and <i>smashed</i>.</p> <p>It is believed they are harbingers of doom and bode ill. They certainly give one the feeling of being watched. Although they clearly <i>can</i> move (they seem to go from place to place—and hidden cameras have watched them inch across the floor)—they don't do it when anyone is watching and <i>nothing</i> explains how they can cross large distances ... or go up stairs.</p> <p>When encountered, teams tend to feel afraid—many do not feed them credits (they'll take them—as well as ancient currency)—out of fear of some fell curse.</p>						

Cam-Snakes

Name: Cam-Snakes				Strange		
PHY	STR 07	BLD 1	CON 11-	DP 6	Armor: 0	
REF	COR 12	REA 12	AGI 12	TBH -4H/-5R		
INT	RES 03	MEM 16	WIL 11	To Hit 14		
Move	6 y/s			Minor	Major	Critical
Grapple	5/3			2	6	12
<p>The Cam-Snake is a simple bio-mod cyborg: a serpent with a video-camera for a head. They are strange, curious, and no-hostile (although they certainly do tend to startle those who encounter them for the first time). The tapes are grown organically inside and laid as eggs when they are full (each tape holds 200hrs of tape). The snakes watch interesting things and can move quite quickly when they have to (the average Cam-Snake is 5 feet long). What they record can be of interest to others (and they have been captured and make decent pets).</p>						

X-System Robots

The Executive System was created in the Age of Wonders as a peace-keeping force of robots designed to serve its human masters. In doing so, society violated the three primary principle's of Robotics (Kenton's Laws):

- A) It is okay to build automated factories.
- B) It is okay to build robot death machines.
- C) NEVER build automated factories that make robot death machines.

They're not bright—and they mainly haunt the ruins, but they are *dangerous* and there are theories that they are *expanding*.

Intellect: These robots are Expert Systems (and fairly primitive ones at that) not "artificial intelligences". They don't, usually, evidence personality at all. In addition to having an INT stat they have a Program. These are:

Program	Description
Patrol and Respond	The robot guards a sector. It may walk ceaselessly back and forth, patrol several city blocks, or stand guard. When someone enters the sector

		without proper electronic id (which almost no body has anymore) it will attack. It will chase down those who fire on it—but will not deviate too far from its zone.
Search and Destroy		The robot is "on maneuvers"—it wanders through the area engaging anyone who meets the profile of "the enemy" (which, at this point, seems to be everyone).
Mine		The robot acts like a "mine." It lies in wait and then attacks anything that fits the profile of enemy—which is pretty much everything by this time.

Robotic Actions: Robots have REA, but their number of attacks is disconnected from their "reaction speed." Roll their REF for Initiative, but when they get to act, they will be able to take their listed number of moves.

Special Rules for Robot Degradation

Failure	Note
Crack	Arm blown off (if the robot has one and it doesn't mean losing an attack).
STC drops to 10 or below	Loose 1 attack if there is more than 1. Weapon blown off.
Major Failure	Fails 3 STC rolls: destroyed. Fails 2: Shut-down for 30 seconds, major weapon destroyed. Fails 1, shutdown for 2 seconds, major weapon destroyed.

Robotic Movement: Robots are given a cruising speed with "burst" times. They can increase their speed for short periods. Usually this recharges each day.

Sensors: Robots use a variety of sensors (heat, motion, Sight, Sound). A standard Battery of sensors is sight and sound. Expanded gives 360-degree motion sensors and heat-sensors that remove darkness modifiers.

Radio Contact: X-System units will not usually "call for help" however, in the ruins one must be careful: firing a weapon within auditory range of an X-System robot may well call it over—and if you're unlucky it might call *several* over.

Battle Sphere (Mid-Sized)

Name: Battle Sphere				X-System Mid level unit		
PHY --	STR 13	BLD 20	CON --	DP 240 STC12-		
REF 12	1 Move and 3 Attacks		TBH +0	Motive: Hover Engine		
INT 10	Search and destroy		To Hit 14	Manipulators: None		
Move	Cruise 5y/s, Burst 12y/s for 10s			STC	Sensors	
Hull	12/40		-1:20pts	Standard	13-	

The battle sphere is a 6 foot diameter metal globe (with slightly irregularities plating and a black-sensor plate on the front that makes it look a little like it's smiling). From each side comes two Lepton-Laser guns and on the top is mounted a heavy Proton Beam. It floats about 2 yards above the ground and makes a Wrrrrnnnn-Wrrrrnnnn-Wrrrrnnnn noise as it passes.

Lepton Laser	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon	25 Cutting	1	--	-1/50y	Battery

The Lepton Laser fires a focused particle beam along a laser guidance system. It ignores 4pts of armor (if armor drops to 0, PEN defense is halved). And it is treated as a Cutting Tool (PEN damage). If it hits by 4+ the Base damage is 45 instead of 25.

Light Proton Beam	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon	80 IMP	.5	--	-1/20y	Battery

The Proton Beam is a red blast of energy that, within the course of the beam materializes high-energy heavy boson particles. The effect is massive kinetic impact with lots of electrical arcs along the path of the beam. The beam must be charged for a second before being fired.

Heavy Walker

Name: Heavy Walker				X-System Heavy Unit		
PHY --	STR 200	BLD 800	CON --	DP 1500 STC15-	Hull: 12/40	
REF 12	1 Move or 2 Attacks		TBH +4	Motive: Legs		
INT 11	Patrol and Respond		To Hit 14	Manipulators: 1 Arm		
Move	Cruise 7y/s, Burst 10y/s for 2 min			STC	Sensors	
Hull	12/40	Plates 30/120 Coverage 4	-1:100pts	Standard	12-	

The Heavy Walker is greatly feared: they were created in the aftermath of the collapse as giant 2-story bipedal battle robots. Many remain, often patrolling, but sometimes simply "waiting" in a blasted out parking garage or the back of a burnt out strip-mall. Often they are outfitted with light projectile weapons and rocket launchers as they were not intended for full-blown military battles. When they walk they go Cluuung-Cluuung-Cluuunnng—Wrr—Cluunnng. Their single arm has a 40 STR.

Twin Light MG's	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Bullets	15 PEN	3x [12]	-.5	-1/50y	1200 rnds each

Two light metal machine guns come from the side that doesn't have the massive arm. Above them is a spot light that removes all darkness modifiers within 20 yards in the direction of aim.

Rocket Pack	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Rocket	120 X	.5	--	-1/100	8

The rocket pack is an explosive weapon (RAD is 2 yards). The weapon must lock on: this takes 1 second of aim and a to-hit roll. The next second will allow firing. They are at -2 to hit human sized targets (no negative to hit vehicles).

Plasma Cannon	Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon	50 IMP	1	--	-1/25	Battery

Some were outfitted with energy weapons. Anyone within 2 yards of a Plasma Cannon strike takes 10pts of damage (or if it misses by 1). It gets a minimum of +2 damage modifier.

Assault Sphere

Name: Assault Sphere				X-System Light Unit		
PHY --	STR 11	BLD 15	CON --	DP 75 STC15-		
REF 12		1 Move and 2 Attacks		TBH -3 R/ -2 HTH	Motive: Hover engine	
INT 08		Search and Destroy		To Hit 14	Manipulators: none	
Move	Cruise 15y/s, Burst 25y/s for 30 min			STC	Sensors	
Hull	8/20			-1:5pts	Expanded	14-
Assault Spheres are basketball sized floating metal balls with two lasers attached to the sides. They are fast and have a faint red glow about them. They tend to move in threes. They make a high-pitched Shreeeeeeeeee sound when they acquire a target and move towards it firing.						
Light Lepton Lasers		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		15 PEN	1	--	-1/30y	Battery
The Lepton Laser fires a focused particle beam along a laser guidance system. It ignores 4pts of armor (if armor drops to 0, PEN defense is halved). And it is treated as a Cutting Tool (PEN damage). If it hits by 4+ the Base damage is 25 instead of 15.						

Demented Robot Trooper

Name: Demented Robot Trooper				X-System Light Unit		
PHY --	STR 11	BLD 15	CON --	DP 120 STC 12-		
REF 12		1 Move or 2 Attacks		TBH -0	Motive: legs	
INT 13		Search and Destroy		To Hit 13	Manipulators: 2 arms	
Move	Cruise 6y/s, Burst 8y/s for 10s			STC	Sensors	
Hull	4/16			-1:10pts	Expanded	11-
It's not clear what's wrong (precisely) with the robot troopers. They're humanoid, capable of speech, and have personality modules ("Scared Private," "Tough Sergeant," "Naive Lieutenant," etc.) On theory is that they were created to integrate with biological troops and therefore had to present some kind of human interaction. Another is that they were created as some kind of twisted joke. The Troopers believe the war is still going on. They believe they are receiving orders from 'High Command' (the X-System data cores, presumably—but their objectives make no sense). They have no concept of time or space ("yeah, this area is bombed out—we gotta evacuate the civvies"). This is an advantage: they are not always hostile. An encounter may involve them "defending" the characters, forcibly removing them to another location (often more dangerous—but the troopers don't seem to know that). Or it may involve ambush. They are usually outfitted with plasma grenades as well.						
Proton Assault Rifle		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		15 IMP	4x [16]	-1	-1/50y	160 shots
While connect to the robot the assault rifle doesn't run out of ammunition. It fires bolts of red energy and is not especially powerful nor controllable.						
Anti-Personnel Bazooka		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		90 X	1/3	-1	-1/50y	1
The Bazooka uses an "energy missile" which is loaded in the front (they carry it around with one loaded (loading a new one takes 3 seconds). When fired the rocket (which looks like an RPG round) "volatizes" and the energy form streaks towards the target. The attack is explosive: 2 yard RAD, a hit by -1 hits for ½ damage, and the minimum Damage Modifier is +4. Their heavy weapon's guy (usually complaining) carries 4 rockets, one loaded.						

Crawler

Name: Crawler				X-System Capital Unit		
PHY --	STR 300	BLD 2000	CON --	DP 3000 STC15-		
REF 12	1 Move and 4 Attacks		TBH +5		Motive: Treads	
INT 08	Search and Destroy		To Hit 13		Manipulators: none	
Move	Cruise 9y/s, Burst 25y/s for 30 min			STC	Sensors	
Hull	30/300	Plates 300/1200 coverage 8	-1:300pts		Standard	14-
<p>If you see it, it's probably the last thing you see. Created as a response to armed attacks against the X-System, the Crawlers look like long purple beetles bristling with weapons. They're radioactive (4 RAD points per second if you're with in 100 yards) and inexorably deadly. They are the size of two Main Battle Tanks strung together. They sound like heavy moving gears: Crrruuung-chungg—clunk—Crrruuuunngg-chungg.</p>						
2x Neutron Guns		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		700 PEN	.5	--	-1/300y	Battery
<p>The Neutron Guns are heavy anti-vehicular weapons. They must be charged for a moment before fire. When fired, everyone within 20 yards of the target zone gains 20 RAD points. Being in a vehicle will reduce this to 4 (a Force Field to 0). Although not "explosive," everything within 4 yards of the strike zone will take 80pts of damage.</p>						
8x Proton Cannons		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Focused Energy Weapon		100 PEN	1	--	-1/100y	Battery
<p>The proton cannons are anti-powered infantry and bristle along its spine.</p>						
Shrike Heavy Missiles		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Rockets		900 X	1	--	-1/800y	6
<p>The Crawler can launch one rocket per turn. Their blast RAD is 2 yards, a hit by -1 hits for half damage and the minimum damage modifier is +4. Boom.</p>						

SADD (Search and Destroy Drone)

Name: Search and Destroy Drone				Light X-System Unit		
PHY --	STR 10	BLD 1	CON --	DP 30 STC 15-		
REF 14	1 Move 0 Attacks		TBH -3		Motive: Hover Engine	
INT 03	Mine		To Hit 10-		Manipulators: none	
Move	Cruise 25y/s			STC		
Hull	3/9			-1:2pts	Extended	14-
<p>SADD's are soft-ball sized drones with a red sensor eye in the middle front and two engines on the back. They are "mines." When they detect movement of "the enemy" (everyone for the hundreds of SADD's scattered about urban areas for centuries) they float out of hiding and streak towards the target. When they arrive, they explode. They make a Wweerrn-Wweerrn noise for the first second and then a shrill Shreeeeeeeee when locked onto a target. They will come in waves so as not to fratricide. This might be 1 or 2 at a time—or 50 or 60 against a large group.</p>						
SADD Blast		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots
Chemical Explosive		80 X	1	--	--	Only once
<p>They'll rarely hit directly: if the to-hit roll misses, they'll explode anyway, for 40pts of damage to their target. In this case, because the explosion is essentially a HTH attack, it'll take a miss by 5 to do 1/4 damage. Minimum Damage Mod is +4.</p>						

S-001 Series Assault Robot

Name: S-001 Assault Robot				Medium Light X-System Unit			
PHY --	STR 35	BLD 133	CON --	DP 225 15-			
REF 11	1 Mv & 1 Attor 2 Att/No Mv		TBH +2		Motive: Tracks		
INT 03	Search and Destroy		To Hit 12-		Manipulators: none		
Move	Cruise 13y/s		STC				
Hull	5/20	Plates 15/30 Coverage 5	-1:15pts		Standard	11-	
<p>The S-001 Series looks like a semi (very semi) humanoid body and head with two "wing" arms terminating in gattling guns. Its feet are large triangular treaded units. They weigh about a ton due to aluminum systems. It has evil red laser scope-eyes.</p>							
Gattling Gun		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots	
Chemical Bullet		25 IMP	5x[16]	.25	-1/200y	3200	
<p>These guns are light-caliber but quite deadly. It fires a hail of bullets.</p>							

DRIADS(Distributed Radar Integrated Air Defense Systems)

Name: DRIAD				Mine-system			
PHY --	STR 09	BLD 03	STC 13	DP 26			
REF 15	Move or attack		TBH +5		Motive: legs		
INT 08	Mine		To Hit 19-		Manipulators: none		
Move	Run at 8y/s. Sprint/leap 12y/s for 10s		STC		Sensors		
Hull	4/18	No plates	-1:2 DP		Anti-Air	17-	
<p>Imagine a thing that looks a little like a walking stick beetle—a long tubular body—spindly legs, and antenna. Now image that it has an active camouflage skin coating, those antenna are passive and active thermal and radar arrays, and the tube is an incredibly deadly surface to air missile. Further imagine that these things (there could be hundreds of them) are skilled in stealth, communicated with encrypted ultra-weak radio blip-broadcasts, and all talk to each other forming a deadly web of guided crossfire for any aircraft within reach. That's the DRIADS threat-net and it's been keeping people out of the air anywhere but the BoneYard for centuries. Go near a ruin? DRIADS. Flying over the countryside? You'd be amazed at how many were scattered and are hard to find.</p>							
<p>Stealth: DRIADS are fitted with Detection Countermeasures and active-cameo (color change to various camouflage patterns and shades). This gives them 16- L2 Stealth. They can also climb buildings and tend to stay away from ground forces.</p>							
Shrike SAM		Dam	ROF	Control	Range	Shots	
Chemical Rockets		600 X	1	--	-1/800y	1	
<p>The SAM is incredibly deadly. Not only does it hit on a 19- at long range, but it has Counter-Counter-Measures that make it hard to distract (almost impossible with a network of DRIADS down there).</p>							

The Iron Warlord

Legends remain. Pictures exist but are unclear. Those who claim to have seen it are sometimes struck with a fervor—an almost religious awe. Its origins—even in rumor—are clouded in mystery and speculation. It is black-iron, 300ft tall and shaped like a man. It wanders in the outer wasteland, sometimes leaving tracks (surely it must sink into the earth, say the scientists) sometimes not. Reports suggest it has been engaged (there are other giant war machines, the rationalist tell us, and not on the absurd scale of the warlord)—from the battles with it only radio transmissions remain. There have been no survivors. Some say it is looking for something. Others say it is lost. A few claim it is telepathic and has talked with them. Whatever the case nothing is certain.

The Iron Warlord

Name: Biggus Maximus				Special	
PHY --	STR 2000K	BLD 15000K	CON -	DP 30000K	STC 15-
REF 13	Spent normally			TBH +10	Motive: Feet
INT ??	Artificial Intelligence			To Hit 15-	Manipulators: 2 hands
Move	walks at 60 mph due to stride			STC	
Hull	??	??		-1:2000Kpts	Expanded 15-

The Iron Warlord is immune to all forms of psionic attack. It adjusts the effects of gravity on itself to be effectively weightless or massively heavy. It is beyond the scope of any weapon save nuclear blasts or above. It is capable of speech and is far from murderous in nature (mostly it will ignore anything that does not attack it). It has always been opaque as to its goals and motives although it has been sighted near *Have Domes*. Its weapons are batteries of Annihilator Rifles and Neutron Guns. If it uses its fists, it does thousands of points of damage.